

Elk Lake Trout Eggs One-fifth Bigger Than Last Year; Million to be Hatched To Stock Lakes Near Mountains' Top

Eastern brook trout in Elk lake, the location of the Tumalo fish hatchery spawning beds, this year produced eggs twenty per cent larger than those taken last winter, according to Pearl Lynes, hatchery superintendent. In the preceding season, eggs ran 500 to the ounce, but this year the same weight means only 400. Mr. Lynes has ascertained. His first report on this season's take was based on last winter's rate, but he now finds that he must reduce his estimate of 7,000,000 by one-fifth. Older fish produce larger spawn.

just as mature hens lay larger eggs than do pullets, is Mr. Lynes' explanation for the smaller number for a given weight this year. A large number of the trout in Elk lake were spawning for the first time last year, he believes. Of the total number of eggs secured at the lake, 1,000,000 have already been sent to the McKenzie hatchery, to make possible greater economy in cost of distribution when lakes just on this side of the summit of the mountains are stocked. Spawns to be hatched at the Tumalo plant were expected to arrive here this week.

REPRESENTATIVE BURDICK HAS DOUBLE, SON PICKS WRONG DAD

(Special to The Bulletin.) SALEM, Jan. 29.—Even a wise boy does not always recognize his own father. This has been demonstrated in the case of the little son of Representative Denton G. Burdick. Mr. Burdick's boy strolled into the lobby and, approaching the man whom he thought to be his father, asked for, and insisted that he be given, some money with which to buy candy. The boy refused to be satisfied that he was not talking to his own father, and the man good-naturedly gave him a coin. The question now is, has Mr. Burdick a double? If he has, the other man is George L. Myers of Portland, who strikingly resembles Mr. Burdick. Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, superintendent of the state hospital, was host last night to 15 of the newspaper men who are reporting the proceedings of the present session, as well as the ex-newspaper men who are in Salem at present. The inviting was done by the newspaper men themselves. The guests included newspaper men from all over the state. Don J. Uphoff proposed a toast to the memory of the late Colonel John Cradlebaugh, veteran newspaper man and poet, whose death took place since the 1919 session. These biennial dinners are given each session by Dr. Steiner, who, in his early days, was in newspaper work.

the health and mental test, then they shall not be permitted to marry unless both are rendered sterile. In case any applicant shall fail to meet the requirements of the law, such applicant shall have the right to appeal from the order of the county clerk to the county court, which shall cause a reexamination of the applicant to be made by three competent physicians, selected by the court.

NEW LOGGING GRADE ENDED

FIFTEEN MILE BROOKS-SCANLON LINE, WHEN STEEL IS LAID, WILL TAP TIMBER IN ARNOLD ICE CAVE COUNTRY.

Completion of a 15-mile grade for a later extension of the Brooks-Scanlon logging railroad system was made last week, but there is a strong likelihood that no steel will be laid, except on the first two miles, for at least a year, it is stated.

The new grade taps the already existing line which crosses The Dalles-California highway a few miles out of Bend. It extends through country which has as its chief landmark the Arnold ice caves, passing, in fact, between two of the caves. The construction completed will make logging possible from a greatly extended territory.

Cost of laying steel on the grade just finished has not been computed. Anton Aune was the contractor.

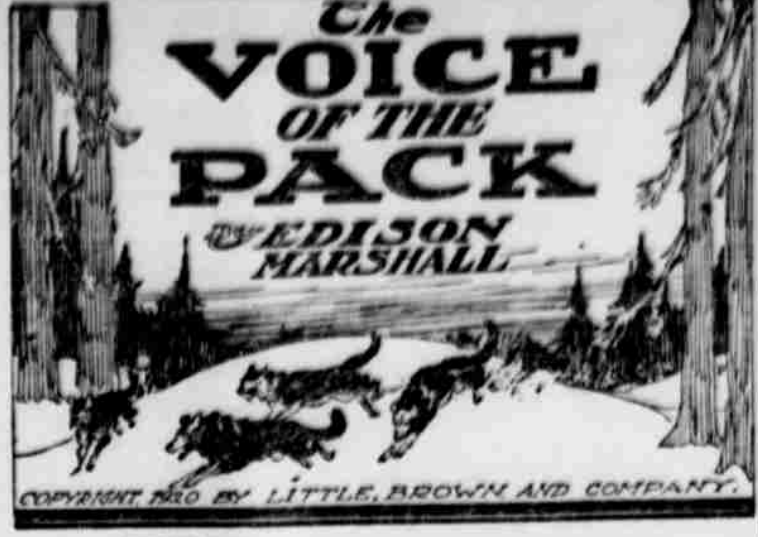
The Middle Initial. With the exception of William H. Taft, Senator Harding is the first President since Rutherford B. Hayes, to use more than one Christian name. Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson (who dropped his first name Thomas, early in the career) got along without middle names or initials. The middle initial, incidentally, is almost exclusively an American characteristic. An Englishman may call himself John James Smith, but practically never John J. Smith. A Frenchman may be baptised Auguste Charles Jesus Marie Georges Dupont, but he will be known to the world as Georges Dupont, and probably will sign himself G. Dupont.

The use of more than one given name is puzzling to a Frenchman. When Senator Lodge is mentioned in the French press, he is never "M. Lodge," but "M. Cabot Lodge," or as one prominent Paris daily writes it, "M. Cabot-Lodge." The President-Elect may look forward to be known on the continent as "President Gamaliel Harding."—Editorial Digest.

Much Resin in Hawaiian Tree. When you pull a piece of bark off the chunky old monkey-pod tree, reports a traveler recently in Hawaii, you smell so much resin that it seems to you that the hot sun alone would be enough to set the bark flaming like a torch. It makes a tall, pointed flame, like the flame on a big candle. Fire lurks in the tree somewhere, that is certain. They say that at one time the old Hawaiians tapped the tree as Americans do a sugar maple.

Eleventh Child, Eleven Pounder, Born At Eleven

An 11-pound boy, the 11th to be born to Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Cosner of Tumalo, arrived at the home at 11 o'clock Saturday morning. Nine of the Cosner children are living.



CHAPTER IV

Snowbird felt very glad of her intimate, accurate knowledge of the whole region of the Divide. In her infancy the winding trails had been her playground, and long ago she had acquired the mountaineer's sixth sense for traversing them at night. She had need of that knowledge now. She slipped into her free, swinging stride; and the last beams from the windows of the house were soon lost in the pines behind her. It was one of those silent, breathless nights with which no mountaineer is entirely unacquainted, and for a long time the only sound she could hear was her own soft tramp in the pine needles. The trees themselves were motionless. That peculiar sound, not greatly different from that of running water which the wind often makes in the pine tops, was entirely lacking. Not that she could be deceived by it—as stories tell that certain tenderfeet, dying of thirst in the barren hills, have been. But she always liked the sound; and she missed it especially tonight. She felt that if she would stop to listen, there would be many faint sounds in the thickets—those little hushed noises that the wild things make to remind night-wanderers of their presence. But she did not in the least care to hear these sounds. They do not tend toward peace of mind on a long walk over the ridges. The wilderness began at once. Whatever influence toward civilization her father's house had brought to the wilds chopped off as beneath a blade in the first fringe of pines. This is altogether characteristic of the Oregon forests. They are much too big and too old to be tamed in any large degree by the presence of one house. No one knew this fact better than Lennox himself who, in a hard winter of four years before, had looked out of his window to find the wolf pack ranged in a hungry circle about his house. Within two hundred yards after she had passed through her father's door, she was perfectly aware that the wild was stirring and throbbing with life about her. At first she tried very hard to think of other things. But the attempt wasn't entirely a success. And before she had covered the first of the twelve miles, the sounds that from the first had been knocking at the door of her consciousness began to make an entrance. If a person lies still long enough, he can usually hear his heart beating and the flow of his blood in his arteries. Any sound, no matter how faint, will make itself heard at last. It was this way with a very peculiar noise that crept up through the silence from the trail behind her. She wouldn't give it any heed at first. But in a very little while indeed, it grew so insistent that she could no longer disregard it. Some living creature was trotting along on the trail behind, keeping approximately the same distance between them. Foregoing any attempt to ignore it, she set her cool young mind to thinking what manner of beast it might be. Its step was not greatly different from that of a large dog—except possibly a dog would have made slightly more noise. Yet she couldn't even be sure of this basic premise, because this animal, whatever it might be, had at first seemingly moved with utmost caution, but now took less care with its step than is customary with the wild denizens of the woods. A wolf, for instance, can simply drift when it wishes, and the silence of a cougar is a name. Yet unless her purr were a dog, that seemed entirely unlikely. It was certainly one of these two. She would have liked very much to believe the step was that of Old Wolf the bear, suddenly curious as to what this dim light of hers might be; but she couldn't bring herself to accept the lie. Wolf, except when wounded or cornered, is the most amiable creature in the Oregon woods, and it would give her almost a sense of security to have him waddling along behind her. The wolves and cougar, remembering the arms of Wolf, would not be nearly so curious. But unfortunately, the black bear had never done such a thing in the memory of man, and if he had, he would have made six times as much noise. He can go fairly softly when he is stalking, but when he is obliged to trot—as he would be obliged to do to keep up with a swift-walking human figure—he cracks twigs like a rolling log. She had the impression that the animal behind had been passing like smoke at first, but wasn't taking the trouble to do it now. The sound was a soft pat-pat on the trail—sometimes entirely obliterated but always recurring when she began to believe that she had only fancied its presence. Sometimes a twig, rattle-soaked though it was, cracked beneath

a heavy foot, and again and again she heard the brush crushing and rustling as something passed through. Sometimes, when the trail was covered with soft pine needles, it was practically indistinguishable. The animal was approximately one hundred feet behind. It wasn't a wolf, she thought. The wolves ran in packs this season, and except in winter were more afraid of human beings than any other living creature. It wasn't a lynx—one of those curiosity-devoured little felines that will mew all day on a trail and never dare come near. It was much too large for a lynx. The feet fell too solidly. There were no dogs in the mountains to follow at heel; and she had no desire whatever to meet Shag, the faithful hybrid that used to be her guardian in the hills. For Shag had gone to his well-deserved rest several seasons before. Two other possibilities remained. One was that this follower was a human being, the other that it was a cougar. Ordinarily a human being is much more potentially dangerous to a woman in the hills at night than a cougar. A cougar is an abject coward and some men are not. But Snowbird felt herself entirely capable of handling any human foe. They would have no advantage over her; they would have no purpose in killing from ambush; and she trusted to her own marksmanship implicitly. While it is an extremely difficult thing to shoot at a cougar leaping from the thicket, a tall man standing on a trail presents an easy target. Besides, she had a vague sense of discomfort that if this animal were a cougar, he wasn't acting true to form. He was altogether too bold. The animal on the trail behind her was taking no care at all to go silently. He was simply pit-patting along, wholly at his ease. He acted as if the fear that men have instilled in his breed was somehow missing. And that is why she instinctively tried to hurry on the trail. The step kept pace. For a long mile, up a barren ridge, she heard every step it made. Then, as the brush closed deeper around her, she couldn't hear it at all. She hurried on, straining to the silence. No, the sound was stopped. Could it be that the animal, fearful at last, had turned from her trail? And then for the first time a gasp that was not greatly different from a de-



She Heard the Steps Again.

sponding sob caught at her throat. She heard the steps again, and they were in the thickets just beside her.

Two hours before Snowbird had left the house, on her long tramp to the ranger station, Dan had started home. He hadn't shot until sunset, as he had planned.

He rode one of Lennox's cattle ponies, the only piece of horse-flesh that Bill had not taken to the valleys when he had driven down the live stock. She was a pretty bay, a spirited, high-bred mare that could whip about on her hind legs at the touch of the rein on her neck. She made good time along the trail. And an hour before sunset he passed the only human habitation between the marsh and Lennox's house—the cabin that had been recently occupied by Landy Hildreth.

He glanced at the place as he passed and saw that it was deserted. No smell of wood smoke remained in the air. Evidently Landy had gone down to the settlements with his precious testimony in regard to the

woman ring. Yet it was curious that no word had been heard of him. As far as Dan knew, neither the courts nor the forest service had taken action. He hurried on, four miles farther. The trail entered the heavy thickets, and he had to ride slowly. It was as wild a section as could be found on the whole Divide. And just as he came to a little cleared space, three strange, dark birds hung up on wide-spreading wings. He knew them at once. All mountaineers come to know them before their days are done. They were the buzzards, the followers of the dead. And what they were doing in the thicket just beside the trail, Dan did not dare to think. Of course they might be feeding on the body of a deer, mortally wounded by some hunter. He resolved to ride by without investigating. He glanced up. The buzzards were hovering in the sky, evidently waiting for him to pass. Then, mostly to relieve a curious sense of discomfort in his own mind, he stepped his horse and dismounted.

The twilight had started to fall, and already its first grayness had begun to soften the harder lines of forest and hill. And after his first glance at the curious white heap beside the trail, he was extremely glad that it had. But there was no chance to mistake the thing. The elements and much more terrible agents had each wrought their change, yet there was grisly evidence in plenty to show what had occurred. Dan didn't doubt for an instant but that it was the skeleton of Landy Hildreth. He forced himself to go nearer. The buzzards were almost done, and one white bone from the shoulder gave unmistakable evidence of the passage of a bullet. What had happened thereafter, he could only guess.

He got back quickly on his horse. He understood now, why nothing had been heard of the evidence that Landy Hildreth was to turn over to the courts as to the activities of the arson ring. Some one—probably Bert Cranston himself—had been waiting on the trail. Others had come thereafter. And his lips set in his resolve to let this murder measure in the debt he had to pay Cranston. The Lennox house seemed very silent when, almost an hour later, he turned his horse into the corral. He had rather hoped that Snowbird would be at the door to meet him. The darkness had just fallen, and all the lamps were lighted. He strode into the living room, warming his hands in an instant beside the fireplace. The fire needed fuel. It had evidently been neglected for nearly an hour. Then he called Snowbird. His voice echoed in the silent room, unanswered. He called again, then went to look for her. At the door of the dining room he found the note that she had left for him.

It told, very simply and plainly, that her father lay injured in his bed, and he was to remain and do what he could for him. She had gone for help to the ranger station.

He leaped through the rooms to Lennox's door, then went in on tiptoe. And the first thing he saw when he opened the door was the grizzled man's gray face on the pillow. "You're home early, Dan," he said. "How many did you get?"

It was entirely characteristic. Shaggy old Wolf is too proud to howl over the wounds that lay him low, and this gray old bear on the bed had partaken of his spirit. "Good Lord," Dan answered. "How badly are you hurt?" "Not so bad but that I'm sorry that Snowbird has gone drifting twelve miles over the hills for help. It's dark as pitch."

And it was, Dan could scarcely make out the outline of the somber ridges against the sky. They talked on, and their subject was whether Dan should remain to take care of Lennox, or whether he should attempt to overtake Snowbird with the horse. Of course the girl had ordered him to stay. Lennox, on the other hand, said that Dan could not help him in the least, and desired him to follow the girl.

"I'm not often anxious about her," he said slowly. "But it is a long walk through the wildest part of the Divide. Some way—I can't bar accidents tonight. I don't like to think of her on those mountains alone." And remembering what had lain beside the trail, Dan felt the same. He had heard, long ago, that any animal that once tasted human flesh loses its fear of men and is never to be trusted again. Some wild animal that still hunted the ridges had, in the last month, done just that thing. He left the room and walked softly to the door.

(To be Continued)

She Settled Matters. One day at school the subject of class president was brought up and the suggestion that we vote on it. I was not particularly fond of any of the girls, so to settle matters I voted for myself, never thinking that I would be found out. When the votes were read out in front of the class it was found that every one in the class had voted for me. They all knew I had voted for myself.—Chicago Tribune.

Favor Independent Inquiry. When a new family moves into a neighborhood its head ought to give a biographical sketch of each member to the neighbors, so the latter won't have to worry about rumors. — Toledo Blade.

PLAN HONEYMOON DELAYED 9 YEARS

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Warner To Start On Three Months' Vacation Tour After Closing Out Stock Here.

After closing out the stock of the Warner store, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Warner will start late in the spring on a honeymoon trip nine years delayed. They will visit relatives in the East and Mr. Warner expects to attend the annual six weeks summer school merchandising course in Chicago.

As to his other interests in Bend, chief of which is his store building on Wall street, one-half of which is now occupied by the Golden State, Mr. Warner said there will be no change. "The building is not for sale," he declared. "I am just a strong for Bend as ever."

The closing out sale is now under way and will probably take about three months. The eastern trip on which Mr. and Mrs. Warner will start will take as much longer, and after that no definite plans have been made. Mr. Warner hinted, however, that he might reappear in Bend next fall or winter.

Mr. Warner has been in business in Bend for the past seven years and his visit with relatives in the East will be the first in double that length of time.

PYTHIANS INSTALL OFFICERS FOR YEAR

S. F. Orrell Seated As Chancellor—Commander—Social Session Is Enjoyed By Knights.

S. F. Orrell was installed as chancellor commander at the meeting of Deschutes lodge No. 103, Knights of Pythias, at Sather's hall last week, together with Cassie Flynn as vice commander; H. J. Fissel, prelate; J. B. Noble, master of work; L. M. McReynolds, keeper of records and seals and master of finance; L. G. McReynolds, master of exchequer; John Newby, master-at-arms; C. A. Holmes, inner guard, and W. E. Turner, outer guard.

After the business of the evening a social hour was spent. Refreshments were served.

BEND PLAYERS LOSE IN MADRAS CONTEST

Fast Jefferson County Team Piles Up 40 Points Against 17 Made By Local Quintet.

Bend high school basketball players who returned on Saturday from Madras, reported a 40-17 defeat at the hands of the Jefferson county players Friday night. There was no alibi offered for the lop-sided score; it was merely a case of being matched against a team composed of players who didn't know how to miss a basket. It was explained.

Bend has lost two games so far this season, the first one being to Prineville. The opening contest—that against Redmond—went to the credit of Coach Horton's pupils.

CHANGES ARE MADE AT THOMPSON STORE

Three demonstration rooms for player pianos, phonographs and records have been installed by E. M. Thompson at his store on Wall street, formerly occupied by the Bend Furniture Co.

The arrangement of the rooms is such as to allow individual service to four customers at the same time. Partitions separate the rooms, each of which has a door leading to the main part of the store. A repair room is also being fitted up in the rear of the store for work on pianos and phonographs. Painting will be completed and the rooms ready for use in a few days.

LONG WINTER TRIP MADE BY AUTOIST

R. H. Loop, Returning From Drive To Raymond, Reports Roads In Good Shape For Most Part.

Roads in the northwest are in unusually good shape for this season of the year, according to R. H. Loop, who returned to Bend after an eight-day absence, during which time he made the round trip to Raymond, Washington, in his new Cleveland car. Mrs. Loop accompanied him on the trip. Mr. Loop found the only difficult roads between Bend and The Dalles.