RECOVERY IN **LUMBER SEEN**

DEMAND CONTINUING STRONG

Retail Baying Slowing Up Slightly. But Industrial Business Shows

> Improvement-Little Change In Prices Noted.

The demand for lumber continue strong. The lumber industry, broadly speaking, has made a very substantial recovery from the depression of the early part of the year. As IIlustrating this fact the American Lumberman in its weekly review points out that production for September was practically equal to the average production for that month for the last ten years. Lumber shipments, however, were approximately seven per cent greater during this month than for the average of the ten years while orders booked for September, 1921, were materially in excess of orders booked for September, 1920, and almost 29 per cent greater than for the average for the

Railroads Buying

10-year period.

"Retail buying," says the Lumberman, "is slowing up to some extent but the industrial business shows improvement. Crating stock, for example, is in very much better demand, indicating that manufacturers as good as my own. I knew a dozen generally are finding a readier market for their product and consequently are in need of boxes and crates in which to ship. Railroad buying is also on the increase and the railroads seem to be willing to pay much better prices than earlier in the year. Some of the material is for repair work, but much of it is for new construction. For example, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad has placed an order for 2,500 box cars of the composite type, having steel underframing and Douglas fir decking and siding. Railroad material is scarce and therefore the railroads are forced to compete for the materfal they need

"Prices generally have shown little change this week. They continue firm, with here and there an advance, the on the whole the tone of the market indicates that the price situation is more stable than it has been for several weeks."

SCIENCE PROFESSOR DIES IN HOSPITAL

Brother Nicholas Harrington Ends Three Year Illness-Was Brother of Father Gabriel Harrington,

Brother Nicholas Harrington, a member of the Christian Brothers order and a brother of Father Gabriel Harrington of Bend, died Monof pulmonary tuberculosis after an illness of three years, at the St. Charles hospital, where he was brought in June from Victoria, B. C., where previous to his illness he was a professor of science in St. Louis college for several years.

Brother Harrington was born in Cork, Ireland, in August 1895. At the early age of 14 years and six months he entered the training college of the Irish Christian Brothers. After finishing his course of study and novitiate he was sent as professor of science to Dublin.

In 1915 he consented to go to Nova Scotia where for two years he taught in St. Johns college,

The body was shipped to Seattle Monday evening. Solemn requiem mass was offered and the funeral services held yesterday morning.

Short services were held Monday evening at 6 o'clock in the Catholic

EXAMS WILL SELECT MEN FOR TRAINING

Senator Stanfield will make his 1922 appointments to the Naval Academy at Annapolis and the military academy at West Point by means of a competitive examination. This examination will be held for Senator Stanfield by the U. S. Civil Service Commission on December 31, 1921, in Corvallis, Eugene, Hood River, McMinnville, Portland and Salem.

HUSBAND AND WIFE WRITE Mr. and Mrs. James Carson, Co-lumbus, N. M., sign a letter saying, "We shall never be without Foley Cathartis Tablets for we believe them to be essential to good health."
They keep the stomach sweet, liver active and bowels regular. Banish constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache. Sold everywhere.—

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CHAPTER VI.

The Deserted Automobile. I was impatient for him to continue, but he sat there chuckling to himself, and toying with a fresh eigar.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Played it safe and sure. I'm too old a bird to be caught napping. I put in most of that night holding wet cloths to Horner's head, and thinking out some plan of action. Before morning he thought I was the best fellow he ever knew, and I had the guy where I wanted him. For one of his breed, he was rather a friendly cuss. This was how I mapped it out. That letter of credit had to be turned into currency before it could do me any good, and the only way that might be done was through this guy Alva. I must get to him somehow in a way that would put me next his scheme, so I'd know when he had the cash, Once I got these details attended to in little old New York, the swag was guys that would bump Horner off for a hundred if it come to that -- so the price wasn't high, A million! Oh, man; and it had dropped right into my lap. But to do this it was necessary that I should be Horner. That was as plain as the nose on my face as Horner, coming with credentials, and a letter of credit, Alva would be bound to receive me with open arms see! After that I figured it would be easy enough. But how was I to become Horner? "You couldn't divvy with him?"

"I should say not; he was a square guy. It didn't take me five days to find that out. So there wasn't but one way out of it-I had to put Horner out of commission, and cop his belt.

It was either that, or lose a million." I looked at him, with a sickening feeling of horror I found hard to suppress, but he went on indifferently in the same cool, calm voice.

"There's no use going into details Daiy. We landed good friends, and Horner was in a strange land, know New York pretty well, and I lost him the first afternoon down on the East side. I never did know just what became of the fellow, but the next morning I was alone in a back room in Greenwich, and had his belt with | cigar. He chuckled grimly. "There wasn't much in it, except the letter of credit and a notation as to where and when Krantz could be seen privately. It was the next night Harris was to call on the banker up in Le Compte street.

"Le Compte? What number?" "247 Le Compte. Do you know any-

"No: only Le Compte is an old stamping ground of mine. Go on; you

body there?"

went there, of course." "Sure. Krantz didn't know me from

Adam, not even my name. I was just 108' to him, but he was mighty nervous, just the same, and anxious to get away. I could see that, I don't think it was his house either; just an ordi nary-looking shack, brick, three stories and a basement.

"That banker was business all right, and he put me through the whole bundle of tricks before he'd even let me sit down. I had to lie some, but mostly I was posted well enough so as to give him what he was looking for. Anyhow, I passed, and after that he was rather decent. Took me into a room and gave me a drink, besides asking me about affairs in Europe H-I, I didn't know only what I'd seen in the papers-but I gave him an earful, and on the strength of his name I cussed Engiand for all I was worth-which at that time was about a million bucks. Then I handed over the letter of credit, and he jammed it into his pocket like it was a scrap of paper. I don't remember that he even looked at it. After that he was for getting rid of me, the sooner the better. But I needed to know where Alva was, so I hung on, telling the old guy I had a private message that I had to deliver personallystraight from them financiers in Lon-So, after skirmishing a while, he jotted down an address on a bit of paper, and the next thing I knew

I was out in the street, with that gripped in my mitt," "And then, of course, you hunted up Alva?"

"The next morning, before any bank opened. I thought over it all night and got up a peach of a story. I needed it, too, for this Alva was a smooth guy. It took some nerve to get him, but I knew, through Horner's memorandum, some things about him he never supposed was known up in this country; so when I sprung them, natural-like, he quit being offish, and

gave me the glad hand."

"Who is he? A crank?"

"Not by a d—d sight. He's a captain in the Chilean army, military attache to the embassy at Washington,



of Paper."

intrusted with certain work. But he's really working to overthrow the present Chilean government-gettin' up a revolution down there. I fied until I was black in the face, but I must have kept within bounds, for he got to liking me real well. He was a high-roller, and I put him onto some things in New York he had never been steered against before. That made a hit with him. There wasn't nothing said about cashing up all day long, and early the next morning we breezed into a downtown hotel, and

"What hotel?" "Search me. We'd been tanking up on champagne and were drunker in the morning than when we turned in. That's the honest truth. All either of us wanted for breakfast was a cup of coffee. We got that at a little dump on some side street, so as to brace up a little." He paused to laugh at the recollection, helping himself to a third

"And you actually retain no knowledge of where you spent the night?"

"Not the faintest glimmer. Can you bent it? Alva lost part of a letter somewhere, and a curious sort of box he had picked up in Chinatown. He put them both in his pocket, so he says, but that was the last he ever saw of either. Queer looking box that was; nothing I cared about, but it cost the guy a hundred bucks, and he was daffy over it. Anyhow, that night put me solld with Alva,"

"But the money? He's never drawn

"Not a dinky red. He claims the time hasn't come yet, and that it's safer with Krantz. But I've stuck to him like a brother and he's took me in with his gang, so now I know every move that's going on. I'm on the inside, all right, and now it's beginning to get hot."

"They are ready to act?" "Sure; that's what the meeting was about tonight,"

"What are they after-ships?" "Well, they've got to have some, but mostly arms; then there is a guy down there who's got to be croaked. I don't care what it is; when the time comes they won't find a handful of change to act with. I'm some patriot, I am, and I'll put a bigger crimp in their sails than the whole United States

government secret service," "But see here, Harris," soberly, "how do you know you are going to get this? Of course, I see the game the way you've mapped it out, but suppose Krantz pays in check, or draft. That spikes your gun."

"H-l, yes; but he won't. I've sized up this man Krantz. He's in the game for money. He don't care who wins the d-n revolution, for he gets his share out of the pot right away. He's playing the game secretly on his own account. Get that? He expects It mny be a year, or perhaps two, before he can cash in on the deal, but when it does come his share of profit will be likely a hundred thousand. beats bank interest, and the old bird is willing to take the chance,

"Quite likely that's true; no bank would finance such if project."

"Of course not-the directors would throw a fit. Well, now, that kind of a guy, in on a raw deal like this, is going to play safe, isn't he? He isn't going to leave any evidence lying around to hang himself with-any drafts, or checks to pass through the clearing house? Not on your life; he is too wily a fox for that. Krantz knew this was coming, and he's been cashing in for six months or more to be ready for it. And now he's got

the currency stored away, hebody knows where but himself. When Alva comes for it, it will be handed out se cretly, and that old bird will crumple up the receipt in his pocket and wait till he can cash in through those guys in London. So now it's up to us to locate the dough; we've got to separate it from either Krantz, or Alva-I'm for Alva."

"Why?" "Because the job looks easier. He's human and no money grubber. He's just as liable as not to carry the whole wad around with him; d-n it. I think that's just what he will do for he won't dare deposit such a sum anywhere. That's why I have laid back so long without attempting to strike-I'm banking on the army captain to offer me a soft thing. What do you say?"

I had the whole story now in a nutshell and it was one to think over. That Harris had played his cards well was sufficiently evident. Now I must be fully as cautious in playing mine. I felt the fellow had given me his full be Daly, and on the same trail with him; destring to use me in what was probably the biggest job of his life, he had been led into the indiscretion of confiding to me the full truth of his scheme. If I kept my head and nerve. I had it in my power to block everything and thus bring the whole gang to swift justice. I realized the danger of such an attempt, the immediste peril of endeavoring to accomplish this alone, yet at the moment perceived no other way. I must remain Daly and appear eager to obtain my share of the spotts.

"A slick plece of work, Harris," I admitted admiringly, "and so far as I can judge you have figured out the chances about right. They look good. I'm with you, old man-shake!"

Our hands clasped. "That is what I thought you would say, Harry," more familiarly, "Come on now and drink with me.

I put the stuff down, rather feeling the need of it, and desiring to establish our intimacy more closely.

"Then that's settled, George-yes I'll have another cigar. By the way," as I lit up, "there was another thing I wanted to ask you about. You said there was a woman here from Washington. What's the iden?"

"D-n if I know, but I guess it's all right. Still I don't quite cotton to the dame. This is how I get it from Alva. Those junta fellows -the big ones, you know-think this New York bunch is pretty slow; they want some action for their money. So Senor Mendez, who seems to be engineering the deal, decides to send somebody over here to up the criminals. But he's stir watched every minute; secret service men are as thick as flies, and if one of his underlings was to leave for New York, he'd never get_ten feet without being spotted. Mendez is wise to this, so he gathers in privately a skirt he believes is all right, and sends her. It's not a decent job for a woman, and that's what makes it safe. He made n good guess, too; that female is an smart as a steel trap. She gave me the cold shivers."

"You don't think she suspects you?" "No. I don't; there sin't no reason why she should; but she gave me the once over, all right, and I am perfectly willing to know she is on her way back to Washington. I never did play in any luck with a woman in the game -perhaps that's what makes me

afraid of 'em." "What's her name?"

"Gessler, so Alva sald-Marie Gess ler; South American, I suppose; anyhow, she talked that language like a native. I steered clear of her most of the time. Somehow she got my goat. However, that's nothing to worry over." He gianced at his watch. "The dame's safely off by this time. What do you say-let's go home." I signified my willingness.

As we passed out together through the narrow passage, extinguishing the lights behind us, the one overpowering desire in my mind was to be once more alone, so as to think over, and piece together as best I might this fabric of villainy with which I was confronted. The situation was fairly clear, yet there were strange lights and shadows in it I found hard to reconcile. Moreover, what should I do? How could I serve best-by immediately telling my story to the officers of the law, and thus washing my hands clean? or by continuing to enact the role of Harry Daly, and in this way entrapping these fellows redhanded? I had had fully enough of Harris for the present. His boastful ness and pride of crime disgusted me I had no desire to be associated with the fellow, or pretend, even for a worthy purpose, to be his companion. Yet, all this had happened so sudden ly and unexpectedly I could not de termine the best course to pursue. remained dazed and confused, the only clear decision being an eagerness to bring him, and these others also, to

We were the last to leave the place. and emerged from the building into the deserted yard, leaving all in si lence and darkness behind us. The door closed tightly, secured by a night latch, and we stood motionless in the drizzle. By that time I was ready with a suggestion, but by good fortune he took the initiative.

justice.

"We better slip out of here alone, I reckes," he whispered, "I'll go up this way, and then you take a sneak through the lumper yard. Likely we'll catch the same car going down. If we don't, look me up at Costigan's place -you know where that is?"

"Sixth avenue, isn't it?" "Sure. Ask for Parker, and it will be all right. If I ain't in, leave a note where I can hunt you up. I got to

DUNN LOSES TO LOCAL FIGHTER

UNPARALLELED EXHIBITION OF -KNOCKED DOWN 11 TIMES-SOWARDS BESTS HILL.

Terrific fighting on the part of both Speck Woods and Joe Dunn and an exhibition of grit unparalleled in a Bend ring on the part of the visitor, ended Monday as the end of the seventh round of their scheduled 10 round go when, after being floored seven times in that round and four times previously, and each time coming up fighting. Dunn found him confidence; actually believing me to self unable to continue. His manager Three Star" Hennessey, threw a towel in the ring.

The smoker, the second which Matchmaker Carroll has staged under the auspices of the American Legion was poorly attended, but the fanwho were there were treated to an evening of real entertainment.

Early in the fight it developed that Dunn's wind, probably on account of the altitude, was not good, and the kidney blows which Woods continually administered soon ren dered him nearly helpless

First Round Tame

The first two rounds were tame affairs, little damage being done by either fighter. Woods had a parrow rush, Manager DeLashmutt having evidently informed his protege that his only chance was in forcing the battle. Speck planted a number of telling lefts to the face and nack Referee Houston warned Dunn that he was hitting low.

Continuation of the same fast pace through the fourth round had Dunn practically helpless before the gong sounded, although earlier he had held the advantage for the only time during the bout. The fifth was about the same, with Dunn perceptibly weaker and Woods pushing his advantage Near the end of the round Dunn went down for the count of nine.

Three times during the sixth round Woods forced his opponent to the floor for the count of nine, and each time Dunn came up fighting, for the moment as hard as ever, only to lose his wind again. In the seventh, the same program was carried out, except that Dunn arose several times without taking the full count. The bell sounded while he was on his knees, awaiting the count of nine to get up and go on.

Woods to Meet Bronson

Maurice Hill, Portland boxing pro noter who acted as announcer, stated before the final bout that Muff Bronson would meet the winner here Thanksgiving afternoon. Kid Taylor and Abe Gordon will fight again eight rounds, and Duffy Knorr will meet Jim Harris.

Kid Taylor, substituting for Frenchie" LeClair, who was ill. treated the fans to one of the fastest boxing exhibitions ever seen here in

keep my eye on Alva Iomorrow, so he don't get away with the stuff." "You expect him to draw?"

Not before night; but, just same, I want to know for sure. You walt here five minutes, for I've got the longest trip to make. You'll show up

"You can't lose me; it looks too good."

He chuckled and patted me on the shoulder in an excess of friendliness. evidently feeling to some extent the whisky he had been imbibing so freely. "That's the talk, Daty, Well, so

long." He slipped out through the gate into the dark of the alley, leaving it slightly ajar for me to follow. I stattered myself behind the high board fence and listened to the soft slush of his feet in the mud. The sound vanished. and all about was silence and darkness. I waited only long enough to be sure he was safely out of the way, and then followed, eager to be off. One thing was certain, I would make no effort to join him on the car; I would use the remainder of the night to decide the future, working out the prob-

(To Be Continued.)

the six round no decision bout which he staged with Gene Rose. Each round was a whirlwind, with Rose, who is elever but no match for Taxtor, vainly poking the empty air.

Comedy was not lacking. In the first round, Referee Houston took a right to the face, almost the only blow landed; in the second Taylor went to floor and Rose nearly suc-GAMENESS PUT UP BY VISITOR ceeded in counting him out; in the third Rose discovered that his only successful manner of attack must be from the rear. In the fourth Tayfor staged his best ducking exhibition, while in the fifth and sixth he landed a few real punches, showing that he could do so almost at will

Cleo Sowards pounded E. J. Hill to helplessness in the third round of the curtain raiser, after Hill twice had the more experienced man at his mercy but was unable to finish him Both fighters began landing hard blows from the opening of the first round, and each was a mass of blood before the bout ended. Hill went to the floor in the first round, and In the second both seemed too weak to go on. Hard hitting with no attempt at guarding characterized the bout.

Why It is Called Wall Street.

Wall street. New York, derives Its name from the old wall that extended slong it in the old Dutch days, and marked the northern boundary of the town of New Amsterdam.

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