

# FOOD SUPPLIES HERE ENOUGH FOR A MONTH

## STOCKS IN BEND ARE AMPLE, AGREED

### CITY NOT DEPENDENT

Fresh Vegetables Would Last For Two Weeks, While Cured Meats And Sugar On Hand Would Last Double That Time.

Stocks of groceries and meats now in Bend are sufficient to supply the needs of the people, based on the ordinary demand, for at least a month without any noticeable difference in the variety of foods which may be purchased, an inquiry conducted in connection with the railroad tieup disclosed. Ordinary standards of living could be maintained two months, while so far as any actual hardship is concerned, the city is independent of the world outside Central Oregon, local merchants stated.

Fresh vegetables and other perishable goods would be lacking at the end of two weeks. The sugar supply might be gone in a month, this being the only commodity on which a serious shortage might develop.

That Bend is practically independent is largely due to the fact that potatoes are grown so extensively here, that there are flour mills within short distances, and that meats of all kinds are home products, as well as milk and eggs. The fresh meat supply of one local market has been bought for a period up to June, but there is not a supply of cured meats to last more than 30 days.

# REDMOND WINS SECTION TITLE

## 28 TO 3 VICTORY OVER PRINEVILLE SATURDAY AFFIRMS PREVIOUS EXPECTATIONS—CHAMPIONSHIP RACE CLOSE.

Central Oregon's football season ended Saturday in a championship for Redmond high school when that team defeated Prineville at Redmond by 28 to 3 score. Redmond had been conceded the championship previously because of a former victory over Prineville, but the margin of victory was a surprise.

The championship race was closer this year than it has been for several seasons. Every team except that representing Madras had almost equal opportunity for the title, there being little to choose between the teams on form.

### Prospects Good

Bend won two of the six games played, but lost the others largely on breaks. The belief is prevalent here that had Prineville been met on the home field later in the season, the score would have been reversed.

Prospects for next year's team are unusually bright, as only five of this year's letter men will have left school or become ineligible—Dutt, Nelson, G. Blateley, L. Blakeley and Johnson. Letter men are: McNeely, Kohfeld, Kalk, Nelson, Howell and L. Blakeley, who won the gold "B" for the first time this year; Boyd, Philbrook, G. Blakeley and Johnson, who won their first stripe, showing two years service; Claypool, a second stripe, and Dutt a third.

## TOO BUSY TO COACH ASSERTS O. A. C. STAR

M. H. Horton, coach of the high school basketball team which won the championship of Central Oregon last year, and choice of the board of directors of district No. 1 for the same position this year, will be unable to accept the offer because of the demands which his business make on his time, he states. He added that it might be possible for him to help the squad at intervals during the season, but that he would not attempt to direct practice and training as a regular coach.

Horton was an all northwest selection when he starred for O. A. C. some 10 years ago, and held down a forward's position in the Bend town team which played here in 1917. Under his supervision last winter, the high school team, winning the Central Oregon championship, attended the state tournament at Salem, representing this section.



# The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH  
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"THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENDISH"  
ILLUSTRATIONS  
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To make certain that I avoided any possibility of encountering the fellow again, I passed directly through the deserted lumber yard before emerging upon Gans street. This thoroughfare was at this hour desolate enough, not a light showing in the houses, or a moving figure visible as far as I could see in the dimness of the street lamps. The rain was steady, the pavement shimmering with moisture, the only sound the pattering of the drops as they fell. If any policemen were abroad I saw no signs, and, with collar turned up to my ears, I chose to walk rather than seek the block to the east and the possibility of a street car.

The factory district ended in a row of houses, dark and silent at this hour, but the walking was good, and I pushed forward briskly, so buried in thought as to become practically insensible to the unpleasant surroundings. The night had been a full one, far exceeding my expectations, yet left me more puzzled than ever as to my own duty. So far I knew of no act of crime with which these men could be connected; they were merely proposing a future attack on a neutral government. If, however, I consented to play my part with Harris, I would not only be in ample time to circumvent any danger Alva and his gang might contemplate, but also gain ample evidence for their conviction and expulsion from this country. In addition to this I would be in position to block the daring plans of this international thief. Altogether it seemed to me that the wiser course for me to pursue was to wait, and watch, ready to act at any moment, but keeping my own council until certain that the specific moment had arrived.

Nor was I oblivious to the strange impression left upon me by my encounter with Marie Gessler. She had interested me oddly, and I could not drive her memory from my thoughts. Our moment of conversation had been peculiar, and her words and actions remained as a constraint. Why had she stood there, her hand on the door, and talked to me in that mocking way? Had she a purpose, an aim? Did she believe my explanation? or was her suspicion aroused into a determination to verify it in some way? Although I could not decide, yet doubtless the latter theory was the most probable. That was why I had been pledged to call at "247 Le Comptre street," and ask for "Mrs. Conrad." This was the same place where Harris had secretly met Krantz. Evidently it was another headquarters for these precious villains. Once there, and safely in their power, the truth of my identity could easily be established. Was that her idea?

If so, who then was "Miss Conrad"? Not Marie Gessler, certainly, under another name, for she would have returned to Washington. There was no doubt as to that, for Alva had agreed to take her direct to the depot in his own car, and would scarcely leave until she was safely on the train. Probably the other woman was a confederate, with whom she would communicate by telephone. My clearer judgment told me all this, made me fully conscious of the danger of keeping this appointment, yet never swerved me from an intention to do so. Marie Gessler's eyes were frank and honest; they had looked directly into my own, pleadingly I imagined, and I retained a blind faith in her no ordinary circumstances would overcome. She was involved in this criminal conspiracy—there could be no doubt as to that—but why? under what conditions? What could ever have driven so womanly a woman to such an association? Was her appeal to me an effort at assistance? Was she blindly endeavoring to learn in this way if I was worthy of trust, and confidence? This hope would not down; it remained insistent, persistent. I would keep my word; I would go to the place designated, at the hour set; I would go armed, prepared for whatever might occur of treachery—but I would go. Perhaps here was the key to the whole mystery; and once I solved her connection with the plot, particularly if it absolved her from blame, and the necessity of exposure, I could go forward with clear conscience, and land these others where they justly belonged.

I must have covered four or five blocks immersed in such thought, almost forgetful of my surroundings; my head bent low before the rain, my feet carelessly slushing through the water in pools on the sidewalk. I met no one, heard no sound to arouse me; all about was dark, desolate, forlorn. Then suddenly I became conscious of some unusual obstruction just ahead. At first I took it for a wrecked wagon lying against the curb, but another step forward revealed the truth—a deserted touring car, its red tail-light plastered with mud, and barely visible. I approached with a feeling of relief;

it was not wrecked, no sign of accident was to be noticed. Even in that dim light I could see the machine was no common car, a sedan, its glass brilliant in spite of the rain splatters, and its paint gleaming brightly.

I stared about wonderingly, but could perceive nothing to account for the presence of such a car, or its apparent desertion. Up and down both streets not a figure moved; not a sound reached me but the slough of the wind, and the patter of rain. I shivered with the loneliness of it all, as curiosity led me to cross the muddy parkway to assure myself as to what this strange desertion meant.

There was no one in the car. I could look straight through the dimmed windows, against the glare of a street lamp a block away. One of the rear doors stood half open, and, tempted by it, I bent over and felt within. My hand touched some object on the floor, and I instantly straightened up with the thing



gripped in my fingers. It was a long, thin-bladed dagger—an ornament rather than a weapon—with an odd, fanciful hilt. There were stains upon the polished steel; and the moment I saw it, I knew where it had attracted my attention before—as a pin in Marie Gessler's hat.

### CHAPTER VII.

I Seek Miss Conrad—The Threads Become Tangled.

I grasped the thing in my hand, holding it up incredulously into whatever faint light I could find. There was no question as to its identity; I could not doubt. This was the same peculiar ornament I had observed that evening in the girl's hat, or else its exact mate. I recalled the quaint shape of the miniature hilt too clearly to be mistaken. Then this car was the one in which she had departed with Gustave Alva two hours before. What had occurred in the meanwhile? Something serious evidently. The dagger on the floor would indicate a struggle, or at least a hasty departure from the vehicle.

I stood staring at it, slowly comprehending the probable meaning of those dark stains on the blade. Their nature could not be determined in so dim a light, yet when I touched them with my finger it became discolored. My God! could it be blood? Blood! it was blood; then this had been a scene of tragedy, of awful crime perhaps. The discovery sickened me, but I had to go on. I wrenched open the forward door and peered fearfully within. I could not but know instantly what I saw—a dim, huddled form leaning forward across the steering wheel, one hand yet on the spokes, with head dangling helplessly, upheld only by contact with the windshield.

I knew the man was dead before I touched the cold hand; his very posture told that—and how he had died; instantly, from a stab in the back. I could not see his features, the darkness hid them, but desperation drove me to pass my hand over the concealed face; the upturned mustache, the exposed teeth, grinning ironically in death, left no doubt as to who he was—the Chilean soldier and attaché, Captain Alva. The awful horror of it paralyzed my very brain. She must have done this! That girl must have killed him! But why? for what reason? for what purpose? Could it have been in answer to insult? Had the man dared to press his advances once they were alone? and had she resisted? I would not question his inclination, yet this was not possible. The knife lay on the floor behind him,

just as plucked, blood-stained, from the wound. The girl, then, was not even riding beside him; she could not be to have dealt such a blow—she must have been alone in the rear seat. There in the dark, unnoticed by the man driving, she had leaned forward, and driven that sharp blade unerringly home to the heart. He had suspected nothing in time to raise even an arm in self-defense. Then, dazed, frightened by her terrible deed, forgetful even of the knife in her terror, she had dashed it to the floor and fled into the darkness, leaving the rear door open behind her.

That was the story; that must be the story. My mind pictured the scene in all its horror. Yet what could account for such an act? What cause could transform this woman, this smiling-faced girl, into a murderer? Her leaving that weapon behind would seem to proclaim that the deed was done in haste, on the spur of the moment; that it had not been in any way premeditated and planned. Otherwise she would have guarded against such danger of discovery. Why, that carelessness alone might ruin every hope of escape, might bring her to the electric chair—it was damning evidence.

I dare not remain there in the presence of this grisly spectacle. To be found would fasten the hideous crime upon me, while such a story as I must tell would never be believed. I did not know even who she really was, or where she might be. I cared nothing for Alva's death; horrible as it was, I was conscious of no regret, but I must not be mixed up in the affair. The only thing for me to do was to disappear, and leave the police to make their own discovery. And the knife? the weapon which had done the deed? What should I do with that?

I did not hesitate long. I would protect her from discovery if I could; at least until I was myself convinced of her guilt. There was no longer the slightest doubt in my mind but what this was her act. Everything pointed straight toward her. Yet there might be a reason, a worthy cause, and, in any case, she had done a service to the country. The world was better off with this conspirator dead; nor would I denounce the one who had taken his life. I hid the knife in a pocket of my coat, and hastened down the side street toward the nearest car line, my only desire being to escape that neighborhood as swiftly as possible.

By a quarter of three I was safely in my room at the hotel, for the first time feeling a sense of real security. Yet it was not to sleep. I did not even undress, except to remove my wet outer-garments before flinging myself on the bed. My brain wouldn't rest, and I lay there staring up at the ceiling, while my mind reviewed over and over again every incident of the night, and planned for the morning. How would the murder of Alva affect the plot I had started to overcome? Would it continue under some other leadership? Who? And the money? what would become of that? What readjustment of plans would Harris consider necessary? Once I knew his conception of the situation, I could better regulate my own action. Meanwhile the only safe course was to remain still, and profess ignorance. Then I had the engagement at 247 Le Comptre street—that might reveal something of importance to help me solve the problem.

I got up, removed the dagger from my pocket, and examined it in the electric light. It was a toy weapon, yet sufficiently dangerous, for all that, and I looked at it with a sense of horror. How could a woman have ever thrust even that keen blade with one blow through to the heart? Yet the evidence was before me. Those dark stains were blood—human blood—dried now, but unmistakable in their proof of crime. I washed the steel, leaving the blade bright and polished; then wrapped it carefully, and hid it away at the very bottom of my bag, locking the latter against possible inspection by a curious maid. I felt relieved once I had the weapon out of sight.

The morning papers contained no reference to the tragedy—the body of the dead man had not been found in time. There would be noise enough when it was, no doubt, for Alva must have been widely known and ranked as of some importance. Even if his identity was never established, as no suspicion was aroused as to his position, and secret work in this country, yet the very mystery of the case would create a sensation. But perhaps he had papers on his person of value. I regretted not having searched his pockets. Then the conviction came that possibly here might be the true solution of the murder—a desire to secure some documents the man carried.

I went down to Costigan's place on foot, not being entirely certain of the exact location. It was an ordinary corner saloon, with a stairway leading to rooms above. In the morning hours the barroom was nearly deserted, but the man at the bar, looking me over cautiously, said that "Mr. Parker" had already gone out, and had left no word as to when he would return. I was rather glad, yet I left a telephone number, with a request that I be called whenever he came back. I waited impatiently for the call in my room, but none came. It dawned upon me that in all probability Harris was frantically endeavoring to find the whereabouts of Alva, as yet having no suspicion of his death. I telephoned Costigan's, but "Mr. Parker" had not returned.

I sent out for a noon edition, eagerly scanning its columns, but finding nothing. Surely the deserted car, with its grim burden, must have been discovered before this. The police

must have suppressed the news to enable them to work in secret; they might have found some evidence in the dead man's pockets, or in the dark recesses of the car, by which they still hoped to capture the assassin.

I remember eating in a basement restaurant; where I was totally unknown, and then departing for the rendezvous on Le Comptre street. I approached the number given with serious misgivings. If the police were actually on the trail, some knowledge of this place might be in their possession, and I could not be too cautious.

There was no outward sign of any surveillance as I turned into the block; indeed except for a grocery truck before one of the houses, and an organ-grinder at the farther corner, entertaining a group of children, the street was entirely deserted. Mustering my courage, and with a feeling of deep excitement, I advanced upon the steps of the house numbered 247, and, finding refuge in the outer vestibule, rang the bell. I heard no distant tinkle, but within a moment or two the door opened a crack, held in



"Well, What is it?" She Snapped.

that position by a chain, and the face of a middle-aged woman peered out at me.

"Well, what is it?" she snapped, in no encouraging tone. "I should like to see Miss Conrad," I began apologetically. "I have an appointment with her."

"Not here yer ain't, young man, for there ain't nobody by that name in this house."

"Are you sure? This is 247, is it not? That was the number given me. She was to be here at two o'clock."

"This yer is 247 all right, I ain't denyin' that, the voice more acid than ever, "but they ain't no Miss Conrad yer; so that's all there is about it."

"But there must be." "Must be nuthin'! I guess I know. I've been yer seventeen years, an' ther never was nobody of that name ever in this house. Besides, I'm house-cleantin' and can't stand yer talkin' all day."

"Do you know a man named Krantz?" I flung at her desperately, in a last effort to arouse some response, "Adolph Krantz."

"No, I don't; ther ain't none of those people yer, I tell yer." The door slapped shut in my face, and I heard a bolt shot into place—the interview was ended.

(To Be Continued.)

## EXTRACT DRINKING LEADS TO ARREST

Oscar Martinson, one of Bend's most consistent exponents of anti-Volsteadism, drank several bottles of lemon extract last night, shortly after was arrested by Officer Russell Gilbert and lodged in the city jail on a charge of drunkenness. He was to appear before Recorder Ross Farnham this afternoon.

HUSBAND AND WIFE WRITE. Mr. and Mrs. James Carson, Columbus, N. M., sign a letter saying, "We shall never be without Foley Cathartics 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.—Adv.

Bulletin "Want Ads" bring results. Try them.

## Movie Manager Is Knocked Out By Low Awning

J. B. Sparks, manager of the Grand and Liberty theatres, was knocked senseless Saturday night while walking down Wall street, when he struck a low awning support, the metal pipe catching him across the mouth and loosening several teeth. In addition, Sparks sustained a badly wrenched back as the result of the fall, and was in bed all Sunday under the orders of his physician.

Hurrying to the theatre, his head lowered as he made his way against the storm, Sparks failed to see the awning. Hurling to the cement sidewalk by the shock, he rose unsteadily, and again his head struck the support. He lost consciousness, and was lifted to his feet a moment later by passers by. At first, he declares, he believed he had been slugged.

The same awning has caught other pedestrians in much the same manner during the past week, but in no other case with such serious results. Inspection this morning revealed the fact that a number of awnings in the city are too low for safety.

## CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Advertise in The Bulletin. It gets results.

### CATARRH

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