

FIRST REFUGEE RETURNS FROM OUTSIDE WORLD

MRS. GILLIS COMES BY WAY OF SHANIKO

TELLS OF CONDITIONS

Storm Hit Eastern Washington Hard—Business Paralyzed at The Dalles—No Snow, But Hard Going Between Bend and Shaniko

Mrs. H. A. Gillis, the first of Bend's "refugees" successfully to negotiate a return to this city, arrived here Monday night from Spokane and Davenport, Wash., where she had been visiting, by way of The Dalles and Shaniko. Her husband and G. A. Buegler brought her from Shaniko to Bend. She changed trains three times between Spokane and The Dalles on account of conditions resulting from the storm, stayed at The Dalles two days and a night, and reached home a week later than she had planned.

Storm conditions were as bad in eastern Washington as in Oregon, said Mrs. Gillis, although there was not much snow at Spokane. Most of the railroads were tied up, and only passengers who had through tickets were being taken by the detour routes.

Autos Snowed In

At The Dalles, where Mrs. Gillis arrived after several long delays, she found conditions indescribable. The city's business was almost paralyzed, and autos which were on the streets when the first snow fell are still in the same position, she relates.

Traveling between Shaniko and Bend is "hard going," Buegler and Gillis relate, as the adobe mud near Shaniko is sticky and in other places frozen and exceedingly rough. There is no snow, they stated.

WILL CONTINUE WELL DRILLING

PARKS SEEKS INCREASE OVER 100 GALLON A MINUTE FLOW OBTAINED AT 90 FOOT DEPTH ON SPRAGUE RANCH.

A flow of 100 gallons a minute from the second state well sunk in the Fort Rock valley was reported by Henry M. Parks, director of the bureau of mines on his arrival here recently from the Sprague ranch where operations have been under way. These figures were secured in the course of a test after the drill had reached a depth of 90 feet, and further drilling will be done in the endeavor to secure a greater flow.

The first well put down in the Fort Rock valley was sunk on the Ernst ranch six miles southeast of the town of Fort Rock. The location of the second well is seven miles southwest of the same point, and the third will be six miles northeast of the town, Parks said. Through this system of well location, a triangle will be described, and it is thought that valuable data regarding the underground flow for this area will be thus secured.

By the use of the heavier rig which has been in operation on the Sprague well, more rapid drilling was possible than during previous operations, Parks said, only three days being necessary to reach the 90 foot level. For 60 feet the drill went through solid rock.

As the surface altitude at the Sprague well is 40 feet above that of the Ernst well, the depth at which water was struck in the latter operations is only 50 feet below the surface of the ground at the Ernst ranch.

O. A. C. MEN TAKE TUMALO RANCHES

Ranches on the Tumalo project have been purchased by George F. Thompson, C. L. Clark and Oscar Berglund, ex-service men who have been taking vocational training in the agricultural department at O. A. C. from J. B. Miner, who is in charge of final instruction for this district. These men came to Bend from Corvallis on the last train before the tie-up, and have been looking over the land on the Tumalo project, deciding yesterday to purchase. More men are coming soon to settle near here under the same arrangement, Miner announces.



I stared a moment at the blank door in bewilderment; then turned away, and slowly retraced my steps to the street. So the young woman had deliberately lied to me; had merely been amusing herself at my expense; had sent me on this wild goose chase so that she might laugh over my simplicity. But was this true? If so, how was I to account for the strange coincidence that both she and Harris had named the same number, and street? It could not have occurred merely through chance. Something must have happened in the meanwhile to overthrow all her plans, and to cause this rabid housekeeper to even deny her very existence. And I held the key of explanation—the murder of Alva.

Beyond all doubt here was both cause and effect. The girl had intended to either see me herself, or by proxy in the form of this mysterious Miss Conrad. But what had since occurred had compelled a sudden change in plans, a necessity for concealing her escape. There was no way in which she could notify me, but she might very easily have telephoned to her landlady. And, if the place was what I suspected it to be, she might have every confidence that her secret would be guarded.

I glanced up at the front of the house, searching the windows, but without results. The curtains were closely drawn to keep out the sun, and the place appeared forlorn and deserted. At the delicatessen shop on the corner I gained a gleam of light, but merely enough to strengthen my former judgment. The keeper, a fax-on-haired Swede, was loquacious enough, but had only been in business there a few weeks.

"247 Le Compte, you say. Yes, she takes roomers; some are men, and some are women. They come in here and buy, but I never ask the names; it was all cash, so why should I care? Sometimes I hear them call names—sure; but never Conrad. The woman who keeps the house? Wait and I tell you; it is on the books; ah! you read as she wrote it for me—Mrs. Augusta Waldron; maybe a widow? What you think? Bah, she never like anything I have to sell. I care nothing for trade with her—a cat this Mrs. Augusta Waldron."

I left him with the familiar sound of the name ringing in my ears—the whole thing was traveling in a circle, and the circle was growing continually more compact. Blindly, I was stumbling up against it here and there most unexpectedly. Augusta Waldron, beyond doubt, was Ivan Waldron's wife. No wonder her house was designated the meeting place for those people.

I returned to the hotel. Only as I stood before the door did I realize that the newsboys were calling out, "Extra! All about the murder!" I felt that my face was white, and that by hand shook, yet I hastily bought copies of half a dozen sheets, shoving them into my pockets.

The reports were mostly alike, exceedingly brief and unsatisfactory, except that thus far the police possessed no real clue as to the perpetrator of the crime. No one connected with the meeting the night before was mentioned in any article, nor was any suspicion of such a meeting mentioned. I read the last line with a distinct feeling of relief, dropping the paper on the floor.

They had discovered no clue, nothing whatever to work upon. The interior of the car had yielded no evidence of its former occupant, the only reference being to mud on the floor. Outside all footprints had been obliterated by the falling rain. No one in the neighborhood had heard a sound, or witnessed any movement. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery.

What, under these conditions, was my duty? What could I either do, or say, to clarify this tragedy, and bring the guilty to justice? I sat there for an hour thinking and smoking, endeavoring to answer these queries. I could study out no clear way to any confession, which would not directly involve myself in the toils of the police, or else implicate Marie Gessler, so as to make any defense on her part almost impossible. No doubt she was guilty, yet I could not drive myself to openly charge her with the crime. There must be some extenuating circumstances, some unknown cause, which had led to the act. I could not forget her face, her manner, the clear, womanly look of her eyes—she was no murderess, and it was not in my heart to denounce her as such. Besides, if I took this responsibility it would only serve to shield other crimes of more importance than the violent death of this Chilean revolutionary—the murder perhaps of many innocent victims, and the destruction of much

valuable property. For Alva's death would hardly stop the plotting already on foot. The money was still here in New York ready to be used; the propagandists at Washington would never permit it to long lie idle. They would find somewhere another leader, and I alone seemed to be in a position to balk their hellish purpose. Perhaps it was even by their orders that Alva had thus been put out of the way. He had acted too slowly, and suspicion might have been aroused as to his real purpose. On every side I was assailed with doubts.

Yet, even if I held silent, I knew not in which direction to turn. I had apparently lost all touch with the girl. She had failed me completely—either by accident, or design. Her appointment with me had served to reveal only one fact which might prove of importance—247 Le Compte street was undoubtedly a link in the chain of the conspiracy; it was the home of Ivan Waldron. Once I told this discovery to Harris the way might be opened to closer investigation. But what had become of Harris? It was already approaching six o'clock, and the man had not telephoned me. Surely he must be aware by this time of the murder of Alva; the uselessness of seeking longer to find him alive. Was he also endeavoring to avoid me? Was his purpose deceit? or had some suspicion arisen in his mind as to my really being Harry Daly?

Aroused by this possibility, and unable to remain quiet longer, I slipped a revolver from the depths of my bag into a coat pocket, and departed again.



"They Tell Me You're Hunting Parker."

for Costigan's, determined to learn the truth. I approached the same bartender with whom I had spoken in the morning, and he must have recalled me at once, for, without answering my question, he turned and called out to a heavily set, red-faced fellow at the lower end of the bar.

"Dan, here is that guy who was asking for Parker. He ain't heard nuthin' from him."

The other came forward, elbowing his way roughly through the crowd, and looked me searching in the face. "I'm Costigan," he said shortly. "They tell me you're hunting Parker. Did you have an appointment with him?" "Yes; he was to meet me here this morning. Then I left a telephone number, but he hasn't called me."

"He ain't been back; that's the reason. Come along with me; I want a private word with you."

I followed him rather doubtfully, although his words and actions appeared friendly enough in a gruff way. He led the way to a closed door at the end of the bar, which, when opened, disclosed a small business office, containing merely a desk and two chairs. To his rather gruff invitation to sit down, I accepted one of these, chewing at the cigar between my teeth, and endeavoring to appear quite at ease. Costigan, after securing the door, seated himself at the desk, turning his swivel chair about so as to face me, his freckled hands on his knees.

"George told me about you this morning," he began. "At least I suppose you're the lad; your name Daly?" I nodded, greatly relieved, but unwilling to trust my voice. The man did not know me; had no suspicion. "Glad ter meet yer," and Costigan filled a pipe, and touched a match to the tobacco without removing his steady gaze from my face. "We never had no dealings together, but if yer tied up with George, it's quite likely we will have. He an' I hav' been pardners for a long while. He's a h—l of a rood guy."

"We just ran into each other accidentally," I explained, feeling that he expected me to say something. "Got onto the trail of the same hoodle. He told you, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't. Just said he'd run onto you, and that you were liable to turn a trick together. George don't stop over; that ain't his style."

"But he spoke about me?"

"Well, yes, in a way. But it wa'n't no more than I told yer. He had to go out afore you got 'round, so he said you was comin', an' for me to be decent to yer whenever yer blowed in."

"How long was he to be gone?"

"That's what's got my goat." Costigan admitted grimly. "He said he'd be back in an hour, but he ain't showed up since, ner sent any word. I don't want to shove my nose into your affairs, but I'm gettin' a little nervous 'bout George, that's a fact."

Somehow the fellow gave me the impression of being square—honest according to his lights—and intensely loyal to his friends. Of course, I could not inform him as to the whole story, but it might be of benefit to give him some inkling of the situation.

"There's no harm, so far as I can see, in telling you a part of the plan, Mr. Costigan," I replied slowly, endeavoring to guard my words carefully. "I know Harris has every confidence in you, so I'll take a chance. We're both on to a million-dollar pot—easy money, it looks like."

"The h—l! that's some hoodle!" excitedly leaning forward.

"It don't come every day. I'll not explain details, or how the two of us run together on the trail, and agreed to split the pot. That's our business, you'll admit."

"Sure; what was it? A bank job?"

"Better than that—South American revolution fund; coin sent over here from London to pay for arms, and maybe a murder or so. It is all in one bundle, and what we need to do is get our hands on it. We know where the stuff is, but we're still scouting around for a chance to grab it; it's locked up yet."

"I see. Ain't been handed over to the gink who's got to pay it out. That's what George is a-tradin' out now, I suppose?"

"No doubt that is what he started after this morning—shadowing the fellows to whom it was to be paid. What gets me is, why he doesn't return—the guy is dead."

"Judas Priest! How do you know that? What's happened?"

"Why, it's in all the papers; he was murdered last night over in Jersey City—stabbed through the back in an automobile. You saw it, didn't you?"

"H—l! that guy? He was a Chilean captain, or something. Yer don't think that maybe George bumped him off, do yer?"

"No; I know he didn't; Harris was with me all last evening."

"And you haven't any notion who did?"

I shook my head negatively. Costigan sat for some moments, his chin cupped in his huge fist, his pipe extinguished and his forehead creased in thought. Then he looked up suddenly, a strange light in his eyes.

"Say, Daly," he asked in a hoarse whisper, "do you know if there was a Russian Jew mixed up in this affair anywhere?"

CHAPTER VIII.

A Friend at the McAlpin—The Dagger Hatpin.

His unexpected question startled me. In a way it was an odd echo of the vague suspicion which had been pursuing me ever since the early afternoon. Somewhere there was a mysterious hand operating—but whose hand?

"A Russian Jew?" I questioned. "Why should you ask that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Maybe it don't amount to nothin' an' then again it might give us the right steer. A fellow they call 'Sly Levy'—he's a cheap thief, a dip mostly—blew in yere last night with a note for Harris. He left it with one of the night barkeeps, an' seemed ter be in a h—l of a hurry ter have it delivered. The d—d thing was sealed, but not stamped, an' there wa'n't no address on it either. So I didn't think it was no penitentiary sentence to pry it open, usin' a bit of steam to loosen up the flap. But I didn't find much, only two lines spelled out in print letters. 'Where you met K, eight tomorrow. Don't fail; important. I. W.' That was every d—n word. Do you make anything of that?"

"Yes, I do," I said heartily. "It's part of this job. I'll explain after a bit. What did you do then?"

"Sealed it up, an' give it back to Joe. I didn't see no harm in it. Do you happen to know who this 'I. W.' stands for?"

"I can make a mighty good guess, Costigan—a Russian Jew, all right; Ivan Waldron."

The scowl on his face remained fixed; evidently the name was unknown.

"Don't know the fellow? Likely enough not; he doesn't operate in your line, but he is a crook just the same. I never saw him myself, but have heard about him for a long while—never anything good. He's an agitator, an anarchist, a revolutionary orator; one of those bugs who fight society and government, and hate everybody but themselves, a loud-mouthed nuisance."

Costigan's mouth was open.

"Say," he interrupted, "what's that kind of guy got to do with George Harris?"

"He's got this to do with him—he's opt after the coin. He saw some easy money, and naturally reached out for it. He was the first one to get onto

this particular game. They were using him, this Chilean gang, to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and that's how he tumbled to this bunch of money floating about, begging somebody to pick it up. He had worried himself inside, and knew it was coming. But he didn't have nerve enough to tackle the game alone. He wanted somebody else to run all the risk, and then turn over his share. Do you get it now?"

"Sure; he blew the thing to Harris."

"In a way—yes. He sent for him to come back from England, but with out explaining just what his graft was. On the way over Harris picked up another end of the same net, and went after it himself. He wa'n't under any obligation to Waldron, and preferred to play his hand alone."

"And the Russian has found that out, and now he butts in."

"That's the way I'd read the cards, Costigan."

(To Be Continued.)

"DE CENSOS, SHE EES CRAZE"

Jean Baptiste Tells the World Why the Population of Quebec Seems Immobile.

The old habitant of Quebec, who will be depressingly amazed to discover that the census man gives that province a bare 2,345,078 of a population, will trot out his decennial explanation in extenuation:

"Sacre nom de bien," Jean Baptiste will splutter, "de censos man he come to me on de farm and he say: 'Jean Baptiste, how many lil' boy and lil' girl you got dis tam by you? An' wen I say, takken' ma tam', so's not forget:'

"Dere's Jeanne—Marie—Rosine—Angelique—Sophie—Josette—dat's de lil' girl—"

"And dere's Polemique—Telephore—Hippolyte—Belzemire—Horsemdas—Alphonse—dat's de lil' boy."

"Dat maudit censos man, he write down lak' great beeg fool!"

"Jean Baptiste: One girl: Jeanne Marie Rosine Angelique Sophie Josette. One boy: Polemique, Telephore Hippolyte Belzemire Horsemdas Alphonse."

"So dere you see how it come Canada got so few population! Me wit' six lil' boy and six lil' girl—and he put down only one of each kin! Sacre nom de bien if dar is not a danne result for a brave habitant. Why, de fuist tam' Victorine—dat's ma femme—is tell me go queek for de docteur, wen I come bak from fetch beem, she got two lettle boy and one lettle girl for Jean Baptiste. And after dat we nevaire get less 'an twecos at de one tam'. And de censos man he write down: 'One boy, one girl!'

—Vancouver World.

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POSSE AWARDS ARE DISPUTED

CAPTORS OF TIL TAYLOR'S MURDERERS UNREWARDED — JUDGE DUFFY HAS CASE UNDER ADVISEMENT.

Rewards for the capture of the slayers of Til Taylor, killed a year ago last July by Niel Hart, Jim Owens and Jack Kathie in a jail break at Pendleton, have never been paid. Rewards of \$5,000 and \$1,000, offered by Umatilla county and the city of Pendleton, are being made the subject of litigation; and since the Pendleton circuit judge disliked to make a decision, Judge T. E. J. Duffy of Bend must do so.

Several different posesses were concerned in the capture, and the judge must take several legal precedents into consideration; one that the reward should be divided equally among the members of the capturing party, another that they be paid to the individual who actually made the capture. No decision has been reached as yet.

QUILT PATCHES ARE WANTED FOR SHOP

Wool or cotton patches for quilts are wanted by the Red Cross shop, the committee in charge announces. The shop will also gladly receive any donations of dishes, furniture and other articles, as well as clothing.

Bulletin Want Ads bring results—try them.

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Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic, taken internally, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE assists Nature in restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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