

SUSTAIN DUFFY IN AWARD CASE

State Supreme Court Holds Reward For Taking Killers Must Be Divided.

Closely following the decision handed down by Circuit Judge T. E. J. Duffy, the state supreme court, in an opinion written by Justice McCourt, has sustained the ruling given by Judge Duffy in the suit brought in Umatilla county to determine the distribution of the reward for the capture of slayers of Sheriff Til Taylor. Judge Duffy's decision was based on the fact of concerted action between the La Grande and Umatilla county posses, and between the various members of the two posses. This he held, would have made unfair presentation of the entire reward to the individual making the actual capture, since concerted action of all had made this capture possible.

Judge Duffy was also affirmed in his decision on a case, which, although properly in equity, had been decided by a jury. The case, that of Moses Taylor vs. Hey Winn, was held by Judge Duffy to have been already adjudicated, and the same view was taken by the supreme court.

BULLET FOUND BY C. T. TERRIL

Lead Pellet Believed One Which Grazed Head of Manuel Trillo.

Searchers near the spot where Manuel Trillo claims he was standing Wednesday when a bullet, which he says was fired by Joe Rodriguez, grazed his head, Deputy Sheriff C. T. Terril found the leaden pellet late yesterday afternoon. The bullet was near Trillo's hat, supposed to have been knocked off by the shot, and was only slightly battered. Trillo turned as he felt the sting of the bullet, and says he saw Rodriguez fire twice more.

None the worse for his experience except for a slight scalp wound and a headache, Trillo has left for Portland. It is doubted in the sheriff's office if he will return to prosecute.

The scene of the affair, as established by the finding of the bullet, was a short distance above the Brooks-Scanlon mill, near the river. Trillo had endeavored to collect a board bill from Rodriguez, who had persuaded him to walk south with him on the mill railroad while he secured the money. Trillo told the authorities.

DRAMATIC ORDER TO BE HERE AUGUST 7

August 7 has been definitely set for the D. O. K. K. ceremonial to be staged here by the Medford team under the auspices of the Central Oregon Knights of Pythias lodges. At least 75 candidates for the dramatic degree have been assured. It was stated at last week's Pythian meeting, Lee Turnmire was obligated in the third rank.

TRULY SEAT OF THE MIGHTY

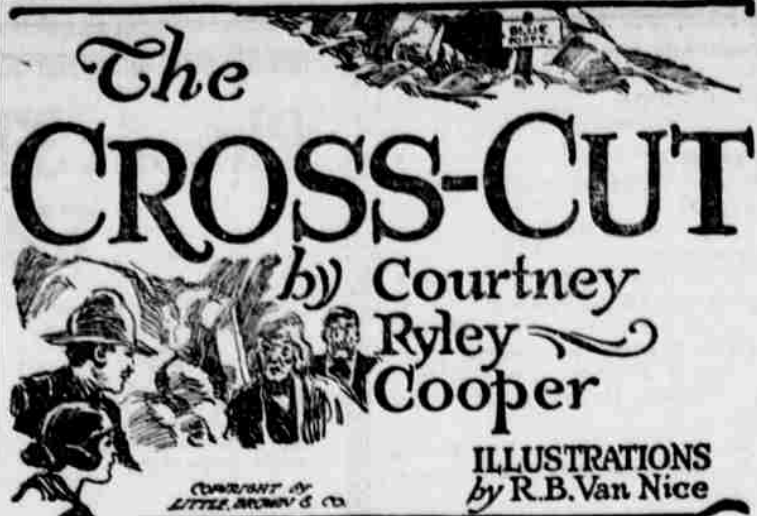
Woolsack in British House of Lords Dates Back to the Reign of King Edward III.

In a place of honor in the British house of lords is a large red cushion right in front of the throne. It is about five feet long and two feet square at the ends, and is known as the woolsack or historic seat of the lord chancellor of the realm. This is one of the sacred British institutions. Its installation as a seat of honor for the head of the judiciary department of the government dates back to the time of Edward III, when wool was the chief staple of England.

It was not, however, until the time of Henry VIII that the woolsack was dignified and thoroughly established as an institution by the following enactment: "The lord chancellor, lord treasurer and all other officers who shall be under the degree of a baron of a parliament shall sit and be placed at the uppermost part of the sacks in the midst of the parliament chamber, either there to sit upon one form or upon the uppermost sack."

Another curious circumstance is the fact that the woolsack is regarded as extra-territorial so far as the house is concerned. Technically, it is outside the precincts of the house, so, if the lord chancellor wishes to speak in debate he must leave the woolsack and advance to his place as a peer.

What is Success, After All?
Success is something which some women are content to envy in others—and some women achieve for themselves.



"You don't need to tell me, Son," he said slowly. "I can see the symptoms. You've got the fever—you're going back to work that mine. Perhaps," and he shrugged his shoulders. "It's just as well. But there are certain things to remember."

"Name them."

"Ohadi is thirty-eight miles from Denver. That's your goal. Out there, they'll tell you how the mine caved in, and how Thornton Fairchild, who had worked it, together with his two men, Harry Harkins, a Cornishman, and 'Sissie' Larsen, Swede, left town late one night for Cripple Creek—and that they never came back. That's the story they'll tell you. Agree with it. Tell them that Harkins, as far as you know, went back to Cornwall, and that you have heard vaguely that Larsen later followed the mining game farther out west."

"Is it the truth?"

"How do I know? It's good enough—people shouldn't ask questions. Tell nothing more than that—and be careful of your friends. There is one man to watch—if he is still alive. They call him 'Squint' Rodaine, and



he may or may not still be there. I don't know—I'm only sure of the fact that your father hated him, fought him and feared him. The mine tunnel is two miles up Kentucky gulch and one hundred yards to the right. A surveyor can lead you to the very spot. It's been abandoned now for thirty years. What you'll find there is more than I can guess. But, Boy," and his hand clenched tight on Robert Fairchild's shoulder, "whatever you do, whatever you run into, whatever friends or enemies you find awaiting you, don't let that light die out of your eyes and don't pull in that chin! If you find a fight on your hands, whether it's man, beast or nature, sail into it! If you run into things that cut your very heart out to learn—boat 'em down and keep going! And win! There—that's all the advice I know. Meet me at the 11:10 train for Indianapolis. Goodbye!"

"Goodbye—I'll be there," Fairchild grasped the pudgy hand and left the office. For a moment afterward, old Henry Beamish stood thinking and looking out over the dingy roof adjacent. Then, somewhat absently, he pressed the ancient electric button for his more ancient stenographer.

"Call a messenger, please," he ordered when she entered, "I want to send a cablegram."

CHAPTER III

Three weeks later, Robert Fairchild sat in the smoking compartment of the Overland Limited, looking at the Rocky mountains in the distance. In his pocket were a few hundred dollars; in the bank in Indianapolis a few thousand, representing the final proceeds of the sale of everything that had connected him with a rather dreary past. Out before him—

Three weeks had created a metamorphosis in what had been a plodding, matter-of-fact man with dreams which did not extend beyond his ledgers and his gloomy home—but now a man leaning his head against the window of a rushing train, staring ahead toward the Rockies and the rainbow they held for him. Back to the place where his father had gone with dreams aglow was the son traveling now—back into the rumpled mountains where the blue haze hung low and protecting as though over mysteries and treasures which awaited one man and one alone. It thrilled Fairchild, it enflamed his heart to tug and pull—nor could he tell exactly why.

The hills came closer. Still closer; then, when it seemed that the train must plunge straight into them, they drew away again, as though through some optical illusion, and brooded in the background, as the long, transcontinental train began to bang over the frogs and switches as it made its entrance into Denver. Fairchild went through the long chute and to a ticket window.

"When can I get a train for Ohadi?" The ticket seller smiled. "You can't get one."

"But the map shows that a railroad runs there—"

"Run there, you mean," chaffed the clerk. "The best you can do is to get to Forks Creek and walk the rest of the way. That's a narrow-gauge line, and Clear creek's been on a rampage. It took about two hundred feet of trestle, and there won't be a train into Ohadi for a week. Stranger out here?"

"Very much of one."

"In a hurry to get to Ohadi?"

"Yes."

"Then you can go uptown and hire a taxi—they've got big cars for mountain work and there are good roads all the way. It'll cost fifteen or twenty dollars. Or—"

Fairchild smiled. "Give me the other system if you've got one. I'm not terribly long on cash—for taxis."

"Certainly. No use spending that money if you've got a little pep, and it isn't a matter of life or death. Go up to the Central loop—anybody can direct you—and catch a street car for Golden. That eats up fifteen miles and leaves just twenty-three miles more. Then ask somebody to point out the road over Mount Lookout. Machines go along there every few minutes—no trouble at all to catch a ride. You'll be in Ohadi in no time."

Fairchild obeyed the instructions, and in the baggage room rechecked his trunk to follow him, lightening his traveling bag at the same time until it carried only necessities. A luncheon, then the street car. Three quarters of an hour later, he began the five-mile trudge up the broad, smooth, carefully groomed automobile highway which masters Mount Lookout. A rumbling sound behind him, then he stepped to one side, a grimy truck driver leaned out to shout as he passed:

"Want a lift? Hop on! Can't stop—too much grades!"

A running leap, and Fairchild sent himself on the tailboard of the truck, swinging his legs and looking out over the fading plains as the truck roared and clattered upward along the twisting mountain road.

Upward, still upward! The town below became merely a checkerboard thing, the lake a dot of gleaming silver, the stream a scintillating ribbon stretching off into the foothills. A turn, and they skirted a tremendous valley, its slopes falling away in sheer descents from the roadway. A darkened, moist stretch of road, fringed by pines, then a jogging journey over rolling table-land. At last came a voice from the driver's seat.

"Turn off up here at Genesee mountain. Which way do you go?"

"Trying to get to Ohadi?" Fairchild shouted it above the roar of the engine. The driver waved a hand forward.

"Keep to the main road. Drop off when I make the turn."

"Thanks for the lift."

"Aw, forget it."

The truck wheeled from the main road and chugged away, leaving Fairchild afoot, making as good progress as possible toward his goal until good fortune should bring a swifter means of locomotion. Suddenly he wheeled behind him sounded the swift droning of a motor, cut-out open, as it rushed forward along the road—and the noise told a story of speed.

Far at the brow of a steep hill it appeared, seeming to hang in space for an instant before leaping downward. Rushing, plunging, once skidding dangerously at a small curve, it made the descent, bumped over a bridge, was lost for a second in the pines, then sped toward him, a big touring car, with a small, resolute figure clinging to the wheel. Then, with a report like a revolver shot, the machine suddenly slewed in drunken fashion far to one side of the road, hung dangerously over the steep cliff an instant, righted itself, swayed forward and stopped, barely twenty-five yards away. Staring, Robert Fairchild saw that a small, trim figure had leaped forth and was waving excitedly to him, and he ran forward.

His first glance had proclaimed it a boy; the second had told a different story. A girl—dressed in far different fashion from Robert Fairchild's limited specifications of feminine garb—she caused him to gasp in surprise, then to stop and stare. Again she waved a hand and stamped a foot excitedly; a vehement little thing in a snug whipcord riding habit and a

checkered cap pulled tight over closely braided hair, she awaited him with all the impatience of impetuous womanhood.

"For goodness' sake, come here!" she called, as he still stood gazing. "I'll give you five dollars. Hurry!"

Fairchild managed to voice the fact that he would be willing to help without remuneration, as he hurried forward. She dived for the tonneau, jerking with all her strength at the heavy seat cushion, as he stepped to the running board beside her.

"Can't get this dinged thing up!" she panted. "Always sticks when you're in a hurry. That's it! Jerk it. Thanks! Here!" She reached forward and a small, sun-tanned hand grasped a greasy jack. "Slide under the back axle and put this jack in place, will you? And rush it! I've got to change a tire in nothing flat! Hurry!"

Fairchild, almost before he knew it, found himself under the rear of the car, fussing with a refractory lifting jack and trying to keep his eyes from the view of trimly clad, brown-shod little feet, as they pattered about at the side of the car, hurried to the running board, then stopped as wrenches and a hammer clattered to the ground. Then one shoe was raised, to press tight against a wheel; metal touched metal, a feminine gasp sounded as strength was exerted in vain, then eddying dust as the foot stamped, accompanied by an exasperated ejaculation.

"Ding these old lugs! They're rusted! Got that jack in place yet?"

"Yes! I'm raising the car now."

"Oh, please hurry. There was pleading in the tone now. "Please!"

The car creaked upward. Out came Fairchild, brushing the dust from his clothes. But already the girl was pressing the lug wrench into his hands.

"Don't mind that dirt," came her exclamation. "I'll give you some extra money to get your suit cleaned. Loosen those lugs, while I get the spare tire off the back. And for goodness' sake, please hurry!"

Astonishment had taken away speech for Fairchild. He could only wonder—and obey, while behind him a girl in whipcord riding habit and close-pulled cap fingered first on one tan-clad foot, then on the other, anxiously watching the road behind her and calling constantly for speed.

At last the job was finished, the girl fastening the useless shoe behind the machine while Fairchild tightened the last of the lugs. Then as he straightened, a small figure shot to his side, took the wrench from his hand and sent it, with the other tools, clattering into the tonneau. A tiny hand went into a pocket, something that crinkled was shoved into the man's



Staring Wonderingly at a Ten-Dollar Bill.

grasp, and while he stood there gasping, she leaped to the driver's seat, slammed the door, spun the starter until it whined, and with open cut-out roaring again, was off and away, rocking down the mountain side, around a curve and out of sight—while Fairchild merely stood there, staring wonderingly at a ten-dollar bill!

A noise from the rear, growing louder, and the amazed man turned to see a second machine, filled with men, careening toward him. Fifty feet away the brakes creaked, and the big automobile came to a skidding, dust-throwing stop. A sun-browned man in a Stetson hat, metal badge gleaming from beneath his coat, leaped forth.

"Which way did he go?"

"He?" Robert Fairchild stared.

"Yeh. Didn't a man just pass here in an automobile? Where'd he go—straight on the main road or off on the circuit trail?"

"It—it wasn't a man. It—it was a boy, just about fifteen years old."

"Sure?"

"Oh, yes—" Fairchild was swimming in deep water now. "I got a good look at him. He—he took that road off to the left."

It was the opposite one to which the hurrying fugitive in whipcord had taken. There was doubt in the interrogator's eyes.

"Sure of that?" he queried. "I'm the sheriff of Arapahoe county. That's an auto bandit ahead of us. We—"

"Well, I wouldn't swear to it. There was another machine ahead, and I lost 'em both for a second down there by the turn."

"Probably him, all right." The voice came from the tonneau. "Maybe he figured to give us the slip and get back to Denver."

Life of Lookout Told in Verse; Cherry Season Brings Longings

There's something about the job of a fire lookout that just naturally provokes verifications. It's an unusual year that fails to reveal poetic ability in at least one of the men and women who keep lonely watch from mountain tops scattered over the Deschutes national forest says Supervisor H. L. Plumb. Usually the desire for expression in rhyme appears for the first time after the lookout has been stationed for weeks at his or her lofty, isolated post, but this season a writer of already recognized ability, Miss Shasta Leila Hoover, is occupying one of the most important of the lookout stations, that at Pine Mountain.

Miss Hoover's first reaction to her new environment, written a few days after taking her post, follows:

Lays of a Lonely Lookout

Sitting on a mountain top—

Watching for a smoke to rise.

Morning, noon, and night.

Pine-clad mountains, sunny plains—

Heralds of delight—

Guarded from the bend of fire.

Morning, noon, and night.

Mystic, snow-crowned mountain peaks

Call from height to height.

Welcoming the lookout guard

Morning, noon, and night.

O ye gods and sylvan nymphs—

Guardians of the Right—

Inspire me with thy faithfulness

Morning, noon, and night.

—S. L. H.

Later, realization of some of the sacrifices which must be made by the guardians of the forest, brought the following humorous plaint:

Cherry Time on Pine Mountain

"The sixteenth of July," you say?

That makes me think, by Heck!

The cherries now are at their best.

Gosh! wish I had a peck.—

Those great big, luscious, juicy ones

—black Bings or Royal Annes.

Huh? yes, I know we've got 'em, but

the darn'd stuff's all in cans.

The Chief, before I came out here,

instructed me to write

About the actualities, and not call

black things white.

Said he had a bloomin' stack of look-

out applications—

From every quarter of the globe—

with tender supplications.

Because one Lookout went and wrote

a book on how ideal

Conditions on a mountain were and

gave the world a spiel

About the snap a fellow had a campin'

on a hill.

With nothin' doin' day or night but

jest a settin' still.

And watchin' for a forest fire so he

could call the ranger;

He was the hero on the job, but al-

ways out of danger.

He painted such a picture with his

poet imagination.

That every would-be hero was applyin'

for a station.

But not a bloomin' thing he said

about the lack of water.

Or how the nights get cold as h—

and days get even hotter.

How weeks go by without a jot of

news from home or sportland.

And everything one has to eat is

shipped in tins from Portland.

Huh? yes, I know "the scenery's

fine"; great sights, it's hard to

beat 'em;

They fill my soul with joy, but then,

gee whiz, we cannot eat 'em.

"Time flies," say; I guess you're

right, by Jove, I hope he hurries.

I'm thinkin' now of next July and

half a ton of "churrries."

RESIDENCE STREETS SQUARE WITH WORLD

Some Take Course from River, But Compass Guides Most of Streets in Bend.

Which of Bend's streets are "square with the world"?

Many a local man or woman has an idea either that the downtown streets are the only ones that point with the compass, or that none of them do.

In case tourists may ask questions in this regard, it may be well to know that Wall and Bond streets, and others that take their direction from the river, point almost directly northeast, while their cross streets are also nearly 45 degrees off the east and west direction.

It is the residence streets, beginning with Harriman and Hill on the east side of the river, that run directly north and south, while Greenwood avenue east of Bond runs directly east and west. Fifth streets is directly north and south west of the river, Newport being directly east and west, west of Third. Delaware avenue is east and west, east of Broadway.

GROUP RELIEVED OVER NIGHT

M. T. Davis, leading merchant at Beaverville, W. Virginia, writes: "A few nights ago one of my patrons had small child taken with croup about midnight. Came to my store and got Foley's Honey and Tar. Before morning the child entirely recovered. Be sure to get Foley's Honey and Tar. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PHONE 14 J
Lee Thomas, Architect
and Hugh Thompson
Deschutes Investment Building,
Wall Street, Bend, Ore.

R. S. HAMILTON
Attorney At Law
Rooms 13-14 First National
Bank Bldg. Tel. 51
(Dr. Coe's Former Office)

H. C. ELLIS
Attorney At Law
United States Commissioner
First National Bank Building
Bend, Oregon

Phone 64-W
Lee A. Thomas, A. A. IA.
Architect
Baird Building Bend, Oregon

C. P. NISWONGER
Undertaker, Licensed Embalmer,
Funeral Director
Lady Assistant
Phone 59-J Bend, Ore.

Read The Bulletin
Classified Ads

BRAND DIRECTORY

Right side, right ear cropped; wattle right hind leg.
B. L. TONE, Sisters, Ore.
Adv.-108c

Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Building Material, Kiln Dried Flooring and all kinds of Finish

SASH AND DOORS
COMPLETE STOCK of Standard Sizes.

BROOKS-SCANLON LUMBER CO.
Local Sales Agent, MILLER LUMBER CO.