

The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS
by R. B. Van Nice

With a new enthusiasm, a greater desire than ever to win out in the fight which had brought him to Ohadi, he hurried to the courthouse and the various technicalities which must be coped with before he could really call the Blue Poppy mine his own.

It was easier than he thought. A few signatures, and he was free to wander through town to where idlers had pointed out Kentucky gulch and to begin the steep ascent up the narrow road on a tour of prospecting that would precede the more legal and more safe system of a surveyor.

The ascent was almost sheer in places, for in Kentucky gulch the hills huddled close to the little town and rose in precipitous inclines almost before the city limits had been reached. He stepped aside to allow the passage of ore-laden automobile trucks, loaded until the springs had flattened and until the engines howled with their compression as they sought to hold back their burdens on the steep grade. And it was as he stood there, watching the big vehicles travel down the mountain side, that Fairchild caught a glimpse of a human figure which suddenly darted behind a clump of scrub pine and skirted far to one side, taking advantage of every covering. A new beat came into Fairchild's heart. He took to the road again, plodding upward, seemingly a man entirely bereft of suspicion. A quarter of a mile he went, a half. Once, as the road turned beside a great rock, he sought its shelter and looked back. The figure still was following, running carefully now along the bank of the stream in an effort to gain as much ground as possible before the return of the road to open territory should bring the necessity of caution again.

exclaimed testily. "You've made a mistake!"

"I'm blinded if I 'ave!" bellowed a tornado-like voice. "Blime! You look just like 'im!"

"But you're mistaken, old man!"

"Blimed if I am!" came again.

"You're your dad's own boy! You look just like 'im! Don't you know me?"

He stepped back then and stood grinning, his long, heavily muscled arms hanging low at his sides, his mustache trying vainly to stick out in more directions than ever. Fairchild rubbed a hand across his eyes.

"You've got me!" came at last.

"I—"

"You don't know me? 'Onest now,



"I'm 'Arry From Cornwall!"

don't you? I'm 'Arry! Don't you know now? 'Arry from Cornwall!"

CHAPTER VII

It came to Fairchild then—the sentence in his father's letter regarding someone who would hurry to his aid when he needed him, the references of Beamish, and the allusion of Mother Howard to a faithful friend. Again the heavy voice boomed:

"You know me now, eh?"

"You bet! You're Harry Harkins!"

"Arkins it is! I came just as soon as I got the cablegram!"

"The cablegram?"

"Yeh," Harry pawed at his wonderful mustache. "From Mr. Beamish, you know. 'E sent it. Said you'd started out 'ere all alone. And I couldn't stand by and let you do that. So 'ere I am!"

"But the expense, the long trip across the ocean, the—"

"'Ere I am!" said Harry again. "'Ain't that enough?"

They had reached the veranda now, to stand talking for a moment, then to go within, where Mother Howard awaited, eyes glowing, in the parlor. Harry flung out both arms.

"And I still love you!" he boomed, as he caught the gray-haired, laughing woman in his arms. "Even if you did run me off and wouldn't go back to Cornwall!"

Red-faced, she pushed him away and slapped his cheek playfully; it was like the tap of a light breeze against granite. Then Harry turned.

"'Ave you looked at the mine?"

The question brought back to Fairchild the happenings of the morning and the memory of the man who had trailed him. He told his story, while Mother Howard listened, her arms crossed, her head bobbing, and while Harry, his big grin still on his lips, took in the details with avidity. Then the grin faded.

"'Le's go up there," he said quietly.

This time the trip to Kentucky gulch was made by skirting the town; soon they were on the rough, narrow roadway leading into the mountains. A long time they walked, at last to stop in the shelter of the rocks where Fairchild had shadowed his pursuer, and to glance carefully ahead. No one was in sight. Harry jabbed out a big finger.

"—That's it," he announced, "straight ahead!"

They went on, Fairchild with a gripping at his throat that would not let down. This had been the hope of his father—and here his father had met—what? He swerved quickly and stopped, facing the bigger man.

"Harry," came sharply, "I know that I may be violating an unspoken promise to my father. But I simply can't stand it any longer. What happened here? There was some sort of tragedy, eh?"

Harry chuckled—in concealment. Fairchild thought of something he did not want to tell him.

"I should think so! The timbers gave way and the mine caved in!"

"Not that! My father ran away from this town. You and Mother Howard helped him. You didn't come back. Neither did my father. Eventually it killed him."

"So?" Harry looked seriously and studiously at the young man. "'E didn't write me often."

"He didn't need to write you. You were here with him—when it happened."

"No—" Harry shook his head. "I was in town. What's Mother Howard told you?"

"A lot—and nothing."

"I don't know any more than she does."

"But—"

"Friends didn't ask questions in those days," came quietly. "I might 'ave guessed if I'd wanted—but I didn't want to."

"But if you had?"

Harry looked at him with quiet, blue eyes.

"What would you guess?"

Slowly Robert Fairchild's gaze went to the ground. There was only one possible conjecture: Sissie Larsen had been impersonated by a woman. Sissie Larsen had never been seen again in Ohadi.

"I—I would hate to put it into words," came finally. Harry slapped him on the shoulder.

"Then don't. It was nearly thirty years ago. Let sleeping dogs lie. Take a look around before we go into the tunnel."

They reconnoitered, first on one side then on the other. No one was in sight. Harry bent to the ground, and finding a pitchy pine knot, lighted it. They started cautiously within, blinking against the darkness.

The outlines of a rusty "hoist," with its cable leading down into a stanting hole in the rock, showed dimly before them—a massive, chunky, deserted thing in the shadows. The timbers were rotting; one after another, they had cracked and caved beneath the weight of the earth above, giving the tunnel an eerie aspect, uninviting, dangerous. Harry peered ahead.

"It ain't as bad as it looks," came after a moment's survey. "It's only right 'ere at the beginning that it's caved. But that doesn't do us much good."

"Why not?" Fairchild was staring with him, on toward the darkness of the farther recesses. "If it isn't caved in farther back, we ought to be able to repair this spot."

But Harry shook his head.

"We didn't go into the vein 'ere," he explained. "We figured we 'ad to 'ave a shaft anyway, sooner or later. You can't do under'and stoping in a mine—go down on a vein, you know. You've always got to go up—you can't get the metal out if you don't. That's why we dug this shaft—and now look at it!"

He drew the flickering torch to the edge of the shaft and held it there, staring downward. Fairchild beside him. Twenty feet below there came the glistening reflection of the flaring flame. Water! Fairchild glanced toward his partner.

"I don't know anything about it," he said at last. "But I should think that would mean trouble."

"Plenty!" agreed Harry lugubriously. "That shaft's two 'unnerd feet deep and there's a drift running off it for a couple of 'unnerd feet more before it 'its the vein. Four 'unnerd feet of water. 'Ow much money 'ave you got?"

"About twenty-five hundred dollars."

Harry reached for his waving mustache, his haven in time of storm. Thoughtfully he rubbed at it, staring meanwhile downward. Then he grinned.

"And I ain't got more'n five 'unnerd. It ain't enough. Let's go back to town. I don't like to stand around this place and just look at water in a 'ole."

They turned for the mouth of the tunnel, sliding along in the greasy muck, the torch extinguished now. A moment of watchfulness from the cover of the darkness, then Harry pointed. On the opposite hill, the figure of a man had been outlined for just a second. Then he had faded. And with the disappearance of the watcher, Harry nudged his partner in the ribs and went forth into the brighter light. An hour more and they were back in town. Harry reached for his mustache again.

"Go on down to Mother 'Oward's," he commanded. "I've got to wander around and say 'owdy to what's left of the fellows that was 'ere when I was. It's been twenty years since I've been away, you know," he added, "and the shaft can wait."

Fairchild obeyed the instructions, looking back over his shoulder as he walked along toward the boarding house, to see the big figure of his companion loitering up the street, on the beginning of his home-coming tour.

The blocks passed. Fairchild turned through the gate of Mother Howard's boarding house and went to his room to await the call for dinner. The world did not look exceptionally good to him; his brilliant dreams had not counted upon the decay of more than a quarter of a century, the slow, but sure dripping of water which had seeped through the hills and made the mine one vast well, instead of the free open gateway to riches which he had planned upon. An hour of thought and Fairchild ceased trying to look into the future, obeying, instead, the insistent clanging of the dinner bell from downstairs. Slowly he opened the door of his room, trudged down the staircase—then stopped in bewilderment. Harry stood before him, in all the splendor that a miner can know.

He had bought a new suit, brilliant blue, almost electric in its flashiness,

NEW ANGLE IN DEATH IS SEEN

Relatives' Report of Other Injuries Not Enough Says District Attorney

Unexplained details connected with the killing of William F. Garrett on the night of July 1, brought to the attention of District Attorney A. J. Moore Friday, will probably remain mysteries for all times, as no further action in the matter is contemplated, Moore stated this afternoon. In the meantime, Garrett's brother-in-law, Joe Mosier, and a brother, W. R. Garrett, in Bend Friday, declare that they are far from being satisfied and that they will continue the fight to secure a different explanation from that of self defense given by the coroner's jury which sat on the case here July 3.

Shortly after the arrival of W. R. Garrett and Mosier, it was learned that the body had been exhumed at Silverton, and that examination had revealed injuries to the skull, one involving a splintering of the bone above the right temple, the other a severe bruise on the back of the head. Neither of these had been commented on at the inquest.

The verdict of the coroner's jury stated that Garrett came to his death as the result of a gunshot wound, the bullet piercing the heart. Ed Halvorsen, who admitted firing the shot when Garrett visited his ranch home, was stated by the jury to have been acting in self defense when he inflicted the fatal wound.

WANTS TOWN SHOWN ON RAILROAD'S MAP

State Chamber Official Calls Attention of Pennsylvania System To Lack.

Calling attention to the fact that the names of several important Central Oregon towns fail to appear on the map displayed by the Pennsylvania system in its Broad street offices in Philadelphia, J. W. Brewer, acting general secretary for the Oregon chamber of commerce, has written S. M. Rankin, general passenger agent. A copy of the letter was received Saturday morning by L. Antles, secretary of the Bend Commercial club.

"The map should show Redmond, Prineville, Bend, Klamath Falls, Lakeview, Burns, Vale, and Ontario," Brewer writes.

E. L. MANN ARRESTED AS SEQUEL OF WRECK

Gives \$400 Bond To Appear in Ashland For Failure To Have Driver's License.

On information from Ashland, Chief of Police Willard Houston Thursday placed under arrest E. L. Mann, and shortly after received a telegraphic warrant charging Mann with operating an auto without a driver's license. Mann gave \$400 bail to appear in court in Ashland for arraignment on August 14.

The charge filed against Mann is the outcome of an auto wreck near Ashland last month, as the result of which Mrs. William Belmont of Bend was seriously injured. Mrs. Belmont is still in the hospital at Ashland.

nor had he been careful as to style. The cut of the trousers was somewhat along the lines of fifteen years before, with their peg tops and heavy cuffs. Beneath the vest, a glowing, watermelon-pink shirt glared forth from the protection of a purple tie. A wonderful creation was on his head, dented in four places, each separated with almost mathematical precision. Below the cuffs of the trousers were bright, tan, bump-toed shoes. Harry was a complete picture of sartorial elegance, according to his own dreams.

What was more, to complete it all, upon the third finger of his right hand was a diamond, bulbous and yellow and throwing off a dull radiance like the glow of a burn-out arc light; full of flaws, it is true, off color to a great degree, but a diamond nevertheless. And Harry evidently realized it.

"Ain't the cuckoo?" he boomed, as Fairchild stared at him. "Ain't I? I 'ad to 'ave a outfit, and—"

"It might as well be now!" he pre-aphrased, to the tune of the age-whitened sextette from "Floradora." "And look at the sparkler! Look at it!"

"But—but how did you do it?" came gaspingly. "I thought—"

"Installments!" the Cornishman burst out. "Ten per cent down and the rest when they catch me. Installments!" He jabbed forth a heavy finger and punched Fairchild in the ribs. "Where's Mother 'Oward? Won't I knock 'er eyes out?"

(To Be Continued.)

Buildings Valued \$23,900 Begun During Past Month; Alliance Church Is Started

Buildings of a total value of \$23,900 were started during the month ending August 10, showing that the activity which began in the spring is unabated. The last building on which construction was started is the Alliance church edifice, on Lava road, which will be a frame structure, 34 by 64 feet in dimensions, with a stone foundation. The members of the church will do most of the work.

Another building of considerable size started recently is the \$5,000 residence which Ross Farnham, city recorder, is having built on Riverside boulevard. It is to be a seven-room frame building, 28 by 38 feet, with a concrete foundation. S. O. Watkins is the contractor.

Construction of the Foley & Sawyer building, in which will be located the offices of the Bend Water Light & Power Co., is well under way. The cost is estimated at \$5,500. Plans were drawn by Thomas & Thompson,

and F. T. Sutherland is the contractor.

Mike Dragich is erecting a store building at 933 Bond street, on the site of his present building, which will be torn down in a few days to allow construction of the new building to continue. It is to be 25 by 100 feet, of brick, with a stone foundation. J. E. Albright is the contractor.

Dr. John Beason has under way extensive alterations of the former St. Charles hospital, which is being converted into a dwelling. The cost of the repairs and changes will be \$3,500. E. P. Brosterhouse is the contractor.

W. F. Schultz is building a frame house at 206 Canal, to cost \$100. Additions to houses are being built by Anna Clark Doud in Mill addition, \$300; George F. Hoover on Congress, \$100; B. F. Whitehead at 806 West 12th street, \$300.

NEW CARRIER ROUTE ASKED

Would Serve 1,300 Persons, Is Estimate of Acting Postmaster.

Official request for authorization to establish a new carrier route to serve the outlying sections of Bend was sent in to the postoffice department at Washington, C. C., Friday by Acting Postmaster S. C. Seeds. A carrier for this work would be mounted and would serve approximately 1,300 persons, Seeds estimates.

Regular city carrier delivery over this part of Bend is impossible because of the fact that houses are rather scattered and houses are frequently not connected by sidewalks, one of the requirements of the department.

CROOK COUNTY CLUB FAVORS UNMERGER

PRINEVILLE, Aug. 11.—With a hope that some railroad development in Central Oregon may result in the ownership of important lines in Western Oregon and Northern California is changed, the Crook County Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution favoring the dissolution of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific, in accordance with a recent decision of the United States supreme court.

MICHAEL TO APPEAL SUIT WON BY SPHIER

That he will appeal the suit won by D. Sphier in which Sphier was reinstated as agent for the Sphier building, was the declaration Saturday of John Michael of Seattle, half owner of the property. Michael was in Bend for the day, conferring with J. F. Arnold, present agent for the building. He returned to Seattle Saturday night.

PERMITS NOT NEEDED FOR BURNING TRASH

Because of the recent rains, no permits will be needed to burn piles of trash in the city, Fire Chief Tom Carlson stated Monday morning. Permits have been required for several months as a safeguard against fires.

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS UNLUCKY

In August the air is full of pollen and dust that cause trouble for some, yet others are never bothered. No remedy does more to relieve hay fever and asthma than Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, croup. It clears and soothes the afflicted nose, throat and bronchial tubes. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

CARLON SUCCEEDING KULP AS CONSTABLE

Tom Carlon, chief of the Bend fire department, has been appointed constable to succeed Frank Kulp, resigned. Carlon is now entering into the performance of his duties.

CREAMERY IN OPERATION

PAISLEY, Aug. 10.—The Paisley creamery, under the management of R. Langner, formerly of Fremont, is now operating. Langner has erected a new building and installed his machinery.

THEY ARE MILD BUT EFFECTIVE

Biliousness, headaches, blurred vision, bad breath and coated tongue are almost certain to be present with a mass of heat producing undigested food in the stomach. Foley Cathartic Tablets keep the digestive organs active and the system fit and fine, purged of poisons. Not habit forming. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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