

# TOM CARLON TO WATCH TRUANTS

## Council Will Offer No Objection Believes School Board

Hope that the city council will offer no objection to the appointment of Fire Chief Tom Carlon as truant officer was expressed last week when Carlon's name was suggested and favorably acted on by members of the board of school directors in regular session. Carlon was once before truant officer, but his resignation was forced by the objection of council members to his serving in both capacities. This time it is believed that no objection will be made.

Need for another teacher at the Kenwood school was reported by City Superintendent Ager, with the result that Miss Ethel J. Hatheway was ordered transferred from the camp. Glen D. Turner of Monmouth was elected to fill the vacancy which will thus be created.

Following the usual custom, the board decided that instructors should be paid twice the first month. Need of 80 more desks, and of a piano at the junior high school were recognized. The desks will be purchased, but a piano will probably be rented.

Work of an unusually practical nature will be offered the classes in civics this winter. Superintendent Ager stated when he announced that the budget which is to come up for popular discussion on October 5, will be studied by Bend pupils.

Resignation of three of the janitors was followed by appointment of Don A. Slaughter for the Reid school, C. L. Hinman for the Kenwood, and C. J. Nicholson as assistant at the Central.

## METHODIST PASTOR ARRIVES IN BEND

Rev. F. R. Sibley, Former Missionary in China, to Carry on Work Begun by Purdy

Rev. F. R. Sibley, recently named pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Bend, arrived in Bend last week, driving from Portland by way of Sherman county, to begin work here. He was accompanied by Mrs. Sibley and their daughter, Virginia. An older daughter entered Willamette university as a freshman this week.

Sibley comes here from the Lents Institutional church in Portland. Other pastorates he has held in Oregon were at Joseph and Enterprise. He has been president of the Portland Methodist Preachers' association, comprising 66 active and retired Methodist ministers, for several months. He resigned that position this week.

An attempt to carry forward the work begun by Rev. J. Edgar Purdy, pastor for the last three years, rather than to make changes in the program of the church here, will be Sibley's policy, he stated.

Rev. Sibley is a graduate of Mount Union college of Ohio, of New York university, and of Drew Theological seminary. His home, previous to coming west, was at Akron, Ohio. He spent six years as a missionary at Nanking, China, returning to the United States in 1914.

## Home Brew Lays Dust Instead of Quenching Thirsty Human Throats

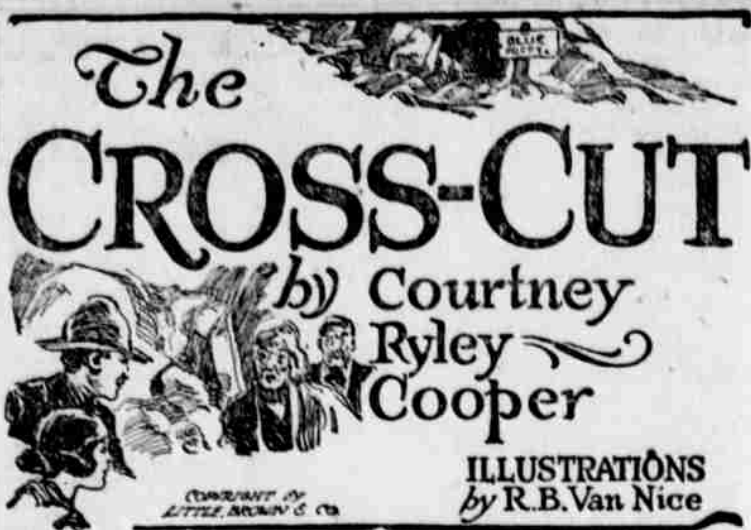
Beer intended for dusty throats laid the dust in the road at the side of the fire house this at the side of the fire house Saturday when Chief of Police of Councilman J. S. Innes, emptied a tub containing seven gallons of brew which had reached the limits of its fermentation. Four quart bottles of beer turned out to be largely foam when the tops were removed. The liquid had all been obtained in recent booze raids, which resulted in fines of \$300.

## REUBEN SHAFFORD CHARGE DISMISSED

Complaint Made by Wrong Person Under Supreme Court Interpretation of Statute

On motion of Paul C. King, attorney for Reuben Shafford, a statutory charge on which Shafford was recently held to the grand jury, has been dismissed by Circuit Judge T. E. J. Duffy.

A supreme court ruling holds that in an action of the kind the complaint must have been made by the wife or husband of the defendant, and because the complaint had not been so made, District Attorney A. J. Moore felt that it would be useless to contest King's motion.



### CHAPTER XI

They started forward then, making their way through the slime and silt of the drift flooring, slippery and wet from years of flooding. On—on—they stopped. Progress had become impossible. Before them, twisted and torn and piled about in muddy confusion, the timbers of the mine suddenly showed in a perfect barricade, supplanted from behind by piles of muck and rocky refuse which left no opening to the chamber of the stope beyond. Harry's carbide went high in the air, and he slid forward, to stand a moment in thought before the obstacle. At place after place he surveyed it, finally to turn with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's going to mean more'n a month of the 'ardest kind of work, Boy," came his final announcement. "Ow it could have caved in like that is more than I know. I'm sure we timbered it good."

There was only one thing to do—turn back. Fifteen minutes more and they were on the surface, making their plans; projects which entailed work from morning until night for many a day to come. Harry reached for a new ax and indicated another. "We'll cut ties first," he announced. And thus began the weeks of effort, weeks in which they worked with crude appliances; weeks in which they dragged the heavy stulls and other timbers into the tunnel and then lowered them down the shaft to the drift, two hundred feet below, only to follow them in their counterbalanced bucket and laboriously pile them along the sides of the drift, there to await use later on. Weeks in which they worked in mud and slime, as they shoveled out the muck and with their gad hooks tore down loose portions of the hanging wall to form a roadbed for their new tram.

It was a slow, galling progress, but they kept at it. Gradually the tram line began to take shape, pieced together from old portions of the track which still lay in the drift and supplemented by others bought cheaply at that graveyard of miner's hopes—the junk yard in Ohadi. At last it was finished; the work of moving the heavy timbers became easier now as they were shunted onto the small tram truck from which the body had been dismantled and trundled along the rails to the cave-in, there to be piled in readiness for their use. And finally—

A pick swung in the air, to give forth a chunky, smacking sound, as it struck water-softened, spongy wood. The attack against the cave-in had begun. A foot at a time they tore away the old, broken, splintered timbers and the rocky refuse which lay piled behind each shivered beam; only to stop, carry away the muck, and then rebuild. Cold and damp, in the moist air of the tunnel they labored, but there was a joy in it all. Down here they could forget Squint Rodaine and his chafy-faced son; down here they could feel that they were working toward a goal and lay aside the handicap which humans might put in their path.

Day after day of labor and the indentation upon the cave-in grew from a matter of feet to one of yards. A week. Two. Then, as Harry swung his pick, he lurched forward and went to his knees. "I've gone through!" he announced in happy surprise. "I've gone through. We're at the end of it!" Up went Fairchild's carbide. Where the pick still hung in the rocky mass, a tiny hole showed, darker than the surrounding refuse. There was joy in Harry's voice as he made a momentary survey.

"It's fairly dry behind there," he announced. "Otherwise we'd have been scrambling around in water up to our necks. We're lucky there, anyhow." Again the attack and again the hole widened. At last Harry straightened. "We can go in now," came finally. "Are you willing to go with me?" "You mean—?" But Harry stopped him. "Let's don't talk about it till we've to. Come on."

Silently they crawled through the opening, the silt and fine rock rattling about them as they did so, to come upon fairly dry earth on the other side, and to start forward. Suddenly, as they walked along, Harry took the lead, holding his lantern far ahead of him, with one big hand behind it, as though for a reflector. Then, just as suddenly, he turned. "Let's go out," came shortly. "Why?" "It's there!" In the light of the lantern, Harry's face was white, his big lips livid. "Let's go—"

But Fairchild stopped him. "Harry," he said, and there was determination in his voice, "if it's there—we've got to face it. Don't you think that certain people would make an investigation if we should happen to quit the mine now?" "The Rodaines?" "Exactly. And how much worse would it be for them to tell the news—than for us?" "Nobody 'as to tell it!" Harry was staring at his carbide flare—"there's a wye."

"But we can't take it, Harry. In my father's letter was the statement that he made only one mistake—that of fear. I'm going to believe him—and in spite of what I find here, I'm going to hold him innocent, and I'm going to be fair and square and above-board about it all. There's nothing on my conscience—and I know that if my father had not made the mistake of running away when he did, there would have been nothing on his."

Harry shook his head. "I couldn't do much else, Boy. Rodaine was stronger in some ways than he is now. That was in different days. That was in times when Squint Rodaine could have gotten a 'undred men together quicker'n a cat's wink and lynched a man without 'im having a trial or anything. And if I'd been your father, I'd 'ave done the same as 'e did. I'd 'ave run, too—'e'd 'ave paid for it with 'is life if 'e didn't, guilty or not guilty. And—" he looked sharply toward the younger man—"you say to go on?"

"Go on," said Fairchild, and he spoke the words between tightly clenched teeth. Harry turned his light



"Look—There—Over by the Foot-wall!"

before him, and once more shielded it with his big hand. A step—two, then: "Look—there—over by the foot-wall!"

Fairchild forced his eyes in the direction designated and stared intently. At first it appeared only like a succession of disjointed, broken stones, lying in straggly fashion along the footwall of the drift where it widened into the stope, or upward slant on the vein. Then, it came forth clearer, the thin outlines of something which clutched at the heart of Robert Fairchild, which sickened him, which caused him to fight down a sudden, panicky desire to shield his eyes and to run—a heap of age-denuded bones, the scraps of a miner's costume still clinging to them, the heavy shoes protruding in comically tragic fashion over bony feet; a huddled, crumpled skeleton of a human being!

They could only stand and stare at it—this reminder of a tragedy of a quarter of a century ago. Their lips refused to utter the words that strove to travel past them; they were two men dumb, dumb through a discovery which they had forced themselves to face, through a fact which they hoped against, each more or less silently, yet felt sure must, sooner or later, come before them. And now it was here.

And this was the reason that twenty years before, Thornton Fairchild, white, grim, had sought the aid of Harry and of Mother Howard. This was the reason that a woman had played the part of a man, to all appearances only one of three disappointed miners seeking a new field. And yet—"I know what you're thinking." It was Harry's voice, strangely hoarse and weak. "I'm thinking the same thing. But it mustn't be. Dead men don't always mean they've died—in a wye to cast reflections on the man that was with 'em. Do you get what I mean? You've said—" and he looked hard into the crumpled, suffering face of Robert Fairchild—"that you were going to 'old your father innocent. So 'm I. We don't know, Boy, what went on 'ere. And we've got to 'ope for the best."

Then, while Fairchild stood motionless and silent, the big Cornishman forced himself forward, to stoop by the side of the heap of bones which once had represented a man, to touch gingerly the clothing, and then to bend nearer and hold his carbide close to some object which Fairchild could not see. At last he rose and with old, white features, approached his partner.

"The appearances are against us," came quietly. "There's a 'ole in 'is skull that a jury'll say was made by a single jack. It'll seem like some one 'ad killed 'im, and then caved in the mine with a box of powder. But 'e's gone, Boy—your father—I mean. 'E can't defend 'imself. We've got to take 'is part."

"Maybe—" Fairchild was grasping at the final straw—"maybe it's not the person we believe it to be at all. It might be somebody else—who had come in here and set off a charge of powder by accident and—"

But the shaking of Harry's head stilled the momentary ray of hope. "No, I looked. There was a wath—all covered with mold and mildewed. I pried it open. It's got Larsen's name inside!"

### CHAPTER XII

Again there was a long moment of silence, while Harry stood pawing at his mustache and while Robert Fairchild sought to summon the strength to do the thing which was before him. All the suddenness of the old days had come back to him, ghosts which would not be driven away; memories of a time when he was the grabbing, though willing slave of a victim of fear—of a man whose life had been wrecked through terror of the day when intruders would break their way through the debris, and when the discovery would be made. And it had remained for Robert Fairchild, the son, to find the hidden secret, for him to come upon the thing which had caused the agony of nearly thirty years of suffering, for him to face the alternative of again placing that gruesome find into hiding, or to square his shoulders before the world and take the consequences.

There was no time to lose in making his decision. Beside him stood Harry, silent, morose. Before him—Fairchild closed his eyes in an attempt to shut out the sight of it. But still it was there, the crumpled heap of tattered clothing and human remains, the awry, heavy shoes still shielding the fleshless bones of the feet. He turned blindly, his hands groping before him.

"Harry," he called, "Harry! Get me out of here—I—can't stand it!" Wordlessly the big man came to his side. Wordlessly they made the trip back to the hole in the cave-in and then followed the trail of new-laid track to the shaft. Up—up—the trip seemed endless as they jerked and pulled on the weighted rope, that their shaft bucket might travel to the surface. Then, at the mouth of the tunnel, Robert Fairchild stood for a long time staring out over the soft hills and the radiance of the snowy range, far away. It gave him a new strength, a new determination. His eyes brightened with resolution. Then he turned to the faithful Harry, waiting in the background.

"There's no use trying to evade anything, Harry. We've got to face the music. Will you go with me to notify the coroner—or would you rather stay here?" "I'll go."

Silently they trudged into town and to the little undertaking shop which also served as the office of the coroner. They made their report, then accompanied the officer, together with the sheriff, back to the mine and into the drift. There once more they clambered through the hole in the cave-in and on toward the beginning of the stope. And there they pointed out their discovery.

A wait for the remainder of that day—a day that seemed ages long, a day in which Robert Fairchild found himself facing the editor of the Bugle, and telling his story, Harry beside him. But he told only what he had found, nothing of the past, nothing of the white-haired man who had waited by the window, cringing at the slightest sound on the old, vine-clad veranda, nothing of the letter which he had found in the dusty safe. Nothing was asked regarding that; nothing could be gained by telling it. In the heart of Robert Fairchild was the conviction that somehow, some way, his father was innocent, and in his brain was a determination to fight for that innocence as long as it was humanly possible. But gossip told what he did not.

There were those who remembered the departure of Thornton Fairchild from Ohadi. There were others who recollected perfectly that in the center of the rig was a man, apparently "Sissie" Larsen. And they asked questions. They cornered Harry, they shot their queries at him one after another. But Harry was adamant. "I ain't got nothing to say! And there's an end to it!"

Late that night, as they were engaged at their usual occupation of relating the varied happenings of the day to Mother Howard, there came a knock at the door. Instinctively, Fairchild bent toward her:

"Your name's out of this—as long as possible." She smiled in her mothering, knowing way. Then she opened the door, there to find a deputy from the sheriff's office.

"They've impaneled a jury up at the courthouse," he announced. "The coroner wants Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Harkins to come up there and tell what they know about this here skeleton they found."

It was the expected. The two men went forth, to find the street about the courthouse thronged, for already the news of the finding of the skeleton had traveled far, even into the little mining camps which skirted the town. Everywhere were black crowds under the faint street lamps. The basement of the courthouse was illuminated; and there were clusters of curious persons about the stairways. Through the throngs started Harry and Fairchild, only to be drawn aside by Farrell, the attorney.

"I'm not going to take a part in this unless I have to," he told them. "It will look better for you if it isn't necessary for me to make an appearance. How do you know but what Thornton Fairchild was attacked by this man and forced to kill in self-defense? It's a penitentiary offense for a man to strike another, without sufficient justification, beneath ground. And had Sissie Larsen even so much as slapped Thornton Fairchild, that man would have been perfectly justified in killing him to protect himself. Guide yourselves accordingly—and I will be there only as a spectator, unless events should necessitate something else."

They promised and went on, somewhat calmer in mind, to edge their way to the steps and to enter the basement of the courthouse. The coroner and his jury, composed of six miners picked up haphazard along the street—according to the custom of coroners in general—were already present. So was every person who possibly could cram through the doors of the big room. To them all Fairchild paid little attention—all but three.

They were on a back seat in the long courtroom—Squint Rodaine and his son, chalkier, yet blacker than ever, while between them sat an old woman with white hair which straggled about her cheeks, a woman with deep-set eyes, whose hands wandered now and then vaguely before her; a wrinkled woman, fidgeting about on her seat, watching with craned neck those who stuffed their way within the already crammed room, her eyes never still, her lips moving constantly, as though mumbiling some never-ending rote. Fairchild stared at her, then turned to Harry.

"Who's that with the Rodaines?" Harry looked furtively. "Crazy Laura—his wife."

"But—" "And she ain't 'ere for anything good!" Harry's voice bore a tone of



Crazy Laura.

nervousness. "Squint Rodaine don't even recognize 'er on the street—much less appear in company with 'er. Something's 'appening!"

"But what could she testify to?" "Ow should I know?" Harry said it almost petulantly. "I didn't even know she—"

"Oyez, oyez, oyez!" It was the bailiff, using a regular district-court introduction of the fact that an inquest was about to be held. The crowded room sighed and settled. The coroner started forward.

## SELLS INTEREST IN VULCANIZING SHOP

The interest of W. O. Best in the vulcanizing shop in connection with Hubble's service station has been purchased by S. W. Hubble. J. F. Pape will be in charge. Best will open a similar shop in his old location at Frenchie's stage station.

Bulletin Want Ads bring results—try them.

## TRAPPER INSPIRES MAGAZINE ARTICLE

Fred Lockley Writes of Bob Lowellyn of Bend, in Last Issue of the American

Bob Lowellyn of Bend, veteran trapper of the Central Oregon country, is the inspiration for a page and one-half illustrated article appearing in the last issue of the American magazine. Fred Lockley of the Oregon Journal is the author. Lowellyn's experiences in Alaska and Oregon are sketched, and some of his remarkable catches of furs are mentioned by Lockley. Illustrations show glimpses of Lowellyn hiding behind a six months' growth of beard, and of the log buildings at Little Lava lake, where he formerly resided.

The article is published under the magazine's heading, "Interesting People."

## MAN HURT WHILE RUNNING AT TANK

While playing "tag" with several companions in and around the swimming tank at the American Legion building Friday evening at 5:30 o'clock, Tom Phillips of Prineville struck his head on a pipe and was knocked down, landing on his head as he fell. He was knocked unconscious, remaining in that condition for an hour. He is reported to be out of danger.

## COUNTY PRISONER IS OPERATED ON

Tom Foley, formerly cook at the Cascade rooming house but now a county prisoner, having been held to the grand jury on two charges of assault with intent to kill, was operated on at the St. Charles hospital Saturday for appendicitis. A guard will be placed over him as soon as he has recovered sufficiently to make it necessary. Sheriff S. E. Roberts stated today.

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