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Letter-Box Novelties In London.

The first "penny in the slot" automatic letter box placed at Charing Cross was not sufficiently successful, and the machine is now removed to the front of the Royal Exchange, within a few yards however, of Cornhill postoffice. It remains to be proved whether the public will patronize the invention.

All that one has to do is to press a penny in the slot and pull out a drawer in which is a yellow envelope containing a second envelope and a card for the message to be forwarded. A flap to the box forms a desk upon which the communication may be written. It is then inclosed in the smaller envelope, and with the cash or stamps for special delivery at the rate of 3 pence per mile, including train and bus fares, but not cab fares, which are extras, is put into the larger envelope.

Meanwhile a messenger has been automatically summoned by electric call, but should he not make a speedy appearance the envelope may be left for him in a message box. Parcels may be intrusted to the messenger, but it is necessary to await his arrival, for they cannot be posted in the ordinary way.—London Telegraph.

A Great American.

It has passed into a proverb that men can become too great to be president. In proof of it stand the names of Webster, Clay and Seward, and to the magnificent list may properly be added the name of Blaine. To the honor of the Maine statesman be it said that whatever the disappointments of himself and friends, however unfairly treated he appeared to be by the party for which he had done so much, he never faltered in his loyalty to his party and his country, and where the hardest work was being done and the grandest achievements attained, there was Blaine surrounded by his unwavering friends. He gave his strength, his life to his country. They whom he opposed respected him. Admiration of the man was not circumscribed by party lines. For many years his magical name has been saluted as that of the greatest living American, and his death will be recognized as an unmeasurable national loss.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Delegate Caine's Joke.

During the last campaign Delegate John T. Caine of Utah went over into Wyoming to preach Democracy to the people. There are a large number of emigrants from Utah in the latter state, and Mr. Caine thought it would be good politics to talk to them. While thus campaigning he met Senator Warren, who gently reproved him for trespassing.

"If you come over here again, I will have to kill you," said Senator Warren laughingly.

"That's all right," replied the delegate, "but you must remember that in the matter of killing the Caines have always had the best of it."

And the senator could not answer a word.—Washington Post.

A SONNET.

Let us forget. What matters it that we
Once reigned o'er happy realms of long ago,
And talked of love, and let our voices low,
And ruled for some brief sessions loyally?
What if we sung or laughed or wept maybe?
It has availed not anything, and so
Let it go by that we may better know
How poor a thing is lost to you and me.
But yesterday I kissed your lips, and yet
Did thrill you not enough to shake the dew
From your drenched lids—and missed, with no regret,
Your kiss shot back, with sharp breaths failing you.
And so today, while our own eyes are wet
With all this waste of tears, let us forget!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

LANGALULA.

Langalula was a great chief. The people he ruled were numerous and warlike; his assegais were 10,000; his tribe had many cattle. So the missionary at his kraal was glad indeed when he felt he had touched Langalula's heart, for it meant the conversion of a whole heathen nation.

When the king goes over, the people soon follow him.

Langalula said, "I am convinced; baptize me."

But the ways of white men are incomprehensible. Though the missionary had been preaching that very thing for months, yet when Langalula gave in he answered: "Conviction alone is not enough. You must wait awhile till I feel that your life shows forth works which are meet for repentance." Langalula grumbled. He was little accustomed to such contradiction. But he knew it was hard arguing with these priestly white men, who will baptize a starving slave every bit as soon as a great chief. So he held his peace, and though he chafed at it waited the missionary's pleasure.

By and by one day the missionary came to him. "Langalula," he said condescendingly, "I have watched you closely for many weeks now, and I think I can baptize you."

"Then all my sins will be forgiven?" asked Langalula.

"All your sins will be forgiven," the missionary answered.

"But I must put away my wives?" Langalula asked once more.

"All save one," answered the missionary. It was a point of doctrine.

"Then, I think," Langalula said, "I will wait for a week, so as to make up my mind which one of them is dearest to me."

But he said this deceitfully, knowing that all his sins were going to be forgiven, and determining in the interval to marry another wife, whom he would keep as his own when he put away the others, for there was a young girl coming on, black but comely, the daughter of Khamsua, a neighboring chief, whom Langalula had seen and whom he wished to purchase. And since the last love is always for the moment the greatest the chief cared very little whether he must put away all his other wives or not if only he could keep Malali. She had driven out all the rest of them. He had watched the girl growing up at Khamsua's for years and had said to himself always, "Whenever Malali is of marriageable age see if I do not buy her and marry her."

In pursuance of this plan, as soon as the missionary was gone, Langalula rose up and took the fighting men of his tribe with him that there might be no dispute, and marched into the country of Malali's father, whose name, as I said, was Khamsua. When Khamsua heard Langalula was on his way to his land with 5,000 assegais, not to speak of winchester rifles, he went out to meet him with a great retinue.

Khamsua cringed. Langalula said to him, "I am come to ask for Malali."

The moment Khamsua heard that he was unspeakably terrified and flung himself down on his face and clasped Langalula's knees, for Khamsua was only a small chief in the country compared with Langalula.

"O my king," Khamsua said, "O lion of the people, I did not know so great a monarch as you had set his eyes on Malali, and before you asked Montelo's people came and offered oxen on Montelo's behalf for Malali, and I sold her to them because I was afraid of Montelo and could not have believed so great a chief as you had ever looked upon her."

Langalula smiled at that. "Oh, as for Montelo," he said, "I can easily take her from him, and then I can get the missionary to marry us."

Khamsua, however, answered like a fool. "It cannot be. The Christians are so straight laced. Montelo is a Christian now. He was baptized a week ago, and Malali was married to him in Christian fashion. Even if you were to kill Montelo and take her to your kraal I don't believe the missionary would marry you."

Langalula turned to his men. "Kill him," he said simply. And they killed him with an assegai.

As soon as that was finished Langalula marched on into Montelo's country. When he arrived there, Montelo crept out to meet him and tried to parley with him. But Langalula would not parley with the man who had deprived him of Malali.

"We will fight for it," he said angrily. And they fought for it then and there, and the upshot of it all was that Langalula's men conquered in the battle and drove Montelo's men, who had no winchesters, back to their king's kraal, and then killed Montelo himself and carried his head on an assegai.

By the very same evening they occupied the kraal that had once been Montelo's, and Langalula's men brought out Malali to their own leader. Langalula looked hard at her. She was a glossy black girl, very smooth skinned and lithe and clean of limb. The great chief stared long at her. Malali hung her head and dropped her arms before him. "Why did you go with Montelo?" he asked at last, "when Langalula would have taken you?"

The girl trembled with fear. It was no fault of hers. How could she help it? A woman there is no free agent. "My father sold me," she answered, whimpering. Montelo paid him a great many oxen. I had no choice but to go. O king, O mighty lion, I did not know you wanted me."

With that she flung herself at his feet in terror and held his knees, imploring him.

"Take her to the hut that was once Montelo's," said the great chief, smiling. "I will follow her there."

They seized her arms and dragged her to the hut, crying and shrieking as she went. They dragged her roughly. Langalula remained behind superintending the slaughter of Montelo's warriors. As soon as he was tired he returned to the hut that had once been Montelo's, for he wished to see Malali—whether she was really as beautiful as he believed, even though the missionary would never marry him to her.

Malali, when she saw him, thought all was well, and that Langalula loved her, so she left off crying and tried every art a woman knows to please and charm him. But Langalula was a very great king, and his anger was aroused. A king's anger is terrible. He smiled to himself to see with what simple tricks the woman thought she could appease a mighty warrior.

The morning came, and he cried to himself with annoyance and vexation that Montelo and Khamsua, and the missionary as well, should have done him between them out of so beautiful a woman. If the missionary had been a black man, Langalula would have compelled him to baptize him outright and then to marry him properly to Malali with book and ring in the Christian fashion. But he knew by experience it's no use threatening these white men with tortures, for threaten how you may they will not obey you, and besides the governor would send up troops from Cape Town, and 'tis ill fighting with the men of the governor.

So he rose in a white heat of passion. "Malali," he said, approaching her with an ugly smile, "I like you better than any woman I ever yet saw. You please me in everything, but you went off with Montelo, and the missionary will not marry me to you now I have speared him. I have also speared your father, Khamsua, because he sold you for oxen to Montelo. I want a real queen, who shall be married to me white fashion. I am becoming a Christian now and can only have one wife, but it must not be you, because you were sold to Montelo, whom I have slain in the battle, and they will not marry us. So I will keep my own first wife, the earliest married, though she is old and lean, and discard the other ones. Come out of the hut, Malali, and stand in front of my warriors.

Malali was afraid at that and would have skulked in the corner if she dared, but she dared not, because she she was frightened of Langalula. So out she came as he told her, trembling in all her limbs and crouching with terror. Her knees hardly bore her. Langalula turned to his men. He looked at her with regret. She was sleek and beautiful.

"Pin her through the body to the ground with an assegai," he said, pointing at her, "and leave her to die in the sun."

After that Langalula marched back grimly with his men to his own country. As soon as he reached his kraal he went to see the missionary. He was very submissive.

"I repent of all my sins," he said. "I have come to be baptized. Teacher, I will put away all of my wives save one." —Exchange.

Temperature for Growing Mushrooms.

The mushroom in American pastures seldom starts into growth before the end of August or September, when the temperature of the soil has reached about 60 degs.; hence this is taken as the temperature which the cultivator of the mushroom ought to endeavor to maintain in order to successfully grow this vegetable. A very experienced cultivator, however, states that he has found this temperature to be rather too high in growing the mushroom in houses prepared for the purpose. He finds that he has much better success with an even temperature of 55 than 60 degs.—Meehan's Monthly.

The Cost of a Steamer's Anchor.

The French line steamer La Gascogne left for Havre without the port anchor and cable which she lost off the quarantine boarding station. A wrecking boat chartered at $50 a day succeeded in locating the anchor, but the grappling chains parted and it was lost again. The Gascogne had to get a new anchor and cable at an expense of nearly $5,000.—New York Mail and Express.

HORSEPLAY IN ENGLISH SOCIETY

Coarse Jokes and Risky Dancing Being Indulged In by Smart Girls.

Skirt dancing, high play and the perpetration of practical jokes seem to be the leading amusements of country-house parties in England, according to a recent chronicler quoted by the San Francisco Argonaut. He says: "November is preeminently the month for big shoots, and the country houses are full to overflowing at that time of the year. In quiet houses moderate hours are kept, gambling for heavy stakes is at a discount and a certain sobriety prevails from sunrise to sundown. In other houses, however, the fun waxes fast and furious. No dancing is considered 'sport' unless it be of a nature imported from the Gaiety, such as the unforgettable pas de quatre. A few smart girls go so far as to take unto themselves the voluminous skirts of the serpentine frock and try to imitate Miss Lettie Lind's dexterities." After explaining that the serpentine skirts are made of "no less than a hundred yards of the very finest Chinese silk or crepe cut in triangular pieces to give the appearance of an infinity of yards," our authority resumes: "It is regrettable to add that under some roofs pretty heavy gambling is indulged in, and baccarat and nap with high stakes have as many women as men votaries, to say nothing of practical joking of a suspiciously rowdy sort, such as apple-pie bed-making booby-trapping. A certain most distinguished lady amused herself one whole evening by standing in a gallery and throwing pillows on the men's heads as they passed in and out of the smoking-room."

ANTS IN FLORIDA.

More of Them There Than in Any Other Part of the World.

There are more ants to the square mile in Florida than in any other country in the world, says a writer in the Savannah News. There are ants which will measure more than half an inch in length, and then there are ants so small that they can scarcely be seen to move with the unaided eye. There are red ants and black ants, and troublesome ants. But as bad as they are, I have never heard of them eating out the seat of a man's trousers, as a missionary, Rev. Mr. Wilson, once told the writer he saw the army ants do in India while the man was sitting on the earth for a few minutes beside him.

But the Florida ants will take out the lettuce and other minute seeds from the soil in which they are planted and actually destroy the bed. They will suck the life out of acres of young cucumbers and melon plants, uproot strawberry plants or cover the buds with earth to such an extent as to kill them. They will get into pie, pickle, sauce, sirup, sugar, on meat, in hash, will riddle a cake or fill a loaf of baker's bread till it is worthless. All remedies failing, I took to baiting them near their nests with slices of meat, bones, apple and pear parings, and when I had from fifty to one-hundred thousand out turned a kettle of boiling water on them. I have killed in one week over one million in the space of a quarter acre lot, and I have almost wiped them out. I had to do this to secure any lettuce plants, and many unobservant farmers complain of seedsmen when they should attribute their troubles to insects.

It is very curious and instructive to see how promptly the ants which escape the scalding will go to work taking out the dead, and, after piling them outside first, then go to excavating again and rebuilding their cells and runways. This being done very quickly the next work on hand is the laying in of a supply of food, by hauling the dead bodies of the hot-water victims into their storehouses. You may see a small black ant hauling and tugging at the carcass of a red ant twenty times its own weight, and he always succeeds, in the end, in landing it in the warehouse of the colony. Next you may see a sort of ambulance corps searching for the disabled. These are taken carefully to the underground house, where the surgeons and nurses are in waiting. Then, too, you may see the timekeepers and bosses directing this one, or turning another back on some errand or to some other duty. There is not a moment's delay, no halting feet, no idle hands, but all move as if it was their last day on earth, and this was the only hour left in which to redeem a misspent life. For lessons in industry and perfect government go to the ants.

EUROPEAN MONASTICISM.

Said to Have Begun on the Little Island of St. Honorat.

To the student of ecclesiastical history the little island of St. Honorat is one of the most impressive spots in Europe, says the Thinker. Almost invisible on the map, it at one time occupied a most conspicuous position in the eyes of the world as one of its great historical sights. As a center of intellectual and moral influence it had, as Montalembert truly says, a greater effect upon the progress of humanity than any famous isle of the Grecian archipelago. It may well be called the Iona of the south. It is a remarkable circumstance that two little insignificant islands, one in the far north, amid the dark clouds and mists of the wild Atlantic, and the other in the far south, under the brilliant blue sky, and laved by the bluer waters of the Mediterranean, should have formed the centers which drew to them, and from whence were dispersed, all the spiritual and intellectual forces of Christendom during its darkest ages.

Meeting one day one of those wretched lepers, who were as common in Europe in the early Christian centuries as they are now in Asia, Honorat took him home to his own room and began to anoint his terrible sores. Suddenly the dreadful mask of deformity fell off, and the scarred face burst out into overpowering radiance; and in the transfigured leper he beheld with inexpressible awe no other than the Lord Jesus Himself.

When St. Honorat left his northern home he was accompanied by his sister, who was devotedly attached to him. The strict rules of monastic life would not allow the presence of a woman within the precincts. The gentle and beautiful girl, who at her baptism as a Christian received the name of Margaret, was consequently sent to reside in the neighboring isle of Lero, where she was completely separated from her brother. By her entreaties she at last prevailed upon him to promise to come and see her once a year. "Let me know," said she, "at what time I may look for your coming, for that season will be to me the only season of the year." The saint replied that he would come when the almond trees were in blossom. Whereupon the legend says the forsaken Margaret assailed all the saints with her prayers and tears until she got her wish, that the almond trees in her island should miraculously blossom once a month; and sending each month a branch with the significant flowers on it to her brother's retreat, he dutifully came to her at once, and her heart was thus made glad by the sight of her brother no less than twelve times every year.

GIVES THEM A CITIFIED LOOK.

A Washington Hairdresser Who Aids the Wives of Country Statesmen.

There is in Washington a professional hairdresser who makes a comfortable living while congress is in session, says the Argonaut. It is an easy matter to get the name of the country politician. A note is sent to his wife, asking permission to show her a more becoming way of arranging her hair. Some comprehensive hint is volunteered, with a mild compliment. The letter is marked "personal," a verbal answer is requested, and in eight out of ten attempts the hairdresser gets an answer to call. Oddly enough, it is the husband who urges her claim; he wants his wife to look like other women. At home she was all right, but in cosmopolitan life she is something of a fright, and, although he despises himself for the thought, he is ashamed of her. In an hour's time the hairdresser puts a new face on the woman from the woods. She may not use an inch of false hair, but she wields a crimping-iron in a way that takes years of farm life from her appearance. The troubled, shy, old face is not made ridiculous; instead of curls, the iron-gray hair is cleaned, brushed until it is fluffy, crimped enough to ripple and look three times its own quantity, and then it is dressed. Instead of the long, iron-wire hair-pins, little shell pins are used, and the coils are so lightly caught that the wondering wife reckons it will not be long before they all drop out. Women who refuse to have their hair cut into a bang are provided with a false front; but in every instance the transformation is admirable. The bill is sent to the congressman, and it is cheerfully paid.

Mother-in-Law to the Mikado.

The mother-in-law of the mikado of Japan has recently been ill. She was attended by four hundred and twenty-three physicians, but in spite of that he pulled through. In connection with the illness of this illustrious lady the Buddhist priests have been claiming that it was caused by the introduction of railroads into the kingdom. Their argument was a very powerful and convincing one, too, in their own estimation, since it showed conclusively that when there were no railroads in the kingdom the empress was in good health and after the introduction of railroads she became ill. They were astonished that anyone should dispute so logical a proposition.

M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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STOCK BRANDS.

While you keep your subscription paid up you can keep your brand in free of charge.

Allyn, T. J., Ione, Or. Horses G64 on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip, under bit on right ear, and upper bit on the left; range, Morrow county.

Armstrong, J. C., Alpine, Or.—T with bar under it on left shoulder of horses; cattle same on left hip.

Allison, O. D., Eight Mile, Or.—Cattle brand, O D on left hip and horses same brand on right shoulder. Range, Eight Mile.

Atkins, J. J., Heppner, Or.—Horses, JA connected on left flank; cattle, same on left hip.

Bartholamew, A. G., Alpine, Or.—Horses branded 7 E on either shoulder. Range in Morrow county

Bleakman, Geo., Hardman, Or.—Horses, a flag on left shoulder; cattle same on right shoulder.

Bannister, J. W., Hardman, Or.—Cattle branded B on left hip and thigh; split in each ear.

Brenner, Peter, Gooseberry Oregon—Horses branded P B on left shoulder. Cattle same on right side.

Burke, M St C, Long Creek, Or—On cattle, MAY connected on left hip, crop off left ear, under half crop off right. Horses, same brand on left shoulder. Range in Grant and Morrow county.

Brosman, Jerry, Lena, Or.—Horses branded 7 on right shoulder; cattle B on the left side. Left ear half crop and right ear upper slope.

Barton, Wm., Heppner, Or.—Horses, J B on right thigh; cattle, same on right hip; split in each ear.

Brown, Isa, Lexington, Or. Horses IB on the right stifle; cattle same on right hip; range, Morrow county.

Brown, J. C., Heppner, Or.—Horses, circle C with dot in center on left hip; cattle, same.

Brown, W. J., Lena, Oregon. Horses W. bar over it, on the left shoulder. Cattle same on left hip.

Boyer, W. G., Heppner, Or.—Horses, box brand on right hip cattle, same, with split in each ear.

Borg, P. O., Heppner, Or.—Horses, P B on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip.

Brownlee, W. J., Fox, Or—Cattle, JB connected on left side; crop on left ear and two splits and middle piece cut out on right ear; on horses same brand on the left thigh; Range in Fox valley, Grant county.

Carsner Warren, Wagner, Or.—Horses branded O on right stifle; cattle ≡ (three bars) on right ribs, crop and split in each ear. Range in Grant and Morrow counties.

Cain, E., Caleb, Or.—Y D on horses on left stifle; U with quarter circle over it, on left shoulder, and on left stifle on all colts under 5 years; on left shoulder only on all horses over 5 years. All range in Grant county.

Clark, Wm. H., Lena, Or.—Horses WHC connected, on left shoulder; cattle same on right hip. Range Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Cate, Chas. R., Vinson or Lena, Or. Horses H C on right shoulder; cattle same on right hip. Range Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Cecil, Wm., Douglas, Or.; horses J C on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip, waddles on each jaw and two bits in the right ear.

Curl, T. H., John Day, Or.—Double cross on each hip on cattle, swallow fork and under bit in right ear, split in left ear. Range in Grant county. On sheep, inverted A and spear point on shoulder. Ear marks ewes, crop on left ear punched upper bit in right. Wethers, crop in right and under half crop in left ear. All range in Grant county.

Cook, A. J., Lena, Or.—Horses, 90 on right shoulder; Cattle, same on right hip; ear mark square crop off left and split in right.

Currin, R. Y., Currinville, Or. -Horses, ∞ on left stifle.

Cox Ed. S., Hardman, Or.—Cattle, C with ε in center; horses, CE on left hip.

Cochran, R. E., Monument, Grant Co., Or.—Horses branded circle with bar beneath, on left shoulder; cattle same brand on both hips, mark under slope both ears and dewlap.

Chapin, H., Hardman, Or.—Horses branded ⊃ on right hip. Cattle branded the same. Also brands CI on horses right thigh; cattle same brand on right shoulder, and cut off end of right ear.

Dickens, Ebb—Horses branded with three tined fork on left stifle. Cattle same on left side.

Douglass, W. M., Galloway, Or.—Cattle, R D on right side, swallow-fork in each ear; horses, R D on left hip.

Douglas, O. T., Douglas, Or—Horses TD on the right stifle; cattle same on right hip.

Ely, J. H. & Sons, Douglas, Or.—Horses branded ELY on left shoulder, cattle same on left hip, hole in right ear.

Elliott, Wash., Heppner, Or. Diamond on right shoulder.

Emery, C. S., Hardman, Or.—Horses branded) [reversed C with tail] on left shoulder; cattle same on right hip. Range in Morrow county.

Fleek, Jackson, Heppner, Or.—Horses, 7F connected on right shoulder; cattle same on right hip. Ear mark, hole in right and crop off left.

Florence, L. A., Heppner, Or.—Cattle, LF on right hip; horses, F with bar under on right shoulder.

Florence, S. P. Heppner, Or.—Horses, F on right shoulder; cattle, F on right hip or thigh.

French, George, Heppner, Or.—Cattle branded WF, with bar over it, on left side; crop off left ear. Horses, same brand on left hip.

Gay, Henry, Heppner, Or.—GAY on left shoulder.

Gilman-French, Land and Live Stock Co., Fossil, Or.—Horses, anchor S on left shoulder; vent, same on left stifle. Cattle, same on both hips ear marks, crop off right ear and underbit in left. Range in Gilliam, Grant, Crook and Morrow counties

Gentry, Elmer, Echo, Or.—Horses branded H. S. with a quarter circle over it, on left stifle. Range in Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Hayes, Geo., Lena, Or, Brand JH connected with quarter circle over it, on left shoulder.

Hiatt, A. S., Ridge, Or.—Cattle, round-top A with quarter circle under it on the right hip. Range in Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Hinton & Jenks, Hamilton, Or.—Cattle, two bars on either hip; crop in right ear and split in left. Horses, J on right thigh. Range in Grant county

Hughes, Samuel, Wagner, Or.—⊢ (T F L connected) on right shoulder on horses; on cattle, on right hip and on left side, swallow fork in right ear and slit in left. Range in Haystack district, Morrow county.

Hale, Milton, Wagner, Or.—Horses branded -O- (circle with parallel tails) on left shoulder Cattle same on left hip also large circle on left side.

Hall, Edwin, John Day, Or.—Cattle E H on right hip; horses same on right shoulder. Range in Grant county.

Howard, J. L., Galloway, Or.—Horses, ∓ (cross with bar above it) on right shoulder; cattle same on left side. Range in Morrow and Umatilla counties.

Hughes, Mat, Heppner, Or.—Horses, shaded heart on the left shoulder. Range Morrow Co.

Hunsaker, B A. Wagner, Or.—Horses, 9 on left shoulder; cattle, 9 on left hip.

Hardisty, Albert, Nye, Oregon—Horses, A H connected, on left shoulder; Cattle on the left hip, crop off left ear.

Humphreys, J M. Hardman, Or.—Horses, H on left flank

Hayes, J. M., Heppner, Or.—Horses, wineglass on left shoulder cattle, same on right hip.

Huston, Luther, Eight Mile, Or.—Horse H on the left shoulder and heart on the left stifle Cattle same on left hip. Range in Morrow county.

Ivy, Alfred, Long Creek, Or—Cattle I D on right hip, crop off left ear and bit in right. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range n Grant county.

Jones, Harry, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded H J on the left shoulder; cattle banded J on right hip, also underbit in left ear. Range in Morrow county.

Junkin, S. M., Heppner, Or.—Horses, horseshoe J on left shoulder. Cattle, the same. Range on Eight Mile.

Johnson, Felix, Lena, Or.—Horses, circle T on left stifle; cattle, same on right hip, under half crop in right and split in left ear

Jenkins, D W., Mt. Vernon, Or.—J on horses on left shoulder; on cattle, J on left hip and two smooth crops on both ears. Range in Fox and Bear valleys

Kenny, Mike, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded KNY on left hip, cattle same and crop off left ear; under slope on the right

Kirk, J. T., Heppner, Or.—Horses 69 on left shoulder; cattle, 69 on left hip.

Kirk, J C, Heppner, Or.—Horses, 17 on either flank; cattle 17 on right side.

Kirk, Jesse, Heppner, Or.; horses 11 on left shoulder; cattle same on right side, underbit on right ear.

Kumberland, W. G., Mount Vernon, Or.—I L on cattle on right and left sides, swallow fork in left ear and under crop in right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range in Grant county.

Lofton, Stephen, Fox, Or.—S L on left hip on cattle, crop and split on right ear. Horses same brand on left shoulder. Range Grant county.

Linnallen, John W., Lexington, Or.—Horses branded half-circle JL connected on left shoulder. Cattle, same on left hip. Range, near Lexington

Leahey, J. W. Heppner Or.—Horses branded L and A on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip, wattle over right eye, three slits in right ear.

Lord, George, Heppner, Or.—Horses branded double H connected. Sometimes called a swing H, on left shoulder.

Markham, A. M., Heppner, Or.—Cattle large M on left side both ears cropped, and split in both. Horses M on left hip. Range, Clark's canyon.

Minor, Oscar, Heppner, Or.—Cattle, M D on right hip; horse, M on left shoulder.

Morgan, S. N., Heppner, Or.—Horses, M) on left shoulder cattle same on left hip.

McCumber, Jas A, Echo, Or.—Horses, M with bar over on right shoulder.

Morgan, Thos., Heppner, Or.—Horses, circle T on left shoulder and left thigh; cattle, Z on right thigh.

Mitchell, Oscar, Ione, Or.—Horses, 77 on right hip; cattle, 77 on right side.

McClaren, D. G., Brownsville, Or.—Horses, Figure 5 on each shoulder; cattle, M2 on hip

McCarty, David H. Echo Or. Horses branded DM connected, on the left shoulder; cattle same on hip and side.

McGirr, Frank, Fox Valley, Or.—Mule shoe with toe-cork on cattle on ribs and under in each ear; horses same brand on left stifle.

McHaley, [illegible] Hamilton, Or.—On Horses, S with half circle under on left shoulder; on Cattle, four bars connected on top on the right side Range in Grant County.

Neal Andrew, Long Rock, Or.—Horse A N connected on left shoulder; cattle same on both hips.

Nordyke, E., Silverton, Or.—Horses, circle 7 on left thigh; cattle, same on left hip.

Oliver, Joseph, Canyon City, Or.—A 2 on cattle on left hip; on horses, same on left thigh. Range in Grant county.

Oller, Perry, Lexington, Or.—P O on left shoulder.

Olp, Herman, Prairie City, Or.—On cattle, O LP connected on left hip; horses on left stifle and wartle on nose. Range in Grant county.

Pearson, Olaus, Eight Mile, Or.—Horses, quarter circle shield on left shoulder and 24 on left hip. Cattle, fork in left ear, right cropped. 24 on left hip. Range on Eight Mile.

Parker & Gleason, Hardman, Or.—Horses 1P on left shoulder.

Piper, Ernest, Lexington, Or.—Horses branded ⊥E (L E connected) on left shoulder; cattle same on right hip. Range, Morrow county.

Piper, J. H., Lexington, Or.—Horses, JE connected on left shoulder; cattle, same on left hip, under bit in each ear.

Pettys, A. C., Ione, Or.; horses diamond P on ——— shoulder; cattle, J L J connected, on the left hip, upper slope in left ear and slip in the right.

Powell, John T., Dayville, Or—Horses, JP connected on left shoulder. Cattle OK connected