**Every Wednesday Evening** 

## THE TREY (1) HEARTS

The thing was managed with an ingenuity that Alan termed devilish-it

was indisputably Machiavellian. The lovers had come down from the North in hot haste and the shadow of death. Two days of steady traveling by canoe, by woods trail, by lake steamer-forty-eight hours of fatigue and strain eased by not one instant's relaxation from the high tension of vigilance upon which their very lives depended - wore to a culmination through this tedious afternoon on the train from Moosehead-a trap of physical torment only made possible by Alan's luck in securing, through sheer accident, two parlor-car reservations turned back at the last moment before leaving Kineo station.

No matter-the longest afternoon must have its evening: the pokiest of trains comes the more surely to its destination; in another hour or two they would be in Portland-free at last to draw breath of ease in a land of law, order and sane living.

As if in answer to this thought, the train slowed down with whistling brakes to the last hill-station, and as the trucks groaned and moved anew, a lout of a boy came galloping down the aisle, brandishing two yellow envelopes and blatting like a stray calf: 'Mista Lawr! Mista Lawr! Tel'grams for Mista Lawr!"

Alan had been expecting at every station a prepaid reply to his wire for reservations on the night express from Portland to New York.

But why two envelopes superscribed "Mr. A. Law, Kineo train southbound, Oakland Sta. "" He tore one open, unfolded the in-

closure, and grunted disgust with its curt advice, opened the other and caught his breath sharply as he withdrew-part way only-a playing card,

Thrusting it back quickly, he clapped both envelopes together, tore them into a hundred fragments, and scattered them from the window. But the flendish wind whisked one small scrap back-and only one!-into the lap of the woman he loved.

Vainly he prayed that she might be asleep. The silken lashes trembled on her cheeks and lifted slightly, disclosing the dark glimmer of questioning eyes. And as she clipped the scrap of cardboard between thumb and forefinger he bent forward and silently took it from her-one corner of the trey of hearts, but inevitably a corner bearing the figure "3" phave a heart. "The Pullman agent at Portland wires no reservations available on any

ours," he said with lowered voice. 'Couldn't we possibly catch the New | enamel.

k boat tonight?" He shook a glum head. "No-I ooked that up first. It leaves before we get in."

She said, "Too bad," abstractedly, reclosed her eyes, and apparently lapsed anew into semi-somnolencebut without deceiving him who could well guess what poignant anxiety tened Thomas. Nativity, American.

gnawed at her heart. He could have ground his teeth in exasperation—the impish insolence of faced. "I found myself hard up this



He Could Have Ground His Teeth in Exasperation.

ment when they were congratulating themselves upon the approach of a

The sheer insanity of the whole damnable business-!

The grim, wild absurdity of it! To think that this was America, this the twentleth century, the apex of the highest form of civilization the world had ever known-and still a man could be hunted from pillar to post, haunted with throats, harried with attempts at assassination in a hundred forms-and that by a sllp of a girl with the cunning of a madwoman, the heart of a thug, the face of a charmng child-the face of the woman that at beside him, duplicating its every

rfect feature so nearly that even be to loved the one could scarcely diswish her from the other but by int, intuition, blind guesswork. . .

is nodded heavy-hearted confirmaon of a surmise slowly settling into onviction in his mind, that such cuning, such purpose and pertinacity could not possibly spring from a mind well balanced, that the woman, Judith
Trine, eister to the Rose he loved so
well, was as mad as that monomaniae,
her father, who sat helpless in his

I worried so I couldn't tell
told him guardedly as he drew her
aside; "so I arose and got ready, and
watched from the window till I saw
you drive up,"

cell of silence and shadows in New York, day after day, eating his heart out with impatience for the word that his vengeauce had been consummated by the daughter whom he had inspired

An hour late, in dusk of evening the train lumbered into Portland station; and, heart in mouth, Alan helped Rose from the steps, shouldered a way for her through the crowd, and almost

"Best hotel in town," he demanded. "And be quick about it-for a double

He communicated his one desperate scheme to the girl en route, receiving her indorsement of it. So, having regintered for her and seen her safely to the door of the best available room in the house within ready call of the publie lobby and office, he washed up, gulped a hasty meal-which Rose had declined to share, pleading fatigueand hurried away into the night with only the negro driver of a public back, picked up hapharard at some distance from the hotel, for his guide.

CHAPTER X.

advised inquiries; then his lück, such as it was, led him on suspicion down a poorly lighted wharf, at the extreme end of which he discovered a onely young man perched atop a pile. hands in pockets, gaze turned tide whereon, now black night had fallen, pallid wraiths of yachts swung just visibly beneath uneasy ridinglights "Pardon me." Alan ventured, "but

perhaps you can help me out-"You've come to the wrong abop, my friend," the young man interposed with morose civility; "I couldn't help anybody out of anything-the way I

where I could find a seaworthy boat to charter."

to take. Come aboard."

He led briskly across the wharf. down a gangplank, then aft along the deck to a companionway, by which the New York train in the next thirty-six | two men gained a comfortable and foomy cabin, bright with fresh white

> vealed to Alan's searching scrutiny a have a long night's sleep to make up person of sturdy build and independent for what you've gone through-dearcarriage, with a roughly modeled, good-humored face, reddish hair, and steady though twinking blue eyes.

troduced himself cheerfully; "chris. arms and clung pastonately to him. rub," he laughed, and shrugged sh. me- you?" -fitting out on an oral charter with and I stand watch and watch, was to have met me here a fortnight since. He didn't-and here I am, in But-you must let me go." pawn to the ship chandler, desperate

mough for anything." "How much do you owe?" "Upwards of a 1 indred/"

oan we sail?"

The young man reflected briefly. "There's something so engagingly idiotic about this proceeding," he observed wistfully. "I've got the strangest kind of a bunch it's going to go light fast falling astern. through. Pay my hills, and we can be off inside an hour. That is-"

He checked with an exclamation of dismay, chapfallen. "I may have some trouble scaring up a crew at short notice. I had two men engaged, but last week they got tired doing noth-

"Then that's settled." Alan said. "I better satisfied to have nobody elso

to get clear of Portland by midnight." "You're on!" Barcus agreed promptly, his face clearing. "God only knows why I believe you, but I do—and here's my hand!"

CHAPTER XI.

Blue Water. heart. If this shift to the sea might be thought a desperate venture, he was a weathered salt-water man and undismayed; nothing would have been more to his liking than a brisk coast wise cruise in an able boat-under auspices less forbidding.

But when he re-entered the hotel one surprising thing happened that gave him new heart-momentarily it seemed almost as if his luck had turned. For, as he paused by the desk of the cashler to demand his bill, the elevator gate opened and Rose came out eagerly to meet him with an eager air of hope that masked measurably

the signs of fatigue.

lifted her into a taxicab.

Fortuity.

He wasted the better part of an hour in fruitless and perhaps ill-

"I'm sorry," said Alan, "but I thought possibly you might know

The young man slipped emartly down from his perch. "If you don't look sharp," he said ominously, "you'll charter the Seaventure." He waved his hand toward a vessel moored alongside the wharf: "There she is, and a better boat you won't find anywhere schooner-rigged, fifty feet over all, twenty-five horsepower, motor auxiliary, two staterooms-all ready for as long a coastwise cruise as you care

Here the light of the cabin lamp re-

"Say I advanced that amount-when

ing for nothing and left me flat."

The eyes of Mr. Barcus clouded. "See here, my headlong friend, what's your little game, anyway? I don't mind playing the fool on the high seas, but I'll be no party to a kidnaplag

"It's an elopement," Alan interrupted on inspiration. "We've simply got

Anxiety ate like an acid at Alan's

"I worried so I couldn't rest," she

the Seaventure. But nothing hap pened; while Mr. Barcus was as good

the wharf.

At length, satisfied that all was well. he returned to the cabin.



He acquainted her briefly with his

But she seemed unable to echo his

confidence or even to overcome the

heaviness of her spirits when their

cab, without misadventure, set them

Here, Alan had feared, was the cru

ctal point of danger-if the influence

of the trey of hearts was to bring

saster upon them it would be here

the hush and darkness of this de

erted water front. And he bore him

self most warlly as he helped the girl

from the car and to the gangplank of

down at the wharf.

Lingered Watchfully on Deck.

as his word. Alan had barely set foot on deck, following the girl, when the gangplank came aboard with a clatter, and the Seaventure swung away from Until the distance was too great for even a flying leap Alan lingered watch-

"All right," he nedded; "we're clear,

and accents. "Can't you ever say any thing but 'Rose! Rose! Rose!' Is there no other name that means any thing to you? Can't you understand how intolerable it is to me? I love of that lot, apparently; nobody but the you no less than she-better than she

This time misguided consideration

nduced Barcus to let his crew sleep

through the first afternoon watch. Six

bells were ringing when, in drowsy ap-

prehension that something had gong suddenly and radically wrong, Alan

He was on deck again almost before

he rubbed the alcopiness from his

eyes, emerging abruptly from the half-

light of the cabin to a dazzle of sun-

light that filled the cup of day with

rarefied gold, even as he passed from

conviction of security to realization of immediate and extraordinary peril.

His first glance discovered the wheel

deserted, the woman with back to him

standing at the taffrail, Barcus-n

where to be seen. The second con-firmed his surmise that the Seaventure

had come up into the wind, and now

was yawing off wildly into the trough

of a stiff if not heavy sea. A third

showed him, to his amazement, the

Gloucester fisherman - overhauled

with such ease that morning and now,

by rights, well down the porthern borl-

non-not two miles distant, and stand-

Bewildered, he darted to the girl's side, with a shout, demanding to know what was the matter. She

turned to him a face he hardly recog-

nized-but still he didn't understand,

The inevitable inference seemed a

thing unthinkable; his brain faltered

when asked to credit it. Only when

he saw her tearing frantically at the

painter, striving to cast it off and with

it the dory towing a hundred feet or

so astern, and when another wonder-

ing glance had discovered the head

and shoulders of Mr. Barcus rising

over the stern of the dory as he strove

to lift himself out of the water only

then did Alan begin to appreciate

Even so, it was with the feeling that

all the world and himself as well had

gone stark, raving mad, that he seized

the girl and, despite her struggles, tore

her away from the rall before she had

succeeded in unknotting the painter.

What's the matter with you? Don't

you see what you're doing?"

"Rose!" he cried stupidly. "Rose!

Defiance inflamed her countenance

what had happened,

ing squarely for the smaller vessel,



She Whips Out a Gun as Big as a Cannon.

three of us abourd. Now you'd best ever dreamed of loving you-because turn in. This is evidently to be your stateroom, this one to port, and you'll

est." He drew nearer, dropping his voice tenderly. And of a sudden, with a "Name. Barcus," the young man in-"But you?" she murmured. "You State of life, flat broke. That's the need rest as much as I! What about

"Oh, no I don't" he contended. "Bethat warning, timed so precisely to set spring with this boat on my hands, sides I'll have plenty of time to rest their nerves on edge at the very mo- sunk every cent I had—and then some up once we're fairly at sea. Barrys moneyed blighter in New York, who | course. There's nothing for you to do but be completely at your ease.

Eyes half-closed, her head thrown back, she seemed to suffer his kiss rather than to respond, then turned hastily away to her stateroom-leav ing him staring with wonder at her

gtrangeness. By midnight the Seaventure was splaning swiftly south-southeast, close recfed to a snoring sou'west windthe fixed white eye of Portland head

CHAPTER XII.

Down the Cape.

At four o'clock, or shortly after, Alan was awakened by boot-heels pounding imperatively overhead, and went on deck again, to stand both dogwatches saw the sun lift up smiling know boats; I'll be your crew-and the over a world of tumbled blue water, crossed the wake of a Cunard liner inbound for Boston, raised and overhauled a graceful but businesslike fisherman (from Gloucester, Barcus opined when called to stand his trick at eight) and saw it a mile or two astern when-still aching with fatigue -he was free to return to his berth for another four-hour rest.

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is no more than love? Can't you understand? "But-Good Lord!-how efaction.

did you get aboard? Where's Rose?" "Where you'll not find her easily again," the woman angrily retorted "Trust me for that!" "What do you mean?" Illumination

came in a blinding flash. "Do you mean it was you-you whom I brought aboard last night?" Who else?

"You waylaid her there in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you-!"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why not? When I saw her sleeping therethe mirror of myself, completely at my mercy-what else should I think of than to take her place with the man I loved? I knew you'd never know the difference-at least I was fool enough for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name! It was only today, when I'd had time to think, that I realized how impos-

sible that was!" A sudden slap of the mainsail boom athwartships and a simultaneous cry from over the stern roused Alan from his consternation to fresh appreciation of the emergency. With scant consideration he hustled the woman to the companionway and below, slammed its doors and closed her in with the sliding batch-all in a breath-then sprang to the taffrail, just in time to lend a helping hand sorely wanted by Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by its painter. He came over the rail in a towering

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent impertinence," he suggested acidly. as soon as able to articulate coher ently-"but may I inquire if that

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and before I knew what was up-I was slammed backwards ever the "I can't tell you how sorry I am," Alan responded gravely. more to tell-but one thing to be done "And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired suspiciously. "To get rid of the lady," Alan anounced firmly. "Make that fisher

"No-it's all a damnable mistake!

"You may well be afraid, you poor

board! Fact! Came on deck a while

igo, sweet as peaches and all of a

audden whips out a gun as big as a

cannon, points it at my head and or-

ders me to luff into the wind. Before

could make sure I wasn't dreaming,

she had fired twice-in the air-a sig-

nal to that blessed fisherman astern

there—at least, they answered with

two toots of a power whistle and

changed course to run up to us. Look

"But how did she happen to throw

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped,

getting to his feet. "She did it a-

purpose—flew at me like a wildcat,

how she's gained already!"

you overboard?"

the dory in a good cause—if I pay for "Take it for nothing," Barcus grumbled. "Cheap at the price!" He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the tender in under the leeward quarter, made it fast, and reopened the com-

man a present of the woman in the

As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful loveliness, Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered ma-lignity; her second, for Barcus, with curling lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had trawn up on the Seaventure.

"Friends of yours, I infer?" Alan iguired civilly. Judith nodded.

Then it would save us some trouble yourself included—if you'll be good mough to step into the dory without a

Without a word, Judith stepped to the rail and, as Barcus luffed, swung herself overside into the dory. figures mysteriously busy in the cock-Immediately Alan cast off, and as the little boat sheered off, Barcus, with a sigh of relief, brought the Sea-venture once more back upon her

For some few minutes there was allence between the two men, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman plying a brisk pair of oars. Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he

said sharply, "relieve me for a min-ute, will you? I want to go forward and have a look at that motor. In the time that he remained invisible between decks the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in pen chase of the Seaventure. When Barous reappeared it was

with a grave face. "The devil and the deep Bho," he obeerved obscurely, coming aft, "from all their works, good Lord deliver us!" "What's the trouble now?"

"Nothing much-only your playful little friend has been up to another of her light-hearted tricks. . . . If you should happen to want a smoke or anything to eat when you go below. grasping his arm and hurrying him to just find a mirror and kiss yourself the landward side of the vessel. just find a mirror and kiss yourself good-by before striking the match. The drain-cocks of both fuel tanks have been opened, and there are up-wards of a hundred and fifty gallons of highly explosive gasoline sloshing around in the bilge!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indulgently, breaking a long silence. "Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. I've seldom listened to a more entertaining life-history, my poor young friend. But I tell you candidly, as man to man, I don't believe one word of it. It's all d-n foolishness!" His voice took on a plaintive ac-

ent. "Particularly this!" he exposulated, and waved an indignant hand. compassing their plight. "The rest of your adventures are reasonable snough," he said, "they won my credulity-and I'm a native of But this last chapter is impossible. And that's flat. It couldn't

happen-and has. And there, in a manner of speaking, we are!" Against the western horizon a long. low-lying strip of sand dunes rested like a bar of purple cloud between the crimson afterglow of sunset in the sky and the ensanguined sea that mir-

The wind had gone down with the sun, leaving the Seaventure becalmed her motor long since inert for want of fuel-in shoal water a mile or so off the desolate and parren coast that Barcus, out of his abounding knowledge of those waters, named Nauset

Still another mile further off shore the so-called Gjogcester fisherman rode, without motion, waters as still and glassy. Through the glosming, with the aid of glasses, figures might be seen moving about her decks; and

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

University and Oppics,

Burns, Gregon, February II. 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Manager T. Ash,
of Burns, Oregon, who, on Aug. 26. 1908 and
Nov. 3, 1910, made Homestead Entries, No.
0064-0018 respectively, for N/N NS, SWINES,
NW, MEN, SELAWN, N. 1988, SWINES,
NOVEMBER, SELAWN, N. 1988, SWINES,
NOVEMBER, SELAWN, N. 1988, SWINES,
Wilamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year Proof, to establish
claim to the land above described, before Regsister and Receivery at Burns, Oregon, on the
19th day of March, 1915.
Claimant names for witnesses:
Frank O. Jackson, Marvin M. McGee, John
H. Caldweil, Lee Callweil, all of Burns, Oregon UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE. WM. FARRE, Register

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bloody-minded vizes is your blushind he it grew bein more dark she lowered a small boat that theretofore had swung in davits. A little later a faint Alan shook a bulpless head. The humming noise drifted across the tide.
"Power tender," the owner of the thing defied reasonable explanation. He made a feeble stagger at it with out much satisfaction either to him-self or to the outraged Barcus.

Seaventure Interpreted. "Coming to call, I presume. Sociable lot. What I can't make out is why they seem to think it necessary to tow our dory back. Uneasy conscience, maybe-

She's her sister—I mean, the right girl's sister—and her precise double— fooled me—not quite right in the head, He lowered the binoculars and glanced inquiringly at his employer, who grunted his disgust, and said no flat!" Mr. Barous snapped. "D'you know what she did? Threw me over-

"Don't take it so hard, old top," Barous advised with a change of note from Irony to sympathy. Then he rose and dived down the companionway, presently to reappear with a mega-phone and a double-barreled shotgun. "No cutting out parties in this outfit," he explained, grinning amiably. "None of that old stuff, revised to suit your infatuated female friend-once

aboard the lugger and the man is Stationing himself at the seaward rail, where his figure would show in sharp silhouette against the glowing sunset sky, he brandished the shotgun at arm's length above his head, and bellowed stertorously through the

megaphone: "Keep off! Keep off! This means you! Come within gunshot and I'll blow your fool heads off!"

Putting aside the megaphone, he sat down again. "Not that I'd dare fire this blunderbuss," he confided, "with



Flames Licked Out All Over the

moral effect. Phew-w! I'd give a dollar for a breath of clean air; I've inhaled so much gas in the last few hours I'm dry-cleaned down to my attly old toes!" Gaining no response from Alan, he

observed critically: "Chatty little customer, your are," and resumed the For thirty minutes nothing hapened, other than that the sound of the fisherman's launch was stilled. It rested moveless in the waters, two

pit, the Seaventure's dory trailing behind it on a long painter. Oradually these details became blurred, and were blotted out by the closing shadows. The afterglow in the west grew cool and faint. The erimson waters darkened, to mauve, to violet, to a translucent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, peering over the horizon, stared steadfactly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with every instant; and Alan, getting to his feet in turn, infected with the excitement of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow beneath the dim, spluttering glimmer of light, that moved swiftly and steadily toward the Seaventure.

"What the devil!" he demanded, puzzled

"You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil'!" Barcus commented. Quick-kick off your shoes-get set for a mile-long swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't made out what they were up to till I saw them lash the wheel, light the fuse, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out

He sprang upon the rail, steadying himself with a stay. "Ready?" he asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming frantically, and not until three hundred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare pause for breath or a backward glance.

Then the impact of the launch against the Seaventure's side rang out across the waters, and with a husky roar the launch blew up, spewing skywards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this flamed and died, pale fire seemed to hover like a tremendous pall of phosphorescence, a weird and ghastly glare that suddenly descended to the decks. There followed a crackling noise, a sound as of the labored breathing of a giant; and bright flames, orange, crimson, violet and gold, licked out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from

deck to topmasts. It seemed several minutes that she burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blew up and the flames swept rouring to the sky

By the time Alan and Barcus, ewin ming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in walst-deep waters, the Seaventure had purned to the water's edge. (To be continued)

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR HAR-NEY COUNTY.

In the matter of the Estate F. Crews Croxton, Dec'd. CITATION To W. T. Croxton, Mary L. Croxton, Robert Croxton and Natalic Croxton,

GREETING: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Harney County, at the Court Room there of at Burne, in the County of Harney on Monday, the the County of Harney on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1915, at 10 o'cjock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any exist, why the Real property, to-wit: B\(^1\_6\) NW\(^1\_6\) and \(^1\_6\) and \(^1\_6\) or Sec. 18, Twp. 25, S., R. 34 B. W. M., belonging to said estate should not be sold.

WITNESS: The Hon. H. C. Levens, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Harney with the Seal of said Court affixed this 13th day of Feb., A. D. 1915, ATTEST:

By Walter T. Struck, Deputy Clerk (Seal)

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