

**Every Wednesday Evening** 

## THE TREY (1) HEARTS

of the well known sex." Mr. Barcus

corrected. "Nothing can ever restore

my lost faith in gentle woman's gentle-

wouldn't melt in her mouth, and for a

while I actually contemplated doing

her the kindness of tipping you over

someone able to appreciate her-mean-

ing me, of course. And first thing I

head and tips me overboard, and then

makes a pretty bonfire out of my sailboat. And all the excuse you can

produce is that she's crazy in the

head! Well, who said she wasn't?

elope with you is a fit subject for a

commission de lunatico inquirendo, all

"If you inflicted any such monologue

as that on Judith," retorted Mr. Law, "I don't blame her for trying to slay

There's gratitude for you!" Mr.

"It isn't your talking I mind-it's

For a moment the two maintained

A silken whisper troubled the si-

lence, a little flutter of sound from far

across the waters. Gradually it gath-

ered volume, became recognizable as

Barcus announced guardedly, and gath-

ered his less under him preparatory

"I'm going away from here." Mr.

"Half a record," Alan Law insisted.

riging in turn and grasping the other

by the arm. "They've got to land-

haven't they?-and leave the boat

while they look for us. Well, then,

what's to prevent our hiding in the

In the next breath, "Look out!" he

With no warning whatever, and

within fifty feet of them, a ghastly

flare broke out in full blaze on the

darkness, and at the same time dis-

covering to its occupants the two

Before they could stir the weird

light glimmered on a polished weapon

in the bow of the boat, a spiteful

tongue of reddish flame spat out, a

he wave-enten bluff behind them.

that deadly area of illumination.

of the fugitives, following the tracks

they looked down on the apot where

its stern affoat, under armed award.

to his feet and swung back over his

shoulder a heavy club of driftwood.

Very slowly and stealthfly Alan s

A match spluttered beside the dury

with its reddish glow a bronzed and

The guard puffed fast and had the

obacco well aglow when the sky took

advantage of his troutfulness and full

Simultaneously Alan and Barcus de

scended the face of the bluff in two

miniature landslides, dug themselves

out, and by the time the dazed and

ered to cry out for help the dory walt

a hundred yards off the beach and

making excellent time in the direction

They wrought with the oars like

men possessed, yet with a machine-

like precision that drove the boat faut and furlously-without attempt to atill

the splashing of their blades. Con

cealment of their purpose from those

who remained aboard the scheouer

was out of the question. The shouts

the, shots, the play of flashlamps

along the beach—as though Bedlam

had loosed half a dozen lunatic will

o' the wisps upon the holy peace of

night-must have betrayed the fact,

that they had turned the tables long

before the dory left the inshore shouls The commonest precautions, how

ever, made them pause and rest upon

"No telling," Alan replied in the same manner. "All a chance."

"You've got that gun handy?"-with

reference to the rifle of which they

a dubious undertope,

disarmed guard had sufficiently recov

upon him like an avalanche.

of that lonely green light.

the night-wrapped dunes.

in the sand.

his companion

evil visage.

startled figures on the beach.

Bareus remarked bitterly. "I risk my

life for you, and you won't even let

the everlasting noise you make," Mr. Law explained, "Besides—listen!"

you, and I'm sorry I interfered."

talk about it!"

the lisp of cautious oars.

attentive silence.

shricked.

know, she ups and points a gun at my

CHAPTER XIV.

A Double Escape. On Nauset Beach, in the shank of a midsummer night, two men sprawled on the sands, some distance back from e water, and listened to the heavy thumping of their overtaxed hearts,

w and again one would lift his ed and stare out over the black face he waters at a little line of redames about a mile off shore, all remained to witness to the fact an hour since, these two had a in command of as trim a small chooner as ever ventured the coastwise trip from Portland to New York. As far out again shone the starboard light of a becalmed schooner, whose people had been directly responsible for the disaster which had overtaken the smaller vessel.

In the course of time, beginning to breathe with more ease, one of the two marconed gentlemen said:

"What I can't understand-anyway -is why these damned thugs out there thought we'd be asses enough to stay aboard the Seaventure and get burned

The other replied: "Did they?" "Looks that way-doesn't it? If they didn't, why were we permitted to swim ashore at our elegant leisure? There was nothing to prevent their rowing round to cut us off." "Maybe they did, at that, and missed

us, Mr. Law-and-Order!"

got to admit. It's just possible we didn't hear the noise of their oars. And it's black enough for them to have overlooked us. A man's head in the water isn't really a conspicuous object on a dark night." "Tell me, Barcus, what's the near-

est symptom of civilization?" "Chatham village," said Mr. Barcus, six miles to the no'th'ards, and cut off by an inlet a mile or so wide at that."

Mr. Law greaned soulfully. "Then there's the lighthouse on Monomoy point," Mr. Barcus pursued, "three miles to the south." Mr. Law said nothing whatever to surface of the water, revealing the shape of a dory which had drawn in

"Of course," his companion reflected morosely, "this had to happen in mid-A month earlier we'd have



With a Cry: "Rose!"

had the life-saving patrol to look to for protection. But the service is suspended in June and July."

A silence commenced eloquently on this assertion, broken only when Mr. Law voiced a thought bred of long and malignant observation of the schoon-"I'd give a deal to know who's

aboard that vessel." "You don't mean you think your reg-

ular young woman—?"
"It's possible. Judith kidnaped Rose in Portland. That's not so far from Gloucester; a motor car could have caught that schooner before she salled to waylay us, this morning. And what better way to take care of an able-bodied, full-tempered girl you've kidnaped than to ship her somewhere y sea, in the care of trustworthy

"Don't ask me-I've done very little naping for one of my years." For tuppence," said Mr. Law, "I'd

k a swim off to that boat and see myself. "For two million dollars-I would

not!" Barcus affirmed with great de-A moment or so later the line of little flames went out altogether and unexpectedly; and the owner of the late Seaventure fancied he could hear. even at that distance, the hiss of

charred and smoldering timbers sucked under and drowned out. "Exit," he announced plaintively, "exit Seaventure," with heroic gesture.

"R. I. P. a good little ship!" Alan Law sat up, abstractedly scrubbing a crust of sand from his cheeks commented soulfully: "Oh-

their cars while yet a little way from their goal. "That goes double here," his com-Only an ominous silence rewarded panion rejoined. "And the way I the utmost efforts of their straining see it, I've got a right to do all the senses; no sound was audible other cussing at this juncture of our hero's than the gentle white of an ungreased Toolish, but fascinating adventures. block; nothing was visible beyond the i'm the injured party-it was my boat, sinister glare of that almost reationary and now it's gone. I'm broke for fair. green lantern. "What think?" Bareus inquired in

Gee!" he pursued vindictively. "Ob, let up, can't you!" Mr. Law exclaimed peevishly. "I'm sorrier than you are—and after all, it's my loss; I've got to buy you another boat. All

you've lost is your temper." "And my susceptibility to the charms had despoileds the victim of the sky's

"Then-let's go to it! Give way!" A dozen lusty strokes brought them alongside the echooner, and as the dory scraped the waist of the larger vessel the two young men dropped oars, rose, and seizing the low gunvales, lifted themselves to the deck. Nothing opposed them; the deck was ignorant of other footsteps than their own, the schooner as silent as only a ecalmed ship can be.

Without further consultation, Alan led quickly art and down the companlonway to the cabin, where a dim light burned—w amoky lamp swinging in gimbals above a cluttered table. Of the two stateroom doors one dis-

closed an empty cabin, the other was Trying the handle roughly, Alan fancied he heard a sound within. Paus-

ng, he called, with a thrill of fearful

The respone was cry of incredulous delight; "Alan!" By way of answer Alan hurled himself bodily against the door. At the

stretched himself out on the deck. "You seem pretty easy in your mind about this young woman below. To me, she's the same that tried to send me to Davy Jones' locker. How does

it's your trick at the wheel."

"Nothing-wind too fresh.

yourself easy on the soft side of a plank here. I'll hand you a kick in

the slats when so minded-or when

With a chuckle, Alan obediently

she explain her presence aboard?" "Much as I surmired," Alan replied I fancy they chloroformed her while she slept in that hotel in Portland. Whether or no, Rose woke up in a closed motor car-bound and gagged, of course and was brought aboard at

Gloucester about midnight." "Simple when you know how," Harus commented. "Of course, I always did say that truth was a stranger to Cuddle down, now, and I'll fiction.

talk you insensible." His accents already merging in with the swish of the longside waves, the bubbling of the wake, and the manytoned composite voice of the ship in being, unconsciousness like a cloud



second impact of shoulders backed by descended upon Alan's overwearied a hundred and eighty pounds of solid flesh and determination, the lock splintered away from its socket, the door flew open with a bang-and Alan into the room with a cry: "Rose!" His eweetheart met him half-way,

her arms uplifted, her countenance ransfigured And Mr. Barcus turned and slowly cended the companionway, his nose

wrinkled with misgivings.
"Blest if I know how he thinks he can tell 'em apart," he remarked "Not that I blame him for taking a chance; it wouldn't pain me any to wind out I'd kissed the wrong girl by mistakenot, that is, unless she didn't care for

"In that case," he allowed, "I guess unseen under cover of the profound the sequel would be apt to prove tolerable agonizing!"

my technique.

Some ten minutes later a hail from the deck broke the embrace of the

"Below there! I say-Law!-wind coming! "Right-o! Half a minute!"

bullet sang Latween Messrs. Law and But that stipulated delay was sev-Barcus, and with a sad thud of disaperal times multiplied before Alan pointment buried itself in the sands of showed up on deck to find Barcus bending a laborious back to the cap-Like twin automatons stirred to ac-

port, the two turned and "Lend a hand, can't you?" Barcus pelted off deen the beach, to escape complained, blowing heavily. "I didn't interrupt your amoure just to get an Other shots sped after them, but audience. The sooner we get this anchor in-

none was so well aimed, and presently, finding a break in the bluff, they Alan checked him with a hand on swung off into the grateful shelter of his arm. "What's that?" he demanded in a tone tense with apprehension. Meantime the dory had grounded on The muffled running of a heavy-duty the beach, and its several occupantsmarine motor drifted down on the four or five of them, all men, apparwings of the sluggish wind. ently jumping out, set off in pursuit

"Don't ask me-I'm afraid to guess!" 'But they couldn't possibly!'

"Since when did you set up to be The blackness of the night, how a judge of possibilities? Nothing probever, conspired with the cave a laty, able ever happened to you in all your rinth of the dunes to rave when and yong life-'s far's I can make out, As for me-I know there are at least two Within another five minites-while life-saying stations on Nauset, both still the pursuit foundered and blas- with modern equipment-motor life phemed at random a round quarterbonts and all; and nothing will ever mile to the south-Mr. Law and Mr. permade me that pack of wolves Barcus were noiselessly squirming on would stick at breaking in and confistheir bellies, like two stokes in the cating one of the same. It's as likely beach-grass, up the back of a ten foot as not-only more so. Our present bluff. And presently from its brow business is to get the h-I out of here and not advertise our exit, either the dory lay, only its bow out of water. Take that port light in and downe it. while I do the same by the starboard. Then duck below, warn your Dulcines, and put out the cabin lamp. That way -if this blackness and our buil-luck only holds-we may manage an evaand flamed in the still air, relieving sion!"

There followed an exceedingly busy quarter of an hour for two constrained in pitch darkness to grope their way about the decks and familiarize themselves with the idiosyncrasics of a strange two-master. Nevertheless, the end of that period found the schooner with canvas full and sheets taut, a good easterly breeze abeam, swiftly weaving a wake southwards-the light on Monomoy point watching her curiously from over the starboard beam. "Hear anything more of that power

boat?" Alan asked, joining Barcus by

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION INOLATED TRACT-PUBLIC LAND SALE

Burns, Oregon, January 14, 1916. In thereby given that, assilrected by incinner of the General Land Office, visions of the General Land Office, visions of Act of Congress approved Ses, 33 State, 437, pursuant to the in of the Index Moore, Serial No. 07829, her at public sale, to the highest hiden to loss than \$2.00 per acre, at 10 M. on the 18th day of March, 1915, ee, the following tract of land; Noc. 24, 7, 33 S. R. 34 E., W. M. act learning affected into the market on a last the greater portion thereof is one or too rough for cultivation. Some claiming adversely the above land are advised to file their claims, one of the contraction of the contract

He woke mutinously, with a yawn

Barcus stood over him, at the wheel, fairly reeling with weariness, his eyes blood shot, swollen, and half-closed in a face like a mask of fathene.

he apologized thickly; "stood it about as long as I can. Take your trick and give me forty winks." Grateful solicitude brought Alan in-

stantly to his side, though he himself was sluggish and stiff and sore in all "You're a brick!" he protested. "Why

"No good; I knew the way-you That is, I did until this accursed fog closed down a couple of hours ago. Now-God knows where



The Sixth Member of the Boarding Party Was Judith Trine.

we are-by my reckaning, somewhere in Nantucket sound, west of Mono-

Grasping a small brass handle affixed to the wheel box, he jerked it charply three times, and the automatic horn blared raucously a threefold response up forward.

that going," he begged, "three blasts in a row and a minute interval—and if the devil takes care of his own we may possibly escape be-

With a sigh, relinquishing the wheel he collapsed upon the deck and was almost instantly asleep.

The wind had fallen until barely enough air stirred to keep way on the vessel; she moved in stience, a spectral ship upon a spectral sea of long, oily swells and the complexion of lead. Hither and you in the obscurity, fog-

Trey O'Hearts" better. Tonawama next Wednesday night.

You liked "Lucille Love" did

for sale at market prices. - W. A. by all dealers. Goodman's feed yard.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION ISOLATED TRACT-PUBLIC LAND SALE

UNITED STATES LAND SALE

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
BUINS, Oregon, January 14, 1995.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by
the Commissioner of the General Land Office,
under provisions of Act of Congress approved
June 27, 1995, 638 Stats, 517, portunal to the spplication of John R. Folkeshad, Nertial No. 70479,
we will offer at public sale, to the highest hidder, but at not less than \$2.00 per acre, at to
o'clock A. M., on the left day of March, 1915,
at this office the following fract of land:
8 WM, Sec. 9, T. 28 S., R. M. E. W. M.
'This fract is ordered tube the marked on a
showing that the greater portion thereof is
mountainous or loo rough for cultivation.'

Any persons claiming adversely the abovedescribed land are advised to fite their claims,
or accustoms, on or before the time designated

faculties.

and a chiver in the gray of a tarnished daybreak, to find that fog pressed heavily upon the face of the waters, a mist so thick that from the stern the walst of the vessel was almost invisible, the bows completely so.

"Can't keep this up much longer,"

He sealed the pledge upon her lips. And in that moment of their oblivon to the world from some point forward a muffled crash sounded simultaneously with the dull shock of a

didn't you call me sooner?"

Before either Alan or the girl could rush of booted feet pounding aft. The figures of the boarding party were already taking shape through the fog as Alan sprang toward the com, of Barcus, a panionway to fetch the rifle. And in gled feebly. this action his feet slipped on planks

> with a stumbling thump, and an instant later two men fell bodily upon him-active, strong fellows in the dress of fishermen. He was suffered to rise only as a prisoner, helpless in the grasp of two pairs of powerful He saw Barcus, rudely roused and still dumb with eleepy confusion, in no better case-jerked to his feet and held captive by two more fishermen. A fifth had taken charge of Rose,

clamping her wrists in the vise of one ble hand The sixth and sole other member of the boarding party, likewise in the rough and ready garb of a fisherman,

was Judith Trine Down the side a heavy life-boat ground its way astern, the loose end of its painter slipping over the rail even as Alan caught sight of it. it seemed Barcus had guessed shrewd-

Observing this, one of the men in charge of Alan made as if to leave him to the other, addressing Judith for permission to prevent the loss of the lifeboat. She stopped him with a peremptory gesture.

"No-let it go. We're better off without it. Hold that man fast till I fetch a rope. We'll make sure of them both this time!"

Straining forward in the grasp of ner guard, Rose implored her stater: 'Judith, in pity's name, think what ou are doing!" "Hold your tongue!" Judith snapped

victously. "Another whimper out of you, and I'll have you gagged!" The balance of her threat, though accompanied by the exhibition of an automatic platol, was drowned out by the sudden roar of a steamship fog-

signal, so close aboard that it seemed

almost to emana: o from the forepart

of the schooner herself. As it was answered by shrill and hoarse cries of terror or of warning from a dozen throats, Alan found him-

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you not? Well, you'll like "The lain's Tablets for constipation with good results and I can recommend them highly," writes Paul Rolled barley, wheat and oats B. Babin, Brushly, La. For sale Robert Croxton and Natalie Croxton.

United States Land Office.

Burns, Oregon, January 14, 1925.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Countissioner of the depretal Land Office, in the County of Harney on Monday, the Countissioner of the depretal Land Office, in the foremoon of that day, then and there provides of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1966; it states, of 1), burnant to the application of Richard J. Baumicroger, serial No Grad, we will offer at public sale, to the highest induce, but at not less than \$200 per acre, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 16th day of March, 1915.

SEASWA, Sec. 28, NEMANNIA, Sec. 28, T. 20

S. H. 50 R. W. M.

"This tract is ordered into the matheton a showing that the greater portion thereof is mountainous or too rough for cultivation.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described land are advised to file their claims, or objectious, on or before the time designated for sale.

We Farre Berister.

signals of other shipping sounded a concert of discordance—the man-

He caught an instantaneous glimpse power horn of a catboat crying the of the knife-like bow of a great steamwarning back to the deep-throated er towering above the two-masterwhistle of a constwise steamship and sweeping toward it at a speed which the impertinent drumming of a motorraised a smart jet of white under the boat's exhaust with the muffler cut cutwater.

Someone aboard the schooner, with This last boxed the compass, sound the voice of a stentor, beliewed a tering now near, now far, though the comrified appeal: plaints of other shipping diminished in volume and died away in the dis-

tance, giving place to others still, the

plutter-plutter of that motor was never

altogether lost; if at times it faded,

it seemed certain always to return in

Vainly straining his vision against

the blank pailor of the encompassing fog, Alan wondered, worried, dreaded!

At irregular intervals, starting

from preoccupation, he would manipu-

late the brass pull on the wheel-box

provoking the horn's stuttering blasts

of protest. But the need for unremit-

ting vigilance and exercise of the fog-

If there were anything still to be

for instance, as Barcus had suggested,

they had sought out one of the life-

saving stations on Nauset beach, appropriated its power-driven lifeboat

and renewed the pursuit, if ever they

heard that horn there would beyond

The loneliness of his vigil was even-

ually relieved by the appearance on

The tableau that greeted her vision as

she emerged from the companionway,

of the haggard, unshaven wretch at

the wheel and the other who lay at his

feet, where he had fallen, in a stupor

of fatigue, instantly wrung from Rose

quick to do what little she could to

alleviate their discomfort. For Barcus

she fetched a pillow and blanket from

the cabin, and this one suffered ber

ministrations without once rousing

from his slumbers. Then hastening

forward, she got the galley fire going

and prepared a makeshift breakfast for her half-famished lover.

they were lending a little tone to

Alan's spirits, he was presently able

to discuss their situation with some

He summed up: "I can't see any-

thing for it but father and Judith are

determined to have my scalp, and I'm

hanged if I can see how to protect my-

self without taking a leaf out of their

books. What I'm most afraid of is

that some time I may forget it's a

woman I'm defending myself against.

When a fellow's fighting for his very

The young man sighed, shook his

head, laughed uncertainly, and held

her closer to him. "Don't fear; I'll

find some way out without injuring

either of them. I promise you that!'

life he can't always stop to calculate

the weight of his blows."

cent of high exultation.

question be the devil to pay!

deck of the woman Alan loved.

even louder volume.

their whereabouts.

"Stop your engines! Shut off your propeller! Stop your-Then, like the wrath of God, the teamship overwhelmed the lesser ship; its bow seemed to slice through the schooner as a knife through cheese. And the two halves were fairly driven under water by the frightful force of the blow. Thunders deafening him, Alan was

hurled bodlly through the air fully twenty feet. When he came up he struck out at

random, blindly tormented by the vision of Rose caught in the suck of



Automatic Platol.

optimism. Yet nothing could gloss that gigantic wheel, drawn under, the fact that the problem confronting crushed and mangled by the propeller them was one whose solution baffled of the vast black hulk whose flank was their utmost ingenuity-one the simple ontemplation of which taxed their eliding past, like the face of a cliff, ten yards behind his shoulders. courage and intelligence to the ex-

Aware of several dark objects doting the surface within a radius of several yards, be swam for the nearest; the head was a woman's, the face turned toward him, the face of Rose. He gasped wildly: "Keep cool! Don't struggle! Put one hand on my shoulder and-

What happened then was never quite lear to him; he only knew that he was forced to fight for his very lifethat the woman, as soon as he came within reach, flung herself upon him like some maddened animal, clutching his throat, winding her limbs round his, dragging him down and down.

Primitive instinct alone saved him. He remembered later, most vaguely, the culmination of that duel beneath waters-remembered freeing an arm, drawing it back, delivering a blow from his shoulder, with all his collision with a smaller vessel, and a strength, finding himself free, strugstrange voice cried out with an ac-

Then a boathook caught the back of his shirt and dragged him for some disengage the decks rang loud with a distance, until two strong hands caught him beneath the armpits and held his head above the water. He looked up witlessly into the face

of Barcus, and, still bewildered, strug-The other's voice brought him back

greasy with moisture deposited by the surcharged atmosphere. He went down with a stamble of the minute, then help me get you aboard." He obeyed, controlling his panic as best he might; and presently, with considerable assistance from Barcus, contrived to scramble in over the gunwales of a boat which proved to be Aside from Barcus and himself it

held one other person only-the woman he loved, crumpled up and unconsclous in the bow. He strove to rise and go to her, to

make sure that still she lived. Barcus restrained and quieted him. "There! Easy, I say! She's all right-fainted-that's all! She and I took the water in practically the same spot, and luck threw this blessed boat

my way within half a dozen strokes, No trouble at all-in a manner of speaking!" "Why fret about her? At the pace she was making she couldn't have stopped within half a mile. We'll be

all right now-with power to fetch us to land." "But the others-Judith!" Alan sat up and leaned over the gunwale, searching an oily, leaden expanse spotted only with a few splinters and bits of wreckage. "I left her out there-

onscious-she'll drown, I tell you!" "And I'll tell you something!" said Mr. Barcus severely. "You'll lie quiet and shut up or I'll dent your dome with the shaft of an oar. Let her drownand a good job, I say! Don't you know the meaning of 'enough'? Merciful heavens, man, you're the most insa-

tiable glutton for punishment ever!" But Alan wasn't listening. His face was as lightless as the waters that swam beneath his lack-luster gaze. There was a horror in his heart that numbed even the sense of relief, of deliverance, that penetrated his being like a shock of mortal pain.

Dead! Judith dead! Back there, in the fog and the cold . . . dead by his hand! (To be continued)

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR HAR-NEY COUNTY. In the matter of the Estate CITATION

F. Crews Croxton, Dec'd. To W. T. Croxton, Mary L. Croxton, GREETING: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE

OF OREGON, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. the State of Oregon, for Harney County, ISOLATED TRACT. PUBLIC LAND SALE. at the Court Room there of at Burn , in

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