ONAWAM

Every Wednesday Evening

THE TREY (1) HEA

"Good Lord!" Bareus exclaimed, as

Alan gently lowered the inert body of the girl to the rands. "And to think

I didn't understand she was so nearly

all in-chaffing her like that! I'd like

water to revive her."

"Don't be impatient," Alan advised

it was an order by no means easy

to fill; Barcus had only his cupped

hands for a vessel, and little water

remained in them by the time he had

dashed from the shallows back to the spot where Rose lay unconscious, while the few drops he did manage to sprinkle into her face svalled noth-

ing toward rousing her from the

trance-like slumbers of exhaustion into

which she passed from her fainting

In the end Alan gave up the effort.

She's all right," he reported, releas-

ming. "She fainted, right enough,

ing the wrist whose pulse he had been

but now she's just asleep-and needs

it, God knows! It would be kinder

to let her rest, at least until I see what

You'll go, then!" Barcus inquired.

"No; let me," Alan insisted. "It's

not far-not more than a quarter of a

in your care, the little time I'm gone."

He had come to the headland of

he lighthouse itself before the ground

beach; and was on the point of ad-

dressing himself to the dark and ellent

cottage of the lightkeeper when he

saused, struck by sight of what till

The promontory, he found, formed

he eastern extremity of a wide-armed

ags a considerable number of small

craft-pleasure ventels assorted about

equally with fishing boats. And barely

in eighth of a mi e on, long-legged

like tentacles flurg out from the sleepy

ittle fishing village that dotted the

rising ground-a community of per-

te noise died a say diminuendo.

the beach, and in , a ther hour or two,

Call raound at eight o'clock tomor-

out of that door, I'll say g'd-night to

"But I must send a telegram," Alan

protested. "I tell you, I must. It's

into his trousers pocket. "Will a dol-

iar influence your better judgment?"

turned with no less craft-open in-

credulity informing his countenance

And, surely enough, Alan brought

"Make a light," he said sharply. "My

oney's in a belt round my waist.

"All right," he grumbled, reopening

make un exception-for you."

ful, readily to be chartered.

train northbound, the quickest way

across Buzzard's bay to New Bedford.

A time-table supplied all other need-

Open your office. You'll get your dol-

matter of life and death."

Won't you open up again-

after business hours."

he suggested shrewdly.

forth an empty hand.

ar, all right."

ng up for the night.

'm shuttiu' up?"

graph station-"

night?"

hape two hundred decilings.

if shallow harbor where rode at moor-

hen had been hidden from him,

an to shelve more gently to the

sort of a reception that lighthouse is

I'd just as lief, myself . .

inclined to offer us."

able I'm not."

to kick myself!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Stranded. Mr. Thomas Barcus picked himself up from the bottom of the lifeboat, where he had been violently precipitated by the impact of grounding. blinked and wiped tears of pain from srimly, "I'm busy just at present, but his eyes, solicitously tested his nose Meantime, you might fetch and seemed to derive little if any comfort from the discovery that it was not broken, opened his mouth . . . and

remembered the presence of a lady. "Poor Mr. Barcus!" she said gently 'I'm so sorry. Do forget I'm hereand say it out loud!"

Mr. Barcus dropped his hands and dropped his head at the same time. "It can't be did," he complained in embittered resignation; "the words

have never been invented . In the bows Mr. Law (who had barely saved himself a headlong plunge overboard when the shoal took fast hold of the keel) felt tenderly of his exceriated shins, then, rising, compassed the sea, sky and shore with an

anxious gaze. In the offing there was nothing but the flat, limitless expanse of the nightbound tide, near at hand vaguely silvered with the moonlight, in the distances blending into shadows; never a-light or shadowy, stealing sail in that quarter to indicate pursuit,

Where are we?" he wondered aloud. "Ask me an easy one," Barcus replied; "somewhere on the south shore of the cape-unless somebody's been tampering with the lay of this land. That's a lighthouse over yonder. Alan took soundings from the bows

"Barely two feet," he announced, withdrawing the oar from the water, than you can help," he muttered thy upon his arm. "and eel-grass no end." "Oh!" Barcus ejaculated with the

accent of enlightenment; and leaving the motor, turned to the stern, over which he draped himself in highly undecorative fashion while groping under water for the propeller, "That's the answer," he repeated;

"there's a young bale of the said eelgrass wrapped round the wheel Which, I suppose, means I've got to go overboard and clear it away." Like Mr. Law, he wore neither shoes

nor other garments that could be more damaged by salt water than they had been-but only shirt, trousers and a

"If you've nothing better to do, my critical friend," he observed as he stooped to back and tear at the mass of weed embarrassing the propeller, "you might step out and give us a trial shove. Don't strain yourselffust see if you can move her."

Mr. Law's feet did, slipping on the treacherous mud bottom with the upshot of his downfull; with a mighty splash he disappeared momentarily beneath the surface-and left his temper behind him when he emerged.

As for Mr. Barcus, he suffered like loss within five minutes; when, with much pains and patience having freed the wheel, he climbed aboard and sought to restart the motor. After a few affecting coughs it relapsed into bb n silence.

tudious examination at length ight out the fact that the gasoline was empty. ot so much as a smell left." Bar-



Dug Into His Money Belt.

"It's no use," he conceded at length. "We're here for keeps." Why not wade ashore?" Rose Trine suggested mildly from the place she had taken in the etern in order to lighten the bows. "It isn't far-and what's one more wetting?"

"That's the only sensible remark that's been uttered by any party to this lunatic enterprise since you have within earshot of me, Mr. Law," said Mr. Barcus. "Respectfully submitted."

"The verdict of the lower court stands approved," Alan responded But there's no sense in Miss Trine

wading." Barcus suggested. "We're web-footed as it is, and she's too

"Well, what then?" "We can carry her, can't we?" CHAPTER XIX.

"Gee!" he grunted frankly, when after a tollsome progress from the boat, Rose at length slipped from the seat formed by the clasped hands of ful advice. Also wrote his message

the two men. "And it was me who swiftly.

Addre Addressed to Digby, his man of business in New York, it required that The girl responded with a quiet gentleman to arrange for a motor-cor to be held in waiting on the waterlaugh of the most natural effect imaginable—until it ended in a sigh, and without the least warning she crumfront of New Hedford from \$:00 a. m. pled upon herself, and would have fallen heavily, in a dead faint, but for until called for in the name of Mr. Law, as well as for a special train at Providence, on similar provisions. Alan's quickness.

He was wakened quickly enough, however, by Alan's news. But when it was the turn of Rosethey faltered. She lay so still, beevery line of her unconscious posture, as well as in the sharp pallor of her face upturned to the moon, that it

seemed scarcely less than downright

alone. His shadow in the moonlight kept him company upon the sands; and on the edge of the bluffs, another shadow moved on parallel course and at a pace sedulously pat-

trayed her exhaustion so patently in

He found his sweetheart and his treat my party to a joy-ride in your friend much as he had left them, with pretty powerboat." He concluded this speech abruptly this difference—that Mr. Barcus now lay flat on his back and sporing as Barcus brought them up under the quarter of the power cruiser, Within two minutes the motor plusing contestedly, the mooring had been slipped, and the motorboat was

But now, though he was all uncon-

inhumanity to disturb her. None the less, it had to be done, our acquaintance ripeos I am more Alan hardened his heart with the re-



aid of a few drops of brandy. Between them, they helped her up mile. And she'll be cafe enough here, the beach, past the point, and at length to the door of the hotel, where-reani-

Earcus nedded. Ifis face was drawn. mated by the mere promise of foodand gray in the moon-glare. "Thank Rose disengaged their arms and enhe breathed brokenly, "you're tered without more assistance; while Barcus was deterred from treading He sat down suddenly and rested his her heels in his own famished eagerness, by the hand of Alan falling heavhead on his knees. "Don't be longer Wait!" the latter admonished in

> a half-whisper. "Look there!" Barcus followed the direction of his gesture-and was transfixed by the night-draped sky from a point invisthis beyond the headland of the light-

> The two consulted one another with startled and fearful even. As with one voice they murmured

one word: "Judith!" To this Alan added gravely: "Or some spy of hers! Then rousing. Alan released his friend, with a smart shove urging him

sharves stood knee deep in the water, across the threshold of the hotel "Go on," he insisted, "join Rose and get your supper. I'll be with you as her nothing more than that-that I Nor was this cil-ven as Alan hove thought it unwise to wait until every-

in view of the viling a be heard a series | body was abed before looking round." of staccato energy, the harsh telling of He turned to find his landlord ap-The boat budged not an inch-but a brazen bell, the numble of a train proaching from the direction of the pulling out from a sation. And then hotel barroom. And for the time it he as with jewile ing of lights flash seemed that the wind of their luck athwart the land or pe and vanish as must have veered to a favoring quarter; for the question was barely ut- some footer, that schooner; and this Where one train ran another must, tered before the landlord lifted a will- is just the wind she likes best," He need only new secure something ing voice and halled a fellow townsto revive Rose, help her somehow up man idling nearby.

"Hey, Jake-come bere!" Introduced as Mr. Breed, Jake ters!" of a certainty, they would be speeding northwards, up the cape, toward pleaded guilty to ownership of the Boston and the land of law and order. fastest and stanchest power-cruiser Such thoughts as these, at least, in the adjacent waters, which be was made up the texture of his hopes; the avarictously keen to charter.

outcome proved them somewhat too ! They observed haste religiously; presumptuous. He jogged down a within ten minutes they stood upon a light of early dawn to those aboard quiet village street and into the rail float at the foot of a flight of wooden | the power crutser as she swept up road station just as the agent was closs steps down the side of the town wharf, while the promised rowboat of Mr. A surly citizen, this agent, ill-pleased lived drew in, at most leisurely pace, have his plans d.sordered by chance to meet them fung strangers. He greeted Alan's

Aboard and away from the wharf, breathless query with a grunt of in- the burden of Alan's solicitude seemed to grow lighter with every squeal "Nah," he averred, "they sin't no of the greaseless oarlocks, with evnore trains till mornin'. Can't y' see ery dip, and splash of the blades which, wielded by a crew of villatnous But surely there must be a tele- countenance, brought them nearer the "You bet your life they is-right designated as his own. It was not here in this depot. An' I m chuttin' it until Alan looked up suddenly to find Mr. Breed covering him with a re-"Has the operator gone for the volver of most vicious character that he had the least apprehension of any "He's golag. I'm the op'rator. No danger nearer than the offing, where business transacted after office hours. Judith's schooner might be lurking, waiting for its prey to come out and row mornin'. Now if you'lt jest step be decoured.

"ill take that money-belt of yours, years feller," Mr. Breed announced, and be quick about it-not forgetting want a in your trousers pocket!"

the passion of his indignation "Sure, young feller - it always is --Aich neglected entirely to play the game by the rules. The indifference he displayed toward the weapon was positively unprofessional - for he In desperation Alan rammed a hand knocked it aside as if it had been nothing more dangerous than a straw. And in the same flutter of an eyelash he bunched himself like a wildcat at "Let's see your dollar," the other re- the throat of Mr. Breed. Before that one knew what was hap-

> You ked "Lucille Love" did you will Well, you'll like "The Frey O'Hearts' better. Tonawama next Wednesday night.

the door of the telegraph booth and making a second light incide. There's blanks and a pencil. When our mes-sage. It sin't often I do this—but I'll Reward!



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eventually brought her to with the whether abed or at the hands of those who dislike us; but rather to be banged as common pirates."

and had involuntarily disarmed him-

self as well.

were both overboard.

heading out of the harbor.

Within five minutes she had left it

well setern and was shooting rapidly

westward, making nothing of the buf-

fets of a very tolerable sea kicked up

by the freshening southwesterly wind.

"My friend," observed Alan, "as

"You have the courage of igno rance," Barens replied coolly; you'll take the trouble to glance astern promise you a sight that will move you to suspend judgment for the time being. At this Alan sat up with a start,

Back against the loom of the Eliza beth Islands through which they had navigated while he nodded, shone the milk-white salls of an able schooner. Sheets all laut and every inch of canvas fat with the beam wind, she footed it merrily in their wake-a silver jet spouting from her cutwater.

CHAPTER XX.

But by this stage in his history Mr Law had arrived at a state of mind immune to surprise at the discovery that he had once more failed to clude

the vigilance and pertinacity of the

woman who sought his life. He viewed the schooner with no ore display of emotion than resided in narrowing eyelids and a tightening of the muscles about his mouth, "Much farther to go?" he inquired resently, in a coloriess voice

"At our present pace—say, two "And will that enable us to hold "Just about." Barens ullowed squint-

"How much lead have we got?" A mile or so none too much. "Anything to be done to mend mat-

"Nothing-but pray, if you remem-

In the end they made it by a narrow margin. The face of Judith Teine was distinctly revealed by the chill gray through the reaches of New Bedford harbor and aimed for the first wharf that promised a fair landing on main waterfront of the city.

There was neither a policeman nor Nor was there, for all his hopes and prayers, based on the telegram to Digby, a sign of a motor car.

revealed. The docks on either hand were walled and roofed, cutting off the

If they ran for it, they must surely be overhauled. Something must be done to hinder the crew of the chooner from landing. "Here!" he cried sharply to Barcus.

"You take Rose and hurry to the street and find that motor-car. I know she's there. Digby never falled practically when they would. me yet!"

"But youme. I'll be with you in three shakes. I'm only going to put a spoke in Judith's wheel. I've got a scheme!" As for his scheme-he had none other than to give them battle, to sacrifice himself if need be, to make sure

the escape of Rose. Sheer luck smiled on him to this extent, that in turning his eye lighted on a four-foot length of stout, threeinch scantling, an excellently for-

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The other two men made a sad bustsess of attempting to overpower Mr. Wildly he cast about for some sub-Barcus. In less than a minute they stitute weapon, he leaped toward a tracks on a slightly lower level, small pyramid of little but heavy kegs.

He had guessed the flendish pl the other driver only too truly. "And just for this," Alan said before etting out of earshot-'I'm going to of his nearest enemy; so that this one doubled up convaisively, with a sick-alleled the tracks Alan sought to hug and cast it full force into the midriff

end of the wharf. His fellow followed with less injury. But Alan had no time to wonder whether the man had tripped and thrown himself in his effort to escape a second hurtling keg, or had turned be had returned, precipitately and heavily, to the schooner.

The keg, meeting with no resistance pursued him even to the deck, where the force of the impact split its seams. None of the combatants, however, der that filtered out was black and coarse. Alan, indeed, had only the harlest notion that they were powder kegs he used as ammunition. That they were heavy and hurt when they collided with human flesh and bone

was all that interested him.
In the same breath he heard a friendly voice shout warning far up the dock, and knew that Barcus was coming to his aid.

A glance over-shoulder, too, discov- livion ered the cause of the warning; two men who had thus far escaped his attentions were maneuvering to fall "Alan upon him from behind. The bound killed?" required to evade them brought him face to face with Judith as she landed on the dock. "Ob," she cried, "I hate you, I hate

"So you've said, my dear, but-" His final words were not audible even to himself. In his confidence (now that Barcus was taking care of the others) and his impatience with the woman, and in his perhaps unworthy wish to demonstrate conclusively how cheap he held her, Alan had tossed the pistol over the end of It was an old-fashioned weapon, and

the force with which it struck the deck released the hammer. Instantly the .44 cartridge blased into the open head of a broken powder

And with a roar like the trump of doom and a mighty gust of flame and smoke the decks of the schooner were riven and shattered; her masts tottered and fell . .

CHAPTER XXI.

Anticlimax. Alan came to himself supported by Sarcus-his senses still reeling from the concussion of that thunderbolt which he had so unwittingly loosedthe cloud of sulphurous smoke and yet dissiputed by the wind.

Judith lay at his feet, stunned; and round about other figures of men insensible, if not, for all he could say,

And then Barcus was hustling him

nceremoniously down the wharf. "Come! Come!" he railled Alan. Pull yourself together and keep a stiff upper lip. Rose is waiting in the car, and if you don't want to be arrested you'll stir your stumps, my son! That explosion is going to bring the worthy burghers of New Bedford buszing round our ears like a swarm

His prediction was justified even before it was made; already the nearby dwellings were vomiting halfclothed humanity; already a score of people were galloping down toward the head of the wharf; and in their number a policeman appeared as if by

And while the man healtated Alan ing critically at the chase; "she's grabbed him by the shoulder, threw him bodily from the car, dropped into his seat, cried a warning to Rose, and threw in the clutch. The machine responded without a jar; they were a hundred feet distant from the scene of the accident before Alan was fairly settled in his place.

As he grew more and more calm, he ongratulated himself on having drawn an excellent car in the lottery of chance. It was light, but the motor ran famously, and if not capable of a racing pace it would serve his ends as speedily as was consistent with reasonable care for the life of the roman he loved.

Yet his congratulations were premature; they were not ten minutes out of the environs of the city when Rose left her seat and knelt behind his, to communicate the intelligence that they were already being pursued.

A heavy touring car, she said it was driven by a man, a woman in the seat by his side-Judith the latter, the man an old employe of her father's by the name of Marrophat.

Alan remembered that one. He could only trust in his skill as

driver, and skill is the lesser factor at him:

But for some wetrd, incomprehensible reason they chose to hang a cer save you if I would! And this I prom-"Don't waste time worrying about tain distance in the rear, a distance ise you-you shall never see Rose that could readily be bridged by two minutes of furious driving. Why?

In the succeeding quarter-hour the ering the little distance between him calmness of fatalism became Alan's, and the car.
They were biding their time for some As she jum secret and fatal purpose. The blow down upon the seat beside her halfwas predestined to fall, but cruelly de-

For his own part, he drove like an exceptionally cunning madman. . . And then, quite clearly, he recog-nized the time and the place and the

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lain's Tablets for constipation with good results and I can recom- Robert Croxton and Natalie Croxton, mend them highly," writes Paul GREETING: B. Babin, Brushly, La. For sale OF OREGON, you are hereby cited and

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But soon, disarmed, his case was character of the road that lay before desperate—and there were two al- him as the car sped like a dragon-fly ready safe upon the dock and others down a slight grade.

madly scrambling up to reinforce From the bottom of the grade it swung away in a wide, graceful curve, bordered for some distance by railroad

He had guessed toe flendish plan of ish grunt, and vanished in turn over the left-hand side of the road, but in

Roaring, with its muffler cut out, the pursuing car swept up and baffled him, bringing its right forward wheel up beside the left rear wheel of his car, then more slowly forging up until, with its weight, bulk and superior power, it forced him inch by inch to the right, toward the tracks, until his right-hand wheels left the road and ran on uneven turf, until the left hand wheels as well lost grip on the road metal, until the car began to dip on the slope to the tracks.

He heard the far hoot-toot of s

when the world was upside down,

Alan's car slipped and skidded, swung sideways with frightful momentum toward the ratiroad tracks, caught its wheele against the ties, and The sun swung in the heavens like a ball on a string. There was a crash, a There was nothing ob-

The car had turned turtle, pinning Rose and Alan beneath it. "Alan!" she gasped. "You are not "No-not even much hurt, I fancy,"

he replied. "And you!" "Not much-" The deep-throated roar of the locomotive bellowing danger stlenced him.

He closed his eyes. Then abruptly the weight was lifted from his chest. He saw a man dragging Rose from under the machine, and saw that the man was Marrophat And almost immediately someone lifted his head and shoulders, caught him with two hands beneath his arm pits and drew him clear of the machine And the face of his rescuer was the face of Judith Tripe.

The crash he had expected, of the car being crumpled up by the oncoming locomotive, did not follow. As he scrambled to his feet, his first

glance was up the track, and discovered the train slowing to a halt. His next was one of wonder for the countenance of Judith Trine as she stood, at a little distance, regarding him; her look almost illegible, a curious compound of passions coloring it-

relief, regret, hatred, leve His third glance descried beyond her the figures of Marrophat carrying Rose in his arms, stumbling as he ran toward his car on the highroad.

He moved precipitately to pursue, out found his way barred by Judith. "No!" she cried violently. "No, you shall not-!" Her hand sought the grip of a re

rolver that protruded from her pocket With a short, hysterical gasp, he began to laugh. "What!" he taunted her-"again?" "Think what you like!" she cried in

a frensy. "You saved me once-now I spare you. We're quits. But next



Revealed.

never have the courage to pull that trigger when I'm helpless in your The hot blood mantled her exquisite

face like red fire. She caught her breath with a sob, then flung wildly "Well, if you must know-it's true. They could overtake the fugitives I can't bring myself to kill you. I restrictly when they would. would to God I could. But I can't. For all that, you shall die-I could not

> again before you die!" And while he stood gaping, she swung from him and ran, quickly cov-

As she jumped into this and dropped conscious sister, Marrophat swung the car away.

It vanished in a dust-cloud as a throng of railroad employes surrounded and asselled him with clamorous

(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,

required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Harney County, at the Court Room there of at Burn , in the County of Harney on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any exist, why the Real property, to wit: Els NW1, and Lote 1 and 2 of Sec. 18, Twp. 25. S., R. 34 E. W. M., belonging to said estate should not be sold.
WITNESS: The Hon. H. C. Lovens.

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.

R. T. Hughet, Clerk. By Walter T. Struck. Deputy Clerk

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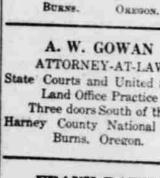
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