

Every Wednesday Evening

THE TREY (1) HEARTS

Rose suffered him in silence. His

most galling recrimination educed no

chose to interlect: "Don't be so hard

on the silly fool: she's not responsible;

she's sick with love for that good-look-

love Alan Law, at least I love him

and I don't pursue him, as you do, pre-

tending I mean to sacrifice him to s

wicked family feud, and then spare

him every time I meet him, to lead

him to believe I haven't the heart to

injure him-as you do, hoping so to

work upon his sympathies and earn

Flercely she leveled a denunciatory arm at her sister. "There!" she cried

to her father-"if you need to know-

there stands the daughter who has

betrayed your faith-as I have not,

who have never even pretended to

"I think," Trine announced in

voice of ice-"I have learned now

His fingers sought the row of but

tons; and when a servant responded,

"He is in the waiting room, sir."
"Conduct Miss Judith to him and

ell him I hold him personally respon-

sible for her safe keeping. He will

And for a long time thereafter the

father, alone with the daughter who

had been estranged from him since

birth by every instinct of her nature,

essayed in vain to break down her

At last Trine summoned two of his

creatures and had her led weeping

from the rooms to be held prisoner in

her bedchamber on the topmost floor

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Sporting Offer.

evening, Mr. Alan Law, very much

alive and, in spite of a complete new

But if he looked his proper self once

more, it speedly was demonstrated

that his wish was otherwise: for after

learning from the room-clerk of the

Monolith that a rule was being held

was the name Mr Law inscribed or

On the other hand, it was his true

name that he gave to the person whom

he called upon the telephone immedi-

friend and man of business. Mr. Digby.

Within another ten minutes this last

"I think you must be out of your

was in conference with his employer:

head," he insisted nervously, once

their first greetings were over. "You

from the top of the Metropolitan tower

as come to New York while Trine lives

and knows you're this side the water."

ber this is New York-not the back-

woods of Maine!"

"Nonsense!" Alan laughed. "Remem-

Alan paused and smote his palm

with a remoraeful fist, "By the Eter-

"Chap whose boat I chartered in

something must be done for the boy.

You've got influence of some sort in

Digby reflected: "Some, There's

"The very man. Telegraph him in

Barcus' interests immediately. And

telegraph Barcus as well-send him

to join me here in New York as quick

quired, mildly ironic as he sat down

at the desk and fumbled with the sup-

chuckled-but cut his laugh in two as

something fluttered from the pack of

and fell to the floor between the two

Pace up, it grinned sardonic mock

ery of Alan's confidence; it was a trey

With an ashen face and a trembling hand, Digby stooped to pick the damned thing up; but Alan was be-

nor less than a souventy of a poker-

party held by yesterday's tenant of

"Perhaps perhaps!" Digby assent-

ed, stroking tremulous lips. "But I'm

afraid for you, my boy. Who knows

that Trine's spies were not watching

my man when he made this reserve tion? Who knows but that 'Arshur

Alan Law? I tell you. I'm frightened

to the marrow of my old bones! Do me this favor at least, my boy: now

that you've been warned, whether by accident or design-we won't argus

some quiet place near by and wait

"New Bedford fall, of course!" Alan

hundred for expenses, and tell him

"Your friend's address?" Digby in-

George Blaine, justice of the peace-

nal, I'm forgetting Barcus!"

one of the salt of the arth.

New Bedford, surely?"

ply of stationery.

of hearts.

this suite."

ately after being shown to his rooms.

Some two hours later, that same

"Mr. Marrophat has returned?"

approve your villainy!"

what I needed to know."

he inquired:

understand."

mutinous stience.

of the house

Hotel Monolith

the register.

kindly word and a pat on the head

ing simpleton!"

CHAPTER XXII.

The House Divided. Alone in that strange place of stlence and shadows-that den of the devil's livery, crimson and blackchained to the invalid chair wherein, day in, day out, for years on end, he had suffered the Promethean torments of the life that would not die out of his wretched, wrecked carcass, though without ceasing sharp-beaked envy. hatred, malice and all uncharitableness pecked insatiably at his vitals: Seneca Trine sat waiting, with the impassivity of a graven figure waiting on the imminent hour of ultimate avengement for the wrong that had

"Another hour! . . . In sixty minutes more they will be here, Judith and Marrophat and Rose-poor fool! -and him! . . . In sixty minutes more they will put him down before me, bound and helpless, if not dead

made him what he was

A slight pause prefaced words that were a whimpered prayer: "God send that he be not dead! Have I lingered



here in anguish all these weary years for the fulfillment of my revenge only to be cheated at the end by Death? God grant that Alan Law may be laid down still living here at my feet!

A bitter smile twisted his tortured features; "Then shall my will be done in the name of Arthur Lawrence, that to him! And then, when I have seen him die as his father died-then-Ah, God!-then at last I too may die!

There was a long silence, then a groan of exasperated protest: But then he was speaking to bis old do they not come? Why does Judith delay, when she knows how I suffer? Why have I been put off from day to day with her telegrams that begged for more time and promised everything-but told nothing! -until yester-. . . Where are those messages she sent me yesterday?"

His one sound hand groped out like a claw and sought a mass of papers from among them two yellow forms Painfully he blinked over these and slowly his pain-bent lips conned their

"'Alan and Rose safe with me-will bring both home tomorrow night without fail," he read the first aloud; and then the second: "'Have motorcar waiting for me tomorrow morning from three o'clock till called for New Bedford waterfront-Judith.

"No!" he affirmed with the fervor of one persuaded by his own desires: "I must not doubt the girl! She has promised, she has performed:

So still was he, indeed that he seemed to sleep, but so deceptive was that semblance that he was siert for the least sound. The girl entered softly, as if fearful of disturbing his slumbers; but she found him with head as he can!" erect and eyes a blaze

"Judith!" he cried, his great voice vibrating like a brazen bell. "At last! Where is he? You have brought him?

With no more answer than a sigh, the girl drooped her head and let her hands hang limply with palms exenvelopes which Digby had disturbed

After an instant of incredulous disappointment the man shot a single, frigid question at her:

"I have failed," she confessed.

"Why?"

She shrugged slightly. "Who knows

why one fails? I did my best: he was forehand with him, and got his fingers too much for me, outwitted me at first upon the card. every turn. Time and again I thought "Now will you believe?" Digby de-I had him, but always he escaped, manded huskily. either by his own wit and courage or "In what? A simple coincidence?" Alan flouted. "Not 1! Who knows I'm with another's aid. Only yesterday rence for whom your agent engaged these rooms was Alan Law. No. night they were all three in the holof my hands-but now I bring you friend: it's a bit too thick for me. Take She faltered, awed by the glare of my word for it, this is nothing more

his infurlated eyes. "Let me explain," she begged.

He snapped her short: "You cannot oxplain. The thing is impossible; that you should have failed. There is some thing beneath this, something you will not tell me."

She endeavored to speak, but he enforced silence with a sonorous "No!" His hand sought the row of buttons on the desk and pressed one long. Almost instantly a servant glided

noiselessly into the room. daughter Rose-have her an another moment the replica of

his daughter Judith was ushered into

atlantic steamer. Ob, surely you can't deny me this one wish of my fond old

With a gesture of unfelgned affection Alan dropped a hand on Digby's

"There's nothing on earth I would not do for you," he said: "you've been father and a mother to me ever since can remember, even if we were separated, most of the time, by three thousand miles of salt water. But this thing-I can't do it, eyen for you. I can't do it even for myself. Trine is here in New York, in the hands and at the mercy of her father and sister: and you may judge what their mercy will be when you learn all that she has done for me. I won't go and I can't go until I find her and take her with nie. And that is final."

"Then," Digby struck in, grasping wildly at a straw of hope, "I have your word you'll go, providing I find and restore Rose to you?"

"You have my word to that, unque tionably. Bring Rose to me, and I'll gladly shake the dust of New York from my shoes, and never return till Trine is put away comfortably in his Upon this one he loosed the light-nings of his wrath without ruth grave.

"It shall be done," Digby promised. "It must!"

"You believe that?" "In twelve hours Rose shall be re-

In a lull in Trine's tirade, Judith stored to you." "Will you make a book on it? I'll bet you something happens-and hope I lose into the bargain. If you believe you can carry out your promise, wire "And you!" Rose turned on her the White Star line to reserve the passionately-"what about you? If I best available suite on the Oceanic, sailing tomorrow morning at tenopenly. I am not ashamed to own itand make arrangements for a mar riage before the boat sails."

"I'll go you." Digby agreed: "and if I fall, I forfelt the cost of the reservation. But about this marriage-" picked up when reclothing himself in He hesitated.

"You'll have to have a license in this state-and can't get one except

Providence, that morning-opened the



Alan's Appearance at the Hotel Mono lith.

by applying in person with your brideto-be. There won't be time-

outfit of ready made clothing, looking "Then we'll marry in Jersey!" Alan much more like hi uself than he had in a fortnight, issued forth from the nsisted. "Dig up some clergyman over there, if you don't know one your-Grand Central stat on, halled a taxinelfcab, and had himself conveyed to the

"Oh, I'm well acquainted with the

CHAPTER XXIV.

Not ill-pleased to be left to his own devices (whose proposed character he so much as suspected them) Alan none the less deferred action until after midnight.

And espionage was all be fearedsave and except always, of course, fail- sided Alan in the composition of his pre to find his Rose.

It was about one in the morning when he arrived inconspicuously (but not so much so as to seem deserving of police surveillance) in the neigh borhood of the Riverside drive home of dis mortal enemy, a grim white house might just as sensibly throw yourself that towered, stark and tall, upon a

corner. His preliminary reconnoisance pro ided little more than comfortless excreise. Huge, still, its wall bathed in the milk and fak of moonlight and shadow, all its windows dark but ne-and that one, in the topmost tier, howed only a feeble glimmer, so slight that Alan almost everlooked it.

But once discovered, it focused upon itself his thoughts with a power little ess than hypnotic,

Portland-sheer luck on my part: he's He believed with small doubt that Rose was a prisoner within those walls; that Judith must have con-

veyed her there with all speed. And, this being the presumptive case, that small, high window of the light might well be hers.

Directly across the street from the Trine residence, on the opposite corner, a colossal apartment structure stood half-finished, stonework to its wond story, gaunt fron skeleton rear-To his infinite disgust, Alan found

guardian very wide awake, very uch on the job: no chance here to steal unseen into the building. This in itself might have been

ned a suspicious circumstance: t for nothing does an honest night tehman so deny the laws of pature the tenets of his craft. But Alan cely praised the man while cursing very fact of his existence; and, ac ing, overcame with bank-notes

You liked "Lucille Love" did ou not? Well, you'll like "The Trey O'Hearts' better. Tonawama next Wednesday night.

Reward



offers the same condition \$500,00 for all horses Brand re-orded in eight counties. Bange Barner, lake and Crook countles. Horses None but grown horses sold and only \$10 that-do leave town-go incognito to

W. W. BROWN Fife, Oregon.

back of the case, and closed it upon the folded message. Then drawing back his arm, he

breathed a silent prayer to the god of all true lovers, and cast it from him with all his might-with such force that it almost unseated him at the end of the swing. But nothing leas would have served to bridge that yawning

And the watch flew straight and true, squarely through the lighted window and to the further wall. At that very instant of his exultation

over an obstacle overcome, he heard a und behind him of heavy breathing The assassin had come that close upon his prey when Alan turned and discovered his peril.

The same moonbeam which had message struck across the other's face, and showed it like a hideous Chinese mask of deadly hatred, with its eye balls glaring and its lips drawn back from the naked blade gripped between its teeth-a stiletto nothing short of a foot in length.

With a sharp, startled movement, Alan swung himself bodily about, so that, seated again actride the girder, he faced the assassin who sat up, straddling the girder, his feet hooked beneath it a stiletto polsed in his right hand to strike.

But even now Alan was in little or no better case than before. If he faced the thug, he faced him with no arms other than his bare hands. He had not even a pen-knife in his pockets.

With a low cry of desperation Alan snatched off his hat, a soft and shapeless felt affair, and flung it squarely in the fellow's face. Before he could recover-before

that is, it dropped away and cleared his vision, Alan had bent forward and grasped the wrist of the hand that

He snatched simultaneously at the other hand, but it eluded him.

Alan had this advantage, as long as the knife might not strike-that his right arm was free, while the assassin had only his left. With this he strove persistently to reach his knife-hand and possess himself of the weapon. As parsistently Alan folled his purpose by dragging the knife-hand toward him and swinging it far out to one side. At the same time he struck repeatedly with his clenched right fist at the other's face. His blows did little damage beyond disconcerting the other; but this proved a very considerable

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

ISOLATED TRACT. FUBLIC LAND SALE. by all dealers. Burns, Oregon, February 28, 1815 }
Notice is hereby given that, as directed by
the Commissioner of the General Land Office,
under provision of Act of Cougress approved
June 27, 1806 [38 stats., 137], pursuantic the application of Corey E. Ensyth, Serial No. Orefor
we will offer at public sale, to the highest
hidder, but at not less than £200 per acre, at
10 octook A. M., on the 14th day of April, 1915,
at this office, the following tract of land:
W-48W4, 5E48W s. sec. 24; NE48W4, sec.
25, T. 30 S. E. 34 E. W. M.
"This tract is ordered into the market on a
showing that the greater portion thereof is
munical course of the continuation.
The sale will not be kept open, but will be
declared closed when those present at the hour

factor in the duel. In the end, they served together with that steady, resistless downward and outward drag. skulked behind a barrier of lime barto break the grip of the man's locked

what seemed an uncommonly stubborn

He could not know that another

the unfinished building, rose and stole

after him with footsteps as noiseless

as a cat's and a face that had the save

agery of a tiger's when it was tran-

At length Alan gained the gridiron

window across the way, and crept

along one of these, gingerly on his

kept his eyes level; and was re

half-drawn curtains.

his aerial coign.

he assume his hopes fulfilled?

most stenographic brevity.

she had vanished.

out a blank page, placed this flat on

the girder, found a pencil, and with

the analetance of a ray or two of

moonlight scrawled a message of al

When he looked up from this task,

Sitting up, astride the girder, he

took his watch-a cheap affair he had

the garments of civilized society,

reluctance, and got his way,

rels and overheard all that passed and, when Alan had ducked smartly into Abruptly he pitched forward on hi face along the girder, kicking wildly, grasping at the air. The stiletto fell from an instinctively relaxed grasp, and disappeared. And before Alan could release his hold, or ease the siently revealed in a shaft of moonstrain upon the right arm of the asof girders on a plane with the lighted from the girder and hung helpless in space, dangling at the end of Alan's arm-with no more than the grip of

hands and knees, until he came to its five fingers between him and death. The shock of that unpresaged turn brought Alan forward and flat on his end and might, if he cared to, look down a hundred feet to the sidewalks. That view, however, dld not tempt; stomach. And the strain on his left arm was terrific. He doubted if he could maintain it for another minute. warded with a bare glimpse of a prettily-papered wall, framed in the lace of Nor was there any reason why he should retain it. The end he had de-And of sudden-whether through signed for his victim was merely his fortuity, or instinct, or the psychojust desert. And yet Alan could not let him go.

logical attraction of his steadfast con-Thus the battle began anew-but centration-the tenant of the room now it was a battle with a man halfcame to the window and stood there for a little, looking pensively out, altocrazed and struggling so madly that gether unconscious of the watcher in he well-nigh frustrated the efforts of his rescuer. In the upshot the assassin lay like

Again a horrible uncertainty har assed him. Was the woman Rose limp rag across the girder, head and or Judith? That she was one of these arms dangling on one side, legs and feet on the other, spent with his terhe could plainly see. But which? Dared rific exertions and physically sick with With difficulty he detached his And in this state Alan left him: he hungry vision from her, and drawing

had done enough; let the man shift for himself from this time on. from his pocket a small notebook, tore

Changeling.
In the vague, chill gray of that dull ruptly on the couch of a sleepless night, and with the rapidity of one who has arrived at a settled purpose after a long period of doubt and perplexity, rose and bathed and dressed herself in negligee.

In the adjoining room she could hear small, stealthy noises the sounds made by her sister moving about and preparing against the unguessable mo-ment when her rescue would be attempted, according to the information conveyed in that midnight message.

For chance had conspired with her somnia to station Judith in the recess of her darkened window, idly viewing the gaunt framework of the unfinished building from an angle which, when Alan edged out along the girder, showed him plainly in slihouette against the sky.

In Judith's eyes his identity was unmistakable. She had hardly needed the night-glasses which presently she brought to bear upon him at the moment when he was laboriously inditing his message—while grim death stalked him from behind. She had seen him throw the watch

and had heard the double thump of its impact with the wall and floor of Rose's bedchamber. And she had witnessed with wildly beating heart that duel in the air-

able to surmise its outcome only from the fact that the victor spared the life of the vanquished. The clock was striking six as she eft her room: across the street work-

ngmen were streaming into the building to begin the labors of the day. Brushing unceremoniously past the drowsy and indifferent guard in the corridor outside the door to Rose's room, Judith turned the key that re-

mained in the lock on the outside, re-

noved it, entered, and locked the door behind her. Without any surprise she found her sister already dressed to the point of donning her outer garments. Rendered half-frantic by this unexpected interruption, threatening as it

did the perflous scheme that Alan had proposed, Rose greeted her sister with countenance at once agh "What do you want?" she demanded

ensely. ou," Judith told her coolly. "There is no understanding possible

etween us: you know that as well as

"Yet one there must be. "I insist that you leave this room at

by all means—and be damned! I may leave this room-and may not, dear little sister. But one will never leave it alive." With a start of terror, Rose shrank back from this strange, wild thing that wore the very phase and sem-

"What do you mean? You cannot nean to murder me in cold blood,

"Not I!" Judith laughed harshly. "But, since it has pleased Destiny to decree that we must both love one man—let Destiny decide between us and bear the blame of murder!" "Judith!"

"One moment!" Crossing to a side table, Judith took up a glass from a tray that held a silver water-pitcher, and returned with it to the table that occupied the middle of the floor. At the same time she opened a hand till then fast clenched and disclosed a small blue bottle with a red label shricking told them the simple truth, you see: the warning "POISON!"

"Strychnine," she explained composedly, "in solution." And emptied only a word of tenderness, the bottle into the glass. A measure of courage returned to Rose. "Do you expect to be able to walk.

make me drink that?" she demanded ontemptuously. "Not I-but Destiny, if it will! See here." From a pocket of her dressinggown Judith produced a sealed deck of playing cards. "Let these declare the

will of Destiny toward us. I will break the seal, shuffle the cards, and deal," she explained, suiting action to word

Job printing here,

Best Treatment for Constipation 'My daughter used Chamber lain's Tablets for constipation with good results and I can recommend them highly," writes Paul GREETING:

(1572) Burns 128, List No. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose post office address is St. Fanl, Minnesota has this 7th day of December 1914 filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved July 1, 1888 (30 Stat. 507, 639) as extended by the act of Congress approved May 17, 1906, the Serial No. 07877

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should flie their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 5th day of April, 1915.

Wa. Fann, Register.

"The one who gets the trey of hearts will drain that glass. Is it a bar-

"Why?"

"Because of this.

"Never! Oh, now I know that you are altogether mad! "Perhaps. Are you ready?" And Judith made as if to deal. "No-never! I tell you I refuse!" Rose chattered, terrified.

"You dare not refuse."

Whipping a small revolver from anther pocket of her dressing-gown, Judith placed it on the table, ready to

"Not you-but him. If you refuse,

little sister, I will shoot Alan Law dead when he comes to keep his ap-"Ah!" Hose cried in mingled fright and amazement. "How did you find

"Never mind. Is it a bargain, now, about the trey of hearts? Remember, shall keep my word about this pla-With a shudder Rose bowed her

"Deal," she muttered fearfully, "and nay God judge between us!" One by one she stripped the cards from the top of the deck, dealing first

Rose, then to herself. One by one they fluttered to the table on either side the glass of poison, and fell face uppermost. The trey of hearts fell to Judith.

There was an instant of silent dread, ended by Rose, as Judith's hand moved steadily toward the glass.
"Judith!" she implored. "Don't—I
beg of you—I didn't mean it—I take

back my consent-'4 "Too late!" said Judith, lifting the glass and eyeing its contents with a strange smile. "Judith! you cannot mean to drink

"Can't I, though?" the other laughed pirthlessly, "Just watch me!" With a strangled cry Rose covered her face with her hands to shut out

the sight, stood momentarily swaying, and dropped to the floor in a complete Delaying only to recognize this phe nomena with a pitying smile for the weakness of spirit that caused it, Judith's glance darted through the win-

dow and saw that which caused her to stay her hand an instant longer. On the topmost tier of girders of the building opposite, Alan Law stood amid a little knot of amused and animated laborers, one foot in the great steel book of the hoisting tackle, both hands clasping the chain that linked

it to the gigantic block. And as Judith stared, he smiled at something said by one of those about him, looked back, and waved a band to some person invisible. Immediately the arm began to sift,

the tackle to move slowly through the blocks. Very gently he was swung up and outward. With a cry Judith flung the poison heedlessly from her, leaped across the room, and snatched up the street gar-

ments Rose had dropped at her sister's

entrance. gling madly into them. Before the shadow of Alan, clinging



"Not I-but Deatiny, if it Will!" window, she was dressed and clambered out upon the sill. "Sweetheart! My bravest little

'lasmow The hook hung steadily within six inches of the window-ledge. Alan exended his arm. "Nothing to fear, except lest I hold ou too tight, dear one!"

Without a word Judith set her foot beside his in the book, surrendered to his embrace, and closed her eyes. Immediately they were swung away from the window, over toward the op-

posite sidewalk, and gently lowered to he street. "Maybe this isn't a good scheme!" tian exulted in the innocence of his heart. "But I think it is. And those workingmen think it a great lark-I that we were sloping!"

By way of answer Judith breathed And that instant the hook paused and Alan stepped off upon the side

"Bafe and sound-and not a soul over there the wiser as yet!" he declared with a derisive nod toward the home of Trine. "Come along. Here's Itmousine waiting. In twenty minutes we'll be at the ferry, in forty over in Jersey, within an hour married, within four hours safe at seal" (To be continued)

N THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR HAR. NEY COUNTY.

In the matter of the Estate

F. Crews Croxton, Dec'd. To W. T. Croxton, Mary L. Croxton, Robert Croxton and Natalie Croxton. IN THE NAME OF THE STATE

B. Babin, Brushly, La. For sale 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 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 there to show cause, if any exist, why
the Real property, to-wit: Elg NW4g
and Lots 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. 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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