

## THE TREY (1) HEARTS

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Detail. Across the plain purple shadows were sweeping, close-ranked, like some vast dark army invading the land. pouring on over the rampart of mountains in the east.

Within the rim of hills that ringed the plain like the chipped and broken flange of a titante saucer, stience brooded and solitude held swaytwarfing the town of Detail that occupied the approximate middle of the assebrush waste to proportions even less significant than might be inferred from the candor of its christening.

A platform, a siding, a water tank, a Wells Fargo office and a telegraph and ticket office, backed by three rough frame buildings; that is Detail itemised completely.

Shortly after nightfall the steel ribbons of the Santa Fe began to hum. A headlight peered suspiciously round a shoulder of the eastern range, took heart of courage to find the plain still wrapped in peace, and trudged stolidly toward Detail, the engine whose eye it was pulling after it a string of freight cars, both flat and box.

At Detail the train paused. Its crew alighted and engaged in animated argument. Detail gathered that the excitement was due to the unaccountable disappearance of the caboose; none seemed to have any notion as to how it could have broken loose; yet missing it conspicuously

In the pause that followed, while a report was \*elegraphed to headquarters and instructions returned to proceed without delay, one of the trainmen spied a boyish figure lurking in the open door of an empty box car Cunningly boarding this car from the opposite side, the trainman caught the skulker unawares and booted him vaingloriously into the night

As the figure alighted and took to its heels, losing itself in the darkness. it uttered a cry of pained surprise and protest which drew a wrinkle of as tonishment between the brows of the

"Sounded like a woman's voice," he mused; then dismissed the suggestion It was not.

Shortly after the freight train had gone on its way-before, indeed, the glimmer of its rear lights had been lost among the western hills-a sec ond headlight appeared in the east. swept swiftly across the plain and it turn stopped at Detail. The second bird-of-passage proved

to be a locomotive drawing a single car-a Pullman.

Hardly had it run past the switch however, when the brakeman droppe down, ran quickly back to the switch and threw it open. Promptly the train backed on to the

siding.

As the Pullman joited across the frogs the brakeman, interposing him self between it and the tender, re leased the coupling.

By the time that the Pullman had come to a full stop on the siding, the pecomotive was swinging westward like a scared jackrabbit-though no such milk-and-watery characterization of the traitor passed the lips of any one of the three men who presently appeared on the Pullman's platform and shook impotent fists in the direc tion taken by the fugitive engine.

When the last of these had run tem porarily out of breath and blasphemy a brief silence fell, punctuated by groans from each, and concluded by the sound of a voice calling from the interior of the car-a voice as strange ly sonorous of tone as it was curiously querulous of accent.

The three men immediately ran back into the car and presented themselves with countenances variously apolo getic, to one who occupied a corner of the drawing room: a man wrapped in a steamer rug and a cloud of fury. Now when he had drained the

muddy froth of profanity from his tem per it left a clear and effervescent well of virulent humor: the wrath of the valetudinarian began to vent itself upon the hapless heads of the trio who

While this was in process, the been keeping religiously aloof and in all know you got it: so the name of consplcuous in the background of Detall ever since that unhappy affair with the trainman, stole quietly up to the rear of the stalled Pullman, climbed aboard, and creeping down the assle unceremoniously interrupted the conference just as the invalid was polishing off a rude but honest opinion of the intellectual caliber of one of the three named Marrophat, who figured as his right-hand man and familiar

"Amen to that!" the boyish person ejaculated with candid fervor, lounging gracelessly in the doorway "There's many a true word spoken in wrath, Mr. Marrophat. Father forgot only one thing-your masterly way with a revolver. From what I've seen of that, this day, I'll go ball that the only safe place for a man you pull a gun on is right in front of the muzzle. There's something downright uncanny in the way you can hit anything but

what you aim at!" "Judith!" exclaimed the invalid.

"Where did you drop from?" "From that freight," Judith explained carelessly, neglecting to elucidate the exact fashion of her drop. "I judged you'd be along presently, and thought I'd like to learn the news.

Well-what luck?" Her father shrugged with his one movable shoulder. Mr. Marrophat grunted indignantly. The others shuffled uneasily and looked all ways but one—at the girl in man's clothing. 'None?" Judith Interpreted. don't mean to tell me that after I had

boose loose in the middle of that trestle at the risk of my life-you didn't have the nerve to go through with the business!" 'We went through with it all right,"

replied Marrophat defensively; "but as usual, they were too quick for us. They jumped out and dropped off the trestle before our engine hit the caboose. We smashed that to kindling wood-but they got away just in time to miss the crash. And by the time we had stopped and calmed down the engineer-well, it was dark and no way of telling which way they had The girl started to speak, but merely

taken all that trouble-cast the ca-

dropped limp hands at her sides and rolled her eyes helplessly.

"We do our best," Marrophat observed. "We can't be blamed if mething - somehow - always happens to tip the others off."

The girl swung to face him with blazing eyes. "Just what does that mean?" she demanded in a dangerous

Marrophat lifted his shoulders. 'Nothing-much," he allowed. "I am only thinking how strange it is that Mr. Law can't be caught by any sort Miss Judith!"

The girl's hands were clenched into ists, white knuckles showing through the flesh. "You contemptible puppy!" she snapped.

But on this her voice falled; for her tyes traveled past the person of Mr. Marrophat to the doorway of the drawing room and found it framing a

Excuse me, friends," he offered in lazy, semi-husacrous drawl, "It pains me considerable to butt in on this happy family gathering, but business is business, same as usual, and I got to set you all to please put up your What do you want?" the invalid de-

manded. "Why," drawled the bondit, "nothing

particular—only your cash. Shell out, if you please gents all and the lady, too," He ran an appreciative glance down the figure which Judith's disguise revealed rather than con, his, Marrophat's, armacealed. "If you'll pardon my takin'

"Give me a theusand on necount," anid the other, "and a paper saying you'll pay me nineteen thousand more in exchange for it and one dead man, properly identified as the one you wantsigned by you-and your man's as good as dead this minute, providing ie's in riding distance of this here

Trine waved his hand at his secre tary. "Jimmy, find a thousand dollars, for this gentleman. Make out the paper he indicates for the balance, and I'll sign it."

"Ain't you powerful trustful, Mr. Trine? How do you know I'll do any thing more'n pocket that thusand and fade delicately away."

"My daughter and this gentleman, Mr. Marrophat, will accompany you,"

"Oh, that's the way of it, is it?" "Name?" interjected the secretary writing busily with the top of his attuche case for a desk-

"Slade," said the bandit, "James Slade." Again Trine panetured the atmosphere with his index finger. "The man whose life I want is named Alan He is running away with my daughter, Rose, accompanied by a person named Barcus, disguised as a Pullman porter-

"The three of them having recent escaped from a train wreck up yonder on the trestle?" Hopf Jim Interposed. "You've met them?" Judith demanded, whirling round:

"About an hour ago, or maybe an hour and a half," Hopt Jim replied, "a good ways down the road. They stopped and ast where they could get put up for the night. I kindly directed them on to Mesa, down in the Painted

CHAPTER XXXVII,

Fireplay.

Contented with the promise of a thousand dollars advance on his contract, providing be returned with horses within a stipulated time, Mr. Hopf James Slade drifted quietly away into the desert night.

Well content, persuaded that the morrow's sun would never set upon a world tenanted by one Alan Law, that monomaniae, Seneca Trine, forgot his recent ill temper and set himself diplo-

matically to adjust the differences be tween his daughter, Judith, and his first Beutenant, Marrophat.

It was no facile task: Marrophat could not be trusted to work with a single mind because of his infatuation for Judith: Judith could no more be trusted faithfully to serve out her yow to bring Alan Law to her father's feet, alive or dead, because-O cruel trony of Fate!-she herself had fallen in love with that same man whose death she had pledged herself to compass. Only when, as now, half mad with jeniousy, determined to see Alan dead rather than yield him to the woman he loved, her sister, might Judith be counted upon to serve her father in his lust for vengeance as he would be served-and even so not without Marrophat at her elbow to egg her on through her resculment of his surveillance. Neither could be trusted, indeed, to work alone to the desired consummation; for Trine had secret reason to fear lest Marrophat might, given opportunity, connive at Alan's escape in order that he might marry Rose and so throw Judith back into



marrophat at Her Eroow to Egy Her On. amended Mercophat's muster. wouldn't if the lady's clothes didn't fit

her so all-fired quick? "Keep a civil tongue in your head, my man!" Judith counseled, without any show of fear. At the same time her father's voice

brought her to her senses. "Judith! Be quiet. Let me deni with this gentleman. I am sure we can come to some arrangement." "You bet your life," agreed the gentleman as the girl mutinously stepped person of boyish appearance, who had back. "I know what I want, and you-

the said arrangement is just 'shell

"One minute." the invalid inter-"Don't misunderstand me: I posed. guarantee you shall be amply satisfied. I give you my word-the word of Seneca Tring."

The eyes of the bandit widened No? Is that so? Seneca Trine, the callroad king? Sure's you're born you're him: I've seen your picture n the papers a dozen times. Well, ow, it looks like I'd drawn a full ouse to this pair of deuces, don't 117 You ought to be able to pay something

"I pay you far more handsomely than you dream of if you'll do as I wish," Trine interrupted quickly. "Do me the service I wish-and name our price: whatever it is, you shall have It!"

"Nothing could be fairer'n that!" the two-gun man admitted suspicious-"But what's the number of this

ere service—like you call it?"
"Listen to me." Tripe tent his head orward and jabbed the air with an imphatic forefinger. "What's the life of a man worth in this neck of the woods?"

"How much you got?" "I'll pay you ten thousand dollars 'or the life of the man I will name." The eyes of the bandit narrowed Hold on, my friend: is that what you all my naming my own price?" "Name it, then," said Trine.

For all that, it was the man and no his daughter, whom Trine designated to lend the expedition, cunningly counting on Judith's chagrin to work upon her passions and excite her to one last mad, blind attempt that should prove successful.

Smiling his secret smile, Trine announced his decision at the last momeet, while liop! Jim waited with his borses and an assistant one Texasfor whome of the innocence of scruples

Mr. Ellade unhesitatingly youched. Sullenty submissive, at least in outward secretor, Judith bowed to this decision, marched out of the car, and suffered Marrophat to help her mount

discrately, as the little cavalcade rods through the moonlit desert

You liked 'Lucille Love' did you need Well, you'll like "The Trey O'Hearts" better. Tonawar a rest Wednesday night.

Reward!



alare, the undersigned interest cases April 26, 1915. Board to maked in eight sounties. Range Harary inkn and Crook counties. Horses control and soul.

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W. W. BROWN Fife, Oregon,

night, the girl maneuvered her horse to the side of Hopi Jim, and then dropped back, permitting Marrophat to lead the way with Texas, As deliberately she set hermalf to

work upon the bandit's susceptibility to her charms. Within an hour she had him ready do anything to win her smile,

In that first rush of golden day hwart the land, the party came quietly Into the town of Mesa, riding slowly in order that the noise of their approach might not warn the fugitives, who Hopl asserted confidently would still be sound asleep in the accommodations offered by the town's one hotel,

It was to be termed a town only in ourtesy, this Mesa: a straggling street of shacks, ramshackle relics of what had once been a promising community, the half-way station between the railroad and the mining camps secreted in the fastnesses of the Painted hills-camps now abandoned, their very names almost faded out of the memory of mankind.

Midway in this string of edifices the hotel stood-a rough, unpainted, wooden edifice, mainly veranda and barroom as to its lower floor.

Jealously Judith watched the win dows of the second floor; and she alone of the four detected the face that showed for one brief instant well back in the shadows beyond one of the bed room windows—a face that glimmered momentarily with the pallor of a ghost's against the background of that oscurity, and then was gone.

Her eyes alone, indeed, could have recognized the features of Alan Law in that fugitive glimpse.

Two sentences exchanged between Hopi Jim and a blear eyed fellow whom he roused from sodden slumbers behind the bar sealed their confidence with conviction: the three fugitives were in fact guests of the house, oc cupying two of the three rooms that mposed its upper story. In the rush that followed up the

narrow stairway, Judith led with such spirit that not even Marrophat sus pected her revolver was poised solely with intent to shoot from his hand his wn revolver the instant he leveled it at a human target.

Closed and locked doors confronted hem; and their summons educed no response; while the first door, when broken in by a whole souled kick, discovered nothing more satisfactory than an empty room, its bed bearing the imprint of a woman's body, but that woman gone.

From the one window, looking down the side of the house. Texas announced that the woman had not escaped by

So it seemed that the three must have had warning of their arrival, after all; and presumably were now herded together in the adjoining room which looked out over the veranda roof, waiting in fear and trembling for the assault that must soon comeand in fact immediately did.

But it met with more stubborn re sistance than had been anticipated The door had been barricaded from within - re-enforced by furniture placed against it. Four minutes and the united efforts of four men (includ ing the bleary loafer of the barroom were required to overcome its inert resistance. But even when it was down the room was found to be as empty as Only the fingers of two hands grip

ping the edge of the veranda roof showed the way the fugitives had flown; and these vanished instantly as the room was invaded.

Followed a swift rush of hoofs down the dusty street, and a chorus of blas phemy in the hotel hallway; for Judith had headed the concerted rush for the stalrense and contrived to block it for a full half minute by pretending to stumble and twist her

In spite of that alleged injury, she never limped, and wasn't a yard behotel to the open, nor yet appreciably behind him in vaulting to saddle. Well up the road a cloud of smoks dust half obscured the shapes of three

who rode for their very lives. The pursuit was off in a twinkling and well bunched - Marrophat's mount leading by a nose. Judith second. Hon-Jim and Texas but little in the rear. And in the first rush they seemed to gain; moment by moment they drew

up on the flying cloud of dust. Judith heard an oath muttered be side her and saw Marrophat jerking a revolver from its noister. The weapon swept up and to a level; but as the bammer fell, Judith's horse caromed heavily against the other, swinging it half a dozen feet aside, and deflecting

the bullet hopelessly. his side. The shock of collision was so great that Marrophat kept his seat with difficulty. He turned toward Judith a face livid with rage.

Simultaneously, as if taking the shot as the signal for a fuelllade, Judith naw Alan lean back over his horse's rump and open fire.

An instant later his companion, Barcus, imitated his example. In immediate consequence, Texas dropped reins, slumped forward over the pommel, wabbled weakly in his saddle for a moment, then losing the stirrups, pitched headlong to

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

stopped short, precipitating his rider

overhead, and dropped dead.

while Hopi Jim's horse

ground;

The Upper Trail. In the ten minutes' delay necessitated by this reverse, a number of less Innocent bystanders deked up the man Texas and carried him off to breathe his last beneath a roof; Hopi Jim picked himself up, brushed his person tolerably clear of

class shape. Prompt attention BURNS , OREGON

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Job printing here,

clouds of dust and profaulty, and departed in search of a mount to replace the horse that had been shot under him; and Judith sat her horse calmly, smiling aweet insolence into the exac-

perated countenance of Marrophat. Incidentally the fugitives disappeared round a bend in the road that led directly into the wild and barren heart of the Painted hills.

In the brief interval that clapsed before his return with Hopl Jim, Marrophat contrived to persuade the bandit that Judith had been, at least indirectly, responsible for the catastrophe, with the upshot that, temporarily blinded to her fascinations by the gittter of nineteen thousand dollars in the near distance, Mr. Slade maintained his distance and a deaf ear to her blandishments. The only information as to their purpose that she was able to extract from either man, when the pursuing party turned aside from the main trail, some distance from Mesa, was that Hopl Jim knew a short cut through the range, via what he termed the upper trail, by which they hoped to be able to head the fugitives off before they could gain the desert on the far side of the hills.

Only at long intervals did they draw rein to permit Hopi Jim to make reonnolmance of the lower trail that threaded the valley on the far side of the ridge.

Toward noon he returned in haste rom the last of these surveysscrambling recklessly down the mountain-side and throwing himself upon his horse with the advice: "We've headed 'em-can make it

low if we ride like all get-out!" For half an hour more they pushed n at the best speed to be obtained rom their weary animals, at length drawing rein at a point where the trail crossed the ridge and widened out upon a long, broad ledge that overhung the valley of the lower trail, with a clear drop to the latter from the brink of a good two hundred feet.

One hasty look back and down into ne valley evoked a grunt of satisfacon from Hopt Jim. "Just in time," he asseverated. "Here

ey come! Ten minutes more His smile answered Marrophat's with unspeakable cruel significance. Texas will sleep better tonight then he knows how I've squared the deal for him!" the bandit declared.

What are you going to do?" Judith manded, reining her horse in beside Marrophat as the latter dismounted. A gesture drew her attention to a uge boulder poised insecurely on the ery lip of the chasm.

"We're going to tip that over on ur friends, Miss Judith!" Marrophat replied, with a smack of relish in his "Simple neat efficient ch? What more can you ask?"

She answered only with an Irrepressble gesture of horror. Marrophat's laugh followed her as she turned away. For some moments she strained her ision vainly, endeavoring to penerate the turbulent currents of superscated air that filled the valley. Then the made out indistinctly the faintly marked line of the lower trail; and mmediately she caught a glimpse of three small figures, mounted, toiling painfully toward the point where death waited them like a bolt from the blue. Hastily she glanced over-shoulder: Hopt Jim and Marrophat, ignoring her,

ere straining themselves against the

ulder without budging it an inch, for all its apparent nicety of poise. For an instant a wild hope flashed through er mind, but it was immediately exorcised when Hopi Jim stepped back and uttered a few words of which only -"dynamite" and "fuse"-reached her cars. Kneeling beside the boulder be dug uslly for an instant, then lodged the

stick to his satisfaction, attached the fuse, and breaking off, edged on his belly to the edge of the cliff and looked down, carefully calculating the length of the fuse by the distant the party down below from the spot where the rock must fall.

But while he was so engaged and Marrophat aided him, all eager interest, Judith was taking advantage of their disregard of her.

Hurriedly unbuttoning her jacket, the whipped a playing card from her pocket, a trey o' hearts, and with the stub of a pencil scribbled three words n its face-"Danger! Go back!" Then finding a small, flattish bit of rock, she bound the care to it with

a bit of string; and with one more backward glance to make sure she was not watched, approached the brink. Hopi Jim was meticulously shortening the fuse, Marrophat kneeling by

In the canyon below the three were within two minutes of the danger point. It was no trick at all to drop the stone so that it fell within a dozen

feet of the leading horseman. She saw him rein in suddenly, dismount, cast a look aloft, then dismount and pick up the warning.

As the others joined him, he detached the card and showed it to them. At the same time Hopi Jim and Marrophat jumped up and ran back, each seizing and holding his horse by nose Constrained to do likewise lest she

lose her mount, Judith waited with a lightened heart The explosion smote dull schoe

from the flanks of the Painted hills, all droweing in the noon-day bush the boulder teetered reluctantly on the brink, then disappeared with a tear ing sound followed by a rush of earth and gravel; a wide gap appeared in the brink of the trail.

Leaving Marrophat to hold the two frightened horses while the girl poothed her own, the bandit rushed to

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the edge, threw himself flat and swore bitterly, with an accent of grievance From the canyon below a dull noise

of galloping hoofs advertised too plainly the failure of their attempt. And Hop! Jim turned back only to find Judith mounted, reining her horse in between him and Marrophat, and prepared to give emphasis to what she had to say with an automatic pietol

that nestled snugly in her palm. "One moment, Mr. Slade," she suggested evenly. "Just a moment before you break the sad news to Mr. Marro phat. I've something to say that needs your attention—likewise, your respect. It is this: I am parting company with you and Mr. Marrophat. I am riding on toward the west, by this trail. If either of you care to follow me"-the automatic flashed ominously in the sun glare-"it will be with full knowledge of the consequences. Mr. Marrophat will enlighten you if you have any doubt of my ability to take care of myself in such affairs as thie. If you are well advised, you will turn back and report failure to my father." She nodded curtly and awung her

horse round. "And what shall I tell your father from you?" Marrophat demanded

"What you please," the girl replied, flashing an impish smile over-shoulder. "But, since when I part company with you, I part with him as well-for all of me, you may tell him to go to the devil!

"Well," Mr. Marrophat admitted con fidentially to Mr. Slade, "I'm damned!" "And that ain't all," Mr. Slade confided in Mr. Marrophat, whipping out his own revolver: "You're being held up, too. I'll take those guns of your'n, friend, and what else you've got about you that's of value, including your hoss -and when you get back to old man Trine you can just tell him, with my best compliments, that I've quit the job and lit out after that daughter of his'n. She's a heap sight more attractive than nineteen thousand dollars. and not balf so hard to earn!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Burnt Fingers. Once she had lost touch with her father's creatures, the girl drew rein and went on more slowly and cau-

Below her, in the valley, the lower trail wound its facile way. From time to time she could discern upon some naked stretch of its length a cloud of dust, or perhaps three mounted figures, scurrying madly on with fear of death snapping at their beels.

It was within an hour of midnight,

a night bell-clear and bitter cold on the heights, and bright with moonlight, when Alan's party made its last pause and camped to rest against the dawn, unconscious of the fact that, a quarter of a mile above them, on the upper trail, a lonely woman paused when they paused and made her own camp on the edge of a sharp declivity The level shafts of the rising sun awakened her. She sat up, rubbed her eyes, yawned, stretched limbs stiff with the hardship of eleoping on un-

grating of footsteps on the earth behind her. Before she could turn, however, she was caught and wrapped in the arms

yielding, sun-baked earth-and of a

sudden started up, surprised by the

of Hopt Jim. She mustered all her strength and wits and will for one last struggleand in a frenzied moment managed to break his hold a triffe, enough to enable her to enatch at the pistol hangng from her belt and present it at his

But it exploded harmlessly, spending its bullet on the blue of the morning sky. The bandit caught her wrist in time, thrust it aside and subjected it to such cruel pressure and such savage wrenchings that the pistol dropped

from fingers numbed with pain. And now all hint of mercy left his eyes; remained only the glare of rage. He put forth all his strength in turn. and Judith was as a child in his hands. In half a minute he had her helpless, in as much time more her back was breaking across his knee, while he bound her with loop after loop of his rawhide lariat.

Then, leaving per momentarily supine on the ground, Hopi Jim caught and unhobbled her horse, and without troubling to saddle it, lifted the girl to its back, and placed her there, face upward, catching her hands and feet, as they fell on either flank of the animal, with more loops of that unbreak able rawhide, and deftly placing the master knot of the hitch that bound this human pack well beyond possibillty of her reach.

She panted a prayer for mercy. He aughed in her face, bent and kissed her brutally, and stepped back laughing to admire his handlwork

Thus he stood for an instant be tween the horse and the edge of the leclivity, a fair mark, stark against the sky, for one who stood in the val-ley below, holding his rifle with eager fingers, waiting for just such opportunity with the same impatience with which he had waited for it ever since the noise of debris kicked over the edge by the struggling man and woman had drawn his attention to

what was going on above. Alan pressed the trigger and the shot sounded clear in the morning stillness, Judith saw a look of ag grieved amazement cross the face of Hopi Jim Slade.

Then he threw his hands out, clawed blindly at the air, staggered, reeled against the horse's flank so heavily that it shied in fright, and abruptly shot from sight over the edge of the

(To be continued)

Tonawama tomorrow night,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office.

Burns, Oregon, March 21, 1910. 

Notice is hereby given that Elmer James, of Burns, Oregon, who on October 17, 1911, made thomestead Entry, No. 05658, for SWig. Section 31, Township 25 B., Range 21 E., William ette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof to establish claim to 156 and above described, before Keglister and Korelver, at Burns. Oregon, on the studies of May, 1910.

Claimant names as witnessee: Charles Newell, Mannie Newell, Charley Backhouse, James Kendall, all Natrows, Oregon.

WM. FARRE, Register.

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