

Every Wednesday Evening

THE TREY (1) HEARTS

to avert it-no matter what we may

With an indignant grunt, but con-

siderate none the less, Mr. Barcus

caught up the glasses and turned his

"Go on!" he grumbled, pretending

. But go!" he insisted,

"And God go

to ignore the hand Alan offered him

from the saddle. "I've got no patience

of a sudden setzing the hand and

Then hoofbeats drumming on the

hard-packed carth of the canyon trail

struck a hundred echoes from its

Mr. Barcus showed Rose Trine a

face almost ludierous with its an-

guished cmile that was intended to

as quick as may be," he urged. "Light-

ning will never strike us so long as we stick to Mr. Law of the charmed

life-but I don't mind telling you, once

out of his company, I'm just naturally

CHAPTER XLL

The Trail of Flying Hoof-Prints.

chill of night lingered stubbornly

and would until the shadow of the

eastern rampart had crept slowly

down the canyon's western wall, tele

behind the rounded should it of a bill

the horse settled down to steady go-

leagues with the long apparently ef-

fortless and tir. less lone of the plains-

Alan's departure from camp had an-

ticipated by a round quarter-hour the

appearance on the upper trail of

friends of the slain band t, to the

called his death murder and pledged

at the door of the mon and woman

Between the ne must when discov-

ery of the men on the ridge trail in-

terrupted their simple and hurrled

of their way down the canyon in pur-

suit of Alan, but little time had

And even with its double burden,

their horse unde better time upon

the broad lower level than those who

followed the raige trail by mid morn-

ing, when they approached the foot-

hills that ran down to the desert, the

pursuit was more than a mile in the

rear and shut off to boot by a mono-

lithic bill, while Alan was many a

He sat upon his horse, just then, at

standstill upon the cumpelt of a round-

ed knoll, the Painted hills lifting up

behind him, the de ort before unfold-

enly in the haze-veiled southwest.

Staring beneath a shading hand, he

the surface of the desert but its

myriad heat-devils jigging monoto-

nously their infernal danse macabre.

Or-as seemed more probable was

the back there among the Paintel

beneath the weight of that fallen

Descending the knoll he reined his

lagging mount back into the trail, fol-

lowing its winding course through the

foothills and round the base of that

monolithic mountain toward the junc-

tion with the ridge trail, miles away.

It approached the hour of noon h

fore he gained the point where the

wo trails joined and struck out across

the desert. And here he discovered

what he thought indisputable indica-

tion that the fright of Judith's horse

Abandoning immediately all notion

of returning through the hills by the

idge-trail, he turned and swung away

at the best pace he could spur from

his broncho, delivering himself into

the pitliess embrace of that implaca-

At long intervals he would check

the broncho and, reeling in his saddle,

endeavor to sweep the desert with his

And toward the middle of the after-

oon he fancied that something re-

warded one such effort; something

for an instant swam athwart the field

f the glasses: something that seemed

move like a weary horse with a

But now the phenomena were dis-

ernible which, had he been more des-

ert wise, would have made him pause

and think before he ventured farther

His first appreciated warning came

reach as they were.

those hills, already beyond

ble wilderness of sun and sand.

had persisted.

binoculars.

No rest for Alan till he knew

blast of that savage sun?

weary mile in advance,

elapsed.

blurred.

breakfast and that which found Rose

below the scene of hope Jim's fall.

pit of terment and of b roing.

touch of Alan's spir

side, mesquite-closked.

bred broncho, ventreaderre.

In the still air of that young day the

"Let's lock sharp and follow him

with you .

pressing it fervently.

with you, my friend!"

rugged, rocky walls.

seem reassuring

afraid of the dark!"

have suffered at Judi h's hands?"

CHAPTER XL.

The Man in the Shadow Two hundred feet, if one, Hopf Jim fell from the lip of the cliff. Then suddenly the thing that had been Hopf Jim Slade was checked in its headlong descent by the outstanding trunk of a tree, over which it remained, doubled up, limp, horrible .

The miniature landslide that had been caused by his fall went on, settling gradually as the slope became less sheer. Only part of it, a double handful of pebbles, gained the bottom of the canyon.

Its muffled impact on the ground round his feet roused the man who had compassed the bandit's death from the pose he had unconsciously assumed on the instant of firing.

He stepped back, and snatched up a case containing binoculars.

Not before the glasses were adjusted to his vision did he find time to respond absently to the alarmed and insistent inquiries of his two companions, a man of his own age and a girl of some years less, who had been wakened from their sleep by the report of the rifle.

Now the latter plucked his sleeve, momentarily deflecting the glasses from the object which they were following so sedulously as it moved along the heights; a wildly running horse with a woman bound helpless upon its back, both sharply in silhouette against the burning blue.

Alan!" the girl demanded, "what is it? Why did you fire? Why won't you answer me? What is it?" 'Judith," Alan replied tersely, again

picking up with the glasses the run away horse that fled so madly along the perilous and narrow track of the The name was echoed from two

throats as Alan swung sharply and thrust the glasses into the hands of "Judith." he affirmed with a look of

poignant solicitude. "She's roped to the back of that crazy broncho-helpless! See for yourself; one false step -suppose a stone turns beneath its hoof-she'll be killed!" While the girl focused her glasses

number of four or five, who had both discovered and recovered his body. upon that speck that flew against the Alan turned to the two horses themselves to its avenuement-laying hobbled near by and setzing a saddle responsibility for the autable crime threw it over the back of one. At this the other man turned to his to be seen in the camon, immediately

side and dropping a detaining hand upon his arm asked:

What are you going to do?" Alan shook the hand off and went on with his self-appointed task. "Go after her, Tom, of course," he replied. "What else? That animal is

crazy, I tell you-"Even so," Tom Barcus argued, "you can't climb that hillside on horseback-

and if you could, you'd be too late to catch up, much less prevent an ac "I know it. But suppose it doesn't

fall . . . You know what's beyond these hills—deserts! And the girl is helpless, I tell you, bound hand and foot. Think of her being carried that way-all day, perhaps-face up to this brutal sun! She'll go mad if some thing isn't done-

"You've gone mad yourself already," Mr. Barcus contended darkly. "What's It to you if she does? Suppose you do succeed in rescuing her: what then? As soon as she gets on her pins she'll try to stick a knife into you-like as not What's she been chasing you for, all over this land of the brave and home of the free, but to take your fool life? And now you want to sacrifice



Moistened His Parched Lips and

yourself to her, out of sheer, downright foolishness in the head! I suppose you'll like me to call it chivalry: I'll tell you what I call it—lunacy!"

"Don't be an ase!" Alan responded temperately, gathering the reins together and instinctively lifting a foot to the stirrup. "Who warned us yesterday in time to prevent our being crushed by that rock? Judith! Why was she separated from Marrophat and the others-alone up there when that beast encaked up behind her-O, I saw him-I saw it all-and grabbed her and roped her to that bronco-if It wasn't because she had broken with them for good and all and started to fight on our side?"

You're raving," Barcus commented hopeless tone. He looked to the girl. "Rose-Miss Trine-reason with thia madman-

Dropping the glasses, the girl came swiftly and confidently to her lover's human figure bound to its back. side, lifting her lips to his.

"Go, sweetheart!" she told him "Save her if you can!" With a look of triumph for the bene fit of Mr. Barcus Alan Law gathered

Rose Trine into his arms. "Did you dream for an instant Rose would see her own sister carried to when the surface of the desert seemed her death if anything could be done

so lift and shake like the top of a canvas tent in a gale. At the same time a mighty gust of wind awapt athwart the waste, hot at a furnace blast. In a trice dust enveloped man and horse, a stifling cloud of superheated particles that stung the flesh like a myriad needles. And then darkness fell, the twilight of hades, a copper-colored pall. Nothing remained visible beyond arm's length.

Blinded, half sufficiented, unspeakably dismayed and bewildered, the broncho awing round, back to the blast, and refused to budge another

Himself more than half-dazed, but still hounded by his nightmare vision of Judith, Alan dismounted to escape being torn bodily from the saddle by that hellish sand-blast, and seizing the bridle sought to draw the horse

He wasted his strength in that endeavor: the animal balked, planted its hoofs deep in the sand, stiffened its legs and resisted with the stub-bornness of a rock; then, of a sudden, crked his head smartly, snapped the bridle from his grasp and flung away, sendding before the storm.

Pursuit was out of the question: indeed, the bridle was barely torn

She found him intensible, lying with an arm bent under him in a pose frightfully suggesties of dislocation Yet when she turned him on his back and released the arm, he made no sign to indicate that the movement had caused him the slightest pain. There was a slight cut upon his

brow, a bruise about his left temple. She tore linen from her bosom, neath her coarse flannel shirt, and with sparing ald from the canteen, washed the cut clean and bandaged it.

Then seeing that the storm held with fury unabated, she rose, reconnoitered and returned to exert all her strength and drag the unconscious man across the dry bod of that ancient water-course and under the lee of its

There, sitting, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and bending over him made her body an additional shelter to him from the swirling clouds

And for hours on end Judith nursed him there, scarce daring to move save to minister to his needs, bathing his fevered brow and moistening his parched lips and threat,

In the course of the first hour she was once startled by the spectral vis-



"Rose-Miss Trine-Reason With the Madmanion through the driving sheets or dust

scoped upon itself and vanished, letfrom his hand before Alan lost sight ting in the sun to make the place s of the broncho. For a moment he stood rooted in Refreshed from rat and exhibarated consternation as in a bog-with an by this grateful coolness, his borse responded willingly to the first light

arm upthrown across his face. Then the thought of Judith recurred. the overnight camp dropped from view Head bended and shoulders rounded,

he began to forge a way into the teeth of the sandstorm. Then from its first spirited flight How long he fought on, pitting his strength against the elements, cannot ing, lengthened its stride, and ranefor be reckoned.

In the end he stumbled blindly down a slight decline and was abruptly conscious that he had in some way found shelter from the full force of the wind

He staggered on another yard or breathing more freely, and blundered into a rough ribbed wall of rock some sporadic outcrop, he understood, whose bulk stood between him and the storm. He thought to rest for a time, until

the storm had spent its greatest strength; but as he laid his shoulder gratefully against the rock and scrubbed the dust from his smarting eyes he saw what he at first conceived to be a hallucination; Judith Trine standing within a yard of him, alive, and Barcus mounted on the back of standing wit their own horse and making the best strong free.

He stared incredulously, saw her recognize him, open her mouth to atter a wondering cry that was inaudible, and come quickly nearer. "Alan! You came for me! You fol-

owed me, through all this!" He threw off her hand with a bitter laugh-that was like the croaking of a raven as it issued from his bone-dry throat-and in momentary possession of hysteric madness, reeled away from the woman and the shelter of the rock and delivered himself anew to the mercy of the dust-storm.

CHAPTER XLII.

ing like a map-but like a map all Open Mutlny. Though she had been schooled to hold Only in the near foreground was name of Law in loathing unand to think of Alan as a anything definite to be d'stinguished speakat in the aspect of the sumblien waste- mortal my and as one whose death bleached earth patterned in almost or ld properly requite the cruel derly arrangement by sagebroch and had been done her father: injury h the man himself had gnarled eact). At the distance of half | and | tl scorn her first involuntary a mile all biended into one vast plain | laughed n of that love for him which of glaring gray that stretched over confess umed her being with its inthe round of the world to a broken how wall of purple bills that reeled drunk- satistiires, she swallowed hercharrie and followed him with the olicitude of one whose love can recog-Was Judith out there, comewhere, lost, defenseless, forlorn, impotent to hize no wrong in its object. Through lift a hand to shield her face from the all the remainder of that day of terror

the was never far from his side. With the meekness of the strong, the made herself his shadow. discerned nothing that moved upon she was now the stronger, for she had had more than an hour's rest beside on the way of that rocky windbreak. Sconer or later his strength must fall him and he would need her; till then bills, lying still and lifeless, crushed she was centent to bide her hour.

it befell presently in startling fashton; she was not a yard behind him when he vanished abruptly. But the next moment Judith herself was trembling on the crumbling brink of an arroyo of depth and width indeterminable in the obscurity of the duststorm. Down this, evidently,

burden, it went slowly and passed so near to Judith that she was able to recognize the features of her sister and Tom Barcus.

bearing two riders on its back.

Be sure she made never a sign to catch their attention. Within the next succeeding hour the coppery light lost something of its hot brillance, took on a darker

of a horse that plodded up the arroyo,

Weary with the weight of its double

shade, and then one darker still. Twilight stole athwart the desert turning its heat to chill, its light to violet. Growing more intense, the cold eventually roused the sleeping man. And hardly had his eyes unclosed

and looked up into the eyes of Judith bending over him than he started up and out of her embrace, got unsteadfly upon his feet and after a moment of pause, watching her rise in turn, strode away-or, rather, staggeredwith the gesture of exoreism. Uncomplaining, hugging her new

born humility to her with the ecstasy f the anchorite his horse hair shirt, Judith followed him patiently, at a little distance. Not far from where he had rested here was a break in the overhanging wall of the arroyo. Through this he

the unheeded woman at his beels.

A brief pause there afforded both time to regain their breath and survey the desert for signs of assistance: It offered none, other than what they might accomplish through their own exertions. For leagues in any quarter it stretched without a break other than the black cleft of the arroyo, gleaming a bleached and deathly white in the moonshine-like the face of a frozen

With tacit consent both turned that way Alan leading. Judith his pertinaclous shadow, with never a word or sign between them to prove that either was aware of the other's company.

But this was a state of affairs that could not long endure. Judith had the price to pay for her own trials, suffering and privation: the strain began to tell sorely upon her. She recleslightly as she walked, weaving a winding trail across and across the straighter line of footprints that marked Alan's course through the ordered pattern of the powdered sage-

And of a sudden she collapsed. Instinct alone made Alan glance overshoulder: for she had made no sound whatever.

He turned and came directly back to her, knelt beside her, lifted her head, pillowed it gently on his arm and piled her in turn with the dregs of the canteen

With a sigh a stifled moan and a ittle shiver, she revived He helped her gently to regate her

feet, passed an arm round her. In this fashion they struggled on in strange, dumb companionship of misery and wonder.

Thus an hour passed; and for al their desperate struggles neither could see that the light on the mountainside was a yard the nearer.

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Notice is hereby given that general fund warrants registered prior to March 1, 1914; all road or mules belonging registered prior to April 1, 1915. and all rabbit bounty warrants to addition to the above, the undersigned registered prior to March 1, 1915.

R. A. MILLER, County Treasurer.

Job printing here.

Behind them other lights appeared. we staring yellow eyes that peered up over the horizon, seemed to pauce time in search of the two, then

eaped out directly toward them. Of this they were altogether ignor ant; and when a deep, droning sound disturbed the desert silence, like the purring of some gigantic cat, both asaboring pulses.

The two lights were not a mile behind them when, ellently, without s sign to warn the girl, Alan released her, took a step apart and dropped as if shot.

Instantly she was kneeling by his alde. But in the act of bending over him she drew back and remained for several moments motionless, staring at those twin glaring eyes, sweeping down upon them with all the speed attainable by a six-cylinder touring car negotiating a trackless desert.

When Judith did move it was not to comfort Alan. On the contrary, her first act was to draw from her pocket a heavy, blunt-nosed revolver, break it at the breech and blow its barrel clear of dust. Her hand went next to the holster on Alan's hip. From this she extracted his Colt's .45, treat ing it as she had the other. Then she crouched low above the man she loved, as if thinking perhaps to escape notice

from the occupants of the motorcar. If that were her thought, it was bred of an idle hope. Alan had chosen to fall in the middle of a wide space so arid that not even sagebrush had ventured to take root there. When the glare of the headlights fell upon them it was inevitable that discovery should follow. The motor car stopped within twenty feet. Three men jumped out and ran toward the pair, leaving two in the car-the chauffeur and one who occupied a corner of the rear seat: an aged man with the face of a damned soul, doomed for a little time to live upon this earth in the certain knowledge of his damnation.

As this happened, Judith Trine leaped to her feet and stood over the body of Alan, a revolver poised in either hand.

"Halt!" she ordered imperatively. The three who had alighted obeyed without a moment's hesitation; her

father's creatures, they knew the daughter's temper far too well to dream of opposing her will, In the six hands that were sillouetted against the headlights' radiance, three revolvers glimmered; but

at her command all three dropped harmlessly to the earth. Then, sharply, "Stand back two paces!" she required.

They humored her unanimously. Darting forward, she picked up and pocketed the three weapons, then with one of her own singled out the men she named.

"Now, Marrophat-and you, Hickspick Mr. Law up and carry him into the car. And treat him geptly, mind! If one of you lifts a finger to harm him, that one shall answer to me.

Still none ventured to dispute her. The two men designated, without a sign of disinclination, stepped forward, One lifted Alan Law by the shoulders; the other took the legs. Between them they bore him with every care toward the motor car.

But now a second will manifested itself. The man in the rear seat lifted up a weirdly sonorous voice: "Stop!" he cried. "Stop this non-

sense! Drop that man! Judith, I command you-"Be silent!" the girl cut in sharply. "I command here-if it's necessary to

tell you." There was a pause of astonishment. Then the old man broke out in exasperation that threatened to wax into fury: "Judith! What do you mean by this? Has it indeed come to this that my own daughter defies me to my

"Apparently!" she shot back, with a short laugh. "Judge for yourself! scrambled painfully, reaching the level 'Have you forgotten your vow to of the desert only after cruel effort,

"No. But I take it back and cancel it: that is my privilege. I believe. . . Silence!" she stormed as he strove to gainsay her. "Silence-do you hear?-or it will be the worse for

As well command the sea to still its voice: her father raged like a madman that he was, for the time being divested of his habitual mask of frigid

heartlessness And seeing that there was no other way of quieting him, the girl turned

"Now Jimmy!" she said crisply. Into that car and be quick about it

and gag him!" "If you do," her father foamed, "I'll have your life-

A flourish of her weapons gained instant obedience. She stepped up on the running board and shot a quick, searching glance at the face of the chauffeur.

"Straight ahead, my man!" she said. "Make for the nearest pass through those hills vonder, and don't delay unless you are anxious for trouble. Off

the three men in the desert a mocking bow, jumped into the body of the car and slammed the door. They made no effort to plead their

The car began to move. She swept

cause and secure passage even as far as the edge of the desert; doubtless they knew too well the futility of that she thought, as she settled back in a seat, chuckling with the memory of those three masks of dismay unmitigated

It was not until five minutes later. when she straightened up from making Alan comfortable that she realized what had made them so content to

Then she heard their voices lifted together in a long, shrill how! that was

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quickly answered by fainter yells from a distant quarter of the desert, then by pistols popping and flashing some two miles away, then by a growing

rumble of galloping hoofs.

The night glasses in the car afforded her flashes of a body of several horse men-some six or seven, she judgedmaking at top speed toward the spot where Marrophat, Hicks and Jimmy waited beside a beacon which they had built and lighted.

Half a dozen sentences exchanged with the chauffeur advised her that these were horsemen from the town of Mesa who had charged themselves with the duty of avenging the death of Hopi Jim Slade.

A sardonio chuckle from within Trine's gag goaded the girl into a sullen fury.

Exacting his utmost speed from the chauffeur, under penalty of her displeasure, she set herself to revive With the aid of such stores of food

and drink as the car carried, this was quickly enough accomplished. Strangling with an overdose of brandy too little diluted with water, Alan sat up, grasped the conditions in a flash, and gained further informa tion as he devoured sandwiches and emptied a canteen.

The mountain pass was now, he judged, a mile distant. The light on the hillside, according to the chauffeur, was that of a prospector who had camped there temporarily. There was nothing, then, to be feared from that quarter, but solely from the rear -where the horsemen, having picked up Marrophat and his companions had instituted hot pursuit, and were now strung out in a long, straggling line, three horses carrying double the farthermost-perhaps a mile and a half away-one with a single rider the nearest, well within three-quarters of a mile.

Nobly mounted, this last came on like the wind, gaining on the motor car with every stride; for his horse was trained to such going, whereas the car at best could only labor heav ily in dust and sand. None the less, it had won to a point

within a quarter of a mile from the pass before the horseman got within what he esteemed the proper range, and opened fire. He fired thrice. His first shot winged wide, his second by ill-chance ripped

through a rear tire of the car, thus placing upon it an additional handlas his hands flew up and he dropped from the saddle, drilled through the body by Alan's only shot. A long-range platel duel was in progress before the car had covered

By the time it entered this last, which proved to be a narrow ravine with towering side of crumbly earth and shale and broken rock, the pursuit was not a bundred yards behind, while the firing was well-nigh contin-

half the remaining distance to the

Two hundred feet above the trail two men were working with desperate haste at some mysterious businessthough none noticed them. Only the chauffeur was aware of a

woman running down the hillside at an angle, to intercept the car several



Straight Ahead, My Man!" She Said hundred yards from the mouth of the

As it drew near the spot where she paused, waving both bands frantically, the head of the pursuing party swept into the mouth of the ravine. At the same time the chauffeur no ticed that the two men on the hillside

were following the woman pellmell, throwing themselves down the slope with gigantic leaps and bounds. And then a great explosion rent the eaceful hush of night-that till then had been profaned by the pattering cracks of the revolver fusiliade.

As the roar of dynamite subsided the entire side of the hill shifted and slid ponderously down, choking the ravine with debris to the depth of some thirty or forty feet, burying the leaders of the pursuit beyond hope of

Only a instant later the motor car joited to a halt and Alan pulled him-self together to find that Rose and Barcus were standing beside the door and jabbering joyful greetings, mixed with more or less incoherent explanations of the manner in which they had ome to seek shelter for the night in the prospector's shack and, roused by the noise of firing and recognizing Alan in the car by the aid of spyclasses, had with the prospector's aid hit upon this scheme of shooting a landslide in between the promit and its devoted quarry.

Tonawama tomorrow night.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office.
Burns, Oregon, March 31, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that Eimer James, of Burns, Oregon, who on October II, 1811, made Homestead Entry, No. 05668, for 8WM, Nection 31, Township 25 S. Range 31 E., William etc Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon, on the Shiday of May, 1919.
Claims at unmess as witnesses:
Charles Newell, Mannie Newell, Charley Backhouse, James Kendall, all Narrows, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE Burns Oregon, March 27, 1915.

WM. FARRE, Register.

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