

STOCK BRANDS.



FREE BRAND COLUMN.

Horse brand barten on left shoulder; Cattle barten on left hip and upper clip on both ears. T. A. McKinnon, Burns Ore.

Hardin & Riley, cattle branded V on left side Horse brand on left side. P. O. Burns, Oregon

J. C. Foley, cattle brand on right side Horse brand on left shoulder.

J. A. Williams cattle brand, H, on left rib horse brand 71 on right stifle. P. O. Riley Or.

Horses branded () on left stifle. Cattle brand () on left hip. Marlon Bunyard, P. O. Burns

Cattle diamond on left hip; horses CV on left shoulder. Charles H. Voegtley, Burns Oregon

Horse branded P on right shoulder, cattle P on right hip. R. A. Hendricks, P. O. Lawen Or

Horse brand 26 on left shoulder, also three dots in shape of triangle, cattle branded same E. E. Grant Burns Or.

Mrs. Rosa Dickenson Horse brand avil or left side. Cattle branded bar K on left hip. F. O. Lawen Ore.

J. P. Dickenson cattle brand J P connected on left hip. Horse brand avil on left stifle. P. Lawen Ore.

Cattle brand figure 7 on either hip; mark light crop off on ear, clip in each ear, and wait on left ear. Horse brand figure 7 on either hip. J. H. Bunyard, Burns Ore.

On all ins, horses and milks brande round in on each stifle. P. O. Riley Ore.

Horse brand on right side. James Rouss. P. O. Burns Ore.

Horse brand barn on left shoulder; Cattle brand barn on left hip and rib. Catherine Marshall P. O. Burns Ore.

Lampshire & Sons cattle brand > B on nose. ear mark swallow fork in right ear upper lip in left. P. O. Burns Ore.

Cattle mark swallow fork in right ear and mark in left ear, brand 26 connected on left hip. Horse brand figure 7 on left hip. Charles Zeigler, Burns Ore.

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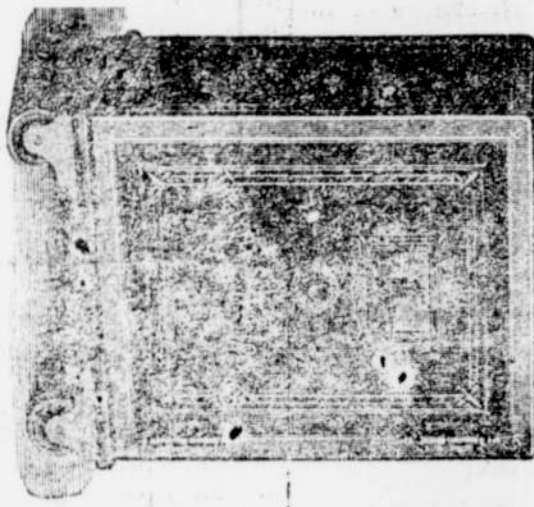
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THE CHERUB.

FROM LADIES' WORLD.

CHAPTER IV.

I look at Lilian narrowly, fiercely. Her eyes are full of mirth. My indignation would probably find vent in a severe lecture, but the thought of Jackson entangled in the cage and rolling down the steps into the snow comes to me at this juncture, and the laughter that escapes my lips is caught up and re-echoed from my father's room.

At dinner I am introduced to a bronze-faced, be-whiskered gentleman of the name of Mr. Hubert Bancroft, and the joy caused by my father's return quickly drives away all thoughts of the eventful afternoon.

It is a happy party that gathers before the grate at night. Father's thrilling stories of adventure, told in matchless style, and his description of the peoples among whom it was his fortune to be thrown; his irrepressible humor, shaded occasionally by a bit of pathos, all contribute to make the evening one never to be forgotten.

I have not had the opportunity of examining Mr. Bancroft's face as well as I would like; he is taciturn and sits in the shadow, and I am rather shy after my brilliant performance of the afternoon.

"Bancroft, my cherubic friend," cries father, flushing the story of his success in the gold mines of Mexico and his ventures in the copper fields of Chili, "you conclude that story, my lad, and tell us all now it was that we came together."

Thus appealed to, my father's friend tells how he left the United States for a South American port as a sailor; how he suffered, being green, on board the vessel; how at last, when nearing their destination, the port of Arica, a fearful temblor, or earthquake, came, and the vessel was wrecked, all on board perishing save three.

"The three—what became of them?" say I, leaning forward, rather pleased with the narrator's voice.

"Of the three, one was left on a desert isle, having become crazed after days and days on the sea in an open boat."

"How cruel in you! And did he die alone, forsaken by all who loved him, with no hand to help him, no one to hold his dying head?" say I, quickly, my breath coming in gasps. A great fear seizes me, I know not why.

The gentleman hesitates and looks at father, who in turn looks sharply at him; then father suddenly bolts from his chair, as is his custom when excited over any matter, and strides the floor.

"Of that man who was left on the barren island," continues the narrator, "nothing was ever heard; but the boat containing the two seamen was picked up by a coasting vessel and the pair fellows were landed at last at Valparaiso, Chili. Here one of them died—"

"His name?" I cry. Mr. Bancroft starts a minute, then waives the question.

While the other, happening by the merest chance to save the life of an American from assassins in the streets of Valparaiso—"

"That's modest, Hubert," my father breaks in, speaking rapidly. "Let me finish it. You saved my

life from as cowardly and dastardly a set of blackguards as ever lived. I found out who and what you were, your condition in life, and so forth, and together we went up into the interior, struck a mine, and, thanks be to God, here we are—rich men, happy and strong, and with many years of life before us, let us hope."

"Mr. Bancroft," say I, nerving myself for a question, the answer to which I fear may kill me, "do you know the name of either of those men who died?"

"For the life of me I can't recall either name," he replies, after some reflection. At this reply father stops short in his nervous striding and, looking at his friend, utters a low whistle—a most extraordinary performance, as it expressed wonder at such a statement. I grow suspicious.

"Was there any token left by either? On the little finger of him who died in Valparaiso was there a band of gold, such as you wear."

"N-no, I don't think—the fact is—I think I can. No! I don't—"

Again that aggravating whistle from father, who now stands directly at the window, looking out at the snow.

"If I mention the name of the ship that was wrecked will you confirm it?"

"Yes."

"The Mary Brown, wrecked off the port of Arica, on the night of the 11th of May, 1882."

"The same."

"And the name of him who was saved was—"

The lump in my throat has to be cleared away before I can mention it.

"John Mortimer!" is the thrilling response, uttered in a low voice.

I gasp hysterically, totter to my feet, then fall in a heap.

At this juncture a most unlooked-for incident occurs.

Father, with a dart like lightning, springs at the man, snatches from his face a false beard and from his head a wig, and as Jackson and Aunt Chloe—the latter holding her skirts and taking most ridiculous steps—come on the scene in response to Lilian's cries of alarm, my reeling senses perceive the form of him who went to sea but was not drowned.

"I have come back for you, Rose, dear," cries John Mortimer, holding me in his strong grasp. "From your father's lips I heard of your repentant spirit, and at last you are mine, mine!"

"Well done, John, my cherubic friend!" I hear the voice of father above the confusion. Then, grasping Lilian around the waist, he pointed to where we are. "Lilian my dear," he says, his eyes twinkling, "look at your future brother. Look at him! I say! It is said that your father can do some tall prevaricating, but for pure, unadulterated lying, if our son and brother here don't excel the Baron Munchausen I'll eat the whole book—and the Baron, too."

"Jackson," says Aunt Chloe, "wot an dis yāh thing?" holding out the false whiskers worn by Mr. Mortimer.

"Go 'way, Chloe! Don't cum botherin' roun' me. chile. Dey's bin 'citement 'nuff 'roun' heah fo' de las' free weeks to set one crazy. You jes' go frow dat thing 'way."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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