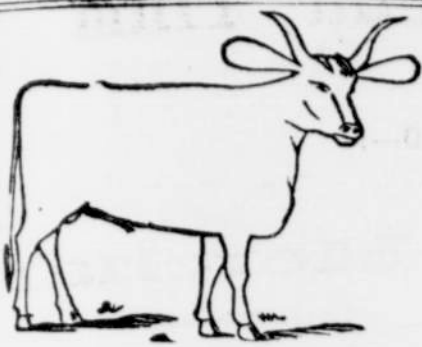


STOCK BRANDS.



PRZE BRAND COLUMN.

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

Hardin & Riley, cattle brand V on left side Horse brand 77 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.

Horse brand 10 on left stifle. Cattle brand 10 on left hip. Marion Bunyard, P. O. Burns.

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

Horse brand P on right shoulder, cattle P on right hip. R. A. Hendricks, P. O. Laven Or

Horse brand 86 on left shoulder, also three dots in shape of triangle, cattle brand same. E. E. Gray Burns Or.

Miss Rosa Dickenson Horse brand anvil or left side. Cattle brand bar R on left hip. P. O. Burns Ore.

J. P. Dickenson cattle brand J P connected on left hip; horse brand anvil on left stifle. P. Laven Or.

Cattle brand figure 7 on either hip; mark light colored bear slip in each ear, and wait on left jaw; horse brand figure 7 on either hip. J. H. Bunyard, Burns Ore.

Horse brand 11 on right side. P. O. Riley Ore.

Horse brand 7 on right stifle. James Russell P. O. Burns Ore.

Horse brand bar on left shoulder; Cattle brand on left hip and ribs. Catherine Marshall P. O. Sarratwore.

Samphre & Sons cattle brand > B connected, ear mark swallow fork in right ear under bit in left. P. O. Burns Ore.

Cattle mark a swallow fork in right ear, and under bit in left ear, brand Z connected on left hip; horse brand the same on left hip. Charles Zeigler, Burns Ore.

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Pure In Heart.

FROM LADIES' WORLD.

CHAPTER III

"Doris, you say I have taught you many things since you came to me a year ago. Among them have I taught you how to love?"

A consciousness, new-born and terrible to see in its intensity, filled the girl's eyes, as for one instant they met his; then, wrenching her hand from his clasp, she covered her face and crouched low in the corner of the boat.

Unheeded the blue sky above them and the dimpling waters about them, glistening in the morning light, while the forgotten lilies at their feet lay drooping silently.

"Darling, speak to me," said Mr. Hunter at last, in a voice deep with tenderness.

"Hush!" burst from Doris's pale lips, dropping her hands and showing him a face white with pain. "Have you forgotten, Mr. Hunter, that you are a married man?"

"God forgive me! yes," answered he, starting back as though some one had struck him a blow.

With close pressed lips and savage eyes Hunter rowed swiftly to the shore, and, springing out of the boat, held out his hand to Doris. As her cold hand once more lay in his their eyes met, and swift the treacherous blood flew to each face.

With a sudden movement he bent and kissed her, whispering hoarsely: "Forgive me, Doris, and goodbye." Trembling and silent she heard his footsteps die away in the distance; then, gathering up the neglected lilies, she walked slowly toward the cottage. In the silence of her own chamber every word and look was lived over and over again; and to the question, "Have I taught you how to love?" her pure heart, through an agony of humiliation, made answer, "Even so."

In the crowded smoker of an eastern-bound train Lee Hunter sat gnawing savagely at the end of an unlit cigar. Holding a newspaper close to his face to prevent any chance recognition, he thought over the occurrences of the past few hours. "I never realized before," he muttered to himself, "how easy it was for a moderately good man to become a scoundrel."

Three years later, one cold day in November, Doris Shirley stepped from her uncle's carriage and passed into one of the crowded emporiums on Broadway. Many changes had come to her since her residence in New York. Surrounded by every luxury that wealth could supply, tenderly beloved by her indulgent uncle, who sought in every way to atone for the neglect of the past years, Doris had developed into a refined and lovely woman. The girlish figure had grown full and round in its proportions, and the flower like face was even more daintily beautiful than before.

Swift as her dainty feet had crossed the pavement, a gentleman, who was sauntering leisurely past the store at the time, had ample opportunity to scan the beautiful face and form. With a muttered exclamation, he turned and gazed after her as she vanished. Pausing before one of the great shop windows, he seemed apparently engrossed in the magnificent display of costly fabrics within, but a close observer could not but note the anxious scrutiny he gave each person that passed out of the store.

Presently his patience was rewarded, and his quick eye saw Doris glide swiftly past him to the waiting carriage. As she paused for the coachman to open the door, the gentleman hastened toward her, and lifting his hat, said: "Miss Shirley, is it indeed you?"

With rather a haughty turn of the head Doris looked coldly and inquiringly at the speaker; then, with a slow, sweet smile of recognition, she said, in a low voice utterly free from emotion, save a well-bred surprise: "Mr. Hunter, is it possible?"

"Really and truly possible, Doris—Miss Shirley," answered he, an almost boyish ring of gladness in his voice. "I need hardly tell you how well you are looking," he continued, his eyes paying her compliments.

"Thank you, I am quite well always," said Doris, with a little laugh.

"And happy?" asked he, more eagerly than he knew.

"Perfectly," answered she, giving him a glance so cold and stern that the warm light in his own eyes faded, and he winced perceptibly.

"I beg your pardon," he added quickly. Then, as she turned toward the carriage, he held out his hand to assist her.

"May I not call?" he asked. "I shall be in New York for a few days, and I would be so pleased to meet your uncle."

The corners of Doris's mouth twitched slightly as, handing him her card, she silently bowed her consent. Thanking her for the permission, Hunter raised his hat, and turning, walked swiftly away, while Doris speaking a little sharply to the waiting coachman the one word "Home," stepped into the carriage and was soon out of sight.

Back and forth over the velvet carpet of her handsome chamber Doris Shirley paced swiftly, with clenched hands and flushed cheeks. Catching a glimpse of herself in the long mirror, she paused before it, and with a look of scorn at her reflection, muttered bitterly: "Oh! you weak fool; why do you shrink and cower before that man's touch? Is it possible that beneath the ashes of a dead fire there still smoulders a live ember? Why did I give him permission to call? Can I bear it? Yes, coward that I am, I will yet shame my own weakness," and Doris bowed her face in her hands and wept.

"Was there ever a face more fair and sweet?" soliloquized Hunter, as slowly sauntering along he thought over his late interview with Doris. "How coldly the little darling looked at me; and no wonder; what a brute I must have seemed in those old days, yet was man ever more tempted than I? Well, they say that all things come to those who wait, and Heaven knows I've waited long enough," and he smiled grimly. Twenty-four hours later Lee Hunter stood in the drawing-room of Marlow Shirley's Fifth Avenue mansion, impatiently waiting for Doris to appear. As her light footsteps and the rustle of her violet scented draperies sounded close beside him, he turned toward her with his face all aglow, while passionate words rose to his lips. But something in the face of the regal looking woman before him checked his impetuosity and told him, more plainly than words, that this was not the child Doris, but a woman, strong in her pride and purity; so, with only a commonplace greeting, he sank down into a chair.

TO BE CONTINUED.