

STOCK BRANDS.



FREE 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 7 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 side. P. O. Riley Ore.

Horses branded (J) on left side. Cattle brand (ed) 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. Lawen Ore.

Horse brand 36 on left shoulder, also three dots. In shape of triangle, cattle brand same. E. E. Grant Burns Ore.

Miss Ross Dickenson Horse brand anvil on left side. Cattle brand bar R on left hip. P. O. Lawen Ore.

J. P. Dickenson cattle brand J P connected on left hip. Horse brand anvil on left side. P. Lawen Ore.

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

Geo. W. shrande rounding W, on right side. P. O. Riley Ore.

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

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

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

Cattle mark sawtooth fork in right ear all and underbit in left ear, brand ZI connected on left hip; horse brand the same on left hip. Charles Zeigler, Burns Ore.

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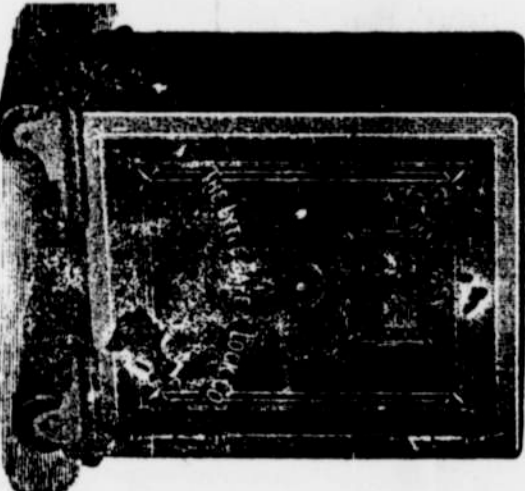
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SHE KNEW IT.

FROM HEARTHSTONE.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Stafford paid a very long visit to Janie. She wrote home that "one thing and another" was detaining her; but she mentioned "Mr. Leng" with strange and suspicious frequency, and that she was having a delightful time.

And on the day before her delightful visit ended she came in from the lawn, where she had been sitting and strolling with Mr. Leng, and confronted Janie with dewy eyes and a tremulous smile.

Janie promptly caught her in her arms and kissed her, and shed a contented tear or two.

"I knew it," she said—"I knew it! I always knew you were just Howard's style, and I knew what would happen when he met you. That was one reason I wanted you to come, Jo. It was! And I'm not a bit sorry he thought you were Joe Stafford. It was such a unique way of introducing you!"

THE END.

The Ishmaelite.

FROM HEARTHSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

"Harry, I can endure this no longer!"

Miss Hester Glendenning's high-bred, intellectual face wore a slight and wholly unwonted flush and her precise, well modulated voice betrayed a most unusual agitation.

"You must get rid of this—I this Ishmaelite!"

The Ishmaelite in question was Col. Bob Hockaday, whose acquaintance young Harry Glendenning had formed while making a sojourn of several months' duration in the West during the previous year.

The young fellow had acquired a strong liking for the older man and had been the recipient of more than one favor at his hands, and upon learning that Col. Bob contemplated making his first visit to the East during the ensuing year, Harry had cordially invited his new-found friend to share the hospitality of his home whenever he made the anticipated journey.

The invitation had been accepted, and, in due time, to the prim and proper New England village had come Col. Bob, a slouch-hatted, pepper-and-salt clad figure, a trifle baggy at the knees and inclined somewhat to embonpoint.

The newcomer "hit off" quite well with the old Judge, Harry's grandfather, who in his younger days had broken away from the routine of life in the staid and sober village and climbed out of the rut long enough to try his fortune in California in the early fifties. But to Miss Hester a somewhat conservative and wholly proper spinster, Col. Bob speedily became as a thorn in the flesh.

"You acquired strange tastes and acquaintances during your stay in the West," she said severely to Harry, "not long after Col. Bob's arrival. It may have been good for your health, but it seems to have been exceedingly bad for your morals. To think that you should have invited this—this creature here! What could you have been thinking about?"

"Do not be too severe with Col. Bob," returned the young fellow,

half amused. "It is only his way."

"His way! You may condone his outrageous conduct in that manner if you can, but I cannot! He has won for himself the aversion and contempt of the entire village. He has distributed gratuitous insults everywhere. He has outraged our hospitality and made us a public laughing stock."

All of which was a trifle too strong an arraignment of Col. Bob, though partially merited, I will confess.

"He has grossly, shamefully, insulted Mr. Van Vlarcom, and—"

"Well, yes, he did shake young Van Vlarcom up a bit, but what of it?"

The shaking up of the said Van Vlarcom had occurred in this wise: Upon that particular afternoon Col. Bob was sitting at his ease on the shady piazza of the Glendenning residence, with his feet cocked up on the railing, drawing invidious comparisons between life in that staid and conservative New England town and in the great and glorious West—all to the disgust and annoyance of Miss Hester and the secret enjoyment of young Harry, who slyly led the guest on when he showed signs of flagging.

Several times Col. Bob had appealed to the lady for ratification of his remarks, with an "Eh, Miss Glendenning?" and a stabbing motion toward her with his thumb, harmless and innocent in its intent, but almost maddening to her.

"The village is all right enough," said the Ishmaelite, oracularly, in reply to an artful question from Harry. "That is something kinder restful and good about them overhanging elm trees. It is as pretty as a picture, too, with the roads winding around among the trees, and up and down little hills and slopes and past comfortable houses, half hidden behind the elms and fir trees. It is a nice place to die in, Harry."

"But, to live in—"

"It is a good place for old folks and poets, perhaps, but it is no place for a live man. I feel like a torchlight parade in a graveyard. Haw! haw!"

"But, the people?"

"It's the people that tire me most. A man must live by rule and rote here. He must walk the beaten paths that his grandfather trod, and worship the traditions like an Indian."

Even this traducing of the eminent respectable and wholly beloved place of her birth was enough to have condemned him wholly in Miss Hester's eyes, but it was only as the beginning of his offenses.

"Yes," he resumed, "I feel like—"

Just then there came an interruption. A spirited horse, bearing a slender, girlish figure on his back, came plunging around the bend in the elm-shaded road followed by a correctly clad equestrian mounted on a handsome but obviously fireless steed. The foremost horse bolted a little way, reared, whirled and plunged wickedly, fighting to unseat his slender rider.

The young lady's face was white, but she was making a brave fight for the mastery. Her escort, a small, sallow young man with an up curled mustache, waved his whip and cried, "Whoa!" many times in an agitated voice, and frantically jerked his sober steed this way and that, thus effectually defeating the execution of any heroic intentions he may have entertained.

TO BE CONTINUED.