The Adventure of the Second Stain.

(Continued.)

"Why, it is simple enough. The two stains did correspond, but the carpet has been turned round. As it was square and unfastened it was easily done."

"The official police don't need you, Mr. Holmes, to tell them that the carpet must have been turned round. That's clear enough, for the stains lie above each other—if you lay it over this way. But what I want to know is, who shifted the carpet, and why?"

I could see from Holmes' rigid face that he was vibrating with inward excitement.

"Look here, Lestrade," said he, "has that constable in the passage been in charge of the place all the time?"

"Yes, he has."

"Well, take my advice. Examine him carefully. Don't do it before us. We'll wait here. You take him into the back room. You'll be more likely to get a confession out of him alone. Ask him how he dared to admit people and leave them alone in this room. Don't ask him if he has done it. Take it for granted. Tell him you know some one has been here. Press him. Tell him that a full confession is his only chance of forgiveness. Do exactly what I tell you!"

"By George, if he knows I'll have it out of him!" cried Lestrade. He darted into the hall, and a few moments later his bullying voice sounded from the back room.

"Now, Watson, now!" cried Holmes with frenzied eagerness. All the demoniacal force of the man masked behind that listless manner burst out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the drugget from the floor and in an instant was down on his hands and knees clawing at each of the squares of wood beneath it. One turned sideways as he dug his nails into the edge of it. It hinged back like the lid of a box. A small black cavity opened beneath it. Holmes plunged his eager hand into it and drew it out with a bitter snarl of anger and disappointment. It was empty.

"Quick, Watson, quick! Get it back again!" The wooden lid was replaced, and the drugget had only just been drawn straight when Lestrade's voice was heard in the passage. He found Holmes leaning languidly against the mantelpiece, resigned and patient, endeavoring to conceal his irrepressible yawns.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Holmes. I can see that you are bored to death with the whole affair. Well, he has confessed, all right. Come in here, MacPherson. Let these gentlemen hear of your most inexcusable conduct."

The big constable, very hot and penitent, sidled into the room.

"I meant no harm, sir, I'm sure. The young woman came to the door last evening; mistook the house, she did. And then we got talking. It's lonesome when you're on duty here all day."

"Well, what happened then?"

"She wanted to see where the crime was done—had read about it in the papers, she said. She was a very respectable, well spoken young woman, sir, and I saw no harm in letting her have a peep. When she saw that mark on the carpet down she dropped on the floor and lay as if she were dead. I ran to the back and got some water, but I could not bring her to. Then I went round the corner to the Ivy Plant for some brandy, and by the time I had brought it back the young woman had recovered and was off—ashamed of herself, I dare say, and dared not face me."

"How about moving that drugget?"

"Well, sir, it was a bit rumpled, certainly, when I came back. You see, she fell on it, and it lies on a polished floor with nothing to keep it in place. I straightened it out afterward."

"It's a lesson to you that you can't deceive me, Constable MacPherson," said Lestrade, with dignity. "No doubt you thought that your breach of duty could never be discovered, and yet a mere glance at that drugget was enough to convince me that some one had been admitted to the room. It's lucky for you, my man, that nothing is missing, or you would find yourself in Queer street. I'm sorry to have called you down over such a petty business, Mr. Holmes, but I thought the point of the second stain not corresponding with the first would interest you."

"Certainly, it was most interesting. Has this woman only been here once, constable?"

"Yes, sir; only once."

"Who was she?"

"Don't know the name, sir. Was answering an advertisement about typewriting and came to the wrong number—very pleasant, genteel young woman, sir."

"Tall? Handsome?"

"Yes, sir; she was a well grown young woman. I suppose you might say she was handsome. Perhaps some would say she was very handsome. 'Oh, officer, do let me have a peep!' says she. She had pretty, coaxing ways, as you might say, and I thought there was no harm in letting her just put her head through the door."

"How was she dressed?"

"Quiet, sir—a long mantle down to her feet."

"What time was it?"

"It was just growing dusk at the time. They were lighting the lamps as I came back with the brandy."

"Very good," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, I think that we have more important work elsewhere."

As we left the house Lestrade remained in the front room, while the repentant constable opened the door to let us out. Holmes turned on the step and held up something in his hand. The constable stared intently.

"Good Lord, sir!" he cried, with amazement on his face. Holmes put his finger on his lips, replaced his hand in his breast pocket and burst out laughing as we turned down the street. "Excellent!" said he. "Come, Friend Watson, the curtain rings up for the last act. You will be relieved to hear that there will be no war, that the Right Hon. Trelawney Hope will suffer no setback in his brilliant career, that the indiscreet sovereign will receive no punishment for his indiscretion, that the prime minister will have no European complication to deal with and that with a little tact and management upon our part nobody will be a penny the worse for what might have been a very ugly incident."

My mind filled with admiration for this extraordinary man.

"You have solved it?" I cried.

"Hardly that, Watson. There are some points which are as dark as ever. But we have so much that it will be our own fault if we cannot get the rest. We will go straight to Whitehall terrace and bring the matter to a head."

When we arrived at the residence of the European secretary it was for Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope that Sherlock Holmes inquired. We were shown into the morning room.

"Mr. Holmes," said the lady, and her face was pink with her indignation, "this is surely most unfair and ungenerous upon your part. I desired, as I have explained, to keep my visit to you a secret lest my husband should think that I was intruding into his affairs, and yet you compromise me by coming here and so showing that there are business relations between us."

"Unfortunately, madam, I had no possible alternative. I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper. I must therefore ask you, madam, to be kind enough to place it in my hands."

The lady sprang to her feet, with the color all dashed in an instant from her beautiful face. Her eyes glazed. She tottered. I thought that she would faint. Then, with a grand effort, she rallied from the shock, and a supreme astonishment and indignation chased every other expression from her features.

"You—you insult me, Mr. Holmes."

"Come, come, madam. It is useless. Give up the letter."

She darted to the bell.

"The butler shall show you out."

"Do not ring, Lady Hilda. If you do, then all my earnest efforts to avoid a scandal will be frustrated. Give up the letter and all will be set right. If you will work with me I can arrange everything. If you work against me I must expose you."

She stood grandly defiant, a queenly figure, her eyes fixed upon his as if she would read his very soul. Her hand was on the bell, but she had forborne to ring it.

"You are trying to frighten me. It is not a very manly thing, Mr. Holmes, to come here and browbeat a woman. You say that you know something. What is it that you know?"

"Pray sit down, madam. You will hurt yourself there if you fall. I will not speak until you sit down. Thank you."

"I give you five minutes, Mr. Holmes."

"One is enough, Lady Hilda. I know of your visit to Eduardo Lucas, of your giving him this document, of your ingenious return to the room last night and of the manner in which you took the letter from the hiding place under the carpet."

She stared at him with an ashen face and gulped twice before she could speak.

"You are mad, Mr. Holmes—you are mad!" she cried at last.

He drew a small piece of cardboard from his pocket. It was the face of a woman cut out of a portrait.

"I have carried this because I thought it might be useful," said he. "The policeman has recognized it."

She gave a gasp, and her head dropped back in the chair.

"Come, Lady Hilda. You have the letter. The matter may still be adjusted. I have no desire to bring trouble to you. My duty ends when I have returned the lost letter to your husband. Take my advice and be frank with me. It is your only chance."

Her courage was admirable. Even now she would not own defeat.

"I tell you again, Mr. Holmes, that you are under some absurd illusion."

Holmes rose from his chair.

"I am sorry for you, Lady Hilda. I have done my best for you. I can see that it is all in vain."

He rang the bell. The butler entered.

"Is Mr. Trelawney Hope at home?"

"He will be home, sir, at a quarter to 1."

Holmes glanced at his watch.

"Still a quarter of an hour," said he. "Very good; I shall wait."

The butler had hardly closed the door behind him when Lady Hilda was down on her knees at Holmes' feet, her hands outstretched, her beautiful face upturned and wet with her tears.

"Oh, spare me, Mr. Holmes! Spare me!" she pleaded in a frenzy of supplication. "For heaven's sake, don't tell him! I love him so! I would not bring one shadow on his life, and this I know would break his noble heart."

Holmes raised the lady. "I am thankful, madam, that you have come to your senses even at this last moment! There is not an instant to lose. Where is the letter?"

She darted across to a writing desk, unlocked it and drew out a long blue envelope.

"Here it is, Mr. Holmes. Would to heaven I had never seen it!"

"How can we return it?" Holmes muttered. "Quick, quick, we must think of some way! Where is the dispatch box?"

"Still in his bedroom."

"What a stroke of luck! Quick, madam, bring it here!"

A moment later she had appeared with a red, flat box in her hand.

"How did you open it before? You have a duplicate key? Yes, of course you have. Open it!"

From out of her bosom Lady Hilda had drawn a small key. The box flew open. It was stuffed with papers. Holmes thrust the blue envelope deep down into the heart of them, between the leaves of some other document. The box was shut, locked and returned to the bedroom.

"Now we are ready for him," said Holmes. "We have still ten minutes. I am going far to screen you, Lady Hilda. In return you will spend the time in telling me frankly the real meaning of this extraordinary affair."

"Mr. Holmes, I will tell you everything," cried the lady. "Oh, Mr. Holmes, I would cut off my right hand before I gave him a moment of sorrow! There is no woman in all London who loves her husband as I do, and yet if he knew how I have acted—how I have been compelled to act—he would never forgive me, for his own honor stands so high that he could not forget or pardon a lapse in another. Help me, Mr. Holmes! My happiness, his happiness, our very lives, are at stake!"

"Quick, madam; the time grows short!"

"It was a letter of mine, Mr. Holmes, an indiscreet letter written before my marriage—a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl. I meant no harm, and yet he would have thought it criminal. Had he read that letter his confidence would have been forever destroyed. It is years since I wrote it. I had thought that the whole matter was forgotten. Then at last I heard from this man Lucas that it had passed into his hands and that he would lay it before my husband. I implored his mercy. He said that he would return my letter if I would bring him a certain document which he described in my husband's dispatch box. He had some spy in the office who had told him of its existence. He assured me that no harm could come to my husband. Put yourself in my position, Mr. Holmes! What was I to do?"

"Take your husband into your confidence."

"I could not, Mr. Holmes, I could not! On the one side seemed certain ruin; on the other, terrible as it seemed, to take my husband's paper; still in a matter of politics I could not understand the consequences, while in a matter of love and trust they were only too clear to me. I did it, Mr. Holmes! I took an impression of his key. This man Lucas furnished a duplicate. I opened his dispatch box, took the paper and conveyed it to Godolphin street."

"What happened there, madam?"

"I tapped at the door as agreed. Lucas opened it. I followed him into his room, leaving the hall door ajar behind me, for I feared to be alone with the man. I remember that there was a woman outside as I entered. Our business was soon done. He had my letter on his desk. I handed him the document. He gave me the letter. At this instant there was a sound at the door. There were steps in the passage. Lucas quickly turned back the drugget, thrust the document into some hiding place there and covered it over.

"What happened after that is like some fearful dream. I have a vision of a dark, frantic face, of a woman's voice, which screamed in French: 'My waiting is not in vain. At last, at last, I have found you with her!' There was a savage struggle. I saw him with a chair in his hand; a knife gleamed in hers. I rushed from the horrible scene, ran from the house, and only next morning in the paper did I learn the dreadful result. That night I was happy, for I had my letter, and I had not seen yet what the future would bring.

"It was the next morning that I realized that I had only exchanged one trouble for another. My husband's anguish at the loss of his paper went to my heart. I could hardly prevent myself from there and then kneeling down at his feet and telling him what I had done. But that again would mean a confession of the past. I came to you that morning in order to understand the full enormity of my offense. From the instant that I grasped it my whole mind was turned to the one thought of getting back my husband's paper. It must still be where Lucas had placed it, for it was concealed before this dreadful woman entered the room. If it had not been for her coming, I should not have known where his hiding place was. How was I to get into the room? For two days I watched the place, but the door was never left open. Last night I made a last attempt. What I did and how I succeeded you have already learned. I brought the paper back with me and thought of destroying it, since I could see no way of returning it without confessing my guilt to my husband. Heavens, I hear his step upon the stair!"

The European secretary burst excitedly into the room.

"Any news, Mr. Holmes, any news?" he cried.

"I have some hopes."

"Ah, thank heaven!" His face became radiant. "The prime minister is lunching with me. May he share your hopes? He has nerves of steel, and yet I know that he has hardly slept since this terrible event. Jacobs, will you ask the prime minister to come up? As to you, dear, I fear that this is a matter of politics. We will join you in a few minutes in the dining room."

The prime minister's manner was subdued, but I could see by the gleam of his eyes and the twitchings of his bony hands that he shared the excitement of his young colleague.

"I understand that you have something to report, Mr. Holmes?"

"Purely negative as yet," my friend answered. "I have inquired at every point where it might be, and I am sure that there is no danger to be apprehended."

"But that is not enough, Mr. Holmes. We cannot live forever on such a volcano. We must have something definite."

"I am in hopes of getting it. That is why I am here. The more I think of the matter the more convinced I am that the letter has never left this house."

"Mr. Holmes!"

"If it had it would certainly have been public by now."

"But why should any one take it in order to keep it in this house?"

"I am not convinced that any one did take it."

"Then how could it leave the dispatch box?"

"I am not convinced that it ever did leave the dispatch box."

"Mr. Holmes, this joking is very ill timed. You have my assurance that it left the box."

"Have you examined the box since Tuesday morning?"

"No. It was not necessary."

"You may conceivably have overlooked it."

"Impossible, I say."

"But I am not convinced of it. I have known such things to happen. I presume there are other papers there. Well, it may have got mixed with them."

"It was on the top."

"Some one may have shaken the box and displaced it."

"No, no; I had everything out."

"Surely it is easily decided, Hope," said the premier. "Let us have the dispatch box brought in."

The secretary rang the bell.

"Jacobs, bring down my dispatch box. This is a farcical waste of time, but still, if nothing else will satisfy you, it shall be done. Thank you, Jacobs; put it here. I have always had the key on my watch chain. Here are the papers, you see—letter from Lord Merrow, report from Sir Charles Hardy, memorandum from Belgrade, note on the Russo-German grain taxes, letter from Madrid, note from Lord Flowers— Good heavens! What is this? Lord Bellinger! Lord Bellinger!"

The premier snatched the blue envelope from his hand.

"Yes, it is it—and the letter is intact. Hope, I congratulate you."

"Thank you! Thank you! What a weight from my heart! But this is inconceivable—impossible. Mr. Holmes, you are a wizard, a sorcerer! How did you know it was there?"

"Because I knew it was nowhere else."

"I cannot believe my eyes!" He ran wildly to the door. "Where is my wife? I must tell her that all is well. Hilda! Hilda!" we heard his voice on the stairs.

The premier looked at Holmes with twinkling eyes.

"Come, sir," said he. "There is more in this than meets the eye. How came the letter back in the box?"

Holmes turned away smiling from the keen scrutiny of those wonderful eyes.

"We also have our diplomatic secrets," said he, and, picking up his hat, he turned to the door.

THE END.

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NO ALCOHOL, NO NARCOTIC, NO INJURIOUS DRUG. Made of glyceric extracts from roots, therefore their virtues grew in them in *Nature' laboratory*, viz: Lady's Slipper root, Jack Cohosh root, Unicorn root, Blue Cohosh root, and Golden Seal root; extracted, combined, preserved without alcohol, by *Doctor Pierce's own peculiar process*, and in the most exact proportions to secure the best effects.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic.

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WOODMEN OF THE WORLD Lakeview Camp No. 526
Meets on the 2d and 4th Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall, at 8 p. m.
E. F. CHENEY, Consul Commander.
E. N. LACHMAN, Clerk.

LAKEVIEW ENCAMPMENT, No 18, I. O. O. F. meets the 1st and 3d Thursday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, Lakeview. S. F. AHLSTROM, C. P. W. J. MOORE, Scribe.

A. E. FOLLETT
House Painter — Paper Hanger
NEW PINE CREEK, - - OREGON

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DAKE'S Advertising Agency 124 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal. where contracts for advertising can be made for it

Subscribers to The Examiner who remove from one locality to another, or change their postoffice address should remember to drop this office a card so their paper can be addressed to the right postoffice.

Contest Notice.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, October 10, 1095.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Jesse C. Cravens, contestant against Homestead Entry No. 2755, made September 12, 1902, for SE¼ NW¼, E½ SW¼ SW¼ SW¼. Section 15, Township 34 S., Range 17 E. by Gustave Anderson, contestee, in which it is alleged that Gustave Anderson has wholly abandoned the said homestead, and has not resided on, cultivated, or improved the same as required by law; that said Gustave Anderson did not establish a residence on said land within six months from date of entry, and all the defaults herein set forth continue to this date, and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman, or marine, during the war with Spain, or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged. Said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 oclock a. m. on November 25, 1905, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Lakeview, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed October 7, 1905, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. N. Watson, Register.

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 16, 1905. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Marshall W. Bowen, of Oshkosh, county of Winnebago, State of Wis., has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3016, for the purchase of the SW¼ of Section No. 3 in Township No. 35 S, R No. 17 E., W. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Ore. on Friday, the 22d day of December, 1905. He names as witnesses:

Jesse C. Cravens, of Klamath Falls, Ore., James H. Boyd and Irvin Anderson of Bly, Oregon and Chas. W. Embody of Portland, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22d day of Dec. 1905.

4-51 J. N. Watson, Register.

Notice of Final Settlement.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for Lake County.

In the matter of the Estate of Erli Bliss, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his Final Account in the office of the County Clerk of Lake County, Oregon, in said estate, and that December 29th, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, in the County Judge's office, in the county court house in Lake County, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said account and for the settlement thereof.

Doted and first published November 30th, 1905.

W. A. Wilshire, Acministrator.

48-22

NEVADA CALIFORNIA OREGON RAILWAY
SIERRA NEVADA ROUTE

To take effect, Tuesday, Apr.. 1 ,1903

No. 1			No. 2
9:00 a. m.	Lv.... Reno.....Ar		5:30 p. m
9:47 a. m.	Lv.... Summit.....Ar		4:50 p. m
10:05 a. m.	Lv.... Cedar.....Ar		4:28 p. m
10:30 a. m.	Lv.... Francis.....Ar		4:10 p. m
11:15 a. m.	Lv.... Purdy.....Ar		3:30 p. m
11.55 a. m.	Lv.... Plumas.....Ar		2:45 p. m
12:08 p. m.	Lv.... Chal.....Ar		2:18 p. m
12:18 p. m.	Lv.... Cameron....Ar		2:10 p. m
12:38 p. m.	Lv.... Red Rock....Ar		1:47 p. m
12:58 p. m.	Lv.... Constantia ..Ar		1:35 p. m
1:15 p. m.	Lv.... Doyle.....Ar		1:15 p. m
1:40 p. m.	Lv.... Llegah.....Ar		12:50 a. m
2:20 p.m.	Lv.... Amedee.....Ar		12:10 p.m
3:00 p.m.	Lv.... Amedee.....Ar		11:30 p.m
3:25 p. m.	Lv.... Hot Springs..Ar		11:13 p. m
3:57 p. m.	Lv.... Murray.....Ar		10:47 p. m
4:26 p. m.	Lv.... Karlo.....Ar		10:20 p. m
5:25 p. m.	Lv.... Horse Lake..Ar		9:40 p. m
5:50 p. m.	Lv.... Waverly.....Ar		9:10 p. m
6:30 p. m.	Lv.... Termo.....Ar		8:35 p. m
7:15 a. m.	Lv.... Brockmans Ar		7:55 p. m
7:40 p. m.	Ar.... Madeline....Lv		7:30 a. m

SIERRA VALLEY RY

5.00 pm	10.25 am	Lv.. Plumas Ar	4.00 pm	9.50 am
5.45 pm	11.20 am	Lv.. Vinton Ar	3.15 pm	8.40 am
6.30 pm	12.15 am	Lv. Beckwith Ar	2.30 pm	7.55 am
7.20 pm	12.50 am	Lv. Clairville Ar	1.40 pm	7.00 am

CONNECTION WITH STAGE AT:

Termo,—for Lakeview, Paisley and Plush, Ore. and Ft. Bidwell, Lake City Cedarville, Adin Alturas and Bieber, Calif.
Hot Springs.— for Standish and Susanville Calif.
Doyle.—for Milford, Janesville and Buntin ville, Calif.
Vinton,—for Loyalton, Downieville and Campbell's Hot Springs, Calif.
Beckwith.—for Genesee, Taylorville and Greenville, Calif.
Clairville,—Mohawk and Quincy, Calif.
Reno,—connecting with S. Pac. Co. for all points East & West; V. & T. R. R. for all points South.

KLAMATH LAKE
....RAILROAD....
. . . TIME TABLE . . .
In Effect May 1st, 1905.

Lv. Thrall	6	A. M.	Lv. Pokegama	10 45	A M
Ar. Bogus.	6.15	"	Ar. Dixie	10.55	"
" Steel Br'g	6.45	"	" Kl'h Sp'gs	11.40	"
" Fall Cr'k	7.05	"	" Fall Creek	11.45	"
" Kl'h Sp'gs	7.10	"	" Steel Br'ge	12.00	"
" Dixie	8.10	"	" Bogus	12.20	P M
" Pokegama	8.20	"	" Thrall	12.45	"

Klamath Springs Special.

Lv. Thrall	1.30	P. M.	Lv. Kl'h Sp'gs	2.45	P. M
Ar. Bogus	1.55	"	Ar. Fall Creek	2.50	"
" Steel Br'ge	2.15	"	" Steel Br'ge	3 00	"
" Fall Creek	2.35	"	" Bogus	3.20	"
" Kl'h Sp'gs	2.40	"	" Thrall	3.45	"

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STAGE LINE
H. E. BARKER, Prop'r.

Office in Bieber's Store

Stage leaves Lakeview daily, except Sunday at 6 a. m. Arrives at Alturas at 6 p. m.
Leaves Alturas for Lakeview at 6 o'clock a. m. or on the arrival of the stage from Madeline. Arrives in Lakeview in 12 hours after leaving Alturas.
Freight - Matters - Given Strict - Attention . . . . .
First - Class - Accomodations.

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J. L. YADIN, Proprietor.
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Daily from Lakeview by Bly, Bonanza Dairy, Klamath Falls, Keno, to Pokegema.
From Klamath Falls to Keno by steamer and from Keno to Pokegema over the Sunset Four-Horse Stage Line.
Good Stock .·. Easy Coaches

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STAGE LINE
S. L. McNAUGHTON, Prop.

Office at Mercantile Store

Stage leaves Lakeview Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 a. m., arrives at Plush at 9 p. m. Leaves Plush Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 a. m., arrives at Lakeview at 9 p. m.
Passenger fare $3 one way or $5 for round trip. Freight rates from May 1st to Nov. 1st $.75 per hundred; from Nov. 1st to May 1st $1.00 per hundre

SHEEP BRANDS.

James Barry Brnds with Swallow Fork in right ear for ewes; reverse for wethers. Some ewes Square Crop and Slit in right ear. Tar Brand 111. Range, Crane Lake. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon

Zac Whitworth Brands with Crop off left ear, Half Undercrop off right for ewes; reverse for wethers Tar Brand W. Range, Fish Creek. Postoffice address Lakeview, Oregon