



For war I call it murder—
There you lie in pain and fat;
I don't want you to go no farther,
Than my Testament for that.
God has led so plump and fairly,
It's as long as it is broad,
An' you've got to get us fairly,
If you want to take in God.

Taint your eyepeppers an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more light
Taint a-follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse you in his sight.
If you take a sword an' dirty
An' go steek a feller thru;
Gov'm't ain't to answer for it—
God'll send the bill to you.

Seven Pines and Fair Oaks.

Among the battles which old soldiers persist in fighting over the most important on American ground was the engagement of Seven Pines, Va., during which it is familiarly known as McClellan's Peninsula campaign, says the New York Times. The feelings of some prominent officers on both sides were hurt by what was said at the time and what has been repeated ever since. Seven Pines and Fair Oaks were two parts of the first great battle after the confederates were forced from Williamsburg to the line of the Chickahominy, two-thirds of the way to Richmond. Part of McClellan's army on one side of the Chickahominy, was unable to hold its own against the entire confederate force, then under command of "Joe" Johnston. McClellan laid the blame upon Keyes, commander of the Fifth corps, and Casey, whose division being in advance suffered severely from the confederate onset; consequently Keyes and Casey nursed large grievances for years and were generally defended by their brethren in arms. Gen. Johnston was wounded during the first day's fighting, so the command devolved upon Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, Kentucky, West Pointer, engineer, officer, veteran of the Mexican war, and for the three years immediately preceding the civil war, street commissioner of the city of New York. Gen. Smith renewed the attack the next day at Fair Oaks but was repulsed with such effect that it has been believed ever since on the union side that our army might have gone on to Richmond, the defenses of the city then being slight in comparison with what they afterward were. The South blamed General Smith for the defeat, and as he was replaced two days later by General Lee and was disabled at the time he was unable to make or get comprehensive reports. Now, however, in a 204 page book, he reviews the conduct of the battle and attributes the failure to Longstreet's mistaking the direction he was to take and actually halting to allow Huger's command to pass him, the two forces supposed to be marching on parallel roads. Some important letters are to be given in fac-simile. General Smith says in conclusion: "There is but little to commend in Gen. Johnston's practical management of the army May 31 (the first day of the battle), and the same may be said of the accounts he has given of these events." As to Gen. Longstreet, he "blundered badly from the beginning to the end of the battle; and, to say the least, his writings in reference to Seven Pines are no more creditable than his conduct of operations in the field."

A Veteran and a Bad Boy.

"Mamma," asked the little boy, as he looked toward a rather subdued gentleman in the seat opposite, "why does that man always keep his hand in his coat pocket?"
"Hash, my dear," said the mother with a severe countenance. "Don't you see he has lost an arm?"
"Where did he lose it, mamma?"
"Probably in the war, when he was a brave soldier; but you must not talk about it."
The small boy was still for awhile, but did not take his eyes off the gentleman. Presently he exclaimed: "I don't believe he can feel anything in his pocket, do you, mamma? Why don't he take out his arm, then?"
"If you don't keep still," said his mother in a whisper, audible throughout the car, "that man will slap your head off."
"Not with that arm," said the small boy, complacently, feeling to see if his own arms and head were securely fastened. "Does he get anything for that arm?"
"He draws a pension, I suppose; but if you don't quit acting so they'll put us both off the train."
"Which arm does he draw the pension with, his right arm or the one he lost?" asked the persistent boy.
"Oh, goodness, keep quiet, can't you?" said his mother, noticing a menacing expression on the gentleman's face. "Look out of the window, clap your hand over your mouth—anything, only be still."
"Mamma, he can't clap his hands do you think? He can't fold his arms or hug anybody, either. What do you think is inside his sleeve?"
The old soldier could stand it no longer. He neatly placed the empty sleeve over the child's head to smother his cries and then gave him a lesson in manners that fairly crippled him, and when the mother denounced him as a brute he packed up his baggage and went forward to the smoking car.

Who Knows?

Did I ever see a woman in the army—a woman in the uniform of a soldier and marching in the ranks? Yes, once, but I knew her sex only after her life had gone out on a battlefield. It was on Sunday, May 3, 1863, and the field was that of Manassasville. Stonewall Jackson had shattered the Federal right the evening before and received his own death wound. Stuart, with the whole left wing of the Confederate army had breached back the divisions of Berry, French, Williams and Whipple and his path was

now blocked by Sickle's corps. At 3 o'clock in the morning hundreds of the men in line were out of ammunition and they got a fresh supply only by robbing the cartridge boxes of our own dead.

For one long hour we held that front of forest and thicket and field against every effort Stuart could make, and when the lines broke back it was because our bayonets could not stand against the terrible musketry fire pouring in upon us. It was during that hour, and while we were robbing the dead and wounded of means to hold the line, that I came upon two dead soldiers in a bit of a glade who had been killed by a shell. One lay on the broad of his back with a ghastly wound in the side—the other right across his breast, with his left arm and shoulder torn away. There was an odor of burning cloth as we stood over the bodies, and not knowing whether the poor fellows were dead or wounded we rolled the first one off and found his jacket on fire over his chest. The shirt beneath was burning also, and it was in stripping the garments off that we made the discovery. It was a young woman about 20 years of age, her hair cut short and her face and hands brown with tan.

On making our report the body was ordered to be carried to the rear, but before this could be done our whole line was pressed back, and none of us ever saw it again. Regiments, companies and squads were so mixed up on that field that we could not tell to what command she belonged. The dead man lying beside her was a sergeant, and they were falling back in company when she was killed. I know, perhaps, but no one will ever know. They were simply two of the thousands of dead left lying where they fell for the victorious Confederates to bury when Hooker had escaped across the river with the living.

A Nervy American Seaman.

A case the exact contrary to that of the officer of the Pacific Mail Steamship company, who allowed officers of Salvador to come on board an American steamship and kill Gen. Barrunilla at La Libertad, happened at the same place last week. Officers of the United States ship City of Salvador boarded the ship City of Panama, and demanded the surrender of Patrick Brennan, an American, and four Salvadorians, who were passengers on the ship. Capt. F. P. White, who was in command of the vessel, refused to surrender the passengers, and the officers went ashore and reported the fact to the commandant of the port. An armed boat was at once dispatched to the City of Panama, and Capt. White was told by the officer in charge that he could consider himself as under the orders of the officer, who at once proceeded to take possession of the ship, and arrested the passengers who were wanted. Capt. White's indignation was aroused at this; and he told the officer that if he did not leave the vessel immediately he would throw him overboard, and the officer seeing that the Captain meant business at once took his leave. President Ezeta proposed to capture the ship at Acapulco, the next port in Salvador at which the ship would touch, but Capt. White hearing this failed to land at that port, and took his passengers beyond the jurisdiction of President Ezeta.

Battle of Antietam.

Col. John C. Stearns of Bradford, Vt., and Gen. Henry Heth of 1744 G street northwest, Washington, D. C., having been appointed by Secretary Proctor as commissioners to mark the lines of battle of the different regiments, brigades and divisions of the contending armies at the battle of Antietam, would be glad of any information which the survivors participating in that action can give them as to the whereabouts on the field of the different commands on the night of September 17, 1862. Both union and confederate soldiers are asked to furnish any data which will aid the commissioners in their work, for they intend to make it as complete as possible. The last congress appropriated \$15,000 for this purpose, and the commissioners met in Washington last week for the first time, and have mapped out a plan on which to work.

Gettysburg Memorial Association.

At the yearly session of the directors of the Battlefield Memorial Association at Gettysburg on Aug. 26, Col. C. H. Bueller was elected vice-president; J. Schich, treasurer; Calvin Hamilton, secretary, and N. G. Wilson superintendent of grounds. Permission was refused to the electric railroad to run its track over the avenues. A committee was appointed to secure an appropriation from Indiana, the only State represented in the battle that has not contributed to the fund. A committee will also determine the time for the perpetual notice that will be erected at the bloody angle, informing the public of the incorrect position of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania regiment, and the efforts the association made to have it placed in the correct location.

Picket Shots.

A re-union of veterans was held at Miles, Iowa, Aug. 27 and 28. The National encampment of the Union Veterans league will be held at Reading, Pa., Oct. 13 to 16 inclusive. During the past three years the Department of Wisconsin G. A. R. has not had a post reported delinquent for per capita tax.

The ninth annual re-union of the Old Guard, Thirtieth Indiana Infantry, will be held in the court-house, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 23d of September.

R. A. Moore, Adjutant, 4th U. S. C. H. A., West Plains, Mo., would like to know what became of the colors of his regiment. The officers of the first battalion of the regiment have been on a still hunt for these colors for several years. Many of the officers of the regiment had resigned before the final muster-out at Pine Bluff, Ark., in 1866. Inquiry has been made at the War Department at Washington and at Little Rock, Ark., but has failed to elicit information as to what became of them. They were as handsome a set of colors as ever went to the field. The writer would like to get some information as to their whereabouts.



Madagascar, Mexico, and the American Indians. Though efficient work is done in other fields, yet Madagascar has been the scene of their greatest successes. Entering the island in 1868, they now have eighteen missionaries, forty native pastors, and 870 other native assistants; 190 churches with 4,000 members and 40,000 adherents, and 132 schools with 14,600 scholars. Special emphasis is laid upon educational work, and they are generous contributors to the funds of the missions of other churches. The Methodist Episcopal church has six missionaries in Italy and twenty four native preachers, and a church membership of 743, with 198 probationers in addition. The Southern Baptists occupy twelve stations with fifteen ordained missionaries, and have gathered 272 into churches. The American Board sent its first representatives to Austria in 1872, and now sustains two, with seventeen native helpers. The three churches have a total of 864 members, and the schools have 104 pupils. No less than fifteen Protestant societies are at work in Spain, occupying 115 houses or rooms as chapels and school buildings. The American Board has three missionaries and thirty-three native helpers, eighteen churches with 349 members, and 604 pupils in schools. The American Baptists in Spain and France together have eighteen missionaries and thirteen churches, with a membership of 900.

Organizing for Systematic Work.

The Christian Workers of Mount Vernon N. Y., have organized as a Bureau of Charities for doing practical work among the deserving poor. The committee of direction, a temporary body, are Mrs. J. Maher, Mrs. Joseph S. Wood, and Mrs. S. A. Swart. The bureau has divided the town into two districts, two visitors being assigned to each, whose duty it is to visit the needy and thoroughly investigate each case brought to their notice. A few generous persons have given money for the prosecution of the work, but the officers hope that there will be a large number of subscribers who will give at stated intervals. The temporary headquarters are at the Young Men's Christian Association building. Miss Martha Wilson, who a few months ago gave a site for buildings to the Mount Vernon Hospital association, has given to the Bureau of Charities a plot of land 180x200 feet, with a building thereon, at Sixth street and Franklin avenue, for an old ladies' home.

Not Unlikely.

It is not unlikely that makes any man strong. Not by the shutting out of anything, not by the shutting out a lie, does power come. It cannot come by any negative. It must be positive. Deny the falsehood with all your power and voice. That is your duty. But that does not make you strong. Only makes you ready to be strong. Having turned the lie out of doors, you throw these same doors open to the truth. Then strength will come pouring in. It has always been through men of belief, not unbelief, that power from God has poured into man. It is not the discriminating critic, but he whose beating, throbbing life offers itself a channel for the divine force.

Crises in Life.

The great crises in life stand on us imperceptibly. We are not as children seated on the shore, watching the ripples that come in on our feet; and while the ripples unceasingly repeat themselves, and while the hour that passes is but as the hour before it, constellation after constellation has gone by over our heads unheeded and unseen, and we awake with a start to find ourselves in a new day, with all our former life cut off from us and become as a dream.

Religious Notes.

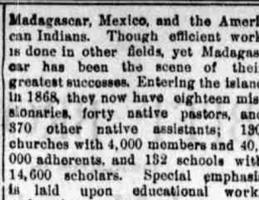
Vermont has 198 Congregational churches in 165 towns.
Mr. Spurgeon's works have been translated into the Norse language.
The annual meeting of the American Missionary association will be held in Cleveland, O., October 20-22, 1891.
Mr. William Woodward of Baltimore now ninety years old, has been a Sunday-school teacher for seventy-two years.
No less than fifteen Protestant societies are at work in Spain, occupying 115 houses or rooms as chapels and school buildings.
Sister Katharine Drexel's convent, which is soon to be built at Andalusia, Pa., will be equipped with all modern conveniences, including electric lights. This is a somewhat unconventional innovation for a convent.
The new dean of Worcester, Rev. Dr. Forrest, is an Irishman and was educated at Trinity college, Dublin. He became curate of Holy Trinity, Dublin, in 1855, perpetual curate of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, in 1862, and vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington, in 1870. He was appointed select preacher at Cambridge, and honorary chaplain to the queen in 1889.
Robert T. Baker of New Bedford claims to be the champion Bible reader of America. He has already perused the great book 100 times, and hopes to double that before the close of his life. He is good for twenty chapters a day, and declares that the exercise has entirely cured him of profanity.

Figs and Thistles.

He is not much of a man who isn't a hero to somebody.
Ram's Horn: People who work for the devil never get any vacation.
It isn't often a man gets a fortune without paying too much for it.
The man who can not pray for people he doesn't like can not pray for anybody.
There are people who get credit for being good simply because they have poor health.
What some people call prudence is often what their nearest neighbors call meanness.
It is better to kill a snake in an awkward and clumsy manner than to kill it at all.
If there were no stingy people in the church the devil wouldn't get to play so much.

Some Mission Notes.

The Society of Friends in England and America, though numbering but 100,000, contribute to foreign missions upward of \$90,000 annually. A beginning was not made until 1866, and since then representatives have been sent to Syria, India, China,



The sweet shade falls athwart her face,
And leaves half shadow and half light—
Dimples and lips in open day,
And dreamy brows and eyes in night.
So low the languid eyelids fall,
That rest their slits upon her cheek,
And give delicious laziness,
To glances arch and cunning meek.

It cannot frown, the placid brow!
Hidden in rich obscurity:
They cannot hate, the indolent eyes!
The slits they do not strive to see.

And in the sunshine of her cheeks
The wan dimples are at play,
So full of earnest in their sport,
They do not care to look away.

And O, if Love, kiss-winged, should come
And light on such a rose as this,
Could brow or eye or dimples blame
Such lips not giving back a kiss?

Bernhardt in Australia.

Sarah Bernhardt has arrived at Sydney and has been received with extraordinary honors says the Pall Mall Gazette. The mayor went to meet her and an official "pronounced a discourse." Tragedy queens have their privileges, and the discourse was followed by an official reception. The harbor was decorated as if for a regatta, and the town was illuminated at night. In the discourse the mayor called Sarah "a divine," and during the reception the goddess was interviewed just like an ordinary mortal. The points of great importance to the collector of Bernhardt gossip may be taken as established by this Sydney visit. One has reference to the outside of Sarah's head, the other to the inside, and both show the variety of mutable quality of the woman. It is hard to say which is the more important of the two; she has changed her complexion—and her hair. In Paris, London, New York and Chicago she was a blonde. The portraits that have preceded her to Sydney and roused general enthusiasm in that capital have represented her with golden locks.

But the tedium of the voyage from one hemisphere to the other had to be beguiled. The great actress had leisure to think about a great subject, and one day she dyed her hair a new tint and altered her complexion to suit the change, and so our golden-haired Sarah lands at Sydney a brunette. So much for that part of the head usually called the outside. The other detail deals with opinions. Sarah was rather political in France and very political in Holland. In Australia she seems to have ceased to be political and to have commenced to be polite. The interviewer asked her whether she was not republican and she replied that she left such matters to men.

Absent Minded.

There is a literary woman in Boston whose friends, according to the Courier, often find occasion to smile over the trick which her absent-mindedness plays her, and about whom her daughter tells the following anecdote:
The mother and daughter chanced to be boarding together at a house kept by a landlady who was most efficient, but who was peculiarly acrid in disposition. She was especially out of temper when from absence of mind the authoress committed some blunder, and least of all could she find patience when her boarder, as happened every few days, lost her latchkey. In order to aid her in keeping this necessary utensil the authorities tied to it a yard of bright red ribbon, which made it a most conspicuous object, so that if it was lost no loss after it was at least more easily found, a fact which was of much comfort to the daughter. One morning when the boarders assembled at breakfast the landlady, with a peculiarly serene smile, asked: "Has any of you ladies lost her latch key?" and she held up the unlucky key adorned with its yard of red ribbon.
"Oh, yes," Mrs. Blank said, cheerfully, "that is mine; but I did not lose it."
"It was found this morning," the other answered more severely than before, "in the lock on the outside of the door."
"Yes," the boarder said calmly, "I knew it was there."
"You knew it was there?" echoed the landlady in amazement.

Took the Kaiser's Fancy.

Miss Margot Tennant, the young lady with whom Emperor William rode in Rotten Row during his stay in London, and with whom he waltzed several times at the state ball at Buckingham Palace, is one of the most clever, brilliant and popular girls in London society. Her father is an enormously wealthy merchant of Glasgow, who was created a baronet some years ago on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, with whom Miss Margot is an immense favorite. It was she who was the life and soul of the yachting party organized for the diversion of Mr. Gladstone on the occasion when he visited Copenhagen and had an interview with the czar. Tennyson, who is one of the vainest men that it is possible to imagine, was on board throughout the trip, and nothing more amusing can be imagined than Miss Margot's account of the rivalry that existed between the grand old man of politics and the grand old man of poetry, the one anxious to talk all the time and the other equally desirous to read incessantly his favorite poems aloud, until their weariness induces every one of the listeners to glide softly away until at last the laureate would be left reading aloud all by himself.

Langtry's Magnifying Mirror.

A "complexion artist" with an over-powering curiosity as to the methods which the Langtry adopted in her marvelous get-up bribed her maid to admit him into the lady's dressing room one night when she had gone to the theater. He saw a long dressing table littered with all the paraphernalia which beauty employs to enhance its charms, but what struck him most as a large oval magnifying mirror which was hung in the most searching



light. The treacherous maid informed the pushing Paul Pry that her mistress, after making up her face before an ordinary mirror—went all over it again in front of the unflattering magnifier, carefully blending her powder and rouge, softening the too trenchant lines of a pencilled eyebrow, and plucking out a vagrant silver hair which would assert itself too boldly.

Incipient crow's feet, almost imperceptible lines at the corners of the mouth and across the forehead, the forerunners of age, are by this means revealed in their horrible reality, and indicated to the manning mirror in more truthful than one's deadliest rival, but the woman who must make art do duty for nature will find it her best and truest friend.

How Men Talk to Women.

I was watching not long since, a man talking to a bright woman on the train, and his manner of comporting himself set me to thinking of the peculiar ways men have of addressing themselves to women. Some talk to a woman very much as they might talk to the wonderful automaton around at the museum when it plays a game of chess. "Why, bless my soul, it really seems to be thinking! What apparent intelligence! What evident faculty of intelligent independent action! It almost appears to possess the power of coherent thought!" Others sit in the presence of a woman as though she was a dish of ice cream. "How sweet," "How refreshing," "How altogether nice!" Many behave in her company as though she was a loaded gun, and liable to do mischief, while a very few act as though she was above the wiles of flattery, and not to be bought for the price of a new bonnet. Hasten the day, good Lord, when she shall be regarded as something wiser and nobler than automaton, less perishable than a confection, more comfortable and peace producing than a firearm, a veritable comrade for the man at his best, not so much prized for the vain and evanescent charm of her beauty as for the steadfastness and the incorruptible purity of her soul.

Langtry in California.

There are incidents of Langtry's visits to California which are of interest and which have never been published. It has been said, and with truth, no doubt, that she did many shrewd things in the way of advertising. At one time she rented a house somewhere out in the Mission and tried to make everybody believe she intended to remain here until gathered to her fathers, when she would be laid away in an elaborate vault in Laurel Hill cemetery or some other city of the dead. But it was all a myth. Then she bought some ground over in Nevada, had a hole dug in it and called it the Langtry Mine. Sam Davis, a well-known newspaper man, says he sold her the ground for \$200. She was in the status scene of Galatea in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and during the scene Davis was in the wings. She dare not move a muscle. He said in a low voice: "Is it a bargain for \$200? I'll consider that it is if you don't shake your head." The statue remained still, and when the Lily came out afterward she was so taken with the originality of the scheme that she paid the money over at once.

Traveler and Author.

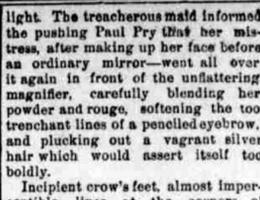
One of New York's brightest women is the author of "A Woman's War Record" and "A Woman's Trip to Alaska." Mrs. Septima M. Collins, the wife of Gen. Charles H. T. Collins, is the daughter of David Cardozo Levy, of Philadelphia. She was born in Charleston, S. C., but lived in Philadelphia after her earliest years. Her education included the mastery of Italian, French, Spanish and Hebrew. She had been a musical student, and further illustrates her versatility by her interest in telegraphy, stenography, and architecture. She has three children, to whom the letters from Alaska were addressed. An enthusiastic friend describes her as "strikingly handsome in a richly picturesque way, with splendid dark eyes, quantities of black hair waving softly about her oval face, and a figure of almost faultless grace and of girlish outline, despite the fact that her handsome son Lloyd towers above her from an eminence of over six feet."
Another English woman has come to the front with the cool determination of queneing it over the London board of health. She is Miss Margaret Eleanor Scott, and the only woman who has passed the examination in sanitary science and law, and who is thus a qualified legal sanitary inspector. At the recent international hygienic congress she read a paper, her subject being "Women's Work in Promoting the Cause of Hygiene." Miss Scott is already favorably known as lecturer for the National Health society, and also lecturer to the scholarship students of the central classes for training students in Marylebone, under the presidency of the Bishop of London.

A Royal Romance.

Few people know of a little romance connected with the early life of Emperor Frederick, in which Italy's lovely queen, Marguerite, figured as the heroine. 'Tis said that in his youth Frederick formed a deep attachment for this magnificent woman, then princess of Savoy, and she being at the time engaged to Umberto, it was never reciprocated; but in later years and a short while after the Emperor's sad death, among his private effects was found, carefully put away a crumpled piece of lace, said to have been a fragment of the wedding gown of Marguerite torn from her robes while dancing on her wedding night.

Reached One Hundred Years.

Miss Eliza Withington, of Dorchester, Mass., was one hundred years old last Monday. She belongs to a long-lived family. Her father, Joseph W. Withington, was eighty-seven years old when he died; her brother, Rev. Leonard Withington, of Newburyport, lived to be ninety-five years and nine months old; while another brother, Rev. William Withington, who is still living, is nearly ninety-three. Miss Withington has been a beloved member of the Second church of Dorchester for eighty years.



The Arizona Cattle Co., Range, San Francisco Mountains. BRAND: A. For marks, slit in each ear, horse and mule. All rights reserved. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. JOHN V. BROADBENT, General Manager.

Horses with this brand are the property of the undersigned. Range, San Francisco mountains. P. O. address, Chandler, Ariz. PHILLIP HULL.

McMILLAN & GOODWIN.

Brand on right side of nose. Ears, crop in right and split in each ear; wethers, crop in left and split in each ear. Range, three miles north of Flagstaff. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

ARIZONA LUMBER CO.

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BRANNEN, FINNIE & BLANNEN. Cattle branded as in cut on left side, underdevelop in both ears, develop cut upwards. Range, Mogollon mountains, Flagstaff.

WM. POWELL. Ear marks, swell in left and swallow fork in right. Post office address, Flagstaff, Yavapai Co., Arizona.

Other cattle 3 BIT All increase branded into B. Horses branded on the left shoulder. Range from Ash creek to the summit of the Mogollon mountains.

JAS. L. BLACK. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, Mogollon mountains. All rights reserved. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. Cattle are branded as in cut. Ear marks, swell in each ear; horns with same iron on left side.

BABBITT BROS. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, Mogollon mountains. All rights reserved. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. All young stock branded on both sides, with ear marks, swell in each ear; also underdevelop in each ear; also underdevelop in each ear; also underdevelop in each ear.

JAS. A. VAIL. Range eight miles southeast of Flagstaff, Yavapai county. Cattle branded as in cut on left side, with ear marks, square cut on right ear, over slope on left ear.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

HARRY FULTON. Horses and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep's ears, hole in left ear and split in the right; wethers, reverse of that of horse; rams branded F on horns. Range near Horns Lake, Mogollon mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, A. T. Range, San Francisco mountains. Cattle branded as in cut are the property of the undersigned, and also all cattle branded with ear B. Grounds W. BLACK.

Cattle bearing brand as in cut and swallow fork in each ear belong to the undersigned. Range, San Francisco mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Ariz. U. S. 1892.



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ARIZONA LUMBER CO.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, San Francisco mountains. All rights reserved. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. YAVAPAI CO., A. T. Horses, mules and cattle branded as in cut. Cattle numbered consecutively on left cheek.

BRANNEN, FINNIE & BLANNEN. Cattle branded as in cut on left side, underdevelop in both ears, develop cut upwards. Range, Mogollon mountains, Flagstaff.

WM. POWELL. Ear marks, swell in left and swallow fork in right. Post office address, Flagstaff, Yavapai Co., Arizona.

Other cattle 3 BIT All increase branded into B. Horses branded on the left shoulder. Range from Ash creek to the summit of the Mogollon mountains.

JAS. L. BLACK. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, Mogollon mountains. All rights reserved. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. Cattle are branded as in cut. Ear marks, swell in each ear; horns with same iron on left side.

BABBITT BROS. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona. Range, Mogollon mountains. All rights reserved. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. All young stock branded on both sides, with ear marks, swell in each ear; also underdevelop in each ear; also underdevelop in each ear.

JAS. A. VAIL. Range eight miles southeast of Flagstaff, Yavapai county. Cattle branded as in cut on left side, with ear marks, square cut on right ear, over slope on left ear.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

HARRY FULTON. Horses and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep's ears, hole in left ear and split in the right; wethers, reverse of that of horse; rams branded F on horns. Range near Horns Lake, Mogollon mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, A. T. Range, San Francisco mountains. Cattle branded as in cut are the property of the undersigned, and also all cattle branded with ear B. Grounds W. BLACK.

Cattle bearing brand as in cut and swallow fork in each ear belong to the undersigned. Range, San Francisco mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Ariz. U. S. 1892.

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