INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

JOHN L. ADAIR, - - - Editor.
M. E. MILFORD, - - - Manager.

VINITA, - INDIAN TERRITORY.

SUBURBAN JOYS.

Homeward in the pleasant evening,
In the gloaming of the May day,
Trudged the noble Hiawatha
To his cottage in the suburbs;
Where he daily missed his breakfast,
And the first train that he ran for,
Now his heart was glad within him,
For he bore upon his shoulders,
In his arms and in his pockets
Things to make and shape the garden;
Spade and fork to break the clods up;
Rakes to make them somewhat finer;
Various kinds of patent weeders—
Mighty good to break the back with,
Handy things to make the back ache;
Hoe to tickle Mother Earth with,
Till she laughs in weeds harvestful;
Pruners, clippers, trees and markers;
Shovels, trowels, things that an man,
Save the dealer, could have an for,
Seeds in bags with pictures on them;
Pictured fruit of size gigantic;
Strawberries that looked like apples,
Warranted to bear the first year;
Three bags (seeds to every season)
Apple seed that would be bearing
Rosy apples when the frost came;
Peach pits that would be all ready
For the table about harvest;
Pump'kin seed done up so nicely
Marked "Potato Punkin;"
With a footnote that dear bed it
As an ornamental trailer,
Just the thing to drop in clusters,
Perfumed odours o'er the front porch.
All these things and many others
Hiawatha carried homeward,
Laughing as in dreams he saw them
Fill his home with fruit and blossom,
Blooming like the blooms of Bloomville;
Never thinking that the seed man,
Worst and played him for a sucker.

Such a chump is Hiawatha,
When he moves into the country;
Greener is he than the grass blades,
Greener than the broad-leaved plantain
That he cultivates for pasture;
Greener than the flaunting rag weed
That he thinks will turn to asters;
Greener far is Hiawatha
Than the green things in his garden;
But as lurid as the lightning
When it scathes the mountain forest;
Darker than the brow of midnight
When it frowns upon the tempest;
Crimson as the angry fire fiend
When it sweeps across the prairies—
Such is Hiawatha's language,
When in casual conversation,
He descants upon the seed man.

—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

AN UNLUCKY ENGINE.

The Murderous Career and Ultimate Fate of No. 147.

When No. 147 was run into the yard at Denver, for the first time, there was not an engineer who saw her that did not covet the job of driving her. The men left their work, and crowded around to look at her.

"By me soul she's a beauty," said Pat Donaghe. "An' it's meself would like to run her, the darlint."

"I wonder who'll get her," said Jack Merrifield. "I suppose I've no chance."

"I heard 'em saying 'twas Jem Donegan had the promise of her," said Jemmy James.

"He's in luck, then," said another. "I'd like to be him."

"Eath; I wouldn't thin."

The speaker was an oldish man, who had not spoken before, and all the others looked at him in surprise.

"What's the trouble now, Mike?" asked James.

"I don't like the looks of her. She's like a handsome woman with no heart."

This was greeted with yells of laughter and shouts of derision.

"You're the biggest croaker in the yard," said Pat. "Who but you would be talking of a locomotive's heart?"

"Dade, an' she has one thin, an' a bad, cruel, wicked heart it is. It's mischief she'll be doin', and Jem Donegan will rue the day he lays his hands upon her," and Mike turned his back on the new locomotive, and went to his work again.

The others lingered a few moments longer, admiring No. 147, and envying the fortunate engineer who was to run her. She was undeniably a beautiful piece of machinery, and as she stood on the track before them, she seemed to pant and quiver with life. It was easy to believe her a sentient being, and it is not strange that the men who pass their lives among engines fall into the habit of endowing them with traits and qualities like themselves.

But Mike's condemnation had had its weight. Their admiration flagged, and they soon went back to their places with dampened ardor, and more reconciled to the fate which had placed her in other hands than theirs.

They remembered his warning when, a few days later, she ran over and instantly killed an old man who was walking on the track before her. Jem Donegan was furious.

"It's not 147's fault at all," he said, "git out wid ye, Mike, an' yer 'I told ye so.' How could 147 help running over Burns, an' him right on the track before her, an' me a whistlin' danger an' down brakes as loud as iver I could? Sure I reversed, but he was right in the way, an' there wasn't time to stop an' he niver so much as tried to git off the track. I believe he did it on purpose to give the locomotive a bad name, bad luck to him."

In less than a month, however, she ran over a drunken man, lying in a stupor on a bridge across the Platt. Horses, mules, sheep and cattle went down before her like grass before the scythe, and she finished up by running into a ranche wagon on a country crossing, killing two of the occupants outright, seriously injuring two more, making a wreck of her train, and crippling Jem Donegan for life. She was badly smashed herself this time, and had to be sent to the shop for repairs.

"What did I tell ye?" said Mike, as he saw her towed off. When she came back again, as handsome as ever, it was not easy to find a man who was willing to have any thing to do with her.

"Being all made over may have taken the mischief out of her," suggested the "boss."

"The mischief niver comes out of the likes of her," returned old Mike, grimly, and the men accepted his verdict unquestioningly. Among the firemen was a new hand, Charlie Ruggles, who had but recently come on the road. He was a young fellow, bright looking and good tempered, but, as yet, none of the boys had made much headway in getting acquainted with him, though all felt kindly to him, and were disposed to be friends. It was rumored that he was the sole support of a widowed mother, who was a consumptive sent to Colorado for health. When it was made known to the men that he was to be engineer on No. 147 a cry of dismay went up from one and all.

"Oh, me b'y," said old Mike, "what are ye thinkin' off?"

"Thinking of the big wages," said Charlie, "and the comforts I can buy for the little mother."

"Oh, wirra, wirra, let her alone. Have nothing to do with her. She's a murtherin' villain, that's what she is." Mike meant 147, not Charlie's mother.

"Why, Mike, you can't really think the engine is to be blamed because people got on the track before her?" said Charlie.

"It's her luck this, it's all the same. She'll bring throuble to any one who has aught to do wid her. Let her alone, he b'y."

"Now, Mike," said Charlie, "I take it we're all in the hands of the Lord, wherever we are. I am as much in His care on No. 147 as I am standing here talking to you. I don't believe He gives a locomotive power to hurt His creatures, and I do believe it is my duty to take this chance, and do the best I can."

This was a new view of the matter, and the men were unstiffened, if not convinced. No one opposed Charlie Ruggles' decision, and in a day or two he entered upon his new duties.

He was sent into the mountain regions to help take trains over the highest passes in the State. Until one has crossed the Rocky Mountains by rail it is impossible to form an idea of the awfulness of these passes. The train creeps slowly up the mountain, with labored breath, giving one a sensation of painful exertion. The road winds about to find the easiest grades, now zigzagging back and forth, now crossing itself by means of trestle work, or tunneling under, but always going upward, slowly but surely.

As the train climbs higher, far below in some abyss may be seen the track already passed, while high above tower rows of snow sheds yet to be gone through. In the higher altitude the solitude and stillness become oppressive. One seems lost in a sea of mountain peaks, while above all tower mightier summits, eternally snow clad, where foot of man has never yet trod.

In the heat of midsummer below, it is always winter in these passes. Huge icicles hang upon the roofs of these snow sheds, and deep snow lies on the ground. It was at the entrance to such a pass that Charlie and No. 147 were stationed. When the through express came, daily, it was divided into two sections, and each section was given two engines to pull it up the steep grade. But at the top it was coupled together again, one locomotive being quite enough to take it over the down grade, and the remaining three were sent back again to help bring the next train up.

Well up in the pass stood a little cabin, where a few of the section hands had their home. There were two little children, a boy and a girl in this family, to whom Charlie became much attached. They were pretty little creatures, but it seemed a lonely life for them, isolated entirely from playmates, from school and all the pleasant things which children love. A water-tank stood near the cabin, where the locomotives stopped to take in water, and in summer the children ran through the cars while they waited selling bunches of the beautiful Colorado wild flowers which blossom in spite of discouragement under the shadows of the everlasting snow banks.

This was their only diversion and Charlie learned to watch for them as the prettiest incident of the trip. He always had a pleasant word and smile for them, and often something more. An apple or an orange, a pretty card, which, small as it was, went far to brighten the childrens' day.

No. 147 behaved herself perfectly. As week after week and month after month slipped by, and she did not even kill a sheep, the train men began to breathe freer, and even Charlie was conscious of a sense of relief. It was generally believed that the overhauling in the repair shops had changed her disposition. Only old Mike was skeptical.

"There's no good in her," he said. "She's only biding her time, an' she'll do worse than she ever dhramed of before wan of those days."

But the other men laughed and called him a bird of ill omen. One warm, sunny day, in early July, the train had climbed to the summit of the pass, and Charlie was ready to retrace his course. The air was sultry; oppressively warm. Even at the summit the snow was melting rapidly, and down by the cabin the heat was felt sensibly. Charlie often said that his return trips reminded him of sliding down hill. He kept the fires low, and the engine slipped along of its own weight, gathering momentum as it went, until it almost flew. To-day he stood watching the track before him, as No. 147 sped over the rails, admiring, half unconsciously, the wonderful panorama spread out before him, and thinking, quite consciously, of a little blue-eyed girl he had left at the East, wondering how soon he might have a home for her in the West. Then he thought of No. 147, with how much distrust he had undertaken her, and how pleasantly she had disappointed him. He felt in perfect sympathy with her now—sure that she would respond to his touch, confident that he could always guide her. "We understand each other, don't we, my beauty," he said, half aloud.

The locomotive whizzed along. Looking up above him, he could see the other engines, apparently not far away, but he knew that miles of tortuous, twisting track lay between them. And below was the most unfathomable abyss. One deviation from the track, and he would go crashing down into its depths, to certain destruction. He was nearing the cabin now. Two more sharp turns and it would come into view, and he would slacken his speed for a moment that he might have a word with his little girl.

"She is a sweet child," he said half aloud to himself, "she makes me think of Bessie." And now he turned the first curve. The turn was a sharp one, the grade very steep and as he came in sight of the track beyond he saw the little girl of whom he had just been thinking, lying apparently asleep on the track, scarcely a stone's throw before him.

To reverse his engine, to put on the full power of the brakes, to whistle the danger signal loudly, all this was but the work of an instant, but he knew only too well that it was useless, that before the engine could possibly be stopped he would be upon the child.

The noise awakened her. She raised her head, and turned a frightened, bewildered face toward him. He was so near he could see the whites of her eyes. He thought he heard her speak. He closed his eyes. He could not see his engine pass over and mangle that little form, and even in that moment of agony he was conscious of a hundred different things. Of wondering how he could ever meet the mother's eye, when he had killed her child. Of how old Mike would exult, and say: "I told ye so," and then there came a crash and a thud, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he was lying on his own bed, in the boarding house, at the entrance to the pass. His mother sat beside him; and Tommy Burns, one of the firemen, was at the window. He felt strangely, he tried to move his right arm, but it was useless. Then he lifted his left arm to his head, and found it covered with bandages. His mother hastily intercepted his motions. "There, there, dear," she said, "it's all right. I am here, take this," and she put a spoonful of something to his lips. Weakly obedient, he obeyed, but gradually memory asserted itself, and he could not keep quiet.

"What was it?" he asked. "I killed a child, didn't I?"

"No, dear," said his mother. "Tommy knows just how it happened; he will tell you, if you feel strong enough to hear it."

He made a gesture of assent, and Tommy came from the window to the bedside with that sheepish air which strong, well men often wear, and began:

"The little kid is all right," he said, "though No. 147 meant to kill her fast enough. You see, just before you got to her, there was a broken rail. Don't know how it happened. Curus about it. Track walker was over there not an hour before, an' says it was all right. Wall, it was there, any how, and No. 147 wan't lookin' out for it, an' it was too much for her. She pitched off'n the bank, and she rolled over an' over, more'n a thousand feet, clean to the bottom of the canyon. An' there she'll be to the day of judgment, for she's tore all to pieces, an' serve her right, too.

"You was pretty well bunged up. Arm broken and head cut up—an' so they fixed up a bed for you, an' brought you right along on the train. An' we tellygrafted for your mother to come an' take care of you, an' she got here that night. You've been purty sick. Had a fever an' was out'en your head, an' raving about the little kid you thought you'd killed, an' the doctor said as soon as you come to we must tell you she wan't hurt, to ease your mind."

It was all true. In some miraculous way Charlie had been freed from the locomotive, and caught in a tree. There the section men found him, a few minutes later, when they hurried to the spot, drawn by the danger signal.

He had had a serious illness, but his injuries were not dangerous, nor was it long before he was able to resume work again.

Old Mike was jubilant at the verification of his prophecy. "I told ye there was no good in her," he said; "she meant to kill the little one and break Charlie's heart, but she missed her reckoning for once. An' it's safe she is now, rusting at the bottom of the canyon, and the best place for her, the saints be praised."—Julia A. Sabine, in Woman's Magazine.

LONDON WITHOUT END.

The English Capital's Peculiar Place Among the Cities of the World.

London never fails to impress the tourist with its peculiar place among the cities of the world. There are many presenting far finer groups of buildings; its main thoroughfares, such as Regent street and Oxford street, are not to be compared with those in Paris or Philadelphia; but there is a solidity in its pavements, a steady progress in its vehicles, a sense of continuity in the endless succession of its streets, an air of unpretending confidence in its crowds, an unabashed, monotonous ugliness in its lines of suburban villas which is unique. London is the place where incidents and gatherings which would make many a metropolis "to its center" are wholly unnoticed except by such as happen to come across them. Even the most popular events, which may attract some hundred thousand people, do not make a sign or ripple in the surface of the great brick and mortar sea which surrounds the city proper. He must be a very big man indeed who can draw direct personal notice in London. Metropolitan news is conveyed, not by conversation or verbal rumor, but by journals. The "talk of the clubs" (exalted by some "society" papers) is an infinitesimally small fraction of that which engages the metropolis. There is really no "talk of the town" as distinct from that of the nation. It is sheer size which distinguishes London. Not long ago I stood by the castle in Edinburgh and noticed that I could discern men at work in the fields all around me. There were indications of separate outside life. It is so, moreover, in the large transatlantic cities. Down the straight streets of New York you can catch glimpses of white sails on the Hudson or East river; but when you look at London from any square or open space within its borders, there appears no proof that it has any borders at all, or that it ends anywhere. It might cover the whole earth for all you can see.—Cornhill Magazine.

Wood Pavements in Europe.

It appears that wood pavements have met with greater success in some of the countries of Europe than in our own, the reason assigned for this being the fact of their having a foundation of concrete to rest upon in the former, at the same time receiving more attention there, in the way of maintenance, than here. Owing to its hardness and resinous quality, American yellow pine, it is stated, has become the favorite wood for this purpose in Berlin and Hamburg; and official report says that Frederick's Bridge, Berlin, which was paved in the spring of 1879 with the wood in question, is still in good condition, while the approaches, paved with granite blocks, have twice since required repaving. The Opera platz, also, in front of the Emperor's palace, was paved seven years ago partly with yellow pine and cypress, at a point where the traffic is greatest, while at other points stone blocks were used, the laying of the different surfaces with these several materials being at the same time. According to the report the area covered with the wood pavement is at present the one which is best preserved.—N. Y. Sun.

—Canterbury, N. H., has a Quakes church that was built in 1792 and has not been shingled since that time. The shingles then put on the roof were of heart pine, and were fastened on with wooden pegs.

THE TYPICAL CLUB-MAN:

He is Tolerant Because He is in Dead Earnest About Nothing.

The typical club-man is tolerant because he is in dead earnest about nothing. If there were any thing that could arouse him to a lively activity, it would be his own comfort; but as his own comfort consists so largely in being placid and unexcited, it follows that he is defeating his own ends when he actively defends even his own independence and will. This is, of course, the fault of the age as well as of the individual, but it comes to life in club life as it does nowhere else. There are a great many men who find in club life the comforts which would be beyond their means in their own homes, who are able on a given income to live far more luxuriously with the aid of these institutions than they could in any other way. It has been said that this fact hinders marriages, and very likely this is true.

Men who are accustomed to having things to suit them in a club, and who are not able to keep up an establishment, naturally think a great deal before they give up the comforts they have for the doubtful blessings of a home which must be managed on an economical basis. This view of life may be selfish, but it is undoubtedly the one taken by many of our marriageable men, and it is difficult to see how it is to be changed. Men belong to one or several clubs, which have a restaurant; they get for a moderate sum a capital dinner, with the best of company, varied from day to day, and when they contrast this with a dinner of herbs in their own home, they do not always find the prospect sufficiently alluring to take the risk. "I would like to be married," a man said in my hearing, not long since, "but I am more fond of good dinners and good company than I am of domesticating, and I've concluded to worry along with my clubs." The melancholy part of it comes when the men are getting along in life.

Then many of their friends have married and have homes of their own, and little by little the club seems to lose its delights. The lonely bachelor somehow finds himself stranded, and wishes he had made a different decision long years before. I won a certain amount of approval in a discussion of this sort once by laying down the principle, that while a man might manage to have a more lively, and more agreeable time remaining single until he was forty, the trouble is, that when he is forty, he finds that he should have been married ten years.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A DANGER SIGNAL.

Sometimes a Rest Should Be Taken, Even If Bankruptcy Threatens.

There are a good many kinds of headache. In these days the nervous headache is a very distinct variety. It is generally in front of the head, across the forehead, over the eyes. But it may be in some other parts—at the top of the head, at one or both sides, at the back or all over. It is painful, depressing, disabling. A man feels at the height of the paroxysm like a hunter who had galloped his legs clean off, and who could not leap a three-foot ditch to save his life. The spur is of no use, neither is the whip. The pain in the head is worse to bear than either, and the patient will rather endure both whip and spur than make any kind of effort which will make the head pain worse. Physic by itself is of no use. There is not a single drug known to medical science which will of itself at once and permanently cure a nervous headache. On the other hand drugs are not always needed. A complete change of air and circumstances will usually take away the pain in ten or twelve hours. Perfect rest, of a duration proportioned to the severity and long continuance of the symptoms, will make the cure permanent.

There are, of course, methods in relieving or diminishing the pain until such time as it may be possible to obtain the complete rest. But the rest is the thing to be secured at all costs. If not, the pain goes from bad to worse, and the risk from less to greater. The final consequence it is impossible to predict, except that a breakdown is sooner or later inevitable, and the breakdown may be for a year or for a lifetime.

A nervous headache is a danger signal; if it be frequent the danger is increased; if it be continuous, a catastrophe is imminent. The driver must put on his brake at all hazards, or he will probably soon have to leap for his life. There are very few sets of circumstances in which it is a man's duty to go on with his work when he is in this condition, at all risks. Even a threatened bankruptcy had better be risked than a threatened life. Besides, a man who is in the unyielding grip of a permanent nervous headache is not really the best judge of his own circumstances. He magnifies and distorts things amazingly. He takes counsel of his fears, and abandons his hope and courage altogether. Rest, we repeat—immediate and sufficient rest—is the sovereign remedy. A fortnight at once may be better than a year six weeks hence.—Hospital.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, June 11.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$3 90	@	4 10
Butcher steers	3 00	@	4 15
Native cows	2 00	@	3 15
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	4 00	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red	74	@	74
No. 2 soft	75	@	78
CORN—No. 2	25	@	26
OATS—No. 2	19½@		20
RYE—No. 2	37	@	39
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 20	@	2 40
HAY—Baled	5 00	@	7 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	12	@	15
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@	9½
EGGS—Choice	10	@	10½
BACON—Hams	10	@	10½
Shoulders	5	@	5½
Sides	7	@	8
LARD	6¾@		6¾
POTATOES	57	@	60
ST. LOUIS.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@	4 45
Butchers' steers	3 75	@	4 50
HOGS—Packing	4 00	@	4 30
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 60	@	4 60
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@	4 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@	81
CORN—No. 2	31½@		31¾
OATS—No. 2	22½@		22¾
RYE—No. 2	36	@	40
BUTTER—Creamery	14	@	15
PORK	12 20	@	12 25
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	3 75	@	4 25
HOGS—Packing and shipping	4 00	@	4 45
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 25
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 50	@	5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red	79½@		79
CORN—No. 2	39½@		39¾
OATS—No. 2	22	@	22½
RYE—No. 2	38½@		38¾
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@	17
PORK	11 75	@	11 80
NEW YORK.			
CATTLE—Common to prime	4 00	@	4 60
HOGS—Good to choice	4 50	@	5 25
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	81½@		82½
CORN—No. 2	42½@		43
OATS—Western mixed	35	@	40
BUTTER—Creamery	15	@	17½
PORK	12 45	@	12 50

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Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting every body, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

—Miss Jane Smith, or "Captain Jane Smith," as her neighbors call her, has, with the aid of her sister, worked a hundred acre farm in Georgia since the war. The place was at first rented by her brother, but he was killed during the war, and "Captain Jane" has since bought and paid for the farm. The sisters raise every thing they use excepting coffee. They even weave the cloth for their clothes.

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Rising at morning or evening from some lowland, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits, or sojourns in a miasmatic region or country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, consumption, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

HON. MRS. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

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GRAYSON WILLS, Postoffice, Vinita, Ind. Ter. Under half crop, each ear. Steers branded on left side. Range on White Oak eight miles south-west Vinita. 5-44

J. C. HOGAN, Adair, Indian Territory. Swallow-fork and underbit in right ear, underslope in left. Range on Pryors creek. 621

J. T. M'SPADDEN, Postoffice at Chelsea, Indian Ter. Close crop off left ear; overbit in right. Range six miles west of Chelsea. 621

W. H. MARKER, Postoffice, Vinita, I. T. Crop off of left ear, under half crop in right ear. Range—On Big Cabin creek. 5-29 1y

G. W. GREEN, Post-office, Vinita, I. T. Crop off left ear and split in right. Range—On Jones creek, eight miles northeast of Vinita, I. T. 29

JOHN WHISTLER, Postoffice, Sac & Fox Agency, I. T. Crop off right ear and crop and under half crop off left. Range on Sac and Fox reservation.—Cattle of this brand are sold only for shipment. 51

J. O. HALL, Post-office, Vinita, I. T. Horse brand same on left hip. Underbit in each ear. Range—Between Cabin and Pryor creek. 6-29

W. H. NOBLES, Postoffice at Kingston, Kansas. Horse brand same. Road brand: Under half-crop in each ear. Range, head of Big creek, C. N. 5-28

E. B. FRAYSER, Postoffice, Vinita, Ind. Ter. Horses brand same. Mark, crop off left hole and brass wire in right. Cattle of this brand sold only for shipment. Range 6 miles s e Vinita on Cabin creek between Lo east and Mustang creeks. 4-33

C. HAYDEN, Chouteau, Ind. Ter. Circle on neck—either side; crop off left side of hip. Range on Chouteau and Pryor creeks. Horse brand C H left shoulder or thigh. 7-36

GEORGE W. CLARK, Postoffice, Vinita, Indian Territory. Smooth crop in left ear, split in right; dewlap. Range on Pryors creek. 6-36

J. B. EDWARDS, P. O. Vinita, Indian Territory. Range on Lynch Prairie. Crop and split right, over bit left. Some branded J B on left hip and side. Also some J on left jaw, B on side, E on hip. Only beef cattle old. 6-4

WM. LITTLE, Postoffice Vinita, Ind. Ter. Brand on hip or side. Ear mark, crop off left and crop and underbit off right. Steers branded 84. Various other marks & brands. Range on White Oak. 5-21

C. M. McCLELLAN, Postoffice, Oowala, I. T. A few cows are branded on left side thus. A few cattle branded the left SO behind shoulder. Cattle mostly double dewlapped. Horse brand, CM on left side. Ranch on Caney.

W. E. HALSELL, Postoffice, Vinita, Ind. Ter. Range on Bird Creek, 10 miles N. E. of Tulsa. Cattle of this brand are sold only for shipment and no one is authorized to sell but myself. Will pay $5 for conviction of anyone stealing. Horses branded with horseshoe on left shoulder and neck. Some have — on thigh. 1-18

B. W. RIDER, Chelsea, Indian Territory. Crop and split in left; swallow fork in right. Range on Pryor creek. 6-32

I. P. BLEDSOE, Chouteau, Ind. Ter. Range, Chouteau creek, west of town. Horses and cattle same brand; cattle crop and horses marked crop and underbit right, underslope left. A few cattle have the circle on jaw. 7-28

R. C. EDGERTON, Postoffice, Coffeyville, Kansas. Ranch on California creek, Okmulgee, Ch. "rokees. Cattle running in both brands; some have — on both hips and close crop off left ear, under bit in right; cattle sold only for shipment and by myself. Will pay $50 for information leading to conviction of anyone stealing. 725

SUSIE T. FRAZEE, Vinita, Ind. Ter. Brand (li) on either side; crop and underbit in each ear of cattle or hogs; sheep and goats, crop off the right ear. 7-26

MISS SALLIE ALBERTY, Chouteau, Ind. Ter. Two underbits in one ear and one underbit in other