GOLD FROM FARM-LANDS.

YOU find land of inexhaustible fertility and well watered, and at the same time easily worked, being prepared by nature for the plow, you may reasonably expect to find farming a profitable occupation and the farmers in such a country making more than a bare living. Agriculture in such a country is like mining—simply taking gold from the soil in the shape of the finer grades of wheat and other cereals, and it possesses the great advantage over mining that the amount of actual work necessary to make it pay is comparatively very small.

Upon the great fertile prairies of Western Canada, where millions of acres of the richest land in the world are comprised within the Provinces of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta, etc., settlers, old and new, have simply taken gold from the ground in the shape of magnificent crops for the season of 1890.

Their gold is golden grain, but it yields as sure returns as any metal ever mined. The writer visited farm after farm in Manitoba the past season where the yield of wheat averaged from 30 to 38 bushels per acre, and where oats yielded frequently 75 bushels per acre of choice grain. Upon one farm of 1,800 acres, the crop of wheat and oats was close to 60,000 bushels, and of this the first lot of 20,000 bushels of wheat was sold for 84c and 80c per bushel. Close beside this large farm was a small one from which the owner had taken his first crop. He had started with no capital the year before, yet his crop of wheat was 1,000 bushels and the quality was so good that he got 85c per bushel for it, one cent a bushel more than his wealthy neighbor, which meant just $850 for his first season in wheat alone.

With a climate peculiarly adapted to grain-growing, and a population representing nearly every nation, Western Canada offers to the settler a most favorable chance to succeed among friends or fellow countrymen of his own.

A Cold Day For Ice.

A large block of ice—which would have been worth a King's ransom last August—lay all day on the Fifth avenue pavement in front of the Western Union office. It attracted considerable attention, with the usual cursory remarks, as people tripped over it. Some small jokes as well as shins were cracked over the iceberg also.

"Not often you see a piece of ice that size left in the street," was the one pedestrian's remark.

"It's a cold day when ice gets left there, you'll observe," his companion rejoined.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Too Much For Endurance.

American Citizen (indignantly)—See here, madam, I want you to see that that boy of yours sits down once in awhile and reads the papers. I won't have such an ignoramus about the house. The idea of a boy of his age asking such idiotic questions.

Citizeness—Why, my dear, what has he been asking?

Citizen—The young numskull wanted to know if the "Hon." before a Congressman's name meant honest.—N. Y. Weekly.

For Cause.

Primus—The postmaster at East Center has been turned out.

Secundus—For cause?

Primus—Yes; he sent all letters in mourning envelopes to the dead-letter office.—Jury.

THE SKELETON OF THE OLD YEAR.

ALL sinking, half swimming, he slips from the land;
The bell-rope is clinched in his tremulous hand;
His last sun has set in the billowy tomb;
The clock of the months marks the moment of doom.

Oh! visitant, ghostly, we bid thee farewell.
But just for one moment with-hold thy last knell,

To tell us the fate of our last summer flowers, Our love-songs, our bird-notes, our blossoming hours.

Full many sweet hopes were intrusted to thee;
Their realization, oh! when shall we see?
And will you not tell us in what shadeless
The fragments are set of our lost, shattered gems?
The path we've walked with thee has been so uneven,
But, did it not slant, just a little, toward Heaven?
The sheaves we have garnered to scatter abroad,
Dost know that they're safe in the storehouse of God?

Still mute? Oh! departing year, we care not whether
Thy heart be as fickle and false as thy weather;
Go; sink with thy storms and thy floods past recall,
And let the eternal waves cover them all.

The Past and the Future clasp hands over thee,
As o'er thy head surges the turbulent sea;
Thine own nerveless fingers must ring out the knell—
The clock strikes; the bell tolls; Farewell, oh! Farewell.

—Mary A. Benson, in Texas Siftings.

UPON THE WATERS.

Bread That Returned on a New Year's Morning.

WHEN the Hunters came into Hillport, from nobody knows where, the general sentiment of the town was one of disapprobation. They had no end of boisterous, half-clad, uncared-for children, who ran wild over even the most sacred precincts of the village. These young savages were no respecters of persons. They whooped and shouted under the very windows of Judge Jones, whose name usually inspired fear in the breast of large or small Hillporters. Nor did they stand in awe of ministers of the Gospel or show any regard for a church. In truth, they did not know the uses of a church, beyond the fact that it was a lot of fun to throw stones at it while people were within on Sunday mornings. And as for a preacher, wasn't he a creature whose long-tailed coat afforded glorious opportunities for decoration which made laughter for the decorators? These were the base uses to which the Hunter children put sacred beings and buildings. They did dozens of other things equally hateful in the eyes of the respectable portion of the community; but with all their mischievous instincts their depredations were never absolutely flagrant and unendurable.

By and by some of the more charitable of the townfolk began to pity the forlorn condition of the young savages, particularly when it became known that their father was a shiftless soul, who loafed three days for every one he worked, and that their mother had lost whatever spirit or energy she had once possessed and was now merely enduring existence until it ended. And as for poverty, Hillporters had never really known what it was until the Hunters enlightened them.

One of the few persons who felt sorry to see the little Hunters grow up so neglected was Mrs. Raynor, whose pretty home was not far from their dreary dwelling. She made the acquaintance of all of them, but had taken a particular fancy to six-year-old Ruth, a pretty child, with much sweetness and gentleness in her face and voice. Indeed, to look at Ruth one could not realize that she had been born to neglect, poverty and all the unhappy results these two evils breed.

Mrs. Raynor helped the poor little untaught soul to many an innocent pleasure and some substantial comforts. One raw autumn day she met Ruth on the street in tears.

"What's the matter, Ruthie?" asked the kind lady.

"I-I-I want to go to school and h-have warm clothes like o-o-other little girls," sobbed Ruth, shivering in her thin and ragged gown. "I-I'm so tired of being hungry and cold."

This blunt confession smote Mrs Raynor to the heart.

"Don't cry, child, don't cry, I'll see if you can't have some warm clothes and go to school," and she took Ruth by the hand and led her home.

That evening Mrs. Raynor said to her husband: "George, I want to bring little Ruth Hunter here, put some decent clothes on her and send her to school this winter with our children. My heart aches for the poor neglected little thing."

Mr. Raynor arched his eyebrows reprovingly. "You'll be sure to rue philanthropy of that kind, my dear. It's a risky thing to bring a barbarian like her among civilized beings. You don't know how she might injure our own children."

"I'll look closely after all of them," said Mrs. Raynor. "Why, the poor little thing has had no chance to be any thing but a barbarian. I believe there's plenty of good in her if some one would take the trouble to develop it. Besides, I believe we all commit a sin when we

HIS LONG-TAILED COAT AFFORDED GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITIES.

see children growing up like savages before our eyes and never lift a finger to save them. Our duty does not end with looking after our own."

"Well, well, have it your own way," said Mr. Raynor. "I, too, feel sorry for the poor little waif; but I hope you will not rue it."

Next morning Mrs. Raynor went to the Hunters to ask for Ruth. "What do you say, daddy?" asked the apathetic Mrs. Hunter, as she sat in hideous rags with a dirty baby on her lap, after she had heard Mrs. Raynor's request.

"Do as ye like about it," said the foul father. "Young uns are most too thick around here."

"Well, yo kon take her," said Mrs. Hunter, nodding to Mrs. Raynor, "an' if she don't like it over there among your young uns she can come back any day." This was said in the most independent and airy fashion, as though there was every possibility that Ruth might not like life in the Raynor family at all.

Mrs. Raynor smiled as she thanked Mrs. Hunter, and then she took Ruth home with her.

The child was overjoyed. Nice clothes and kindness soon developed her self-respect, and she loved her benefactress as only a young savage can love. She was bright and quick, and learned with surprising rapidity. The winter went by and she still remained at the Raynors. The summer and another winter, and year after year slipped away and she was still there.

At last Ruth was twelve years old, and a very sweet and lovely Ruth she had grown to be. Her comfort and joy, however, were soon to end. One day her mother came over to the Raynors and told Ruth that they, the Hunters, were about to move "out West," and she must go with them. Tears and entreaties were of no avail. The miserable, ignorant woman had long been jealous of Ruth's affection for Mrs. Raynor, and she now declared that Ruth must come home and share the fortunes of the family. So the poor child went away with her unlovely family into a life that was hateful to her. For a time she wrote frequently to Mrs. Raynor, but as the years went by letters came less frequently, and at last, after the Raynors removed to another town, they ceased to hear from Ruth altogether.

Time moved on and brought sad changes to the Raynors. One by one the rosy-cheeked children sickened and died, and Mr. Raynor soon followed them. Mrs. Raynor found herself alone and penniless, for her husband's affairs were in a bad way, and his property had been seized by his creditors.

She struggled for a time, but sickness eventually overpowered her, and, as she was destitute, she was taken to the almshouse.

Here, on New Year's morning she lay, helpless and sick at heart. She put her thin hand over her eyes to hide the tears of humiliation which trickled slowly over her cheeks. Silently she asked herself how she had sinned that she must be punished thus? Had she not always given out kindness wherever and whenever she could? Had not her heart always been full of pity, mercy and charity, and her hands ready to help the needy? Yet here she was, ill, old and a pauper, a recipient of public alms. "It is greater than I can bear," she groaned, as the full force of her humiliation came upon her.

Somebody began to sing in the next room. It was poor old Nancy, one of the county's feeble-minded children. In a quavering voice she sung:

"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

The words blazed before the brain of Mrs. Raynor and she repeated them doubtingly:

"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Ah, but it was not true—the promise in these words was not true, it was not true. Had she not cast her bread upon the waters in deeds of kindness, again and again? Yet here she was, forsaken. The tears gushed forth anew—tears of

THE DOOR OPENED SOFTLY.

such misery as many an eye which has known sorrow is still a stranger to.

The door opened softly. Somebody entered, but Mrs. Raynor did not remove her hand from her eyes.

"Mother," said an eager voice, "Mother Raynor."

Who could call her mother? Surely, every voice that had a right to address her by that name was hushed in death.

The next instant a pair of arms were about her, and young lips were kissing her faded ones. "Mother, my true mother, it is I, Ruth Hunter. Speak to me."

After the first shock of joy was over, Mrs. Raynor asked Ruth how she learned of her misfortune. It was easily explained. Mention of the fact that the county had taken charge of Mrs. Raynor was made in one of the newspapers. A copy of the paper containing this paragraph was wrapped around an express package and sent to the town in Missouri where Ruth lived, and by accident fell into her hands. After reading it she started at once to find her former benefactress, and never rested until she reached the almshouse.

"And now, mother," she said, "you are going with me to live, for I am married and have a happy home in which you shall be loved and cared for as long as you live. I owe every thing of good that has ever come to me to your kindness in the past, and I am grateful for a chance to repay you."

Mrs. Raynor lay quite still, too full of gratitude and joy to speak.

"And this is New Year's morning," said Ruth: "Let me kiss you again for a Happy New Year."

The words of old Nancy's song floated in once more. How sweetly they sounded to Mrs. Raynor's ears, cracked and broken as was the voice which sang them:

"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

"Yes, the promise is true," she murmured. "It shall be gathered at the last. Mine has returned to me to-day."—Gertrude Garrison, in Texas Siftings.

—An amusing incident happened to a Bangor lady who advertised for a housemaid. The girl seeking employment, instead of waiting for the mistress of the house to question her, commenced asking questions that would have done justice to a lawyer cross-questioning a witness. After this had been carried on for about fifteen minutes the girl asked the following question: "Madam, what church do you attend?" The desired information was given, but whether the querist thought the mistress would answer the Commercial does not state.

—Did He Write It?—He—"Have you read the very complimentary notice of myself in this evening's 'Literary Critic,' Miss Cutting?" Miss C.—"Yes; it is very good. Did you write it?"—Yankee Blade.

—An Excusable Error.—"Did you call me a rich loafer?" "No, sare. I was not acky-wainted with ze American tongue. I meant to say you were a rich bakes."—N. Y. Sun.

An Unpleasant Reminder.

"Here, Bill, take this chair," said the groceryman.

"An' let you stand?" said the customer. "I don't want ye to stand on my account a minit."

"Gettin' dreffle particular all to once, ain't ye?" said the groceryman. "I've knowed things to stand on your account over a year."

And the outcome of the argument which followed was the transfer of Bill's account to the other store.—Detroit Free Press.

—Blessings of Wealth.—American (proudly)—"I understand that all your sons are engaged to American girls." Lord Toploftly—"All but one, the eldest. He, being heir to the estate, can afford to marry an English girl."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Willie (who has eaten his apple)—"Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam." Mabel—"All right. Well?" Willie—"Now you tempt me to eat your apple and I'll succumb."—The Bostonian.

—"There is only one hope," said the lawyer. "A little weeping may move the jury." "Great Scott! Mr. Brief," said the defendant's son, "don't advise mother to weep. If she does, she'll swamp the court."—Harper's Bazar.

Pulmonary Diseases.

The lungs play a most important part in the machinery of life. It is essential that they should be kept in good repair. Nature has endowed this organ of life with wonderful recuperative power. Many instances are on record where the lungs have been shot through with a leaden bullet and the wound quickly healing. Therefore none should despair when they discover that their lungs are affected. Frequently the lungs become sore and ulcerated and by an ignorant doctor pronounced consumption and worthless remedies applied, with serious results. When the lungs feel sore and breathing painful the proper remedy is Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. Its tendency is to heal all ulcerations either internal or external. Many an invalid whose case was pronounced hopeless has been restored to vigorous health by a timely use of this excellent compound. If you will not try this remedy you have only yourself to blame if you do not get well.

Do the doctors take a vacation in the summer because it is a healthy season, or is it a healthy season because they take a vacation?—Fliegende Blatter.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure and get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

There are many idol words in the language of the heathen.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Borne Down with Infirmities.

Age finds its surest solace in the benignant tonic aid afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which counteracts rheumatic and malarial tendencies, relieves growing inactivity of the kidneys, and is the finest remedy extant for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Nervousness, too, with which old people are very apt to be afflicted, is promptly relieved by it.

Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes waiting for other people.—Elmira Gazette.

Before the use of Prickly Ash Bitters became general throughout the South and West, it was a fearful dose of "Blue Mass," and daily doses of quinine, that was forced down the throats of sufferers from all malarial troubles. In place of such obnoxious, harrowing curatives, Prickly Ash Bitters, with its mild, soothing action now holds supreme sway, and after one trial, its use when necessary, is forever established. You who have sick-headaches, sour stomachs, diseased liver or kidneys, can do no better than to give it a trial.

"Papa, why do they call this census report from Washington a rough count?" "Because it has not been filed yet, my son."

A child cannot tell what ails it. A shrewd mother will not take chances but will try Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers at once. Don't let your druggist sell you any other kind of worm candy. Bull's is the best.

The office of a dentist is also a studio. While he is drawing those about him are making music and dancing.—N. O. Picayune.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

The reason why a cow wears horns is because she's got two.—Binghamton Leader.

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and promote digestion, take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills every night. Try them.

The anatomist is the man who can give us the surest "inside information."—Puck.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

It is a bright man that can tell the age of a saw by looking at its teeth.—N. Y. Ledger.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 23.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	$ 3 35	@ 4 65
Butchers' steers	2 50	@ 3 25
Native cows	2 00	@ 2 90
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 50	@ 3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red	89	@ 91
No. 2 hard	84	@ 85
CORN—No. 2	47½	@ 48½
OATS—No. 2	41	@ 41½
RYE—No. 2	63½	@ 64
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 30	@ 2 45
Fancy	2 10	@ 2 15
HAY—Baled	7 50	@ 9 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	20	@ 22
CHEESE—Full cream	9	@ 9½
EGGS—Choice	19½	@ 20
BACON—Hams	10	@ 11
Shoulders	5	@ 6½
Sides	7	@ 8
LARD	6½	@ 6¾
POTATOES	75	@ 90

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@ 4 60
Butchers' steers	3 00	@ 3 65
HOGS—Packing	3 60	@ 3 75
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@ 5 20
FLOUR—Choice	3 50	@ 3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	93½	@ 93¾
CORN—No. 2	47¾	@ 47¾
OATS—No. 2	42	@ 42½
RYE—No. 2	68	@ 70
BUTTER—Creamery	23	@ 26
PORK	10 15	@ 10 25

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 00	@ 4 95
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 75	@ 3 85
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@ 5 00
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	92½	@ 93
CORN—No. 2	53	@ 53¾
OATS—No. 2	41¾	@ 41½
RYE—No. 2	67	@ 67¾
BUTTER—Creamery	22	@ 26
PORK	7 75	@ 7 87½

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Common to prime	3 50	@ 4 90
HOGS—Good to choice	3 55	@ 3 65
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 40	@ 5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 03	@ 1 03½
CORN—No. 2	63	@ 63½
OATS—Western mixed	47	@ 50
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@ 23½
PORK	11 00	@ 12 00

STOCK BRANDS

Not occupying more space than the first following will be inserted at $5.00 per year. The verdict of men owning large or small herds is that it pays to advertise the brands.

O H RANCH, Caney, Kansas.
Circle on jaw; O on side; O H on hip. C A on side, left hip.
Range on Caney, 10 miles southeast of Caney, Kansas. Sell only for shipment. 9-31

D. L. DENNY, Claremore, Ind. Ter.
Either side. Left side. Various marks.
Range 2 miles east of Catoosa. 9-31

J. K. CRUTCHFIELD, Claremore, Ind. Ter.
XS—right side on right thigh. Grub left, underbit and overslope right.
Range 10 miles south Claremore. None sold except for shipment. 9-31

C. L. WASHBOURNE, P. O., Vinita, I. T.
Smooth crop each ear, underbit in right. Range on Round Spring Prairie, 8 miles east of Bolens Ferry. Horse brand: C on left hip. Some cattle branded —— on left hip. 9-10

W. W. MILLER, Vinita, I. T.
Range on Locust creek, four miles east of Vinita. Underbit and crop in the right, crop and split in left. 9-1

J. B. EDWARDS, P. O. Vinita, Indian Territory.
Range on Lynch Prairie. Crop and split right, overbit 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 sold. 8-31
Will pay $50 reward for conviction any of one stealing an animal to this brand.

C. V. ROGERS, Claremore, Ind. Ter. 9-31
Range on Gumlic. Mark: Crop and split in left, underslope in right; dewlap. on right, on the left side of Texas steers.

W. S. AUDRAIN, P. O. Prairie City, I. T.
Range between Hudson creek and Little Cabin. Mark, underbit and overslope in each ear. 8-32

GREEN YEARGAIN, Tulsa, Ind. Ter.
Crop and underbit in left; crop right. Horses branded N on left thigh and shoulder. Range on Hominy creek. Gange station. No cattle sold except for shipment. 8-32

NATHANIEL SKINNER, Post-office, Vinita, I. T.
Underslope in each ear Range. On Verdigre's 12 m. west of Chelsea.

GEO. NIPPER, Post-Office Claremore, Ind. Ter.
Swallow fork and underbit in left; smooth crop right. Range Pawhuska creek. Some branded 11 right shoulder.

WM. LITTLE, Postoffice Vinita, Ind. Ter.
Brand on hip or side. Ear mark, crop off left and crop and underhalf crop off right. Steers branded Various other marks & brands. 84
Range on White Oak. 7-31

O. M. McCLELLAN, Postoffice, Oowala, I. T.
A few cows are branded on left side thus. A few cattle branded on the left shoulder. Cattle mostly double dewlapped. Horse brand, on left side.
Range 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 $25 for conviction of anyone stealing.
Horses branded with horseshoe on left shoulder and neck. Some have — on thigh. 7-18

B. W. RIDER, Chelsea, Indian Territory.
Crop and split in left; swallow fork in right.
Range on Pryor creek. 6-33

T. H. HARLES, Webbers Falls, I. T.
Some branded —H— also V L
Mark: Underslope and overslope.
Range on head of Pawpaw, ten miles northwest of Vinita, I. T. 7-34

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. 8-32

J. O. HOGAN, Adair, Indian Territory.
Swallow-fork and underbit in right ear, underslope in left. Range on Pryor creek. 6-33

J. T. M'SPADDEN, Postoffice at Chelsea, Indian Ter.
Close crop off left ear; overbit in right. Range six miles west of Chelsea. 9-31

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 ly

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

J. O. HALL, Post-office, Vinita, I. T.
Horse brand same on left hip. Underbit in each ear. Range—Between Cabin and Pryor creek. 5-29

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. 5-32

E. B. FRAYSER, Postoffice, Vinita, Ind. Ter.
Horse brand same. Mark, crop off left side and brace wire in right. Cattle of this brand sold only for shipment. Range 6 miles east and Mustang creeks. 6-33

O. HAYDEN, Chouteau, Ind. Ter.
Circle on neck—either side. CH on left side or hip. Range on Chouteau and Pryor creeks. Horse brand C H left shoulder or thigh. 7-35

GEORGE W. CLARK, Postoffice, Vinita, Indian Territory
Smooth crop in left ear, split in right; dewlap. Range on Pryor creek. 6-30

R. R. TAYLOR, Postoffice Vinita, I. T.
Smooth crop in left ear and crop and split in the right. Some cattle various other brands & marks. Range on Locust creek, four miles east of Vinita. 629

JOHN P. DRAKE, Postoffice at Chelsea, Ind. Ter.
Branded on left side and hip. Mark, under & overbit. Horses branded the same. Range, 6 miles north of Oowala, 20 m. Verdigris river. 6-33

S. B. MAYES, Postoffice Salina, Indian Territory.
Swallow fork and under bit in one ear and over slope in the other. Young cattle banded on left jaw; 7 on left hip and notch of nose. Brand on cows' tail out of. Range on Wolf creek. 9-31
Also 7 heart on left side and O on left jaw; 4 low branded J W R on side.

J. B. MARKHAM, Chouteau, Ind. Ter.
Swallow-fork and underbit in left ear; underslope in right. Range from Locust Grove to Flat Rock, both sides of the river. Sold only for shipment. 6-33

GEORGE B. PERRYMAN, Tulsa, Ind. Ter.
Range in vicinity of Tulsa. Other brands on sides: U hip. I on jaw. Diamond on the shoulder; 7 mark; swallow-fork both ears; swallow-fork and underbit in either side.
H on hip and W on side; L bridge 7 6, all in various marks. Figure 3 cattle marked crop left, an allow fork right. 7-34

W. C. PATTON, Vinita, Ind. Ter.
Ranch Rock creek. Some cattle have S I M on side and S I on hip. In Creek nation I J S also half circle D on others. Mark: Crop left. 7-31

G. W. FRANKLIN, Afton, Indian Territory.
Horseback underbit in left, one in right, over on jaw. Horses same brand, same on right shoulder. Range between Little Vinita and Horse creek. 9-34