LITTLE ELSIE LESLIE.

HOW AND WHERE SHE PASSED THE WARM MONTHS.

Mistress of a Picturesque Cottage in The Green Mountains—The Jokes She Plays on Her Mother.

Nestling in the shadows of the Green Mountains and sheltered by their towering sides stands a quaint little cottage, the Summer home of Elsie Leslie, the child actress. It is four miles from Poultney, Vt., on the shores of placid Lake St. Catherine. A green lawn leads down to the lake, where a little wharf with a rustic Summer house at its extremity juts into the water, affording refuge for a couple of dainty flag-bedecked rowboats, in which Miss Elsie takes daily exercise. A big St. Bernard dog named Milton can be found lolling under the tree. Lazy as he looks he keeps a sharp eye on his young mistress, of whom he is very fond. He has already rescued Elsie from the deep waters of the lake.

ELSIE LESLIE.

A broad piazza embraces the Leslie house on three sides and is rarely unoccupied, so enticing are its shady lengths, so luxurious are the half a dozen hammocks, so quiet is its absolute seclusion and so grand is the scenery visible from this shady retreat.

It is here that Miss Elsie dresses her dolls or lectures them with true motherly tenderness. Here, too, she reads her favorite books and studies the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It," with which character she has fallen deeply in love.

Pictures of the child as Fauntleroy, Prince Edward and Edithe ornament the walls, while the floors are covered with white Turkish rugs. A banjo leans carelessly against a huge brass lamp and its duty is, through the medium of Miss Elsie's fingers, to locate and describe "Miss Maggie Murphy's Home," or the trials and tribulations of "Wang." A guitar hangs by a long, narrow ribbon, and often tinkles the notes of "Old Madrid" when coaxed by the elder sisters. The entire effect of the house is charming and luxurious, rest-compelling and peaceful.

As in old Southern houses, the cottage is rambling in architecture, nearly all the rooms opening from quaint little passages leading from the main room.

Elsie, her mother and two sisters form the household, which is often augmented by guests, who invariably go away charmed at the loveliness of the surroundings and the hospitality of the inmates.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Miss Elsie is known far and near among the country folks and is universally beloved. Every caller that she receives (and they are legion) is treated with a courtesy that is particularly her own.

The routine of her life in the country is simple. Early in the morning she rises and the tap of her dainty heels on the uncarpeted floor of her room announces to the family below that her toilet is progressing. The family generally has assembled at breakfast when she marches down the stairs with her boots unbuttoned. All operations are suspended until this is remedied and her dress hooked behind. Her eyes, still drowsy with sleep, roam from one to another as she bids one and all "Good morning" in the softest, sweetest voice in the world.

Elsie likes milk and eggs and these form her breakfast. When her appetite is satisfied she seeks the veranda and proceeds to dress her doll in a new costume. Of all the expensive dolls over which she exercises maternal care one that represents an investment of six cents is her favorite.

When the doll is dressed she and her big dog Milton go for a stroll. Together they climb the mountain side, where, finding some flat rock commanding a view of the lake, she takes up her position and studies a bit of Rosalind. It is hard work for her to get back at dinner time, and she is often late.

Elsie is a joker, and worries her mother in fun. She ties a bit of red rag on a toothpick and whenever any dish on the table grows low, Elsie solemnly sticks the red flag into it, thus warning all comers off. Her afternoons are usually passed on the lake fishing, or drifting idly about with her sisters, strumming her banjo or concocting jokes to play on her mother.

During the evening she delights in imitating or burlesquing prominent actors she has seen. "Wang" is her favorite opera, and she gives it as a monologue, even introducing a skirt dance, which is all her own. At 8 she goes to bed. But she wakens when others go to their apartments later in the evening, and often the last sound heard by the guests is Elsie's sweet "Good-night" coming from her little bare room just beneath the roof.

Not the Same.

Singleton—I'm sorry to hear that you have trouble with your wife. What is the matter?

Benedict—It's her way of talking. She says the most cutting, ironical things to me on every occasion. Never misses a chance to spring something horribly sarcastic. It's dreadful, I tell you.

Singleton—Well, you knew her long enough before you were married to learn of the trait.

Benedict—Oh, I did, but I took it for wit then.—*Buffalo News.*

Two of a Kind.

He found her alone standing at the library window when he entered unannounced, and she hardly started as he put a fond arm about her waist.

"If you are the girl I take you to be," he began tenderly, when he was interrupted by a brittlene voice:

"I'm not; I'm her brother; we dress alike; I'll send her in, old fel——" and then a distracted man slid out and walked sadly homeward.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TWO INFANT PRODIGIES.

A Young Pianist and a Young Novelist, Each Eight Years Old.

Two bright little New Yorkers are attracting considerable attention now by their precocity. One is Michael Zadora and the other Louis Torpete. The latter is the eight-year-old son of Senor Baldassaroy Torpete, the Spanish consul general in New York. Little Louis first saw the light in Quebec and is in school at St. Francis Xavier's College. He is a youth of literary tastes, and once he wrote a long story in Spanish, all divided into chapters, and at the end of each chapter he put "Adios, papa," or "Adios, mamma" or "Adios, to dos," for he worked evenings, and when he had done a chapter he went to bed. This precious MS. he carried himself to a publisher, and with all the solemnity in the world unbuttoned his pea jacket and handed it up to the desk. It was accepted and paid for then and there, and Louis was not the least bit surprised. He put his money into a big pocketbook like an experienced man of business and walked away. He has now begun work on a volume of his travels, which will no doubt prove interesting.

MICHAEL ZADORA.

Michael Zadora is only eight years old, but he has displayed such remarkable musical talent as to have called forth the encomiums of experienced pianists. He is a native of New York City, and lives with his father in one of the uptown streets. When three years old he gave the first evidence of his wonderful gift. Now he is capable of rendering intelligently the most difficult works of the great composers. His technique is marvelous, when it is taken into consideration that his little hands are unable to span an octave. With all his genius, Michael is a thorough boy, with a boy's love of play, and much as he likes the piano the shouts of his playmates are sure to make him forsake the instrument and join them in their sports.

LOUIS TORPETE.

Not so Romantic as it Seemed.

The big man was half drunk, and when he leered at the young woman she tried to pass him on the extreme outer edge of the sidewalk. He stepped in front of her and she tried to pass to the other side of him. He was in front of her again and exclaimed:

"Don't hurry, my pretty."

She was about to turn and run when another man emerged from the shadow of a building.

"Hold on here," he said. "What's the matter?"

"None of your business," retorted the first man.

"Well, we'll see," said the second. "You've been annoying this lady."

"Mebbe she's your wife," sneered the first.

"Well, she isn't."

"Or your sister."

"No."

"Or your sweetheart."

"Never saw her before."

"O, you're trying to make a mash, too, are you?"

Pugilists would have called the blow a "beautiful" one, but the kick that followed it would certainly have been declared a "foul."

"O, SIR!" CRIED THE YOUNG WOMAN.

"O, sir!" cried the young woman, when the smoke of battle had cleared away. "I——"

"Go on home!" exclaimed her champion.

"But, sir, you have——"

"Go on home, I tell you, and don't be chasing around nights again," he interrupted.

"But your noble action," she began again.

"Noble nothing!" he interrupted again. "I've been watching for that man for six weeks, and it's the first time I've found him so drunk that I could smash him without getting the worst of it. Go on home! This was business, not romance. He beat me out of $1.50."

He lit a cigar and sauntered down the street with the air of a man who had settled an outstanding account.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Might Have Been a Little Stingy.

Her ball-dress was superb and she had put it on to show her business-like old father that he hadn't been cheated when he paid the bill.

"ISN'T IT LOVELY?" SHE ASKED.

"Isn't it lovely?" she asked as she marched up and down the room.

The old gentleman puffed his meerschaum meditatively for a moment and then he said:

"I suppose it is."

"But it would have been ever so much prettier," she said, "if you hadn't put a limit on the cost of it. I had to do without some things I should like to have had."

"Wanted to get some more things for it, did you?" he asked.

"O, yes, lots more."

He looked her over critically for a moment, and then said:

"Well, I thought I'd given you enough, but perhaps I was a little stingy. I don't mind buying a yard or two more if you'll put it up top where its needed and not add it to the train."

At St. Helen, Cal., there is a long agent who is 82 years old, and who was never shot at, thrown through a window, or worried by a dog to all his long experience.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Every Meal.

BREAD OUT OF SAWDUST.

Scientists Now at Work on the Problem and May Solve It.

A Washington *Star* reporter was informed that the department of agriculture is interested in a plan for making bread out of sawdust.

Absurd? By no means. Scientists believe that there is no good reason why the thing should not be entirely practicable. Everybody knows that starch is a substance extremly nutritious; in fact, it is nearly all nutriment. Well, starch and sawdust are the same thing. Sawdust, which is "cellulose," is of precisely the same chemical composition as starch. The two are expressed by the chemical formula—C6 H10 O5—that is, six parts of carbon, ten of hydrogen, and five parts of oxygen. These are the simple ingredients of either starch or sawdust. Scientific experimenters have been trying for a long time to find out a way to transform the one into the other. If they should succeed the discovery would be away ahead of the philosopher's stone in point of value. An inexhaustible source of food supply would at once be rendered available in the forests, the grass, and even in straw and chaff.

Hitherto chemistry has occupied itself almost wholly with taking things apart, in order to find out what they are made of; but now the science is directing its attention to putting elements together for the production of useful substances. Already it has succeeded in the artificial preparation of indigo, alizarin, aric acid, and many other compounds. The aniline colors, obtained from coal tar and yet rivaling the most brilliant tints of the rainbow, are similarly produced. So complex are some of them that their names, which give full accounts of their composition, have to be regular seven-league words, one beautiful dye being known as "Hexamethyimethoxytriamidotriphenylcarbinol." From coal tar in a like manner are derived many valuable anti-fever medicines and soporifices.

The prospects of this new science of putting elements together seem infinite, and the era of bliss may yet dawn which has been prophesied by the illustrious naturalist Frederick Cohn, who says that all struggles for existence among men arising from want of food will be done away with, when chemistry shall have learned to make starch from carbolic acid and water. Plants grow by doing just that, and it may, therefore, be said that farmers have been engaged since time immemorial in this very chemical industry. It would scarcely be so surprising, then, if the farms of the country should be replaced at some time in the future by chemical laboratories.

The Man-Faced Crab.

One of the most singular-looking creatures that ever walked the earth or "swam the waters under the earth" is the world famous man-faced crab of Japan. Its body is hardly an inch in length, yet the head is fitted with a face which is the perfect counterpart of that of a Chinese coolie—a veritable missing link, with eyes, nose and mouth all clearly defined. This curious and uncanny creature, besides the great likeness it bears to a human being in the matter of facial features, is provided with two legs, which seem to grow from the top of its head and hang down over the sides of its face. Besides these legs two "feelers," each about an inch in length grow from the "chin" of the animal, looking for all the world like a colonel's forked beard. These man-faced crabs fairly swarm in the inland seas of Japan.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

A Wichita (Kan.) woman straps her baby on her back when she goes on her bicycle.

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 pose.bly 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 you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.

THE MARKETS.

GRAIN.

Kansas City, Dec. 22.		
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	$2 30	@ 2 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80	@ 81
No. 3 hard	80	@ 81
CORN—No. 2	38	@ 38¼
OATS—No. 2	20	@ 21
RYE—No. 2	50	@ 51
BUTTER—Creamery	17	@ 18
EGGS	23	@ 24
HAY—Fancy Prairie	7 50	@ 8 00
FLAX SEED	82	@ 84
St. Louis, Dec. 22.		
FLOUR—Choice	$4 45	@ 4 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	94½	@ 95½
CORN—No. 2	41½	@ 41¾
OATS—No. 2	22	@ 23
RYE—No. 2	89	@ 91
BUTTER—Creamery	20	@ 23
EGGS	22	@ 24
PORK	8 00	@ 11 75
HAY—Prairie	8 00	@ 10 00
Timothy	11 50	@ 15 00
FLAX SEED—Quiet	78	@ 80
Chicago, Dec. 22.		
FLOUR—Patents	$4 25	@ 4 45
WHEAT—No. 2 red	87	@ 87½
CORN—No. 2	34	@ 34¼
OATS—No. 2	23	@ 23¼
RYE—No. 2	39	@ 39
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@ 27½
EGGS	22	@ 23
PORK	8 37½	@ 8 45
FLAXSEED	94	@ 95
STOCK.		
Chicago, Dec. 22.		
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 00	@ 5 15
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 80	@ 3 85
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@ 5 00
St. Louis, Dec. 22.		
CATTLE—Native	$4 50	@ 5 25
Stockers & Feeders	2 25	@ 3 00
HOGS—Mixed	3 60	@ 3 70
SHEEP—Good to choice	3 60	@ 3 75
Kansas City, Dec. 22.		
CATTLE—Steers	$3 75	@ 5 00
Cows	1 00	@ 3 15
Stockers & Feeders	2 25	@ 4 00
HOGS—Pigs	3 65	@ 3 75
SHEEP—Good to choice	3 12	@ 4 40

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25 CTS. Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. 25 CTS.

PASTE AND SCISSORS.

A maiden speech—One stick of tutti frutti, please.—*Buffalo Express.*

Many handkerchiefs are moistened by sorrows that never occur.—*Texas Siftings.*

Dentists are not all farmers, but they live off the echers just the same.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Justice is made blind so that she can't see what is going on in the courtroom.—*Dallas News.*

It has been discovered that music comes out of a barrel organ in staves.—*Washington Star.*

We tip the scales to learn our weight, and tip the waiter to avoid a wait.—*Binghamton Republican.*

"Mine is a patient wait," remarked the young doctor, as he sat lonely in his office.—*Baltimore American.*

The world is more likely to speak well of a man when he is dead than when he is dead-broke.—*Puck.*

He—"Are we going to have some music?" She—"No. Miss Van Howl is going to sing."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The moon shines best when she is full. It is not so with the leading lights of society.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

When they say the bride's costume was a dream do they mean to imply that it was an illusion?"—*Boston Gazette.*

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, have a good deal to do with the breach of promise case in the fall.—*Dallas News.*

Why should officials spend thousands shooting dynamite balloons when any ordinary teamster can draw rein?—*Columbus Post.*

Foreman (to editor)—"You'd better look out! Old Jones is red-hot!" Editor (calmly)—"When did he die?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A man never fully realizes how much of a sponge he is until he slips down in a puddle of water and mops it all up.—*Richmond Recorder.*

"I've got $10,000; I want to build a house." "You can't do it." "Why not?" "It takes $20,000 to build a house for $10,000."—*Puck.*

A Western man says this is a "tough world," and it is his opinion that very few who are in it now will ever get out alive.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

Deacon Smith—"What kind of a collection did we have to-day?" Parson Brone—"A collection of misers, I should judge."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Heaven helps those that help themselves, but praying for your daily bread does not entitle you to the entire bakery.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It is so easy in the spring, when apple-trees are in blossom, for a man to promise his friends all the apples they want in the fall.—*Atchison Globe.*

Guest (at Maine resort) "What lake is that?" Hotel Proprietor—"I've been here only one season and can't pronounce it yet."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"What was the trouble at young Fitt's house this morning?" "Fits was trying to organize a bread riot, so my wife says."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Teacher—"What is the Island of Java noted for?" Bright Boy (son of a grocer)—"It's noted for the coffee that used to come from there."—*Good News.*

Primus—"Did you read my play?" Secundus—"Yes." Primus—"Were you struck with it?" Secundus—"Yes. You ought to dramatize it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Talking about literary style, there goes a man noted for his finished sentences." "Indeed? Is he a novelist?" "No; he is an ex-convict."—*Baltimore American.*

There are men who are such confirmed slaves to the weed that they would not enter the car of progress unless it was a smoking car.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Ah! It seemed that my remarks were wholly uncalled for," commented the author when his essays came back to him by way of the dead-letter office.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A government employe expresses the hope that the new rapid-firing machinery will not be brought into use after any changes of administration that occur.—*Washington Star.*

Visitor—"Are you acquainted with Scribbler, who writes poetry?" Editor—"I should say I knew him. I had to buy a new waste basket last week on his account."—*Texas Siftings.*

"The leaves will be dropping soon," he said, with a tinge of sadness in his voice. "Yes," she answered, "they have to be up with the fall styles, you know."—*Washington Star.*

Winkle—"I wish I could devise some way of hanging up my clothes." Nodd—"I wish I could devise some way of getting them out after I have hung them up."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Madison Square—"They say that one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Merrison Essex—"The man who wrote that never lived in a small town."—*Puck.*

First Little Boy—"And does your sister play the banjo?" Second Little Boy (proudly)—"Indeed she does; you just ought to hear her. She's a graduate of Vassar, she is."—*Good News.*

"I have seen all the large openings of the season," said Mrs. De Style. "Beg pardon, my dear," meekly said her spouse; "have you inspected my bank account?"—*Baltimore American.*

"And ladies and gentlemen," roared the temperance lecturer, "what has filled more graves than whisky?" "Doctors," squaked a still, small voice in the back part of the hall.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Plumduff—"Has that charming widow any property?" Ketchum—"Yes, considerable." Plumduff—"Real estate or personal?" Ketchum—"Personal. She has six children."—*Boston Courier.*

"They practically sold me when they entered into negotiations with an English lord old enough to be my father." "But you didn't marry him, and are not going to?" "That's where they sold me."—*Life.*

De Wilkens—"No, Miss Tompkins, I am afraid you won't see much of me, because, you see, I am up to my ears in work." Miss Tompkins—"O, I am sure we can still see a great deal of you, then."—*Life.*

De Tracker—"The killing of that jockey in yesterday's race was a horrible affair, wasn't it?" De Better—"Horrible, horrible. Just made me sick. I had all my money on that horse.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Mrs. Bellows (thinking she was dying)—"You have been very wicked, Bellows; I hope you'll do better." Old Bellows—"Think I shall; won't be nothing ter keep me from it after you're gone."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"And you rejected him?" "I did." "He has the reputation of being a large-hearted man." "That's the trouble with him; he's too large-hearted. He can love half a dozen women at the same time."—*Cape Cod Item.*

LET ME THINK IT OVER.

I Will Avoid Quacks' Frauds and Bogus Medical Institutes by going to the Old, Reliable

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ALWAYS RELIABLE and perfectly SAFE. The only one used by thousands of women all over the United States, in the OLD DOCTORS private mail practice, for 38 years, and not a single bad result. Money returned if not as represented. Send 4 cents (stamps) for sealed particulars. Mrs. WARD & CO., 117 N. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANCER AND TUMORS Cured by Mild Means. Book Free. DRS. GRATIGNY & NORRIS, 163 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Mrs. Alice Marie, Oregon, Mo., writes a reduction of 125 lbs." For circulars address, with 4c. Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

ANY LADY can get a valuable secret that most men $5.00, and a rubber shield for 50 cents. Mrs. V. M. APP. CO. 1115 N. 8th STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured in 10 to 20 days. No pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. DR. STEPHENS, 67 Marietta, Ga. Office 1045 Walnut St.

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In Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Weakness and Decay, we offer the Ill-omen prescription. Address Med. Dept. 1167 N. 8th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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$15 A WEEK. ANY LADY, employed or unemployed, can make this for a few hours work at home. Sample of cloth, 12 Samples free. Add. M. ANTHONY & CO., 1107 N. 8th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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When writing to Advertisers, please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

HE HATES PALE PINK.

Why a New York Actor Now Has an Antipathy to Pretty Ribbons.

There is a young actor in New York who has developed a morbid antipathy toward the most delicate of hues, pale pink. When it is referred to in his presence he becomes embarrassed and exhibits a strong inclination to slide through some convenient crack in the floor. The tale that hangs thereby is a touching one. The young actor regards himself as a lady-killer of the deepest dye, and, in the patois of the profession, "earns his salary at Saturday matinees." In the company with him is a comedian with a passion for the practical joke.

One day in a facetious moment he wrote what is known as a "mash note" to the young actor and signed a feminine name thereto. The bait was swallowed and the correspondence between the flirtatious youth and his mysterious admirer kept the company in roars for a week. Finally one of the letters from the fair one ended as follows.

I shall be in a box at the matinee and shall wear a red rose at my throat. If you receive this please have a bit of pale-pink ribbon in your buttonhole. Yours from afar, Clarissa.

The young man has the opening scene of the play, and at the matinee specified dashed on with a pale-pink ribbon adorning his lapel. In the middle of his first speech he glanced at the boxes and discovered four women each with a red rose at her throat and a deeply sentimental smile. Then the other players began to come on. Every one of them was decorated with a pale-pink knot, bow or streamers. The young actor went all to pieces, forgot his lines and swore to have the red, red blood of the man who put up the game on him.

In the last act the victim has a very pathetic scene and was just in the middle of it when the leading lady's pug dog strayed on the stage. His funny little tale was ornamented with a big pale-pink bow and his entrance had a most disastrous effect. Three scenes were cut bodily and the curtain dropped. To cap it all the stage manager fined the young actor for breaking up the performance. He is still looking for "Clarissa."

She—"How shockingly ungrateful you are to your parents, Dicky. They have spent $100,000 on you at least." He—"Yaas, but without any judgment, don't you know. Why, it wouldn't have cost them $1,000 to have moved to England before I was born."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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; D on side; O H on hip. C A on side. O on 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 3 miles east of Catoosa. 9-31

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

C. W. POOLE, Chelsea, Ind. Ter. Some branded C. W. on left side. Range on Pryor creek two miles from Chelsea. 10-26

J. O. HALL, Post-office, Vinita, I. T. Horse brand same on left hip. Underbit in each ear. Range—Between Cabin and Pryor creek. 6-32.)

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. 5-33

R. B. FRAYSER, Postoffice, Vinita, Ind. Ter. Horse brand same. Mark, crop off left ear and brass wire in right. Cattle of this brand sold only for shipment. Range 8 miles s e Vinita on Cabin creek between Locust and Mustang creeks. 4-33

C. HAYDEN, Chouteau, Ind. Ter. Circle on neck, either side; C H side or hip. Cows P on neck, y on side and hip; some branded C on left side. Horse brand C H on left shoulder or hip. Range on Chouteau and Pryor creeks. 10-16

GEORGE W. CLARK, Postoffice, Vinita, Indian Territory. Smooth crop in left ear, split in right; dewlap. Range on Pryor creek. 8-33

R. R. TAYLOR, Postoffice Vinita, I. T. Smooth crop in left ear and crop and split in the right. Some cattle in various other brands & marks. Range on Locust creek, four miles s e of Vinita. 6-33

NATHANIEL SKINNER, P. O. Vinita, Ind. Ter. Also some branded under slope in each ear, range on Verdigris river, twelve miles west of Chelsea.

S. H. MAYES, Postoffice Salina, Indian Territory. Swallow fork and under bit in each ear and over slope in the other. Young stock branded SA. Horses branded on left shoulder and notch in horse. Stock running west of Verdigris. Range on Wolfcreek. Also 7 branded on left side and O on left jaw; also branded J W H 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. 8-33

J. H. MORRIS, Edna, Kansas. Brand on either side. Range on Big Creek, six miles south of Kansas line. 10-3

R. C. EDGERTON, Lenapah, I. T. A few steers have A on right hip. Stock cattle branded R E and marked close crop left ear, underslope right. The "open heart" cattle have tip of right horn sawed off; various ear marks. Range on California creek. 10-34

L. O. SKINNER, Adair, I. T. Some have FXT on left side; mark, smooth crop right, upper slope left. Range near Adair. 6-33

A. J. LANE, Claremore, I. T. Also V on left side. Mark: Crop and underbit in right, swallowfork in left. In V brand various marks. Range 10 miles north of Claremore. 10-26

WATT MAYES, Pryor Creek, Ind. Ter. Some steers branded stripe across the nose. Cows branded LAD. Crop and split each ear. Range near Pryor Creek. 10-31

A. J. BLACKWELL, Chelsea, Ind. Ter. Range on Lightning and Salt creeks, ten miles north of Chelsea. 9-31

GEO. NIPPER, Post-Office Claremore, Ind. Ter. Swallow fork and underbit in left; smooth crop right. Range: Pumpkin creek. Some branded IL right side. 6-29

WM. LITTLE, Postoffice Vinita, Ind. Ter. Brand on hip or side. Ear mark, crop off left and crop and underbit off right. Steers branded Various other marks & brands. Range on White Oak. 5-31.

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

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

J. T. M'SPADDEN, Postoffice at Chelsea, Indian Ter. Close crop off left ear; overbit in right. Range six miles west of Chelsea. 8-33

G. W. FRANKLIN, Vinita, I. T. Swallow-fork right. Two underbits left; sharp left; ear on jaw. Horse brand on shoulder. Range between Little Cabin and Horse creeks.

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. 8-4

C. V. ROGERS, Claremore, Ind. Ter. Some have JH on side. Texas cattle have horizontal line through the left hip, vertical line on the right hip. Some branded on the shoulder. Range: Talala. 10-31

J. B. EDWARDS, P. O. Vinita, Indian Territory. Range on Spring Fork. 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. 5-31

Will pay $50.00 reward for conviction any of me stealing an animal to this brand.

FAIR McSPADDEN, Chelsea, I. T. Stripe across the rump. Mark: Crop off the right, underslope in the left ear. Range four miles west of Chelsea. 10-26

J. M. CRUTCHFIELD, Tulsa, I. T. Some branded N Y. Mark: Under half crop in each ear. Horse brand: M. Range from Tulsa to Catoosa, south of Perryman pasture, and south of third creek. None sold except for shipment. 10-32

MILTON DRAKE, Four Mile, I. T. Range on Four Mile, six miles southeast of Chouteau Kan. Mark, split in right, over. Horse brand, D on hip, shoulder. No cattle sold except for shipment. 10-31

B. W. RIDER, Chelsea, Ind. Ter. HC on left stir. Mark: Crop right, crop, split and hole in left. 9-32

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

GRAY & CLINKSCALES, Vinita, Ind. Ter. Various marks. Ranch on Pawpaw, 8 miles west of Vinita. No stock sold except for shipment. Horse brand C on shoulder. 10-36

WM. DONALDSON, Vinita, I. T. Some cattle with D only. Under half crop in each ear. No cattle sold except for shipment. 10-10

W. C. FATTON, Vinita, Ind. Ter. Ranch Rock creek. Some cattle have 2 L on side and 3 L on hip. In Creek nation 7 L; also half circle D on others. Mark: Grab left. 7-31

LEM PARIS, Chelsea, Ind. Ter. Mark: Two splits in each ear. Range: North of Oatale Switch. 9-2

F. G. ALLEN, Chetopa, Kansas. Range on the Neosho river near the mouth of Cow creek. Mark: Smooth crop off of right ear.

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