



Do you know a pair of eyes,  
Dreary, soft and passion-wise?  
Or mayhap a pair you've seen  
Of extreme and haughty brows—  
Do not think about 'em.  
Liquid eyes are like a pool  
Where one looks and sees a fool.  
Can you deem that such a kind  
If they kill your peace of mind?  
Do not think about 'em.  
Never think about 'em.

Do you know a downy cheek,  
Fleecy, plump and satin sleek,  
When laughter's zephyrs sweep,  
Dimples deep like eddies deep?  
Do not think about it.  
Dimples come and dimples go  
Where the roses stain the snow,  
But the wound that did the harm  
E'en outlives the fatal charm,  
Never think about it.

'Tis a rule for young and old,  
Good to keep and good to hold,  
Woman's charms are devil's bait,  
All too late we mourn our fate,  
Do not think about 'em.  
Lily hands and fairy feet,  
Luscious lips and glances sweet—  
Love's a chain and these are links,  
He's a woe who looks and thinks,  
Never think about 'em!

**Jenny Lind and Grist.**

Somewhere in the 40's Grist and Jenny Lind were singing in different theaters in London.

Those who went into ecstasies over Grist's "Norma," were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Great was the rivalry between them.

Finally Queen Victoria, deeming it a shame that two such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course, they both came.

The queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin.

Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers she stepped forward to begin.

Chancing to glance at Grist she saw the southern women's malignant gaze fixed on her.

The fierce look almost paralyzed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her aria.

A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told her of her failure. She caught a triumphant expression on Grist's face.

Despite the clearness of her senses she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hopes, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and her friends.

Suddenly a soft voice that seemed to come from heaven whispered to her: "Sing one of your old songs in your native language."

She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat.

Softly her white fingers wandered over the keys in a loving, pensive, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she loved as a child; it belonged to her childhood's repertoire. She hadn't sung it for years.

As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

No one present understood a word of the "prayer." Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment.

The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob. Again there was silence—silence of admiring wonder.

The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her at first. There was no fierce expression now; instead, a tear-drop glistened on the long black lashes.

After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grist crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.

**Girls of Chile.**  
The pretty girls in Chile take life easily. The fair Chilean rises late. She dresses hastily, throwing a charitable shawl about her shoulders to hide the manifold sins of omission, and her ablutions, if she troubles herself to make any, being merely a form of politeness at the wash-bowl. In every case the Chilean woman prefers a silk or woolen gown, however soiled or tattered, to the finest and freshest cotton fabric, for she considers the latter material the exclusive property of servants and despised Gringoes or foreigners. Thus in dishabille she dawdles about, amusing herself with fancy work or doing nothing at all, until annual drives her to seek relief in shopping or paying visits. Then the glossy hair mounts up on the top of the head in a marvelous heap, the slipshod slippers give place to French boots with the highest heels and most peaked toes that were ever invented to torture their foolish wearers, and in all the splendor of costly apparel she sallies forth with stately tread, generally bareheaded, closely followed by a servant whose business it is to bear my lady's parasol, handkerchief, parasol and whatever trifle she may purchase. At the sunset hour or in the early evening—before time for opera or tertulia—she repairs to the promenade to enjoy a little music and perhaps a mild flirtation.

**Mary Anderson Navarro.**  
Mary Anderson's day begins early. She is up with the lark in the morning, and dressed in heavy apparel and thick boots, goes swinging along the road with her husband by her side for a constitutional before breakfast, or she may vary it by a gallop on horseback or a drive in a wagon, but she begins her day by taking exercise, and after breakfast she plays tennis or croquet or visits or reads or writes letters, as the case may be. After luncheon there is another walk or ride and then an hour or so of pain-

ing or writing. Just at present both Mr. and Mrs. Navarro are busily engaged in furnishing a new home at Tunbridge Wells. They have taken the lease of a place for seven years and are ransacking all England for antique furniture and pretty fittings. After an early dinner there is a gathering in the little drawing-room and perhaps some game is played for an hour or so. By 10 o'clock the house is in darkness, and next day the happy couple begin again to ride and walk and visit or receive friends. Occasionally they go to London to see some new production at the theaters. For Mrs. Navarro has not lost her interest in the stage to that extent that she can not enjoy a good play. Sometimes she comes down to London for dinner, but not often. If she accepted all the invitations she receives she would die six nights a week from her own home. Her life just now is one long restful holiday. She is enjoying every moment of it, as well she may. Her health is perfect. She is happy in her husband's love and her bank account is ample. She need give no thought for the morrow. All is peace and pleasure.

"And you may say that we are both still Americans," says Mr. Navarro, as he bids me good-by. "There is no more loyal American in the world than my wife. She would fight for the stars and stripes. In a little while, perhaps, she will go to America for a visit. It will always be home to us!"

**Miss Marsden's Mission.**

Miss Field, the traveling companion of Miss Kate Marsden among the Russian lepers, has returned and is giving thrilling accounts of the perilous journey to Omsk accomplished by the two women. It seems that a herb which gives promise of being an efficacious remedy for leprosy has been discovered, and that it was to find this herb and to examine into the condition of the wretched lepers that Miss Marsden undertook the 9,600 miles journey.

Part of the distance was traveled by the two women lying flat on their backs on their luggage stowed in the bottom of an open sled. Their shelter at night was sought in huts where there were no beds, their food was of the plainest description and their recreation visiting the sick and prisoners in hospitals and prisons, which are abundantly recruited from the exiles constantly on the march toward Siberia.

**Made a Place for Herself.**

Miss Grace Bates of California, a granddaughter of Judson, one of the richest of the Pacific coast millionaires, was unfortunate enough a few years ago to lose by bad investments the large property which had come to her as her portion of the family estate.

Brought up in luxury, Miss Bates had apparently no way of earning a livelihood. The idea occurred to her of turning her attention to decorative art. She had always had a good idea of form and color and consequently she reasoned that as a florist's designer she might be tolerably certain of a reasonable degree of success.

Accordingly she applied to Mrs. Leland Stanford for permission to decorate her dining-room on a certain grand occasion. So successful was the first attempt that Miss Bates has since found all that she could do in the line of trimming houses for grand entertainments.

**Lawn Tennis.**

Lawn tennis continues to decline in popularity among Englishwomen. The fact is that the game, among experts, is now played at so furious a rate that it is more like hard work than play. When it was introduced at first it was carried on in a very leisurely fashion, without serious disarrangement of costume or overheating of the person, but serious evils to the feminine performer of the less enthusiastic kind. The game, moreover, has become so scientific that the casual player has no chance of distinction; and, as no young woman is ever willing to be seen at a disadvantage, it naturally follows that the experts have the field almost entirely to themselves, and that the crop of rising players of the softer sex is growing smaller every year.

**Diamonds With a History.**

The magnificent diamond tiara and necklace which the Duchess of Aosta wore when she appeared in full dress on her recent visit to England are the famous jewels which the Emperor Napoleon gave to Princess Clotilde in 1850 on her marriage, and they were a good fortune. When Princess Clotilde fled to Italy in September, 1870, she took those jewels with her, and placed them in charge of King Victor Emmanuel, who peremptorily refused to give them up to Prince Napoleon, who was anxious to convert them into money; but he never succeeded in recapturing them, although he frequently attempted to do so. The Duchess of Aosta left Paris on Saturday for Monecalieri, near Turin, on a visit to her mother, Princess Clotilde.

**Notes for the Ladies.**  
The girl that makes an attractive woman is not so easily picked out from among her fellows.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe began Greek at 70, and now at 72 she has just read the plays of Sophocles in the original.

It is reported that within the last six months 150 young women have been taken up timber claims in the State of Washington.

Miss Helen Cloak, a pure bred Indian of the Blackfeet nation, has been appointed by Secretary Noble as a special allotting agent on the Nez Perce reservation. She is a highly educated woman.

Miss Kate Field is working hard for a loan exhibition of the paintings of American artists from all parts of the country to be held in connection with the art congress which is to convene in December.

Mrs. Mary Washington Finch, a granddaughter of General Washington, has the nearest thing to the historic little hatchet—a silver one made from a spoon once owned by the Father of his Country.

Beatrice Kipling, a sister of Rudyard, has just finished a novel called "Heart of the Maid." Every one is anxious to read it in order to find out if the talent for story writing is possessed by all the Kipling family.



All the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the wells on earth may spring,  
All the winds on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together,  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harp, tone of bird,  
Sounds of woods at sundown stirred,  
Wellington's wisdom and Wind in warm weather.

One thing yet there is that none hearing ere its clime be done  
Knows not yet the sweetest one  
Heard of men beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven hereafter:  
Soft, and strong, and loud, and light,  
Very sound of very light.  
Heard from morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fell a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled  
Never forth such notes as told  
Hours so blithe, in tones so bold,  
As the radiant words of gold  
Here that rings forth heaven,  
If the golden-crested vireo  
Were a nightingale—why, then,  
Something seen and heard of men  
Might be half as sweet as when  
Laughs a child of seven.

**A Boy King.**

Servia is a new European monarchy. It was for many years one of the small principalities situated on the lower Danube and bounded by Turkey, Austria and Russia. Its security was constantly in peril through quarrels with its neighbors because of the rival ambitions of those powers.

Finally, in 1882, it was an independent kingdom, each of the nations that were eager to absorb it consenting to its independence with a view of preventing the territory from falling into the hands of the others. The family of Obrenovich had long been Princes of Servia, and its head became the first King, under the title of Milan I. He had married Natalie, the daughter of a Russian colonel named De Kechko, and to them there was born on August 14, 1876, their only child, a son, named Alexander.

King Milan and his wife did not live happily together, and Queen Natalie has been accused by many of the folly of letting her Russian patriotism outweigh her prudence and of lending herself to plots and intrigues which aimed at bringing Servia in greater or less degree under the control of her own country. The result was a long and bitter quarrel, of which the end was their separation and the expulsion of Queen Natalie from Servia.

King Milan I finally abdicated his throne and his son became king of Servia on March 17, 1889, under the title of Alexander I, while still in his thirteenth year.

The actual government is in the hands of a "Council of Regency," composed of three of the most experienced statesmen and soldiers of the country; and Alexander is yet in care of his tutors, and he rarely sees either of his parents, neither of whom lives at Belgrade, the capital. His real authority is as yet but slight. He is an attractive youth, speaks French and German, as well as the Servian dialect, and is reported to be intelligent, well disposed and manly. His reign has thus far been peaceful and prosperous, for the men that govern in his name have shown themselves to be both sagacious and patriotic.

**The "Lightning Arrester."**

To the uninitiated it is a great puzzle how the danger of lightning is arrested where there are so many conductors of electricity as there are in a telegraph office. More than 2,000 wires enter the big Western Union building in New York city, and from one to a thousand in other offices of that company throughout the United States. Each of these wires run more or less directly to the desks of the operators. This being the case, how do they guard against danger from lightning during times of great electrical disturbances? Even when less electric attractions are wanting most people confess to a certain feeling of insecurity when the elements rage and wake up terrifying flashes of forked fury.

But science has provided an answer to the question asked above, as well as to almost all other puzzles which stand in the way of human progress.

Every wire as it enters a building passes through the bottom of a long, narrow channel, and then again through it at the top. This board is the "lightning arrester." If the current is heavy the first effect of the board is to deprive it of much of its force. Should the first contact with the "arrester" fail to eliminate the lightning of its fatal powers it passes on to the top of the board and touches a spring which communicates with a "drop," instantly shutting off all connection with the operating room. The spring is called the "push magnet," and beyond it no overcharge of lightning, whether proceeding from a storm or from contact with other wires, can possibly go.—St. Louis Republican.

**"A Little Nanny-Goat."**

A small girl—a very small one—who did not shine particularly in the way of goodness, was attended by a nurse-maid who was a simple, honest, religious girl, always mindful of her duty; and this duty she felt quite sure pointed to the reforming of the little heathen committed to her charge.

Sunday afternoons she often took Miss Nellie to a meeting that was held in the basement of some place of worship, and the surroundings were very plain and doleful, but the preacher was an earnest man, and to Hannah's great delight her young lady listened to him with much attention.

The words, "now, my hearers, I will give you a little anecdote," were frequent used, and then would follow some incident by way of illustration. Nellie always looked so expectant at the announcement, and listened with much eager attention to what followed, that Hannah's heart bounded for joy to find that the troublesome child was so seriously impressed. Her eyes filled with tears and she failed to notice the look of disappointment that

**HARA-KIRI IN JAPAN.**

PRACTICAL OPERATION OF THE ODD INSTITUTION.  
It Has Finally Been Abolished, However, Except in Case of Persons With Certain Traditional Belief.

It is generally understood that hara-kiri, or haro-wokirai, is the solemn practice of suicide among Japanese noblemen—a practice most deeply rooted in their ideas of honor and faithfulness, says C. Sakakichi Hartmann in the New York Sun.

The hara-kiri was first practiced on the battle field. If the defeated did not wish to fall alive into the hands of the enemy, they thrust their swords into their mouths or their breast or cut their own throats. Later the hara-kiri became an institution of honor. Whoever knew his cause to be lost either executed himself with his sword, or allowed his companions to do it for him. It often happened that when a feudal lord had performed his self-execution his vassals followed his example, to show their loyalty beyond the grave.

My mother, who was a Japanese of rank, often related to me a case of hara-kiri which took place not so many years ago in her own family. The nobleman, occupying a government office, had killed his bitterest enemy and was sentenced to the hara-kiri. If he had not belonged to the caste of warriors they would either have beheaded him or sentenced him to be nailed to the cross, which would have brought dishonor on his family, besides resulting in pecuniary disadvantages. The hara-kiri, however, attached no dishonor to him or his memory. The condemned man was committed to the surveillance of a nobleman in whose mansion the solemn self-execution was to take place. Day and hour were appointed, and the witnesses elected by the government arrived. The condemned man had begged three of his friends to render him the last service and they consented.

Subordinates called on the prisoner to tell him of the arrival of the witnesses. They brought him robes of hemp on a tray. He donned them quickly and hurried to the reception room of the palace, where the sentence of death was read to him. The prisoner listened to it without moving a feature. Then he retired once more to his chamber to change his dress for the last time. Attired in white robes he was led by a solemn procession to the room where the self-execution was to take place. A large piece of cotton cloth was spread on the mat. It was already dark, and a candle-lantern giving a faint light was placed in each corner. Behind two white screens a pal, a wash basin, a censor, a tray, and a sword lay hidden. According to prevailing rules, the persons present stepped into the semi-dark room and took their places.

Then the duties of the three assistants of the prisoner began. The first brought him the sword on a short-legged table, the hilt being wrapped in paper. The prisoner received the weapon with reverence, lifting it with both hands to his forehead to express his esteem. Then he laid it back on the table and bowed to all present. He let his upper garments fall down to the belt and stuffed them firmly under his knees to prevent him from falling backward, which is looked on as a disgrace. Then, while with a firm hand he seized the sword and with a quick movement cut open his stomach, the second assistant, who stood on his left side, with one fierce blow severed the head from the trunk. After rendering his friend this terrible service he retired behind the screens, drew some white paper from his belt and wiped the weapon. The third assistant then grasped the head by the tuft of hair and presented it to the principal government witness to show that justice had been fully satisfied. This was followed by deep silence. All present retired quietly. On the floor lay the body of the nobleman. Four servants appeared and carried away the body and cleaned the room. The memory of the nobleman remained unstained. He had remained loyal to his rank in death.

In 1869 a private secretary to the privy council proposed the abolition of the hara-kiri. Two-thirds of the deputies were against the proposition, and in the speeches held on that occasion they praised the institution as indispensable to preserve the honor of the aristocracy, and as a spur to morality and religion. The man who advanced the proposition was, as was expected, murdered not long afterward.

Of course all Japanese do not share the opinion of those deputies. In the last change of government, when the shogun, completely defeated, had no other alternative than to flee to Yeddo, one of his councilors advised him to have recourse to the hara-kiri as the last means of saving his honor and that of his family. The shogun ridiculed the advice and left the room in a rage. The faithful councillor retired to another part of the palace and disemboweled himself in proof of his earnestness. The shogun is still living and enjoys a fat income.

So much about the essential characteristics of the hara-kiri. The changes which this old national custom has undergone cause the particulars concerning it to be somewhat contradictory. By the introduction of a new code of laws the hara-kiri has been abolished, and only noblemen who still believe in the traditional code of honor of their ancestors may select it as a mode of death.

**No Public Speaker.**

Richard Coleman, of Virginia, while yet a very young man, was made judge of one of the eastern circuit courts. Shortly after, he had to pronounce sentence upon a murderer. The criminal seemed to be quite indifferent, looking at the ceiling, and apparently paying no attention whatever to what was being said. After he was remanded to jail, one of the young lawyers went into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when the judge was passing sentence upon him. "What do you mean?" asked the murderer. "I mean when the judge was telling you that you were to be hanged." "You mean when he was talking to me?" "Yes." "Oh! I never paid no'ntention to Dick Coleman, he ain't no public speaker, no-how,"—Argonaut.

**Don'ts for Girls.**

Don't—all talk at once.  
Don't—eat anything to save it.  
Don't—be afraid to do right.  
Don't—ask your mother to wait upon you.  
Don't—drink ice water while you are very warm.  
Don't—be impatient with your little brothers and sisters.  
Don't—judge your playmates by the clothes they wear.  
Don't—forget that wry faces make wrinkles.  
Don't—forget that kind words cost nothing.  
Don't—tease for what has been wisely refused you.  
Don't—drink tea or coffee before you are twenty years old.  
Don't—forget that evil communications corrupt good manners.

**A HOME WEDDING.**

It wasn't a Grand Old, But it Was Prettier Than It Had Been.  
"It's just a year ago to-day," said she who told the story. "We had been schoolmates, and she asked me to come on an early train and help her mother through the day. It was nine in the morning when I stepped under the door of the angular little house on the edge of a New England village. She had a broad hat on and she said, 'Come.'

"We went into the pasture land beyond the village and we filled our arms with goldenrod and cardinal flowers. Then we walked back to the house of her mother, fetched jars and vases and big bowls, and we put our flowers about the room.

"He came on the noon train and she went to the gate in her print dress and broad hat to meet him. We had a little dinner together, her mother, he, she and I.

"Then she went to dress and came down stairs again in half an hour in a simple little white gown. It was 2 o'clock when the neighbors began to arrive. She went to the door to meet them herself, and she took the minister's hat and showed the minister's wife where to put her things.

"Then by and by the minister said: 'Are you ready?' And she said: 'Yes,' and then the two of them stood before the minister, and she put one hand behind her and into the hand of her mother, who sat just there on the sofa. And when the minister began: 'Will you,' she said, 'I will' before he got half through.

"After that she put on a white apron and saw that we all had cake and ice cream. Then when it was time for her to go away she changed her dress again and we all walked to the railway station to see her started. When the train came puffing up she turned to me: 'Stay with mother till to-morrow, and I'll get a letter to her by that time. She'll be lonely this evening.'

"I never expect to again attend so pretty a wedding."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**CHESTNUTS.**

Not the Slang Phrase, But the Delicious Nut.  
The supply of chestnuts never equals the demand in this country, and many districts in which the trees are abundant derive a very respectable income from the sale of the nuts. This industry might be made far more productive and profitable than it now is by some little effort toward cultivation.

The chestnut cannot be grown successfully on heavy clays, wet soils or limestone land. It prefers loose, sandy soils, or such as has been derived from the decomposition of slates and shales. It is grown readily from the seed, but the greatest care must be taken not to let the nuts become dry. They should be planted as soon as gathered or kept in moist sand until ready to plant. The nut should be planted where the tree is to stand, as the long tap root makes transplanting difficult. The European chestnut is not much larger and finer than the American, but has produced, under cultivation, a number of varieties some of which are highly esteemed for the superior quality of their fruit. The trees do not grow so large as the American, but come into bearing more quickly; the latter does not generally fruit until 10 or 12 years old. A Japanese variety has been lately introduced into the states, which, though not very hardy, is quite dwarf in habit, and, while beginning to fruit at 4 or 5 years, produces nuts larger even than the European. These two characters—small size and early fruitfulness—give them special value, and if they can be worked upon stocks of the American species, trees can be secured which will bear earlier and produce larger nuts than our native species.—Chicago News.

**A Perfumed Caravan.**

Every one knows how subtle, penetrating, and permanent is the rich perfume of attar of roses. The larger part of the world's supply of this delicious scent is made in Persia, where there are many hundreds of acres devoted to the cultivation of roses for this purpose.

At certain seasons of the year long caravans of donkeys, laden with the attar, and under guard of soldiers to protect the rich booty from attack by robbers, journey from central Persia to the little port of Bushire, whence it is exported to Bombay. Other donkey trains similarly escorted proceed to ports on the Caspian sea, whence the attar is conveyed to Turkey and Russia, which, after Hindostan, are the largest consumers of the costly luxury.

When the wind is in the right direction the approach of one of these caravans is announced by the scent long before it can be seen, and the line of its progress can be traced by the odor for days after it has passed by.—Harper's Young People.

**The Editor.**

He can live without towels,  
Live without soap,  
Breakfast on vowels,  
And dine upon hope;  
He can live without galluses,  
Live without shirts,  
Keep a kicking dipper  
All manner of hurts;  
He can manage to get on  
Without advertisements,  
But the editor cannot  
Survive without seizures.  
—The Sunny South.

**A Princess of Spirit.**

The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George the Fourth, was a young woman of great spirit and originality. One day, one of her teachers chanced to enter the room when the princess was reviling one of her attendant ladies. In great wrath, and, after giving her a lecture on hasty speech, he presented her with a book on the subject. A few days later he found her still more furious, and using language even more violent. "I am sorry to find your royal highness in such a passion," said he; "your royal highness has not read the book I gave you."

"I did, my lord!" cried she, tempestuously; "I both read it and profited by it. Otherwise I should have scratched her eyes out!"—Argonaut.

**Well Up.**

Maiden Aunt—If your mother had charge of you now she'd have made you go to bed before this.

Young Nephew—Not much she wouldn't. Ma's in London and it's broad daylight there now.—Truth.

**The Arizona Cattle Co.,**

Range, San Francisco Mountains  
BRAND:

For marks, sit in each ear; horns and snout at right hip; increase of left shoulder. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. JOHN V. BRADEN General Manager.

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

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