GRANITE IRONWARE



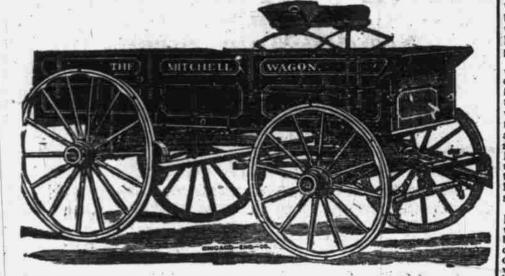
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LIGHT, HANDSOME, WHOLESOME, DURABLE

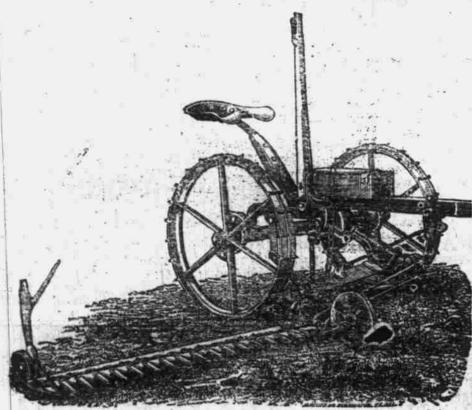
The Best Ware Made for the Kitchen

GRANT, ODELL

MITCHELL WAGONS.



WOOD HARVESTING MACHINES.



RUSSELL & CO. THRESHERS.



We PERSONALLY GUARANTEE the above goods to be UNEXCELLED by any in the Market and request the public to examine the same before purchasing elsewhere. In addition to the above we carry a Full Stock of

GALE HAY RAKES, GILPIN SULKY PLOWS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, Etc., Etc.

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THE HERALD BLOCK, Opposite (North) Continenta Hotel, Salt Lake (ity, Utah.

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Loans Negotiated on Reasonable Terms. Legal Papers Carefully Drawn.

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EVENING NEWS.

THE MAILS

WHEN THEY ARRIVE AND DEPART. ARRIVE. | CLOSE Eastern 8 05 pm 6 30 am
California and west 10 05 am 3 45 pm
Montana and north 11 05 am 3 45 pm
D. & R. G. East 5 20 pm 10 30 am
Ogden, Utah 11 05 am 6 30 am
Ogden, Utah 8 05 pm 3 45 pm
Park City, Utah 8 05 pm 6 30 am
Aita, Utah 5 30 pm 6 30 am
Aita, Utah 5 30 pm 6 30 am
Singham, Utah 400 pm 6 30 am
Southern Utah 10 20 pm 6 30 am
Miliard, Beaver,

The above is standard mountain time. JOHN T. LYNCH, Postmaster. Salt Lake City, Utah, September 17th, 188

A LUMP OF CLAY.

My husband was a sculpter in New Orleans. He was not a poor artist, but wealthy, and spent his money lavishly, so that our house was crowded with costly trifes, and our plate the finest

ostly trifies, and our plate the huest in the city.

Often friends spoke of us, half in jest half in earnest, of the tempting ball offered to burglars or dishonest servants; but Ludovico laughed at their warnings, and I never knew fear when he was by.

So we lived five years, less careful of bolts and bars than many who had little save their four walls to protect, and never suffering save from some petty.

Year or two.

I sighed. She was half right, after all.

"He's a mystery, too," said Grace. No one knows anything about him, except that he is enormously rich. He has bought the Elms—the finest place here, you know—and they are making a great pet of him—all for his money. He saw me home, to the envy of every girl in the room, and he will probably call to-morrow and ask how I am. Will you shut me in my room and send him

never suffering save from some petty plifering.

In the autumn of 18—, we had just returned from a trip inland, and Ludov-ico was busy on now work; fresh clay had been carried to his studio; models engaged, and everything prepared for a busy winter. I had my new duties and cares also, for an infant, not three months old, lay upon my breast. And we were very proud and happy in cur new treasure; never in our lives had we talked so much of the future. Every hour of the coming winter was portioned off.

portioned off.

One night I put my babe to sleep and went out to the kitchen to see the cook concerning breakfast, but could not concerning breakfast, but could not find her. Our servants were forbidden to remain out later than nine, and it was nearly eleven. I felt angry with the girl, the more so that she had left an outside door swinging in the wind; and with an exciamation of impatience I went to close it. As I stood for a moment on the threshold, I could see the garden still full of flowers, and at its foot, leaning over the low fence, stood the girl, Jane, talking to a man.

The moon shone full upon them, and I saw the features of both plainity. Jane was a light mulatto, but it was imposible to tell whether the man washer color or a swarthy white. But white or black, the expression of his face was brutal, full of cunning; a face to be seen among felons.

I gazed one moment, then called out sharply and quickly. In a moment Jane was with me, apologizing in her servile way, and taking my rebuke very quiettly. I gave her my orders and sent her to bed, and then I went up sta.rs and forgot all about the matter, though it was in my mind when I was at the door. For once in my room, I found my husband had brought in upon a board a piece of wet clay and set it at the foot of the bed.

"To-morrow, the first thing, I am going to begin—can you guess what?" asked Ludovico.

"No," said I.

the foot of the bed.
"To-morrow, the first thing, I am going to begin—can you guess what?" asked Ludovico.

going to begin—can you guess what?"
asked Ludovico.
"No," said I.
"Our baby," said my husband; "we will make a sleeping cupid of him. It shall be my first work this winter."
I laughed with glee.
I shall prize it so," I said. "He is lovely, is he not?" and I kissed the child softly as he slept. An hour after that I was sleeping also, tranquilly dreamiessly. The lamps were out, all was darkness and peace.
How long it lasted I do not know. I awakened with a start, and after lying a few moments I became conscious that some one was moving stealthily about the room—some one with bare feet. Soon I heard a stumble and an oath, suppressed, but plain; then the board on which the clay rested seemed to be pushed across the floor. My heart throbbed fearfully. I knew that burglars were in the house, and I thought only of our personal safety. They might take all, if they did not harm my flusband and child. I watched and listened, holding my breath until a ray of light shone in the room, and I knew the thief had a dark lantern. I heard the flukle of the different articles he slipped into his bag. I heard drawers and wardropes stealthily opened.

"No," said I.
"When I recovered I doubted my own sanity. I laid what I had seen to the tillusion of moonlightand distance. I want I had scen the Cuban. I must regard the affair as a delusion. I waited not patiently, Soon I met him face to face in my own parlor. The moment was a terrible one. I knew now it had some no mistake.

There had not been the slightest doubt in my mind that this companion of Jane's had been at the bottom of that terrible night. There was no doubt now that this was the man; yet my common sense told me that to accuse a wealthy gentleman on such slight grounds as the memory of a face seen by moonlight, would be abed on the proposal safety. They might take all, if they did not harm my flushand and child. I watched and listened, holding my breath until a ray of light shone in the room, and I knew the thief had a dark lantern. I heard the flukle of the different artic a few moments I became conscious that some one was moving stealthily about the room—some one with bare feet. Soon I heard a stumble and an oath, suppressed, but plain; then the board on which the clay rested seemed to be pushed across the floor. My heart throbbed fearfully. I knew that burglars were in the house, and I thought only of our personal safety. They might take all, if they did not harm my kusbañd and child. I watched and listened, holding my breath until a ray of light shone in the room, and I knew the thief had a dark lantern. I heard the finkle of the different articles he slipped into his bag. I heard drawers and wardrobes stealthily opened, and I prayed that his cupidity might be satisfied, and that he might go, leaving us unharmed.

Alas! the prayer was vain. Somenoise louder than the rest awoke my husband. I strove in vain to restrain him. He shouted, "Who is there?" and made for the dark shape just visible.

In an instant the lantern was dark. him."
"Do you love him?" said I.
She laughed. "No; but, as I said once before, he loves me. That is enough. I shall get used to his ways and looks, no doubt; and I shall be mistress of a splendid house, carriage, horses, etc., and shall enjoy myself. It is only for his ugly face that you hate my Cuban. Don't you remember Shakespeare? 'Mislike me not for my complexion, etc.' To be sure he is, suspiciously dark; but it's Cubannothing else."

And changing at once from angry to

ble.

In an instant the lantern was darkened, and a struggle in the dark began. I shrieked frantically. Steps and lights approached. A pistol was fired, a neavy fall followed. I heard the robber dash from the room and down the stairs, and the next moment the room was full of trembling servants, and I saw, by the lights they carried, Ludovico lying upon the floor, weltering in his blood.

was full of trembling servants, and I saw, by the lights they carried, Ludovico lying upon the floor, weltering in his blood.

I called his name. He made no answer. I lifted up his iace. Alas! the truth was written there—the bullet had entered his heart. He was dead! What need to dwell on that sad time? Friends flocked to my aid, but I cared for nothing, now that he was dead. The house had been stripped of valuables and money.

It was the boldest robbery accom-plished for years—said the police. But despite all efforts—all offered rewards —the culprit was not found. He had escaped as completely as though be had vanished from the earth. had vanished from the earth.

When I had buried my darling in the strange city of sepulchres, where the dead of New Orleans repose, and waited many weeks in hopes that his murderer might be found, I took my child and went home to my kindred in Old Connecticut. I was wealthy, and in no fear of want during my life. But the only possession I now valued was my child, the boy who might some day wear his father's mein, and speak to me in his father's voice.

I had dismissed Jane. She had been under suspicion, and examined carefulity; but she appeared innocent. Of all the servants, I kept but one to assist me in packing, and to travel North with me.

"My brain is steady, Grace. Heed me."

"That I can't; you will see your folly soon. The idea! Because the poor man is ugly! I'll make him tell how he came by his fortune! Sleep on it, and you'll see your insanity.

She danced away, and I crept to bed with a heavy heart.

The next day she came to me, gleefully.

"Mr. Caliban made his fortune in trade," she said; "he took his father's business, and gave it up when his million was made. He showed me papers and letters and things I didn't understand, though I pretended to. He didn't find his millions in people's cup boards. And he has popped the question, and I have accepted—so there's an end. Come I know you've had too much trouble, but don't brood over it and go out of your head."

She tried to kiss me, but I held her

with me.

While packing was going on she came to me and said:

"There's a queer bit of clay on a board under your bed, ma'am. Shall I throw it away?"

I burst into tears.

"The last thing his hand ever touched," I cried. "Oh, no. I will take it with me."

derer to justice,

But how, when experienced detectives had falled upon the spot, was I, an inexperienced woman, so many miles away, to succeed? They treated the idea with indulgent pity, but I felt sure God would help me. The face at the garden gate was stamped upon my memory. It was the only clue I had, but it was something.

Soon I had another One day I had

nothing else."
And changing at once from angry to gay, she kissed me.
. "He has a horrible face," I said; but that is not all, Grace, this must not go on. I will tell you a secret. The face I saw over the gate on that awful night, talking to Jane—the face of one connected, I am sure, with the murder, was this man's face; and he, Grace, is the man himself."
Grace answered with a laugh.
"You are wild," she said. "That, you have already said, was a ragged, wretched fellow."
"Yes, but still the same man in other

wretched fellow."
"Yes, but still the same man in oth

"A millionaire has no need to turn

burgiar."
"How did this man make his money?

can you answer?"

"Nonsense—of course not. Cotton or sugar, I suppose. I hope you are not going to have another brain fever, my dear."

"My brain is steady, Grace. Heed me."

She tried to kiss me, but I held he

"Listen Grace," I said. If you marry this man and I discover afterwards that he knows anything of that horrid night, I shall still denounce him."

It was useless to urge furthur, and I left her.
So being betrothed to Grace, the Cuban, Mr. Zenzee was his name, brought his hideous face to our house every

at last I said: "The secret is veiled rom human eyes forever. I must give p my hope." And I was calmer after

At last I said: "The secret is veiled from human eyes forever. I must give up my hope." And I was caimer after that.

My boy was now a comfort to me and I had gone to housekeeping with a young sister for my companion. She was a beautiful creature and very much admired. My house grew gay, for I could not doom iver to duiness, and young voices and laughter and music filled the parlors almost night. When the was away amidst gay scenes and merry friends, and then I thought until thinking was a pain and the hours seemed years.

One cold winter night I had been thus alone, when my sister Grace came home. She was in a merry mood, and cast her fur wrappings from her gleefully, as she sat down by the fire.

"I've made no answer. After awhile I asked again. "Do you love him?" and she answered: "I told you once why I accepted him. That is my reason still. After all, what is love worth?" But she sighed.

My heart had been at ease on that score before. It was even lighter now! But how it throbbed with anxiety! The day wore on tediously, and evening came with a murky rain; but with the rain came Mr. Zeazee. He took tea with us and did his best to be agreeable; but somehow, in spite of the remarkably handsome dress he wore, he looked more ruffishly than eyer. After tea we had out the card table, and he showed us some strange tricks at cards, and played against us, and cheated us both loof fun, and laughed at Grace's wonder. Then Grace sang awhile; then the clock struck eleven,—my time had come. "It s a cold night," said I.

"Is that anything new?" asked I.
"He is. What do you say to a milllonaire!"
"I should ask what is he besides a "It,s a cold night," said I.

"Bitter," said he shuddering. "But then, I came from a warm climate."

"Something warm to drink would be a comfort," said I.

He brightened up.
"It would suit me," said he.
"A boul of punch, no π," said I.

Grace started.
"Punch! I thought you—"
I stopped her.
"This is a special occasion," said I "and to tell the truth I have some prepared." millionsire!"
"Oh, a Cuban, forty odd, I suppose, and not a bit handsome; but he adores me already. It's no joke, Ella, and I always said I would marry a rich man."

"Not without loving him?"
"Bah! It's enough if he loves me.
How do love matches end? Either one
dies, and the other is wretched, or
they quarrel and are divorced in a
year or two. Better not love, say I."
I sighed. She was half right, after "Fond of a drop yourself of a cold night, and none the worse for it ma'am" said he with a laugh.

I laughed also as I left the room. In

full.

"Is it hot," said I.

"Boiling," said the girl, and I seized it on the tray, with the ladie. Then I called John our coachman, a burley fellow over six feet in hight.

"John," said I, "stay near the door. If I call come and do what I tell you."

girl in the room, and he will probably call to-morrow and ask how I am. Will you shut me in my room and send him away, cruel sister?"

I tried to smile, and the thought came upon me that it might be better never to know the height of happiness if one must be pluaged from it into the depths of misery.

'I shall not turn the Cuban away if he is a good man that, my sister likes," I said; and Grace laughed and went to bed.

The Cuban did call the next day, but I was out and did not see him, however; and he had bought the great place called the "Elms" and intended to be a resident of the town. In a worldly point of view it seemed a good match for any girl, and I waited to see the man mysell. Three days after I had the opportunity.

Grace had been to church in the evening; my boy was ill and I had to great prefect. The heift—the

great pretence of compassion and grief.

Both feet lay bars upon a cushion. The right perfect. The left—the maimed foot which had made its impression in the clay on the night of my husband's murder.

I gave a yell of almost insane triumph, and cried aloud for John.

"Hold him!" I said. "The not let him go! He is a murderer!"

I forgot the other details of the night, or remember them only in a sort of a dream. I know emissaries of the law filled my house. I know my wild statements slowly gained credence. I had proof in the clay and plaster in my room above. At last the recognition of the man as a desperado of the Mississippi, and finally in his own confession.

sion.

His end was one he merited, and my work was done. Grace felt no regrets, and long since married a man she learned to love with her whole heart, and they are moderately prosperous. And I—I am patient, and abide God's will.

A Band of Wild Horses.

One of the most startling and romantic features of border life occurred recently on the Wild Horse prairie, thirty miles north of Los Angeles, when a band of wild horses, under the lead of a noble sorrel stallion, came galleping over the plain to reconnoitre a company of surveyors engaged in making a survey of the track. The band dashed toward Capt. Keller and his party of surveyors till within about 500 feet, when the leader halted in a grandly proud and defiant manner, with neck curvd, nostrils distended, erect, and tail on dress parade, and all the band One of the most startling and romancurvd, nostrils distended, erect, and tail on dress parade, and all the band ranged themselves on each side of him like a squad of cavalry in a battle charge. After surveying the scene for a moment, the leader galloped proudly away, followed by the band in the most graceful and dignified manner. The scene was most romantic, and the picture of the lordly leader, with his most obedient subjects in their fleet and graceful motions, was worthy of an artist's pencil. There was another band of wild horses on the same prairie, under the leadership of a dark mahogany bay stallion, with black mane, tail and knees. In this band there are two white horses, while the rest are bay and sorrel mainly. Few people are aware that at the base of the Sierra Madre, only 30 miles from this city, wild horses roam in their native beauty and crop the rich grasses that grow on Wild Horse prairie. Yet such is the fact, and their sleek appearance and graceful motions are the admiration of all beholders. — Los Angeles, (Cal.) Express.

TRIPPING THE MAZY.—"A-are y-you a-an admirer o-of s-s-soldiers?" asked a West Point cadet of a young miss with whom he was waltzing. He was short of breath and growing dizzy.
'1-I-d-don't-k-know," she replied,
"I-I n-never s-saw any."—New York

Gentle Women

Who want glossy, luxuriant and wavy tresses of abundant, beautiful Hair must use LYON'S KATHAIRON. This elegant, cheap article always makes the Hair grow freely and fast, keeps it from falling out, arrests and cures grayness, removes dandruff and itching, makes the Hair strong, giving it a curling tendency and keeping it in any desired position. Beautiful, healthy Hair is the sure result of using Kathairen.

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that "To have Good Health the Liver must be kept in order." BE. SAMPOND'S LIVER INVIOURATOR

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

Winters, Deceased.

IT APPEARING TO THE JUDGE OF said Court by the petition of Thomas Winters and Timothy J. Winters, Administrators of the estate of Thomas Winters deceased, herein filed, praying for an order of sale of Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of the said deceased to pay the allowance to the family and the debts, expenses and charges of administration;

It is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on Tuesday, the 9th day of September A.D., 1884, at eleven o'clock a. m., at the Court room of said County of Salt Lake, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrators to sell so much of the real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Deserrer News, a newspaper printed and published in said city, and county.

Dated August 7th, 1884.

ELIAS A. SMTIH. the kitchen I found my punch bowl

ELIAS A. SMTIH. Probate Judge.

TERRITORY OF UTAH,
County of Salt Lake. | ss

T; John O: Cutler, Clerk of the Probate
Court in and for the County of Salt Lake, in
the Territory of Utah, do hereby certify that
the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy
of the "Order appointing Minds to hear petition to sell Real Estate "in the matter of
the Estate of Thomas Winters deceased,
as appears of record in my office.

In witness whereof, I have
hereunto set my hand and
(SEAL.) affixed the seal of said
Court, thus 8th day of August A. D., 1894.

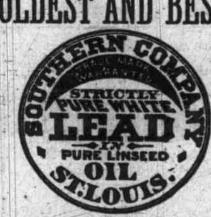
JOHN C. CUTLER,
Tobate Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

TOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of S. S. McIlhenny, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 77 A, E. Second South Street, Salt Lake City, in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated at Salt Lake City, Oct. S, 1884. ZERUBBABEL SNOW, Administrator of the Estate of S. S. Mc-lihenny, deceased. doaw 4w





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NALLO

Organized Stakes of Zion.

BANNOCK STAKE. PHONAS B. BICKS WILLIAM P. RIGHT. | Counselors.

Abraham Steaford, Presiding Priest, Beaver Cafe m, Idaho. HEAR LAKE STAKE.

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Eich County, Utah.

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Thos. S. Terry, Hebroo.
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Robert Kneil, Pinto.
Nepht R. Favcort. Price.
Chat. N. Smith, Rockville,
Marius Ennign, Sunta Clara.
Thos. Judid, Ist. Ward, St. Georg
Walter Granger, 2d Ward, 44
David H. Cannon, 4th Ward, 44
David H. Cannon, 4th Ward, 44
David H. Cannon, 4th Ward, 44
Wim. A. Bringhurer, Tequesville.
John Parker, Virgen City.
Marcus Finis, Washington.
James Sylvester, Bol evue, Presi
favid R. Ott, Duncan's Rotreat;
Rdwin Hamblin, Glen Edwin,
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Cliver Densill, Shonesburg,
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BUMMIT OTAME. W. W. CLUFF,Pri WARD E. PACE, COU

Albrops.
Charles Richons, Henneservide.
Elias Asper, Febo,
Robert Salmon, Coalville.
John Clark, Upton.
Alongo Whiters, Hoytsville
Jared C. Houndy, Wanship
Jared C. Houndy, Wanship
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Wyoming Territory. in MoBr.de, Presiding Elder, Rock St

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WASATCH STARE.

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Wiz dow Farr, 2d ward,
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Edwin Strafford, 4th ward,
Thounas wallace, North Orden,
St. A. Hammond, Huntaville,
George W. Bramwelf, Jr., Plain City,
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