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Boston.....110 00	Kansas City.....60 00	Pittsburg.....91 50
Buffalo.....91 50	Milwaukee.....72 50	St. Louis.....70 00
Chicago.....72 50	Minneapolis.....60 00	St. Paul.....60 00
Colorado Springs 55 00	Montreal.....105 00	Toronto.....91 50
Denver.....55 00	New York.....108 50	Washington.....107 50

DATES OF SALE
May 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 24, 29, 1912
June 1, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 1912
July 2, 3, 6, 7, 11, 12, 15, 16, 20, 22, 23, 26, 29, 30, 31, 1912
August 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 12, 15, 16, 22, 23, 29, 30, 31, 1912
September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 30, 1912

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LEMONS.

A Slang Expression Leads to a Serious Blunder.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1912, by American Press Association.)

Amy Winfield reread the telegram with a puzzled frown, and this second perusal was not enlightening:

Sending lemons by express today. Good-by! TED.

Why should her lover send an offering of this citrus fruit? And why should he say "Good-by," and where was he going?

All these questions Amy asked of the empty air, and the empty air made no response. She squeezed the message into a tiny ball and tossed it into the waste paper basket just as her young brother entered the library.

Short and thickset and snub nosed and grubby was little Bert Winfield, but he fairly seethed with the desire to impart knowledge of every description, and his fountain of wisdom was perpetually supplied from the various forms of literature that found their source in the discarded books and magazines that he fished from the library waste paper basket.

Amy looked up now with her pleasant smile. "Going anywhere near the station today, Bert?"

"Nope," returned the seeker after knowledge. "I may go tomorrow, though. Why?" He dropped on his knees beside the table and groped in the waste paper basket.

"I'm expecting a box or a crate or something, I don't just know what."

"What's in it?" demanded Bert, with a brother's privilege.

"Lemons," returned Amy.

"Lemons?" repeated Bert. "What are you going to do with lemons? Somebody been handing you a lemon?" he asked, reverting to common slang.

"I don't know what you mean," replied his sister with dignity. "But some one has sent me a box of lemons and—"

"It was Teddy Newton," declared Bert, spreading out the crumpled telegram on his knee. "Ain't he the limit?"

"Say 'is he not' instead of 'ain't,'" corrected Amy. "and how do you know Teddy sent them?"

"Is he not?" repeated Bert obediently. "And I'm reading the telegram, and



WILL JONES CALLED THE DOG BY NAME.

that's how I know. Say, he's fierce. Amy, ain't he—is he not—I mean?"

"I think it is very thoughtful in Ted to send down lemons," said Amy coldly. "He knows we are all fond of lemonade."

"Ah-h!" snorted Bert scornfully. "Don't you see any other meaning in that message, Amy? Why, he's giving you the shake—don't you see?"

"Bert Winfield, what do you mean? I shall tell father what you have said!" cried Amy indignantly.

"Tell him," retorted Bert gloomily. "What did you mean about the lemons, Bert?" insisted his sister unceasingly.

"I must explain about what 'handing the lemon' means," returned Bert dialectically. "It's a quiet way of telling a feller you have no use for him. You see, Teddy says he's sending lemons by express—that means he's shaking you at once, right away in a hurry—and don't he say good-by? You're slow."

Slowly Amy gathered the conviction that her little brother was right. Her doubting heart told her that Ted must be tired of her. They had quarreled a little the last time he had called, and she had not heard from him since. He was tired of her, and this cool, contemptuous way of dismissing their beautiful romance turned all her tender love to bitterness.

The next day Bert returned from the express office with the cheerful announcement that there were no lemons awaiting his sister.

Several days—a week—passed, and no lemons arrived for Amy Winfield, and so the dread conviction that she had been flitted came to be an established fact.

Then it was that Amy went around looking very pale and wan and, gathering one by one the treasures that she had cherished as gifts from her lover, bundled them together and sent them back to Teddy Newton, with a telegram as brief as his own and pathetically imitative:

Sending lemons by express. AMY.
About this time little Bert Winfield

came into possession of a dog, the handsomest bit of canine blood and flesh that one might see—an Irish bull, pure white, with yellow spots and a kindly, ugly face and protruding eyes of faithful brown.

"Isn't he the dearest?" murmured Amy, kneeling before the dog and submitting to the caresses of his velvet pluck tongue. "Where did you get him, Bert?"

"Uncle Abe gave him to me. Says he bought him off the express agent in Traymore. He's my birthday present. I did want a collie, you know, Amy, but I suppose Uncle Abe did the best he could. Perhaps this little feller was all he could afford," said Bert kindly. "I heard him tell dad that the last punk put a crimp in his pocket-book."

"A crimp?" repeated gentle Amy reprovingly. "What is that, Bert—more slang, dear?"

"Um-huh!" returned Bert. "What shall I name the dog, Amy? I thought some of calling him 'Teddy.' What do you think?"

"Teddy! Why?" gasped Miss Winfield indignantly. "I forbid you to name him after Teddy Newton!"

"Ah-h!" groaned Bert disgustedly. "I meant after Teddy Roosevelt."

"Who'd want to name a dog after Teddy Newton?"

"Perhaps he has a name, dear," suggested Amy. "Have you tried calling him by some names?"

"Sure! I've called him Fido and Lion and Rex and Bruno and Pete and even Old Dog Tray, and he won't come until he gets ready. He must have a name of some kind. I'm going to begin to call him 'Teddy'—if you don't mind too much, sis," he added magnanimously.

"Call him anything you like, dear," said Amy sadly, and something in her tone roused Bert to indignation.

"I won't call him 'Teddy' after anybody, I guess, sis—anybody that will send lemons to a girl and do it by telegram. Well—down, sir; down, I say! Look at him, sis!"

The dog climbed playfully over his little master, caressed him with paws and tongue and loved him with soft brown eyes. "I'll call him Pup for awhile," said Bert, and so the matter was settled.

A week later Amy received another disquieting telegram from her erstwhile lover:

Why return lemons? Thought to please you. TED.

To which Miss Winfield gave much thought, many bitter tears and the following mild reply:

Returned my own lemons to you. Am much pleased. AMY.

And in due time came the following message:

Lemons not received to date. Change your mind and keep. TED.

Its reply, "Decision irrevocable; good-by—Amy," brought forth one more telegram from Mr. Newton, and it bespoke that gentleman's masterful disposition:

No decision irrevocable where we are concerned. Wait till I see you. TED.

"The impertinence!" gasped Amy indignantly. "I shall not see him if he comes! After jilting me in that heartless manner, to endeavor to ignore the matter and make it up—never, never never!"

That same day Miss Winfield received an express package containing the objects she had mailed to Mr. Newton—all the books and music and the engagement ring and even the love letters, which any man might have been excused from retrieving when the opportunity offered. But Teddy was square in some things. Amy grudgingly agreed, and so she put the treasures away with a little degree of comfort, for these latter weeks had been full of storm and stress and very different from those earlier, happier weeks of her engagement.

Then one evening when the first frost lay sparkling on the garden Amy, wrapped in shawls, stood at the gate entranced with the witchery of the moonlight. She was there when Mr. Teddy Newton strode up to the gate and in his masterful way took her in his arms and kissed away her protests.

"What is the matter with you, dearest? You've had me half crazy. I just stole the time to run down and try to square our misunderstanding. Surely you don't harbor anger over that little quarrel?"

"What made you hand me the lemons?" sobbed Amy in his bosom, while Mr. Newton cast his eyes aloft in amazement.

"Hand you the lemons? Explain. Tell me all about it. There is some mistake," he soothed her. And so she told the story of the telegrams and the elucidation of that wisecrack, Bert, and when she had concluded Mr. Newton burst into such a roar of laughter that once more his sweetheart was indignant.

"Let me explain—there. After our quarrel I wanted to send a peace offering, and so I bought you the best dog I could find—Lemons by name, if you please. Sent him down by express and by a series of accidents have discovered that he went astray—tag gone from crate—and fetched up at Traymore station. The agent kept him awhile and, being of a thrifty nature, sold him to your Uncle Abe, who presented him to Bert—the little rascal! He'll lose the pup, Amy, for he is yours. Didn't you get the letter I sent before the first telegram?"

"Never," said Amy.

"It's ended all right, anyway," commented Mr. Newton philosophically. "Just to prove that his name is Lemons"—(He whistled sharply and called the dog by name.)

There was a scurrying of little feet on the gravel path, and the bull pup flashed upon them and into their mutual embrace.

MILLIONS OF VOTES FOR PRESIDENT

That more than 15 million persons in the United States will record their votes for President in the campaign of the present year is evident from the official statistics of presidential vote published in the Statistical Abstract of the United States, which has just been issued by the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor. Prior to 1888 no governmental official record of the votes cast for President existed, but an Act passed by Congress on February 3, 1887, made it the duty of the Executive of each State to report to the Secretary of State the names of the electors and the number of votes given or cast for each person voted for, and these reports, made to the Secretary of State in 1888 and in each subsequent presidential election, form the basis of the official record of presidential elections in the United States. This record, which has been published for several years in the Statistical Abstract of the United States, suggests that the total number of votes in the presidential election of this year will for the first time exceed 15 millions. The total number in 1908 was 14,887,000; in 1909, 13,965,000; in 1921, 2,044,000, and 1888, 11,381,000. Dividing the vote thus officially recorded into the population named by official counts or estimates for the years in question, this shows the average population for each vote cast, as follows: In 1908, 5.98 persons for each vote cast; in 1909, 6.10; in 1900, 5.44; in 1896, 2.54; and in 1888, 5.27. The statements published in the Abstract, show the vote was in each State for the various candidates in each presidential election from 1888 to 1908, and the electoral vote by principal political parties, State by State, during the same period.

The above statement, showing the official record of presidential elections during the last quarter of a century, illustrates the variety of interesting and official information presented by the Statistical Abstract issued annually by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics, the thirty-fourth number of which has just made its appearance. It shows, for example, that the average per capita wealth of the country has grown from \$307 in 1850 to over \$1,300 in 1904, the latest official record on this subject; the money in circulation, from \$12 per capita in 1850 to \$34 per capita in 1911 the bank clearings, from 52 billion dollars in 1887, the first year for which an official record was available, to 159 billions in 1911; the individual deposits in banks, from 2 billion dollars in 1870, the earliest year for which figures are available, to practically 16 billions in 1911; the number of depositors in savings banks, from one million in 1886 to 9 1/2 millions in 1911; the exports of domestic products, from a little over a hundred million dollars in 1840 to over 2,000 million in 1911; and the value of manufactures produced in the country, from 1 billion dollars in 1850 to 20 1/2 billions in 1910; and many other equally interesting evidences of national growth.

Foiled the Poor Savages.

Robert Louis Stevenson used to relate the following amusing story told him by a south sea trader. He had been in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton and a fish for sardines. It happened that the firm which furnished the mutton thought it a good plan to alter its labels, that its goods might be more easily distinguished from the others. The mark chosen was the figure of a frock coated Stiggins-like individual in a chimney pot hat. The natives at once came to the conclusion that the tins contained potted missionary, and there was a great run on the new line of goods.

The Poor English Landlord.

I have been a property owner for nearly forty years and during that period have lost from depreciation £25,000, from empty houses £10,000 and from defaulting tenants over £5,000, or a total loss of over £40,000. During this forty years I have never known a defaulting tenant honest enough to pay a shilling off the arrears when once he removed from the neighborhood.—Letter in London Telegraph.

Ether Toppers.

Ether is consumed by gallons to get drunk on in a small part of Scotland. The origin of this peculiar and limited abuse is strange. In 1848 a bad epidemic of cholera broke out in Glasgow. Among those dying from it were some who came back to Draperstown, their native place. With them they brought a cholera mixture which they found "exceeding comforting." A rascally doctor, knowing that the comfort proceeded from ether, laid in a whole cask. He made his fortune and started the habit that lasts till yet. Ether is sold over counters in Scotland, the penny a drink. An old ether toper can drink two or three ounces a day, but one-half ounce is one big dram in water. The drinker gets hilarious in a minute. It is far wilder and more dangerous than alcohol.

KLAMATH PEOPLE "GOT THE FEVER"

Klamath Falls Northwestern: The new mining town of High Grade is attracting more attention from Klamath Falls people than anything in the way of a mining excitement to have been developed in this part of the world for many a day. This morning Tom Larkin, J. D. Sevenmen and Dick Wake-man are to leave on the stage for Lakeview to take a chance of making their fortunes in the new mining camp. They go prepared to camp out and spend the entire summer in an endeavor to find something rich and as they are all more or less experienced in prospecting their friends are predicting that if they do not find something good there will be no use of others making the attempt.

Word comes from High Grade that its possibilities of rivaling the famous gold excitement of Goldfield are very bright. It is stated that although the snow is several feet deep where the town is now located several hundred people are camped there and new prospectors and people drawn by the lure of gold are arriving every day. Sunday or Monday a special train is expected from Denver with 200 mining men who are said to intend to buy up all the property possible if the prospects are favorable to them. Reno and other points in Nevada have sent several thousand people to the new field and New Pine Creek, six miles from the gold find, is said to contain several thousand people where no more than to work three months ago there were but three or four hundred souls.

Excitement is intense all through that part of the country and a stampede is being made by city folks and farmers from all over Lake county and as soon as the snow has disappeared so people can prospect it is believed the territory around the new find will be taken for miles in every direction.

Alturas Plaindealer: Our exchanges in different parts of the State mention parties that have already left or are preparing to leave for the High Grade mines. The Klamath Falls Herald mentions a party of five that are already on their way to the now famous camp, while from Oakland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Denver large parties are preparing for the rush just as soon as the snow will permit of prospecting. There is lots of room for all. The district is six and a half miles by three miles and rich prospects are found in every part. And many expert miners are of the opinion that the greatest find is yet to be discovered.

Alturas Plaindealer: Mr. N. E. Guyot returned from San Francisco by Monday evening's train and the next day went on over to Bidwell. He informed us that High Grade is now on the map, and will soon come into her own. He says capital and prospectors are headed this way, and by the time the snow disappears the woods will be full of them. Mr. Guyot has done much for the district—in fact, has been the means of directing capital and miners to the camp, and we hope he will reap a rich reward for his labors.

The first serious accident on the Western Pacific according to the Nevada State Journal occurred Monday when an engine exploded near Antelope, Nevada, tearing the bodies of Engineer James Casey and Fireman F. O. Reader to fragments, and killing brakeman J. A. Casby. The locomotive was completely demolished only the running gear being left. Portions of the Engineer's body were found a half mile from the track.

Alturas Plaindealer: Joe Breuner arrived from Denver by yesterday's train. There were about twenty-five in the party, and all going to High Grade. A portion stopped off at Alturas while the balance went on to Pine Creek. Those stopping here went to Bidwell by way of Cedarville on Lamb's autos.

J. M. Howell, a popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says, "We use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our own household and know it is excellent."

If you want relief from your headaches, sore eyes, blurring of words, etc., call on Dr. Hermann, Eyesight Specialist, at Hotel Lakeview from Tuesday, April 30, to Sunday, May 5, or make dates by telephone. All work guaranteed.

A Good Position

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or railway telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institution of Portland, Ore., operates under supervision of R. R. and wireless officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details.