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TUESDAY JUNE 9, 1908.

A Train Belated

By TROY ALLISON.

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John Dilwood, junior partner of the Erskine & Dilwood law firm, wandered aimlessly around the new Union station trying to kill time waiting for the train. He had promised his partner that, as he would be in Washington that week, he would make a special point of meeting Mrs. Erskine's train and transferring her safely to the southbound train. He had started to the station an hour earlier than necessary in order that he might have time to look at the new station which every Washingtonian was loudly proclaiming the biggest in the world. But here he found that an hour was more time than a railway station could satisfactorily fill, even though it lived up to its reputation.

He looked at his watch and found to his satisfaction that it lacked only six minutes until the Pittsburg train was due. He hurried through the gates and reached it just as a leisurely official marked the train an hour late. The official seemed, from Mr. Dilwood's point of view, to take a peculiar delight in writing it slowly and care-



"WHAT'S A HALF HOUR?" DECLARED MR. DILWOOD.

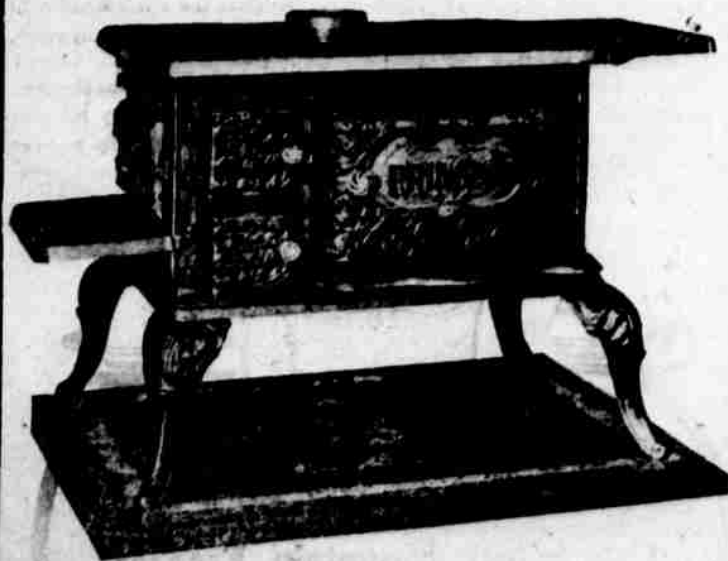
fully, as if there was plenty of time for everything.

"Uh—m," said Mr. Dilwood in an eloquent half voice.

The girl in front of him, who had been anxiously eyeing the same bulletin, grasped the arm of the small boy with her.

"Oh, dear," she wailed, "I never was so dead tired of waiting in my life. If I only knew he would be sure to come it wouldn't seem so bad. It will be half past 6 before the train gets in now, Bobbie. Let's go in the cafe and get some hot chocolate. I'm going to drink mine a spoonful at a time and count ten between each sip to help make that hour pass, for I've read ev-

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THE KLAMATH COUNTRY



ery magazine on the stand." The hot chocolate evidently appealed to Bobbie. Dilwood saw him lead the way toward the cafe with an absolute indifference to the failure of time schedules.

When Dilwood stopped at the cashier's desk later to pay for a cigar the girl came to settle for the chocolate that had fallen decidedly short of occupying an entire hour.

Dilwood, lighting his cigar at the lighter, spoke to the cashier, "That western train has had time for a full sized wreck."

The girl's eyes dilated, and she turned suddenly, utterly oblivious of his being an unacquainted man. "Did you say the western train had been wrecked?" she asked breathlessly.

"No, no! Don't be frightened. I was merely joking about the long wait," he hastened to assure her. She gave the cashier a thirty cent check and a bill and in her excitement rushed off without the change to see with her own eyes the latest bulletin. Dilwood smiled at the cashier.

"Oh, these women!" he said whimsi-

cally. "If you will try that change askle, I will tell her to come for it before she leaves."

"I'm sorry I gave you such a fright," he said when he found her peering through the bars down the track.

"I'm always expecting a wreck—it's one of my horrors." The casual friendliness of her tone showed a childish indifference to his being a stranger.

"Perhaps you haven't lived in a city long," he hazarded, an indefinite something causing him to imagine that city ways were strange to her.

"Oh, yes—ages—two years." Her eyes were still focused on a distant point on the track.

Dilwood found himself possessed of an amount of curiosity foreign to him. The piquancy of her face, vibrating with the joy of living, yet frank to a childish degree, fascinated him.

"I you don't mind my talking to you and—Bobbie," he suggested, smiling into the friendly face of the boy, who had been taking stock of him admiringly. Dilwood knew he had a good tailor and was gratified to see that he had at least made a good impression on Bobbie.

The boy's smile broadened. "You won't find talking to my sister a hard job. She does it all herself," he winked sociably.

"Now, Bobbie Tisdale, you are always pretending that I talk too much and that I can begin in the year one and bring history up to date in an hour's conversation."

Dilwood patted Bobbie on the back with an affection not generally elicited by small boys, but he no longer looked upon Bobbie as a small boy. He was

a method of procedure. "I hope, then, you will consider that you have known me at least fifteen minutes and will skip the creation, the fall of Rome, the civil war and a few other items and bring history far enough down to date to tell me more—friendly things."

"In the beginning I accepted a position under the civil service and moved to Washington and put Bobbie in the public schools, where he played football the first part of the term and failed in Latin the second part thereof," she laughed.

"There—I told you she could tell everything she knew in a few minutes," declared Bobbie disgustedly. "But she's promised not to tell John about the Latin. He's coming on this train we're waiting for. She perfectly daffy about John."

An unreasoning dislike to the name of John sprang, full grown, to the heart of Mr. Dilwood. "Is it permitted to ask who John may be?" he asked gloomily.

"Oh, he may be president some day or most anything in that line," declared the boy airily, "but just at present he's our big brother coming to spend his two weeks' vacation with us. He's been in Chicago six months learning to be a lawyer. He's a clerk in Erskine & Dilwood's office."

Dilwood made a hasty search for his cardcase.

"I happen to be Dilwood," and his entire satisfaction with his lot in life beamed from his eyes. "He is a remarkably promising boy, Miss Tisdale." He was in the meantime trying fervently to remember just which of the twenty employees was Tisdale. He himself traveled for the firm and spent very little time in the office.

"Oh, Mr. Dilwood, do you really think so?" she questioned eagerly, her face flushed with pleasure.

"He has the making of a first class lawyer," he vouched stoutly for the capabilities of the youth of twenty that he was in mortal terror he would fail to recognize when the train arrived.

"Isn't it a queer coincidence that we should meet?" he asked eagerly. "I have to see Tisdale tomorrow about some special instructions, and to think he happens to be your brother!" Mr. Dilwood's hypocrisy was so thickly laid on that he feared even the frank, unsuspecting eyes of the girl could see that he would have to manufacture those special instructions before the next day.

"Oh, they have marked it another half hour late," she nodded toward the bulletin.

"What's a half hour?" declared Mr. Dilwood. "I always found it rather interesting hanging around a railway station."

Her Standard of Comparison.

"Yes; he's her third husband."

"How were the other two?"

"Both worthless."

"Then he must show up pretty good by comparison?"

"Not by comparison with the men his wife says she might have married."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So Thoughtful.

Neil—Yes, the count is very attentive to her. She admired some roses she saw in a florist's window they were passing yesterday, so he had some sent up to her—

Belle—How thoughtful!

Neil—Yes; C. O. D.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sort of a Souffle Sound.

"Sh—ss! They're eating dinner now."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I hear father eating soup."—Leslie's Weekly.

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Incorporated November 28, 1900

Statement of Condition

Klamath County Bank

Klamath Falls, Oregon
 DECEMBER 31, 1907

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$340,530.80
Bonds and Securities	63,525.84
Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures	14,745.18
Cash and Sight Exchange	166,247.69
Total	\$585,049.51

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock, fully paid	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	21,753.11
Due Other Banks	32,000.94
Deposits	431,295.46
Total	\$585,049.51

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

ALEX MARTIN, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of January, 1908.

[Seal] C. H. WILSON, Notary Public for Oregon.

OFFICERS

ALEX MARTIN	President
E. R. REAMES	Vice-President
ALEX MARTIN, JR.	Cashier
LESLIE ROGERS	Ass't Cashier

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