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All Repair Work Done Promptly and at Reduced Prices Men's Half Soles, 75c; Soles and Heels, 41.25; Ladies' Half Soles, 60c; Heels, 25c; Children's Half Soles, 50 cents. . . . Equipped with all modern machinery. Shop on Main St. J.V. Houston bldg

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C. F. STONE Attorney at Law Office over postoffice, Klamath Falls, Oregon

D. V. KUYKENDALL Attorney at Law Klamath Falls, Oregon

Polly's Joke.

By PHILIP KEAN.

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Having packed everything into a suitcase that could be crowded therein, Mrs. Merriman said, "I am ready," with the air of one being led to the stake.

Her husband, watching her gloomily from the top of a trunk, said politely, "At least you will wait until the show-er is over?"

"No," said his wife, with decision; "I wish to go at once."

"But"—began the gentleman on the trunk.

"At once," Mrs. Merriman reiterated, and her husband's gloom relaxed and he smiled.

"Oh, Polly," he said, "you look so funny when you try to be stately."

She gasped.

"Will you kindly order my cab?"

Merriman slid down from the trunk. "I'll do anything," he said miserably, "if you will only tell me why you are going."

But Mrs. Merriman had picked up the suitcase, the weight of which made her sag dreadfully to one side.

"Let me carry that," her husband insisted. "It's too heavy for you."

But she clung to it desperately.

"I might as well begin to bear my burdens alone," she said, "for I shall have to do it hereafter."

"Oh, piffle," said Merriman and then begged pardon, like a gentleman, "I know how you hate slang, Polly," he said. "I should not forget."

"It is rather late," his wife reminded him, "to be considerate of my feelings."

"Oh, piffle," her husband began, and then he stopped. "I'll telephone for the cab at once."

When he had gone Mrs. Merriman sat down on the suitcase and sighed. The severity died out of her countenance and was succeeded by a sweet seriousness. "Oh, dear!" she murmured.

When Merriman came up to announce the cab, however, she was standing at the window looking out.

"It is raining very hard," Merriman said. "I wish it might induce you."

She turned around with uplifted hand. "Not another moment," she said, "will I stay in this house."

Merriman crossed the room quickly. "Polly," he demanded sternly, "what is the meaning of this. When I left for the office this morning you were



AS HE GASPED IN ASTONISHMENT POLLY OPENED HER EYES.

the same sweet wife I have always known—everything was the same. I come home tonight to find your trunks packed and you dressed and ready to leave me—forever?"

His voice broke, and for a moment Mrs. Merriman seemed to waver; then she again looked up the suitcase with determination.

"I'll write," she said, "from mother's."

And so he was forced to let her go.

He stood for some time on the front steps in the rain, watching the cab as it was swallowed up by the grayness, and then he went into the empty house.

Everything seemed to speak to him of Polly, of their two happy years of married life. There was the mission furniture in the library, the fascinating bookcases with leaded glass, the books that they had read together, the motto over the fireplace on which they had looked night after night when the lamp was out and only the flames lighted the dimness of the big room. There was— But he left the library behind him and went upstairs, only to be reminded again and again of Polly as he tripped over her Turkish gold embroidered slippers on the threshold of her pink and white room and noted her frilly dressing gown flung across a chair, her cut glass bottles on the dresser, her ivory brushes on the dressing table.

A sudden thought came to him. Why had she left these things behind?

She had been elaborately locking the big trunk when he came in that afternoon. "I'll send for it later," she had informed him and had crushed the remaining articles into her suitcase.

Why hadn't she taken her brushes? Why hadn't she taken her dressing gown? Why were the slippers left?

As a dawning thought came to him his face brightened. He went over to the trunk and lifted it. It was so light that he moved it easily. Then he sat down on the floor deliberately and picked the lock and opened it. It was empty.

Still smiling, he went over to the

closet and threw the door wide open.

It was full of Polly's clothes.

Evidently Polly was coming back. With a mind at ease, he returned to the library and prepared to wait for her. With a book and a cigar and the comfort of his easy chair the time would pass quickly. But it did not pass quickly. He missed Polly awfully, and he grew very serious as he thought what it might mean if she should never come back. And in the terror of that thought he went to the telephone and called up Polly's mother.

Polly's mother, answering sleepily, said that Polly was not there, had not been there, and it was midnight. Why was he asking her? What had happened to Polly—what?

Merriman quieted her fears. Polly was out and was late getting home. But, of course, nothing had happened. And then he hung up the receiver.

But he could not quiet his own fears. Polly had never been so late. Perhaps the cabman wasn't trustworthy. Perhaps—oh, there were so many dreadful possibilities.

He stumbled upstairs to get his street coat. He would go out into the night and look for her; he would hunt up that cabman; he— and then he stopped dead still on the threshold of the pink and white room, for there in the big chair, with her shining hair falling all about her, with the gold embroidered slippers peeping from beneath the folds of the frilly dressing gown, was Polly, fast asleep!

And pinned to the top of her chair was a placard on which in big letters was written

"April Fool!"

As he gasped in astonishment Polly opened her eyes.

"April Fool!" she smiled sleepily.

"How did you get in?" he demanded as he came and stood over her.

"I had the cabman drive me for four blocks, and then he drove me back, and I slipped through the dining room window. I left it open on purpose. I had expected to run right in and confess that I was fooling, but when I came up and found the trunk open I thought I'd stay here and let you wonder a bit. And then I went to sleep, and that's all," said pretty Polly.

"Oh, Polly," her husband reproached her, "how could you—how could you joke on such a serious subject?"

"I wanted to see how you would act," Polly told him, "if you thought I was going to leave you."

"But"—His voice was very stern.

"I wanted to get even," Polly sat up and talked fast. "You remember last year, Bob, you came home and told me the bank had failed and that you had lost your money. You wanted to see if I could love you if you were poor, and then you told me it was an April fool."

Merriman looked crestfallen. "I forgot that," he said, "but—"

"And what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said his wife serenely.

"Yes, it is," Merriman admitted manfully as he drew his wife into his arms. "But I think we'd better let such jokes alone in future, sweetheart. It hurts too much, you know."

Polly put up her lips to be kissed. "Yes, it does," she whispered. "I came near giving in when you looked so miserable."

"Oh, Polly, how could you?" He was holding her close. And Polly, repentant and beautiful, confessed in his ear: "It was because I was a little April fool, Bob. We are both a pair of April fools."

An Anchor to Windward.

The solemn faced man who drove the stage between Willow and Greenfield never lost an opportunity to display his knowledge to a new passenger, nor had he ever been known to suppress his opinion on any subject, no matter what it might be. "They tell me you're the man that wrote the story that's running now in one of the big magazines. I forget which 'tis," he said one day to a cheery passenger who had been endeavoring to ask a few questions himself.

"I believe I am," admitted the gentleman.

"I've never turned my hand to writing," said the stage driver, flicking his horses in meditative mood. "No, sir, I've been too much took up with other things, but I read everything most. I was having a little talk with Bill Sears about you yesterday. We'd both been reading your last book before this new one. Now, do you rely entirely on what you write for a living?"

"Not entirely," said the author, with due humility.

"That's what I thought when I finished the book," and the stage driver looked kindly at the man of letters. "I'm real glad for ye that you've other means," he said benevolently. "Got 'em well invested, I expect, too. I told Bill Sears that was most likely the case."—Youth's Companion.

Only a Certain Kind.

There is a story told among the peasants of Sileswick, the former Danish province annexed after the war in 1864, of how Prince Bismarck was confounded by the tongue of a shepherd lad. Shortly after the close of the war Prince Bismarck went on an inspection tour through the provinces, as he desired to study the feelings and sentiments among the people. He talked with the peasants, getting valuable though not always agreeable information. For days he was annoyed by constantly hearing dogs called "Bismarck." Desiring to know what it meant, he called out in a gruff voice to a shepherd boy who had uttered the dreaded chancellor's name in connection with his dog:

"Are all dogs in this country named Bismarck?"

"Ach nein, mein herr," the urchin replied as he doffed his cap; "as ist bloss die schweinshunde" ("Oh, no, sir; it is only the pig dogs").

To Go With Them.

"What makes Jones so economical these days?"

"Some one gave him a pair of goggles, and now he's saving up for an automobile."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Hope.

The umpire loudly shouts, "Play ball!" The players stop in view. The crowd in answer to the call exclaims, "We hope they do!" —Washington Star.

An Old Friend.

"Good yarn, eh?" chuckled the story teller when he finished his anecdote.

"Yes," agreed the patient listener wearily, "I always did like that one." —Bohemian Magazine.

Degree of Sense.

There's "fine sense" and "course sense." Each good in its way. But the man who has "horse sense" Knows when to say "neigh." —Philadelphia Press.

The One Exception.

Little Willie—Say, pa, is fighting prohibited by law in all the states? Pa—I believe so, my son, except in the matrimonial state.—Chicago News.

Happiness and Trouble.

Though riches don't bring happiness. For trouble we ain't sp'illin'. It takes the flash of solid cash To keep the pot a-billin'. —Atlanta Constitution.

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Herbert J. Savidge, of Ft. Klamath, Oregon, who, on September 25, 1902, made homestead, No. 2773, for SW 1/4, Section 30, Township 32 S., Range 7 1/2 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk, Klamath Co., at his office, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Christ Weiss, Eld Leever, Charlie Martin and James Emery, all of Ft. Klamath, Oregon.

J. N. WATSON, Register.

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 20, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Asa Fordyce, of Ft. Klamath, Oregon, who, on August 24, 1901, made homestead entry, No 2433, for Lots 11, 12 and 13, Section 4, Townsite 32 S., Range 7 1/2 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk, Klamath County, at his office, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of August, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: James Gordon, E. M. Lever, H. J. Savidge and Chas. Martin, all of Ft. Klamath, Oregon.

J. N. WATSON, Register.

Petition for Liquor License

TO THE HONORABLE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR KLAMATH COUNTY.

We the undersigned, residents and legal voters of the precinct of Wood River, in the County of Klamath, State of Oregon, and actual residents therein for more than thirty days immediately preceding the date of signing and filing this petition, do hereby respectfully petition your honorable body to grant and issue to James H. Wheeler, a residence of said precinct, a license to sell spirituous, vinous, fermented or malt liquors in less quantities than one gallon, in the precinct aforesaid for a period of six months, from the 3rd day of July, 1908.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, that this petition will be presented to the County Court aforesaid at the court room in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day or as soon thereafter as said petition can be heard.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1908.

NAMES	NAMES
C. E. Hoyt	J. M. Emery
Roy R. Wise	H. B. Lookey
N. J. Johnson	O. B. Bunch
David Ramley	Asa Drope
S. B. Gardner	Ralph H. Langston
J. E. Vose	L. W. Copeland
G. F. Vose	Ira Eagle
F. X. Dompier	Wesley Cole
Paul Pirsons	D. C. Courtney
Frank Dompier	Wm. M. Skeen
J. H. Smart	H. J. Savridge
M. P. Morgan	D. E. Noah
W. M. Thomason	W. H. Norton
Louis Brannan	A. L. Melhase
L. C. Drake	J. A. Gibson
R. A. Moon	Clark
G. T. Gray	Wm. Denton
Walter Dixon	F. M. Denton
C. Gray	Lae Denton
M. H. Hess	L. C. Sismore
G. C. Hill	J. H. Hessig
G. S. Hoyt	F. J. Oden
W. J. Jamison	Jos. Hessig
R. M. Jamison	Rube White
J. L. Vose	Frank Silvers
John Gray	D. Ryans

Notice

While the lime I have on hand lasts it will be sold on demand, after it is gone it will be necessary to have 90 days notice to permit of my burning another bin. If you want lime this Summer get it now.

C. D. Willson.

-Hot Weather Eatables-

The warm days make the house wife look for eatables that are especially suited to the season of the year. Seasons demand a change in Groceries as well as other things. We have the articles that will keep you well

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DON J. ZUMWALT, C. E. President M. D. WILLIAMS, C. E. Treasurer

Klamath Falls, Oregon

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When blocks in Mills Addition at bargain prices a number of shrewd investors bought; since that time values have increased materially.

These Lots are Bargain Buys at present prices, and there is every reason to anticipate an advance in prices. Remember these lots are FIFTY feet in width and ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET deep—more than double the area of most town lots offered to investors.

FRANK IRA WHITE CAPT. O. C. APPLIGATE Office on Fifth Street FRANK WARD Land Salesmen.

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Special accommodations for Family Dinner Parties. The largest and best arranged eating house in the city. Open day and night.

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J. L. FIELDER Wood Yard and Office Near City Hall Phone 64

CENTRAL CAFE Open Day and Night Private Dining Parlors Oysters Served in Any Style

J. V. HOUSTON, Prop.

The Lakeside company has 2500 acres of land under the Adams ditch that it will give RENT FREE for one year. This includes the use of the land and water. The renter must clear and place the land in cultivation. The renter gets all the crops but we reserve the right to pasture the stubble.

The Lakeside Company, J. Frank Adams, Manager, Merrill Oregon.

The Stilts Dry Goods Co. has received several shipments of Eastern dress goods. Call and inspect the new line.