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Going, Steamer Klamath leaves Klamath Falls 4 a.m.  
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MAIN STREET—NEAR BRIDGE

FAMILY ORDERS  
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BREAD, CAKES,  
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OPPOSITE OPERA HOUSE

MERCHANTS' LUNCH, 11:30 to 2  
DINNER, 6 to 8:30 . . . . .

Are prepared to serve banquets and dinner parties

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

**The Amenities of Oysters.**  
One of the most profound remarks ever made by that profound philosopher, Thackeray, was when he passed two tubs of oysters side by side, and he saw one was labeled "1s. a dozen" and the other "1s. 3d. a dozen." He exclaimed, "How those oysters must hate each other!"

Well, "even an oyster may be crossed in love," and William Dean Howells has another tale to tell about the psychology of the oyster. At one of the little suppers that the poet Longfellow gave to the brilliant Cambridge circle James Russell Lowell paused with the pepper box poised above his plate of oysters to say whimsically, "It's astonishing how these fellows love pepper."

"Dear me! You don't say so!" ejaculated a nice, prosy old gentleman who used to sleep through the suppers. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and Lowell was fairly launched into an account of how a red pepper accidentally dropped into a basket of oysters had been drawn out with half a dozen of the bivalves clinging to it when the ever-gentle Longfellow interposed to save his matter of fact old friend.

### Grandma's Destination in Doubt.

Ethel is of the mature age of five. Recently her grandmother concluded that it devolved on her to instruct the child in religious matters.

"You must be a good girl, Ethel," she said. "Then you will go to heaven when you die."

Ethel seemed scarcely pleased with this reward for exceptional conduct.

"Don't you want to go to heaven?" asked grandma with a look of reproach.

"Oh, I don't know," temporized Ethel. "I guess not."

"Why not?" demanded grandma severely.

"Because maybe I couldn't get out," answered Ethel.

"You wouldn't want to get out," replied grandma.

"Oh, yes, I should," returned Ethel with conviction.

"No," argued grandma, "you would not. Why should you want to get out of heaven?"

"Why," answered Ethel, "I guess I'd want to go and see you once in a while, wouldn't I?"—Woman's Home Companion.

### Identified.

Although straws usually tell which way the wind blows, occasionally even the proverbial straw proves misleading.

Previously to entering the railroad yards an abandoned lumber picked up a small, glittering object from the sidewalk and, without examining it very closely, pinned it to his coat. Three minutes later he collided with a slowly moving freight train, was hurled against a post and picked up insensate.

The train dispatcher, notified by telephone, called up Patrick Doyle, the yardmaster's assistant, and said:

"You'd better search his pockets, Doyle. Find out who he is, notify his friends and report to me."

A few moments later the report came:

"There's not a line of writing on him," said Patrick, "but we've identified him by the badge on his coat. He's a Lady Macbeth."—Exchange.

### Confucius as a Poet.

For those who want to know something of the poetic abilities of Confucius, the Orient Review publishes some translations from a collection given to the Chinese world 500 years B. C. One of these is called "The Bride Cometh."

The turtle-dove dwells in the magpie's nest.  
One cometh as a bride to be crowned.  
A hundred carriages have gone in quest.  
The magpie's home the young dove hath possessed.  
This lady cometh as a lifelong guest.  
A hundred chariots on the road have pressed.

The turtle-dove shall fill the magpie's nest.  
She travels far from home to love and rest.  
A hundred carriages her rank attend.

### One Service Barred.

A famous London barrister was upon one occasion called upon to defend a cook tried for murder, being accused of having poisoned his master. The barrister after a most able and brilliant defense of the culprit secured an acquittal. The cook, anxious to show his gratitude, said, "Tell me, sir, whatever can I do for you to reward you?" The triumphant counsel answered, "My good man, do anything you can, but for God's sake don't ever cook for me!"

### Honest Craft.

"Jones made the best part of his money by grafting."

"Why, I thought he had such a high reputation for honesty."

"So he has. We must graft, though, for he keeps a fruit nursery."—Baltimore American.

### Curiosity.

If you want to find out how busy men are, paint a red ring on your door. Every man who passes will stop to find out what it is for and then wait until the next man comes along that he may tell about it.—Atchison Globe.

**Trollope's Recipe For Novel Writing.**  
Mr. Trollope wrote immensely and never waited for inspiration. He said the best recipe he knew for novel writing was a patch of cobbler's wax on his chair and to take great care he sat on it.—Leaves From a Life.

### Long and Short.

Farmer B.—This 'ere paper says they ain't nothin' fr an appetite like a long tramp. His Wife—Land! They don't know what they're talkin' about. A short one e'n eat just ex much.—Pathfinder.

## Toilet Articles for warm weather

Our line is complete. All classes of Toilet Articles and Boudoir Supplies at attractive prices. You will find that article here that you could find nowhere else in town. It is here and at a price which is reasonable. Our large stock and systematic buying enable us to offer remarkable quality and values.

**COMPLEXION CREAMS**—For Tan and Sunburn—all kinds.  
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GET SOME "RED STAR ROSE CREAM" FOR THAT SUNBURN

## STAR DRUG STORE

"THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY"

### BRIEF MENTION

Judge H. J. Benson is spending a few days at Spring creek.

Lost—Light tan ladies' jacket. Finder return to American hotel, Beasard.

Hires Red Best at the city Bakery, opposite American Hotel.

Step in and look at our line of Post Cards.—G. Heitkemper.

Mrs. Chastain and family will leave for Spring Creek in the morning.

Merrill. Property is reasonable.

For general house cleaning and chimney sweeping sweeping call on Webb & Mongell. Phone 201.

Roy Walker went to Ashland this morning to attend Chatauque.

For the best rig in town call at the Mammoth Station. H. W. Straw, Proprietor.

Will G. Steel has gone to Crater Lake to superintend the establishment of the quarters for the season.

Step in and look at our line of Post Cards.—G. Heitkemper.

County court has been in session all day, auditing bills and looking over road petitions.

Merrill Valley the heart of Klamath.

Ice Cream at the City Bakery. Give us a trial, opposite American Hotel.

Just in at Winters—A large shipment of records for the Edison phonographs.

Bishop Padlock was greeted by a large congregation at the Presbyterian church last night. He will preach again tonight.

Step in and look at our line of Post Cards.—G. Heitkemper.

You can get a 23-meal look at Willson's hotel for 14. Board and lodging \$5 a week.—C. D. Wilson, Prop.

Mark I. Burns arrived in the city from Dorris last night. Mark says things are booming in the little burg and that many new buildings are in the course of construction.

We can supply you with any kind of furniture and house furnishings. Virgil & Son, at the bridge on Main street.

Attractive silverware just received at Winters.

Robert Clay, son of Mrs. D. M. Griffith of Odessa, and Miss Courtwright of Ashland, were married at Ashland a few days ago and are spending their honeymoon at Odessa.

Winters has a complete line of Edison phonographs and all of the latest records. If you order your clothes at the K. K. K. store, you'll get a fit and exactly what you want.

The Klamath Falls ball team did not play at Lakeview today, owing to some mistake in the arrangements of the games. The team will play another game tomorrow.

### Sometimes Worse.

A young lady was recently visiting an editorial office and being shown around by the editor. Approaching a case of drawers upon one of which was the label "MSS." she said, "Now, how would you pronounce that?"

"Oh," said the editor, "sometimes we pronounce it muns and sometimes mess."—Lippincott's Magazine.

### A Contradiction.

"That young doctor is a queer contradiction."

"In what way?"

"He has an exceedingly good temper, and yet he is lacking in patients."—Baltimore American.

Courtesy is an asset, churlishness a liability.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### An Emended Sign.

Many a householder at the mercy of the painter will find a bond of sympathy with the students of Stanford university in the incident taken from the San Francisco Chronicle. The score of fraternity houses on the campus were in the process of being cleaned up in preparation for the receptions and luncheons to be given to visitors on the day of the big football game. A man got the contract to paint one of the houses white with the understanding that the job must be done and dry by a certain day. After making a rush start the painter asked permission to hang out his sign. His request was granted, and he put up a conspicuous announcement over the front porch, "These Premises Being Painted by Blank Blank."

Then the work dragged. He would come one day and stay away two. So the impatient collegians added to the sign until the announcement read: "These Premises Being Painted by Blank Blank, Now and Then."

### A Calm Witness.

A lawyer was cross-examining a witness with a view to getting him mud-dled in his testimony. The following questions and answers occurred:

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?"

"No, sir; not always."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that a person can faint and not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"I did, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago, sir."

"Who was it?"

"'Twas a negro, sir."

The lawyer excused the witness.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### The Moabite Stone.

The so-called Moabite stone was discovered by the Rev. F. Klein in 1868 among the ruins of Dibon, the ancient Dibon. The stone was of black basalt, rounded at the top and bottom, two feet broad, three feet ten inches high and fourteen inches in thickness, but was unfortunately broken by the Arabs, whose cupidly had been aroused by the interest that was taken in it by the explorers. The fragments were afterward collected and laboriously fitted together, and the stone now stands in the Louvre at Paris. The inscription of thirty-four lines is in Hebrew-Phoenician characters and appears to be a record of Mesha, king of Moab, mentioned in II Kings iii, referring to his successful revolt against the king of Israel.—New York American.

### A Model Friend.

What true friendship consists in depends on the temperament of the man who has a friend. It is related that at the funeral of Mr. X., who died extremely poor, the usually cold blooded Squire Tightlist was much affected.

"You thought a great deal of him, I suppose?" some one asked him.

"Thought a great deal of him? I should think I did. There was a true friend! He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew well enough he was starving to death!"

### Too Expensive.

Two little girls who were taken to see "Othello" were much impressed by the death scene.

"I wonder whether they kill a lady every night?" asked one.

"Why, of course not," said the other. "They just pretend to! It would be too expensive to really kill a lady every night!"

### Sweet Sorrow.

"I can't please my friends," sobbed the young bride.

"What's the matter, pat?"

"They insist that I can't be happy with a fathead like you, but, oh, husband, I am!"—Washington Herald.

### Domestic Amenities.

Knicker—I've waited an hour for you to get your hat on straight. Mrs. Knicker—Well, I've waited longer than that for you to get your feet on straight.—New York Sun.

Decision of character is one bright golden apple which every young person should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life.

## WE ARE LOOKING

For up-to-date books to carry on your work. We can supply books for anyone from the youngest to the oldest of our men. Early watching is wanted to give you the best.

Perfect Satisfaction

H. J. WINTERS  
DEALER IN WATCHES

A Modest Singer.  
I do not care who makes the laws Of this great land of mine. If I can only sing out songs And get one lone for mine. —John A. Library.

Feminine Inconstancy.  
A clubwoman, writing in the Philadelphia Record, reviews a feminine inconsistency in the peculiar views held by some women about the use of their first names. She says:

"A couple of years ago I had occasion to send a letter to a married woman, and in addressing her I wrote 'Mrs. Henry.'—I imagine my surprise when in reply I received an indignant letter from her, in which she said: 'I do not at all like to have my identity submerged in that of my husband. I do not see why I cannot be addressed by my own name. Because I am married is that any reason why I should lose my individuality? My name is Anna. The next letter I wrote to the indignant wife you can be sure it bore the first name of the woman in question, but the climax came recently, when the husband died and my fastidious friend was left a widow. I wrote her on club business and, bearing in mind her first scolding, took particular pains to address her as 'Mrs. Anna.'—The answer to this from her makes me shiver to think about. 'Do you think I have so far forgotten my beloved Henry,' she said, 'as to be willing to abandon his name altogether? I wish you would address me as Mrs. Henry in the future, please. I may be an unfortunate widow, but I still bear my husband's name, I think!'"

The Concertina.  
The concertina, which was a development of a previously existing reed instrument, was invented in 1829 by a Viennese named Damin and consists, as every one knows, of a small pair of bellows and a range of keys which regulate the admission of wind to metal reeds. The concertina proper was invented on the same date by Charles Wheatstone, who later became a famous man of science. It seems curious that a man whose reputation rests chiefly on his electrical work and discoveries, who was one of the earliest men of science to make experiments in connection with submarine cables and who, more over, was an extraordinarily skillful decipherer of cryptographic writings, should also have dabbled in musical inventions. But, as a matter of fact, Wheatstone's musical work preceded his scientific discoveries. He went straight from school to the business of manufacturing musical instruments, and it was in 1829, at the age of twenty-seven, that he took out his patent for the concertina. But he was more interested in the scientific principles on which musical instruments are constructed than in music itself, and his acoustical and musical experiments soon drew him into the path which led to his many electrical discoveries.—London Globe.