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Attorney at Law
Klamath Falls, Oregon

FOUGHT UNDER WATER.

Last of the Spanish Fleet at the Battle of Manila Bay.

"What was it like, that battle of Manila Bay, do you ask?"

The thunders of heaven would have been lost in its din. It was fierce and fast, like the rolling of all the drums in the world of the bolts of heavy sailcloth torn into shreds by the wind.

What a picture it would make—that battle, the last of the Spanish fleet, the Don Antonio de Ulloa. She fought, sinking a foot a minute! Gun after gun went under, and when the last onset was made only her bow gun remained. Its crew, waist deep in water, fought as though victory was crowning them. It was their last day, and we cheered them as they sank.

These are the things men will write about, but memory alone can paint a picture no terrible than the moon, that old night watch of the universe, hid behind friendly vapors that she might not see the embers of war as they glared through the portholes and spouts of half-sunken ships, while ever and anon exploding magazines would tear the waters, and flames of yellow and red flaunt above all that was left of Spain's wreckage.

Surely Wellington was a Solomon when he wrote, "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won."—St. Nicholas

AN AFRICAN RESCUE.

Saved From a Great Army of Ravenous Driver Ants.

In her "West African Studies" Miss Kingsley tells this story about the famous "driver" ants: "I was in a little village, and out of a hut came the owner and his family and all the household parasites pell-mell, leaving the drivers in possession, but the mother and father of the family, when they recovered from this unwelcome burst of activity, showed such a lively concern and such unmistakable signs of anguish at having left something behind them in the hut that I thought it must be the baby. 'In him far corner for floor' shrieked the distracted parents, and into that hut I charged.

"Too true! There in the corner lay the poor little thing, a mere inert black mass, with hundreds of cruel drivers already swarming upon it. To seize it and give it to the distracted mother was, as the reporter would say, 'the work of an instant.' She gave a cry of joy and dropped it instantly into a water barrel, where her husband held it down with a hoe, chuckling contentedly. Shiver not, my friend, at the cautiousness of the Ethiopian. That there thing wasn't an infant. It was a lum!"

Some Epigrams.

Tom Hood cast epigrams at himself in the face of death. His wife was preparing a large mustard plaster to apply to his shrunken chest. "My dear," said Hood, "that's a terrible lot of mustard for a small piece of beef."

Sir Walter Raleigh expressed himself in a similar mood after he mounted the scaffold. Feeling the edge of the ax, he said to the executioner, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a cure for all diseases."

An Italian nobleman, probably beguiled by patent medicine advertisements, left this inscription for his gravestone: "I was well, wanted to be better, took physic and died."

Charles Knight suggested that "Good Knight" would be sufficient for his memorial tablet.

A brother Scot who did not sympathize with his peccadilloes in life, when asked to suggest an appropriate epitaph for Scotland's national poet, said, "His sin name's enough—Robert Burns."—Boston Post

Wholesome Advice For Boys.

Now, you lads who want to leave school, don't be in such a hurry to be earning something. Think of the future prospect rather than the present advantage. The man who can do something really well, whether it be the making of a table, the building of a house or the writing of a book, will very seldom be unemployed. It is the boys in a hurry who are "little mill-boys" on 8 shillings a week at fourteen and "big loafers" on nothing at eighteen, with no trade in their fingers and no prospect but the life of a day laborer. Go slowly, boys—you'll go farther. Hurry is a dog that often goes off on a wrong scent. Patience and foresight are two dogs which hunt together. They are slow at "hunting," but they are always "in at the death."—London Scholars' Own.

Spilled Musicians.

Rubinstein disapproved of marriage for musicians. Just before his death he spoke sadly of his Russian lady pupils. "What have I wasted all my time on them for?" he asked irritably. "Every one married! It's too provoking! Here they are, spoiled forever for art life. What did they study for?"

The London Musical World remarks that "those who ask why we have no great lady composers may be left to think on these things."

A Nice, Polite Man.

There's some good things in town this week," said the girl who was hinting for an invitation to the theater.

"Well," responded Mr. Grouch, "I ain't one of 'em."—Kansas City News-book.

They Noticed.

"Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Six of them recognized it at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.—Hunt.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

Among my esteemed neighbors there is a family known for the piety of its members and their implicit confidence in the efficacy of prayer. One of the daughters, Miss Kate B., has almost reached the age when she could be referred to ungraciously as an old maid. She is the target for many a good natured quip pertaining to her alleged hopes and endeavors in the direction of matrimony.

Not long ago a certain society of young men which had interested itself in a campaign for higher school license sent a committee to visit the homes of the district and obtain signatures to a high license petition. When this committee, numbering half a dozen members, ascended the front steps at the B. home my friend's wife was the first to see it through the front window.

"Laws, John!" she exclaimed to her husband, "See all those young men coming to visit us!"

Mr. B. glanced out of the window, noted the number of the invading force and remarked, with an air of conviction:

"Humph! Kate's been praying again."—San Francisco Call.

An Anecdote of Ellsworth.

There was a characteristic incident in the early life of Colonel Ellsworth, the brilliant young lawyer who was one of the first notable victims of the civil war. His struggles to gain a foothold in his profession were attended by many hardships and humiliating privations. Once, finding the man he was looking for on a matter of business in a restaurant, he was invited to partake of the luncheon to which his acquaintance was just sitting down. Ellsworth was ravenously hungry, almost starving, in fact, but he declined courteously, but firmly, asking permission to talk over the business that had brought him thither while the other went on with the meal.

The brave young fellow in telling the story in after years confessed that he suffered positive agony at the sight and smell of the tempting food.

"I could not in honor accept hospitality I could not reciprocate," was his simple explanation of his refusal. "I might starve, but I could not sponger!"—Marrion Harland's "Complete Elliquette."

Starting Early.

Wangles was married recently, and there was a regular hail of rice, confetti and old shoes for good luck as he got into the cab. Moreover, on turning round he was struck above the eye by a friendly shoe with rather a heavy heel.

As the cab immediately drove away no notice was taken of the accident, and, despite the large handkerchief tied by his sobbing bride over his injured optic, the blood still flowed down Wangles' face.

When they arrived at their destination the newly created Benedict went out to a doctor to get the bleeding stopped.

"How did you come by this, my man?"

"Well, you see, doctor—aw—I got married this morning, and"—commenced Wangles, when the doctor broke in:

"What! Has she started already?"—London Answers.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"You say you met the defendant on a street car and that he had been drinking and gambling," said the attorney for the defense during the cross examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him take a drink?"

"No."

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how do you know," demanded the attorney, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "he gave the conductor a blue chip for his car fare and told him to keep the change."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Lucky Horseshoe.

The Australians when they find a horseshoe throw it over their shoulder. A lady in Sydney found one and threw it gracefully over her shoulder. It went through a hatter's window and hit a customer who was trying on a new hat. This gentleman, under the impression that one of the shopmen in a fit of temporary insanity had played the trick, promptly struck him and sent him through the plate glass window. A general melee ensued, although on consideration nobody knew what it was all about.

The Old, Old Story.

Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—Lor' sakes alive, Josiah, if John hain't gone an done it! An' he war'n't no hand for the gals neither!

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Samanthy?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle—er—Belle Lettres—Brooklyn Life.

His Thanks.

"I notice," said the young man's employer, "that you are always about the first in the office in the mornings."

"Thank you, sir."

"Why do you thank me?"

"For noticing it."—Chicago Record Herald.

Needed Practice.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard, Ethel."

"I know, mamma. But if I'm going to be a lady when I grow up I've got to begin practicing talking some time, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Contradiction.

Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not always own it.—Exchange.

MAYFLOWER TEAPOTS.

A Warning That May Prove of Value to Relic Hunters.

It may be trusted that no lineal descendant of the pilgrims would and no other person foolishly should ever claim to have or to have seen a teapot that had come over on the Mayflower. Whatever other articles in whatever number may be treasured as parts of the sacred cargo that was landed at Plymouth rock in 1620, relic hunters may rest in the assurance that no rival owns a teapot of Mayflower descent.

The explanation is simple. When the Mayflower sailed for America an ounce of tea was rare enough to have made up a fitting gift for royalty. Yet forty years later the wealthy and fashionable people of England were fairly familiar with tea which the East India company had first brought into the country, and four years later it was on sale in the coffee houses, at which time a pound might be purchased for the moderate sum of 60 shillings.

Only twenty-five years later tea was on sale in Boston, and soon after there were two tea houses besides those kept by Daniel Vernon and Benjamin Harris. In the first decade of the eighteenth century it could be bought from Zabdiel Bolton at his apothecary shop.

Today the coffee houses of a hundred years ago in London are in reality tea houses. In England were made the first teapots of pottery. Later the most delicate creations in porcelain appeared, but as tea became popular the art of the teapot maker was less exclusively refined.—Boston Globe.

DARING BELL RINGERS.

Franks of the Athletic Young Spaniards of Seville.

There is a curious custom among the young Spaniards of the city of Seville. On certain fete days, related a tourist, the young men of the place have permission to ring the bells in the clock towers of the cathedral. They have an ingenious and original way of ringing them. While the regular bell ringers repose these amateurs climb up on to the bells, throw them forward with all their force and ride upon the bells in their furious swinging to and fro. We may imagine what an uproar is produced when all the bells of a cathedral are being treated in this manner. Any man who is able may exercise his skill, and the duration of the ringing depends upon the caprice or the strength and patience of the ringers.

The spectacle is very strange of the great bells swinging, with one, two or more bold ringers hanging from them in any attitude which seems to the best adapted to pushing out the most noise. In the Giralda, at Seville, the first time I witnessed this, the clamor was frightful. When I looked up I thought at first some unfortunate was entangled in the bell rope, but I soon found it was a matter of sport. Another ringer appeared suspended in the air, holding the bell by the ears or the rim or the wooden framework and following it in all its movements, sometimes feet, sometimes head, downward. Such are the daring bell ringers of Seville.

The Egyptian Mummy.

Egyptologists have discovered that among the ancient Egyptians the inviolate preservation of the body was deemed absolutely essential to the corporeal resurrection of the dead. According to the teaching of the Egyptian priests, the living man consisted of a body, a soul, an intelligence and an appearance called "Ka." Death separated these four parts, which must ultimately be reunited for all eternity. Between death on earth and life everlasting there intervened a period of several thousand years, during which season the soul performed a painful probationary pilgrimage through the underworld. The body in order that it should await intact the return of the soul must meanwhile be guarded from all corruption; hence the custom of embalming.

Man and His Tailor.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have rather than the one he commonly holds, whereas the tailor wants him, as the portrait painter wants his subject, in his natural pose and manner. With the man in that attitude the tailor can bring his art to bear, if that is required, in the overcoating of any physical defect and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure as they will be actually worn.—New York Sun.

Buckingham's Pranks.

After the defeat and flight of Charles I. the daredevil Duke of Buckingham, disguised himself as a mountebank, set up a stage in the heart of London and for days laughed in the faces of the stern Puritans, who were thirsting for his life. One day when his own sister, the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, was passing the jocular duke set the mob on to drag her from her carriage. They forced her to witness the pranks of her brother, whom she recognized, but could not betray.

More Important.

Tess—Bess doesn't seem so quick to deny her age as she used to be. Jess—No. She's got that stout lately. Tess—What has that to do with it? Jess—It takes all her time now to deny her weight.—Philadelphia Press.

The Twins.

Cholmondeley—You and your sister are twins, are you not? Marjoribanks—We were when we were children. Now, however, she is five years younger than I.—London Th-Bits.

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Fresh and Cured Meats and Sausages of all kinds. We handle our meats in the most modern way in cleanliness and surroundings. Try us and we will be most happy to have you for a customer. Free Delivery.

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Office on Fifth Street
Land Salesmen.

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, Township 33 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. 6-21

J. N. WATSON, Register.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath, Bertha R. Conner, Plaintiff vs Daniel R. Conner, Defendant.)

To Daniel R. Conner the above named defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 23 day of July 1908, being the last day of the time in the order of the publication of this summons, the first publication thereof being on the 11 day of June 1908; and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint herein to wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant; for the care and custody of Lorene J. Conner and the costs and disbursements of this suit; and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served by publication thereof in the Evening Herald by order of the Honorable J. B. Griffith County Judge of Klamath County, Oregon, made, dated and filed in this suit at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 11 of June 1908. Which said order is required that summons in this suit be published once a week, for a period of six successive and consecutive weeks from the 11 of June 1908.

H. W. KESSEK,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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, Ed Lever, Charlie Martin and James Emery, all of Ft. Klamath, Oregon. 6-22

J. N. WATSON, Register.

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