

# To the Public:

As an introduction to the trade of Klamath Falls and Klamath County I have inaugurated a Great Sacrifice Sale. It will continue until further notice.

## The Boston Store

O. M. HECTOR, Proprietor

### OLD POWDERHORNS.

They Were Once Important Implements of Warfare.

TREASURED AS HEIRLOOMS.

Handed Down From Father to Son and From Friend to Friend—Engraved and Ornamented, They Were Used as Gifts Instead of Jeweled Swords.

Modern inventions have robbed warfare of much of its romance and the soldier of much of his old time picturesque. Although the powderhorn as an implement of war disappeared long before the magazine gun of today was dreamed of, it wasn't so very long ago, as a matter of fact, that men were carrying powderhorns. Some of the soldiers in the Mexican war, for example, used them.

The powderhorns carried by the fighters in the early days of this country were often of comparatively simple workmanship, but they were cherished and handed down from father to son and from friend to friend. Strange to say, though cherished in this manner, collectors have had a very hard time in locating any great number of the powderhorns used in this country, and this in spite of the large numbers used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In the French and Indian war the English and Americans carried 10,000 powderhorns. It has been estimated, to say nothing of the number carried by those on the French side. In the Revolution there were, according to the best estimates, about 10,000 powderhorns in use in the American army without counting those on the British side. The European troops had long discarded them, of course, but their colonial allies naturally were equipped with them.

A few years ago Isaac J. Greenwood presented to the New York Historical society a collection of water color pictures of powderhorns he had found still in existence.

Although the search was prosecuted with great diligence, the number of powderhorns actually located and sketched was not much more than 400, showing how quickly the horns have been disappearing.

Powderhorns are supposed to have come into use almost simultaneously with the invention of gunpowder. A way had to be found to carry the powder and keep it dry, and men quickly found that there wasn't anything better or cheaper in medieval times for this purpose than the horns of an animal.

They were in general use in the sixteenth century and were brought to this country by the first settlers. The oldest horn whose picture appears in the collection was found near Schenectady, N. Y., and bears the date of 1683.

It was generally the horns of their own cattle that the farmer fighters of America used. The loss of a horn in a fight impaired the usefulness of the animal, and bulls frequently were called upon to make the sacrifice. Such horns were easily obtained and wouldn't rust and could be carried in the rain and through streams without the powder in them getting wet.

They were always worn under the left arm by a strap that went over the right shoulder, the curve in the horn conforming to the shape of the body and serving to keep it out of the way of the wearer. There was a stopple in the small end, and without being unslung the powder could be poured into the right hand and thence into the gun.

Buffed, scraped and cleaned and colored with an orange or yellow dye, which was the way most of the powderhorns were prepared, they lent themselves more readily to ornamentation by the owner than did any other part of his equipment, and it is this fact which has made them particularly interesting as historical relics. Admiring friends in the days when powderhorns were in general use instead of presenting a hero with an engraved sword gave him a finely decorated powderhorn.

Sometimes the horns were made to order and the engraving done by professionals. Many of these horns were beautifully colored, the most popular shade being a sort of orange tint.

Perhaps the most remarkable examples of the engraving are to be seen on the geographical horns whose pictures appear in the Greenwood collection. These geographical horns took the place of pocket maps for the early pioneers. They were the work of professional engravers in places like New York and Boston.

Some of the horns in the collection contain practically complete maps of the old trails and waterways. One of the best of these bears the date of 1707 and shows New York with its harbor filled with ships and New York state as far as Lake Champlain and Ontario. The Hudson valley, with its settlements, appears on most of the geographical horns discovered. One horn shows the country between Elizabethtown and Pittsburg, each little settlement being carefully noted.

The horns thus filled a double purpose, supplying the traveler with a map and carrying his powder for him. One of the best specimens in the collection shows Havana, as well as the trail from Albany to Oswego. It is believed to have been owned by a soldier in the English army which captured the Cuban city and who later served in the colonies.—Washington Post.

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### THE BUFFALO.

A Good Surveyor and One of Our First Roadmakers.

The buffalo was a good surveyor. It did not reason out why it should go in a certain direction, but its sure instinct took it by the easiest and most direct path, over high lands and low, to the salt licks and water courses which were its goal. The authors of "The Story of the Great Lakes," Edward Channing and M. F. Lansing, say that the buffalo observed something like the principles which today govern the drill engineer.

As soon as the explorer landed on the southern shores of Lakes Erie, Michigan and Superior he came upon buffalo roads or "traces." Sometimes these were narrow ditches, a foot wide and from six inches to two feet deep, trodden down by the impact of thousands of hoofs as herd after herd of buffaloes had stamped along in single file behind their leaders.

When the first path became too deep for comfort because of repeated travel the buffaloes would abandon it and begin a second path alongside the first, and thus the frequented traces would be gradually widened.

Again, an immense herd of these heavy animals would crash through the forest, breaking in their rapid progress a broad, deep road from one feeding ground to another. As this route would be followed again and again by this and other herds, it would become level and hard as a rock, so that there was great rejoicing in pioneer settlements when the weary road makers, struggling with log causeways and swampy hollows, came upon a firm, solid buffalo trace. Nor was this an uncommon experience.

The line of many of these roads is followed today by our railroads and canals, as it was followed by our log roads and turnpikes.

The buffalo followed the level of the valley. He swerved round high points whenever it was possible, crossing the ridges and watersheds at the best natural divides and gorges, and he crossed from one side of a stream of water to the other repeatedly in order to avoid climbing up from the level, after the fashion of our modern loop railways.

### ONE OYSTER ENOUGH.

He Swallowed It Alive and Had to Kill It After It Was Down.

A farm laborer from the interior on his first visit to London dropped into a small oyster shop where a number of men were eating raw oysters. The

extreme satisfaction displayed on the faces of those about him created long legs of a gustatory nature in the new arrival, who edged his way up to the counter in anticipation of eating a real live July oyster.

It was the first time he had seen an oyster, and he became at once interested, and when the shellfish had been finally unshelled he proceeded to balance it on the end of his fork, then, with a look of extreme satisfaction, gulped it down.

"Sweet heart!" shouted a man standing near him. "You haven't swallowed the oyster alive, have you?"

"There was a horrible pause. 'That oyster will cut right through you,' shouted another.

By this time the poor countryman was shaking with fear and horror. He commenced to have terrible pains in his abdomen and was soon doubled up in his agony. He begged some one to go for a doctor to get the thing out.

He continued to grow worse, when some one suggested that he take a dose of tobacco snuff, which it was claimed would kill the object that was creating such terrible commotion in his internal arrangement.

He grasped the bottle with avidity and took a draft. His condition, which before had been alarming to the victim, now assumed a serious phase to the perpetrators of the bout.

The man gasped and choked. He became black in the face, and tears were running down his face, when some one thrust a bottle of oil into his mouth, and he was forced to drink copious drafts.

The effect was magical. The oyster was evidently "dead." He became more composed, and when he finally recovered his breath he said:

"We killed it. But when that darned stuff got into my stomach that oyster rashed around as if a shark was after it!"—London Scrap.

### Not Desired.

Having at enormous pains got her length, breadth and thickness about right, the woman heaved a sigh of relief. "No fourth dimension in mine, if you please!" she exclaimed, with unmistakable feeling.

"Some days that the feminine mind is not attracted by metaphysics anyway!"—Puck.

### Precedent.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house.

"I guess so, father," replied the mother-faithful. "He always has gone."—Washington Herald.

### Children of Criminals.

It is a curious fact—one all at variance with the doctrine of heredity, but borne out by police records—that the children of crooks, of all classes, rarely turn out to be crooks themselves.

Deeper study of the subject might reveal that they are possessed of the criminal instincts, but that the tragically close example of the punishment and wretchedness that attend a criminal career has been a terrifying deterrent. The fact, at any rate, remains. The rogues' galleries of Scotland Yard, New York and Chicago may be studied in vain for the photographs of a father and a son.—Argonaut.

### He Did His Part Thoroughly.

In order to avoid an argument with a woman suffragist on the subject of her hobby a happy bachelor gallantly acquiesced in the truth of her assertions.

"But, sir," sternly remarked the spinster, "your admission is anything but creditable to you. What, for instance, have you ever done for the emancipation of woman?"

"Madam," responded the gentleman, with a polite smile and a bow, "I have at least remained a bachelor!"

### Seemed All Right.

"Mamma, why don't you want me to play with that Kuder boy?"

"Because, dear, I know the family. He hasn't got blood in him."

"Why, mamma, he's been vaccinated twice, and it wouldn't take either time!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Making and Earning Money.

"What is the difference between making money and earning money?" asked the youth.

"Sometimes the difference is a trip to the penitentiary for counterfeiting," answered the home grown philosopher.—Chicago News.

### Enlightening Role.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is an egotist?"

"An egotist, my son, is a burnt match that thinks it was the whole fire-works."—Washington Star.

### A Good Guess.

"Does your father know you smoke, little boy?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

"I guess not," replied the bad boy. "He doesn't look up his cigars."—Detroit Free Press.

# A Hold-Up?

## Well, I Guess Not!

Of course, we make a profit on our goods--We are in business for that purpose--but the steady stream of customers coming to our new store in the Mang Block, Sixth St, enables us to turn our money so fast that a very reasonable profit is all we want. Furniture can be sold on close margin, as well as other goods, and that's the way we sell it. When you want anything in the Furniture line come to us, and see what fair treatment we give you.

**Good Furniture at Fair Prices**

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### AMERICAN WANDERLUST.

A Habit Which Strengthens the Cohesive Unity of the Nation.

Less than half the members of the United States senate and house of representatives are native born in the states which they represent. Nothing could more clearly show the alert activities of the American people and that constant intermingling of the inhabitants of the several states which adds so much to the cohesive unity of the nation. The boy who goes to a distant state often accomplishes more than the one who goes straight on in the footsteps of his father in the home village. Even Daniel Webster was not born in the old Bay State, whose influence and dignity he so well sustained and whose people mourned him so sincerely when his great life closed.

This wandering from state to state has resulted in the organizing in New York city of many state societies, which aim to gather together the natives of their respective states annually to revive the pleasant memories of the old home days, with their thousand clinging ties.

What would happen if the American people should cease to wander about the country? Is a question often asked. It is said that an eastern man never amounts to anything until he goes west and that a western man has to come east in order to attain his full stature mentally. The northern man is advised to go south to learn gentle courtesy and chivalric bearing, the southerner to go north to add more iron to his blood. There can be no doubt that this constant evolution has encouraged the birth of new ideas, just as the whirling of the kineoscope developed a toy into our present wonderful moving pictures, which gives us glimpses of life in motion all over the world.—Joe Mitchell Chappie in National Magazine.

### THE HURRYING BARBER.

Speed Manifested More in the Motions Than in the Results.

"Barbers," remarked the man with the short hair, "are born unable to hurry. Just you go into a shop, as I did the other day, wanting a hair cut, and ask the barber how long it will take. He told me, 'Oh, about twenty minutes' and I said to go ahead.

"That barber honestly believed he was hurrying, but he couldn't leave out those little snip-snips about the back of the neck they are all so fond of doing, and he had to cut the hair as if he were chiseling priceless marble. When it got to be about half an hour I said to him, 'You're a pretty bad judge of time, aren't you?' He came back with something about not wanting to turn out a poor job.

"I've known it to happen often in the case of shaving. When you tell a barber to hurry he dashes around on the tiled floor at imminent risk of falling, and he splashes the lather into your eyes and your mouth, but the fact remains that he takes as much time as usual to rub the lather into your face and as much time to shave you.

"I begin to believe there is some sort of rule regarding time that all barbers observe, because I have timed them. Once I asked a barber to hurry shaving me, and he had all the motions, but took up just as much time as when he went along at his usual gait.

"I imagine they believe the customer will be satisfied with the appearance of speed, and that's the reason they run around so and breathe heavily as if winded when changing from one side of the chair to the other."—New York Sun.

### The Slow One.

"Would you," he said after they had been sitting in the dark for a long time, "be angry with me if I were to kiss you?"

She was silent for a moment. Then in tones the meaning of which was not to be mistaken she replied:

"Why do you suppose I turned down the light an hour and a half ago?"

And yet he wondered, poor fool, how other young men who had started far in the rear were able to pass him in the race of life.

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