

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

TIME OF THE NATION.

How It Is Kept at the Naval Observatory in Washington.

THE SIGNAL FOR HIGH NOON.

It is Flashed Out Over Nearly a Million Miles of Telegraph Wires Every Day in the Year—The Finely Adjusted Instruments That Are Used.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock noon every day in the year a young man walks into a certain room of the main building at the naval observatory, which is set up on a hill in the northwestern part of the District of Columbia. The glasses at the various clocks in the room and then goes over to a table which is covered with electric apparatus.

He watches the clocks to his left closely and waits for the hands to reach 11:55. As the second hand approaches the 60 on the dial he prepares to shift a switch. The clock is so finely adjusted that when the second hand points to 60 it exactly marks the beginning of a new minute.

As it touches the 60 the switches are thrown on. That starts a signal that goes out instantaneously over 100,000 miles of telegraph lines. In Washington, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Newport, Baltimore, Newport News, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, Key West, Galveston, Chicago and elsewhere the time tells go up on their poles. People know that it is five minutes to noon, Washington time.

The clock which keeps the time in the observatory ticks on. With each tick there is a contact of electric points. A circuit is closed, and an instrument on the table similar in appearance to a telegraph sounder ticks away loudly.

It goes on to the twenty-ninth second, then skips one tick, then resumes its steady sounding until the last five seconds; then there is another gap. These gaps are for the purpose of giving listeners at the other ends of the great system of wires a chance to know what part of the minute the clock is on. So it goes up to the last minute.

At the twenty-ninth second there is again the skipping of one second. Finally the clock gets around to the fiftieth second. Then the circuit remains open for ten seconds. There is silence all along the telegraph wires.

At the other end, where there are time balls or merely train operators, the long pause indicates that noon is almost there. The second hand makes one toward 60 and finally reaches the mark. Then there is another tick; in about a second the sounder is down, and that tells hundreds of thousands of people that it is noon in Washington.

It is a wonderful operation, this getting the time, and highly technical. Finely adjusted clocks, chronographs and other instruments of great value are used, and the taking and recording of the time have reached a point where the human equation is practically eliminated.

The results obtained are of great value, particularly to mariners. The time is not only flashed to hundreds of points in the United States, but it is sent far out to sea by wireless. A cable carries the flash to Havana; another to Panama and Callao, Peru.

The observatory here does not send the time much farther west than the Rockies, but they have an observatory at the Mars Island navy yard, and from there the time is sent up and down the Pacific coast, just as it is from here to the eastern part of the United States. In the cities where the central time is used the flash marks 11 o'clock. An hour later local operators drop the time balls.

The mean time is determined by astronomical observations. When certain stars pass the seventy-fifth meridian, called the meridian of Washington, it is a certain time. The operator watches for the stars through a telescope, the field of which is covered with fine wires.

As the stars reach a certain point in transit the operator presses a key in his hand. A contact is made and recorded on a chronograph. The chronograph consists of a cylinder covered with paper. A fountain pen rests on the paper. It is held by an arm attached to the mechanism. The cylinder revolves once a minute, and the pen moves along the surface of the paper, making a spiral line.

A sidereal clock of the finest make is running in a vault underneath the observatory. With each tick of the clock there is a contact of two points. These two points are attached to wires that lead to an electro-magnet attached to the arm that holds the pen of the chronograph. The clock is so adjusted that each minute the pen jumps to one side. Consequently there is a break in the line.

There are other breaks, too, when the observer watches the stars cross the lines in the field of the telescope. The mean time thus recorded for each star, after being corrected for errors, is the clock time of the star's transit. Whatever difference there is between the clock time and the sidereal time marked by the transit of the stars is the error of the clock. From these astronomical observations the sidereal time is obtained. The error amounts to but little, rarely being more than from five one-hundredths to ten one-hundredths of a second.

The time of sending a flash over the wires is practically nothing. A flash has reached Greenwich, England, in three-tenths of a second—Washington Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

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MIND OVER MATTER.

The Power of the Spirit in Helping to Retain Life.

The power of the mind over the body, as demonstrated in all forms of faith healing, was recognized in the seventeenth century by Heliodorus, physician, Clots. Summoned to attend his master's constant fits of depression, Clots would solemnly call for a sheet of paper on which to write a prescription, and almost invariably after his departure the prescription would prove to consist of the words "One dram of Heliodorus." Heliodorus being a poet of small talent, but possessed of high spirits and wit. In those days, when the common remedy was bleeding, when it is known that Vitruve, the poet, was bled to death and the Princess of Conti, suffering from apoplexy, was bled till she died in the hope of rousing her from her lethargy, it is no wonder that a humane and a human physician like Clots should have been successful.

The famous frequenter of the French salons, Fontenelle, is, however, the best example of the power of the spirit in retaining life. At the age of ninety-five he fell when picking up a lady's handkerchief and made the historic remark, "Ah, que je n'ai pas encore mes quatre-vingts ans." A certain seriousness marked his determination not to die, as on the occasion when a friend dying beside him at the table, he requested his man to remove him and continued his conversation. He managed, nevertheless, to survive to within a month of his hundred years and then complained that he would have lasted much longer had not the outbreak of war "put a stop to pleasant conversation."—London Chronicle.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

Tea Flowers and the Way They Are Gathered in China.

Early writers speak of tea as having two varieties. One, they believe, they supposed to be the source of the black and the other, they believe, of the green tea. But Robert Fortune established the fact in 1843 that, while these two varieties existed, black and green were made indifferently from both.

The tea flower is small, single, white and has no smell. The seeds are three small nuts, like filberts, and have an oily and bitter taste. The leaves only are used. Only the young leaves are gathered and the younger and tenderer they are the better. They are collected when the plant is three years old.

HOOKING ALLIGATORS.

A Florida Sport With an Element of Uncertainty in It.

"Hunting alligators at night with a bullseye lantern and shotgun is tame sport compared with what is called a gator hunt in Florida," said an old Floridian who is visiting New York. "I mean the feat of capturing an alligator alive and then towing the fellow to high ground through mud and water from what is called in Florida a gator hole."

"The gator fishermen first find the hole, which is indicated by an opening in the surrounding grass in the midst of a dense growth of vegetation, where the ground is worn smooth by the alligator to his palls in and out. Sometimes these gator holes are in the nature of a cave in the bank of a stream and may be fifteen or twenty feet deep, and if so it is not an easy matter to get the animal out.

"The fisher is supplied with a long pole with a metal hook on the end. He takes a strong rope and throws it about the entrance of the hole. Then the fisher runs with the hooked pole down the den and waits and listens. If he finds a gator in the hole he tosses the bait by poking him until the gator in a rage finally grabs the hooked pole and is pulled from the den. It is with uncertainty that he is dragged forth, for it is not known whether the catch is large or small. The fisher does not know whether to get into shape to run or to fight. Out the gator comes, bellowing and couraging.

"After the gator is dragged to the surface he is in his rage turns and rolls and finally twists himself up in the rope or noose that has been previously prepared. With the assistance of the others in the party the gator's legs and mouth are tied and the gator is a prisoner.

"The gator is for the most part caught in marshes where the ground is soft and slushy and too wet for either horse or wagon to enter. The fishers are compelled to carry their catch to higher ground, there to be loaded into the waiting wagon, and the hunt is ended."—New York Sun.

UNCONSCIOUS WORRY.

Born of the Habit of Taking Things Too Seriously.

A great many people worry unnecessarily says Dr. S. Marden in Success Magazine. They don't understand why they are so tired in the morning, why their sleep was so disturbed and troubled.

This mental disturbance is often caused by the habit of taking things too seriously, carrying too great a weight of responsibility. Everywhere we see people who take life too seriously. Most of us are like the motor man who not only starts and stops the car and runs it, but also feels tremendous anxiety and responsibility about the motor power.

One of the most helpful lessons life can impart is that which shows us how to do our work as well as it can be done and then let principle take care of the result. How often have we been amazed to find things come out much better than we anticipated, to find that the great unseen power that governs our lives through a wilderness of trial and tribulation into the open has guided our life ship through the fogs of difficulties and of sorrow, through storms of hardships and losses, safely into port.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He trusts to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog and guides us faithfully in the tempests as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a power greater than any compass, greater than any pilot, a power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

THE ATTRACTION.

"You say you are in love with Miss Bangs?"

"I sure am."

"But I can't see anything attractive about her."

"Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right."—Cleveland Leader.

A PRECOCIOUS DOG.

The Wonderful Feats He Performed For Joseph Jefferson.

There is a story that is told of Joseph Jefferson and the boys that had to do with the training of dogs. It appears that there was a gentleman in New Iberia who owned a very intelligent animal, and he was most anxious for Mr. Jefferson to see an example of his prowess. Accordingly he brought him to the island one day and put him through his various tricks, which were remarkably clever.

When the performance was over Mr. Jefferson expressed his appreciation and wonder at what the dog had done but added that he had an animal that was even more remarkable. As the gentleman seemed to be in some doubt as to the truth of this statement the dog, a dejected, stupid looking beast was produced, and Mr. Jefferson ordered him to go into his room and bring him a shoe.

Obediently the dog trotted into the house to presently reappear with the shoe in his mouth. Taking it from him, Mr. Jefferson patted him upon the head and told him to return to his room and bring him the slipper for his left foot.

"And, uh," you bring the left one," he cautioned as the animal trotted away.

When he returned in a moment with the left slipper the gentleman could hardly express his astonishment, but Mr. Jefferson waved the matter indifferently aside.

"It is nothing," said he. "However, we will now try something a little more difficult." Then, turning to the dog, he spoke to him very slowly and carefully. "Now go into the library," said he, "look upon the bottom shelf on the right hand side of the room and you will see a set of Dickens. Bring me the second volume; remember, now, the second volume; not the first or the third, but the second."

When the dog returned in a few moments with the second volume in his mouth the gentleman retired in the utmost confusion, declaring that in comparison with such a prodigy his own much vaunted animal was little better than an imbecile.

And I may add that Mr. Jefferson enjoyed the joke fully as much as did the boys, who, according to a prearranged plan, had placed each successive article in the prodigy's mouth. As to the prodigy, his one accomplishment consisted of trotting into the house and trotting out of it again.—Nevill G. Henshaw in Bohemian.

Table Mountain.

At Capetown, in South Africa, where the traveler usually has the first glimpse of the continent, is Table Mountain, a magnificent natural curiosity which rises behind the city to the height of almost 4,000 feet and has a level top about three square miles in area. Its resemblance to a huge table is so marked that the dense clouds which collect at times around the summit are referred to as the tablecloth. A pretty little flower which is found nowhere else on earth grows on top, while on the northern side of its base is a similarly rare tree, popularly called the silver leaf tree.

Sterilized. "Have you," inquired the city visitor, "a moss covered bucket about the place?" "No, sir," answered the farmer. "All our utensils are sterilized and strictly sanitary."—Kansas City Journal.

No Danger.

The Lady—I'd buy you a nice pearl handed knife for your birthday, but I'm superstitious, I'm afraid it would cut our friendship. The Man—Cheer up! No knife a woman buys could ever cut anything.—Cleveland Leader.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.

Confide a secret to a dumb man and it will make him speak.—Livonian

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A Hold-Up?

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