

Who will Get The Doll? Who will Get The Auto?

To the girl holding the largest amount of coupons, we will give a Beautiful Doll. See it in our window. We will give a coupon with every sale to correspond with amount of purchase you make. You may use them for yourself or give them to whoever you please.

To the boy holding the largest amount of coupons we will give a Handsome Auto—one you will be proud of and have a big time enjoying yourself and playmates. Coupons to be given with every sale, so get busy. You have as good a chance as anyone.

Toys! Toys! Toys!

Visit our Toy Department on second floor. All are invited to see the Toys and Dolls

HECTOR'S For Good Goods
HECTOR'S Successor to Boston Store
HECTOR'S For Good Goods

That Mean Trick.....
The man played in putting green goggles on his mule to induce him to eat shavings for hay is not necessary to induce you to see your way into the Gun Store to find
G. W. FREY,
THE TAXIDERMIST.

E. C. Greeley
Plumbing, Heating and Tinning
Pumping plants of all descriptions. Gasoline Engines. Heating and Ventilating a specialty. Corsets and Daylight work.
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON.

LIME
For Sale by
T. W. STEPHENS

FOR SALE
WELL IMPROVED FARM of 600 acres, 10 miles Southwest of Klamath Falls. Will sell as a whole or in part. Terms, part down, the balance in deferred payments.
Apply to
R. A. EMMITT
at the Post Office.

BICYCLES
For an up-to-date wheel get a Rambler, on sale at The Gun Store. Tents and Guns for sale or for rent. We carry a full line of Sporting Goods
THE GUN STORE
J. R. CHAMBERS
Phone 593 Opposite Am. Hotel

Wood
Four Foot Dry Slab Wood
\$3.50 a Cord
HUTCHINS & FAUGHT

HOW A HORSE GALLOPS.

The Natural Way and the Conventional Pose in Art.

How does a horse gallop? Owing to the rapidity of action it cannot be seen by the human eye. However, just as the individual spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel can be made visible by a flash of lightning, so the action of a galloping horse can be and has been analyzed by instantaneous photography.

The statuette of Nysonby, the thoroughbred, has been made from photographs taken at the instant when all four legs are off the ground. The back is arched, the hind feet are directed forward, the fore feet backward, so that all are tucked under the animal's body.

When the limbs again touch the ground, the first to do so is one of the hind feet, which is thrust far forward so as to form an acute angle with the line of the body and thus serve the purpose of a spring in breaking the force of the impact of the hoof when the horse is going at top speed.

In the conventional mode of representing a galloping horse all four legs are off the ground at once, but the front pair are extended backward in such a way that the undersides of the body being at the same time brought near the ground. This conventional pose appears to have been derived from a dog running, when the front and hind pairs of legs are respectively extended forward and backward, with the soles of the hind feet turned upward.

This pose, it is thought, was adopted to represent the gallop of the horse by the goldsmiths of Mycenae between 800 and 1000 B. C., whence it was transmitted by way of Persia and Babylonia to China and Japan, to return in the eighteenth century as the result of commercial relations to western Europe. Chicago Tribune.

The Earwig.
There is no insect which has puzzled naturalists as to its proper classification more than the earwig. Some have asserted that it belongs to the beetles, of which it is an "aberrant type," others that it is connected with the grasshoppers. Even about its very name there has been endless discussion. Some have thought the name earwig is the result of the creature's supposed habit of getting into the ears, while others are equally certain that it is derived from the original name, which they say was earwig, from the fact that the wing when spread resembles the human ear. At all events, one thing is certain—the earwig as we know it now is a survival of an early type of which almost every other member has become extinct.

Appropriate.
A family of children, after the usual Saturday night romps, gathered in the drawing room for music and singing. As bedtime drew near the mother said:
"Now, children, choose one hymn to finish up with, and then you must all say 'Good night.'"
"Let's have 'We Again Our Sabbath Close,'" suggested a bright little girl of about seven years of age.
"Well, I think that would be more suitable tomorrow evening," replied the mother.
"Oh, but you always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturdays, mummy!"—London Tatler.

THERMOMETERS.

Testing Processes at the National Weather Bureau.

Each day at the weather bureau in Washington the thermometers received from various manufacturers throughout the country are put through the test of standardizing them.

The various processes through which the bulbs pass before they are labeled "accurate" are easy, inasmuch as there is practically little scientific work attached to the test. When a thermometer is first handed to the man in the testing room it is dipped into a vat filled with a compound far below the freezing point. It is thrust in at the point where it happens to be at the time and worked up and down until the degree of the compound is reached. Having then recorded the lowest temperature, the process of testing for the highest is begun. This is just as simple as testing for the low temperature. The bulb is dipped into a vat of water, first at 60 degrees. Then it is worked gradually until 120 degrees is reached. If the mercury in the bulb will indicate 120 degrees further testing is unnecessary, because that is a tolerably warm temperature and one seldom if ever reached by natural heat.

A thermometer the bulb of which contains mercury will not register lower than 28 degrees below zero—that is, mercury will freeze at that point. In this country very little use is found for thermometers showing more than 28 degrees below zero, but in the far north they are of course necessary. Such instruments, however, contain spirits in the bulbs instead of mercury, but even this fluid becomes sluggish when 40 or 50 below zero is recorded, and it will seldom show 60 below.—Harper's Weekly.

Shampoo.
A mid-eighteenth century traveler, who is the first person known to have made English of the word "shampoo," wrote that "shampooing is an operation not known in Europe and is peculiar to the Chinese, which I had once the curiosity to go through, and for which I paid but a trifle. However, had I not seen several Chinese merchants shampooed before me I should have been apprehensive of danger, even at the sight of all the different instruments." The original "shampoo," as this traveler's detailed account and other allusions for long after his time show, was very much what we call "massage" now. It was from India that the word really came, and it represents the imperative of a verb meaning to knead.

The Measuring Rod.
Whatehaname Bilkins \$1,000
James C. Bilkins 10,000
Hon. James C. Bilkins 100,000
Our public spirited benefactor, James C. Bilkins 200,000
Yld Bilkins 1,000,000
That old leather hearted hog, Bilkins 1,000,000
—Puck.

Taking No Risks.
Dentist—You should have taken gum, as I suggested, sir. You would have felt no pain. Victim—Me take gum! Me, with £20 in my pocket! No fear. Get it over.—London Tit-Bits.

Well Bred.
"That's a well bred child."
"You bet she is. Never corrects her parents publicly, no matter what the exigencies of the case may be."—Pittsburg Post.

THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP

A Mystery That the Mind of Man Is Unable to Penetrate.

THE CAVERN OF MORPHEUS.

It is Pitch Black as Far as Human Understanding Goes, For We Know No More About It Than We Do About Its Twin Mystery, Death.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In uneasy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet when I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times already and find myself none the worse. I forget that I sleep. The fly has no shorter existence than man's. We bustle about for a few years with ludicrous importance, as butterflies buzz at the window panes. They, too, may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the prognostics of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomed mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some pervasive thought is silently moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may search the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the mind—not of the mind, but deeper throned in obscurity.

The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and unworthy, a photograph and a camera for audible and palpable existence. Strike it a blow in childhood so that it ceases its labors and awake it by surgery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are nonexistent to it. Yet to that hidden memory those dreamed years are not blank. It knows. It has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in hypnotic or psychic trance, when that wonderful ruler is released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom blent machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his paralyzed brain. This ruler is not asleep in sleep, nor in delirium is it delirious, and in death is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our sphinx, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fancied it with immobile, brooding features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us but one question, nor from the day of Oedipus unto today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Oedipus living in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in the tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness at least will it answer our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak. And it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering somewhat of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may define dreams and nightmares, coma and swoon and trance with what terms we will, search their physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may be glib to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and occult forces of the soul are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquiry.

Though we should know of its reality, though our finite minds should fathom the infinitude, of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reforms of the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the prehistoric paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever tormented and unamused, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, recreating what we destroy.

Black-pitch black, indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legions and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and drain the Lethæan air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and drain somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and no more return to the autumnal dyes of the dawn. And yet we shall dream—Ab-lu-lu-lu Monthly.

ABOARD A SUBMARINE.

The Crew, the Work and the Kind of Life the Men Lead.

Life aboard a submarine is not so unpleasant or dangerous as one might imagine, but it is entirely different from that led on other types of ships.

The crew, usually consisting of two officers and fourteen men, is selected from volunteers after a most rigid medical examination. Service rarely extends beyond a period of two years, and real work on a submarine is limited to about three weeks in the summer and one in the winter. During the remainder of the time the men live on a "parent" ship or on shore. The boat is, however, put through the various evolutions once every week.

The first impression on entering a submarine is one of heat, the air being rather close and heavy, but the men soon become accustomed to it. Standing room space is about six and one-half feet, and toward both ends the boat tapers away almost to a point. There are no portholes. The hatchway in the conning tower is the only aperture. Under water electric light is used. There are ventilators, but when the boat dives they are shut off with a cap.

Life on board a submarine is essentially "in common." The way men and many objects are crammed together in a narrow space is almost miraculous.

Cooking is done in an electric oven, and no foods which have a strong or disagreeable smell are used. Of course smoking is allowed only when on the surface and then on the bridge. Owing to the character of the men selected discipline is perfect.

There is scarcely any noise in a submarine when submerged. The greatest depth the boat descends does not exceed thirty feet. At that depth her speed is about 8 knots. The air is quite "breathable" for four hours, but in case of emergency the crew can remain closed in for seventy hours without danger.

The men love the life. With the officers they are as one family, sharing everything equally, including the dangers, which are not much to speak of, provided every one does his duty. When the weather is fair there is very little rolling. In rough weather the men escape knocking about by holding on to "steadying lines"—New York Press.

JURIES IN ENGLAND.

They Get Through Their Work Quickly and With Little Fuss.

The working of the British jury system exhibits a marked contrast with that of our own. It is possible that my experience in British courts was exceptional, but in not a single instance did I see a juror challenged or rejected. In all of the courts requiring juries the necessary number of men were present, and they were sworn in without question. In the sheriff's deputy court in Scotland the presiding judge gave notice to the jury that he expected to adjourn the court at 2 o'clock and stated that if they could all remain until that hour he would at once dismiss the men who had been called for a second panel. The jurors conferred together and decided to remain till 1 o'clock, whereupon the judge notified the other men to appear at 12:30. The one jury impeached for the morning session rendered six verdicts in cases involving prosecutions for theft, fraud and burglary.

In the court of quarter sessions at Taunton, England, I saw a single jury in one day render eleven verdicts. I found that it was customary in the several sorts of court that I attended for the same jury to act in successive cases. In no instance did I see a juror leave their seats to make up their verdict. Usually the issue before them was made so plain that all who gave attention knew in advance what the decision would be. I made note of an exceptional instance of delay when the court was forced to wait nine minutes for the report of the jury. In this case the judge who gave the instructions was himself in doubt as to what the verdict ought to be.

A Scottish jury consists of fifteen persons, and a majority may render a verdict. In England the number is twelve, and unanimity is required. But I noted no difference as to practical results in the two countries. The twelve men in the English jury were as prompt and certain in their action as were the eight out of fifteen in the Scottish jury.—McClure's Magazine.

A Hot Spot.
"I believe that Monterey, Mexico, is the hottest spot in the world in the daytime," said an Arizona man. "I have seen the thermometer register as high as 120 degrees in the late afternoon. It was so hot that the natives who ventured on the streets would hug the foot wide shade of the low buildings like lichen clings to tree bark. But here's the funny part of it: When the sun sets it begins to cool off, and at night it is positively necessary to sleep under blankets. The nights are delightfully cool, and I presume it is because one is able to get a good sleep that it is possible to live in that climate."—Washington Post.

The Complete Bookkeeper.
Mrs. Knicker—How do you make your books balance? Mrs. Booker—That's easy. I always spend the exact sum I receive right away.—New York Sun.

For Him to Say.
"Do you think I can stand as operation doctor?"
"You know your financial condition better than I do."—Exchange.

Anger is a stone cast into a wagon's wheel.—Malabar Proverb.

THE BON TON GROCERY.

A little store with the best in the grocery line—clean, new, fresh, and prices reasonable. One trial will convince you that it is the place to trade.
7-1012

CITY WARRANTS

There is money on hand to redeem the following warrants:

2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042
2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038
2039	2040	2041	1986	2042	2043
2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	1971
1927	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053
2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059
2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065
2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071
2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077
2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083
2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	

Interest to cease from October 31, 1909.
J. W. SIEMENS,
City Treasurer

FINAL ACCOUNT NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Martha Frances Wills, administratrix of the estate of James Calvin Sigler, deceased, having on July 17, 1907, filed her final report in said matter, and on the 31st of October, 1909, filed her supplementary final report and account in said matter, with the clerk of the county court of Klamath county, Oregon, the said court did, by order made and entered on the 31st day of October, 1909, appoint Saturday, November 20th, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the courthouse of said county and state in Klamath Falls, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said settlement of said accounts and estate.

MARTHA FRANCES WILLS,
10-23-11-19 Administratrix.

Rare Cut Glass

We have seen good pressed glass that looked about as good to us as lots of the cutglass that is supposed to be of high quality.

But if you would like to look at the really high-grade article in all its scintillating beauty, come here.

Cutglass is a subject that we are cranks on, which is a very good thing for our customers, because it assures them cutglass safety when they deal here.

And—
It is an article that it is awfully easy to go astray on.

WINTERS For Rich Cut Glass

Guaranteed Public Land Script

The C. B. Towers Co., Boise City, Mont., agents for the Northern Pacific Land Script will select for you any vacant, non-mineral government land. Write them for particulars.

WANTED—TIMBER LANDS.

Surveying and Engineering
HARRIS & MILLS
Office in Shepherd Building.

GOOD DRY WOOD—Full Measure

Prices—At ranch, \$5, \$6; Delivered \$5 and \$6. Down-hill haul all the way.
KLAMATH STABLES. Phone 291
E. COMPTON, Owner.

You Can't Beat Us on prices for Good Furniture

Why Not Get The Best?

DOLBEER,
THE FURNITURE MAN

China and Glassware

Don't you want some nice Dinner Ware, Fancy Dishes, Plates, Tumblers, Jardinieres, Ornaments, Chamber Sets, Water Coolers, Freezers—things useful and ornamental for your home and table? We carry such beautiful China as the Haviland in plain and gold rimmed. See our extensive display. The largest stock in the city and at such low prices.

GEO. R. HURN **HARDWARE DEALER**

LAND ON THE LAND IN KLAMATH LAND

Some Choice Homestead Locations in a District that will soon have Transportation.
IT IS YOUR CHANCE

See Captain O. C. Applegate About It

FRANK IRA WHITE

Fifth Street, near Main, Klamath Falls, Oregon