

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 puggles 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. Cornice and Skylight 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

A LIBERAL OFFER.

No Effect Upon the Customer to Whom It Was Made.

A business man of Dayton, O., tells this story of some commercial friends of his:

A customer who bought in a small way from the wholesalers and whose credit was not of the sort known as gilt edged visited the city and purchased a \$2,500 bill of goods, paying \$2,500 in cash and giving his note for the remaining \$300.

After the transaction had been closed and the paper and currency had changed hands the customer said:

"Now, after a deal of that size it is customary to give a purchaser a present. Come across with it."

"Well, throw in a pair of suspenders," laughed the salesman temporizingly.

"A pair of suspenders, eh? Say, quit fooling. I really mean it. I expect you to do something in acknowledgment of my patronage."

The salesman went to the manager with the problem, and the manager said:

"Well, if he feels that way about it we might encourage him a bit. We'll do something that ought to please him greatly. Give him back his \$300 note. Make him a present of his paper. That will make him a cash customer and raise his credit and save him money besides."

The salesman went back, pleased to be the bearer of such joyful tidings of liberality in business.

"Well, sir," he said, "we've arranged about that present, all right. Here," with a flourish, "is your note. We give it back to you."

The customer did not seem enthusiastic. Instead, without looking at the note he asked:

"Is it endorsed?"

"No," said the salesman in astonishment.

"Then I guess you better give me the suspenders," said the disappointed customer.—Chicago News

Tennyson's First Poem.

The wind came sweeping through the garden of an old Lincolnshire rectory one morning in the beginning of last century and blew upon a child of five years old, who opened his arms to the blast and let it carry him along, crying as he traveled, "I hear a voice that's calling in the wind." That was Tennyson's first line of poetry. The first poem he ever composed was written upon a state one Sunday morning at Louth. The subject, set him by his brother Charles, was "Flowers," and little Alfred covered his slate with blank verse after the model of Thomson's "Seasons." His next attempt was an elegy upon his grandmother, who had just died, written at the request of his grandfather. When it was written the old man put 10 shillings into the boy's hand and said, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last."—Westminster Gazette.

Never.

Mrs. Renham—You still insist that woman has more curiosity than man? Renham—Sure! Did you ever know a man to want to find out if he could get off a street car backward without committing suicide?—New York Press.

Installments.

"Do the Barkers own their piano?" "One octave of it."—Life.

SAVED BY A PANTHER.

The Fierce Brute Proved a Good Temperance Lecturer.

Governor Jennings of Indiana used to tell a story of his early electioneering days in which he said that a panther may be a good temperance lecturer. Colonel W. M. Cockrum repeats the story in his "Pioneer History of Indiana." The incident happened when Governor Jennings was traveling over the thinly settled hills of Dearborn county, electioneering for congress.

He met a man with whom he was well acquainted, by name Tom Oglesby, who was just getting over a protracted delirium. Jennings began asking Tom about his political views. The half sober fellow looked at him and said:

"Jen, don't you think a man just out of a panther fight ought to be electioneering in a different manner from this? I am just from the grave. I was awakened a little while ago by a panther putting leaves and grass over me. It kept this up until I was entirely covered. I lay still for awhile and then raised up and found the panther gone. I knew I was in danger, so I took my gun and climbed into a tree to see what the panther intended to do."

"In a short time I heard her coming, and she had her kittens with her. Every few steps she would jump as if catching something, and the little ones would go through the same maneuvers. She kept this up until she got near to the bed of leaves she had covered over me and then made a spring on the pile. She looked just as I felt when I found that I was covered up for dead. She then started in to investigate the cause of my disappearance, and before she located me I shot her."

Jennings, after hearing this, said:

"Well, Tom, I believe I should treat you as one from the dead and that you should begin your life from this point. We were schoolboys together. I know you are a capable civil engineer and well educated, and if you cease drinking I will see that you have a good position on the surveying corps."

Tom Oglesby did quit drinking. Jennings was elected and kept his promise to his old friend, who became one of the well known engineers of the United States.

What Did She Mean?

Harold—What did she say when you turned out the gas and kissed her? Rupert—Said she felt as if she never wanted to see my face again.—Philadelphia Record.

Think is Cheap.

"I think I shall go to Europe." "How the deuce can you afford to go to Europe?" "I can't, but I can afford to think."—Brooklyn Life.

A Safe Proposition.

I lay it down as a safe proposition that the fellow who every little while has to break into the baby's bank for car fare isn't going to evolve into a Baron Rothschild.—Philip D. Armour.

Oblivion.

Oblivion is the dark quag where memory writes her light beam characters and makes them legible. Were it all light nothing could be read there any more than if it were all darkness.

It is too late to throw water on the embers when the house is burned down.—Danish Proverb.

THE RAT KING.

His Method Was Successful, but It Remains a Secret.

In the early sixties of the last century the Smithsonian Institution was infested with rats. Nothing in the building seemed to be rat proof. They ate skins cured with arsenical soap or table linen or the contents of Professor Henry's pantry without discrimination. Every one in the city, from Professor Henry to the bootblack, had one subject in common, and that was "rats."

As Professor Henry, who lived in the east end of the building, was listening to an account of the ruin wrought in his home during that day Professor Spencer Baird walked in and said, just as if he had been following every word of the family conversation, "I have just been told that there is a man in Philadelphia who can rid this place of rats."

Professor Henry's eyes expressed interest and incredulity at the same moment.

"I have his address here," went on the assistant secretary. "He calls himself the 'Rat King' and won't take a cent if a rat remains and has."

"We'll send for him if it takes our last thousand cents to do it," said Professor Henry and laughingly predicted the repetition of the famous old tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Several days later the "rat king" appeared in Washington. He was almost as short as he was broad and wore clothes too loose for description; they had no shape. He carried a large oilcloth sack and a covered basket. His penetrating blue eyes were almost covered by shaggy eyebrows, and his blond hair had not been cut, but haggled. His manner was short and brisk, and he went straight to the point, talking to Professor Henry in German.

He declared that not a rat would be in the building three days hence if his directions were obeyed. During that time he would stay in the basement alone; every door was to be locked, and on no account was he to be disturbed until he gave them the signal. So they left him in absolute darkness and carried out his directions.

On Sunday morning the queer old man emerged from the darkness so confident of his success that he refused to accept the money which was his due then and there, but insisted that Professor Henry mail the check to him in Philadelphia the following week.

"Now you can leave your food in the basement, and it won't be touched. And I won't take a cent if you are troubled with rats," were his parting words.

Cheese and cake were directly placed about the building to tempt the rats. Morning after morning they were found as they had been left, and from that day to this the Smithsonian Institution has never been seriously troubled with rats. And no one has ever found out the secret of the "rat king's" method.—Youth's Companion.

Washington's High Priced Shad.

Washington's steward was a man named Fraunce, who liked good living and with whom Washington continually quarreled about the market. One time he bought a shad in February, and as Washington saw it coming into the dining room he was charmed and asked what fish it was.

"It is a shad," replied the steward.

"A very fine shad. It was the only one in the market, and I bought it for you."

"But what did you pay for it?" said Washington sternly.

"It is a very fine shad," continued the steward, "and it is cooked to a turn."

"But I want to know the price—the price!"

"It cost \$3," stammered out Fraunce.

"Take it away," said Washington as he raised his hand; "take it away. It shall never be said that I set such an example of luxury and extravagance."

And with that he drove the steward out of the room, and the shad was eaten in the servants' kitchen.

She Liked Silk Stockings.

Susan B. Anthony was a woman of simple taste in dress, but her close friends knew of one pretty feminine vanity that she always held to. She had a weakness for silk stockings. Being pressed on one occasion for an explanation of what most women at that time regarded as an unnecessary extravagance, she laughingly exclaimed:

"Oh, I just love 'em! They are an inspiration. If I have my silk stockings on when I rise to make an address I feel just as if I am walking among the clouds. They help me to soar away on flights of eloquence. I wouldn't be without them."

Just the Thing.

The poet took his silver mounted pistol from the bureau drawer.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked his timid wife.

"I'm going to use it to drive the wolf from the door," he answered.

Ten minutes later the pawnbroker had advanced \$2 on it.—Chicago News.

Headed Him Off.

He—You know, Clara, about the diamond engagement ring I want to give you, diamonds have gone up so— She—Oh, you dear boy! How sweet of you to want to make sacrifices to prove your love.—Baltimore American.

Lost Opportunity.

Wife—I remember the night you proposed to me—I bent my head and said nothing. Hub (comfortingly)—I know it worries you, dear; but never mind—you've made up for it since.—Exchange.

A man should stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—M. rous A. rous.

WORNOUT MOUNTAINS.

Laurentian Highlands the Oldest Land in the World.

Stretching across Canada north of the St. Lawrence and ending in the regions about the source of the Mississippi is a range of low granite hills called the Laurentian highlands. These hills are really mountains that are almost worn out, for they are the oldest land in America and, according to Agassiz, the oldest in the world.

In the days when there was nothing but water on the face of the globe these mountains came up, a long island of primitive rock, with universal ocean chafing against its shores. None of the other continents had put in an appearance at the time America was thus looking up. The United States began to come to light by the gradual uplifting of this land to the north and the appearance of the tops of the Alleghenies, which were the next in order. Later the Rockies started up. The United States grew southward from Wisconsin and westward from the Blue Ridge.

An early view of the country would have shown a large island which is now northern Wisconsin and a long, thin tongue of this primitive rock sticking down from Canada into Minnesota, and these two growing states looking out over the waters at the mere beginnings of mountain ranges east and west. They were waiting for the rest of the United States to appear.—Charles D. Stewart in Atlantic.

BOILED IT DOWN.

What the Lovers Intended to Say and What They Did Say.

What he intended to say: Lucille, I cannot tell you how I have waited, how I have longed for this moment. Do you remember, Lucille, the first time we met? Well, I loved you from that moment. Are you surprised? I could not help it—I felt as though fate had drawn us together. Only tell me, darling, that some of my love is returned. There must be hope for me—say there is! (Takes her hand.) I love you—love you more than words can tell. All I ask is that for the remainder of my life I may be your willing slave. All I desire is your happiness. Tell me, sweetheart, that my love is reciprocated. Will you be mine? (Kisses her.) Darling, at last my happiness is complete.

What she intended to say: Why, Jack! I did not dream of this! I have always thought of you merely in a friendly way, and it seems so strange now to have you speak of love. I suppose I could get used to it in time. Yes, I might learn to love you a little—just a little. But you must really, Jack, give me some time to readjust myself. What? Kiss me! You silly boy! Well, just one.

What they said: Jack—The fact is, Lucy, I—I—I—will you marry me? Lucy—Oh, Jack!—New York Journal.

Simplified Oratorio.

The new minister was consulting the organist as to the music to be sung on his first Sunday.

"And besides the hymn tunes," said the organist, whose daily occupation was that of plumber and ice-man for the village, "we always have two selections from the choir, from real classical music, generally from one of Handel's or Haydn's oratorios."

"Why, that is good news," said the minister, who was no mean musician and had a cultivated taste and ear.

"But don't you find the music rather difficult for untrained singers?"

"Well, they aren't untrained, for I train 'em," said the organist with some resentment. "And, besides that, where the music's difficult I alter it for 'em. I strike out all the cadences and trills and things of that kind, and where the tune runs too low or too high I either set it up or down an octave, or if I can't do that I just have 'em quit singing, and I put on the vox humana stop and play the tune till it gets into their range again. It's easy enough when you know how to do it."

The Steady Man.

We'd like to write a little rhyme about the steady man, who keeps on pegging all the time and does the best he can; the man who early goes to work and doesn't get home late, who never tries to shirk in order to be great. There are some fellows who will try to do their business tricks and have a finger in the pie of city politics. They try to put on lots of style and play a heavy role, and in a little bit o' while you find them in a hole. I like the man of steady pace; his system I admire. He has no wild desire to place more iron in the fire.—Los Angeles Express.

Love.

Love must be cultivated and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener, and love can dwindle and die out of neglect, as choice flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

He Saw Double.

Stymie (who has dabbled too long at the clubhouse)—Hey, old man! What chub waster tee up two balls for! Green (ditto)—That's all right, old chap. Can't you see I'm driving with two clubs?—Puck.

Would Be Nice.

"I tell you that the world shall yet give me what I deserve!" he roared.

"That will be nice," replied his wife, trying to view her back in the mirror "I look well in black."—Houston Post.

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the finger.—Seneca.

THE MON 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:

2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032
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 21, 1909.
J. W. SIEMENS,
City Treasurer

FINAL ACCOUNT NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Martha Frances Willis, administratrix of the estate of James Calvin Sigler, deceased, having on July 17, 1907, filed her final report in said matter, and on the 21st 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 21st 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 WILLIS, Administratrix.
10-22-11-19

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., Moles 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, \$2, \$4; Delivered \$5 and \$6. Down-hill haul all the way.

KLAMATH STABLES. Phone 591
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 Dish, 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 Harford 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