

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 penguin on his male to induce him to eat shavings for hay is not necessary to induce you to go your way into the Gun Store is he!

G. W. FREY, THE TAXIDERMIST.

E. C. Greeley

Pumping, Heating and Tinting

Pumping plants of all descriptions. Gasoline Engines. Heating and Ventilating a specialty. Corsets and Skylight work.

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON.

LIME

For Sale by

T. W. STEPHENS

FOR SALE

WELL IMPROVED FARM of 200 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

E. A. EMMETT
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 553
Opposite Am. Hotel

Wood

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

HIS MONEY TROUBLE.

He Gained a Dime and Then He Figured Up the Loss.

The next time Lionel, whose other name doesn't matter, gets his optics on an unattached dime he'll look the other way. For Lionel is all peevish over an adventure he had the other night—an adventure that had a dime for its foundation and for which he can blame no one but Lionel. He rehearsed his money trouble thuswise:

"In a Broadway car I saw it—the dime that was hoodooed. It lay upon the floor of the car unclaimed and lone. No one else seemed to care to take it up and give it a welcome, so I did. But even as I reached for the bit of silver the trouble drama opened. My suspenders snapped with the strain—for, as you can see, I'm not built on the sunken garden plan as regards avoidspots. Thereupon I reached back to gather the frayed ends of the busted suspenders, still feeling for the chunk of white metal with the other hand. My watch, not to be shoved out of the drama without a chance to do its little part, dropped out of my pocket, making a decided hit. The crystal broke into 7,500 pieces, not counting the one that I got in my finger later. The works mingled with the dirt and shattered glass, and the case tripped gayly into a corner. Just to show it was also interested, a perfectly good silver dollar bounced out of my waistcoat pocket and did the vanishing act, where I know not. A fountain pen, all fringed up with gold bands, followed suit. By this time I was giving the rest of the passengers the show of their lives—and nobody coming across with anything but the giggle gag. And I couldn't vocalize my feelings because there were ladies present. Holding to my wrecked raiment and carrying my assorted ruins as well as I might, I hurried myself off that car at the next corner. Then I beat it for a friendly retreat and totaled up the event. The wreck had set me back \$41, but I had the dime!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Selling by Candle Time.

"It did me good," observed a young girl who had just returned from England, "to see in real life one of the old customs my grandfather used to tell me about—the burning of the time candle at an auction. In Berkshire the old custom still prevails, and when an auction is in progress and an article is put up for bidding a short length of candle is lighted as the bidding begins. The shouting continues until the candle burns out, and the last bid before it flickers its last is the one that takes the cake. I don't know but what it has an advantage over the 'going, going, gone' variety, but it is fearfully slow and un-American."—Exchange.

Necessary.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady, "that's twice you have dropped that cut glass pitcher within five minutes!" "I know it, ma'am," replied the maid, "but it didn't break the first time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Take as Directed.

Doctor—How are the pains today? No better? Then don't take any more of the pills. Patient—I haven't taken any of them, doc. Doctor—That accounts for it. You may take them as directed.—Lippincott's.

The best treasure among men is a frugal tongue.—Hesiod.

HIS LEGAL AUTHORITY.

It Seemed to Fit the Case, and Joey Was Discharged.

There was consternation among the young folk. The "muscle" for the dancing at the picnic in the glen had got into trouble. No one ever considered any other "muscle" but Joey the fiddler. He was indispensable, but he was also erratic. In the old country Joey had been a schoolteacher and a man of considerable learning, but here he had fallen into evil ways. He was overfond of two things—a bottle and an argument. Having become engaged in the latter on this day of the picnic, he broke the former over the head of his opponent and was haled away to the lockup. The young people called a hasty meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Nugent to secure the release of the "muscle" if possible. The squire was hearing Joey's case when the committee arrived. The spokesman respectfully explained the absolute necessity of Joey's presence at the picnic that day.

"That's a good soul, squire. I've me go" put in Joey.

The squire took down a ponderous lawbook and began thoughtfully to turn the pages.

"If you're lookin' for the legal authority coverin' my case, squire, you'll find it in Byron," the prisoner suggested.

"Can you quote it?" asked the magistrate, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Aye, so I can," Joey promptly retorted. "It reads, 'On with the dance; let Joey be unconfin'd.'"

The squire adjudged Byron a competent authority, and Joey was unconfin'd.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Enjoying Himself.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received the following letter: "I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothin' for a long while.

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. It was broken a bit.

"We are going to set an old barn on fire tonight, and I am not your son if I don't have some real fun. I shall watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."—London Globe.

Which Leg?

In a small town in the west of Scotland the town clerk, who was a bit of a "character," had the misfortune to lose his leg in a railway accident. As a mark of appreciation and esteem for his long services the council unanimously agreed to replace his loss with an artificial limb, which he did as soon as he was sufficiently recovered. A few months afterward the town clerk, who was generally known by his Christian name, Paul, was unfortunate enough to have his other leg fractured in an accident. Naturally the wishap became food for town gossip, and one old wife in discussing the matter with a neighbor was overheard saying:

"It's a gay bad business for Paul, poor man, but let his ain leg or the leg that belongs to the town that's broken?"

THE RIVER SEINE.

Its Contact With Paris on Its Journey to the Sea.

Inevitably in its passage through Paris the blue and silver of the Seine's robe are blurred by contact with the volumes of smoke which occasionally hang upon its surface and stained by the impurities which reach it from the streets. Though it quickly recovers its pristine blueness after the fortifications have been left behind, it is never again quite the unsophisticated river that it was before its Paris experience. Its waters are less limpid, its course more nervous, while at its meeting with the sea at Honfleur its color and character have changed completely. There the vast stretches of mud over which it rolls, mud of Paris, mud of Rouen, give to the waters of the wide Seine estuary reaching from Trouville to Le Havre the half dead moire tones of oxidized silver. The great Parisian river dies magnificently, and no more gorgeous spectacle can be conceived than when on a fine evening the sun sets upon the Seine at its junction with the sea, where its ultimate cliffs fade away behind the summer haze into a powder of gold, and it burns a light turquoise blue, with weird reflections of brazen yellow, old gold and cadaverous green. How different from its gentler and simpler aspect as it bubbles round the heart of Paris, warm purple and burnished gold when the sinking sun strikes it as it softly laps against the stone embankment of the Louvre or sparkling blue, dappled with milk white, beneath the silvery mists of the Paris morning!—Harper's Weekly.

MOLL CUTPURSE.

Bold Highway Robber and the First English Woman Smoker.

Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse, was a notable figure in old time London life. She had the reputation of being the first woman to smoke tobacco in England.

The length of her days is a disputed point, but it seems certain that she attained the age of over three-score years and ten. It is asserted that constant smoking prolonged her life. A portrait representing her in the act of smoking forms the frontispiece of Middleton's comedy of the "Roaring Girl." She also figures in other plays of the period.

Mary was the daughter of a shoemaker living in the Barbican, and Malone gives 1584 as the date of her birth. She early took to wicked ways and became a noted "highwayman." Among her familiar friends were the notorious Captain Hind and Richard Hannam. She was an expert swords-woman. Ringle headed she robbed on Hounslow heath General Fairfax of 200 gold Jacobuses, shooting him through the arm and killing two of his horses on which his servants were riding. For the offense she was committed to Newgate, but on paying the general £2,000 she obtained her liberty.

At one time Mary had £3,000 of her own, but by giving money to distressed cavaliers she died comparatively poor. Her death took place in July, 1720, and she was laid to rest in St. Bridget's.—Mildgate Monthly.

Metheglin.

Metheglin and hypocras were numbered among the many good things beloved of Pepys, and the latter drink stood him in good stead at a guildhall banquet which occurred during one of his spells of pledged abstinence from wine. This was on lord mayor's day, 1653, when the diarist notes: "We went into the buttry and there stayed and talked and then into the hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drank. I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vows, it being to the best of my present judgement, only a mixed compound drink and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me. But I hope and do think I am not." He was. Hypocras was usually composed of spice, herbs and sugar steeped for many days in Rhine wine, and it is not reasonable to suppose that the lord mayor's butler had forgotten the wine.

English "Consols."

The young woman who has been explaining in the north London police court that she expected £15 invested in consols to bring her in 10 shillings in the pound interest knew about as much concerning "the funs" as the elder Mr. Weller. You recall Sam Weller's scorn upon discovering that his father supposed "reduced consols" to be alive. But there is one single point about consols which most people, probably including many who possess some, could not answer offhand—of what exactly is the name an abbreviation? There is nothing even to remind us of it. Even the precise persons who would die rather than contract "omnibus," "telephone" or "photograph" never speak of "consolidated annuities."—London Chronicle.

The First Firearms.

The early history of firearms in the sense of tubes from which missiles are thrown by the action of a detouring compound of the nature of gunpowder is wrapped in obscurity, though it may be inferred from the few early records that such weapons were first employed in warfare soon after the beginning of the fourteenth century, if not some time before. The country of their origin remains uncertain, but it was most probably Italy.

The Reluct Sympathetic.

Amelia (with a simper)—I have such hard work to keep George from being silly when he is with me. Priscilla (staring)—You don't expect impossibilities of the poor fellow, do you?—Baltimore American.

AN EARTHLY INFERNO.

Vulcanizing Factory Where Men Stand 212 Degrees.

The hottest place in New York is in Desbrosses street in a vulcanizing factory, where telephone wires are insulated by being coated with a preparation of rubber. In the room where this process takes place the temperature rises to 212 degrees, 100 degrees hotter than the hottest it may be outside in the sun. Man can endure no more. Actually there are some who can stand this, however—only a few, mind you, but still some. They are only the strongest and hardiest of workmen, and they can be in the room but a few brief minutes at a time. Several times daily it is their duty to enter the room to see that all goes well.

To keep from losing their skin and to protect themselves from the terrible heat these men wear heavy woolen shirts buttoned high above their necks and woolen masks and gloves. Four or five minutes at the most in the vulcanizing room is all they can stand without collapsing, and some can't even stay that long. Outside these men nobody is ever allowed to endure such a frightful heat. In fact, it is hard to convey the idea of 212 degrees. You can get the same degree of temperature by thrusting your finger into boiling water. Water boils at 212 degrees F.—New York World.

HE LOVED HER.

The Depth of His Feeling Was Revealed in His Answer.

"Do you love me?" he asked. In reply the modern young girl looked at the modern young man with eyes perfervid with emotion.

"Do I love you?" she repeated. "I do. I love you psychologically, sociologically, economically. From the psychologic standpoint I feel that our different organisms are so nicely differentiated as to form a properly articulated area of combined consciousness. Sociologically our individual environment has been enough in contrast to form a proper basis for a right union. Economically I feel sure that when we come to combine we shall be able to introduce into the management of our affairs the right financial balance to produce the scientific result which every well ordered and conducted business produces. And, now, how do you love me?"

The young man reached forward. He clasped her swiftly, but surely. In his estate he hugged her long and plenty. He kissed her alabaster cheek and her ruby lips.

"How do I love you?" he replied.

"My dear girl, I love you just as much as if you really knew what you were talking about."—Life.

Study Under Difficulties.

It was my love for my children that gave me the energy, the will power, to reach great heights in my profession. I practiced. I studied my great roles and arias seated at the piano, the baby at my breast, the others playing around me none too softly. I memorized my parts while standing at the oil stove cooking our simple meal or while busy at the washtub, with my little ones always around me. Singing, learning, studying, I was supremely happy because they were with me. I brought up my children, and they were my comfort and my support. They made a brave, courageous "fellow" of me. And it was no difficult task. If I had to hurry to the theater for rehearsals I would give the children their supper at 5 o'clock and put them to bed. When I returned at 10 or 11 o'clock I would be greeted by merry birds' twitter from the different little nests, and I would divide my sandwiches with them. Then we would sleep as only the happy and healthy may.—Mrs. Schumann-Heink in Delicater.

Collier and a Collier.

A single misprinted letter may produce astonishing results, and even the misreading of a capital letter as a small one may be disastrous. When John Payne Collier died the London Press correctly gave a paragraph stating that he had been buried in Bray churchyard, near Maidenhead, a large number of friends being present at the funeral. But a provincial paper which presumably knew nothing of the notorious Shakespearean critic gave the same paragraph concerning "John Payne, a collier," and to complete the thing headed it "The Bray Colliery Disaster."—London Chronicle.

Practical Superstition.

"Are you superstitious?" "In a practical way." "How is that?" "Well, I never walk under a ladder unless I feel sure it won't fall on me, and I always expect bad luck when pursued by a mad bull across a lot in which there are just thirteen acres."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Survival of Fittest.

Miss Helen Mathers thinks that the decline of the novel is due to a large extent to motorcars. There is no doubt that a large class of readers have been almost entirely eliminated by these vehicles. We refer to those persons who used to read as they walked along the roadway.—London Punch.

Envy.

Madge (proudly)—Did you see that handsome man I just danced with? Kate—Yes; he has a jealous wife, who will allow him to dance only with the plainest girl in the room.—Boston Transcript.

Many a young man starts in to work bred with a noble ambition. Then the ambition evaporates, and he gets bred.—Chicago News.

THE SON 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.

T-101f

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 31, 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

If Your Eyes are Sound

It would be a pleasure to you to be told so after a searching examination, wouldn't it? But, in case there should be some slight trouble or other which you may have hardly noticed, it would be worth a good deal to you to know that, too, wouldn't it?

Well, our services are at your command.

We can give you an examination according to the science of optics of today.

And for all the ailments of vision relief is certain and quick by the aid of right glasses.

H. J. WINTERS
Graduate and State Registered
OPTICIAN
Klamath Falls, Ore.

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, \$8, \$4; Delivered \$8 and \$4. Down-hill haul all the way.

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China and Glassware

Don't you want some nice Dinner Ware, Fancy Dishes, Plates, Tumblers, Jardimers, 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