

# 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 puffs 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. Corncorn and Skylight work.  
KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON.

**LIME**  
For Sale by  
**I. 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. B. CHAMBERS  
Phone 263 Opposite Am. Hotel

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

### STENOGRAPHERS' NOTES.

Perfectly Intelligible Only to the One Who Wrote Them.

"My stenographer was taken ill suddenly," said a well known business man the other day, "and as I had dictated some important letters to him which I wanted written at once I took his notebook to a stenographic institution and asked for a man to translate the notes. Judge of my surprise when I was informed that no matter how good an expert a stenographer may be he cannot read the notes of a colleague."

"This is a common complaint of men who know nothing of stenography and have never studied it," said a shorthand reporter recently. "It is true, however, that no stenographer can accurately translate another's notes. This does appear strange, but it must be remembered that stenography is by no means a perfect science. In fact, it is most imperfect, and there is great room for improvement. Therefore every intelligent person who studies stenography after he gets through the rudiments of it begins to improve it in his own way, invents word signs and characters and changes or alters those he has learned. As a result every stenographer's notes are stamped by his own individuality, a mystery to another, and therefore, with the exception of words most commonly used, it would be impossible to read another's notes accurately.—New York Her-ald.

### Life of the Red Deer.

According to an old Gaelic legend, a red deer might live for 210 years, an eagle for 120 and an oak tree for nearly nineteen centuries. Nowadays, however, a hundred-year-old deer would be difficult to find. From twenty-five to thirty-five years apparently may be about the range of their existence.—London Country Gentleman.

### THE PRIME MINISTER.

A Foreign Sovereign Responsible For This English Official.

So long as the sovereign himself presided at the meetings of the cabinet there was no obvious necessity for giving any member of it precedence over the others. But from the accession of the house of Hanover the king ceased to take part in the deliberations of the cabinet. It has been said, indeed, by a modern statesman that, "with a doubtful exception in the time of George III., no sovereign has been present at a meeting of the cabinet since Anne."

The change, like so many other modifications which have been introduced into the British constitution, was the result of a purely accidental circumstance. George I. could not speak the English language. It was clearly useless for a monarch to be present at the meetings of his council when he did not understand the language in which their deliberations were carried on. But when the sovereign was thus necessarily and habitually absent from the cabinet it became requisite that some minister should be chosen who should preside at the meetings and report its decisions to the king. Thus the accession of a foreigner who could not converse in English led to one of the most momentous changes in the constitution. The act of settlement had given England a foreign sovereign; the presence of a foreign sovereign gave England a prime minister.—From "Mama's Political and Biographical," by Sir Spencer Walpole.

### LOVE FOR TITLES.

The Way the Average German Burger Lengthens His Name.

The average German burger's love of titles is a source of never ending fun to the rest of the German population and of continual ridicule to the rest of the world. Any one caring to see how far some people of the fatherland will go in this direction need only have a look at a hotel register at a summer resort. He will see added to the name of the guest the most curious combinations of appellations drawn together to form a title. He will, for instance, find:

A "Technischen Provinzialfeuerwehrtatsache" is technical provincial fire insurance inspectors.

A "Geheimen Expedierenden Sekretar im Ministerium der Offentlichen Arbeiten" (meaning a special sort of secretary at the ministry of public works).

A—to continue in English as well as possible—"rasher president of the Royal Saxon railway," a "royal railroad subsecretary."

The ladies are not better. "Frau Verwitwetersteuercontrollorin" is quite usual and means "Mrs. Widowed Supertax Collector." Then there are the "Mrs. Secretary and Calculator" and "Mrs. Widowed General Agent." The best of all, however, is a title which a lady entered in the register of a hotel at which I recently stayed. It read, "Mrs. Prison Warden and Children."—Fall Mail Gazette.

### TAMING A BIRD.

Teaching a Feathered Pet to Trust You is Not Difficult.

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and that without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal.

Place his cage near you on your desk or work table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him.

After this he will more readily take it from your lips, and then when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call to which you have accustomed him, and accept the dainty from your white free.

As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him or try to catch him or interfere in any way with his liberty he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you. He will pull your hair, pick at your eyes and give you as much of his company as you desire.—New York Press.

### A Lost Opportunity.

The father of the late Benoit Constant Coquelin, the great French actor, was a baker, and young Coquelin was brought up to the trade. At thirteen, a writer in Le Figaro says, he manifested an irresistible inclination toward the stage, an inclination which his father steadfastly strove to repress.

"Don't devote so much time to those dramas," his father used to say. "You have learned a good trade, the business is running well, and you shall be my successor."

A number of years after Constant had made his way into general favor his father, who took pride in his boy's success, but could never quite get over the feeling that Constant should have been a baker, was congratulated upon his son's eminence.

"I remember," said the old man, "that Constant was a good baker. He would have gone far in the trade."

### Blowing Up the Locks.

Would it be easy to blow up and destroy a lock canal by the malicious use of dynamite or other high explosive? The question has been debated much in connection with the Panama canal. The Engineering News calls attention to the fact that an attempt made in 1900 to wreck the Welland canal in this way produced surprisingly small results. After two weeks' examination the two men concerned selected lock 24, and each lowered a satchel containing dynamite and a fuse to the water behind the gate at each end of the lock. Both charges were exploded, but the dynamite failed to carry away the gates. Although the explosion blew a hole about a foot in diameter through each gate and loosened the hinges, the gates remained in position, holding back the water.

### In the Regular Establishment.

"Yes," said the fresh young lieutenant, "the army has fallen on evil days."

The sophisticated captain merely gasped.

"Why," the P. T. I. went on, "look at the names on this roll—Private Entrance, Corporal Punishment, Major Domo, General Housework. What kind of a—"

But just then the S. C. shied a—well, a ginger ale bottle at the fleeing offender.—Lippincott's.

### Explained.

"You say the defendant pulled the plaintiff's hair. Now, how could the defendant, who is an unusually short man, reach the plaintiff's hair, the plaintiff being fully six feet tall?"

"Why, you see, your honor, the plaintiff was hitting him at the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Evidently a Connoisseur.

"Bliggins is a connoisseur in cigars." "He must be. Otherwise he might make an occasional mistake and give away a good one."—Washington Star.

### A bold quest is half the battle—Garibaldi.

### MADE MATTERS WORSE.

Her Effort to Correct Her Error About Charles and Mary Lamb.

Charles Lamb, the beloved Ella of the essays, wrote both tragedies and comedies, but was not a successful playwright. When his farce "Mr. H." was produced at the Drury Lane theater it failed conspicuously, and the general author, who was in the audience, himself joined with companionable vigor in hissing it.

It is, indeed, an airy trifle, too slight in texture for the professional stage, but it has proved a charming play for amateurs. At a recent performance by a college dramatic society a little dialogue took place between two ladies in the audience which would certainly have delighted Lamb himself could he have heard it.

"Mr. H., a farce in two acts by Charles Lamb," read one of them from her program. "Do you know, I had quite forgotten that Lamb was a dramatic author."

"Oh, my dear," exclaimed her neighbor, with a superior smile, "of course he was! Surely you must remember that he and his sister collaborated with Shakespeare."

"Collaborated with Shakespeare!" exclaimed the first speaker, startled out of her politeness. "Ridiculous! What could have put such an idea—Oh, you must be thinking of the 'Tales From Shakespeare,' by Charles and Mary Lamb."

There was mirth in her voice, and the superior person, flushing, perceived that overhasty "cramming" for the occasion had led her into error. She tried to retrieve herself.

"I did not mean collaborated with him, of course," she explained loftily. "That was merely a slip of the tongue. I meant translated him."—Youth's Companion.

### AN ESKIMO CHURCH.

The Sealskin Sweetbox Finally Went to the Dogs.

The missionary sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Baffin Land dates from that ever memorable magic lantern exhibition. From 300 miles around the expectant Eskimos came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The seal skin church was filled to overflowing. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm oil and blubber and sweat soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered 40 degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the straggling list of arctic explorers who have touched at Cumberland sound have long since been forgotten the recollection of that magic lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimo from Meta Inoguita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the seal skin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the seal skin covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at a safe distance, they proceeded to devour.—Everybody's Magazine.

### Lingering Superstitions.

"Will a lucky gentleman give an unlucky one a tiny mascot to bring luck?" runs an advertisement in an English paper. Here was a poor soul—for if there is a creature on the face of the earth whose fate calls for pity it is a gentleman who is down-keeping in her poverty some of that superstition or faith, whatever it may be called, which is the only thing that keeps misfortune from crushing the sufferer. If only she could get the right charm she might induce fate to look kindly on her! People call this a practical joke, but evidences of superstition continue to appear. A lawsuit not long ago revealed the fact that an astrologer kept a motorcar and had a fine house, etc., all of which came out of the proceeds of a sodical magazine.

### An Exemplified.

Having given his order twenty minutes before and seeing no indications that his dinner was ready, the man with the sparse whiskers beckoned to a waiter.

"My friend," he said, "perhaps I have made a mistake. Is this a pay as you enter restaurant?"

"No, sir," responded the young man in the white apron, yawning. "This is a dinner cooked while you wait restaurant."

Thereupon he resumed his dreamy, contemplative attitude, and the man with the sparse whiskers waited some more.—Chicago Tribune.

### A Reply to Gladstone.

"Gladstone had no great scientific knowledge," said an English writer, "and at a dinner, when Faraday described an important new scientific discovery, the premier showed indifference."

"After all," he said, hiding a yawn behind his hand, "what use will it ever be?"

"Why," said Faraday, "there's every probability, sir, that some day you'll be able to tax it!"

### A Turn Down.

Snaggy—Big pardon, mister; I'm a stranger in dese parts. Farmer Harvey—Well, I dunno of anybody that wants to git acquainted with ya. (Turns away.)—Boston Transcript.

### 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. 7-1011

### 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 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 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 WILLS,  
Administratrix.  
10-22-11-19

## Every Man and Woman

That appreciates a complete-at-every-point jewelry store can find much to admire here.

Lately we've been adding to our stock here and there. Strengthening it—filling it out in spots that seemed to need it.

Put in a lot of new watches and quite a few rings of various kinds.

Increased the showing of the smaller goods all along the line—which rounds out our stock nicer than ever.

In what are YOU interested? Be sure you'll find it here. Be sure it will reflect the signs of the highest quality. Be sure it will be priced fairly.

**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 Shepard Building.

GOOD DRY WOOD—Full Measure  
Prices—At ranch, \$8, \$4; Delivered \$8 and \$6. Down-hill haul all the way.

KLAMATH STABLES. Phone 591  
E. COMPNER, 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