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Dr. James' Headache Powders relieve at once—10 cents a package.

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POT POURRI

By LONE STAR

We received one epistle from a "dear old sister, who has not long for this world" and the missive was written on nice yellow paper with a gold border on it.

The signature on it was "R. U. Bright."

The letter informed us that at a sewing meeting held recently, the Lone Star column was the subject of the afternoon's discussion. Some of the old spinsters there decided that I had brains, and some of them decided that I had not. Now—did I not know who the female was who wrote that letter, I might have worried a little over it. But as soon as I did discover it, why I had the greatest laugh I have had for a long time. Keep it up sister—you haven't long for this world anyhow, and if you get a little fun out of our column why, that's all it's written for.

As far as being crazy goes, why none of us are supposed to be absolutely normal you know. But don't let that worry you. The chances are that I shall be writing, and making a living on the side, long after you are dead and gone. And the chances are that I shall be missed by the dearest public for a longer period of time than you would be missed from your sewing circle.

Then there came a letter from a bird who was in love with our column. Now that fellow had sense.

Our friend wanted us to write an article telling how the "jitney-drivers" hog the hull road. Well—as far as jitney-drivers go, an ordinance was passed not long ago, prohibiting the parking of "jitneys" on Main street for more than 20 minutes.

And it worked fine too—for the first day it was in force. But gradually the ordinance was lost in oblivion, along with the very many other ordinances which have been passed by our benevolent city dads.

By the way, Arthur Wilson has developed quite a grrouch at the Lone Star. He says that in two weeks the Herald will be broke—the Lone Star will be broke, and two or three other institutions in the city will be broke

also. Fine prospects ahead, those are, and if we were a novice at this game, we might be inclined to worry a little about such a statement coming from so prominent a citizen as Arthur.

But we have been in this game for a considerable length of time, and believe we are perfectly capable of knowing what we are doing. So don't worry Arthur—if we ever do go broke, we will promise you that we will never ask you for two-bits to get a bite to eat on. Not that we wouldn't get it because we honestly believe we would, but Lone Star is not going broke for some time yet. He doesn't go broke very easy. He's not that kind. So cheer up Arthur—see if you can't learn how to take a joke once in a while.

Someone told us not so very long ago that matches were made in Heaven. Well that may be so. There wouldn't be any need for them in the other place.

Willie went to tack the carpet And he gave his thumb a jam, Which made Willie very angry, And he softly murmured—Mother bring the liniment.

A story is told of a local physician—we won't tell you his name, because this story happens to be true. Anyhow this doctor had on his free list, an old codger, who would send for him for every little pain and ache that he might get.

Taking his time about making a call one night, the doctor received a beautiful howl-out from this old duck.

"You can go and see other patients at night" the old bird said. "Why can't you come when I send for you. Ain't my money as good as anyone else's?"

"I don't know," replied the young sawbones, "I never saw any of it."

Lone Star's wife and he were talking the other night about the time when she would shuffle off this mortal coil, and go to be where all good people go.

"What would you like on your tombstone?" we asked her.

"There is peace in Heaven" she replied. "Don't you think that would be nice?"

"No" said Lone Star. "Better put on it 'There WAS peace in Heaven.'"

We saw in the Frisco paper where a woman had been awarded \$10,000 for the loss of her thumb.

We wonder why a thumb could be so valuable. But then perhaps it was the one she kept her husband under.

An Irishman walked into the Owl Cafe last week, it being Friday, and said to the waiter: "Have ye anny whale?"

"No we have not" remarked the hasher.



"Some Coffee"

"Folger's Golden Gate?"

"Yes."

"My compliments to Folger."

Different in taste from other coffee and better.



When You Cut the Can Note the Fragrance

VACUUM PACKED

"Well have ye anny shark?" he then asked.

"No we have not" replied the waiter again.

"Well have ye anny octopus then?" the Irishman continued.

"No we have not" said the hasher once more.

"Well then bring me some corned beef and cabbage" said Pat—the Lord knows I asked for fish.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath.

In the Matter of the Estate of Levi F. Willits, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned on the 21st day of June, 1920, filed in the above entitled Court and matter her final account, and that Saturday, the 24th day of July, 1920, at 2 o'clock p. m., in the courtroom of the above entitled court, has been fixed as the time and place where the court will hear objections

thereto and settle the same, and approve or reject said account.

Dated this 21st day of June, 1920.
 LAURA A. WILLITS,
 Administratrix of said Estate.
 June 22-29-4-13-20

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