

TIMBER LAND, SET JUNE 3, 1905—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, January 16, 1905. Notice is hereby given in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1905, entitled "An act for the sale of timber land in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1902, that the following lands are for sale in the Public Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Thursday, the 30th day of March, 1905. He names as witnesses: J. A. Patterson, D. K. Wilson, Archie Johnson, J. G. Pierce, all of Klamath Falls, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said day of March, 1905.

MINER LAND, SET JUNE 3, 1905—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, December 30, 1904. Notice is hereby given in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1905, entitled "An act for the sale of timber land in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1902, that the following lands are for sale in the Public Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Thursday, the 30th day of March, 1905. He names as witnesses: Harry Anthony, W. J. Smith, Wm. W. Carmichael, Bert Whitson, all of Klamath Falls, Or. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said day of March, 1905.

DO ANIMALS TEACH?

THE FACULTY OF IMPARTING KNOWLEDGE IS CERTAINLY LIMITED.

Dogs Do Not Appear to Have It, While Cats and Bats May—Experiences Illustrating This Point—An Interesting Question Raised by the Moral to a Sermon.

In the course of a sermon the other day one of our clergy very happily pointed his moral by contrasting the intelligence of the brute with that of man. "You can teach a dog almost anything," said he in substance, "but the dog cannot impart the knowledge he receives from his master to another of his kind. Man, on the other hand, not only imparts knowledge, but constantly gives of the best of his learning to others."

Without pausing to discuss the moral truth thus illustrated it is not uninteresting to make some inquiry as to the correctness of the clergyman's opinion that brutes have not the faculty of imparting to their kind the things which man has taught them. As to those processes of thought which we call instinct, which are involuntary and which are obeyed in every individual of the species with no idea of improvement in the method, the distinction between them and those processes which are owing to association with man is clearly marked.

The affection of the female brute for her young is instinctive. The dog's use of the sense of smell in tracking, the migrations of birds, the comb building of bees, the slavemaking of some species of ants and the yearly movement of salmon and shad from the sea into rivers and back again—these are all instinctive. The young of any of these would, left to itself, develop the same faculties in the same way without asking itself the why or therefore, and its maturity would be as fully achieved with the instinctive functions as another individual which had the constant companionship of members of its kind.

But many animals are capable of mental development so far beyond the operation of instinct that the difference between their reasoning powers and those of man is very difficult to determine. A well trained shepherd dog will not only drive sheep to pasture, but will, when commanded, fetch them home. More than this, a shepherd dog, having been told to fetch home a certain sheep out of the flock (the shepherd calling it by name), has been known to obey the command without an instant's hesitation, singling out the one sheep unerringly. He knew the name of every sheep in the flock, and could fetch any one that was desired. Yet, with all his intelligence the dog could not teach another to do the same thing. With every new dog the shepherd must go through the same long, laborious process of teaching him his business. Undoubtedly, the training of successive generations through long periods of time has developed in the collie a character which makes his training for sheep herding easier than would otherwise be the case. It is extremely improbable that a pup or a spaniel could ever be trained to herd sheep, or that a collie could be taught to point or set game. But let the collie or the pointer run without breaking, and no matter how much they mingled with trained dogs of their distinct species the one would never learn to tend sheep nor the other to point game.

There was lately published a volume of "Dog Stories From the London Spectator," in which were gathered many anecdotes of the sagacity of dogs, but while they covered every imaginable exhibition of intelligence, affection, wisdom, and even humor, none of them demonstrated that one dog could teach another any trick or duty that it had learned from its master.

It would be supposed that if any animal were capable of imparting as well as acquiring knowledge it would be the dog, yet it seems that that generally tractable, unobscure creature, the cat, actually has this faculty. One instance of this is authentic. A tabby, having a bad habit of leaping on the dining table after the family had risen from it and of prowling over the fragments, was finally cured by being soundly cuffed on several occasions. When she had been caught in the act. After awhile she had a litter of kittens, and one day when they were half grown one of them jumped on to a chair, and so to the dining table. A member of the household busy in the next room saw the mother cat leap up beside her offspring and cuff it vigorously on the ears until it scrambled to the floor.

Another story which seems to show that brutes can teach one another is told of a colony of rats. It cannot be vouched for, however. Rats are fond of clams, and the narrator of this story, having left a pile of the shellfish near the back of his house, saw the rat creep up to them. Their shells were partly open. The rat flicked his tail into the shell of one, when instantly it shut down tight and the rat scampered away with it. Presently the rat, relieved of its load, returned with half a dozen companions, when each of them thrust its tail into the shell of a clam, which shut its jaws, and the rats gaily marched off.

WILL WAITING.

"Just wait!" said the boy, "for life is long. Let me have a good time while I can; don't bother and study to maintain being—'Just wait till I am a man!'"

"Oh well!" he said, when manhood came. "Life is so joyous and gay; wait! there is time enough for fame—'Home was not built in a day!'"

"Just wait till the right time comes by and by—Myself I shall never deceive—Just wait and you'll see me climbing high—Success I'm sure to achieve!"

"I'm waiting," said he in middle age; "I was never a man to shirk; As soon as the right chance comes I'll engage—in hard and earnest work."

Through the "snag" he awaited never turned up, And he sat in poverty's chair, Still he waited away at his "just wait" cup In his castle in the air.

Four old sea dogs had him waiting still, And he sometimes thinks with a shiver, Of his wasted life—but he had his will, And he's waiting yet—In Chicago Inter Ocean.

So it happened that the cry of horror from the street was echoed in kind from the auto, and while tender hands picked up the maimed little body in the street other friendly hands held the lurching form of the young aristocrat in the auto from pitching out, and the big machine slowed up and stopped under the guidance of one of his friends.

Two athletic young fellows—evidently gentlemen of birth and position—leaped from the vehicle and hastened back with black brows, shouting for the police.

In the auto three young women in costly array swabbed the blood from the head of their injured comrade with priceless handkerchiefs of lace and still more priceless shawls, wraps and lingerie. One pair of dainty arms held the head of the wounded chauffeur, while four other dainty hands moved deftly to staunch the wound. For, sneer as you may, these dainty daughters of the rich are much as other women on occasion, and are resourceful, instinctive and unafraid.

As the two young athletes rushed back toward the spot from whence came the rock that had wounded their comrade, angry and sweating vengeance, they met with a sight which chilled their ardor. In front of them a brawny man, evidently a mechanic of the better sort, with wild eyes and foaming lips, striving with all his great strength to break away from the restraining arms of a full dozen earnest men and rush to meet them. Just beyond a group of women gathered about a mangled, broken and moaning little object. They paused, however, but a moment. The more determined of the two rushed toward the struggling mechanic, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Officer, officer, this way; arrest that man, arrest that man!"

"Let me at 'em, let me at 'em!" raved the struggling man. "It's the other one I'm after—the one who did it, and did it at purpose—I heard 'im say so—but if y'll let me go I'll fix them in a second and then I'll get to 'im."

The men holding nodded, wisely reinforced their hold and looked more determined.

"Come Dan," said one, "it's awful bad, but ye mustn't do anything reckless. Ye'll only get into worse trouble—an' the little one 'll need all yer strength now."

The man paused and the tears started to his eyes. "Is she hurt bad, boys?" he asked. Just then an officer came along and, at the direction of the two young men from the auto, placed the mechanic under arrest. There were deep growls of disapproval among the onlookers, and the mechanic looked dazed. A well-dressed young man who had been watching the incident stepped forward and said to the officer, in a decisive voice:

"Arrest that man in the automobile. I saw the whole incident and I want to lodge a charge of murder against him."

"One of the men who had dismounted from the automobile broke into a loud laugh. 'Well, what do you think of that?'" he said.

The young man on the curb reddened a bit in his face. "Here is my card," he said; "I am a responsible business man and I demand that this man be arrested."

One of the auto party went and laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder. "Better cut all this out," he said. "Steve is an Indian, and you have nothing to win by antagonizing him."

The other shook the hand from his shoulder. "I am a law-abiding American citizen," he said, "and the laws are as much for me, or for this man," sweeping his hand toward the mechanic, "yes, or for the poor little girl who has been killed or mangled for life, perhaps, as they are for fellows like you. Perhaps I will be crushed in the operation, but I propose to find out if you fellows are entitled to run your infernal juggernauts over the rest of us without suffering the penalty."

The man in the auto remarked: "He wants to find something out, Charley," he said. "In the interest of liberal education I demand to be taken to the police station and go through all these motions. And when it's all over I will take great pleasure to issue a sheepskin to this inquiring individual, conferring a new D. D. on him—doctor of d—doughnuts."

And so this strange group landed at the station and Hamilton made his complaint against John Murray, who had thrown the rock at him. Also did Robert Dennis, the young business man, make his complaint against Hamilton for assault with intent to kill. All were released on bail and the party broke up. A few days later the lawyer for the Hamiltons telephoned Dennis to come and see him. Dennis referred him to his lawyer. Later Judge Pelham, the Hamilton lawyer, called at Dennis's office.

"Young man," he said, severely, "you are making a most serious mistake. This entire matter is not worth the work and annoyance it is going to give all concerned. Of course you know as well as I do that there is nothing in this charge against Hamilton. An accident, sir, all an accident—and you know it. Maybe some damages involved, like doctor's fee, and that is all right and we will not fight them; but this criminal charge is preposterous—yes, preposterous, sir, it is persecution—little short of blackmail, sir, and we are not the kind of weaklings to sit down impotently under that sort of thing."

"I conceive it to be my duty, sir," replied Dennis simply, "to bring this impudent fellow to justice. He ran over the child deliberately. I saw the expression in his eyes, and my own little boy was only six feet from the spot where he ran over the poor little girl. If it had been mine I would have killed him without fail. As it is, I propose to help Murray, who is more or less ignorant, to bring this insolent whelp to justice."

The face of the lawyer got cold, and he said: "Very well, sir; but you understand when you take up this fight that there will be blows to take as well as blows to give. You are in business. Is it wise to antagonize the Hamilton interest?"

"It may not be wise," responded Dennis, "but I will land him in the penitentiary if it costs me all I ever hoped to have."

It certainly was a fierce fight. The state's attorney hesitated a little to push the prosecution and Dennis hired the greatest criminal lawyer in the city to carry the case through. Of course there were postponements and delays, and the matter dragged fearfully. And when it became evident that Dennis proposed to stick, somewhat might, all of the tremendous power of the Hamilton millions were turned on him. His business venture was assailed from the most potent quarter, finance, and finally was wrecked. The Dennis took a salaried job, and lost it, and then another and another. But the case against Hamilton steadily advanced, and finally it went to trial. It was a hard fought battle on both sides. The poor little crippled Murray girl was a most potent witness, but it was Dennis's clear evidence that won the case.

"I saw it," a automobile coming," he said, "and pulled my little boy onto the sidewalk, and shouted to the kids to look out. They all moved toward the sidewalk, gesticulating toward the machine. This man Hamilton glanced toward them and smiled in a most insolent manner. 'Watch the kids jump sideways,' he said to his companions—I heard him—and he deliberately turned in toward the children. The children jumped, but the Murray girl was an instant too late and was caught by the hideous monster. And, sir, Hamilton did not seem to care as the little one was caught under the wheels. Yes, sir, and I saw him, and that's why I made the complaint, and it is why I am following the case."

The jury never left their seats. Hamilton got five years in the penitentiary, and all the power of his family's millions could not secure a pardon.

Dry in Switzerland. The past summer was exceptionally dry and warm in Switzerland, so that the hotels in the highest locator were overcrowded. In the Tyrol in same conditions prevailed. For the first time in many years some mountain sides were made available to climbers because of the melting of their ice coverings.

A woman can control a man's opinions by seeming to agree with them.

Fond of Doughnuts.

The little fellow was extremely fond of doughnuts. His eyes sparkled when his grandmother set a plate of them on the table the night of his arrival at the farm. Franke did not eat much until the doughnuts were passed, then he eagerly seized one in each chubby hand.

"Why, Frankie," whispered his mother, approvingly, "you have taken two doughnuts!"

"I know it, ma," he whispered back, with a longing glance at the plate. "And if I had free hands, I'd taken free."—Lippincott's.

Ante and Post. He really is a remarkable surgeon. He can tell a patient what's the matter with him.

How to Do It. Mrs. Noopop—My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it. Mrs. Knowitt—I'll tell you what to do. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep.—Trained Motherhood.

A Guess. Bold Robin Hood has passed away and mingled with the dust. He robbed discreetly, so they say. If perchance he'd start a trust.—Washington Star.

That Kept Her. The lady—Willie, is your mother at home? The Kid—Yes, she is sick.—Chicago Journal.

One Girl's Wisdom. He asked the maiden for a kiss. But her answer failed to come; She knew that silence gave consent—So she kept on keeping mum.—Chicago Daily News.

Sweet Honey. Ernestine—Yes, indeed, Jack brought me a box of the most delicious candies I ever tasted. Eva—You don't say! Did you smash your lips? Ernestine—Oh, he attended to that.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In Tokio. Lady Customer—I'd like to buy a door mat. Jap Merchant—Here is something very nice in Russian bear and they are very popular this year; the whole nation is wiping its feet on them.—Detroit Free Press.

Faulty to the End. "So ole St. Slocum has paid the debt of nature, has he?" "Yes. St. drank a dose of carbolic acid by mistake for licker." "Gosh! I knew if St. had paid a debt it must have been by mistake."—Judge.

Retort Civil. Giffie—Hi, old man! My, but you are a sight! How'd you get all the skin rubbed off the end of your nose? Spinks (with hauteur)—Not by poking it into other people's business, I can tell you that!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

As Defined. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a confidence man? Pa—A confidence man, my son, is a man who separates other people from their money and confidence simultaneously.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Downtrodden Man. Rodrick—So the car was full of ladies. Was there much standing? Van Albert—I should say so. Some of the ladies were standing on their dignity and the rest were standing on my feet.—Chicago Daily News.

Explained. "Say, pa?" "Well, what?" "Why does that man in the band run the trombone down his throat?" "I suppose it is because he has a taste for music."—Town Topics.

But Not Funny. Binks—Brown is very slow about paying his bills. It's a standing joke at the club. Jinks—I suppose his creditors consider it a standing off joke.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

SWINDLER MET HIS MATCH

Cook of Transatlantic Liner Something Ahead of Sham-American Millionaire.

The classical confidence trick has been neatly played on a would-be swindler by his intended victim. The latter, a cook on a transatlantic liner, had been done himself before, and was too old a bird to be caught again. He struck up an acquaintance with an engaging but obviously sham American millionaire in the train to Paris, confiding to him that he had \$8,000 in his bag, and meant to amuse himself on the boulevards, says the London Telegraph.

"Well met, indeed," said the millionaire; "I have also made my pile, and intend seeing the merry side of life in Paris." They started the evening with an expensive dinner, paid for by the American millionaire. At coffee the latter exclaimed: "Hallo, I have not any cigars; suppose you go and buy some. You can leave your bag here, where it will be quite safe. But as you might be suspicious, here's my pocketbook. Keep it till you join me again." As soon as the cook's back was turned the millionaire of course bolted with the bag, but the latter only contained old newspapers and the cook's card with the words: "I have been here before; you have met your match this time." In the would-be swindler's pocketbook was a sum of \$120, which the cook took to the police station, asking the officer to whom he told his tale with understandable relish to give the money to the poor.

Boy Won Over the Men. He knew of something better than persuasive words to move a balky horse.

Five men, three women, two policemen and a barking dog tried to induce a balky horse to get off the car track on one of Philadelphia's busiest thoroughfares, but the animal had made up his mind that it would require some other agency to move him, and he won out, says a recent report. The recipe, discovered by a lad of 14 years, was a handful of oats and cracked corn. The horse was hitched to a wagon. It was a curious crowd that watched the efforts of the men, women, policemen and mongrel to start the horse. Two men wanted to apply the whip, but the women were not in favor of such measures. One woman stepped up to the horse and whispered something in his ear. She then said, "Come, horsey," but "horsey" shook his head in an easterly and westerly direction. The policemen suggested that the crowd push the wagon, but efforts to push the horse with it failed. A bystander hissed a dirty-looking mongrel dog on the animal, but the dog barked and then disappeared. Finally the boy, who had been looking on, secured the corn and oats and stood in front of the horse. The horse spied the food and started up the street after the boy, while the crowd cheered.

Tribulations of Trade. An Illustrative Instance of the Trials to Which a Butcher Is Subjected.

"What is it, children?" asked the butcher. "Please, mister, we want a five-cent head of cabbage." "All out of five-cent heads, but here's an eight-cent head I'll bet you have for a nickel, this being Saturday night."

He wrapped up the cabbage and handed it to the youngsters, says the Newark News. "Please, mister, give us a piece o' bologny," said the three children, in one voice.

The obliging butcher cut three slices of sausage and the little ones departed eating. "That's the way it goes," sighed the butcher; "eight cents' worth of cabbage and three cents' worth of bologna, all for five cents."

As he spoke the door opened, and the children reappeared. "Please, mister," said they, "mamma wants a trading stamp for that cabbage."

Getting the Money Anyway. Baxter—They say your uncle has cut you out of his will? Carter—Yes; but it won't make any difference if I can only get him to keep on playing bridge with me a few weeks longer.—Boston Transcript.

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