

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1904—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, December 28, 1904. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1898, entitled "An act to provide for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1899, William N. Wilson of Klamath Falls, county of Klamath, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2943, for the purchase of the N.E. 1/4 of Sec. 14 T. 36 S. R. 12 E. W. 4 and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for agricultural purposes and to establish his claim to said land before the Public Land Commission at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on Thursday, the 29th day of March, 1905. He names as witnesses: J. K. Hallard, J. D. 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 29th day of March, 1905.
J. N. Watson, Register.

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How Herman Corning Paid the Price

By HOMER FISK

HERMAN CORNING made up his mind when a mere boy that he would become a successful business man and the possessor of great riches. From his earliest memory he had hated the narrow village life and the cramped home existence, where every penny had to be watched in order to make both ends meet. He dreamed of great establishments with hundreds of busy workers, all pliable to his will, as expressed from the inner office. He dreamed of meeting the greatest and most powerful men of affairs and dictating terms or forcing them to compromise with him.

Among all his playmates at school but one sympathized with his ambitions or believed in him. That one was Hannah Curtis, the grave-eyed girl with the high forehead, who always stood at the head of her class. All the rest derided him.

"I believe you will succeed, Herman," said she, seriously, "and when you do I will marry you."
"Will you?" asked Herman, eagerly. And then he added with a stubborn set of his square jaw, "You may have to wait a long time, Hannah, because if I don't succeed at first I will keep on trying."

So the compact was sealed. And one fine day, when Herman was 15, he fulfilled the worst prophesies of the village gossips by going away to the great city. He was able to scrape together barely money enough to get him there, but he feared nothing. He had heard the expression "merchant prince" and it attracted his imagination. He resolved to enter mercantile life.

Upon reaching the city he went directly to the biggest wholesale house in the city, Hope, Norris & Co., and sturdily walked into the office of the head of the concern.

He was a trifle perturbed at the vastness of the institution and the existence of the office of the great Mr. Hope. But he rallied in a moment.

"Am not I also to be a great merchant," he said to himself. "He is no better than I am—only older."
So Herman walked boldly into the presence of the great man, who frowned at the intrusion.

"Well?" he demanded.
Herman looked him squarely in the eye. His momentary timidity had vanished. He was in the very inner sanctuary, which was the home of his dreams. He felt fully confident.

"My name is Herman Corning," he said steadily. "I have decided to become a merchant. That is why I come to the city. I want to learn the business and get a start. That is why I came here. I am not afraid of hard work and I can live on small wages. Will you give me a trial?"

The merchant had turned away with an impatient gesture when Herman began. The odd way of putting the proposition arrested his attention and the intense earnestness of the boy attracted him.

"Why did you come to me?" he said sharply. "Don't you know that department heads hire the employees?"
"I wanted to talk to the head of the house," replied Herman simply.

The merchant pushed a button and a man appeared instantly.
"Take this boy to Hopkins," commanded Hope, "and tell him to set him to work."
And so Herman Corning found himself launched in mercantile life as assistant stockkeeper at six dollars per week. He worked hard and gave no thought to anything outside the business of the department. He did so much work that his fellow employees disliked him. Hopkins noted the improved condition of the stock, however, and after a few months Herman had his wages raised to eight dollars. He cared little for this. He was perfecting his knowledge of the stock and of prices. Meanwhile he watched the salesmen and customers like a cat.

There was a whole shelf of buttons of ancient vintage, which Herman noticed were never called for. One day Houston, a salesman, was trying to attend to two customers.

"Here, boy," he said to Herman, "pull down some buttons for Mr. Parkins. I'll be right back and give him prices."
Parkins was from a crossroads town. Herman pulled down the buttons that never sold. He knew the prices. Ultimately Parkins bought half the entire lot.

This transaction so pleased Hopkins that Herman was called on frequently to take a customer when the salesmen were busy. Two years after Herman entered the place he was made a regular salesman at \$20 per week. He always sold the things that stuck on the shelves. Mr. Hope learned of this and complimented him on this point.

"Wouldn't it be easier and cheaper to have a buyer who did not load dead stock on us?" asked Herman gravely.
A week later he was made assistant manager of the department and entrusted with a considerable share of the buy'g.

Shortly after this, when Herman was just turned 19, he went to Mr. Hope.
"I am going to resign," said he.
"What's the tr—?" demanded Hopkins.
"Amn't you getting enough?"
"Oh, yes, sir," replied Herman, "that part is all right—everything, in fact, is all right, but I want to get into business for myself."
"Go in for yourself?" exclaimed the merchant. "Have you got any capital?"
"About \$500 that I've saved," replied Herman. "That will buy a team and

wagon and give me something near \$100 to put into stock. That ain't quite enough, but you will trust me for two or three hundred more on my outfit."
"What are you going to do?" asked the merchant.
"I'll go," replied Herman sentimentally, "until I can make enough to buy a store."

"Oh, come now, you are doing better than any young man we have ever had," expostulated Hope. "Don't make a fool of yourself. You will be head of a department in a few years."
"Thank you, sir," replied Herman. "I wouldn't stay for a job as general manager. I am going in for myself. I have learned all I can as a sub-ordinate."

And that was all there was to it. Herman started out with his wagon. He made good selections of merchandise and his sales were beyond his hopes. Within two years he had piled up \$3,000. Then he ran across a store in a small town which was for sale.

The owner had made a failure, but Herman thought he saw why. He bought it, paying part down. In two years he was out of debt and doing a business that was the wonder of all the country about. The town had only 15,000 inhabitants and Herman chafed at the limitations. He found a purchaser at a fancy price, and at 23 went back to the city with \$10,000 in his pocket.

He then started a jobbing business in a small way and by his indefatigable energy and application began to make inroads in the business of the larger houses. He did well from the first, but his resources were so limited that he could not move fast enough to suit his ardent spirit. Then Norris, Hope's partner, died and Hope sent for him.

"Corning, you are a wonder," he said. "I need such a man as you. Besides you are cutting into our business. I will take you in and sell you a quarter interest in whatever the business inventories, take over your stock at what it inventories as part payment and your note for the balance. You can pay out of the profits. You can handle the business as manager and I will look after the finances."

This was a great lift, but it only fed Corning's ambition. Still he was not a dominating factor in the business world and he found after a year or so that he must remain subordinate to Hope, whose conservative methods drove him to distraction. He wanted to lead, Hope was content to run along smoothly on the old lines. Besides he was not making money fast enough to suit him. To be sure his share of the yearly profits ran way up in the thousands, but he could not see how he ever could become a power in the financial world at the rate he was going.

While he was struggling with these problems, Hope's health failed. Knowing Corning's daring disposition he did not dare go away, as the physicians ordered, and leave the young man in charge of the entire business. Finally, threatened with death, he offered to sell his interest at a very reasonable sum if Corning could find a backer. While the sum was reasonable considering the value of the business, it was a vast amount for a young man to raise. All of Corning's profits had gone into paying for his quarter interest.

In the meantime Corning had made one or two social connections. One was Peter Holdbrook, a wealthy retail merchant, with whom he had come into business relations and who had admired the young man for his business talent. He had invited Corning to his home several times and had presented his daughter, a fair, rather pretty girl, whose strength of character, if she ever had any, had been eliminated by her father's dominant methods.

Just about this time Peter Holdbrook died and his daughter had called on Herman for advice, knowing that her father had trusted him. The girl was the sole relative and heir and the responsibility of the great estate frightened her.

To Herman came a great inspiration. He would marry this pale-faced girl, who would be putty in his hands. This would give him money enough to buy out Hope, besides making him master of the great Holdbrook store. He would combine the two businesses and make himself the greatest factor in the business world. There was a sincere pang at the thought of Hannah, because, besides having a real affection for her, Herman had made her a part of his scheme of life and his nature revolted at changing his plans. But he saw no other way and within two months he had married Lillian Holdbrook, and soon after became absolute master of two great stores, one wholesale and one retail.

The rest the business world knows well—how he reversed the old policies and struck out into new methods with a daring which stunned all observers; how the business grew until Herman Corning was recognized the world over as one of the greatest merchant princes; how he branched into other lines of business and finance until his name was on the directorates of many banks and corporations and his real estate holdings became the despair of assessors.

When Herman Corning was 35 his wife died. A few months later he went back to his old town for the first time since he left it. He found Hannah Curtis still unmarried. To her he told the story of his success and the reason for his marriage. He told her it had been without sentiment, as his heart belonged to her—but had been necessary in order to achieve success.

"I knew you would come back," said "I" snub, quietly. "That is why I never married. Men must work and women must wait."
Just a year and a day after the death of his first wife Herman Corning and Hannah Curtis were married. It is to be presumed they lived happy ever afterward. If not, nobody else knew it.

How One on Him.
The principal of the school was talking with him about his boy.
"By the way, Mr. Wipedunk," he said, "I have made a discovery about Jerry. He's ambidextrous."
"I don't see how that can be," replied Mr. Wipedunk, with rising indignation. "He hadn't never been exposed to it. Besides, he was vaccinated last year, we bathe him regular every week, and his mother always makes him wear a little bag of assadiddy tied around his neck. Some of the other boys has been lying on him."—Chicago Tribune.

Diplomacy.
Uncle (to his nephew playing a war game with a chum of his own age)—If you take the fortress within a quarter of an hour I'll give you sixpence.
Youngster (a minute later)—Uncle, the fortress is taken; now let me have the sixpence.
Uncle—How did you manage it so quickly?
Youngster—I offered the beleaguered threepence, and they capitulated.—Tit-Bits.

The Wrong End.
"The bride, I understand, will not come down the aisle on her father's arm."
"No, papa's arm won't take a rest. But there is something funny in your suggestion."
"How so?"
"Why, they say that when the bridegroom asked papa for the bride he left the house on papa's foot."—Smith's Weekly.

Wanted the Worth of Her Money.
"I have called, doctor, to settle that dental bill, but I think it's a good deal higher than it ought to be."
"But you will remember, madam, that the tooth required a good deal of treatment, and I took the greatest care to make every operation painless."
"I remember it didn't hurt me a particle. That's why the bill seems so outrageous."—Chicago Tribune.

Some Hope.
Editor—Yes, there is a vacancy on our staff. What experience have you had?
Applicant—I was once editor of a college weekly.
"Humph! Did you give satisfaction?"
"No; I was kicked out."
"Take that desk there."—N. Y. Weekly.

An Appalling Suggestion.
"I wonder why Santa Claus uses a reindeer," said Pichainny Jim.
"Well," answered Mammy Brown, "I specks mebbe a mule would be cheaper."
"Yes, but goodness Lor', mammy! S'posn' dat mule was to take a notion to balk!"—Washington Star.

Demonstration Wanted.
Mr. Ahlesio—Will you, Miss Paeshunz, permit me to tell you how much I love you?
Miss Paeshunz—That is a case in which actions would speak several tones louder than words.—Puck.

One Way.
"I cannot see in great distress."
"If I poet not sell my poetry," he lamented, "how may I keep the wolf from the door?"
"You might read your poetry to the animal," delicately suggested a friend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Extreme Case.
O'Williams—How are you this morning, old man?
S'lint—How am I? If you were as badly off as your pocket as I am in my digestive apparatus you'd be in bankruptcy—that's how I am.—Chicago Tribune.

A Hero.
Jinks—When burglars were in your house the other night did Mrs. Filkins look under the bed for a man?
Filkins—Yes, and found one, too.
Jinks—One of the burglars?
Filkins—No, me!—Royal Magazine.

RIVAL SPHERES.
The Football—Meet me on the field in an hour.
The Plum pudding—Nonsense! He has a previous appointment with me!—Royal Magazine.

Came His Way.
He saw her skating on the pond
And longed to speak, she was so nice!
But dared not till they did collide
And both fell down; that broke the ice.—Houston Post.

A Marriageable Daughter.
"Mamma, is it true that Mr. Millions squints?"
"I don't know, but I hope to goodness if he does he'll squint your way."—Houston Post.

Between Friends.
Boream—Ha, ha, ha! Now, isn't that a good story?
Hammetton—Sure, I like it better every time you tell it.—Chicago News.

Not Considered Lucky.
Bacon—Do you think there's any luck in having a rabbit's foot?
Ebert—No; nor a hare-lip, either.—Yonkers Statesman.

ACUGUR FOR DRILLING SALT
Compressed Air Furnishes the Power for Working the Device Which
MINNESOTA MINERAL

In Muskegon, Mich., salt is used in large quantities, and, consequently, the extraction of the brine bearing it is a necessary step in the process. A compressed air pump, says Technical World, as it was called, said, on account of its ability for wear, is a substance that has a tendency to corrode and when pried away any length of time, and some of the centers were it stored contain less of it so feet high, and so hard that but little impression can be made upon them even with the pick or ax. For this reason a somewhat curious device has been brought into use to loosen the material so that it can be readily secured. This is a large boring tool, or augur, which is operated by compressed air. The augur is mounted on a wheeled truck, which is guided by handles projecting from the rear of the framework. The rear end of the augur revolves in a socket fitted into the frame work, while the air is admitted to the socket from the hose which supplies it. When operated the boring tool is pushed against the mass of salt and the augur is set in motion and in a minute or two so rapidly does the tool work, a hole about one inch in diameter is made in the formation of the entire length of the augur. Then another hole is drilled parallel with the first, and another, until the pile has been undermined, so to speak, when its contents can easily be broken out. The advantage of this method is seen when it is said that two men can get out as much salt by the power method as two dozen men by using picks and shovels.

RIVAL RIGHTS IN VOLCANO.
Four Communes Near Mount Vesuvius Assert Proprietary Powers Over the Domain.

Vesuvius, with its eruption, has done more than provide magnificent fireworks to attract the foreigners. It has set four communes—Resina Torre Del Greco, Boscorease and Ottaviano—by the ears. Each claims that the volcano stands within its confines, if not all, the greater part of it, and that it (the commune) can thus claim the taxes of the guinea, Cook's railway and the one hundred and one other things which yield money. The quarrel is a pretty one, and bids fair to be unending as long as the volcano continues to be established and a comparative, if discontinued, peace patched up, but the volcano belches forth new lava forms new hills and valleys and obliterated the cones. Since the late eruption feeling has risen to such heights that the people of one commune throw stones at those of the others, and refuse to speak as they pass by. Each declares that it has ancient documents to prove its rights beyond dispute, but when the moment comes for exhibiting them they somehow have misplaced them. They would have been the most useful of the council of state, to whom they have appealed, but they cannot be found. Meanwhile, until the quarrel is settled, Resina has decidedly the best of it, as, while the others were terror-stricken, she boldly fixed her confines by herself taking in the whole mountain.

COURTSHIP BEGINS WHEN?
Famous English Judge Finds Himself Facing a Perplexing Problem in Court.

When does courtship begin? At the moment when a man first meets his affinity? At the time when he realizes that "the only girl in the world" is his affinity? Or at the time when he determines to let her guess his views on the subject? asks the Chicago Tribune.

This delicate question was raised in the English probate and divorce court. The president, Sir Francis Jeune, was compelled to admit that the solution was beyond him. The point was raised in this way: A young man named George Whitehead was asking the court to declare that the Scotch marriage between his parents was valid. His mother, Mrs. Whitehead, was called as a witness in support of his case, and gave evidence about her courtship, which began, she said, in the gardens that flank Princes street in Edinburgh. "How long had your husband been courting you when he proposed to you?" asked counsel. Mrs. Whitehead hesitated, finding the query hard to answer, and the president came to her rescue. "Can anyone say that?" he remarked. "I doubt if a man knows himself when he first begins to court a girl."

Japan's Imperial Mint.
One of the earliest western institutions established in Japan was the imperial mint at Osaka, and it has been one of the most successful and useful. In the convention which was signed at Yeldo, in 1866, between representatives of the Japanese government and those of the foreign powers, the establishment of a mint was stipulated. The Japanese government purchased from the British government a mint, which had been established at Hong-Kong, but which the latter had resolved to discontinue. The mint is now managed entirely by Japanese.

Gloomy View of It.
James Acouey, attached to the Smithsonian bureau of ethnology, sees a hopeless future for the Indians among whom he has spent the greater portion of his life. He believes that it is practically impossible to civilize the Indian; that, having no ambition for improvement or progress, they will continue in their present state, dying out in numbers till they become simply roving bands.

INCONVENIENCE OF HATS:
Coming to Be Quite Generally Recognized in This Country as Well as in Europe.

From an article bearing the above title, which appears in Cosmos, we learn that the new fashion of going without a hat is not limited in this country. According to the writer, it has everything, hygienically, in its favor, and the arguments against it need only be stated to be refuted, says the Literary Digest. He says:

"The mass of hair that covers the top of the head is a feature of the human race in both sexes, and appears to be one of its most important characteristics. Nevertheless, long observation is unnecessary to prove that this characteristic is weakening, and that the vigor of the hair is decreasing in man. Now a question presents itself: Is this due to a transformation of the species or must we attribute the fact to man's habits? This second question appears to be correct, which is comforting, since it allows us to hope that the evil may be checked. This loss of hair that has become more striking from one generation to another by heredity, is due, according to some scientists, to the habit of covering the head."

"This habit, just affect the hair injuriously in three ways: (1) By depriving it of the life-giving light of the sun, of free ventilation, and of the movement of the hairs by air-currents; (2) by pressure on the small arteries of the scalp, which bring nourishment to the hair; (3) finally, because all head-coverings are an excellent culture-medium for microbes, and facilitate their development. In fact, the hat, since it prevents the germicidal action of the sun's rays and the movement of the air, and retains on the head the heat and moisture of the enclosed air, offers all the most favorable conditions for obtaining a culture of micro-organisms. From this it is well recognized that the chief cause of baldness are the microbial affections of the scalp, which destroy the sebaceous glands."

We may, then, suppose that it is the custom of covering the head that diminishes, little by little, the vigor of the hair. Although this is not absolutely proved, it is infinitely probable, and in any case it would cost nothing to try a change in the present fashion. This change is absolutely desirable, especially for men, for with women, besides the fact that their hats cover only part of the hair, they are generally lighter, the preservation of the hair for the species is due to the women alone, the men counting for nothing in the matter."

"The promoters of this reform are meeting, at the outset with certain objections: (1) To uncover the head may bring on colds, neuralgia, and rheumatism. They answer that colds, catarrh, etc., are of microbial origin and can not come from the scalp. (2) As for neuralgia and rheumatism, they are convinced that if the habit of leaving the head uncovered is adopted in youth, these troubles will not follow. In fact, they say, the uncovered part of the head are not subject to them, any more than the covered part.—See Cosmos (3) So far as the inconvenience of exposing the bare head in the sun is concerned, there are several ways of avoiding this without smothering the scalp. (4) The fear that the sebaceous glands will be deposited on the uncovered parts, especially in cities, certainly deserves consideration; but even in the toilet will assist us to escape the consequences. (5) Finally, the fear that the hair should be injured by sun, wind, or cold, has no serious basis, since unprotected parts of the head are covered with vigorous hair."

THE DOCTOR'S TROUBLES.
Rich Woman Patient Who Is Afraid She May Be Sick Is the Limit.

"Capt. John Root, the physician who has proved that common salt is an excellent remedy for cancer, has a humorous, unexpected sort of wit," said a surgeon of New York, according to the Times. "Capt. Root was for a time in private practice. He did well; he effected some remarkable cures; but he had no patience with the imaginary ailments of a certain type of rich person, and, to escape treating people who were not really sick, he turned to original research."

"A matron of wealth was one of Capt. Root's early patients. She was never ill, but eternally she feared that some dreadful disease was about to attack her. "One afternoon she sent for Root posthaste. He found her in first-class health. She was only afraid that, on account of the dampness it might be unwise for her to go to the theater that evening."

"Go by all means. It won't hurt you," said Dr. Root.
"Then he took his leave. But, as he was putting on his gloves in the hall a servant called him back. The woman wanted to see him again.
"Oh, doctor," she said on his return, "I wanted to ask you if I might eat some oysters after the theater."
"Yes, madam," he answered gravely, "shells and all."

Otherwise Useless.
"We need a drawer or something to put these cuts away in," said the foreman of the country weekly.
"Haven't got any drawer now that is not in use," replied the editor.
"But, hold on!—Yes, we have. Take the cash drawer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Sixth Sense.
"Biffer dines out a good deal doesn't he?"
"I should say he did. Why, that man can tell an oyster fork from a game fork with his eyes blindfolded and his hands tied."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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