TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land office, Lakeview, Oregon, January 16, 1905. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act 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, 1892, William S. Wilson of Klamath Falls, county of Klamath, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2945, for the purchase of the NE¼ SW¼, of Sec. 14 Tp. 38 S R 5 E W M, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Chasteen, County Clerk at his office at Klamath Falls Oregon, on Thursday the 30th day of March, 1905. He names as witnesses: J. K. Ballard, C. D. Willson, Archie Johnston, 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 30th day of March, 1905.

J. N. Watson, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, December 30, 1904. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act 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, 1892, Dan Ryan of Missoula county of Missoula, state of Montana has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No 2916, for the purchase of the NE¼ Sec 22 Tp 37 S R 13 E W M, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Geo. T. Baldwin, Co. Judge at Klamath Falls, Or., on Tuesday, the 14th day of March, '05. He names as witnesses: Harry Ackley, Wm Smith, Wm H. Carmichael, Herl Withrow, 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 14th day of March, 1905.

J. N. Watson, Register.

"LA MODE MILLINERY"

MRS. H. P. GALARNEAU.

Latest Styles and Newest Shapes in Ladies, Misses and Children's Headwear

FANCY GOODS, TRIMMINGS, LACES

UP-TO-DATE DRESSMAKING

SAINT PATRICK'S DANCE

WILL BE HELD

Friday Night March 17, '05

IN THE OPERA HOUSE

AT KLAMATH FALLS, OR.

THIS DANCE IS GIVEN Under the Auspices OF THE Foresters of America

GOOD MUSIC

All are Cordially Invited to Attend

TICKETS $1.00

Free Refreshments on Stage

MAMMOTH STABLES

Rigs furnished with or without drivers

We keep the finest lot of horses in the country.

HORSES BOUGHT AND SOLD

H. W. STRAW, Proprietor

Do You Like Fast Horses

Ring up Main 193

I have Horses that will please you

TEAMS

With or without drivers

Commercial men conveyed to all points

West Side Stables

JAS. SIGLER, PROP'R

KLAMATH FALLS, - - - OREGON

THE KEY.

What hides behind the fleeting cloud?
What whispers in the evening breeze?
Answer to all life's questionings
Is found when I find these.

The gray rock rests in stolid calm;
The tide recedes and flows.
The lakelet shimmers in the dawn,
The shadow comes, and goes.

The babe looks up in sweet surprise;
Childhood carols its joyous songs;
The love-light leaps in the maiden's eyes;
The woman strives to right a wrong.

The hero dies to save a race;
The outcast answers the voice: "I ought;"
The painter paints a martyr's smile;
The poet is thrilled with mystic thought.

Fair are nature, and art, and life.
Mighty the hero and martyr's strife,
Love and duty with good are rife.

But these, not these, can satisfy
The questioning soul that asketh why;
These are but echoes of the song
That bears the poem of life along.

The answer to all things that are,
From fleck of foam to radiant star,
From sentient soul to senseless clod,
Is found alone, when man finds God.

His smile belied the smiling sky,
His sigh within the martyr's cry,
His still voice answering Yea' aloud,
No longer sealed in mystery,
To him who seeks his God in glad humility.
—Harriette Robinson Shattuck, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

DENNY

By LANDIS MILLS

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THE incident was told to me years back, when I was second assistant engineer with the Golden Crown Mining company, at Red Dog. At the time it raised by several notches, in my opinion, those rough miners with whom I was so constantly associated; and in later years I have often recalled it when the course of events has brought me face to face with the hypocrisy of a large city.

It was told me the eve before St. Patrick's day, for I remember having started for a ball given by the Irish element. The night was clear and cold, but the wind was so sharp that I was chilled through, and stopped at the Traveler's Rest for a warming glass of stimulant.

I pushed open the door—the old bullet-scarred door, with its heavy hinges—and entered the bar-room. The usual crowd was not in evidence, and of the five occupants, four were in the act of taking their departure. They carried their shovels with them and, as they passed me and went out on the windy street, they wished me a good evening. The door closed behind them, and I was left alone with Parson Sam.

I walked to the big stove, and while warming my hands asked if the boys were going to work that night.

Sam pulled at his pipe, and replied: "No."

I remarked the fact that they had their shovels with them, and asked for what use they were intended. Sam took the pipe from his mouth, expectorated in the direction of the base of the bar, and replied: "Goin' to give Denny an airin'."

"And what is the matter with Denny, and where is he?" I asked.

"Nothin' at present," he replied; "he's in the cemetery on the hill."

"Dead?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"And who was Denny?"

A look of surprise came over his face as he asked: "You haven't heard of Denny, Mr. Hopkins?" and then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Well, maybe that ain't so strange, after all. You've only been in Red Dog some six or eight months, and Denny died just five years ago, comin' to-morrow."

"And why do they remember him so well now?" I asked.

Sam removed his arm from the back of his chair, rested his elbows on his knees, and, gazing through the open door of the stove at the flickering flames, told me the story of Denny.

"You see, Denny was sorter mild like, awfully gentle and quiet spoken, you know, so the boys didn't pay much attention to him, 'cept when they were in bad humor, and wanted some one to take it out on. He took it all in a quiet, good-natured sort of way, never thinkin' of hittin' back, so we all thought he didn't have no sand. At least that's what we thought until Oct St. Patrick's day about which I'm tellin' you.

"There was a good deal of drinkin' goin' on the night before, and four patriotic Irishmen kept it up until they were regular blind. They were a sorry lot when they showed up for work the next day, and the boss gave them a regular raling down.

"That mornin' was the first time I ever saw Denny show any temper. He was mad clear through at the thought of workin' on St. Patrick's day, and refused to take his pick out of the tool shed. When the boss comes up to him, and asks what's the matter, Denny just points to the green ribbon pinned on the front of his shirt, and says: 'It's St. Patrick's day, and I don't work.'

"Any other man would have been given his walkin' papers as quick as shootin' but somehow or other, the boss always made an allowance for Denny.

"'But we can't stop work, Denny,' he says.

"Denny stood sort of stubborn-like, and replied: 'Well, you oughter have some sort of celebration, or, at least, run up a green flag over the office.'

"The boss was for humorin' him, and says: 'And we are goin' to celebrate. At ten o'clock we be a-goin' to fire off a blast in honor of old St. Pat, that will blow all the snakes out of Ireland.'

"'At ten?' says Denny.

"'Yes, at ten,' replies the boss.

"That sort of satisfied Denny, and without another word he grabbed his pick, and went after the boys, a-singin' some Irish song.

"The boss wasn't jokin', for just about the time he said, he called all hands to quit work, and the engineer came in, and placed the dynamite cartridge and the machine for setting it off.

"We all got at a safe distance, and stood there waitin' the explosion. Denny was almost beside himself with delight, and, steppin' out a little distance in advance, he called out for his pal, Jim, to join him and see the snakes come wriggling out of the shaft. But Jim didn't answer, for he wasn't there.

"The engineer, who was a-holdin' his watch, seein' that things went off to time, turned round when he heard this, and got awful white. It didn't take no time for us to find we were four shy, and them four the ones that had been so drunk the night before. Not a man spoke, 'cept the engineer, and he said: 'My God!' We all knew those fellers were still in the mine.

"Then it was that Denny made the 60 of us out to be cowards, and him a hero. Without a word, he ducked his head a'tween his shoulders and set off for the shaft as fast as his legs could carry him, the green ribbon a-fluterin' over his shoulder.

"One or two of us made a move as if to foller him, but the engineer threw out his arm to stop us, and his voice sounded mighty strange when he yelled: 'It's death—40 seconds.'

"We all knew then that the cartridge would go off in 40 seconds, and that we had seen the last of Denny. It sort of paralyzed the boys, and they just stood round like so many statues. To me it seemed as if there was somethin' closin' in on all sides of me—a sort of interferin' with my breathin'—and for the life of me I couldn't take my eyes off the engineer, as he stood there holdin' his watch. He was as white as a piece of paper, and the sweat was runnin' down his face just like it was midsummer.

"Forty seconds ain't much, Mr. Hopkins, but it seemed like a year to me. I was just beginnin' to think that maybe Denny had got there in time, after all, when the engineer let go his watch, and sort o' slipped down prayin' like. The time was up, and the cartridge exploded.

"They say that drunken men has luck, and I reckon it's so, for them four drunken Irishmen weren't hurt at all. They were lyin' flat in the side tunnel when the cartridge went off, and aside from bein' nearly smothered, got off without a scratch. But it wasn't that way with Denny. He must have been right by the machine when the explosion took place, for he was all sort o' caved in, and his green ribbon was as black as a piece of coal.

"Men had been killed in the mines afore, but never like this, and for the first time there was a complete shutdown—all in the honor of Denny. He had the biggest funeral that ever took place in Red Dog.

"We all felt as though we should like to do somethin' for him, for, you see, we hadn't treated him just right when he was with us; but we didn't know just what to do, until the engineer proposed that we plant grass on his grave. There wasn't no grass in the graveyard, you know, and we thought it would please him to have somethin' green growin over him. You see, it was green he was a-wearin' when he died tryin' to save the boys.

"So we had the engineer send to Chicago for the best grass seed that could be had, and when spring arrived we hauled dirt from the valley, and planted it.

"Ever since then, on the night before St. Patrick's day, a committee—one man from each workin' gang—goes up and shovels away the snow, and makes things ship-shape. So when the sun comes a-peepin' and a-smilin' over Balden's ridge, a-lightin' up St. Patrick's day, there'll be one little spot of green in that big white wilderness, and the ribbons will be a-fluterin' from the stakes as mark out Denny's claim.

"That's what the boys be a-doin' now."

Chinese Lady's Dress.

"The Chinese lady dresses better than the American, but her styles have been much the same for thousands of years," said a Chinaman to a magnificently clad American woman, as quoted by the author of "As a Chinaman Saw Us." He makes other interesting criticisms as well. He says that if is supposed to add to the charm of the Chinese woman to cripple herself with bandaged feet and then goes on to remark about the evil effects of the corset habit. He also draws some parallels between the varying standards used by the American women on the bathing beach and in society.—Chicago Daily News.

Insulting the Kaiser.

A Berlin special says a curious case of lese majeste is reported from Colmar, where an impoverished bookbinder named Decker, a cripple, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for this crime. He entered the police office, asked for a piece of paper and wrote some remarks on it which were regarded as an insult to the kaiser. Decker has been already charged with nine different offenses of a similar character, for four of which he had suffered long periods of imprisonment. His object in nearly every case was to secure board and lodging.—London Telegraph.

Montreal's Famous Church.

The great landmark in Montreal is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which, next to the famous cathedral of the City of Mexico, is the largest church building in America, and has a seating capacity of 12,000. The church was built in 1829, and is noted for its magnificent chimes, one of the bells of which, called "Le Gros Bourdon," is one of the largest suspended bells in the world, and weighs 29,787 pounds.

Discomfits the Tramp.

Passing through the country a tramp stopped at a farmhouse and said:

"It's needless to ask you the question, madam. You know what I want."

"Yes," replied the lady, "I know what you want badly, but I've only one bar of soap in the house and the servant is using it. Come again some other time."—Chicago Journal.

Papa, the Poor Worm!

"Now, then, Charlie, don't you admire my new silk dress?" asked the fond mamma of her little boy.

"Yes, mamma," replied Charlie, "it is beautiful."

"And, Charlie, all the silk is provided for us by a poor worm."

"Do you mean dad?" asked Charlie.—Chicago Journal.

An Egotist.

"Father," asked the small boy, "what is an egotist?"

"An egotist, my son, is a man who has the impudence to think he knows more than you do. Instead of giving you credit for knowing more than he does."—Washington Star.

A Reason for His Preference.

Retired Burglar—When I was in de business I never bothered wit' any safes 'ceptin' de burglar-proof ones.

His Friend—Why not?

Retired Burglar—Becuz they're the only ones folks is likely to keep money in.—Brooklyn Life.

A SOCIAL PARADOX.

"Mrs. Blank always has such an awful lot of people at her receptions."

"Yes; I presume that's the reason nobody cares to go to them."—Chicago American.

Where He Falls Down.

He's deeply versed in the lore of the ages,
He is one of the world's most gifted sages,
He could teach old Euclid without half trying,
But he can't make a baby stop its crying.
—Chicago Tribune.

Did Both.

"How did the damage suit filed against Smithkins by that opera singer come out?"

"Oh, Smithkins confessed judgment."

"Confessed judgment? Confessed lack of judgment, you mean!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Feeble Lad.

Indulgent Mother—John, I wish you'd quit sending that boy around on all sorts of errands. He's not a bit well lately, and hardly able to get back and forth from the practice meets of his athletic club.—Chicago Journal.

At Bacon Ridge.

Editor—So you want a position as weather reporter, eh? What do you know about reporting the weather?

Hiram Boots—What do I know? Gosh, I've got the biggest corns in this here county.—Chicago News.

Old Story.

Greening—Last evening I proposed to a girl who is interested in photography.

Browning—What was the result.

Greening—She got busy and developed a negative.—Chicago News.

The Limitations of Our Language.

"She seems to be a woman of unusual tact."

"Tact is no name for it. She's had the same housemaid for nearly two years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Had Been There.

Teacher (at night school) — What is the "Deserted Village?"

Shaggy-Haired Pupil—It's any village when the reg'lar day passenger train goes through.—Chicago Tribune.

The Natural Result.

"It looks as if the people were getting on to us at last," said the crooked politician. "What will we do?"

"Time, I'm afraid," repied the other, despondently.—Chicago Journal.

Of Course She Couldn't.

He—What would you say if I kissed you?

She—How in the world could I say anything with my mouth covered?—Yonkers Statesman.

Speak for Themselves.

"Are they first-class instruments?"

"You don't have to take my word for that, replied the dealer, "these phonographs speak for themselves."—Houston Post.

Continuous Financial Strain.

Knicker—What do you think of an all night bank?

Bocker—Heavens! The cashier couldn't take a vacation or a sleep.—N. Y. Sun.

Not Close.

"Smith is said to be very close."

"Then report lies. He called at our house last night and I couldn't get him within a mile of me."—Houston Post.

COLLEGES CROWDED.

ENTRANCE TO WOMEN'S INSTITUTES VERY DIFFICULT.

Not Only Lack of Room But Strictness in Regard to Health and Other Regulations Are Barriers.

Getting into one of the women's colleges these days is a serious undertaking. The most popular of them are so crowded that only a part of those who are prepared to enter can be admitted. This makes a situation exactly the reverse of that which prevails in men's colleges, says the New York Sun, where every student who can pass the examination and meet the perfunctory requirements as to moral character is welcomed.

Several of the women's colleges require that those who intend to matriculate in a particular year shall give notice to that effect three or four years beforehand. Thus it is pretty well known for several years in advance what are the prospects for students, and the colleges are able to maintain their standards of scholarship.

Physical health also is more strictly insisted upon in the women's colleges than in the men's. Nearly all schools, at least of the higher grade, are now insisting as never before upon the health of pupils.

A physician is often attached to the gymnasium, sometimes as general superintendent of physical culture, and upon his advice the pupils often cut down their school work or for a time altogether give it up. At the women's colleges the relation of physical health to general education is felt to be so important that a very close watch is kept upon those who enter college and upon all students throughout their whole course.

Every year the June examinations of those who have been for several years registered as prospective matriculates of the women's colleges result in thinning out the numbers, but the places of those who for physical reasons or for failure to reach the standard of scholarship are told to wait another year are taken by applicants who have not been registered so long.

Then the unlucky ones either give up the race for the year or spend a large part of the summer in study for the autumn examinations, or in special exercises designed to improve their physical condition. The girl who is rejected on account of both physical ill health and lack of mental preparation stands small chance of making up her double deficiency.

Those students who have been longest registered enjoy at some of the women's colleges special advantages. Certain favorite dormitories are quickly filled up by the long registered students.

In some cases there is room in the campus dormitories for only those who have applied far in advance and late comers have to lodge outside the college grounds. The fortunate occupants of favorite dormitories are much envied by the outsiders, and some parents consider it so important that their daughters shall actually live within the college grounds that they prefer that the girls shall wait a year before entering, rather than have them exposed to the inconvenience and possible temptations of lodging outside.

It is even intimated that wealthy parents sometimes pay handsomely to lucky occupants of the dormitories for an exhange of rooms. A few parents, on the other hand, believing that the dormitories are distracting and perhaps dangerous in their effect upon the nerves, prefer that their daughters shall live elsewhere.

The girl matriculate has one other trouble that the boy escapes—the question of clothes. Most young men are content to go to college just a little better dressed than at home, but the girls and their mothers must pass many troubled hours in preparing the college trousseau.

At all the women's colleges there is a pretty wholesome spirit in the matter of dress, and the authorities systematically frown upon extravagance; but every freshman enters college with some termors as to her outward appearance, and there is a good deal of comment upon the attire of newcomers.

Gold Nuggets in the Street.

"The streets of some of the mining towns of California are paved with gold," said U. P. Koenig. "Yes, I mean just what I say. A great deal of the rock that is taken out of the mines contains such a small percentage of gold that it would not be profitable to take it out, so when a street needs paving this rock is crushed, and, being exceedingly hard, makes the finest sort of a pavement. After a rain one can see any number of people in the streets picking up pieces of gold ore. Some of these pieces contain $40 worth of gold, but, of course, such valuable nuggets are rare finds."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Cabbages in Pledge.

There is one pawnbroking establishment in connection with Covent Garden market that is absolutely without a rival. This pawnbroking license enables the holder to lend money on garden and other produce by special contracts that only hold good for 48 hours as the extreme limit. Many a good load of fruit, flowers or vegetables that may arrive late for one market or that may not be instantly saleable is pledged. Next morning the stuff can either be redeemed or sold by the broker.—London Tit-Bits.

Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue prepared to blow his horn.

"I don't care anything about the sheep in the meadow or the cows in the corn," he observed, "but with an $8,000 machine I simply cannot afford to run over any more children."

So saying, he turned off the spark.—Smart Set.

SHOW RAPID GROWTH

INCREASE OF FRATERNAL SOCIETIES IN AMERICA.

Patriotic Teachings as Much an Incentive as Any Pecuniary or Other Benefit Members Receive.

One of the most remarkable facts that presents itself to the student of modern American life is the growth of fraternalism. The deep-rooted and widespread hold fraternal teaching and practice has taken upon the American mind is one of the most remarkable facts in connection with the country's development, says the Los Angeles Herald. Within the last 20 years scores of societies have sprung into existence and so far as I am aware there is no record of any of them having failed. On the contrary all have enjoyed great prosperity. The same is true of the more ancient societies. They have steadily added to their membership and wealth.

Fraternities have existed since the dawn of history. Not in the precise form of the present, it is true, but they nevertheless inculcated the doctrines upon which the modern societies depend for stability and perpetuity. It is well known that Masonry, the oldest recognized secret society, claims that its first lodge was composed of the builders of Solomon's temple.

The modern growth of fraternal ideas in America is undoubtedly due in a large measure to the national idea of liberty. Secret societies have never flourished in countries that were governed by despots. Even in the more liberal and enlightened monarchies of modern Europe they are regarded with suspicion as the idea is ever prevalent that their purposes may be of a political nature. In the United States conditions have been peculiarly favorable to the development of these societies. The constitution has guaranteed to the citizen the right to belong to any organization he pleases provided, only, that that organization is not prejudicial to the true conception of the duties of American citizenship.

Another element of growth has been the liberality of the societies themselves. The doctrines of all of them are much the same and all are organized along broad lines. There is no such thing as creed in the sense understood by the church. Such religious teaching as is given is confined to faith in the existence of a Supreme Being and belief in the immortality of the soul of man. This liberality has attracted to fraternal orders a large class of persons who refuse to be governed by the more explicit teachings of the church, and at the same time it is sufficiently in harmony with the tenets of religion that those who were members of the church were not deterred from affiliating with the societies.

One of the great developments of the fraternal idea that is purely modern is that called fraternal insurance. It was found that persons could form themselves into a society for the purpose of mutual protection in case of death and the insurance be given to the member at absolute cost. The elimination of large fees and premiums made these societies especially popular with people of moderate incomes, and the result has been a phenomenal growth along these lines.

Another source of popularity is the fact that all of the societies are patriotic in their teachings. So far as I have been able to ascertain, after a fairly comprehensive examination, all of them teach reverence for the Stars and Stripes and hold elevated ideas of the duties of citizenship. As an instance of the liberality of the societies the recent change made in the qualifications of candidates for admission to one of them may be mentioned.

All, or nearly all, of the societies had interdicted dealers in spirituous liquors. This was not merely on the ground that these men were socially unfit, but rather on the account that they were regarded as very hazardous risks. In order to obviate their difficulty the saloon men formed an order among themselves. The order flourished and grew strong and it was then proposed to broaden its scope in order to admit all classes of citizens. This was done and it is said that the saloon men are now in the minority in the order they originated for themselves.

One of the universal tenets of the societies is charity. Without exception this great virtue is installed by all of them and the result has been that the scope of operations of many of the organizations has become world wide.

This charity includes not merely the frailities common to all humanity but it has induced a more kindly feeling toward those dwellers in benighted parts of the world where the blessings of fraternity were heretofore unknown, and the result is that to-day the banners of many societies are floating in remote parts of the earth.

Snake Spring in Western Ohio.

A South sider who returned from his summer vacation a few days since narrates an interesting story of a spring in western Ohio, known as the Snake spring. The name is said to be due to the fact that it has proved a mecca for thousands of water snakes who rendezvous in a shad pool within a few feet of the spring. Snake spring is situated in the midst of a comparatively primitive section of the Buckeye state, and is surrounded by a settlement of persons who are materially influenced by the superstitions of their forefathers, and consequently, are not disposed to disturb the legions of slimy creatures and their favored resort.—Columbus Dispatch.

Couldn't Stand for One.

"Here!" shouted the suddenly rich man from the west to a waiter in the highest-priced hotel on the beach, "bring me another knife."

"Yes, sah."

"Understand, after this, that I never eat mashed potatoes and boiled cabbage with the same knife."—Detroit Free Press.

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