

What to wear and Where to Buy It

Don't buy your Spring and Summer Suit until you see our new and up-to-date line of Men's and Boy's Clothing, in all the Latest Patterns and Styles

THE LATEST SPRING AND SUMMER HATS

IN STETSON, GRIZZLY

AND 400 BRANDS

IF YOU WANT A NOBBY UP TO DATE HAT

SEE OUR LINE

MENS AND BOYS SUITS IN ROUND, SQUARE AND DOUBLE BREASTED SACKS



SUITS MADE TO MEASURE FROM \$13.50 up. Fit Guaranteed.



Walkover Shoes

NEW LINE EXTRA TROUSERS \$1.50 TO \$6.00

AGENTS FOR CONTINENTAL TAILORING CO., HENRY HILP TAILORING CO.

Walkover Shoes

WE CAN DRESS YOU FROM HEAD TO FOOT. "NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS."

Klamath Falls Toggery Shop. KLAMATH KOMMERCIAL KOMPANY.

Jud Fiske's Exciting Career

TO PUT a whole novel into a brief story is a pretentious undertaking, but it can sometimes be done by cutting out descriptions, comments and the pretty sayings that the writer thinks could not but please the world. For the sake of those who now desire nothing but commendation there is an adoption of fictitious names, all the rest being a veritable relation of facts.

Judson Fiske had gone through Yale. His chums all called him "Jud," and it is not amiss to follow the example of his friends. He was from an old family of wealth. His allowance was fearfully large and a red streak would come nearer than any other one symbol to characterizing his college career. He gave many a night feast and the total of the bills was larger than that of many a prosperous family. He loved gambling and lost much. He loaned a great deal of money that was never returned. In short, he was a good fellow and plucked all along the line.

After graduating Jud was sent abroad and for two years helped to enliven the old world at the same time acquiring considerable knowledge, for he was one of those chaps who come very near to learning by absorption. Through some mysterious gift or inspiration he was frequently enabled to illuminate a subject over which instructors had differed for years. Among his deceptive peculiarities was a face as fair as a woman's, silken brown hair that waved in a way to make many a lady envious, unstudied grace and small, white hands. But he had muscles of steel, could concentrate all his strength in a single effort, had a tigerish quickness of movement and was wonderfully skilful in the ways of the sword and defense. During his visit to the continent he plucked a saucy young German officer who resented the fact that Jud would not salute in a café when ordered to do so; disarmed a jealous Italian youth and punctured the sword arm of a Frenchman who questioned American bravery. On his way home he was in London long enough to knock out a bully who provoked a quarrel just because Jud looked so effeminate and easy.

After returning he had not been with the family two weeks before he was fabled deep in love with the pretty governess. In a month he proposed to her and was accepted with the proviso that parental consent was given to the marriage. Then came the fireworks. His proud mother had been a shop girl and his proud father had inherited the bulk of his fortune. There was no chance to deny that the governess was a better woman than Jud was a man, but the prejudice of caste takes root in strange soil and the paternal ultimatum was that if the son took the governess for his bride he would be disowned and disinherited.

such a calamity and no persuasion on the part of the young man could induce her to relent.

At the climax the mother insistently asserted itself and Mrs. Fiske stood loyally by the son and won from him an affection that she had never before enjoyed. But the father, as is grandly and showed his moral obliquity by manipulating the governess, who had resisted the utmost pressure to disregard his will. She evidenced her contrasting "saviour" of character by going later and doing more than anyone else to bring Mrs. Fiske through a critical illness.

After the manner of such hot-headed young men, Jud turned, the tables by disowning his father and serving notice that he would never touch a cent of money made, owned or disbursed by the head of the house. Then the gifted, but bitter, youth started for the west in search of anything that might aid him to forget. The grand interior of civilization was too tame for him. He went to the frontier and plunged into the excesses which it offered. His gambling mania was stimulated and his bad luck clung to him.

The professionals looked upon him as the tenderest of tenderfeet and caused him to openly that even he could detect their methods. There were two unceremonious funerals the next morning and Jud was unconscious, incidentally he has trust fame upon himself and from then on got a square meal, though the fact did not materially improve his circumstances. The trouble was that he did not like men of a lesser general intelligence to get the better of him, and bided his time without special regard to the value of his hands.

One afternoon it was whispered about with bated breath that the bad man of a neighboring camp was coming down to clean up on the dead dealer of the camp with which Jud was identified. The visitor who was coming upon his own invitation, had a tattered record covering most of the outlines of civilization in that country. The consequence was that his proposed victim rode away that night and the town went into the depths of humiliation. The situation recommended itself to Jud. He went to the saloon with the biggest red light and conferred with the proprietor. It can be epitomized.

Jud asked if the attacking champion knew the local "false alarm" who had disappeared. He did not; never saw him.

"Then I'm he," smiled Jud.

"Want to die?"

"Not at all particular, thank you. I happen to belong here at present and have a whole lot of municipal pride. That blood-letter must not come here and go away to tell that he could not get a rise out of the whole burg. I'm 'Harp Wilkins' till the thing's over. Understand?"

The invader came with becoming clatter and display of his horse, his horsemanship and armament. The rough chivalry of the day and environment gave him right of way until he faced the one he was after. He rode straight to the man with whom Jud had conferred, swaggered in and called for a drink to all hands. After

an exchange of like courtesies he inquired if there was not a coyote of some fame in those parts known as Harp Wilkins. "I've heard of him," the bad man went on, "and 'lowed I'd better pay my respects. Kin it be 'I'm lookin' at him'" as he frowned on the assembled crowd.

The proprietor called the guest aside and was seen to point down the street. There was Jud with his hands crossed behind his back, walking slowly by as his eyes kindled the ground.

"What'er yer givin' me?" and the invader glared. "That there is a woman in disguise. 'Til I reckon she's good enough for this outfit. I'll just step down there and spank her and I'll wait 'round here 'long 'nough fur to ascertain certain whether you got anything else stronger or more bitin'."

Away went the bulky desperado and tapped Jud on the shoulder. He turned slowly and the alien grabbed him. It was the game just as the young fellow had planned it. He kicked a Colt's out of the older man's hands, knocked him down faster than he could get up, removed his cartridge belt, twisted his ears, tweaked his nose and ended by sticking him to the camp limits. It was the most disgraceful thing that ever happened to a gun snark on the frontier, and you may be sure that he never went back to his own crowd to tell the story.

Jud was now a hero, but the very fact that opposition had been wiped out made him tired. He took the back track as far as Denver and there had a yearning that induced him to write to his mother. Then he plunged again, lost his money, as usual, went clear to the lowest stratum, and while trying to live on his wits was befogging them with dissipation.

As a financial crisis approached he rented rooms over a German saloon, and was never crowded for payment because his singing, story-telling, genial ways and ability to quiet disorderly patrons made him worth more than he cost. One day he made the discovery that the Western Union telegraph wires crossed the roof over his head. He tapped them, with the assistance of a practical man whom he had cultivated in the saloon. Having advanced information on every race he coiled money and gained the reputation of a man whose judgment it was good to follow.

One night the tapped wire gave him this: "Drura is dangerously sick and begs that you come at once."

The telegram was signed by his mother and addressed to him in his own name, which he had not used for months. Had it gone to the main office he would never have called for it, and could not have been found. Drura was the governess and the only woman he loved. It was a call from the past; a call that he must answer. The interim of desperate and riotous living seemed wiped out. He broke all of the newer and wiser connections, "leak" wire included.

Jud reached home in the shortest time possible. His strong presence was the medicine needed by the loyal governess, and she melted from the moment of his coming. The stern father could hold out no longer. The young

twain were made one amid gorgeous festivities, and have been deservedly happy ever since.

I should have copyrighted this veritable tale for melodramatic purposes, but elect to dedicate it to the public.—Detroit Free Press.

The Years Are Flowers.
Out of eternity they spring.
The flowers years be doing, blossoming;
Opening, opening like the rose,
The Young Year blows.
The years are flowers of shade and sun,
All blossoms wither, stays not one,
Fading, fading like the rose,
The Old Year goes.
—John Vance Cheney, in Youth's Companion.

In Another Way.
She—Mrs. Sparker has done nothing lately but run down her neighbors.
He—I had no idea she was such a gossip.
She—Who said anything about gossip?
He—She is learning to drive her new motor-car.—Cassell's.

Had Wide Experience.
Butts—Do you really think man the noblest work of God?
Cutts—Indeed I do.
Butts—What's your business?
Cutts—Me? Oh, I am a ladies' tailor.
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE CUT DIRECT.

Maud—Have you seen Millie since she came back to town?
Noodle—Yaas.
Maudie—How did she look?
Noodleie—The other way.

Pessimism.
First a snow and then a freeze,
You slide around and slip
And then a thaw on top of these,
And then a case of grip.
—Washington Star.

Willing to Oblige.
Penman—Have you read my latest book?
Brokley—No, lend me \$2 and I'll go out and buy one.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Time for Chloroform.
"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on!"
"Yes; he said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."—Tit-Bits.

After Facts.
"How old did your sister say she is?"
"Eighteen."
"How old is she?"—Houston Post.

SMALL BOYS IN BACK SEATS which comes from Marysville, Cal., says Youth's Companion, is quite new in its details. A heavy forest fire was raging near the line between Butte and Yuba counties. A rancher named Rogers left his little daughter, Florence, in care of Bruno, a great Dane, and with his wife hastened across the woods to assist a neighbor a mile away to fight the fire that was threatening his barn.

In less than an hour the wind shifted so as to menace the Rogers premises. Realizing the danger, Rogers, his wife and three neighbors started on the run, but they could not keep pace with the flames.

Mrs. Rogers fainted before coming in sight of the house. When the men reached the edge of the clearing the flames were all about it, the stables on fire, and the house was just beginning to blaze.

Rogers, now frantic, was preparing to dash through the circle of flames to rescue his child. But before he could reach his house, out burst big Bruno through the kitchen window, holding the little girl in his great jaws.

When he landed with a bounce Bruno dropped Florence for an instant; but picking her up again he came bounding on across the clearing, the weeds of which were then on fire. He ran straight to Rogers and gently deposited the frightened child at his feet.

Bruno seemed to have realized his own peril as well as Florence's. He was in a closed room, and so made a bold dash through a window with his little charge. Florence's face and hands were painfully cut with glass and her clothing scorched. The dog was also gashed, and his hair burned off in places.

Don't Be Too Strong.
The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. The strongest, by disposing of his overmanly, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its way through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over with hideous roar and leaves no trace behind.—Carlyle.

Vital Spot.
Among the wounded at Liaovang was a war correspondent. He was probably hit in the imagination.—Chicago Chronicle.

DOG SAVED CHILD'S LIFE.
Daughter of California Rancher Carried from Burning Building by Great Dane.

Stories of dogs which have rescued people from fire or water are not uncommon. One, however,

CURE WORSE THAN DISEASE
How One Health Officer Managed to Immune Himself from Ravages of Smallpox.

J. K. Stuart, assistant health commissioner, is now thoroughly immune from smallpox, says Denver Republic. Through following the prescription of one of the deputies in the health commissioner's office, he has rendered himself impervious to the attack of the loathsome disease. Instead of being grateful Stuart swore revenge on his fellow playmates.

Health Commissioner Stuart the other day informed Stuart that he would have to handle the smallpox cases. The day immediately began to imitate among the clerks how he could protect himself against all possibilities of contagion.

"I know just one thing," one. "Get some bisulphide of carbon. Take a long sniff every three hours. After a while there will be absolutely no danger of your contracting smallpox, matter how virulent the disease may be."

Now, bisulphide of carbon smells like the concentrated of eggs decayed for generations. But Stuart did not mind that. He bought a bottle of stuff and conscientiously took long sniffs of it every three hours. Finally the treatment became severe. He dashed the bottle on the floor and shouted:

"I'd rather have all the smallpox in the world than take a sniff of that stuff."

The laugh that followed revealed the joke to the assistant health commissioner. He swears he will get even.

"The first thing some of our practical jokers know," he said, "they will find their pockets stuffed with limburger cheese."

Pearls of Sul.
Some years ago the sultan of Persia learned that the pearl fishers were reaping big profits. He applied his revenue collector's sieves and ordered that all found near Sul must be taken to these sieves. Those that passed through were to be retained by the fishermen; those that remained in the sieves were long to the sultan for nearly ruined the pearl fish-

