

LOCAL AND BUSINESS BRIEFS

Ice cream at Manning's every day.

New line of rings. L. Alva Lewis.

Wm. A. Wright and his son Carl returned last evening from a visit to California.

New jobs. L. Alva Lewis.

Go on the excursion Sunday and get acquainted with the citizens of Wood river country.

Wanted—Small jobs and lots of them. Repairing any old thing. Repair shop, Wood River, Oregon.

Do not forget the excursion to Agency Landing Sunday for the benefit of improving Wood River. Bring along your lunch.

New cuff links. L. Alva Lewis.

Rev. Smith has a pony, safe for children, good traveler, about 6 yrs. old, for sale. Also a Columbia chainless bicycle almost new.

New guard chains. L. Alva Lewis.

Services at the Opera House Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Preaching by Rev. Trippe of the Baptist Church. All cordially invited.

New Watches. L. Alva Lewis.

New diamond rings. L. Alva Lewis.

Two more gasoline launches have arrived for business men of this city. J. V. Houston and J. G. Pierce received two new boats last evening.

Got a bum cigar? Not at the City Drug Store.

Walter Marple arrived Monday evening from the State of Washington. He has sold out his ranch there and has returned to Klamath Falls to live.

Smoke Tom Keene five cent cigar. City Drug Store.

Jack Kimball returned last evening from a visit to Medford. In company with Otis Krause and Floyd Baldwin he left for his big ranch on Buck Island.

Once tried always used. City Drug Store Chocolates.

All services as usual at the Presbyterian Church next Sabbath. At 11: A. M. the pastor will preach on "Demons" and at 8 P. M. Rev. W. F. Shields, a former pastor is expected to preach.

Rose Cream for chaps and sunburn. City Drug Store.

Word was received this week from Mrs. H. L. Benson who is visiting at Hollister, Cal. of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Briggs, Jr. Mrs. Briggs is a daughter of Judge and Mrs. Benson.

For a few days only, portraits \$1.00 per dozen—Baldwin Studio.

Mr. John A. Smith of Siskiyou county, Cal., and Miss Nettie Chip, of Klamath county, were married at the Klamath Hotel in this city on Saturday, July 15, 1906. The ceremony was performed by Justice S. C. Graves.

If you cannot find a cigar to suit you, try the "Bank Exchange."

Mr. A. H. Engle has leased the Klamath House and desires the continuance of the patronage of all the old customers, and also a trial by new ones. You will find a first class table at the Klamath Hotel with chicken dinners on Sunday.

Choice liquors and cigars and select brands of wine at the Bank Exchange.

Every man owes it to himself and his family to master a trade or profession. Read the display advertisement of the six Morse Schools of Telegraphy, in this issue and learn how easily a young man or lady may learn telegraphy and be assured a position.

200 cords of dry wood, mostly fir, 16 inch length, at \$2.00 per cord. Inquire of Al. Carlson at Moore Bros. saw mill.

The Klamath Lake Lumber Company are building a planing mill at Hank's Landing on the Upper Lake. The lumber from their mill at Odessa will be brought down by boat and finished at the new mill. They already have a lumber yard established at this place.

BE JOYOUS.

Be joyous while it yet is day,
While morning hails her lists of dawn,
For glow and gladness fade away
And soon the dew of youth is gone;
So sing a merry round, fairies ring,
And dance to music light and gay,
Dance on, sing on and on.

Be happy while the day is young
And golden glories tint the skies;
Go wander where on breezes flung
The rose dispels her crimson dyes;
Go touch the lyre by fairies strung
And sing the joyous birds among,
Sing on ere morning dyes.

Be soothful while the lark that springs
And warbles in the blue above,
With few of nightfall on his wings
And song far sweeter than a kiss;
Go dance in bloom-burg fairy rings
And sing with every bird that sings,
Dance on, sing on in bliss.

Be joyous while the heart is light
With all the lightness of the dawn,
While spring has snowed the fields with white
And all the flowers are in bloom;
Before the blush of youth is gone;
The years are swift to take their flight
And youth is morning, age is night—
Chicago Record-Herald.

The Joss That Answered Prayer

By T. DUNCAN FERGUSON

THERE are three things whose influence I have endeavored to keep wholly out of my life—a mouse, a woman and a lie.

A strange notion this, perhaps, but who among us is without his or her eccentricities?

I am not effeminate, but the presence of a mouse ever gives me a creepy sensation.

A woman—believe me, I mean no disrespect when I say she probably has her particular place in the world, and I may remove all offense when I add that I have ever seemed totally unable to understand them.

This may mean a mental incapacity on my part, but 40 years of single solitude has confirmed opinions, whether good or evil. Being not altogether unhandsome, and with a gentle, to my rival sex, I sometimes marvel that I am as I am. I can remember testimonies to my virtues in my younger days.

Thirty-three, I think I was, when my poetic dreams were extravagant, and my passionate, bubbling youth sought some congenial soul to accept my devotion.

Found her; she with the black tresses that battled with the breeze; she with the flashing eyes that demand your obedience and you stand seemingly firm, yet irresolute, and say within yourself: "I won't," and with a gentle, to my rival sex, she with the rippling laugh that you'd know among a million, the last thing you hear at night before you sleep, start from it in your dreams, and wake with it in your ears in the morning, feeling as though you have imbibed some subtle narcotic whose spell is sweet for a space, but leaves an awful void in its absence.

I met her, I say, and told her the whole story with an eloquence that would have moved a murderer's jury to tears.

At length she spoke, though foreign to the subject: "Have you ever had much sorrow, Mr. Brandon?" "Not an unbearable amount," I replied; "why?" "I was thinking of the proverb that sorrow has a tendency to soften one, and I questioned if you had not had a goodly share."

This tender reference to a virtue of which I was never cognizant was the day. I pressed my suit, but she seemed to grow more foreign to me, and the matter ended in a manner inexplicable. From that day to this, I have lived alone, beyond the constant companionship of a faithful, though uncommunicative, Chinaman.

Then as to the lie—well, moral philosophy teaches that spontaneous falsehood betokens insanity, and I dread the thought of ever being called peculiar.

Wong was a poor literary enthusiast's necessity, and he my personal wants small or great, I never failed to pay that Chinaman his \$20 a month. I have few visitors, and these only come for the almighty quantity. Wong answered these calls, and being capable of grasping my unenviable position, the sum total of the conversation on his part was: "Ma no sabbe." How often from my room in the garret I have heard that creature, intensely human, retire from my humble quarters, indulging in a vernacular not found in any ethical system with which I am familiar.

Again, often becoming absorbed in my work, I took my meals at unreasonable hours, and, strange to say, Wong never complained.

With the coming of Wong, I was forced to take another into my family, and herein lies my tale.

I noted the fact that his worldly goods were limited to two pieces of luggage, one being a large sack in which he carried all his clothes, and the other a huge something wrapped with the care of a mummy, the which he allowed no one to touch save himself, and hesitated under the load.

I was somewhat curious, since grave necessity demanded that we occupy the same room. With gentle touch he unwrapped the bundle and stood the thing next to the cot in which he was to sleep. One look was enough. I forbade the thing in my room, and to my chagrin he informed me that he went with the object.

I had seen them before, but when it came to sleeping in the same room with that cross between a totem pole and an incubator's dreams, the hideousness of it fully dawned upon me. To Wong it seemed sacred, and I was forced to consent to the increase in my family in order to retain the Chinaman. Once or twice during the first month I awoke to behold those hideous eyes staring straight in my face, and the effect was rendered more frightful by the faint glow of the moon through the window, and settling on his form. At length, however, we became better friends; not on speaking terms, of course, but that friendly indifference that brings neither good nor evil.

Thirteen years that Chinaman served me faithfully, and in that proverbial year he took his celestial flight. Thirteen years of much the same thing, day in and day out, probably made me careless to the fact that there is ever a turn in the road, and when it came, this hard

old heart of mine was touched, since putting all the sweet things out of my life, I was attached to that Chinaman alone; yet we have much for which we may be thankful, and even in my dire extremity I was not without sympathy.

A certain widow who resided several doors from me, on learning that I had death in the family, came to offer her condolence, and suggest a means of disposing with the remains of my faithful servant and friend. I could not notify any of his race of his death, and I did not have the heart to give his body to the medical students; so without the help of this Angel of Mercy I should indeed have been in a sorry plight.

I was ashamed of my antipathy to women when she offered to defray the expenses of his burial, and to save my feelings, suggested that I might pay it back as I found it convenient. And so this sad chapter came to a close.

I may lack that fine sense of feeling, but a week later found me longing for something else in my life beside solitude. Perhaps the old longing of my youth had been kindled anew for aught I know, but, be that as it may, I lived in a state of constant unrest. Perhaps it was money I needed; perhaps it was the widow. She had enough, and to spare, but whatever meanness forms a part of my nature, believe me, I could not stoop to such means to obtain it. No! If she could accept me, she must feel my distress were prompted by love, and love alone. But to demonstrate even this, I must have some of the petty quantity.

At last, strain and want deprived me of sleep, and night after night I lay awake, thinking, dreaming of a million fancied wrongs on the part of providence, until more than once I resolved to drown my sorrows and liquidate my indebtedness in the ebullient tide.

What would the widow think of my proposal? Would the publishers accept the work of my life? And last of all, the strange thought: What had Wong done with the money I paid him? Thirteen years at \$20 per month—\$3,120! Not a mean sum, that, and I wagered some fellow celestial held the whole.

And lately, to add to my unrest, that old woman's had been making pe-

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26,000 acres of the very best farm land in Klamath County, FOR SALE CHEAP. Will sell in large or small tracts to suit purchasers. Terms reasonable. Also have some good residence property in Klamath Falls at a bargain.

Correspondence Solicited.

Reference First National Bank, Klamath Falls, Or.

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GEO. R. HURN The Hardware Dealer

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued out of, and under the hand and seal of the clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Klamath County, bearing date the 17th day of July, 1906, upon a judgment and decree duly entered, enrolled and docketed in said Court on the 26th day of April, 1905, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Dora & Guthrie is plaintiff and Samuel J. Owen, John Owen, and Donald MacDonald and Harry John, partners doing business under the firm name of MacDonald & Cobb, are defendants, and to the effect directed, commencing me to sell the herein after described real premises to satisfy the amount awarded in said decree and execution, I will on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1906, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., of said day, at the front door of the County Court House in the City of Klamath Falls, in said County of Klamath, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the day of sale, subject to redemption in the manner provided by law, all the right, title, interest and estate by law, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said defendants and of each and every one of them, and of all persons claiming by, through or under them or either of them, ob-

mitted to the date of plaintiff's petition which is foreclosed in said suit, to-wit: the 12th day of September, 1902, of, in and to said mortgage premises, described as follows:

The Northwest quarter of Section twenty-two (22), in Township thirty-eight (38) North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Willamette Meridian in Klamath County, State of Oregon, containing one hundred and sixty (160) acres, more or less, together with the tenements, improvements and appurtenances thereon owned by said Klamath Falls, Oregon, this said date of July, 1906. HILAS OBERMAYER, Sheriff of Klamath County, Oregon.

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Best equipped saw mill in the territory. Capacity 12,000 feet per day. Location. Good market for all sawed. See or write Fitch & Spencer, Merrill

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