

KLAMATH REPUBLICAN

W. O. SMITH, Editor and Proprietor.

LEADING NEWSPAPER OF INTERIOR OREGON.
TWO DOLLARS THE YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Klamath Falls, Ore., Thursday, July 27 1905.

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HONESTY IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Can it be that we are entering upon an era of honest administration of public affairs? From many cities and states are coming reports of sweeping reforms wrought by some strong leader backed up by the determination of a burdened and outraged public. The strong personality of the President and his determined stand for what he thinks right have won against the powerful organizations of entrenched greed and lawlessness. Graft thought the American public too drowsy to take heed and aid. But graft did not reckon with the inherent traits of character that have existed and will exist so long as time is. The people have been accused of laxness of morality. Their efforts for better administration so long met defeat, because unaccustomed to deal with entrenched wickedness, that it was declared that they never would unite to win, and without organization there was no possible chance of victory. So the grafters thought, but they reckoned vain. Under the reflex influences of venality grew up various societies to suppress the crime. "Tax the people as much as they will bear" is the old slogan. The breaking-limit was reached. In the city civic societies were organized. Women's clubs of various kinds are always in favor of high morality. In the country was the grange, binding thousands of little communities together in one great organization, powerful to effect its will. Secret societies, that have a history of hundreds of years quietly working for good.

Another potent factor is the increasing size of the graduating classes of secondary schools and colleges that are annually sending out a splendid type of citizens. These young men and women, imbued with high ideals and a keen perception that truth and right are eternal, that falseness meets a just doom, are factors in every-day life.

"An educated man may see some things," wrote Ex-President Super, "but he is not apt to go permanently wrong."

This is the gist of the whole matter. People are recognizing that educating pays in a civic way as well as in acquiring a higher degree of happiness. Our various societies, therefore, have education as their avowed aim. All these agencies are strengthening the public conscience, ripening its intelligence, making it powerful in the knowledge of its own strength.

"I have within me the strength of ten, for my heart is pure," said Sir Galahad.

Everywhere men and women are recognizing that private purity and virtue cannot tolerate public laxness and venality. The school which preached the doctrine that men are justified in dishonesty in public affairs so long as they win is dying out. In no place is there need for honesty as in the administration of public affairs. Nowhere else is it so conspicuous. In no other place is dishonesty so warmly condemned as where interests of the public are at stake. Take heart, then ye who seek the better way. It may not be all as you wish it. Your way may not be the best way. But keep the main thing in mind—honor and truth and justice in public and in private affairs—and rest assured that Nature will fight well on your side.—Exchange.

GAME LAWS.

Deer Season Opens on August 15.

Spotted Fawn—Closed at all times Buck Deer, Moose, Mounds in Sheep (except in the Counties of Grant, Harney, Malheur and Baker)—Closed from November 1 of each year to Aug. 15 of the following year.

Fennel Deer—Closed from November 1 of each year to Sept. 15 of the following year.

Night hunting and use of dogs in hunting Deer, or Moose are prohibited within the state at all times.

Limit—Five Deer in any one open season.

Elk—Closed until Sept. 15, 1907, then closed between Oct. 15 of each year and Sept. 15 of the following year.

Rest of such officials for the purpose of sale, barter, exchange or trade, except upon permission from the State Game or Forestry Warden.

Silver Grey Squirrel—Closed from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1 of each year.

Ducks, Geese, Swan—Closed between the first day of February and the first day of September. Limited to 50 in one week.

Water Rail and Upland Plover—Closed between the first day of January and the first day of August.

Pheasant—East of the Cascade Mountain—Closed at all seasons.

Sage Hen, sage cock, grouse, or native pheasant—Closed between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of August of the following year.

Quail—Closed except between the second Saturday and the third Tuesday of the month of September. Limited to six quail in one day or twelve in one week.

Unlawful to hunt without license.—A license must be obtained from the county clerk and carried with party while hunting. Resident fee for License \$1, non-resident \$10.

Trout—Closed during months of November, December, January, February and March. Unlawful to keep trout less than five inches in length. Night fishing prohibited. Limit 125 in one day.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

(Medford Oregonian)

Henry C. Sherrer is now located near Keno, Klamath county, where he is engaged in logging.

J. W. H. Bates and his family have gone to Klamath county and will remain several months.

A. D. Naylor and Ford Sherman have gone to Klamath county, to inspect the resources of that rapidly growing section.

Mrs. O. C. Applegate of Klamath county, accompanied by her son Frank and his wife, are visiting in Medford, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Alford.

J. R. Williamson and H. A. Corliss, of Grants Pass, were on the south-bound train one day last week, enroute to Klamath county.

John Chastain, who arrived from Klamath county not long ago, is acceptably filling the position of salesman at Brown's grocery store.

J. W. Savage, who was engaged in mining in Coleman Creek district before he sold his property to H. Van Tassel, has located at Klamath Falls with his family.

At the present time it is difficult to ascertain how the cattle market will be this coming season. L. E. West, of the Carstens Packing Co. of Tacoma, says that Lake county people can expect a fair price for their beef if they can deliver it at the railroad in good condition. The price will probably not be as good as last year owing to the fact that California is flooded with stock. Most of the Lake county beef will have to go to northern buyers and the Carstens Company will be one of the largest buyers. The grass has been and still is very good in California, so that the San Francisco butchers and packing companies will not be compelled to leave their own state to get beef.—Lakeview Herald.

The Difference.
"Arry—I say, Bill, wot's the difference between them ere gins as the bloke at the 'all was a-tellin' us about last night—the oxy-gin and the hyery-kin?"
"Bill—Blowed if I know, 'Arry—unless one's pure gin, and the other's gin and water.—Ailly Soper.

A Breather.
The Philosopher—I cannot understand how it is that you public sengers seem unable to proceed unless you receive a certain amount of applause.
Operatic Star—It isn't the applause we want—it's the time to get breath.—Ailly Soper.

Family Pride.
Mamma—You don't mean to say you took a second piece of pie when you were visiting, do you?
Tommy—Yes, mamma. I wanted to show 'em I was used to having plenty at home.—Chicago News.

Reserved for Life.
George—I just saw you coming from the conservatory with Miss Golgie. Rather handsome girl, but too reserved for me.
Thomas—Yes. I've just reserved her for life.—Smith's Weekly.

Original.
She—What do you think of my brother as an artist?
He—I think he's very original. Why, he painted a house over our way, and it didn't look one bit like the house.—Yonkers Statesman.

Dropped.
"What on earth is the baby crying for, Katie?"
"Why, sure, ma'am, you told me when you called me to drop every thing!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Couldn't Say.
Mrs. Church—How long have you had the girl you have now?
Mrs. Gotham—I really don't remember just what time she did come today.—Yonkers Statesman.

So It Would.
Biggs—I wonder why a dentist calls his office a dental parlor?
Diggs—I don't know. Drawing room would be more appropriate.—Chicago News.

A SONG OF GOLD.

Gold makes a world seem sunny—Touches a thousand springs.
But—what would we care for money, If twopen' for these trilling things?
The greedy bill,
An' the cool an' sneer,
An' the month's roll
Of the rest—o'ast!
An' the walk
On the world's green grass—
An' that's why we need it, my dearest!

The gold makes the dark day sunny
An' tempers the blizzards—breeze
Even the hives that drip with honey
Are fed by the golden bee!
Oh, 'tis gold for bread,
An' gold for gas,
An' gold to breathe
The air, an'—
An' gold to walk
On the world's green grass—
An' that's why we need it, my dearest!

Oh, that it were not given
To our lives its gleam to hold!
But even the streets of heaven
Are paved, as they say, with gold!
We would love each other
More—ah!
If we need for gold
From our lives would pass;
For the gold must stay you
Beside the gold's grass—
An' that's why we need it, my dearest!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.



IT WAS winter and very cold, and the panels of costly wood carved with art and wealth of detail, had been carefully closed around the prince, making the room in which he sat very small.

Many beautiful robes lined with warm wool and covered with priceless silk lay crossed in contrasting colors on the daimio's breast, and on one wide sleeve of the outermost garment was embroidered a star formed by five balls encircling a sixth. This was the crest of the illustrious Kanga family, which knows no equal throughout all Japan or among the islands of Shendai and Satsuma.

The prince, in spite of his wealth, his lands and his money, felt nevertheless that he was very poor and miserable. And the reason was that for several days he had tried to think of something for the anniversary of his daughter's birthday and he could think of nothing.

It was unfortunately true that the princess, who would on the morrow attain the dignity of 16, already possessed everything that it was possible for a young lady to possess, but this was in comparison to the daimio. What was the use of being a prince, of having such wealth, if he could not offer her something new and pleasing? Presently he arose.

"I will go to her apartments. Perhaps, unconsciously she will tell me what she would like," he said to himself.

He struck a bronze gong and immediately the carved panels rolled open, disclosing endless halls filled with samurais of noble birth, pages, guards and menials. The samurais who wore the two swords bowed deep while all the others prostrated themselves on the ground.

"I will visit my daughter," said the daimio.

Fiaki, or Ray of Sunshine, sat on a pile of cushions in the hall of her own particular palace. The folds of her magnificent robes were arranged symmetrically about her in many colors and shapes, but most abundant was the wonderful kimono of blue satin everywhere embroidered with spider web in which were caught the many colored petals of summer flowers.

The young girl's face was white as snow, her crimson lips opened slightly to disclose two rows of pearly teeth, and the eyebrows, following the manner of princesses, were closely shaven and replaced by two little black patches painted very high on the forehead.

As the prince entered, Fiaki hid her face for an instant in the long sleeves of her robe, thus greeting her father with a tender and modest salute. The daimio smiled with pleasure at the grace and beauty of the child whom he adored. He overwhelmed her with caressing names, asking her if she was happy and if there was nothing she desired.

"Ah! illustrious prince and father," cried Fiaki, clasping her hands sorrowfully, "how can I be happy while the earth suffers? How can I smile when the sales weep? Ah, the gods are cruel to have created the winter season! I feel like a poor little excited plant, barely alive, and yet unable to die!"

"It is certain there is nothing she desires so much as springtime," thought the prince to himself, once more back in his little room.

He scowled fiercely at the gray clouds outside. Suddenly he commanded the presence of his chief minister. Nal-da-tsin hastened to learn the wishes of his illustrious lord, but the minister's heart sank at the sight of the prince's woe-stricken face.

"To-morrow is my daughter's birthday," he began coldly. "I desire, do you understand, I desire that by daybreak to-morrow the trees and bushes of the park and the entire country surrounding the palace shall be covered with flowers, as in the first months of the springtime. You may go."

"Your will shall be obeyed in all things," murmured the minister, bowing himself out backward.

Once outside, he clutched his hands in the protecting sleeves of his garment.

"It is exile, it is death!" he thought, bitterly. "What can I have done that should disgrace me?"

He examined his conscience severely.

"Nothing," he said at last. "The prince really desires that the spring should come to his daughter. Well, I will not trouble about death. But is there no other way?"

A sudden inspiration came to him, and he ran swiftly to his own palace, noting, with terror, that the short winter day was nearly ended. Gathering his colleagues around him, he told them of the extraordinary demand of

"There is only one thing to be done," he went on, noting the frightened faces about him. "Loyal! We may yet be saved."

"Everyone within three leagues around, men, women, girls and boys, nobles, merchants and peasants, must instantly to work with silk, velvet, satin and paper, and make scores of flowers. Let them cut up their clothes, their hangings; let them make use of their fans, cushions, everything they have."

"Then, before daybreak, all these flowers must be tied, fastened or glued to all the trees and bushes of the park, and all the country near the palace, the finest and best near the palace and away. All the painters and artists must do a supernatural decorations."

"Take the army, take the hospital, take the prisons. Every one must work, no one must stop to eat or drink to-night. Go and remember that your very lives depend upon your success."

Without a word the ministers fled immediately from the palace. In less than an hour there was not a single nor a house in the city nor a single village in the country where the inhabitants were not eating flowers, and if one had looked that night from the daimio's palace one would have seen thousands of lanterns bobbing about among the trees in every direction.

The next morning, as her women finished dressing her, Fiaki heard the sound of sweet singing and many instruments beneath her window.

"Ah! it is my birthday to-day," she said with a shiver. "Why are the gods so cruel as to cause it to fall in the winter time?" Her women pulled aside the curtains from the window.

"What a beautiful day, mistress," they said.

Indeed, as if it were a courier, the sky was clouded in richest blue in which the sun like a golden jewel shone proudly.

Languidly the princess walked out upon the balcony. But what a cry of joy and surprise broke from her lips! Flowers, however, in every direction, and as far as the eye could see. The princess rubbed her eyes. Was it a miracle?

"Father, father!" she cried, as the noble prince entered her apartment. "Truly, you are a god!"

The daimio, smiling with pleasure, proposed a ride through the park to see the magic springtime. The delighted princess clasped her hands, and the brilliant procession of gaily-dressed courtiers headed by the prince and his daughter started slowly down the winding avenue.

"What a delicious perfume scents the air!" cried the princess.

Surprised, the daimio realized that the soft odors of the spring flowers did indeed fill the air. The secret was that every few rods a fire of sweetest incense burned in carefully hidden braziers.

Presently an especially beautiful pink plum tree caught the attention of the princess.

"I wish a branch of that tree," she cried, happily. "It will be a memory of one of the most beautiful promulgations of my life."

The daimio looked uneasily at the minister.

"She will discover the cheat," he thought.

But Nal-da-tsin did not tremble nor grow pale.

"Grant me the honor to pluck it for you," he said.

He rode up to the tree and brought back a superb branch. The princess seized it, burying her face in the fresh, rose-flowers.

The daimio was more surprised than before. He did not expect that the prime minister had guessed all the greenhouses of all the palaces and had prepared many trees for just such an occasion.

"You are a wonderful man," the prince cried to his prime minister, when they returned to the palace. "You are absolutely a magician. But tell me, what can I do next year to surpass this marvellous feat?"

The prime minister smiled slowly.

He pointed to a charming young man, son of the prince of Satsuma, who was riding Princess Fiaki to assist from her coach.

"When another year has passed, and the princess receives another birthday as a gift from the gods, give her for a husband that charming prince. She will love him more than she does the springtime."

The daimio handed the minister a key of honor, increased with gold.

"This is the key to my treasures," he said. "Take it and make what use of it you will. You are more valuable to me than gold or precious stones."
—Translated for the N. Y. Sun.

Improvement in Matches.
The French government has decided to effect an improvement in the manufacture of women matches. Two-cent boxes are now on sale containing matches identical with those sold hitherto, except that in the middle of each is a small circle of taraffin wax which permits the flame to spring into life again and burn until the end of the wood is reached.

Plenty in Hand.
"You would get along a great deal better if you didn't get so excited," said the calm man to his irascible friend. "Can't you learn to keep your temper?"
"Keep my temper! Well, I like that!" retorted the other. "I'd have you understand that I keep more temper in one day than you have in your possession during a whole year!"—Cassell's.

Advice to Lovers.
Engagements never should be long. If swains will do to court, take heed! The long engagement's wrong—it keeps a fellow short.
—Philadelphia Press.

WILLIAMSON RIVER CAMPING GROUND
I am now prepared to take care of people who desire to camp on Williamson river. Will keep a boarding house and will have pasture and hay for horses. Boats will be kept for rent. Best of treatment to all. Will carry mail for campers to and from Agency.
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floor.

When you wish to
buy or sell, it will
pay you to con-
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will be assured
of a square deal

INQUIRIES
BY MAIL
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PROMPT ATTENTION

KLAMATH FALLS RAILROAD

IN EFFECT MAY 10 1905

Leave Klamath Falls	8:30 A.M.
Arrive Bend	9:30 A.M.
Leave Bend	10:30 A.M.
Arrive Prineville	11:30 A.M.
Leave Prineville	12:30 P.M.
Arrive Madras	1:30 P.M.
Leave Madras	2:30 P.M.
Arrive Klamath Falls	3:30 P.M.

KLAMATH SPRINGS SPECIAL

Leave Klamath Falls	1:30 P.M.
Arrive Bend	2:30 P.M.
Leave Bend	3:30 P.M.
Arrive Prineville	4:30 P.M.
Leave Prineville	5:30 P.M.
Arrive Madras	6:30 P.M.
Leave Madras	7:30 P.M.
Arrive Klamath Falls	8:30 P.M.

WINK AND BLINK.
Will your wick, blink your eye and nervous energy away, rather than wear glasses? Will you force your eyes to overwork, neglect them, when they cry for help? Abuse them year after year, until at middle life you are compelled to look and perhaps to find your vision impaired beyond entire repair. A little glass and at the proper time will save you a world of trouble and preserve your vision for old age, when you begin to rely more and more on printed look-a-newspaper for companionship.
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DID YOU EVER
Realize that half of the
sickness with which man-
kind is afflicted is traced to
the stomach. It is also
true that in most cases the
stomach is affected by the
condition of the teeth.

THIS
Is the reason why you
should consult me and have
your teeth examined regularly.
Defective teeth are
a mar to beauty and a mem-
ber to health. Bridge and
crown work a specialty.
W. R. BOYD,
DENTIST
Graduate of North Pacific
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