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CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR
KLAMATH FALLS
All kinds engineering and drafting
Plans and Specifications Furnished
J. E. DUVAL
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
Store and Bar
First Class Work Guaranteed
Main Street, bet. 5th and 6th Sts.
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SODA WATER
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USE
KLAMATH FALLS SODA WATER
THE MOST
REFRESHING SUMMER DRINK
Manufactured in all Flavors
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Telephone Main 33
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ESPY, the Soda Water Man



Homesteads Located
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BUTTE CREEK VALLEY
the only place in the Klamath Basin where good homesteads can be had. On line of California & Northwestern R. R., now building. Government irrigation contemplated. Fine vegetables, all kinds of grain and domesticated grasses. Unlimited range.
Farming, Dairying, Stockraising and Lumbering
Deeded lands in a preliminary state of cultivation and Timber claims.
Address: **J. H. WHITCOM, PICARD, CAL.**

BEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN SOUTHERN OREGON
Lakeside Inn,
MRS. M. McMILLAN, Prop'r.
Modern improvements. 73 rooms and suites. Sample Rooms, Bar Room, Parlors, Two Club Rooms, Etc., Etc.
SPECIAL RESORT FOR TOURISTS

KLAMATH LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES
BUESING & BENNETT, PROP'S.
First-Class Livery. Anything from a saddle horse to a 4-in-hand. Parties conveyed to all points in Southern Oregon and Northern California; also to favorite camping, hunting and fishing grounds.
Horses Boarded by the Week or Month.
Special attention given transient stock and special rates to freighters. Grain by the sack. Hay by the bale or ton. Phone-Main 44
Klamath Falls, Or. East End

THE BLACK 4-YEAR-OLD REGISTERED PERCHERON STALLION RICHMOND
will make the season of 1906, opening May 1st and closing August 1st
AT THE HORTON RANCH
Terms \$12.00 per season, due August 1st, 1906, Insurance \$20.00 due when satisfied mares are with foal. Said Stallion will be handled by Jack Horton. Good pasture for mares at the rate of \$1.00 per head per month. Will not be responsible for accidents.

KLAMATH FALLS STEAM LAUNDRY
NOW IN OPERATION
All kinds of laundry finished in a FIRST CLASS MANNER
D. B. CAMPBELL, PROP'R.

TIMBERLAND, ACT JUNE 8, 1898-NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon May 16, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1898, 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.
Fred H. Mills, of Klamath Falls, county of Klamath, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2697, for the purchase of the SE 1/4, NE 1/4, and NE 1/4, section No. 16, in Township No. 28 South Range No. 3 & 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 Clerk of Klamath County Oregon, at his office at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on Thursday, the 2nd day of August, 1906.
He names as witnesses: H. A. Willis, E. B. Henry, John Schalk, and Jack Kimball 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 day of August, 1906. J. N. Watson, Register.
5-24-06

SOCIETIES OF KLAMATH FALLS
A. O. U. W.—Linkville Lodge No. 110 meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every Tuesday evening. Visiting Brothers always welcome. W. O. Smith, M. W. J. W. Siemens, Recorder.
Evangeline Lodge No. 88 Degree of Honor Lodge meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every second and fourth Thursdays in the month. Nancy N. White, C. of H. Jesse Marple, Recorder.
W. O. W. Ewauna Camp, No. 799, W. O. W., meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Sanderson's hall. All neighbors cordially invited.
C. K. Randsburg, Clerk.

A. F. & A. M.—Klamath Lodge No. 77. Meets Saturday evening on or before the full moon of each month in the Masonic Hall, Alex. Martin Jr., W. M. W. E. Boardman, Secretary.
I. O. O. F.—Klamath Lodge No. 137 meets every Saturday evening in the A. O. U. W. hall. E. E. Jamison, N. G. C. C. Broeker, Secretary.
Ewauna Encampment No. 46, I. O. O. F. Encampment meets second and fourth Saturdays in the month in the A. O. U. W. hall. Jasper Bennett, C. P. Geo. L. Humphrey, Sec'y.

Prosperity Rebekah Lodge No. 104 I. O. O. F. meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every first and third Thursdays in the month. Jennie Hurn, N. G. Lorinda M. Sauber, Secretary.
K. of P.—Klamath Lodge No. 99 meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every Monday evening. Bert Bamber, C. C. John Hamilton, K. of R. and P.

M. W. of A.—Lodge meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every first and third Wednesdays in the month.
W. B. McLaughlin, Consul
W. A. Phelps, Clerk.

Foresters of America—Ewauna Camp No. 61, meets in the A. O. U. W. hall every second and fourth Fridays in the month. C. D. Wilson, C. R. E. E. Jamison, Sec. Sec.

For Sale.
Tent house including stove, cooking utensils, dishes and chairs. Two black cows of K. K. K. store.
Always a fresh stock of candies at A. J. Manning's.

THE BROKEN HEART OF CLABE JONES

"KENTUCKY ain't what it used to be," sighed the Kentucky consul. "Times is mightily changed down these days. I'm afeard the lurch 'gory of the old-fashioned feud in Kentucky is departed and gone."
"The old leads is dead or in prison or hid in some Craig Tolliver, he a dead and gone. Booze Logan and the Youngs is quietly practisin' the law."
"Andy Johnson is a capitalist. The Yallah Creek are become in 'speculators or game wags." Will Jennings and the Hatfields is in the penitentiary and Joe Ezzeron, he has done his killed.
"A saw log dispatched Jerry Little. Gen. Bowdler is a quiet, well behaved citizen now and his old enemy Alva Turnah has been slain."
"No. Times ain't the same now in Kentucky as they was in the good ole days. They ain't the same."
"It's partly the fault of Proctor Knott. It's mostly his fault. When Proctor stan a rp befo' the ban of judgment as I'll find it'll be partly down the same's a Kentucky bah. He'll never no ansah fo' that."
"Tis years or mo' ago he took a sudden notion to treat the feudists of Kentucky as if they was civilized people. Invited the principal participants of Ewan and othah counties to Louisville to make a little treaty of peace nough his auspices."
"What was the outcome? Why, this To-day the mo' powerful leads in any mountain quarrel is he! to ansawah befo' the Clark county sicut corte fo' his crimes." Proe called 'em, same's any othah ordinary law breakah.
"That theah peace conference of Proctor's come partly alch breakin' the hearts of them theah feudists. Some of the mo' prominent leads he natchully died in their beds ruthah than he called upon to atten' anoath."
"Oh yea. It's jes' 'I tell you Proctor Knott' he's got a good deal to ansah fo', a changin' of the good ole conditions of Kentucky. Things ain't the same' they was down these in my time, that is, since leavin' out Harrodsburg, you understand."
"If you have any leads to shed prepa to shed them now when I tell you of the death of Clabe Jones, what you'd jes' outside o' Harrodsburg on the Lexington pike, about fo' miles from town."
"Clabe Jones he was originally from Rowan county. When Proe he called that theah peace conference, Clabe he run away ruthah than sufah the humiliation of attendin' of it. His run away to Harrodsburg and to live out the rest of his days in peace 'a natchully. Seems he didn't know ve'y much about Harrodsburg."
"But, anyway, Clabe he was natchully a vey peaceful. Jus' sufferin' from. He didn't have mo'n 18 coltens in his stet, Clabe didn't, and he was a perfe' gentleman. Theah wasn't a sou' in Rowan but would tell you that Clabe Jones was a perfe' gentleman."
"You've nevah bin to Rowan county? It's jes' 's well. The people theah walk about in the da'k with lanterns—mountainous district, you know. Well, whenever a man with a lantern saw Clabe Jones a leavin' in the distance he dropped his lantern and run. You could allus tell wheah Clabe had been walkin' the night befo' by the number of lanterns strewed laik ovah the road. But these same people 't dropped their lanterns they would be the first to tell you that Clabe was a perfe' gentleman."
"Clabe he wa'n't to say a venomous man. He was jus' thorough. That was all. He would allus stop shootin' when he had finished."
"He wouldn't keep on shootin' and shootin' jes' fo' diversion when theah wa'n't nuthin' to shoot at. He was a patient, quiet man, with a long gray teahd, Clabe was, and servul shotguns."
"Once he stahed out huntin' fo' some man or othah he thought needed pepperin'—and he mus' a needed it or Clabe wouldn't a thought of givin' it to him—when the sheriff, embold'ed by a extra drink or somethin' stepped up to him and called to him to halt. You'd hab'ly call it a call sithah. It was mo' laik a whispah."
"Mista Jones' says he waverin'ly, 'I'm afeard I'll have to arree' you fo' carryin' concealed weppuns.'"
"Clabe was a patient, long sufferin' man as I tell you. He didn't shoot him. He jes' looked ovah his head and said to him, a plainly explantly to the hos' pistols protrud' from his hip pockets. He bows knives, the handles o' which was stickin' out o' his boots, and the double barr'd shotgun ovah his shoulder, and he says, says he: "De you call these theah weppuns concealed weppuns, sah?"
"Then he pushed him gently aside without puttin' a single bullet through him and went on a huntin' fo' his man."
"No Clabe he wa'n't 's hasty 's they make him out. He wouldn't deliberately up and shoot everybody he come across. Not a tall."
"I used to visit Clabe quite frequently afah he come to Harrodsburg, and to show you how honorabla he was, I mus' tell you how he allus offered me a shotgun to protee' myselt in case the conversation took a unexpected turn and annoyed him."
"Sevul friends and me we used to take dinnah with Clabe now and agin. We all set aroun' the table with ooth double barr'd shotguns at ooth sides, ready; but Clabe he wa'n't nevah to say himself afah that theah peace conference of Proctor Knott's. Nevah was himself Nevah in a single instance did he allow the conversation to lead into a chabane, what would lead to the use of the double-barr'd shotguns."
"What's that? Yea. As you say, we mus' a bin somewhat particulah ourselves. You an right, 's usual. We was."
"Oh yea. Proe he's responsible fo' the condition of things now in Kentucky. No promiscuous shootin' amount to anythin', no cleanin' out of communities, no nuthin'. Mos' 's still and peace'ul 's a civilized country Ken-

FRANK IRA WHITE
Emma Block
Telephones: Main 394; Suburban, 14X1
Klamath Falls, Oregon

GARDENS, ORCHARDS, HOMES
Only small acreage tracts adjacent to Klamath Falls, good land, matchless location, traversed by two county roads and other highways being constructed in the

East Klamath Falls Tracts

Fourteen Hundred Acres under the Main Canal, Four Hundred Acres above the Main canal, nearly all of which will come under the High Line Canal

This large acreage is for sale in tracts to suit purchasers. It is townsite property at acreage prices, a portion surveyed in blocks 260x400 feet, each block containing SIXTEEN lots 50x120 feet, with 60-foot streets and 20-foot alleys. Larger blocks containing 28 lots the same size. Acreage tracts, with convenient roads provided, in three five, ten, twenty or forty acres.

BLOCKS } \$ 800
 } 1,000
 } 1,600
ACREAGE } From \$25
 } to
 } \$250 an acre

THE BEST BUY IN KLAMATH COUNTY
Persons seeking an investment cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Those contemplating buying a home should investigate this tract. Every acre will show an increase of from 100 to 1000 per cent.

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Telephones: Main 394; Suburban, 14X1
Klamath Falls, Oregon

BONANZA

IT IS GROWING EVERY DAY

Now is the time to buy lots in the GRANDVIEW - ADDITION to Bonanza

An investment made now in this property will yield larger returns than any property in Klamath county.



NATURALLY.

His Last Shirt.
Mr. Hardup—Look here! you've made a mistake with my washing. You sent home four or five old handkerchiefs that don't belong to me, and nothing else.
Washerwoman—They ain't handkerchiefs; that's your last shirt, sor.—Tit-Bits.

Considering the 'I' has.
Full many a man who does not toll 'To meet his early need
Believe that he's a lily when
He's just a Jimson weed.
—Washington Star.

The Shirk.
He worked with one eye on the clock. The whole long work-day through,
Now he can watch it with both eyes;
He's nothing else to do.
—Houston Post.

Commercial Rivalry.
"Pa, what is commercial rivalry?"
"Well, commercial rivalry is the way your mother tries to spend what I make better than Mrs. Dash next door spends what her husband makes."—Chicago Journal.

Got It at Last.
Binks—Old Skinnem, the trust promoter, is dead.
Winks—That so? He's got now what he always wanted.
Einks—What's that?
Winks—The earth.—Town Topics.

As an Investment.
"Yes, he sent her four dollars' worth of violets."
"Let can he afford it?"
"Oh, I guess so. She's worth half a