

DAIRY DOINGS

Hank O'Brien's leader has about completed its campaign for the season.

Peter Peterstener has gone to Portland to complete the bargain for the sale of the Peterstener homestead. He started Sunday morning.

Mrs. Gustave Deck and Mrs. George Ritter were in Bonanza trading Saturday.

D. R. Connor has still over two weeks more of hay harvesting to do. He is putting up a large quantity of tale hay from the Swan lake flat.

County Treasurer Lewis has written a letter to the Dairy school board, in which he sets out that certain formalities respecting the recent school bond election seem to be deficient. Members of the election board assert that the faults complained of were fully complied with, and that the objections he makes are unfounded.

Mr. C. W. Sherman is the possessor of a badge such as was worn by the Nebraskans at the recent reception tendered to Mr. Bryan on his return from his world tour, at New York. It is a bit of white silk ribbon, having printed on it the words, "Bryan's Nebraska Home Folk." It was sent to him by one of his sons, who was in New York at the time. Being one of the original admirers of the Nebraska statesman, Mrs. S. is as proud of the souvenir as a boy with his first pair of red top boots.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith leave this week for the Rogue river valley, in quest of fruit for the winter. He drives a four-horse team, James Wight, the county school superintendent, has been engaged to teach the Hillsdale school for the fall term. It is reported that the district is to pay Mr. Wight \$80 a month, which is an unusual price for teaching a country school in these parts. But he is an unusually good teacher.

A. L. Michael has flooded the home market with home-grown watermelons this season.

Wm. Wood has a team of bay farm horses for which he refused an offer of \$455 cash. He wants \$500 even. They are sure enough beauties.

Quite a frost the morning of the 10th. Have heard of no damage from it.

Some mistakes occur in the printing of people's names in my correspondence. But that is to be expected. Printers are almost as liable to make mistakes as other people. For instance, the very first paragraph of Belinger & Cotton's Annotated Statutes, which of all books ought to be free from errors, contains a big blunder—omitting two lines, and substituting matter that doesn't belong there. So why need people make a fuss if their names happen to be misspelled by the printer? Printers are wise men, but they are not entirely perfect—just a step higher on the road to perfection than ordinary mortals—that's all. I've been there myself. I know how it is.

W. P. Sedge, the Dairy merchant, is building an addition to his residence.

Charley Liskey, of Pine Flat has an unusually fine crop of oats and wheat this season of big crops. Some of his oats measure six feet and stand very heavy on the ground.

The stage company is doing a fine business these times. It keeps good stock and the driver is a courteous gentleman.

Wm. and Theo. Flackus have returned home from their wharf-building work at Klamath Falls. They were compelled to quit because of sickness.

Johnny Collahan is reported to be slightly better, but is fearfully emaciated and very weak from pain.

Mrs. George Bieln of Klamath Falls has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hans Stoehler for a few days.

The hum of the thresher is now heard in the valley, and judging by the big crop to be threshed, many graneries will be taxed to their utmost to hold the grain.

Charley Horton returned home by way of Dairy Monday from a long trip to and north of the Klamath marsh country, looking over the cattle prospects in that region. He traveled some 400 miles en route, and says cattle are looking well. In the next few days he will move some 500 head of his feeders from the marsh to new pastures on the north side of Sprague river. Mr. Horton looks rugged and well tanned from his outing.

I hear that Mr. Anderson at the Gap lost some hundreds of melons through the deviltry of mischievous boys the other night. It evidently does not pay to threaten boys in advance with the shotgun. Better make friends of the boys by liberal treatment from one's abundance. Boys often do mischief just because they have been given a dare.

LAND FOR SALE

For sale, 325 11-100 acres of land, 80 acres under cultivation and some in timber, which will reach a million and half feet; 7 miles below Keno on the Agor road; river front; good reason for selling. For particulars address John Connolly, Keno, Ore., or call at the ranch.

WANT A TEAM?

If you are going to Crater Lake, the Fort, Bonanza, Merrill, or anywhere else in the county, use a Mammoth Stables team. It will insure speed, comfort and safety.

HE FOUND A COOL PLACE. A POPULAR ROUTE.

Diligent Search Revealed the Ideal Place for Ripening Off Green Bananas.

The man of the house brought home the other evening five dozen bananas which he had seen going down as he passed by the millinery or the street. They were a bit green, to be sure, but the butcher told him if he would put them in a cool, dark place they would ripen in time and taste exactly as if they had just come from Jamaica.

When the man came home he found a note pinned to the door. It was a letter from the milliner, in which she told him to put the fruit on top of the bookcase in a dark corner of the library, and then he felt sure that his wife's magic eye would detect a bit of the green protruding over the edge, and would have it out of there instantly.

A handbox on the table attracted his attention. It contained his wife's best hat, but further ado, he took the hat, gathered collection from his nest and placed it on a marble table standing near and gumped the bananas into the box. Then it occurred to him that his better half was so particular about nothing so much as her hat wear, and so he took out the fruit, replaced the hat and went into the kitchen to ask the advice of Bridget.

Bridget was not on hand. She had stepped out a moment to the back gate to talk to the vegetable man, who was fascinating, even though married, but the man's eye caught the green and he felt that at last he had found the proper place for the ripening process.

There was fire in the range, therefore the gas stove must be out of commission, and so he opened the oven door and popped in the bananas and went back into the library for a smoke.

It was two hours later, and his wife was still trying on her new hat and making her husband stop reading every five minutes to tell her whether he considered it more becoming than her green one, and if he didn't think it a little—just a little—too wide on the left side, when in the midst of this pleasing occupation, the lady stopped short, suddenly, and sniffed suspiciously.

"If I weren't quite sure that you never had a cooked banana in this house, I should say that Bridget was taking some at this moment," said she.

Her husband looked up with more animation than he had displayed in the matter of the hat.

"You don't use the gas stove now, do you?" he asked interestedly.

"Certainly we do—for some things," she replied. "Are you sure you don't think the plumes would look better brought farther to ward the front?"

But she was speaking to empty air, for her better half had vanished kitchenward. When he came back his expression was downcast.

"Bridget is having some bananas for you for a little surprise," said he. "She says they are very good with sugar and cinnamon."

And that is all of the story, except that that family had bananas for breakfast luncheon and dinner for a week thereafter, until Bridget got tired of the whole matter and gave the remnants to a poor family in the alley.

AN ORDER THAT SHOCKED.

Then He Regretted That He Had Not Taken the Beer He Wanted For.

The waiter had shown me to a table, and before I had ordered he brought a woman of about 60 and placed her across from me, relates a writer in the Kansas City Star. The car was swaying and lurching over a new piece of track, and the old lady seemed perturbed by the jarring and the noise. Her hair was nearly white, and it was waved over the temples. A little bonnet was held in place by broad silk ribbons, tied very carefully in a very regular bow under her right ear. A turn-down collar of white and a long, thin chain holding a pair of glasses were the only relief from the black silk frock. There she sat, the primmest old lady I had ever seen away from a moorish sofa. There was even a trace of a pucker to her mouth, just to accentuate. Most apparently on her way to the Missionary society a district convention.

I had contemplated having a small bottle of ale with my roast beef, but I ordered milk instead. While I am a believer in personal liberty, I do not permit my theories to inflict themselves upon others. I ordered milk instead of beer, and the waiter spilled much of it on me and the table as the train swung around a sharp curve. The old lady noticed the mishap, but her face bore not a trace of slightest interest. With her in hearing distance I would not have risked laughing at anything. In the cold, business-like voice of the class leader she ordered—I could have told what it would be before she said a word—she ordered two eggs boiled medium, dry toast, and a pot of hot tea. "It must be hot," she said. "And, waiter," she called, as he turned away, "before you bring the eggs I want a Scotch highball."

That is what she said. The car made a particularly wild lurch just then, which helped me to hide my surprise. That was all that saved me.

Punishment for Papa.

Mrs. Bibman—When my husband came home last evening I saw that he'd been drinking and gave him a good scolding.

Mrs. Wyse—Oh, dear! what did you do that for? When I discover that my husband has been drinking I say nothing, but give him the baby to hold. It is really pathetic to see how devoted he is to Bobby. My dear, you've got a good deal to learn about the management of husbands.—Boston Transcript

Alread, the newly inaugurated service by way of Lower Klamath Lake, Laird and the California Northwestern, has gained great favor with the public. Among the many expressions of good will heard since its establishment, the following letter is a fair example:

"The Klamath Lake Navigation Co. are now running their steamer Klamath from Klamath Falls to Laird's Landing, and connecting at the latter place by stage to R. R. terminals on the line running from Wood. Any one who can be stage from Pakenema to Klamath Falls will certainly enjoy the trip through Lower Klamath Lake. The change from staging is something that cannot fail to make to most hardened traveler happy. The steamer makes good time, the food in fact, as we reached the end of our water trip nearly an hour ahead of time, and the water in the lake is now at its lowest stage. The very best place from which to enjoy the landscape, the view of farms and stock ranges, the mountains and timber lands is from the deck of the steamer Klamath. What a pity the lake does not run all the way to Wood Station."

RIDDLES.

Why is kites split with two's?—Because it always takes two to complete the spell.

Why is a lawyer's month like a toll-box?—Because it is seldom opened but for money.

Why do doctors keep bad company?—Because the worse people are the oftener they visit them.

What houses are the easiest to break into?—The houses of bald people, because their locks are few.

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer?—Because it makes him hold his jaw.

What street in London puts you in mind of a tooth that has pained you for a long time?—Long acre.

What is that which is put on the table always cut, but never eaten?—A pack of cards.

Why is whispering forbidden in polite society?—Because it isn't allowed.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay?—Because the cat'll eat it.

Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest?—Because it had no eve.

Why is a room full of married people like an empty room?—Because there's not a single one in it.

When is a silver cup likely to turn?—When it's chased.

When is a pole like a post?—When it's brooding (brooding).

When is it best to lose your temper?—When it's a bad one.

Mrs. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, and Baby Bigger, which of this interesting family is the biggest, and who the biggest?—Baby Bigger, because he's little Bigger.

Why is an extra hot tooth like a thing forgotten?—Because it has gone out of the head.

HOW TO COOK BEANS

Beans soaked for two or three hours and the top broiled taste very good, but are not "baked" beans. Here is the recipe for the genuine article: Measure two cups of small white pea-beans and swell them over night in plenty of cold water, having first washed them carefully and removed any foreign substances. In the morning, drain off the water and pour the beans into the bean-pot, then cover with hot water and bake in a hot oven for twelve hours at least. When they are partly done, add salt and a quarter of a pound of fat salt pork, properly scraped, and bake until the beans are soft and of a dark red color. If the oven be very hot, so that the beans cook unequally, twelve hours will do. Sometimes it is well to prepare them in the day time, putting them in the oven at night and letting them get started through the night. In the morning heat up the oven and keep it hot and they will be perfectly cooked by evening. No soda, molasses or other ingredient is required; the long baking takes the place of these accessories. Of course, one must add more hot water as it boils away, but don't have the beans too wet, or they will be soggy. If they begin to burn, put on the cover of the pot for a while. Beans left after the first meal are almost as good served cold and quite as good warmed over.

For rent, an eight-room house near the high school. Hot and cold water, bath and toilet, cold storage, etc. Inquire of Mrs. M. L. Beebe.

REAL ESTATE! REAL ESTATE! REAL ESTATE! BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED Property handled in every part of Klamath County. Some splendid bargains in Farm Lands, Raw Lands and Cultivated Lands. Some Sage Brush and Timber Land as low as 25¢ per acre. Some Choice Residence Blocks and Lots for sale on the Installment Plan. CALL OR ADDRESS J. F. NOWLIN & CO., Dealer in Real Estate Phone 471 Willson Block, Klamath Falls, Or.

\$100 Reward I will pay the above reward for a watch my repair department cannot put in perfect running order. L. ALVA LEWIS

Buena Vista Addition TO KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON THE PLAT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL ADDITION WILL BE ready soon, and lots therein will be placed on the market. The tract comprises 530 acres, adjoins Klamath Falls on the north and west and borders on Link River and Upper Klamath Lake for two miles. From this addition can be seen the grandest panorama on the Pacific Coast, comprising Lake, River, Valley, Hill, Mountain and Snow-capped Peaks, blend into an harmonious picture of unequalled beauty and magnificence. Boulevards and Streets are now being graded, and these will be lined with Shade Trees. Grading work on the Electric Street Railway is now under way. A complete sewerage system will be put in. The entire cut of the Odessa sawmill has been purchased, and those building in the Buena Vista Addition this summer will have first call on the output of this mill. Plans for a magnificent hotel are now being prepared, and construction will begin this summer. This hostelry will be located on one of the most picturesque spots in the addition and will be surrounded by a park. If you want a home in the most beautiful section of Klamath County, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition. If you want to live where you will be surrounded with beautiful homes, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition. If you want to live on the street car line then have your home in the Buena Vista Addition. If you are looking for an investment that will yield returns, purchase property in the Buena Vista Addition. Office: Murdoch Build'g, next door Postoffice Klamath Canal Co.