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GRIZZLE BROS
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Her Punishment

[Original.]
 She was incorrigible. Within one winter season she had refused a wealthy and desirable part of forty and sent a young army lieutenant to "get over it" in Manila. He would not have had to go there if it hadn't been for Birdie, a nickname given her when she was a child, but which was even then inappropriate. It should have been Wasp. Her mother was vexed with her for refusing the older man, and the younger man's mother was furious that she had sent her son half round the globe where she could not be near him.

Birdie must be punished. Her aunt lived in her country place in the midst of farms, and there Birdie should go for the summer, where her propensity would be in check. Birdie protested, but her protest was unheeded. She was packed off into exile, and her aunt was requested to keep an eye on her.

At the end of a week she was ready to promise to behave herself if permitted to go home, or, rather, to the seashore, where her mother was, but the mother knew her promises would avail nothing. One evening when the twilight was long she was walking in a lane where she met a young farmer. He was a splendid specimen of manhood, and as Birdie was a dainty specimen of womanhood the two naturally looked at each other. The next evening at exactly the same hour the girl walked in the lane again. So did he. She looked very hard at him and after passing him turned. He turned too. "Is it you," she said, "or am I mistaken?"

"I think we have met before," he replied.

"What are you doing here?"

"I thought I would try farming."

"How did you leave them all at home?"

"They're all very well."

"I'm staying with my aunt. Do you know her?"

"No; I don't."

"Sorry. You might come to see me if you knew her, but since you don't—"

She paused.

"Possibly we may meet hereabout sometimes. I go after the stock at sundown, put them in the barn and go back about this time."

"Good evening. Glad to have met you again."

"Hope it will not be for once only."

That was the beginning of it. Birdie talked a great deal about people she knew, and the farmer listened to her references, making only general comments upon them. He never addressed her by name, always getting round doing so—but he might have forgotten her name. There was an appearance of honesty about him, a deference—not uncouth either—a vein of uncultivated intellectual vigor, that pleased her. On the whole, her exile was not so unbearable as she had expected. Sometimes she fancied he knew more than she had supposed farmers usually knew, but Birdie did not always tell all she knew, and to blame him for concealment would be like the pot calling the kettle black.

Affairs between the sexes usually commence by both keeping on their own side of the line. Perhaps the man would have kept on his side indefinitely had Birdie kept on hers. She soon began to practice her little arts; first by a look now and then, after that, a half finished sentence from which she retired in confusion and lastly by an open charge of indifference on the part of the man. The farmer always adroitly turned these thrusts, keeping on in the even tenor of his way. This was something Birdie had never encountered before. She poured a shower of Cupid's arrows from her quiver only to see them glance aside or fall harmless from her would be victim. July passed into August and August into September. How they contrived, or rather, how Birdie contrived, their frequent meetings without suspicion she was at a loss to know. Only a few times was she discovered conversing with the farmer, but in her case farmers were supposed to be out of the question.

At last the days grew so much shorter that one evening when Birdie was starting for her evening walk her aunt stopped her and forbade her going, on the ground that it was already quite dark. Birdie did not dare excite suspicion by defying the order. She went off into a corner of the porch and sat down. Then and there came a revelation. She was suffering under a great disappointment. Could it be that she who had played with the hearts of many men of the world could have "drifted on the rocks" in the case of a countryman? She went to bed early, but not to sleep. For the first time in her life she knew how it felt to be on the losing side in a love affair.

The next morning the farmer was passing a shaded nook near the road. He turned aside, expecting to see a feminine figure push away the drooping branches and greet him with a face that laughed. He was disappointed. But tied to a bush near by he found a note:

Forgive me for feigning that I had met you before. I never saw you until I met you here. My object was to pass the time. In a few days I go home. You have rendered my stay happy. Without you it would have been very dull.

When Birdie went to the trysting place again she found the following on a bit of paper:

Goodby. You are forgiven. Forgive me for the same offense. My betrothed returns tomorrow.

"Poor Birdie writes," said her mother, "that her punishment is great or than she can bear. Poor child! I must have been very lonely for her!"

ON OCEAN'S BED.

What Becomes of Ships Which Sink to the Bottom of the Sea.

What becomes of the ship that sinks in midocean? If it is of wood it takes, in the first place, considerable time for it to reach the bottom. In a hundred or more fathoms of water a quarter of an hour will elapse before the ship reaches bottom. It sinks slowly, and when the bottom is reached it falls gently into the soft, oozy bed, with a crash or breakage.

Of course if it is laden with pig iron or corresponding substances or if it is an iron ship it sinks rapidly and sometimes strikes the bottom with such force as to smash in pieces. Once sunken a ship becomes the prey of the countless inhabitants of the ocean.

They swarm over and through the great boat and make it their home. Besides this they cover every inch of the boat with a thick layer of lime. This takes time, of course, and when one generation dies another commences the work until finally the ship is so laden with heavy incrustations, corals, sponges and barnacles that if wood the creaking timbers fall apart and slowly but surely are absorbed in the waste at the sea bottom.

Iron vessels are demolished more quickly than those of wood, which may last for centuries. The only metals that withstand the chemical action of the waves are gold and platinum, and glass also seems unaffected. No matter how long gold may be hidden in the ocean, it will always be gold when recovered, and this fact explains the many romantic and adventurous searches after hidden submarine treasures lost in shipwrecks.

ST. HELENA.

The Transformation of This Once Barren Volcanic Waste.

St. Helena was a barren volcanic waste at the time Napoleon was sent there. The Englishmen were there, however, to stay and for duty, and though they had a hard scramble for every drop of water they used, they set about a beginning of making something grow toward sustaining life, or at least modifying its conditions. Gradually, by slow degrees, but surely, their efforts were successful. Kindly nature requires but little encouragement, and the dews fell and crystallized, and the herbage and shrubbery spread, and little trees took root and shed their seed, and the mountain in the long course of years became largely covered, until at last this one time waterless heap of waste products of a lifeless volcano became able to provide millions upon millions of gallons of water, which is stored in its caverns, for the ships that pass to and from the Cape of Good Hope and to Australia, and beneath the shades of umbrageous terraces, high up in the cool air, the invalid soldier from tropical Africa and India and the orient finds a restoring sanitarium which has brought back to health and life many a weary soul and stricken body. Truly there is magic in the rain and healing in the forests!—*Outing Magazine.*

"Chamois" Skins.

Charles C. Dredging has written an article in the Journal of Pharmacy on chamois skins. The commercial article of that name, he says, is really oil tanned sheep or lamb skin lining. The supply of skins from the chamois animal is very limited. Enough could not be obtained in a year to supply the United States for more than a single day. He made special inquiry on a visit to Switzerland about the annual crop of the chamois skins and ascertained that from 5,000 to 6,000 skins would be a fair average yearly crop. This skin is heavier than the skin of the sheep or lamb, also much coarser. For strength and durability the chamois skin is preferable, but for ordinary use and appearance the oil tanned sheepskin lining would in most instances be preferred.

Got Near It.

Druggist—Try it again, little one. What was it your mamma told you to get? Little Girl (with another severe mental effort)—I think it was "I died at passum." I want 10 cents' worth—*Youth.*

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I have leased from the Klamath Canal Company and J. D. Conger all feed on the ranches owned by these people, and all stock trespassing on these premises will be impounded.
 15-10-11. Bird Loosley.

For sale—The north half of the northeast quarter, the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter and the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section nineteen, south of range eleven, east of Willamette meridian. Inquire at this office.

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. Roy Hamaker, 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 S. White, C. of H. Jesse Marple, Recorder.

W. O. W. Ewanna Camp, No. 709, W. O. W. meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Sanderson's hall. All neighbors cordially invited.
 C. K. Brandenburg, 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. Bowdoin, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Aloha Chapter No. 61, meets in the Masonic hall every second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month. Laura A. Willis, W. M. Jennie E. Reames, Secretary.

I. C. O. F.—Klamath Lodge No. 137 meets every Saturday evening in the A. O. U. W. hall. Jasper Bennett, N. G. Geo. L. Humphrey, Secretary.

Ewanna 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, Scribe.

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 S.

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

Foresters of America—Ewanna 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, Rec. Sec.

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