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Destroyed by Earthquake

Kingston, Jan. 17.—Reeking with the nauseating stench of hundreds of putrifying bodies, the ghostliness only partially dispelled by cries of searchers for the missing or the crash of an occasional collapsing building, Kingston is today a city draped with despair. Combining with the natural gloom following the disaster to intensify chaotic conditions is the terror inspired by the fear of further shocks.

Numerous recurrences of varying intensity of the shocks of Monday have served to keep the ignorant blacks in a state bordering on panic and have greatly hampered the efforts of rescuers. Topping buildings fringe every street, unswayed by flames. A stiff breeze brings these down with a crash and volunteer rescue parties, made up of almost entirely of white men, are taking their lives in their hands to search the ruins, their heroism being inspired by the knowledge that scores of imprisoned wretches still lie buried in the debris, pinned down and unable to help themselves.

The streets of this city are now picketed with American guards. Admiral Evans, at the request of the British authorities, landed a force of marines from the battleship Missouri and Indiana.

Six hundred bodies have been recovered and more are being constantly found.

Dynamite is being used to clean away the debris of shattered buildings.

Holland Bay, Jan. 17.—Bulletin.—A gigantic tidal wave has swept Annota bay, on the north coast of Jamaica, and it is reported that the entire coast line has been changed and a great stretch of the beach sunk into the sea. Great loss of life is reported.

New York, Jan. 17.—The shores of the harbor of Kingston are sinking and there is terror lest the city slip into the sea. The bed of the harbor is sinking in many places and the water is already a hundred feet deep.

A correspondent cables from Holland bay: "Tourists filled the streets till the quake, when the city seemed to shrivel up. Buildings collapsed filling the streets with debris. Gas and electric supplies are cut off and the fire department is crippled. I saw terrible scenes in the streets and counted 15 dead in King street about the wreckage and 18 dead in Harbor street. The police estimate that there are 1,200 dead."

Havana, Jan. 17.—Bulletin.—A second earthquake shock in Jamaica, as severe as the first, is reported today via Santiago. The shock is said to have tumbled down the tottering buildings.

The Statue of Liberty.
The Colossus of Rhodes probably never brought any returns in cash to the city, but its tradition will last when everything else Rhodesian is entirely lost from history. So with this Statue of Liberty. It gives a welcome to every stranger who comes to America to seek his fortune in a country which has been the friend of the oppressed for centuries. It is hailed with joy by every American who catches a glimpse of it as he returns from a sojourn in Europe. Its meaning is more apparent after a short absence from America than perhaps it was before such an experience. It is one of the few things which we have which is not commercialized.—Chicago Tribune.

The Wrong Line.
A society which disseminates moral literature once sent a railway manager a large number of free tracts to place in the waiting rooms. One was entitled, "A Route to the New Jerusalem." The letter which the moral literature society received in reply declined the tracts. "We cannot place the tracts," wrote the manager, "as the N. J. is not on our system."

Quite a Variety.
The fashionable girl had accepted him and the young man was wondering how far his \$30 a week would go. "You must remember that life is not all golf and tennis," murmured he. "Why, of course it isn't," she responded brightly. "There's boating and coaching and bridge and ever so many things."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At the Doctors' Club.
"Carvins, was that operation you performed on old Hunks successful?" "Successful? Yes; singularly so." "Singularly? Then he's recovering, is he?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Russian does not become of age until he is twenty-six.

One Eyed Giants.
Sir John Mandeville saw all sorts of queer things and wrote about them in his celebrated book of travels. It was in 1536 that the voracious John visited a certain group of isles (yles he called them) which was inhabited by a race of one eyed giants. Of them he says: "In one of these yles ben folk of grate stature, as gigantes, and they been hile ons for to loke upon. An thei han but on eye, and that is in ye middyl of ye front." He also tells of another one of these "yles" inhabited by a race of one legged dwarfs, each having three eyes.

Nothing but Fruit.
"I say, I'd give anything to be as strong and healthy as you are," remarked the lazy man. "What do you live on?" "Nothing but fruit," answered the other. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry," was the brief but significant reply.

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 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 lustily 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 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 greater than she can bear. Poor child! I must have been very lonely for her."

D. FISK BRADY.

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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 N. White, C. of H. Jesse Marple, Recorder.

W. O. W. Ewauna Camp, No. 799, 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. Willits, W. M. Jennie E. Reames, Secretary.

I. G. 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.

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

GOING TO KENO?
If so, get a rig from the Mammoth Stables. Fine, gentle horses, good buggies, reasonable prices.

Petition for Liquor License
To the Honorable County Court of the County of Klamath, state of Oregon.

We the undersigned, residents and legal voters of Sprague river precinct said county and state, respectfully ask that a license to sell Spirituous, Malt and Vinous Liquors, in less quantities than one gallon in the precinct aforesaid for a period of Eight (8) months from the 12th day of March, A. D. 1907 be granted to C. D. Willson and William Woods, under the firm name of Willson & Woods at Bly, in said Precinct, and your petitioners will ever pray.

S. C. Hamaker, W. F. Reed, W. W. Finley, P. Bush, Ed. Bloomingcamp, C. J. Martin, Nels Erik, Mans Thompson, John Daragh, O. T. Anderson, L. L. Griffin, A. W. Evans, J. H. Boyd, O. Peterson, W. H. Casebeer, R. J. Courtwright, H. J. Langham, Q. N. Anderson, Geo. Bloomingcamp, J. S. Watts, John W. Wells, Amos Landy, O. R. Stewart, Geo. S. Boyd, Neil Campbell, J. E. Sullivan, Chas. T. Powne, E. W. Whetstone, Spratt Wells, Wm. G. Snider, L. B. Yadin, W. F. McArthur, J. A. Parker and Jno. B. Kappes.

Notice is hereby given that the foregoing petition will be presented to the aforesaid County Court, on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1907.

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KLAMATH COUNTY BANK

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

ALEX MARTIN, President E. R. REAMES, Vice-President ALEX MARLIN, Jr. Cashier

The Pioneer Bank of Klamath County

—STATEMENT DEC. 31, 1906—

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 274,343.66
Overdrafts	6,329.72
Bonds and Warrants	59,292.58
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	13,224.39
Real Estate	8,166.99
Due from Banks	256,966.66
Cash in Bank	31,191.63
	\$648,075.63
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, fully paid	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided profits	13,213.01
Individual Deposits, subject to check	514,361.63
Cashier's Checks outstanding	1,034.50
Demand Certificates of Deposit	19,466.49
	\$648,075.63

I, Alex Martin, Jr., Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1907.
[SEAL] D. V. KUYKENDALL, Notary Public for Oregon.

To the Retail Liquor Trade:

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