

The Discovery of His Kingdom.

By LOUISE J. STRONG.

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She gave him a cheery greeting as she passed, which Deardorf returned with stiff embarrassment. Women always embarrassed him, which fact had been construed into a dislike of the sex, thus accounting for his bachelorhood.

No one would have believed that he lounged on the veranda solely that he might watch her down the street. Much less would any one have imagined that every time he looked into her candid womanly eyes his lonely, un-mated man soul clamored for the home and companionship he saw therein. He had not learned that this kingdom in woman's eyes is discernible only to the king to whom it is given to possess if he will. Therefore the little music teacher with the bloom of youth behind her was to him most desirable in



SUCH CONTEMPLATION WAS ALL THEIR LOT IN LIFE ALLOWED.

the eyes of all men, and he was not surprised, only startled to the stopping of his heart, at what he overheard from a couple of young men behind him.

"She will make him a sweet little wife—the lucky dog!" one exclaimed.

"The sweetest in the world," the other assented. "And there's nothing for the rest of us but hunting wedding presents. Come on."

They went their way, and with strangely blurred vision he stumbled up the stairs and through the gloom of the hall to his rooms at the end. Her door was opposite, and as he fumbled with his key he glanced across furtively with an odd sense of guilt for the accustomed thrill that shook him. It was as if she were already the wife of another, and, closing his door with emphasis, he turned on the light and set about packing his minerals, telling himself that he would move immediately—that there was neither sense nor reason in his staying in this dingy place where his poverty, long a thing of the past, had at first stranded him; no reason, except that, unlike, he clung to the place as home, and—yes, he would acknowledge it—because she was there. He frowned and essayed a nonchalant whistle when he caught himself, as usual, straining his ears for the sound of her footsteps. It was time that he went.

But subsequent reflection persuaded him that his departure at this juncture might be connected with her marriage and excite comment. He felt that he must remain until the "lucky dog" had carried her away, and—blushed painfully at the thought—he must procure the inevitable wedding present if he would not be conspicuous.

Then followed strenuous days and sleepless nights of vain endeavor to decide upon something, with bitter reviling of the custom which forbade his presenting her with a goodly check in lieu of an article which would probably be but an unwelcome duplicate. He hunted the shops and stores, confusing himself uselessly with the multitude and variety of their wares. He grew thin and heavy eyed under the burden, thereby arousing in her an anxious solicitude he was too absorbed to perceive. In despair he sought advice of the office boy.

"Billy," he asked that versatile young person, "what would you give to a lady for a wedding present?"

"Aw, that's easy! Something she'd like, of course," Billy said airily. Then he explained: "I mean, sir, something you've heard her say she'd like. That's the only kind of present worth having, only folks won't give 'em. I've tried it, a-hinting and a-binting what I want Christmas and birthdays, and I always get some old thing I wouldn't take if I could help it," Billy sniffed.

That seemed an eminently sensible suggestion to Deardorf, and he presented a grateful dollar to Billy for the idea, realizing when he came to make application of it that the only object of which he had any knowledge concerning her desires was undoubtedly questionable regarded as a wedding present. Still, according to Billy's decision, it would be a pleasure to her.

He had one day chanced upon her standing behind two little girls who were engrossed in the contemplation of an entrancing toy tea set in a shop window. It was obvious that such contemplation was all their lot in life al-

lowed, and she was fingering her slim purse doubtfully, with moist eyes.

"I was wondering if I might not give it to them for the sake of a lonely little girl whose one desire in life was a vain longing for a tiny tea set," she said as he stopped.

"Let me," he begged, expanding under the influence of her impulsive confidence.

After some insistence she yielded. They took the amazed children inside, and she examined and extolled each small article with a delight that equalled theirs.

"We do not all put away childish things with years," she said when they were outside. "I love the wee things yet, and some time"—she smiled defiantly—"some time, when I can and not feel it a wicked extravagance, I am going to have my childish heart's desire. I am so sure that you will not laugh at me that I will invite you in to my first tea party."

He thanked her gravely, understanding and sympathizing entirely. Did he not carry in his pocket a wonderful carnelian "faw" in memory of the ungratified longing of the boy he used to be? He had been waiting for the Christmas opportunity to gratify her innocent desire, reveling in imagination in the intimacy of her promised hospitality. Now he had put away his day dream with a sigh and extinguished a dim hope that had glimmered feebly.

But it remained that he must make the wedding present, and finally, being confident of her perfect sincerity, he ignored obtruding doubts as to appropriateness and procured a fairytale tea set worthy the possession of a princess, which, being unequal to presenting it personally, he left at her door with his card one evening, just escaping her as she came up the stairs.

And then, when it was done, he for the first time considered his offering from the probable viewpoint of the prospective bridegroom and her friends, and the utter absurdity of it overwhelmed him. With shame he decided that after such a piece of idleness there was nothing for him but flight, and he was tossing things helter skelter into his suit case when he heard her crossing the hall.

He looked about desperately for a way of escape, then dragged himself unwillingly to the door at her rap.

"I have only this moment realized how preposterous my unfortunate selection is for a wedding present," he stammered abjectly as she entered.

"Oh!" The glow on her face faded. "How stupid of me! I ought to have known there was a mistake, and I have opened the box." She set it upon the table.

He shook his head dismally. "There is no mistake. I beg your pardon. I—"

"But there must be a mistake! They left the package at my door," she said, a little sharply.

"I left it myself. I meant it for a wedding present, but I see how"—His voice failed again.

She regarded his woe-begone face intently for a moment. "Very well, I will take it down." Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes sparkling with mischief. "When I found the package I thought you had somehow discovered that today is my birthday and had kindly remembered my childish longing, but if it is a wedding present it must go to Miss Bessie, who is soon to be married."

He sat down heavily and stared at her.

"You see, one must be married to receive a wedding present," she explained demurely, her color flaming under his gaze.

The tangle suddenly straightened, he sprang up. "Yes," he assented, still looking into her eyes, where by a flash of inspiration he had seen his kingdom, himself crowned king. He plunged forward across the table and seized her hands, asserting boldly, "It is a wedding present—your wedding present, Alma, dear, for you are going to be married immediately."

For answer she murmured tearfully and happily, "Oh, Morris, we will have tea in the darling little cups our first evening at home!"

Ripened Romance.

On the occasion of the ninetieth birthday of Dr. Martineau, who preached in Liverpool for many years, Sir Henry Roscoe, the English chemist, congratulated him on attaining such a fine old age. The distinguished clergyman said that he had been overwhelmed with congratulations and that he was working through the letters he had received.

"By degrees," he said, "I shall answer them all."

"One of the most remarkable," Dr. Martineau continued, "was from a lady, the only person who addressed me as 'Dear James.' I had not seen her since we were boy and girl together in Norwich. She is one of the daughters of Dr. Rigby in that city. My friends used to joke me as a young man about Miss Jane Rigby, and I received their chaff pleasantly. I believed her long since dead, and now comes this letter to remind me of her existence and her friendly recollection of me."

The old minister paused an instant, then added, with a tremulous smile, "She is now also in her ninetieth year."

A Weak Heart.

"They tell me Bad Bill's dead," said Alkali Ike. "Is that right?" "Sure," replied Cactus Cat; "shot plumb through the heart."

"Well, I ain't surprised then. His heart always was weak."—Philadelphia Press.

The World's First Story.

It is probable that the first story in the world was a ghost story.—London, Telegraph.

No Additions to Midland

For the assurance of purchasers of lots in the town of Midland, as well as to furnish information to people interested in lands in or near to Midland, which purchasers or owners of land might be affected by the reports to effect that several additions would be made to Midland, we take this method of stating that there will be no additions to Midland for some years. We can give this assurance, for the reason that we own land on all sides of the town site, all of which will be kept vacant, except the vacant land on the south and the southeast of the town site, which has been set aside for the use of stock yards, sheds and loading pens.—MIDLAND TOWN COMPANY.

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Chetko Copper

Chetko Copper Co. is now offering its first allotment of Treasury Stock at 30 cents a share.

Chetko Copper Co. Was incorporated in August, 1905, under the laws of the State of Oregon, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, par value of shares \$1 each. One-third of the issue is treasury stock.

Chetko Copper Co. Owns THIRTY copper claims (600 acres) and two water rights on the Chetko river in Curry County, Oregon, within eighteen miles of Chetko Harbor, on the Pacific Ocean.

On one of the claims is a fifty-foot vein of copper ore (which is being developed) that contains 13 per cent copper, and \$28 gold per ton; making a total of

\$90.40 per ton

Attention is called to the fact that the Trinity Copper Co., in Shasta County, California, capitalized at \$4,000,000 with the ore values averaging about five per cent copper, is selling its shares in Boston at \$27 to \$30 a share; and the Balakalala Copper Co., (situated near Trinity) capitalized at \$5,000,000 is selling at \$8 to \$10 per share on the Boston and other markets.

Chetko Copper is capitalized for only \$1,000,000; owns more claims than both said companies combined; containing ore bodies that greatly exceed in value the ores of the said two companies, and is now selling its first block of treasury stock at

30 cents a share

Soon as Copper Stock Buyers learn the facts about the

Chetko Copper properties, the shares will eventually advance to \$10 and better per share.

Chetko Copper at 30 cents a share is way far the best Copper Stock buy of the day. It has the high grade copper-gold ore in quantity and the right management. It is sure to

Advance in price, and that soon

Samples of the Chetko Copper gold ore and prospectuses can be seen at the Lakeside Inn, Klamath Falls, Oregon. Albert E. Imbler, late manager and part owner of the Long Lake Lumber Co., of Klamath Falls, is personally over-seeing the development of the large ore bodies on the Chetko Copper claims, and the company is proceeding to have all its mining claims patented this summer.

Note: Advance in Price:—After July 5th, 1907, the price of the Chetko copper will be advanced to 50 cents a share.

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