

EMMY'S REDEMPTION

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

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"You wish! If wishes were horses, beggars might ride." Aunt Mag quoted spitefully to her partial namesake, Margaret Emmeline.

The Emmeline had been a standing grievance ever since the girl was christened. Aunt Mag, otherwise Miss Bronson, had an instinct of jealous supremacy toward whatever was her own. Being a just person, she called her only niece by the awkward full name, notwithstanding in all other mouths she was simply Emmy. That was the worst of it. Miss Bronson in her own mind accused Emmy's meek mother of having plotted it from the first. Naturally she had not shed many tears when the offender slipped apologetically out of life, leaving Emmy to the tender mercies of her masterful sister-in-law. Handsome, luckless, Jack Bronson, the father, had died soon after Emmy was born—died on the ocean and been buried at sea—at least that was what his sister had given out. The widow had said nothing. Neither had she worn black—to the anger of Miss Bronson and the great scandal of the village. For once the slim faced woman, who was commonly as wax in stronger hands, had withstood her world, saying only with a dreamy, wistful look, "Jack understands."

Emmy was her father over again—dark eyed, olive skinned, with red lips delicately curved and cheeks like damask roses. She had his gay temper also, his high head, his habit of getting her own way in spite of everything. The village unanimously pronounced her a handful—even for Miss Bronson, whose hand was not light. Emmy was fourteen when her mother died. It was a standing marvel to everybody that she had gone quietly away to boarding school at Miss Bronson's orders, albeit heretofore she had hated and flouted schools of every sort. It was even a greater surprise to have her come back four years later, just the same Emmy for all her wonderful accomplishments.

It was plain she did not love Aunt Mag, but the two kept truce with each other. Those who wondered at it might have understood had they heard poor Lena Bronson's dying admonition: "Obey your Aunt Margaret. Remember what we owe her. Until—unless the debt is paid—it rests with you to make her the only possible return." There had been no need to be more explicit—Emmy understood. Through a passion of tears she had sobbed in answer, "I will."

Obedience had been hard and wearing often, but she had not flinched until it came to the question of marriage. Miss Bronson's precepts were all against her example. "I want you to marry young and marry well," she had said to Emmy as soon as the girl came home. For a year she had said nothing more save in a general way, but Emmy had come to understand what her elder meant by marrying well. Cliffe Gorton was the only one among her half dozen beaux Miss Bronson approved. She had to approve him indeed, seeing that she had at least half raised him. Judge Gorton, his father, had been her man of business ever since her own father died. His wife, flabby and an invalid, had been pretty well under Miss Bronson's thumb—so had her son, who was, after a sort, her image made vigorous and vital. From his cradle Cliffe had been a prize pretty boy—as fair and blue eyed as Emmy was peach tinted. Although he was three years older, she had thrashed him roundly in the era of short frocks. Possibly it was some reflex memory of the thrashing which made him as a lover appear to her ridiculously impossible.

"If my wishes were horses I'd surely ride away from Granby—and everything," she said, sighing faintly as she glanced at Miss Bronson.

Miss Bronson frowned heavily. "I dare say you'd take the road to Owen-ton," she said pointedly. "Let's have this thing out, Margaret Emmeline. I see no use in beating about the bush. You were well enough content here until Cliffe Gorton proposed to you and that scatter brained young Hyland came to town. Even you must admit that there is no comparison possible between the two men. Cliffe has everything in his favor; Hyland nothing. In spite of that, since you seem to fancy him—"

"Oh, but I don't! You are wrong—all wrong," Emmy interrupted, with, however, a furious blush.

Miss Bronson went on as though she had not spoken: "I should let you have your way but for one thing. Whoever marries you must be told the truth. Cliffe knows it already—besides he understands. I have done and borne much out of love for my father's name. Your father disgraced it—"

"You must not say so. Nobody was ever quite sure," Emmy panted, her cheeks very white. Miss Bronson glanced at her dry eyed, then looked away. Her own lips were ashen, but they laughed bitterly as she said: "You mean everybody was sure—except your poor, foolish mother. She believed her husband—against right and reason—against the whole world. Do you know exactly what happened? I thought not," as Emmy shook her head.

"It was this: My brother, in desperate straits for money, went into Judge Cliffe's office to beg him for a loan. It was late afternoon. He knew the

Judge had just been paid several thousand dollars which he could not bank. The money, indeed, was in a letter tray on his desk, ready to go into the safe. There was a great hurly burly in the office—people coming and going, clerks getting ready to shut up everything. The judge was in and out of the main office a dozen times while your father sat beside the desk and the tray of money. Two men, clerks there, saw him pick it up and finger the bills in it. Two others heard him entreating the judge a little later to lend him even a thousand dollars. The judge refused."

"Of course. He would refuse money to the dying," Emmy broke in, her eyes flashing.

Miss Bronson frowned. "He is a just man and kind, else where would we be?" she said. "But to go on. My brother kept the judge so late every body else had gone, and the safe was still to be shut. The money tray and several other trays were upon the desk. Your father helped the judge hustle them inside it, then rushed away from him and took a train for the city. Next day when the judge opened the safe the tray and the money were missing. He was sure he had put in whatever John gave him. He had knelt in front of the safe, setting things on the floor, and then fitting them in place. The lock had not been touched, and the money had been there with just the two of them. The judge didn't have it. The inevitable conclusion was—"

"I won't believe it. I can't. It was wicked in you to believe— Oh, I know what you did—replaced the money and kept everything quiet—on condition that my father should disappear. He accepted your condition. I would not. I should have fought. It is because of him I hate the race of Gorton. I will never marry Cliffe—not though you turn me in the street."

"You know I shall not do that," Miss Bronson said heavily. "Understand, though, you shall marry nobody else. I gave up my comfort to save my pride. You shall let no stranger know—our secret—perhaps to spurn you when he did know."

"My father was innocent. But until it is proved I shall abide by your will," Emmy said, her color coming back. "Because it is his wish—and my mother's," she added as she walked to the window. Almost instantly she turned from it, saying huskily: "Judge Gorton is coming—running, almost—and without his hat. What can it mean?"

"More trouble," Miss Bronson said, her mouth setting hard. Next minute the judge burst into the room with a face of ashes. He had something in his hand—something flat and square and dusty.

"Look, Margaret!" he cried, holding it out to Miss Bronson. "Here is the money—every dollar. We found it under the safe when it was moved today. There is just a little space—hardly an inch. I must have crowded the tray into it in my fidgeting with the other things. God forgive me that I did not think of the possibility then. But, remember, I never accused that poor boy!"

"But you let him suffer—judgment and punishment," Emmy cried, springing forward. "Now will you atone by helping me find him?"

"Gladly," said the judge. "It was the first thing I thought of. We will find him if he is living."

"You will not need to search far," Miss Bronson said, with quivering lips. "I have never lost track of him or let him suffer for anything—at least not since poor Lena died."

Next fall there was a wedding at the Bronson place—very quiet, but very happy. The groom's name was Hyland, and the bride was given away by her father, who had very white hair and perpetually brooding eyes. Miss Bronson cried a little to see Emmy go away, but after all was over she laid her hand softly upon her brother's shoulder, saying:

"After all, Jack, we have each other left."

Civilization in France A. D. 1617.

Marshal d'Ancre was assassinated in the streets of Vitry on April 24, 1617. The people of France have always been looked upon as fairly well civilized at that time. Yet this is what these civilized Frenchmen did. They dug up the corpse of D'Ancre, dragged it through the streets to the Pont Neuf, where they hung it up by the feet. Then it was dragged through the streets again to the Place de Greve. D'Ancre, or what was left of him, was dismembered and chopped to pieces, the crowds fighting for morsels of the "excommunicated Jew," as they called him. His entrails were thrown into the river, his ears were sold to the best burgher and what was left was burned in front of the statue of Henri IV. Most horrible of all, his heart was torn out, cooked and eaten by these human wolves. The next day the dead marshal's ashes were offered for sale on the streets, while his wife was accused of sorcery, dragged to the Bastille and her head hacked off.

Holmes on Domestic Economy.

The laughable and the pathetic are sometimes strangely mingled in little exhibitions of domestic economy—a plate of apples, for instance, with the defective parts cut out for the children; a small basket of homemade gingerbread, with one or two pieces of pound cake carefully disposed on the surface so as to appear to the best advantage—"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

Free Lectures.

Candle—Why do you call Speaks a liberal educator? Waddel—He lectures without pay. Caudle—Then my wife must be in that class also. She has been doing the same thing ever since the day she led me to the altar.—Chicago News.

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 south-east of the town site, which has been set aside for the use of stock yards, sheds and loading pens.—MIDLAND TOWN COMPANY.

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. John Yaden, 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. W. T. Shive, 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. Christine Murdoch, W. M. Jennie E. Reames, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Klamath Lodge No. 137 meets every Saturday evening in the A. O. U. W. hall. W. H. North, 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. C. C. Brower, 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. Francis E. Boyd, N. G. Frankie Hammond, Secretary.

K. of P.—Klamath Lodge No. 99 meets in Sanderson's hall every Monday evening. Bert Bamber, C. C. John Y. Tipton, 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.

Women of Woodcraft, Ewauna Circle No. 647, meets every second and fourth Friday in Sanderson's hall. Mrs. Dollie Virgil, G. N.

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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 \$5 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 overseeing the development of the claims 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.

For Shares, address

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