

HER DAY OF FREEDOM.

By ROSALIE DAVIS.

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Grace Cramer received the news of her aunt's trifling illness with outward manifestations of regret and sympathy, but an inward feeling of exultation which she realized was, to say the least, ungrateful. Aunt Felice had been a patient, untiring, uncomplaining chaperon for one long week.

"Tell Mrs. Cramer I hope she will be feeling very much better when I come back from a drive. Is there anything I could bring her—violets or perhaps roses?"

"Madam cannot endure perfume of any sort when she has one of these attacks, but I shall tell her of your kind thoughtfulness," said the precise, black-gowned maid, who had been in Mrs. Cramer's service for fifteen years.

Well trained and capable was this maid, but it never dawned upon her that she should personally see that Mrs. Cramer's order for the carriage was executed. Certainly this sturdy young woman from the west, only daughter of Mrs. Cramer's only brother, looked as if she were quite capable of giving her own orders.

And so it happened that the butler, not without some misgivings, held open the big walnut and bronze doors for Grace to pass out half an hour later and watched her walk briskly down the avenue.

At Thirty-fourth street she paused uncertainly. There were several points of interest she really wanted to see before returning home—the statue of Liberty, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Grant's tomb. Of course New Yorkers were always bored with such things, but Grace was from the west and frankly interested in sightseeing. And such a morning as it was for sightseeing!

In front of the Waldorf-Astoria stood a line of hansoms. With deliberate steps and keen glances she turned her feet in their direction. The cabbies looked at her expectantly—sharp featured English drivers, heavy-jawed and red-eyed Irish drivers, a couple who looked as if they had sprung from the ghetto and one who caught and held her glance, smooth and boyish of face, smart and well-groomed of coat and hat. She stopped and looked up into his face, shielding her eyes with her long flat purse.

"How much?"

"Where, miss?" said the driver courteously.

"Oh, I don't know just where—by the hour, I guess."

"One-fifty for the first hour, a dollar an hour after that."

"All right. And first we'll go to the museum in the park."

He touched the front of his hat with his gloved fingers, and some rude young men lounging near the carriage starter's booth laughed. Grace started. Perhaps she had better not. Then she glanced up at the young man on the box. His gloved fingers were still against his hat, the doors were invitingly open, and though his face was quite grave, his eyes danced in a fashion very much in accordance with her own joy in being free from surveillance for a whole day.

She sprang into the hansom, and the doors clattered shut.

"How silly to be afraid!" she murmured. "Why, at home I go everywhere alone—and he is such a nice-looking Irish boy."

"The nice-looking Irish boy," gathering up his reins, turned his eyes on the group of rude laughing youths near the starter's booth, and in that look was a curious mingling of triumph and reproach.

They bowled through the park and drew up with a flourish in front of the museum. Grace sprang out.

"Oh, it is so much larger than I expected," she said, turning to the driver in frank surprise, not untiring with appeal. "I had no idea there was so much of it. You don't suppose I can begin to see it in half an hour or even an hour?"

The young man leaned respectfully from the box.

"Indeed you can't, miss. I've been here nearly every Sunday for the past three months, and I don't feel as if I'd seen the half of it yet."

"Oh, then you don't work on Sundays?"

The cabby flushed.

"After 6, miss. There's not much doing here on Sundays till dinner time."

"Do they have guides?" she said, waving her hand toward the museum.

"No, miss. But you can buy a catalogue."

"And spend all my time trying to figure out the catalogue. Goodness, everything is so big in New York! It appalls me." She took a step forward, then turned.

"I don't suppose—would you mind—if you could get some one to hold the horse—could you take me through? It would save so much time if you know the building, and then maybe I could see Grant's tomb too."

The young Irishman swung around on the box. Yes; there, a few rods away, was a policeman. He drove toward the officer, held a whispered conversation and in a few moments returned on foot, leaving the horse in care of a bright-looking boy, with the sympathetic policeman in higher authority.

"You'll want to see the Vanderbilt loan collection, a few of the biggest and finest pictures and the Morgan jewels," he said. But they saw much

more, and it was fully an hour and a half before they emerged from the museum.

"It isn't hard to see that you have spent your Sunday afternoons to good advantage," said the girl without a touch of patronage, and the young man looked at her gratefully.

"Once I thought I'd like to be a painter, but now—"

He signaled to the lad, who led up the horse.

"Ah," thought the girl as the doors closed in upon her, "probably has a poor mother and some little brothers and sisters to support."

At Grant's tomb he found another obliging youth to hold the horse, and he pointed out to her all the interesting features of the battle-scarred relics in the crypt. He drove her out past Claremont and the viaduct, then lifted the window above her head and asked:

"Where next, miss?"

"Home, and I suppose you had better hurry. It is past lunchtime now. Fifth avenue."

The tiny window fell with a sharp click. The young man sat on the box so surprised that the girl in the hansom wondered why he had not obeyed her order to hurry. Then with a clatter they dashed down the drive.

"Three hours—that's three-fifty." She handed him a five-dollar bill. "And please keep the rest for yourself. I've had such a beautiful time, and you showed me so much more than our own coachman could have done."

The young Irishman bent low to hand her some change.

"I beg pardon, miss, but I belong to an association, and members are not allowed to take more than a quarter for a tip. Now, if you happened to have a silver quarter, particularly a nice shiny quarter, I'd—"

Grace fingered the change in her long blue purse and triumphantly drew out a brand new quarter which glistened in the clear winter sunshine.

"I don't suppose I could have your hansom tomorrow if I?"

"I'm sorry, miss, but I don't know where I will be sent tomorrow. You see, we're posted at different points different days."

"Well, he is the most human thing I've met in this frosty old town," said the pretty westerner to herself as she touched the electric button.

The Ernest cotillon was at its height. Mrs. Cramer, quite recovered from her illness, watched in radiant triumph the success her husband's niece was scoring.

"Brimming over with personality, don't you know," murmured an old beau, nodding over Mrs. Cramer's shoulder at the lovely girl in her dancing frock of silver gauze. "Actually enjoying herself, isn't she?"

Just then to a rattling two-step half a dozen young men pranced into the room, clad in coaching coats and hats made of paper and carrying long whips, which they snapped as they circled round the great room.

"The horse show figure—how clever!" murmured Mrs. Cramer. "And I hear the favors are exquisite silver brooches and buckles pinned on blue ribbons."

Just then one of the dancers paused before her niece and raised his high paper hat. He was a smooth-faced chap, with blue eyes that twinkled merrily into the astonished face of the girl.

"Why, I thought you were—"

"I was for one day," he said as he led the dazed girl into the mazes of the dance. "An election bet I had to settle, and you came along just in the nick of time."

"And you said that you wanted to be a painter?"

"So I did," he maintained stoutly. "You'll at least admit I know something about art."

She nodded her head, but flung him a reproachful glance.

"Well, my father decided that I ought to help him build railroads instead; that's all."

"If you can drive spikes as straight as you drive a hansom?"

"It was rather a jolly morning, eh?" he said, with a chuckle. "My, but the boys were sore! They hoped I'd get some old girl on shopping bent, who would keep me outside the shops, where I'd meet everybody I knew, but you rescued me in that park drive."

He was handing her the dainty silver favor, and then he thrust his fingers into his vest pocket and drew out a quarter.

"That's a little the best favor that ever came my way. I am going to keep it!"

"Till you have another fare?"

He turned grave.

"As long as I live."

"I am going home tomorrow," she remarked irrelevantly.

"How odd! And I am going to Denver on business. Great luck, and I guess we've proved that we don't require a chaperon."

Bermuda the Onionless.

If you just go to Bermuda for the onions, you had better stay at home, because all the onions are exported. But if you can make up your mind to do without onions you will have a splendid time. In the first place, there are no railroads and—oh, blessed thought!—no trolleys on the islands. You can forget the hurry and the fret and rest tired nerves. You can bathe; you can sail on the wonderfully clear, still water within the rampart of coral; you can fish and look through water glasses thirty feet down on the teeming life under sea. The Bermuda boats are rigged with something which is almost a balloon jib and a leg-o'-mutton, or jib-headed mainsail, and they are of deep draft. But they work pretty handily and will stand up and sail fast in rough water, so that you can take them out beyond the protected water without fear.—Travel Magazine.

Andrew Jackson's Education.

During each winter for two or three years after he had reached the age of seven Andrew Jackson was sent to the old field school of a Mr. Branch. After this he attended the select school which a Presbyterian preacher, the Rev. Dr. David Humphreys, taught in the Waxhaw settlement. He appears to have been going to this higher school in the spring of 1780, when the Inroad of Tarleton created a panic in that portion of the Carolinas. At some later period of his youth he is said to have attended the old Queen college or seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms, but the time is not definitely known.

As to education, therefore, it may be safely stated that Andrew Jackson enjoyed much more than the ordinary advantage of a backwoods boy of his time. At the age of ten he had become so good a reader that he was often chosen to read the newspaper to the assembled neighbors, and he remembered with pride in after years that he had thus had the honor of "reading out loud" the Declaration of Independence upon its arrival in the Waxhaws. For a lad of ten this was, indeed, something to remember with honest pride.—Thomas E. Watson in Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

Caustic.

Recently a wearied-looking little mother, carrying a small baby, boarded a street car and took a seat next to two men who were earnestly engaged in conversation. Neither of the men was very handsome, and it must have required considerable nerve on their part to hand out their photographs among their friends unless the pictures had been previously retouched with sandpaper. In a few minutes the baby began to cry with a reliable yelp that could be heard above the din of the street hable for half a block, and, with a grouchy glance at the youngster, one of the men arose and peevishly remarked to his pal:

"I think we had better sit over here, Jim."

This ungallant act plainly embarrassed the little mother, but she was equal to the occasion.

"It won't do a bit of good to change your seats, gentlemen," said she in a finely sarcastic voice. "The baby can see you quite as plainly over there as he could here."

A Dying Glass.

In the glass collection at the Museum of Art in Dresden, Germany, there is a large drinking cup which stands apart from all other art objects under a heavy glass cover. It is of Dutch workmanship, and the inscriptions and style show that it was made early in the eighteenth century. The vessel is remarkable because it is known in the museum, says a Berlin paper, "as having consumption which can be communicated to other objects of glass. On that account it is isolated. There are remedies against this glass disease, which is usually developed because of defects in the glass mixture, but these have not been applied to the Dutch vessel in order that the progress of the wasting disease may be observed."

A Big Calculation in Water.

The ocean, sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 3,270,000,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover thirty-six cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were suddenly dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of flow, which, of course, they could not without ocean evaporation, it would take 3,500 years to refill the basin.

Companionship of Books.

Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy when you may talk with kings and queens, while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always, in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish. From that, once entered into it, you can never be ousted but by your own fault.—John Ruskin.

Mislaid the Pudding.

Dinner was late, but when the mistress started to make a mild remonstrance the new maid was on time with her excuse.

"Sure," she said, with an irresistible Irish smile as she placed the soup on the table, "sure, I mislaid the pudding, and there I was hunting the house for it, and where would it be after all but in the oven!"

Shopping.

There is nothing finer for the temper than a new hat, no balm for hurt feelings like a fresh gawgaw. Ordering new frocks takes a woman out of herself. Cut a woman off her shopping, and the result may be disastrous.—London World.

The Polish He Needed.

"I stopped down the street," said the man who prided himself on being blunt, "to get a polish on my shoes."

"Don't you think," asked his sarcastic companion, "that you began at the wrong end?"—Baltimore American.

As Usual.

Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?—Business Man (wearily)—Great success. He's teaching me now.—Chicago Journal.

A man is never so on trial as in the moment of excessive good fortune.—Wallace.

The Most Desolate Spot.

Perhaps the most desolate spot on earth is a tiny storm swept islet in Bering sea nearly midway between Alaska and Siberia. Nearly fifty miles from the nearest land, King's Island is a barren rock, so steep that no beach landing can be found. Here on the southern side, perched like nests above the roaring surf and secured to the rocks by walrus thongs, are the skin dwellings of the walrus hunters. Here the sun is never shining, the sea never smooth. Cold, chilly fogs enshroud the place in summer, while the frequent and furious gales that sweep through Bering strait at all seasons render the narrow summit uninhabitable. Ice locked during nine months of the year, the natives depend entirely upon the seal, walrus and whale as a means of existence. During the brief summer a stray whaler may visit the island for a couple of hours, but this is the sole communication with the outer world. The King's Islanders are closely allied to the Alaskan Eskimos. They are a fine, hardy race, inured to daily dangers and privations, and are reckoned the best and bravest sailors in Bering sea. Their boats of walrus hide will carry from twenty to thirty persons in a mountainous sea.

Strange Fuels.

"I have eaten mutton cooked on a fire of broken mummy," said the sailor. "It was in Egypt, and the mummy was stolen out of a tomb. Them natives is always stealin' mummies. They sell them in pieces to tourists, and what pieces they can't dispose of otherwise they throw into the bin for fuel. Mummy burns like tinder, but it's a ghastly fuel. It is as ghastly a fuel as the shoe lasts what they burn in the shoemakin' town of Lynn, where the old fashioned and discarded lasts glow in the grates look to you like amputated human Tribbles. I been in tannery towns where the fuel is leather chips. This fuel smells and smokes. It clinkers, too, formin' itself into big, solid chunks what have to be broke up with the poker every little while. In British Columbia, where fish is as plentiful as air, they burn dried fish when there's no wood handy. The oil in the fish causes them to burn well, but the smell of this fish fuel ain't to no white man's taste."

Pawnshop Art Sales.

"One of the most indefatigable painters in Philadelphia has almost exclusively a pawnshop trade," said a pawnbroker the other day while discussing the many tricks of his business. "He has been working this market," he continued, "for almost four years. I believe I was his first customer. He was reduced to the point where his only capital was a lot of pictures that he could not sell. In his extremity he came to me. I advanced him a little money on several pictures, which I was lucky enough to sell. The funny part of it was that the man himself couldn't sell a picture to save his soul. He finally realized that he was deficient in business ideas and confined himself strictly to painting pictures, while I attended to the sales. At last he got other customers in my line, and today he actually makes a living from the pawnshop trade."—Philadelphia Record.

What Ailed the Speech.

At the close of one of the sessions in the trial of Warren Hastings when most of those engaged had gathered in the anteroom Dr. Parr stalked up and down the room in his pedantic, pompous way, growling out praises of the speeches of Fox and Sheridan, but saying not a word about Burke's. Burke, sensitive at this omission and anxious for some commendation from the great authority, could at last contain himself no longer and burst out:

"Doctor, didn't you like my speech?"

"No, Edmund," replied Dr. Parr, calmly eying his excited questioner. "Your speech was oppressed with metaphor, dislocated by parenthesis and debilitated by amplification!"

His Shaky Seat.

A small Canadian ventured into the room while his eldest sister was entertaining a masculine caller.

"Mr. Harris," the youth finally interrupted, "I wish you would take me with you some day."

"Take you with me?" echoed the caller. "Where do you want to go, Bobbie?"

"I heard Mr. Grant, next door, say you were on the water wagon and he guessed you'd soon fall off. I'd love to help you drive."—Canadian Courier.

Eloquent Silence.

There are silences of all sorts, as there is speech of all sorts. There are silences that set one's teeth on edge—it is always a relief to break them—and there are silences that are gentler, kinder, sweeter, more loving, more eloquent than any words and which it always a wrench to interrupt.—Marion Crawford.

Not to Be Fooled.

"He wanted me to order a basket of champagne," declared indignant Mr. Nuritch.

"Well?"

"I may be ignorant, but I know that champagne comes in bottles."—Washington Herald.

The Bride's Way.

Friend—Is the bride you're working for getting to be a good housekeeper? Cook—No; she hasn't learned to keep out of the kitchen yet.—Detroit Free Press.

The Secret of Human Society. It is only because each man is so different from his fellows that we are able to endure one another's company.—Lurida Times-Uden

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The Pioneer Bank of Klamath County

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS
JUNE 29, 1907.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 314,962.76
Bonds and Securities	60,584.86
Real Estate, Buildings and Fixtures	20,160.58
Cash and Sight Exchange	248,091.93
	\$643,800.13
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, fully paid	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	12,988.64
Due other Banks	40,061.98
DEPOSITS	491,649.51
	\$643,800.13

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.

ALEX MARTIN, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of July, 1907.
[SEAL] A. M. WORDEN,
Notary Public for Oregon.

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