

## THE SALE OF A TITLE

(Original.)

There are many strange customs in Russia. Among the strangest is one wherein a man of noble birth for a consideration will marry a woman and give her his name and her freedom at the same time, leaving her at the moment they are pronounced man and wife.

One winter's day in St. Petersburg the beauty and fashion of the capital were skating on the Neva. Among the throng were two ladies skating together. A tall, handsome man of aristocratic mien was regarding one of them with admiring glances as they skated by him and asked a friend who she was.

"I was told just now," replied the friend, "that one of them was Miss Mikhailof, the daughter of one of the new civil appointees, but I am not sure which one she is. I think she is the brunette."

Later the man who was interested noticed the lady he had admired—the brunette—skating alone. She tripped and fell. Darting toward her, he raised her. She was not hurt, but he was loath to leave her.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said. "I am Count Akadyevitch."

"Count Akadyevitch, the emperor's aide-de-camp, needs no introduction."

"I have been sufficiently interested in you to inquire your name, Miss Mikhailof."

The lady turned her eyes upon the count, but said nothing.

Count Akadyevitch received permission to call on the lady that evening. She left the city next day, but not before inviting him to visit her at her home in Kostroma. The invitation was accepted punctually on the day it was given for. The count found that his new acquaintance, with whom he had fallen desperately in love—a case of love at first sight—lived a sort of queen among her tenants. It was "Miss Mikhailof, will you have this?" or "Miss Mikhailof, will you have that?" every one being punctilious in addressing her by name when speaking to her.

From the first the count received especial encouragement. A week passed, and when he proposed to return his intention was gently opposed. "Two more weeks he remained, and yet the lady did not signify a wish that he should go. Nevertheless the count was melancholy. A secret seemed to be gnawing at his heart. The more he became interested in the lady the more depressed he became. Finally she asked him the cause.

"I dare not tell you," he said. "You will despise me."

"Indeed!" replied the lady. "I insist. Have I been unwise in trusting you on so short an acquaintance?"

The count was silent for a time, during which it was evident his sufferings were great. At last he said:

"I was forced some years ago to do a thing I am greatly ashamed of and which now stands in the way of a possible happiness. When I came into my title and estate the latter was incumbered with debt. Twenty thousand rubles were necessary to clear it. I was about to lose it when I received through a medium an offer of the amount for my name by a woman who wished to be noble. I consented on condition that the marriage should take place by proxy. The condition was accepted, and I was married. I am wedded, but I have never met my wife."

The count bowed his head.

"You are no more to blame than the woman who bought your name."

"Leaving blame out of the question, I am prevented from yielding to the dictates of my heart. I cannot even honorably tell you that I love you."

Notwithstanding the confession of the sale, the confession of love evidently was a delight to the lady. A rose color appeared at her throat and spread rapidly over her face. Presently she spoke again:

"I, too, have a confession to make. I am not Miss Mikhailof."

"You not Miss Mikhailof?"

"No. You were mistaken in my name when you first met me, and I permitted you to remain mistaken. Miss Mikhailof was a friend who skated with me. Before your arrival here I gave instructions that every one should address me when you were present as Miss Mikhailof."

"And your real name is?"

"I have more to confess. When I came into these estates every one told me that I should marry a noble. After waiting a long while to meet one that I could love, having failed, I resolved to buy a title in the same manner as you sold yours."

"You—you bought a title by marriage?"

"I did. I heard of a man who needed money. I gave it for his name. Strange to say, I was married, as you were, by proxy."

## SOME FAMOUS BENEFITS.

The One For Grimaldi, in 1828, Long Remained a Record.

It was as far back as 1698, according to Samuel Pepys, that one Knipp came to him about the "woman's day" at the playhouse, which he was expected to patronize in order to increase the profits.

Perhaps the first organized benefit for a particular favorite, however, was that given to Mrs. Barry in 1687. On such occasions it was customary to charge for admission to the stage, which in consequence often became so thronged that when a player to whom the distinction was accorded had to make his appearance before the footlights to take up his part in the piece it had not infrequently to be stopped for several minutes while the attendants forced a passage for the unfortunate actor through the throng of his admirers.

Thus on the occasion of Quin's benefit at Covent Garden, in 1753, the old actor, who was incumbered with the heavy dress of Falstaff, was several minutes before he could pass on to the stage on account of the crowds that were assembled in the wings.

Perhaps one of the saddest of the many benefits which have been celebrated at Drury Lane was that given on June 27, 1828, for Grimaldi, the greatest clown the stage has known, when the heartbroken old man was wheeled on to the stage in an armchair and hopelessly broke down in his endeavor to sing his once famous ditty, "Hot Colliers." The old man's memory had completely forsaken him. On that occasion a sum of £1,700 was realized, which for many years remained a record.—St. James' Gazette.

## A YANKEE RETORT.

Information For a Seaman on an English Man-of-war.

Just after the war of 1776 an American frigate visited England. Her crew of gallant tars had been principally recruited from the fisheries, and some of them, it is to be acknowledged, did not compare favorably in appearance with the speck and span, jaunty English naval seamen, for the former were of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, round shouldered, long armed Cape Coder down to the short, wiry members of the ship's company who hailed from various parts farther south.

One day the captain of the American ship paid a visit to the commander of a British man-of-war at anchor in the same harbor. The cockswain of the gig was a great, lanky seaman, whose backbone was so rounded as to form a veritable hump. While the boat rested at the gangway of the visited vessel the English sailors gathered in the open ports and "took stock" in a rather disdainful fashion of the occupants of the gig. At last the seaman of the man-of-war called, down to the cockswain:

"Elo, there, Yankee! I say, what's that bloomin' 'ump you have on your back?"

The American sailor looked up and called back quick as a shot, "That's Bunker Hill!"—Los Angeles Times.

## A Floral Scrap.

"Did you hear of all the trouble in the flower circus?"

"No. What was it?"

"Well, to begin with, the tiger lilies boasted of the superiority of their tricks over the dandy-lions, and these cat-tales were brought to the elephant ears, and it was very natural that the dogwood tell them where the cow's lips would repeat them. That foxglove was on hand, although the cockcomb gossip was ahead. Then everybody was inclined to linger to admire the parrot's feather till they heard the cross-cuss like a trooper, and all hands got a fatherly lecture from the poppy flower."—Washington Herald.

## Life as Childish Pleasure.

The wealthy woman with diamonds up to her knuckles was telling of a man she knew who was going abroad on a cattle steamer. "He is going for his health," she said. "He is very delicate, but he is so poor. Why should a man who has no health endeavor to preserve the little he has? With no money to make life agreeable and so little life left in the body, why should he keep on wanting to live?" One of her listening friends who is not particularly incumbered with this world's goods spoke up. "I suppose he takes a sort of childish pleasure in it: Most of us do."—New York Press.

## The House of Romanoff.

The house of Romanoff passed out of existence with the death of its last survivor, Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, who was succeeded as ruler of Russia by her nephew, Peter of Oldenburg, duke of Holstein-Gottorp, son of her younger sister, Grand Duchess Ann. It is from this czar, who reigned as Peter III., that the whole of the reigning house of Russia are descended, and they are, therefore, not Romanoffs, but Oldenburgs.

## Making Her Happy.

"You say you have subscribed to the Up to Date Fashion Magazine for your wife?"

"Yes; she gets so much enjoyment out of weeping over the gowns which I cannot afford to buy for her."—Houston Post.

## Inference.

Crawford—Did any one ever tell you that he was henpecked? Crabshaw—No, but I noticed portraits of his wife's family hanging all over the house.—Life.

An empty purse causes a full heart.—Fielding.

## WAS NO KIDNAPER.

Longshoreman's Story Acquits Him of Serious Charge.

The kidnaper came into court slowly when his name was called. Big, broad shouldered, muscular, huge hands so calloused that he could hardly close them, thanks to handling freight on the great docks, he stood with his head bowed down. The mother whose child had been stolen glared at him from a front seat. On her lap sat the golden haired three-year-old. She waved a pudgy little fist at the kidnaper and beamed and would have crawled off the maternal lap to go to the big fellow had she been allowed.

"I didn't steal the kid, God bless her!" said the kidnaper. "I'm a sort of a bum, I know, and I was drinkin' yesterday an' tryin' to forget. An' when I got into the Battery park the little un run to me an' said, 'Papa.' An', judge, yer honor, sixteen years ago I had a kid just like that, before her mother run away from me an' took the little un along. So we was sittin' on the bench, talkin', an' I was feedin' yer some candy I got from a dago when all these people came runnin' up, an' they pinched me."

"You're no kidnaper," said the judge, with decision. "Go downstairs for a day and straighten up." As the longshoreman turned he addressed the mother timidly:

"Please, ma'am, can I kiss the kid—just once?"—New York Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

## ELUSIVE FAME.

How One May Perhaps Grasp This Mocking Will-o'-the-wisp.

Fame is the sum total of all the advertising a man has had, plus his superiority over others. When we desire it most it never comes, and when it does come we have forgotten that we wanted it.

Fame comes either before a man is dead or after. When it comes before it is not so likely to last after; but when it comes after it grows continually. Generally speaking, those who crave it most never receive it—that is, until after they have stopped craving it.

Fame is peculiar to itself. It is not religious or moral or wealthy or social or political. It rises above the Ten Commandments and, like nature, creates its own standards.

Fame is more common among the dead than among the living. No man living can be absolutely sure of it. But when it comes to a dead man he can be confident that it will remain.

Fame is the most useless thing in the world. Those who once realize this are the ones most likely to receive it.

To be famous, therefore, live long enough to avoid all rules, work without ceasing, create with courage the thing you take the most pleasure in, and then, having died, calmly await the result.—Judge.

## Street Phrases.

In connection with the changes of fashionable street phrases a correspondent of the London Chronicle recalls from a song book dating far back in the nineteenth century a comic song, in which the singer complained that just as he had got used to one inquiry—"Does your mother know you're out?" if memory serves—it suddenly changed, and "now every little blackguard boy cries, 'Tell me, who's your hatter?'" It is remarkable to note the persistence of the hat among catch phrases. "Who's your hatter?" reappeared in much later times as "Where did you get that hat?" At another period the wearer of a white hat was greeted with, "Who stole the donkey?" And the "shocking bad hat" time must also be reckoned. "I'll eat my hat" and "My hat!" as an improvement upon "My conscience!" seem to be permanent tributes to the hat's importance in the order of things.

## Latin in the Commons.

Some of the more radical and perhaps less educated members of the British parliament are inclined to find fault because a few of their colleagues are inclined on occasion to quote foreign languages. This recalls the advice of the Duke of Wellington to a young member of the house: "Say what you have to say. Don't quote Latin. And sit down." The celebrated Irish member Bernal Osborne once made use of a Latin quotation in a speech. Then he observed that he would translate for the benefit of the "unlettered millionaires" who sat around him.

## The Horse's Nose.

It is easy to tell a horse's character by his nose, according to an army officer. If the profile has a gentle curve and at the same time the ears are pointed and sensitive the animal may be depended on as being gentle and at the same time high spirited. On the other hand, if the horse has a dent in the middle of his nose it is safe to set him down as treacherous and vicious. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be easily scared and need coaxing, while one that droops his ears is apt to be both lazy and vicious.

## She Obeyed.

"You promised to love, honor and obey," said the husband.

"Well, I don't love, I can't honor and I won't obey," was the response.

"You go at once and buy that new hat," he rejoined, thus at one stroke demolishing all her theories.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## That's What Hurt.

"I don't like that there Mrs. Swellman at all," said Mrs. Nuritch.

"Well, you ain't got to take no notice of her," replied Mr. Nuritch.

"But the trouble is she don't take no notice of me."—Philadelphia Press.

## A HISTORIC HIGHWAY.

How Colonel Zane Kept His Contract to Mark the Road.

It is said that the beginning of one part of a historic road may be traced to the following incident: In early days, before the public conveyance by stage between the east and west, travel was generally by horseback. Judge Brown, senator for Kentucky, reached Wheeling on the way to the capital wet and tired. He was a guest of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, an early settler at Wheeling. Standing before the fire in Zane's comfortable cabin, he remarked, "Zane, if you will have a roadway marked from here to Limestone (Maysville), I will have congress grant you a section of land at the crossing of the Muskingum, Hocking and Scioto rivers." Zane fulfilled the contract, and congress made the grant.

May 17, 1796, congress granted to Ebenezer Zane three tracts of land, one square mile, one on the Muskingum, one on the Hocking and one on the Scioto river, in the state of Ohio, for the purpose of building ferries on the road from Wheeling, W. Va., to Limestone, which road was to be opened by the president of the United States. These grants were confirmed to Zane and patented Feb. 14, 1800. On April 3, 1802, congress made the same allowance to Isaac Zane, his heirs or assigns, located in the Northwest Territory, now the state of Ohio. Zane made good use of his grants. He located the town of Zanesville on the Muskingum, the town of Fairfield on the Hocking and Chillicothe on the Scioto. The story runs that when Judge Brown passed over the "road" he found it well marked by blazed trees.—Exchange.

## POCAHONTAS.

Her Visit to England and the Effect It Produced.

Pocahontas was born in the year 1595. Her father, Powhatan, was the lord and ruler of thirty tribes or clans of savages inhabiting that vast domain which was then called Virginia, after the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth. His friendship was dearly sought for by the white men and considered essential to the life and success of the colony. Like most red men, he distrusted the whites and their designs.

In England Pocahontas was treated with all the honor shown to royalty. Her grace and charm seem to have won all hearts, and she was at her ease with the best in the land. She was presented at Queen Anne's court, attended a ball given by the bishop of London and visited the Globe theater to see Shakespeare's "Tempest." In fact, she took on the garb and accessories of civilization with that easy grace which belongs to the truly great and was as much at home in court as in her own western solitudes. But inwardly she seems to have pined for her own free, open life of the forest, and when she was about to return on the good ship George she sickened and died at Gravesend, having lived long enough, as one commentator has said, to unite two hemispheres, two races, two civilizations.—William Ordway Partridge in Circle Magazine.

## Lives of Old Violins.

Strange indeed are the "lives" of the old Italian violins, says George Lehman. For years or decades they either repose in the amateur's velvet lined cases or sing with their own peculiar incomparable sweetness to multitudes of admiring listeners, adored by their fortunate possessors, coveted by all whose love of their fascinating qualities is far greater than their material means. And then, when it is least expected, some Strad or Guarnerius, known the world over, is tenderly placed in the hands of a new master or mistress and a new chapter in the history of its long life is begun.—New York World.

## Calcutta's "Jungle Villages."

The houses, or huts, rather, that form the majority of Calcutta's dwelling and working places are low and mean and crazy to a degree. This vast congeries of dwellings that stretched itself along the Hooghly bank scarce deserves the name of town except for its supreme commercial and political importance and its great population. It is not a town, this city of huts, except in the central African sense. It is a series of jungle villages spread out and plastered on the river bank with a trowel.—Calcutta Englishman.

## Tommy Knew the Number.

Little Tommy was very quiet during the first courses, and every one forgot he was there. As the dessert was being served, however, the host told a funny story.

When he had finished and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed delightedly:

"Now, papa, tell the other one."—Everywhere.

## A Puzzle.

P—I see you have my novel. I'll wager you had to look at the last page to see how it all came out.

Q—No; I looked at the name of the publishers on the title page to see how it came out, and even now I can't understand how it was.—The Bits.

## At Cross Purposes.

"Ole Pengborn is working himself to skin and bone trying to keep that boy of his in college."

"And what's the boy doing?"

"Doing his best to be expelled."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Sadly Mercenary.

"Why are you so eager for fame?"

"Because," answered the active man, "I need it in my business. Fame nowadays is merely a synonym for successful advertising."—Washington Star.

## KLAMATH COUNTY BANK

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

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

## 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	12,088.64
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.  
A. M. WORDEN,  
Notary Public for Oregon.

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