

Additional Briefs

Subscribe for the Republican.

The best range in town for the money. Virgil & Son. 8-1 tf

BORN—Tuesday, July 30, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Dixon, a son.

Al Kubas left for Portland Tuesday, expecting to be gone about a month.

Miss Lyle Watson has returned from Ashland, where she has been for the past few weeks.

Dr. Goble will visit Merrill on August 6, 7 and 8. Office at hotel. Dates at Bonanza and Fort Klamath later.

WANTED—Work on a ranch or in a hotel, by a good, industrious girl. Inquire of Mason & Slough. 8-1-tf

Dr. Goble will visit Merrill on August 6, 7 and 8. Office at the hotel. Dates at Bonanza and Fort Klamath later.

M. C. Meservey, who has been in British Columbia on timber business for the past few months, returned to this city Tuesday.

Miss Helen Holgate, Roy Hamakar, Mrs. J. W. Hamakar, Mrs. C. Albourell and Harry and Don Holgate are spending the week at Crater Lake.

Hon. H. L. Benson left Wednesday for the Klamath Hot Springs, where he will meet Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, Sr., and accompany them to this city.

Mrs. K. Sugarman and children have returned from Portland, where they had been on a visit with relatives. They were met at Thrall by Mr. Sugarman.

Guy Merrill the well known rancher of Merrill, who has been spending sometime in the Rogue river and Willamette valleys, returned to his home this week.

H. N. Mitchell has decided to locate at Dorris permanently, where he will engage in the real estate business. He will be joined by Mrs. Mitchell in the near future.

At the Hawkins Bros.' ranch Mrs. J. A. Hawkins is enjoying a visit from her mother, Mrs. J. G. Smith, and her sisters, Misses Frances and Grace Smith, of Blair, Nebraska.

In the case of the Klamath Development Co. vs. Mrs. I. Lewis, involving certain irrigation questions, Judge Benson handed down a decision this week in favor of the defendant.

What threatens to be a rate war has sprung up between the Fort Klamath stage line and the steamer Winema, the business to Crater Lake seeming to be the stake. A short time ago the Winema people announced that they were prepared to take passengers from this city to Crater Lake and return, including hotel accommodations, for \$14.50. Now comes the Fort Klamath Stage Co. and offers to do the same thing for \$10.50.

Marshall Macklin had one of his fingers badly mangled last Friday while engaged in operating a hay loader on the Mitchell tract. The machine caught the middle finger of his right hand and tore the flesh entirely off from the first joint to the end. Dr. Merryman amputated the injured portion. A similar accident occurred last week while Joe O'Connell was operating the same machine, only in his case two fingers were caught, requiring a like operation.

Dr. Goble the well known optician of Medford arrived in Klamath Falls Wednesday on a professional visit. He will remain until August 5. If you are in need of perfect fitting glasses or your glasses need changing don't fail to see him. Examination free.

All kinds of bed springs. From \$2.00 up to \$6.00. Virgil & Son. 8-1 tf

The little daughter of Rev. and Mrs. G. T. Pratt had a narrow escape from instant death Sunday evening. Mrs. Pratt was wheeling the baby in its carriage back and forth on the front porch of the parsonage of the Presbyterian church. She released her hold for an instant, and the carriage shot across the porch and down the steps. The mother picked up the infant and started for the

doctor's office. On reaching the home of Alex Martin, Jr., she was persuaded to stay there and summon the doctor by telephone. When the physician arrived he found that the injuries, while not dangerous, were quite severe. The back of its head and one eye were badly bruised and it will be several days before it recovers from the effects of the fall.

Frank Courtade is of the opinion that it is easier to run a launch than it is to lead a cow. Last Sunday while trying to lead a cow he got mixed up with the rope. The cow seemed to take exceptions to such an arrangement and pulled Courtade from his horse. The horse then put his foot into the neck and stepped on his solar plexus, with the result that he was thought to be seriously injured. Later developments, however, proved this to be wrong, and though feeling pretty sore physically and mentally, he is able to be around as usual.

A. Carlson, employed at the Moore Bros.' saw mill, had his right eye seriously injured this week by being struck with a splinter. It is not thought that the injury is sufficient to cause the loss of the sight.

Dr. J. G. Goble is at the Lakeside Inn and will remain until August 5.

Second hand fruit jars. \$1.00 per dozen. Virgil & Son. 8-1 tf

Money Paid

Leo S. Robinson states that he has signed the deeds for the right of way for the California-Northeastern through the marsh land and that the money has been paid. This removes the last obstacle in the path of the railroad.

Crater Lake Road

One of the first results to accrue from the visit of the Secretary of the Interior is his announced intention to recommend to the next congress the advisability of making a sufficient appropriation to put the road between Prospect and Crater Lake in good condition. When the Secretary was taken in hand by the Medford people, they did it right. It seemed as if the whole town had him by the hand and was saying "Welcome, old man." It made a great impression on the Secretary, particularly when he found that they wanted nothing. On the way to Crater Lake it was "casually" remarked—those Medfordites know just how to do it—that the government ought to do something with this particular piece of road, and the Secretary thought so too, with the result that there will be something doing in that neighborhood next year. Superintendent Arant is a pretty smooth piece of goods, too, and it is a safe bet that he will be able to get what he asks for next year. He had a tough time of it getting the mere pittance he requested from the last congress, but he played his cards to win with the Secretary and he is now wearing a particularly pleasant expression, which would indicate that he will take the last trick and score.

FORT KLAMATH

Fort Klamath is located in the northern part of Klamath county, and is in the center of what is recognized as the Switzerland of America. In close proximity to Crater Lake and surrounded by the greatest natural and scenic wonders on the continent, it will, within a few years, be one of the greatest tourist resorts on the Pacific coast.

John Kirkpatrick has sold his ranch to W. E. Nicholson.

Horace and Seab Mitchell are familiar figures on our streets these days.

The roads are in most excellent condition now away up to the rim of Crater Lake.

F. Stratton and daughter passed through here Saturday on their way to

Spring creek. They have been spending a few days up at the Pinnacles in Wheelers and Land creek canyons.

Mr. and Mrs. Will G. Steel left here Saturday morning for their new home at Crater Lake.

Our friends are taking advantage of the fine weather and a great many large hay stacks have grown during the past week.

J. H. Perkins and crew have bailed about 35 tons of hay for Dan Ryan, which will be a great convenience to campers.

L. A. Crance was stricken with paralysis last Saturday morning and we are very sorry to learn that the shock was very severe.

O. B. Bunch left here late Saturday afternoon for Medford, by way of Crater Lake, with ex-Senator Mulkey, Senator Beach and Commissioner Bailey.

KENO

Keno is situated in the Southern part of Klamath County, on the Klamath river, at the terminus of navigation. Two steamers land here; mail, express and passengers are transferred from the stage to the boat at this point. Adjoining Keno on the west is a large belt of timber, and on the east is a large body of marsh lands. Near Keno, on the river, is immense water power. Telephone connections with all parts of the country. Has a good school, two stores and two saw mills.

Charley Nelson is hauling logs for Harry Wall.

A dance was given at the Wise saw-mill last Saturday evening. A good time was reported.

James Gardner of Fall creek was in Keno Tuesday erecting tombstones in memory of his children who died some years ago.

The heaviest rain of the season fell last Sunday evening. Mother earth was flooded with water. Another fine rain fell Monday evening.

Monday last seems to have been an unfortunate day. George W. Otey broke his leg, the particulars of which we did not learn, more than he was scuffling with someone. On the same day Mrs. Downing and her little daughter came to Keno on business. On their return home the buggy tongue dropped out of the neckyoke and the vehicle was overturned and threw them out. The girl escaped unhurt, but Mrs. Downing received a severe cut on the head, and other bruises. Dr. Merryman was summoned and attended to the injuries.

The members of the 500 Club and their husbands were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Baldwin last Saturday evening. Elaborate refreshments were served and the guests had a most pleasant evening, as might be expected from such a whole-souled host and hostess. The prizes were won by Mrs. O. B. Gates and C. S. Moore.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 1.—Jimmie Britt wins victory over Battling Nelson in the 29th round.

A Pleasant Sort of Sea.

The power of the surf is a thing about which many of us have but the most hazy ideas, and indeed the ordinary conditions with which we are surrounded prevent us from fully appreciating what it can be at times. The people of the island of Chincoteague, which is about a mile and a half wide, have, however, opportunities for judging this experience, which they must find the reverse of pleasant. On its eastern side and between it and the ocean is Assateague Island, which is also a mile and a half wide, but the power with which the waves come is so great that at some places the surf sweeps entirely over both islands.—London Standard.

A Talented House Agent.

Mrs. Homeseeker—You certainly don't expect anybody to take this house! Why, the floors all run down hill. Agent (a smart man)—It was built in that way on purpose, mum, to keep peace in the family. Greatest invention of the age, mum. Mrs. Homeseeker—Keep peace in the family? What do you mean? Agent—It's all right, mum; nothing like it. Whenever your husband drops his collar buttons they'll roll down to that wall, and he'll always know where to find 'em.—London Tit-Bits.

A Comparison.

"I admit I have the fault you mention," said the conceited mag. self complacently, "but it's the only fault I have, and it's a small one."
"Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole that makes a plugged nickel no good."—Philadelphia Press.

Ought to Survive.

Anxious Mother—Oh, doctor, do you think Robbie will get well? Doctor—No doubt of it; no doubt of it. I've given him medicine for everything that he could possibly have, so we're bound to strike it right.—Toledo Blade.

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.—Terence.

A MEMPHIS LANDMARK.

The Famous Old Mart Where Slaves Were Bought and Sold.

Grim, unsightly, paintless, seamed and crooked throughout its masonry, there stands today an old brick building on Adams street, midway between Main and Second, about which clusters more of history and of change than can be compressed into song or story. It is situated just on the east of the alley midway between Main and Second streets and is used as a shelter for the city prisoners who are worked on the rock pile.

If you will take the trouble to step to the westward side of this old building, where it faces the alley, and glance up along its second story you may still discern the inscription, "Negro Mart and Livery Stable," or as much of it as time has not penciled out. The last letter of the word "mart" and the last letter of the word "stable" are gone. The others are dimmed with age and might pass unnoticed unless you look a second time.

Time was when this was a famous negro market. It was presided over in its time by no less a man than General Forrest himself. Thousands of negroes were bought and sold within its walls, and hundreds of thousands of dollars passed there from buyer to vender.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

FORCE OF GRAVITY.

What Our Average Man Would Weigh on Mars and on the Sun.

If the planet Mars is really inhabited the people who live there must be an exceedingly nimble race. The average weight of a man is about 140 pounds, but the force of gravity on Mars is so much less than on the earth that the 140 pound man would weigh only fifty-three pounds if he were transported there. With such light weight and still retaining the same strength, an individual would be able to run with the speed of an express train, go skipping over ten foot walls and do various other extraordinary things. On the moon a man would be even lighter.

But on the sun our 140 pound man would have his troubles. Instead of being an airy individual he would weigh in the neighborhood of a ton and three-quarters. He would probably have the greatest difficulty in raising his hand, for that member would weigh about 300 pounds.

Aluminum.

Aluminum, it is generally known, is a metallic element found in clay and is the same material of which rubies, sapphires, emery and alum are made. It enters into the composition of a large number of other materials, and it is estimated that in its various compounds aluminum forms about one-twelfth of the crust of the earth. Every brick in every building is said to be 30 per cent aluminum. It is produced by the decomposition of clay, which is a salt composed of silicic acid combined with aluminum. The aluminum is separated from the silica by the application of electricity. Separation has never been successfully done in any other way.—Boston Globe.

Blacksnakes.

I have never seen blacksnakes over seven feet long, and I much doubt if they grow to a greater length. They are not hard to catch, though in an open field they can run about as fast as a man can. When caught they struggle desperately until they find there is no opportunity to escape, when they will give up fighting and may be handled with impunity. I have never found these snakes to be vicious. They can be handled easily, and their bite is harmless. They can squeeze pretty hard if they get a turn around your waist, but not hard enough to break a bone.—Forest and Stream.

A Sardinian Titbit.

The inhabitants of the mountainous districts of Sardinia eat large quantities of a fermented milk, resembling koumiss or kephir. It is prepared by allowing the milk of the cow, sheep or goat to ferment at a moderately high temperature, either spontaneously or after the addition of baker's yeast, until it thickens into a more or less consistent homogeneous mass, at which stage the fermentation is stopped by plunging the vessel into cold water. This product, which has a sharp acid flavor, is eaten either by itself or is spread as a butter upon bread.

Improved His Opportunity.

Young Mrs. Gotrox (at her first breakfast with her elderly "catch")—You eat with your knife, don't you, John, dear? Old Mr. Gotrox (noticing his opportunity and with severity and dignity)—No, madam; I do not. I eat with my mouth. I frequently convey food from my plate to my facial aperture with my knife, but I do my own eating with my own exclusive mouth, and until further notice I will myself furnish all the instructions respecting the methods to be employed.

He Knew Better.

"Dis paper," said Weary Willie, "sez der yer kin tell be de bark at de foot of a tree how old it is."
"Fuh!" snorted Ragston Tatters. "I guess de man w'at wrote dat wuz never up a tree under dem circumstances. Dat ain't no way to tell a dog's age."—Houston Post.

Wise Fritz.

Father—So, Fritz, I've concluded to retire from active life and turn the business over to you. Fritz—Say, dad, can't you work a few years longer, and then we can retire together?—Berlin Journal.

The Brazos river, in Texas, was called by the Spaniards Rio Brazos de Dios, "river of the arm of God."

EDIBLE COFFINS.

Pastry Making in the Early Stages of English Cookery.

At a very early period the orientals were familiar with a kind of pastry, a mixture of flour, oil and honey, and for centuries pastry making went no further, even among the nations in the south of Europe. But in the beginning of the middle ages a change began to take place in the method of mixing the ingredients, and some other substances were brought into use. Butter, eggs and salt found their way into pastry making, and the result was a manifest improvement. Paste next came to be used as an inclosure for meat, seasoned with spices, etc. Afterward it went a step further, the next use being for the inclosure of creams, fruit, preserves, etc., and later still it began to take the many fanciful shapes in which it has since been commonly found. In the early stages of English cookery the pastry cases were called coffins or "coffynes" and were made in various sizes from "gret coffynes with low liddes" for the "lartes of flesche" to the "smalle coffynes" for "tartolettes" of "flesche or flesche," mixed with "stuf of boyled figes ground and good powdure and spices."

Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew," it may here be noted, calls a little cap "a custard coffin." These coffins correspond with the "vol-au-vent" of today.—London Saturday Review.

THE LOST SOVEREIGN.

A Trick That is Sometimes Played on the London Cobby.

Have you ever tried to play on a cabman that old joke of the "lost sovereign?" It's very funny. A friend tried it last summer in London and succeeded too. He took a "growler" after midnight at Piccadilly Circus, to go to his

lodgings at Bayswater. Remembering the staleness of the "lost sovereign" dodge, he thought it would hardly "go down" with a bright, cunning cobby, but resolved to try for the fun of it.

Just as he came in front of a public house a few doors from his home the "fare" stuck his head out of the cab window and ordered the driver to halt. "I say, cobby, I've dropped a 'sov.' It must be on the bottom of the cab. Just pull up at that 'pub.' till I run in and get a match, so that I can find the coin."

"All right, sir," said the cobby and pulled up opposite the door of the tavern. The fare alighted and had taken scarcely three steps in the direction of the "pub." when, lo, Mr. Cobby whipped up his horse and flew away into the darkness of the night, carrying with him, as he supposed, that sovereign snugly concealed in the cushions of the cab.—London Tit-Bits.

How Snake Poison Kills.

The action of poisons upon the system is and always has been one of the most interesting of subjects. Just how and why it kills have been determined through a series of experiments made by scientists. The following description is one of the best and most lucid of any that has been given to the public: "The venom may be roughly separated into two parts, one acting upon the blood and the other upon the nerves. When injected it immediately begins to create terrible destruction in the blood vessels. The walls of the veins are eaten away, and an internal hemorrhage takes place. While this is going on a portion of the venom is attacking the nerves. Particularly susceptible to its ravages is the 'vasomotor' system, a nerve center which controls the muscles of respiration. Paralysis takes place in these organs, and the victim generally dies from an inability to breathe."—Exchange.

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