

SELECTIONS

RAISING SILKWORMS.

An Industry Which is at Once Profitable and Interesting.

"In my young days," said the naturalist, "boys used to go in for silkworms a great deal more than they do now. I suppose it is harder to obtain the eggs out here than it is in England, and it is certainly more difficult to rear the worms in this country, for, as you know, we have no climate here, but only weather. However, the industry is extremely interesting.

"Once got the eggs, even if you have to send to Europe for them—and they are always to be had at this time of the year or a little earlier from Covent Garden market—then set about seeing they are hatched by putting them in the sun. With a camel's hair brush, for they never ought to be touched by the hand, take every worm off the mulberry leaf, or lettuce leaf for the matter of that, for they will thrive just as well on either, every morning. When a silkworm is hatched it is about a fourth of an inch in length. After eight days it changes—that is, it refuses its food and remains in a state of lethargy for three days. Four days afterward it goes through the same process, and in five days again, and lastly after eight days more.

"Ten days then elapse, and the caterpillar attains its full size. At the end of this time the worm changes to a clear pink color and looks semitransparent. It refuses food, becomes restless and prepares to spin its cocoon. If one wishes to obtain the silk in quantities it is best to supply a cornucopia. Drop the caterpillar into this contrivance, and it will weave its silk.

"The cocoon consists of three distinct layers of silk. The first is loose and flossy, the second is closer, and the third is still finer and is the real silk. After a lapse of two weeks the chrysalis forms into a moth. To prevent its eating its way through the silk the latter is wound off on a piece of cardboard before the chrysalis turns into a moth. If the cocoon is submerged in warm water the silk will come off easily. There is no fear of drowning the chrysalis, as it is protected by a water tight skin. One cocoon will yield from 600 to 1,000 feet of silk.

When the moth appears it cannot fly, although it has wings. The females lay their eggs and die, and the males do not live long. One female produces about 400 eggs. Many diseases menace their lives in the worm state, but they must be kept in a warm atmosphere. The industry is interesting and has perhaps for its motto:

"The proudest king may thank the silk worm for his robe of state."—New York Press.

Rapid Locomotive Building.

It is said that it required one year for Matthias Baldwin to construct his first locomotive in 1832. Today the establishment that bears his name can build nine complete locomotives in one day when pushed to extremes. This huge engine building plant is only one of the numerous concerns flourishing in this country. For many years, until the great wave of organization and trust making passed over the country during the late nineties, all these concerns were independent. Like their sisters in the steel trade, however, the great locomotive companies with one exception have passed to the control of a great mother company, and today we have a prosperous concern known as the American Locomotive Company. The exception mentioned, the only concern not joining the combination, was the Baldwin Locomotive works, and at the present time these two monstrous manufacturing rivals control the entire locomotive output of America.—Technical World.

Took No Chances.

Time was when it was a very common thing for well to do transatlantic travelers to carry along certain articles of food that they could not depend on finding of the desired quality on the steamer. Bread, which only in recent years has been what it ought to be at sea, and butter were frequently taken on board by passengers and consigned to the steward, to be doled out carefully during the voyage. In these days, when luxury follows luxury on the big liners so rapidly that one has difficulty in keeping track of the very latest thing, it would hardly seem worth while to include any common article of food in one's impedimenta; yet a family that sailed recently by one of the "last words" in the way of steamship construction actually took with them a full supply of eggs, butter, milk and lettuce.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What He Would Rather Be.

A fussy, tactless fellow standing in the jam about the Soldiers and Sailors' monument on last Memorial day remarked grumpily and sententiously: "All this fuss and show is being made for dead soldiers. I'd rather be a live jackass than a dead soldier." His words were addressed to an utter stranger, a splendid old gentleman standing at his left. Turning on him, the latter said contemptuously: "You certainly embody your wish. You are to be congratulated. It is seldom that a man is what he would rather be."—New York Press.

Chance For Inventors.

Suppose that one could find an alloy that would bear the same relation to aluminum that steel does to carbon or bronze to tin, says the Engineering Record. The result would be a new structural material of immense importance in mechanical work. The builders of light machinery are looking for just this thing.

An Objectionable Connection.

In a small church in one of the mining towns of Pennsylvania was a pulpit both antique and unique. It was about the size and shape of a flour barrel, was elevated from the floor about four feet and was fastened to the wall. The ascent was by narrow winding steps. A minister from a neighboring town, a man of great vigor and vehemence, preached there one Sunday. While preaching he bent forward and shouted out with great force the words of his text:

"The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall."

Just as these words escaped from his lips the pulpit broke from its fastening, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before his congregation. In an instant he was up again and said:

"Brethren, I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall much, but I do hate the connection."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A City Built on Rubies.

Looking at the quaint, picturesque town of Mogok, Burma, cradled in wooded hills dotted with temples and bungalows, who would dream that its life has been a life of dread mysteries and awful crimes? Yet the Ruby City has seen things not to be recounted because of its treasures from King Solomon's day to that of King Thebaw. Indeed, were it not for the red glowing stones a king would be reigning at Mandalay. In Mogok they see everything in a ruby light, men, women and children. Every visitor must want to buy, they think. However hungry or thirsty the traveler may be on arrival, the first thing he hears spoken of is rubies. All Mogok seems to be fishing with bamboo hoisters. And they are fishing—for rubies in the precious "hyon" that rivals in richness the famous "blue ground" of Kimberley.—Technical World.

A Bit Too Much.

Seeking to find a cure for his deafness, the Duke of Wellington once employed a celebrated aurist. The doctor gave his patient a strong solution of caustic to inject into his ear and, calling on him later, found him reeling in agony. The treatment had set up a furious inflammation, which, unless checked, would result in death. The hearing was completely destroyed. The aurist expressed his grief and mortification. "Do not say a word about it; you did your best," said the duke, adding that he would not tell a soul about it. Thus encouraged, the doctor asked if he might continue to attend him, so that the public might see that his confidence had not been withdrawn. This was too much. "I can't agree to that," said the duke, "for that would be a lie."—London Saturday Review.

Voice of Experience.

A young girl recently went to her aunt on a momentous occasion. She explained that a gentleman was coming to see her.

"I am sure he likes me," she added, "and—and I think he means to propose. I don't like to ask mother how I should act under the circumstances, but"

"Do you like him?" interrupted aunt sternly.

"Very much," answered her niece.

"Enough to marry him?"

The girl blushed and replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said aunt, with an air of authority, "don't let there be any shilly-shallying. When he pops don't turn red and look down to the carpet. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the eye and begin talking about the furniture."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Moslem's Rosary.

The Moslem's rosary consists of ninety beads, and a distinct ejaculation is appropriated to each as it passes between the fingers. Each ejaculation generally consists of two words and declares a name or attribute of God. Almost all Moslems in the upper and middle ranks of life carry in their pockets or bosoms a string of beads for this purpose, which they use not only at the time of prayer, but while sitting and smoking their pipes, walking in the streets or even while engaged in conversation. When a Moslem has gone over his beads at the regular time of prayer he folds his hands, and then, holding them up open, as if to receive something from above, he prays for such blessings as he desires for himself or his household. When this is concluded he strokes his beard with his right hand and says, "Praise be to God!"

Why the Hogs Ran and Squealed.

"It's a story of hogs," said an Indianapolis man, "hogs in Indiana, when those admirable animals so necessary to progress and material prosperity, could be seen in every woods pasture. A stranger on horseback riding along a country road saw a lot of hogs acting in a strange way. These hogs would run here and there, first to one tree and then to another, in the greatest excitement. They would rub themselves against these trees and squeal as though possessed, as were those hogs in Palestine that ran down into the sea.

"The stranger could not understand this at all. Never had he seen such porcine manifestations. Riding on a little farther he came to a farmer in the road. 'Are them your hogs?' asked the traveler. 'What on air's the matter with 'em?' " 'Waal,' said the farmer in a whisper, 'I'll tell ye. Long last fall I lost my voice and couldn't poo-ee to 'em to come to feed, so I took a club and pounded on a tree. This spring the woods is full of woodpeckers, and when they tap on the trees the hogs think they're gona' to be fed.'"—Indianapolis News.

Old Time Rehearsals.

Rehearsals for "The Winter's Tale" were a lesson in fortitude. They taught me once and for all that an actress' life (even when the actress is only eight years of age) is not all fun and glory.

I was cast for the part of Mumiulus, and my heart swelled with pride when I was told what I had to do. But many weary hours were to pass before the first night. If a company has to rehearse four hours a day now it is considered a great hardship, and players must lunch and dine like other folk. But this was not Kean's way. Rehearsals lasted all day, Sundays included, and when there was no play running at night until 4 or 5 the next morning!

I don't think any actor in those days dreamed of lunch. How my poor little legs used to ache! Sometimes I could hardly keep my eyes open when I was on the stage, and often, when my scene was over, I used to creep into the greenroom and forget my troubles and my art (if you can talk of art in connection with a child of eight) in a delicious sleep.—Ellen Terry in McClure's Magazine.

A Useful Interview.

Mrs. Newton had been married nearly a year, but she still felt that any question of importance should be answered with Mr. Newton's aid, at least, if not by him in person. One day she rang up his out of town office, and her voice had an anxious tone when she replied to his cheerful "Hello!"

"It's like this, dear," said this trusting young person. "I'm way downtown, for I've been shopping, and I've carried Mary's letter, that I meant to post when I started out, all round town with me!"

"Yes," said Mr. Newton as she paused for breath.

"And now I have come in here to this public telephone," went on the eager voice, "for I had just 10 cents left, to ask you whether you thought I ought to get a special delivery stamp for Mary's letter and walk home, or whether I could ride home and let—"

"What—oh—why—of course! I forgot. I did have to drop the dime in this hateful old slot, and now I can't get that stamp, nor can I ride home, either. Well, goodbye!"—Youth's Companion.

She Saw the Joke.

"My mother is a dear old lady," said the professional jokesmith, "but she has no more sense of humor than an Egyptian mummy. The other day we were discussing a friend of the family, a certain Mr. Joblots, we will say, who keeps a book and stationery store. I remarked to her that Mr. Joblots seemed to be getting along very well in spite of the fact that he keeps stationery. 'Why shouldn't he?' she demanded. I repeated my jocular remark with emphasis and took great pains to explain to her the play on words. When she saw the point, which she eventually did, she shook all over like a bowl of jelly and regarded me as a mad wag.

"Several evenings later we were entertaining guests at dinner, and the name of Mr. Joblots came up in the course of conversation. My mother's eyes glistened in anticipation of a bon-mot. 'Mr. Joblots,' she exclaimed, 'seems to be getting along very well in spite of the fact that he keeps writing paper.'

"And when no one laughed and the conversation resumed its normal flow she looked so disappointed that I really felt sorry for her."—New York Times.

Willie's Questions.

Father had finished his supper and picked up the daily paper, when Willie, who is a living question mark, commenced in a drawing monotone, showing that he was thinking and that something heavy was weighing on his mind and needed parental enlightenment:

"Papa; oh, papa!"

"Well, what is it, son?"

"Do they make whalebone out of whales?"

"Yes, son," said his father.

"Then do they make sealing wax out of seals?"

Father paid no attention.

"Papa, are people of Greece greasers?"

No answer.

"Then, I suppose, people of Cork are corkers."

The paper was very interesting.

Since papa discouraged him, he turned to his mother and asked, "Do squaws wear war hoops?"

"Willie, it is time for you to go to bed," said his father severely.

Willie started, but at the stair door turned and innocently asked, "Is my little trundle bed a boy-cott?"—Kansas City Independent.

Horses and a Storm.

I was driving two steady old mares to a harrow, trying to get a plowed field in shape for corn planting. Dark clouds were gathering in the sky, and a storm seemed imminent. The animals grew uneasy, but I kept on, as I was anxious to get through with the work. We were just opposite the gate of the field when the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed ominously. The team refused to go farther, and I concluded that perhaps their animal instinct was superior to my human judgment and yielded. I unhitched the team, and, mounting on the back of one, leading the other, I rode the half mile to the barn on a dead run. I had scarcely arrived at the barn when the most fearful hurricane known in the county for years commenced, a terrific downfall of rain and a windstorm combined, destructive of property and human life and lasting for many hours.

Dodged the Mustard Pot.

During the rehearsals of a pantomime in a Scottish town (Glasgow, I think; Glasgow has always been an eventful place to me) a child was wanted for the Spirit of the Mustard Pot. What more natural than that my father should offer my services? I had a shock of pale yellow hair, I was small enough to be put into the property mustard pot, and the Glasgow stage manager would easily assume that I had inherited talent. My father had acted with Macready in the stock seasons both at Edinburgh and Glasgow and bore a very high reputation with Scottish audiences. But the stage manager and father alike reckoned without their actress! When they tried to put me into the mustard pot I yelled lustily and showed more lung power than aptitude for the stage.

"Put your child into the mustard pot, Mr. Terry," said the stage manager.

"Hang you and your mustard pot, sir," said my mortified father. "I won't frighten my child for you or any one else."

But, all the same, he was bitterly disappointed at my first dramatic failure, and when we reached home he put me in the corner to chasten me. "You'll never make an actress!" he said, shaking his reproachful finger at me.—Ellen Terry in McClure's Magazine.

Preferred the Baby's Voice.

A New York scientist, the father of a large and growing family, has his troubles. One evening his youngest was holding forth in her best style. The mother could do nothing with the child, so the man of science went to the rescue.

"I think I can quiet little Flora," he said. "There's no use humming to her in that silly way. What she wants is real music. The fact that I used to sing in the glee club at Yale and sing well, too, may make a difference."

Accordingly, the professor took the child and, striding up and down the room, sang in his best manner. He had not finished the second verse of his song when a ring was heard. The door was opened, and there stood a girl of fourteen, who said:

"I'm one of the family that's just moved into the flat next to yours. There's a sick person with us, and he says, if it's all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"—Success.

A Considerate Musician.

Many stories are told of the jealousy and ill feeling among musicians, so it is refreshing to note that at least one genius did not fall in good natured appreciation of a fellow artist. It is related how Rossini, walking one day on the boulevard with the musician Braga, was greeted by Meyerbeer, who anxiously inquired after the health of his dear Rossini.

"Bad," answered the latter. "Frightful headaches, legs all wrong."

After a few minutes' conversation Meyerbeer passed on, and Braga asked the great composer how it happened that he had suddenly become so unwell.

Smilingly Rossini reassured his friend. "Oh, I couldn't be better. I merely wanted to please Meyerbeer. He would so like to see me go to smash!"—St. Louis Republic.

Why They're Trams Abroad.

"Abroad," said a tourist agent, "you must call street cars trams and street railways you must call tramways. If you speak of trolleys over there, you won't be understood. The word tram must puzzle the average etymologist. It derives from a man's name—Outram—Thomas Outram. Outram lived in Derbyshire, and in the beginning of the last century he invented a peculiar sort of track that diminished the friction between wheels and roadbeds. These tracks of Outram's, though nothing like a trolley track, were called first outramways, then tramways, and when street lines and street cars came into existence they were dubbed respectively tramways and trams."

A Crocodile in a Tree.

An African hunter once found a large crocodile hanging in the fork of a tree about ten feet from the ground. As the place was fully half a mile from any water, it was difficult to account for the crocodile's strange position. When questioned upon the subject, the natives explained that it was put there by an elephant. It seems that when the elephants wade into the Lake Ngami to bathe the crocodiles are in the habit of worrying them and biting their legs. Sometimes when an elephant is annoyed beyond endurance it picks up its tormentor in its trunk, puts it among the branches of a tree and leaves it there.—London Graphic.

Trees and the Air.

According to a reliable computation, a single tree is able through its leaves to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men, as many as a dozen or a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in the course of twenty-four hours is estimated at 100 gallons, and a single square yard of leaf surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can decompose about a gallon of carbonic acid in a day.

A Legacy.

"What's your fare?" asked old Flintskin of his cabby the other day and was met with the stereotyped reply:

"Well, sir, I will leave that to you."

"Thank you, you are very kind," said old Flintskin, buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."—London Mail.

Hard Luck.

Mrs. Dash—Mother says that she wants to be cremated. Dash—Just my luck! I haven't a match with me.—Smart Set.

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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	490,809.51
	\$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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