

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Where now is Billy Rice? He was a joy to me, and so were the other stars of the nigger show—Billy Birch, David Wambold, Backus and a delightful dozen of their brethren who made life a pleasure to me forty years ago and later. Birch, Wambold and Backus are gone years ago, and with them departed to return no more forever, I suppose, the real nigger show, the genuine nigger show, the extravagant nigger show, the show which to me had no peer and whose peer has not yet arrived in my experience. We have the grand opera, and I have witnessed and greatly enjoyed the first act of everything which Wagner created, but its effect on me has always been so powerful that one act was quite sufficient. Whenever I have witnessed two acts I have gone away physically exhausted, and whenever I have ventured an entire opera the result has been the next thing to suicide. But if I could have the nigger show back again in its pristine purity and perfection I should have but little further use for opera. It seems to me that to the elevated mind and the sensitive spirit the hand organ and the nigger show are a standard and a summit to whose rarefied altitude the other forms of musical art may not hope to reach.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

Art Lovers Not Disarmed.

"The silliest old rule in the world," said an artist, "is that which requires the public to leave their sticks and umbrellas at the entrance to art galleries and museums.

"The ground for this rule is the supposition that the public if admitted with their umbrellas and their sticks would jab them into the pictures and chip up the statues. How absurd such a supposition is! The public are not fools.

"Yet for years the rule has held. A man with an umbrella or stick has been deemed a dangerous lunatic, whose madly passes with his disarming in every art gallery in the world. So he has been disarmed before his entrance. But lately the tide has turned. The absurdity of the rule has been recognized, and today at the Royal academy exhibitions in London and at the Paris salon the spectators are treated like ordinary human beings. They are trusted with umbrellas and canes, and so far not one of them has jabbed a hole in a painting or knocked a chip out of a statue.

"So there is every probability of the abolition of this silly old rule the wide world over."—New York Press.

An Odd Coincidence.

A valued correspondent to whom readers have been indebted for several remarkable examples of the possibilities of coincidence furnishes another instance well worth a place in the diary of those who record data of this character. A distinguished public man and traveler, for whom the initials "A. B." shall stand, received on May 6, as he very often receives, a catalogue from a secondhand bookseller. In the catalogue was a rare book, "A. B." at once sent off his clerk to purchase the volume. On turning to the title page of the work he found, to his surprise, his father's name and address and the date May 6, 1886. The address was that of a house in Ireland in which "A. B." was born. There is no saying how long the book had been upon its travels nor by what means it had started. But here it was in the hands of the son of the original possessor on the twenty-first anniversary of its becoming the property of the latter.—St. James' Gazette.

Origin of Ozone.

Ozone, which is an allotropic form of oxygen, has long been recognized as an active purifying agent in the atmosphere, owing to its powerful oxidizing qualities, but the question of its origin has been much disputed. The investigations of M. Henriet in France have recently led him to the conclusion that ozone forms in the upper regions of the air, probably under the influence of the ultra violet radiations from the sun, and that it is brought down toward the surface of the earth both by descending air currents and by drops of rain. After a shower of rain the quantity of ozone in the air is always found to have been increased.—Youth's Companion.

The Gloucester Fishing Boat.

The Yankee fisherman has been complimented again, for the fishing boats of the Atlantic seaboard are to be copied by the Japanese. At the present time the Japanese fishing boat is a frail affair and has hard work in standing up to a stiff breeze. Reports have been made on the yachting lines and fitness of the Gloucester type of boat, and Japanese fishing craft are to be built after that model. The American style is expected to be adopted gradually by the Japanese fishermen generally, which will mark the passing of the light junk, equally adapted to sculling or sailing, and the substitution of the dory for the sampan.

High Finance.

"High finance is not confined entirely to Wall street," said John E. Wilkie, chief of the secret service. "I saw an example of it the other day that made me dizzy.

"One of the clerks in the treasury wanted to go to the ball game. He had but 25 cents, his exact admission, and nothing for car fare.

"He announced that he would raffle his 25 cents for 2 cents a share. Eighteen clerks took chances. One won the quarter for 2 cents, but the thrifty promoter had 25 cents for his ticket, 10 cents for car fare and a cent over for an afternoon paper."—Saturday Evening Post.

Definition of Authority.

During the early days of "Big Tim" Sullivan's service in the house of representatives there occurred a discussion between him and Representative Alexander of Buffalo touching the right of a third representative to pose as an authority of finance. Sullivan insisted that the member in question had every right to speak like an oracle. "What is your definition of an authority?" suddenly asked Alexander. "My notion of an authority," instantly retorted "Big Tim," "is a man who bluffs beyond my limit."—New York Tribune.

Would Take What They Had.

A gentleman purchased at the post-office a large quantity of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers and other postal requisites.

Finding them somewhat difficult to carry, he asked one of the counter clerks if he could supply him with a small quantity of string.

"We are not permitted by the department to supply string," was the reply.

"Then give me a bit of red tape," was the sarcastic retort.

The string was supplied.—London Tatler.

A Scientific Horse.

An English gentleman once shared the box seat with the driver of a stage-coach in Yorkshire, and, being a lover of horses, he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular.

"Ah," said the coachman, "but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks. He's a scientific 'oss."

"A scientific horse?" exclaimed the tourist. "What on earth do you mean by that?"

"I means," replied Jehu, "a 'oss as thinks he knows a deal more nor he does."

The Timidity of an Elephant.

Riding along a road in India I saw the following instance of a big elephant's timidity, which I venture to send you: The elephant, ridden by a mahout, was followed by a small Maltese terrier, which, intent on its own affairs, trotted before its master, making occasional instinctive investigations by the roadside after the manner of dogs without particularly noticing other travelers. From the first moment the elephant set eyes on the dog he never lost sight of him, turning from side to side always with an eye on the small animal and hurrying out of his way whenever he approached. The timidity of the one and the confidence of the other were irresistibly amusing.—London Spectator.

The Letters on the Stone.

Such is the skill of modern counterfeiters of antiques that the most learned experts are often deceived into paying enormous prices for relics of bygone ages. Frequently, too, the task of the swindler is made easy by the enthusiasm of the antiquary. An instance of this was when Valency, the celebrated Irish antiquary, paid a great sum for a sculptured stone found upon the hill of Tara. He reproduced the six letters engraved on the stone in his costly work of antiquities and made them out to be "Belus, a God of Fire." They proved afterward to be only some of the letters of the name of an Irish laborer scratched upon the stone with a knife.—Minneapolis Journal.

Razorless Shaving.

For razorless shaving plenty of precedent can be found in antiquity. At school we read how Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, who had probably very good reason for not trusting a barber near his throat, invented a method of burning off his beard with glowing walnut shells. It does not doubt luxuriously comfortable, and no doubt Dionysius did not succeed in effecting a very close shave. But the effeminate young men of decadent Rome, objecting to the razor, secured the desired smoothness by resorting to all manner of depilatory plasters and ointments. There is much amusing reference to these in the "Epigrams of Martial," who made merciless fun of these timid dandies.—New York Globe.

Mixed on Quotations.

Mr. Gladstone made the mistake of thinking that the phrase "the land of the leal" referred to Scotland and so used it. And it was he also who, in one of his Midlothian speeches, referred to the words of the psalmist, "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," a text for which the devout may search the Scriptures in vain. Sydney Smith was guilty of an even more atrocious blunder when he spoke of "that beautiful psalm beginning 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" A less curious mistake was made by Bright on one occasion when he attributed the common phrase "Cleanliness is next to godliness" to the Apostle Paul.—Glasgow News.

France's Earliest Artists.

The caves of southern France are the most remarkable in the world for their wall pictures, made by prehistoric men who were contemporary with the mammoth, the rhinoceros and the reindeer in that country. Some of the pictures are engraved in the rock; some are painted with different colors. They usually represent extinct animals, such as cave lions and cave bears. A faithful representation of the rhinoceros, with its two horns of unequal length, is found in a cavern at Font-de-Gaume. The prehistoric artists made their paint of ocher of various shades, pulverized and mixed in mortars. Four phases of advance in this troglodyte art have been distinguished by explorers.

Different Views.

She—Don't you think the new debauchee's voice is perfectly heavenly? He—Quite unearthly.—Bystander.

BUYING OLD FIDDLES.

Many Fine Instruments Have Been Picked Up Cheap.

Great numbers of fine old violins and violoncellos that come into the high class market of London are procured through the medium of advertisements inserted in obscure country papers and especially those of ancient cathedral cities.

Of course few of the fiddles thus obtained are veritable masterpieces, but a great many of them are fine examples of early English and foreign makers, and they are often bought for ridiculously small prices by a group of experts, who have brought the business to a lucrative system. Many a struggling family of long descent, in some out of the way part of the country, happens to see in the one county newspaper of the week that good prices are given for old fiddles, and some long forgotten instrument in a lumber room or put away on a shelf suddenly comes to mind.

Correspondence follows. The dealer sends a deposit in order that some fiddle spoken of may be sent to him and examined, and he usually replies that the instrument sent is dilapidated and but so-so generally, but that he is willing to give 30 shillings or £2 for it. In a great many cases the offer is accepted offhand, and in this way most of the finest fiddles extant of the second class come into the hands of dealers. Only lately a cello that came from a Shropshire farm at the price of £2 sold the same day to a west end dealer for nearly £100.

One of the most shrewd and respected of all these dealers was until a year or two ago a humble member of the orchestra of a London suburban theater. He began to advertise in remote papers to the greatest limits of his scanty wages and is now one of the most extensive and prosperous dealers in the trade.—London Tit-Bits.

A SILLY TRAGEDY.

The Duel Between Tom Porter and Sir Henry Bellasis.

Some of the royalists who were forced to endure the English commonwealth seemed to console themselves for the dullness of life under a Puritan government by fighting as many duels as they could compass, so that ignoble squabbles and foolish plots make up the history of their days.

Tom Porter was of a family which had zealously served the king. Under the new government his occupation was gone, and he descended to a triviality of life which finally involved him in a most pathetic event. This was a duel which he fought with his friend, Sir Henry Bellasis, and which, says Pepys in his "Diary," is worth remembering for "the silliness of the quarrel. . . . a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom."

But, silly as the quarrel undoubtedly was, it carried in it an element of heart-break.

The two young men involved were intimate friends and companions, but one day, "being merry in company," Tom Porter said he should like to see the man in England who would dare give him a blow. With that Sir Henry Bellasis struck him a box on the ear. The inevitable duel followed, wherein each was wounded. Sir Henry proved to be seriously hurt, so he called Porter, kissed and bade him fly.

"For," said he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me, but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done."

Porter profited by his friend's generosity and escaped to France. Sir Henry died a few days later, and Pepys concludes, "It is pretty to see how the world do talk of them as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love."

Spying on Bargain Gifts.

The engaged girl was found studying life in an auction room.

"I don't expect to buy anything," she said, "but I want to see if anybody I know buys anything. A lot of auctioneers are advertising that they have on hand bric-a-brac and pictures and odds and ends of furniture suitable for wedding presents. That set me to wondering if any of my friends would try to avail themselves of these auction room bargains when buying presents for me. I saw two girls here this afternoon who have been invited to my wedding. One bought some kind of a brass bowl, another a vase. They got the things dirt cheap. I fancy they are for me. If they are—well, just wait till those girls get married!"—New York Press.

When to Take Off the Sinker.

For angling in quiet, deep running water more sinkers should be placed on the leader to keep it down from the surface, but if angling in a quick running brook or river for chub, dace or brook trout the float and sinkers should be removed and the bait allowed to run in front of the angler wherever it wills on the surface by the action of the current, which takes it naturally just as nature does their general food.—Louis Rhead in Outing Magazine.

A Long Tumble Needed.

"They say that when a man is falling from a height he thinks of all his evil deeds."

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"Some men would have to fall out of a balloon to get 'em all in."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Floored.

One Sexton—Do you have matins at your church? The Other—No, we have o'clock.—Harper's Weekly.

The father's virtue is the child's best inheritance.—Chinese Proverb.

THE TRAIN BELL ROPE.

How It and the Conductor's Supremacy Came to Be Established.

Although there does not seem to be anything in common between pugilism and railroad rules, yet the adoption of the familiar bell rope that stretches through every car of the modern train was the result of a fisty encounter. At the same time and by the issue of the same combat the supremacy of the conductor in railroad travel was ordained. It was Philadelphia which gave both to the world.

One of the oldest railroads in the country is the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, now known as the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, which was opened in 1837. The terminus in Philadelphia was at Broad and Prime streets—Prime street now being known as Washington avenue—and after crossing the Schuylkill river at Gray's Ferry the route ran along the Delaware river on what is now the Chester line of the Reading railway. The first schedule contained one passenger train, which went to Baltimore one day and came back the next, which was considered a remarkable feat in rapid travel. When a train a day each way was placed in service the people of the two cities served concluded that the acme of convenience in transportation had been reached.

Next to the president of the railroad the most important functionaries were the engineer and conductor. It was a question whether or not the head of the line was not considered a subsidiary officer in popular estimation to the men who ran the train, but Robert Fogg, who pulled the throttle, and John Wolf, who collected fares, won the deference of the public because of their high and responsible duties.

Fogg, an Englishman, had all the tenacity of opinion of his race. Wolf, an American, had the ingenuity of the Yankee and, seeing the need of some method by which he could communicate with the engineer, devised the scheme of running a cord through the cars to the locomotive. As the engine was a wood burner, Wolf fastened one end of the cord to a log, which was placed on the engineer's seat and was pulled to the floor when the conductor desired to signal for a stop.

Fogg resented what he considered an interference with his rights on the platform of the locomotive and on the first run out from Broad and Prime streets with the new device paid no heed to the displacement of the log from the seat when the conductor desired to take on a passenger from a farm near Gray's Ferry, but sped on over the bridge and did not deign to bring his engine to a stop until Blue Bell station, on the south side of the Schuylkill, had been reached. Then he demanded to know of Wolf why he had been jerking that log all about the locomotive.

Wolf hotly declared that he had signaled to stop, but Fogg retorted that he would stop when and where he pleased and that, too, without any reference to orders from the conductor, whom he did not regard as his superior in the management of the train. The altercation grew very heated, and Wolf invited the engineer from the cab to settle the matter, and the challenge was quickly accepted.

Passengers and a group of men who had gathered at the station to see the train come in formed a ring about the combatants, but the fight did not last long, as Wolf proved by far the superior artist with his fists and with a few blows made it almost impossible for the engineer to see sufficiently to complete his run, but Fogg admitted that he had been fairly beaten, and the supremacy of the conductor on a train was settled for all time.

As the log signal was crude and ineffective, Wolf devised the use of a bell on the locomotive, and this method was soon adopted by all of the American railroads. Then a code of signals was adopted, and these remain practically to this day. The only change in the bell cord is that by use of the air from the brake system a whistle has superseded the bell in the locomotive cab.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Clay's Ready Wit.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said, "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote (which he named) I'm goin' ag'in you."

"Let me see your rifle," said Clay.

It was handed to him.

"Is she a good rifle?"

"Yes."

"Did she ever miss fire?"

"Well, yes, once."

"Why didn't you throw her away?"

The old hunter thought a moment and then said, "Harry, I'll try you again."

And Harry was elected.

Hard on the Reporters.

"I had a strange dream the other night," said the major.

"What was it?" asked the young thing.

"I went to heaven and as an old newspaper man was interested in their journal up there. It was a miserable thing—not a well written story in it—and I told St. Peter so."

"What did he say?"

"He said: 'It's not our fault. We never get any good reporters up here.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

A Treasure.

Mrs. De Witt—The Dobsons at last have a girl they hope to keep. Mrs. De Witt—Absurd! Where is such a girl to be found? Mrs. De Witt—She was born to them yesterday. —Harper's Weekly.

No exile or danger can fright a brave spirit.—Dryden.

KLAMATH COUNTY BANK

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
ALEX MARTIN, President
ALEX MARLIN, Jr., Cashier
E. R. REAMES, Vice-President
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.

[SEAL]

A. M. WORDEN,
Notary Public for Oregon.

BEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN SOUTHERN OREGON

Lakeside Inn,

MRS. M. McMILLAN, Prop'r.

Modern improvements. 73 rooms and suites. Sample Rooms, Bar Room, Parlors, Two Club Rooms, Etc., Etc.

SPECIAL RESORT FOR TOURISTS

KLAMATH LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES

BUESING & BENNETT, PROP'S.

First-Class Livery. Anything from a saddle horse to a 4-in-hand. Parties conveyed to all points in Southern Oregon and Northern California; also to favorite camping, hunting and fishing grounds.

Horses Boarded by the Week or Month.

Special attention given transient stock and special rates for freighters. Grain by the sack. Hay by the bale or ton. Phone—Main 44
Cor. Main and 3th Sts. Klamath Falls, Or., East End



City Meat Market

MEISS & ARMAND

PROPRIETORS

ALL KINDS OF FRESH, SALT

AND SMOKED MEATS

SAUSAGES OF ALL KINDS

Every drop

Of Old Continental Whiskey

Water Mill Whiskey

Normandie Rye

F. F. V. Rye

is as pure as Government inspection can make it. It is bottled in bond under Government supervision and that carries the guarantee of absolute purity.

Pure

is the word that tells the story, and when the government places its O. K. on whiskey you may be sure it is pure. Sold by

C. D. WILLSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer

The Republican Prints All the News all the Time

Advertise in the Republican and get Results