

# Brevities

## THE HALL OF FAME.

James Lewis of Terrell, Tex., was excused from jury duty recently because he has twenty-two children.

Henry Thompson of Philadelphia shot himself two years ago, and now he must explain in court whether he did it accidentally or intentionally.

For thirty-one years John F. Twist has been station agent at Shaker Station, Conn. He has also been postmaster of the town for the same length of time.

Albert Sutton of Denver recently discovered a pure nugget of gold at the foot of a peach tree, supposed to have been buried there by a former owner of the farm.

Complying with an order of the court to pay his wife \$3, Joseph Fix, a New York car conductor, tendered her 300 pennies. This she refused, but the court decided that it was legal tender.

Dr. James L. Wellington of Swansea, R. I., possesses the oldest militia commission in that state. It bears the date of Sept. 21, 1840, and was signed by Governor Marcus Morton. The doctor is eighty-nine years of age.

Although Daniel Kinsley is seventy-eight years old, his face is still free from wrinkles, his eyes are clear and steady and his step is elastic. He has been employed for fifty years in the Worcester (Mass.) courthouse.

Frank R. Mowrer of Ohio, at present consul general at Leghorn, Italy, has been transferred to be consul general at Copenhagen, Denmark, exchanging places with Ernest A. Man of Florida, who became consul general at Leghorn.

F. B. King, a railroad bridge builder, fell sixty feet from a bridge at Bruceville, Md., recently and landed in shallow water. He was smoking when he fell. He didn't lose a bit of tobacco and kept on smoking when he walked out of the stream uninjured.

Dr. Franklin Socum of Ludington, Mich., has been advised by the Russian ambassador at Washington that the czar has decided that he is entitled to the \$1,000,000 fortune left by his father and conducted by the Russian government in the uprising of 1849.

Senator Tillman is by birth and by education a polished gentleman. No man is more familiar with all the engaging conventionalities of social intercourse, and few men in the senate are better versed in literature and history. Mr. Tillman is growing richer every day. He is one of the popular lecturers of today.

George Mayhew Moulton, who will be the first major general of the Illinois national guard, is an architect and builder of grain elevators and has been connected with the national guard since 1884. He was born in Hardsboro, Vt., in 1851, and when two years old was taken to Chicago by his parents. General Moulton has been brigadier general since 1902, and previously was inspector general of the state forces and colonel of the Second regiment.

## OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned man who said of his dog, "It does everything but talk?"

What has become of the old fashioned man who told of his great fear by saying, "My hair stood on end?"

What has become of the old fashioned woman who prepared for a company supper cold sliced ham, floating island and marble cake?

What has become of the fellow who went to see his girl every other Tuesday night until they were engaged, and then he went regularly every Tuesday night?

What has become of the old fashioned boy who went down the street holding up two fingers as a sign that he was going swimming and wanted company?—Acheson Globe.

## NEW YORK CITY.

New York city has 105 banks.

New York city has 3,927 firemen besides the members of twelve volunteer companies in Richmond borough.

New York city's acreage is more than that of Chicago and Philadelphia combined, or 219,218 as compared with 190,757.

Although New York is a "hitching postless" city, there are less runaway horses in its streets than in the average city of one-tenth of its population.

Thousands of travelers on New York's elevated railways regret the poorly maintained and dilapidated stations on the lines, and in several instances the attention of the board of health has been called to their unsanitary condition.—New York Herald.

## EDITORIAL FLINGS.

When they enter a theater women should check their hats and men their throats.—Chicago News.

Even Luther Burbank hasn't yet succeeded in grafting the milk weed to the strawberry plant and producing strawberries and cream.—Somerville Journal.

Possibly the abolition of reduced railway rates to clergymen will result in the congregations paying their ministers enough to travel as other persons.—Kansas City Times.

Whenever a ball player makes an error it is published in the papers. If the same thing should be done of us whenever we make errors there would be some pretty black records.—Akron Beacon-Journal.

# Love Behind The Counter.

(Original.)

The poet says, "All times are thine, O Death!" This is equally true of love-making. If a man is bent on telling a girl he loves her, there is no earthly power to stop him. The field of battle is not too noisy, nor is the churchyard too quiet. On land and on sea, at noon, at twilight, in the ballroom and in the death chamber lovers have wooed and will continue to woo so long as the human race is on the earth.

Johnny Bounce was a clerk in a department store in a large city. He sold goods from the men's underwear counter, which adjoined the department of ladies' hosiery. Johnny's place was on the right of the underwear, and on the left of the ladies' hosiery stood Lucy Crowfutt, a dainty blond, who from the moment she had taken her place there and had brought her robin's egg eyes to bear upon him had melted a way with them straight into the underwear clerk's heart. They had found opportunity to speak scattered sentences or fragments of sentences on bright days when the store was full of customers and to chat continuously on rainy days when the store was deserted, but in this chat there was no word of love. Love had been looked, but not spoken. Nevertheless, after several weeks of propinquity, the two young hearts had become welded.

Then came a new man at the glove counter, directly opposite the men's underwear and ladies' hosiery. He was Byronic in his appearance, especially his collar, which, if it was not cut in Byronic collar fashion, was equally ample. A mass of raven curls were tossed up on the top of his head, one of them falling down upon his forehead, nearly touching a hook nose. He had hardly taken his place before the floorwalker was obliged to admonish him to attend to his customers and keep his eyes off the little girl at the counter opposite.

Johnny Bounce was panic stricken. No woman is insensible to admiration, and the blue eyed beauty from the moment the clerk at the glove counter cast his flashing black eyes upon her threw up her hands—not in token of surrender, but to make sure her hair was properly adjusted. Johnny saw the admiring glance and its effect. He cursed himself for a fool that he had not secured the prize while there was no one at the glove counter except two commonplace middle aged men and an old maid. Now it might be too late. Not a moment was to be lost.

The morning was beautiful. The windows were full of spring goods. The wax ladies donned in the habiliments of the opening season seemed to smile more contentedly than usual. But this has nothing to do with an artistic setting for this romance, for within the store was crowded and the weather being mild, overheated. Johnny Bounce's cheek glowed not only with the temperature of the building, but with anxiety. He was keeping one eye on some union suits he was showing to a customer, the other on the flashing eyed man opposite. The customer, not finding what he wanted, moved on. A lady to whom Miss Crowfutt had been showing stockings moved on at the same time. Johnny determined to seize the opportunity.

"Miss Crowfutt," he began, "do you know that it seems a very short time since you came into the place beside me, but it isn't. It's a month. That's long enough for me to find out a secret. I've found out—Blankets, sir? Sixth floor. Take the elevator. I've found out that if I don't—Woodenware? Basement. If I don't—I mean if you don't—Men's underwear? Right here. What size, sir? Thirty-two waist is too large for twenty-eight length. Undershirt thirty-four? Think you'll find thirty-six more satisfactory. No, the goods don't shrink, but thirty-six will be easier. Don't like the quality? They're all wool, sir. We haven't a better line in the house. Sorry I can't suit you. You'll find bath robes in the back of the store, four aisles that way."

As the man moved off a lady approached Miss Crowfutt's counter, and it was half an hour before the two were again free. Then Johnny sidled up to Lucy. This time he spoke from the heart.

"I'm nearly crazy."

"What's the matter with you? You'll find lace curtains over on that side, madam."

"That fellow opposite is rubbing you."

"Pshaw! Do you think I'd look at him? What size, madam? Lisle thread? We have—very fine articles. You'll find the advertised goods over there, sir. That'll fit you. Openwork? We haven't any of these in openwork."

The customer passed on and was succeeded by another. This time Miss Crowfutt made a sale, but the lady turned away for a moment to speak to a friend. Johnny whispered:

"Lucy, I love you awful. If you don't love me I'll go mad. Tell me, quick, before she turns. Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you be my girl and marry me so I can know you belong to me and to nobody else?"

At that moment the lady turned. Lucy whispered the one word "Yes," then, tapping with her pencil on the counter, called:

"Cash!"

Poor children! They never dreamed that of the two final words spoken on that occasion, so important to both of them, the former would in time be relegated to the background, while the latter would thrust itself forward, confronting them every day of their lives. They had struck the keynote of love before and after marriage.

HOPE HOPKINS.

## BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Origin of This Favorite Sport of Childhood and Youth.

This favorite sport of childhood and youth is of French origin and very high antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 900 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name of Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in fight he used to crush his opponents. In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encountered the Count de Lorraine in a pitched battle, and, so runs the story, in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes. He ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats at arms he lavished favor and honors upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfolded pursuer, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon even in some degree to repeat the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name, blind man's buff.

## A REALISTIC ACT.

Amusing Story of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle.

While he was playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago Joseph Jefferson once went to the theater very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white haired Rip still deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and he did not awaken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter uneasy.

The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the realistic business too far. The fact was that all this time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or, rather, of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "gods" wanted to know if there was going to be "nineteen years more of this snooze business?"

At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The fagged comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket and muttered drowsily, "Going right through, 'ductor."

At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement, when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had jabbed him with a pin. Consciousness of the situation came to him, and the play went on after that with a rush.

Getting an Opening.

A man had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions. At a dinner party one evening he writhed in his chair for over an hour, waiting for a chance to introduce his story, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter and whispered:

"When you leave the room again, slam the door."

The waiter slammed the door as directed, and the man sprang to his feet, with the exclamation:

"What's that noise—a gun?"

"Oh, no!" resumed his host. "It was only the door."

"Ah, I see! Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—Liverpool Mercury.

Sun, Moon and Tides.

The sun and moon conjointly affect the oceans in obedience to the fact in nature known as the law of the attraction of gravity. It is the nature of things that the sun and moon shall pull at the earth's waters, and no further explanation can be given. When the sun and moon are pulling in line the tides are highest and when pulling against each other the lowest. The moon is so much nearer the earth than the sun that it does most of the pulling, notwithstanding its greatly inferior dimensions.

Love is King.

Love is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peacemaker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent. It is a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge and all the brutal propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity and loving sympathy.—Success Magazine.

Easily Distinguished.

Clara—There should be a law passed compelling men to wear some distinct dress to denote whether they are married or not.

Maude—Oh, that isn't necessary.

Clara—Why not?

Maude—When a man is seen on the street in a last year's hat and baggy trousers, it is safe to bet that he's married.—Chicago News.

No Way Out of It.

"We are worried about Julia. She got out of a sickbed to go to the matinee."

"How could she?"

"She had to go; she had a ticket."

Town Without a Postoffice.

While in Scotland last autumn I arrived at Maxwelltown, Kirkcubrightshire, and wanting a stamp for a picture postcard I inquired for the post office, but to my surprise I was informed the town had neither post nor telegraph office. Investigation revealed that the town had a population of more than 3,000 inhabitants, being also a burgh, with its provost, town council and bailies. This unique town has to depend on Dumfries, nearly three miles distant, for everything of a postal nature.—London Tit-Bits.

The First Trousers.

Pockets were one of the great sartorial objections urged against trousers, and a writer on male fashions eighty years ago declared: "No pockets can be tolerated on any account whatever. They make a man look like a Yankee."—London Chronicle.



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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	20,160.5
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 believe

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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