

The Sale at the BOSTON STORE

will continue until everything is sold

How She Got A Position.

(Original.)

Edward Thatcher was station agent on the Union Pacific railroad at a place far out on what thirty years ago were called "the plains." The only houses at this stopping point for trains were the station and Thatcher's dwelling, a few hundred yards away.

Thatcher's daughter, Molly, sixteen years old, was anxious to learn telegraphy. Her father encouraged her, and as soon as she knew her telegraphic letters he ran a wire underground from the station to the house and put in a key for her to practice on. At first he used the regular key at the station, but Molly's line was an independent one, and she was liable to call him at any time. In summer, having little to do, he would sit at the station door trying to keep cool. That he could chat with his well beloved daughter without inconvenience he improvised an extra key in the floor where he was accustomed to lounge. It wasn't much of a key, and its click wasn't easily heard, but it sufficed. Thatcher would sit in his chair and by a slight pressure of his foot give Molly lessons in telegraphy till she became sufficiently expert to take a position and earn her own living. Then, not being satisfied with her desolate abode, so far from companions of her own age, she prepared to go to Omaha with a view to becoming an operator.

One night Thatcher went from his house to the station to attend the passing of two trains, the one going east due at 9:05, the other going west due at 11:15. After the latter hour there would be no trains till morning, and he could pass the night at home. The first train passed on time. Then Thatcher settled himself for a doze while waiting for the next one, having nearly two hours to wait and not caring to disturb his family, who went to bed early, by going back to the house. He had scarcely settled himself on a bunk he had in the freight house adjoining and opening into the station when he heard a distant gallop of horses' hoofs—not one horse, but several.

Passengers did not usually come that way. The agent scented danger. Jumping up, he went to the telegraph apparatus and called Molly. "Are you up?" he asked. There were a few moments' delay, when the answer came, "Had gone to bed, but hadn't got to sleep." "Stand by the key. Don't call." Molly asked for an explanation, but received none, for at that moment the third of horses' hoofs was directly without the station, and one in advance gave a rap at the door. Thatcher opened it, and a man with a drawn revolver, the muzzle pointing in the agent's face, stood in the opening. Others were dismounting and coming up on to the platform. There was nothing for Thatcher to do but to do nothing.

"Where's yer telegraph outfit?" asked the man. "In there in the ticket office." "All right. You go in there." And, covered by this time with three revolvers, Thatcher passed into the freight house, where he was searched for arms and bound hand and foot with a lariat. The men after this made themselves comfortable and waited.

"Is the westbound 11:15 train on time?" asked one who appeared to be the leader. "Don't know. I can find out for you."

"How?" "By asking over the wire." "I don't think you will. Where's your red light?" "It's somewhere around here—in a corner there, I think."

The man found the light, and Thatcher knew that they would signal the train to stop with a view to holding up the passengers or robbing the express car of a shipment of money. "There are some things about that train," he said, "you'd ought to know."

"Well, what are they?" "If you'll let me come in there with you, I'll tell you."

The men loosened the lariat about his legs, and he walked into the other room. One of his captors sat in the chair in which he was accustomed to talk to Molly, and they stood him on the floor a few feet from the telegraph key. He began to tell a plausible story, giving them just the information they wanted—that the conductor of the train was timid and they would have no trouble with him, but the express messenger was a fighter, well armed and with an assistant of the same kind. Then he gave them the information (made up) that \$40,000 was being shipped on that very train. By mingling truth with falsehood he won enough of their confidence to interest them and while talking sidled along till he got a foot on the telegraph key. Then, warming up with his subject to the train robbers to fix their attention, he called Molly and told her of the situation.

"What's that clicking in the ticket office?" asked the leader suddenly, pricking up his ears. "Oh, my key clicks with every dispatch that goes through," said Thatcher, while he read by sound his daughter's message to the next station east.

This satisfied the robbers. At 11 o'clock a man with a red light went out and waited to signal the train. It was twenty minutes late and when it came disobeyed the signal, pushing on to the station, where a dozen men with rifles jumped off and confronted the robbers. All were captured.

Molly had no difficulty in getting a position with the railroad company, besides being given a thousand dollars.

SARAH REAM.

Figure This Out For Yourself. Calculations offer a great many interesting propositions for the studiously inclined. J. Dunk of Baltimore has compiled a rather remarkable arrangement of the title of a song from "Mlle. Modiste"—"I Want What I Want When I Want It." In the following twenty-five squares the words are so arranged that by beginning in the upper left hand corner and reading across or down, not up, the sentence can be read in 18,421 different ways, according to the arranger. There is no time this week to verify the count, but any one may do so who has leisure. Here is the arrangement:

I	Want	What	I	Want
Want	What	I	Want	When
What	I	Want	When	I
I	Want	When	I	Want
Want	When	I	Want	It

A sentence which could be read forward or backward, such as "Raw was I ere I saw war," if it had nine syllables, could be written in the same arrangement of squares and could be read in 33,842 different ways, or double the above illustration, as it could be read down from the upper left hand corner or up from the lower right hand corner.—Baltimore News.

Sorry He Spoke.

The conductor was inclined to seek for sympathy. "Do you see that woman on the left hand side of the car, up near the front?" he asked the thin man on the back platform.

"Yes, I see her." "The one with the dizzy hat?" "Yes." "Well, I think she's tryin' to beat me out of a fare. When I went in to collect she never looked around, an' I ain't quite sure that she didn't pay me before, although I'm almost positive about it. She looks to me like a woman who'd be glad to stir up a fuss. I can pick 'em out as far as I can see 'em. You never spot a woman with a face like that who isn't ready to bluff her way anywhere. I wish to thunder I knew whether she had paid her fare or not."

"I wouldn't worry about it any more," said the thin man. "I paid the lady's fare some time ago. She's my wife."—Argonaut.

Live and Die on the River.

"The river population of Manila is a class by itself," said a traveler. "Not to be outdone by Canton, she has her sampans, known as cascos and lorchas, supporting 15,000 people within the city limits, where thousands of children are born, grow, live and die on these floating cargo carriers. They never dream of any other world than that which floats about them. These boats are small, but accommodate a family of five to seven. They have a fire pot, a platform and a rice kettle. The cabin or covered portion is very small—in fact, I don't see how they live—and it is a wonder to me that the children don't fall overboard and drown. You will often see a woman sitting at the end of the boat, rowing, with a child strapped on her back, looking for all the world like a little monkey."

Seized the Opportunity.

There were bold thieves and bold methods in the earlier days in Holborn. Here is an example:

Said a stout, asthmatic old gentleman to a well dressed stranger who was passing: "A rascal has stolen my hat. I tried to overtake him, but—I'm so out of breath—I can't stir another inch." The stranger surveyed the other with critical eye. The victim was puffing and panting as for dear life. In the pleasantest tone in the world the stranger said, "Then I'll be hanged, old boy, if I don't have your wig!" So saying, he snatched that article from the sufferer's head and departed like the wind, leaving him with head as bare as a babe's.—St. James' Gazette.

The Good They Do.

Arline—Do moth balls really keep the moths away? Yvonne—No, dear, but they keep people too far away to examine one's clothes critically.—Kansas City Times.

Selections

THE CZAR'S KITCHENS.

Tests to Prevent Poisoned Food Reaching the Royal Table.

No chef in all the world occupies a more peculiar position than M. Eugene Kratz, the little known but august cordon bleu who presides in the imperial kitchens of the Great White Czar. This remarkable man draws a salary rather larger than that of the president of the United States—about \$55,000 a year—and has paramount control of the palace kitchens in all the homes of the imperial family, from Peterhof, the Anitchkoff, the Winter palace, the Tsarskoe-Selo, all the way to Livadia, in the Crimea.

Six times a year M. Kratz makes the round of all the imperial kitchens throughout the empire, and his peculiar position may be realized from the fact that his social rank equals that of a general in the Russian army. And an army this wonderful chef certainly commands, with absolute authority—an army whose "weapons" are not the less important for being mere pots and pans.

Of course a culinary artist of such rank as M. Kratz does little or nothing at all with his own hands, but is rather an inventive genius, titillating the palate of the emperor and his august guests, for when the autocrat of all the Russias wears of Russian, French, Italian and English dishes he must be tried with some fantasy such as chicken gumbo as made in New Orleans or some of the delightful sweet dishes of the Balkan states and Turkey.

It is well known that in the kitchens of the czar most elaborate tasting ceremonies are gone through, and when the czar is in residence at Peterhof, a palace about half an hour distant from the capital, not only M. Kratz himself, but also his under chefs and certain high officials of the imperial army, are called in to taste every dish that goes to the emperor's table, after which experiment a reasonable time is permitted to elapse to see whether or not the tasters are poisoned. This curious survival of other days comes down from the time of Ivan the Terrible.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A New Pharmacy Precaution.

With the bottle of medicine the druggist handed out a slip of paper. "What is that?" asked the customer. "A list of the things you should not eat while taking this medicine," said the druggist. "Possibly the doctor neglected to give you instructions about that. Very often the doctors do forget. Druggists used to be equally careless, and most of them are yet, but we finally came to be accused of so many mistakes of which we were guiltless that in order to save our own reputation and that of the drug trade in general we established a school of dietetics. In so many cases where complaints were made about the medicine not having the desired effect we were accused of using inferior drugs, whereas it was injudicious eating that caused the evil results."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Employs Deaf Mutes Only.

Over on New York's east side a prosperous merchant engaged in the bottling industry makes a specialty of employing deaf mutes in his establishment. These silent hands are reported to be more industrious than is usually the experience with unaffiliated labor. On an average, the deaf mute bottler earns higher wages than his fellow workman, and he is generally more economical than the latter. Both in perceptive and receptive faculties the deaf mutes are said to excel as compared with those not so handicapped. In point of sobriety, the nonhearing, nonspeaking brother is reputed to set an enviable example.—New York Press.

A Horse With an Annuity.

A horse with an income is King, formerly owned by the late George C. Watts. He is now passing his old age on a farm on a monthly allowance of \$150 left him by his former owner. Under the will of Mr. Watts, King was to have an allowance of \$200 a year during the period of his usefulness and after that an income of \$150 a month until his death. Billy, a pet dog, also received an allowance, but he died last February. Mr. Watts left an estate of \$100,000, of which a part will go to charity, but the division of the estate has been delayed pending the death of the horse. King is twenty-one years old.—Chicago Tribune.

Ambergris.

Ambergris is worth at present \$8 5s. an ounce. Last year there was used about \$120,000 worth of this peculiar substance in the manufacture of perfumes. It is a fatty substance of a sandy gray color with red or yellow

streaks in it and is found floating on the sea or taken by whale fishers from the carcass of the sperm whale. Much is also picked up on the shores of the Bahamas. It is generally agreed that ambergris is secreted by the sperm whale as the result of a disease. It is chiefly bought by scent makers, but is also valuable as a constituent of certain medicines.—London Standard.

The War Airship.

It is a sweet dream, but it will never come true. Humanity will forbid. The week after the empyrean warship is constructed, the Saturday Evening Post thinks, the powers will meet at The Hague and agree that nothing more harmful than pamphlets shall be dropped from the flying monster.

HIS INTERESTED FRIEND.

Excuse me dat I don'ta mak' You welcome here, signor. You see, I 'traid for mak' meestak'; I gotta stung bayfere. Ees notta many 'Merican— Oh, vera, vera few— Dat com' to dees peanutta stan' An' say "Hello!" like you. You speak so fine, you know so mooch. Ees hard for me to see. Wat for you want be frand weeth sooch A dumba man like me. Las' week grand man like you ees com' An' makes frandly so. I am so proud—but, oh, so dumb— I tal heem all I know. He ees so entereat een me An' speak so kind, so sweet, I am so proud as I can be An' brag a leetla best. I tal how mooch I mak' a day An' 'wat I savin', too. An' weeth my bigga mou' I say More theenes dan 'wat ees true. Now, who you s'pose ees dees unknown. Good, kinda frand to me? Ees president for bank dat own All dees property! Today dees kinda man he sent To me hees agent man. To say I gotta pay more rent For dees peanutta stan'. Bayenuse I mak' so beeg meestak' An' gotta stung bayfere. Excuse me eef I don'ta mak' Mooch talk weeth you, signor. —T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

The Absentminded Gardener.



Wife—If you don't hurry, my dear, you won't finish watering before the rain comes.—Pele Mele.

Defiance.

"Say your prayers now," instructed Walter's mother when the little chap was ready for bed. "Mother," announced the lad seriously, "I ain't goin' to say my prayers tonight nor tomorrow night nor the next night, an' then if nothin' don't happen I ain't never goin' to say them again." —Harper's Weekly.

Bessie Scores.

Bobby—Aw, women never amounted to much in the world's history. Who ever heard of a woman who was a great pitcher? Bessie (quickly)—I have. Bobby—G'wan! Who was she? Bessie—Why, Mollie Pitcher.—St. Louis Republic.

FARMERS OF MODERATE MEANS OFFERED RARE OPPORTUNITY

An unusual opportunity is offered the farmer of moderate means to secure a home in the Lakeside Tract located on the North shore of Tule Lake. The land now offered for sale consists of 3500 acres of irrigable land lying under the Adams canal, a part of the Klamath Project, and admirably located along the shore of the lake. It is rich sagebrush and grass land, part of it being in cultivation. It will be sold in tracts to suit purchasers and on satisfactory terms. For particulars call on or address, J. Frank Adams, manager Lakeside Company, Tule Lake, Oregon. 10-17-11

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