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Humor

THEY MET AGAIN.

Why the Sporty Looking Chap Cut His Vacation Short.

After the sporty looking chap had had breakfast at the little hotel in the Catskills, where he had come for a few weeks' vacation, the old farmer who ran the place called him aside and said:

"I understand ye gave my boy a big roll of money an' some jewelry to put in the safe."

"Yes. I thought that was the best place for them. You don't mind keeping the stuff for me, do you?"

"Great snakes, no!" replied the farmer as he rubbed his hands and chuckled. "The boy says ye brung three purty heavy trunks with ye."

"Yes; I always travel with plenty of clothes, tennis rackets, fishing lines, etc. You've no objection to so much baggage, have you?"

"Not a bit of it, sir—not a bit of it! I wish ye had'nt brung 'leven or twelve with ye. It's kinder funny ye ain't recognized me yet."

"No; I don't remember to have ever seen your face before," said the new arrival.

"Well, mebbe my whiskers be a leetle longer or sunthin', but ye orter know my voice. We had quite a talk one day in Noo York."

"In—New York?" stammered the sporty looking chap as he turned pale.

"Yep. Don't ye recollect 'bout me handin' ye \$100 for that gold brick? I knowed ye the minnit I seen ye on the wagon last night. Snakes, but that was a most bewtiful swindle ye worked on me, son!"

"W—what are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, nuthin'. I never raise no fuss unless there's a good occasion fer it. The boy says ye jest went wild over the scenery comin' up on the wagon, an' mebbe ye'd like to walk down to the depot an' git some more views on the way. The next train to the city passes there at 'leven thirty, an' if ye start now, while I'm lookin' fer the constable, ye'll jest about ketch it. An' don't do no worryin' 'bout that cash of yours, son, as I'll take the best of care of it."

It was a ten mile walk to the depot, but when the 11.30 for New York came along it carried away a footsore and dusty looking individual, who scowled and muttered and shook his fist through the car window as the train started off again.—A. B. Lewis in Judge.

A Compromise.

In a jury trial in a small town not many miles from civilization the rural gentlemen into whose hands the fate of the plaintiff was placed were so stubbornly divided that they were some twenty odd hours in reaching a verdict. As they left the court, after returning their verdict, one of them was asked by a friend what the trouble was.

"Waal," he said, "six of 'em wanted to give the plaintiff \$4,000, and six of 'em wanted to give him \$3,000, so we split the difference and gave him \$500."—Woman's Home Companion.

Poor Consolation.

Aunt Lucindy was in deep distress over the loss of her son Jim, and a neighbor sought to console her, saying: "Don't grieve for him, Aunt Lucindy. He has gone to a land flowing with milk and honey."

With a dismal countenance, the old darky replied: "Jim never did like milk, an' honey always made him sick."—Lippincott's.

His First Banquet.

City Nephew—But, Uncle Henry, you left the banquet table too early. You should have waited for the bonmots and the repartee.

Uncle Henry—Oh, don't worry, bub. I was satisfied. You see, I don't drink nor smoke.—Des Moines Register.

His Forts.

"Bragley tells me he's doing wonderful work with his present employer. I didn't know he was particularly strong in business."

"He isn't. He's merely particularly strong in talking about business."—Philadelphia Press.

"What's Dad A-doin'?"

"Mammy's knittin' dad a pair o' socks."

"An' what's dad a-doin' of?"

"Prayin' to the Lord for shoes!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Making a Monkey of Him.

"I have something to tell you. I have a tale about my ancestors."

"I presume your ancestors had talks about themselves."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently.—Publius Syrus.

A SENSE OF HUMOR.

It is a Precious Gift and Helps to Lighten Life's Way.

I regard a sense of humor as one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being. He is not necessarily a better man for having it, but he is a happier one. It renders him indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables him to enjoy his own discomforts.

Blessed with this sense he is never unduly elated or cast down. No one can ruffle his temper. No abuse disturbs his equanimity. Boredom does not bore him. Humbugs do not humbug him. Solemn airs do not impose on him. Sentimental gush does not influence him. The follies of the moment have no hold on him. Titles and decorations are but childish baubles in his eyes. Prejudice does not warp his judgment. He is never in conceit or out of conceit with himself. He abhors all dogmatism. The world is a stage on which actors strut and fret for his edification and amusement, and he pursues the even current of his way, invulnerable, doing what is right and proper according to his lights, but utterly indifferent whether what he does finds approval or disapproval from others.

If Hamlet had had any sense of humor he would not have been a nuisance to himself and to all surrounding him.—London Truth.

EGIDU OF NINEVEH.

The Most Ancient Banking House of Which We Have Record.

There was a kind of public record office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh, in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents, such as contracts and agreements for the purchase and sale of property, marriage settlements, wills, etc. Among these there were discovered official statements as to the history and transactions of the eminent banking house of Egidu at Nineveh. Assyrian chronology proves that these refer to a date about 2,300 years before the Christian era, when Abraham dwelt at Ur of the Chaldees, as is stated in Genesis. We may therefore claim for this firm the reputation of being the oldest bank in the world at least of which we have any record or are likely to have. The accounts are very voluminous and cover the transactions of five generations of the house from father to son. The firm grew rapidly in importance during this period, during which they attained great wealth, for they succeeded in securing from the king the appointment of collectors of taxes, a position which in the east always leads to fortune. They afterward farmed the revenue for several of the Assyrian provinces with very great gain to the firm.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Corrected in Rhyme.

Thackeray was much pestered by the autograph hunter, says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked above all things to write in an autograph album and often refused those who asked him to do so sometimes rather brusquely.

On one occasion the owner of an album, a young lady, was fortunate. Thackeray took her book to his room in order to look it over. Written on a page he found these lines:

Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains.
They crowned him long ago,
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.
Albert Smith.

Under these lines Mr. Thackeray wrote:

A HUMBLE SUGGESTION.
I know that Albert wrote in hurry—
To criticize I scarce presume,
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray
Instead of "who" had written "whom."
W. M. Thackeray.

Pliny's Yarns.

Pliny's yarns about human anatomy were something wonderful. He tells of a race of savage men whose feet are turned backward and of a race known as Monocoll, who have only one leg, but are able to leap with surprising agility. The same people are also called the Sciapodae, because they are in the habit of lying on their backs during the extreme heat and protecting themselves from the sun by the shade of their feet. These people dwell not far from the Troglodytae, to the west of whom again there are a tribe who are without necks and have their eyes in their shoulders.

Clever.

Mrs. Petter—Did you see that? Dixon seized that rocking chair and was into it before his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding trip too. Mr. Petter—That's just it. There's where Dixon is smart. Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding tour, don't you see? And besides, he gets the chair.—Boston Transcript.

Anatomy.

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot. "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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