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BETWEEN 6th AND 7th ON WALNUT

A Few Words Concerning Good Printing



Did it ever occur to you that nine men out of every ten judged your standing in the commercial world by the stationery you used? Such is a fact. If you use cheap, shoddy printing, such as many printing offices give you, devoid of merit, then your correspondents will put you down as a has-been and irresponsible. GOOD PRINTING has been our motto for years and in quality we refuse to be excelled. And our prices are right.

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THE REPUBLICAN PRINTERY

Phone 31

WANTED SOME FLOWERS.

The Woman's Order Startled the High Priced Florist.

A woman went into a fashionable New York florist's store one day to buy some flowers for a sweet girl graduate.

"I want to get some flowers for a young lady who is to graduate tomorrow," she said. "What have you?"

"How would some American Beauties do?" asked the florist.

"What are they worth?"

"The best are \$7 a dozen."

The woman thought a moment. "Have you none cheaper?" she asked.

"Yes," said the florist, "we have some with short stems for \$3 and \$4."

She looked at the carnations. "How much are these?" she asked.

"We have them for 50 cents a dozen and 75 cents a dozen."

"Would carnations do for a graduating present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Will you tie them up with ribbon?"

"Yes."

"Will you mix the colors?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the woman after a moment's hesitation, "you may give me a red one and a white one."

The florist gasped. "Shall I put them in separate boxes?" he asked. — Exchange.

Walk a Crack?

Most men cannot walk in a straight line with their eyes open, and none ever lived that could do so with his eyes shut. Try it. It is an aged saying that a man follows his nose, and there never was a nose since Adam that stood straight in front of a face. All of us are afflicted with either sinistroversion or dextroversion—that is, in walking we veer either to the left or to the right. It cannot be helped. Set up two posts on the lawn and bet a million that no man or woman in the crowd can walk from one to the other without anfractuosity. There's a swell word for you. Anfractuosity—that's where you get a wiggle on—walk wabbly.—Bangor (Me.) News.

A Peddler of Chestnuts.

One summer a well known senator went back to his birthplace and of course made a speech to the friends of his childhood.

"How well I remember these old familiar scenes!" he said. "Here is the house where I was born. Here is the old well and there the garden patch. Yonder are the woods, and there is the meadow. Along the meadow is the row of stately trees where I picked chestnuts when I was a mere lad."

"Yes," broke in an old neighbor, who seemed to be a bit bored, "and you have been peddling them ever since." Whereupon the meeting closed.—Saturday Evening Post.

MANNING THE YARDS.

A Naval Ceremony That Is Not What It Used to Be.

In the old navy, when United States ships were actually ships with yards, the bos'n's mate's call, "All hands cheer ship!" was followed by a much more picturesque ceremony than is possible now, when the vessels of the navy are fitted with but a single yard and that only used for signaling. At the word of command "Man the yards!" there was an amount of acrobatic scurrying on the main decks of the old ships that was calculated to make the ship visitor hold his breath, the thing looked so dangerous. The men forward in bluejacket uniform would fairly leap up the rope ladders, and almost by the time the echoes of the command had died away every yard on each mast would support scores of men and boys, all standing erect, most of them only held up by the crossed arms of the men beside them. This representation of a cross was held by all of the men, and it was their business to stand thus with absolute statuesqueness. Then the command "Cheer ship!" would be bawled out on deck by the chief bos'n's mate, and there would be a yell from cathead to mizzen that couldn't help but warm the blood of everybody within hearing of it. When the men manned the yards with all sail except topsails and stunsails set, such a picture was really beautiful, the men's uniforms of blue standing out in sapphire-like contrast to the cameo whiteness of the shrouds. This was a ceremony on all formal occasions, such as the visit aboard the old ships of distinguished men. And "Man the yards!" and "Cheer ship!" were commands always given when one of the old clippers of the United States navy was either departing for or arriving from a foreign station.

A Poor Compliment.

Minister (on return from holiday)—Well, Daniel, my good man, and how have things been going on in my absence? Daniel—Deed, sir, a' things been gaun on brawly. They say that you meenisters when ye gang frae hame aye tak' guld care to send waur men than yourselfs to fill the poopit. But ye never dae that, sir!—Punch.

Voting in the Senate.

Jefferson's Manual says: 1. When the yeas and nays are ordered, the names of senators shall be called alphabetically, and each senator shall without delay declare his assent or dissent to the question, unless excused by the senate, and no senator shall be permitted to vote after the division shall have been announced by the presiding officer, but may, for sufficient reasons, with unanimous consent, change or withdraw his vote. No motion to suspend this rule shall be in order, nor shall the presiding officer entertain any request to suspend it by unanimous request (section 41). 2. When a senator declines to vote on call of his name he shall be required to assign his reasons therefor, and, having assigned them, the presiding officer shall submit the question to the senate. "Shall the senator, for the reasons assigned by him, be excused from voting?" which shall be decided without debate, and these proceedings shall be held after the roll call and before the result is announced, and any further proceedings in reference thereto shall be after such announcement (sections 17 and 16).

A Fiery Speech.

William O'Brien in his "Recollections" gives this picture of Timothy Healy's first appearance in parliament: "A quarter of an hour after he took his seat as member for Wexford he started up to make his maiden speech—tiny of frame, sardonic of visage, his hands in his breeches pockets, as coolly insolent as a Parisian gamin, as entirely detestable as a small Diogenes, peering over the rim of his pincenez as from his tub, through billious eyes over his contemptible audience—and horrified the house of commons with the following exordium: 'Mr. Speaker, if the noble marquis (Hartington) thinks he is going to bully us with his high and mighty Cavendish ways, all I can tell him is he will find himself knocked into a cocked hat in a jiffy, and we will have to put him to the necessity of wiping the blood of all the Cavendishes from his noble nose a good many times before he disposes of us.'"

A Singular Dream.

A singular dream is related in a well known British magazine. A woman suffering from anxiety caused by reduced circumstances dreamed that she went to church. "The people began to go out one by one. I looked around and inquired why they were leaving the church. They said: 'To look for the magic bird in the churchyard. You will always have luck if you find it.' I thought I would try to find it, went out and swept away the fallen leaves and found a speckled thrush, and as soon as I took it up it dropped fl in my hand. The next morning I went into our back garden and there among the fallen leaves was the speckled thrush, which had just been killed by a cat. It was yet warm. I said, 'Here is the magic bird, and the money I know will come by post.' The hope was justified, for £1 came in the morning and a check from a friend in the evening."

The Unexpected.

A curious story is that of the late Colonel Harry McCalmont of the British army. He was a poor man when he went to the reading of his uncle's will, hoping that perhaps the departed might have remembered him to the extent of an old watch. True enough, the lawyer read out the words, "To my nephew, Harry McCalmont, I leave my watch and chain." The legatee was satisfied, and, leaning back, he drowsed, lulled by the monotonous tones of the lawyer as he read through the long instrument. At the close he arose to go. "I congratulate you," said the solicitor. "I don't know why you should," said the other. "You are residuary legatee," remarked the lawyer. "You will have £4,000 annually for the first five years from this date, and afterward you will inherit some £7,000,000."

Unlearned, but Wise.

"I'm after justice rather than law," said John Dudley, who for twenty-one years, from 1770 to 1791, was one of the most popular judges of New Hampshire. He was unlearned in the law, and his education was so defective that he could not write five consecutive sentences in correct English, yet so acceptably did he discharge his judicial duties that Chief Justice Parsons of Massachusetts, one of the most learned of lawyers, said of him, "We may smile at his law and ridicule his language, yet Dudley, take him all in all, was the greatest and best judge I ever knew in New Hampshire."

The Strain of the Glass Houses.

"The son of a glassblower is rarely found in the same employment," said a speaker at a child labor conference. "I would rather send my boys straight to hell than send them by way of the glass house," the glassblower is quoted as saying. It appears that the character of the men is greatly affected by the extreme heat and consequent physical strain of the glass houses.

KLAMATH COUNTY BANK

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

ALEX MARTIN, President

E. R. REAMES, Vice-President

ALEX MARLIN, Jr., Cashier

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 Night Exchange.....	248,091.93
	\$643,800.13
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, fully paid.....	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	12,088.84
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.



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