

KLAMATH REPUBLICAN

E. J. MURRAY, Editor.

LEADING NEWSPAPER OF INTERIOR OREGON.
TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

All communications submitted for publication in the columns of this paper will be inserted only over the name of the writer. No non-de plume articles will be published.

Another machine has been added to the automobiles in this city. Willis E. Virgil went to Dorris this morning to bring in a car for W. T. Shive. It will carry four passengers and is modern in every respect. This makes the fourth automobile for this city.

The depot at Weed is being moved so as to be convenient for both the trains on the main line and the California Northeastern. A number of improvements are also being made in the building so as to make it adequate and convenient for the handling of the increased business.

The lecture by Judge C. B. Watson at the High School last night was one that was highly interesting to all who attended. Mr. Watson is a pleasing speaker and one who is well informed on the historic and scenic points of the state of Oregon. His lecture was a treat to the people of this city.

A. W. Lafferty and Dan Johnston returned last night from Lakeview where they had been on land business. Mr. Lafferty appeared as the lawyer for a number of the parties mixed up in the 37-10 case. He says that it took two days to submit the evidence before the Register and Receiver, and that it will likely be some time before they will render a decision. Mr. Lafferty feels confident of winning the lands for the settlers.

Mrs. Barbara Schollosser died Sunday morning in this city at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. C. Davenport, aged 77 years. She was a native of Germany and came to this country in 1874, settling in Minneapolis where she resided until last Fall when she came to this city to visit her daughter. She was ill for several weeks before she died. The funeral was held this afternoon from the Catholic church of which she was a member.

Committees from all of the grades in the public school and the teachers and number of other students went to the cemetery this afternoon and decorated the grave of the late Joseph Conger, who in his will gave the greater part of his fortune to the schools of this city. Tomorrow will be Decoration Day, and the custom of remembering the benefactor of the schools on this day should be observed every year by decorating his last resting place. All of the pupils brought flowers, which were placed on the grave of the benefactor of the free educational system.

Parties returning from Lakeview say that the litigation accruing from the land rush of last Fall is still on in full blast and that in many instances one contest is being filed on top of another. In most of the cases appeals are being taken from the decisions of the Lakeview office and the indications are that the fight for the lands will continue for several more months. Most of the lands since been relinquished and timber and stone fillings placed on them. The Lakeview office still has a large amount of work piled up.

Snow precinct, which is one of the smallest in the county, is the only one that has been heard from that has not gone dry. Odell has not been heard from, but the prediction of those that know is that it will also line up in the dry column. In many of the places the majority against the saloons was very small, but in every instance it showed that there is a strong sentiment against the liquor traffic and that it is the wish of the majority of the voters throughout the county that saloons be done away with. The prohibition will go into effect at the same time that the newly elected county officers assume their duties, the first Monday in July.

I. D. Applegate came up from the Lava Beds Monday where he has been for some time looking after his sheep interests. He reports a very successful lambing season, saying that most of the sheepmen made better than 100 per cent, and that 105 per cent is about the average. Shearing is about to begin in that section and the clip will be very good. At this time there is no strong market for the wool clip, but it is thought that buyers will soon be in the field and that a good price will be received. All of the sheepmen have secured permits for grazing in the Modoc reserve so that there will be no trouble over range this Summer. The feed is very good at this time and sheep are doing well.

Considerable complaint has been made of late regarding the action of lumber mill men along Jenny Creek, in running sawdust into the stream. Jenny Creek empties into the Klamath River and is mostly in Siskiyou County. It is one of the very finest trout streams in the state. If the complaint be true, it will be only a short time until the fish will be killed by the sawdust.

The mills along the creek have plenty of land to dump their sawdust on, and there is no occasion whatever for the workmen to run it into the creek.

The California Fish Commission has done a whole lot toward preserving the fish in the streams of Siskiyou County, and are upheld by the citizens, with the result that the streams are now well stocked. But if corporations in Oregon dump their sawdust into creeks that run down through that or other counties, the good work which the Fish Commission is doing will all be undone.

A daughter was born Monday to the wife of Louis Robin, residing in this city.

MONEY TO LOAN: Hard times, but I have some to loan if you have the security. E. R. HALL. 13-1077

Mr. Albert Makle and Miss Katherine Hughes were united in marriage at Woodland, California, on May 3rd. The bride is well known in this county where she taught school for a time. She has many friends in this county who extend congratulations and best wishes.

Dorris is now connected with the trade centers of the Coast by means of a telegraph line. An operator took his station in the new town a few days ago and the clicking of the instrument can now be heard at the temporary quarters. The line will be extended to this city as soon as the extension of the California Northeastern is farther advanced.

The Klamath Falls Transportation Company closed its office at Pokegama on June 1st and this company is now transacting all of its business via Dorris. The men who have been stationed at Pokegama have been transferred either to this city or to points between here and Dorris. Since the transfer of the mail to the new route there is no longer a regular service by way of Pokegama.

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E. B. Henry is home from the Klamath Indian Reservation where he has completed the survey for the reclamation of approximately 80,000 acres of marsh land. He is now awaiting the arrival of one of the engineers in the employ of the Indian Department and as soon as he arrives the work will be turned over to him.

It is not known when the reclamation of this land will be undertaken, and it is very probable that nothing will be done until the allotments are completed and the land reverts back to the Government.

Mr. Henry will leave for Curry County as soon as he turns his reports and plans over to the federal engineer. He has several government surveying contracts in that section of the state.

Every seat in the large assembly hall at the High School was occupied Monday morning, the occasion being the delivery of the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Geo. T. Pratt, of the Presbyterian church. Never was more good advice given to young men and women, who are about to enter upon the struggles of life, couched in fewer words than there was in the sermon delivered to the graduating class of this year. It was evident that the words of Rev. Pratt were sinking deep into the minds of the graduates and that all who heard his clear and concise remarks were impressed with what he was saying.

Special music was provided for the occasion and Miss Nickerson sang a solo in her usual charming voice.

MERRILL

(From the Record)

Dr. John Patterson and family are expected home from a several months' residence in Philadelphia.

J. Frank Adams accompanied by his son Frank, and step-father, Mr. Harris of Sacramento, returned from California last Monday.

The new county grader has arrived and is in operation near this city. It was set up in Merrill by a man sent from San Francisco by the firm for that purpose.

Work has at last begun on the Catholic Church and it will soon be ready for occupation. Father Feasi has been down several days this week attending to the details of the work.

BONANZA

(From the Bulletin)

Wm. Wight who was kicked last week by one of his horses, is able to be up and around and was in Bonanza Tuesday.

H. W. Kessie an attorney of Klamath Falls, arrived in the city Wednesday and will remain several days looking after business matters connected with his office.

Frank Ira White, one of Klamath County's best boosters was in the city from Klamath Falls accompanied by L. A. Gregory a real estate broker of the Falls, A. L. Darrow, president of the Klamath Corporation and Cashier of the First National Bank of Sacramento, and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tighe of Mount Vernon, Ohio. They were on their way to Langell valley to look over some land under the upper project.

Disbarment proceedings have been brought against A. W. Lafferty, the Portland land lawyer, by United States Land Commissioner Donnet, of Washington, D. C. Lafferty is well known in this section and only left here a few days ago after appearing for a number of settlers in the famous 37-10 case. The charges against him are that he and another attorney practiced collusion in land cases arising in Siletz County. Lafferty was formerly in the employ of the land department as a special agent and resigned to take up the practice of land law.

It is also charged up to Lafferty that he is responsible for the land office attacks upon Governor Chamberlain.

RANDALL'S BEST CATCH.

By Colin S. Collins.

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Winter quarters had wakened from its long nap. Over in the car sheds men were touching up the brilliant advance cars with vermilion and gold leaf. In the wagon shop staid rows of chariots resplendent in gilt and crimson. In the left hand touches were being given to the "big tops," the huge canvas structures which went to make up the city of tents. From animal house and training barn could be heard the sounds of activity as trainers put horses and elephants through their paces, while the performers freshed up their acts. In three weeks the show would take to the road, opening in the south to escape the frosts and to get an additional month of "season."

Caley Randall's appearance in the ring barn was the signal for a general stoppage of work on the part of those who had been with the show the season before. Randall had been a general favorite, and even the equestrian director, the most dignified of the ring, came over to greet the newcomer. "The rest of the boys are here and have your traps all up," he told Caley, with a glance aloft where the trapeze rigging of the Randall-Bannard troupe glittered in the light, filtering through the wire glass. "The other troupe is here."

"Who the mischief are they?" demanded Bannard, evidently, "I never heard of the Bannard troupe."

"Neither did any one else," agreed the director. "They do a ripping good casting act, though, and they'll work well in the big act. Come over and I'll introduce you."

He led the way across the tankard in where stood a little group of men and women curiously regarding his approach. Randall was famous in the circus world, and the Bannards, accustomed to the drudgery of obscure one ring wagon circuses and small vaudeville performances, looked with awe upon this star of the big show. Some of Randall's boys were standing with the group; but after a pleasant nod to his own men and an acknowledgment of the introduction to the strangers, Randall saw only one of the troupe, a lithe, graceful girl not yet out of her teens.

Bannard hurried to compliment Randall on his work, but Caley secretly heard him. His attention was centered upon this queerly girl with the flashing black eyes, and when at last he moved on to the dressing room to see that his trunk was all right he turned to his "bearer," who did the catches for his leaps.

"What was the old chap saying?" he asked. "I didn't quite catch."

Caley laughed. "Better get that idea out of your head," he advised. "The girl is the whole show with that troupe, and the old man doesn't want her marrying into another act."

"You be banged," said Randall. "If you think you're funny, I don't mind telling you that you're not."

"You agreed to a rehearsal at 3 o'clock," said Caley. "It's all right, Caley. I'd be stuck on her myself if I wasn't married. Come out and get a bite to eat."

Randall followed Caley across the lot to the hotel, where most of the performers stopped, and by 2 they were in practice dress and up in the dome of the practice ring, getting the stiffness out of their joints.

It was the custom with the show to mass all the aerial acts into one big troupe for a finish to the show. While the arena was being made ready for the hippodrome races the attention was centered upon the one big act, and in this Bannard's troupe worked with Randall's. A huge special apparatus was provided for this act, and it was to get used to this that the two acts were to rehearse together.

To his delight Caley found that Bannard's daughter did the principal leaping for their act and was to share the narrow perch from which he worked. It was scarcely more than a shelf, high above the ring, but to the gymnasts it was as secure as the ring itself, and Caley found time to chat with the girl while they worked out the details of the routine of tricks.

But once the rehearsal was over and Caley, hurrying into his street clothes, reached the exit to wait for Grace Bannard he realized that what Caley had said was right. Bannard whisked Grace and her sister off to the boarding house where they were stopping before Caley had a chance to say a word.

But opposition only made him the more determined. There was little time to talk up on the shelf where they rehearsed, for either Caley or the girl was flying through the air while the other rested, and at best conversation was fragmentary.

Two weeks passed, and Caley became more and more certain that his interest was returned. Evidently Bannard was not ignorant of the state of affairs, and he redoubled his watchfulness.

For years he had played in the small circuses. It was only Grace's work which had enabled him to get with a big show, and he was not minded to lose this advantage the first season out.

Some time, he knew, she would get married, and he would have to go back to the wagon shows where the artists had to help with the horses and even drive a van to the next stop. Meanwhile he would enjoy the comparative luxury of the more important circus where "razorbacks" were employed to get up the tent and the performers could spend the night comfortably in the sleeper and not have to reach the lot until breakfast time.

But Caley was not to be kept off. They were having their last rehearsal before the traps were taken down and put aboard the cars. Once the season opened there would be little time for courtship, and he determined to put his fate to the test.

"Next time we work it will be before an audience," he commented as he climbed to the platform to which she

already had been called. "No more chance for chate then?"

"I should say not," she asserted, with a smile. "We'll be too busy then."

Caley let his swing go and away across the space. Clute slipped down on his swing to catch the count, and a moment later Caley shot across the space, let go of his swing to grasp Clute's hands, pirouette and catch the swing again on its return. Just as he reached the platform Grace shot past him to do her leap. She landed back on the platform presently.

"We won't have a chance to talk down below either," Caley went on unconcernedly as though they had not both risked their necks since the preceding sentence. "I never got a chance to talk to you."

"Father doesn't like," she countered as Caley sprang from the platform. "I know he doesn't," agreed Caley as he swung back and Grace jumped out. She was back in a moment, and a lesser important member of the troupe did some single trapeze work to rest the stars.

"Let's fool papa and get married this evening," he suggested. "I'll be in front of your boarding house at half past 10, and I'll have it all arranged with the minister."

Before he could get his answer the girl shot past him, and he was gone before she had returned. The next few tricks kept them too busy to talk, then came a breathing space, and he urged his cause.

He had to make good use of his time, for the act was drawing to a close, and he could not delay a trick without throwing the entire routine into confusion. He believed an assent trembled on her lips as he swung out, but his heart sank as he swung back to the perch and Grace shot past him.

This time she would not return to the platform, but would stay on the other side for the "sommersault pass," which concluded the act. For this Bannard came over to his platform and swung him out on the swing, while Clute, from the other side, threw Grace to her father as Caley turned a somersault in the air and caught Clute's hands the instant after she left him.

It was a trick that brought the audience to its feet the year before, and Caley was proud of it, for it was his own invention.

The swing was properly made, and as he threw the somersault he heard a cry below him. It was only the one word "Yes," but he knew what it meant. He had been accepted in mid-air, and Grace would meet him that evening. He made his dive to the net and came up with his face wreathed in smiles.

"Pretty catch," commented Clute, swinging over the edge of the net and dropping beside him.

"The catch of a lifetime," assented Randall joyously, and he made off for the dressing room, leaving Clute wondering what had happened.

Venus' Flower Basket. If, when you are in Washington, you will go into the "children's room" at the Smithsonian institution, you will see one of the most beautiful productions of the sea. So frail and artistic is its makeup that you feel sure that not nature, but man, must have produced an object of such delicate beauty. But nature did do it and made it on the bottom of the sea too. If you will go down into the waters in the region of the Philippine Islands and dig around in the mud, you might bring up a spongy looking object that resembles the white of an egg in its consistency. It looks like a flower basket and may have a hermit crab inside, for the crab lives at the same depth and likes to crawl into the basket, but he does not mind much hospitably awaiting him, for the sponge closes over him and holds him forever. This product of the sea is called Venus' flower basket, so named because in its finished state it might well make a receptacle for the garlands of the goddess of beauty. This is after it is cleaned and prepared for sale, for it then looks as if it were made of fine spun glass, with its filaments spreading out from the bottom. These are called "spines" and serve to anchor the animal to the bottom, and so firmly does it hold on that it takes a good strong pull to bring it up. The first Venus' flower basket to be cleaned and sold easily brought the price of \$150. Now, however, a few dollars will buy a very beautiful one.

Manfield and Marston. Richard Manfield was once in Richard Marston's studio looking over some scenes he had ordered for a new production. The famous scenic artist had known Manfield during the short period the latter did some painting in London. Manfield at the time had met with little success on the stage and very likely thought he could paint better than he could act.

In his complimentary way he told Marston to take down a certain scene, in which he said the color was not properly laid out.

"That is not what I want," he said. "I know something about scene painting. I was a scenic artist once."

"Yes, Mr. Manfield," said Marston, with peculiar emphasis. "I was an actor once, but I was a bad one."—Kansas City Newsbook.

Mental Medicine. A somewhat eccentric physician who recently died would order patients to take walks, say daily, on the left side of the street, returning by the other side; another he would order to arise each morning at a certain hour and eat cheese with ginger beer; another to take supper precisely at midnight and eat only apples, or he would instruct the patient to put just a few small grains of salt on the egg he was to eat and part his hair in a different way each day. His object was to get the mind of the patient on something else than symptoms, and this scheme worked well in many cases, especially when the patient was suffering from melancholia.—New York Times.

Just His Luck.—"Hello," said Baren, "I just thought I'd drop in on you today to"—"I thought you would, too," interrupted Merchant.

"You did? Now, that's strange, because"—"Not at all. This is the busiest day I've had for two weeks"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. C. J. Swingle and daughter Miss O. A. started for Portland this morning where they will remain during the Rose Festival.

Miss Maud Jamison and Mr. Oliver Pierce were united in marriage Wednesday, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Jamison. Both of the contracting parties have a large number of friends in this city who wish them well.

The Hot Springs Improvement Co. has completed arrangements for the construction of cement sidewalks in the addition and in about ten days a force of men will start in on the work. The present plan is to construct several thousand feet this Summer.

Edward Lanning, of Crystal Lake, Ill. is making an effort to find his brother, Harry, who left home seven years ago for the Northwest. The last heard of him he was in Klamath Falls, but it is believed that he went to Modoc County, Cal., from here. He is now about twenty-four years of age.

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