

BAGGING A BIG TIGER

The Jungle Monarch Was Trapped Lolling in His Bath.

A FEAT OF MARKSMANSHIP.

Only the Brute's Head Showed Above the Water, and the Well Placed Bullet, Fired From an Elephant, Entered the Nostril and Broke His Neck.

An interesting account of a tiger hunt is given by one who had a wide experience in hunting this most dangerous of beasts. Mounted upon elephants, the writer and his companions had been beating the jungle without making a find until, as they were about to give up the search, a sudden disturbance among the elephants appeared to betoken a tiger near at hand. Giving directions to the others as to the order of marching their elephants, the writer ordered his mahout to turn into the thick feathered foliage to the left in search of a pool of water which he remembered to be there.

There was a slight descent to a long but narrow hollow about fifty or sixty yards wide. This was filled with clear water for an unknown length.

I was just about to make a remark when, instead of speaking, I gently grasped the mahout by the head as I leaned over the howdah and by this signal stopped the elephant.

There was a remarkable sight. About 120 yards distant on my right the head and neck of a large tiger, clean and beautiful, reposed above the surface of the water, while the body was cooling, concealed from view. Here was our friend enjoying his quiet bath, while we had been pounding away up and down the jungles which he had left.

"Fire at him," whispered the mahout, "or you will lose him! He will see us and be off."

"Hold your tongue!" I answered. "He can't see us, for the sun is at our back and is shining in his eyes. See how green they are."

At this moment the tiger quietly rose from his bath and sat up on end like a dog. I never saw such a sight. His head was beautiful, and the eyes shone like two green electric lights as the sun's rays reflected from them, but his huge body was dripping with muddy water, as he had been reclining upon the alluvial bottom.

For quite a minute the tiger sat up in the same position. At last, as if satisfied that he was in safety and seclusion, he once more lay down with only the head and neck exposed above the surface.

"Back the elephant gently, but do not turn around," I whispered. Immediately the elephant backed through the feathery tamarisk without the slightest sound, and we found ourselves outside the jungle. We could breathe freely.

"Go on, now, quite gently till I press your head, then turn to the right, descending through the tamarisk till I again touch your turban."

I counted the elephant's paces as she moved softly parallel with the jungle until I felt sure of my distance. A slight pressure upon the mahout's head and the elephant turned to the right. The waving plumes of the dark green tamarisk divided as we gently moved forward, and in another moment we stopped. There was the tiger in the same position, exactly facing me, but now about seventy-five paces distant.

"Keep the elephant quite steady," I whispered, and, sitting down upon the howdah seat, I took a rest with the rifle upon the front bar of the gun rack. A piece of tamarisk kept waving in the wind just in front of the rifle beyond my reach. The mahout leaned forward and gently bent it down. Now all was clear. The tiger's eyes were like green glass. The elephant for a moment stood like stone. I touched the trigger.

There was no response to the loud report of six drams of powder from the "five-seven-seven" rifle, no splash in the unbroken surface of the water. The tiger's head was still there, but in a different attitude, one-half below the surface and only one cheek and one large eye still glittering like an emerald above.

Upon examination it proved that there was no hole whatever in that tiger, the bullet having entered the nostril, broken the neck and run along the body. The animal consequently had never moved.

This tiger when laid out straight, but without being pulled to increase its length, measured exactly nine feet and eight inches from nose to tail.—Youth's Companion.

His Last Request.

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and matchless curacao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution. They were about to retire when the most impressive of the three stepped back and said: "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave. Remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacao?"

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Sir John Evelyn's Tribute to His Wonderful Child.

Of all the stories of infant marvels the most touching is that told by Sir John Evelyn in his diary when he records in his quaint, dignified style the death of his wonderful little boy:

"Died my deare son Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, five years and three days onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and learning. To give only a little taste of them and thereby glory to God, sense of God, at two and a halfe old he could perfectly reade any of ye English Latine or French or Gothic letters, pronouncing the first three languages exactly. He had before the fifth years or in that year got by heart almost the entire vocabularie of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine, and vice versa, construe and prove what he read and did the government and use of relatives, verbes, substantives, ellipses and many figures and tropes and made considerable progress in Comenius' Janua, began for himself to write legibly and had a stronge passion for Greek. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture to the occasion. He declaimed against ye vanities of the world before he had seen any. So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! Such a child I never saw, and for such a child I beseege God, in whose bosom he is."—Exchange.

HELPING A SCULPTOR.

The Favor Falguiere Did For Young Macmonnies.

When Macmonnies, the American sculptor, was a young man working in Paris Falguiere, the famous French sculptor, on one occasion entered his atelier and found there a beautiful Diana that had been for months "on the stocks" and was approaching a perfection measurably satisfactory to the sculptor himself.

Falguiere became so absorbed in the work before him as to forget that it was not his own. He began to twist and pull the dainty limbs of Diana this way and that, to punch her in the ribs, turn her queenly head—for she was then only in clay, of course, and susceptible to impressions—until at last he had produced the very pose he desired. "There, my friend; I like her better so," he cried, and skipped out of the studio.

He had really intended to do Macmonnies a favor and had indeed paid him the greatest compliment of which he was capable, but the young sculptor was in distress, for on comparing the remodeled Diana with a photograph of Falguiere's statue of the same character he found the Frenchman had unconsciously made a practical replica of the other. Macmonnies did not rest until he had restored his statue to its original pose.

Billy Rice and a Pin.

Billy Rice, the negro minstrel, used to tell the story of a man who picked up a pin as he was leaving the office of a great merchant after an unsuccessful quest for work. The merchant, seeing the man's action from the window, called him back and gave him employment, which kindness he repaid by becoming owner of the entire business in an incredibly short time.

Billy used to end his story by saying that he tried that scheme once when he was looking for work, dropping a pin carefully on the floor as he entered. He stated his wants to the proprietor, who not only had no employment to offer him, but remarked to his partner as Rice picked up the pin:

"Say, if that fellow's so small as to steal a pin off the floor, how much do you think he'd leave in my till?"

Damascus, "City of Magic."

An oriental city of magic called up by a slave of the lamp to realize one's dream of the orient; a city eternally lovely, exquisitely eastern, ephemeral, to be blown away by a breath like a tuft of thistle-down, not white, but delicately pale with a pallor holding the faintest hint of a sea-shell flush; a city slender, calm, almost mystic in its fragile grace, set in the heart of a great wonder of green, a maze of bright and ardent woods, beyond which lie the desert spaces—this is Damascus from the mountain of Jebel Kasnyu. It holds one almost breathless seen thus from afar.—Robert Hichens in Century.

A Permanent Position.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success Magazine.

The Gossips.

"They say she will create no end of gossip."

"Well, I guess the jobbers in that community will be able to handle her output."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Tip He Wanted.

Artist (to burglar, who is making away with paintings)—Er—by the way, if you should manage to dispose of them would you mind sending me your customer's address?—Life.

Had Shown Good Sense.

Hewitt—That rich old fool wouldn't let me marry his daughter. Jewett—Well, he may be rich and old, but he's no fool.—New York Times.

KEELHAULING.

An Old Time Form of Punishment For Offending Sailors.

Very few persons know what keelhauling is, but before the advent of steam it was a recognized form of punishment for offending sailors and more to be dreaded than even the cat o' nine tails.

A line was passed beneath the ship from port to starboard side, leaving about a foot of slack under the keel. The unfortunate tar's feet were securely tied together and his arms lashed behind his back. In this helpless condition he was attached to the end of the line and dropped overboard in the smothering seas to be hauled along under the ship, bumping and scraping against the bottom in the process until he was yanked up on the opposite side. The punishment was repeated until the victim became unconscious from fright or bruises, and sometimes by a refinement of cruelty he was allowed to remain under the ship for a full minute until he was all but drowned. The ship never was stopped while a sailor was being keelhaunched, and if sometimes the strain on the line was too great and it parted, leaving him to go down bound and helpless to an ocean grave, nobody was held responsible for his death, but it was reported in the log as an "act of Providence."

Keelhauling was great sport for the captain and mates, but the mariner who once survived the experience took good care never to do anything to merit such a terrible punishment again.—New York Press.

HIS WIFE'S TRIUMPH.

A Memento That Was Inspiring to John Richard Green.

It has been the fate of many men of letters to have ill health bearing them down as they struggle toward literary achievements. Thus beset in recent times were Stevenson, Richard Jeffries and J. R. Green. Each of these, it happened, had a high hearted wife to keep him up, even to help him with the actual labor of writing. "The Life and Letters of J. R. Green" show forth a great and sweet man. They show, too, a wife whose sympathy and fortitude helped to make his accomplishment possible.

In copying the vast amount of manuscript of her husband's books Mrs. Green contracted writer's cramp and was forced to stop using her right hand. This looked like a final obstacle in the way of the invalid, who did much of his thinking in bed and could not write himself. But Mrs. Green set to work at once learning to write with her left hand.

One of her first practice pages, which she was about to destroy with the rest, her husband took quietly and put in his pocket. Years afterward when ill health seemed unbearable and in discouragement he felt that he could not write he used to take out that piece of paper, a living record of his wife's triumph over difficulty. When he saw the painful, patient strokes by which Mrs. Green had learned to write with her left hand he could work on with something near to inspiration.

Poison of the Centiped.

The centiped is popularly supposed to carry a sting on each foot, but I have several times handled one after its head was removed without the claws producing any result. It is the first pair of claws only that are venomous, being hollow and provided with poison bags like a snake's fang. The largest I ever saw was eleven inches in length, a gruesome creature. A bite from one of this size would most likely have been fatal to a man in weak health. The tarantula, though his powers of offense are nothing like those of the scorpion or centiped, is, however, a more unpopular character than either. The horror of these large spiders entertained by many people is curious and unaccountable. I have seen Australian bushmen, who in everyday life scarcely seemed to understand danger, turn white as a sheet at the sight of a small "triantelope," as they called it.—Chambers' Journal.

Practice and Preaching.

When the late Bishop Hare was presiding over a Methodist Episcopal church in New York city a large reception was given in his honor to which a brother of his, a lawyer, who closely resembled the bishop, was invited.

During the evening a member of the conference who had never met the bishop's brother approached him and, shaking him warmly by the hand, said:

"Good evening, Bishop Hare. I greatly enjoyed the sermon you gave us today. It is just what this church needs."

"You are mistaken in the person," said the brother, smiling, as he pointed to the bishop on the opposite side of the room, "that is the man who preaches. I practice."

A Long Job.

"Where have you been for so long?" asked the head man of the menagerie.

"Been watching one of the animals clear his throat, sir," replied the attendant.

"But does it take half an hour for an animal to clear its throat?"

"Yes, sir; it was the giraffe, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mean.

The Bride (from Chicago)—This is my third bridal tour. The Groom—Well, my dear, I hope that it will be your last. The Bride (bursting into tears)—You selfish thing!—Puck.

Every man should keep a fair sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—Henry Ward Beecher.

BUYING RUGS IN CAIRO

It's a Risky Business For the Man Who Doesn't Know.

LURING ON AN "EASY MARK."

The Story of How a Rich American Was Worked by a Crafty Oriental Salesman—Under the Mystic Spell of the Dim, Religious Light.

Writing of "The Passing of the Antique Rug" in the Century, John Kimberly Mumford tells this story:

It is beyond question cheaper to buy in America your rug and the ingenious tale that goes with it than to wait until you visit Constantinople or Smyrna or Cairo or Tiflis. They are much more skillful and insinuating over there. They have the advantage of local color and environment, and your common sense is under the spell of the east to begin with.

Here is an incident to illustrate. A party of rich Americans arrived in Cairo one day several winters ago on a yachting trip and passed a week or more in sightseeing. One of them had just finished a palatial house not far from New York and throughout Europe had bought marbles and bronzes, woodwork and velvets for it with a lavish hand. The journey to Cairo was made in order to secure rugs. What happened is best told in the words of a dealer in the bazaar, from whom I had it.

"There was a fellow in our concern," he said, "who was always buying nightmares, and I had to work myself black in the face to get rid of them. The week before the Americans came this chap had taken in a shockingly bad pair of Kirmans, enormously big, new and, to my mind, utterly unsalable. When the head of the house saw them he held up his hands and shouted, 'Get rid of those things for a hundred pounds to the first person who'll buy them.'"

"So I rolled them up and put them one side, intending to send them to a commission man in the bazaar to unload. Next morning in came Moneybags from New York with his whole company. He said he wanted to see the best carpets I had, and he saw them. I turned the place inside out. Nothing pleased him, for the reason that I made the common mistake of showing him too much. He thought I had something hidden away, so he winked me over into one corner and told me who he was. 'Now,' said he, 'I want you to limber up. I want the best, and I don't mind price if I get what suits me.'"

"I was in despair, for I had actually shown the man every carpet I had. All of a sudden I thought of these two freaks baled away the day before. I almost laughed in his face, but finally I pulled my mouth down and began salaaming and asked him why in the world he hadn't told me who he was in the beginning, then I shouldn't have wasted his time and abused his patience so.

"He grinned triumphantly. 'I thought you had them,' he said. "'But,' said I, 'it will take a little time to get at them, and I must ask you and your friends to wait patiently.'"

"They waited, and I tell you for the next half hour the men around that shop earned their pay. We went upstairs and unrolled those two rugs. We had a great big curtain of green push, which we hung against the wall. Then we pressed the carpets out and put them up against the curtain. That, you know, is worth 50 per cent to the looks. Then we adjusted the lights and stationed men all around to look as solemn as worshippers. Nobody was to speak above a whisper, and every man was to murmur 'Mashallah' at appropriate intervals.

"When everything was ready I ushered the customers up and on tiptoe led them in. There is no doubt about it, the effect was fine. At first everybody was still. It was like a church.

"'Ah,' said the great man, 'that is what I came for. I knew you had them. You needn't tell me the price. Just send them to the yacht at Alexandria.'"

"That night I went up to the hotel where they were stopping and got his check for 60,000 francs for the pair. And that wasn't the best of it. I had got into my stride then, and while he was busy annexing the Kirmans I had the porters bring up seven of the carpets he had refused downstairs and showed them in that dim religious light, unrolling them as if they had been sacred and sighing soulfully every now and then. He bought the whole seven and to the day of his death fully believed that I was the original wizard of the east."

Etiquette of Letters.

Eighty years ago the etiquette of letters was far more rigid than now. Even the twopenny post was not considered good enough for correspondence addressed to persons of any standing. In her "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian" Miss Louisa Packe tells us that when her father had occasion to write to Londoners in his own class of life the letter was always conveyed by a servant not for any reasons of urgency, but because the post was considered a vulgar medium of communication for persons residing in the same city and only to be used for the conveyance of letters to the country.—London Chronicle.

A hopeless man is deserted by himself, and he who deserts himself is soon deserted by his friends.

OVERTAXED

Hundreds of Klamath Falls Readers Know What It Means

The kidneys are overtaxed; Have too much to do. They tell about it in many aches and pains— Backache, sideache, headache, Early symptoms of kidney ills Urinary troubles, diabetes, Bright's disease follow.

The statement below shows you a certain cure.

Mrs. Zula Herzog, Oregon St., Yreka, Cal., says: "I suffered for some time from kidney trouble. My back was very lame and a constant feeling of lassitude clung to me constantly. I tried one remedy and then another in my efforts to get relief but to no avail. I felt miserably nearly all the time and it was only with great effort that I performed my household work. I at last saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised for such trouble and procured a box. I used them as directed and in less than two weeks, I felt like a different woman. The terrible weakness in my back and hips disappeared and my kidneys were soon restored to a normal condition. I am now enjoying good health and cannot praise Doan's Kidney Pills too highly."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Word was received Friday evening from J. E. Swansen, of the Klamath barber shop, who is visiting in Los Angeles, stating that he expected to be home with his family about the first of April.

Mr. and Mrs. McReynolds were in the city Friday from Poe Valley, where they recently bought a ranch. Mr. McReynolds is breaking and seeding a large acreage.

Don't Get Run Down

Weak and miserable. If you have Kidney or Bladder trouble, Dull pains, Dizziness, Nervousness, Pains in the back, and feel tired all over, get a package of Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF, the pleasant herb cure. It never fails. We have many testimonials from grateful people who have used this wonderful remedy. As a regulator it has no equal. Ask for Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf at Druggists or sent by mail for 50 cts. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Mrs. Samuel Hines and children left on Friday's train for Oakland, Cal.

Mrs. Woodin was a passenger on Friday morning's train for Dumas.

Mrs. Neff, wife of the forester of this district, is a visitor in the city.

You know what a good teacher means to a child. You know what he means to a community. We must have schools and we must have teachers. The Normal School question is now submitted free from politics. That's the way you want it kept. If you pay taxes on \$1,000, it will cost you 4 cents a year to maintain the State Normal at Monmouth. Vote Yes on this bill. 3-24-11

FOR SALE CHEAP—New boat, auxiliary, seating capacity 15. Address W. M. Knight, Fort Klamath, Ore. 3-24-11

H. G. Laughlin arrived last Friday night from Stockton, Cal.

NOTICE

To the Stockholders of the Klamath Water Users' Association.

You are hereby notified that a special meeting of the stockholders of the Klamath Water Users' Association will be held in the Houston Opera House, Klamath Falls, Oregon, Saturday, April 16th, 1910, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of increasing the par value of the shares of stock of the said association from the sum of \$20 per share to the sum of \$30 per share, and for the further purpose of authorizing the Board of Directors of the said association to levy assessments against the stock subscriptions of the said association sufficient in amount and against each and every share subscribed to reimburse and to pay back to the stock subscribers under what is known as the "Upper Project" such amount or amounts as such subscriber or subscribers have from time to time paid to said association upon the assessments made and levied by the Board of Directors of said association for the accomplishment of the purposes of this association; said stock subscribers being limited to those whose stock subscriptions are hereafter cancelled by the Secretary of the Interior.

ALBERT E. ELDER, Secretary Klamath Water Users' Association. 3-10-14

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath.

George H. Merryman, Plaintiff, vs. Geo. E. Allen, Defendant.

To Geo. E. Allen, defendant, above named: In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled action on or before Thursday, the 24th day of March, A. D. 1910, that being the last day for the publication of this summons and the last day of the time within which the defendant is permitted to answer as fixed by the order of the Court for publication of summons herein; and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of three hundred dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from and after November 11, A. D. 1909, and for reasonable attorney's fees and for the costs and disbursements in this action; and for an order of this Court, that certain personal property, to-wit, one automobile, and fixtures and attachments, as well as all the appliances, tools and instruments, belonging to you and used upon or about the said automobile, attached under and by virtue of a certain attachment writ issued herein, be subjected to the payment of any judgment that plaintiff may obtain herein.

This summons is published in the Klamath Republican, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Klamath Falls, Klamath County, State of Oregon, by order of Honorable George Noland, Judge of said Court, said order dated the 5th day of February, 1910, directing such summons to be so published for six consecutive weeks, the first publication to be on the 10th day of February, A. D. 1910.

H. M. MANNING, Attorney for the Plaintiff, Postoffice and Residence Address, Klamath Falls, Oregon. 2-10-3-24

NOTICE

Parties wishing sagebrush land cleared, call on or write,

W. W. MASTEN, Klamath Falls, Ore.

12-31f



ELLSWORTH & MITCHELL VETERINARY SURGEONS AND DENTISTS

Office Crisler-Stillis Building Phone 726

C. C. BROWER ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON ROOMS 7 & 8, MURDOCK BLDG.

WILL A. LEONARD DENTIST White-Maddox Bldg.

DR. C. P. MASON DENTIST Office in American Bank & Trust Company's Building PHONE 614 KLAMATH FALLS OREGON

R. M. RICHARDSON United States Commissioner TIMBER AND HOMESTEAD PROOF TAKEN Office, Third and Main, opposite City Library. Telephone 301.

BENSON & STONE ATTORNEYS AT LAW American Bldg. and Trust Bldg. KLAMATH FALLS - OREGON



Nyal's Vegetable Prescription is indicated in all ordinary diseases of women. This remedy never disappoints, its good effects being perceptible from the very first. It is composed of the purest and the most reliable drugs; mercurials, opiates and other harmful drugs being excluded. The many disconcerting influences to which woman is constantly subjected render her liable to many functional disorders that not only tend to destroy her comfort and happiness, but which gradually merge into chronic and serious diseases.

Nyal's Vegetable Prescription is without a peer for the successful treatment of female weakness, painful and disordered menstruation, hysteria, cramps, "bearing down pains," inflammation and falling of the womb. This is a remedy of sterling worth.

UNDERWOOD'S PHARMACY Cor. 7th and Main Streets Klamath Falls Oregon