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NEWSPAPER LAW OF OREGON.—Section 2011 of the laws of Oregon provides that whenever any person controlling a newspaper shall mail such newspaper to any person in this State without first receiving an order therefor, such newspaper shall be deemed to be a gift, and no debt or obligation shall accrue against such person, whether such newspaper is received by the person to whom it is sent or not.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908.

All school officers should bear in mind that the new school law requires that at least 85 per cent of the state and county fund received during the school year must be spent for the payment of teachers' salaries; and provides that should any district fail to apply at least 85 per cent of the funds received from the county school tax and the irreducible school fund (state) on teachers' salaries, the unextended balance shall revert to the general school fund of the county. Fifteen per cent of the county funds may be used for current expenses and any part of the 15 per cent not so spent may be retained by the district and carried over to the next year.

A church where men can smoke and enjoy a moving picture show is the unique institution founded by Rev. Sydney Goodman, of Atlantic City, N. J. The pictures represent the parables and the collection taken up pay for cigars and pipes which are smoked during the sermon. Rev. Mr. Goodwin states that his plan of getting these men into the church is eminently successful and that he will have to secure larger quarters. An average of 500 men attend his services at the "New Men's Church."

In his capacity of Governor, George E. Chamberlain has made free use of the pardoning power. Governor Chamberlain has granted 186 full pardons, commuted 90 sentences and remitted nine sentences, a total exertion of the pardoning power during Governor Chamberlain's term to date of 285 instances. Full pardon has been granted to 13 murderers, to six convicted of murder in the second degree and 14 convicted of man slaughter. Two men convicted of murder have had their sentences commuted.

John Mitchell until recently president of the miners' union is to be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois if the Democratic leaders can force the nomination upon him. Mr. Mitchell declares that he will not run, but Roger Sullivan, the Illinois leader, says he will make Mitchell the candidate with or without his consent.

The overwhelming Taft victory in Kentucky has convinced the friends of Vice President Fairbanks that there is no possibility of his nomination and it is expected that he will quietly drop out of the race without any formal announcement of his withdrawal.

A 3 year old baby in New York fell out of a third floor window, landing in a sitting posture in a baby carriage which had been left on the sidewalk, without receiving any injury.

When a woman cannot tell the difference between her husband's fault finding and the dog's growling, it is time some lawyer got a divorce fee.

Now comes the time of year when angleworms squirm for affright when Little Willie sings that popular aria. "Get the Hook."

MARSH LANDS

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ABEL ADY

Sally's Knight Errant

By MAY CLENNING.

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"He did smile!" Sally's eyes glowed with excitement and her glance followed the gayly caparisoned horse with its mail clad rider down the crowded thoroughfare. Mary McCann, at the next table, gave a snort of contempt. "Sure he did," she conceded good humoredly. "He'll smile at any little softy he thinks is fool enough to smile back. I'll bet Miss Cady won't be smiling when she sees how far behind you are with your wrappin'."



Then she heard the clatter of hoofs, ward glance, the same lifting up his lance, and Sally's heart beat more rapidly as she bent over the piles of cans which were to be wrapped and stacked in the trays to go to the packing room. That night the knight rode on and on through her dreams. Always the same he seemed to be, and yet ever he grew more glorious in Sally's dreamy eyes as he suffered untold miseries and braved perils innumerable for her sake. He was the hero of "Ivanhoe" and tales of the Round Table. He was of all countries and times, but always he was the man of the day before, and Sally went to her work with eagerness, because she knew that presently the knight would come riding past and that he would look up and salute her with his lance.

And come he presently did. His helmet shone gleamingly in the sun; his chain armor displayed to the best advantage the finely muscled shoulders and set off well against the rich caparisoning of his steed. That there was a theatrical advertisement embroidered upon the trappings of the horse she did not care. She was looking for the silent lifting of the lance and wondering whether the eyes were blue or brown beneath the heavy brows.

She could shut her eyes and remember every detail of face and costume long after he had passed, every detail save that golden legend, "A Knight of Old, the Adelphi," that gleamed against the crimson velvet of the saddlecloth.

She recalled the heavy frowning mustache, with its graceful droop, the clear color of the skin and the ruddiness of the cheeks, and then remembered with distaste Tim Holran's stubby, determined chin, with its blue black tinge of clean shaven skin. Tim was already in disgrace because he was out of a job, and when he called that evening the chill reception he received abashed even that self confident young man.

For two years they had been "keeping company," and he had entered with the air of one assured of welcome and with a light apology for the lateness of his arrival, only to be informed that it was a matter of indifference to Sally whether he came or remained away. Presently he slipped out of the little parlor with the optimistic suggestion that Sally would be feeling better on the morrow and that he would try to get around early.

He was unprepared for the snappish declaration that she did not expect to be home at all, and he flung down the stairs in the heat of an anger that rose as quickly as it fell.

Once down the cool street he told himself that Sally had a headache, so he built castles in the air—four room castles in which Sally presided as mistress and to which he came home when his day's toil was done to sit down to a savory mess of corned beef and cabbage with Sally across the table from him.

But Sally's castles in Spain were stately edifices, thronged by knights and ladies, wherein her knight led all the others in beauty, grace and daring. She wondered how she had ever thought Tim Holran good looking and shuddered at her own want of taste. She was glad that she knew better now; glad that she had found out before it was too late.

She did not even miss Tim when he failed to call for two evenings, for her anticipations were all centered about the knightly figure on the coal black charger who spent the entire day riding up and down before her window at the factory and who always as he rode gave silent salute.

The girls were held for a couple of hours Friday evening to get out a rush order, and it was late when Sally hurried home. There was a short cut through an unsavory portion of the town, and, unmindful of the leering glances thrown at her, she hurried along, intent only upon getting home to supper as quickly as possible.

She had almost cleared the section when, with a shout, a young fellow lurched out from one of the corner saloons and threw his arm about her shoulders. Sally screamed in terror, but the men standing in the doorway and lounging on the corner regarded the scene indulgently. Dago Joe probably meant only to kiss the girl, and anyhow he was notably quick with a knife. They were not minded to make it any concern of theirs.

Sally fought as best she could, but the leering face approached closer to hers, and the man's breath beat hotly against her cheek. Then she heard the clatter of hoofs, a whoop unmistakably Irish, and her assailant went reeling across the sidewalk from the force of a smart blow on the head from a club.

With a cry of relief, Sally sprang toward her rescuer. It was her knight, who, turning the corner, had come upon the scene and had charged the Italian with his lance. Now he slipped off his horse and finished off the job with his fists. Only once the knife flashed, slipping through the coat of mail and scratching the shoulder. Then the weapon was knocked from the Italian's hand, and he was done up in approved style until the conveniently nearsighted policeman interfered out of pity for the battered wreck.

Then the knight turned to Sally. His flowing hair had fallen in the gutter, along with his glittering helmet. His flowing mustaches hung lonesomely from one corner of his mouth. His eye brows, too, were sadly askew and blood stained the shirt of mail over the shoulder.

"Come around to the stable until I can put me horse up, and I'll take you home," offered the knight. "I was afraid you would find out I was doin' this 'suep' job until I could get me old place back."

"Is it you, Tim?" gasped Sally. "Sure," was the sheepish reply. "A fellow offered me \$8 to advertise his show for a week. I needed some money to take you to the lady telephoner's ball tomorrow night, and I took him up. I thought you was wise when you threw a kiss to me yesterday."

They were walking toward the stable as they talked, and now Tim led his horse inside. The coat of mail, made of cords doused with aluminum paint, was soon stripped off and the cut found to be a mere scratch. In a box stall Tim discarded the remainder of his gorgeous outfit and resumed his own well worn suit.

As they passed down the street in the direction of Sally's home she slipped her arm through his confidentially. "I'm glad it was you and not a make believe knight who rescued me," she whispered.

"It was both of us," reminded Tim. "But I won't be a fake knight arter tomorrow. I'm goin' on the traffic police. The captain likes the way I ride and can get me right through. Now we can get married in spite of my losin' me job."

"I'm glad of that, too," said Sally contentedly as her castle in Spain shrunk to a four room flat.

Plain Diet. "What is the matter with Banker Jones? He looks worried." "I hear he has a lot of undigested securities."

Wanted to Be Right. "You began this letter 'Dear,' though it is to one unknown." "Yes. Should I begin it 'Gout?'"

Furs Wanted
C. D. Wilson is in the market for all kinds of furs, for which he will pay the highest market price. Address him at Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Klamath Falls Public Library
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Summons
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Klamath County. John Koonz plaintiff, vs. Amanda Ella Koonz defendant, suit in equity for divorce. You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before Saturday, June 13th, 1908, being the last day prescribed in the order for publication of this summons, the first publication of which being on Saturday, May 2nd, 1908, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, filed herein, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant.

This summons is served by publication in the Evening Herald, by order of Hon. Henry L. Benson, Judge of the Circuit Court for the first judicial district of Oregon, dated May 1st, 1908, which order requires summons to be published once a week for six consecutive weeks from the 1st day of May, 1908.

A. L. LEAVITT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Professional Cards
DR. WM. MARTIN, Dentist, Office over Klamath County Bank

C. F. STONE, Attorney at Law, Office over postoffice, Klamath Falls, Oregon

D. V. KUYKENDALL, Attorney at Law, Klamath Falls, Oregon

DR. C. P. MASON, Dentist, American Bank & Trust Co.'s Building

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