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Clean rooms, good beds, and the table always supplied with the best the market affords—Terms reasonable.

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All Repair Work Done Promptly and at Reduced Prices

Men's Half Soles, 75c; Soles and Heels, \$1.25; Ladies' Half Soles, 60c; Heels, 25c; Children's Half Soles, 50 cents.

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Office over postoffice, Klamath Falls, Oregon

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

BOLIVIAN INDIANS.

The Majority Are Semi-intoxicated From the Cradles to the Grave.

The Indian women of Bolivia are usually superior to their lords in actual intelligence, also in age, as a rule. They earn the larger share of their mutual "living" and take the lead in most things.

An recognized head of the house the Bolivian Indian wife is much more likely to thrash her comparatively timid spouse than he is to ill use her.

In the markets, when produce has to be disposed of, she can drive a harder bargain than he could, she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much privation and physical toil, labor, chew as much coca and drink as much strong drink.

Little or no money passes among the Bolivian Indians, their mediums of exchange being whatever they may raise or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, drink when not thirsty, sleep when not sleepy, and where and any time when opportunity offers, "against the time of need," as they say. This majority are in a state of semi-intoxication from babyhood to the grave, alcohol being used on every pretext, freely as their means will allow, on occasions of births, deaths and feast days—the last named being remarkably frequent.—Boston Globe

HIS COAT OF ARMS.

It Was Fairly Earned Since He Descended From a King.

A man applied to the college of heralds for a coat of arms, says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine, and was asked if any of his ancestors had been renowned for any singular achievements. The man paused and considered, but could recollect nothing.

"Your father," said the herald, adding his memory, "your grandfather, your great-grandfather?"

"No," returned the applicant, "I never knew that I had a great-grandfather or a grandfather."

"Of yourself?" asked this creator of dignity.

"I know nothing remarkable of myself," returned the man, "only that, being once locked up in Ludgate prison for debt, I found means to escape from an upper window, and that, you know, is no honor to a man's escutcheon."

"And how did you get down?" said the herald.

"Old enough," returned the man. "I procured a cord, fixed it round the neck of the statue of King Lud on the outside of the building and thus let myself down."

"I have it!" said the herald. "No honor! Lineally descended from King Lud! And his coat of arms will do for you."

They Won the Pool.

It was certainly reprehensible, though one cannot but smile at the bold trick played one night by half a dozen men in Paris. These individuals rang at the door of a private house, and before the servant could announce their arrival the leader had donned an official scarf and introduced himself as a police commissioner, seized about \$1,000 which was lying on the table as stakes in a game of poker, saying he would not trouble the host and his guests to call at the office that evening, but would be obliged if they would do so the next morning. The "commissioner," with his escort, politely departed. When the players dutifully called at the office the next day, their visit created visible surprise, and they learned, to their disgust, that this police commissioner of the night before had tricked them and their \$1,000 had been carried off by a gang of thieves. So much for playing poker and having an uneasy conscience!—Boston Herald

An Easy Word.

This is what happened to a Glasgow workman when he tried to make his wife's home life happy by reading the police news to her as contained in his evening paper. In due course he reached an interesting trial for assault, the report of which concluded as follows:

"This case was held over until tomorrow, as the presiding magistrate said he found considerable difficulty in pronouncing sentence."

"Dear me," commented the reader's wife, "the cannna has been a man of muckle education, surely, or he wadna hae found any difficulty in pronouncing an easy wee word like that."—Dundee Advertiser

A Bit of Advice.

This is a bit of advice offered by the Gunnison Gazette:

Young man, if you should come across a girl who, with a face as radiant as a sunflower, says as you appear at the door, "I will be busy for half an hour yet, for the dishes are not washed," just squat right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other chap may come along and secure the prize, and right there you will have lost an angel!

So It Is.

Teacher—If a vehicle with two wheels is a bicycle and one with three wheels a tricycle, what is one with only one wheel?

Scholar—A wheelbarrow.—Illustrated Bits.

A Sporting Event.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, do you see any thing in the paper about Blinker running over his mother-in-law? Mr. Peck—Not yet. I haven't come to the sporting news.—Puck.

The Poor Men.

Nell—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him. Belle—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't want to marry him.—Philadelphia Record.

Flying Fish.

At one time it was widely credited that flying fish possessed the power to accelerate their passage through the air by flapping their "wings," as their enormously elongated pectoral fins are sometimes called. Had this been proved these fish would have naturally shared with bats, birds and insects a power which has been denied to all other flying creatures. But men of science are now agreed that the motion of the fins sometimes seen when the fish leaves the water is merely a continuation of its swimming movement and in no way aids the passage of the fish through the air. The method of the fish's flight is this: It rushes through the water at high speed, hurls itself into the atmosphere and, spreading its huge winglike fins, glides rapidly forward until its momentum is exhausted. Then it drops back again into the water. So great is the impetus gained that these fish under favorable conditions will "fly" for a distance of 500 feet. But when once the impetus is exhausted the fish is quite unable to sustain itself in the air by muscular effort.—Scientific American

Where the Joke Lay.

He was an Englishman, taking a trip on a Welsh excursion steamer, and he was watching a group of Welsh colliers talking with one another, when they suddenly seized one of their companions and swung him to and fro. The victim shrieked in terror as the ring-leader shouted:

"Now, boys, overhaul with 'im!"

So real was the horror of the collier that the Englishman jumped up and interfered successfully. The collier picked himself up and looked to a safe seat next the Englishman, who sternly reproved him for uttering such nerve-shattering cries.

"It was only a joke, and you must have known it," he said.

The collier wiped his forehead.

"Yes, I knowed famous it was a joke," he returned, "but that's why I did screw blue noddurs. I don't know the boss, sarr. The job with them was to check me overboard. Thank eu kindly for stoppin' 'em!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Didn't Want to Tell.

The late Professor Greene, author of Greene's Analysis and the English Grammar with which so many have wrestled in their school days, was one of the most genial and fatherly of men. During the later years of his life he was professor of mathematics and astronomy in a New England college. There was in one of his classes a somewhat slow-witted though studious young man, whom we will call Jones. On a certain occasion after Jones had repeated carefully the text book statements about the effects of the motions of the earth and was trying to remember what came next in the book the professor interposed with:

"Were you ever in the shadow of the earth, Mr. Jones?"

Jones hesitated.—No, sir.

Professor—Where do you spend your nights, sir?

Jones didn't want to tell.—Universalist Leader.

Banquets in Elizabeth's Time.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the first course of a banquet is given as wheat-crumbs, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel or hotch pot. The second consisted of fish, among which are lampreys, poor John, stock-fish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, black puddings, bag puddings, white puddings and marrow puddings. They came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch cox-ups, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese cakes, jellies, warden pies, sacketts, shibbuts and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake; for drinks, ale, beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or methglin.—New York Tribune

Chamois Maker is a Magician.

Most everybody uses chamois, and everybody imagines it comes from the graceful goats of the Swiss Alps, but it doesn't. It really hails from the cavernous depths of tanneries of Pennsylvania, in New England. Peabody tanners make beautiful leathers of sheep pelts. The chamois maker is a magician of the leather trade. To his door he draws sheepskins from the great ranches of Montana or their possible future rivals on the plains of Siberia, the punpas of Argentina or the fields of Australia. Mary's little lamb, masquerading as brave Swiss chamois, has a wonderful career.

Natural Anxiety.

A very talkative little boy was allowed to accompany his father to a friend's house on the understanding that he should not speak until somebody asked him a question. He remained silent for half an hour. "Father," he then murmured, "when are they going to begin asking me questions?"

She Speaks Out.

"You aren't earning very much."

"But, my darling, two can live as cheaply as one."

"I don't yearn to live cheaply, young man."—St. Louis Republic.

Instinct.

What is instinct? It is th' natchral tendency iv wan whin filled with dismay to turn to his wife.—Mr. Dooley.

Great Success.

"Were the amateur theatricals good?"

"Splendid! I never saw anything worse."—Life.

He doubles his troubles who betrays tomorrow's.—Spanish Proverb.

A Famous Regiment.

It is doubtful if any other one regiment furnished an equal number of distinguished officers during the civil war as did the Second United States Cavalry. Among the officers were Albert Sidney Johnston, colonel; Robert E. Lee, lieutenant colonel; William J. Hardee, brevet lieutenant colonel; George H. Thomas, major. Robert E. Lee and A. S. Johnston became generals in the Confederate army, and Hardee became lieutenant general. Thomas became a distinguished general in the Federal army. Among the captains were Earl Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith and N. G. Evans, all of whom became generals in the Confederate army. I. N. Palmer, George Stoneman and R. W. Johnson held the same positions in the Union army. Among the subalterns John B. Hood, Charles W. Field, Chambliss and Phifer became southern generals, and R. Garrard and others attained the same place in the northern army. Captain Evans left the United States' service before Colonel Robert E. Lee did, and when they parted at Fort Mason, Tex., Colonel Lee said: "I'm sorry to give you up, Evans. Don't know what may happen before we meet again. Perhaps they'll make you a general."

Helping Him Out.

Mr. Lord looked so grave one evening that his wife, a very young one, noticed it and asked what was the matter.

"I suppose business is troubling you," she surmised shrewdly. "If you've struck a snag, why don't you tell me, and perhaps I may be able to help you?"

After more affectionate adjuration Lord admitted that his payroll bothered him.

"I've made it up as far as the workmen go," he said, "but if I pay the stenographer there won't be a penny left for Davis and me. Davis says he can't stand that. He must have some money this month."

Lord's wife was momentarily grave; then her face brightened.

"Why don't you give the stenographer a month's vacation," she suggested eagerly, "then divide what there is with Davis? It seems to me," judicially, "that would be fair all round."—Youth's Companion.

The Story of Starlight.

"Once there was a group of sportsmen who were all quite broke," said a Jockey club official. "They must, however, get in to the races, and one at a time they presented themselves at the paddock gate.

"I am the owner of Starlight," the first said. He was well dressed and imposing. They believed and passed him in.

"I am Starlight's trainer," said the second. His red face and bluff manner bore out his story, and they admitted him.

"The third man, small and thin, next appeared.

"Starlight's jockey," he said shortly and hurried through the gate.

"The fourth and last man of the group was very shabby indeed.

"Well, who are you?" they said impatiently when he presented himself.

"I am Starlight," was the meek reply.—Los Angeles Times.

Navel Oranges.

Possibly not every one has heard the anecdote about the dear old mother whose son had been promoted to be first lieutenant in the navy. He sent her a box of fine navel oranges from Florida and this brief note:

Dear Mother—Just a handful of navel oranges, something you will find especially choice. Devotedly,
JACK.

Speaking of Jack to some guests at the house a few nights later as they were enjoying the oranges, she remarked: "Just the very best boy in all the world, dear, dear Jack. What a splendid sailor, and every inch an officer! But he never could learn to spell. Just think of a lieutenant spelling naval with an 'e' and a small 'n.' Isn't it embarrassing to a mother? Still it sounds all the same when you speak it."—New York Press.

"The Morning Tub."

A few years ago a sister of mine called in to see an old lady who lived in a little cottage in Lincolnshire and in course of conversation happened to mention that she had a cold sponge-down every morning.

"Law, miss," said the old lady, "and does your mother know?"

"Yes, certainly, and she quite approves."

"Well," said the old lady, "Ah washes mi face livery day, an' Ah washes mi neck once a week, but Ah've niver bin washed all over since Ah was a baby."

"This good lady lived to the ripe old age of ninety-three.—Cur., London News.

The Lotus Eaters.

The race of people to whom the name "Lotus Eaters" was applied was a Lybian tribe, known to the Greeks as early as the time of Homer. Herodotus describes their country and says that a caravan route led from it to Egypt. The lotus still grows there in great abundance—a prickly shrub bearing a fruit of a sweet taste, compared by Herodotus to that of the date. It is still eaten by the natives, and a kind of wine is made from its juice.

Superfluous.

Copy Reader—How will it do to head this story "A Growing Scandal?" City Editor—Cut out the "growing." That's redundant. A scandal always grows.—Chicago Tribune.

A Stowaway.

She (on the Atlantic liner)—Did you observe the great appetite of that stout man at dinner? He—Yes. He must be what they call a stowaway.—London Telegraph.

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Prime Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork and Poultry



Fresh and Cured Meats and Sausages of all kinds. We handle our meats in the most modern way in cleanliness and surroundings. Try us and we will be most happy to have you for a customer. Free Delivery.

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When blocks in Mills Addition were offered at bargain prices a number of shrewd investors bought; since that time values have increased materially.

These Lots are Bargain Buys at present prices, and there is every reason to anticipate an advance in prices. Remember these lots are **FIFTY FEET** in width and **ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET** deep—more than double the area of most town lots offered to investors.

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CAPT. O. C. APPLIGATE Office on Fifth Street
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WOOD WOOD

Sixteen inch and four foot wood in any quantities.

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J. L. FIELDER Wood Yard and Office Near City Hall
Phone 84

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 20 1908. Notice is hereby given that Asa Fordyce, of Ft. Klamath, Oregon, who, on August 24, 1901, made homestead entry, No 2433, for Lots 11, 12 and 13, Section 4, Township 33 S., Range 7 1/2 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before County Clerk, Klamath County, at his office, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of August, 1908. Claimant names as witnesses: Christ Weiss, Edd Leever, Charlie Martin and James Emery, all of Ft. Klamath, Oregon. 6-22
J. N. WATSON, Register.

To make room for new goods that are now on the way we are disposing of all second-hand articles we have left at prices less than cost. Virgil & Son.

Merrill Valley the heart of Klamath.

Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, June 18, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Herbert J. Savidge, of Ft. Klamath, Oregon, who, on September 25, 1902, made homestead, No. 2773, for SW 1/4, Section 30, Township 32 S., Range 7 1/2 E.,

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