

THIS IS TO WIN.

Who swings with every wind that blows
Or changes with each changing tide,
Into the harbor of success
His craft will never guide.

Through storm or shine, 'gainst wind and
wave,
With never-lagging courage he
Must steer his vessel ever on,
Straight over life's rough sea.

To breast the storm, the winds defeat,
The waves o'ercome—this is to win.
Who labors thus will hear at last
The summons: "Enter in."
—Los Angeles Herald.

STURDY M'QUINN

THE whirl of the machinery grew dim in the ears of Sturdy McQuinn. Not that it had stopped, but the buzzing in his ears made it seem far away.

The wonderful, almost human type-setting machine at which he sat, was motionless, awaiting the lightning touch of his fingers. So is the great "Daily" born each day to live and die, before the setting of the sun.

The clamor of the newsboys outside meant that it was almost 12, time for the first edition. They had finished their crap game and were jabbering in many keys and tongues. A motley crew, indeed, like none since the Tower of Babel.

Sturdy heaved a sigh of relief as he finished the last word of a long column, for the click of the keys made him nervous, for the first time in the many years he had been sitting at the same machine.

He had done his work faithfully, but listlessly, for a week past. Yes, it was just a week to-night. How long a week may seem when you must watch each dawn.

The foreman noticed this change and wondered. Sturdy had been his right hand man through many years of nerve-racking work, never missing a day, and always willing to share the burden of his overwrought chief. There was something so reassuring about this big man's calm voice; the echo of a self-reliant and resourceful nature.

No one dreamed of associating sentiment with the homely, quiet type-setter, but Sturdy was in love. In love, as only a man of his shy, reserved temperament can be; with a served temperament can be; with a sleeping leech of his heart.

A week had passed since that miserable night when Mary had told him the sad part. She didn't love him, and never would, so it wasn't right for them to see each other any more. They were sitting on a bench in the park. How well he remembered every detail. The purr of the summer breeze in the trees, the stray curl that brushed his cheek; the dainty hat, and pretty muslin dress, and Mary's voice, almost a sob, as she laid her hand on his broad, strong shoulder, and asked him to forgive her for making him so unhappy.

Was there any one else, he had asked? No, it was only her duty to him, for whom she cared so much, but not quite enough. Sturdy had taken the blow silently, as all brave men meet fate, but Mary had to almost lead him home, for this crumbling of tenderly cherished hopes had made the trees dance and the walk evade him. They said good-bye at the gate, just as they had done many times a week for two years.

Not that night, nor the next, did Sturdy realize it was to be for always, and that the little house he had secretly picked out, dreamed about and worked for would never be "home," for home meant only a place where Mary would be waiting for him when the day was over.

He bore the first two days patiently, with a sort of numb resolution, but could stand it no longer. The third evening he stole up and hid in the shadow of some trees opposite her house, feeling like a thief, but a thief who steals because he is hungry.

He had not long to wait before Mary crossed the street, almost at his elbow, but did not notice the silent figure under the shadow of the trees.

She stopped a moment to say good-bye to a girl friend, then went in and quietly closed the door. Just then a man passed, looked keenly at the silent watcher, as if interested in his study of the little house opposite.

The dull routine of the day's work did little to lighten Sturdy's burden.

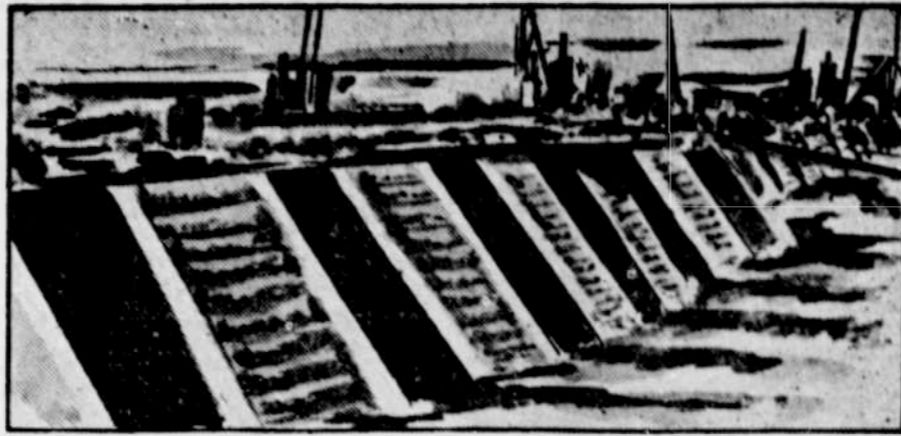
The buzzing in his head grew worse and the whirl of the machinery harder to bear. His nerves were overwrought from lack of sleep. Another day was almost done, a hard, trying day, and it was a relief to go home and be quiet.

The air tubes belched forth their last batch of "matter," generally "ads" which came in late, and appear under the head of "Too Late to Classify."

Busy looking little boys ran in all directions, handing each man a few scribbled sheets. Sturdy absently took his share and began to play the keys before him.

PERSONAL—Will young lady in white dress, black hat, who parted

COMPLETION OF THE GREAT NILE DAM.



THE ASSOUAN DAM, SHOWING 5 OF THE 108 SLUICE GATES.
THE great Assouan dam—boon for Egypt and one of the most wonderful achievements of man—has been completed and dedicated. The Assouan dam and the Assiout barrage are monuments to British engineering skill and progressive policy. These great works, which have cost between \$100,000,000 and \$125,000,000, will systematize irrigation, impart security to crops and stability to harvests, and widen the area of Nile lands under cultivation.

The Assouan dam is one and one-fourth miles long and will hold the water 347.6 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The dam is pierced by 180 openings, each twenty-three feet high and seven feet wide. Each sluice is fitted with steel gates, adjustable at will, so as to enable the water to go in and out. An idea of the immensity of the labor involved in the construction may be obtained from the fact that the foundations of some of the sluices go seventy-five feet below the ordinary rock surface. The Nile will be held up by a dam 100 feet thick at the base and the valley above it will be flooded for fifty miles.

The experts, by way of comparison, calculate that the reservoir will hold water enough for a year's full supply for every town and village in the United Kingdom. The engineering works also include an open weir or barrage at Assiout, a long way down the Nile, by which the distribution of the water from the great reservoir is secured over a large area.



SCENE ALONG THE NILE RIVER.

with friend last evening about 8, at Elm and Chestnut-sts., be at same corner this evening at 9? Admirer.

It was unusually deserted the next evening out by Elm and Chestnut-sts., except for a dapper young man standing on the corner, gazing up at a house across the way. Suddenly, as if sprung from the earth, a man stepped up and dealt him a stinging blow between the eyes. It was an uneven combat from the first, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the dapper youth lay in a crumpled heap at the feet of Sturdy McQuinn.

A crowd had gathered at a small urchin's cry of "fight," and just as Sturdy was preparing quietly to depart a policeman stepped up and marched both victor and victim off to the station-house.

No one had heard a woman's scream from behind the closed blinds of the little house opposite, but Mary had seen both the "Personal" and her avenger. A strange, new light burned in her eyes as she paced the floor, longing for morning.

Early the next day, Mr. Stevens, the foreman of the composing-room, was wanted at the telephone.

A puzzled expression spread over his face as he heard his absent typesetter's embarrassed request that he come down to the district police station. A cab was soon speedily covering the distance, and the newspaper man was received with great deference at headquarters. Yes; the prisoner had violently assaulted a man, without provocation. Of course, if he was a friend of Mr. Stevens it would be all right; in fact, he could go right along with him now.

The culprit was summoned and blinked sheepishly out of two very black eyes at his chief, who was laughing heartily.

"What has come over my steady right-hand man, I wonder?" But Sturdy was being piloted out to the cab and had no time to explain.

At the entrance they almost collided with a young girl, looking very much embarrassed. Sturdy stopped, looked helplessly first at Mary, then at his rescuer, who felt there was something very important happening. "Mr. Stevens," said a sweet even voice, "Sturdy and I are going to be married very soon, and seeing that he has been with you for so long, and so fond of you, I knew you would like to know."

So Mary and her sadly damaged patient were driven home in the cab,

and Mr. Stevens chuckling audibly, jumped on a car. He made straight for the office of the proprietor, where his counsel was much valued, emerging a few minutes later with a letter in his hand which read:

Dear Sir—We take pleasure in sending you the enclosed check for \$500, in acknowledgment of your 15 years of faithful service on our paper.

We trust you will soon recover from your slight illness, and report for work as usual, with an advance of \$5 a week in salary. We remain, very truly yours,

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.
E. R. Whitcomb, Proprietor.
—Buffalo News.

HISTORIC CHANDELIERS.

Removed from Parlors of White House to Capitol.

Old landmarks are changing places. By permission of President Roosevelt the large crystal chandeliers which have hung in the parlors of the White House for many years, are to be placed in the capitol. There are nine of these chandeliers, valued at \$1,500 each, and all are of exceptional artistic merit. Two of them will be placed in the rooms of the ways and means and the appropriations committees, respectively, where their numerous crystal prisms and silver mountings will present a handsome contrast to the rich mahogany furniture of the rooms. Two of the largest chandeliers, taken from the east room, will hang in the lobby of the House of Representatives. One will be placed in the handsomely furnished room assigned to the committee on the District of Columbia, another will be placed in the room reserved for the Vice-President, now occupied by Senator Frye, the president of the Senate pro tem; still another will be placed in the room used by the speaker of the House, and the location of the other is yet to be determined. In addition to the chandeliers, the President has presented to the capitol a number of marble mantels and bookcases which have heretofore been in use in the White House, and which will be valued by the Senators and Representatives to whose committee rooms they are assigned because of their beauty and their historic associations.

In accord with the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the last woman on earth will be a dressmaker.

Go East

Via the
Rio Grande Western
RAILWAY

—AND—
Denver & Rio Grand
RAILROAD

Only transcontinental line
passing directly through

Salt Lake City,
Leadville,
Pueblo,
Colorado Springs
and Denver.

Three splendidly equipped
trains daily TO ALL POINTS
EAST.

Through Sleeping and Dining
Cars and Free Reclining
Chair Cars.

The most magnificent scenery
in America by daylight.

Stop overs allowed on all
classes of tickets.

For cheapest rates and descriptive literature address

J. D. Mansfield,

General Agent,

124, Third St., Portland, Or.

A Weak Stomach

Indigestion is often caused by over-eating. An eminent authority says the harm done thus exceeds that from the excessive use of alcohol. Eat all the good food you want but don't overload the stomach. A weak stomach may refuse to digest what you eat. Then you need a good digestant like Kodol, which digests your food without the stomach's aid. This rest and the wholesome tonic Kodol contains soon restore health. Dieting unnecessary. Kodol quickly relieves the feeling of fullness and bloating from which some people suffer after meals. Absolutely cures indigestion.

Kodol Nature's Tonic.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.
The 8-oz. bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c. size.
SOLD BY BREWER DRUG CO.

G. B. TRASK

Freight and Passenger
CARRIER

Meet all trains on telephone or telegraph message. Prompt service. Messages prepaid. Good teams and drivers.

Stayton, - - - Oregon

Fine
JOB PRINTING,
At The
Mail Office.
PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT.

Stayton Real Estate Company

W. W. ELDER, PRES. E. D. ALEXANDER, SEC'Y.

If you have property for sale or want to buy a farm or town property, call and see us. We are in constant correspondence with eastern parties, and your property may be just what they want. Let us sell it for you.

No. 1—160 acres 2 1/2 miles from Stayton; new house and barn; 100 acres in cultivation; 2 wells and running water.

No. 2—120 a. in Linn county, near Stayton. Small house and barn, well and springs. A cheap place at easy terms. Only \$850.

No. 4.—50 acres 4 miles from Dallas, Polk Co. Good soil. Oak timber and grubs. None plowed. Will sell at a low price or exchange for Stayton suburban property or improved place in the country.

No. 5.—House, barn and 11 lots in Stayton. Price \$500. This property is well located and is dirt cheap for the money.

Many other farm and town properties for sale or rent.

W. H. Cooper

DEALER IN

Groceries, Tobaccos,
Harness Repairs, Etc.

... STAYTON, OR.

JAC. MISSLER,

Blacksmith and Horseshoer

Stayton, - Oregon.

All work done in a satisfactory manner at reasonable prices. Special attention given to horseshoeing.
Shop on Water St. east of Elder Bldg.

TICKETS

TO AND FROM ALL

Points East

VIA

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Short line to

St. Paul, Duluth, Minneapolis, Chicago and points East.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers. Dining and Buffet Smoking Library Cars. Daily Trains; Fast Time.

For Rates, Folders and Full Information Regarding tickets, routes, etc, call on or address

J. W. PHALON, T. P. A. H. DICKSON, C. T. A.

122 THIRD ST., PORTLAND.

A. B. C. DENNISTON, G. W. P. A., 612 First Avenue. SEATTLE, WASH.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

"THE MAIL"