

THE STAYTON MAIL

E. D. ALEXANDER, Publisher

Entered at the postoffice at Stayton, Oregon, as second class matter of the second class.

This Mail is mailed regularly to its subscribers until a definite order to discontinue is received and all arrears are paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

WILBUR N. PINTLER, D. M. D.

DENTIST

Office over Fred Rock's Store

STAYTON OREGON

DR. J. W. COLE

Office and residence on Third Street, one block north of printing office.

STAYTON, OREGON

H. A. BEAUCHAMP,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

STAYTON, OREGON

JOHN HENKEL

Merchant Tailor

I have on hand a full line of samples for Spring and Summer Suits.

Repairing and Cleaning a Specialty

STAYTON OREGON

F. SILHAVY'S

Wagon and Paint Shop

Repairing and Painting Wagons, Buggies, Etc., a Specialty. New Wagons, Hacks and Buggies made to order.

First-Class Work Guaranteed

Water Street STAYTON, OREGON

CITY MEAT MARKET

Sestak & Stowell
Dealers in

Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR STOCK AND HIDES

Stayton, Oregon

Stayton State Bank

Incorporated

CAPITAL, \$20,000

F. O. FRERES, Pres. N. FRERES, Vice Pres.
W. L. FRERES, Cashier

Transacts a General Banking Business

STAYTON, OREGON

W. E. THOMAS

Undertaker-Embalmer

Good Assortment of Caskets and Cases

Personal attention given to funerals when desired. Embalming after latest methods.

A First-Class Hearse at a Moderate Charge

Burial Robes, Shoes, Gloves and Hosiery Furnished

Telegraph or Telephone at My Expense

W. E. THOMAS STAYTON, ORE.

Job Printing

Keep it in your mind that The Mail prints

Note Heads, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Envelopes

Or Anything Else You May Want at Very Low Prices



Amateur Photography

As a preventive of fog when pyro-soda is being employed, and an excess of alkali has been necessitated to overcome under-exposure, the addition of soap to the developer has been recommended by a high authority. Of course, in the first place, the purity of the soap to be used must be ensured, and for this reason castile soap, which can always be obtained from a pharmaceutical chemist in satisfactory condition, may be named. From two to three grammes of the soap having been rubbed down in a mortar with water, the solution is made up to 150 cubic centimeters. This solution is used instead of water in compounding the developer. As an example of its use the following particulars may be given: In developing a half-plate, sufficient of the soap-water to cover the plate is poured into the dish, then add 10 drops of Nos. 1 and 2 or 3 drops of No. 2. The solutions referred to as No. 1 and No. 2 are as follows: No. 1.—Pyrogallie acid, 8 parts; alcohol, 50 parts; glycerine, 8 parts; No. 2.—Water, 60 parts; sulphite of sodium, 12 parts; soda, 5 parts; glycerine, 10 parts.

Compared with bromide papers, platinotype is singularly free from those mysterious stains and marks which so often make their appearance upon the high lights, but yellow stains do occur occasionally, and are due either to the use of dirty developer—i. e., developer which has been used too often—to the employment of commercial muriatic acid in place of pure hydrochloric, or to the insufficient immersion of the print in the acid bath. To prevent staining with old developer, and yet not throw the oxalate solution away after it has been once used, have two bottles, one containing the fresh oxalate solution away after it has been once used, have two bottles, one containing the fresh oxalate of potash, the other empty, and put a funnel and filter in the neck of the empty bottle. Then, after each print is developed, the developer is poured through the filter into the new bottle, instead of mixing with and discoloring the clean solution. When bottle No. 1 is empty No. 2 will be full, when the process will be reversed, the filter removing each time the dirty green sediment.

Marks also occur in platinotype prints as a result of placing them to dry upon a dirty surface, the highly absorbent paper soaking up stains, such as ink or coloring matter. Only white blotting paper, perfectly clean, should, therefore, be used for this purpose. Marks due to dirty fingers, dust, etc., are best removed by clean india rubber, light friction being used. Black spots, due to pinholes in the negative, can be picked out with a needle, the minute hole being afterward smoothed over with india rubber.—Amateur Photographer.

THE SEASONS.

When comes spring?
When blithest the robins sing,
And the violet has her hour?
Not till the heart's in flower
Is it spring.

When comes June?
At the time of the thrush's tone,
Of all beauties below and above?
When reddens the rose of love,
Then comes June.

Autumn's when?
When grasses rasp in the fen,
And the face of the field is wan!
When joys are faded, gone,
Autumn's then.

Winter hoar,
Comes he with the storm-wind's roar
And all lorn Nature's ruth?
'Tis winter when love and youth
Are no more.
—Century.

A MATCH-MAKER.

"I'm convinced that matchmaking is not my forte," remarked young Mrs. Canby, as she and her caller talked over the events of the last summer.

"Why, did you try your hand at that dangerous occupation?"

"Well, I suppose every woman has the fever some time or other. My at-



HE SEEMED QUITE IMPRESSED.

tack came on in August, when Lucy Owings was visiting me at Seemore cottage. You know she is an orphan. I have thought for a long time that she ought to marry and have a home of her own, instead of living with her guardian and his cranky housekeeper. It occurred to me that she and that young Everett were just suited to each other. I concluded that if they could only be together for a time they would become engaged. So I sent him an invitation to come for a week or two to Seemore cottage.

"When I told Lucy that he was coming she seemed very much startled. She asked, at once, 'Why, how did you happen to invite him?'"

"She looked at me so searchingly that I feared she saw through my little plan and I was quite embarrassed. 'I couldn't tell whether she was

pleased or displeased at the idea of his coming. When they met their greeting was so stiff and formal that I began to think they disliked each other. But I reflected that if they did it would be all the more credit to me if I made them see each other's good qualities.

"The first evening young Everett was there he and I sat on the porch after Lucy and the children had gone upstairs. I took the opportunity to tell him my opinion of Lucy. Of course, I had sense enough not to bore him by gushing over her charms. I just remarked in an off-hand way that I thought it remarkable that a girl who had received so much attention should not be spoiled. I said, too, that any man who wanted her would have to look sharp, for she had too many admirers to be easily won. He seemed quite impressed and said that he had always understood her to be a very popular girl.

"I was afraid that I had said too much, so I added that I was sure the right man needn't despair of getting her. He glanced at me keenly, and I felt that I had already awakened his interest in her by my judicious remark.

"Well, without making it too marked, I tried to leave them alone together as much as possible. I gave them the use of the boat and pony trap, and warned the children not to follow them about. But they didn't appear to get on well together, and I began to think they would never come to an understanding. They treated each other with a formality that was almost coldness. Any effort on my part to put them on easier terms seemed to send them both into a panic. I began to believe that there was a strong antipathy between them, and I regretted that I had ever thought of having them at the cottage together.

"While in this state of mind I went out to our little summer house one evening with a lantern to look for a book I had left there. To my unbounded surprise I found it occupied by Lucy and young Everett. Lucy had gone to her room early in the evening and young Everett was, I supposed, smoking on the side porch. They sprang away from each other, and looking very guilty and embarrassed, got into the farthest opposite corners of the tiny house.

"I tried to appear unaware of anything unusual, but Lucy began to cry and young Everett looked so uncomfortable that I asked rather brusquely, perhaps, 'What's the matter with you two innocents?'"

"'We are mar—married, and we didn't want anyone to know it,' sobbed Lucy.

"'Married!' I cried.
'Yes, married,' said young Everett, coming out of his corner. 'There is no reason why every one shouldn't know it. We were married in Michigan the week before Lucy came up here, but she didn't want it known until the match had her guardian's approval.

You know he went to Europe and left her with that fussy old housekeeper. Do you wonder that I made her marry me?"

"'You've been so good to us,' said Lucy. 'I was almost sure you had guessed our secret. If you had only known it, what a lovely time we could have had!' she sighed.

"'Weren't you indignant?' asked the caller. 'What did you do?'"

"I just asked them to stay another week and have a real honeymoon. While they were there a kind message came from Lucy's guardian, and so we had the marriage announced in the newspapers. I think they'll be happy ever after, but I can't flatter myself that I made the match."—Chicago News.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

The Formal Dinner Party Was in Honor of a Birthday.

Judge Edgell hurried into his house as usual at half-past six, threw off his coat, washed his hands and hastened into the dining room. At the threshold he recoiled in surprise. A blaze of light dazzled him. The best silver and glass were laid out. Candles burned at the four corners of the table. Cut flowers filled the room with a fragrance that extinguished the usual smell of cooked food.

At the table his wife bloomed like a young girl. Her best gown of white voile trimmed with lace—her mother's wedding lace—showed her fine throat and arms. His little daughter sat with the self-conscious smile of party correctness, wearing blue ribbons on her "pig-tails," and his son beamed behind a great deal of glistening shirt-front. His older daughter was busy giving a last touch to the sideboard. She was the most serious of all in her grave officiousness.

"Goodness! Well! What! Who's coming? Have I forgotten a dinner engagement? The Bryces aren't coming till next week."

"The week after next," corrected his daughter, soberly.

"Then who? What? My, what a handsome spread!"

"Daddy," observed the youth in the white shirt, "I thought judges never got surprised at anything, and here you are like a minister at a slipper party."

"My son," said Mrs. Edgell, "you are not quite old enough to make comments of that sort on your parents. Charles," she said, turning to her husband with a cool but gentle smile, "you need not dress; there is not time. This is rather a special event, but I will not explain until dessert. Sit down, dear, and enjoy it with us."

Judge Edgell's training as a lawyer taught him not to ask futile questions of his wife. He sat down, ate one good thing after another, admired his wife, talked with his son about football and school, and came completely out of the abstraction into which the lingering memory of cases in court sometimes plunged him during meals.

When angel cake and colored ice creams came in, the handsome lady across the table smiled and said:

"Charles, Don Carlos"—it was the name she had used playfully in their youthful courtship, and threw him back twenty-five years—"Don Carlos, this is a birthday celebration."

"Oh, it isn't mine, mama," came from the little girl. "I had two last winter."

"No, my dear, it is mama's."
"Mama's," cried Judge Edgell. Then, as his son would have said, he "tumbled." Everybody, he certainly, had forgotten the dear lady's birthday. The self-contained if not venerable justice left his seat, strode round to his wife and kissed her heartily. The woman glowed. The elder daughter brushed away a tear. Seeing the tear, the small daughter began to cry. Mr. Edgell looked distressed, and his more manly son pooh-poohed at the fuss. "That's a nice way to end a good dinner!"

"My boy," quoth the father, "it is a good way to end a dinner which has in it a little repentance, and it is a good way to begin now for other dinners, about one a year. No, we won't wait a year. This one does not count. To-morrow night we'll have a real birthday celebration for mother, and she shall not have to superintend it. We'll have a caterer to do the job. It is a poor stick of a husband who makes his wife get up her own birthday celebration."—Youth's Companion.

The Table of Precedence.

A clever old lady who went much into society in the days when conversation was of more importance at a dinner than the cooking asked a niece on her return from a recent function if it had been enjoyable.

"Very," replied the niece. "The menu was great!"

"My dear," said the old lady, severely, "it isn't the menu that makes a good dinner. It is the men you sit next to."

A Good Memory.

Lendit—You borrowed \$10 of me last month and promised to pay in two days. You must have a bad memory. Spenditt—Fierce! I remember it perfectly!—Puck.

O. R. & N.



OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

Three Trains to the East Daily

Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping cars daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping cars (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago, Kansas City; reclining chair cars (seats free) to East.

70 HOURS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO 70

No change of cars

DEPART FOR	TIME SCHEDULES from Portland, Ore.	ARRIVE FROM
Chicago, Portland, Spokane, Special	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and the East	5:25 p.m.
Atlantic Express	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and the East	7:15 a.m.
St. Paul, Fast Mail	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East	8:00 a.m.

River Schedule

For Astoria, Way Points and North Beach—Daily (except Sunday) at 8 p.m.; Saturday at 10 p.m. Daily service (water permitting) on the Willamette and Yamhill rivers.

For further information, ask or write your nearest ticket agent or

A. L. GRAIS

General Passenger Agent,

The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co., Portland, Oregon.

Corvallis & Eastern R. R.

TIME CARD NO. 28.

No. 3, for Yaquina—
Leaves Albany..... 12:45 P.M.
Leaves Corvallis..... 1:45 P.M.
Arrives Yaquina..... 6:30 P.M.

No. 1, returning—
Leaves Yaquina..... 6:45 A.M.
Leaves Corvallis..... 11:30 A.M.
Arrives Albany..... 12:15 P.M.

No. 3 for Albany-Detroit
Leaves Corvallis..... 6:00 A.M.
Arrives Albany..... 8:15 P.M.
Leaves Albany for Detroit..... 7:30 A.M.
Arrives Detroit..... 12:02 P.M.

No. 4, from Detroit—
Leaves Detroit..... 12:35 A.M.
Arrives Albany..... 8:15 P.M.
Lv. Albany for Corvallis..... 7:15 P.M.
Arrive Corvallis..... 7:55 P.M.

Trains 1 arrive in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train.

Train No. 3 connects with the S. P. trains at Corvallis and Albany, giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.

Train No. 3 for Detroit, via Albany, leaves Corvallis at 6:00 a. m. and connects with the S. P. Albany-Portland local train leaving Albany at 7 a. m. Train No. 3 leaves Albany for Detroit at 7:30 a. m., arriving there at noon giving ample time to reach the Breitenbush hot springs the same day.

Train No. 4 connects at Albany with the Portland-Albany local, which arrives there at 7:15 and runs to Corvallis leaving Albany at 7:15 and arriving in Corvallis at 7:55 p. m.

For further information apply to

T. H. CURTIS, Acting Manager

THOS. COCKRELL, Agent, Albany.

H. H. CRONIE, Agent, Corvallis.

HERE BOYS

Earn Money for a SUMMER TRIP

Every boy enjoys a change of air and the fun to be had in the mountains or at the seashore, but not every boy's father can afford the expense. Wouldn't it be jolly to earn the money yourself?

There is a way that is so easy as it is sure. It is by getting subscribers for THE PACIFIC TREE AND VINE.

Hundreds of boys all over the country are doing this and you might just as well have your share of the profit. Send a postal today and we will send you complete instructions, together with a free outfit.

The Pacific Tree and Vine
Park Hotel Bldg., San Jose, Calif.