

THE STAYTON MAIL

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DENTIST

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STAYTON OREGON

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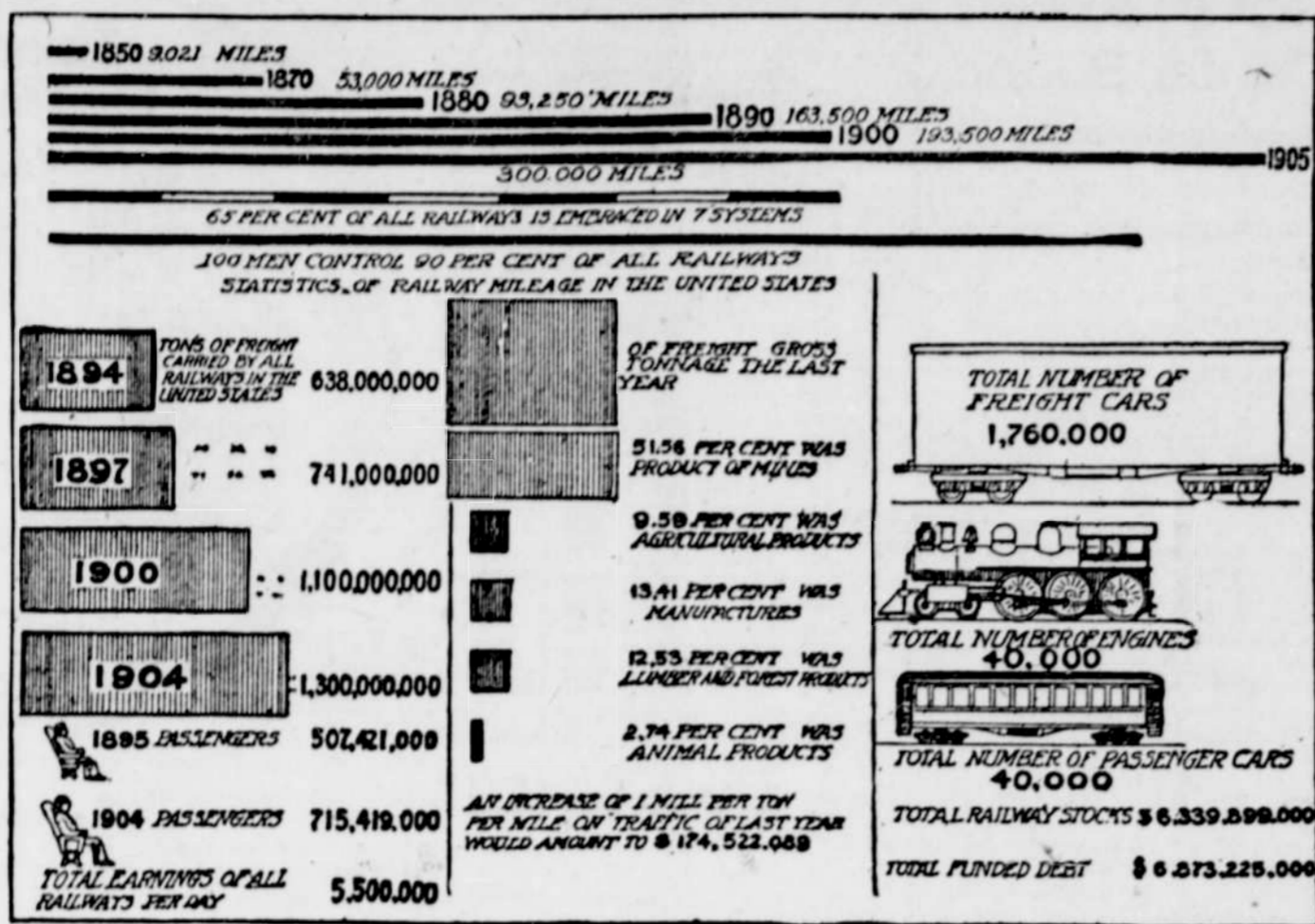
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AMAZING RAILROAD FIGURES.



Figures which describe the railways of the United States in their organization and operations are so enormous as to be almost beyond comprehension and belief. Seventy-five years only have elapsed since the first steam railway was constructed and placed in successful operation. To-day there are 215,000 miles of track in the United States, not including second tracks or sidings. The methods of transportation which existed when Stephenson experimented with his locomotive in England were practically the same as they had been since the dawn of history.

How wonderful has been the transformation worked by this mighty force in the world's civilization, how great and inestimable the benefits it has wrought, how vast the wealth it has created! It has added to the pleasures as well as to the comforts of life. Distance has been annihilated. Through the ease and rapidity of communication thus provided, those far apart in distance are brought near; the people of a given section are enabled to enjoy the products of all other sections, however remote, and regions formerly inaccessible and uninhabited have become great centers of population and rich production. To trace the course of development of the railway system of the United States from its beginning down to the present time is to trace the history and growth of the nation's commercial and industrial progress.

Of the mileage now forming a vast network over the

entire country, north and south, east and west, 80 per cent, or 170,000 of the 215,000 miles, has been constructed since the close of the Civil War. In 1830 there were but 23 miles of railway in operation in the United States; in 1850 the mileage had grown only to 9,021 miles. In 1870 there were 53,000 miles. In 1880 this had increased to 93,250 miles, in 1890 to 163,500 miles, and in 1900 it had reached 193,500 miles.

To-day, if second, third and fourth tracks and yards and sidings be included, there are 300,000 miles of track.

Competition between carriers by rail, which formerly prevailed and acted as a check or restraint against unreasonable rates, has been to a great extent suppressed and destroyed.

About one hundred persons control the boards of directors of railroads whose commercial value exceeds 90 per cent of the total, and whose earnings amount to 90 per cent of the total gross earnings of the railways of the United States.

In the short period of seven years the freight traffic has doubled, while the passenger traffic has increased by about 75 per cent.

How gigantic is the business can be readily seen from the fact that an increase of one mill per ton on the traffic of last year would have produced \$174,522,089.—Toledo Blade.

TO HER.

She is ensnared in my heart,
A treasured memory.
In all I am she has a part,
And will have—till I die.

When hoar frost decks the trees, and all
Is purest white below,
Upon her name I softly call—
She dearly loved the snow.

And when spring comes with all its flowers,
And birds for gladness sing,
And joyous are the sunny hours,
I sigh, "She loved the spring."

'Tis sweet to be remembered so—
I wonder if she knows,
And where this memory will go
When my life here shall close.

O holy love! that sanctifies
Our common earthly lives,
It is thy power that death defies,
And through all time survives.
—Westminster Gazette.

anythin'—didn't know enough to pound a tin wash boiler with a blacksmith's rasp at a shivaree—but he had a right smart 'o' admiration fer any one that could. He'd come around to my house while I was practicin' sometimes an' set an' listen to me by the hour with tears standin' in his eyes. He got licked more times when he was a young one fer follerin' the band around than he had fingers an' toes ten times over. He'd go to meetin', even, to hear the music. He couldn't play, as I said, but he was allus tryin' to. He'd buy a jewsharp, like Clem here, an' work at it till he got his own teeth all loose an' everybody else's set on edge. Then he'd save up fer a mouth organ an' rub blisters on his lips. When he seen he couldn't do nothin' with the mouth organ he gave it away an' bought him a guitar an' a instruction book.

"That wasn't no good, either, an' he traded that to Pete Simpson, the barber. Pete got it down fine in about a month. He could play the 'Spanish fandango' an' 'Napoleon's March' an' pick out the chords fer 'most any kind o' song. Then Bert 'ud come to town an' forget all about his tradin', settin' around in the barber shop listenin' to Pete. It uster make old man Walkiss hoppin' mad. He allus 'lowed Bert 'ud never be wuth the powder to blow him to blazes as a farmer.

"He was mistaken about that, though. Bert was a good boy to work when there wasn't no music around an' he knew more about raisin' corn an' hogs than the old man did himself. When the old man fin'ly died an' Bert got the place he raised bigger crops than anybody in the township an' his stock took prizes ag'in an ag'in at the fairs. Bert got tol'able well fixed an' the girls begun makin' a set at him. Still, he don't pay no p'tekler attention to 'em. All his spare time he put in at Pete's shop or he'd come around an' ast me to give him a tune on the ol' fiddle. Wunst in a while he'd send off an' buy him a horn or suthin', but he never made out to do anythin' with 'em in the way of playin' 'em.

"Fin'ly one night he went to the lyceum at Willow Bend schoolhouse an' there was a gal there from Fairfax, over in Atchison County, that was visitin' Lew Meakin's folks. She'd took lessons on the pianer an' Meakin' hauled over his planner to the schoolhouse so's she could play. I was there that night an' I'll never forget how Bert whistled and stumped when she pounded out 'Silver Waves' on that ol' square of Lew's. I saw she was a gal, but she wasn't no spring chicken, an' she was built a

good deal like a white oak fence rail—about as long an' with corners 'most any way you turned her. Her face wouldn't have been considered so blame homely if there had been any homelier ones around, but there wasn't.

"But Bert didn't care nothin' about that. He jest natchally tried to stomp a hole in the floor, until she come agin an' give 'em 'The Maiden's Prayer.' Then he raised the roof an' conducted himself disorderly until he got 'The Beautiful Blue Danube.'

"Next mornin' he went over to Lew Meakin's after seed potatoes. He wore his best clothes an' the gal played 'Silver Waves' for him.

"A night or two after that Bert says to me: 'You can talk about your horns an' your fiddles an' guitars, but to my notion the planner beats 'em all.'

"Two months after that he married the gal an' you could drive past the house 'most any time o' day or night after that an' you could hear 'Silver Waves' or 'The Maiden's Prayer,' or 'Blue Danube.' Judas! That woman was homely."

"I calculate Bert was satisfied," said the storekeeper.

"I reckon he wus," said Hancock. "The only thing ever made me doubt it wus one time about a year after I seen him at the county fair standin' an' watchin' a feller that had one o' these dewdads you hitch on to a pianer an' it plays it for you. First time I'd ever seen one, too. Bert's eyes just stuck out of his head when the feller showed him how it worked an' let him run it himself. 'Gosh!' he says. "'Any piece you want,' says the feller, pawin' over a passle o' rolls o' paper that he'd been feedin' into the machine. 'Here's 'The Maiden's Prayer.' Try that.'

"Not by a jugful," says Bert. 'Nor yet "Silver Waves," ner "The Blue Danube Waltz." Anythin' but them.'

"An' when he'd played suthin' else the feller handed him he let out a long breath an' looked over at Mis' Walkiss, who was standin' by the pickle booth an' seemed like part of the exhibit. 'Only to think!' he says. 'If on'y I'd have waited! Blame my cats! If on'y I'd have waited!'

"What made you doubt whether Bert was satisfied?" asked Baker, after a little pause.—Chicago Daily News.

Discovered.

"Why is this cheese so full of holes?"
"That's all right. It needs all the fresh air it can get." — Cleveland Leader.

A diet of pleasure is apt to result in a bad case of moral dyspepsia.

O. R. & N.

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St. Paul	St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East	8:00 a.m.

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TIME CARD NO. 18.

No. 2, for Yaquina:—	
Leaves Albany	12:45 P.M.
Leaves Corvallis	1:48 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	6:40 A.M.
Leaves Albany for Detroit	7:30 A.M.
Arrives Detroit	12:02 P.M.
No. 4, from Detroit:—	
Leaves Detroit	12:55 A.M.
Arrives Albany	6:15 P.M.
Leaves Albany for Corvallis	7:15 P.M.
Arrives 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.

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