

THE STAYTON MAIL

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Office over Rock's store,

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The Irresistible Lunge.

(Original.)

George Ringwalt and I were school fellows, and when the Spanish war broke out both ran away from home to enlist, neither of us being eighteen years of age. During the siege of Santiago George was left wounded in an exposed position. I went back and carried him to a safer place. He set great store by an act which I consider only the most natural in the world and declared that he would never rest content till he had repaid the debt. But he did not recover from his wound and in addition contracted typhoid fever, of which he died at Montauk Point. He expired brooding over the fact that he could not live to repay the service I had done him.

When I was mustered out of the service I was offered a commission in the regular army, but I decided to study medicine. While taking a finishing course in Paris I unintentionally won the regard of a girl who, unfortunately for me, had a lover already. Had I known of this man's existence I should have endeavored to keep the girl at a distance. The first intimation I had of him was at a supper I was enjoying with a number of my fellow students. A man in passing behind me brushed against me so forcibly as to knock me off my chair. Looking up at him, I saw that his act was intentional. Quick as a flash I sprang at him and knocked him down. Before he could retaliate I was seized by my companions, and my antagonist, throwing a card at me, left the cafe. The card bore the name of Antoine Dupuy, and one of my party informed me that he was the lover of the girl who had honored me.

Well, I was obliged to fight him—that is, I saw no way of avoiding meeting him under the Paris code without subjecting myself to a worse fate, for the friend he sent me with a challenge informed me that his principal was bent on killing me, and I preferred to die in a respectable fashion rather than be stabbed in the back. I had little or no training as a shot or a fencer, so I threw dice to decide whether I should choose (I had the right as the challenged party) foils or pistols. The dice said foils, and foils it was.

I knew the fellow could do with me what he liked, and, as his second had told me he would kill me, the prospect was gloomy. Before Santiago there had been no more chance of my getting killed than any one else. It was the certainty in the present case I didn't like. Had I not had soldierly instincts and a fair share of pride I believe I would have left Paris by a midnight train.

The night before the meeting I was asleep in bed. Suddenly I awoke. There stood George Ringwalt. My first impression was that I had been mistaken in his death. Before I could pass to a second impression he said to me:

"Get up!" I did so and stood in my pajamas, waiting the next move in this strange affair. A couple of foils were standing in a corner. George took one, handed me the other, then placed himself on guard. I passively did the same. After a few passes he put back his left foot and toyed with my foil. Then suddenly he lunged. I saw, but did not feel, his foil pass through my body. While I was wondering, he said, "On guard!" and made the same movement a second time, again running me through the body.

"Try it yourself," he said. I did as he suggested, making several trials, every one of which failed, not because of the defense, but because of my own clumsiness. But I kept on until at last it seemed to me that it was not George standing before me, but my enemy of the morrow, and that my life depended on my making the lunge successfully. Concentrating all my watchfulness, my activity, my strength, I threw it with one supreme effort, running my foil clean through the body before me and breaking my foil against the wall.

That's the last of consciousness for me till I was aroused at 4 o'clock by my second. Had I dreamed or had George Ringwalt come back to show me how I could win? The foils stood in the corner. Neither was broken. I must have dreamed. As soon as I had got into my clothes we went downstairs, stepped into a carriage and rolled away to the place of meeting. There stood my adversary, with a self-satisfied look on his face which seemed to say, "I shall kill you in a few minutes."

I remembered the lunge I had practiced in my dream, if it was a dream, and felt that it was my only chance. Almost as soon as we had crossed weapons I put my left foot back and toyed for a few moments with my adversary's blade. What there was in my eye that disconcerted him I don't know. He must have seen something there, for he showed a momentary fright. Seizing my opportunity, feeling a confidence I could not account for, I lunged. My foil passed through my enemy's body and protruded eighteen inches from his back.

I was hurried away to a train for

Havre, where I sailed for home. I have never been able to make up my mind whether George Ringwalt returned from the dead to save my life, whether he effected the purpose through a dream or whether the dream, if such it was, was but natural. Natural or supernatural, the visitation gave me the victory. What adds to the complication is that I have since been told that what I learned of swordsmanship is well known to certain experts and is called the Irresistible lunge.

J. EUGENE DRAPEL.

A Bundle of Blunders.

Don't say that "cleanliness is next to godliness," a statement which would be untrue if it were not unmeaning. If you must gauge the value of this excellent quality quote the original correctly and say that cleanliness is next to godliness, meaning thereby that, where this is lacking, a clean and well kept person has an attraction and a comeliness only second to actual beauty.

Never talk of "the worst coming to the worst," an impossible occurrence, since it is already there. The worse may come to the worst, as, alas, it often does, but when the worst has come there is no more to be said.

Please do not speak of your "mutual friend." If A is a friend of B and C, A is not a mutual but a common friend.

But, above all, if you would be blameless never talk of "common sense," as though it were or could be an exceptional or rare possession of a favored few. Common sense is the sense common to all, which long may we all enjoy.

Shakespeare Versus Burns.

At the close of a lecture to the members of a certain literary society the following dialogue between a Scotchman and the lecturer was overheard: "Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor?"

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he was mair clever than Robbie Burns?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them!"

"Maybe no, but ye tell us the night it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Now, Robbie would never have written sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir!" thundered the indignant doctor.

"Aye, just nonsense. Robbie would hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi the crown on his head. They hang it over the back o' a chair." The doctor's face dropped, for he realized that his lecture had been given in vain.—Scottish Nights.

Gold is Everywhere.

Gold can most profitably be extracted from certain mines where the ore is rich and not too difficult to work, but should these deposits ever peter out there is no fear that the world would suffer for lack of a gold supply, for there are many other sources which are as yet untouched, but for working which profitable methods would be devised if need were. Granite, for example, contains an appreciable quantity of gold, and if it were not under present conditions too expensive a matter to extract it we should find Scotland and Cornwall rivaling the Transvaal and the Klondike. The sea also contains gold in solution, and the man who invents a cheap method of getting it out will make himself richer than all the millionaires that ever lived. Gold is also constantly falling all over the surface of the world, blown to us in minute quantities along with cosmic dust, which comes from interstellar space.—Black and White.

Not His Place to Laugh.

Milly is a sweet young lady, usually very sedate and self possessed. But today she was suffering under the stress of suppressed emotion.

"Calm yourself, my dear," urged a sympathetic friend, "and tell me all about it."

"Well, you see," began Milly, wiping her eyes, "papa caught a wicked cold, and mother persuaded him to coddle himself to get rid of it. So he sat, dressed in pajamas, on his folding bed in front of a blazing fire in his bedroom. He had a steaming bowl of gruel on his knee, and his feet were in a pall of mustard and water.

"Presently we heard a terrific noise overhead, and we all rushed upstairs to see what had happened to poor papa. We found that the folding bed had collapsed in the middle, and there he was stuck in the angle, scalding gruel in his lap and pouring all over him, while my was sitting in a pool of mustard and water on the floor, laughing herself into hysterics. And, oh, the things he said because she didn't go and pull him out! That's why I'm overcome, my dear!"—London Answers.

Scholarship.

Genial-Clergyman (visiting the village school)—Well, my little man, what do you do in school all day? The Most Promising Pupil—I wait till it's time to get out, sir.—London Opinion.

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.—Tennyson

Rural Delivery Notes

Of the 37,597 rural free delivery routes maintained by the postoffice department of the United States 253 are regularly served by women carriers, and there are four times that many female substitute carriers.

Congressman Lloyd of Missouri was advised recently that complete country rural delivery service has been ordered established in Adair county, Mo., effective Jan. 2, 1908. The total number of routes in the county is twenty-one, of which three routes are new.

Postmaster General Meyer was the principal guest and speaker at the recent annual outing to Marblehead, Mass., of the Essex Republican club. He said that one of his recommendations to the next congress would be a bill to establish a parcels post. He also indicated his intention to extend the rural delivery system, which he said was doing more than anything else to relieve the isolation of farmers and others living in remote country districts and thus incidentally was greatly checking insanity in these districts.

"The rural free delivery system has caused us no end of extra work," said the publisher of a trade journal that has a large country circulation. "Probably not even the postal authorities realize so clearly as the man who has a heavy country correspondence how rapidly the rural free delivery system has grown in the last two years. The books containing the address of our country correspondents and subscribers have had to be entirely overhauled. Scores of little postoffices have literally been wiped off the list, and John Smith and hundreds of other men who formerly had their mail addressed to their home village are now on route No. 2, 3 or 4 of the delivery system of a good sized town."

THE HORSEMAN.

Young foals that are stabled with their dams during cold rainstorms will thrive much better than those which are not so protected. The idea that exposure to inclement weather makes a foal hardy is fallacious.

Too Much Hay.

One fault with most horse owners is the feeding of too much hay. A horse will eat more than is necessary, and, owing to the smallness of his stomach, the partially digested hay is crowded on into the intestines. About three-fourths of a pound of hay per hundred pounds weight of the horse should be fed per day, advises an authority who makes this criticism.

Watering After Hard Work.

Watering your horse after hard work, when heated or exhausted, should be done carefully. Horses differ as men differ; some know when they have had enough and some do not. Let them drink frequently, but not too much.

Feet of the Draft Horse.

The feet of the draft horse should be large, round, wide at the hoof head, not too shallow or too high in the heels, and, above all, constructed of a good, dense horn, which indicates ability to wear well.

Greasing the Feet.

Greasing is necessary for horses which are much exposed to dampness and is as good for the sole and frog as for the wall. It is applicable also to feet which have to stand on dry bedding. Feet which, on account of diseased conditions, require to be frequently soaked or poulticed ought also to be greased. Bedding of peat moss and fine sawdust, equal parts, is most excellent. All these measures may be advantageous if the feet are properly shod.—C. R. Wood, V. S.

Horse Sense.

The good habit horse can be spoiled by the bad habit man.

With the team it's spare the curry-comb and spoil the coat.

The slovenly driving horse is the product of a careless driver.

You may feed a horse corn to make him fat, but oats are what give him life.

Keep constantly a good sized lump of rock salt in the feed box for the horse to nibble at pleasure. It will then take just as much as its appetite craves and no more than is needful.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, January, 4 1908. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Benjamin Knapp, of Knappton, county of Flathead, State of Montana, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 7691, for the purchase of the SE¹/₄ of NW quarter and Lots 3, 4 and 5 of Section No. 6, in Township No. 28, R. No. 3 E, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the register and Receiver at Portland, Oregon, on Saturday, the 21st day of March, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Marcelus S. Storer and Andrew J. Hoban, of Portland, Oregon; Phil Embler and Grant Smith, of Mill City, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of March, 1908.

ALBERSON S. DRESSER, Register.

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