

THE STAYTON MAIL

By E. D. ALEXANDER.

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THIRTEENTH YEAR.

STAYTON, MARION COUNTY, OREGON, JUNE 5, 1908.

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The Election.

At the election Monday in Stayton the largest vote in the history of the town was polled—274.

Gov. Chamberlain was chosen U. S. Senator by about 1000 plurality. Congressmen Hawley and Ellis were re-elected, also Supreme Justice Bean, Railroad Commissioners Campbell and Aitchison and Dairy Food Commissioner Bailey, all Republicans but Chamberlain.

The University bill won and Army bill, single tax and woman suffrage defeated.

Changing time of election to November has passed.

Only five counties voting on prohibition rejected the proposition—Marion, Washington, Columbia, Coos and Clackamas. Counties made dry are Douglas, Union, Polk, Jackson, Umatilla, Josephine, Grant, Gilliam, Crook, Wheeler, Morrow, Malheur, Yamhill, Tillamook, Lane, Linn, Willamette.

The 12 wet counties in Oregon are Baker, Clackamas, Clatsop, Columbia, Coos, Harney, Klamath, Lake, Marion, Multnomah, Wasco and Washington.

Hood River county bill passed.

The next Legislature will be almost unanimously Republican with about 50 State and 100 men.

The proposal to increase the number of supreme judges was beaten.

Silverton went dry. Hubbard went wet by 7 votes. Marion county remained wet by 553.

The vote in Stayton precinct was as follows: Chamberlain 149, C-ke 85, Hawley 105, Whitney 115, Campbell 174, Bean 201, McNary 208, Hatterberg 146, Hughes 118, Libby 156, H. D. Patton 167, Reynolds 113, Ebner 114, Mott 118, Bushey 161, Frazer 86, Allen 209, Drager 147, Hoover 71, Dimick 40, Moore 178. For justice, Grier 103, Elwood 30. For constable Henry Smith 145; J. R. Gardner 75. For prohibition 153; against, 103.

Odd Use For Bread.

Perhaps the most novel use to which bread is put may be seen in one of our great watch factories, where more than forty loaves of fresh bread are required each day. An official of the watch factory is quoted as saying:

"There is no secret regarding the use of bread in this factory, and I am willing to tell all I can concerning it. From the earliest times in the history of watchmaking it has been the custom of watchmakers to reduce fresh bread to the form of dough. This is done by steaming and kneading. They then use this dough for removing oil and chips that naturally adhere in course of manufacture to pieces as small as a part of a watch. There are many parts of a watch, by the way, that are so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. The oil is absorbed by this dough and the chips stick to it, and there is no other known substance which can be used as a wiper without leaving some of its particles attached to the thing wiped. This accounts for the continued use of bread dough in the watchmaking industry."—American Food Journal.

A Quaint Compliment.

On Mark Twain's seventy-second birthday a Hartford clergyman said of him:

"No wonder he finds happiness in old age. All the aged would be happy if they were as sympathetic and as kind as he. He is continually going out of his way to please others, and the result is that he is continually pleasing himself. Listen, for instance, to the quaint compliment he paid me the last time he came to hear me preach. He waited for me at the church door at the service's end and, shaking me by the hand, said gravely:

"I mean no offense, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church, sir, to pursue my own train of thought, but today I couldn't do it. You interfered with me. You forced me to attend to you and lost me a full half hour. I beg that this may not occur again."

An Unburied Picture.

Rossetti secured permission in 1863 to reopen the coffin of his wife in order to secure the manuscripts of poems which he had buried with her seven years before.

Some such incident might have occurred in connection with J. S. W. Turner if his desire to be buried in a "casket" had been carried out. There

was some difficulty in selling the painting, and the artist kept the canvas by him. He always said he would be wrapped in it when he was buried and even went so far as to ask Chantrey if as his executor he would fulfill his wishes on that point.

"No doubt," answered the sculptor, "I shall bury you rolled up in your picture if it is one of the conditions of your will, but I would take you up next day and unroll you!"

The Master's Title.

Professor Key when head master of a large London school was one of the most genial gentlemen that ever filled that position. He was fond of encouraging fun in his boys and was not unwilling to recount occasionally during class time when anything prompted it the manners and customs of countries he had visited. On one occasion he was telling his class about Spain and said:

"Do you know, boys, that when a man attains to eminence there he is not called 'sir,' but is given the title of 'don'?"

One of the boys here called out: "Then, I suppose, sir, they would call you Don Key?"

The gravity of the class was completely upset for the remainder of the afternoon.—Strand Magazine.

A Daring Escape.

The annals of Sing Sing are full of daring escapes. A typical case was that of Pallister and Rohlf, two convicted murderers. By frequent appeals they had headed off the day of their execution, and at length decided on escape at any cost—even that of life itself. Late one night Pallister called for a drink of milk, and as the official on duty opened the cell door to give it him he was seized, dragged in and overpowered. The desperado then locked the officer in the cell and, after securing his keys, released his comrade Rohlf, when they in turn overcame and disarmed the second night watchman. This done, they offered release to three more prisoners with whom they had made friends. These declined the doubtful benefit, however, whereupon the two murderers climbed the skylight, reached the boundary wall and dropped to liberty by the broad Hudson, which they crossed in a small boat.—New York Tribune.

Up Two Stumps.

Little Johnny was in the habit of wanting more victuals put upon his plate than he could eat. His papa decided to break him of the habit. One day as Johnny insisted upon being served until his plate was well filled his papa said, "Johnny, if I give you this you will have to eat every bit of it or I will punish you." Johnny promised that he would, and bravely did the little fellow try to do so, but in vain. It was too much for him. He would try again and again and then look sorrowfully at his papa. Finally, laying down his fork, he said:

"Papa, if you was me which would you rather do, get a licking or bust?"

Glory Everywhere.

A Methodist minister was much annoyed by one of his hearers frequently shouting out during the preaching, "Glory!" "Praise the Lord!" and the like. Though often reproved, the happy member persisted in expressing himself.

One day the minister invited him to tea and, to take his mind from thoughts of praise, handed him a scientific book, full of dry facts and figures, to pass the time before tea.

Presently the minister was startled by a sudden outburst of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!"

"What is the matter, man?" asked the minister.

"Why, this book says the sea is five miles deep?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, the Bible says my sins have been cast into the depths of the sea, and if it is that deep I need not be afraid of their ever coming up again. Glory!"

The minister gave up hopes of reforming him.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

It was easy for Mr. Kandial to bear with his wife's remarkable decision of character at all times, but her obstinacy he found most difficult to endure.

"I can't quite comprehend her," he confided to his brother after one trying experience. "Many years as we have been married, she still surprises me. Why, all in the same day, sometimes in the same hour, she will settle a disturbance in the kitchen, put the children just where they belong, adjust some matter in the church and then, when her judgment ought to be at its best, display the most astounding obstinacy in attempting to regulate my goings out or comings in. It's—it's incomprehensible."

A Big Grasshopper.

A geographical expedition which set out for Australia on an exploring and mapmaking tour had engaged a negro cook, who took great interest in everything he saw. While the party was en route a kangaroo broke out of the grass and made for the horizon with prodigious leaps, an event that interested the colored gentleman exceedingly.

"You all have pretty wide meadows hereabouts, I reckon," he said to the native who was guiding the party.

"Not any larger than those of other countries," returned the guide most politely.

"Well, there must be mighty powerful high grass roundabouts, heh?" he insisted.

"Not that I know of," replied the guide. "Why do you ask such odd questions?"

"Why, I'll tell you, boss. I was thinking of the mighty uncommon magnitude of them grasshoppers."—Kansas City Independent.

His Apprenticeship.

"Yes," said Mr. Pater, with ill concealed pride, "my youngest boy makes some smart remarks at times. Only recently he asked me what it meant to be an apprentice. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"What did he say to that?" asked one of the audience.

"Why, after a few minutes the young rascal looked up at me and said, 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to mother, aren't you, dad?'"—London Answers.

Herbert Spencer and the Puddles.

On no one occasion was Herbert Spencer known to ride when going to a dinner, yet so carefully did he guard himself against the chance of soiling his dress shoes that he habitually carried a bundle of old newspapers under his arm. These were for the purpose of being dropped, one by one, into each mud puddle he might encounter on crossing the street. By the time he reached his destination the store of papers was exhausted. Muddy shoes on the return walk did not matter to him in the least.—London Caterer.

For Emergencies.

A banking reserve is for use, not merely for show. It is for use in times of emergency. Yet some bankers look upon their reserves very much as the superintendent of a hospital regarded its emergency bed. A patient all banged up in an accident was brought to the hospital one night and was told that there was no room for him. "Why not put him in the emergency bed?" it was suggested. "If we put him in the emergency bed," it was replied, "then we would have no emergency bed."—Wall Street Journal.

Held Down the Speaker.

The sanctity of the speaker is an inviolable law of parliamentary England, yet once the necessities of the nation were so great that an assault and battery had to be made upon his sacred person. It was in the third parliament of Charles I. that the angry commons framed their petition of rights. This cut at the very root of the king's prerogative, and among those in the house who opposed it was Mr. Speaker. Upon Sir John Elliott moving its acceptance the speaker essayed to leave the chair, which would, of course, have proved fatal to the bill. But they were ready for him, and Hollis and Valentine seized him, one on each side, and literally held him in the chair until the formality of the reading was over. So vital was the petition considered that Cromwell said in the lobby afterward, "Had we been defeated I should have left England tonight."—London Chronicle.

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Notice for Publication.
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, April 25, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that Otis C. Dike, of Gates, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim viz: Homestead entry No. 14751, made Feb. 18, 1903, for the NW 1/4 NE 1/4, N 1/2 NW 1/4 and SW 1/4 NW 1/4 of Section 24, Township 9 south, Range 2 east, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Portland, Oregon, on June 9, 1908.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: E. W. Hill, J. Braden, and M. Reine, all of Gates, Oregon, and E. K. Grammer, of Albany, Oregon.
AGNES S. DRESSER, Register.

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