

# THE STAYTON MAIL

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## BUSINESS DIRECTORY

WILBUR N. PINTLER, D. M. D.

## DENTIST

Office over Fred Rock's Store

STAYTON OREGON

R. A. ELWOOD,

## ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office over Rock's store,  
STAYTON, OREGON.

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Successor to W. E. Thomas

Funeral Director and Embalmer

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## How He Did It.

"When I was connected with a cer-  
tain western railway," says a promi-  
nent official of an eastern line, "we  
had in our employ a brakeman who,  
for special service rendered to the  
road, was granted a month's vacation.

"He decided to spend his time in a  
trip over the Rockies. We furnished  
him with passes.

"He went to Denver and there met  
a number of his friends at work on one  
of the Colorado roads. They gave him  
a good time and when he went away  
made him a present of a mountain  
goat.

"Evidently our brakeman was at a  
loss to get the animal home with him,  
as the express charges were very  
heavy at that time. Finally, however,  
hitting upon a happy expedient, he  
made out a shipping tag and tied it to  
the horns of the goat. Then he pre-  
sented the beast to the office of the  
stock car line.

"Well, that tag created no end of  
amusement, but it served to accom-  
plish the end of the brakeman. It was  
inscribed as follows:

"Please pass the butter. Thomas J.  
Meechin, brakeman, S. S. and T. Ry."  
—Harper's Weekly.

## Ant Merchants.

Ant merchants, clad in leather un-  
derwear, are to be found in Paris,  
London and several other European  
cities. Wherever pheasants are pre-  
served the ant merchant is in demand.

It is not, however, ants, but the eggs  
of ants, that the man chiefly deals in.  
From every part of Europe ants are  
shipped to him, and he keeps them in  
ant runs—places similar in their nature  
to chicken runs—and he feeds and  
tends them carefully, so that their  
health will keep fine and they will lay  
generously.

The eggs he packs in wooden boxes  
and ships to various earls, dukes,  
counts and other game preserves in  
different parts of the world. And the  
ants themselves he slays as soon as  
they cease to lay, pressing them and  
selling them in black blocks similar  
to plug tobacco to dealers in birds and  
bird food.

It is interesting to be an ant mer-  
chant, but leather underwear is essen-  
tial to the business, as the little crea-  
tures bite unmercifully.—New Orleans  
Times-Democrat.

## Coincidence.

The strange story told by a default-  
ing debtor of his being recognized after  
he had been for six years trying to  
live down the past is not so strange a  
story as one which came within the  
ken of Professor Jowett. A good man  
went wrong, was caught and sentenced  
at Liverpool to imprisonment. After  
the sinner had served his term Jowett  
and others helped him, and he obtained  
a colonial editorship where his past  
was unknown. He did well; was a  
new man. One day a tornado swept  
off the roof of his office. Under the  
roof was discovered a batch of old  
English papers which had been placed  
there and forgotten after the mail had  
brought them. He set members of his  
staff to work to get out of the derelicts  
anything which might be interesting  
enough to print. The first thing that  
they found was a full report of the  
trial and conviction of the man him-  
self, their editor, at Liverpool all those  
years before.—St. James' Gazette.

## Pants and Trousers.

Everybody talks well when he talks  
in the way he likes, the way he can't  
help, the way he never thinks of. The  
rest is effort and pretense. The man  
who says "trousers" because he likes  
to say it and the man who says "pants"  
because he likes to say it are both  
good fellows with whom a frank soul  
could fraternize, but the man who says  
"trousers" when he wants to say  
"pants" is a craven and a truckler,  
equally hateful to honest culture and  
wholesome ignorance. He belongs in  
the same sordid category with the man  
who wears tight shoes and high col-  
lars that are a torment to the flesh,  
who eats olives that he doesn't relish  
and drinks uncongenial clarets in imi-  
tation of his genteel neighbor in the  
brownstone front.—Atlantic.

## Book Evolution.

"Books" have progressed from the  
days when they were only wooden rods  
or bits of bark. For the derivation  
which connects "book" directly with  
"beech," both having been "boe" in  
Anglo-Saxon, is the favorite one.  
"Buchstaben," the German word for  
letters of the alphabet, means literally  
"beech staves." Many book words go  
back to such vegetable origin. The  
Latin "liber," a book, whence comes  
our "library," was properly the inner  
bark or rind of a tree, especially of  
papyrus. The Greek "biblion," whence  
"Bible" and "bibliophile," meant much  
the same thing. A "codex" was a  
block of wood, and "leaf" is obvious.

## Variety.

Visitor—Why do you make some of  
your pies round and some of them  
square? Wife—Because my husband  
has been complaining of sameness of  
his diet lately.

Jesters must be content to taste of  
their broth.—Latin Proverb.

## A Lesson in Grammar.

In a certain mountainous region the  
teachers are appointed with little ques-  
tion concerning their grammatical  
orthodoxy. Occasionally, however, a  
wave of school reform sweeps through  
the valleys, and undesired examina-  
tions are thrust upon embarrassed ped-  
agogues.

It was during one of these periods of  
intellectual discomfort that the follow-  
ing sentence was given: "The bird  
flew over the house." Accompanying  
it was the query, "Is 'flew' a regular  
or an irregular verb?"

One teacher after another shook his  
head hopelessly despite the slow,  
thought inspiring fashion in which the  
examiner repeated the perplexing fact  
that "The—bird—flew—over—the—  
house."

Finally a man rose in the rear, and,  
with the assurance of one who puts  
his trust in logic and a practical knowl-  
edge of natural history, he volunteered  
a solution. Said he:

"If that bird which flew over the  
house was a wild goose, it went in a  
straight, regular line, so the verb is  
regular. But if it was a peckwood  
that flew over the house, then it went  
in a crooked, zigzag line, and so the  
verb is irregular."

All but the grammar bound exam-  
iner were satisfied with this sensible  
and rational explanation.—Youth's  
Companion.

## Artistic Slips.

It is a frequent matter of lamenta-  
tion on the part of artists that one of  
their number may spend genius and  
time on a piece of work, only to fall  
conspicuously in small detail.

There is a story that one Royal acad-  
emician gave a hand five fingers and a  
thumb and that another painted a live  
lobster bright red.

The clever Goodall had been engaged  
in painting a number of laborers drag-  
ging a huge stone across the desert  
when a man of science—entering the  
studio said to him: "I say, Goodall, if  
you want those fellows to pull that  
stone you must double their number.  
It would require just twice as many  
for the task."

But it is not modern painters alone  
who slip up on points of accuracy.  
Even Albrecht Durer in a scene repre-  
senting Peter denying Christ painted  
one of the Roman soldiers in the act of  
smoking. Turner put a rainbow be-  
side the sun, and in another picture he  
got fearfully tangled in the ship's rig-  
ging.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Fixing a Photographer.

Senator Stone of Missouri once made  
himself unpopular with a certain pho-  
tographer. The latter individual ap-  
peared at the senator's room at the  
capitol and announced that he was  
there to take a picture. Stone expos-  
tulated, but in vain. A few days later  
the photographer again appeared and  
presented the pictures and also a bill  
for \$10. Remembering how hopeless  
was his argument against having the  
picture taken, Senator Stone decided it  
would be still more useless for him to  
decline to pay for them. So he wrote  
a check. After the man's name was on  
the check he wrote the word "Photo-  
grafted."

When the man presented the check  
at the senate disbursing office for pay-  
ment, he was required to indorse the  
check and write after his name, just  
as it was written on the face of the  
check, the word "Photo-grafter."—St.  
Louis Republic.

## When Actors Play to Actors.

"When he (Henry Irving) engaged me  
to play Ophelia in 1878 he asked me to  
go down to Birmingham to see the  
play, and that night I saw what I shall  
always consider the perfection of act-  
ing. It had been wonderful in 1874; in  
1878 it was far more wonderful," wrote  
Ellen Terry in McClure's. "It has been  
said that when he had the 'advantage'  
of my Ophelia his Hamlet 'improved.'  
I don't think so. He was always quite  
independent of the people with whom  
he played. The Birmingham night he  
knew I was there. He played—I say it  
without vanity—for me. We players  
are not above that weakness, if it be a  
weakness. If ever anything inspired  
us to do our best it is the presence in  
the audience of some fellow artist who  
must, in the nature of things, know  
more completely than any one what we  
intend, what we do, what we feel. The  
response from such a member of the  
audience flies across the footlights to  
us like a flame. I felt it once when I  
played Ophelia before Ellen Terry. I  
felt that she felt it once when she played  
Marguerite Gautier for me."

## The Topsy-turvydom of Religion.

At the opening of King Edward's first  
parliament he had to repeat after  
the lord chancellor an oath which con-  
demned in almost brutal words all  
things papistical. Yet held aloft by a  
Protestant peer for all Protestants to  
revere was a veritable emblem of  
papal supremacy—a quaint little bon-  
net of crimson velvet turned up with  
ermine. This is the cap of mainte-  
nance, and so named is it that no  
hands but royalty may finger it. Thus  
the premier marquis, whose hereditary  
right it is to carry it, balanced it com-  
ewhat after the fashion of a conjurer  
upon a white staff. This cap was  
granted to Henry VIII. by Pope Leo

X. In the middle ages it was held as  
symbolic of the overlord, only being  
granted to vassals and feudatories  
whom the lord wished to honor, so that  
it implies as nothing else could the su-  
premacny of the pope over the kings of  
England.—London Standard.

## What Makes the Heart Beat?

Professor Jacques Loeb, the celebra-  
ted biologist, in his book, "Dynamics  
of Living Matter," has shown that a  
strip cut from the ventricle of the  
heart put in a solution of chloride of  
sodium will continue to beat for a  
number of days, until putrefaction sets  
in. He says this can be done with an  
ordinary muscle after it has been ex-  
tripated from the body. This would  
tend to prove that the heart is a chemi-  
cal machine and that it is all due to  
chemical action. The muscular con-  
traction is probably due to the substi-  
tution of sodium for calcium salts in  
the cells of the muscles.

The difficulty of this theory is that it  
does not explain the control of the  
muscles. It is plain that the problem  
of control is not solved by the chemi-  
cal theory.

## Right to the Point.

"The following letter," said a travel-  
ing man, "was received by a friend of  
mine who was drumming up trade in  
New England for a New York necktie  
house:

"We have received your letter with  
expense account. What we want is or-  
ders. We have big families to make  
expenses for us. We find in your ex-  
pense account 50 cents for billiards.  
Please don't buy any more billiards;  
also we see \$2.25 for horse and buggy.  
Where is the horse, and what did you  
do with the buggy? The rest of your  
expense account is nothing but bed  
bugs. Why is it you don't ride more in the  
nighttime?"

"John says you should stop in Bos-  
ton, where his cousin George Moore  
lives. John says you should sell Moore  
a good bill. Give good prices—he is  
John's cousin. Sell him mostly for  
cash; also John says you can leave  
Boston at 11:45 in the night and get to  
Concord at 4:35 in the morning. Do  
this and you won't need any bed. And,  
remember, what we want is orders."

## Trading as a Fine Art.

A grocery store in Nelson, Lancashire,  
was managed by a collier's wife.  
One night the good woman was com-  
pelled to leave the shop for a short  
time in charge of her husband, giving  
him full instructions how to act and  
especially cautioning him that in the  
event of a customer presenting a jar  
or pot and asking for treacle, jam or  
pickles he "must be sure and weigh  
th' pot."

Full of confidence, the collier install-  
ed himself behind the counter. In a  
short time a lad ran into the shop and  
piped out:

"I want two pound o' pickles fur mi  
faythur, and here's th' pot."

The good man carefully weighed the  
pot and exclaimed:

"Say, lad, th' pot weighs enough  
bowt pickles, but I'll gi' th' one or two  
anyway."—Liverpool Mercury.

## The First American Duel.

In the year 1630 occurred the first  
duel known to have taken place on  
American soil. The principals, Edward  
Doty and Edward Leister, were serv-  
ants of a Mr. Hopkins, one of the New  
England colonists. The men had quar-  
reled over some trifling matter and re-  
sorted to the field for its settlement.  
The affair was stopped by the authori-  
ties but not before one had been  
wounded in the thigh and the other in  
the hand. There was no law covering  
such matters, but the governor of the  
province decided that the men should  
be punished nevertheless. At his or-  
ders they were sent to have their heads  
and feet tied together and lie in that  
condition twenty-four hours without  
food or drink. They suffered so much,  
however, that they were released at  
the end of an hour.

## Proving His Motto.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the millionaire,  
"what do you want this morning?"

"I've come again to ask for your  
daughter," said the poor but ambitious  
young man.

"Haven't I told you six times over  
on as many different days that it is  
out of the question? What do you  
mean by bothering me in this way?  
You are making a nuisance of your-  
self!"

"If I seem to be more persistent than  
circumstances warrant, I must insist  
that you, sir, are to blame."

"Me!" shouted the indignant old man.  
"I don't understand you."

"There," said the man who loved his  
daughter as he pointed to a motto over  
the banker's desk, "is my excuse for  
coming here day after day. 'If at first  
you don't succeed, try, try, try again.'  
Do you believe in that sentiment, or  
have you put it up there simply to de-  
ceive people?"

After he had scratched his head  
while the mean old plutocrat said:

"Yes, I believe in that. I haven't  
succeeded yet in making you under-  
stand that my daughter shall not be-  
come the wife of a fool, but I am going  
to keep on trying till I do! Good morn-  
ing!"

And that time he did it.—Strand

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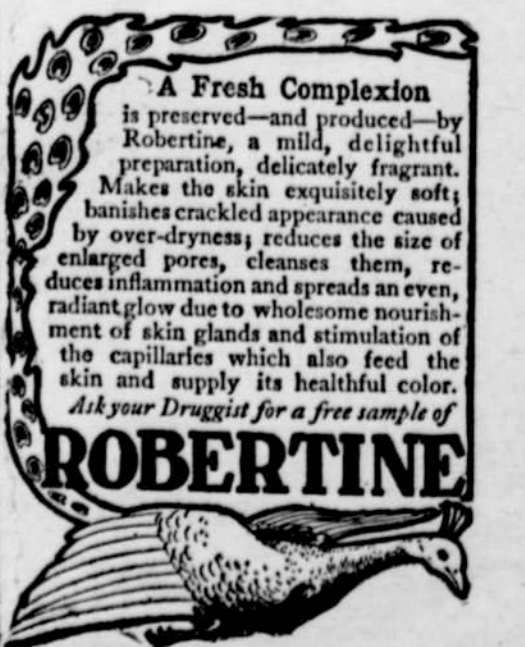
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the capillaries which also feed the  
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