

**THE LOCAL FIELD**

**Horseshoe Camp**

Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night. Choppers welcome. E. B. WATERS, Clerk. O. V. MYERS, C. C.

Miss Alta Hobson visited the Festival at Portland.

H. E. Wirth and family are now living in their new house.

Mrs. Nick Gymer and little son attended the Rose Festival.

FOR SALE—Good, young, fresh cow. Call on L. R. Wylder.

Wm. Pettit and wife, of Iowa, are guests at the editor's home.

Jac. Spaniol and family attended the Rose Festival this week.

Miss Fery went to Portland Tuesday to visit her sister, Miss Susie.

Anyone wishing to connect with the city water works, call on Jac. Spaniol.

Misses Rose Kerber and Elizabeth Klecker attended the Rose Festival at Portland.

There will be preaching at the M. E. church next Sunday, morning and evening.

Dr. C. H. Brewer and wife spent the week with friends in Portland and took in the Rose Festival.

L. P. Brown, Dr. Beauchamp, Dr. Pintler and R. A. Elwood were all Rose Festival visitors this week.

Mrs. M. A. Stayton and Miss Veva Gardner went to Portland Tuesday to visit friends and the Rose Festival.

FOR SALE—A limited amount of Grain and Vetch hay.

18th E. FORRETTE.

Mrs. E. V. Ferguson, of Amity, visited her sister, Mrs. Joseph Hammon and other Stayton friends this week.

Lee Brown & Sons and the Stayton Chair Co. each were fined recently by Fish Warden Mack for allowing sawdust from their plants to get into the river.

Mrs. John Smallmon, of Woodburn, has been visiting her son, I. C., and other relatives and old friends for the past week. She returned to her home on Tuesday last.

Children's Day will be observed at the Christian church next Sunday at the usual S. S. hour, 10 o'clock. Short program, and a collection for foreign missions will be taken.

W. E. Thomas and wife left the first of the week for Portland to visit Mr. and Mrs. H. Thompson, and also to take in the Rose Carnival. They expect to return the last of the week.

Uncle Thomas J. Smith, father of Mrs. J. R. Miller and Mrs. G. W. Murphy, of this place, died at the old home farm June 1st. The funeral was held this afternoon. An obituary will be published next week.

W. A. Elder attended the sixth annual convention of the Oregon Letter Carrier's Association, held May 29 31, at Albany. A very interesting and instructive session was held, and several prominent speakers addressed the convention.

Chas. Bates, of Colorado, has been visiting his cousin, Mrs. J. B. Jeter and other friends in Stayton and vicinity the past week. He is an engineer in the mines in his state.

Mrs. J. L. Brown, of Dallas, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Anna Stayton and brother, J. B. Jeter and other friends in Stayton the past week. She says she and her husband enjoy the MAIL, it being like a letter from home.

L. R. Wylder has sold his property in Stayton to Oliver Farns, and expects to leave in about 10 days for Camas Prairie, Idaho. Mr. Farns will finish the barn begun by Mr. Wylder and will also build a house on the property.

Tuesday Warren Richardson and Jo Kearns were driving to Turner, and at Aumsville the train was at the depot as they crossed the track. The team became frightened and overturned the buggy just after the track was crossed. Both men were thrown out, but neither was hurt. The lines broke, and the team got away from Mr. Kearns, who was driving. The horses ran the full distance to Turner, where they were caught. Not much damage was done the buggy. Mr. Richardson boarded the train at Aumsville, and continued his trip to Salem via Woodburn.

A. L. Shreve went to Salem today.

Miss Norma Gardner left Thursday for a few days at Portland.

Ed. Mielke and Paul Zuber were at Portland for the Rose Festival.

A. E. Roy came up from Portland and spent Sunday with home folks.

W. H. Cooper, Jos. Fisher and J. P. Davie are preparing to build cement walks.

Gilbert Stayton and Byron Robertson spent several days at the Portland Carnival.

Fittou and VanHandel are laying a cement walk in front of Jos. Sestak's residence.

E. Roy combined business with pleasure and visited Portland Tuesday and Wednesday.

Jos. Sestak & Sons have improved the appearance of the front of their meat market by painting.

E. D. Alexander and wife, and Misses Frand and Marion were at Portland Tuesday and Wednesday.

The new houses of Jac. Spaniol, Lee Tate and John R. Lake are being pushed and will soon be completed.

The W. C. T. U. will give a reception to the young men of Stayton who voted the dry ticket, Thursday eve., June the 11th, 1908. As to the place further notice will be given.

**OBITUARY.**

Armina Turner was born in Buchanan county, Mo., July 15th, 1835. She crossed the plains with her parents in 1847. Was married Oct. 20th, 1852, to Washington Thomas. To this union was born ten children, six living, four preceding her to the Heavenly home. She united with the Baptist church in 1886. She leaves to mourn her loss one sister, one brother and the following children: G. R. and J. F. Thomas, of Portland; Mrs. Geo. Smith, of Sacramento, Cal.; Mrs. W. H. Hobson, T. J. and L. A. Thomas, of this place, also six grandchildren and a host of friends. She died June 1st, 1908, aged 72 years, 10 months, 10 days.

Funeral services were held in the Baptist church, Wednesday, June 3rd, A. H. Carman, the pastor, officiating. The house was filled with sympathizing friends, most of whom accompanied the remains to the cemetery.

**Not Disturbed.**

Nassau William Senior, the English political economist, was a frequent guest of Lord Lansdowne at Lansdowne House and on one occasion was busily writing, quite abstracted as usual, in a room full of company when Tom Moore was singing. The scratch of his pen was not an agreeable accompaniment, and at last one of the company asked very politely, "You are not fond of music, Mr. Senior?" "No," he replied, "but it does not disturb me in the least. Pray go on."

**Careful About Worry.**

A physician was recently attending a patient whose husband came to see him concerning her condition and greeted him with the words, "Mr. Irving, do you think there is any need for any unnecessary anxiety about my wife?"—Argonaut.

**Guessed It.**

Guest (suspiciously eyeing the flattened pillows and the crumpled sheets)—Look here, landlord, this bed has been slept in! Landlord (triumphantly)—That's what it's meant for!

**Renovated.**

Puffer—What's happened to my meerschau pipe? Mrs. Puffer—Why, dear, I noticed it was getting awfully brown and discolored, so I put a coat of that white enamel on it.

**A Limit to His Power.**

A curious historical anecdote is handed down from the time of James I. James, being in want of £20,000, applied to the corporation for a loan. The corporation refused. The king insisted. "But, sire, you cannot compel us," said the lord mayor. "No," exclaimed James, "but I'll ruin you and the city forever. I'll remove my courts of law, my court itself and my parliament to Winchester or to Oxford and make a desert of Westminster, and then think what will become of you!" "May it please your majesty," replied the lord mayor, "you are at liberty to remove yourself and your courts to wherever you please; but, sire, there will always be one consolation to the merchants of London—your majesty cannot take the Thames along with you!"

**Forced Out.**

She—Mr. Bloom does not pay his wife much attention, does he? He—No. The only time I ever knew of his going out with her was on the day when the gas exploded.

**Unintentional Sabbath Breaking.**

In the early days of New England it was the custom to keep the Sabbath from sundown Saturday night until the same hour on Sunday. That this practice was attended by pitfalls is shown by an incident told in "The Papers of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society:"

There lived in Ryefield a thrifty dame, an enterprising, driving woman and a notable housewife. The good woman was not willing to lose Sunday evenings out of her catalogue of household, but she was pious withal and strictly kept the day to the sunset limit. As soon as the sun was fairly below the horizon she would begin her washing and get her clothes ready for drying bright and early on Monday morning.

One cloudy Sunday she, supposing the day was ended, changed her Sunday gown, rolled up her sleeves and went to work. As she was scrubbing away in the kitchen, her face toward the west window, the clouds suddenly broke, and the great round sun shone in full on the poor Sabbath breaker at work. She gave one cry of amazement and horror and fled the kitchen.

After that sinful day she never began her work on Sunday evening.

**Lincoln's Rules.**

On one occasion President Lincoln on entering the telegraph office of the war department, writes Mr. Bates in "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," was heard to remark to Secretary Seward. "By jings, governor, we are here at last!" Turning to him in a reproving manner, Mr. Seward said, "Mr. President, where did you learn that inelegant expression?" Without replying to the secretary, Lincoln addressed the telegraph operators, saying: "Young gentlemen, excuse me for swearing before you. 'By jings' is swearing, for my good old mother taught me that anything that had a 'by' before it was swearing."

One day Secretary Seward, who was not renowned as a joker, said he had been told that a short time before on a street crossing Lincoln had been seen to turn out in the mud to give a colored woman a chance to pass.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "it has been a rule of my life that if people would not turn out for me I would turn out for them. Then you avoid collisions."

**What it Meant.**

Park row at 1 a. m. and a policeman and a sailor in conversation.

"Keyside, keyside!" said the sailor. "Ow will hi reach the bloomin' keyside?"

"G'wan wid ye. D'ye think I'm a locksmith, that I know about yer old key and its side? There's one key and lock I'll be after givin' ye, and that's to a cell. Move on now!"

"Keyside! Hi said keyside as plain as hi could, blime!"

Just then a high brow who had been to the postoffice buying stamps so that his rejected contributions would come back to him stepped up.

"The man wants the keyside, whatever that is, and I dunno," said the policeman. "I believe he's looney and I'll run him in."

"He wants the quayside—the docks," said the high brow as he directed the man to the water front, while the policeman said:

"Well, I'll be blowed!"—New York Press.

**A Slap at Mother.**

Dinner was done, and the family was assembled in the sitting room. Mother had taken up the evening paper and was reading an account of how a highwayman had been operating in the suburbs. Father was down on his hands and knees trying to act like a horse while little Willie drove him around the floor.

"Papa," finally remarked the good lady, glancing toward her husband, "here is a story about another man who was waylaid. Do these holdups always stop you with a pistol and then go through your clothes?"

"Oh, no," grinfully replied father, arising from the floor. "Sometimes they wait until you hang your clothes over the back of a chair and go to sleep."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Nevertheless He Got Her.**

"You say my daughter loves you?" questioned the old man.

"I'm sure of it," replied the young man.

"Well, well," returned the old man, looking the young man over critically. "There's no accounting for tastes, is there?"

And somehow, although the young man knew that he ought to be happy over the possession of the girl, he couldn't help scowling and speculating on that remark of the old man's.

**Power of Deceiving.**

There is a Brooklyn woman who possesses a servant who is a model in all respects save one—in that she is none too truthful.

Lately the mistress has been using all her eloquence to make Nora see the error of deceitfulness. But at last she had to own herself beaten when Nora, with a beaming smile, turned and in a most cajoling tone said:

"Sure, now, mum, an' wot de ye suppose the power of desavin' was given us fer?"

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**Impartial.**  
"Mr. Scatterton prides himself on being strictly impartial."  
"Yes," answered the unamiable man. "I once went shooting with him. He didn't seem to care whether he hit the blit, the dog or one of his friends."

**A Definition.**  
"Paw," asked a thoughtful lad, wrinkling his brow, "what's a pessimist?"  
"A pessimist, John J.," replied his father, "is a man who, after a cyclone has blown his house away with him in it, goes back and grumbles at his lot."  
—Puck.