

Stayton Mail

By C. D. BABCOCK.

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STAYTON, OR., JULY 8, 1910.

WILL BE A FINE EDITION.

The Harvest Home Edition of the Stayton Mail promises to be a fine paper. Special attention will be paid to problems that concern the farming population and some of the most vital questions of the day—in a local, practical sense—will be treated by "men who know." For instance, County Fruit Inspector E. C. Armstrong will discuss "The Large Farm—Shall it be Subdivided?"; L. T. Reynolds, member of the legislature and one of the most successful apple men in the state, will write on "Apples in the Willamette Valley." John H. Scott, former county judge, who has built more good roads in Marion county than any other man in the county, will discuss the good roads question. Mayor Geo. F. Rodgers of Salem a clear thinker, on most of the public questions of the hour, has promised an article on some one of the many vital topics in which we are all actively concerned. There will be messages from many others, who are known as authorities in their respective lines.

This sort of paper costs money and the business interests are invited to co-operate with the Mail in the publication of a number that will be thoroughly representative of this section of the Willamette Valley.

All plans are being laid to issue the big Harvest Home number on July 21st. All copy should be in this office not later than the 15th, and as much earlier as possible.

There is no better investment for any town than well paved and well lighted streets. There is no earthly reason why the main streets of this city should not be paved and much better lighted than they are at the present time. There is no owner of business property who would not get his money back from paving in two years, in increased rentals. And the beauty of it is the tenants are more than willing to pay the increased rents. Three years ago Salem, with a great deal of difficulty, induced the property owners on Court street to put down three blocks of paving. Such a remarkable improvement resulted that since that time the council has not been able to handle all the petitions that come in for paving. Approximately six miles of hard surface paving have been put down so far and contracts have been let for as much more to be done this year. It spreads like a choice bit of gossip. Let a few blocks be laid in Stayton and nothing but the total destruction of the town by an earthquake will ever stop it. Who will start the ball rolling?

We trust the readers of the Mail will have patience a few weeks, when we promise to have a paper of which Stayton will have no reason to feel ashamed. When the present management took over the property there was an utter lack of system in every department of the business. Some little time will be required to reorganize things and to get the help necessary to publish a first class paper. In the meantime we wish to assure our readers that we are doing our best.

As soon as additional room becomes available new type and machinery will be added to the equipment of the Mail office. If Stayton does not have the best country weekly in Oregon it will not be the fault of the management. Your business will be appreciated, even if we have to put on a night shift to write out receipts.

If the Mail is to print the news from all parts of its territory it must have some help. Correspondents are needed in all parts of Marion and Linn counties—including Silverton, Mt. Angel, Salem, Aumsville, Sublimity and other important towns. Send in the news, we will treat you right.

If Stayton celebrates next year the matter should be taken up in ample time and plenty of money collected to pay for a first class celebration. Better none at all than the other kind. A great many places have adopted the plan of celebrating only every other year, which has some advantages.

From this time on the Mail must stand on its own bottom. If it is supported in a niggardly and stingy manner, it will be a weakly weekly. If it receives the united support of the people it serves there are no heights to which it may not aspire. So far we have no complaints to make.

Nearly 100 people have perished from the heat this spring in Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. In Oregon we wear overcoats in the evening. Have you written your Eastern friends to come to the Willamette Valley?

If you want to boost, get your copy for the Harvest Home number in early—the earlier the better. Let the other fellow be the laggard.

\$ SAVE MONEY \$
ON YOUR FOOTWEAR
Gents' Furnishings and
Clothing of All Kinds.
Gloves, Mitts, Wristlets.
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"Some men strive for fame and others are satisfied with notoriety."



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STAYTON ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

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WHEN IN STAYTON and in need of Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Wall Paper, Linoleum, Matting, Crockery, and many kinds of Notions, call on
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Stayton Time Card

UNITED STATES MAIL.

ARRIVE	DEPART
7:00 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:50 p.m.
3:45 p.m.	4:10 p.m.
7:00 a.m.	7:30 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
2:30 p.m.	2:50 p.m.
3:45 p.m.	4:10 p.m.

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Office over Fred Cook's Store
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Stayton Hotel
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For First-Class Work
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Ankle Strap Pumps; broad toe, low heel; all sizes for Ladies and Children.

New Stock
of Men's Hand-Made Work Shoes for Summer Wear.
Nothing cheap about them except the price.
Men's \$4.00 Dress Shoes, \$3.50.
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The Stowaway

BY LOUIS TRACY

CHAPTER IX.
THE RIGOR OF THE GAME.

IN obedience to their leader's order, Marcel, the taciturn, and Domingo, from whose lips the Britons had scarce heard a syllable, squatted on the catamaran. Marcel wielded a short paddle, and an almost imperceptible dip of its broad blade sent the strangely built craft across the pool. Once in the shadow it disappeared completely. There was no visible outlet. The rocks thrust their stark ridge against the sky in a seemingly impassable barrier. Some of the men stared at the jagged crests as though they half expected to see the Brazilians making a portage just as travelers in the Canadian northwest haul canoes up a river obstructed by rapids. "Well, that gives me the go-by," growled Coke, whose alert ear caught no sound save the rippling of the water. "I say, mister, 'ow is it done?" he went on.

"It is a simple thing when you know the secret," said De Sylva. "Have you passed Fernando Noronha before, captain?"
"Many a time."
"Have you seen the curious natural canal which you sailors call the Hole in the Wall?"
"Yes; it's near the south end."
"Well, the sea has worn away a layer of soft rock that existed there."



THE RAFT BORE SHARPLY OUT BETWEEN TWO HUGE BOWLDERS.

In the course of centuries a channel has been cut right across the 200 yards of land. Owing to the same cause the summer rains have excavated a ravine through the crater up above, and a similar passage exists here, only it happens to run parallel to the line of the cliff. It extends a good deal beyond its apparent outlet and is defended by a dangerous reef. Marcel once landed on a rock during a very calm day and saw the opening. He investigated it, luckily for me—luckily, in fact, for all of us."

Thus the minutes sped until a dim shape emerged from the opposite blackness. It came unheard, growing from nothing into something with ghostly subtlety. Iris, a prey to many emotions, managed to stifle the exclamation of alarm that rose unbidden. But Hozier held her distress in a hardly audible sob.

"It is our friend Marcel," he whispered. "So Domingo has made good his landing. Be brave! The sea is quite calm. This man has been to the island and back in less than a quarter of an hour."

The catamaran swung round and grated on the shingle. Marcel was in a hurry.

"Are you ready?" asked De Sylva, heading toward Iris.

"Yes," she said.

"Then you had better kneel behind Marcel and steady yourself by placing your hands on his shoulders. Yes, that is it. Do not change your position until you are ashore. Now, you Mr. Hozier."

Marcel murmured something.

"Ah, good!" cried De Sylva softly. "Domingo, too, has secured a catamaran. He is bringing it at once in order to save time."

A second spectral figure emerged from the gloom. Without waiting for further instructions Marcel swung his paddle, and the one craft passed the other in the center of the pool. Iris felt Hozier's hands on her waist. He obeyed orders and uttered no sound, but the action told her that she might trust him implicitly. When the narrow cleft was traversed and she saw the open sea on her right there was ample need for some such assurance of guardianship.

Viewed from the cliff the swell that broke on the half submerged reef was of slight volume, but it presented a very different and most disconcerting aspect when seen in profile. It seemed to be an almost impossible feat for any man to propel three narrow planks, top heavy with a human freight, across a wide channel through which such a sea was running. Indeed, Hozier himself, sailor as he was, felt more than doubtful as to the fate of their argosy.

But Marcel paddled ahead with unflagging energy once he was clear of the tortuous passage, and, before the catamaran had traveled many yards, even Iris was able to understand that the outlying ridge of rocks both protected their present track and created much of the apparent turmoil.

At last the raft, for it was little else, bore sharply out between two huge bowlders that might well have fallen

from the mighty pile of Grand-pere itself. Pointed and angular they were and set like a gateway to an abode of giants. Beyond there was a shimmer of swift moving water, with a silver mist on the surface, though from a height of a few feet it would have been easy to distinguish the bold contours of Fernando Noronha itself.

Marcel held up a warning hand even while he brought the catamaran ashore on the shingle so gently that not a pebble was disturbed. He rose, a gaunt scarecrow, stepped off and drew the shallow craft somewhat farther up the sloping beach. Then he helped Iris to her feet and indicated that she was to come with him. At once she shrank away in terror. Though in some sense prepared for this parting, she felt it now as the cruellest blow that fortune had dealt her during a day crowded with misfortune. In all likelihood those two would never meet again. She needed no telling as to the risk he would soon be called on to face, and her anguish was made the more bitter by the necessity that they should go from each other's presence without a spoken word.

Nevertheless she forced herself to extend a hand in farewell. Her eyes were blinded with tears. She knew that Hozier drew her nearer. With the daring of one who may well cast the world's convention to the winds he gathered her to his heart and kissed her. Then she uttered a little sob of happiness and sorrow and fainted.

It was not until she was lying helpless in his embrace, with her head pillowed on his breast and an arm thrown limply across his shoulder, that Philip understood what had happened. He loved her, and she, the promised wife of another man, had tacitly admitted that she returned his love. Stumbling through the gloom he carried her until the Brazilian left him and went on alone toward a wretched hut.

A dog barked. Marcel whistled softly, and the animal began to whimper. The Brazilian vanished. Hozier still held Iris in his arms. His heart was beating tumultuously. His throat seared with the labor of his lungs. His straining ears caught rustlings among the grass and roots, but otherwise a solemn peace brooded over the scene.

Then Marcel came and aroused him from the stupor that had settled on him, and together they entered the hovel, where a dark skinned woman and a comely girl uttered words of sympathetic sound when Iris was laid on a low trestle and Hozier took a farewell kiss from her unheeding lips.

Two weary hours elapsed before the little army of the Grand-pere rock was reunited on the shore of Cotton Tree bay. Then there was a further delay while their indefatigable scouts brought milk and water, some coarse bread and a good supply of fruit from the hut. It was part of their scheme that they should give their friend's habitation a wide berth. If their plans miscarried he was instructed to say that he had found the English lady wandering on the shore soon after daybreak.

About midnight there was a bright moon sailing overhead, and De Sylva gave a low order that they were to form in Indian file. Marcel led; the ex-president himself followed, with San Benavides, Coke and Hozier in close proximity. Domingo brought up the rear in order to prevent straggling and assist men who might stray from the path. It was barely a mile to the village, convict settlement and citadel. Some few lights twinkling near the shore showed the exact whereabouts of the inhabited section. Another mile away to the right lay Fort San Antonio, which housed the main body of troops. Watch fires burning on South point, whence came the shells that disabled the Andromeda, revealed the presence of soldiers in that neighborhood. De Sylva explained that a paved road ran straight from the town and landing place to the hamlet of Sueste and an important plantation of coconuts and other fruit bearing trees that adjoined South point.

It was inadvisable to strike into that road immediately. A little more to the right there was a track leading to the curral, or stockyard. If they headed for the latter place the men could obtain some stout cudgels. The convict ponds in charge of the cattle should be overpowered and bound, thus preventing them from giving an alarm, and it was also possible to avoid the inhabited hillside overlooking the main anchorage until they were close to the citadel. Then, crossing the fort road, they would advance boldly to the enemy's stronghold, first making sure that the launch was still in her accustomed station in the roadstead beneath the walls. San Benavides would answer the sentry's questions, there would be a combined rush for the guardroom on the right of the gate, and if they were able to master the guard as many of the assailants as possible would don the soldiers' coats, shakos and accouterments.

Hozier still held Iris in his arms.

(Continued on Page 4.)