

COFFEE FOR TWO.

As yet it's a table just for two,
A plate for me and a plate for Sue—
My bride and I.
White as her heart is the cloth between,
Bright as her eyes the silver's sheen;
And I gaze and try
To understand and to calculate
Why I have won so much from Fate,
As she who gazes with eyes of blue
Across the table set for two.
Fragrance of flow'ret in her breast,
Whiff from the urn; now, which is best?
I scarcely know!
Sweet is the scent of the double rose,
But oh, that sniff from the urn's bright nose
Is surely so.
And smiles seem dearer and lips more sweet
When seen through the shimmer of fragrant
heat
From CHASE & SANBORN'S perfect brew
Above our table set for two.

THE THOMAS GROCERY

TEA AND COFFEE

We have a complete line of TEA and COFFEE to suit your taste.

COFFEE

M. I. B., 3 pounds \$1.00
Chase & Sanborn's blend, 25c per pound
Country Special, at 20c per pound
Royal Club, 2-pound tin at 75c

TEA

Gun Powder, Oolong, English Breakfast, Japan. Give us a trial. We can please you.

We have a few LOGANBERRIES left and can supply your wants in all kinds of GARDEN TRUCK

W. E. THOMAS & SON

Name Your Farm.

Throughout this part of Oregon there are many farms, dairies and orchards which are not named, and The Mail believes it is just as important to have names for the farms as for any business. Perhaps a little later The Mail will supplement the list below with a booklet containing both these names and other items of interest about Marion and Linn counties. Name your farm; then let us publish it for you in this column free of charge.

BROOKNOOK STOCK FARM—Theo. Highbarger, (Triumph) Sublimity.
CALAMITY FARM—J. F. Richards, Klumb.
ELL HILL RANCH—J. P. Mertz, Scio.
EUREKA RANCH—T. H. Thomas, (Jordan Valley) Scio.
GETWELL FARM—J. O. Sandberg, Me-hama.
LOCUST RIDGE—Joseph Etzel, R F D No. 1, Stayton.
LONE PINE—Jacob Slegmund, Klumb.
ROSE GROVE—George Brown, Aumsville.
SHADE WATER—A. Ferry, Aumsville.
SILVER CREEK STOCK RANCH—R. Rands, (Silver Creek Falls) Sublimity.
CLOVERDALE FARM—Chas. Hottinger, Sublimity.
THREE CEDARS—Andrew Duman, Stayton.
TWIN MAPLES—Claude Darby, Aumsville.
"THE OAKS"—Frank Merring, Stayton Oregon.

Churches of Stayton

Baptist

Sunday School at 10 a. m. H. N. Huntley, Superintendent.

Catholic

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Stayton; Rev. A. Lainck, priest in charge. High mass second, fourth and fifth Sundays 8:30 a. m., Priest's address: Sublimity, Oregon.

ST. BONIFACE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Sublimity; Rev. A. Lainck, rector. Low mass 8 a. m., high mass 10:30 a. m., first and third Sundays in the month; high mass 10:30 a. m., second, fourth and fifth Sundays. Vespers at eventide.

Christian

Services the first and third Sundays. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Mrs. W. H. Hobson, superintendent. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30 p. m., Stephen Taylor, president. Ladies Aid society meets each Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Quick, president.

Methodist

First Methodist Church, Stayton. Rev. F. Hall Reeves, pastor. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., and every Sunday evening at 7:30; S. S. 10 a. m., A. D. Gardner, superintendent; Men meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m., Epworth League 6:30 p. m., Methodist Episcopal services at Me-hama second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m., at Lyons same days 2:30 p. m.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Miss Dena Roy is at Salem to see the Cherry Fair.

Make money during the vacation by getting up subscription clubs for the Stayton Mail. Every name counts. Write for particulars.

DR. E. E. CHASE, Veterinarian; A. W. Simmons in charge. Office in Stayton Livery Barn; calls answered by 'phone. 10

Dr. C. H. Brewer and mother, and Mr. and Mrs. George Brewer are in Salem today attending the Cherry Fair.

I have switches for connecting your Phone onto both lines, Bell and Mutual. Price, single pole 50c double pole 75c. A. L. Shreve.

Rolla Busby of Turner fell from his bicycle while coming to Stayton to the celebration. His hand was painfully bruised. Dr. Brewer dressed the injured member and Mr. Busby was able to enjoy the day.

John Anderson of Mollala burned his face and injured his right eye while celebrating the fourth. He was taken to the office of Drs. Brewer and Thompson where the injuries were dressed. He will not lose his eye sight.

FOR SALE—240 acre farm, well improved. Price \$42.50 per acre if sold within 30 days. Easy terms.
320 acre farm, an exceptional bargain. \$12.50 per acre for cash. Title guaranteed. Smaller farms and city property for sale.
J. F. POTTER, Stayton, Or.

Mrs. George Gist, who has been in Mill City the past two weeks, will return home today.

Were you late?
Was your watch to blame?
If it was, bring it in here and let us put it into shape.
If you haven't a watch, let us sell you one that you can rely on. All sizes, all prices, all kinds.
E. ROY, Jeweler, Stayton, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Will and son Lowell and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Farrington, came over on the 4th in Mr. Will's Buick auto. Mr. Will is well known in this section where he has done business for many years. The Will musical instrument store is known far and wide as Mr. Will does a large wholesale business as well as taking care of a large slice of the local retail trade. Mr. Will was greatly pleased at the evident prosperity of Stayton and expressed his satisfaction at the bright outlook of this section. He invited local people to make their headquarters at his store during the Cherry Fair.

Dr. Shorey of Woodburn was in the city today, the guest of Dr. Beauchamp. Dr. Shorey is on his way to Detroit, Or.

Having purchased a part of the Hardware stock of H. J. Marking consisting of Machine Bolts and Lag Screws I will endeavor to keep a full line of these goods. My Stock will be kept for the present at the Electric light station.
A. L. Shreve.

It is reported that Adolph Hirschberg, of Salem, better known throughout the Willamette Valley as "The Duke," on the strength of his winnings in the recent Johnson-Jeffries prize fight, will soon make a trip to Switzerland, his boyhood home. Joe Harris, Hizable Conroyer and Arthur Clay will see him as far as Portland.

The Stowaway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.

Granted success thus far, there should not be much difficulty in persuading the men in charge of the launch that a cruise round the island was to be undertaken forthwith.

Marvel would rememba with them until the citadel was carried. He would then hurry back to bring Iris across the island to an unfrequented beach known as the Porto do Conceicao, where he would embark her on a catamaran and row out to the steamer, which by that time would be lying off the harbor out of range of the troops who would surely be summoned from the distant fort.

In the highest spirits the little band set out resolutely for the curral. Here they encountered no difficulty whatever. Perhaps the prevalent excitement had drawn its custodians to the town, since they found no one in charge save a couple of barking dogs, while if there were people in the cattle keepers' huts they gave no sign of their presence. A few stakes were pulled up. They even came upon a couple of axes and a heavy hammer

Equipped with these weapons, eked out by three revolvers owned by the Brazilians and the dapper captain's sword, they hurried on, quitting the road instantly and following a cow path that wound about the base of a steep hill.

They met their first surprise when they tried to cross the road to the fort. Quite unexpectedly they blundered into a small pocket stationed there, and the first intimation of danger was given by the startling challenge:

"Who goes there?"

It was familiar enough to island ears, and the convict answered readily:

"A friend!"

"Several friends, it would seem," laughed a voice. "Let us see who those friends are."

"Now!" shouted De Sylva, leaping forward.

There was a wild scurry, two or three shots were fired, and Hozier found himself on the ground gripping the throat of a bronzed man whom he had shoved backward with a thrust, for he had no time to swing his stake for a blow. He was aware of a pair of black eyes that glared up at him horribly in the moonlight, of white teeth that shone under long mustachios of peculiarly warlike aspect, but he felt the man was as putty in his hands, and his fingers relaxed their pressure.

He looked around. The fight was ended almost as soon as it began. The soldiers, six in all, were on their backs in the roadway. Two of them were dead. The Italian sailor had been shot through the body and was twisting in his last agony.

The bloodshed was had enough, but those shots were worse. They would set the island in an uproar. The reports would be heard in town, citadel and fort, and the troops would now be on the qui vive. But De Sylva was a man of resource.

"Strip the prisoners!" he cried. "Take their arms and ammunition, but bind them back to back with their belts."

"But in there, me lads," vociferated Coke, who had accounted for one of the Brazilians with an ax. "Strip lively! Now we've got some uniforms an' guns we can rush that citidel easy."

Hozier was busy relieving his man of his coat. When the prone warrior realized that he was not to be killed he helped the operation, but Phillip was thinking more of Iris than of deeds of derring-do.

"Why attempt to capture the citadel at all?" he asked. "Now that we can make sufficient display, is there any reason that we should not go straight for the launch?"

"I think it is a good suggestion," came the calm answer, "provided, that is, the launch is in the harbor."

A bell began to toll in the convict settlement. Lights appeared in many houses scattered over the seaward slope. Hozier, never for an instant forgetting Iris, saw that Marcel still remained with his leader. Under these new circumstances it certainly would be a piece of folly to send back until they were sure of the launch.

Happily the launch was there, moored alongside a small quay. From the nearest building it was necessary to cross a low wharf some fifty yards in width, and De Sylva's whispered commands could not restrain the eager men when escape appeared no longer problematical, but assured. They broke and ran, an almost fatal thing, as it happened, since the soldiers whom Phillip had seen from the rock were still on board. One of them noticed the inexplicable disorder among a body of men some of whom resembled his own comrades. He had heard the firing and was discussing it with others when this strange thing happened.

He challenged. San Benavides answered, but his voice was shrill and unsteady-like.

The engines were started. A man leaped to the wharf. He was in the act of casting a mooring rope off a fixed capstan when De Sylva shot him between the shoulder blades.

"On board, all of you!" shrieked the ex-president in a frenzy.

"At 'em, boys!" gasped

as Coke, though scarce able to stagger another foot.

The men needed no bidding. Sheets of flame leaped from the vessel's deck as the soldiers seized their rifles and fired point blank at these mysterious assailants who spoke in a foreign language. But flame alone could not stop that desperate attack. Some fell, but the survivors sprang at the Brazilians like famished wolves on their prey. There was no more shooting. Men grappled and fell, some into the water, others on deck, or they sprawled over the hatch and wrought in frantic struggle in the narrow cabin. The fight did not last many seconds. An engineer, finding a lever and throttle valve, roared to a sailor to take the wheel, and already the launch was curving seaward when Hozier shouted:

"Where is Marcel?"

"Lyn' dead on the wharf," said Watts.

"Are you certain?"

"He was alongside me, an' 'e threw 'is 'anks up an' dropped like a shot rabbit."

"Then who has gone for Miss Yorke?"

"No one. D'y'e think that this blamed president cares for anybody but hisself?"

Phillip felt the deck throbbing with the pulsations of the screw. The lights on shore were gliding by. The launch was leaving Fernando Noronha, and Iris was waiting in that wretched hut beyond the hill, waiting for the summons that would not reach her, for Marcel was dead, and Domingo, the

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of the most to have your teeth put and plug a bridge work done. For out-of-town patients we bring to stay and bridge work in one day if necessary.

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L. L. THOMAS.

DON'T FORGET THE STAYTON CASH PRODUCE COMPANY.

There was no more shooting. Men grappled and fell.

one other man who could have gone to her, was lying in the cabin with three ribs broken and his collar bone fractured.



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Portland Journal (Semi-Weekly)	\$2.05
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Salem Statesman (Semi-Weekly)	2.00
Salem Statesman (Daily)	5.50
Pacific Monthly	2.00
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Seattle Times (Sunday)	3.50
Thrice-a-Week World, New York	2.15
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