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BUNGOED AND STUNG? SURE, YES!

It was all because he didn't read the papers. Everybody has heard of old Hiram Gink, who went to the big city and bought a gold brick. That was twenty years ago, but he is still the same old H. His boast then was that he didn't read the papers, and he makes the same brag now.

IF HE HAD INVESTED \$1 A YEAR WITH THE NEAREST EDITOR IT WOULD HAVE SAVED HIM \$200.

But he said his old dad had never paid out good money for "any of them measly sheets, and, by gum, I won't nuther!"

So he has been EASY MONEY FOR THE CON. MEN. It is the men who do not read the papers on whom this gentry live. TAKE THE HOME PAPER.

DRESDEN CHINA.

Its Three Periods and the Marks the Pieces Bear.

Dresden china began its reign at the fair of Leipzig, 1721, where it was offered for public sale for the first time. It has had three periods—King's, Marcoline and modern.

The factory marks traced on the bottom of each piece vary according to the period—the oldest (King's) being the monogram A. R. and the wand of Asclepius. The familiar crossed swords, with the 'W' or circle between the handles, were first used in 1721, and the star took the place of the dot in the Marcoline period. The modern mark is the simple crossed swords, sometimes accompanied by letters and numbers.

Although the methods of work are still jealously guarded in all factories, the essentials are an open secret, and the following rough outline may satisfy the lazily curious: The ingredients of porcelain are kaolin feldspar, sand and silicate. These are ground fine and mixed in linewater. The paste is then molded into forms and fired in an oven of moderate heat. When taken out it is in an opaque state and is then dipped in the glaze, which is feldspar ground fine, with a little alkali. It is now subjected to a firing of great heat, which results in the beautiful polished surface so familiar the world over.

This second firing is attended with risk, for if the piece is allowed to remain beyond the exact proper moment the whole melts together and is ruined.

SEASICKNESS.

It is Not Beneficial, and in Rare Cases It Causes Death.

In the light of modern intelligence the once popular idea that seasickness was of real benefit to the sufferer and that it never terminated fatally has been exploded. Not only is this malady to be guarded against by every means possible, but it is even to be dreaded by those who are not over robust as leading to possible fatal results.

The old fashioned notion that a good dose of seasickness was beneficial was due wholly to the fact that upon recovery the victim of mal de mer is usually so delighted that he is apt to imagine that he never felt better in his life, while feeling normal again is merely so great a contrast to the exceedingly wretched condition which this disorder brings about that exaggeration of one's feelings is the most natural thing in the world. Seasickness is far from pleasant. It is not beneficial, and in rare cases it terminates fatally.

There is one consolation, however, that with the growth of the size of ships and the increase of speed travelers are to a certain extent insured against it or if attacked are certain that their sufferings will be short—Marine Journal.

The Art of Poisoning.

Professional poisoners arose early in our era. It is recorded that Agrippina (A. D. 29) refused to eat apples at the table of her father-in-law, Tiberius, through fear of poison. The notorious Locusta flourished in that epoch. It is charged that she supplied with appropriate directions the poison by which Agrippina rid herself of Claudius. She also furnished the poison that was administered to Britannicus by order of Nero. This crime was committed in quite a conventional manner. The Romans were accustomed to drink hot water at table, but the same temperature did not appeal to all. A slave offered hot water to Britannicus. "Too hot," he remarked. The slave added cold water. Britannicus drank, gasped once or twice and died. The cold water was poisoned either with a cyanide or with prussic acid.

BUYING A MULE.

Noise and Abuse a Part of the Transaction in Algiers.

Americans who travel in eastern lands are amazed as well as aggravated by the business methods which prevail there. A recent traveler in Algiers concluded to buy a mule and finally found one for sale.

He went to the owner with an interpreter, and a dialogue then ensued as follows:

The interpreter, with a yell: "I will give you \$10 for that mule."

The Arab: "Ten dollars! Murder! Thief! Brigand!"

The interpreter: "I will make it \$11. Do you hear, you scoundrel? I offer you \$11 for your old mule, which will die in about a week. You are a robber and a thief to take that much, but I am a generous man, and I serve a great man, so I offer you \$11, you scum of Africa!"

Then they both yelled and shook their fists at each other, and to the American it looked as if they were going for each other hammer and tongs.

The row they made was terrible, but no one seemed to notice it.

Finally a bargain was struck, and then they fell upon each other's neck and embraced.

And the American got his mule for \$11.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

KINGS TALKED OF A DUEL.

But George II. and Frederick of Prussia Didn't Fight.

The personal enmity which existed between George II. and Frederick, king of Prussia, reached at one time to such a height that, as Baron Byfield was informed on good authority, the monarchs conceived the very singular design of gratifying it in a duel.

King George made a choice of Brigadier Sutton for his second and the king of Prussia of Colonel Derschau. The territory of Hildersheim was picked on for the meeting. His Britannic majesty was then at Hanover, and his Prussian majesty had come as far as Salzdahl, near Brunswick. Baron Borek, the Prussian minister at London and lately dismissed from the court in a very abrupt manner, having repaired to the king, his master, at Salzdahl, found him in such a violent passion that he did not think it advisable directly to oppose his design, but to gain time feigned to approve of the extraordinary combat which his majesty meditated, and he even offered to carry the challenge.

The challenge was not sent. Ministers on both sides gained time, the cholera of both parties evaporated, and the following year the quarrel was made up.—The Percy Anecdotes.

The Scolding Love Bird.

"Those love birds," said a keeper in the aviary at the Bronx zoo, "are more like human beings in their actions and characters than any birds we have in the place. The male, which, you see, has a little blue spot on its breast, is so gentle and affectionate as a pet dog, but the female is a regular shrew, and that's the only word by which to describe her. She pecks and scolds at her mate, and often I have seen her lower her head and shove him off the perch. Sometimes she will chase him about the cage, jabbering at him like an old hag. The male seems to put up with it as patiently as a henpecked husband. He never tries to retaliate, and it isn't on account of fear either. The old lady acts the same way with me. When I speak to her she scolds at me. The mate seems to appreciate any attention I pay to him and twitter to me like an old friend."—New York Sun.

An Early Arab Aviator.

A French oriental student has discovered a surprisingly early record of experiments in aviation. The hero of the enterprise was one Ibn Firnas, an Arab of Spain and physician to the Khalif Abdurrahman II., who flourished in the ninth century. Renowned as an inventor as well as a doctor, he devised a clockwork apparatus by means of which he "flattered himself that he would be able to rise into the air like a bird," and a crowd assembled near Cordova to see him try. He did, it seems, actually get off the ground, but fell again with a great thud amid the derisive cheers of the populace. The story has been found and pointed out in an Arabic work by a certain El Makkari.—Westminster Gazette.

The Gasoline Grammar.

To what extent the automobile has invaded the preparatory school may be judged from the following occurrence:

Teacher (to beginners' class in Latin)—Can any of you boys give the rules for accentuation of Latin words?
Only one hand was raised.
"Well, Tenney, what are the rules?"
"Words of two cylinders accent the first cylinder, and words of three cylinders accent the antepenult."—Life.

A Natural Question.

Little Walter was eating lunch when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and splash, down went his glass of milk.

"I knew you were going to spill that," said mamma angrily.
"Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"

Solving the Problem.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between meals?"
"Have the meals closer together," replied the young hopeful.

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.—Laugh Hunt.

HOW HE GOT LIZ

By G. B. MARTIN

When I was a young feller just git-tin' old enough to make up to the girls all the boys used to laugh at me for a fat. I don't think myself that it was because I was so awfully stupid, but I was dreadful homely. That was what put me at a disadvantage. My eyes and my hair were a different color, and I was kind o' rawboned. All I was good for above the other boys was that I could lick any o' 'em. But when it came to spruvin' up for a dance I hadn't a ghost of a show alongside the worst lookin' feller in the lot.

My ole mother tolde me once: "Elijah, if you want to win a woman's favor do somepin for her. Let her see that you think kindly of her. Your father wasn't a good lookin' man when I married him, jist a rawboned farmer's boy, and I tuk him in preference to the best lookin' feller in them parts because he used to come round when he hadn't nothin' to do and churn and milk for me. When I saw him churnin' or settin' on a stool milkin' to save me work I forgot his red hair and his freckles and his big knees and elbows and set my heart right on to him."

I didn't forget what mother said, and when Liz Bunker come to take the school and I thort she was the purtyest thing of womankind I'd ever seen and wanted her mighty bad I made up my mind I'd try to make her forget my ugliness somepin like father made mother forget his'n. But what could I do? Liz didn't churn or milk cows. She taught youngkers readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. I coul'd't spell her at that. I coul'd not go to her school and say, "See here, Liz, you jist got out and sprawl yourself on the grass and I'll teach 'em for you." I coul'd not say that 'cause I didn't know enough.

One day after school I met Liz comin' home, and she was cryin'.

"Why, Liz," I asked, "what y' cryin' for?"

"Oh, don't bother me."

"I wish you'd tell me."

"It's them big ones. I can't make 'em behave by bein' kind to 'em, and I'm not strong enough to whip 'em."

"How old are the children that make the disturbance?"

"Children! They ain't children. Ben Hooker's twenty and strong as an ox; John Wilkins is nearer twenty-one, though he isn't quite as big as Ben. Then there's Ollie Smith—he's eighteen and can whip either of the other two."

I remembered what mother'd said, but I didn't let on about it to Liz. I said to her, says I:

"I didn't know y' tuk such old men into your school. Ef I had I'd 'a' been a scholar myself. I ain't got no education, and I want some. Will y' take me into your school?"

Liz said she would. So the next day I went round. I set on a bench with an arithmetic before me, and while I was a studyin' I jist kep' an eye on them big fellers, waitin' for 'em to do some o' their tricks. Purry soon Ollie Smith threw a spitball across the school and hit Lucy Ellis in the eye. I saw by Liz's expression that she dreaded what was comin', but I didn't say nothin'. She reproved Ollie gentle-like, and he sent another ball at Ben Hooker. Ben throw'd it back. John Wilkins threw a book at Ben, and there was a racket on sure 'nuff.

"Miss Bunker," says I, "which one o' these boys would you like to see made to behave best?"

"Any one on 'em," she said, her voice tremblin'.

"I think," I said, "you'd better give us a recess. A lesson in good behavior might break some o' the school furniture."

"School dismissed," said Liz.

We all went out on to the grass plot in front of the schoolhouse, and I told Ollie that his lesson would come first; that I proposed to give separate lessons and if any one not gittin' taught manners interfered I'd break every bone in his body some time, even if I didn't do it then. I think this kep' 'em off durin' what follered. Anyway, no one o' 'em interfered to help the other. I soon laid Ollie on the grass, and I pummeled him till he was sore all over. Then I tuk John, who was the biggest of the three, but he wasn't fightin' for a purty schoolteacher as I was, and at last I downed him with a blow that broke his jaw. Ben said he didn't want no lesson, so the instruction was over and school tuk in again with all the scholars present except John, who couldn't recite with a broken jaw, and he was excused from school for the rest o' the day.

When school was out I walked home with Liz. She was the most grateful girl you ever seen. She said I needn't come any more, 'cause she'd give me private lessons, but I went the next day to see the effect o' my instructions in deportment.

It was the quietest school you ever seen. John Williams never come back, and the other two o' my behavior scholars was as quiet as mice. After school I tolde 'em that if they needed any more lessons Miss Bunker would send for me, but they'd learned it all at once, and Liz didn't have to send for me.

The private lessons wasn't much good to me for larnin', but they was for lovin'akin'. Liz would never have had such a feller as me if it hadn't been for the way I'd helped her out o' her trouble. After all, I got my wife on the same general principle that father got mother.

A Quicker Certain.

A story is told of a certain famous inventor who is fortunate enough to be able to employ a large staff of engineers and mathematicians to aid him in the solution of knotty problems. Some time ago the inventor desired to find the cubic capacity of a certain vessel of unsymmetrical proportions and asked his mathematicians to solve the problem. As the story goes, the mathematicians spent weeks of time, filled whole books with their calculations and finally presented what they said was a close approximation to the true result. Thereupon the famous inventor placed the vessel on a platform scale, filled it to the brim with water, obtained its weight when full and when empty, and in a few minutes he had a result as good as the mathematicians—for that particular vessel.—Engineering News.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of Oregon for Marion County. Department No. 1. State of Oregon, Plaintiff, -vs- E. B. Fletcher, Administrator of the estate of John Cashion, deceased, and all other persons interested or concerned in said estate, defendants.

To E. B. Fletcher, and all those interested or concerned in the estate of John Cashion, deceased—

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the information filed in the above entitled court and cause within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit: the 1st day of February, 1912, and if you fail so to appear and answer said information, plaintiff will apply to the court for an order declaring the sum of \$84.52, the amount now in the hands of the administrator of the estate of the said John Cashion, to be escheated to and vested in the State of Oregon.

You are further notified that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Stayton Mail, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Marion County, Oregon, pursuant to the order of the honorable Wm. Galloway, Judge of this court, made on the 25th day of January, 1912, and you are notified that the date of the first publication of this summons is the 1st day of February, 1912, and the last publication thereof will be on the 14th day of March, 1912.

John H. McNary, District Attorney for Marion County, Oregon. By W. C. Winslow, Deputy Dist. Atty., Attorneys for plaintiff.

Notice to the Public.

The two leading magazines of the Pacific Coast, the Pacific Monthly and the Sunset, have been consolidated under the title of "Sunset—the Pacific Monthly."

It is the intention of the publishers to spare no money nor effort to make Sunset—the Pacific Monthly a credit to the West and a magazine of national value and importance.

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Send your order to Fred Locky, Northwestern Manager, Sunset—the Pacific Monthly, Portland, Oregon.

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