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News of the CHURCHES.

Baptist
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. A. C. Eaton. Sunday school at 10 a. m., A. J. Caldwell, supt. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m. Mrs. Eaton, president.

Catholic
CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, Stayton; Rev. A. Lajack priest in charge. High mass second fourth and fifth Sundays 8:30 a. m., Priest's address: Sublimity, Oregon.
T. BONIFACE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Sublimity; Rev. A. Lajack, 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 will be held every Sunday. 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., Mrs. R. L. Dunn president. Ladies Aid society meets each Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., Mrs. G. D. Thomas, president. R. L. Dunn Pastor.

Methodist
Methodist Episcopal Church, order of services: Bible school at 10 a. m., A. S. Pancoast, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Midweek Prayer and Bible Study, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Epworth League, Sunday, 8 p. m., Clark Mace, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society, Thursday afternoon, Mrs. J. R. Gardner, Pres. Pastor of the church, E. Sutton Mace.

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Wasted.
"I always was unlucky," he said, with a weary sigh.
"What's the matter now, old man?" his friend asked.
"I've spent over \$500 on havin' my boy taught to play the fiddle, and now his hair's all comin' out."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fired.
Goob-Jones was fired out of his house yesterday. Goob—Was he behind in his rent? Goob—Naw. The place burned down.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Car Manners.
Mrs. Knicker—Does your husband read the paper at breakfast? Mrs. Hocker—Yes, and I don't know why. Everybody has a seat.—New York Sun

Don't do anything till you do it, and when you've done it stop doing it.—William Gillette

The Spider And the Fly

By HELEN BELL

"Mildred, are you going to keep me dangling for ever? Why not put me out of my misery by telling me you won't marry me and have done with it?"

"I have no such idea," she replied. "Why not?"

"Oh, it's very nice to have some one to be devoted to me, to bring me candy and violets and all that."
"This was not the reason, at least the sole reason, why she kept him dangling. The main one was—to put it figuratively—he was a ripe pear hanging from a tree and there was another girl under the tree waiting for him to drop. He didn't know that she knew about this other girl; but he did know he wished to drop into the other girl's mouth. He was committed to the one he was talking to and trying to have her shake the tree while the other girl stood ready to catch him when he fell.

"I tell you what we'll do," he said. "I'm tired of this business. I can't sleep nights. Sometimes I think you are going to make me happy, and sometimes I think you aren't. If I knew you wouldn't have me I'd try to forget you. Let's stop this indecision and decide the matter by chance."
"How by chance?"

"Well, we might play a game of cards for it. Make it euchre. If I beat you the best three games in five you give me 'Yes' for an answer; if you beat me three out of five you say 'No.'"

"I don't care; get out the cards." He was not only an expert at the game of euchre, but an expert at dealing the cards. He could stack them, too, without half trying. He threw the cards for the deal and won it. Dealing, he turned up a nine spot. She passed, and he turned it down. She made it spades and won two points. He heaved a sigh from down in his stomach. She dealt and turned a knave. He passed. She took it up and won another two points. He groaned. The deal being his, he turned a ten spot, took it up and lost the game.

"What did you take it up on that hand for?" she asked. "You had only two trumps, an ace and a queen, with nothing back."

He looked a trifle confused. "You were so near out," he explained, "that I thought I'd better plunge."

She said nothing, but knit her brows, then drew down the corners of her mouth.

The second game he won. He didn't intend to win it, but she sent him for the last box of candy he had sent her, and while he was out she stacked the cards, dealing him a hand with five trumps in it, including two bowers and an ace.

He feigned merriment, but she was not deceived.

Then he won a game, and she won a game, and it stood two games for each. Beginning the deciding game, he dealt and turned a queen.

"I don't see any use of your turning a queen from the bottom of the pack," she said, "when there was a jack on top."

To prove her words she turned the first card he had dealt her. It was the knave of clubs.

"How stupid of me," he said. "I thought to get an advantage and I got a backset. It's no use for me to cheat."

"It's no use unless you have a softy for an opponent. Deal the hand again."

He knew that she was watching him with the eye of a cat. There was no use trying to deal himself good hands or her poor ones. The luck was in his favor, or, rather, considering what he was trying to do, against him. It was impossible to lose. He was obliged to win.

"Oh, my darling!" he exclaimed. "How happy I am!" But there was no great warmth in his tone.

"Do you mean to hold me after cheating?"

"I cheat! I made a mess of that and lost by it, though I gained in the main. Still, if you feel that I have taken an unfair advantage of you—"

"Oh, no. Everything is fair in war and in love." There was a deep meaning in her tone when she said this. He winced. He had started with that idea, but had come out at the little end of the horn.

"Suppose," he said musingly, "we play a single game double or quits?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Either you marry me tonight or not at all."

She thought awhile, turning the proposition over in her mind, then said she believed she'd do it.

They played the game, but she caught him trying to get rid of a couple of bowers and insisted on his playing his original hand. By this time she had learned to turn a low card in dealing from the bottom of the pack. These two matters, taken together, gave him the game.

She considered not that she had benten him, but her rival. She led him to the slaughter at once.

They lived a cat and dog life for a couple of years, when they secured a divorce, he paying her a fine alimony. Then he married the girl who had waited for him to drop. It was rather a roundabout way of securing happiness, but in the end all were benefited. Had the fly extricated itself from the spider's web one of the three would have been at a disadvantage. As it was it was an equitable transaction.

When the Deacon Cut Loose

By M. QUAD

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When the doctors told the good wife of Deacon Gray, with whom he had lived in peace for almost twenty-eight years, that her time on earth was short, she had him called in from the field that she might say:

"Deacon, you have never spoken an angry word to me in all our married life."

"I'm glad on't," he replied.

"We have never quarreled."

"Noap."

"I have never seen you out of temper with the oxen, and when you've been stung by bumble bees you haven't said a word."

"No use getting mad."

"You've gone right along, deacon, being as placid as an old hen and letting me do all the jawing and fighting, and now you are to be left alone. I'm sorry for you."

"I shall hope not to have any trouble with any one," was the deacon's humble reply.

"But you will have unless you spunk up. Promise me that you'll have a chip on your shoulder."

"I'll kinder have one."

The good woman departed for the better land feeling that way, and the deacon lifted up the added cross and bore it along as best he could. His wife had been right as to what the world would do to him when she was gone. He had always been considered an easy mark, even with her to defend him, but now with her gone he was a rich find. They borrowed his money, his plow, his hoe, his wheelbarrow and his old gray mare. They cheated him in buying and some more in selling. They got him to indorse notes of hand and left him to pay for them. If it hadn't been such a task for him to write with his stiff fingers they'd have had a mortgage on his home.

As predicted by the dead wife the Widow Brown did her fair share toward making the widower's life miserable. She encouraged her scratching hens, she encouraged her crowing roosters, she encouraged her mean tempered dog, she threw more ashes, and she helped herself to cucumbers and squashes as long as they lasted. Deacon Gray saw and knew all these things, but he kept right on being complacent and placid.

The Widow Brown was a woman with a personality. No neighbor's chicken dared to step foot on her land. The boy that swung on her gate got a box on the ear to make his head ring for an hour. One day when her old spotted cow had jumped the fence and was in the deacon's cornfield, plain to be seen by the deacon himself, she walked over to the man and said:

"Deacon Gray, you're a bean pod!"

"Mebbe."

"You're a cucumber, a fishworm! You hain't got spunk 'nuff to keep the boots on your feet. Lor' bless me, I'd marry a basswood hitching post before such a man as you!"

"Yes, reckon you would," was the weary reply as the widow rounded up her cow and drove her home without another look at the man.

She had sowed a seed, however. After a few nights the deacon had a dream of his dead wife. She was back on earth again and calling him names and jawing around because he hadn't got his dander up yet. Her voice came to him as plain as he had ever heard it when she exclaimed:

"Deacon, you hain't no man to stand all this. You're nothing but a frazzle!"

What the widow and what the wife said started a new train of thought in the good man's mind. Was he a failure? Was he an easy mark? And in being so had he lost the respect of the community? Did folks say of him that he was a good man, but a half fool at the same time? That new train of thought lasted the good man three days and nights, and on the morning of the fourth day he woke up and realized that he was a changed man. Before he was hardly conscious of the change he found himself throwing stones at the Widow Brown's hens, and the widow looking right at him at that. After breakfast he looked about for her dog and plumped a rock against his ribs. One of the widow's roosters flew the fence to interview the swill pail, and he didn't get home alive.

"You monster!" shouted the widow.

The answer was another rock at her dog.

"You unbung villain!"

An old white hen was jarred by a lump of dirt.

"I'll have you in jail within an hour!"

Off came the deacon's hat and coat, and with a yell he broke loose and jumped the fence and had lifted the woman up to throw her into the old tomato patch when he heard her say:

"Don't go any further, deacon! I'm in love with you!"

"What!" he demanded.

"If you want me I'll marry you tomorrow. I thought you was a bean pod, but you are a man from head to heel. I thought a boy ten years old could drive you all around the village, but I see that it would take four men. Deacon, I do just dote on you."

No; they didn't get married within three months, but they did within four, and if you were to ask a resident of the village today as to what kind of a man Deacon Gray is the answer would be:

"Mighty good man, but don't fool with the deacon. He's dangerous since he cut loose."

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