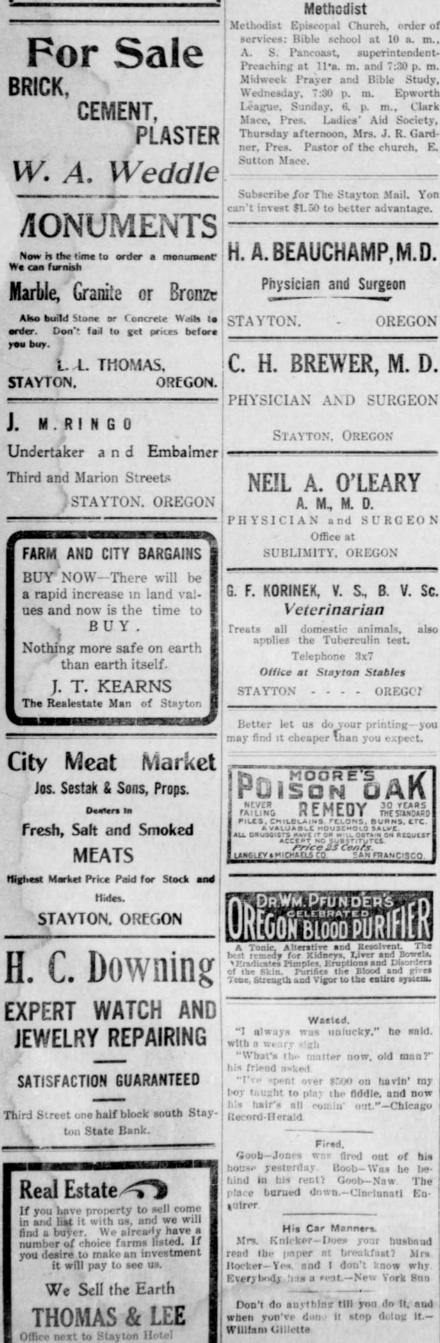


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Baptist

Preaching every Sunday at II a. m and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. A. C. Eat on. 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. Lainck 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. Lainck, rector, Low mass S a, m., high mass 10:30 a. m., first and third Sundays in the month; high mass 10:30 a m., secend, fourth and fifth Sundays. Ves pers at eventide.

Christian

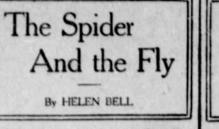
Services will be held every Sunday. Preaching at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Mrs. W. H. Hobson, superintendent. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30 p. m., Mrs. R. L. Dunn president. Ladies Aid society meets each get you. Let's stop this indecision and Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., Mrs. G. D. Thomas, president. R. L. Dunn Pastor.

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, 6. p. m., Clark Mace, Pres. Ladies' Aid Society, Thursday afternoon, Mrs. J. R. Gardner, Pres. Pastor of the church, E.

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also



Cut Loose

By M. QUAD

field that she might say:

"No use getting mad."

"Noap."

said a word.'

sorry for you."

chip on your shoulder."

"I'll kinder have one."

had a mortgage on his home.

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

"We have never quarreled."

"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

"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 walting 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 for-

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.

"Mebbe." "You're a cucumber, a fishworm! He feigned merriment, but she was m hain't g

complacent and placid.



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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 tack on top.

To prove her words she turned the first card be 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

heating?

"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 und 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

logether, gave him the game. She considered not that she had beaten him, but her rival. She led

him to the slaughter at once. They lived a cat and dog life for a

souple 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 bene-Had the fly extricated itself fited. from the spider's web one of the three would have been at a disadvantage. As it was it was an equitable transaction.

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

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

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

walked over to the man and said:

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. Aft-

er 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 balf 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

alive. "You monster!" shouted the widow. The answer was another rock at her

"You unhung villain!" An old white hen was jarred by a lump of dirt.

dog.

the swill pail, and he didn't get home

"I'll have you in jall 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 saylog:

"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

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

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