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## A Civil War Episode

By JAMES L. TUTTLE

Colonel Moseby was a noted partisan cavalry leader in Virginia during the civil war, just as John Morgan was in Kentucky and Tennessee. Both these men had with them men who could run a locomotive or work a telegraph line. The object of all partisan bands attached to an army is to harass or cripple an enemy. To do this they usually make raids in that enemy's rear, with a view to breaking in upon their lines of communication and either interrupt the passage of or destroy their supplies.

The federal armies as they advanced put the railroads and telegraph lines in order, using them for supply and communicating purposes. At the little village of A., in Virginia, was a telegraph station in possession of the Federal army. The operator, Ferguson, had worked the line under the Confederates, but being at heart a Union man he was glad to retain his position under the United States when the Federal troops occupied the territory.

Jennie Ferguson, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the operator, was learning telegraphy. In her room above the telegraph office she had a battery, a key and a wire making a circuit on which she used to practice. One night she was awakened by the stamping of horses' hoofs in the square below and getting out of bed, looked out of the window. Below were a lot of horses and men, and as soon as she saw their uniform she knew what had happened. A body of Confederate cavalry had seized the telegraph office below her.

Jennie was an unusually bright girl. Living right in the midst of war she knew that the Confederates had captured the telegraph office for a purpose. Moseby and his methods were well known throughout Virginia, and she inferred that he would find out a decoy message that would enable him to capture a post, a wagon train or a railroad train. The floor beneath her was but a single layer of boards, in one of which was a knothole through which for practice she had often listened to her father send messages, reading them by ear.

Putting her eye down to the hole she saw her father sitting in a chair while a trooper covered him with a revolver. At the operating table was a man in Confederate uniform working the key. Jennie put her ear over the hole and read a dispatch to a Union commissary to forward 50,000 rations at once, asking how soon the wagon train bearing them could start. A reply came that wagons with 40,000 rations would start the next morning at 6 o'clock. The operator below gave an order that 40,000 rations would do, but there must be no delay.

After that the command bivouaced in the square of the town, the telegraph office remaining in charge of a guard. Ferguson was taken out into the square, where he could be safely kept, and there was a general quieting down. The operator below lay down in his blankets on the floor and went to sleep. Jennie began to consider the feasibility of warning the Federal commissary that he was about to send 40,000 rations into a trap where they would be captured and destroyed.

Looking out through her window she saw some ten feet below the wires entering the telegraph office. Taking the wire she had used to make her circuit she bent one end, making a hook and, dropping it out the window, caught it on to a telegraph wire, drawing it up taut so that the two wires were in close connection. The other end of the wire she put through her instrument. A metal water pipe led to the ground, and this she desired to complete her circuit, but the pipe was too far from her to be reached. However, she led her wire on to the roof and made her connection there. Then she was ready for business.

Unfortunately she could not work her key without also working the one below. However, it was continually clicking, and she hoped that she could get a message through without being detected. But she must make it short so that it might be understood before the men below would have time to intercept it. Looking through the knot hole she saw the operator fast asleep. Then she began to spell out the words, "Moseby here, Moseby here, Moseby here."

In a moment the word "Where?" was clicked on her key. Then she gave the name of the station and felt sure that the trick was done. Looking again into the office below, she saw that the operator was still asleep and the guard were nodding. Then she went to bed.

At dawn she was awakened by shots below and, looking out, saw the Confederates getting away, pursued by Federal cavalry.

Molly had not only saved the train, but had given Colonel Moseby a close call for being captured.

Going downstairs, Molly found her father in the telegraph office, a free man, talking to the colonel of the cavalry force that had responded to her call.

"How did you manage to get the message through with those men watching you?" asked the officer.

"I didn't."

"Well, whom did the message come from?"

"I don't know."

"I do," said Molly, who entered at that moment, and she made it all clear to them. She received a reward from the United States government and afterward married a Federal lieutenant.

## HIS HIDING PLACE

By HENRY SMITHSON

When Mr. Perkins, my employer—I was a clerk in a country store then—introduced Ben Whitman as my fellow worker I looked him over and was seized with one of those uncontrollable repulsions that we cannot account for. If there was any reason for this dislike I conceived for him it was in his eye, which was a gray. I shook hands with him, but there was no heartiness in my grasp nor in his. It was evident that we were not to be bosom friends.

Whitman did fairly well as a clerk, and we got on well enough together despite my repulsion for him at our first meeting. I was man of all work, salesman, bookkeeper and cashier. Whitman was employed to sell goods, carry parcels and do odd jobs. He dressed well, seeming to take great interest in his clothes, especially his cravats. The only extravagance about him was smoking. He smoked at least one box a day and often more. For a clerk on \$10 a week with no other source of income this required too much outlay.

Whitman in a year's time learned a good deal about the business, including bookkeeping, which he asked me to teach him. Then dull times came on, and Mr. Perkins found retrenchment necessary. It was known both to Whitman and to me that one of us would have to go. Mr. Perkins was debating the matter. He didn't know whether to keep me at \$25 a week or Whitman at \$15, to which sum he had been raised. He didn't say so, but I knew that was the question. An ominous sign was his putting the books and cash into Whitman's hands. I inferred that he wished to try him to discover whether he could do the work satisfactorily.

One day Mr. Perkins went out of the store, leaving a ten dollar bill on the desk where he had been writing. Passing the desk, I saw it and would have picked it up to take care of it, but the telephone bell was ringing, and I went on to answer it. After I had taken down an order I forgot the bill for a short time, and when I remembered it I was too late. Mr. Perkins came in and told me and Whitman that he had left \$10 on the desk, and it was missing on his return. Whitman spoke first, denying having seen it, then I told him that I had seen it and gave the reason why I had not taken care of it.

Whitman declared that no one had been near the desk except me and that only one customer had come in during Mr. Perkins' absence and that was a woman who had not gone near the back part of the store where the money had been left.

That eye of Whitman through which anything evil that was in him looked out convinced me that he would attempt to fix the loss of the bill on to me with a view to being retained in the store in my place. I saw it so plainly that I wondered Mr. Perkins didn't see it. That Perkins did not was evident from the fact that, while he seemed sure that one of us had taken the bill, he was in doubt which was the thief, for he immediately took charge of the books and the cash himself.

He was now more at a loss to know which of us he would discharge than before, since he didn't wish to keep the dishonest one. I was quite sure of Whitman's game, but saw no way of proving it. And yet I felt it essential that I should do so. I got my mind down on the problem ready to follow any slight clue, that might present itself.

I hunted up places where he was likely to have bought things, especially cigarettes, but could not learn that he had paid for anything with a ten dollar bill.

One day Mr. Perkins told me to go the next day to collect a large account since he needed the money to help pay a note that would come due before the close of banking hours the same day. I telephoned him from my house that I had been taken suddenly ill and would not be able to go. I learned the next morning that he had sent Whitman. I went over to the house where Whitman boarded and said we needed a certain paper at the store that he had in his possession and got permission to go into his room to look for it. I ransacked every nook and corner hoping to find some clue to the lost bill which in a bureau drawer I found a cigarette box with two or three cigarettes in it.

I doubted if Whitman had spent the lost ten dollar bill and hoped to find it in the most likely place for him to put it. Seeing these cigarettes in a place where he would not usually keep his tobacco, it flashed into my head that the most likely place to occur to a man to hide anything would be in that with which he was most familiar. Taking up the little rolls I could see only tobacco at the end. But one was less pliable than the others. I tore off the paper and found a ten dollar bill.

I went at once to Mr. Perkins with the story, suggesting that when Whitman returned, without giving him an opportunity to go to his room, he charge him with having stolen the bill and hiding it in a cigarette. He did so, and Whitman, taken unawares, broke down and confessed.

Then Mr. Perkins, who had been very obtuse in the matter, was all the more wroth with Whitman. He would have sent him to jail had it not been that I begged him to let the thief go.

## STORY OF A MUFF

By EDITH TURNER

Mrs. Munger was shopping. While looking at some laces she laid her hundred dollar muff on the counter. A lady stood beside her, looking at some other laces. The muff lay between them. Presently Mrs. Munger looked up and saw the lady resting one hand on her (Mrs. Munger's) muff. Mrs. Munger reached out for the muff. The lady, not noticing her—being apparently intent on the laces—Mrs. Munger attempted gently to draw the muff toward her. The lady looked up and, seeing some one about to appropriate the muff, placed it on her other side.

"Beg pardon," said Mrs. Munger. "You have mistaken my muff for your own."

"I beg your pardon, I have done no such thing."

"I insist upon it that you have."

"And I insist upon it that I have not. If you persist in insulting me I shall call for a member of the firm. I have an account here and am well known."

Mrs. Munger was astonished. Turning to the clerk behind the counter, she said:

"Did you not see me bring that muff and lay it down on the counter when I asked to see laces?"

"Indeed, madam, I was very busy waiting on another lady when you came, and I didn't notice whether you had a muff or not."

"Call for a floorwalker," said Mrs. Munger.

A floorwalker was called and listened to the story. He sent for one of the firm. When that gentleman came he, too, listened to the difficulty between the women, and she who had appropriated the muff said to him: "I am Mrs. Sunderland. I have had an account here for years. Please tell this lady that I am not a thief."

"I can bear the lady out in her statement," said the man, "and, more, I know her social standing to be excellent."

"Good morning," said the muff taker with a toss of the head, and she swept away with the captured article.

"I am sorry, madam," said the merchant, "that the difficulty should have arisen in my store. If you will go to the muff department and pick out a muff similar to the one the lady took away with her you shall have it in exchange—that is, with the understanding that the matter be dropped."

Without waiting for a reply he led the way to the fur department, and Mrs. Munger followed him mechanically. She was so upset that she scarcely knew what she did.

"There is a muff," said the merchant, taking one he had called for from a clerk, "of exactly the same quality as the one you have lost."

"And finer," said Mrs. Munger, smothering it with a hand. "Now, I wish you to tell me why you do this."

"Under promise of secrecy?"

"Yes."

"That lady is a fashionable woman moving in the most exclusive circles. Her account with us is now \$1,800 to her debit. If I had decided in your favor we should have been put to much trouble to collect it."

"And you believe the muff was mine?"

The gentleman smiled. "With that I have nothing to do."

Mrs. Munger was new to the city and its social circle. Nevertheless she was admitted to the swim and was likely to meet Mrs. Sunderland. If she ever should—well—

She did meet Mrs. Sunderland at an afternoon tea. All the ladies wore their finest afternoon costumes. Mrs. Munger wore hers and looked so fine that Mrs. Sunderland didn't remember having seen her before. But Mrs. Munger remembered Mrs. Sunderland. The former managed to get near the latter and slipped her own portemonnaie containing visiting cards as well as bills into Mrs. Sunderland's muff—rather it was Mrs. Munger's—that lay on a chair. Then Mrs. Munger began to hunt for the portemonnaie, and when she had attracted the attention of those about her, thrust her hand into the muff, took out the portemonnaie and proved property by showing her own cards. Then, having taken the names of several ladies present for witnesses, she walked to the telephone and called for an officer.

As soon as the hostess heard of the matter she begged Mrs. Munger to desist from making the matter public. She was obdurate. Then Mrs. Sunderland sent a handsome offer to hush up the matter on account of the hostess. Mrs. Munger remained firm. When the officer arrived she charged Mrs. Sunderland with theft.

The next morning Mrs. Munger appeared against her, and she was obliged to give security for her appearance the next morning in court. When her accuser stepped forth Mrs. Sunderland recognized for the first time the woman whose muff she had appropriated and saw in the lady's eye a terrible revenge. The prisoner sent her lawyer to Mrs. Munger to offer to make such terms as the latter would insist on. Mrs. Munger offered to withdraw the charge on the return of a certain muff in Mrs. Sunderland's possession and a donation to the fund of a certain hospital of which she was a directress of \$1,000.

Since this was the only way to keep the scandal from becoming newspaper property the terms were accepted. But even this did not save Mrs. Sunderland her position in society.

**NOTICE TO PRESENT CLAIMS.**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Marion County, Oregon, administrator of the last Will and Testament of Andrew J. Fisher, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned at the law office of John H. McNary and C. L. McNary, 306 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Salem, Oregon, duly verified as by law required, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Salem, Oregon, this sixth day of May, 1912.

LEWIS FISHER,  
Administrator of the Estate of Andrew J. Fisher, Decd. 6-4-12

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Polly N. Pennebaker, deceased, by order of the county court, of the State of Oregon, for the county of Marion, duly made and entered of record on the 10th day of May 1912. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to me at the Cottage Hotel in the town of Stayton, Marion county, Oregon, duly verified with proper vouchers within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 23d day of May 1912.  
H. F. PENNEBAKER,  
Administrator of the estate of Polly N. Pennebaker, deceased. 6-20-12.

**NOTICE TO THE COUNTY COURT OF MARION COUNTY.**  
To the honorable county court of Marion County, Oregon:  
We the undersigned legal voters and actual residents of Mehama Precinct, Marion County, Oregon, having actually resided in said precinct for over thirty days past, respectfully petition your Honorable Court to grant a license to Chas. Lutz to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in quantities less than one gallon in Mehama Precinct, Marion County, Oregon, for the period of six months from the date of the issuance of said license.

A. Duman, George A. Etzel, Jos. A. Etzel, Jacob H. Etzel, P. T. Etzel, Mike Neitling, John Leabe, Geo. P. Etzel, August Zoellner, Albert Titze, J. M. Titze, Joe Peters, P. C. Freres, Aloys Titze, T. J. Valet, August Zimmerman, A. M. Shier, Wm. Beringer, Waldo Zimmerman, Otto Zimmerman, Leo J. Gray, A. Lambrecht, E. J. Richards, Franz Zimmerman, Oscar Zimmerman, X. Stosel, J. A. Bass, J. P. Bass, G. C. Sims, S. C. Bass, C. W. Steward, A. A. Richards, O. R. Baskin, B. R. Baskin, F. W. Ryder, C. W. Bass, Walter Shier, N. S. Wagner, O. E. Sandberg, J. E. Hough, F. M. Bloom, Joe Becker, D. A. Bass.

Notice is hereby given that I, Chas. Lutz will apply on the 5th day of June, 1912, to the County Court of Marion County, Oregon, for a license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in quantities less than one gallon, in Mehama Precinct, Marion County, Oregon, for the period of six months from date of said license.

5-23-12 CHAS. LUTZ, Applicant.

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25-27-28-29  
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