

BON TON

BAKERY and RESTAURANT

Meals at all hours

C. Ullom, Proprietor

The best to eat at the handiest place to eat. Now

In Stayton Hotel Dining Room

TINWORK and PLUMBING

Bath Tubs, Lavatories and all Sanitary fittings—Farmers—We carry a line of pumps, leader water systems, etc. Gasoline engines.

JACOB SPANIOLO

For Sale

BRICK, CEMENT, PLASTER
W. A. Weddle

MONUMENTS

Now is the time to order a monument. We can furnish

Marble, Granite or Bronze
Also build Stone or Concrete Walls to order. Don't fail to get prices before you buy.

L. L. THOMAS, STAYTON, OREGON.

J. M. RINGO

Undertaker and Embaumer
Third and Marion Streets
STAYTON, OREGON

FARM AND CITY BARGAINS

BUY NOW—There will be a rapid increase in land values and now is the time to BUY.

Nothing more safe on earth than earth itself.

J. T. KEARNS
The Real Estate Man of Stayton

City Meat Market

Jos. Sestak & Sons, Props.
Dealers in
Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS
Highest Market Price Paid for Stock and Hides.
STAYTON, OREGON

H. C. Downing

EXPERT WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Third Street one half block south Stayton State Bank.

Real Estate

If you have property to sell come in and list it with us, and we will find a buyer. We already have a number of choice farms listed. If you desire to make an investment it will pay to see us.

We Sell the Earth
THOMAS & LEE
Office next to Stayton Hotel

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

School Picnic

A picnic will be held under the auspices of the Kingston Public School on Saturday, May 25, 1912 on the P. P. Crabtree farm 1 1/2 miles southeast of Kingston.

The pupils will be assisted by a number of others in rendering an interesting and entertaining program. Everyone come and enjoy the day by a visit with your friends and neighbors, and encourage the children by your presence.

Subscribe for The Stayton Mail. You can't invest \$1.50 to better advantage.

H. A. BEAUCHAMP, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon
STAYTON, OREGON

C. H. BREWER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
STAYTON, OREGON

NEIL A. O'LEARY

A. M., M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office at
SUBLIMITY, OREGON

G. F. KORINEK, V. S., B. V. Sc.

Veterinarian
Treats all domestic animals, also applies the Tuberculin test.
Telephone 3x7
Office at Stayton Stables
STAYTON - - - OREGON

Better let us do your printing—you may find it cheaper than you expect.

By Telephone

By OSCAR COX

Miss Helen Spingler calls up Mary Arnold: "Is that you, Moll? Yes! Feeling well this morning? I'm glad to hear it. I've called you up to ask if you think I'd better trim my new pink silk with lace or some other material. Lighter or darker shade? Oh, a contrasting color. Maybe you're right. Yes, I can call around and talk it over with you. Four o'clock? I can't do that. I'm engaged!"

Interruption in a man's voice: "Drat these party wires! Girls, can't you settle the matter and have done with it? There's a man here met with an accident and bleeding to death."

Miss Mary Arnold gets the wire: "Did you hear that horrid man who interrupted you just at the moment when you were telling me of your engagement? Robinson? What Robinson? Oh! He's connected with Robinson's department store. You haven't given me the name of your fiance. Speak a little louder. Everything you say is twisted in with everything else you say, and I can't hear any of it on account of that horrid buzzing. Louden? Oh, his name's Louden, is it?"

Interruption in a man's voice: "Ladies, permit me to announce to you that the man for whom I wished to call a doctor is dead. While you were indulging in your stupid talk he bled to death!"

A voice: "Who's bled to death?"

Another voice: "I wish it were that confounded Louden those two gossiping girls were talking about."

Miss Mary Arnold speaks with Dorothy Twinkle.

"Is that you, Doll? Yes? Plainer? Can you hear me now? All right. Have you heard of the dreadful trouble that has come upon poor Helen Spingler? No? It's perfectly dreadful. She recently became engaged to a Mr. Louden or Louding or some such name, and they hadn't been engaged but a short time when he met with an accident. Cut an artery or something and"

"Central! Central! Central! Can't you call off those long winded women? I'm due to catch a train at 3 o'clock and must get a cab and reach the station all within twenty minutes."

Miss Dorothy Twinkle to Sadie Goodrich. "Oh, Sadie! Have you heard what has happened to Elliot Louden? No? He is dead? Not red—dead. Bled? Yes; he bled to death. And just after his engagement to that pretty Helen Spingler. Isn't it awful? Yes, the one your brother George has been attentive to. I supposed it would be a match. Is George very much cut up? Hasn't heard what—the engagement or the accident? Well, I never!"

A cutoff.
George Goodrich is called by his sister and comes to the phone. "Please give me 3684 W—yes, 3684—W. Twinkle is the name. No, not Winkle—Twinkle. Neither Winkle nor Wrinkle, but Twinkle. Oh, never mind the name. Give me the number."
"Is that you, Miss Twinkle? Yes? Sadie was talking with you about something dreadful that has happened when she was cut off. Would you mind telling me the particulars? Thank you." Listens for some time intently. "You say that Louden bled to death before a doctor could reach him? Two brutal men monopolized the wire? Wouldn't they give it up to save a life? The monsters! How does Helen Spingler take it? Inconceivable! Umph! I wouldn't trust her. She'll have another fellow before the year's out. She's fickle as the wind."

Helen Spingler speaks to Mary Arnold: "Mary, why didn't you meet me yesterday at Robinson's? I was there promptly and waited an hour by the glove counter. Didn't expect me? You mean you didn't hear the time and place of the appointment? What calamity? Louden? Who's he? My fiance bled to death? What are you driving me?" Listens for some minutes. "Merciful goodness! And all this grew out of my asking you to speak louder and that horrid man butting in! Just think of it! All over town? Do try to stop it. By the bye, I've settled on the trimming for my dress. I've decided on lace. What kind? Oh, some mother brought from Brussels! Very expensive. She brought it in when they used to pay the inspectors \$5 and get all the trunks passed free. Goodbye. Be sure to correct that ridiculous story about my engagement and the rest of it."

"Of course I will. What miserable things these party wires are! Just as one settles for a nice little morning chat with a friend some one who has a toothache must telephone his dentist. Sometimes he gets the wire: sometimes he doesn't. Then another person will wildly call on his butcher for a dinner that has been delivered at the wrong house and a party of guests waiting. How unreasonable people are. When any one else has the phone I am perfectly willing to wait till he gets through. Not she gets through—he!"
George Goodrich calls up Helen Spingler: "Helen? Yes, I'm George. Who perpetrated that confounded story about your having been engaged to Elliot Louden? It's nothing to laugh at. I was scared out of my boots. Shouldn't have believed it? Why not? No fellow can tell when a girl is going back on him. This evening? What time? Yes; I think I can. I'll be around about 8. Be sure to have your things on. Which do you prefer—a play or a comic opera? All right."

A Detective Problem

By T. G. ARNOLD

"John," said my chief, "they want a man at Burnet station to investigate a trouble they're having there. Some one is committing incendiary acts, and they can't find out who is doing it. Go down there and see if you can do anything for them."

I hadn't been long in the detective business and was ambitious to show some ability in the case with a view to promotion to more important cases and better pay. I reached Burnet in the afternoon and met the gentlemen who had sent for a detective. They told me that the fires invariably occurred at night, never in the daytime. I asked them why they hadn't established a watch, and they said the matter did not occur often enough to warrant their doing so, there having been only three or four cases during a year. There were only a few policemen in the town, not enough to light upon the incendiary except by accident. I asked them if the burnings were confined to Burnet, and they replied that a blacksmith shop during the time of their occurrence had been set afire in the next station below, Wharton. That was the only case they knew of. No one was suspected, no stranger had been seen loitering about, and they didn't believe any one had come into the town to do the damage.

The case for me seemed hopeless. I could see no way to solve it except by keeping watch, and another outrage might not occur within two or three months if at all. Nevertheless I didn't like to go back to report that I hadn't made an effort, so I concluded to settle myself in the town for a week. The hotel was a very poor one, and one of the men, Mr. Aborn, who had sent for me offered to take me into his home. I accepted and was in no hurry to get away, for his daughter, Alice, a girl of nineteen, took my fancy, and while pretending to investigate the incendiary case I was really dawdling about with her.

Miss Aborn, it is true, took a great interest in the matter about which I had come to Burnet, or, rather, the detective features pertaining to it. I was the first one of the profession she had ever met, and I was quite a curiosity to her. She wished to know my methods in the case I was supposed to be working on, but I told her that detectives had no confidants.

At the end of the week I returned to headquarters and reported no progress. Before leaving Burnet Alice Aborn told me that she was going over to Wharton to visit a cousin for a few weeks. To please her I told her she might try to find out something about the fire that had occurred there. She was delighted at the commission and promised to do all she could to find a clew.

I hadn't been away from Burnet more than three or four days when I received a telegram that another mysterious fire had occurred at Wharton. I took a train for that point at once and, entering the town incoz, began to snoop around for what I could find out. But my incoz didn't last long, for I met Alice Aborn on the street. I asked her if she had learned anything, and she admitted she had not. I was not disappointed, for I had expected nothing from her.

After a couple of days spent at Wharton without results I went over to Burnet on a train with Alice. She told me she had thought so much about the incendiary cases that on several occasions she had dreamed she had herself set fire to buildings. When I asked her if these dreams had occurred about the time the fires had taken place she said she didn't remember, except in the last one that had just passed. She had one of her incendiary dreams on the very night this fire occurred.

A very remarkable suspicion entered my head. Could Alice be unconsciously the incendiary? Nonsense! How could she get out of bed in the middle of the night and, unseen, go and set fire to a building? But I could not get her dreams out of my head and the fact that a fire had occurred at Wharton just when she was there. I asked her where she had been when the former fire had occurred there, and after a little thought she said that on that occasion she had also been at Wharton.

From that moment there was no doubt in my mind that while in some abnormal condition Alice Aborn in her sleep had succeeded in escaping from her home unknown to any one in it and had set fire to the buildings burned. As soon as we reached Burnet I had an interview with her father, told him of my suspicions and suggested his setting a watch upon his daughter. Then I took my leave and reported the case to my chief.

Banking Here Is Pleasant and Safe

Safety of your funds is not the only advantage this bank can offer. In addition to the unquestioned safety that our strong directorate, business-like management, and well chosen securities give to our depositors' money, this is a pleasant place to do business. You'll like the way you are received if you bring your account here, and we hope to see you do that soon. We'll try to make the connection mutually helpful.

I hadn't been long in the detective business and was ambitious to show some ability in the case with a view to promotion to more important cases and better pay. I reached Burnet in the afternoon and met the gentlemen who had sent for a detective. They told me that the fires invariably occurred at night, never in the daytime. I asked them why they hadn't established a watch, and they said the matter did not occur often enough to warrant their doing so, there having been only three or four cases during a year. There were only a few policemen in the town, not enough to light upon the incendiary except by accident. I asked them if the burnings were confined to Burnet, and they replied that a blacksmith shop during the time of their occurrence had been set afire in the next station below, Wharton. That was the only case they knew of. No one was suspected, no stranger had been seen loitering about, and they didn't believe any one had come into the town to do the damage.

The case for me seemed hopeless. I could see no way to solve it except by keeping watch, and another outrage might not occur within two or three months if at all. Nevertheless I didn't like to go back to report that I hadn't made an effort, so I concluded to settle myself in the town for a week. The hotel was a very poor one, and one of the men, Mr. Aborn, who had sent for me offered to take me into his home. I accepted and was in no hurry to get away, for his daughter, Alice, a girl of nineteen, took my fancy, and while pretending to investigate the incendiary case I was really dawdling about with her.

Miss Aborn, it is true, took a great interest in the matter about which I had come to Burnet, or, rather, the detective features pertaining to it. I was the first one of the profession she had ever met, and I was quite a curiosity to her. She wished to know my methods in the case I was supposed to be working on, but I told her that detectives had no confidants.

At the end of the week I returned to headquarters and reported no progress. Before leaving Burnet Alice Aborn told me that she was going over to Wharton to visit a cousin for a few weeks. To please her I told her she might try to find out something about the fire that had occurred there. She was delighted at the commission and promised to do all she could to find a clew.

I hadn't been away from Burnet more than three or four days when I received a telegram that another mysterious fire had occurred at Wharton. I took a train for that point at once and, entering the town incoz, began to snoop around for what I could find out. But my incoz didn't last long, for I met Alice Aborn on the street. I asked her if she had learned anything, and she admitted she had not. I was not disappointed, for I had expected nothing from her.

After a couple of days spent at Wharton without results I went over to Burnet on a train with Alice. She told me she had thought so much about the incendiary cases that on several occasions she had dreamed she had herself set fire to buildings. When I asked her if these dreams had occurred about the time the fires had taken place she said she didn't remember, except in the last one that had just passed. She had one of her incendiary dreams on the very night this fire occurred.

A very remarkable suspicion entered my head. Could Alice be unconsciously the incendiary? Nonsense! How could she get out of bed in the middle of the night and, unseen, go and set fire to a building? But I could not get her dreams out of my head and the fact that a fire had occurred at Wharton just when she was there. I asked her where she had been when the former fire had occurred there, and after a little thought she said that on that occasion she had also been at Wharton.

From that moment there was no doubt in my mind that while in some abnormal condition Alice Aborn in her sleep had succeeded in escaping from her home unknown to any one in it and had set fire to the buildings burned. As soon as we reached Burnet I had an interview with her father, told him of my suspicions and suggested his setting a watch upon his daughter. Then I took my leave and reported the case to my chief.

Three months from that date I received a letter from Mr. Aborn informing me that during the previous night his daughter had walked in her sleep and had been stopped just as she was about to set fire to an old stable. She slept in a wing of the house and could get out of her window on to a shed and thence to the ground and return. After my suggestion her sister had slept with her and had seen her get up and go out of the window. The sister had called the father. Alice had been followed and awakened before the fire was lighted.

Alice eventually recovered from her somnambulist tricks and is now my wife.

He will make the season of 1912 at Stayton every Wednesday. Terms \$25.00 to insure, \$20.00 for season.
George Smith and Henry Smith, Owners

POOL AND BILLIARD PARLOR

E. T. MATTHIEU, Proprietor
A Good Place To Spend a Pleasant Hour
BEST and LARGEST LINE OF TOBACCO in TOWN