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will force the most skeptical to the conclusion that we are constantly offering the best values in town from the double standpoint of high qualities and low prices. Moreover, our quick and polite service leaves nothing to be desired on the part of our patrons. We would like to include you among them—if you appreciate buying where you get quality with economy.

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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. 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. Hancock, 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.

**BUNCH THEIR WEDDINGS.**

Only One Day in the Year For Marriages in Plougastel, Brittany.

In the city of Plougastel, in Brittany, France, all marriages take place on one and the same day. The men are all fishermen, many of them going as far as the Newfoundland banks, and are at home only during a few months in the winter. One day in early February is set apart for the weddings. Little courting is done, but much haggling over the dowry of the girls. They have to bring a certain quantity of linen, chickens, pigs and vegetables. Frequently a match is broken off because the girl's father refuses to add a sack of potatoes to the dowry.

On the day set the inhabitants of the entire region go to Plougastel. The whole population goes to church to hear mass, to take communion and to witness the wedding ceremonies. Often fifty or more couples are united on the same day. Bride and groom do not walk together until the ceremony has been completed. For the rest of this and the whole of the next day every house is open to receive guests and to provide food and drink for them. On the evening of the second day the young men carry the dowries of the brides to the houses of the grooms. There they dance and frolic until early morning, and, after they leave, the couple are for the first time together and alone. During the remainder of the year no marriages are concluded.—Leslie's.

**Brutal Conduct.**

"But why are you determined to get a divorce from your husband?" "Because he is an absolute brute."

"You amaze me. You used to say that he was as gentle as a child." "Yes, that's what I used to say. But you ought to see him now! Listen! Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little darling but being allowed to pull his papa's whiskers. And when he found that out what do you think he did? He went down and had his beard shaved off, that's what! Do you think I'd live with a man that has that sort of disposition?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Hamburg Stock Exchange.**

The public rooms of the Hamburg bourse, subject to very mild rules conducive to good order, are open to all, with very few exceptions. Their use is definitely forbidden "to all female persons," to individuals who have been deprived of their civic rights, who are under some form of judicial restraint, who have been adjudged guilty of fraudulent bankruptcy, persons adjudged to be in simple bankruptcy, those unable to meet their obligations and such as are forbidden the use of the bourse through the decision of the court of honor.

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**A Singular Wooing**

By STEPHEN DELANO

The first person I knew after putting up at the hotel, Naples, was Kate Searles.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," she said. "There are three of us women here—mother, Aunt Sarah and I—and not a man. There is no fun for us to go tramping about seeing sights by ourselves. Besides, it's very inconvenient. Here Italians fleece us at every turn. Why, a cabman yesterday followed me into my pension for pour-boir (a tip) after charging me double price, and, since he couldn't speak any English, I couldn't argue with him. Finally I shouted 'El Reina!' (the queen), and the man ran downstairs so fast I thought he would break his neck. I suppose he thought I had influence at court."

Kate is a jolly girl and laughed heartily at her own inventive genius. "I say," she went on, "I've made a mash—an Italian. He follows me everywhere. These Italians act just as they did in Dante's time—ogle and sigh and do all manner of ridiculous things, thinking that's the way to win a woman. What are you going to do tomorrow?"

"See sights." "We're going down to Pompeii. Will you go with us?" "Certainly."

"Very well. We'll all leave here together at 10 sharp. There's a train at 10:30."

The next day when we left the train at Pompeii and walked to the entrance of the exhumed city we were approached by half a dozen guides. I did the bargaining for the service they offered and chose one whose appearance was far more respectable than any of the others. He was very humble, however, and agreed to pilot us for a ridiculously low price. As we started off, the guide leading the way, Kate fell back and, pulling my sleeve, whispered:

"The Italian!" "What Italian?" "My admirer. He has learned at the hotel that I ordered a carriage for the station to come here—it probably cost him a franc tip—and has come down to perpetrate some mediaeval nonsense."

"You're stuffing me." "On my honor, I'm not; you will see for yourself before long."

We walked up the street leading into the heart of the city and paused at the temple of fortune. Our guide spoke English fairly well, but I could readily see that if lecturing in his own tongue he would give us a very interesting account of what we saw. Notwithstanding his limited English vocabulary he made us see the fire and smoke that first emerged from Vesuvius on the day Pompeii was destroyed, the great tree shaped column of ashes that hung over the doomed city, the consternation of the citizens, the coming darkness, people fleeing to the different gates; then the inky blackness through which crowds struggled, dropping by the way.

This he gave as a preliminary to information as to the different buildings we examined. I was astonished at the amount of the information he possessed. I had visited Pompeii before with a guide, but was disgusted with the amount of nonsense he gave us instead of information. This man spoke as one who had been educated to speak of the ancients, giving his authority for what he told us, quoting, sometimes in Latin, from the Roman authors whose works have come down to us.

Kate, when she had recognized the man, was much amused. But while he was discoursing I looked at her and saw a great change. She appeared to be charmed with his lecture, and I could see in her expression an inward pride that the man had been so attracted to her as to assume to be a guide for the purpose of being with her and giving her the benefit of his erudition upon what, without it, would have lost most of its charm.

I shall not soon forget that eloquent address, or series of addresses, ending with a description of a scene in the theatre while we were looking down from the seats on to the stage where, some nineteen centuries before, was enacted the scene described.

When we parted from our guide I dropped his fee into his hand and asked him for his card. He gave it to me, and I read: "Giuseppe Benoli, Roman Archaeologist, via — 68." Putting it in my pocket I followed my party. Scarcely had we got into the train when Kate, who had seen the guide give me his card, demanded it. I gave it to her, and her face took on one of those looks that in a woman means delight at being admired by a man of ability.

I called the next day on Senator Benoli, finding him in the midst of treasure lately exhumed, which he was examining and recording as government archaeologist. He greeted me with an amused smile, and I repaid him for the pleasure he had given us by inviting him to call upon the party he had guided through the unsealed city.

Kate Searles now lives in Rome, to which city her husband has been transferred. When some very dear friend comes from America, as a great mark of favor she will send her husband as pilot to some object of interest.

National traits are lasting. This man did but make love as his ancestors had done centuries before him.

**KOREANS ARE GLUTTONS.**

Always Ready to Eat and Always Gorge Themselves When They Can.

The Koreans appear to be the greatest eaters in the world. To this the Japanese, French, English, Dutch and Chinese all bear witness. All reports concerning the Korean capacity for food seem to agree. In this respect there is not the least difference between the rich and the poor, the noble and the plebeian. To eat much is an honor in Korea, and the merit of a feast, it would seem, consists not so much in the quality as in the quantity of the food served. Little conversation occurs during the Korean meal, for each sentence might lose a mouthful. A Korean is always ready to eat. He attacks whatever he meets with and rarely cries "Enough." Even between meals he will help himself to anything edible that is offered.

The ordinary portion of a laborer is about a quart of rice, which when cooked makes a good bulk. This, however, is no serious hindrance to his devouring double or treble the quantity when he can get it. Eating matches are common. When an ox is slaughtered and the beef is served up a heaping bowl of the steaming mess does not alarm any guest. When fruits, such as peaches or small melons, are served it is said that they are devoured without peeling. Twenty or thirty peaches are deemed an ordinary allowance per person and rapidly disappear. Such prodigality in food is, however, not common, and for one feast there are many fastings. The Koreans are neither fastidious in their eating nor painstaking in their cooking. Nothing goes to waste. All is grist that comes to the mill in their mouths.—New York Press.

**A FUNNY SULTAN.**

He Liked to Play Practical Jokes Upon His Invited Guests.

We all like our little joke, and eastern potentates have from time immemorial enjoyed the reputation of being the merriest of monarchs. The Moorish palace of Sultan Abu Yakub Yussuf at Seville—known today as the Alcazar—contains one of the most elaborate practical jokes extant. When in a gay mood some important merchant or notable of Seville would receive a pressing invitation summoning him to the presence. In a fever of delighted expectancy the flattered guest would don his whitest raiment and hie him to the palace.

There he would be ceremoniously conducted to the gardens and directed up the long avenue. But, alas, halfway up it he would inevitably tread upon a moving flagstone resting upon a spring, and immediately countless jets of water would gush out of the ground and from the surrounding shrubbery and drench him. Amid the jeers of the courtiers the luckless and bedraggled wight would beat an undignified retreat. Before he was allowed to leave the palace, however, he was sworn to secrecy on pain of death. At all costs nothing must make the joke fall flat when repeated.

The treacherous flagstone has been removed, and today the visitor may pass with impunity, but a poseta to the head gardener will usually cause the fountain to play. Not many people know of their existence, however. The water is sprayed through hundreds of tiny pipes, so small as to be almost invisible, which are placed in the cracks between the flagstones.—Strand Magazine.

**By and Large.**

A correspondent asks, "Where did the fool expression 'by and large' come from, and what does it mean?" It is scarcely foolish, for the men who invented the phrase were the great sailors of the past, and by and large they opened a new world for folk to whom the speech of adventure is a closed volume. To sail "by" is to sail as close to the point from which the wind comes as the ship's lines will allow and as skillful steering will permit. To sail "large" is to sail with the wind. Together they include all possible points of sailing. Therefore "by and large" is a vivid phrase to express the idea of all included.—New York Sun.

**The Proud Duke.**

An English importer in New York told a story illustrative of the pride of the late Duke of Fife.

"A very rich woman in Grosvenor square," he said, "once asked the duke to dinner in terms like these:

"Mrs. Parvenu's social secretary is desired to invite the Duke of Fife to dinner on the 7th inst. at 8 o'clock."

"To this invitation came back the answer:

"The Duke of Fife's piper is desired to inform Mrs. Parvenu's social secretary that the Duke of Fife declines her invitation."—Washington Star.

**Depending on the Neighbors.**

She was a rather plump old woman and had always tried to be accommodating to her neighbors, but even her obliging spirit had to refuse a request from a neighbor who sent by her little boy the following message:

"Please, ma'am, mother sent me over to see if I couldn't get a couple of pounds of lard off of you."—Lippincott's.

**Foot Workers.**

Bill—I see that each German regiment has attached to it a chiropodist. Jill—In case of a retreat I suppose those fellows could do some pretty good foot work.—You're Statesman.

**Pleasing a Girl.**

Sillicus—What is the first thing a fellow should do if he wants to please a girl? Cynicus—Make a fool of himself except her.—Philadelphia Record.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. LAND OFFICE

Portland, Oregon, June 1, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that Frank X. Pflieger, of Elkhorn, Oregon, who, on April 18, 1911, made Homestead Entry Serial No. 02913 for SE $\frac{1}{4}$  Section 36, Township 8 South, Range 4 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, on the 18th day of July, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses: Mahlon W. Chamberlin of Elkhorn, Ore. James Evert of Elkhorn, Ore. H. M. Reece of Elkhorn, Ore. Art Roda of Elkhorn, Ore.

H. F. Higby, Register.

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**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 19th 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.

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