

The STAYTON MAIL

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E. M. Olmsted and W. C. Parry

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Positively all papers stopped on expiration of subscription.

Mr. Stork has been nominated for congress. He probably is backed by all the infant industries.

The public drinking cups have been taken off all fountains in Kentucky. Nobody ever used them, anyway.

Kermit Roosevelt is reported as nursing an ambition to grow a mustache like dad. A mustache isn't the only thing dad has been raising, either.

There seems little likelihood that the population will settle down and do a day's work until the bull moosé, the elephant, the donkey and the tiger close up the quadriennial hippodrome November 5.

Fred Mulkey, the handsomest man in Oregon, may run for United States senator as the progressive candidate. Might be better politics for him to wait until after the women are given the right to vote.

The homestead law, which was enacted in 1862, has been at last amended to conform to the changed conditions. Suitable lands for homes have become scarce and it is only by offering every inducement that remaining lands can be populated. The amended law reduces the residence period from five to three years and gives the entryman a leave of absence of five months every year.

Northwest Clips

The new city jail in the Rose city will cost \$200,000.

Gresham wants a new city hall and public fountain.

Billy Sunday is spending a few weeks at his Hood River ranch.

A three days' agricultural fair will be held in Falls City in August.

Moscow, Idaho, is to have a new system of water mains laid at an expenditure of \$15,000.

The activities of the I. W. W. seriously interfere with harvesting in the Walla Walla region.

The forerunners of a visitation of seven year locusts have made their appearance in St. Johns.

Twenty-five business men of Astoria met one evening recently and organized a law-and-order league.

Some Baker county farmers are experimenting in the cultivation of flax with considerable success.

Part of the bridge across the Willamette river at Jasper fell the other day, injuring three workmen.

The city of Eugene has purchased the herd of elk for its public park that were a feature of the Portland parade.

A bill looking to the creation of Nesmith county has obtained 1400 more than the necessary number of signatures.

An irrigation ditch has just been completed in the Hood River section that has taken six years to construct at a cost of \$150,000.

Spokane is planning to erect a great public stadium, with baseball field and field for other sports. It may be used also, for aviation meets.

A rag doll tightly clasped in

The One Thing Needful

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am the rector of St. James' church in Jonesville. I usually wear canonicals and am easily recognized for a clergyman. I was passing along the street one morning when I was hailed by a strapping young fellow standing beside an ox team drawn up beside the curb. He had on a linsay woolsey suit, a flannel shirt, and his trousers were tucked in his boots. He was massive, with light hair, blue eyes and a florid complexion. Altogether he was as striking a specimen of young, uncouth manly beauty as I had ever seen.

"I say, neighbor," he said, "be you a parson?"

"I'm a clergyman," I replied. He was taking me in wonderingly, running his eyes over my black suit, my clerical hat vest, the gold cross hanging from my watch chain, fixing his eyes at last on my collar.

"Would you mind tellin' me," he said, "how you got that on?"

"My collar? Oh, that's very easy. It is buttoned in the back of the neck instead of the front. What can I do for you?"

"Well, when I saw you comin' along I was thinkin' about gettin' married. I says to myself: 'What luck! Here's a parson right handy.'"

"Have you got your license?"

"You bet. I've had that a long while."

"Is the lady prepared?"

"I hain't prepared her. Fact is, I hain't much of a hand at courtin', and I hain't done that part of the job yet."

"I should think it was the first part of the job to be done."

"Naturally it is, but anything we don't like to do we put off. Conscience is I done all the other things first. I got the license. I got you and I got ten acres of land with a house on it. I got them all first because they was the easiest."

"You have your intentions fixed on a girl, I presume?"

"You bet; the likeliest girl in these parts; purty as a new red wagon."

"And you have every reason to suppose she is ready to marry you?"

"Reckon. Leastways, she acts that way. But I hain't certain. If I was certain, askin' her would be the easiest part of the whole job."

"But, my friend, having made all the preparations wouldn't it be a great disappointment to you if the young lady should refuse you?"

"By gum! parson, don't talk that away."

The color rushed out of his face and he showed every evidence of terror.

"We all have a weak spot about us somewhere," I continued, "and I fancy yours is a want of ability to make a proposal."

"How'd you know that?"

"I guessed it. I would advise you to pull yourself together and ask the young lady to be your wife. Then you'll know whether you need my services or not. If you do, come to the rectory."

"What's that?"

"My house, where I live. Do you see the church spire down there? Well, my house is next door. I shall be at home all day and will be happy to marry you."

"What'll be the damage?"

"Oh, anything you care to give. Good morning."

"Hold on, parson. Do you know of anything a feller can take to brace him up for such a job?"

"Nothing. You must summon up your resolution. A strapping fellow like you ought not to be afraid of a girl."

"That's just the thing I am afraid of. You don't think I'd be afraid of a man, do you?"

"Good morning. I shall expect you."

I left him, but before I had gone far looked back and saw him gazing at me wistfully, as if he thought I might help him if I only would. But there was no hope for him except in himself, and, with an encouraging smile, I turned again and went on my way.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon there was a ring at the rectory bell, and the maid who answered the summons came to my study and said there was a couple downstairs who wished to see me. She described the young man who had accosted me in the morning, and, not feeling very sure of him, I told her to send him up. She did so, and he came into my study radiant.

"I done it," he said exuberantly.

"You found it easy enough, didn't you," I replied, "when you once got down to it?"

"Oh, yes! It was easy enough when it was all over."

I looked at his license, asked him a few questions, then went downstairs, where I saw a pretty country girl about seventeen years old, who blushed as I entered and twisted her handkerchief into every conceivable shape. In an adjoining room I put on my vestments and, returning, joined the pair in the bonds of holy matrimony. But so intent was the swain on my white surplice and stole that he heard nothing of what I said, and I was obliged to repeat the questions asked before he responded. When the couple was made one the groom dived down into the bottom of his breeches pocket, fished out a screw, two or three rusty nails, a staple and a silver dollar. The dollar he handed to me.

I gave it to the bride. She took it willingly, evidently not realizing that it was too small for me to accept for a fee. Then the pair left me, the groom strutting with pride.

Our Business— Has Steadily Increased

Our trade has grown so much during the last few years that it now becomes necessary for me to visit the Eastern markets annually, and this is to be my first trip.

I expect to make these trips every year, and our customers will certainly reap the benefits of these trips and our close buying ability. We can also assure you the latest in styles and patterns. I bid you all farewell for a short time, assuring you that should any difficulties arise between you and the clerks in charge while I am gone, I will surely make you satisfied upon my return.

Thanking all my customers and friends who have helped make this trip a necessity, I am

Yours for more business,

W. F. KLECKER

STAYTON'S BEST STORE

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SHIP CARVING.

An Art That Went Out With the Old Wooden Warships.

An almost forgotten profession is that of ship carving. For many centuries, down to the beginning of the nineteenth, the ornamentation of vessels, especially men of war, was profuse, intricate and florid. The carving on the United States line of battle ship America, launched in 1782 and presented to France, will give some idea of the extent to which this was carried.

The figurehead was a female figure crowned with laurel representing America. The right arm was raised, pointing to heaven. On the left arm was a buckler with a blue ground carrying thirteen stars. On the stern of the ship under the cabin windows appeared two large figures in bas-relief representing "Tyranny" and "Oppression" bound and bleeding on the ground. On the back of the starboard quarter was a large figure of "Mars." On the highest part of the stern appeared "Wisdom" and above her head an owl.

Philadelphia furnished not only the greatest ship designer in the United States, but also the best ship carver in the world, William Rush. In this field he was without a rival, and to a wonderful technical skill he added an artistic sense of beauty and genius for composition.

He was the first carver to give an idea of life and motion to a ship's figurehead. Each of his figureheads was either the lifelike representation of a person or some symbolic conception expressed in exquisite carving. His most noted productions were "Nature" for the Constellation, the "Genius of the United States" for the frigate of that name and "The River God" for the East India ship Ganges. These figureheads were nine feet high and could be removed for repair or in action.—Harper's Weekly.

A SARTORIAL TRAGEDY.

The Lady Accepted a Flower and Lost Her Beautiful Figure.

In London Truth of March 8, 1877, Henry Labouchere told this story of a toilet calamity due to the feminine fashion of those days.

At a dinner party given lately in Paris one lady was remarked above all others for the elegance of her figure and the perfection of her toilet. During the mauvais quart d'heure before dinner she was surrounded by a host of admirers, and one less bashful than the rest ventured to offer her the flower from his buttonhole. It was accepted, but as the "princess robe" worn by the graceful creature was laced behind it was necessary to fasten the flower to the front of her dress with a pin. The operation was successfully performed, and the fair lady was led in to dinner by the donor of the flower. They were hardly seated when he heard a curious sound like the gentle sighing of the wind, and on turning toward his partner he saw with horror that the lovely figure was getting "small by degrees and beautifully less." The rounded form had disappeared before the soup was over, and long before the first entree the once creaseless garment hung in great folds about a scraggy framework! It seems that the newest dresses for "slight" ladies are made with air tight linings and inflated until the required degree of embonpoint is attained. The unfortunate lady mentioned above had forgotten this detail when she fastened the fatal flower to her bosom with a pin; hence the collapse.

Initials on Easter Eggs.

It is very easy to apply initials and monograms on Easter eggs by using a hard pen dropped in aqua fortis just before they are treated to their color bath. There are any number of preparations to be bought at the drug stores which make very pretty effects.

Outings in Oregon

VIA THE



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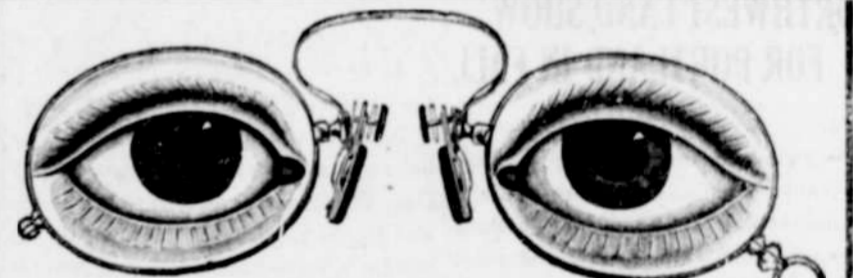
Newport—Yaquina Bay, Tillamook County Beaches, Crater Lake, Colettin Springs, Shasta Springs, Cascadia, Breitenbush Hot Springs and many other springs of more or less note.

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With long limits on sale daily to the above resorts. Our booklet, "Vacation Days in Oregon" describing these and other outing places can be obtained from any Agent, who will cheerfully furnish information as to fares, train service, etc., or a postal card to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

JOHN M. SCOTT,

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon



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