

FARMERS

Do you want to sell your farm or any part of it? Circumstances arise in the life of every farmer which make him desirous of disposing of his property. It make no difference what may cause him to reach this decision---it is going to be the business of the

Farmers' Co-operative Realty Co.

to co-operate with the farmer in making transfers of farm property. It is going to be the helpful medium between the man who wants to sell and the man who wants to buy—a medium that both parties can depend upon with the utmost confidence.

Eastern Advertising

of the kind that reaches the right people at the right time and appeals to them in the right way, is the method this company will employ in getting results. This country needs new settlers, and the dissatisfied East is where they must come from. The Farmers' Co-operative Realty Co. is in a position to reach these prospective settlers. Its policy will be publicity, and no money will be spared in extending the field of its operations. Inquiries from every State in the Middle West are expected as soon as its great advertising campaign has been launched.

Can You See What This Means?

It means that the Farmer's Co-operative Realty Co., will be the most effective medium in the Santiam valley, through which to dispose of land. It means that this company will be in a position to find the right kind of buyers for property that is for sale. See it now? Realize the advantage it will be to you to

List Your Property With Us

Remember, it will cost you nothing to list your farm. If you have the least desire to sell, interview our local manager about our plan of doing business. Don't forget, it's the co-operative plan.

FARMER'S CO-OPERATIVE REALTY COMPANY

S. H. HELTZEL, Manager

Stayton State Bank Building

Stayton, Oregon

UPLIFTING A MAN

By M. QUAD

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Deacon Goodhue was a good man. You could be sure of that by his name alone.

He loved his neighbor as himself and wronged no man. He gave to the heathen and was grieved when he read of the wickedness at home.

For a good many years the deacon went on just being good in a general way, although there were times when he wished he had a specialty. One came his way at last and he was surprised that he had never thought of it before.

But a few tramps came to the village where the deacon lived. Constable Baker had the reputation of being a hard kicker, and the knights of the road took in other towns instead. Therefore the good man had never had a chance to study the tramp at close range.

Constable Baker was taken ill of fever, and while he tossed to and fro on his bed a tramp took advantage of the occasion to make his appearance and do business. He came across Deacon Goodhue almost the first thing, and he told the old, old story of the great Chicago fire—loss of his all—scaffold of his wife—loss of his children and the other particulars. Tears came to the eyes of his listener.

Here was what the deacon had longed for—a specialty.

Mrs. Deacon Goodhue was a good woman, as every deacon's wife ought to be, but she was not too good. When the deacon brought his tramp home there were some words about it.

"Why didn't you bring a pig and done with it?" was asked, after the ragged and dusty wayfarer had been looked over.

"Hannah," replied the deacon, "this man has a soul."

"If he has it ought to be scrubbed with soft soap and hot water!"

"Hannah, he stays," said the deacon as he set his jaw and that ended it. He was a good man, but now and then it became necessary to let it be known who was running that house. The tramp had a hair cut and a shave and was filled up. When his rags had been exchanged for a whole suit the change in him was great. He looked himself over and wept. As he wept he said that his gratitude overpowered him.

"Overpower nothing!" snorted the deacon's wife, and he came back with: "Hannah, it's as he says. No one can deceive me. You can see gratitude sticking right out of him."

"You just wait awhile," the deacon's wife replied when he boasted of the success of the upbuilding.

"Hannah, he'll grow better every day. What do you think he asked me yesterday?"

"For a dollar, probably."

"No, he didn't. He asked me if he might ring the church bell on Sunday mornings to call out the congregation."

"And you told him he might?"

"Of course. Don't that show that the man is having serious thoughts?"

"No. It shows that he's getting ready to steal the rope and the bell."

Samuel Smith, a villager, had left his hoe hanging on the limb of a cherry tree in the garden. It disappeared. Mr. Jones had some tools in his barn. The tools went. Mrs. Adams left the Monday wash on the clothes line that night, and not a garment was to be found next morning. Theft after theft occurred, and the whole village became excited.

After that a house was entered and robbed—then another and another. Constable Baker had been getting along, but these things brought on a relapse. Six houses were entered and robbed, and as many as a score of thefts took place before Deacon Goodhue became aware of the fact that his "patient" was suspected. Then he met his fellow men to exclaim:

"Can it be possible? No, you can't be so cruel and unjust! You might as well suspect me!"

They couldn't go against the deacon, and so they hunted the county over, though without striking a trail. The deacon felt it his duty to mention things to Moses, and Moses wept after hearing them. The robberies also ceased for a week.

"See how unjust the world is!" sighed the deacon. "Because misfortune has dragged you down I alone am a believer in your integrity."

"I knew the world would not give me a chance!" wailed Moses.

"But it must. It shall. You shall be uplifted."

The night after that there were two robberies, and it was found in the morning that Moses had departed. He had left behind him a note that read:

"You have been good to me and I have tried to show my gratitude and appreciation. Look under the hay in the barn."

The deacon went out to look. There were four or five of his neighbors there before him. Under the hay had been found everything the community had been robbed of. The tramp had done it to reward the man that was uplifting him!

Of course the good man was asked to explain matters, and of course he tried his best. That was ten years ago and he's explaining yet. Sometimes the villagers seem to take his view of things, and sometimes they shake their heads and say:

"Mebbe so, deacon, mebbe so; but, you see, when you are trying to uplift a man it's your duty to tie him to the bedpost or nights so's you can tell where he is."

SPOTS ON THE SUN

They Indicate the Aging of Our Orb of Life and Light.

THE GREAT SOLAR TRAGEDY.

A Grim Play in Which the "Star" is Fighting For Existence, Has Absolutely No Chance to Win and Whose Death Means the End of the World.

Life is a tragedy, the earth a stage, men and women the actors, the "gods" the audience. Some pessimists believe that this great play of life is more comic than tragic in the opinion of the spectators.

However this may be, there is another, vastly greater, tragedy of life at which man himself is an onlooker, although, unfortunately, his own ultimate fate is bound up with the denouement of the play.

It is the life drama of the solar system. Its chief actor is the sun, and men are beginning to rub their eyes and wipe the specks from their glasses as they perceive more and more plainly indications that the "star" of the play is aging.

The fact is becoming only too clear that for him this is no sport, but real, deadly tragedy. He is not acting a part, but fighting for life. He cannot win; he can only prolong the struggle, and when he falls exhausted the stage, the theater, actors, spectators, pit and galleries will go with him in one universal ruin.

Until recently we were only troubled a little in mind by the sun spots. It was evident that they must cut off some radiation, but the amount appeared to be trifling, and their maxima are far apart, ten or eleven years. But now we are confronted by a much more disquieting phenomenon. The sun appears to "fluctuate at irregular intervals of several days and sometimes of several months."

Here is the crux of the whole matter. What does the recognition of the fact that the sun is a veritable star mean? What may it mean to the earth and its inhabitants? These questions can best be answered by considering other variable stars.

Let us take an extreme example. There is in the constellation of the Whale a famous variable star known as Mira the Wonderful. In a period of about ten months on the average it

changes from the third—sometimes the second—magnitude to about the ninth and then back again.

That means, in the extreme, a probable difference of between two and three hundred times in the amount of light and heat which it radiates around it at maximum and at minimum.

When it is faintest it cannot be seen with the naked eye; when it is brightest it is a conspicuous object. As it fades it turns reddish in color, and when it brightens it blazes with brilliant spectroscopic lines.

It is probably a sun at least as great as our sun, and it has recently been found that its spectrum resembles in some striking peculiarities the spectra of sun spots.

Did it ever have any worlds to light and nourish? If so think of the condition of those worlds now.

A sun is like a living organism—it wears out. As it ages it becomes more and more variable. It maintains itself and its planets while its radiant power lasts, but it cannot do so forever. It contracts, flickers, struggles, fades and goes out. Its lifetime is millions of years, but it has an end.

"Let us account as a mere nothing," cried Boesnet, "everything that ends, for, though we should multiply years beyond the reach of numbers, yet all would be nothing when the fatal term is reached."—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

A City of the Dead.

Bath, from which city Dickens carried away the immortal names of Pickwick and Snodgrass, holds relics of the master. His tobacco jar and beer jug are still piously preserved at the Sarnen's Head. But, though Dickens wrote gloriously of Bath, he never really liked the place.

"Lander's ghost goes along the silent streets here before me," he writes in 1858. . . . "The place looks to me like a cemetery which the dead have succeeded in rising and taking. Having built streets of their old grave-stones, they wander about, scarcely trying to 'look alive.' A dead failure."

Read Only Women Authors.

Misandry occasionally has its uses. A Russian lady, Mme. Kalassovoff, who died in 1901 in St. Petersburg, would not allow any book written by a man to enter her house. She was, however, a voracious reader and wealthy enough to satisfy her cravings in this direction. On her death her library was found to contain nearly 18,000 volumes, all written by women. This was said at the time to be the most extensive collection of this kind ever formed.

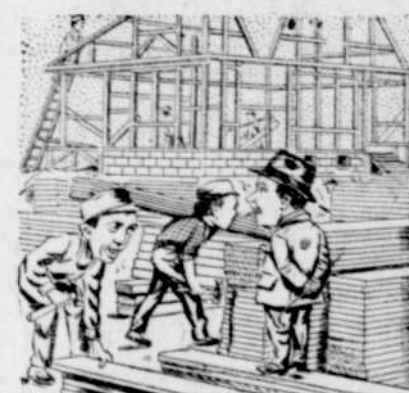
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STAYTON CASH PRODUCE COMPANY
G. B. Trask Manager. Stayton Oregon



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