

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 SPANOL

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 Embalmer
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

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

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

Stayton Butcher Shop

New and up to date.
Clean and Sanitary.

3rd and High Streets, Stayton
Merrifield & Casteel, Proprietors

NEWS of the CHURCHES.

Baptist

Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. A. C. Easton. 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. Laineck, 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. Laineck, 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. Panoast, 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.

A GREAT CLUBBING OFFER

Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal, one year . . . \$1.50
The Stayton Mail . . . \$1.50
Total . . . \$3.00
Both Papers One year, . . \$2.00

The Stayton Mail

Gives all the local news and happenings and should be in every home in this vicinity.
The two papers make a splendid combination and you save \$1 by sending your subscription to us.
We can also give our subscribers a good clubbing offer for the Daily and Sunday, or Sunday Journal, in connection with

THE STAYTON MAIL

H. A. BEAUCHAMP, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
STAYTON, OREGON

C. H. BREWER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
STAYTON, 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

Wilbur N. Pintler, D.M.D.
DENTIST
Office over Deidrich's Store
Phone 2152 Stayton, Ore

S. H. HELTZEL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC
Abstracts and Probate Work a Specialty
Office Over Stayton, State Bank

A SAILOR'S KNOT

By EDWARD N. WENTWORTH

The president of the bank sent for me and said:
"Mr. Hemingway, we must send \$20,000 to the Third National bank of Coperton and get it there before 3 o'clock. I wish you and Williams to take it, dividing the amount between you. You will go by an automobile, for which I have sent, to be here in ten minutes from Anderson's garage. You and Williams will, of course, go armed, but I don't think there is any danger since I see no reason why any one should know that you carry money."
It was very well for the president to say that no one would know we carried money, but the bank was continually sending out funds, and Williams and I were known as the bank's messengers. We didn't know who of the force employed in the bank might be dishonest and knowing when funds were taken to other places would supply information to crooks that would cause a robbery.

I had carried funds so often without getting into trouble that it seemed to me the pitcher that goes often to the well is at last broken.
However, Williams and I started, each with \$10,000 on our persons. Our chauffeur we had had often before and had every confidence in him. We piled out of town and onto the road to Coperton, some twenty-five miles distant.

Some ten miles or the distance had been done, when, coming to a sharp bend in the road, our driver slowed up to make the turn and a man jumped onto the footboard on each side, each man holding a cocked revolver at our heads. A third man covered the driver and ordered him to stop.

Of course we had no time to draw and defend ourselves, and the chauffeur was unarmed. The first thing the robbers, who were masked, did was to take away our revolvers and the next to go through us and relieve us of the bills. Then they took us into a thick wood beside the road and, whipping out a strong cord, proceeded to bind us so thoroughly that we could not move hand or foot. Then they put gags in our mouths and left the three of us to get out of the scrape as best we could.

Now, I had been to sea from eighteen to twenty on a sailing vessel and knew something about the calling of a sailor. There was one circumstance and only one that told me the man who tied me had been a seaman. When he bound me he tied the cord in a knot that every sailor uses continually and no one but a sailor would think of using. Fortunately for me, I couldn't talk for the gag in my mouth or I should have called the attention of the others to the fact. As it was, I soon bethought myself that a large reward would be paid by the bank for the discovery of the robbers and with the clue I possessed I might more easily win the reward myself. So I determined to keep my counsel and as soon as we were released to hunt for a sailor or one who had been a sailor who was spending money freely.

The chauffeur, who had some false teeth in his head, by dint of working his jaws contrived to loosen them, which loosened his gag also, and he soon got both teeth and gag out of his way. So when we heard the sound of wheels passing on the road he set up a shout, which brought a man into the wood. The chauffeur told him our story, and, taking his knife, he cut the cords that bound us. This enabled me to preserve the knot that was used in my case, and I stuffed it into my pocket for evidence.

I confess I didn't feel any especial tenderness for the president of the bank, who I thought should have found better ways of sending money about than the one adopted. I not only had the obloquy of having been robbed, of having some suspicion cast upon me of being in league with the robbers, but I had run a risk of being murdered. Therefore I resolved on an effort to get something out of the occurrence.

I wrote or telephoned the police of the neighboring towns to look out for any one of a sailor cut who was spending money. I was soon notified of a man who was ashore temporarily, who had got a \$100 bill changed. I slipped away to the town where the fellow was, darkened my complexion, met him in a saloon, pretended to be drunk and asked him to drink with me. We had not been long together before he changed another bill of large denomination, which I believed had been carried by either Williams or me. I left him at his boarding house, but returned when he was asleep and before he awakened from his drunken stupor had found \$10,850 of the bank's money.

When he got frightened again I promised him light punishment if he would peach on his comrades. He agreed, and it turned out that the others were ex-convicts, who had got hold of the sailor while ashore and led him into the robbery. All the money except a few hundred dollars was recovered, and I captured a reward of \$3,000. As soon as I had received it, I left the service of the bank and do not intend to go back as messenger to that or any other institution. Their methods of exchanging funds I consider out of date and very dangerous. And I have no desire ever again to expose myself to the temptation offered to robbers. Since my retirement my wife says the ceasing from worry about me is delightful.

A Veteran's Yarn

By DANIEL CLAYBOURNE

The veterans of the civil war are getting old. For half a century they have been telling stories of their experiences in the great struggle, which were literally true when the veterans first told them, but the old chaps have gradually forgotten much of them, which they have been obliged to supply by invention. These invented parts, after much telling, have gradually become impressed on the minds of the story tellers as truth. That the story shouldn't lose any of its original interest the invented parts have been a trifle more Munchausenian than the real parts.

The consequence is that now and then a pretty lively yarn is got off by some old septuagenarian which he really believes to be true, but which has grown up in the way I have mentioned. This is one of them.

"I was in at our victory at Chickamauga," the Union veteran began when he was not headed off.

"I thought we were knocked into a cocked hat at Chickamauga," said a man only forty years old.

"Mebbe you was there and I wasn't," growled the veteran. "Reckon you wasn't born then, you kid. Well, as I was saying, I was at Chickamauga, and if you don't believe me look at this stump of an arm. I was first lieutenant of a battery, and the cap'n being killed, I succeeded to the command."

"My battery was stationed with General Thomas' corps around a hill that withstood the whole of Bragg's army."

"They were pumpin' shot and shell into us and we was givin' it back to 'em when I began to be conscious of a number of mizle bullets singin' about my ears. For a while I was so intent on hammerin' the Johnnies that I didn't think much about the waspy things, but suddenly it came to me that a sharpshooter was tryin' to pick me off."

"I tell you that wasn't a comforting surmise. Not by any means. The night before we had cut down all the trees in front of us in order to give sweep to our guns, and just beyond the clearing was the edge of a wood, where the Confederates were at work on us."

"I looked up at these green trees just in time to see a little puff of smoke in the branches of one of 'em, and at the same moment a ball seemed to graze my ear. I put up my hand expectin' to feel blood, but I didn't; the ear was still there."

"I had a telescopic pointer on my gun that had been invented by a scientific officer, and I thought I'd try and get that fellow with one of our percussion shells. I had to aim quick, for I knew he was reloading for another shot. Fortunately one of the guns was just ready to be fired and, laying the telescope on it, I sighted the gun. The glass enabled me to see the man in the tree, and he had just rammed another bullet home when I got a bead on him and fired."

"The smoke that followed prevented my seeing exactly where the shot struck, but I saw my man come tumbling down. The tree stood apparently unharmed. Whether the sharpshooter had been killed by my shot or dropped by the concussion of the shell striking the tree, I couldn't tell. What puzzled me was that I couldn't see any smoke from the explosion."

"I soon forgot all about the matter in the work I was doin', but after the fight I got curious about what had dropped the man in the tree and what had become of the shell I had fired at him."

"I couldn't go to examine the place, for I was busy till we left the ground on which we had been fightin'. But the thing troubled me, and I took the first opportunity after the close of the war to go down there and find out about it."

"That was about the time when they were laying out the National park, and I met a number of ex-Union and Confederate soldiers there. I found the tree I wanted to examine and as I approached it saw a man looking up at its branches. When I reached him I asked him what he was lookin' for. He said that during the battle he was up in the tree as a sharpshooter, and, seeing an officer workin' a Union battery effectively, he had tried to pick him off. He had fired and missed several times and was ready for another shot when he felt the tree shake, he lost his balance and fell to the ground. He was badly shaken up, but that was all the damage he received. I asked him where the shell struck, but he said he didn't know."

"I had an idea that it had gone into the ground at the roots of the tree. He seemed as much interested in the matter as I, and, picking up a rusty bayonet lying near, he began to poke it into the ground at the foot of the tree. The first thing I knew I saw the ground rise up, and the man who was pokin' was scattered to the winds with pieces of iron, dirt and smoke."

"By gum," I cried, "I guess you won't be tryin' to pick me off any more. I knew that shell would do the business, and so it has done it at last."

"Oh, my good gracious!" exclaimed several listeners, but a severe glance from the vet prevented them from expressing the doubts that had arisen in their incredulous minds.
There was an intermission before the next story was told, and the teller concluded to draw it milder.

THE "Bee" AND "Bee"

BAILEY & BERG, Proprietors

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

SALEM BEER ON TAP

Your Trade Solicited—We'll Treat You Right

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.

THE STAYTON STATE BANK

"Jeff^A Mutts" Place

JONES & CORNISH, Proprietors

Salem and Hop Gold Beer on Tap

GOOD and COLD, Just As You Like It

All kinds of the best table wines and family liquors at right prices.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

s har the banking business of Stayton and vicinity is solicited.

You are assured of a safe depository and courteous treatment at this bank, by ample capital and long experience in the banking business.

Farmers & Merchants Bank of Stayton, Oregon

Capital \$25,000.00

Subscribe for the Mail