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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. F. 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.

## OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

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## STORIES OF O. HENRY.

A Promised Visit and the Droll Way It Was Evaded.

Wherever one goes one hears a story of the late O. Henry, the writer. Every one in magazine circles hereabouts knew him, and most had had a personal experience or two. Somehow every story illuminates the man. They are not merely humorous tales, but through them one catches a glimpse of his characteristics, his broad humanity or his generosity or his love of the city. Robert H. Davis, the magazine man, related that on one occasion he went a-visiting with O. Henry down on Long Island.

"It was a very hot day," said Davis. "We had climbed an everlasting hill. Another greater hill stretched before us. The sun was a disk of brass, and dust and heat and clicking insects rose from the ground. We sat on a fence to rest.

"Is there anything else I can show you?" I asked him.

"Yes," said Henry, wiping his forehead. "Show me a return ticket to New York."

"On one occasion he had promised to spend the week end with Gilman Hall at his country place in Jersey. Mr. Hall had invited him several times. When Henry finally accepted Hall gave him the most precise directions.

"Take a 3 o'clock train on Friday afternoon," said Mr. Hall, "and I will meet you with the carryall at the station."

"At 11 o'clock on Friday morning Mr. Hall was called to the telephone in his country home. The boy at the railroad station droningly informed him that there was a telegram for him, signed 'O. Henry.'

"Read it," commanded Mr. Hall, and the boy's sleepy voice buzzed over the wire.

"New York," he read, "Twenty-third street substation, Western Union Telegraph company, 10:30 a. m. Addressed, Gilman Hall, Far Out, N. J. Dear Hall—I have missed the 3 o'clock train. Signed, O. Henry."

"Neither Henry nor Hall ever referred to the telegram or the evaded visit in subsequent talks."—New York Letter to Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Boswell and Johnson Story.

Boswell once asked Johnson if there were no possible circumstance in which suicide would be justified.

"No," was the reply.

"Well," says Boswell, "suppose a man has been guilty of a fraud he was certain would be found out."

"Why, then," says Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known and not to the devil, where he is known."

## A REALISTIC PROPOSAL

By HORACE BROWNE

The spring was at hand. It was that time in April when a sudden warmth comes up from the south, brings out the buds and sends the insects humming. Frances and I were strolling on the hillside, part wood, part open. Below was the river, its banks and flats turning from brown to green. The question with me was, Would it be a suitable, prudent, wise thing for me to ask Frances to be my wife? What I mean is, Did she come up to the standard I required in a wife?

First and foremost I wished to get Frances' standard for the man she would marry. I was not sure I was up to her standard. I would sound her. "Bixby has taken the valedictory at college," I remarked.

"So I hear."

"Do you enthuse over valedictorians?"

"Not especially."

"What kind of men do you enthuse over?"

"My idea of a man I could love is not extravagant. He should be physically and mentally and morally strong. He should be a leader, not a follower. Bravery is, of course, one of woman's requirements. I should like him to be absolutely fearless."

I caught my breath at this catalogue of requirements. Since she had paused, I supposed it was finished. But she continued:

"Physically I should wish him tall, rather slender, square shoulders and thin lips. His hair should be jet black and fall over his head in a profusion of short curls. His eyes, like his hair, should be black. Under his dark mustache at the parting of his lips in a smile his white teeth should appear in contrast."

Refreshing surely this to me. I am no fighter, rather short and pudgy, my hair and eyes are the hue of well pulled molasses candy, my teeth are not very attractive unless one prefers gold to ivory, but the gold harmonizes with my sandy mustache. At first blush I was quite crushed under this list of beauties and virtues, but at Frances bringing forth so many manly charms the very opposite of my own make up I got mad.

"Would you like to hear what kind of a person my ideal woman is?" I asked.

"No. I don't need to hear, since I know already."

I was surprised, for I had not told her. Indeed, being rather practical, I had no ideal. I was glad she could give it to me. Nevertheless, since I had spoken in a nettled tone, I was not sure but she had retaliation in mind.

"She is tall and thin, has one of those bony, skinny necks that require puffing or high collars. Her hair you would call Titian, but it's red, nothing but red. Her eyes are gray and the whole contour of her face cold and cutting. Her voice is pitched in a high key and rasping."

"Your description is particular enough to describe some individual."

"You wouldn't recognize her from my description. You would say she has the figure of a Juno, the head of a Venus, that her voice was the music of the zither."

"Is she a real person?"

"Certainly—Maud Baxter."

I remembered that I had seen something more of Maud lately than Frances. I plucked up a little courage. If Frances was really bent on marrying a god, why had I made her angry by my attentions to Maud? But, no. Surely Frances would not descend from the steps of the throne on which her king sat to trouble herself about a pudgy man with molasses candy hair. Nevertheless it was very delightful this sudden sidelight that was thrown in by means of Maud. It appeased me wonderfully.

"You haven't heard what kind of a girl I would really prefer—not one you describe for me, but one I have in my own mind."

Since I accompanied this with a plaintive-plaintive is the only word that occurs to me—look, she condescended not to exercise a Xantippe for me, but let me give my own picture.

"The girl I could love," I said, "is about your height and build. She has your eyes and beautiful chestnut hair. She has your amiable disposition. Fortunately for me her ideal of the man she could love is not so high as yours or I should be left out in the cold."

"Did it strike you that my ideal was very high?"

"Rather—a combination of Alexander the Great, St. Francis of Assisi and the Apollo Belvidere."

"Oh, that's how it looks to you! Really, didn't you know whom I had in mind?"

We came to a rustic seat and sat down. It was not more than a minute before I felt her hand and held it.

"Who did you have in mind when you described that godlike creature?"

"I don't care to make you conceited."

Oh, heavens, could she by any possible means so torture her description to bring it down to me? What mattered it? Did I not feel a thrill passing through her hand to mine and running up to my heart?

Well, the rest of it was about like what had preceded except that our words more nearly described our feelings. And I who had set out with the idea of doing something sensible or at least in a sensible way had done something natural in the usually silly way such things are brought about.

## THE BOYS

It Is Not Safe to Ignore Them

By EDITH TUCKER

In a village in the interior of New York state in colonial days, when America was a crude country, with the crude customs of the mother country, there lived a man named Fisk. His home was near the schoolhouse, and since he was always kind and good natured with the boys he became a favorite with them.

Now, a boy, though his brain is not matured, knows a great deal about certain things upon which men know nothing. The boy is very observant within his little field. He can tell you the exact number of chickens Farmer Cole has and the number of cows in Farmer Morgan's pasture. These schoolboys knew that the horse was a great favorite with Mr. Fisk. He was constantly coming home with a new animal, and the stock on hand was always disappearing. His absences from home were frequent, but not long, and on every return he brought a horse with him. Older persons were more interested in his means of livelihood. But as to that matter he was unapproachable and altogether uncommunicative.

One morning there was great excitement among the boys. News had come that a band of horse thieves which had traveled those parts for years had been captured and that their friend Mr. Fisk was leader of the gang. The mystery of Mr. Fisk was solved. He had turned out to be a horse thief.

Every one was interested and excited and absorbed in the denouncement. But the boys, since the culprit had been their friend, were not quite certain that they were pleased at it. They preferred to wait to see what was to be done with him. Some of them argued that horse stealing was very sinful and Fisk should be punished. Others contended that he should be let off. Altogether, there was no settled opinion about the matter.

There was no jail in the village, and the thieves were lodged in a room in the tavern, the doors being locked and bolted. The same day at noon the court convened in the parlor of the tavern to try the offenders. The judge, the lawyers and other officials assembled, and the sheriff went for the prisoners, leaving the crowd, in which the boys were conspicuous, to await their coming. But the sheriff did not return, and a shout arose without that the prisoners had escaped.

And why should they not have escaped? Not through the bolted door. There was no necessity for escaping that way when they had a better. All they had to do was to step out of a window on to the roof of a shed and thence down to the ground. Having been in a hurry, they had dropped certain articles, which indicated their route. They had fled to a wood behind the tavern and were doubtless now hiding there. The wood was oak and hickory, with an undergrowth in which the boys had chased squirrels and had started partridges. Among the crowd that went on the hunt for the horse thieves were no such eager persons as the boys. Had they been suffered to lead there is no doubt that the fugitives would have soon been captured, but the sheriff, whose stupidity had led to their escape, officious, pompous, appreciative of his authority ordered the boys back while he organized and sent forth bodies of men.

Boys are especially unsafe creatures to ignore. No one likes to be relegated to the rear when he aspires to go to the front, and, after, all, boys are but miniature men. The little fellows got together, and it was at once evident that the treatment they had received had turned their sympathies from pursuers to pursued. Among them was a youngster tall, lithe, with wiry muscles. He was famous in the school athletics and was a champion runner. He conceived the idea of hiding in the bush and as soon as started up by those beating it to personate their old friend Fisk and attempt to outrun those who would chase him.

From the articles dropped some of the thieves were known to be half dressed. So the boy threw off his coat and pulled his shirt out over his trousers. Then, circling around, he found a convenient place in which to hide. Suddenly a shout arose and the chase commenced.

"There he goes!"

"Stop, thief!"

"Go for him!"

"You, there; head him off!"

These and a babel of other words were shouted while the runner, like a deer, dodged between trees, darted around thickets, following a route over which he had often chased or been chased by his companions. The white tail of his shirt preceded the pursuers like a guiding white cloud. Now they saw it. Now it was hidden. But they came no nearer to it. The boy led them beyond the wood, and there across an opening, his white shirt was seen vanishing into another forest.

What mattered it to the young athlete that the next day when his trick was discovered he must take a thrashing. A thrashing was nothing compared with the delightful excitement of that chase, to say nothing of the revenge for the insult the pompous sheriff had inflicted upon him and his companions.

But the boys' old friend Fisk never returned to thank them for their having saved him from the punishment he deserved.

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