

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 SPANIO

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. 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. Lainek 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. Lainek, 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.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior

U. S. LAND OFFICE at

Portland, Oregon, August 2, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that Oscar A. Burch, of Seio, Oregon, who, on January 19, 1911, made Homestead Application, No. 02888, for SNE $\frac{1}{4}$ and N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 24, Township 19 S, Range 2 E, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, on the 26th day of September, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Thurston Thomas, of Seio, Oregon
Byron Wolf, of Gates, Oregon
William Brotherton, of Seio, Oregon
Manley Smith, of Portland, Oregon.
H. F. Higby, Register.

First Pub. Aug. 8.

Last Pub. Sept. 5.

OVER 55 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HARBOUR** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 505 F St., Washington, D. C.

Giving Man Credit.

"I don't believe any man is really good," she said. "When you find one who doesn't go wrong it is because he is afraid."

"Oh, it isn't always because they are afraid," replied her friend, who was married. "Very often it is because they haven't the price."--Chicago Record-Herald.

A Difficult Task.

Some men were discussing the sudden death of a neighbor who had left a rather helpless family.

"And the worst of it is," said Uncle Jared, "that there isn't one of those boys that has the head to fill his father's shoes."--Youth's Companion.

Improvement.

Optimistic Wife--I think cook is improving. Don't you? Husband--Why, at dinner tonight everything but the black coffee was horrible. Optimistic Wife--I know that. But usually that's bad too.--Life.

Found Her Unmailed Letters.

GIBBS--My wife explored my pockets last night. DIBBS--How did she come out? GIBBS--As all explorers should. She acquired enough material for a lecture.--Boston Transcript.

Oblivion is the flower that grows best on graves.--George Sand.

THE GRAND PROMOTER

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

Major Crofoot, grand promoter and general organizer and debt shirker, was a little late in reaching his office. He had mounted the stairs in his usual cautious way and decided that the coast was clear, when he got a surprise. The cobbler to whom he had been owing \$2 for two or three years was not only waiting at the door, but his state of mind was such that he saluted the major with:

"Py golly, but I peelf you vhas run avhay und don't neffer come back any more!"

"Can this be my dear old friend Wasserman?" exclaimed the major as he extended his hand. "Good lands, but where have you been for the last year?"

"I haf been hunting for you!" was the blunt reply. "You owe me \$2 and I haf run my legs off almost to git dot money. If you vhas in your office when I knocked on der door you don't open him. If you see me on der street you run avhay. I wait for you here dis morning und we shall settle oop or haf some fights!"

"Fights, fights! My dear Mr. Wasserman, don't get excited. Come right into my office and we'll talk it over. I've had a check lying on my desk for you for the last six months."

"I don't want some talk mit you!" said the cobbler as he refused a chair. "I shall take my \$2 und go right avhay."

"I hope and trust you won't," gently replied the promoter as he backed up to the rusty coal stove to get cold. "In the old days when I was hard up and had few friends you did some work for me, and you did not demand the ready cash. In fact, you trusted to my honor, reposed confidence in my financial integrity. It is one of the things I love to remember."

"You said you would pay me in two days," protested the cobbler as his bristles continued to stand up.

"If I did the fact has slipped my mind. It is only a trifling detail, however. Mr. Wasserman, I presume you have heard of the great change in my financial condition? You have not congratulated me, but you will as soon as your excitement is past."

"I told you I don't want some talk!" replied the cobbler as he began to doubt himself. "If you vhas a reach man now you can pay your old debts."

"Tis true, my dear friend. 'Tis true. I can pay \$1,000 for every cent I owe, and the feeling is a placid one. You come up here this morning to collect an old account of \$2," mused the major, "and you had no suspicion of the good luck awaiting you. My old friend, don't have a fit or faint away when I announce the fact that you have been appointed treasurer of the Universal Goat Raising company, which has just been incorporated with a capital of \$5,000,000."

"Vhili you pay me dot \$2?" Interrupted the cobbler, as he reached for the major's coat collar.

"I will," suavely replied the major. "There is \$2 coming to you for repairing my shoes. As treasurer of the U. G. R. C. you should file a bond of at least \$50,000. It might give you some trouble to do so, and as you are an old friend of mine I propose to extend the glad hand. In other words, I will reduce the bond to the trifling sum of \$2, and that squares the debt. Do you think you'll have time to hunt up a suit of office rooms this afternoon? You had better come in and let me go over to the bank with you anyhow. Hereafter you will pay by check, you know. It will also be well for you to get some new clothes as soon as you can. I think this is about all. I think so."

"Und where vhas my \$2?" demanded the cobbler as a tump gathered in his throat.

"About all, Mr. Wasserman, except that we shall deal in goats of both sexes and all colors."

"Py golly, but vhat a mans--vhat a dodger! I don't peelf he gifs me my money. I peelf he tries to be some deadbeats."

"And if you think of it," continued the major as he stepped on the cobbler's toes to crowd him toward the door, "you might inquire around and see if you can ascertain if there are any long tailed goats to be found in the country. If there are it would be well for us to mix the long tailed and the short tailed together for scenic effect. I am afraid 3,000,000 bottled goats pasturing in one great bunch would lack variety. Will you make inquiries at once and report?"

"What I make inquiries about vhas my \$2?" was shouted.

"And I have been told, Mr. Wasserman, that violet colored goats were had tempered and their milk had been known to give children fits. You needn't lose no time over them."

"By golly, by golly!" gasped the creditor as he leaned against the door casing.

"You might see the janitor as you go down. I believe he was taken on here because he knew all about goats. If he hasn't a grouch on he may give you a lot of pointers. Always inquire of the janitor, Mr. Wasserman. What--going?"

"Yes; I have to go. I may be robbed more."

"Well, goodbye."

And as the other clattered downstairs the major closed the door and then whispered:

"Poor man! What could he have done with \$2?"

WAKING UP A TOWN

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

"Do you know, sir," said Deacon Slinger to Abraham Scott in front of the postoffice one evening--"do you know that this town of Beverly is slow, the slowest in the state?"

"Yes; business seems to drop off a little every year," was the reply.

"And why are we dead and dying here?" asked the deacon as he stepped up on the platform beside a barrel of kerosene, for it was postoffice and grocery combined.

He waited till his audience had shut and pocketed their jackknives and then answered his own question.

"Because nothing ever happens here. Does any one die? Do we have any funerals? Does any one ever get married? Does any one steal? Has any one present even seen a dog fight in the last two years?"

"No, no!"

"Something ought to be done, deacon," suggested a voice.

"And don't I know it? Don't we all know it?"

"Might call a public meeting and resolve," was a second suggestion.

"Resolve what--that we are going to the dogs?"

"Our forefathers did that, and then we licked the British."

"But where's your British to lick now? I've been thinking this thing over for two years, and I hain't lit on a remedy yet. I've got a whole barrel of molasses in the cellar, and I'll give it to the critter who can wake this town up."

The critter to do it was right at hand. The deacon meant a human being, but the critter was an old spotted bull coming down the highway. The crowd at the postoffice was scratching its head and almost tasting that molasses when the bull turned a corner and saw his golden opportunity. He charged with a snort and a bellow, and after smashing three gates that were swinging open he was at the postoffice. He knocked the crowd right and left. He cleared the platform of barrels and boxes. He ran his horns through windows.

The bull came and saw and did things and went his way. It was a fine beginning to wake up a town. None of the three doctors in it had even had a case of measles in six months. Now they had thirteen bull horns and bull kicked victims to practice on. Instead of every light being out by 9 o'clock they were burning in almost every house at midnight.

Next morning the town was early astir to repair damages and exchange opinions, and no one was looking for anything more to happen when the old bull came charging again. Instead of being miles away he had slept just outside the town to be ready for an early call. That bellow was like the fall of a brick house. There were three farmers' teams on the street, early as it was. To play ball with them was fun for the bull. He put his horns under old Mrs. Baxter as she was crossing the street to borrow an egg and tossed her over a fence to come down head first in a tomato patch. He kicked Elder Southfield in the solar plexus and knocked him the length of a blacksmith shop.

There was no loading on the part of that bull. He was at work every minute of the time, and when he finally quit it was because there was nothing more in his line to be done. On this occasion our staff correspondent simply telegraphed:

"I have seen the dead and dying, and I have gazed on the wide wrought destruction, and I am simply overcome."

At sundown scouts that had been sent out reported that nothing had been seen of the bull, and it was believed that he had retired to some place where the rates were not too high to commit suicide. There was great felicitation and an attempt to do business, but the old bull had fooled 'em. With the same old bellow, same horns, same tail, he came charging in for the third time. He was willing to work overtime without extra pay. They had axes and clubs and crowbars and guns ready for him this time, but they knew him not.

Abner Goodhue and his wife were going to prayer meeting. Over a fence they went instead. Aaron Littlefield and his mother-in-law were going to sit up with one of the injured on the first charge. Aaron saved himself by climbing a locust tree, but the woman was kicked in the head and never spoke again, though she lived on for twenty years.

There were a score more cases like the above, but our staff correspondent didn't particularize. He couldn't. His emotions were too great. He had to simply say:

"My grandfather was at Gettysburg, but he saw nothing like this. I simply stand appalled and ask myself who is who."

If you should enter that town today you would find 25,000 population in place of 2,000. You would find a brick postoffice with a lot of old men sitting around, and one of them would be likely to ask:

"Deacon Slinger, wasn't there a time in the history of Beverly when she sorter stood still?"

And the answer would be:

"There was, sir."

"And then the snow shovel factory came to give her an impetus?"

"Snow shovel factory be durned! It was an old spotted bull, and we vriter have a bronze statue of him on every street corner!"

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

PATRONIZE

The Bureau Saloon

ROY MULLINIX, Proprietor

GET THE BEST and PUREST LIQUORS ON THE MARKET

We make a specialty of Family Trade and will be pleased to have you order for anything in our line.

Early BASEBALL RETURNS Received Here Daily.

Phone 2x42

-:-

Stayton, Oregon

A share of 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