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A Good Place for a Social Game

A CUNNING VISITOR

By JAMES C. BRADY

"We all get our share of adventure," said an ex-railroad man, "and we rail-
roaders get ours. What surprises me
is that we don't get more than we do."

"We're so liable to be attacked for il-
legal purposes. But when we consider
the number of express messengers who
are killed by train robbers and station
agents forced to give outlying telegraph
signals to enable road agents to hold
up passengers, there's a good deal do-
ing in this line for us, after all."

"I've had a personal experience
that's a trifle different from these, and
I tell you when it was on there was
enough in it to make my hair curl. I
was employed in one of the signal
block towers on the G. P. and T. rail-
way. Some distance west of my tower
was a switch that led into a gravel
pit. The company hadn't worked the pit
for some time, and the track leading
into it was in a dilapidated condition.
If ever a gravel train had attempted
to go over it there would have been a
spill."

"Life in a block tower is rather dull
music. I slept there and had my room
comfortably fitted up. I've always
been fond of reading, and books took
up the principal part of my time. The
road was neither of the greatest nor
least importance, but there were three
tracks and an average number of
trains to look out for. Still, sometimes
there would be quite an interval be-
tween the passing of the trains."

"One afternoon I was sitting with a
book when I heard a step on the stairs
leading up into the tower. Then there
was a knock at the door. I opened it
and quite a respectable looking man
stood outside."

"I beg pardon," he said, "but would
you mind showing me the modus oper-
andi of this system? I've passed the
towers on railroads many times and
always wondered what you gentlemen
are doing perched up here, pulling at
these levers."

"Now, if I had dared I would have
told him that no one was admitted to
the towers; that they were places on
which so much depended that the rule
was never to be broken, but notwith-
standing the man's respectable appear-
ance, I felt that a refusal meant death
to me. I concentrated all my effort to
avoid showing the slightest suspicion
and said that I would be most happy
to show him the apparatus and explain
its working. Advancing to the levers,
I first explained the fundamental point
that it was intended to admit but one
train at a time on a block. Then I
told him how by pulling this or that
lever I changed the direction of trains.
He listened to me attentively till I had
got through then asked a number of
questions calculated to convince me
that he was really trying to under-
stand what I was telling him. He
seemed especially anxious to know how
I worked switches that were not in
sight. I told him that their being in
sight made no difference to me, be-
cause I knew that a certain position of
the lever produced a given result."

"I passed a gravel pit up above
here," he said, "into which a track was
laid. Now, how would you proceed to
switch a train on to that track?"
"I pushed a certain lever, telling him
that the switch now stood to turn a
train from the main track into the pit.
I noticed that he concentrated his
vision on the lever and noted especial-
ly how it worked. When he was satis-
fied I threw the lever back into its for-
mer place."

"My talk being finished, the man
thanked me and said that he was wait-
ing for the 7:50 up train and it was
so much pleasanter waiting in the
tower than in the station below that
he would be obliged if I would permit
him to wait there. I assented, pre-
tending to do so gladly and steeling
myself for whatever was about to hap-
pen, for I was sure the man had some
sinister design."

"At 7:50 I told him that he would
hardly have time to reach his train,
whereupon he said he thought he
would take the next one, since he
couldn't walk fast on account of a
weak heart. When the 7:50 passed
what I had expected happened. The
man jumped for the lever I had told
him would turn the train into the
gravel pit and threw it to accomplish
that result."

"I stood looking at him as though as-
tonished, not daring to let it appear
that I had suspected him. He looked
after the train for awhile, taking out
his watch to note the time, evidently
intending to give the few minutes re-
quired for the train to reach the gravel
pit, for he would not give me an op-
portunity to avert the disaster he in-
tended. When ample time had passed
for the train to be wrecked he left the
tower and ran after it as fast as pos-
sible."

"But he and the gang that were work-
ing with him were disappointed. I
had demonstrated on a switch below
instead of above."

"I didn't know but that when he
found that I had tricked him he would
come back and murder me. I was in
a lonely spot, and there would be a
good chance for him to revenge him-
self if he felt so disposed."

"I kept a revolver in a drawer and
would have used it on the man while
he was with me had he given me an
opportunity to possess it. I took out
the weapon and, making sure it was
ready for use, waited for the man's
return. But he didn't come."

HUNGRY FOR SHIPS

Goodwin Sands, In the North Sea,
Swallow Them Pitilessly.

SCENE OF MANY TRAGEDIES.

These Greedy Shoals, That Mock Man's
Efforts to Tame Them, Once Gulp-
ed Down a Fleet of War Vessels With
Over a Thousand Officers and Men.

From the steep rough shore of Deal,
overlooking the ship swallowing Good-
win sands, many of the pilgrim fa-
thers embarked for America, and
their descendants, in visiting or leaving
England, travel through the famous
downs from which their stern progeni-
tors set sail in search of perfect liberty.
The Goodwins were then in the heyday
of their evil reputation, and for un-
numbered years they have been as
much the graveyard of the narrow seas
as the Atlantic ocean. With fervent
thankfulness the pilgrim fathers
saw the last of those notorious
and far-reaching shoals which break
the vicious seas in gales and make
them surge and roar like rapids and
which, faithful to their treacherous
character, appear on bright summer
days as restful as golden plains, with
blue and glorious rivers running
through the countless channels.

Ships of battle, treasure ships, In-
dianmen with precious cargoes and em-
igrant ships have sailed as far as the
Goodwins and there have been engulf-
ed. Most travelers who skirt the coast
between the Fomlands see the gaunt
remains of melancholy wrecks.

The romantic tale is told that the
Goodwins were at one time a beautiful
and fruitful island, the estate of Earl
Goodwin, but that in 1007 they be-
came a vast shoal because of "a turbu-
lent rage of rain and an unheard of
rage of the sea." The island disap-
peared and became "incredibly covered
with sand." That has been the tradi-
tion for many centuries, and less than
200 years ago there was an alehouse
keeper who declared that his oaken
shuttleboard was made from a tree
which grew on the Goodwins when
they were an island.

A clerical investigator, however, who
knew the publican, sorrowfully classed
him as a lying fellow. Although the
tradition is generally credited, it seems
far more likely that the Goodwins are
formed by the strong run of the tide
down the North sea and the tide up
the strait of Dover, the two meeting off
the Kentish coast and sweeping vast
quantities of sand in a whirlpool shell.

In those days of lumbering sailing
craft, when vessels were completely at
the mercy of the weather, there was
little hope of keeping clear of the
Goodwins unless the sands could be
discerned and wind and tide were fa-
vorable. Every gale that blew gave
tribute of life and vessel to the shoals.

There have been memorable disasters
in recent years, even since steam be-
came almost universal for marine pro-
pulsion, but the most noted calamities
relate to the days of sail. Of all that
have been put on record none is more
terrible than the annihilation of an en-
tire fleet of warships in the storm
which devastated England in 1703.
Thirteen warships anchored in the
downs were swept from their moor-
ings. Some were driven ashore. Five,
including four sail of the line, were
hurled toward the Goodwins and dashed
to pieces. Nearly 1,000 officers and
men perished, yet a handful were
saved and brought to shore by men of
Deal and Ramsgate and the brave
heroes of the coast.

"Tis the hard gray weather breeds
hard Englishmen." The hardest and
graysiest British weather is that of the
North sea. The Goodwins are at the
southernmost part of the North sea,
and there on the coast line overlooking
the sands men battle ceaselessly with
one of the sailors' most pitiless en-
emies. The Goodwins cannot be coaxed
or engineered into submission.

They flout mastery and scorn domi-
nation and in their essentials remain
what they have been for centuries.
Man has tried repeatedly to bridle
them, to find a foothold on their slink-
ing bases. More than 300 years ago a
scheme was formed to build a beacon
or a lighthouse on the Goodwins, but
it came to nothing. Long afterward
attempts were made to raise a light-
house, but the work was never dis-
cussed. In 1841 an old ship was scut-
tled and was made a dead weight with
ballast. A mast was put in her and
bore a beacon, but only for a time.
The greedy Goodwins swallowed all.

The only way to conquer the shoals
is to gird them with buoys and light-
ships, and that has been so well ac-
complished that in fine weather the
sands are marked as clearly on the
waters as the hours are indicated on
the dial of a watch. But fogs make
beacons useless, and so rapid is the
run of the sea in the swashes or
channels of the sands that even in
clear weather an experienced pilot
may not get his vessel safely through
the indicated tracks.—Walter Wood in
Harper's Magazine.

Getting History Straight.

It has been shown that Washington
was not the real author of his fare-
well address, nor Monroe of his doc-
trine, nor Sherman of his law. Pres-
ently we shall find out that Bright
never had his disease, nor Mason and
Dixon a line on anything. And per-
haps St. Vitus never danced.—New
York Mail.

In order to love mankind we must
not expect too much of them.—Heive-
lius.

A STUPID LAWYER

By C. D. ARKWRIGHT

I am what is called a shyster law-
yer. It isn't my fault that I rise no
higher in my profession; it is fate.
When I graduated from the law school
my ambition was to be some day chief
justice of the United States. In two
months I was ready to accept the at-
torney generalship. Then I fell in the
scale to covet a fair practice. And
now I am a shyster. I am the mean-
est kind of a shyster. I devote my
time to separating those whom God
has joined together, not the higher,
but the lower classes. I have secured
a divorce for a fee of \$5.

One day a young couple came to my
office to get divided. Their ages were
the man nineteen, the girl eighteen.
He wore a threadbare coat that indi-
cated he was or had been a street car
conductor.

"Mr. Lawyer," he said, "I suppose it
costs a lot to get a divorce. We had
to sell our furniture to raise the mon-
ey. But we got \$50 for it. Here it is."

He opened a pocketbook and took
out five dirty ten dollar bills. His
wife stood by looking like a young
thundercloud.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

Both began to talk at once, each
abusing the other in a disconnected
way. I caught as much as I could of
what they said, but was unable to
gather the slightest cause for divorce
from either.

"That'll do," I said. "You," address-
ing the husband, "have treated your
wife shamefully. And you," to the
wife, "have done a number of things
you wouldn't have done had you been
older and more experienced. In order
to secure a divorce for you you must
act harmoniously, for legally the
grounds for an action on either side
are very weak. You must throw off
this antagonism long enough to form
with me a plan for separation. I shall
be busy for about an hour, and mean-
while I wish you to sit down on that
sofa side by side and try to get back
to the days when you were courting.
Think about the first kiss, the putting
on of the engagement ring I see on
that round finger. Then the wedding
and all that. If you keep thinking
about these things till I get through
some other cases we can all get to-
gether for a divorce."

They did as I told them to do, but
took seats as far apart as possible and
at first it looked as though nothing
would be gained. They sat thus, both
bolt upright for awhile, but I kept an
eye on them and saw that they were
trying to keep their minds on what I
had indicated. In about half an hour
I gathered up some papers and went
into another room. When I returned
half the distance between them had
been eliminated. Encouraged, I hunt-
ed for a paper I had left on my table
and went out again. When I returned
the wife was wiping away tears. The
husband, judging from his expression,
was endeavoring to steel himself
against a reconciliation.

I left the room again, telling them
that I would return in about forty min-
utes, when I should expect them to
have got rid of enough antagonism to
work together and with me to secure
the divorce. "I fear," I said to the
husband, "that you, who are the more
at fault in this matter than your wife,
are nourishing the bitterness in you
and will spoil it all."

With this I made another trip and
was gone an hour. Then, returning, I
stood at the door listening. I heard
the husband saying that it had been
all his fault and the wife saying that
it had been all her fault, and they
were calling each other "dear" and
"sweetheart" and a lot of other pet
names. I entered the room suddenly
and found them locked in each other's
arms.

"Well," I said, "I've come to a stop-
ping place in other business and am
now ready for you two."

They arose from the sofa, and the
husband said they'd been talking the
matter over and if I didn't mind the
disappointment they would try to get
on together for awhile longer. Taking
out his pocketbook, he offered to pay
me what fee I asked for taking up my
time, but I told him there would be
no charge. I asked him if he couldn't
put the money back into his furniture,
and he said he thought he could. At
any rate, he would try. Before they
left me I made them promise that if
they changed their minds and should
conclude, after all, to secure a divorce
they would give me the job. This they
promised to do as some compensation
for my "disappointment" in not having
been employed already, for they were
too stupid to see through the ruse that
had prevented a permanent breach be-
tween them.

"It's hard on you, Mr. Lawyer, to ex-
pect you were going to get a good fee
and then not get it, but you'd ought
to have seen that a makeup in order
to get the divorce was the same as
making up regular."

"Just so, my boy," I replied. "If
you come back here again for a di-
vorce I won't be so far from stupid."
They never came back for a divorce,
but one day a prosperous looking young
man came into my office and asked if
I remembered him. I said I did not,
and he told me that I was the lawyer
who had eured myself out of a fee
by not moving quick enough. He
added that my stupidity had been a
godsend to him, and he wanted me to
come and dine with him and his wife.
I went and saw a happy family.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the un-
dersigned has been duly appointed ad-
ministrator of the estate of Elijah
Weddle, deceased, by order of the county
court, of the State of Oregon, for
the county of Marion, duly made and
entered of record on the 19th day of
July 1912. All persons having claims
against said estate are hereby notified
and required to present the same to me
at my office over Stayton State Bank,
Stayton, Marion county, Oregon, within
six months from the date of this notice.
Dated this 25th day of July 1912.

W. A. WEDDLE,
Administrator of the estate of Elijah
Weddle, deceased. 8-22-12

FINAL NOTICE OF ADMINIS- TRATOR.

To all whom it may concern: Notice
is hereby given that the undersigned,
Administratrix of the estate of George
Gehlen, deceased, has this day filed her
final account in said estate and that
the Honorable County Court of Marion
County, Oregon, has fixed and appoint-
ed Tuesday, September 3rd, 1912, at
the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. of said day
at the County Court House in said
County and State, as the time and
place for hearing any objections to
such final account and for the settle-
ment thereof.

Dated July 25th, 1912.
Mrs. A. Gehlen, administratrix of
the estate of George Gehlen, deceased.
Carey F. Martin, attorney for estate.

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