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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. 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, Pres., H. E. Rossell, pastor.

Methodist
Methodist Episcopal Church, order of services: Bible school at 10 a. m., A. S. Pancost, 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.

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IN STAYTON HOTEL ANNEX

Stranded

By VERNON ARNOLD

Ned Franklin was the son of a man who had graduated as a plainsman, drifted east and made money. Ned went west to see what his father had seen. He had been gone just two weeks when his father received the following telegram from him:
Stranded. Telegraph money for return.
When he got home he told them of his week's adventures in the land of the spurs, the revolver and the rifle. It was as follows:
He found Denver, which his father had known as a small town, a large city and pushed on westward. When he came to the end of the rails he took coaches. He was now in the land where travelers talked about road agents, where those in the towns spoke incidentally of the last gun fight, or how much money had been won or lost by some prominent citizen at faro. Ned, who believed the only way to learn the manners and customs of a people was to make their acquaintance, told everybody that he had come out to see the country and meant to see it thoroughly. He had no stuck up notions about him; not he. He felt as much at home with a stage driver as he would with the veriest dandy at home. The consequence of this behavior was that he made friends instantly.
One evening at the Antelope—a tavern, gin mill and gambling house combined—it was suggested by a man who was showing Ned the town, that he invest a few dollars at faro, just to see how it worked. Ned looked at his friend, smiled, stepped him on the back, winked and said:
"Not much. I'm a young man from the city, and you can't come faro on me."
"You're dead right, pard," said the other, "but what I meant was to invest \$2 to see the game, just as you'd spend the same for a round of drinks."
The man left Ned, but after awhile returned and asked if he proposed to go west in the stage the next morning. Ned said he did; whereupon his friend asked if he would mind taking charge of a young lady. Ned remarked that he would be only too happy to do so. He was seeing a good deal of the men of the country, but had thus far met few of the women. He was assured that the young lady, Miss Iver, was the daughter of a wealthy ranchman, and had been to Denver on a shopping tour and was returning to her home. This pleased Ned very much, and he anticipated a bit of a flirtation with Miss Iver. How it would surprise his father if he should marry a ranchman's daughter and turn ranchman himself.
Ned was introduced to Miss Iver at the coach door by the man who had asked him to escort her and was somewhat disappointed in her. Her walk was awkward, and her voice was not refined. However, she was a woman of the country, and he was curious to learn all about her. He asked her if she wouldn't like to sit outside, but she declined on the ground that the sun freckled her, so they entered the coach, Ned taking a seat beside her.
The young woman was disposed to be quiet and uncommunicative during the early part of the journey, but as one by one the passengers left the coach, none others taking their places, she thawed and took pleasure in giving her escort information about the country, occasionally pointing out objects of interest. Ned, warming up, began to pay her compliments as he had been used to paying them to girls at home, but she was not used to them, or did not seem to know how to take them; but she evidently was trying to make it appear that she had been paid compliments before.
She told Ned that she expected her father to meet her at the junction of the stage road and another leading to the ranch. When the coach reached the junction Ned expected to see a four mule team and a four seated country wagon. But he saw nothing. Neither did the young lady. She looked very much troubled. Ned asked her what she would do. She said she supposed she would have to wait. For a young woman to wait at a crossroads with no house within miles seemed to Ned little short of madness. The stagecoach must go on, and Ned tried to persuade his fair charge to go on too. But she said her papa would be awfully worried when he arrived and did not find her.
There was nothing for Ned to do, especially since she had been placed in his charge, but to remain with her. She declined to permit him to make the sacrifice unless he would promise to spend his time till the coach passed the next day at her father's ranch. Indeed, she declared that papa would not hear of his doing anything else.
So they alighted, and the coach went on. As soon as it turned a bend in the road and was out of sight Miss Iver took a revolver out of a pocket in her dress and, covering Ned, said:
"Young feller, if you've got any valuables in your clothes shell 'em out."
When Ned recovered from his surprise he accepted the situation. The lady threw off her feminine apparel and stood before him a man with his trousers in his boots. He took \$800 Ned handed him and said:
"Now, you galoot, move on."
Ned walked back ten miles to a relay, where the driver of the returning coach took him aboard and carried him to a telegraph station.

MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY

By CARL SARGENT CHASE

"My dear," I said to my wife, "next Thursday will be your birthday. You know how busy I am and how the furnishing of gifts for members of the family distresses me. Bobby must have a birthday gift for you as well as me, and I must provide his as well as mine. Will you please relieve me of the responsibility by buying something for me to give you and something for Bobby to give you?"
This was not displeasing to my wife, for she is a frugal woman and would rather buy gifts for herself than that I should buy them for her, fearing that I would be too extravagant in the matter. Besides, she has for some time provided the family gifts for birthdays and Christmas. However, there is one feature of the matter that needs careful attention. Our boy, Bobby, aged ten, is not taken into the secret. He is supposed to assume that I buy his and my own gifts for his mother.
On this anniversary, being very much engaged, after throwing the burden on my wife's shoulders I did not even take the precaution to have the usual consultation with Bob as to what I should procure for him for his mother's birthday. The day before the anniversary came round I suddenly remembered the matter, reminded him of it and asked him what he would like to give. He prefers to pay for his gifts out of his own money and, having an eye to business, suggested candy, well knowing that nine-tenths of it would go into his own stomach. He gave me the money for the purchase, and I straightway informed his mother of his choice, telling her just what kind of sweets he preferred for her, or, rather, for himself.
My wife left a box containing my gift for her in my closet, and so busy was I that I never thought to look at it. The afternoon before her birthday we walked out together, and during the walk she dropped in at a candy store and, finding a better article than Bob had suggested for less money, bought it, carefully instructing me as to the reasons I should give Bob for the change from his order.
That evening I took Bob into my study, shut the door so that his mother could not overhear our conversation and showed him the candy, explaining at the same time why the change had been made. Unfortunately I told him double the price paid. He heard me through then said:
"Papa, I didn't suppose you would allow any one to make such a guy of you."
"What do you mean?" I asked, quite taken aback.
"To charge you 50 cents for half a pound of candy."
Not being able to explain the matter, I tried to get out of it by directing his attention elsewhere, so I took the box containing my own present for his mother from the closet and began to open it.
Now, it suddenly occurred to me that I was ignorant of the contents of that box. While unwrapping it Bob asked me several times what it was.
"You shall see," I said. But the impatient Bob did not see, for there was a knot in the string that bound it which I found it difficult to untie, so I kept repeating, "You shall see, my boy, what it is if you will only be patient."
When I got the cover off I discovered that the gift had been packed in excelsior, and I was obliged to hunt for it. This caused more delay, during which Bob continued to ask "What is it?" and I to reply "You shall see." But I was cornered after all, for when I produced a little round glass receptacle profusely gilded, with a hole in the cover, I didn't know what it was.
"What is it, papa?" again Bob queried, this time with a new meaning, for he had never seen one of the kind before any more than I had.
Here was a pretty predicament. I had bought a present for mother without knowing to what use it was to be put. That was a dead giveaway. I looked it over, turned it upside down and took off the lid, but for the life of me I could not make out for what it was intended. Finally I hazarded:
"Why, don't you know what that is, Bob? Why, it's a—a thing a lady puts on her bureau to hold powder, and that hole in the top is for the handle of the thing she puts the stuff on her face with. The handle sticks out through the hole."
Having said this I directed Bob's attention again to his own present, and he asked me if it would be allowable for him to take just one.
Having staggered through the matter with Bob and come out whole by the skin of my teeth, I went to his mother and said:
"For heaven's sake! Why didn't you tell me what was the gift you had bought for me to give you and what it was for?"
"I did, but you forgot."
"What is the thing anyway? I told Bob it was for face powder."
"It's a hair receiver."
"What's a hair receiver?"
"It's to put the hairs in that come out of a woman's head when she combs her hair."
"Do they go in at the hole in the top?"
"Of course."
"Well, we've escaped this time, but don't you ever buy any more presents for yourself or any one else without telling the giver beforehand what they are and what for."

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