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Best Low Cost Pavement on
the Market.

Durable.

Silent.

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R O X O L

Gardner & Hobson

Have on display at their
store the finest line of

LADIES' WHITE WAISTS

SKIRTS—SILK, MESSALINE, WHITE, VOILE,
WALKING SKIRTS, UNDERSKIRTS

EMBROIDERIES—up to 47 inches in width,
and WAISTING FOR
SPRING, including silk and silk mixtures that has ever
been brought to Stayton.

TEAS, BLACK, GREEN, GUNPOWDER AND
SASSAFRAS. THE BEST 30 CENT
COFFEE IN STAYTON.

The prices are right because the goods were bought
RIGHT. No matter how lean your purse you can
afford some of this selection. SEE THEM.

Gardner & Hobson

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot
reach the diseased portion of the ear.
There is only one way to cure deafness,
and that is by constitutional remedies.
Deafness is caused by an inflamed condi-
tion of the mucous lining of the Eustachian
tube. When this tube is inflamed you
have a running sound or imperfect
hearing, and when it is entirely closed,
deafness is the result, and unless the in-
flammation can be taken out and this
tube restored to its normal condition,
hearing will be destroyed forever; nine
cases out of ten are caused by catarrh,
which is nothing but an inflamed condi-
tion of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of
deafness cured by catarrh that cannot be cured by
Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Stayton Butcher Shop
FRESH and SALT MEATS
Pure Lard at All Times
Highest Market Price Paid For
FAT STOCK

W. A. RIGGS
Stayton Oregon

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For Sale—young team of driving
mares, 3 and 6 years old. Would ex-
change for larger horses or mules.
For particulars address Box 183,
Stayton, Ore.



Baptist

Preaching every Sunday morning
at 11 o'clock by Rev. A. C. Eaton.
Sunday school at 10 a. m., H. N.
Huntley, 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.
ST. 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., sec-
ond, fourth and fifth Sundays. Ves-
pers at eventide.

Christian

Services will be held every Sunday.
Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 10 a. m., Mrs. W. H.
Hobson, superintendent. Y. P. S. C. E.
at 6:45 p. m., Miss Florence Merton
Pres. 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. 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. Gard-
ner, Pres. Pastor of the church, E.
Sutton Mace.

Motor enthusiasts of Salem
are planning an automobile show
for April.

The heavy work on the Port-
land, Eugene & Eastern at Can-
by, is about completed, says the
Irrigator.

SIGNS OF SICKNESS

Symptoms That May Alarm and
Yet May Not Be Serious.

CAUSED BY SIMPLE AILMENTS.

Spots Before the Eyes, For Instance,
May Mean Brain Disease, but the
Chances Are Thousands to One That
They Arise From Some Slight Cause.

A doctor, writing in London Answers,
says:

"People often come to me nowadays
in very great dread, because they hear
ringing in the ears, see spots before the
eyes, or suffer from some other sym-
ptom which they suppose to signify ser-
ious disease.

Nearly always I find that something
very slight, or nothing at all, is the
matter; but I do not always succeed in
so convincing my patients.

These groundless fears make a great
many people so nervous and miserable
that an explanation of a few of the
commonest symptoms of ill health may
be of some service.

Noises in the ear, as of bells ringing,
whistles blowing, hooters sounding,
etc., most commonly arise from nerv-
ous exhaustion, slight increase of the
blood supply of the brain, caused by a
fit of flatulent indigestion, temporary
thickening of part of the ear and nerv-
ous strain. All these are not of the
least account and should cause no
alarm.

No doubt some really serious disease,
such as enlargement of the heart mus-
cles does sometimes exist. But every
one who feels alarm about his health
should remember that almost any dan-
gerous illness will show itself unmis-
takably, not by one, but by half a doz-
en symptoms.

Spots before the eyes may signify
brain disease, but the chances are one
hundred thousand to one that only
some very slight cause is responsible,
such as a torpid liver, weariness of the
nervous system, insufficient sleep or
some little congestion of the brain.

Flashes in the eyes form another
source of anxiety, and they are really
very startling. But, while sometimes
due to eye disease, one of the com-
monest causes is catarrh of the stom-
ach.

Another little eye trouble is blurred
vision, which makes a nervous person
think he is becoming blind. It may,
of course, be due to bad sight; but,
happening now and again, it is usually
caused by a sluggish liver or nerv-
ous dyspepsia.

Shortness of breath gives rise to ex-
treme distress, for the first thought is
of consumption. But this is an effect
of a multitude of disorders, great and
small. Congestion of the liver, anæ-
mia, obesity may cause it. It is com-
mon in chronic bronchitis—a trouble-
some, but by no means dangerous dis-
ease.

Sometimes, of course, it signifies
more serious maladies. But then there
are many other symptoms to tell the
tale.

Dizziness nine times out of ten re-
sults from a disordered digestion, cat-
arrh of the stomach especially, or
from sluggishness of the liver, jaun-
dice or temporary decrease of the
blood supply of the brain. I find my
patients who thus suffer turn their
thoughts at once to something very
grave, such as locomotor ataxia or
Meniere's disease.

Confusion of mind and sleeplessness
give rise to the fear of approaching
insanity.

It is really wonderful how people
always seize on the most fearsome ex-
planation. But sleeplessness may be
due to a hundred and one trifles and
is most commonly the result of some
very innocent cause.

It may be occasioned by nervous
dyspepsia or catarrh of the stomach,
torpid liver, excitement of the brain
from overwork, tea or coffee taken
late in the evening, too much smoking,
too heavy bedclothes, cold feet, a bad-
ly ventilated room. I could go on for
an hour writing the common causes
of this trouble.

Confusion of mind may result from
too little sleep, a torpid liver, indiges-
tion, too little or too much blood in
the brain and other minor things that
are of no real consequence. Drowsi-
ness makes some people think they
are in for softening of the brain or
some other dreadful disease. It most
often arises from slow digestion, an
inactive liver or from temporary de-
crease of the blood supply of the brain.
The commonest cause of all these,
though, is an oversensitive nervous
system.

Occasionally, no doubt, confusion of
the mind or drowsiness may be a sym-
ptom of diabetes or other serious dis-
ease, but such cases, it may be said,
are the exception.

In all these cases the only sensible
rule is to put an isolated symptom
down to some simple and harmless
cause. If there is anything seriously
wrong it will make itself known by
many symptoms.

"No doubt any of the things enu-
merated above may be the first sign
of something of real gravity; but the
chances are thousands to one that the
cause is a mere trifle.

Which?

"If you feel chilly," said he as they
strolled, "remember I have your shawl
here on my arm." "You might put it
around me," she said demurely.—Phil
adelphia Press.

I'll not confer with sorrow till to-
morrow, but joy shall have her way
this very day.—T. B. Aldrich.

CHECKMATING JUSTICE.

An Inside View of the Way Criminal
Cases Are Handled.

In "Courts, Criminals and the Ca-
morra" Arthur Train, the author, once
an assistant district attorney in New
York city, says that our present system
of administering justice offers no de-
terrent to the embryonic or profession-
al criminal. The administration of jus-
tice is a clever game between judge
and lawyer in which the moves are
made with a view to checkmating jus-
tice, not in the trial courtroom, but be-
fore the appellate tribunal two or three
years hence.

"My young feller," said a grizzled
veteran of the criminal bar to me long
years ago after our jury had gone out,
"there's lots of things in this game
you ain't got on to yet. Do you think
I care what this jury does? Not one
mife. I got a nice little error into the
case the very first day, and I've set
back ever since. S'pose we are con-
victed? I'll get Jim here [the prison-
er] out on a certificate, and it'll be two
years before the court of appeals will
get around to the case. Meantime
Jim'll be out makin' money to pay me
my fee. Won't you, Jim?"

"Then your witnesses will be gone,
and nobody'll remember what on earth
it's all about. You'll be down in Wall
street practicin' real law yourself, and
the indictment will kick around the of-
fice for a year or so, all covered with
dust, and then some day I'll get a
friend of mine to come in quietly and
move to dismiss. And it'll be dis-
missed. Don't you worry! Why, a
thousand other murders will have been
committed in this county by the time
that happens. Bless your soul, you
can't go on tryin' the same man fore-
ver! Give the other fellers a chance.
You shake your head? Well, it's a fact.
I've been doin' it for forty years. You'll
see."

And I did. That may not be why
men kill, but perhaps it may have
something to do with it.

PAINTING A HORSE.

The Scheme That Delighted Detaille
Upset Meissonier.

In other days, on the Boulevard
Malesherbes, Edouard Detaille and
Meissonier, his master, lived in ad-
joining houses. Their workshops al-
most touched each other. It happened
that Detaille was painting some caval-
rymen furiously charging the enemy.
He found it necessary to excite the
horse posing as a model to give the
appearance of a frenzied gallop. But
it was in vain that the jockey, who
held the bridle, smacked his tongue;
the animal drowsed.

Detaille then ordered another do-
mestic to strike upon a Chinese gong.
For fully five minutes the horse was
terribly frightened, and the painter
was delighted. But the animal soon
became accustomed to the tomtom
and drowsed again. To draw the
valiant steed from his torpor it was
necessary to strike the bronze disk
with greater force. This was done.
It was as if a cannon was being fired.

On the other side of the wall Mei-
ssonier was painting, quite gently, Na-
poleon I. mounted upon a white horse.
In repose, observing in the distance
the catastrophes of an immense bat-
tle. He had mounted a horseman in a
gray redingote upon the beast that
served as a model. As the blows were
struck on the gong in the atelier of
Detaille the imperial mount shook and
snorted in a fiery way, which was far
from pleasing to Meissonier.

So he visited his pupil, and an ar-
rangement was effected. Detaille was
to paint his galloping horse in the
morning and Meissonier his unmoving
steed in the afternoon. It was in this
way that Napoleon I. was enabled to
keep a firm seat in the saddle.—Cri de
Paris.

Advertising Overlooked.

It was shortly before the funeral of
a well known person, and a certain
manager had just placed a wreath in
as conspicuous a position as possible.
But he didn't like the look of the very
small card attached thereto, and so he
fastened on one considerably larger,
with "From the — theater" on it.

"How does that look now?" he said
to one of his company who stood near
"Oh, it's all right," responded the actor,
whose sense of humor is just as great
as his unquestioned dramatic ability.
"But why not add, 'Every evening at
87'—Pelican.

A Mighty Nimrod.

An Arkansas hunter fired one shot
at a flock of ducks and brought down
three. They fell in the river. He ran
downstream to where there was a log
and, holding to it, caught the ducks as
they floated down. As he stood in the
water fish wedged into the legs of his
trousers so tightly that as he waded
ashore a button flew off and killed a
rabbit that was sitting on the bank.—
St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No, He Wasn't Full.

"I wouldn't shave myself today,"
said she quietly.
"Want to insinuate that I've been
drinking, eh?" he stormed.
"Not at all, but that isn't a cup of
lather you brought in from the kitchen
just now. That's a charlotte russe."—
Washington Herald.

In Different Divisions.

"The man who runs that store has
got the right idea, all right."
"How so?"
"He advertises, 'Bagpipes and mu-
sical instruments.'"—Houston Post.

One Kind of a Compliment.

She—I envy Miss Payne. She plays
so well that one forgets how she looks
He—But you look so well that one for-
gets how you play.—London Opinion.

OUR LIFE SAVERS.

Humble Heroes Who Do Brave
Work Along Our Coast.

DARING DEEDS IN THE SURF.

Battle With the Giant Combers and
icy Seas When a Storm Wrecked
Vessel Offers the Fearless Guards a
Chance to Rescue a Human Being.

Through a bleak February night a
storm was raging up the Atlantic sea-
board. All along the coast the life
guards were out, hunching into the
gale, patrolling the beaches, alert for
signs of disaster. Just before mid-
night one of them east of Bellport sta-
tion, on Long Island, saw a schooner
floundering in the gray spindrift off-
shore. It was the Benjamin Cromwell,
and as the alarm swept down the
beach the crews of three stations hur-
ried to the scene. Their work was to
take seven men from the rigging of the
wrecked vessel.

All efforts through the night and the
forenoon following failed. The wind
was too high. Then at noon the
schooner's masts, except the foremast,
on which all of the crew save one had
taken refuge, crashed overboard. The
man went down in a welter of wreck
age, and to those on shore it seemed
as if he must surely be battered to
death, but as the breakers raced in
they saw him clinging to a plank that
had been swept away with him.

A furious surf was running, and tim-
ber with which the Cromwell had been
laden was pitched up on the beach.
To add to the danger thick ice cakes,
heaved by the breakers, lifted their
jagged ends high in the air and crashed
down, splintering one upon the other,
and always the awful drive of snow
and sleet, ripping the onrushing waves
into tatters of foam and spindrift.
Surely no man could live in that.

Instinctively the life savers moved
nearer the edge of the surf and peered
ahead for some sign of life. The beach
was fringed with skim ice, sharp and
pointed, that cut through rubber boots
and clothing as if through parchment.
Helpless to aid the man whom they
knew must be plunging somewhere out
in that angry water, they huddled to-
gether as men will when a lifeless
body is about to be cast up before
them. They heard ice and wreckage
grind harshly; scattered debris washed
up to their feet. Brave men all, yet
they saw nothing to do. They knew
not to what lengths the ocean would go
before giving up its victim.

At this juncture a figure sprang from
among them and, wrapping a line about
his waist, ran to the edge of the surf.
He was Frank Rayner of the Blue
Point station, and he was about to
commit what the other surfmen in-
stinctively told themselves was suicide.
The service demands courage, not fool-
hardiness. For a moment Keeper
Berke hesitated, undecided whether to
order Rayner back to the beach or not,
but he couldn't find it in his heart to
do it. It was a venture too heroic, too
splendid.

They watched Rayner as he stood
in the whirl of icy spray awaiting his
chance. He was half naked. His
clothes he had thrown off as he ran.
The cold, biting into his flesh, tortured
him. Still the chance held off. Then
it came—the bit of wreckage, the cling-
ing sailor, crashing into the boiling
breakers, and Rayner dashed forward.

Foot by foot through that roaring tur-
moil of water, of plunging beams and
timber, dodging the splintered spars
that, leaping from giant combers, made
as if to pin him, Rayner worked to-
ward his man. To those on shore he
was hidden the greater part of the
time. Finally they saw his head bob
above a big billow. Near him floated
the wreckage bearing its stiff, motion-
less burden. The next instant Rayner
vanished, swept under by a tremen-
dous wave.

From the huddled group on shore
men started forward, but Albert La-
tham, also of the Blue Point station,
was first to plunge into the tumbling
seas. Tearing through them, he
reached Rayner, who, just creating a
breaker, snatched at the sailor, now
unconscious. And together these her-
oes of the coast hauled their man
through the rearing timbers and ice to
the beach and to safety.

Not ten minutes later the Cromwell
broke in pieces. From shore the life
savers saw men fall from the rigging,
five of them, who fell, one by one, like
black plummet into the sea. One re-
mained aboard. Then he went, too—
a dark form clinging to the wrecked
mast, now adrift. And again Rayner
and Latham plunged into the surf.

Now, weakened by their efforts and
the cold, they faced an even harder
task. The man torn from the mast
nearly drowned them with his fren-
zied struggling. For twenty minutes
the uneven fight between the sailor
and the surf on one side and the two
weakened life savers on the other
was waged. Then a great green
comber lifted beneath them and bore
all three through the foaming sea to
the shore.

For weeks Latham lay a-bed, and
Rayner never performed duty again.
Subsequently commended by Wash-
ington, they considered that honor suf-
ficient.

Such is the typical life saver, the
man who patrols the coasts from Bang-
or to Galveston, from Seattle to Los
Angeles. He's a part of a wonderful
system.—New York Sun.

Never excuse a wrong action by say-
ing that some one else does the same
thing.—Franklin.