

News of the Churches

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, pastor. 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 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 Morton. 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. Gardner, Pres. Pastor of the church, E. Satton Mace.

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

Stayton, Oregon

OVER 66 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may obtain instantly our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK 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 \$2 a year; four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Madam, Read McCall's

The Fashion Authority

McCALL'S is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated 160-page monthly magazine that is adding to the happiness and efficiency of 1,100,000 women each month.

Each issue is brimful of fashions, fancy-work, interesting short stories, and scores of labor-saving and money-saving ideas for women. There are more than 50 of the latest designs of 1100-0000 women each month.

Each issue is brimful of fashions, fancy-work, interesting short stories, and scores of labor-saving and money-saving ideas for women. There are more than 50 of the latest designs of 1100-0000 women each month.

McCALL PATTERNS are famous for their fit, simplicity and economy. Only 12 and 15 cents each.

The publishers of McCALL'S will send thousands of dollars extra in the coming months in order to keep McCALL'S ahead and shoulders above all other women's magazines of any price. However, McCALL'S is only 50c a year; positively worth \$1.00.

You May Save One Cent on McCALL'S Patterns From your first copy of McCALL'S, if you subscribe quickly.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 236 West 37th St., New York

NOTE: Ask for a free copy of McCALL'S. Single copy and pattern catalog also free on request.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

It is said that John D. Rockefeller was once asked by an ambitious young woman, a schoolteacher, for an infallible recipe for contentment. The oil king promptly and forcefully replied:

"Never borrow trouble and never lend money."

The Other Way.

"When I put on this diamond circlet upon my darling finger, my dear, I am in my right mind, my dear."

"I am ringing the bell of my dearest hopes."—Baltimore American.

She Knows.

Father—Katherine, I wish you'd ask that young Mr. Spooner why he doesn't go home earlier. Daughter—But, papa, I know why he doesn't already.—Boston Transcript.

Giving alms never lessens the purse.—Spanish Proverb.

POLK'S

OREGON AND WASHINGTON

Business Directory

A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive sketch of each place, location, population, telegraph, shipping and banking points; also Classified Directory, compiled by business and profession.

R. I. POLK & CO., SEATTLE

Working Up a Joke.

A regular amateur jester broke past the guards and got into our office yesterday. He came for the purpose of making us bite on some of his prepared catches. We hate to discourage genius, and also we weren't extremely clever, so we took the card he forced. Here's the way he did it:

"Of course you hate adulteration. I have found that many of the wines are watered. Now, what do you think of watering wine?"

"It's a gross swindle."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And what do you think of putting sand into sugar?"

"It's a gross swindle. Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, b-a-a!" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Artist's Record Rapidity.

As an instance of the amazing rapidity and ease with which a Japanese artist works Mr. M. B. Hulsh, in "Japan and Its Art," quotes the marvelous achievement of Fukui Kotel, who was selected to exhibit his prowess before Prince Arthur of Connaught when the prince was in Japan on the Garter mission. In one summer day, working from sunrise to sunset, he painted a picture for each of 1,224 guests to be entertained that evening! Kotel worked with two brushes.

Oiling the Swamps.

The oil that is distributed through the swamps of Panama to prevent the crops of mosquitoes which made things so unpleasant is sent on its errand in a novel fashion. At the head of every little watercourse an oil tank is placed that gives its oil drop by drop. When the sudden showers come, as they do, in the bucketful, the water flows off the higher lands into the swamps, carrying a coating of oil where it is most needed.—Christian Science Monitor.

Contentment.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller was once asked by an ambitious young woman, a schoolteacher, for an infallible recipe for contentment. The oil king promptly and forcefully replied:

"Never borrow trouble and never lend money."

The Other Way.

"When I put on this diamond circlet upon my darling finger, my dear, I am in my right mind, my dear."

"I am ringing the bell of my dearest hopes."—Baltimore American.

She Knows.

Father—Katherine, I wish you'd ask that young Mr. Spooner why he doesn't go home earlier. Daughter—But, papa, I know why he doesn't already.—Boston Transcript.

Giving alms never lessens the purse.—Spanish Proverb.

Contentment.

It is said that John D. Rockefeller was once asked by an ambitious young woman, a schoolteacher, for an infallible recipe for contentment. The oil king promptly and forcefully replied:

"Never borrow trouble and never lend money."

The Other Way.

"When I put on this diamond circlet upon my darling finger, my dear, I am in my right mind, my dear."

"I am ringing the bell of my dearest hopes."—Baltimore American.

She Knows.

Father—Katherine, I wish you'd ask that young Mr. Spooner why he doesn't go home earlier. Daughter—But, papa, I know why he doesn't already.—Boston Transcript.

Giving alms never lessens the purse.—Spanish Proverb.

MENDING A CABLE

The Snapping of a Submarine Line Entails Hard Work.

LOCATING THE BREAK IS EASY.

This is Accomplished by the Use of Sensitive Instruments, and Then Comes the Difficult Task of Grappling and Raising the Severed Ends.

The 700 mile cable that connected Hamilton, Bermuda, with Halifax, Nova Scotia, had snapped. Somewhere under many fathoms of water lay the two broken ends, perhaps only a few inches apart—more likely half a mile or so from each other—carried from their accustomed bed by the wash of the waves. Until the two ends were connected the thousands and thousands of dollars invested in the cable were bringing no income.

As the result of the accident Hamilton was practically isolated from the rest of the world, for the only other cable went to Jamaica. By sending a message to Jamaica and having it relayed to Newfoundland and thence by telegraph to New York it was possible to get a few words through in a fairly short time. But the tolls were enormously high.

The moment the operator at Halifax found that the key on the Bermuda cable did not respond to his touch he reported the fact to his superior in the Halifax office. Orders flew back and forth, telephone bells rang, messengers scurried in and out of the office, and in a few hours the cable repair steamer was on its way to Bermuda.

The operators at Halifax and Hamilton had located the break. It was about six miles from the Hamilton end of the cable. This they calculated with sensitive instruments used to record the "resistance."

The writer was in Hamilton when the Mackay-Bennett steamed into the harbor and through the courtesy of the captain was on board when the steamer went out and grappled for the ends of the cable and restored it to usefulness.

Even when the captain of a cable repair ship knows that the break is about 25 miles from one end it is no easy affair to pick up the big wire ropes. The floor of the ocean is uneven, and he must allow for slack.

The crew was ready when the ship stopped. With a splash the big grapnel went overboard, and yard after yard of line was paid out until the hook touched bottom. The water was 120 fathoms (720 feet) deep at that spot.

Luck was with the cable ship. So well had the captain calculated that the very first cast of the hook brought up one end of the broken cable. It was hauled on board. The electricians attached their instruments and called Hamilton. The station answered immediately.

A huge buoy was attached to the heavy wire rope and lowered into the water. Then we set out to find the other end.

Cast after cast of the grappling hook and not even a nibble from the missing part of the cable. Farther and farther the cable ship worked away from the buoy. At last, after three hours' work, the grapnel resisted the pull. The fish had been caught. There was a cheer from the crew as it was pulled on board, about a quarter of a mile from the other end.

This end was connected with a telegraph instrument, and the operator at Halifax, about 700 miles away, answered. There was nothing more to do except to join the broken ends.

A new section of cable was carefully spliced to the cable that had just been picked up. The cable was paid out over the stern as we steamed back to the buoy. This was hauled on board and the broken end spliced to the new piece of cable, an operation consuming less than half an hour. The repaired cable, as good as new, was dropped overboard to resume its place on the ocean's bed.

Rarely does a cable repair ship have such good luck. Often storms arise which drive the ship from her course, tear the buoys from the ends they hold and compel the work to be done over again.

In northern waters these conditions are felt at their worst. The ship becomes encrusted with ice, it is difficult to maneuver and doubly so to deal with a cable on bow or stern when the roll of the seas threatens to fracture it again, and the launching of boats with men in them to buoy a loose end is hazardous.

From these causes occasionally cable ships get short of coal and have to abandon work temporarily at critical periods, or they are enmeshed among the ice floes or bergs and have to let go all and retreat.—Karl K. Kitchen in New York World.

A Star Idea.

Small Edgar happened to see the new moon. "Mamma," he queried, "did God make that moon?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

"What did he do with the old one?" queried the youthful inquisitor. "Did he cut it up into stars?" — Chicago News.

Why He Was Glum.

"Why so glum?"

"My wife threatened yesterday to go home to her mother."

"Oh, well, probably she won't go."

"She didn't."—Houston Post.

DENIED HIM A KISS

And Rubinstein Repaid Her With a Torrent of Melody.

MOODS OF THE GREAT MASTER

The Climax to an Evening With the Composer in His Home in St. Petersburg. When His Efforts at the Piano Left Him Ashen Faced and Exhausted

In her "Recollections of Rubinstein," published in Harper's Magazine, Lillian Nichia throws some new lights on the character and temperament of one of the famous composers of the last century. Her earliest acquaintance with Rubinstein was when, as a child, she resided with her parents in Dublin. She afterward traveled with him during an English tour that the composer made and met him again in St. Petersburg at a rehearsal, when the great master invited her to dinner that same evening. The author says:

"I spent the rest of the afternoon practicing, and a little before 6 o'clock found myself at last in Rubinstein's study amid all his intimate associations, touching the books and music that belonged to him, sitting before the piano he played on, glancing over the pages of manuscripts that he had just finished—in short, at home with him. I found then that he was no longer the sphinx man of the concert platform, but a genial, gracious host, asking after the friends I had recently left in Frankfurt and making inquiries after those in Ireland and England, especially after all young artists, for whom he had a heart flowing over with kindness and sympathy. Possibly his own student days in Vienna, when he had literally starved, had something to do with this. At the dinner table I found out he was thoroughly a bon vivant.

"After dinner I had to go through the ordeal of playing for him, and when I had finished, his manservant brought in a card table, and we sat down to a game of whist, a difficult sort of whist, much like present day bridge. Rubinstein and I were partners and lost shamefully—scarcely to be wondered at, for I had just learned whist—but he insisted on playing again and again.

"Matie, the servant, then brought in tea in the long Russian glasses with their silver holders, lemon, not cream, being served, and one of the ladies present, knowing I was a newcomer and ignorant of the fact that it was an unwritten law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians that his guests should not ask him to play, whispered to me to make him go to the piano. Cheerfully and innocently I went up to him and, running my arm through his, said coaxingly:

"Do come and play something!"

"His face changed in a moment. An ominous silence fell on those present. Even the culprit who had led me into the trap looked disturbed. As for Rubinstein himself, he gave me a scornful and fairly stung my hand away.

"No," he said shortly. "I never play. Don't forget this."

"The sudden change in his manner unnerved me, for the tears started to my eyes, and I stood gaping at him. As a matter of fact, I was thoroughly disconcerted and taken aback. As soon as Rubinstein saw this his face changed again, and, laughing, he held out his hand to me apologetically.

"Well, come; give me a kiss and I will play for you!"

"I had just reached the age when my kisses were not lightly given. Besides, I was cut to the heart's core, and I turned my head away in denial.

"What?" cried one of the women present. "Could you refuse Anton Gregoriewitch?"

"Yes," cried Rubinstein, "and just for that I am going to play for her anyhow, for she is the first that ever did!"

"Rubinstein was in one of his rarest moods, and those of us who were present will never forget the ineffable beauty of the Chopin F major ballade as he started the opening theme, one of the wonder pieces of that composer whom Rubinstein had designated 'le Seel des Forteplan's.' When he had finished the ballade he passed, almost without a pause, to the preludes, four of which he played. Then he dashed into his favorite mazurka and ended with the heroic F sharp minor polonaise. Across the room I could see some figures huddled, as it were, in fear and terror. The thunders of that music rang through the room. It was as if the Polish legions were marching, swords outstretched, banners flying, hastening to die like heroes for faith and country, singing their love songs gallantly, although the funeral dirge was to follow.

"When Rubinstein had finished his face was ashen white, his breath was coming in gasps, and he was laboring under the excitement caused by that melody which, alas, a few years later was to carry him off! None of us guessed it then, for, brawny of build, impatient of sympathy, scornful all bodily weaknesses, he hid his sufferings from those about him till too late. He had almost reached his sixtieth year, for fifty years subjecting himself mercilessly to the fierce and absorbing joys and sorrows of the artist, and the hour of reckoning was not far away. After he had puffed at his cigarette for a few minutes he stood up—the signal that it was near 11 o'clock and time for us to go."

The gifted man is he who sees the essential point and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage.—Carlyle.

The gifted man is he who sees the essential point and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage.—Carlyle.

We now have on hand

Good Oak Posts

which we are selling at

15c each.

In lots of 200 or more they go at

14 cents

The AUMSVILLE MERCANTILE CO.

Aumsville Oregon

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

BY BUYING YOUR

Bread, Cakes, Pies, and Doughnuts

of the

BON TON

Bakery and Restaurant

IN STAYTON HOTEL ANNEX

W. A. WEDDLE

Architect & Designer

Business Blocks and Bungalows.

PHONE 3x8

STAYTON OREGON

H. A. BEAUCHAMP, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon

STAYTON, OREGON

C. H. BREWER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

STAYTON, OREGON

Dr. Frederick Andersen

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

PHONE 1584

SUBLIMITY, OREGON

G. F. KORINEK, V. S., B. V. Sc.

Veterinarian

Treats all domestic animals, also applies the Tuberculin test.

Telephone 3x7

Office at Stayton Stables

STAYTON OREGON

Wilbur N. Pintler, D.M.D.

DENTIST

Office over Deidrich's Store

Phone 2152 Stayton, Ore

S. H. HELTZEL

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC

Abstracts and Probate Work a Specialty

Office Over Deidrich's Hardware Store.

J. M. RINGU

Undertaker and Embalmer

Third and Marion Streets

STAYTON, OREGON

TINWORK and PLUMBING

Bath Tubs, Lavatories and all Lanitary fittings—Farmers.—We carry a line of pumps, leader water systems, etc. Gasoline engines.

JACOB SPANIOL

ROXOL

Best Low Cost Pavement on the Market.

Durable.

Silent.

Easily Maintained.

ROXOL