



This is a Duke's Mixture Umbrella

Whether you smoke Duke's Mixture in pipe or cigarette, it is delightfully satisfying. Everywhere it is the choice of men who want real, natural tobacco.

Liggett & Myers
Duke's Mixture

In each 5c sack there are one and a half ounces of choice Virginia and North Carolina tobacco—pure, mild, rich—best sort of granulated tobacco. Enough to make many good, satisfying cigarettes—the kind that makes rolling popular. And with each sack you get a present coupon and a book of cigarette papers free.

Get an Umbrella Free

The coupons can be exchanged for all sorts of valuable presents. The list includes not only smokers' articles—but many desirable presents for women and children—

umbrellas, cameras, toilet articles, tennis rackets, catcher's gloves and masks, etc.

During March and April only, we will send our illustrated catalogue of presents FREE to any address. Ask for it on a postal, today.

Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be secured with tags from HORSE SHOE, J. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRANGER TWIST, coupons from FOUR ROSES, (5c tin double coupon), PICK PLUG CUT, PEEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.



The STAYTON MAIL

Published every Thursday by
E. M. Olmsted

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Stayton, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Communications should be addressed to THE STAYTON MAIL.

Subscription, \$1.50 per year in advance
Advertising Rates on application
CARDS OF THANKS—\$.50 OBITUARIES—\$1.00 up.

Positively all papers stopped on expiration of subscription

STATEMENT

Of Ownership, management, circulation etc., of "The Stayton Mail" published weekly at Stayton, Ore. Editor, E. M. Olmsted, Stayton, Ore.; Managing Editor, E. M. Olmsted, Stayton, Ore.; Business manager, E. M. Olmsted; Publisher, E. M. Olmsted; Owner E. M. Olmsted; Known mortgagee holding more than 1 per cent of total security, Stayton State Bank, Stayton, Oregon.

E. M. OLMSTED, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1913.

S. H. HELTZEL

Notary Public

[SEAL]
My commission expires Jan. 6, 1915.

No wonder the Mississippi river is on a rampage. They dumped 5000 barrels of whiskey into it the other day.

While Mr. Bryan may recognize the republic of China, we doubt very much whether he could hold a conversation with it.

Six is the democratic majority of the senate, and eight democratic senators are named as opponents of free sugar, which indicates some sweet scrapping.

A man by the name of Fear was found to have four wives and twenty-six children in Chicago. With Juliet, we would observe, "What's in a name?"

The flood at Dayton destroyed the only stamped envelope factory in the country, and for some time to come every fellow will have to lick his own stamps.

State Printer, Duniway and Governor West are writing some very "genteel" letters to each other. Old sports why not repair to a back alley and have it out and be done with it.

Subscribe for the Mail. \$1.50 per year.

TESTED HIS NERVE

A Blind Struggle For Life In the Depths of the Earth.

LOST IN THE DARK IN A MINE.

Thrilling Experience of a Workman Who Found Himself After an Explosion Alone and Without a Light in the Suffocating Coal Hole.

To be lost in the woods or on the plains is a fearful experience, but there the victim has the heavens above him and can at least see his way about. The terrors of a similar adventure in the utter blackness of a gas filled coal mine are thus described by a correspondent of the Youth's Companion:

I was working alone in a "room" on the second south entry of the mine. It was 5 o'clock, the time for firing the afternoon blasts. The man who was "driving" the entry lighted his fuse and came back through the entry calling out "Fire!" One after another the other miners set off their blasts and came along the entry until they reached my room. I lighted my fuse, watched it sputter for a moment and went out into the entry to wait for the blast. Several seconds passed, and there was no explosion. My fellow miners passed out of the entry and left me alone. I went back into the room and found that the blast opening was clogged so that the fire could not reach the powder. I had to remove the tamping and recharge the drill hole. By this time the mine was filled with dense, gas laden powder smoke from the other blasts.

In the stifling smoke I recharged the hole, tamped it, inserted the fuse, lighted it from my head lamp and hurried to the mouth of the room. The work was hastily done. When the powder exploded the rush of air extinguished my lamp.

The darkness was absolute, and there is no darkness so dense as that of a mine. To my consternation I found the matches in my "jockey box" so damp that they would not ignite. Then I became really alarmed. I was two miles under ground without a light in an atmosphere so heavy with gas that it would not sustain life for any length of time.

I dashed into the entry, ran against a pillar and was knocked nearly senseless.

I staggered to my feet and groped down the tunnel. In a coal mine great oaken valves or doors close the entrances to the various tunnels. The air enters through the main entry and is sucked out of the mine by great fans at the opposite end of the mine after it has been distributed through the workings by means of these valves and crosscuts situated near them.

I reached a door, pulled it open and passed through. Beyond it two tunnels came together at a right angle. One led toward the open air, the other into the depths of the mine. My sense of direction was entirely gone, and I could not tell which to take. It was all chance. I went ahead and after a time reached another valve.

If I only had a light! One glimpse of the number painted on the door would tell me where I was. I tried to feel the number with my fingers, but in vain. I pushed through the door and entered another tunnel, down which I walked for hours, as it seemed. My head was bursting with pain from the gas.

Then I heard the sound of running water. I knelt down, dipped in my hand and found that I was going up stream and consequently deeper and deeper into the mine. So I turned back, reached the valve and felt along the pillar until I found the other tunnel opening. The gas had by this time begun to affect my brain, and I reeled and staggered as I walked. I left the track and walked in the "sump" water up to my knees, keeping one hand on the wall to steady myself.

I passed through valve after valve and tried to keep count, but my brain refused to perform that simple task. At last I pushed through a valve and felt a blast of fresh, cold air. With that breath of oxygen my reason returned. With renewed courage I pushed forward. Many times in following that life giving current of air I plunged through narrow cross cuts, stumbled over masses of slate, fell into water holes and bruised myself by striking against the sharp corner of the coal vein, but I was steadily creeping nearer to the surface.

Suddenly I stumbled against a loaded coal car. That meant that I was in the main entry, but how far from the entrance I could not tell. I worked my way along the string of loaded cars and began to ascend an incline. The fresh air swept down the tunnel in a gale. I kept feeling ahead, in the hope of seeing daylight, but none appeared. I wondered, why I broke into a run, and in no other minute I had emerged from the mine and stood gazing at the stars. It was almost midnight, and I had left my room shortly after 5 o'clock.

The Greedy One.

Traveling through South Africa, Mr. Dudley Kidd, the author of "The Essential Kaffir," once accused a native of being greedy. The native turned eyes of reproach upon him. "Me greedy, haas?" he said. "It takes two Kaffirs to eat a sheep in a day, but only one Hottentot. Hottentot greedy, not Kaffir."

The question every morning is not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing.—John Ruskin.

Petzel's Camp

Mrs. Witick and Miss Baldwin called at the Sweet home Sunday.

Mrs. Barr spent Monday with Mrs. Goodie, her mother.

Clyde Maybe and Forrest Berry attended the concert at Stayton Friday night.

Born April 3rd to Mr. and Mrs. Tim Sweet a daughter.

Bert and Oren Morris were camp callers Friday.

Our cook spent a few days at home, and such a breakfast, but by noon on Friday, the Misses Frame came to the rescue and everything went lovely.

Cecil Lake has been quite sick with measles.

Volney Gates was a caller at the Steward home Saturday evening.

Part of the camp boys spent Sunday at Lyons.

Monday the harmony of the camp was rudely disturbed, when Dick Brown showed his authority, and with one meaning look, and a few words, separated the crew, two were put adrift on the skidd road, two went alone to the vast woods to work, and the majority were sent down stream with a cold dinner as boomers for the Santiam. Have mercy Dick and don't do it again.

On Monday, Sport the valuable dog of Mr. Brown was cut on an ax which was carelessly left, for those who might run into it.

Dick Brown, Volney Gates and Frank Bass made a business trip to town.



Call at the Stayton Optical Parlor and have that headache and eye trouble relieved with properly fitted glasses.

We guarantee our work to be as good as can be obtained in Portland or elsewhere. Prices reasonable for first-class work.

We have had many years' experience as an eye-sight specialist in Eastern cities and several years on the coast.

We use the latest improved instruments for testing the eye. Call and see us before going elsewhere. Office next door to Lancesfield's Shoe Store. Hours, 8 to 12, 1 to 6, 7 to 10.

Stayton Optical Co.

Dr. Eaton, Manager.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

Don't delay in having those photos you are thinking of, made.

I expect to leave Stayton about May 1st and if you have any work in my line it would be well to see me about it in the next two weeks. Don't put it off to the last minute.

J. F. Lau Photographer.

HOW'S YOUR SOLE

Watters the old reliable, is back in the shoe shop for the winter. Come in.

We have an exceptionally fine clubbing offer to make Mail readers for a short time.

Offer No. 1.

- The Fruit-Grower & Farmer \$1.00
- The Kimball Dairy Farmer .50
- Poultry Culture .50
- The Stayton Mail 1.50
- All Four for only 1.80

In addition to the above we will send the Woman's World for only \$2.00 for the five papers.

Stayton Mail.

To head off a headache try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They seldom fail.

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 condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation 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 condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free. F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OREGON WOOLEN MILLS CLOTHES

stand hard usage and rough wear because they are made of the right kind of material---wool from our own state---No shoddy in them, there can not be---Oregon don't use it.

SUITS TO SUIT FROM \$12.50 to \$22.50

Guaranteed to be all Oregon grown pure wool. You couldn't get better at any price.

YOUTHS' AND BOYS'

Suits ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$7.00. A pair of pants free with every boy's suit.

YOUR INSPECTION

Is invited on all of these goods They will stand the test.

FISHER & RICHARDSON

With The Same Make of Gun

one nation destroys another. It is how to manage the gun that secures success: therefore, it is not the gun alone but the knowing how to manipulate it.

No man succeeds in business with his back towards his business. He must face the problem with determination and tact. He must select the goods people want. He must determine first that values are the objects sought, and prices must be in unison with such merchandise.

Under these conditions and considerations

Gardner & Hobson

have selected their spring stock of merchandise, which is now arriving daily.

The stock consists of DRY GOODS, LADIES' WEAR, GROCERIES, and in fact everything kept in a FIRST CLASS MERCHANDISE STORE.



Lets Get Together

On the lumber question for our mutual benefit. Every satisfied customer we make is better for us. Every bill of lumber you

buy here means a better and more lasting job for you. So even if you leave out our interests you will be consulting your own by giving us your next lumber order.

JOSEPH PETZEL

Notice—To the party who borrowed my spray pump, please return it at once, as I need it. Chas. Streiff.

For Sale—one good single open buggy and harness. Claude Darby.