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PURITY, STRENGTH AND WHITENESS

Notice of Hearing Final Account

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Marion County.

In the matter of the Estate of Caroline Titze, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the final account of Albert Titze as administrator of the estate of Caroline Titze, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Marion County, and that the 1st day of June, 1914, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. has been duly appointed by such court for the hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same. Albert Titze, administrator of the estate of Caroline Titze, deceased.

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A Persistent Poisoner

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

The use of the poisoned needle is not new. In the early part of the seventeenth century a man named Tebaldo in Venice invented an instrument in the form of a key from which he shot a tiny needle into the flesh of one he wished to kill.

In Rome during the period when the use of poisons was an art in Italy there occurred a similar case to that of the Venetian. One Lorenzo Luchese went from Florence to Rome, taking with him a more minute knowledge of poisons and poison methods than existed anywhere except in the city on the Arno. There was something uncanny about him that soon turned the Romans against him. A certain young lady, Bianca Ranzine, attracted the attention of the stranger, and he was observed to cast longing eyes upon her. But she was betrothed to a noble Venetian, Riccardo Mantel, and it was assumed that Luchese's love was hopeless. But one day Signorina Ranzine's lover after having mingled with a crowd witnessing a race on the Corso was seized with a sharp pain and died within a few hours. It was supposed he died of heart disease.

Not long after this Luchese proposed to Signor Ranzine for the hand of his daughter. The application was declined on the ground that the lady's heart was buried with the lover she had lost and she would never marry. Luchese said that he would not give up hope and took every means to ingratiate himself with Signorina Ranzine. But she took a dislike to him and would have nothing to do with him.

After awhile the young lady met a man named Francesco Demetrio, a handsome and in other ways a charming man, who fell desperately in love with her and won her from her intended celibacy. They became engaged, and Bianca's friends rejoiced that the heart of one so young would not after all be buried. Demetrio had heard something from Florence about Luchese that put him on his guard against the man.

Every one knew that Luchese had cast longing eyes on Bianca Ranzine before the death of her betrothed and that he had proposed for her hand soon after his death. Moreover, poisoning being much in vogue at that time, there were those who believed that Riccardo Mantel had not died of heart disease, but had been secretly poisoned. Demetrio after hearing the reports from Florence about Luchese strongly suspected not only that Mantel had been poisoned, but that Luchese had been the poisoner.

However, he kept his own counsel and at the same time a strict watch on Luchese. If Demetrio was in any room where Luchese was present he would immediately leave. On several occasions he noticed that the Florentine tried to get near him, but he had always prevented his doing so by moving away. One day Demetrio was talking with a friend on a street on a fete day when a procession of the church was passing and suddenly felt a sharp pain in his arm. Turning, he saw Luchese pushing his way from him among the crowd.

"Seize that man!" Demetrio said to his friend. "He has punctured my arm and doubtless poisoned me."

The friend gave chase and caught Luchese. As soon as he laid hands on him he felt a sharp pain in his hand. There happened to be a doctor in the crowd, who, learning what had occurred, asked Demetrio to show him where he had been pricked. So small was the wound that it could scarcely be discovered, but the doctor whipped out a lancet and cut away a piece of the flesh. Demetrio's friend, having turned Luchese over to an officer, came reeling back, and the doctor, learning that he, too, had been pricked, treated his hand as he had treated Demetrio's arm.

The doctor took both pieces of flesh to his house, and on cutting them into bits found in each a small needle not half an inch long. Whether there had been poison in either of them he could not tell, but the evidence was strong enough against Luchese to insure his conviction. He was searched as soon as arrested, but nothing incriminating was found on him. His house was searched, and in it were found a variety of poisons and a little box containing needles similar to those that had been put into Demetrio and his friend.

The instrument with which he had shot the needle into the flesh was picked up on the street near where the attack had been made. It was simply a small brass tube with a spring in it, which could be loosened by a pressure of the thumb.

Luchese was tried and executed. Demetrio suffered but little from the effects of the puncture, but his friend was ill a long while.

The fact that Mantel had doubtless been poisoned by the man who wished Bianca for himself was kept from her. Indeed, she was not informed that Luchese had tried to poison her second lover. After Luchese's execution she and Demetrio were married, and great interest was manifested in the wedding; for every one except the bride knew that one lover had been murdered and the second had nearly met the same fate.

But it was not to be expected that what was common property could be kept from her always. She learned in time and in consequence always dreaded that her husband might fall at the hands of some secret enemy.

What Could She Do?

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

"Gwen!"

"Yes, papa."

"I have something to say to you. My friend John Truesdale is coming up from the city to spend some time with me. I wish to warn you against playing any of your pranks on him."

"Why, papa! What can you mean?"

"Mean! You little mix, you know very well what I mean. Every man who comes into this house you send away all muddled up. I am very fond of Truesdale. He served in the regiment I commanded in the Spanish war, and I don't wish anything to come between him and me to cause restraint. If you go for him he'll keep away from here forever after."

"If Mr. Truesdale is a friend of yours, how can he?"

"Nonsense! In the first place, he's ten years younger than I; in the second, if he were ten years older it would not make any difference to you. Now, go. You understand what I require; behave yourself."

"How do you wish me to treat Mr. Truesdale?"

"Let him alone."

"All right, papa. I'll do just as you say."

Mr. Truesdale appeared, or, rather, Captain Truesdale, for he had commanded a company in Colonel Boardman's regiment in Cuba and had distinguished himself for gallantry. He was thirty-two years old and a fine man; hence the warning the colonel had given Gwen. A few days after his arrival a second interview occurred between father and daughter.

"Gwen," said the father sternly, "I thought I told you to do nothing to get Truesdale haled up."

"For heaven's sake, papa, what have I done?"

"Done? You have done a lot. One can often work more mischief by doing nothing than doing a great deal."

"Didn't you tell me to leave Captain Truesdale alone?"

"I did, and you have left him so severely alone already that I can see he is piqued. What I wish you to do is to treat him just as you would treat any guest of mine."

"Yes, papa."

In spite of the obedient tone in which the words were spoken Colonel Boardman looked at his daughter with misgiving as she meekly left the room.

Another brief period passed, and the colonel again thought it necessary to speak to his daughter about her treatment of his friend.

"Gwen!" She knew by the tone in which her name was spoken that more fault was to be found with her and bowed to what was coming.

"I can't understand," the colonel resumed after a pause, "why you can't treat friends of mine who come into this house more naturally. I asked you to let Captain Truesdale alone, and you let him so severely alone that your treatment of him attracted his attention. Then I asked you to be more cordial to him, and you must needs be too cordial. Don't you know that's the way to get a man in love with you?"

"You don't mean it! Isn't that funny?"

"Funny! It isn't funny at all; it's serious."

"What do you wish me to do next, papa?"

"What do I wish you to do? Why, confound it, I have a mind to send you away!"

"Shall I pack?"

The colonel thought a few moments before replying to this last question.

"Yes," he said at last, "you may pack. Go to your Aunt Margaret's till Truesdale leaves here. Then you may come back. If I had any confidence in you, which I haven't, I wouldn't object to bring every man down for mere sport is execrable, and in the case of Truesdale I won't have it. I'm extremely fond of him and will not permit you to embarrass our friendship."

"Yes, papa."

The same afternoon Gwen was packed off to her aunt's. While she had been at home, Truesdale, especially under his recent treatment by her, had been the life of the house. He talked over their campaign with his host and made no mention of any time of departure. But as soon as Gwen had gone he became dull and listless.

The colonel tried to enliven him with "a horn" once in a while, but it did not appear to do him any good. The day after Gwen's departure he told his host that his presence was needed in the city. The colonel protested, but yielded, since his guest had ceased to be companionable. So they parted.

Then the colonel, who must have companionship, wrote his daughter:

"You may come home--the temptation is now out of your way."

When Gwen drove up to the house the colonel ran out to embrace her. Who should get out of the carriage first but Captain Truesdale. He handed out Gwen!

"What does this mean?" asked the colonel, bristling.

"It means," said Gwen, "that you wished me to let Captain Truesdale alone. That didn't please you, and I treated him cordially. You sent me away and he followed me. What in the world could I do? I suppose I must marry him, for you'll never be satisfied with anything else I do in the premises."

"I think you had," said the colonel, "because he will probably not be satisfied himself with anything else you do."

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STAYTON MARKET REPORT

Hens heavy	13
Springs	10 to 12
Broilers	22
Roosters	8
Mixed Chickens	8
Geese	8
Ducks, Indian Runners	10, Pekin 12
Turkeys	7
Dressed Turkeys	15 1/2
Veal Fancy 10, Ordinary	9
Pork	9 1/2
Live Hogs, Choice	7
Live Hogs, Heavy Rough	7
Eggs	15 1/2
Corrected Thursdays but subject to change without notice.	

SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY ON FORECLOSURE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Marion and to me directed on the 4th day of May, 1914 upon a judgement and decree duly rendered, entered of record and docketed in and by said Court on the 17th day of April, 1914 in a certain suit then in said Court pending, wherein Elizabeth P. Ryan was plaintiff and D. H. Weyant and Mary J. Weyant, his wife, J. O. Beardsley and Mrs. E. L. Beardsley, his wife, Louis Lachmund, Robin D. Day and Salem Bank & Trust Company, a corporation, were defendants in favor of plaintiff and against said defendants by which execution I am commanded to sell the property in said execution and hereinafter described to pay the sum due the plaintiff of, FIRST, the sum of Fifteen Hundred 00-100 (\$1500.00) Dollars with interest thereon at the rate of 8% per annum, from the 8th day of May, 1912, until paid together with the costs and expenses of sale of said property, SECOND, it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed by the Court that in the sale of said premises, as aforesaid, any surplus proceeds which may be realized from such sale over and above the payment of plaintiff's mortgage, interest and expenses of sale shall be applied towards the payment of the judgements of the defendants, Louis Lachmund, in the sum of One Hundred Eleven 00-100 (\$111.00) Dollars, with interest at the rate of 6% per annum from November 18th, 1910 until paid; and the defendant, Robin D. Day, in the sum of Four Hundred Eighty Seven & 50-100 (\$487.50) Dollars, with interest at the rate of 6% per annum from June 1st, 1913, until paid; and the defendant The Salem Bank & Trust Co., in the sum of One Hundred Fifty Seven & 13-100 (\$157.13) Dollars, with interest at the rate of 6% per annum from October 25th, 1913, until paid. I WILL ON SATURDAY THE 6th DAY OF JUNE 1914 AT THE HOUR OF 11 O'CLOCK A.M. OF SAID DAY at the west door of the County Court House in Marion County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the day of sale, all the right, title, interest and estate which said defendants D. H. Weyant and Mary J. Weyant, and all persons claiming under them subsequent to the date of the mortgage herein foreclosed, in or to said premises herebefore mentioned and described in said execution as follows, to-wit:

Lots Eleven (11) and Twelve (12) in Block Numbered Sixteen (16) in Riverside Addition to the City of Salem, Marion County, Oregon, as shown by the recorded plat thereof on file in the office of the recorder of conveyances for said Marion County, Oregon.

Said sale being made subject to redemption in the manner provided by law. Dated this 5th day of May, 1914.

Wm. Esch,

Sheriff of Marion County, Oregon.

By W. I. Needham Deputy.

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