

A British Volunteer

By F. A. MITCHEL

Sackville left London to the sounds of crowds of people who were waving his regiment march to the station to be entrained for the coast and thence to Belgium. In six months he remained under very different circumstances. There were no crowds to greet him. Instead of the handkerchiefs waving from the windows and the sounds of martial music many of the windows were closed, and there was only the rattle of the cab in which he was driven through the streets.

Sackville had lost a foot and ankle and was discharged from the ranks. He had been among the first to respond to his country's call, leaving the service of a bank in which he was employed, to join the colors. His position in the bank was still open to him, but it required him to stand all day paying checks, and he was unable to fill it. Indeed, there were few positions he could fill. The only occupation that occurred to him as suited to his altered condition was that of chauffeur. He was a gentleman without means and shrank from doing menial work, but it was the best he could do, and he hobbled to a garage and secured a position.

One day he was directed to go to a hotel and call for Miss Amelia Duncan, an American young lady traveling with her invalid mother, who was confined to her room under her daughter's care, assisted by a nurse. The daughter needed the air and proposed to drive out every day when the weather admitted. This was not very often, for the sun seldom shines in England. She had called for a reliable chauffeur whom she might use when required.

On this first afternoon that Sackville drove Miss Duncan they became conversed in a street crowded with people who were witnessing the departure of troops for the war. Drums were beating, flags were flying, and the air was filled with cheers.

"Isn't it splendid!" said Miss Duncan, partly to herself and partly to her chauffeur. "If I were a man I would surely go to the war."

"And either leave your bones in Belgium or return minus an arm or a leg or an eye or perhaps all three," replied the chauffeur.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Duncan in disgust. "Have you no patriotism?"

"I don't believe in a nation relying solely on its best men in case of war. I think every man of proper age should be liable to military duty. These soldiers are all volunteers."

"That's what I like about them," replied Miss Duncan. "Our war between the states was fought by volunteers. Our manliest men enlisted."

"And bore the brunt of the struggle for two years, when those on the northern side began to pay the laggards to enter. Just before the war closed men were enlisting and deserting to get the bounty. Do you consider that justice?"

"I don't know anything about that war. I was not born till many years after it had closed. It must be nice to be one of those noble men who volunteered. Don't you think so?"

"No, I don't."

"Then you admit that you belong to the class of laggards?"

"I don't admit that either. I believe in conscription."

"There's nothing noble in a man going to war because he is obliged to go."

"War is a duty, not something to be proud of. It is a horror. Did you ever see men standing in line ready to face death?"

"No, of course not."

"Every face is serious, solemn. Not a word is spoken. They are like prisoners facing a firing squad, only with a prisoner death is certain, while with them it is probable, or, what is worse, they may expect to be maimed for life."

"Are they cowards?"

"No; they are men, but when the fight is on they cease to be men and become wild beasts."

"It's a shame for you to talk in this way. Instead of sitting comfortably in an auto you should be among those noble fellows marching to war."

"It will not be so fine when they return."

"They will come back victorious with their battle stained banners flying, greeted with the applause they deserve."

"Many of them will never come back. Many will hobble back. If the regiment returns as a unit most of its members will be men who are not marching now. Quite likely they will be conscripts; possibly they will have been paid to go."

By this time the troops had passed and the auto was released. Miss Duncan ordered her chauffeur to drive her to her hotel. She did not like his talk and resolved not to have him drive her again. When she alighted he got down and handed her out. She noticed that he limped.

"What's the matter with your foot?" she asked.

"It's made of wood."

"How did you lose the real one?"

"Fighting in Belgium."

"Oh, how horrible!"

"Then, red as a rose, she stalked into the hotel.

The next day the young lady sent for Sackville to drive her out again, and, after berating him for not telling her that he had been a soldier, she forgave him. After all, he didn't lose so much by serving his country. He lost a foot, but he gained an American heiress for a wife.

A Singular Vindication

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Nearly a hundred years ago, when New York city was what would now be considered a small town, a young man stood on a dock in the East river waiting for the arrival of a sailship that was coming up the bay. When the ship arrived, was docked and the dozen passengers that had come from England on her began to descend the gangplank the young man mentioned, scrutinizing each person, finally pointed to a woman with a patch over her left eye and called upon a constable standing beside him to arrest her. She was taken to the headquarters of the watch where she proved to be a man. Then a young woman who stood by threw her arms about the man who had caused the arrest and silently wept tears of relief, with her head on his shoulder.

Ten years before, at seventeen, she had married Abel Williams, two years her senior, a clerk in the counting room of Edward Hooper, a china merchant. They were very happy, and a little girl was born to them. One evening when the young husband was playing with his little daughter several men entered and arrested him on a charge of embezzling money from his employer.

For some time Williams was at a loss to understand why he, conscious of being perfectly innocent, had been charged with crime. Then, remembering certain suspicious circumstances connected with a fellow clerk named Skinner, he came to the conclusion that Skinner was the defaulter and had laid his speculations at Williams' door. Abel's books were brought into court at his trial and showed conclusively that some one had been covering up a loss of about \$20,000. He was not an expert accountant and floundered hopelessly in his defense. He was convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

During his incarceration his wife stood by him, and when he stepped from prison she took him home, and the two began to plan for his vindication. Unfortunately an investigation would cost money. Besides, there was no clew, nor were there in those days detectives, as there are now. After considering the matter for some time they gave up hope of removing the stigma. Abel, having been a criminal, could not secure a position and was obliged to make a living by working at home. He was very handy with a knife and carved out trinkets that his wife sold for him.

One difficulty in the way of his vindication was that Skinner had left New York, and no one knew where he had gone. His disappearance confirmed Abel's suspicion that he was the real criminal and had covered up his own defalcation through the books kept by Abel. A criminal in one case is likely to be a criminal in other cases, and had Skinner remained in New York possibly he might have got into trouble that would have explained Abel's ruin. But Abel was not sure that Skinner was guilty.

While in prison one of the inmates whose cell was directly over Abel's, appealed to him to assist him in making an escape. The man cut a hole in the floor and let himself down into Abel's cell. Abel permitted him to hide under his cot. Abel, who was employed on the prison books and accorded special privileges, also consented that the man should take advantage of them. He thus escaped, and Abel lost his job on the books and was relegated to a cell.

One day when Abel was at work making a toy ship a man walked in and stood looking at him.

"You don't remember me," he said. "I'm the man you helped to escape from prison. I've come to pay you for what you did and suffered for me. I don't know whether you are a bad man or a good man and don't care. I only know that I'm bad. A pal of mine who has got some valuable jewels that he and I took together on the other side of the big water is going to beat me out of my share. I can fix it so that he'll have to divide with you."

Abel told the man that he would not receive stolen goods.

"Well, then," continued the jailbird, "I can fix it this way: There's a big reward offered for the property. You're welcome to it."

Abel readily assented to this, and the man informed him that the party was bringing the jewels from Paris, where they had been stolen, to dispose of them in America. He was a one-eyed man and readily identified. He would arrive on a certain day and Abel could turn him over to the authorities and secure the reward.

To return to the party who had just discovered that the person arrested was a man, Mrs. Williams recognized Skinner. He was much changed from what he had been and had lost an eye. The fact that Abel was or would be vindicated by the arrest was a relief to the poor woman which caused a complete relaxation. For a few moments she wept on her husband's shoulder, then, turning to the prisoner, said:

"Skinner."

The jewels were found concealed in a wig worn by the criminal, and Abel received a reward of \$10,000. He at once employed an expert accountant to go over the books he was accused of tampering with, and it was found that the shortage had been dexterously transferred from the books kept by Skinner to those of Abel. The firm that had prosecuted him did everything in its power to atone for its action.

IT PAID AFTER ALL

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

Bob Sanford on his way from New York to Chicago arrived Saturday night at Buffalo and discovered to his dismay that he could go no further till the next evening. Not only was he disappointed at having to wait in a strange town over Sunday, but horror struck at remembering that he was short of cash, having provided just enough to take him to his journey's end. His hotel bill for one day would run up all he had, with none left for his sleeping berth to Chicago. His thoughts were to that city.

Bob put up at a hotel and went to bed. In the morning he bethought himself as to how he should get away with the day and provide means for a sleeping berth for the balance of the trip, for he had no mind to sit up all night. Then suddenly he remembered that his chum, Tom Atkinson, was a Buffalo boy and his parents lived there. Tom's father had visited his son in Chicago, and Bob had been introduced to him. He might call on Mr. Atkinson, state his necessities and secure the loan of the few dollars needed.

Bob spent the morning reading the newspapers and the afternoon walking the streets. His train did not leave till 11 o'clock. After dark he picked up courage to go to the Atkinsons for his loan. So after getting the address from a directory he turned his steps to the house. On his arrival he found the premises dimly lighted. He hesitated. He was tempted to give it up and sit up all night in a day car. But the prospect of a sleepless night urged him on, and he went up the steps and rang the bell. After waiting some time he saw the light in the hall turned higher; then a feminine voice asked who was there.

Bob was staggered. How could he explain who he was? He could not very well say that he was Tom Atkinson's friend and he had called to borrow a few dollars on the strength of that friendship. He said nothing, standing in the vestibule irresolute.

"Who's there?" asked the voice again in a more resolute tone.

Still Bob, not knowing what to say, said nothing. Then he thought he heard a light step within retreating, then returning. Suddenly the door was opened a few inches, and the muzzle of a pistol was poked through. Beyond he could distinguish the figure of a girl.

"If you think that I am alone," said a quivering voice, "you are mistaken. There are three men upstairs."

"I—I have come to make a call on Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson. Do they live here?"

"Yes, they live here. They're out at church. They haven't got back yet. You can't come in."

"Certainly not if you don't wish it. May I leave a card?"

The girl made no reply to this. Bob held out a card and, poking it at the girl just below the pistol, said:

"I'm a friend of Tom Atkinson, in Chicago. Happening to be in Buffalo, I concluded to pay my respects to his parents."

"Oh, merciful goodness!" exclaimed the girl, withdrawing the weapon. "What have I done?"

"It doesn't matter," said Bob apologetically. "It's my fault anyway. I shouldn't have called so late."

"Are you Robert Sanford?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear! Papa and mamma left me all alone, and I'm afraid of burglars. I've made a ninny of myself. Come in."

Bob entered, asking if the girl was Tom's sister, and she assured him that she was and had often heard Tom speak of his friend Mr. Sanford.

"Papa and mamma will be so complimented that you have called on them," said Miss Atkinson, "and will be delighted to see one of Tom's intimate friends. They will be home in a few minutes. The services are over at 9, and it takes them about fifteen minutes to come from the church. Here they are now."

Bob wished it had taken them longer to come, for Tom's sister was very pretty and he would have liked a longer sitting with her alone. The front door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, after leaving their wraps in the hall, entered.

"This is Tom's friend Mr. Sanford of Chicago," said Miss Atkinson.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Atkinson. "Delighted to see you. I remember very well meeting you in Tom's rooms in Chicago."

"How nice of you to come and see us!" said Mrs. Atkinson. "I assure you we appreciate the attention."

Bob remained for an hour, during which the fond parents talked incessantly about their son, and Bob praised him to the skies. All the while he was trying to muster up courage to speak of the loan of \$2 for a sleeping berth. But to tell Tom's parents in the presence of Tom's sister that he had called for that purpose was too much for him. So, saying that he must go for his train, he bade them all good-by, and, followed by a shower of thanks for the attention he had shown them in calling, he took his departure.

The next evening he appeared at Tom Atkinson's and told the story.

"Well, I'll be jinged!" said Tom. "After facing death at the muzzle of a pistol you were obliged to sit up all night!"

"Yes," replied Bob, "but it was worth it, like that."

"What do you mean?"

Bob never explained till he became engaged to Miss Atkinson.

A Deathbed Promise

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I had hoped, my child," said Atkinson, "to find paying dirt for you before pegging out, but it is denied me. If I could have left you rich I would not now mind handing in my chips. But remember this, my little girl, if there's any such thing as the dead helping the living I'll help you."

These were the last words spoken by Tom Atkinson to his daughter, Ellen. He passed into unconsciousness and died the same night. Ellen had been with him in the gold fields for years and had suffered with him one disappointment after another till to her they were no longer disappointments, but expected happenings. But till the very last he had expected to strike it rich and when he was taken down with his last illness believed that he would get well enough to dig a little lower in a hole he was sinking and would strike the continuation of a lead that was paying handsomely but a hundred feet away. When death came he had not reached the goal and left his child with but a small bag of dust, not worth \$50.

However, Ellen possessed something she valued more than gold—the heart of an honest, energetic young man, who was clerking in a store not far from the property on which her father had done his last digging and where he had built the cabin in which he and his daughter lived. Mark Hosmer married Ellen a few days after her father had been laid to rest, and they lived together in the abode the bride had occupied ever since her father had been seized with his last infatuation.

Hosmer was willing to work, but the district was not producing the gold that had been expected, and sales in the store were running down. His salary had been reduced and had reached a point where they found it difficult to make ends meet. One night when Mark came home from work he told his wife that he feared his employer was about to discharge him and do all the work himself, since the business would not warrant an assistant.

At 2 o'clock the next morning Ellen awakened her husband and asked him if he heard anything unusual. After listening he said that he did not and asked her why she had asked the question. She replied that every now and again she had heard a sound like earth thrown from a shovel.

"Go to sleep, my dear," he replied. "You lived so many years in the sound of dirt thrown out of holes in the ground that it has got on your nerves."

The next night Ellen fancied she heard the same sound, but, since Mark had not heard it and thinking she would trouble him by calling his attention to what he seemed to consider a trick in her brain, she did not wake him. But she listened herself. She would hear the sound, apparently not far from the house, of a shovelful of earth thrown on the ground. Then all was silent. In a few minutes she would hear another shovelful tossed.

It seemed to her, from below, as though some one were digging in a trench. Once or twice she thought she heard a pick strike a stone, but of this she was not sure. She could not locate the sounds, but it seemed to her that they came from a corner of the lot in rear of the cabin.

She was tempted the next morning to tell her husband that she had heard the sounds repeated, but refrained, realizing that he would think something had gone wrong with her. As soon as he had departed for the store she went out to the rear of what was a four acre lot, half expecting to find that some claim jumper had been digging for gold. No sign of earth thrown up appeared.

There was a thick undergrowth separating her from where she had seemed to hear the sounds, and passing through it she came to the extreme corner of the lot. The ground was just as it had always been. The surface was uneven, and a ledge of red stone a few feet high furnished a convenient seat. She sat down on it and idly picked up a loose piece of the stone. Examining it, she noticed that it presented a rather singular appearance. Her father had often shown her such pieces of ore, which, he said, were very rich in gold.

Ellen took the fragment to the cabin and put it in her bureau drawer; then, taking her father's pick and shovel, she went back to the spot from which she had taken the stone and began to dig.

Since the place was concealed by undergrowth, Mark did not notice the excavation. Ellen, who had had a long experience in the appearance of ore, dug on till she came to something that looked worth examination. Taking specimens, the next day, instead of digging, she carried them to an assayer.

One evening when Mark came home from work looking distressed on account of the dullness of trade, which foreboded his discharge, Ellen threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming:

"Mark, we are rich!"

"What do you mean?"

"Come and see."

She took him to the hole she had dug and, picking up a piece of ore, told him that she had had a specimen from the place assayed and it had shown \$200 to the ton.

"How came you," he asked, "to dig here?"

Howing her head reverently, she told him that her father had guided her, and when he asked how she reminded him of the dying promise and the sounds she had heard at night.

Kingston Kinks

Mrs. Dennis Caldwell and Mrs. Arney Flood visited with Mrs. Liston Darby Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Logan Neet, of Fall Creek is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Brewer, this week.

Clifford Harold visited home folks Thursday evening.

Miss Louise Henkel and daughter Marie, called at the Matt Muller home Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Baker motored to Mill City Sunday.

Miss Bertha Schafer visited at the Curtis Cole home Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. E. E. Townsend called at the J. E. Yeoman home Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Clifford Stayton and Mrs. Arthur Leffler visited Mrs. Arney Flood Tuesday afternoon.

Raleigh Harold was a business visitor in Albany Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sandner Jr., were business visitors at the C. Schaefer home Monday afternoon.

Carl Follis who is sick with the measles is reported better.

G. F. Harold and son Loyde, motored up to Frank Rohwein's in Jordan Sunday.

R. C. Peppering, of Jordan was a business visitor in this vicinity Friday.

Miss Alta Harold was a guest at the W. E. Chrisman home Sunday afternoon.

He Had an Excuse.

"Well, Tommy, are you a good boy all the time?" asked the visitor.

"Not me."

"And why not?"

"'Cause I don't want to die young," replied Tommy.—Chicago News.

Pyramid of Cheops.

The largest single building structure in the world is the Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt. This famous pile contains over 82,000,000 cubic feet of masonry and is by far the most massive of man's buildings.

A Trade Mixture.

"There is one very unbusiness trait about persons who love to retail gossip."

"What is that?"

"They generally do it wholesale."—Baltimore American.

Ty Cobb

Famous Ball Player, Says:

"Tuxedo is a good, pure, mild tobacco and makes a wonderfully pleasant pipe-smoke."

Ty Cobb



Many Famous Athletes—

men of mighty muscle and keen brain, testify that they smoke Tuxedo with never a trace of tongue-bite or throat-parch. That's partly because Tuxedo is mellowed by ageing in wood from three to five years. Ageing is only the beginning—the big thing is the famous "Tuxedo Process," that nobody else can use.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Right ageing makes Tuxedo mild, sweet and delicious—the often-imitated-but-never-equalled "Tuxedo Process" makes Tuxedo the mildest, coolest and most delightful of all tobaccos.

One week of Tuxedo will make you its lifelong friend. Get a tin and smoke it.

You can buy Tuxedo everywhere

Pouch 5c
Famous green tin 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c.

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

The Stayton Mail now 75c

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 mortgage holding more than 1 per cent of total security, none.

E. M. OLMSTED, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of Mar., 1916.

S. H. HELTZEL

[SEAL]

Notary Public

My commission expires Jan. 2, 1917.

The Stayton Mail

The Best Newspaper printed in the Santiam Valley can be had for the sum of

Seventy-five Cents

This means old or new subscribers. Take advantage of this offer now before it is too late. If you are in arrears, now is a good time to pay up, while the price is low.

The Stayton Mail