

A Wild Goose Chase

By F. A. MITCHEL

This is a copy of the will of Edward Spangler, who died leaving a daughter who was engaged to Thomas Ormsby, a young man of whom the testator approved. Mr. Spangler was considered a very singular personage, and his will bears out the opinion.

"Believing that between husband and wife the one showing the greater thought, resource, ingenuity and indeed, those faculties which go to make up smartness—should rule, I bequeath my fortune either to my beloved daughter, Imogene Spangler, or to the man she shall marry, the inheritance to be decided in the following manner:

"My property, consisting of twenty bonds of \$5,000 each, is buried in the state of Florida. They will be found either on the right bank of the St. Johns river, at its junction with the ocean, or at Glencove Springs, twenty miles northeast of St. Augustine. The finder of the bonds—either my daughter, Imogene Spangler, or her husband—shall be their possessor."

"Surely, Tom," said Imogene after reading the will, "father must have been delirious when he signed his will. You'd better go to Florida and visit the two places named in the will. Quite likely you'll find a pointer in the one where the bonds are buried."

"I think you had better go with me. We can make it a bridal trip."

"Very good. Name the day."

Imogene and Tom were duly married and preparations made for the wedding journey. The evening before their start Imogene went into her late father's library, where the old gentleman had kept many atlases—for he was much interested in geography—with a view to locating the points where they were to hunt for the bonds. Mr. Spangler had set great store by a revolving plaster globe four feet in diameter. Imogene found St. Augustine on this globe, but not Glencove Springs, so she got down an atlas containing a sufficiently detailed map and located the points exactly.

The couple left the next morning for the Flowery State, passing gradually from winter into summer. When they reached St. Augustine Tom proposed that they put up at a third rate hotel or a cheap boarding house. He did not approve of spending money freely until he had found the money to spend. But Imogene said that, being on her wedding journey, she proposed to live like a bride. Tom was overruled, and they went to the most expensive hotel.

After a few days' rest from their journey Tom proposed that they should proceed to look up their fortune. Imogene seemed to be in no hurry.

"I'm comfortable here," she said. "Suppose you go to both points."

"But in case I find the bonds I shall be the owner of them."

"Suppose you are? That won't make any difference to me. I think the husband should have the money anyway. Papa was like most men; he thought that power in the family is lodged in the one possessing the funds. He should have known that women don't work that way. Their power lies beyond dollars and cents. You go ahead and find the bonds."

Tom was puzzled. For him to go off to hunt for a fortune on such meager information as he possessed seemed ridiculous. He showed a disposition to give up the matter.

"Oh, go on!" said his wife. "You'll get mighty tired sitting around with me long before the honeymoon is over. Quite likely you'll find a clew. Father wasn't such a fool as to hide a fortune where no one could find it."

She kissed him and patted him on the back and sent him away. He went first to the Springs, where he spent a day looking for a sign. Finding none, he proceeded to Jacksonville and thence to the coast. But never a sign did he see. As for digging anywhere without a sign, he was not so stupid as that. So after three or four days' absence he returned to St. Augustine. He expected to find his wife disappointed at his failure, but she met him with a smile.

"You don't seem to be much depressed at the loss of a fortune," she remarked.

"Isn't it a wife's duty to cheer her husband in times of adversity?" she replied.

"I hope you'll be able to keep it up when the bills begin to come in."

"Brush your hair and get that disappointed look off your face. Things are not so bad as they appear. I have something to tell you. The night before we left for this place I went into father's library to look up his globes and maps where these places you have been are. Something in the words Glencove Springs sounded suggestive. 'Springs, springs,' I kept saying. Why I did it I don't know, but I pressed my thumb on the globe at the point where Glencove is and broke through the surface. Taking a knife, I began to dig and found the bonds. Here they are."

Going to her trunk, she unlocked it and took out twenty G per cent gilt edge bonds.

Tom kissed her enthusiastically. Then suddenly the smile left his face, and he said:

"This makes you governor of the household."

"Not at all. I expect to defer to you in everything," was the comforting reply.

But she never assigned the bonds to him, and he learned in time that her father was not so crackbrained as was supposed.

A Rip Van Winkle Story

By OSCAR COX

Mr. Rip Van Winkle Stone went to sleep in the province of Maine, France, after a tramp, in the middle of July, 1895, and slept the twenty years his great-great-grandfather had slept in the Catskill mountains, in America. Like his progenitor, he was on a height and could look down on a broad expanse of country. It was the same season as that in which he had commenced his slumber, so he didn't realize that he had slept a couple of decades.

"What a peaceful scene!" he remarked. "It makes me feel like taking another nap."

Hearing a buzzing sound above, he looked up.

"My good gracious!" he exclaimed. "Have whales from the sea got into the air?"

A Zeppelin was swimming along lazily. Mr. Stone watched it till it passed out of sight, wondering what it could be. Beneath him, running from north-east to south-east, was an ill defined zigzag line. He didn't remember having seen it when he went to sleep. While he was wondering how it came there he saw a flock of birds rising from the other side of a hill and come toward him. As they approached they grew larger and larger, and when they passed over his head he saw men on them.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with me? First, the world seems turned upside down and whales swim where the birds should be. Next, men ride by on the backs of birds."

A party of men in uniform rode up in an auto to a point near where he was gazing, and one of them brought binoculars to bear on the country below. They were a German general and his staff. Stone spoke French pretty well and hailed them.

"Hello, you fellows! What are you doing cavorting in uniform in these peaceful times?"

The men looked at him curiously, and one of them asked him in German who he was and what he was doing there. He said he was an American on a tramp; then, rising, he was beginning to descend the declivity when one of the officers asked him where he was going.

"To Paris," was the answer.

"I hope you'll succeed in doing so," was the reply. "We've been trying to get there for a year and haven't accomplished the feat yet."

The American started down the declivity.

"See here, my man, do you want to walk straight to your death?"

"How can I walk to my death going down into that quiet country?"

"What's the matter with you? Don't you see that zigzag line down there?"

"Yes, and I can't make out what it means."

"It means 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 of men, armed with all the implements of modern warfare."

"What are they doing there?"

"They're at war."

"You don't mean to tell me that there's war going on down in those peaceful meadows and slopes?"

"At that moment came the roar of a hundred guns from a segment of the line not a mile long."

"What's that?" asked Stone.

"Cannon, you fool."

Stone didn't hear. A light breeze was setting westward. A brown cloud arose and drifted with it.

"What's that?"

"Asphyxiating gas."

"What's it for?"

"There are millions of French soldiers down there. That gas is intended to poison them so they can't fight. Wait a minute and you'll see a charge."

By this time there was so much noise that it was useless to ask any more questions, and the Yankee simply gaped. He heard the charge and saw some of it, but the fuses were so near together that it seemed to him like a gigantic football game wherein the two teams were deadlocked, and whenever they moved they left heaps of men lying still. Gradually the din died down, and the Yankee found it possible to make himself heard again.

"See here!" he said. "Did those soldiers get vomited out of the bowels of the earth?"

"They came out of the trenches."

"Trenches! What are they?"

"Don't you know anything about war?"

"Yes, my father was in the great war between the states in America. I've heard a lot about war from him. But that was a war of men, not of rabbits. He was in the battle of Gettysburg, the biggest of the war. There were a couple of hundred thousand men engaged. The line must have been several miles long."

"Oh, give us a rest about your American battles! There are three or four millions of men in that line and it is 200 miles long!"

"Where?"

A flock of aeroplanes was seen in the distance. The general and his staff manifested some trepidation and descended the hill rearward to seek cover.

"I'm going home to America, where everything is as peaceful as a cemetery," said Stone to himself.

But when he had reached Paris by a roundabout way and bought a newspaper the first thing that arrested his attention was a scare head:

THE WHOLE YANKEE NATION DISCUSSING PREPAREDNESS FOR WAR.

Lyons and Fox Valley

Mrs. Whimier and little son Chester are visiting with her sister Mrs. I. V. Kane.

Prof. Kane left Monday for a two week's visit in eastern Oregon.

H. L. Schnackenberg died in the open air Sanitarium near Portland Monday, May 15th. He was buried here Wednesday.

Mrs. G. F. Johnston assisted by Mesdames Simons, Woodworth and Thompson entertained the Kill Kare club last Wednesday, the guest of honor being Mrs. L. G. Simons of Salem.

Mrs. Wm. Edler had the misfortune to fall and hurt her hand severely. Dr. Beauchamp was called and her hand will soon be as good before.

Miss Ella Johnston reports a very enjoyable time at Grants Pass, where she went as a delegate of the Lyons Grange.

Shelburn Items

The farmers are making good use of the fine weather to finish their garden planting.

The Trullinger brother have recently purchased a "Ford"

Several around Shelburn are going into the chicken business this spring, among whom are Marion Tindall and M. E. Gooch. A week ago last Tuesday 900 chicks arrived at Shelburn from the "Tancred farm", 200 for A. Shank and 700 for Will Hiron. Here's hoping they are successful in their venture.

The Shelburn school will close Friday, and on Saturday eve, May 19th, an interesting program will be given at the Chilcote Hall. Everybody come.

J. W. Miller has been teaching at the Scio school the last two weeks, where we understand he will teach next year.

LEWTAS ON TORPEDOED SHIP

The evangelist John Lewtas who is holding meetings at the Methodist church returned to this country from his visits on the firing lines some months ago on the ill fated Cymric which steamer was torpedoed last week and he states that he knows the vessel from end to end and also many of the crew.

With his wide experiences, as a traveler he illustrates his discourses with interesting facts found when he visited Jerusalem, when he climbed Olivet, sailed on the Red sea and stood on the banks of the Jordan. That the visit of this man to Stayton is appreciated is seen by the large audiences greeting him at the church each evening. The singing of Mr. Lewtas is enjoyed almost as much as his sermons, he being a tenor soloist of fine grade.

Meetings are held each afternoon and evening of this week. The meetings close on Sunday when there will be three services including a man's meeting in the afternoon. On Monday and Tuesday evenings in the Opera House, Mr. Lewtas will lecture on "What I saw in Syria and Other Lands" and "My War Experiences on the Firing Line" respectively, the admission for these lectures being 35 and 15 cents each lecture.

NOTICE FOR SEALED BIDS

The undersigned President of the Stayton Co-operative Switchboard Ass'n will accept sealed bids up to 6 p. m., Saturday, June 3rd, 1916 for operating the switchboard in Stayton, Oregon for one year beginning August 1, 1916.

Home and office furnished free by the Association.

Office hours are to be 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. from October 1 to May 1 and 6 a. m. to 9:30 p. m. May 1 to October 1.

15% of long distance calls go to operator, but operator must collect and be responsible.

Right reserved to reject any or all bids. Bids to be left at Stayton State Bank in care of Henry Smith.

Henry Smith, Pres. 6-1

J. C. Seigmund and W. A. Jones of Salem stopped in Stayton a few hours Monday night on their way home from Fern Ridge and Mill City, where they had been in the interests of Mr. Jones nomination.

Mt. Pleasant

Mr. and Mrs. Myron E. Pogue and Willie Kaiser of Salem motored to the M. F. Ryan home Sunday.

F. X. Hottinger and daughter motored to Albany Monday.

James Thompson and wife of Albany motored to the Ed Smith home Sunday evening.

Miss Mamie Zimmerman is visiting at the H. Serz home this week.

Mrs. Linn Lambert returned home Friday evening after an extended trip to Washington.

G. H. Ray made his annual trip to Albany Monday.

Frank Habberman and wife motored to Salem Sunday eve.

Miss Grace Shank called on Mrs. H. R. Shank Monday.

Mrs. A. B. Ray and daughter of Winlock, Wash. are visiting at the Linn Lambert home this week.

The Misses Effie, Zona and Cora Ray called on Mrs. L. H. Townes Tuesday.

Miss Anna Miles called at the Mrs. H. Shank home Monday evening.

Mrs. D. C. Ray called at P. H. Lambert's Friday.

Frank Laux spent the weekend at the H. Senz home.

Mrs. Ethel Shank was entertained at the H. Senz home Monday.

Grace Shank and B. F. Lambert called at the Charley Bates home Sunday evening.

The Mt. Pleasant school will give their closing program Saturday evening, May 20 at 8:00 p. m. After the program there will be a pie social. All are invited to come.

Union Hill

Jacob Spaniol, wife and daughter of Stayton and Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Victor Point visited at the Adolph Heater home Sunday.

Nick Geymer and family of near Kingston spent Sunday at the Will Stevely home, they motored to Silver Creek Falls in the afternoon.

Mrs. J. Tefft accompanied her daughter Katie to Salem Saturday where she took part in the spelling contest. Katie is a good speller and we hope she gets the prize.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith and son Curtis, Hershell Scott and wife and D. Olie of Silverton were guests at the G. D. Scott home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mollet, and Bertha and Ralph Mollet motored to Corvallis Friday evening and returned home Sunday.

Chas. Peters and daughters Emma and Mildred were Stayton visitors Wednesday.

Edith and Clifford Hurt of Sublimity spent Saturday night at the W. D. Hurt home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mollet were Stayton visitors Thursday.

C. W. Geer spent Sunday at the Guy Geer home.

P. A. Monroe and wife left for Crook county Sunday, where they expect to make their future home.

Rapid Speaking.
Rapid speakers pronounce from 7,000 to 7,500 words an hour, or about two words a second.

Insulted.
Duels have been fought over the most remotely fancied insults. M. Roman, who seems to have been an editor in Paris, got a letter from a young lawyer which ran: "Sir, I send you with this note a ballad, which I beg you will read with great attention. If you think you can add a few words to it and they suit me I consent to accept you as a collaborator."

The manuscript was returned with a note thus: "Sir, I have read your ballad with the greatest attention. I leave to you the choice of the weapons."

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From STAYTON To
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via
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On sale daily: June 1st to Sept. 30th, 1916
Stopovers allowed
Return limit: 90 days from date of sale not to exceed Oct. 30, 1916
"To start right is to end right"
THE SHASTA ROUTE
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Attractions	en route
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Mt. Shasta	Shasta Springs
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LIMITED TRAINS
on all Southern Pacific routes
OGDEN ROUTE—'The Route of Limiteds'
SUNSET ROUTE—'Through Storyland'
EL PASO ROUTE—'The route of lowest altitude'
Call on local agent for further information or write
John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland Ore.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Bud Fisher
by Walt Mason

Bud Fisher jumped the old-time rut when he invented Jeff and Mutt. For years, with that amusing pair, he's chased away the people's care, and made them laugh and throw their hats, and cackle till they broke their slats. The tired, the sad, the weak, the worn, have laughed with Bud, and ceased to mourn; the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, have whooped with glee o'er Mutt and Jeff. Where does he find the joyous jests which break the buttons from our vests? You'd think the fount would have to fail, but never once has he been stale. When he sits down to hatch a plot in which his heroes will be caught, he lights his pipe, and soon a joke emerges from Tuxedo smoke. He swears by "Tux" and so will you, when you have tried a jar or two.



BUD FISHER
Famous Cartoonist, says:
"Tuxedo has made a pipe my favorite form of smoking. Its coolness and mildness make pipe-smoking a real pleasure."
Bud Fisher

Kingston Kinks

Sublimity Sunday and in the afternoon all went to Silver Creek Falls.

G. F. Harold and son Loyde motored to Salem Sunday returning Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Schaefer and son Lloyd visited at the Joe Etzel home at Fern Ridge Sunday.

Mrs. Lee Kerber and daughter were Stayton visitors Tuesday.

Carl Follis is hauling lumber from Geisler & Lulay's saw mill for a new stock barn.

Ruth Smith visited home folks in Lebanon Saturday and Sunday.

J. C. Leffler was a business visitor in Stayton Tuesday.

Miss Bertha Schaefer was a Sunday visitor at the Liston Darby home.

Curtis Cole went to Salem Friday, returning Sunday afternoon accompanied by his wife and son who had been visiting friends and relatives there for several days.

Charley Croissant of Lyons visited with Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Baker Sunday.

Titus Archer and family visited at the McKenzie home Sunday afternoon.

Nick Geymer and family visited at the Will Stevely home near