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Eggs of the Gallinot.
The Gallinot is distinguished among British birds by the fact that its eggs vary more in color than those of any other species, ranging from dark reddish brown to pale green. The female Gallinot lays only one egg at a time, but, like the mother of an only child, she pays great attention to it. To hatch it she holds it between her legs as she sits facing the cliffs. Taking the eggs is a regular profession in some places, such as at Flamborough Head, where the birds congregate in great numbers. The albumen obtained from them is said to be used in clarifying wines and in the preparation of patent leather.—London Standard.

A Comet's Three Parts.
A comet has three parts. The nucleus is the bright, starlike point which is the kernel, the true potential comet. Around this is spread the coma, a sort of luminous fog, shading from the nucleus and forming with it the head. Still beyond is the delicate tail, stretching away into space. And this to the world in general is the comet itself, though always the least dense of the whole.
Sometimes entirely wanting or barely detectable, the tail is again an extension millions of miles in length. Although usually a single brush of light, comets have been seen with no fewer than six tails.

TEN YEARS AFTER

By SADIE OLCOTT

Algernon Witney was a romantic youth. His mother was the very opposite. She was a hard headed, matter of fact woman. When Algy was growing up there lived near by the Witneys a family of Bentons. They were wealthy, while the Witneys were in moderate circumstances. Alma Benton, an only child, was about Algy's age, and the two children were playmates.

Alma was a delicate child and was very much petted. When Algy reached an age to think of marriage his mother noticed that he and Alma were beginning to look upon each other in a different light from what they did as children. One day she said to her son: "I wish you to understand that on no account will I consent to your marrying Alma Benton."

"Why not, mother?"
"That I don't care to tell you. If you see her ten or fifteen years from now you will know without my having told you."

Algy was somewhat surprised at his mother's objection. The Bentons being wealthy and Alma being the sole heir to their property, he had supposed that his mother, who seemed to have a keen eye to pecuniary advantages, would have urged rather than opposed the match. Alma was just the kind of girl to please a young man of nineteen. All her motions, her words, her acts, were subdued. Even her laugh was delicate. Despite his mother's warning, Algy lost his heart to her.

There was another girl in the neighborhood that Algy met occasionally, but did not fancy at all, whom he reckoned his mother would be pleased to see him marry. Martha Bonfield was next door to home, but she was barely sixteen, and some girls when passing from childhood into womanhood are like a grub changing into a butterfly.

Martha inherited from her mother a good deal of hard sense. But this was lost on Algy. The pink and white complexion, the coral lips of Alma were quite enough with him to outweigh all the common sense of a dozen girls. But when Martha's red hair and freckles were considered the comparison was especially odious.

There was trouble for the young lovers on both sides of the house. The Benton family were as much opposed to the match as the Witneys. They designed their daughter for a rich husband. A taste for riches is a growing taste—the more we have the more we want.

The upshot of it all was that Alma was dominated by her mother. Her lover had the manliness to choose for himself. But since the girl he wanted would not marry him without her parents' consent he was obliged to content himself without her.

Several years passed. Alma Benton, under her mother's leadership, made a matrimonial campaign abroad, but came back to America unmarried. Algernon Witney after her departure found nothing to remember about her any more than a figure painted on china, and, though he struggled hard to make himself believe that he was heartbroken, he was finally convinced that, though he could never love again, he was not suffering.

Meanwhile Martha Bonfield's hair had turned from its original dull red to auburn, and her freckles had disappeared. When Witney felt bored he used to go to see her for an evening's chat. Some of his romance had evaporated, and he was entering upon an age when a career interested him. When he fell into romance Martha shut up like a clam; when he talked in a practical vein she occasionally said something that struck him forcibly. One day he said to his mother:

"Mother, I have always believed that you would like to see me make a match with Martha Bonfield. I have decided that if Martha is willing I am ready to accede to your wishes."

"Nonsense! You're not going to accede to my wishes at all. You have discovered that there's something in Martha that you want."

This turned out to be true. Algernon Witney, without fortune, married Martha Bonfield, without a cent. Witney became interested in money making, and in his wife he found a good manager, who was interested in money saving. The two got on together well enough till they saved enough money to work with, then began to accumulate a fortune.

Ten years passed. A good deal may happen in ten years. The Witneys were now well to do and paid some attention to social life. One evening when at a function Witney was introduced to a Mrs. Hetherington, a scrawny woman of about thirty, whose scabby, covered collar bones did not deter her from wearing a décolleté costume. Witney was about to move on to avoid getting tied up with this unimpressive bunch of skin and bones when she said:

"Algy!"
He looked at her, vainly trying to place her.

"Can it be that you have forgotten me, Algy?"

"Heavens! Could this be Alma Benton the woman he had loved? The cheeks were hollow; the teeth, once white, though fragile, were interspersed with gold ones, or braced with gold bands. But this was nothing to what she said when she began to talk of former times. It was all—well, he called it horrible."

She had married a man for his money!

My Cousin From America

By EUNICE BLAKE

The Von Muellers are one of the oldest families in Prussia. But there have been spendthrifts in the family, men who despised the making of money and who have had no other profession than the army, which, to say the least, is not lucrative. The original family estates were conferred on Otto von Mueller for military service.

One of my uncles, Caspar von Mueller, rather than be a poor aristocrat in Prussia chose to be a rich commoner in America. At any rate, he went there to attempt to make a fortune. He succeeded, and at the beginning of the twentieth century was the only rich one of the family. He was loyal to his relatives and entered upon a correspondence with my father, his brother, with a view to starting the family on a new career of prosperity by means of his great wealth. He had only one child, a son, and his plan was to marry him to one of the family in Prussia. Then the young man was to remove to the fatherland and by means of his wealth secure a position at the Kaiser's court.

Our Von Muellers in Germany were quite pleased with the plan. The aristocracy and the commercial classes had been drawing closer together. The Kaiser himself owned a pottery. Caspar von Mueller's millions, though acquired in trade, were not to be despised. To make a long story short, it was arranged that he should come over to Germany, and I, being the only girl Von Mueller of suitable age for him, it was hoped that a match might be arranged between him and me.

One evening a lot of us Von Muellers were sitting in a public garden listening to an orchestra and drinking wine or beer. Two young men came in and took seats at a table near us. They seemed to be English—at least they spoke the English language. The feeling against the English people was very strong, and even the language was irritating. But one of the young men opposite me was very handsome, and I could not help glancing at him occasionally. Whether or no he was encouraged by this or because he admired me, he gazed at me continually. Finally my brother Otto, a lieutenant in the army, noticed his eyes continually bent on me. Rising, Otto went to the table where the young man was sitting and said, "I will pig stick you," and threw a card on the table bearing his name and address.

This was equivalent to a challenge to fight. As soon as Otto returned to us I gave him a piece of my mind, telling him that I did not need him to protect me and he had no right to challenge a man simply for admiring me.

I did not know whether the stranger would fight, but I determined to prevent a meeting if possible. My cousin Gustav, a boy of fifteen, was of our party, and Otto having left us, taking Gustav with me, I went to the table where the two strangers were sitting and said to the one who had been looking at me:

"I have a request to make of you, sir."
Rising and removing his hat, he asked to be informed what it was. I spoke in German, and he replied in the same language, though with a foreign accent.

"I have seen my brother challenge you. I beg that you will decline to fight."

"But your German men expect—"
"Never mind what our German men expect. You have the request of a German woman. It should be of greater import to you than the demand of any man."

He hesitated for a few moments, then said:

"Fraulein, I shall consider your request a command. I beg to offer an apology for looking so intently upon you. In the first place, I lost a sister a few years ago who greatly resembled you. In the second place, I admit that you excited my admiration the moment I looked at you."

"No apology is necessary. I thank you very much for granting my request."

As I was turning away to rejoin the party at our table he said:

"May I ask, fraulein, to be informed as to whom I have the honor to obey?"

"I am Bertha von Mueller."

He looked at me with an expression which I did not understand, but said nothing further.

The duel, of course, did not take place. My brother in speaking of it said contemptuously that the man was doubtless an Englishman and the English would not fight. A few days after the occurrence my father told me that my cousin had come from America and would call the next afternoon. Father hoped that I would make myself as agreeable as possible.

The next day when I went down into the drawing room to see my cousin I stood speechless with astonishment. He looked at me with an amused smile. He was the man who had admired me at the garden and whom I had prevented fighting my brother.

"Cousin Bertha," he said, "that was quite an episode, my meeting the girl I had come across the water to see, was it not?"

"Indeed it was!" I stammered.
I married my cousin, but instead of his remaining in Germany I went back with him to America. He said he did not care to remain where a man was liable to be pig stuck for admiring a woman. Besides, he preferred the activity of life in America.

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HOME LIFE.

To a young person afflicted with discontent R. L. Stevenson wrote:

"I gathered that your home is depressing. Every one's home is depressing, I believe. It is your difficult duty to make it less so."

Moslem Divorce.

Moslem writers and their supporters in this country frequently emphasize the superior status of the women of Islam in comparison with their western sisters. Some recent divorce court proceedings bring to light the fact at least that when a dissolution of the marriage relation is desired in Moslem lands the husband is the only one possessing the right of divorce. The woman's only recourse appears to be to change her religion, by which means she automatically disposes of her husband.—Literary Digest.

The Snail's Horns.

A snail's manner of withdrawing his horns is very interesting. He does not pull them back bodily into their receptacles, but turns them inside out, just as one sometimes turns the fingers of a tight glove.

Two Good Reasons.

Two men on the street car were talking about a third man.

"Ever get Jim out to visit you?" the first man asked.

"Nope, never can," was the reply.

"Been tryin' for eight years to get him out, and he just keeps promisin' and promisin', but he never comes. Always says when he's a-workin' he can't afford to lay off to come, and says when he ain't a-workin' he can't afford to take his savin's to come on, so I've 'bout give up gettin' a visit out'n Jim."
—Indianapolis News.

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