

# JOLLY AND GENEROUS UNCLE JOSH

Real Live Cottage Grove Romance in Which Business Men Are Leading Characters.

"Miss Summers—Polly—I—I—er—dare I—" But the speaker took a header over bashfulness, only to hear a sweet

"Yes, Charley."  
"Can I aspire to—er—to—that is—"  
Again a lapse into silence, followed by an encouraging

"Yes, Charley."  
"Oh, if I might only hope to—er—to—"

Another failure of language. It was seemingly a hopeless case, and might have been, only for a demure—

"Charley, I have said 'yes' twice, and if you mean it, I mean it, too, and—"

And to this day that young man will insist that he popped the question.

All this happened away "down east," and it wasn't long before there was a wedding. Not much longer before there came a letter from Polly's Uncle Josh, out here in Cottage Grove, who wrote effusively of his delight at the exhibition of what he called "grit," and he proposed that if the young people would locate at Cottage Grove he would start them up in life, as a wedding present. Of course, they accepted and were soon bidding their friends adieu.

The first of this week a travel-stained party arrived in Cottage Grove. Our friend, Uncle Josh, was in charge, and he led the party straightway to a hotel. "The Oregon," said he, "is a typical American hotel of the best class. I have known B. R. Westbrook, the proprietor for years, and he is mine host after mine own heart, endowed with that delightful intuition that makes a guest feel at home, contented, and in mighty good luck. While the cuisine is all that a superior chef and unlimited orders on the market can make it. I have engaged rooms here until your own house is in readiness."

"After breakfast," said the old man, "I am ready to go buy your outfit. To expedite matters I have ordered a carriage from A. S. Powell, our enterprising livery man." When the handsome carriage, with elaborate trappings and prancing horses drew up in front of the hotel, Polly declared it the "finest turnout she had ever seen."

"Yes, Sir-ee," replied Uncle Josh, the three S's, "Speed Safety, and Style," is the Fashion Stable's coat of arms. So, young folks, when you want to take a drive, either for business or pleasure, go to him for a rig every time. His wedding party and funeral equipments are unsurpassed."

"Where to?" asked the polite driver, as the trio entered the conveyance. Uncle Josh looked askance at his wards.

"Oh, goodness knows; there's lots to buy," remarked Polly. "Then suppose we buy 'lots' first," quoted Charles, without turning a hair. Uncle Josh saw the point and started for Fingal Hinds real estate office, remarking on the way: "I can always depend on him for bargains in real estate, as he never holds out false lights to induce people to buy. What he tells you about property may be set down as solid fact. He controls a large list of desirable residences as well as ranch properties, and his judgment on the 'good things' is par excellence."

The party was not long in making a dicker for a nice house in Cottage Grove and a ranch, which Charley considered a splendid investment.

"By the way," exclaimed Uncle Josh, with a paternal air, "the next thing to look after is the lumber for those improvements which are absolutely necessary. Come with me, and I'll introduce you to the Cottage Grove Manufacturing Co., who are the principal dealers in that line here, and they have a well equipped planing mill in connection. They carry the most complete line of building material in the county—every thing from the sills for the foundation to the shingles for the roof, including doors and windows, mouldings, etc. It is pleasant to deal with them, for their greatest aim is to give satisfaction to every customer. In a few minutes Uncle Josh had made all arrangements for the building material.

"Having provided you with a cage for the bird," said Uncle Josh, "now the first thing we'll look after will be the furnishings for it." Hereupon Polly energetically declared that she had heard so much about Simeral & VanDenberg that she had decided to go there. The result was that they were ushered into such a bewitching display of furniture that the girl was at first at a loss how to select. But she soon yielded to the seductiveness of a magnificent parlor suit, a bed room set of oak, antique finish that would do credit to old Antiquity himself. To this she added an easy rocker for Uncle Josh, and didn't forget a most convenient and ornamental writing desk for "hubby" Charles.

"And these house fixin's remind me," Uncle Josh continued, "that you haven't got your dishes yet. Now your

aunt, when we were startin' out to housekeepin' years ago, got a full set of them blue flowered dishes. Polly, you know them silver knives and forks! They was one of our weddin' presents. Wear well? Course they did! They came from Metcalf & Brund's.

"Strange, now, ain't it, how one thing brings up another," sentimentally remarked Polly, as they emerged from the china store. "Carpets and draperies, you know, are of great importance." "Oh, well, my young lady, it won't take long to settle that matter," replied Uncle Josh. "Walk right around the corner of the street a little further and we'll visit the only exclusive carpet house in the city. Simeral & VanDenberg can show you more handsome floor coverings than could be found in a day's journey, sold at moderate prices, too." Polly was soon reveling in a perfect elysium of beautifully designed carpets and rugs, of every conceivable shade and pattern, including Wiltons, Axminsters, velvets, brussels and ingrains, besides linoleums and matings, of which she selected enough for every room in her house, together with draperies, lace curtains and such.

"Halt," commanded Uncle Josh, as the party came in front of the Modern Pharmacy, "walk right in." "Why Uncle, we're not sick, and—" "Guess I know that, but I suspect it won't be long before this young man begins to take interest in matters of paregoric and—" "U-n-c-e-l-e!" "Well, go in anyway; Polly may find some toilet articles she wants." Sure enough, before leaving she bought combs, brushes, face powders, and ounces upon ounces of fine imported perfumes. "Don't forget," added Uncle Josh, "to come here with your prescriptions, as the Modern Pharmacy and their clerks are competent pharmacists and use pure and reliable drugs."

"Let's see—I promised you a gold watch, didn't I?" queried Uncle Josh of Polly, "and D. J. Scholl is the man to sell us one cheap." Entering the popular jewelry store the old man gallantly acquitted himself of the promise and then directed Polly's attention to the superior stock of silverware carried by the house. "There is no other such house in town," said the old man, "and I will guarantee the quality to be the very best. Pick out your family clock, while here," he added. "Scholl carries a magnificent line. Don't forget another fact," he continued, "if ever you unfortunately need a pair of specs, this is the place to come. He has everything required to improve defective eyes; and, say, my boy, remember these folks are also expert doctors on sick watches."

While Uncle Josh was pondering where to go next Polly suddenly asked: "Uncle, where can I find the leading millinery establishment?" "Just a few doors further on Main street," replied Uncle Josh, "and we will visit the Hat Shop near the bridge, who, by the way, has on hand one of the completest stocks of millinery to be found in the city. You can get what you want there, the latest styles and lowest prices being her motto. Years of experience guarantees that when you have purchased of her you have the thing according to fashion and a satisfaction that your work has been done by a competent artist." In a few hours there never was a happier girl than Polly, for her spring hat was a perfect dream of loveliness.

After this visit Uncle Josh suggested a resort of some place of refreshment. At the table the old man waxed philosophical. "Never neglect your larder," said he. "That important adjunct to housekeeping controls masculine temper. To that end you must patronize a grocer on whom you can depend for honest goods. In every transaction I have found Metcalf & Brund perfectly reliable. You will find them careful dealers, always fully stocked with every possible thing in the line of staple and fancy groceries, fresh and first-class, no shelfworn goods here while the prices are down to brass tacks. To keep peace in this family, get all your groceries of Metcalf & Brund."

"But, say, Uncle," here again chimed in Polly, "seems to me you are forgetting a thing or two." "What's on your mind now Polly?" asked Uncle Josh. "Why, I was only thinking how appropriate it would be to see a decorator." Well, now, I reckon you're right, child, and I've got the very man right in my eye—that's—R. W. Waters. He has reduced home adornment to a beautiful science, and talk about wall paper, paints, mouldings and window shades, I tell you he's got the dandy line, all new fresh spring goods." The store was reached in a jiffy, where Polly picked out some beautiful designs in wall paper. A contract for the decorating was subsequently made with Waters, who turned their house into a perfect palace of loveliness.

"And in the matter of insurance,"

continued Uncle Josh, "that is of importance. You want a 'Poll-icy' on your new house of course, and my old friend Fingal Hinds, not only has lines of the solidest and best companies but he is an expert and trustworthy underwriter, he has a large number of companies, all of which belong to the old reliable category, being well known for their prompt and satisfactory adjustment of losses. It's better to be safe than sorry, and you'll surely be safe in his agency."

"Yum, yum," laughingly escaped Polly's rosebud lips, as she glanced into The Wave's attractive confectionery store. "Uncle Josh, you know I've got a sweet tooth, and those homemade candies look so nice, I just can't resist the temptation to go in." Charley here objected, 'cause he knew if Polly got into a confectionery store once, there's where she'd likely want to stay. He relented, however, when he remembered that Uncle Josh was 'settlin' all the bills, so in they went, and the girl loaded up on sweetmeats galore, while all three indulged in delicious ice cream, and ice cream soda, which Charles declared surpassed even the dreams of an epicurean god. Polly was a splendid judge of sweetmeats, and she indulged in a profuse but nevertheless altogether just compliment to The Wave confections.

"Oh, Uncle Josh," exclaimed Polly, "I surely will be lonely without a piano." Uncle Josh was noticed to examine his bank book rather lugubriously. "Well, I guess I can stand it," he said, "but what piano would you prefer?" "I think I'd like a Schiller, which I understand is sold by Marion Veatch. Several people have recommended it to me for its purity of tone, sympathy of touch, beauty of finish, and a whole lot of other good points." "You couldn't chose a better instrument," replied the old man, and sure enough Mr. Veatch is the very man to see about it." Polly selected the coveted piano, while Uncle Josh wrote out a check, pleasantly, too, 'cause he knew the price was extremely reasonable. A continuation of this Uncle Josh story can be heard at Marion Veatch's music house.

"Now," cried the old gentleman, "now for a picture of this crowd, in good old country fashion; we'll go to the photograph gallery; my friend Armstrong, has a good one, in the Schlegg building. His pictures are wonderful in fidelity and finish. I want one full-sized photo for my study, and some small ones for my friends. Armstrong has the soul of a true artist; all his work is a labor of love, in which he will not fall short of perfection, and as he is famous for successful enlarging, I want to give you a life sized representation of 'yours truly.'"—Uncle Josh's picture may be seen at the Grove studio any time the reader desires to call.

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" ejaculated Polly, as they halted before a show window, "what perfectly lovely Oxfords." "Yes," says Uncle Josh, "Wheeler-Thompson Co.'s stock can't be equalled in style and extent in this section. Go in, look it over and get acquainted." It might have been policy not to have extended that invitation, had not Uncle Josh known what wise economy it is to trade at Wheeler-Thompson Co., for Polly found goods and prices so seductive that she purchased an outfit from an Oxford to a handsome walking boot. Charles invested in gents' fine shoes, while Uncle Josh indulged in a stout farm boot with rubbers for the crowd. No one needing footwear can resist the styles and prices offered by Wheeler-Thompson Co.

At this point, somewhat to the confusion of Charley, the old man indulged in a half-serious criticism of his personal appearance. "You are decidedly off stye for a townsman," said he, "and we'd better go see Wheeler-Thompson Co. about some new duds." After Charles had fitted himself in a neat suit, from the piles of fashionable garments that cover the racks of this exclusively stocked establishment, Uncle Josh declared: "Now you look like a newly married man." Before leaving, having found goods and prices irresistible, Charles also invested in a complete outfit, of gent's furnishings, from the latest stye hat to a half dozen shirts. Wheeler-Thompson Co. is not to be undersold in the state.

"Holy smoke, Charley, where in the name of creation did you get that snipe? That's about the worst weed that ever came in contact with my olfactory nerves," laughingly remarked Uncle Josh. "Step in here to this cigar store and get an 'Optimo,' then you'll have a gentleman's smoke. The optimo is a crackerjack; contains all the qualities of a delicious puff. Churchill & Markley take pride to keep that cigar up to the highest standard, and consequently it grows more popular every day." Charles was so well pleased with the Optimo Uncle Josh treated him to that he bought a whole box and advised his friends to do the same, not forgetting to also make a note of the many other fine brands.

"And now, young man, let me give you a pointer," remarked the generous old uncle. "Do not understand me to say that clothes make the man, but I do affirm that clean and spotless linen makes the nice appearing man. Now, in this connection I am happy to inform you that the Cottage Grove steam

laundry is one of the best laundries in the state. Polly will want the lace curtains washed this spring, and it's a ticklish job, you know, but the Cottage Grove laundry is so very careful that the most delicate fabrics are washed without the slightest injury, and at nominal cost, too. O. E. Woodson, the proprietor, will see that your collars, cuffs and shirts are made white is snow unless they happen to be colored, but then you needn't be afraid of a fade, for they pride themselves on doing colored goods satisfactorily."

"Yes, and we must have ice for the refrigerator, uncle," broke in Charley. "A 'heat reducer' is almost as essential as a 'heat producer,' you know." "Well, I reckon you're about right," laughingly replied the old gentleman, "but I can attend to the ice business about as quick as you can say 'Jack Robinson.' The Cottage Grove Ice Co. makes a speciality of supplying families and will put the congealed water right into your refrigerator so Polly won't even need to get her fingers wet. Manager J. H. Bartels told me the other day that they have a very fine quality of ice this year. Come along while I leave an order."

"Law sakes!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Josh, "all this trading and shopping round town has caused me to forget one of the greatest essentials to future existence. I have heard it said that newly married folks could live on love and scenery, but an old man of experience knows better—your table would look slim without bread; it's the 'staff of life,' you know. Polly, you must meet Parker, the Do-Nut man. His bread, pies and cakes and nicknacks are conceded by all to be the finest on earth. Remember, Charley, there is no use of your 'ootsy tootsy' bothering herself much about baking, so long as there is a good baker in town like Parker. When you give your reception, call on him for the fancy cakes and other good things."

"Yes, and while we are on this important topic of gastronomy, we must not forget the meat. It goes hand in hand with bread. Now to locate a meat market where you can get fresh, wholesome meats at all times. Cottage Grove Meat Co. is the man to supply you. This is the boss meat market in the city, and is popular with everybody who is particular to have the best. The reason for this is all because they are very careful in the selection of stock, and get the freshest of everything, and keep nothing but the very best. To keep your 'hubby' in good humor, Polly, trade at the Cottage Grove Meat Co.'s every time."

Enroute to their home the party called at The Sentinel office. "You'll want the news every week," remarked Uncle Josh, "and as this is the favorite paper here, I'll subscribe."

## MAKES RICH STRIKE.

Louis Hartley Withdraws Option Given on Bohemia Claim.

Mr. Louis Hartley, who has several individual mining claims in Sailor Gulch, came down from the Bohemia on Saturday, and to a representative of The Sentinel gave information regarding the discovery of ore at that place last week. There are two tunnels on the property and it is in No. 1 that a vein 22 inches wide, 30 feet deep and at least 25 feet in length was found. The new lead is twenty feet from tunnel No. 2 and parallels the former. Mr. Hartley is now cross-cutting, and has only eight feet more to go. If the vein is found in the cross-cut the "find" will be of exceptional importance, but in either case it will be a mine, as the vein is three feet wide on the surface and runs fully 40 to the ton. There is at least \$10,000 to \$12,000 worth of ore in sight at the present time. Mr. Hartley will put in a small mill on the property within a short time. The claim had been on the market, but the option was immediately withdrawn when this new discovery was made. Samples of the ore were brought from the camp by Mr. Hartley, and mining men pronounce them fully equal to the statements made regarding them by Mr. Hartley to The Sentinel.

## Cash From Government.

It is not generally known that a considerable sum of money is turned over to Lane county each year from the government forest service for the county's schools and public highways, but such is the case, and those who do not see the use or the good of the forestry department aside from protecting the timber from fire should sit up and take notice. County Judge Helms W. Thompson has informed The Guard that the sum of \$3299.10 has just been received from the secretary of state as Lane county's apportionment from the forestry funds to be applied on the county roads. Of this sum \$1757.73 represents five per cent of land sales and \$1541.37 forest rentals.

John H. Hartog, former publicity manager for Eugene and well known as a journalist and advertising writer, is in Medford with a view to going into business, having selected Medford as the future big city of Oregon.

J. C. Morss has installed a lighting plant at the Cottage Grove flouring mills. It has a capacity of fifteen lights and is run by water power. It is a big improvement.

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The Thompson's "Glove-Fitting" Corset

It combines beauty with health, for, while molding the form to the desired costumes, it gives an elasticity that insures proper breathing.



Average figure Habit Hip

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