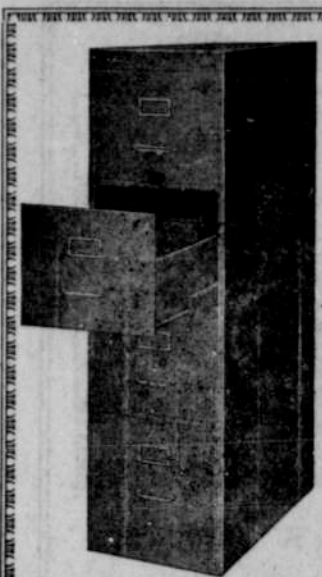




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The Sentinel

American Mind Awake

to Value of Music

It was only about a decade ago that we prated about periods. Rooms must be done in the style of the Italian renaissance, or that of Louis XV, or the Georges, or in that of any other, down through the periods that had come and gone. We were rabid on details and historical data and cared little for the sense of fitness of things. But now in America we are quite different. A more genuine love of beauty has been a mighty lever, and we cry for homes and beauty therein, whether these rooms be as sumptuous as a palace or as unpretentious as a country cottage. Realizing, too, as we do, that the highest creative art comes from a wise and moderate use of what has gone before, we are sensitive to the lure of old furniture. There is a subtle fascination that emanates from the revered work of the long ago craftsman that, like a magnet, draws the lovers of the beautiful to those shops which treasure the handwork of several centuries ago and creates in them a desire for possession in their homes of the antique treasures found there. Acquisition in this case is the first step toward beauty.—The Anti-Quarian.

Youngster Earnest

Quest of Information

If small children will stray, they will stray, and they do stray, otherwise how would they pick up the extraordinary things they do pick up? Questions! "Please, nurse, why is a fish?" To which nurse wisely answers: "Because it likes to be a fish, Master Silly." After which the small child has to be kept away from the water for a long time, because it also wishes to be a fish.

"Please, nurse," (terribly polite child, this, and therefore very dangerous) "how do birds be in eggs?" To which the nurse (terribly clever, as most nurses are) answers: "To keep them quiet when they are young."

A long sigh and then: "I wish I was a star, 'cos then I could be out all night."

"Finish your breakfast and say your grace," says nurse.

"Please, Lord, make us truly thankful—amen, a long out."

The nurse, who has to clear up and look after baby, and from some very small things, says: "Yes."

Dion Clayton Calthrop in Pears' Annual, London.

Lion Turned the Tables

A lion's vengeance terminated the earthly career of a New Zealand big game hunter, in northern Rhodesia. The hunter, with a party of natives, came upon three lions, and wounded two. Falling to come up with them that day, he started off the following morning, and found finally one of the wounded lions. At about fifteen yards distance he fired, but either missed or did little damage, and the lion sprang at him. He dropped his rifle and tried to climb a tree, but the lion caught him by the thigh and severely mauled him, finally pulling him down and throwing him over an anthep. A little later the injured hunter waved his arm as a signal to the natives that he was alive; unfortunately, the lion saw this and attacked him again. One of the natives shot the lion dead, but the hunter died shortly after in a hospital.

Fans in History

"Customs of Mankind" says that "fans have an interesting history. The first fan was probably a palm leaf or some other natural device appropriated by man to keep away flies or gnats, perhaps even to cool the fevered brow in tropical climates. We know that in Egypt, 2,000 years ago, fashionable hosts had special servants to stand behind dinner guests and fan them with huge papyrus fans. In France the fan reached the height of its development under Louis XIV. We read that 'Fans are invariably accompaniments of feminine costume, and that they are of rare beauty, exquisitely painted and mounted on sticks of carved or painted wood, mother-of-pearl, carved ivory or gold. There are over 500 makers of fans in Paris and they enjoy special privileges accorded to them by the king.'"

Phantom Ship

Reference has been made on more than one occasion in your columns to "the phantom ship" of the Bay of Fundy. As long ago as fifty years, as I remember, it was believed that the light referred to was caused by phosphorescence made by large shoals of fish that send off a phosphorescent gas that burns in the air, and the ship seen by sailors is the reflection of their own ship. The state of the air and the time of the year has much to do with it. You will see the same kind of lights on bogs in September on dark, foggy nights. It was the same kind of light that scared Tam o' Shanter, and if he had not been mounted on the best mare in the world he might have been caught.—Montreal Family Herald.

Harmfulness of Fear

Human fear is unnatural, writes Edward Earle Purinton in Nature's Path. Anything unnatural is unwise and unsafe. Fear is falsehood. We do not entertain it unless some one has lied to us, or we have lied to ourselves. The truest people are always the most fearless. In this fact is the primary lesson for those tormented by fear. No flag on earth equals the bogeyman created by fear. He makes us look for the worst in what may prove the best, and invites all sorts of ills on ourselves by our sickly, cowardly, weak and foolish state of mind. What we fear we fasten on ourselves, by the law of psycho-mental attraction.

In Valhalla and Out

by George
Ethelbert
Walah

WNW Service

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Synopsis.

CHAPTER I.—Fishing, in idle fashion, from a private dock, Dick Van Ness watches a ship, the Pelican, which he recognizes as the Beacon, his late father's yacht before financial reverses forced him to part with it. A man whom he hears a girl who accompanies him address as Mr. Blake, lands from the yacht. The girl drops her handbag in the stream, and Dick recovers it. Thanking him, she gives him her visiting card. She is Alice Cutler, niece of Stephen Cutler, successful business rival of the elder Van Ness.

CHAPTER II.—Dick overhears a conversation between Blake and Captain Brent of the Pelican which gives him the impression that the yacht is bound on a voyage of adventure to an island the name of which he does not hear.

CHAPTER III.—Acting on impulse, Dick footloose and ready for any sort of adventure, remembers a hiding place in the main cabin of the yacht and determines to conceal himself and sail a stowaway with the party. Stephen Cutler, invalid, comes aboard, with his niece, and the ship sails.

CHAPTER IV.—In his retreat Dick overhears conversations between Blake and Captain Brent which appear to denote something sinister. Believing the cabin empty, Dick emerges from hiding and encounters Marie, Alice Cutler's French maid. Getting back quickly unrecognized, the girl insists she has seen a "ghost," and is ridiculed. The yacht reaches its apparent destination, an island. Dick swims ashore.

CHAPTER V.

In the darkness Dick had little opportunity to explore his surroundings with any degree of satisfaction, and rather than risk discovery through blundering he contented himself with watching the yacht tied up at the dock, until the moon came up. Then with its rays making everything as clear as day he climbed the rocks and cautiously made his way in the direction of the house.

It was a big rambling affair in the moonlight, low of roof, but spread out over so much ground that it bulked large and formidable. It blended so well with the rocks and trees that it seemed a part of the landscape, growing naturally like a huge mushroom from the ground itself.

Lights twinkled in different windows, but a portentous silence seemed to brood over it. There were no voices to break the silence; no laughter, no music, nothing of human origin.

Dick concluded that the occupants were so tired with their long sea trip that rest and sleep demanded their attention. This conclusion seemed corroborated when the lights in the windows began to go out, one at a time, until the great building was wrapped in gloom.

The last light to be extinguished was on the upper floor in the front of the building. When it disappeared Dick shivered slightly as if left suddenly in the cold.

But almost immediately it flared up again, brighter than before. It seemed for an instant that an increase of its candlepower had been miraculously given to it. It twinkled brilliantly for a moment, and then went out again.

This did not startle Dick; but when it appeared again and went out as before he blinked. He stared at the window, watching for its reappearance. It came in time, twinkling an instant as before and then went out for the last time.

"Looks like a signal of some kind," he mused. Then recalling the words of Blake to Captain Brent, he swung around and glanced down at the dock. A peculiarly bright light was shining from the masthead of the yacht, and as Dick looked it dipped three times, then remained motionless.

"That's Brent answering," he said.

First up at the window and then down at the yacht he glanced, watching for a renewal of the signals, but they were not repeated. The house was wrapped in darkness, and the lights on the yacht remained stationary.

But the latter did not remain so for long. While Dick looked they began moving seaward, gliding through the darkness with an almost imperceptible motion. Captain Brent evidently had received his signal from Mr. Blake, and was leaving with the yacht for Marsh inlet, there to wait for further orders by wireless.

"I wonder what it all means," Dick mused. "I suppose I ought to arouse old man Cutler, and tell him—"

He was suddenly cut short by two shadows moving across the moonlit way in his direction. He had barely time to duck behind a clump of bushes before they were

upon him. Dick caught sight of a man and woman, but their identity was uncertain until they began to talk.

"I tell you, Marie," Mr. Blake was saying, a little irritably, "you must be careful or you'll spoil the whole plan for us. If you appear too familiar with me, Miss Alice will take notice. It was risky for you to call me out. Suppose she'd caught you at my door?"

"What difference does it make if she did?" was the quick retort. "You love me, don't you? Then what else matters? Miss Cutler has her lovers. I don't see why I can't have mine, too."

"Don't talk that way, Marie," interrupted Blake harshly. "We can't be ordinary lovers—not here!"

"Why not? We were in the city. Why is it different down here? Isn't the moonlight beautiful?"

"Yes," replied Blake moodily. "It's a good night for sailing. Captain Brent will be out of sight long before morning."

"Where is he going?—not back home?"

"No, he'll hang around until I want him—out of sight, of course. I'll instruct him by wireless." He stopped suddenly, and asked:

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and thick as the weather," he reflected aloud, "and that's saying a good deal, for there'll be a storm before morning."

This prediction proved true, and within half an hour the rain fell. Dick hurried down to the dock and found shelter in a boathouse filled with canoes and catamarans. In one of the former he curled up and fell asleep.

It was morning when he awoke. The sun was shining directly in his eyes, pouring through an open doorway in which stood a figure that he did not instantly recognize. It was apparent from her eyes and face that she had seen him first, and had been dubiously watching him as he slept.

"Hello!" he said, sitting up with a grin and blinking at the strong rays of sunlight. "You got the surprise on me. I was out late last night. What time is it?"

"It's early," was the calm reply, "so you needn't to apologize. The sun's just up."

"You rise with it?" he added, recognizing the speaker for the first time.

Alice Cutler nodded. She was dressed in an athletic outfit suit, with her hair confined in a jaunty cap. "Yes," she replied, "I generally rise with the sun when down here, and take a paddle before breakfast."

Dick intercepted her glance, and smiled. "And I'm in your canoe," he said. "It's the one you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes," she replied gravely when he attempted to climb out. "But never mind. I don't think I'll take a paddle this morning."

"I hope finding me here isn't going to spoil your morning's sport. I'll leave right away."

She sat down on an overturned rowboat, placing her feet squarely on the floor of the boathouse to give her body support, and in this attitude she remained silent for a few moments while Dick got to his feet and prepared to leave.

"Wait please!" she commanded. "You're the fisherman who rescued my bag from the river three days ago, aren't you?"

"Yes, Miss Cutler," he grinned, fishing in his pocket for her card; "and here's the reward you handed me."

She glanced indifferently at it, but a tiny frown creased her forehead. "Did you come as one of the crew?" she asked suddenly, and as Dick thought, hopefully, "I can't imagine how else you got here."

"No," he said frankly, "I smuggled myself aboard the yacht and came as a stowaway."

"Why?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders. A flush came into her cheeks. When he did not answer, she rose from the overturned boat. "I won't question you further," she added a little stiffly, "but now that you're on the island I'll see that you're properly fed and housed. I'll see Mr. Blake and tell him—"

Dick cut in with a laugh. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'd rather he didn't know I was here. As for feeding myself and housing me, I won't put you to that trouble. I brought enough food along to last several days, and I can sleep anywhere outdoors in this climate."

She was quiet again, watching him closely.

"That's all," he added, uneasily under her scrutiny. "I'll go now."

"Where will you go?"

"Oh, anywhere. I want to explore the island."

"Suppose," she began meaningly, "I forbade that?"

"Why?" he asked in genuine surprise.

She did not answer for some time, but studied him from head to foot with slow, appraising eyes. Dick grew restless, and moved toward the door again.

"I suppose you know," she began quietly, "that we're practically alone on this island—that is, uncle, Doctor Alster, Mr. Blake and my maid. The servants aren't here. It's a little mysterious to me. I don't understand it. They were supposed to have been here a week ago to have everything in readiness for us."

"If they were here how'd they get away?" Dick asked. "They couldn't go on a strike and just walk off the island."

"No and they had no boat—nothing but these canoes and rowboats, and they're all here."

"Queer!" mused Dick, his mind busy with the machinations of Mr. Blake and Captain Brent. "I can't account for it."

"You don't know anything about it, then?"

Dick turned a startled pair of eyes at his fair questioner, the blood mantling his cheeks at the expression in her face. She suspected him of being involved in some way with the mysterious disappearance of the servants.

"I see," he drawled affectedly, to conceal his anger, "you believe I'm mixed up in some plot to deprive you of the services of your employees, and fearing that I've hidden them somewhere on the island you don't want me to get out of your sight."

He hesitated a second, and then added definitely: "Suppose I am! What would you do—attempt to hold me a prisoner?"

Again she refused to give him a direct answer, but after a pause countered with another question:

"Did you know the yacht left

unexpectedly and very mysteriously in the night?"

"Yes, I saw it go," he replied, smiling. "At least I saw her light moving out on the ocean, and I took it for granted it was leaving. When will it return?"

"Perhaps you can answer that question," she replied, "better than I. When will it return?"

Dick turned his back to her. All desire to confide in her, and tell her the conversations he had overheard between Mr. Blake and Captain Brent, vanished. Her attitude of suspicion piqued and angered him.

"Ask Mr. Blake," he said, turning in the doorway. Then smiling mockingly, he added, "I'm going now; but I'll be somewhere on the island. With the yacht gone even I can't get off."

(To be continued.)

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Mrs. Peter Westburg, Colton, stomach trouble.

Mrs. Halvor Nelson, Chinook, Wash., goitre.

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Mrs. James Ellis, Coquille, gall stones and colitis.

James Sues, Lakeside, ulcers of stomach.

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EIGHTH GRADE EXAMINATIONS.

The uniform state eighth grade examinations will be given in school districts in Lane county where application has been made for the questions and where pupils have completed the legal requirements on Thursday and Friday, May 13 and 14, commencing at 9 a. m.

E. J. MOORE, Registrar, a29m3c

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Roseburg, Oregon, March 31, 1926.

Notice is hereby given that Judd E. Doolittle, of Cottage Grove, Oregon, who, on January 2, 1924, made homestead entry, No. 015349, for 1/2 NW 1/4, and N 1/2 SW 1/4, section 3, township 22 south, range 3 west, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the United States land office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 15th day of May, 1926.

Claimant names as witnesses: George Taylor, William Mayben, Harry Mayben, Theodore Peek, all of Cottage Grove, Oregon.

non-coal HAMILL A. CANADAY, a5m3(2) Registrar.

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