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10 minutes

Each SCHLAGE Button Lock comes to you as a single self-contained unit. No adjusting necessary. No complicated mortising. Simply drill two holes in the door, slip the lock into place, and draw up with two machine screws.



just press the
BUTTON
in the knob
to **Lock**
just turn the
KNOB
to **Unlock**

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Chestnut Brothers, proprietors
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National Bank.

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By sack or ton.

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For use Friday, Saturday
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**Southern
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Lines**

T. M. BOYD, Agent

Nearby News

SAGINAW.

(Special to The Sentinel.)
June 5.—Don Alice, who has been ill with diphtheria since Tuesday, is reported as improving satisfactorily.

Miss Mildred Walkley left Wednesday for Eugene, where she will work for relatives. She expects to be gone several weeks.

The M. C. Koch family of Eugene visited last Monday at the E. H. Koch home.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cormack and three children of California have been visiting Mr. Cormack's sister, Mrs. Bob Gray. They are on a trip to Canada.

Mrs. Cline Walkley returned Wednesday from a few days' visit with her parents in Eugene.

Jack Hill, who injured an eyeball recently, is recovering satisfactorily and will not lose the sight of his eye as was at first thought.

Mr. and Mrs. Errol Koch motored to Eugene Thursday. Mr. Koch's sister, Miss Verneil Koch, and C. B. McLean accompanied them.

Mrs. Logan Bear and daughters and Mrs. Burgess visited Wednesday at the Koch home.

Leta Chaita, who was visiting Mrs. Taplin of London, called at Saginaw Tuesday on business before returning home to California.

Mr. Torgeson of the E. B. U. substituted at the Sunday services for Pastor Wells, who was at that time graduated from the E. B. U.

Mr. Wells will discontinue his preaching services here and Mr. Morgan, another from the E. B. U., will take his place.

NEWSPAPER advertising makes big stores out of little ones and keeps them from going back to little ones.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DENTISTS

H. W. TITUS, D. M. D.—Dentistry. Modern equipment. First National Bank Building. Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 6. Evenings and Sundays by appointment. Office phone 10, residence phone 212-R.

D. R. W. E. LEBOW.—Dentist. Office Fifth and Main streets. Hours, 8:30 to 12 and 1 to 5:30. Evenings and Sundays by appointment. Phone: office 35, residence 161-J.

PHYSICIANS

D. R. C. E. FROST.—Physician and Surgeon. Office in Lawson Building. Phone 47, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

H. AXLEY, M. D.—Physician and surgeon. Evenings by appointment. Over Kem's Drug store, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

D. A. FORBES, M. D.—Physician and Surgeon. Calls answered day or night. Maternity work a specialty. Over C. J. Breier Co. Phones: Office 34, residence 199-J.

D. R. A. W. KIME.—Physician and Surgeon. Obstetrics and diseases of women and children a specialty. Will care for confinements at his home if desired. Office over C. J. Breier Co. Phones: Office, 234; residence, 126-J. Residence address, 1149 west Main.

ATTORNEYS

HERBERT W. LOMBARD.—Attorney at Law. First National Bank Building. Phone 94, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

H. J. SHINN.—Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Practices in all courts. Under building, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

DRUGLESS PHYSICIANS

D. R. H. A. HAGEN.—Licensed Drugless Physician. Phone 30. Ostrander Building, 630 1/2 Main street, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

D. R. C. A. SMITH.—Drugless Physician. Specialist in nervous and chronic diseases. Medicated steam baths. Consultation free. Office hours: 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. 37 north Sixth street.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND COLLECTIONS

HARRY W. NEET.—Collections and Notary Public. Bader building, Cottage Grove.

IF YOU WANT PAINTING DONE, see C. F. Skelton, Black Butte route. jn3-7p

BOARD AND ROOM \$1.10 A DAY. Mrs. W. M. George, 937 south Sixth street. jn3-7p

CHICKEN RANCH FOR SALE.—Two acres, fully equipped for small chicken ranch. 300 chickens, 2 good milk cows and small milk route, all kinds of fruit, good garden, four room house. M. L. Snell, 443 north Douglas, Cottage Grove, Oregon. jn28p

CHERRIES FOR SALE.—Lamberts, Bings, Royal Annes. Leave orders with M. L. Snell, 443 north Douglas street. jn7-10p

DRESSMAKING AND PLAIN SEWING. Mariel Young, 634 River street. jn7-17p

FOR SALE.—RESIDENCE PROPERTY on west Main street. D. J. Scholl. jn7ife

STOLEN.—REWARD OF \$2 FOR recovery of rowboat stolen Friday from river near swinging foot-bridge. Painted red, flat bottom. \$5 for evidence leading to conviction of those who stole boat. R. W. Brandt. jn7p

LOST.—SMALL MEMO BOOK. OF no value except to owner. Return to W. G. Gilmore, Bartlett hotel. jn7e

World's Longest Stage Line

Stages leave Cottage Grove daily for all California points.

NEW SCHEDULE:
5:45 a. m., 2:15 p. m.,
10:50 p. m.

Fares from Cottage Grove to—
Yreka \$9.00
Redding \$12.50
San Francisco \$15.50
Los Angeles \$27.35

Information, tickets, folders from Howe's Confectionery, Agent. Phone 97.

Stage Terminal

Main Street, Cottage Grove, Ore.

In Valhalla and Out

by George
Ethelbert
Walsh

WNU Service
(Copyright, 1926, by W. G. Chapman.)

(Continued from first page.)

his patient weak and mentally depressed until it was time to spring their coup. Captain Brent had been to Valhalla to install the secret wireless plant in the cave, and when he returned arrangements were completed for the second step in the scheme.

Doctor Alster had warned Cutler that a period of absolute rest was essential, and he recommended a trip to Valhalla. Alice had unwittingly fallen into their plans, and when she added her persuasions to that of the others, the old man had grudgingly yielded.

All preparations for the trip had been left to Blake. His pretense of sending the servants down ahead to open the big house was in keeping with the rest of his underhanded knavery. When the yacht arrived, and it was found that no servants were on the island, he appeared to be more perturbed than any one. His plausible excuse of sending the yacht back for more servants was accepted by Miss Cutler until her suspicions of his double dealing were aroused by Dick.

The Pelican had merely steamed off to Marsh inlet, where it was in communication with the island, and also with a shore wireless station. Blake's messages to his brokers were thus relayed to the shore, and answers received via the yacht's wireless in the same way.

The man's original idea had been to commit no crime that could be traced to him. But two factors developed that upset his plans. One was his growing passion for Alice Cutler, which, when he had her in his power on the island, developed into a madness that caused him to overreach himself.

He had made love to Marie for purely selfish purposes, using her as an instrument for furthering his ends, but when she became obnoxious and threatening he took the

first opportunity to rid himself of her. In a moment of rage and passion he had pushed her over the cliff to what seemed certain destruction.

The other factor that had conflicted with his interests was the obstinacy of the stock market to move just as he wanted it. At first it was violently depressed by all sorts of rumors concerning the health and even death of Steve Cutler, but after that it had reacted and recovered some of its normal tone.

To make matters worse for Blake, he had to protect his margins with the stocks and securities of his employer, which he had abstracted from his private safe and deposit vaults and placed where he could get them easily. His brokers had called by wireless for more and more margins until tens of thousands of dollars' worth of Steve Cutler's securities had been turned over to them. Blake was not only a ruined man, but a thief and absconder, unless the market turned so he could recoup his losses and replace the stocks and bonds before his employer returned.

The scheme had been blasted by Dick, who from the first had appeared as the man's Nemesis, accidentally and then intentionally crossing his path at every important turn to checkmate him.

Steve Cutler had come out of his comatose condition, partly as the result of Doctor Alster's ministrations, just as Captain Brent appeared. Afterward the surgeon of the torpedoboot took him in hand, and before the warship was ready to sail with her prisoners the old man, though weak, was mentally nearly normal.

Alice explained in detail what had happened on the island before Dick was summoned to Cutler's bedside. The old man looked pale, but grim and in a fighting mood. He nodded as Dick entered.

"Well, sir, you're a chip of the old block!" he said. "I knew Henry Van Ness when he was a boy. Henry and I grew up together, fighting our battles in knee breeches before we lugged horns on the street. I'm glad to meet you, sir."

Dick grasped the withered hand and murmured some conventional reply. "Now, sir," continued the money magnate, "what can I do for you? I owe you everything. Name your price."

Dick's head went up. "I haven't any," he replied coolly.

"Eh? What's that? Repeat it!" "I haven't any price, sir! I didn't do it to be rewarded. Thank you, just the same."

"But—by gad, sir, you must have a price—every man has!" "Then I must be the exception," he smiled. As he did so, his eyes drifted across to the girl opposite. For a moment he was quiet and dreamily thoughtful. Suddenly he laughed good-naturedly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, I have a price," he said, "but it's too high for even you to pay. You couldn't do it!"

"Couldn't pay it!" snorted Cutler. "You think that scoundrel's ruined me so I can't buy what I want! Young man, you don't know me. I could buy—buy—"

Dick turned abruptly away. "I can't discuss it any further," he said. "I shouldn't have mentioned it. Besides"—hesitating and looking boldly from one to the other—"another would have to pay more than you, and I shouldn't dream of asking her to foot the bills."

"What's that—another pay my bills?" roared the old man, as Dick moved to the door. "What does he mean, Alice?" he flung at his niece.

"I—I don't know," came the stammering reply, accompanied by a rich flood of carmine to her cheeks.

"Don't know! Don't know!" repeated the man on the bed. "By gad, miss! I believe you're keeping something from me. If you were a man, I'd say you were lying to me."

"Oh, uncle!" murmured Alice, burying her face in the pillow.

Two days later when the Pelican was homeward bound, Dick had the deck in the absence of Captain Barnett. In the misty moonlight a figure wrapped in a cloak stood close to him, swaying a little each time the yacht lurched so that he had to support her with an arm.

"You have such funny notions, Dick," she whispered. "If you really love me you'd stop talking about my money. Why, it isn't mine, anyway. Uncle may die and leave it to charity."

"I wish he would—I mean leave it to charity, not die," was the gloomy retort.

"Aren't you deliciously frank and delightful when you talk that way!" she laughed, hugging the arm to which she clung. "You'd marry me if I were poor, but because I'm rich you want to jilt me."

"No, not that, dear," he interrupted, holding her close. "I'll have to marry you, rich or poor. I love you so, but I wish there wasn't such a difference in—why, I'm a failure, dear, a total failure!" He waved his arms eloquently. "Before I left the city I was down and out, and I shipped as a stowaway. I can't forget that."

"Well, I'll help you to forget it," she replied, kissing him.

"Now, listen; I love you, and not for what you've got or haven't got. I'll love you as a stowaway or failure or successful business man. That's all there is to it! What else really matters, Dick?"

"Nothing, I guess," he murmured a little dizzily, pressing his lips to hers and forgetting all his objections in the bliss of the moment.

(THE END.)

Taking It for Granted.
The youthful William was seated upon the doorstep busily sorting over a miscellaneous collection of things which boys always carry in their pockets, when a gentleman accosted him and said:
"Is your mother in, my little man?"
"Yes," answered William.
The gentleman carefully walked

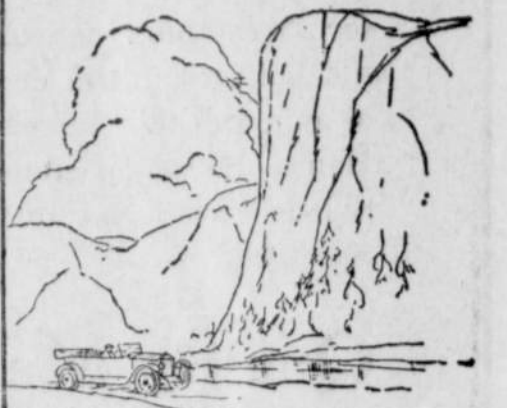
past William and rang the bell, but there was no response. After several vain attempts he turned to William and remarked:
"I thought you said your mother was in?"
"So she is," said William, "only she doesn't live here."—Answers

Everything in printing. The Sentinel.

MILEAGE RECORD Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run May 21-22

Class	Car	Driver	Miles per Gal.
1-A	STAR 4 Touring	C. L. Hudnott	29.09
2-A	STAR 6 Touring	Roy Rogers	23.60
3-A	FLINT Coach	Julius Duessevoir	25.48
4-A	FRANKLIN Sedan	Charlie Carr	20.
5-A	DUESSENBORG Touring	Joe Bozzani	19.86
Closed Car	STUTZ 8 Sedan	Benton Treise	16.74

*SWEEPSTAKES WINNER



Here are the Red Crown mileages that won the YOSEMITE ECONOMY RUN



Note above how the great Red Crown mileages piled up in the 10th Annual Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run—48 years of Standard Oil experience have put them there, and expert drivers know it.

The Annual Los Angeles-Yosemite Economy Run—the major event of its kind in the United States—is a highly competitive run in which the winners are the cars showing the greatest mileage economies under each classification.

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Make a point of calling for it at Standard Oil Service Stations and at dealers—your nearest Red Crown dealer is a specialist on miles!

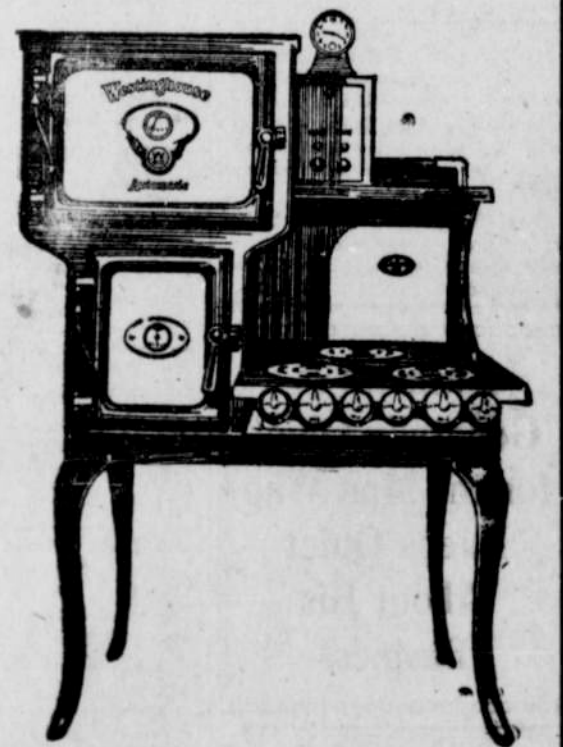
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