

SCHLAGE
BUTTON-LOCKS
 installed in
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**

Convenient. Charming. Distinctive. No building completely modern without Schlages Button Locks. Types for all doors. Glass knobs or metal knobs in all U. S. standard finishes.

Knowles & Graber

IMPERIAL
 Barber Shop

630 Main, P. S. Bukowski, Prop.

BOBBING

Curling, Dyeing

Barber Work in General; special attention to children

Road Work Progresses.

Culp Creek, Ore., June 17.—(Special.)—The road construction work on the Row river highway, under supervision of Loren Hunt, has advanced to Culp Creek, the grader turning up the old road bed this morning. When this work is completed it is said that it will be one of the best outlying district roads in Lane county.

Youth Rides West
 by Will Irwin

Copyright by Will Irwin
 WNU Service

(Continued from first page.)
 legs, asleep with their eyes open. Where the road widened we turned into the mesa. The stagecoach, the driver's whip cracking briskly, surged round the stalled wagons and was gone smartly up the road.

I have said enough about the state of the Cottonwood road, and will only sketch the main trouble of the afternoon—that stretch of corduroy. Two miles or so after we left the freighter we came to a piece of low country which might have been firm enough in mid-summer, but was now a bog. The stage company had made it passable by cutting ten-foot poles and laying them edge to edge. That turned out to be practicable enough for the wide hoofs of our horses, but treacherous footing for the little feet of our burros. Sure of step though they were, the logs would roll under them now and then, and their legs would go scraping down into the morass. By the time we reached the end of this stretch the little beasts were fairly staggering—less from the weight of their packs than from the heart-breaking labor of pulling out their hoofs, which cut into mud like bodkins. By now, too, they had reached the limit of endurance even for the patient ass breed. Even though I was the junior of the partnership and had resigned all direction into the hands of the expert Buck, I was about to protest, when he spoke:

"Can't kill our live stock," he said. "Keep 'em goin' till I ride ahead and look for a place to camp."

He found it a mile or so farther along. We camped, unsaddled, unpacked, staked out our horses to graze, turned loose the weary jacks to roam and feed at will, and slept.

An hour after we swung into the plain, open entrance of the old Ute trail next morning it became apparent to me that a little of the confidence with which Buck had started was wearing away. Now and then he leaned over his horse's neck, his hands folded on the saddle arm, peering uneasily downward or ahead. At this or that patch of snow he held up his hand for a halt, dismounted and tried to trace the trail by the crosses. Twice we went wrong; once trouble was signaled when the forequarters of buck's horse disappeared under

the crust, leaving his hind legs struggling and scratching grotesquely.

The leading burro, which I had already noted was a grizzled, pessimistic veteran of the trails inclined to trouble when trouble might vary the monotony of life, took a plunge forward; in turn his forequarters were lost. He lurched sidewise with a metallic clang as he rolled on to our cooking outfit, Dutch even and all. Buck was strangely silent as he swung from the saddle, jerked his horse backward on to a patch of the snow which covered some kind of firm footing, and set out with my help to extricate him.

Buck, as he reproved the delinquent burro with a heavy boot, heaved the pack into place, and threw a new diamond hitch here and there, had a sinister gleam in his gray eye and worked in a strange silence, quite contrary to his usual profane habit in face of trouble. After a long inspection of the surface, varied with squints at the sun, the atmosphere and the



We Could Not Round the Obstacle On Either Side.

peaks above, he silently beckoned me to follow. We rounded a clump of dwarf pines perched on a little knoll—and came out in face of a cliff. The train halted automatically. I saw Buck cock his eye upward, and then turn it on me; and I, abandoning the rear of the train, rode forward for a conference. Buck's head was wagging; and now I could hear his roll of low, complicated and picturesque language.

"No mortal sense in this," he concluded. "We'll waller here all day. Gotta strike west an' see if we kin connect with the d—n, muddy Cottonwood road."

Getting lost in this manner—with the whole day ahead of us, with an intact train of live stock, and with ample provisions in our packs—struck me at the moment as a minor and rather enjoyable adventure. Besides, there was the joke on Buck, who, in our brief partnership, had been rather patrolling toward my youth and easternness.

Our way, after we crossed the patch of snow, revealed no trail, but a passable surface. Half a mile beyond rose a rather sharp hogback, dotted, here and there with that species of dwarf fir which seems to choose rocks in preference to soil. I conjectured that Buck expected to reach the Cottonwood road below the further slope of this hogback, and would be perplexed to find a trail. I was not surprised, then, when he pulled up just short of the obstacle, threw himself out of the saddle, tossed the reins over his horse's head and went forward on foot. Buck had halted near the crest of the hogback and I close behind him, when I was stopped short by the sound of two shots—rifle shots, I noted mentally as they reverberated like a diminishing volley among the rocks.

The sound did not strike me as especially significant; some one, I thought, was shooting at a deer. It was then that Buck whispered through his beard:

"Drop and crawl, and don't show yourself out of kiver!"

Across a very uncomfortable carpet of rock I wriggled to Buck's side. He lay peering from under a low-hung branch of dwarf fir. I ranged myself beside him, looked, and caught my breath.

(To be continued.)

Fair Board Meets.

Plans for repairing buildings and stands on the county fair grounds at Eugene were discussed Saturday afternoon at a meeting of the fair board in Eugene. Some of the structures are in bad condition. It was stated, and some repairs were necessary before they could be used without risk. No money is available for general repair work, due to the failure of the one mill tax levy proposal to carry at the election in May.

Old Enough to Shave.

Mrs. Bing: Oh, I wish these recipes would be more definite.

Mr. Bing: What's the difficulty, dear?

Mrs. Bing: This one tells how to use up old potatoes, but it doesn't say how old the potatoes must be.

Nearby News

SAGINAW.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

June 19.—Mrs. Adams, the district Sunday school superintendent, visited the Pleasant Hill and Creswell schools during the last two Sundays.

Bart Johnston lost a very valuable watch last week somewhere in his orchard.

Mrs. Charles Sharon was the guest last Tuesday of Mrs. E. H. Koeh.

The Sunday school has bought new curtains for the church windows.

Errol Koch is at present building a barn for Mrs. Taplin, at London.

The Charles Sharon family, Mrs. Logan Bear and children and Mrs. Morgan motored to Wildwood last Sunday.

Dan Allen was taken to a Eugene hospital last Monday where he had his tonsils removed. He had just been released from quarantine for diphtheria.

Steve Benston has bought a Ford. Mrs. Errol Koch and Miss Verniel Koch visited the Lowell Benston home last Tuesday night.

Miss Frances Keene of Cottage Grove visited her sister, Mrs. Ruby Benston several days last week.

The women of the neighborhood are being kept busy these days picking and canning wild blackberries, loganberries and cherries.

Arthur Ness and children drove from Salem recently and surprised the Koch family. Mr. Ness is a very old acquaintance of Mr. Koch from Musselshell, Mont., and it is at present living in Salem. He came to Oregon about two months ago.

Mrs. Frank Adney and children spent the week end visiting at Winchester.

J. N. Campbell, a former resident of Lynx Hollow is at present moving his household goods to Roseburg. His goods have been stored for some time at Bart Johnston's.

A representative of the state board of health called last week at Adams' camp ground and passed inspection on all equipment.

Guy Sheldon, who had been employed for some time by Bart Johnston left Monday to work in the harvest fields.

Mr. Frank Adney has left for the mineral springs near Tillamook. He will be gone an indefinite time for his health.

Evelyn Benston has been helping Mrs. Lowell Benston pick cherries for several days.

Typewriter Ribbons. Sentinel.

MRS. WILLIAM RUSSELL, ROSEBURG, DIES HERE

Mrs. William Russell of Roseburg died here Thursday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Baltzer. She was aged 82 years, one month and seventeen days.

Her maiden name was Lavina J. Way and she was born in Iowa April 27, 1844. She crossed the plains in 1859 with her parents. They traveled by ox team and were five months on the way. She was married to William Russell at Blackwell, Jackson county, Ore., September 11, 1862.

She is survived by her husband and two children, Mrs. Mary Baltzer of this city and Jesse Russell of Roseburg.

The remains are at the Mills mortuary. Funeral arrangements will not be made until the arrival of the son, who is motoring back from a trip to the east. She will be buried in this city.

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

WANTADS

BAGS WANTED.—MUST BE OF good size, clean and of absorbent material. 5c the pound. The Sentinel.

FOR SALE—FAT YOUNG FRIERS \$2 a dozen while they last. L. M. Powell, Delight Valley, Diston route, Cottage Grove. Telephone 35F24. jn3-24p(T)

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

FOR SALE—RESIDENCE PROPERTY on west Main street. D. J. Scholl. jn7fc

DRESSMAKING AND PLAIN sewing. Maribel Young, 653 River street. jn10-21p

\$2600 BUYS 80 ACRES. ABOUT 30 acres cleared, good general purpose farm land with buildings on it. Neil McDonald, Lorane route, Cottage Grove, Ore. jn10-21p

FOR SALE—REED BABY BUGGY in good condition. Mrs. Bussey, Apt. 10, Kem's apartments. jn14fc

FOR SALE—A REAL SNAP—SIX acres near city, house, barn, garage, orchard. Charles Cochran.

FORD PRICES DROP!

New Prices Delivered Here

Chassis with starter and balloon tires.....	\$386.00
Roadster with starter and balloon tires, with standard deck.....	\$456.47
Touring with starter and balloon tires.....	\$476.95
Coupe.....	\$590.65
Tudor Sedan.....	\$600.89
Fordor Sedan.....	\$652.09
Truck chassis, no starter, balloon tires in front.....	\$411.00
Truck chassis, with starter, balloon tires in front.....	\$461.00

ABOVE PRICES IN EFFECT SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1926

All Future Deliveries Including Orders Now On File Benefit by This Reduction

COME AND GET YOUR FORD NOW FROM

WOODSON BROTHERS GARAGE

AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS

O. E. WOODSON, Prop

An Average Reduction of \$45 on All Models

All Cars Filled With Gas and Oil—Serviced Ready to Go

phone 123-R. jn14-21p	IF5. jn17fc	FOR SALE OR TRADE—BED davenport. Call 175-L. jn21c
LOST—A PAIR OF GERMAN Artillery glasses, Hensholdt make, somewhere between Hotel Bartell, Cottage Grove and location of Tuesday. Finder please return to Hotel Bartell. Reward. jn17-21p	WANTED—GIRL TO DO GENERAL housework. Phone 112-R. Cottage Grove. jn17-21c	FOR SALE OR TRADE—ONE-TON Ford truck in good condition, box 102, route 2, Creswell, Oregon, phone 31F5. jn21p
FOR SALE—LOGANBERRIES \$1 the crate. You pick them. Bring containers. C. A. King, phone	FOR SALE—BING AND ROYAL Anne cherries, 6 cents a pound. R. C. Arne, phone 15F5. jn17-24c	FOR SALE—CALL E. J. KENT, phone 35F21, for baled and delivered vetch cow hay. jn21-24c

FOR SALE!

—PHONE 53—

Not an Auction—Not a Special Sale—Just the Highest Quality Guaranteed Groceries You can Buy at Money Saving Prices

BUTTER—Guaranteed Creamery, lb. 41c

Fig Bars Fresh for your lunch Pound 15c	Marshmallows Just received—the best quality that you can buy Per pound..... 35c 3 pounds..... \$1.00
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Corn Meal 9-pound bags 30c	Pork and Beans 3 for 25c
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Our Meat Department Saves You Money

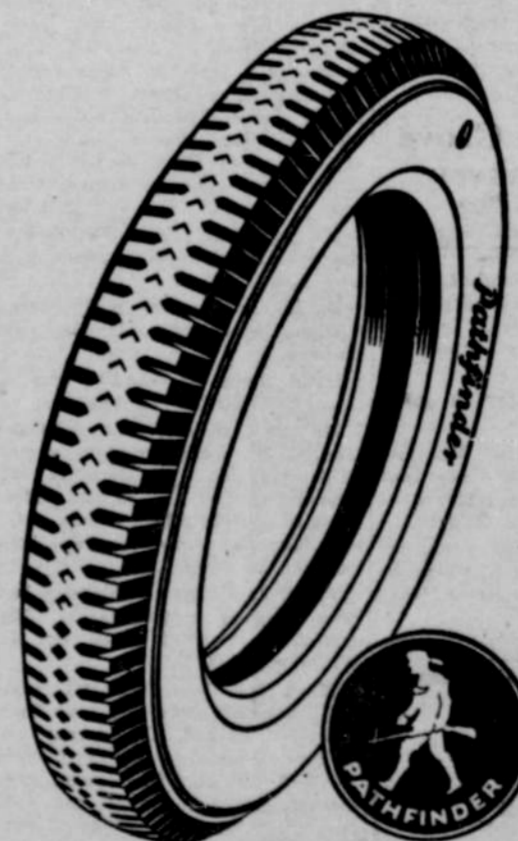
Corn Standard pack, can 10c	Peas 2 cans 25c
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Tomatoes 2 cans 25c	Tobacco Cigarettes 2 for 25c
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10 LBS. WHITE OR RED BEANS..... 70c

—PHONE 53—

GRAY'S CASH & CARRY



Here's the Tire You've Been Waiting For

Built in the world's largest tire factory the new Pathfinder Balloon offers you exceptional riding comfort and long tire wear at a price which makes it a real money saver. If you want Balloons—with all of the wonderful low pressure advantages—if you want comfort, satisfaction, economy—here is the tire you've been waiting for.

29x4.40 \$14.05 30x3½ Over Size \$11.25

Other Sizes Equally Low Priced

Cottage Grove Service Station
 W. J. WOODS Fifth and Main Sts.