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DR. 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

DR. 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. Phone: Office 34, residence 199-J.

DR. 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. Phone: 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. Bader building, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

DRUGLESS PHYSICIANS

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

DR. 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.

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Youth Rides West by Will Irwin

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WNU Service

(Continued from first page.)

By the time the sheriff gets started it'll be dead cold. If we was half a set of men we'd be forming a posse right now an' chasin' 'em."

"And us without a saddle in the outfit," interposed the express messenger coldly logical.

"Well, a great, grand line this is!" said the injured passenger. "Payin' a hundred dollar, to get robbed. Took three hundred dollars in bills off me, an' if I hadn't a hid—"

"We've heard that before," said the express messenger.

It looked for a second like trouble; doubtless it would have been trouble, but for Buck.

"I'm goin' to follow a ways on foot," he said. "Anybody goin' along?" I had to suppress a smile at my crafty partner. He and I alone knew that the bandits had got clear away. The injured passenger, his bluff ended, said rather weakly, I thought: "That's the ticket." The express messenger threw his sawed-off shotgun over his arm; the two plunged into the thicket and the rest of the passengers, after a second of hesitation, followed. I saw that, with the eye of beauty on me, I must not hold back.

"Wait a minute," I called. "I'm going along." At that the unknown woman put out her hand so that she almost touched my elbow, drew it in with a little flush of confusion, and—

"Oh, you won't do anything rash!" she faltered.

"There's no danger—they must have gone!" I replied with exact truth and yet with hypocrisy. As I waded through the mud past the coach I looked up; the middle-aged woman was regarding me from under her frizzles.

"Well, it's time!" she remarked grimly.

I came upon our company following in order the footprints of the four bandits. For a quarter of a mile we floundered and stumbled. Already faint protests were rising from the rear over the futility of the whole proceeding, when Buck came to a turn of the creek and peered around a clump of willows growing close to the curve of the bank. I shot up beside him; he pointed. Half sunken in the creek lay the big iron box, open. We all plunged forward.

"That's yer express safe," said Buck.

The messenger bent down and examined it. A cold chisel, quite evidently, had been edged into the crack between box and lid and the inadequate lock had been severed by a few smashing blows.

The messenger was running over the envelopes which strewed the bottom of the box. He turned toward us and he was pale under his tan.

"They took the money," he said. "That's gone."

"How much?" said Buck.

"I aint supposed to know," said the express messenger, "but twenty thousand if anybody asks you."

"Where's the mail sack?" some one inquired. As we spread out in a straggling line of searchers the express messenger still squatted by the box, stared blankly into its depths. But suddenly he looked up and said:

"Didn't take the mail sack."

Buck whistled.

"Ain't no raw beginners, these here bandits," he remarked.

"Know if they rob the mail they're in trouble with Uncle Sam."

We gave up the pursuit. As we turned back the express messenger and I picked up the box by its handles and carried it between us.

By now two more wagon outfits had piled up back of the stage. I saw the driver was hitching a little bay broncho into the place of the dead leader. I learned afterward that he was the spare horse of a wagon outfit, leased on the spot at a ruinous rate. My unknown lady was leaning against her shelf of rock, surrounded by four men. I caught her face; she was smiling, but with all her feminine reserve up. However, as I came into the road she saw me; and I felt that her deep-blue eyes had for just an instant flattered me with personal concern, that momentarily she had stepped out from her intrenchments.

"What did you find?" she asked as I approached the group. So not to her but to the company I told the story of our little adventure. I had not finished when the stage driver yelled, "All aboard!"

The wagon men departed to their outfits. I was alone with her now, but only for the brief passage from

the rock to the stage-coach door. "My name is Gilson, Robert Gilson," I said.

"That's a good old New England name," she remarked.

"Second Cliff, Scituate, in 1633," said I; then felt my cheeks tingling with the ghost of shame; it seemed like boasting, that. She was gathering her duster about her; she was starting; but I said no more lest she change the subject. Doubtless she saw the point in my pause.

"Mine is Dean—Mrs. Dean," she replied; and we stepped to the stage-coach.

Then, as I closed the door and she settled down lightly in her seat, she said without hint or prompting from me: "I shall be boarding with Mr. Barnaby here," and a



I Was Alone With Her Now, But Only for the Brief Passage From the Rock to the Stage Coach Door.

wave of her gloved hand indicated the woman to her right.

"You will," put in that lady grimly, "if ever that freight company gets my outfit into camp. The way this stage line is run I must say the chances is promisin'."

I must say—"The coach jerked away, but her conversation buzzed monotonously through the creaking of the leather boot, the rattle of the wheels.

She—the young unknown—she had given me a subtle, half-expressed

WANTADS

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

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

LUMBER TRAILER FOR SALE at a bargain, if taken at once. See Herbert W. Lombard, attorney, First National bank building, Cottage Grove, Oregon. jn24-28c

FRIES FOR SALE—25 CENTS A piece. C. L. Speakes, phone 20E15. jn24-28p

WANTED: CEDAR POLES, POSTS, piling all sizes. Quote prices, state shipping points, quantity can furnish, when could ship. Spot cash. Niedermeyer-Martin Lumber Company, Portland, Ore. jn28jy8c

FOR SALE—FIVE-ROOM HOUSE. \$450 Will handle it. E. C. Garst, north Douglas street. jn28jy1p

FOR SALE—SMALL WORK TEAM wagon and harness. Complete outfit. Price \$40. Will trade for cow or Ford car. Raymond Cox, care of the John Nokes place, Cottage Grove, Ore. jn28p

FOR SALE—HAY BALER in good condition. Charles Conner, Delight Valley, phone 38F2. Cottage Grove. jn28jy1c

FOR SALE—GOOD MILK COW, milking heavy now. Charles S. Cochran, phone 123-R. jn28jy5c

NICE HOME FOR SALE, OR will trade for big house close in suitable for roomers. Mrs. S. S. Platt, 429 south First street, Cottage Grove. jn28jy29p

FOR SALE—LOGANBERRIES, 3c a pound. Pick them yourselves. This week only. A. Teal, 2 miles east of Saginaw in Delight Valley. jn28p

SEE US FOR GOOD PRICES on high class refrigerators. Let us figure with you on first class paints. Trade your used ranges and stoves for new. Short's Secondhand store. jn28jy1p

FOR SALE—ONE YEAR OLD Hollywood White Leghorn roosters. Thoroughbred with good egg record back of them. Will sell cheap. Brooks Poultry Farm, Cottage Grove, Ore. jn28jy1p

DRESSMAKING AND PLAIN sewing. Muriel Young, 633 River street. jn28jy8p

invitation. The glow about my heart told me that I liked that, just as I did not like her "Mrs."

Buck spoke; I found that my eyes were still on the retreating coach.

"One dum thing after another," he said. "If it aint a cave-in, it's robbers. Won't be a four-foot patch of pay dirt left by the time we strike camp. Well, anyhow, stage drivers is sometimes some use. This here one put me right about that trail."

With we clambered over the rocks to the mesa where our burros, which Buck had calmly staked out before he rejoined me, grazed at the extreme end of their lines.

(To be continued.)

SAGINAW.

(Special to The Sentinel.) June 26.—Mrs. E. H. Koch and daughter visited the Hebron Sunday school the twentieth to attend to some district business.

At a school meeting held last Monday night at the school house, Cline Hawley, Harry Cotter and Mr. Adams were elected as the new board. Mrs. Adams was chosen clerk.

Mrs. Adams and daughter Virginia were visitors Wednesday evening at the Burleson home.

Charles Cotter has recovered his roadster which was stolen last Monday from Cottage Grove. It was badly damaged.

The N. C. Koch family of Eugene visited at the E. H. Koch home several days last week. Mr. Koch helped his brother, Errol, who is at present building a barn for Mrs. Taplin at Hebron.

Edward Pettit returned home recently from a few months' visit

with his father in Washington.

Miss Esther Sharon, who has been ill for the last week, is reported as somewhat improved.

Mattie and Verniel Koch were visitors last Tuesday at the Charles Sharon home.

Cal and Keith Smith of Lorane were Saginaw visitors last Friday. They called on Bart Johnston on business.

Frank Alney is reported as being very poorly and is at present under a doctor's care.

Mrs. Benston and daughter and Mrs. Robinson and children motored to Eugene last Thursday to attend the carnival.

The Emmett Smith family of Noti visited last week at the Adre home. The Smiths are old friends of the Adneys from Nebraska and have just returned from the coast.

Mr. Holmes of Wendling and his daughter Roberta, who had been staying at the Bart Johnston home, left last Saturday for Crater lake on a short vacation.

Mrs. Adams and daughters visited briefly at Elkton last week.

Mr. Roach, a violin teacher of Eugene, was in Delight Valley and Saginaw last week on business. He will teach music in the Cottage Grove high school the coming year.

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