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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.

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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., Phone: Office, 234; residence, 129-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

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.

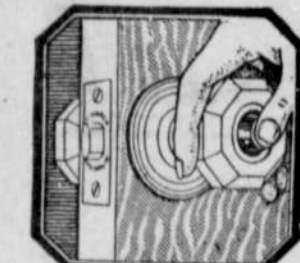
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Youth Rides West

By Will Irwin

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

"I told you—too much folks!" grunted Buck as he loosened the cinches of his weary horse. I paid no attention; Buck had been repeating that phrase like the response of a litany ever since we crossed the path and threaded the more intensive traffic rushing into Cottonwood.

As I rubbed down my little roan with the dry part of a gunny sack which Buck had rescued from the mud I asked humbly:

"What's the program?"

"Git a regular supper of ham an' eggs from a sure enough restaurant," said Buck. "Guess it's comin' to us. An' find the lay of the land. Don't look good. Too much folks."

"What are we going to do about the outfit?" I asked.

"Leave it here," said Buck. "Unattended?" I inquired.

"Sure," said Buck. "They'd

lynch a man quicker fur sneakin' things out of a public corral than fur stealing a horse—in a new camp like this," he said.

When we had watered at the pool of an unpolluted brook, when we had judiciously distributed the last of our oats among the whole train, when we had blanketed our horses with tarpaulins from the pack, my impatient young feet were free to follow Buck's down the full-flowing street. It quivered with excitement, chatter and good humor. A two-story building swung its doors wide open to the street. It revealed a rough room, the walls covered with newspapers. Along the whole farther side, ran a bar. It took a moment of inspection to tell that; the first glimpse showed only a long row of men, leaning on their elbows, their stalwart backs hunched, their stretched coat-tails revealed their scabbarded sidearms. Nearer stood three tables fringed with card players, piled with gold pieces and buckskin sacks; about the players watched a silent, intent, standing border of spectators. Over all shone the brilliant light of one big kerosene lamp backed by a reflector and the soft, uncertain twinkling of candles, set row on row into boards. A crowd was incessantly climbing and descending the rough stairs to one side of the room. And from above I caught a voice bawling: "Place your bets, gents!" and the unmistakable whirr of a roulette wheel.

A long, low shack next door emitted the tinkle of two guitars and a violin, a little hazy on their tune but sure of their cadences. Its two windows emitted an exceptional blaze of light. Within, ladies in very short skirts were whirling clumping partners in a waltz, and mop were dancing in pairs. The doors of this establishment, also, opened as I passed; I glimpsed a lady of whom my first impression was a knee-high yellow skirt and a pair of red stockings, and my second that she wore many frizzes and no makeup. She was holding the lapels of a fat man who rolled a little uncertainly on his feet; and caught her words: "Just one li'l gold watch for—"

The slamming of the door cut out the rest.

In a narrow alley running darkly up the hill were indications of even louder diversions.

A very modest shack, in the light of blazing windows across the street, bore the sign, "Assay Office." The building next most pretentious to the two-story building which we had passed on our first entry to the street turned out to be a general store. It was open and doing a brisk business. Farther down the street a lantern swung from a pole before a tent, illuminating the sign:

GOLDEN EAGLE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS

As we edged through the crowd toward this objective Buck being very hungry and low of spirits, voiced his pessimism.

"Startin' for a gold camp six months after the fall discovery an' a good month after the spring rush begun," he said. "Was you the fool or was I?"

I had been feeling much the same thing, though with a less poignant disappointment, ever since we came out into Main street. Professedly the rush across the peaks was for gold. Unless all the claims had been staked, all the possibilities exhausted, why were people running shops, dives, concert halls, gambling dens? I had yet to learn the law of mining camps and gold rushes, which is also the law of life. Your advance on a strike was like an old-fashioned army with a fringe of camp followers greater than the

army itself. Along with king natures came slave-natures. Even at the first flush of discovery there were always men willing to sell their services for plain digging at four or five dollars a day. Where they got the imagination to come at all I could not see. There were others, again, who really had the gold fever, who failed at the first rush, and who immediately settled back to their predestinated places in society.

I have lived long enough to see the end of most careers which sprouted at Cottonwood. Those who took fortunes out of the earth in the days when the Rockies suddenly blossomed with new camps—where are they now? One died in his middle age in Alaska, a common musher on the Klondike trail; one in a cottage in the East, supported by the relatives who had lived hectically on his bounty in the days of his strike; one in the Denver poorhouse. Those descendants in the second generation of mining-camp fortunes who in this day struggle for the illusions of social position as their grandfathers struggled for realities, derived from men who came across the peaks not with rocker and shovel but with merchandise. One fortune that I know of sprang from a livery stable, one from a hardware store, one from a pawnshop; and one had its true beginning in a tray of cheap jewelry and vanished catches carried into Cottonwood by a wandering and adventurous young Jew. Andrew Carnegie, I have heard, said "pioneering don't pay." It does not—in any coin which Carnegie would have recognized.

However, Buck and I arrived in a big log cabin, the fresh mountain air blowing through a chink of the mud daubed into the cracks. Buck, with a "woof" of animal satisfaction, settled down to the bench, and addressed the waiter.

"What I want is eggs," he said. "Ham and eggs."

The waiter balanced his string of tin plates along his arm.

"Why, how-de-do, Commodore Vanderbilt!" he said. "Pleased to see you transfer your valuable patronage from the Astor house!"

Having delivered himself in falsetto of this sarcasm, he propped his voice to its natural note. The last egg in this here camp," said he, "was et at six bits apiece yesterday. What you'll git is venison steak, canned corn and coffee."

The waiter stopped to collect from the rest of the guests, now finished and going; then assembled our tin plates of venison along his arm, hooked the handles of two tin coffee cups into the fingers of his spare hand and returned with an expert professional swing.

He slammed our provender before us, picked up half a loaf of bread from the debris at the other end of the table, struck it once or twice on the edge by way of dusting it off, and deposited it, uncut, between our plates. "I kin give you a dab of nice, snow-white butter for two-bits extra," he said. That final luxury laid out, he settled himself beside Buck, his elbows on the table; and when he resumed conversation, he clove by accident near to the heart of the matter.

"Funny to see the way the boys was gettin' rid of gold claims a day or two ago," he said. "Ground that was yieldin' forty dollars a day to partners, let alone a chance at pockets, was goin' for a song." "Did you git in on that?" asked Buck indifferently.

"Would 'a' if I'd had anybody to dig," replied the waiter. "This here's a better proposition. Pioneer restaurant of the camp. Was workin' as a waiter in the Palmer house in Denver when I saw the chance."

"Suppose gold claims is goin' up by now?" inquired Buck casually.

"Yep. But they're still to be got. Feller was in here today. Said he'd sell out for a wagon outfit or jacks or anything to git up to the Frozen River country. He's got some sort of notion about that country."

"I know a feller that might do business with him," said Buck. He was looking down at his plate, carving mightily at his steak.

I saw the waiter's eye fix itself upon Buck for a moment before he asked:

"Meanin' an' signifyin' yourself, maybe?"

Buck looked up, met his eye coolly, and became utterly frank.

"Meanin' an' signifyin' the an' my partner here," he said. "We come for gold. I don't say I want

your claim, an' I don't say I don't. I want to see the dirt first. I suppose you're the party that owns it?"

"You're smarter 'n a whip, old hoss, but you got it wrong this time," replied the proprietor. "I ain't the party that owns it. But I'm his agent, sort of."

The conversation drifted off to a debate about terms; I let my attention wander to the glimpses of the crowd surging past our door, to the muffled roar of a thousand cheerful conversations, to the spurts of distant music. When I returned my attention to business Buck and the waiter had evidently reached some kind of agreement. Our host was donning his canvas coat, and was calling to the cook, "Keep her goin' till I git back, Johnnie," and Buck was making his preliminary move toward any positive action—he was biting off the corner from a black piece of plug tobacco. I followed, an unconsidered party to the bargain, out into the mushy, crowded road

SAGINAW.

(Special to The Sentinel.)

July 3.—Mr. Curtis of Washington is here staying at the Judson Allen home and visiting his son and daughter.

The Lunburger family left last Monday for Canada. They intend to make a short stop in Washington.

The O. C. Koch family of Berkeley are visiting with Mr. Koch's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Koch. They will return to California next Saturday.

The Wolf Allen family of Wendling visited at the Judson Allen home one day last week. Mary Allen returned to Wendling with them.

The Marvell Randall family of Portland visited Mrs. Randall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Knight, over the week end.

Mrs. Coffman of Eugene is here for an indefinite visit at the Frank Adney home. Mrs. Coffman is a sister of Mrs. Smith of Walker.

Glady Kirkendoll is at Yoncalla doing house work.

The Errol Koch family left last Friday for Salem, where they will visit Mrs. Koch's sister and brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benston were callers at the Jack Joll home last Monday evening. Mr. Joll, who was injured in an accident several days ago, is reported as much improved.

Alma Adney is at home again after a short stay with Mrs. Coffman at Eugene.

Dave Haskins of Delight Valley is loading several cars of wood at the Saginaw dock.

The Montanans of Saginaw attended the annual Montana picnic held June 27 at Eugene.

Mrs. Lowell Benston was called to Cottage Grove by the serious illness of her father, Mr. Keen. He was taken Tuesday to a Eugene hospital, where he underwent an operation. He is reported as recovering satisfactorily.

WANTADS

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

FOR SALE—RESIDENCE PROPERTY on west Main street. D. J. Scholl. jn7tf

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—GOOD MILK COW, milking heavy now. Charles S. Cochran, phone 123-R. jn28jy8c

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

DRESSMAKING AND PLAIN sewing. Muriel Young, 653 River street. jn28jy8p

BULL CALF FOR SALE—LARGE calf week old. Richard Hannas, phone 33F21. jy1-5c

FOR SALE—A HOUSE AND TWO lots. A bargain. Inquire at 755 south Eighth street. jy1-5p

RASPBERRIES FOR SALE—FINE irrigated raspberries. W. A. Hem-onway, phone 2F22. jy1-19p

FOR SALE, TRADE OR RENT—five-room bungalow with bath, electric lights, nice location. For terms and particulars address P. O. Box 61, Yoncalla, Ore. jy1-19p

FOUND—LOCKET AT ARMORY, July 3. Owner may recover by identifying and paying for advertising. Robert A. Harrington, Kem's for Drugs. jy8p

LOST—WATCH FOB AND LOCK—et at Armory Saturday night. Initials on one side and I. O. O. F. emblem on other, lady's picture inside. Leave at Spriggs black-smith shop. jy8p

FOR SALE—MILK COW, HALF Jersey and half Red Pole. Gives three gallons daily. Seven years old. Must sell this week. Price \$40. M. L. Snell, 443 north Douglas. jy6-8p

which served Cottonwood for a main street. And as we waited the proprietor of the Golden Eagle expanded, grew confidential about his business. His name was Huffaker, he said—Jim Huffaker.

"She'll be Huffaker's hotel soon as the lumber comes down," he added. "I made the stake last winter. I hear's how a party from

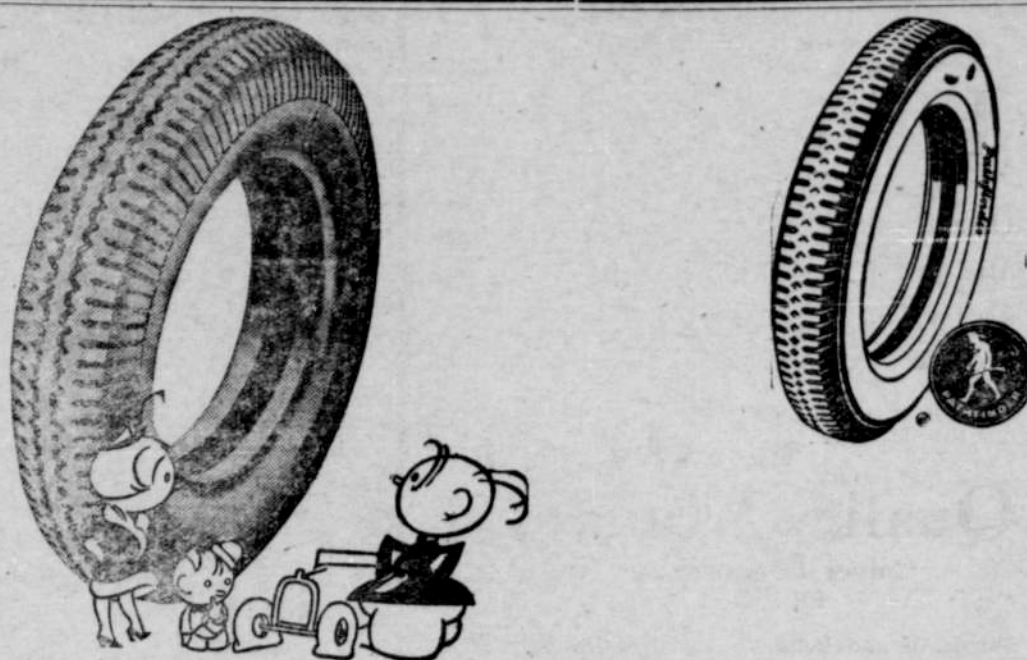
Plasted's is comin' up with backin' for a new hotel. I ain't losin' any sleep. The camp's goin' to stand two hotels—an' with the start I've got— But I'll have to hustle. Jest this week an old stager of a lady from down below stakes out a miner's boardin' house. Funny thing," he added; "She was in the last stage holdup. Some-

body drove off the bandits before they done me a favor of lifting her roll."

(To be continued.)

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Saturday, July 10, 1 p. m.

4 1/2 Miles from Cottage Grove Known as the Rivulet Ranch.

Eighty acres with the best of improvements procurable, about 65 acres in cultivation, balance in timber and pasture. About 6 1/2 acres in blackberries bearing first crop this year, about 7 acres in strawberries, about five acres in young prunes just starting to bear. Balance of cultivated land in hay, grain and potatoes.

SOIL: About one-half of the ranch is creek bottom land. The balance is mostly red soil, fine for strawberries, prunes or any other fruit. The soil is of the best.

IRRIGATION: A large spring furnishes an ample supply for household use, etc., and a good sized creek for drainage and irrigation.

IMPROVEMENTS: Consist of an eight room house and bath, which is in very good repair, good plumbing, furnace, garage, barn, and stone spring house which incloses a lovely, cool spring. \$1500 worth of underground tiling for irrigation.

This is one of the best properties we have ever offered at AUCTION. We can guarantee that it is well worth your consideration. Make a careful investigation and buy with confidence. Inspect this ranch today. Owner on premises will be glad to show you over the property, then be ready to make your bid the day of the AUCTION.

One of the Finest Sheep and Dairy Ranches in This Community

4 1/2 Miles From Cottage Grove Across From Rivulet Ranch.

TO BE AUCTIONED Saturday, July 10, 2 p. m.

Three hundred thirty-five acres known as the White-Wickendell Ranch, on good county road, about 150 acres of good creek bottom land, with the finest of soil, all in wheat and oats. Some rolling land also in wheat and oats. The balance is in pasture and timber.

IRRIGATION: There is an abundance of water, having three creeks on the property. IMPROVEMENTS: Consist of a good seven-room house, two barns, school and church at corner of ranch. Family orchard, apples, prunes, cherries, pears, etc.

There is always money to be made in stock raising. If you are looking for a good stock and dairy ranch, that will show a handsome return on the investment, investigate this property thoroughly, NOW. Perhaps you will never again have the opportunity to buy a ranch of this kind at your own price and terms. The owners have authorized us to sell to the highest approved bidder so here is your opportunity to save money, make money and get a wonderful buy in a good location.

If you can't attend the Auction the day the sale, mail us your bid. Courtesy extended to licensed Real Estate Brokers. General Agent: E. C. Lockwood, Cottage Grove, Ore.

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