

Youth Rides West

by Will Irwin

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WTU Service

(Continued from first page.)
The leader of the mob stood alone in the middle of the floor. He spoke suddenly. "We'll hang a city marshal as quick as a pickpocket," he said. "Boys, bring on your rope. It's long enough for two."
"Drop that rope!" came from the man on the table, shifting his eyes, shifting slightly the muzzle of his gun.
"I didn't see the man on the table change the direction of his muzzle from the back door to the center of the floor. The motion was too quick. I was only aware that his right hand, held flat, had brushed across his gun. The 'bang' sent the crowd to the floor as a strike in bowling drops the tenpins. The leader had his gun out, and no more. It dropped clattering to the floor. His left hand went to his right biceps; and he sank slowly onto one knee.
A tall, rangy man with a hat like a marshal's pushed through the door.
"Charlie," said the marshal, "take that prisoner there. You with the rope, come here." The man with the rope, walking unsteadily, jerkily, crossed the floor. The audience was now beginning to get up; and the marshal spoke again, and again seemed to freeze everyone into a grotesque statue.
"Is there anybody else wants to shoot?" he inquired. No one responded. "All right," he contin-

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There the leader made his mistake. The muzzle was turned away from him; he had an instant to act. His hand went to his hip. In the same instant I had a glimpse of a dozen forms beginning a prudent drop toward the floor.
I didn't see the man on the table change the direction of his muzzle from the back door to the center of the floor. The motion was too quick. I was only aware that his right hand, held flat, had brushed across his gun. The "bang" sent the crowd to the floor as a strike in bowling drops the tenpins. The leader had his gun out, and no more. It dropped clattering to the floor. His left hand went to his right biceps; and he sank slowly onto one knee.
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The "Bang" Sent the Crowd to the Floor as a Strike in Bowling Drops the Ten Pins.

ued. "There's been no lynching in this camp yet, and there won't be. Get that! Somebody fix up the man I just shot. He's only winged in the arm." He cast his eye about again. "Your blood was up, boys. Nothin' like a little blood to cool blood." His face had been as blank as a stone wall except for the steady blaze of his eyes. But now he smiled, and I liked the way his eyes crinkled. He leaped down from the table, turned his back deliberately on the crowd, began to strip the belt from the prisoner's arms, to snap on handcuffs. The babble broke out again. Three minutes before it had an animal note. Now it sparkled with laughter. Before the marshal, the deputy and their now voluble prisoner passed out of the door, the poker-players were sorting out chips and piles of gold pieces at the tables, the bartenders were taking orders, the stairs were black with an ascending crowd.
"He is sure a shootin' man," remarked Buck in a tone of deep admiration. "Who might it be?"
"Town marshal," replied Jim Huffaker briefly. "Name, Chris McGrath. You're right, he shoots."
"Who's mayor of this camp, anyhow?" inquired Buck.
"Ain't none," replied Huffaker. "A town marshal like that is all the mayor we need—There! 'here's our man!' he suddenly broke off, darting past the poker tables and laying hands on an individual who had just entered.
After all this space of years, the figure of Bill Talbot, who wanted to sell his claim, has grown a little dim in mind; he was to float into my life for a day only, and float out again never to reappear. Nor do I remember many details of the long dicker which he, Buck and Jim Huffaker conducted in a comparatively quiet corner of the Black Jack.
"I suppose your title is O. K.," inquired Buck.
"Good as the gold you'll dig," said Talbot.
"That's got to be proved," said Buck. "S'pose we kin look into that after I've seen the claim?"
Now watching this transaction idly from the outside, I had perceived that Talbot was eager to be gone. I was not surprised, therefore, when he said, and I felt, with sincerity:
"I wanted to be travelin' to-morrow mornin'. That's why I'm sellin' so cheap."
"Nothin' goes until I see your title's right," said Buck stubbornly. Here Huffaker came in with a solution.
"Well, if Chris McGrath says it's right and sound, you'll believe him, won't you?"
"What's he got to do with it?" asked Buck.
"The whole works," said Huffaker. "He registers minin' claims, too."
"Mebbe," allowed Buck.
So forth we went under the burning stars and through the thinning

crowd, to find Town Marshal McGrath. We ran him to earth in the tiny Comstock Lode saloon, his foot on the bar rail, his hand on a glass of water.
In two minutes the marshal had certified unofficially but with certainty that No. 32 placer, held by William Talbot was a bona fide claim without encumbrance. As we left, Huffaker asked us about our lodging for the night. That question had been dimly troubling me all the evening. Our blankets were with our packs in the public corral. Sleeping there, on the wet, tramped ground, seemed out of the question.
"I sleep people in my shack," said Huffaker, "keep up the fire all night so you don't need blankets." We found, indeed, a dozen men already snoring under the table of the restaurant.
"Won't cost you nothin', seein' we done so much business—good night," whispered our host as he departed to his quarters in the rear.
I threw myself down by the stove of the Golden Eagle and, with one side roasting and the other freezing, slept until the cook woke me by stirring the fire for an early breakfast. In spite of youth, mountain air and fatigue, I was a little time in falling asleep—these had been the most crowded and excited three days of my life.
Cramped in every joint by one night on the hard floor, Buck, Talbot and I rolled out and breakfasted by candle-light. When we started forth the sun had risen on the world below, but for us it shone as yet only on the white rimmed peaks above. From the snows of the peaks the freeze came in puffs. A little shrill and piercing at first touch, once you had filled your lungs it whipped your blood like wine.
The public corral, where we had left our stock and packs, had as by magic changed over night. The piles of boxes and barrels which had risen above us when we ungreased and hitched in the twilight, had assumed new shapes; and other piles were growing at the hands of the freighters. The very horses, mules and jacks seemed recent arrivals. As we baited, as we began to rub down our burros with gunny-sacking in order to make them presentable for sale, two mud-spattered men on blowing, lathered, drooping horses spurred into the corral. Without introduction or ado, they halted us.
(To be continued.)

Dependant.
Miss Maude Royden tells a story of a charwoman friend with whom she traveled from Poplar to a Baby Week exhibition in London. At the exhibition was shown models of a poor, badly-managed home, and of a home as it should be, before which two well-dressed ladies were talking in a highly superior fashion when Miss Royden and her companion arrived. The charwoman stood for a time, then gave her views. The ladies held their ground for a little, then they became alarmed and finally took flight at the charwoman's parting shot: "And I wonder how clean you'd be if such women as me didn't clean ye!"

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that W. T. Jones, the undersigned, has been duly appointed and has qualified as the administrator of the estate of Emma C. Jones, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, duly verified, to said Administrator at his home at London, Oregon, within six months after the date of this notice.
Date of first publication, June 17, 1926.
W. T. JONES,
Administrator of the estate of Emma C. Jones, deceased.
J. E. Young,
Attorney for estate. in17jv15(T)

ADVERTISEMENT FOR BIDS FOR STREET IMPROVEMENT COTTAGE GROVE, ORE.
Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 19th day of July, 1926, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m. of said day, in the council chamber of the city hall, sealed bids will be opened for the improvement of "Q" street from the north line of west Main street to the south line of Ash avenue, according to the provisions of ordinance No. 655, passed and approved June 7, 1926; and of "J" street from the north line of west Main street to the south line of Ash avenue, according to the provisions of ordinance No. 656, passed and approved June 21, 1926; and of Tenth street from the north line of Gibbs avenue to the south line of Villard place extended, according to the provisions of ordinance No. 657, passed and approved June 21, 1926; and of Gibbs avenue from the east line of Ninth street to the east line of Tenth street, according to the provisions of ordinance No. 658, passed and approved June 21, 1926; with a hard surface pavement constructed of bitulithis or bituminous concrete or of cement concrete.
Plans and specifications therefor, prepared by the city engineer, are on file in the office of the city recorder, who will receive unit bids for any part or all of said improvement until 7:30 o'clock p. m. of said day, July 19, 1926.
Work shall be completed within 60 days from the signing of the contract, and certified check for 10% of the amount of bid or an approved bid bond shall accompany each bid. The common council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Dated this 7th day of July, 1926.
HOMER GALLOWAY,
City Recorder. in18-15c(T)

WANTADS

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

FOR SALE—RESIDENCE PROPERTY on west Main street. D. J. Scholl. in7jtf

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. in28jy26

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. in28jy26p

DRESSMAKING AND PLAIN sewing. Muriel Young, 653 River street. in28jy8p

RASPBERRIES FOR SALE—FINE irrigated raspberries. W. A. Hemenway, phone 2F22. jyl-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. jyl-8p

CAR FOR SALE—MAXWELL sedan, in first class condition. Terms. Inquire after 5:30 p. m. at 226 south Seventh street. jy8p

WANTED—1000-GALLON WOOD water tank. C. A. King, phone 1F5. jy8fc

WANTED—WHEEL CHAIR. Ernest Darnell, phone 20E5. jy8p

WANTED TO RENT—APARTMENT or housekeeping rooms. Phone 50. jy8p

DO YOU WANT EVERGREEN blackberry acreage all ready bearing? Good bottom land 1/4 mile off London road. Five or six acres. Inquire 1112 south Sixth street, evenings or 519 Main street. jy8-12p

REED BABY BUGGY FOR SALE. As good as new. Mrs. Elbert Bede. 349 south Sixth St. jy8-15p

FOR SALE—BED DAVENPORT. 180 old Pacific highway. jy8c-bh

FOR SALE—WHITE LEGHORN roosters, five weeks old. Fifty cents a dozen while they last. Mrs. Waldo Miller, phone 1F12. jy8c

NEWSPAPER advertising makes big stores out of little ones and keeps them from going back to little ones. xx
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SUMMONS.
In the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Lane county.
Herbert W. Lombard, plaintiff, vs. W. G. Johnson, James H. Potts and William Turpin, copartners, doing business as Potts & Turpin, defendants.
To: W. G. Johnson, defendant.
In the name of the state of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of summons, to-wit: on or before the 27th day of July, 1926, and you are hereby notified that if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, viz: for a decree foreclosing the mortgage executed by defendant, W. G. Johnson to Herbert W. Lombard on the 23rd day of December, 1925, covering the following described real property, to-wit:
The southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section seventeen, township twenty-one, south of range two, west of Willamette meridian, all in Lane county, state of Oregon, and for a decree of sale of said premises in satisfaction of said mortgage and attorney's fee thereon provided for and the costs of this suit; and that each of you be forever barred from all right, title or interest in said premises except as may be provided by the statutory right of redemption.
This summons is served by publication thereof in the Cottage Grove Sentinel, a semi-weekly newspaper of general circulation published at Cottage Grove, Lane county, Oregon, under and by virtue of an order of the Honorable G. F. Skipworth, judge of the above entitled court, dated the 27th day of June, 1926, directing publication hereof once each week for six successive and consecutive weeks in said newspaper, which order required you and each of you to appear and answer on or before six months from the date of the first publication of this summons.
The date of the first publication of this summons is June 10, 1926.
HERBERT W. LOMBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Address and postoffice address,
First National bank building,
Cottage Grove, Ore. in19iv22T

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of S. R. Piper, deceased, has filed in the county court for Lane county, Oregon, his final account as administrator of said estate and that Saturday, the 17th day of July, 1926, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day has been set by said court as the time for hearing objections to said final account, the settlement of the same and the discharge of said administrator.
Dated this 15th day of June, 1926, and date of first publication June 17, 1926.
A. C. PIPER,
Administrator of the estate of S. R. Piper, deceased.
J. E. Young,
Attorney for estate. in17jv15(T)

Rival Patriotism.

It happened that, in a small village on the sea coast, there resided two friendly rivals of many years' standing. One was an Englishman, the other was from the Emerald Isle; each obtained a boat, the former by purchase and the Irishman through the smile of fortune in a friendly game of cards with a

fisherman. Without hesitation or hurry, the Briton christened his skiff "Henry the Eighth." "Now that's sure a grand name," thought his competitor, "and divvle a one can I find." His friends and supporters offered "George the Fifth," which was rejected because the number was not large enough. He sought inspiration where it was

likely to be found, and at the dawn came an idea. With much ceremonial ado, he brought forth brush and paint, keeping his own counsel the while, though giving every evidence of vast satisfaction, and inscribed across the stern "March the Seventeenth." Ledgers, Journals, Sentinel.

No sprinter ever succeeded without ALL three. There have been great starters, runners who moved with perfect rhythm and no waste energy, and men who finished with irresistible force. But the CHAMPION has had ALL THREE.

Charley Paddock

says a champion must have all three start-stride-finish

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—but a price of \$825 literally throws this high-quality Six into bold and impressive relief against the entire industry.

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