

The Ranch at the Wolverine

By B. M. BOWER

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Continued from last week

CHAPTER XVIII.

All Right and Comfy.

The next morning Billy Louise rode up the creek at a long lope, and she pulled up at the stable and slid off Blue. She went straight to a corner of the hay corral and stopped with her hands clutching the top wire.

"Ward Warren, for heaven's sake, what are you doing?" You couldn't have told from her tone that she had been crying, a mile back, from sheer anxiety, or that she "loved him to pieces." She sounded as if she did not love him at all and was merely disgusted with his actions.

"I'm trying to sink my loop on this huzzard head of a horse," Ward retorted glumly. "I've been trying for about an hour," he added, grinning a little at his own plight.

"Well, it's a lucky thing for you he won't let you," Billy Louise informed him sternly, stooping to crawl under the bottom wire. "You've got about as much sense as—" She did not say what. "Give me that rope, and you take yourself and your crutches out of the corral, Mr. Smarty. I just had a hunch you couldn't be trusted to behave yourself."

"Brave Buckaroo got lonesome," Ward said, looking at her with eyes alight, as he hobbled slowly toward her. "You'll have to open the gate for me, William. Rattler'll make a break for the open if he sees a crack as wide as your little finger."

By then he was near enough to reach out an arm and pull her close to him. "Oh, William girl, I'm sure glad to see you once more. I got scared. I thought maybe I just dreamed you were here; so I tackled—"

"You tackled more than you could handle. You ought to know you mustn't try to ride Rattler, Ward. What if he'd pitch with you?"

"In that case, I'd pile up, I reckon. Say William, a broken leg does take a deuce of a time to get well. But all the same, I'll stop old Rattler, all right. I'd top anything rather than spend another night in that jail."

"You'll ride Blue," Billy Louise told him calmly. "I'm going to ride Rattler myself."

"Yes, you are—not!"

"Do you mean to say I can't? Do you think—"

"Oh, I guess you can, all right, but—"

"Well, if I can, I'm going to. If you think I can't handle a mensity old skate like that—"

"He's been running out for nearly two months, Wilhemina—"

"And look at his ribs! If you'll just kindly go in the house while I saddle—"

"I'll kindly stay right here, lady-girl. You don't know Rattler—"

"And you don't know Billy Louise MacDonald." She wrinkled her nose at him and turned back to unsaddle Blue. "I really didn't intend to go back right now," she said, "but seeing you've got your heart set on it, I suppose we might as well." Then she added: "We're only going as far as the Cove, anyway; and I really ought to hurry back to look after Marthy. Charlie Fox and Peter pulled out and left her there all solitary alone. I've been staying with her overnight. I told her we'd be down there, and stay till—further notice."

Billy Louise did not give Ward much opportunity for argument. He was too awkward with his crutches to keep up with her, and she managed to be on the move most of the time.

When she had helped Ward upon Blue—and that was not easy, either, considering that he only had one leg fit to stand on—and had gone to the cabin for her bag of nuggets and Ward's roll of money which he had forgotten, and had exhausted every other excuse for delay, she picked up Rattler's reins and wound her fingers in his mane, and took hold of the stirrup as nonchalantly as if she were mounting Blue.

"Now we're all right and comfy," she announced breathlessly, when the first fight was over and Rattler, like his master, had yielded to the inevitable. "And we know who's boss, and we're all of us squintleously happy, because we're headed for home. Aren't we, Buckaroo?"

"I suppose so," Ward mumbled doubtfully, for a moment eyeing her sidelong.

"And say, buckaroo!" Billy Louise reined close, so that she could reach out and pinch his arm a little bit. "Soon as your leg is all well, and you're every speck over the hookin'-cough, why—you can be the boss!"

"Can I?"

"Honest, you can. I've—" Billy Louise had the grace to blush a little. "I've always thought I'd love to have somebody bully me and boss me and 'buse me. And I—" Her lips twitched a little. "I think you can qualify."

They came to the gate, and Billy Louise freed her hand from his clasp and dismounted since it was a wire

gate and could not be opened on horse-back. She closed it after him, looked to her cinch, tightened it a little, patted Fattler on the neck, caught the horn with one hand and the stirrup with the other, and went up quite like a man, while Ward watched her intently.

"In sooth, I know not why you are so afraid," murmured Billy Louise, when she swung alongside in the trail.

Ward caught her hand again and did not let go; so they rode hand in hand down the narrow valley.

"I was wondering—" he hesitated, drawing in a corner of his lip, biting it, and letting it go. "Wilhemina, if old Lady Fortune takes a notion to give me another kick or two, just when life looks so good to me—"

"Why, we'll kick back just as hard as she does," threatened Billy Louise courageously. "Don't let happiness get on your nerves, Ward."

"If I wasn't crippled, it wouldn't. But when a man's down and out, he—thinks a lot. The last three days, I've lived a whole lifetime, lady-girl. Everything seems to be coming my way, all at once. And I'm afraid; what if I can't make good? If I can't make you happy," he squeezed her fingers so that Billy Louise had to grit her teeth to keep from interrupting him—"or if anything should happen to you—Lord!"

"You've got nerves, buckaroo. You've been shut up there alone so long you see things all distorted. We're going to be happy, because we'll be together, and we've so much to do and so much to think of. You must realize, Ward, that we've got three places to take care of, and you and me and poor old Marthy. She hasn't anybody, Ward, but us. And she's changed so—got so old—just in the last few days. I never knew a person could change so much in such a little while. She's just let go all holds and kind of sagged down, mentally and physically. We'll have to take care of her, Ward, as long as she lives. That's why I'm taking you there—so we can look after her. She won't leave the Cove. I—I was hoping," she added shyly, "that we could sit in front of our own fireplace, Ward, and have nice cozy evenings; but—well, there always seems to be something for me to do for somebody, Ward."

"Oh, you Wilhemina!" Ward slipped his arm around her, to the disgust of Rattler and Blue, and made shift to kiss her twice. "Long as you live, you'll always be doing something for somebody; that's the way you're made. And nobody's been doing things for you; but if the Lord lets me live, that's going to be my job from now on."

He said a great deal more, of course. They had nearly fifteen miles to go, and they rode at a walk; and a man and a maid can say a good deal at such a time. But I don't think they would like to have it all repeated. Their thoughts ranged far back over the past and far into the future, and clung close to the miracle of love that had brought them together. There is one thing which Billy Louise, even in her most self-revealing mood, did not tell Ward, and that is her doubts of him. Never once did he dream that she had suspected him and wrung her heart because of her suspicions—and in that I think she was wise and kind.

They found Scubeck and Floyd Carson and another cowboy at the Cove, just preparing to leave. Marthy, it transpired, had sent for them because she wanted to make her will, so that Billy Louise would have the Cove when Marthy was done with it. Billy Louise cried a little and argued a good deal, but Marthy had not lost all her stubbornness, and the will stood unchanged.

Billy Louise and Ward were married just as soon as Ward was able to make the trip to the county-seat, which was just as soon as he could walk comfortably with a cane.

They stayed the winter in the Cove, and a part of the spring. Then they buried grim, gray old Marthy up on the slide hill near Jase, where she had asked them to lay her work-worn body when she was gone.

They were very busy and very happy and pretty prosperous with their three ranches. They never heard of Charlie Fox again, or of Buck Olney—and they never wanted to.

If you should some time ride through a certain portion of Idaho, you may find the tiny valley of the Wolverine and the decaying cabins which prove how impossible it is for a couple to live in three places at once. If you should be so fortunate as to meet Billy Louise, she might take you through the canon and point out to you her cave. It is possible that she might also show you the washout which always made her and Ward laugh when they passed it. And if you ride up over the hill and along the upland and down another hill, you cannot fail to find the entrance to the Cove; and perhaps you will like to ride down the gorge and see the little Eden hidden away there. And if you should meet them, give my regards to Billy Louise and Ward—who never calls himself a football these days.

(THE END.)
Reduction, Production—The 1918 watchwords.

Food will win the war. Save it. Produce it.

If you run your household on three pounds of sugar a month per person, when fall comes the grocer won't have to hang up the sign "No Sugar."

The second helping is getting to be bad form.

There's lots of money to go round, but bacon, beef and wheat can't make 'em circuit. Save your share.

Waste and want are twin sisters and neither beautiful.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an Execution and Order of Sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane on the 30th day of April, 1918, in a suit wherein Mabel Affolter and Fred Affolter, were Plaintiffs and Ellen B. Metcalf and C. R. Metcalf, her husband, and Lillian Currier and M. S. Currier, her husband, were Defendants, and on a Judgment rendered in said Court on the 29th day of April, 1918, in favor of said above named Plaintiffs and against the above named Defendants, Ellen B. Metcalf and C. R. Metcalf, for the sum of One Thousand Seventy and no 100 Dollars, with interest thereon from the 3rd day of March, 1918, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum and One Hundred Dollars attorney's fees and the further sum of Forty-six and 6 100 Dollars Taxes, costs and disbursements, which judgment was entered and docketed in the Office of the Clerk of said Court on the 29th day of April, 1918, and said Execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the state of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs, to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Commencing at a point 168 feet west of the Southwest corner of Lot Number 3 of Sherman's Addition to Cottage Grove, as platted and recorded on page 367 of volume 25 of the deed records of said County, and running thence North 50' East 13 1-3 rods or 229 feet to the South line of Lot 4 in said Addition, thence west on said line 99 feet, thence South 220 feet, thence east 99 feet to the place of beginning.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, and in compliance with said Execution and Order of Sale, and in order to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs, I will on Saturday, the 8th day of June, 1918, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to-wit: at one o'clock p. m. on said day, at the Southwest door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale for cash, subject to redemption, all the right, title and interest of said Defendants, Ellen B. Metcalf, C. R. Metcalf, Lillian Currier and M. S. Currier, or any of them or any person or persons claiming by, through or under them, in and to the above described real property.

D. A. ELKINS,
m-3141s. Sheriff Lane County, Oregon.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

Mary A. Sherman and David Sherman, Plaintiffs, vs. Fingal Hinds, Effie Hinds, F. L. Dolezal and Mrs. F. L. Dolezal, his wife, first and full name unknown, and Harry Munnixma and Mrs. Harry Munnixma, first and full name unknown, wife of Harry Munnixma, Defendants.

To Fingal Hinds, Effie Hinds, F. L. Dolezal and Mrs. Dolezal his wife, first and full name unknown, and Harry Munnixma and Mrs. Harry Munnixma, first and full name unknown, wife of Harry Munnixma:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the 31st day of May, 1918, said date being six weeks from the date ordered for the first publication of this summons, to-wit: six weeks from the 19th day of April, 1918, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, namely, for a decree for the sum of \$712.18 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum from the first day of February, 1918, for the further sum of \$996.78 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum from the first of February, 1918, for the further sum of \$63.77 taxes and interest paid by plaintiff with 10 per cent per annum interest from February 1, 1918, and for the further sum of \$100 attorney's fees, and for costs and disbursements of this suit, also for a decree foreclosing one certain real estate mortgage particularly described in exhibit "A" in plaintiff's complaint.

You are further notified that the date of the order for publication of this summons was made on the 10th day of April, 1918, and the day upon which you are required to answer said complaint on or before the 31st day of May, 1918. That the date of the first publication of this summons will be made on the 19th day of April, 1918, and the date of the last publication thereof will be on the 31st day of May, 1918.

You are further notified that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in The Cottage Grove Sentinel, a newspaper published in Cottage Grove, Lane County, State of Oregon, and of general circulation therein.

H. J. SHINN,
m-19-m31 Attorney for Plaintiff,
Cottage Grove, Ore.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the county court of Lane county, Oregon, duly made and entered of record the 6th day of May, 1918, in the matter of the estate of Angelo Perini, deceased, the undersigned Johnie Perini, was duly appointed administrator of said estate.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified as by law required to said administrator at the office of Attorney Alta King, First National Bank Building, Cottage Grove, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Cottage Grove, Oregon, this 8th day of May, 1918.

JOHNIE PERINI,
m10j7 Administrator.

The price of want ads. is about the only thing that hasn't gone up on account of the war. One cent a word—three times for the price of two. ***

Parodies Old War Song.
Mrs. George Salton submits the following parody on an old Civil war song under the head of "Marching to Germany."
Come all ye gallant Sammy boys,
Embark for 'cross the wave;
We're headed for somewhere in France,
The country there to save;
And when we reach the other side
We'll make the huns behave,
While we go marching to Germany.
Chorus:
Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee;
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free;
Sing the chorus louder boys, 'twill ring across the sea,
While we go marching to Germany.
They have the old-time stubbornness,
Are full of fight and sin,
We have the Yankee spunk and grit
That'll meet them with a grin.
The Kaiser, too, will soon be turned
Into an old "has-been,"
While we go marching to Germany.
And when we get to Germany
We'll plant Old Glory there,
Where it will grow in German soil
And float in German air;
And in the coming years it will
The fruit of freedom bear
While we go marching to Germany.

COUNTY AGRICULTURIST
GIVES INSECT REMEDIES
Many kinds of vegetation are being attacked by insects this year, due to the favorable climatic conditions in the county.

The following remedies are suggested by the office of the county agricultural agent as being most effective to use. More detailed information is not given due to lack of space:

Aphis (plant lice)—1 1/2 to 2 teaspoonfuls of black leaf 40 to 1 gallon of water. This spray kills by coming in contact with the insect. This remedy is only of value on gardens, roses, etc. No satisfactory remedy so far for vetch fields. Neither dragging or use of land plaster has helped on vetch fields.

Flea Beetle—This insect is responsible for the holes in the potato and tomato vines. The insect feeds principally on the under side of the leaves. Use Bordeaux mixture.

Cabbage and Radish Maggots—Carbolic acid wash, Carbollated lime, sulphur and tobacco dust are fairly satisfactory under average conditions.

Garden Slugs—Powdered arsenate of lead 1 part, ashes 8 parts. Dust thoroughly and apply early in morning.

Cucumber Beetles—Use powdered lead of arsenate, 2 ounces to 5 gallons of water. Add 4 ounces of soap.

Wire Worms—This is troublesome in cultivated crops like corn. Deep early cultivation close to roots at expense of yield is only temporary remedy. Found generally on poorly drained land.

The Sentinel has a bargain in a scholarship in the International Correspondence School which has been left with it for sale.

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Providing Banking Protection

The vast resources of the Federal Reserve System, now over a thousand million dollars, are contributed by the depositors in banks which, like ourselves, are members of this great system.

The largest and the smallest of our depositors each contributes in the same proportion to this fund, which gives protection to all.

If you haven't this protection already you ought not to delay. You secure it the moment you become one of our depositors.

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SYSTEM

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Invest in the Third Liberty Loan

W. W. McFarland

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All Kinds of
**Hauling & Draying Done
on Short Notice**
Piano Moving a Specialty
WOOD AND COAL
Phone 55
Office at the Bon Ton Confectionery

'Tis Freedom's Call—Lend Your All.
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L. L. Harrel

Cottage Grove Transfer

Draying of all Kinds

PIANO MOVING
AUTO DRAY FOR QUICK DELIVERY
TELEPHONE 72
OFFICE: ELITE CONFECTIONERY

BUTTER WRAPPER PRICES

The following prices are now in effect on butter wrappers:

100 wrappers, on Fridays and Saturdays only.....\$1.90
100 wrappers, on any day except Fridays and Saturdays.....\$1.20

These are cash prices.
Additional wrappers printed at the same time with either of the above, 35 cents the 100.

COTTAGE GROVE SENTINEL,
The Live Wire Newspaper.

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Neuralgia relieved instantly by local application. Residence and office at Fifth and Main.
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Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to surgery and eye, ear and throat. Country calls as well as city calls answered day or night.
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Office in old Cottage Grove bank building at 104 1/2 Main avenue.

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It means full-powered, high-quality gasoline,—every drop! Be sure it's Red Crown before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (California)



The Gasoline of Quality

W. J. Woods, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Cottage Grove, Ore.

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KNOWLES & GRABER

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FOR HOME PEOPLE

Pride of Oregon, Soft Wheat Flour
H. & H. Hard Wheat Flour

Made by Cottage Grove Milling Company
Phone 80

THE SAMPLE STORE

You can always compare Sample Store prices with mail order prices.

Ladies' White Kid	\$5.95	Men's Dress Shoes	\$6.50
Ladies' White Cloth	\$3.95	Men's Dress Shoes	\$3.85
Ladies' Low Shoes	\$5.95	Men's Work Shoes	\$5.00
Misses' Pumps	Men's Work Shoes	\$2.95
.....	\$2.45 to \$3.25	Boys' Shoes
Children's Pumps	\$1.85
Misses' Roman Sandals
.....	\$2.45 to \$3.50
.....	\$3.25	Men's Loggers	\$9.00

The Sample Store