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SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution in foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, on the 27th day of November, 1918, in a suit wherein on the 26th day of November, 1918, in the above entitled court, Louisa M. Harding, plaintiff, recovered judgment against defendants Alta King as administrator of the estate of J. H. Derby, deceased, D. C. Derby, Alva Derby, John F. Derby, Fred Leslie Derby, Rollin Woolley and Bertha E. Woolley,

for \$686.80 with interest thereon from the 25th day of September, 1918, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, and \$50.00 attorney fees, and the further sum of \$50.00 costs and disbursements, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the clerk's office of said County in said county on the 27th day of November, 1918, and said execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, attorneys fees, costs and disbursements and accruing costs, to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

The northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section two (2) in township twenty-one (21) south range four (4) west of Willamette meridian, in Lane County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, in compliance with said execution and order of sale and in order to satisfy said judgment, attorneys fees, costs and disbursements and accruing costs, I will, on Saturday, the 4th day of January, 1919, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the southwest door of the county court house in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at public auction, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of said defendants, or any of them or any other person or persons claiming by, through or under them or any of them in and to said mortgaged premises.

Dated this 3rd day of December, A. D. 1918.

D. A. ELKINS, d6-j3 Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC TIME TABLE

(Corrected to Dec. 17, 1918.)

North Bound	South Bound
No. 18—10:05 a. m.	No. 13—1:08 a. m.
No. 14—4:07 p. m.	No. 53—7:14 a. m.
No. 16—4:29 a. m.	No. 15—2:47 p. m.
	No. 17—7:40 p. m.



There's a Salesman from Virginia

who was chewing and swapping yarns with the men on the Post Office corner. "Have a chew," says he to Jake. Jake doesn't think he's chewing unless his cheek bulges out like he had the mumps. "Call that a chew?" he snorts. "Sure!" says the

salesman. "This is Real Gravelly. That small chew satisfies, and the longer you chew it the better it tastes. That's why it doesn't cost anything extra to chew this class of tobacco."

It goes further—that's why you can get the good taste of this class of tobacco without extra cost.

PEYTON BRAND
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each piece packed in a pouch
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Made by Cottage Grove Milling Company
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Factory on Premises—P. O. Box 881 Willamette St., Eugene, Ore.
Wesley & Graber

BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

CHAPTER XV.

When he slowly grew conscious it was with the glad realization that he had found her. He felt her hands, supple and warm, binding a bandage round his arm. He opened his eyes to see her face bent over his. And it was dawn.

Vague cries rang in his ears, distant cries, blending, surging, swelling and dying down, but never ceasing. The rattle of small-arms was continuous, and punctuated by the loud timbre of guns.

He was lying amid a heap of debris that had been the village jail. Not far away he saw the Colonel sitting with eyes closed, propped up against the fragments of a wall, a blood-stained bandage round his head.

"O thank God!" cried Eleanor. "You have been unconscious so long. Captain Mark! And the Colonel is badly hurt. I saw the Red Cross wagon pass and cried, but they could not hear me."

All round them the guns were booming, all round them they saw khaki-clad Americans swarming over the fields, and yet the village seemed deserted. They were alone in a little oasis of calm amid the tumult.

"What are we to do?" cried the girl. "Can you walk? Try to stand on your feet. Let me help you. We must get the Colonel somewhere."

The question on Mark's lips died away as there came the howl of a heavy shell, followed by a stunning impact. A column of broken bricks spouted into the air at the end of the street, dissolving into a cloud of dust. An interval, and again there came a missile from the monster gun. A house in the next street went down like cardboard.

It was the threatened attack on the American lines. The enemy was in force somewhere across the fields, the reserves were rushing up to repel them.

Mark staggered to his feet and found that he could stand. His arm ached under the bandage, but it was not broken. Probably a splinter had struck him. He made his way toward the Colonel, who eyed him vacantly as he approached.

"Take Eleanor to safety and leave me, Mark," he said, in a choking voice. "I'll take you both, sir. This can't last long. Our men will be in the village in a few minutes. Or an ambulance will pass."

Mark put his hands beneath the Colonel's arms and tried to lift him. As the Colonel tried to stand he collapsed forward in Mark's arms. He looked at Mark piteously.

"Take her and leave me," he whispered. "And listen to me, Mark. She cares for you. All will come right, if I can keep my worthless carcass alive until I've seen the General. But I never counted on being done up like this."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "Forgive me, my boy," he muttered, and fell into unconsciousness. Mark set him down against the wall again. It was impossible to move him, even with Eleanor's help.

Mark looked at Eleanor. "It's safest here," he said. "The village will be occupied soon. Help will come—"

He broke off abruptly as another of the heavy shells dropped nearer, sending the brick fragments flying in all directions. Of a sudden it had occurred to him that the reason why the Americans did not enter the village was that it was a death-trap; its ranges were all mapped and plotted, and the Germans were bent on its systematic destruction.

Mark stood by Eleanor in irresolution, cursing his fate. He did not know what to do. He could not leave her; and yet he felt a burning impulse to play some part in affairs. His eye, trained by long years of practice, took in the tactical situation at a glance. The Germans must have made a prodigious thrust in the night, bursting through the center; the reserves, still rushing over the fields, were trying to fill and hold the gap. And the little Headquarters village was the key to the whole battlefield.

Wounded men came streaming down the street, followed by the merciless shells. The aeroplane above was still circling like a hawk; it seemed incredible that no aeroplane attacked it. And it was quite clear to Mark that only treachery, calculated and long planned, could have brought about the situation.

For the Germans must have advanced four miles since nightfall. "Help will come—" Mark repeated; and suddenly, even above the drumfire, he could hear the sounds of cheering. And, topping the ridge that ran before the village, there came a swarm of gray-green figures, thrusting back the thin, scattered line that held it. The bullets were whirring overhead, audible, and like a swarm of bees. Clouds of dust rose up and hid the battle.

Eleanor, clutching Mark's arm, stood tense beside him; Mark saw that she understood, and the two held their breath as the dust clouds eddied along the ridge.

Suddenly they dissolved, and the attacking swarm poured like a great flood into the village. It looked as if all were lost.

But an instant later Mark saw a little company of Americans thrust out a Maxim gun from behind a wall, where they had hidden it. The gunner took his seat, and, just as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forces its way through the ice-crust of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as torrent meets torrent, with a surge and a rush a body of American troops swept forward to meet them.

The battle was all about them. Every house was a fortress, every mound of bricks a rallying point. Mark raised the half-conscious Colonel in his arms and drew him into the shelter of a little hollow in the brick wall. He beckoned to Eleanor to crouch down beside him. There they were safe from flying bullets, and might hope to pass unnoticed. He still hesitated, when a body of Germans rushed, shouting, past him, upon a troop of Americans who came round a shattered corner, led by a young officer carrying a bloody sword.

It was quick and short bayonet work. Mark saw the blades flash, heard the panting gasps of the thrusters and the moans of the wounded. He saw the young officer stagger and fall, a bayonet through his shoulder. The sword fell from his hand. Before the German could withdraw his weapon Mark had snatched up the sword and, with a mighty blow, cloven the German's arm from his body.

And with the blow all his strength returned, all his energy and zest for battle. He forgot everything. Waving the sword, he hurried himself into the attacking ranks. They gave, and with a cheer the defenders swept on into the main street, Mark leading them.

How he fought that day he never knew; long afterward he would see visions of it in sleep, and battle pictures that forever eluded his waking consciousness. Round the little village, the key to the day's fortunes, the tide ebbed and flowed. Company after company came up on either side. Now advancing, now driven back, the Americans fought from street to street and back again. Machine guns opened fire from unexpected places, hideous death traps caught the unwary and venture some, sometimes a street was filled with a jostling mob, too packed to use their steel, tearing at one another with fists and teeth. There was no order, and the command fell to him who seized it. Through all that nightmare Mark fought at the head of his company, looking like a madman, as they said of him afterward. When he came to himself at last he found himself, unwounded, save for his bleeding arm, from which the bandage had long since fallen, and in command of a battalion.

They had driven the Germans from the last house of the village. The delay had saved the day. The reserves had come pouring in. On the ridge beyond the enemy was marshaling for a last counter-attack.

Mark looked about him. Lieutenants, captains who should have commanded companies, mingled with privates and noncoms, were following, as if hypnotized, this middle-aged private with the red cross on his arm. As Mark looked his heart swelled with the consciousness and pride of leadership. And, at his glance, a roar went up that was caught up from man to man and sent echoing into the distance.

And Mark was swept away with unquenchable enthusiasm. It was his day, the day of which every soldier dreams.

"Come along, boys! Break them up!" he shouted, and ran forward. With one resounding cheer the lines swept after him. A ripple of machine-gun fire caught them, but could not hold them. Over the fallen they pressed on, cries of triumph upon their lips, the faces, set above the gleaming bayonets, animated by a single purpose. And now they were upon them.

Mark fought in the bloody swirl. Blades thrust at him, bullets tore his tattered uniform. Once he was down, and he saw a giant rush at him with clubbed rifle. He raised his arm, he tried to drive with his sword, lunged and missed. Then the uplifted rifle fell harmlessly beside him, and the giant fell forward, dead, over him, pinning him to the ground, and covering him with his blood. A bayonet thrust had passed clean through his body.

And, looking up bewildered, Mark thought he saw Hartley's face look into his own.

Next moment Mark was on his feet again, and Hartley had vanished. But already the last tussle was over. The Germans broke and fled.

Mark stood still, gasping. The men were crowding all about him, waving their helmets on bayonet points, cheering him, shaking his hand. Across the field two mounted men were riding. They came up to the ridge, and one, a white-haired old officer, leaped to the ground and wrung Mark's hand.

"My thanks—our country's thanks to you!" he cried. "What is your name?" Mark looked and saw the General's insignia upon the officer's shoulder-straps.

"Weston," he answered. And suddenly he remembered Eleanor, and, ashamed and humiliated, and yet strangely elevated, he began to push his way back through the crowd.

He turned into the street of the jail. Dead bodies lay everywhere, and already some of the ambulance men were succoring the wounded. Broken guns, rifles, haversacks, all the parapher-

nalia of battle strewed the streets. The debris of the jail came into view. The sun, dancing above it, indicated, to Mark's astonishment, that hours had passed, and that it was afternoon. Mark felt suddenly sick, he trembled, and with his last reserves of strength he staggered forward.

Then he saw Colonel Howard within the office in the wall, and Eleanor kneeling beside him, holding a water-bottle to his lips. She turned, saw him, and ran to him, folded her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

The Sentinel—the live wire newspaper.

SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution in foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, on the 10th day of December, 1918, in a suit wherein on the 10th day of December, 1918, in the above entitled court, John W. Trunnell and Mary K. Trunnell, plaintiffs, recovered judgment against the defendants, Minnie E. Tonole and Pete Tonole, for \$311.15 with interest thereon from the 30th day of October, 1918, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum and \$50.00 attorneys fees and the further sum of \$16.00 costs and disbursements, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in the Clerk's office of said county in said county on the 10th day of December, 1918, and said execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, attorneys fees, costs and disbursements and accruing costs, to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in section twelve (12) Twp. twenty-one (21) S. R. four (4) West, where the west line of Ira Hawley's D. L. C. crosses the north line of the right of way of the O. & C. railroad thence north on said Ira Hawley's west line 30 feet, thence west 30 feet distant from and parallel to said right of way 500 feet, thence south 30 feet to said north line of right of way and thence east 500 feet to the place of beginning, formerly in Douglas county but now in Lane county, Oregon.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, in compliance with said execution and order of sale and in order to satisfy said judgment, attorneys fees, costs and disbursements and accruing costs, I will on Saturday, the 11th day of January, 1919, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the southwest door of the county court house in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at public auction subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of said defendants, Minnie E. Tonole and Pete Tonole, or either of them or any person or persons claiming by, through or under them or either of them in and to said mortgaged premises.

D. A. ELKINS, d13-j10 Sheriff of Lane County, Ore.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, November 21, 1918.

Notice is hereby given that Isaac J. Wiley, of Oakridge, Oregon, who on April 3, 1912, made homestead entry serial No. 07847 for two tracts, containing 30.19 acres, in Sec. 10, Tp. 21 S. R. 4 E. W. M., described by metes and bounds as follows: Tract A, beginning at Cor. No. 1, which bears S. 0° 12' E. 5.15 chs. from the quarter-section corner between Secs. 3 and 10, said township; thence S. 0° 12' E. 15.45 chs.; thence N. 89° 43' E. 9.77 chs.; thence S. 89° 43' E. 15.44 chs.; thence S. 89° 43' W. 9.80 chs. to place of beginning. Tract B, beginning at Cor. No. 5, which bears N. 89° 47' E. 45.5 links from Cor. No. 4 of Tract A; thence N. 15.44 chs.; thence N. 89° 43' E. 9.77 chs.; thence N. 0° 21' E. 15.44 chs.; thence S. 89° 47' W. 9.80 chs. to place of beginning, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before E. O. Immel, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Eugene, Oregon, on the 8th day of January, 1919. Claimant names as witnesses: William Flock, of Oakridge, Oregon; A. D. Bulk, of Oakridge, Oregon; C. E. McClane, of Oakridge, Oregon; J. E. Roberts, of Oakridge, Oregon. d6-j3 W. H. CANON, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of Robert Griffin, deceased, has filed his account for the final settlement of said estate in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, and that Monday, the 6th day of January, 1919, at the Court Room of said Court, in Eugene, Oregon, at 11 o'clock a. m., has been by said Court fixed as the time and place of hearing objections thereto and for final settlement of said estate, by order made and entered of record the 3rd day of December, 1918. All parties interested will therefore take notice.

A. F. JURY, Executor of the estate of Robert Griffin, deceased. H. J. Shinn, attorney for said estate. j3



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With the cost of everything entering into the making of a newspaper increasing, it is absolutely essential that all subscriptions be paid promptly.

WANT ADS.

Geo. H. Brainard, Real Estate and Insurance, timber lands, mining property, farming property and city property.

40 acres, 10 in cultivation, 2 acres orchard, 5 acres slashed; 2 cows with calves; 1 yearling heifer; 1 mare; wagon, buggy, harness, farming implements. Creek runs through place. Running water to house. Half mile west London. Price, \$1200. Half cash. Frank S. Pedigo, London. o18 n15pd1cfs

For pneumonia, influenza, grip or colds. Jo-He oil. Worth its weight in gold. For sale by Mrs. S. M. Hansard, Cottage Grove, 8th at Wash Ave. j3pd n2324pd

For Sale or Trade—Well improved 160 acres in Logan county, Oklahoma, 3 1/2 miles to town, for land in Oregon. Chas. Schulze, 207 W. 14th Street, Pueblo, Colo. d6-j3pd

Why don't you buy a home? House and big lot, on West Main street for sale. Small payment down and balance same as rent. See Geo. H. Brainard, First National Bank building. d6fc

Camera for Sale—See at The Sentinel office.

Dry wood for sale, 16-inch or 4-foot. Grove Transfer Co., phone 164. d27pd

Good potatoes, 2c per lb., delivered any place in city. H. S. Ousterhout, 1 doors west of S. P. depot. d13-27pd

For Sale—One horse wagon, harness, cultivator and plow. Daniel Walton, Cottage Grove, Oregon. d13-27pd

If the parties that took a box by mistake from Mr. Harrel's storage room addressed to Dr. F. E. Simeral, Brooklyn, Iowa, will return box and contents to J. B. Simeral, DuPont, Wn., all expenses will be paid and no questions asked. d13-27pd

For sale, just a short distance from town, two small places. Inquire of P. H. Jones, phone 14-F4. d13-j3pd

Wanted—A placer mine in southern Oregon; send particulars to F. P. Bruck, 929 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Ore. d27-j10pd

Lost—On road east of town, double falling ax and logging shoe. Finder please leave at Sentinel office and receive reward.

For Sale—Thoroughbred English Foxhound, thoroughly broke, 14 months old. Frank Royer. dec27jan10pd

Horses, harness and wagon for sale or trade for milk cows. Horses weigh 1400 lbs. and 1500 lbs. each. Call 942 Birch ave. d27-j17pd