

Why You Should Boost Our Pictures.
There's so much that's good in the best of them,
And so little that's bad in the worst of them,
That it's hard for those who see all of them,
To speak a harsh word of anyone of them.
Do you want something? A reader in the Sentinel will get it for you.

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- 1 Spaulding Carriage—2 seat; almost new.
- 1 Buggy—1 seat; almost new.
- 1 Buggy—old but still in the ring.
- 2 Wagons—1 Better and 1 worn.
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- 1 Piano—Ivers & Pond, old style.
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- 1 House and two large lots, 40 acres timber.

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Build Up Your Horse



as you would build up a house—by giving it a good foundation. And the foundation for strong and healthy horses—and other animals—is good feed, such as we constantly keep in stock for horse-owners, breeders, farmers, contractors, and others concerned in the raising and working of horses. This feed is first-class and warranted uniform in quality. And its cost is no higher than for poor kinds.

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M. W. of A., meets the first and third
Tuesday of each month at Elks' Hall.
Visitors Welcome.
C. W. WALLACE, Consul.
ORVEL KNAPP, Clerk.

OUTWITTED THE GAMBLER

A Nonbetter's Scheme to Squelch a Nuisance.

It is singular how people on board ship are given to betting. I have known a man who when ashore would consider himself disgraced at risking money on a national election lay a wager at sea on the color of the eyes of the pilot who would take the vessel into port.

We were in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, and those of us who frequented the smoking cabin had become well acquainted. There was a more inveterate set of gamblers aboard than usual. We not only bet on the daily run of the ship, the weather and all that, but would conjure up all sorts of disputes on which to stake money.

There was one man who always smoked with us who could not be induced to gamble, a clean shaven, smooth looking young fellow in spectacles. Somebody said that he was a Princeton divinity student, but that was not substantiated. Seeing that he was not of the betting kind, we all let him alone, except a fellow named Ashurst, a coarse, ill favored man whom none of us liked.

"Mr. Tiltotson," he would say to the man who declined to bet, "I'll bet you \$10 to a cent that we don't see another vessel this side of Sandy Hook," or "I'll bet you twenty to five that there isn't a cloud in the sky tomorrow at eight bells noon."

"I never bet," said Mr. Tiltotson. "I only want to make it interesting for the party."

"Well, then, for once, for the sake of the party, I'll bet you. I'll bet you \$500 even that before we sight Fire Island I'll pull the captain's nose."

Every man present took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at the speaker. The captain was the most dignified and forbidding man commanding any of the great liners, a tyrant to his men and irascible with his passengers.

"I can do that myself," said Ashurst. "If I am willing to abide the consequences."

"I will stipulate," rejoined Tiltotson. "that if the captain makes the slightest objection I lose the bet."

Ashurst puffed nervously, blowing a cloud of smoke, showing by his expression both a desire to possess himself of Tiltotson's money and caution lest he should be outwitted.

"Oh, there's some guy in that. It's not a legitimate subject for a bet."

"See him crawling," remarked one of the smokers. "I knew he'd back out if any one faced him."

"Why, Ashurst," said another, "he's ware to be pitched overboard, and you'll take in the \$500."

Thus badgered on the one hand and encouraged on the other, Ashurst began to give way.

"Will you all see that there's no catch in the matter," he asked the party, "that he really pulls the captain's nose?"

"We will!" shouted every man. "Where and when will you do it?" asked Ashurst.

"When and where I like."

"Who's to witness it?"

"Any or every man here, including yourself. I'll notify you in time to be present."

"And if the captain knocks you down?"

"If he objects in any way whatever the money is yours."

Ashurst was an avaricious man, and the chance of winning the money was drawing him far more than the chafing of the party was driving him. He sat puffing vigorously, trying to think of some way by which Tiltotson could win, but as no way appeared to him he determined to take the risk.

The money was put up in the hands of a passenger, a man named Gerkin, who had never been in the smoking cabin and was supposed to be entirely unprejudiced. The terms of the bet were explained to him, and he was pledged to secrecy. Every man gave his word to refrain from any collusion with the captain. In short, every care was taken that the wager should be fair for both parties. The stakes were not to be turned over to either smoker without the unanimous vote of every smoker present when the bet was made, an even number, Gerkin to cast the deciding vote.

The day passed without any molestation of the captain. The weather was stormy, and he rarely left the bridge.

"Go up there, Tiltotson, and do the job where all can see it," said a smoker.

"No need of that," replied Tiltotson. "He'll come down when the weather clears. If I should try it now, he'd murder me."

The next morning was serene, and after breakfast we were notified by Gerkin to assemble in the smoking room and wait for the ceremony. We did so, and about 10 o'clock Gerkin came to us and desired us to follow him. He led the way to the barber shop. There, reclining on a chair, his face covered with lather, sleeping for the first time in forty-eight hours, was the captain. Over him, in a barber's white jacket, stood Tiltotson, shaving him. When the smokers appeared Tiltotson took the commander's nose between his fingers and gave it a strong pull. Its owner was too sleepy after his long watch even to waken, nor did the shout of laughter from those without produce the slightest effect.

It was unanimously decided that Tiltotson had fairly won. The money went to the Sailors' Song Harbor.

46 Below; Corpse Thaws.

Sioux City (Iowa) Tribune.
F. G. Gates of Aberdeen, who is in the city, related a weather story to his Sioux City friends today, after learning that the mercury went down to 46 below zero in his home town. According to Gates, a traveling man was found lying on the streets of Aberdeen last week stiff, and apparently frozen to death. He wore several lodge pins, but after diligent inquiry over the wires it was impossible to identify him or find any relatives.

The lodge men got together and decided to hold his funeral services in one of the lodge rooms and bury him in the Aberdeen cemetery. After the services, and just as the procession was forming for the cemetery, the grave digger came running in and informed them that the ground was frozen so hard he had been unable to dig the grave.

The committee held a hurried conference and decided to cremate the corpse. There was no crematory in Aberdeen, but the committee went to the Milwaukee officials and obtained permission to use its large furnace in the machine shops for the rite. The fireman was ordered to heap in coal and get up a roaring fire for the occasion. After shoveling coal half a day he informed the committee that the furnace was seven times heated and that all was ready.

With befitting solemnity the corpse was taken down and thrown into the roaring furnace. After 24 hours had elapsed, the fireman timidly opened the furnace door, and there he beheld in the far corner, crouching behind a huge pile of gray ashes, the traveling man.

"For the love of Mike, shut that door," yelled the supposed corpse. "This is the first time I've been able to get warm in Aberdeen."

The History of "Stepmother."

"Stepmother" is a word with a commonly unsuspected history. Probably most people if called upon to explain it would say that it meant a woman who had stepped into the place of the true mother. Dr. Johnson, at any rate, believed that this was the suggestion of the word to most minds. Really, "step" is the Anglo-Saxon "steop," the original meaning of which appears to have been "orphaned." Stepchild, stepbairn, stepson and stepdaughter came first; and then, by gradual fading of the etymological meaning of "step," stepfather and stepmother came into being.—London Chronicle.

250 Pieces

A dandy little assortment of dishes received this week, which we are going to put on sale at an extremely low price.

We can sell you Enamel Ware if you will only call and look at the Ware and get prices.

The new Novelties are to be found here.

Visit The Fair Store---it pays.

Wright's Home Made Yeast

Seven cakes for 5 cents, fully guaranteed---at

The Fair

J. A. WRIGHT, Prop.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER

Terrifying Experience In an Indian Bungalow.

When I secured a contract on one of the largest railroads in India I took my wife and little daughter with me and established them in a bungalow on the line. I was away all day, sometimes for days together, but I left plenty of servants at the house and felt no concern as to the safety of my family. My wife, who was troubled with insomnia, slept alone, and our little girl, seven years old, slept in a room with me. In that hot climate it is impossible to keep the doors and windows closed, and when I came in late at night I had no trouble in entering.

One night I went home and, finding the door closed, climbed into my room through an open window. As I did not care to waken Rosie, who slept in a crib in one corner, I took off my shoes before entering and stepped noiselessly. Undressing with the same caution, I got into bed and was soon asleep.

I was awakened by a low growl. Thinking that my big dog Bruin had come into the room, I was about to get up and put him out when I was startled by another growl unlike that of a dog, but strangely resembling some one of the wild animals with which the country abounds. But what sent a thrill of horror through me was that it came from Rosie's crib.

The chamber door opened near my bed—that is, it opened toward me instead of away from me. Here was a possible exit for me, if indeed I gave up my child for lost and chose to make an attempt to save my own life. I might slip out of bed and through the door. It is said that self preservation is the first law of nature, and I confess I practically illustrated the saying. Catching sight of two glaring eyes in the corner in which the crib stood, I lost consciousness of all but one thing—my own immediate threatened death. Springing from the bed, I pulled open the door, which fortunately stood slightly ajar, slipped through and pulled it shut behind me. At the same instant I heard the sound of a heavy body striking against it, and a terrible growl, which I now recognized as that of the man eater (the tiger) of India.

There was nothing to do but hold the door. True, the tiger would not unlash it, but I did not care to take even the most remote chance of letting him into that portion of the house occupied by my wife and the servants. There was a trussing above, and very soon glass shattered by the tiger's paw fell on my head. Looking up, I saw his nose protruding, but fortunately the space was too small to pass him. Realizing the fact, he abandoned this point of egress, and I heard the thud of his fore paws on the floor. I expected he would go out at the window, but he did not seem inclined to do so. Hearing a step behind me, I turned, and there stood my wife in her night-clothes.

"Rosie!" I moaned.

"What of her?"

"Lost!"

Without a word the mother sank in a swoon.

Now comes a surprise in my story, for which, whenever I think of it, I lift my eyes to heaven and utter a "Thank God!" Rosie herself came running along the hallway. A few hasty questions and answers explained her presence. She had heard low growls from the tiger under the window before he entered and, terrified, fled to her mother's room and got into bed beside her without awakening her.

Then came servants, but so great is the terror of the man eater among the natives that when I explained that I had left one in my room most of them fled. My wife revived, saw her daughter and swooned again, this time through excess of joy.

One feeling now took possession of me, a desire to have the blood of the creature that had so terrified me, that might have killed my child. Directing the servants to take my wife and daughter to their sleeping room and lock them in, I called for my repeating rifle and, going into the yard, took position near the window through which the tiger had entered. There was no sign of him and I feared he was gone when I saw a bit of yellow fur above the window sill. It was the ridge of his back. I should have waited till he put his paws on the sill preparatory to jumping through the window, but I could not brook the delay. I called to the servants to bring me something on which to stand so that I could see into the room, but none of them dared approach. Finally one braver than the rest threw me a box. Taking it to within a few yards of the window, I mounted it in time to see the beast put his fore paws on Rosie's crib and in this elevated position stand looking about him. There was no time to spare. He would soon see me and come for me. I have never before or since known the perfect poise of nerve with which I pointed my rifle at him, aimed behind the shoulder and fired. The tiger sprang to the ceiling, then fell back dead.

What has since puzzled me are my own changes and feelings, first horror at the supposed fate of my child, next the all pervading sense of my own danger and lastly fear giving place to a desire for revenge. The most pleasurable sensation I have ever experienced was the sight of the beast springing up and falling dead.

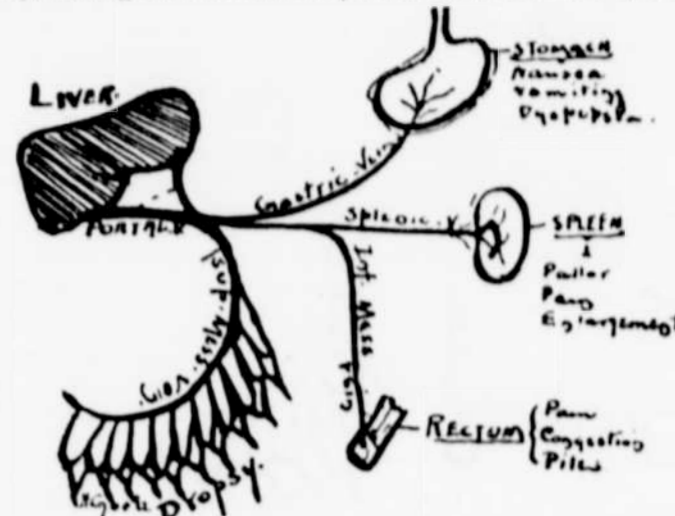
THE OSTEOPATHIC PRIMER

THE A. B. C.'s OF OSTEOPATHY FOR BUSY READERS

A Fourth Cause of Disease—Disturbed Blood Flow.

IT IS an osteopathic axiom that a disturbed blood flow anywhere in the body is sure to set up disease. The circulation of the blood and lymph is subject to the same obstructions and blockades by pressures as the nerves, for these delicate structures travel together through these little spinal openings, through the muscles and fascia, through the hinge-like joints of the extremities, etc. What will encroach upon one will likewise pinch the other.

Central nerves, the vasomotors, also regulate blood flow throughout the body, sending more blood to the place where it is needed by increased



functioning (as when the stomach is digesting food) and withholding it from structures and organs not then so active (where fuel and power are less needed). Nerve suffering, irritation from pressures may completely upset this automatic regulation of blood flow throughout the organs. And to do this is to set up disease. The organ suffering from anemia (too little blood) is starved, and the organ given too much blood is congested, and both states prevent that organ performing its natural functions for the benefit of the rest of the body.

The figure illustrates the circulation of the blood, commonly called the Portal circulation, in the veins of the stomach, spleen, bowels and rectum, as it passes from these organs to the liver. The health of these organs is dependent not only on their perfect nerve supply, but also upon a perfect blood supply, as shown in previous article.

In this case the liver is diseased—the circulation from the stomach, bowels and spleen should pass through the liver cells without any obstruction, but it cannot; hence, the symptoms of stomach, splenic, intestinal and rectal trouble, as shown in the figure, and caused by a stagnation of blood in the veins.

"A chain is only as strong as its weakest link." This is equivalent to saying that under strain it is always the weakest link that breaks. So in the matter of nerves. Where a strain is put upon any part of the system it is the weakest organ that suffers most, that seems to pay the penalty of the whole disturbance.

This truth is easily applied in the above diagram of the Portal circulation. If the returning tide of venous blood from the organs represented at the right is retarded in the liver, it will back up in these organs. They then suffer from congestion and inflammation. That organ which is weakest will suffer earliest and most. If the stomach happens to be weak, symptoms of distress will develop promptly in that organ, yet may not appear in any other structure subjected to the same amount of congestion.

Next week: A Fifth Cause of Disease—Functional Abuses.

NINTH IN LAND AREA; 35th IN POPULATION

PLENTY OF ROOM FOR THE LAND SEEKER.

Interesting Statistics from Recently Issued Government Census Bulletin on Oregon.

The Sentinel has received a special government census bulletin on Oregon's agriculture. Following are extracts:

Oregon ranks ninth in land area and thirty-fifth in population among the states and territories of continental United States.

The number of farms in Oregon is 45,502, an increase of 27 per cent over the number of 1900, as compared with an increase of 62.7 per cent in the population of the state. The acreage of farm land is 11,685,110 and that of improved land 4,274,803 representing increases of 16 per cent and 28.4 per cent, respectively, over the corresponding figures for 1900.

The total wealth of the state in the form of farm property is \$528,244,000, of which 86.2 per cent is represented by land and buildings, 11.3 per cent by live stock, and 2.5 per cent by implements and machinery. The total increase in value during the last 10 years was \$355,842,000, or more than eleven times as great during the decade immediately preceding, and more than double that of the whole period from 1850 to 1900. Of this increase \$323,229,000 was contributed by land and buildings, \$25,545,000 by live stock and \$6,699,000 by implements and machinery.

The average size of the Oregon farm is 256.8 acres. From 371.8 acres in 1850 it decreased to 259.9 acres in 1880 then increased to 278.7 acres in 1890, since which time it has again decreased.

The average value of an Oregon farm, including its equipment, is \$11,609, of which \$10,012 represents the average value of land and buildings, \$1,307 that of live stock, and \$290 that of implements and machinery.

There are 12,632 farms reported as mortgaged, 10,643 are wholly owned by the farmers.

The average debt of mortgaged farms increased during the 20 year period from \$1,301 to \$2,060, or 58.3 per cent, while the average value of such farms rose from \$4,359 to \$9,103, or 108.8 per cent.

The leading crops of the state shown in this bulletin, in the order of their importance, as judged by value, are hay and forage, \$15,226,000; wheat, \$10,849,000; oats, \$5,037,000; hops, \$2,839,000; potatoes, \$2,069,000; and barley, \$1,513,000.

Legal blanks at the Sentinel office.

Jury List for February Term.

Following is a list of the jurors selected to serve at the coming February term of court, which is convened to meet on February 26th.

1. James I. Jones, farmer, Brumbaugh.
2. Edward P. Latin, farmer, Pleasant Hill.
3. Ardella H. Addison, farmer, Siuslaw.
4. Isaac S. Day, retired, Eugene.
5. Frederick R. Welch, planing mill man, Eugene.
6. Charles W. Letson, farmer, Armitage.
7. Isaac F. Circle, farmer, Eugene.
8. Harry Sawyer, farmer, Elmira.
9. Zachary T. Fisk, farmer, Cheshire.
10. Julius Erdman, farmer, Elmira.
11. Thomas J. Kirk, farmer, Prairie.
12. James M. Kitchen, laborer, Eugene.
13. Irving L. Ragadale, draughtsman, Eugene.
14. Mason Y. Warner, carpenter, Eugene.
15. Jesse V. Foster, merchant, Cottage Grove.
16. Hays D. Crites, mill man, Distanton.
17. James A. Higginbotham, hotel man, Coburg.
18. Charles C. DeWald, merchant, Cottage Grove.
19. Edward C. Potter, farmer, Elmira.
20. James E. Ostrander, barber, Cottage Grove.
21. David Strone, farmer, Lancaster.
22. Herbert A. Cooley, grocery man, Junction City.
23. Overton Dowell, farmer, Florence.
24. Elmer E. Morrison, merchant, Springfield.
25. George Farman, farmer, Siuslaw.
26. Ira D. Hylan, farmer, Fall Creek.
27. Charles R. Hastings, farmer, Thurston.
28. John O. Richmond, farmer, Goshen.
29. Rufus W. Johnson, farmer, Mapleton.
30. Green Zumwalt, farmer, Irving.
31. William H. Weatherson, printer, Florence.

M. Vernon Parsons, the first candidate for representative to the legislature from Lane county to publicly announce candidacy, filed his nominating petition with the county clerk last week, seeking nomination at the hands of the republicans.

How long does it take you to read The Sentinel from front page to last page. Just time yourself some time and then try to think of any other country newspaper in a city the size of Cottage Grove that prints as much live news.

Volume V

SQUANDER RO.

SO SAYS DR.

Every Road Been Made That Has Work Sys

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FARMER C

PECULIAR QU

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It was sever way.

Maybe you something also tising or new business.

ATTEI L

BEGS WIFE THE

Lemuel Elam Because of Turns Rev Fails to Pie

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(Conti