

# HARDWARE FURNITURE KNOWLES & GRABER

Many families have been brought to the Cottage Grove country through reading The Sentinel. A subscription to some Eastern trend is a good investment for you.

## TWO HOME WOMEN TALKED ABOUT HAIR

Two women met in our store the other day, when one of them said:

"My, how pretty your hair looks! What have you been doing to it?"

"Why, I have been using Harmony Hair Beautifier for the past two weeks," was the reply.

"Why, indeed!" replied the first woman, "that is just what I am using."

"Isn't it great, and don't you think my hair shows a lot of improvement?"

Harmony Hair Beautifier is becoming all the rage among both men and women who are particular in the care of their hair.

It is just what it is named—a hair beautifier. It seems to polish and burnish the hair, making it glossy, silky-soft, and more easy to put up in graceful, wavy folds that "stay put."

Contains no oil, and will not change color of hair nor darken it. Simply sprinkle a little on your hair each time before brushing it.

To keep your hair and scalp dandruff-free and clean, use Harmony Shampoo. This liquid shampoo gives an instantaneous rich, foaming lather that immediately penetrates to every part of the hair and scalp, insuring a quick and thorough cleansing. It is washed off just as quickly, the entire operation taking only a few moments. Harmony Hair Beautifier, \$1.00. Harmony Sham-

po, 50c. Both guaranteed to satisfy you in every way, or your money back. Sold only at the more than 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us. The Modern Pharmacy, C. J. Kem, prop. Cottage Grove, Oregon.

**Willing to Take a Tip.**  
"Look here," said the sophomore's father, "how do you expect to do any studying if you're going to be out tearing around every night until 11 to 12 o'clock?"

"Darned if I know, dad. I wish you'd put your mind to work on the matter and let me hear from you if you succeed in working anything out."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Spiteful.**  
Belle—I don't see why you call me spiteful. I thought she was paying you a compliment. Clara—Oh, you don't know her. Belle—Why, didn't she tell you you were looking quite yourself again? Clara—She said quite my "old self."—London Tit-Bits.

**Behind the Procession.**  
Hopkins (to his wife): You might tell Susan that this steak isn't done enough. Mrs. Hopkins—You are three girls behind. Charles: This one's name is Belinda!

**Greenwich Time Ball.**  
It is said that the time ball of the Greenwich observatory has never been wrong except one day in 1878 when it was a half second late.

## THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By  
**REX BEACH**  
Author of  
"The Spoilers," "The Barrier,"  
"The Silver Horde," Etc.

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### SYNOPSIS.

Kirk Anthony, son of a rich man, with college friends, gets into a fracas in a New York resort. A detective is hurt. Jefferson Locke insinuates himself into the college men's party.

Locke, aided by Kirk's friend Higgins, who thinks it a joke, drugs Kirk and puts him aboard a ship bound for Colon. Kirk is on the passenger list as Locke.

"Broke" and without baggage, aboard the ship Kirk makes the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt.

Cortlandt is in the American diplomatic service and is going to Panama on a mission. In Colon Kirk, as the son of a big railroad man, is taken up by Weeks, American consul.

Kirk's father repudiates him, and Weeks casts him out as an impostor. Kirk meets Allan, a Jamaican negro canal worker out of a job. The two are arrested by Colon police for helping to put out a fire.

Kirk and Allan are treated brutally in a Colon jail by young Alfarez, commandant of police. Allan's release is obtained by the British consul, but Weeks refuses to aid Kirk. Mrs. Cortlandt gets a phone call.

Mrs. Cortlandt obtains Kirk's release by using influence with Colonel Jolson, head of the canal. The Cortlandts are intriguing to make Alfarez's father president of Panama.

Kirk's father casts him off finally, and Mrs. Cortlandt obtains for him a position on the Panama railroad under Runnels, master of transportation.

"Anthony!" Mrs. Cortlandt started. "What has happened? Quick!"

Had she been less acquainted with the Caribbean dialects she would have missed much of Allan's story. Rapidly she gathered the facts of the case, while her cheeks whitened and her eyes grew dark with indignation.

"How did you get here?" she asked. "With my feet, mistress. Sometimes rode I on the train, but the train people are very common; they addressed me rudely and threw me by the way-side."

"Couldn't you telephone?" "I do not understand 'ow."

"Why didn't he notify me at once? If I had only known!"

"Those 'heartless Spiggotties would not hallow it. Oh, you will assist the poor man! Say it. Praise be to God, he is bleeding in the prison!"

"Yes, yes, certainly."

"God bless you, good mistress. He told me to find you and present his respects."

"Here, take this money and go back to Colon by the first train. We may need you. Now go! I'll be there ahead of you."

She ran up the hotel stairs as if pursued, bursting in upon her husband impetuously.

"Young Anthony is in jail in Colon," she panted. "He's been locked up for three days, and they won't let him out."

"The devil! You said he'd gone back to New York. What is it about?"

"I thought he had. They arrested him for some silly thing, and he's hurt." She hurriedly recounted Allan's story, adding, in conclusion, "That black boy came all the way across the isthmus to tell us!"

"I'll get the American consul by phone!"

But Mrs. Cortlandt interrupted. "Weeks is a fool! He wouldn't do anything. Wait!" She stepped to the instrument and rang violently. "Give me Colonel Jolson's office, quickly. If he is not there, find him. I don't care where he is, find him; it is important. This is Mrs. Cortlandt speaking."

"What do you mean to do?" said Cortlandt.

"Go to Colon at once. This is young Alfarez's doing—the whipper snapper—you must lay him out for this. How dare he!"

"Better go carefully. Remember General Alfarez is his father."

"I understand. But we are bound to come to a breach sooner or later."

"I hardly think so. I believe we can bring him around all right—anyhow, I haven't lost hope. Anthony chose the worst possible time for this escapade. I suppose it will mean diplomatic difficulties and all that, and once we lose old Alfarez—"

"We will lose him anyhow," snapped the woman. "I've seen it coming, although you could not. I'll break Ramon for this."

"Then you'll break us. Do you think Anthony is worth it?"

"My dear Stephen, they nearly killed that poor boy, and I shan't allow it. Don Anibal Alfarez is not the only presidential timber in the republic. If he breaks with us it will cost him dearly. You think he is friendly, but I know that deep down in his crafty old heart he despises all us Americans. The moment he dares, he'll turn against us."

Cortlandt's frosty countenance showed signs of unusual agitation as he answered: "You're mad! You threaten to ruin everything. You understand per-

fectly—there's no use of my explaining. Let me call on him this afternoon. He will instruct his son."

"No! He would procrastinate as usual. There would be the customary delays and excuses, and meanwhile Anthony would be in jail at Colon. They would have a defense all prepared. Besides, if it's to be a fight we must have all the weapons possible—and this affair may prove a good one. Anyhow, you mustn't ask a favor of him at this time; he must ask, not you."

The telephone rang, and the speaker snatched the receiver from its hook.

"Hello! Colonel Jolson. I'm very glad I caught you. This is Mrs. Cortlandt. Colonel Jolson, young Ramon Alfarez has arrested Kirk Anthony, of whom I spoke to you. They have maltreated him, as usual, and have hidden him for three days. Yes, yes! I discovered it quite by accident while Mr. Cortlandt was downtown. Oh, this is serious, and I'm furious. \* \* \*

That will do no good; I have reasons for preferring to handle it myself. \* \* \* Thank you for the compliment. We must go to Colon at once, and I thought you might give us a special. There was a slight pause, then: "Good! That will do quite as well. In fifteen minutes. Thank you. Goodby."

Turning to her husband, she explained swiftly: "The colonel's automobile will be waiting at the station in fifteen minutes. Are you ready?"

"I think you are going about this in the wrong way," he said coldly.

"When will you learn?"—She checked her crisp words at the flash that leaped to his cheeks. "I beg your pardon, Stephen. Please do as Colonel Jolson has done and trust me to manage this affair."

He bowed and left her, saying, "I will have a coach waiting at the door."

Fifteen minutes later a gasoline railroad motorcar with two passengers in addition to its driver and flagman rolled out of the yards at Panama City and took the main line, running under orders like a special train.

### CHAPTER VIII. Spanish Law.

**SENIOR RAMON ALFAREZ** was considerably nonplussed when his two distinguished visitors made known the nature of their errand. Cortlandt did most of the talking, his cold hauteur serving a good purpose and contrasting strongly with the suppressed excitement of his wife.

"Pardon me, there is no necessity for delay," he said, as the commandant endeavored to formulate an excuse. "I trust I need not insist upon seeing the prisoner?" He raised his brows with a stare of inquiry that caused the other to reply hastily:

"Of a certainty not, senior."

"Then take us to him."

Leave us your lady the painful sight of the prison house. The prisoner shall be fetch with all dispatch."

"We will see him alone."

Again the commandant hesitated, while his bright eyes searched their faces with a sudden uneasy curiosity.

"He is ready the officer by force an' he is injure—oh, but only a beetle—it is nothing. One is truly foolish for resist the policemen, yes?" He shook his dark head sadly.

"I think we understand the circumstances."

Instead of ringing for an orderly the commandant excused himself, then, after a seemingly interminable delay, returned with Anthony and several policemen.

At sight of his friends the young man made for them eagerly, crying: "Jove, I'm glad you came! I'd about given you up."

"Allan only found us today," Mrs. Cortlandt replied. "Did he tell the truth? Have you been abused?"

The young man turned a pair of smoldering eyes upon his enemies. He

looked ill and haggard, although, except for the wound half concealed beneath his hair, he showed no marks. Then he held out his hands with a grim smile, and the woman uttered a low cry at what she saw. "They gave me another good beating yesterday," he said.

"While you were in jail?" Cortlandt queried incredulously. "God!"

"That's the fellow yonder," Kirk

pointed to Alfarez, whose smile had disappeared.

"Oh, the man is mistake," the latter hastened to aver. "He is crazed."

"I gave you a wetting in public, and—"

"Si, si! That is correct, Senior Cortlandt. He insult my person an' fight my soldiers. He is ver' toff person."

"Did you know he had been maltreated in prison?" Cortlandt demanded.

"Oh, senior!" Alfarez raised his hands in horrified disclaimer of the very thought, but his victim said: "He's a liar. He ordered it, then sat there and enjoyed it."

Kirk made a threatening movement in the Spaniard's direction, despite the half dozen soldiers, but Edith Cortlandt checked him.

"Wait, please," she said. Then to the commandant: "This is a serious matter, and if what he says is true your government will find itself in trouble."

"But we've no idea he is friend of yours. If he should only spik your 'osban's name, all would be different. For my part, I can prove he is treat with the 'ighes' courtesy an' kindness in my presence. Every man in the prison will testify to those fact."

"Why did you keep him locked up so long? Why didn't you try him?" said Cortlandt.

"Ah! For that I shall inquire also. I am inform, 'owever, that the w'at you call judge is seek."

"We'll look into that later. We're here now to arrange for Mr. Anthony's release."

"The alcide will be please' to accommodate at the earliest. I myself shall see to it. Tomorrow—"

"There will be no tomorrow about it," Mrs. Cortlandt exclaimed, positively. "If you cannot arrange the ball yourself, my husband will take up the matter with the zone government, and Colonel Jolson will call upon the president of the republic within an hour. He is waiting word from us now."

Senior Ramon Alfarez became suddenly galvanised. He broke into effusive apologies for even so small a delay as had already occurred. While, to be sure, no power was vested in him, and his willing hands were most miserably tied, nevertheless he would so far exceed his authority as to promise instant freedom to the prisoner. He hastened forth to set in motion the proper machinery, and while he was absent Kirk told his story. It left the woman white lipped and incoherent, and roused even the icy Cortlandt to genuine wrath.

"Of course," the latter said, "Alfarez will prove by his men that it's all imagination on your part and that your injuries were sustained at the time of your arrest. He'll assume a righteous indignation and start a Spiggoty investigation. You see, his father is the governor of Panama province and one of the strongest men in the republic, so Ramon will probably make good his position. Even so, you may recover damages."

"I don't want damages," Kirk replied. "I want to get him out alone some time."

"For heaven's sake, don't think of it!" Mrs. Cortlandt exclaimed. "All the American influence on the isthmus wouldn't help you then. Fifty men would perjure themselves to convict you."

"No. That method doesn't work here," her husband agreed. "You're lucky to escape so easily. He will arrange bail, never fear, and you will probably not come to trial. He'll never forgive you, of course, but that won't matter to you."

The first part of Mr. Cortlandt's prediction was soon proved true, for the sick alcide recovered sufficiently to appear on the scene within half an hour. Then, after much signing of official documents and certain other formalities, Kirk Anthony walked out of the Colon jail in company with his friends.

In the midst of Kirk's expressions of gratitude for the timely intercession of Cortlandt and his wife, the former surprised him by saying in a genuinely hearty tone:

"My wife has told me all about you, Anthony, and I want you to come over to Panama as my guest in the hotel until you hear from your father."

When Kirk informed him of the cablegram that had cast him adrift in Panama, Cortlandt replied reassuringly:

"Oh, well, your father doesn't understand the facts in the case, that's all. You sit down like a sensible person and write him fully."

Seeing a warm second to his invitation in Mrs. Cortlandt's eyes, Kirk accepted gracefully, explaining, "You know this is the first time I was ever up against hard luck, and I don't know just how to act."

"We've missed the 4:35, so we will have to return the way we came," said Cortlandt. "I'd like to stop at Gatun on a business matter of some importance, and if you don't mind a half hour's delay we'll do so."

They pursued their way to the station. But here an unexpected embarrassment arose. As they made ready to board Colonel Jolson's motorcar they were annoyed to find that Allan insisted on going too. He insisted, moreover, in such extravagant fashion that Mrs. Cortlandt at last was moved to say, "For heaven's sake, let the poor thing come along." And thereafter the Jamaican boy sat on the step of the machine.

Once more the little automobile took on the dignity of a regular train and sped out of the network of tracks behind Colon. As it gained speed Mrs. Cortlandt, to divert her guest's mind from his recent ordeal, began to explain the points of interest as they passed. She showed him the old

Continued on page 7

**How Is Your Boiler?**  
It has been stated that a man's stomach is his boiler, his body is his engine and his mouth the fire box. Is your boiler (stomach) in good working order or is it so weak that it will not stand a full load and not able to supply the needed energy to your engine (body)? If you have any trouble with your stomach Chamberlain's Tablets will do you good. They strengthen and invigorate the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. Many very remarkable cures of stomach trouble have been effected by them. For sale by Benson's Pharmacy.

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