

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.

Farmers Protest High Tax.

The present high tax rate was decried at the meeting of the Lane County Farmers' Protective Association at Eugene Saturday afternoon. Several speeches were made against the existing mortgage tax law and in favor of a stricter law protecting game and song birds and against trespassers.

Butter Wraps

| | |
|------|--------|
| 100 | 75c |
| 200 | \$1.00 |
| 300 | \$1.25 |
| 400 | \$1.50 |
| 500 | \$1.75 |
| 1000 | \$3.00 |

Cottage Grove Sentinel

COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON

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. Stephen 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 Jolou, 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.

If we never know how long our jobs will last. If some senator whose vote is needed on an administration matter wanted my position for his wife's brother, he could get it.

"I suppose I'm an example." Runnels looked at him squarely before answering. "You are," said he, "although I wasn't thinking of you when I spoke. It's something we all feel, however."

Anthony flushed as he answered: "I don't remember ever taking anything I wasn't entitled to, and I didn't think when I was shoved in here that I'd shove some other fellow out. I suppose there is room at the bottom, and a fellow can work up?"

"If he has it in him."

"I think I'll start there."

"I'm afraid you're a poor business man," said Runnels.

"Rotten!" Kirk admitted. "But I've an idea I can make good if I try."

"If you feel that way I certainly will help you," said the other warmly. "Of course I'll try to help you anyhow, but I like your spirit. With Mrs. Cortlandt to back me up, I'll see you go forward as fast as you deserve."

By now they were out of the cut and once more upon the main line at Bas Obispo, heading back toward the Pacific.

"You asked me to tell you something about her," Runnels continued. "I'm not sure my information is entirely correct, but, knowing who she is, I think I understand why she is in Panama. It is politics—big politics. The Spigitotes have an election next year, and it is necessary to get our wires well laid before it comes off. General Alfarez will probably be the next president."

"Alfarez! Not Ramon?"

"His father. You know we Americans occupy a peculiar position here, set down as we are in the midst of an alien people who hate us. Oh, they hate us, all right—all except a few of the better class."

"Why?"

"There are a good many reasons. For one thing, there's a sort of racial antipathy. Besides, when we stole Panama we made the Colombians sore, and all Central America besides, for they realized that once we Yankees got a foothold here we'd hang on and not only dominate this country, but all the neighboring republics as well."

"I had gathered something of the sort—but I had no idea there was so much in it. But we don't want these jungle countries," said Kirk.

"That's where you're wrong. By and by we'll need room to expand, and when that time comes we'll move south. Meanwhile our farsighted government is smoothing the way, and there's nobody better fitted for the preliminary work than Mr. Stephen Cortlandt of Washington, D. C., husband and clerk of the smartest woman in the business of chaperoning administrations. He's the figurehead behind which she works. She's a rich woman, she loves the game—her father was the greatest diplomat of his time, you know—and she married Cortlandt so she could play it. Any other man would have served as well, though I've heard that he showed promise before she blotted him out and absorbed him. But now he's merely her power of attorney."

Anthony pursed his lips into a whistle of astonishment.

"It's been a good thing for him," Runnels ran on, evidently warmed to his subject. "She's made his reputation; he has money and position. For

my part, I'd rather remain insignificant and have a real wife."

"Don't they love each other?"

"Nobody knows. She's carried out of ice, and as for him, well, gratitude is a good deal like rust—in time it destroys the thing it clings to. I suppose I'm talking too much, but others would tell you the same things."

It was with quite a different eye that Kirk looked upon his host and hostess that evening. To his genuine liking for the latter was now added a worshipful admiration and a boyish gratification at her regard, which rather put her at a distance.

"It's all settled," said he. "I'm going to work in a few days as train collector."

"What?" Mrs. Cortlandt turned upon him sharply. "Runnels didn't offer you that sort of position? Her eyes were dark with indignation. Kirk promptly came to the defense of his new friend.

"No, I asked for it."

"Oh, I see. Well, he will do much better by you than that."

"I don't want anything better to start with."

"But, my dear boy, a collector is merely a conductor. He takes tickets."

"Sure! I can do that. I might fall at something hard."

"No, no, no! I'll see that you don't fall. Don't you understand?"

"I understand a lot more than I did, Mrs. Cortlandt. That's why I don't want to rob some chap of a job he's entitled to, and I shan't. There's a collector quitting shortly."

"Is that really the reason, or do you think the work will be easier?"

Kirk stirred uncomfortably. "Oh, I'm not trying to dodge anything," he maintained. "On the contrary, the most amazing thing has happened—something I can't quite understand. I—I really want to work. Funny, isn't it? I didn't know people ever got that way, but—I'd like to help build this canal."

"But a conductor! Why, you're a gentleman."

"My dad was a brakeman."

"Don't be foolish. Runnels talks too much. He'll offer you something better than that."

But Kirk was obdurate. "I'd prefer to start in as confidential adviser to the canal commission, of course, but I'd be a 'frost' and my father would say 'I told you so.' I must make good for his sake, even if it's only counting cars or licking postage stamps. Besides, it isn't exactly the square thing to take money for work that somebody else does for you."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed with a touch of annoyance.

"I think a few weeks in cap and buttons will cure you of this quixotic sentiment. Meanwhile I must admit it is refreshing." She stared unseeingly at the street lights for a moment. "But see here, Kirk, don't the collectors live in Colon?"

"Don't know," he replied, startled and flattered by her first use of his given name.

"I'll look it up tomorrow. You know I—Mr. Cortlandt and I will be in Panama, and I prefer to have you here. You see, we can do more for you." A little later she broke into a low laugh. "It seems strange to go driving with a conductor."

CHAPTER X.

A Night at Taboga.

DESPITE his great contentment in Mrs. Cortlandt's society, Kirk found himself waiting with growing impatience for his active duties to begin. Curiously enough, this feeling was somehow connected with the thought of Edith herself. Why this should be so he did not trouble to inquire. They had become the best of good friends, he told himself, a consummation for which he had devoutly wished, yet for some indelible reason he was dissatisfied.

He decided that he needed exercise and determined to take a tramp through the country, but on the evening before the day he had set for his excursion his plans were upset by a note from Mrs. Cortlandt, which the clerk handed him. It ran:

Dear Kirk—Stephen has arranged an outing for all three of us, and we are counting on you for tomorrow. It will be a really truly picnic, with all the delightful discomforts of such affairs. You are not to know where we are going until we call for you at 8. Faithfully and mysteriously yours, EDITH CORTLANDT.

The recipient of this kind invitation tossed it aside, with a gesture of impatience. For the moment he experienced a kind of boyish resentment at having his intentions thwarted that seemed out of proportion to the cause. But the emotion soon passed.

The next morning Edith appeared upon the hotel porch. She was alone.

"Where's Mr. Cortlandt?" he inquired.

"Oh, some men arrived last night from Bocas del Toro and telephoned that they must see him today on a matter of importance. I shall have to make up to you for his absence if I am able."

"Where is to be the scene of our revel?"

"Taboga," she said, with eyes sparkling. "You've never been there, but it's perfectly gorgeous. Please call a coach our boat is waiting, and don't sit on the lurch."

Kirk obeyed, and they went clattering down the deserted brick street. Edith leaned back, with a sigh.

"I'm so glad to get away from that hotel for a day. If you only knew it, Kirk, you've capsized the political calculations of the Panama Conservative party."

"I didn't know I had ever even rocked the boat."

"It runs back to your affair with Ramon."

"Really, did that affect it?"

"Rather. At any rate it gave an excuse for setting things in motion. There had been some doubt about the matter for a long time, and I was only too glad to exert my influence in the right direction, but—this is a picnic to an enchanted island, and here we are talking politics. We mustn't be so serious. School is out, and it's vacation. I want to romp and play and get my face dirty."

The landing was thronged, and at sight of the newcomers loiterers gathered from all sides—a pirate throng, shouting a dozen dialects and forcing Kirk to battle lustily for his luggage. Stepping into a skiff, they were rowed to a launch, and a few moments later were gliding swiftly around the long rock rib that guards the harbor, a copper hued bandit at the wheel, a Nubian giant at the engine and an evil yellow faced desperado sprawling upon the forward deck.

Even before they had come to anchor at Taboga island a dozen boatmen were racing for them and crying for their patronage. At the water's edge they saw a tiny village nestled close against the mountains, its tiled roofs, rust red and grown to moss, its walls faded by wind and weather to delicate mauves and dove colors and greens impossible to describe.

The launch, when it came to rest, seemed suspended in air, and beneath



Slowly He Picked His Way Ashore.

it lay an entrancing sea garden. Once the engine had stopped its clatter a sleepy, peaceful silence settled over the harbor, unbroken by wheel or whistle, for in Taboga no one works and there are no vehicles.

"What a wonderful place!" exclaimed the young man fervently. "Why, it's like a dream—it can't be real!" Then, as the boatmen renewed their begging, "I wonder which barge gentleman I'd better hire."

"Take the little boy, please," Edith called to an urchin who was manfully struggling with a pair of oars twice his own length, whereupon the older boatmen began to shove off with many scowls.

"Our choice has offended these genial bandits," Kirk observed as he helped her to a seat. "When shall we tell the lad to bring us off?"

"Four o'clock," answered Mrs. Cortlandt. "I arranged with the captain to be ready at that hour, so, you see, we have the whole day ahead of us."

Across the limpid shallows they glided, bravely propelled by their nine-year-old oarsman, but when the bow of their skiff grated upon the bottom they were still some yards from the shore.

"Looks as if we'd have to wade," said Kirk, then called to one of the nearby boatmen to lend the child a hand. But the fellow replied gruffly in some unintelligible jargon.

"He says he carries his passengers ashore in his arms," Edith translated.

"Really? Competition is spirited even on this heavenly isle. Well, that's easy!" Anthony untied his low shoes, kicked them off and rolled up his trousers.

"Permit me to help you," he said, "without embarrassing our pilot."

She stood up and allowed him to gather her in his arms. Then for the first time she felt his strength as her body leaned to his. Slowly he picked his way ashore while she reclined in his embrace, her arms about his neck, her smooth cheek brushing his. When he deposited her gently upon her feet he saw her face had gone white and that she was trembling.

His own face was glowing as he waded back to fetch the lunch basket and his footgear. Under the circumstances he had done the only natural, the only possible thing, yet it had queerly perturbed them both.

The two visitors explored the village, even to the quaint, tawdry chapel, with its impossible blues and rusted gilt, and noon found them eager to investigate the contents of their lunch basket. Taking a random path up the hill, they came at last to a spring of cool water, and here they spread their meal under a mango tree bent beneath tons of fruit.

The afternoon sped quickly. If at times Kirk found his companion regarding him with a strangely timid, half defiant look, he refused to connect it with the episode of their landing.

Promptly at 4 they came down the drunken little main street and out upon the beach. But no launch was in sight.

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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A Nervous Woman Finds Relief After Many Years

Women who suffer from extreme nervousness, often endure much suffering before finding any relief. Mrs. Daniel Kintner, of Defiance, O., had such an experience, regarding which she says:

"I had stomach trouble when I was eighteen years old that broke down my health, and for years I suffered with nervousness, headache, indigestion and nervous spasms. The spasms got so bad I would have them three or four times a week. After trying many remedies, I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I must say it helped me wonderfully. I have had no severe nervousness for several years."

MRS. DAN KINTNER, 1022 Pleasant St., Defiance, O.

Many remedies are recommended for diseases of the nervous system that fail to produce results because they do not reach the seat of the trouble. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven its value in such cases so many times that it is unnecessary to make claims for it. You can prove its merits for yourself by getting a bottle of your druggist, who will return the price if you receive no benefit.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY, a CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Continued on page 7

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