

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.

STERLING FEED CO.

D. STERLING, MANAGER

Wheat, Oats, Grain, Hay, Mill Feed—Shorts, Bran, Vetch Seed, Chopped Oats, Oil Meal, Grass Seed—all kinds constantly on hand. Poultry Feeds and Supplies.

FLOUR—Hard Wheat Brands:
Olympic and Pure White
Every sack Guaranteed.

FLOUR—Soft Wheat Brand:
White Star.

PHONE 1711

ALL CITY ORDERS DELIVERED

THIS STOMACH REMEDY HELPS YOUR FRIENDS

Almost every day some gratified person comes into our store and tells us of benefits received from the use of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Knowing how much good they have done others and knowing what they are made of, we feel sure they will help you. So great is our faith in them that we urge you to try them entirely at our risk, with our personal promise that if they don't do all you expect them to do and make your stomach comfortable and healthy and your digestion easy, we'll hand back your money.

We couldn't endorse anything any more strongly than we do Rexall Dys-

pepsia Tablets. Containing Pepsin and Bismuth, two of the greatest digestive aids known to medical science, they soothe the stomach, check heartburn and distress, promote a natural flow of the gastric juice, and help regulate the bowels. Remember, if they don't make your digestion so easy and comfortable that you can eat whatever you like whenever you like, we want you to come back and tell us and get your money. Sold only at the more than 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us. The Modern Pharmacy, C. J. Kern, Proprietor, Cottage Grove, Oregon.

The Sentinel is recognized as among the best country weeklies in America. There is a whole lot of satisfaction in knowing that you have the best that can be obtained.

EASILY DIGESTED

With smiling face I GO TO SCHOOL
I'M ALREADY AT THE HOUR—
BECAUSE FOR BREAKFAST WE HAVE PANCAKES
MADE WITH OLYMPIC PANCAKE FLOUR.



Ask your dealer about the new
PRESENTS
for boys and girls that go with
"Olympic" Wheat Hearts
and
"Olympic" Pancake Flour
Just the dandiest, catchiest,
most interesting "new" novelties imaginable,
especially imported from Germany.

Portland Flouring Mills Co.
Portland, Oregon

DELICIOUS NUTRITIOUS

No other paper gives you more than one-half as much news of the Cottage Grove country as does The Sentinel.

THE MONEY YOU SPEND

for H & H and Pride of Oregon Flour IS circulated at Home

COTTAGE GROVE FLOUR MILLS

There is only one way to get all the news of the Grove country. That is in The Sentinel.

I have just enough time to make that Suit for you

Full Line of Winter Samples Now on Exhibition

BOHLMAN :: The TAILOR

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoiler," "The Barner," "The Silver Horde," etc.

Copyright, 1916, 1917, by Harper & Brothers.

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 instigates 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 Johnson, 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.

The Cortlandts and Kirk plan a picnic on the island of Taboga, near Panama. Cortlandt is detained and his wife and Kirk are marooned on the island.

Kirk kisses Mrs. Cortlandt and is then ashamed to think he has violated Cortlandt's trust in him. Cortlandt, alarmed by his wife's absence, rescues her and Kirk from the island. In the country near Panama Kirk meets a charming Spanish girl.

The girl tells him her name is "Chiquita." He learns later that that means only "little one." Kirk begins his work. Mrs. Cortlandt has learned who Jefferson Locke is.

Locke (real name Wellers) is a swindler and has disappeared. His description fits Kirk. The latter tries in vain in Panama to learn something of Chiquita and meets Alfarez again.

Alfarez's son, Kirk's foe, is engaged to Gertrudis, Garavel's daughter. She is Kirk's "Chiquita." He meets her again at the opera through Mrs. Cortlandt's aid. Kirk makes love to Chiquita. Edith Cortlandt, infatuated with Kirk, goes riding with him frequently.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Awakening.

HE was in no more satisfactory frame of mind when, on the next afternoon, he shouldered his gun and set out for the country. He went directly to the fairy pool, and waited there in a very fever of anxiety. Despite the coolness and peace of the place, he felt his pulses throb and his face burn. If she came, it would mean everything to him. If she stayed away—why, then he would have to believe that after all the real Gertrudis Garavel had spoken last night at the opera. The sound of a voice shot through his troubled thoughts like a beam of sunlight through a dark room.

"Oh, Senor Antonio! How you startled me!"

Instantly his self possession came back. He felt relieved and gay.

"Good afternoon, queen!" He rose and bowed politely. "I thought I saw one underneath the waterfall just now."

"Who would have expected you to be here?" she cried, with an extreme and obviously counterfeit amazement that filled him with delight.

"I'm lost," he declared; then, after one look into her eyes, he added, "Absolutely, utterly, irrevocably lost. Won't you sit down?"

"Since we have met quite by accident, perhaps it would not be so very improper." She laughed mischievously and settled uncertainly beside him like a butterfly just alighting, ready to take flight again on the instant.

"Perhaps I can help you to find your way, senor?" she said, with ingenuous politeness.

"You are the only one who can, Miss Garavel. I don't know that I ever told you, but I'm in love."

"Indeed?"

"I am the most miserably happy person in the world, for I have just this moment begun to believe that the young lady likes me a little bit."

"Oh! But I forgot—the real reason why I came. I have something I must tell you."

The value of a newspaper's advertising is gauged by the number of people it reaches. No other paper reaches more than one-quarter as many Cottage Grove people as does The Sentinel.

Mining Location Notices for sale at Sentinel office.

"All right. But honestly now, didn't you want to come?"

She turned upon him in a little burst of passion. "Yes!" she cried. "Of course I did! I wished to come, madly, senor. It makes my heart patter, like that"—she made her little fingers "patter"—"to be wooed even by a Yankee. But I do not love you in the least. Oh no! Even if I wished to do so, there are too many reasons why I could not, and when I explain you will understand."

"I know. It's Ramon Alfarez. You're halfway engaged to him. But you know you don't love him."

"Ah, it is not so sure! He is of fine family, he is rich, he is handsome. Not possibly could I care for any man who was not all of those. All my life I have thought him a very sweet gentleman, and for a long time it has been agreed that I should be his wife. There are so many reasons why I should say yes."

"You haven't mentioned any that would be binding in law."

"My father's wish. Is not that sufficient?"

"You disregard that once."

"That was but a flatter. All the time I knew I should be Ramon's wife when the time arrived. Perhaps I could refuse to wed a man my father chose for me, but no nice Spanish girl would dare to wed a man her father did not like. Do you see?"

"But it's no cinch your father won't positively hunger for me once we get chummy."

"You are too different, you disregard our customs, you are bold. You continue to come here against my wishes, which no Spanish gentleman would dare to do."

"Oh, I'm no Spanish gentleman. I'm just an emotional blond. But I'm bound to marry you. Let's arrange the details. Shall it be a church wedding?"

She laughed deliciously. "What a nice game it is we have played! But now I must talk seriously."

"You wish?" he breathed. "Do you think I could ever give you up?"

She checked him gravely. "Truly it was just a game, and yet it was not altogether so either. But here is what I came to say. The strangest thing has happened. Not until last night after the opera did I even dream of it, and even now I cannot believe Oh, I am so proud! Coming home from the theater my father told me—oh, the most wonderful thing. I promised very faithfully not to tell, so—he is to be the next president—of Panama."

"Pres"—Anthony stared at her in frank amazement. "Why, I thought Old Man Alfarez—"

"It seems your country does not like him because he hates Americans—see? Now that you know the truth you must see at once that by no means could I marry to a person like you."

"Why not?"

"Oh! Don't you understand? I shall be the finest lady in the republic. All the men will adore me. I will have suitors—not one or two as now, but many. My father will be the most famous man of all the republic—perhaps in the whole world, I don't know."

"I don't think it will make any difference with him when he knows who I am. I'll tackle your father, and I'll promise to vote for him."

"You are very funny." She gazed at him seriously, one tiny foot curled under her, her chin resting into her palm.

"Do you love me?"

"Not one single speck. I merely like you to make love at me and cause my heart to jump."

The little hypocrite continued to voice words of warning and denial, though her eyes invited him, and for a long time they continued this delightful play of pleading and evasion. But at last Chiquita jumped up with a great appearance of alarm.

"Heavens, the time!" she cried. "I have stayed too long by much. Stephanie will miss me."

He rose and stretched out his hand as if to hold her.

"Shall I come again tomorrow?"

She grew suddenly earnest.

"No, no, senor. That is something you should not ask. If ever we are to meet again it must be with my father's consent. Please! Do not urge, for truly I would have to refuse." She let her palm rest in his an instant, and her cheek went scarlet as he pressed it to his lips. Then she said: "Go, Mr. Brazen One. How greatly it surprised me to find you here I cannot say. It gave me such a start! And, Senor Antonio—my father may be found any day at his bank." Before he could detain her she was gone, flitting up the path with just one flashing smile of mischief over her shoulder.

Anthony went home with his head in the clouds. All his doubts were now at rest; for while Chiquita had stubbornly denied him all encouragement, he felt sure that her heart had answered. It was in the highest spirits, therefore, that he opened a letter he found awaiting him and read as follows:

Dear Kirk—I hope you are heartily sick of yourself and ready to do something decent for a change. Knowing your aristocratic habits as I do, I realize you must owe a lot of money by this time, and your new friends must be getting tired of you. I have been expecting you to draw on me daily and am taking this occasion to warn you in your own expensively acquired college English that "there is nothing doing"—except upon one condition. If you will agree to behave yourself in future I will pay your debts, send you west and give you a job as operator at \$6 a month. But you will go where I send you, and you will stay where you are put. I will do the thinking for both of us and judge of your associates. Maybe if you prove to be any good at all I will arrange with the police to let you spend your vacations in "that dear New York" which still shows signs of your red paint brush. I would be pleased to have an apology by return mail, so that I may meet you in New Orleans and start you off once more on the road to decency and self respect. You will never be a success at anything, but I am always ready to do my duty.

This is my last offer, and if you refuse you may distinctly and definitely go to the devil. As ever your loving father, DARWIN K. ANTHONY.

P. S.—I can get good operators for \$6 a month. The extra \$6 is pure sentiment.

Spurred by his present exhilaration, Kirk wrote an answer, which he read with a good deal of satisfaction before sealing it up.

Dear Dad—You affectionate letter with the kind offer to take charge of a siding out in the Dakotas is at hand. I would like to help you along with your business, but "Upward and Onward" is my motto, and you'll have to raise that salary a bit. I am drawing \$25 a month at present, quarters furnished and promotion promised. I have made some good investments, and there are no debts to settle. Inclosed find my last bank statement, which will doubtless prove a great disappointment to you.

If you need a good master of transportation I would be pleased to consider an offer at any time, provided the salary is satisfactory, but your proposal to edit my acquaintances is out of the question. My decency and self respect are doing well, thank you, and I like the climate.

The salary would have to be about \$5,000 a year. As always your devoted and obedient son, KIRK.

P. S.—I would not care to locate farther west than Buffalo. My wife might not like it.

Kirk lost no time in calling at the bank, but was disappointed to learn that Senor Andres Garavel had left the city for an unexpected business tour of the provinces and would not return for at least two weeks.

In the days that followed he saw nothing of Gertrudis, but a great deal of Edith Cortlandt. She had redeemed her promise of getting him a good horse—something rare in this country—and he was grateful for the exercise, which came as a welcome relief from his indoor toil. Soon their old friendly intercourse was going on as if it had never been interrupted.

As for Edith, this semipublic intimacy came to be quite as much a pain as a pleasure to her. During these past few weeks she had been plunged in a mental turmoil, the signs of which she had concealed with difficulty. She had fought with herself; she had tried to reason; she had marshaled her pride, but all in vain. At last she awoke to the terrifying certainty that she was in love with Kirk.

She began to look upon her husband with a quickened curiosity, and found him a stranger. For years she had made allowance for his weaknesses, ignoring them as she ignored his virtues, but never before had he appeared so colorless, so insignificant, above all so alien. She had barely tolerated him hitherto, but now she began to despise him.

If Cortlandt was aware of her change of feeling and its cause, his method of dealing with her showed some keenness. Silent contempt was what she could least endure from him of all men; yet this was just what his manner toward her expressed—if it expressed anything.

Even if he did suspect, what then? It was no affair of his; she was her own mistress. She had given him all she possessed, she had made a man of him. He was her creature, and had no rights beyond what she chose to give. They saw less and less of each other. Only before others, or at their frequent political councils, were they quite the same as they had been.

Of Anthony, on the other hand, she arranged to see more than ever, flattering him by a new deference in her manner, making him feel always at ease with her. In their frequent rides they covered most of the roads about the city, even to the ruins of old Panama. Then they began to explore the bypaths and trails.

One afternoon they turned into an unfrequented road that led off to the jungle from the main highway, walking their horses while they marveled at the beauty of the foliage. They burst out into a rocky glen, where a spring of clear water bubbled forth.

"What a discovery!" exclaimed Edith. "Help me down, please. I'm going to drink."

Kirk dismounted and lent her a hand. The horses snorted appreciatively and, stepping forward, thrust their soft muzzles eagerly into the stream, then fell to browsing upon the tender leaves at their shoulders.

Edith quenched her thirst, shook the cramp from her limbs and said: "Some time we will have to see where this road leads. There may be more surprises beyond." She broke a flower from its stem and fastened it in Kirk's buttonhole while he gazed down at her with friendly eyes.

"You're looking awfully well lately," he declared.

Glancing up, she met his gaze and held it for an instant. Something in her look gave him a little thrill of embarrassment.

"I think I'll give Marquis and Gyp their dessert," he said and, turning aside, began to gather a handful of the greenest leaves. The instant his eyes were off her she took the horses by their bridles, swung them about and with a sharp blow of her riding crop sent them snorting and clattering down the trail. Kirk wheeled barely in time to see them disappearing.

"Say, why did you do that?" he asked.

"Because I wanted to. Isn't that reason enough?" Her eyes were reckless and her lips white. "I did it because I wanted to talk with you."

"Well, those horses wouldn't overhear."

"Don't be angry, Kirk. I haven't seen you alone since—that night."

"Taboga?" he said guiltily. "You're not going to lecture me again? I'm sorry enough as it is."

"What a queer chap you are! Am I so unattractive that you really want to rush off after those horses? I have known men who would have thought it a privilege to be left alone with me—like this."

"I—have no doubt."

"You remember, for instance, I told

Send for This Catalog

We know you can save money and get better seeds by getting in direct touch with the leading seed house.

Correspondence invited
The Chas. H. Lilly Co., Seattle

Cottage Grove Transfer Co.

L. L. HARRELL, Prop.
DRAYING AND MOVING
Use Our Auto Dray for Quick Service.

Every facility for handling all classes of goods. Feed barn and fire-proof vault in connection. All kinds of Hauling and Piano Moving.

PHONE 72

H. E. Bucklen & Co., Phila. and St. Louis

Best Family Laxative.
Beware of constipation. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and keep well. Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of West Franklin, Me., calls them "Our family laxative." Nothing better for adults or aged. Get them today. 25c. All druggists or by mail.

H. E. Bucklen & Co., Phila. and St. Louis

Constipation, if Neglected, Causes Serious Illness

Constipation, if neglected, leads to almost innumerable complications affecting the general health.

Many cases of typhoid fever, appendicitis and other severe diseases are traceable to prolonged clogging of the bowels. Regarding the effects of constipation, C. E. Ayers, 6 Sabin St., Montpelier, Vt., says:

"I was afflicted with constipation and biliousness for years, and at times became so bad I would become unconscious. I have been found in that condition many times. Physicians did not seem to be able to do me any good. I would become weak and for days at a time could do no work. Not long ago I got a box of Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets, and after using them found I had never tried anything that acted in such a mild and effective manner. I believe I have at last found the remedy that suits my case."

Thousands of people are sufferers from habitual constipation and while possibly realizing something of the danger of this condition, yet neglect too long to employ proper curative measures until serious illness often results. The advice of all physicians is, "keep your bowels clean," and it's good advice.

Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 25 cents a box containing 25 doses. If not found satisfactory, your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Disordered Kidneys Cause Much Misery

With pain and misery by day, sleep-disturbing bladder weakness at night, tired, nervous, run-down men and women everywhere are glad to know that Foley Kidney Pills restore health and strength, and the regular action of kidneys and bladder. For Sale by All Dealers Everywhere.

Cannery to be Launched.

Determination to organize a fruit and vegetable cannery with capital of \$10,000 was reached at a joint meeting of committees of the Springfield grange, Springfield Development League and Business Men's Club, held a few days ago. A mass meeting of farmers, fruit-growers and merchants has been called to perfect the organization and to obtain subscriptions to the stock.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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