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VEATCH & SPENCER

Real Estate : Insurance : Collections
AGENTS FOR A. L. WOODARD

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

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

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"Don't stop dancing now, when I tell you. Chiquita dear, you must marry me tonight, right away! I have arranged everything. No, don't look up at me until I have finished. Try to smile. I've planned it all out and everything is in readiness. I have a room just around the corner of the veranda; there's a judge waiting for us, and Runnels and his wife—

"You are mad!" she gasped.

"No, no. We'll slip through one of the French windows, and we'll be back again before they miss us. Nobody will know. I tell you they're waiting. If we are missed they'll think—it doesn't matter what they think, you'll be my wife, and Ramon can't marry you then. We'll say nothing about it until your father is elected president."

"Senor, one cannot be married in a moment. I am Catholic—the banns—"

"I've thought of all that, but a civil marriage is binding. We'll have the religious ceremony afterward; meanwhile this will stop Ramon, at least. I promise not to see you again until you send for me—until your father's hopes are realized. You may wait as long as you wish, and nobody will know. They tricked you, Chiquita, dear; I can't explain, but it wasn't all politics; by any means. Oh, girl! Don't you understand? I love you—love you! It's our only chance." The words were tumbling from his lips incoherently; he was pleading as if for his life, while she clung to him to support herself. Through it all their feet moved rhythmically, their bodies swayed to the cadences of the waltz as they circled the ballroom.

He knew it was her lifelong loyalty, her traditional sense of obedience that made her hesitate.

"Mother of God!" she exclaimed faintly. "Is it that I am dreaming?"

"They are waiting for us; the dance is half over already. I love you—better than all the world. Do you remember two nights ago? You kissed me then, and—I—I—can't live without you. We'll go away together, you and I, through all the world—just we two."

She gave a hysterical, choking sob that was half a sigh. Then her eyes flashed upward to his—they were wide and bright and shining—her lips were parted, her body was lithe and full of life. She slipped from his embrace, whispering:

"Yes, yes! Quickly, senor!" And the next instant they were out upon the wide gallery with the dance behind them. "Hurree, hurree, or they will follow!"

Together they fled along the north wing of the hotel. The girl was panting, with one hand held to her bare throat. But she ran like a fawn.

"Here!" He swung her around the corner and rapped sharply at a door.

"Quickly! Quickly!" she moaned.

"For the love of—"

With terrific force the door was fairly jerked from its hinges and slammed to behind them. The next moment Allan's big body was leaning against it, as if the wall were about to fall inward upon him. Runnels leaped forward with an exclamation; his wife stood staring, her face as white as snow. With them was the genial gray-haired judge from Colon, whom Kirk had met at the Wayfarers' club on the night of his arrival.

"You made it!" Runnels cried triumphantly.

"Miss Garavel!" his wife echoed. "Thank heaven you came!"

"Quick, the music will stop! Judge, this is Miss Garavel. You must marry us just as fast as you can."

"I presume you consent?" the judge asked.

"—I want to be happy," she said simply.

"You understand, judge, she's of age. So am I. They want to force her to marry a man she doesn't!"

The muffled strains of music ceased. There came the faint clapping of hands.

"Madre de Dios!" Miss Garavel cried. "We are too late!" She beat her little palms together in desperation.

There was a breathless interval. Then the music began again, and to its throbbing measures the marriage ceremony was performed. As the last word was pronounced Mrs. Runnels burst into tears and hid her face against her husband's breast. Runnels himself held forth a shaking hand to Kirk, then patted the bride clumsily upon her shoulder.

"I know you will be happy now, Mrs. Anthony," he said.

With an incoherent cry of delight Kirk folded his wife in his arms, and she kissed him before them all.

"Come, we must get back. The music has stopped again." Kirk turned to the judge. "Nothing is to be said until Miss Gar—Mrs. Anthony gives the word, you understand? I can't thank you all half enough. Now, Al-

lan, see if the coast is clear, quickly!" He was still in a panic, for there yet remained a chance of discovery and ruin. One more instant of suspense, then the two stepped out. The door closed softly behind them, and they strolled around the corner of the north wing and into the crowd. It had all happened so quickly that even yet they were dazed and disbelieving.

"My wife!" Kirk whispered, while a tremendous rush of emotion swept over him. She trembled in answer like a wind-shaken leaf. "You're mine, Chiquita! They can't take you away." His voice broke.

"I am still dreaming. What have I done? Oh—b—they will know! In my face they will read the truth. But I do not care. Senor, I do not know if some time you will be sorry for this action, but I shall never cease loving you. I prayed hourly to the Blessed Virgin, and she heard. Now, I shall perish until you come."

"When you give me leave—through steel and stone, through fire and water."

"Quick! For the one time call me that!" She hesitated, blushing vividly. "I will hear it in my dreams."

"My wife!" he whispered tenderly.

"Ho! Chiquita mia!" her father cried as they came to him. "There you are then. I have missed you." His eyes smoldered as he gazed suspiciously at Kirk.

"Ah, but I was too warm," she said easily. "Yonder by the door we have been standing in the night breeze. And where is Ramon?"

"He is looking for you."

"One would think him a jealous husband already," she exclaimed lightly. Then extending her hand coolly to Kirk, "I thank you, senor, for the dance."

Her husband bowed. "I shall not soon forget it." To the father he added in a low voice: "I thank you also for your courtesy. We have been discussing your daughter's marriage during the dance, and it is my one greatest hope that she will never regret it."

The banker acknowledged the words ceremoniously. "Love is a thing that comes and goes. Marriage alone can bind it. Some day you will thank me, and then perhaps you will honor our house again, eh?"

"I shall be happy to come whenever you wish." As he walked away the banker said, with relief:

"He takes it well. He is proud—at most like a Spaniard."

Kirk moved through the crowd as if in a trance, but he was beginning to realize the truth now. It surged over him in great waves of gladness. He longed to shout his news aloud. What luck was his! The world was made for him. There was no such thing as adversity or failure—Chiquita was his wife! All Christendom might go to pot for all he cared.

In the midst of his rhapsody he heard a bellboy speaking his name and

stared at him with hard, level eyes. "I'm not a moderate person—I can't do things by halves. No! I see you are mad over this Garavel girl. But you can't get her." Something in his dazed, love-foolish smile enraged her. "So! you are planning even now. Well, then, understand I can build, and I can destroy!"

"There's nothing more to say," he interrupted her quietly, "so I'd better excuse myself."

"Yes! I would prefer to be alone."

When he had bowed himself away she crushed the fan in her hand, starting out across the lights of the city below, and it was thus that Cortlandt found her a few moments later. He dropped into the empty chair beside her, saying:

"Hello! Thought you had this with Anthony?"

"I had."

"What's the trouble?"

"There is no trouble." She began to rock, while he studied her profile; then, conscious of his look, she inquired, "Aren't you dancing?"

"No, just looking on, as usual. I prefer to watch. You have broken your fan, it seems." He flung his cigarette into the darkness and, reaching out, took the fan from her hand. She saw that his lips were drawn back in a peculiar smile.

"Well! Is that so strange?" she answered sharply. "You seem—"

She broke off and looked deliberately away from him.

"How, eh?" he inquired softly.

She could barely hold back her hatred of the man. He had worked powerfully upon her nerves of late, and she was half hysterical.

"Why do you take pleasure in annoying me?" she cried. "What all's your these last few weeks? I can't stand it—I won't!"

"Oh! Pardon! One quarrel an evening is enough. I should have known better. Too bad you and he don't hit it off better; he likes me. He's giving me a party after the dance, a sort of gratitude affair. A delicate way to acknowledge a debt, eh?"

"You know very well it is Runnels' doing," she said.

"Oh, there are six of them in it altogether, but Anthony originated the little surprise. It's intended for you, of course."

"I don't see it. Are you going?"

"I accepted. Funny spectacle, eh? Me the guest of—Anthony?"

There was a trace of anxiety in her voice as she answered, and though she spoke carelessly, she did not meet his eyes.

"I—I'd rather you'd make an excuse. I'll have to go home alone, you know."

He raised his brows mockingly. "My dear! I'm to be the honored guest."

"Suit yourself, of course."

A marine officer approached, mopping his face, and engaged her in conversation, whereupon Cortlandt rose languidly and strolled away through the crowd that came eddying forth from the ballroom.

Meanwhile Kirk had found Runnels, who was looking for him, eager to express his congratulations and to discuss their exploit in detail.

Now that he had some one to whom Kirk could talk freely, he let himself go, and he was deep in conversation when Stephen Cortlandt strolled up and stopped for an instant to say:

"Quite a lively party, isn't it?"

Kirk noticed how hollow he had grown in the past few months and how he had fallen off in weight. He looked older too. His cheeks had sunken in until they outlined his jaws sharply. He seemed far from well.

A nervous twitching of his fingers betokened the strain he had been under. He was quite as immaculate, polished and collected as usual, however.

"How is our little 'stag' coming on?" he asked.

"Fine! Everything is ready," said Runnels. "You won't expect an elaborate layout. It's mostly cold storage, you know, but we'll at least be able to quench our thirst at the Central."

"Then it's really coming off? I was afraid you'd forgotten it." Cortlandt cast a curious glance at Kirk, who exclaimed heartily:

"Well, hardly!" Then, as their prospective guest moved off, "What a strange remark!"

"Yes," said Runnels, "he's a queer fellow; but then, you know, he's about as emotional as a toad."

(Continued next week.)

smiled at him vacantly as he turned away. But the negro followed him persistently, saying something about a letter.

"It is h'important, sar."

"Very well." He opened the envelope and pretended to read, but in reality the sheet held nothing for him but a ravishing, mischievous face with pausy eyes. He must have stood staring unseeing at it for several seconds. Then the dancing visions faded and the scrawl stood out plainly:

Williams, detective, St. Louis, arrived at Colon this evening on the Prince Joachim. You'd better take it on the run.

It was written upon Tivoli paper, but the hand was strange, and it was not signed.

"Well!" Kirk came suddenly to himself and a spasm of disgust seized him. "What a rotten inconvenience!" he said aloud. But before he had time to measure the effect of this new complication the swelling music reminded him that this dance belonged to Mrs. Cortlandt and that her answer was due.

She was waiting for him in the gallery and motioned him to the chair adjoining hers.

"I can't two step and talk at the same time," she said. "and here we'll be quite private."

Kirk remained standing. "What I have to say won't take long. I've made up my mind, and I cannot give up Chiquita."

"You know what it means?" She



stared at him with hard, level eyes. "I'm not a moderate person—I can't do things by halves. No! I see you are mad over this Garavel girl. But you can't get her." Something in his dazed, love-foolish smile enraged her. "So! you are planning even now. Well, then, understand I can build, and I can destroy!"

Check Your April Cough. Thawing frost and April rains chill you to the very marrow, you catch cold—Head and lungs stuffed—You are feverish—Cough continually and feel miserable—You need Dr. King's New Discovery. It soothes inflamed and irritated throat and lungs, stops cough, your head clears up, fever leaves, and you feel fine. Mr. J. T. Davis, of Stickey Corner, Me., "Was cured of a dreadful cough after doctors' treatment and all other remedies failed. Relief or money back. Pleasant—Children like it. Get a bottle today. 50c and \$1.00, at your druggist. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Phila. and St. Louis

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Foley Kidney Pills Successful for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.
Positive in action for backache, weak back, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles. P. J. Boyd, Ogle, Tex., writes: "After taking two bottles of Foley Kidney Pills, my rheumatism and kidney trouble are completely gone." Safe and effective. For sale by all dealers everywhere.

Southern Pacific Railway Time-Table
COTTAGE GROVE STATION

South Bound		North Bound	
No. 13	2:10 a. m.	No. 16	1:20 p. m.
No. 15	7:00 a. m.	No. 18	10:10 a. m.
No. 17	3:20 p. m.	No. 20	2:20 p. m.
No. 19	8:20 p. m.	No. 14	4:30 p. m.

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"I was under a great strain nursing a relative through three months' sickness," writes Mrs. J. C. Van DeSande, of Kirkland, Ill., and "Electric Bitters kept me from breaking down. I will never be without it." Do you feel tired and worn out? No appetite and food won't digest? It isn't the spring weather. You need Electric Bitters. Start a month's treatment today; nothing better for the stomach, liver and kidneys. The great spring tonic. Relief or money back. 50c and \$1.00, at your druggist. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Phila. and St. Louis

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Hauling & Draying Done on Short Notice
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Reliable-Foley's Honey and Tar Compound.
Just be sure that you buy Foley's Honey and Tar Compound—it is a reliable medicine for coughs, colds, croup, whooping coughs, bronchial and la grippe coughs, which are weakening to the system. It also gives prompt and definite results for hoarseness, tickling throat and stuffy, wheezy breathing. For sale by all dealers everywhere.

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300	\$1.25
400	\$1.50
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1000	\$3.00

Cottage Grove Sentinel
COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON

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USE HYOMEI—YOU BREATHE IT
Unless properly treated this disease often leads to a serious if not fatal ailment. It is needless to allow catarrh to ruin your health—use Hyomei—it is certainly effective relief for catarrh ills. It's the direct-to-the-spot treatment. You breathe it—no stomach dosing. No household should be without Hyomei. It not only gives quick and lasting benefit in cases of catarrh but is one of the surest and most pleasant treatments for head colds, sniffles, or croup of children.

Hyomei is a combination of antiseptic oils—you breathe it—using a small inhaler. The air laden with health-restoring Hyomei soothes, heals and vitalizes the sore, raw and inflamed membrane of the breathing organs almost immediately. There is no other remedy that benefits so surely or so quickly. Money refunded by the Modern Pharmacy, C. J. Kem, Prop., if you are not satisfied.

Do not be without Hyomei another day. Druggists everywhere sell it. Get the complete outfit—\$1.00 size—this contains the inhaler and bottle of liquid. a15-22

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