

SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS FOR PEACE

ident Wilson Formally
ts Good Offices of Brazil
Argentina and Chile.

Washington.—President Wilson
ed he had accepted as
Brazil, Argentina and Chile
their good offices in an at-
ing about a peaceful and firm
ment of the difficulty between
ited States and Mexico.
offer was formally
three South American
retary Bryan.

reply of the president
h the secretary of state
atic representatives dis-
ne emergency may arise to
ations futile.

identally with the accep-
offer of mediation, admit-
aker and a comfort to the pleasure
time-saver for the busy man they pay for themselves many
ges over.

orders would be issued to
forces now at Vera Cruz
at sea changing original
ther steps, however, to
on for the indignities
se to the present situa-
mpted while the effort is
to bring about a settle-
diplomacy.

id Settlement of Problem
ugh the offer made by
outh American countries
wal their plans, it was
y contemplate a broad
the Mexican problem
ination of Huerta, upon
ited States has insisted
inning. Notification of
mediation was sent, set
diplomatic representa-
e, Chile and Brazil in
General Carranza and
alists in northern Mex-
ature of the plan which
resident's visitors lauded
that the United States
hands with three big
hemisphere, emphasizing
n solidarity and a princi-
roe Doctrine, and at the
owing to Central and
as a whole, the pres-
of the American govern-
ct that Argentina, Brazil
ave stood with the
n refusing to recognize
government is an elem-
tion which rose con-
front as discussion of
ion turned official
moment, at least, be-
f war to those of peace
rally realized that the
re countries would be
they have been dealing
nly as a de facto ruler
become involved in steps
ognition any more
United States in its
written protocol for
of the incidents at Tan-
demand for a salute
flag.

ent of Congress Warlike
the Mexican crisis has
pression in congress
ent and his cabinet exer-
eprisals against the def-
Huerta, there is an
r-current of feeling in
house for a declaration
is was tempered some-
eptance of offers of
Argentina, Brazil and
there was evidence of
dissatisfaction with
in the senate, probably
arkable evidence of
n the house. More
he most prominent
ratic side participated
s. Speaker Clark, Major
derwood, Chairman
eign relations commit-
Pittgerald, of the appro-
nttee, and Chairman
tary committee, figured

ussion was so out-
was talk for a time of
it of a committee, to
aker Clark and Mr. Ch-
h should call on Presi-
inform him that the
e house was for war.

Leaders Belligerent
e many conferences of
he house leaders be-
clear. They said that
eclared; that the Chile
id send the army into
through with what it
at in this way only
established on a sound
basts. They represent-
nt of the house on
y prepared to tell the
since the house took
y believed it to be
he country.

nate there was no
tion as was evident in
here were reports of
from individual sen-
that the bond of
senators have observed
may soon be broken.

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford



There are more Ford cars used in Cottage Grove than of all other kinds combined, yet you never saw a Ford stuck or worn out. They are cheapest in price, but the highest priced in quality. They are a comfort to the pleasure driver and a comfort to the pocket book of the purchaser. As a time-saver for the busy man they pay for themselves many times over.

Five Passenger Touring Car... \$590
Five Passenger... \$640

THE COTTAGE GROVE GARAGE

E. WOODSON PROPRIETOR

THE BEAN SPRAY PUMP

Its best guarantee is that it has been used for many years and has given satisfaction.

KNOWLES & GRABER AGENTS

STERLING FEED CO.

D. STERLING, MANAGER

Wheat, Oats, Grain, Hay, Mill Feed—Shorts, Bran, Catch Seed, Chopped Oats, Alfalfa Meal, Grass Seed—all delivered constantly on hand.

PHOLTRY Feeds and Supplies.

PHONE 171

ALL CITY ORDERS DELIVERED

THE MONEY YOU SPEND

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

COTTAGE GROVE FLOUR MILLS

Where all the good people are going—

When you go you want to go where all the good people go. Here's a sure rule to follow that will land you there. Get a lot in Manitou Park Addition (along North Ninth Street), build you a comfortable home, associate with the other good people that are there, keep your temper from getting away with you by doing away with landlord troubles, keep your disposition sweet with your pleasant surroundings and good neighbors, and you need not worry about your future life. These lots are selling rapidly to the very best people. Twenty lots have sold since we took the agency, and the rest are likely to go rapidly. Four residences now being constructed. Better see us before the choice selections are snapped up.

WEATCH & SPENCER

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

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

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

Copyright, 1916, 1911, by Harper & Brothers.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The Crash.

KIRK had no further chance of speaking with his wife, for after the dance she was whisked away, leaving him nothing but the memory of an adoring, blissful glance as she passed. With Runnels and Cortlandt and the rest he was driven to the Hotel Central, where they found a very attractive table set in a private dining room. It was a lively party, and Kirk's secret elation enabled him to play the part of host with unforced geniality. The others joined him in a hearty effort to show their guest the high regard in which they held him, and if Cortlandt did not enjoy himself it was entirely his own fault.

Toward Kirk, however, he preserved a peculiar attitude, which only the young man's self absorption prevented him from noticing. If he had been less jubilant he must have felt the unnatural aloofness of the other man's bearing. But even had he done so he would doubtless have attributed it to Cortlandt's well recognized frigidity.

At the propitious moment Runnels, who had reluctantly agreed to share the social responsibility, made a little speech, explaining that he and his boys had been sensible from the first of their guest's interest in them and were deeply grateful for it. They now tendered him a token of their regard in a form which he could preserve.

He handed a handsome loving cup to Cortlandt, who thanked him appropriately, then waited courteously for the party to break up. But Anthony rose, saying:

"I simply have to say a word on my own account, fellows, for I owe Mr. Cortlandt more than any of you."

The object of these remarks shot a swift, questioning glance from his stony eyes and raised a hand as if to check him. But Kirk ran on unheeding:

"I want to thank him before all of you for what he has done for me personally. When I landed in Panama I got into trouble of the worst sort, and Mr. Cortlandt got me out. He was my bail bond, he put me up at his hotel, gave me clothes and paid my way until I got started. I was a stranger, mind you, but he's been just like one of my own people, and if I ever succeed in doing anything really worth while it will be due to the start he gave me."

Though the words were commonplace enough, they carried a sincere message, and Cortlandt saw by the faces about him that the others were pleased. His own gaunt features turned more sallow than ever. The memory of what he had heard on the porch of his own house a few afternoons ago, of what he had seen at other times, of his wife's telltale behavior on this very evening, swept over him, fanning anew the sullen emotions he had cherished all these months. How far would this fellow dare to go, he wondered? He dropped his eyes to hide the fury in them.

"I want to give you a little remembrance of my own," Anthony was speaking directly to him. "It isn't much, but it means a good deal to me, and I hope it will have some sort of personal association for you, Mr. Cortlandt." He drew from his pocket a plush case and took from it a very handsome thin Swiss watch with the letters "S. C." artfully enameled upon the back.

Cortlandt accepted the gift mechanically; then, as it touched his flesh, a sudden color mounted to his cheeks, only to recede, leaving them bloodless again.

"I really didn't expect this," he began slowly as he rose. "Anthony exaggerates; he is too kind. But since he has chosen to publicly call attention to our relations, I will confess that what he tells you is all true. Through my assistance—partly, at any rate—he has made a man of himself. He has been welcome at my house, at my table; he has come and gone as he pleased, like one of the family; you might say. But those are little things; they count for nothing." His tone gripped his hearers, and Anthony stirred uneasily, thinking this an odd way of accepting a gift.

Unclasping his long, white fingers, Cortlandt held up the watch to public view.

"In payment for my poor friendship he has given me this magnificent thing of gold and jewels, the finest I ever saw. I never counted upon such gratitude. It is too much, and yet a man cannot refuse the gift of his friend and not seem ungracious, can he? Somewhere in the orient they have a custom of exchanging gifts. No man may accept a thing of value without making adequate return, and it has always struck me as a wise practice."

He turned full upon Kirk for the first time since he had begun speaking, and his voice rose a tone as he said, "I can't let the obligation rest entirely upon me. We have been friends, Anthony, and I am going to give you something in return which I have prized highly. It would be counted of great value by some." Once more he paused and drew his lips back in that grimace of mockery. It could no longer be termed a smile. "It is this—I am going to give you my wife. You have had her from the first and now she is yours."

For one frightful moment there was no sound, even the men's breathing was hushed, and they sat slack jawed, stunned half minded to believe this some hideous, incredible jest. Cortlandt turned away gloatingly.

Kirk was the last to recover his powers, but when they did revive they came with a prodigious rush. He plunged upward out of his chair with a cry like a wounded animal, and the others rose with him. The table rocked, something smashed, a chair was hurled backward. The room broke into instant turmoil. Kirk felt hands upon him, and then went blind with fury, struggling in a passion too strong for coherent speech. He was engulfed in chaos. He felt things break beneath his touch, felt bodies give way before him.

How or when Kirk left the room he never knew. Eventually he found himself pinned in his chair, with Runnels' white face close against his own and other hands upon his arms. His first frenzy quickly gave way to a sickening horror.

"It's a lie! The man's crazy!" he cried hoarsely; then, as his companions drew away from him, he rose to his feet. "Why are you looking at me like that? I tell you it's a d—d lie! I never—"

Runnels turned to the table and with shaking hand put a glass to his lips and gulped its contents. Wade and Kimble exchanged glances, then, avoiding each other's eyes, took their hats from the hooks behind them.

"Wait! Bring him back!" Kirk mumbled. "I'll get him and make him say it's a lie." But still no one answered, no one looked at him. "God! You don't believe it?"

"I'm going home, fellows. I'm kind of sick," Kimble said. One of the others murmured unintelligibly, and, wetting a napkin, bound up his hand, which was bleeding. They continued to watch Kirk as if fearful of some insane action, yet they refused to meet his eyes squarely. There was no sympathy in their faces.

The knowledge of what these actions meant came to him slowly. Was it possible that his friends believed this incredible accusation? As he began to collect himself he saw his plight more clearly. His first thought had been that Cortlandt was insane, but the man's actions were not those of a madman. No! He actually believed—and these fellows also. He wanted to shout his innocence at them, to beat it into their heads.

One by one they took their hats and went out, mumbling goodnight to one another, as if intending to go home singly in order to avoid all discussion of this thing that had fallen among them. Runnels alone remained.

"You don't believe I did—that?" Anthony asked in a strained voice.

"I—I think I do." There was a miserable silence, and then: "It isn't the thing itself, you know, so much as the rotten—underhanded advantage you took. If he'd been a stranger, now—Honestly, isn't it true?"

Kirk shook his head listlessly. "I wouldn't lie to you."

Runnels drew a deep breath. "Oh, come, now, the man must have known what he was saying. Men don't do things like that on suspicion."

"He misunderstood our friendship," said Kirk heavily, then roused himself for a last plea. "Look here!" he cried. "You know Cortlandt, and you know me. The man was insanely jealous. I know it sounds weak, but it's the truth, and it's all I can say. I'll go mad if you doubt me. And tonight of all— He broke off sharply. "My God! I'd forgotten that I'm married. Suppose Gertrude hears of this!" Anthony seized his temples in despair.

Runnels took a sudden illogical decision. He never knew exactly what had influenced him, but his whole past knowledge surged up in him with a force that he could not resist. He laid his hand on Kirk's shoulder. "Take it easy, old man," he said. "I believe you. I've always known that they didn't get along together, although—well, I won't try to understand it. He may not do anything further, and these fellows won't mention what happened here. They can't."

"Women are apt to be jealous, aren't they, Runnels? What do you suppose she'd do?"

"Don't worry about that. I'm thinking about Cortlandt. If he finds out he's mistaken what will he do?"

"He'll have to find out. I'm going to tell him. His wife will tell him. Good God! Do you see what an awful light it puts me in? You don't doubt me, do you really, old man?"

"No, but what a night this has been! It seems a year old. Come along, now. You must get out of here. You must turn in. The waiters are wondering what this row is about. I think we'd better take a walk."

In passing through the deserted lobby of the hotel they saw Clifford idling about. But they were too much absorbed to wonder what had kept him up so late. By the clock across the plaza they saw it was two hours after midnight as they stepped into the street. Then, finding no cabs in sight, they set out to walk toward Ancon, both badly in need of the open air.

A moment later Clifford followed

them, taking pains to keep at a distance.

Now that the full import of Cortlandt's accusation had sunk into his mind, Kirk lapsed into a mood of sullen bitterness. He said little, but his set face worried his companion, who was loath to bid him good night even when they were close to the Tivoli. After they had parted Runnels was upon the point of going back and offering to spend the night with him, but thought better of it.

Instead of passing through the office Kirk mounted to the porch of the Tivoli and entered his room from the outside, as he and Chiquita had done earlier that evening. He found Allan waiting and bursting with a desire to gossip, but cut him short.

"Get my street clothes. I'm going out." He tore the white tie from his throat as if it were choking him. "I've been hurt. Allan I can't explain, for you wouldn't understand, but I've been hurt. Come along."

The negro's lips drew apart in an expression of apelike ferocity, and he be-



"He's yours now. You can have him."

gan to chatter threats of vengeance, to which Kirk paid little heed. A few moments later they went out quietly, and together they took the rock road down toward the city, the one silent and desperate, the other whining like a hound nearing a scent.

Edith Cortlandt did not retire immediately upon her return from the ball. Her anger at Anthony's behavior kept her awake, and the night had turned off so dead and humid that sleep was in any case a doubtful possibility.

She was still sitting in her room at a late hour when she heard the outside door close and Cortlandt's footsteps mounting the stairs. She was glad he had his own room and never entered hers at such an hour, for even to talk with him in her present state of mind and body would have been more than she could bear.

She was unreasonably annoyed therefore, when he came boldly into her chamber without even knocking.

"Rather late for good night," she said coldly.

"I've just come from Anthony's supper party."

His voice made her look round sharply. She saw that his linen, ordinarily stiff and immaculate, was sodden and crumpled, his collar limp, his forehead glistening with drops of moisture.

"What ails you, Stephen?" she cried. "Have you been drinking?"

"No. I didn't drink much. I brought you something."

He took the loving cup from its flannel bag and set it upon the table. "They gave me this."

"And this too." He tossed the watch with its enameled monogram into her lap.

"Ah! That's very handsome."

"Yes. I thought you'd like it. It's from Anthony." He laughed, then shuddered.

"Why, you seem excited over these souvenirs. You surely expected"—

He broke in—a thing he rarely did while she was speaking:

"Anthony made a speech when he gave it to me—a very nice speech, full of friendship and love and gratitude." He repeated Kirk's words as he remembered them. "What do you think of that?"

Mrs. Cortlandt's eyes widened. This was not the man she knew. At this moment he was actually insistent, almost overbearing, and he was regarding her with that same ironical sneer that had roused her anger earlier in the evening.

He began to chuckle, apparently without reason. His shoulders shook feebly at first, then more violently. His flat chest heaved, and he hiccupped as if from physical weakness. It was alarming, and she rose, staring at him affrightedly. He continued to shudder and shake in uncontrollable hysteria, but his eyes were bright and watery.

"Oh, I—I—took it all in—I let him p-p-put the noose around his own neck and tie the knot. Then I hung him." His convulsive giggling was terrible, foreboding, as it did, his immediate breakdown.

(Continued next week.)

If you don't see what you want, put a want ad. In The Sentinel, and someone will bring it to you. apr22-1f

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 Stickney 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

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

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 | 1:36 a. m. |
| No. 15 | 7:56 a. m. | No. 18 | 10:16 a. m. |
| No. 17 | 3:26 p. m. | No. 20 | 2:20 p. m. |
| No. 19 | 8:20 p. m. | No. 14 | 4:35 p. m. |

Strengthens Weak and Tired Women.

"I was under a great strain nursing a relative through three months' sickness," writes Mrs. J. C. Van DeSande, of Kirkland, Ill., "but 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

Blackmore & McFarland

THE CITY TRANSFER

ALL KINDS OF
Hauling & Draying Done on Short Notice

Piano Moving a Specialty
WOOD AND COAL
PHONE 55
OFFICE AT EAGLE CIGAR STORE

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 the 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.

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

Spring Laxative and Blood Cleanser.

Flush out the accumulated waste and poisons of the winter months; cleanse your stomach, liver and kidneys of all impurities. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills; nothing better for purifying the blood. Mild, non-gripping laxative. Cures constipation; makes you feel fine. Take no other. 25c, at your druggist. Bucklin's Arnica Salve for All Hurts.
H. E. Bucklen & Co., Phila. and St. Louis

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Calling cards—The Sentinel.