

CONTEST ENDS
TURDAY EVENING
PROMPTLY AT THE

ng of Votes Will Be Held
Evening at 7 o'clock—
and Their Friends Are
Present.

e of Ballots Grows
as Close Nears

bers Wishing To Help
g Woman Must Do So at
Subscription May Win A
ome Young Hustler.

Continued from first page

mpaigners are going to
pressure for The Sentinel's
for their efforts.

that for every 1,000
y have 2,500. Get your
d then get more.

ber, that you have hundreds
who are watching you and
o want to see you win. It
u to do your level best to
at you are worthy of the
t has been given you.

ghter who makes the best
st ditch is the one victory

is the time for the effort

To Sentinel Readers.

ult nearly every reader of
has some friend in the
he or she takes enough
wish to see her win one
prizes that are to be
ontest, any one of which
of your support. The paper
subscription may give her
ber of votes she will need
ze. A new subscriber that
able to get may give her
e number of votes she
e grand prize. Doing a
favor will cost you nothing
full value for every new
subscriptions. Why not
scription at this time and
young woman who will
it?

ntest Judges Selected.

for the contest: who have
this week, and will give
standing of the candidates
urvey, Harry Short, Ben

PER VALLEY LEAGUE

W. L. M.	3
Love	2
3	1
2	2
1	2
0	4

DAMAGE BY FROST
INKS FRUIT MAN

the damage was done to
of the past week in
f Fruit Inspector Shows
ies and grapes are all
ed to any extent, in
opinion. Cherries and
ightly from the late rain
sued by the frost.

u ever noticed that you
ue of The Sentinel with
lot of news that you
heard of before. apr22

rove Chapter No. 4 O. E. F.

meetings second and final
of the month at Masonic
Highway. Next meeting

Send in This Coupon for Yourself or a Friend

THE SENTINEL,
Cottage Grove, Oregon

Send find..... Dollars as payment for my subscription to
Sentinel for..... years. Please credit the votes to

Signed.....

Address.....

This coupon and send to The Sentinel office and help some young
win a prize. Votes are issued on both old and new subscriptions.

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E. WOODSON :: :: :: PROPRIETOR

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KNOWLES & GRABER
AGENTS

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It is a recognized fact in the business world that the most reliable people are those who own their own homes. They are the ones who can be depended upon—they are the backbone of the Nation. If it is credit at a store, the merchant has more confidence in the man who owns his own home than in the renter who can pack up and pull out at a moment's notice. If it is a loan, the man who has shown habits of industry and thrift, as exemplified in the ownership of his own home, is the man who is given preference. He is the man who is considered a good risk for a non-collateral loan.

Your opportunity to become one of this favored class can be found in Manitou Park Addition on Ninth Street, which is becoming a favorite residence district.

VEATCH & 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.

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"Stephen!" she exclaimed, in a shocked tone, convinced that his mind was going. "You are ill. You need a doctor. I will call Joece!" She laid her hand on his arm. "Won't you go to your room and let me call a doctor?"

"Not yet. Wait! He told them what I had done for him. I acknowledged it all and made them hear it from my lips too. Then"—He paused, and she steeled herself to witness another spectacle of his pitiable loss of self control. But instead he grew icy and corpse-like, with lips drawn back in a grin. "I played with him the way you have played with me. Think!"

Her face went suddenly ashen.

"Well, I told him before them all that I intended to give him something in return, and I did. I gave—him you."

"God! You didn't tell him that? You didn't say that—before those men? Oh! He shrank back, drawing the gauzy silk robe closer about her breast. Then she roused to sudden action. Seizing him by the shoulders she shook him roughly with far more than her natural strength, voicing furious words which neither of them understood.

"Oh! I did it," he declared. "He's yours now. You can have him. He's been your lover!"

She flung him away from her so violently that he nearly fell.

"It's a lie! You know it's a lie!"

"It's true. I'm no fool."

She beat her hands together distractedly. "What have you done? What will those men think? Listen! You must stop them quickly. Tell them it's not so."

He seemed not to hear her. "I'm going away tomorrow," he said, "but I'll never divorce you, no matter what you do, and I won't let you divorce me either. No, no! Take him now if you want him, but you'll never be able to marry him until I'm gone. And I won't die soon—I promise you that. I'm going to live."

"You can't go!"

"There's a boat tomorrow."

"Don't you see you must stay and explain to those men? My God! They'll think you spoke the truth. They'll believe what you said."

"Of course they will," he chattered shrilly. "That's why I did it in that way. No matter what you or he or I can do or say now they'll believe it forever. It came to me like a flash of light, and I saw what it meant all in a minute. Do you understand what it means, eh? Listen! No matter how you behave they'll know. They won't say anything, but they'll know, and you can't stand that, can you?"

"You have no evidence."

"No? What about that night at Taboga? You were mad over the fellow then, but you didn't think I saw. That day I caught you together in the jungle—have you forgotten that? Didn't you think it strange that I should be the one to discover you? Oh, I pretended to be blind, but I followed you everywhere I could, and I kept my eyes open."

"You saw nothing, for there was nothing."

"I waited because I wasn't strong enough to revolt—until tonight. Oh, but tonight I was strong! Something gave me courage."

CHAPTER XXIV.
A Question and the Answer.

IN all their married life Edith Cortlandt had never known her husband to show such stubborn force. Falling to dominate him as usual, she was filled with a strange feeling of helplessness and terror.

"You had no right to accept such evidence," she stormed.

"Bah! Why try to fool me? I have your own words for it. The other afternoon I came home sick—with my head. I was on the gallery outside head. I was on the gallery outside head, and when you were pleading with him, and when you were pleading with him, I heard it all. But he was growing tired of you. That, you know, makes it all the more effective." He smiled in an agonized fury.

"You—er!" she cried, with the fury of one beating barehead at a barred door. "You had no right to do such a thing even if I were guilty."

"Right. Aren't you my wife?"

The look she gave him was heavy with loathing. "That means nothing with us. I never loved you, and you know it. You never could have succeeded without me. All you have is due to me—even your reputation in the service. Your success, your influence. It is all mine. The debt is all on your side, as you and I and all the world know."

"Who made me a mankin?" he demanded, with womanish fury, a fury that had been striving for utterance these many years. I had ambitions and hopes and ability once—not much

perhaps, but enough—before you married me. I was nothing great, but I was getting along. I had confidence, too, but you took it away from me. You—you absorbed me. You had your father's brain, and it was too big for me. It overshadowed mine. In a way you were a vampire, for what I had you drained me of. But tonight, when he got up before those other men and dangled his shame before my eyes, I had enough manhood left in me to strike back. Thank God for that at least! Maybe it's not too late yet for me to be a man. Maybe if I get away from you and try"—His voice died out weakly. In his face there was a miserable half gleam of hope.

"I never knew you felt like that. I never knew you could feel that way," she said in a colorless voice. "But you made a terrible mistake."

"Do you mean to say you don't love him?"

"No, I have loved him for a long time. I can't remember when it began." She spoke very listlessly, looking past him as if at a familiar picture which she was tired of contemplating. "I never knew what love was before; I never even dreamed. I'd give my life right now to undo what you have done. Just for his sake, for he is innocent. Oh, don't sneer; it's true. He loves the Garavel girl and wants to marry her. I'm going to tell you the whole truth now without sparing myself. It began, I think, at Taboga, that night when he kissed me. It was the only time he ever did such a thing. It was dark, we were alone, I was frightened, and it was purely impulse on his part. But it woke me up, and all at once I knew how much he meant to me. When I discovered that he cared for that girl—well, if you overheard you must know. I frightened Garavel into dismissing him, and I set out to break him, just to show him that he needed me. Tonight he scorned me. That's the truth, Stephen. If we believed in oaths I would swear it."

"You are shielding him. You want to make me out wrong." But she knew he knew.

"Those are the facts. Heaven knows they are bad enough, but they are by no means so bad as you thought. And I'm your wife, Stephen. That thing you did was brutal. Those men will talk. I was guilty no doubt in my thoughts, but I'm young, and you have no right to blight my life and my reputation—yes, and yours—by a thing like that. We will have to meet those men. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he said. "In all my life I never felt but one moment of power, and that, it seems, was false. For years I have longed to show myself a man, and now—what have I done? What have I done? I am no monster. Why couldn't you be consistent? Why did you go halfway? Why couldn't you be all good or all bad and save me this?"

"All women are half good and half bad."

"I can't blame you for not loving me, I suppose," he mumbled. "No woman of your kind could love a man like me."

"Those men!" she said in a way that made him wince.

"Wait until I—think. I must think."

"Perhaps in the morning we can see a way out."

"That's it," he nodded. "You go to bed and I'll think. I'm trying to think now, but this heat is suffocating me and my head is tired."

Despite the breathless oppression of the night, she shivered. "I never can meet them now, and I don't see how you will dare to, knowing that you were wrong."

"Don't!" he pleaded. "The other was bad enough, but this—Tell me what to do!"

"I can't. I don't know myself. All I can see is that those men will never cease to believe, no matter what you tell them."

As she prepared for bed an hour later she heard him still stirring about in his quarters, but afterward she did not detect his cautious footsteps when he stole out of his chamber, closing the door softly behind him.

Kirk was roused from a heavy, senseless slumber the next morning by a vigorous rapping at his door. He opened the door and Rannels rushed in.

"Where did you go after I left you last night?"

"I came here, of course." As the memory of the previous night swept over Kirk he scowled.

"Did you stay here?"

"No. I went out again, and was out nearly all night trying to walk it off." Rannels' face blanched, and he drew back.

"Then, of course, you know?"

"What?"

"About Cortlandt. He's dead?"

"Dead? When? Where? How did it happen?"

"Nobody knows just how. He was found on the sea wall near Alfarez's house, shot."

"Shot! Good Lord!"

"Did you see Cortlandt again after I left you?" Rannels swallowed hard.

Kirk whirled about and faced him.

"Great heavens! No! See here, that idea is ridiculous!"

Rannels sank weakly into a chair and mopped his face. "When you said you'd gone out again it knocked me flat, understand?"

"I can prove where I was, for Allan was with me. I couldn't sleep, so I tried to walk off my excitement. No, no; I couldn't do a thing like that! I thought last night that I could, but—I couldn't, really."

"I'm afraid Wade will tell all about the party if we don't stop him."

"Then we'd better hunt him up."

Kirk resumed his dressing, while Rannels consulted his watch.

"No. 5 is due in twenty minutes. We'll probably find him at the office."

Together they hastened to the railroad building, Rannels telling all he knew of the tragedy as they went along. Cortlandt's body, it seemed, had been found about daylight by a Spigotly policeman, who had identified it. Becoming panic stricken at the importance of his discovery, he had sounded the alarm, then reported directly to the governor, whose house was close by. The whole city was alive with the news. The police were buzzing like bees. Rumors of suicide, murder, robbery, were about, but no one seemed to know anything definite.

"It was suicide," Kirk averred, with conviction. "The man was insane last night, and that accounts for what he said about me. He's been sick for a long time."

"If those boys will only keep their mouths shut," Rannels said anxiously. "There's no telling what these Spigotly might do if they heard about that row."

"Cortlandt was an American."

"But it happened in Panama, and it would be their affair."

Although it was Sunday, the four young fellows who had taken part in the entertainment on the night before had gathered in the office and at the appearance of Rannels greeted him eagerly. Toward Kirk, however, they maintained a disheartening constraint.

The acting superintendent began to caution them tersely.

"It's a bad business," said Rannels, "and it's something I for one don't want to be mixed up in. I've heard rumors already about some sort of a quarrel at our party, so I'm afraid you fellows have been talking."

Wade acknowledged it recklessly. "Yes, I'll answer for my part, and I'm not going to make any promise of secrecy either."

Into the office behind them came Ramon Alfarez and two Panamanian policemen, one evidently a sergeant.

"Eh, there you are!" Alfarez cried as he caught sight of Kirk. "You are arrested!"

"What for?"

"Gentlemen, you will be so kind as to give the names, yes? The Jodge will desire to make inquiries regarding those sopper to Senor Cortlandt's night."

At that moment the building began to shake and reverberate as No. 5 rolled in from Colon, bearing John Weeks, American consul, and Mr. Williams of St. Louis in one of the forward coaches. As the two hurried out through the turnstiles they found the street blocked by a considerable crowd, evidently interested in something quite apart from the arrival of the morning train. But before they could learn the cause out from the nearby building came Ramon Alfarez, accompanied by several policemen and a group of railroad employees, among whom was Kirk Anthony.

"There he is!" wheezed the consul, clutching at his companion's arm. "Get him now before his friends."

"You are arrested!"

Williams thrust the policemen and the curious onlookers aside and, laying hold of Anthony, cried in triumph: "Well, Mr. Jefferson Locke, I want you."

A little man in blue uniform was attempting to take the prisoner in charge, but the detective disregarded him.

Rannels elbowed his way forward with a question.

"Oh, I've got a warrant for him," Williams declared. "What for? Well, for one thing, he embezzled \$80,000, and I'm going to take him back."

"Eh? What is this?" Alfarez bustled into the conversation. "Embezzle? He is then a thief?"

"Exactly. If you're the inspector I'll ask you to make this arrest for me. I believe we're on foreign ground."

"I regret you've arrived so late," smirked Alfarez. "The gentleman is already arrested for the murder of Senor Cortlandt. He will first answer to that. I assure you."

It was during the lunch hour that Ramon Alfarez called at the Garavel home, finding the banker and his daughter still loitering over their midday meal and discussing the topic that had electrified the whole city.

"So fine a man," the father was saying. "He was, indeed, my good friend. It is shocking."

(Continued next week.)

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"I am a lover of your godsend to humanity and science. Your medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery, cured my cough of three years standing," says Jennie Flemming, of New Dover, Ohio. Have you an annoying cough? Is it stubborn and won't yield to treatment? Get a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery today. What it did for Jennie Flemming it will do for you, no matter how stubborn or chronic a cough may be. It stops a cough and stops throat and lung trouble. Relief or money back. 50c and \$1.00, at your drugist.

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DRAYING AND MOVING
Use Our Auto Dray for Quick Service.

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

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COTTAGE GROVE STATION

South Bound	North Bound
No. 12 2:10 a. m.	No. 16 1:36 a. m.
No. 15 7:06 a. m.	No. 18 10:16 a. m.
No. 17 3:26 p. m.	No. 20 2:29 p. m.
No. 19 8:20 p. m.	No. 14 4:35 p. m.

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Hauling & Draying Done on Short Notice
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\$100 Reward, \$100

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