

# STOCK REDUCING SALE

## Will Be Continued During May

### GROCERIES

Pure Cane Sugar .....\$4.70  
 Beet Sugar, per sack... 4.50  
 21 lbs. Cane Sugar..... 1.00  
 22 lbs. Beet Sugar.... 1.00  
 Tea Garden Syrup, gal. .75c  
 Kipperd Herring .....7c  
 Pearl Oil, can.....\$1.05  
 Bulk Oil, gal.....12c  
 Headlight Oil, can..... 1.10  
 2 1/2 lb. can Royal Club  
 Club Pineapple.....18c  
 K. C. Baking Powder...19c  
 Shredded Coconut, lb..19c  
 Corn Starch.....6c  
 Yeast Foam.....3c  
 A. & H. Soda.....6c  
 White Mountain, a guar-  
 anteed hard wheat  
 Flour, a sack.....\$1.25  
 Quality considered, our cash  
 prices are lower than the  
 lowest. Ask us to quote on  
 anything you need.

### Laces and Embroideries

When we sell you a sack of  
 sugar for \$4.70 when you  
 have been paying \$5.00, you  
 appreciate the saving, but we  
 will give you comparatively  
 much closer prices on laces  
 and embroideries. You can  
 make a greater saving on the  
 purchase of \$1.00 worth of  
 lace and embroidery than on  
 a sack of sugar.

4c Lace.....2c to 2 1/2c  
 5c Lace.....3c to 3 1/2c  
 7c Lace.....3 1/2c to 5c  
 10c Lace.....5 1/2c to 7c  
 12c Lace.....7c  
 15c Lace.....10c  
 20c Lace.....13 1/2c  
 30c Lace.....17c  
 3 1/2c Embroidery.....2c  
 5c Embroidery.....3c  
 6c Embroidery.....4c  
 8c Embroidery.....5c  
 12c Embroidery.....9c  
 15c Embroidery.....9 1/2c

### DRY GOODS

15c and 18c Curtain Serims,  
 a yd.....12c  
 20c Curtain Serims.....13c  
 25c Curtain Serims.....19c  
 40c Curtain Serims.....28c  
 12 1/2c Persian Fleece.....9c  
 15c Eden Cloth Waisting, a  
 yd.....11 1/2c

12 1/2c Shirting.....9c  
 12 1/2c Duck.....9 1/2c  
 15c Duck.....11c  
 17c Denims.....13c  
 25c Flaxons.....16c to 19c  
 20c White Goods.....13c  
 25c White Goods, 16c to 19c  
 15c Dotted Swiss.....11c  
 25c Dotted Swiss.....18c  
 15c Satine.....9c  
 20c Satine.....16 1/2c  
 25c Satine.....20c  
 40c Satine.....29c  
 20c Japanese Crepe, 14c-16c  
 20c Poplin.....15c  
 25c and 30c Poplin.....19c  
 8 1/2c Sheeting-Lillian.....8c  
 8 1/2c Marietta Sheeting.....7c  
 9c Cotton Flannel.....7c  
 6c Challie.....4 1/2c  
 7c Challie.....5 1/2c  
 12 1/2c Creton.....9c  
 19c Creton.....14c  
 35c Creton.....24c

We have a full stock of chil-  
 dren's rompers—Just the  
 thing to protect their clothes,  
 keeping them clean and giv-  
 ing them a chance to grow  
 strong and happy by health-  
 ful play.  
 Sizes 2 to 8 years.  
 Colors: Light blue, dark  
 blue, tan, pink and brown.  
 50c Rompers.....38c  
 60c Rompers.....41c  
 \$1.35 Boys' Cowboy Suits—  
 Shirt, pants, hat and belt,  
 the outfit.....98c  
 \$1.75 Boy Scout Suits—Coat,  
 pants, cap and belt.....\$1.24

### SHOES

We will make very special  
 prices on Men's and Boys'  
 low shoes. Prices will be so  
 low it will be cheaper to buy  
 the boys' low shoes than for  
 them to go bare-footed and  
 doctor stone bruises.

Children's Low Shoes  
 85c Values.....50c  
 \$1.20 Values.....80c  
 1.60 Values.....\$1.19

\$1.75 Boys' Low Shoes, 1.31  
 2.35 Boys' Low Shoes, 1.71  
 2.50 Boys' Low Shoes, 1.87  
 2.75 Boys' Low Shoes, 1.98  
 2.85 Boys' Low Shoes, 2.10  
 3.50 Men's Low Shoes, 2.63  
 4.00 Men's Low Shoes, 3.00  
 4.25 Men's Low Shoes, 3.17  
 4.50 Men's Low Shoes, 3.37

Still greater reductions on  
 Laces, Ribbons, Buttons and  
 all Fancy Dry Goods.

### Ladies' Parasols

We have always sold parasols  
 at the lowest prices in  
 Cottage Grove. When we  
 put parasols on sale, prices  
 mean that it is better to buy  
 a parasol than to have freck-  
 les.

\$1.25 Parasol.....70c to 77c  
 1.40 Parasol.....96c  
 1.50 Parasol.....1.13  
 2.50 Parasol.....1.67  
 3.00 Parasol.....1.81

We have all colors—black,  
 white, tan, blue, brown, red  
 and fancy combinations.

# BURKHOLDER-WOODS COMPANY

## The Daylight Store, COTTAGE GROVE

ness. Strange to say, these marks of  
 suffering did not detract from her ap-  
 pearance, but rather enhanced her  
 poise and distinction.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Mrs.  
 Cortlandt," he said as she extended  
 her hand. "But do you think it was  
 wise for you to come?"

She shrugged. "People can say no  
 more than they have already said. My  
 name is on every tongue, and a little  
 more gossip can make matters no  
 worse. I had to come. I just couldn't  
 stay away. I wonder if you can real-  
 ize what I have been through."

"It must have been terrible," he said  
 gently.

"Yes, I have paid. It seems to me  
 that I have paid for everything I ever  
 did. Those newspaper stories nearly  
 killed me, but it wasn't that so much  
 as the thought that you were suffering  
 for my acts."

"I'm very sorry. You never thought  
 for a moment that I did what they  
 claim?"

"No, no! It has all been a mistake  
 from the first. I was sure of that."

"You heard what those two men tes-  
 tified?"

"Bah! That is Ramon Alfarez. But  
 he can do nothing. You will forgive



"I am free, free!"  
 me for what I said that night at the  
 hotel, won't you? I didn't really mean  
 to injure you, Kirk, but I was half  
 hysterical. I had suffered so these last  
 few months that I was ready to do

anything. I never dreamed there was  
 a way out of my misery, a way so  
 close at hand. But somehow, even be-  
 fore General Alfarez's voice on the  
 phone told me what had happened, I  
 knew, and I—I felt!"

"I know you had a great deal to put  
 up with," he said, "but for both our  
 sakes I wish it had come in some oth-  
 er way."

"Oh, I don't care," she cried reck-  
 lessly. "The one thing I can grasp in  
 all this turmoil, the one thing that  
 rings in my ears every moment, is that  
 I am free, free! That is all that mat-  
 ters to me. You showed your loyalty  
 to Stephen more than once, and, though  
 your scruples angered me, I honor you  
 for them now."

"Your husband's death can make no  
 difference with us, Mrs. Cortlandt," he  
 said gravely.

"We have talked openly before, and  
 there is no need to do otherwise now.  
 You mean by that that you don't care  
 for me, but I know better. I believe  
 there is a love so strong that it must  
 find an answer. Although you may  
 not care for me now as you care for  
 some one else—I know that I can make  
 you forget her and put me in her place.  
 I can help you, oh, so much!"

"Wait!" he said harshly. "You force  
 me to break my word. I don't want to  
 tell you this, but—I am married!"

"You never told me that! It was  
 some mad college prank, I suppose."

"No, no. I married Gertrudis Gar-  
 val that night at the Tirol!"

"Oh, that can't be. That was the  
 night of the dance. Why didn't you  
 tell me? Why isn't she here? Why  
 does she leave you alone? No, no!  
 You hardly know each other. Why,  
 she's not old enough to know her own  
 mind!"

"But I know my mind, and I love  
 her."

Her white hands strained at each  
 other as she steeled her shaking  
 voice. "Love!" she cried. "You don't  
 know what love means, nor does she.  
 She can't know, or she'd be here.  
 She'd have this prison torn block from  
 block."

"You don't know what you're saying.  
 You're hysterical, Mrs. Cortlandt. I  
 love Gertrudis so deeply that there's  
 no room in me for anything else and  
 never will be. Heaven only knows  
 what they have made her believe about  
 me, but I don't care. I'll upset this  
 little plot of Alfarez's, and when she  
 learns the truth she will come back  
 again."

"This little plot!" Edith cried in  
 distraction. "And I suppose you wish  
 me to give you back to her? But I  
 won't help her. I'm not that sort. I'm  
 a selfish woman. I've always been  
 selfish because I've never had anybody  
 to work for. But I have it in me to be  
 generous."

"I'm sorry," he said. "You have suf-  
 fered. I know. Don't trouble any

more about me—please."

"Oh, I'd rather face the gallows as  
 you face it than what is before me,  
 and I'm not sure I could help you, af-  
 ter all. You are in Latin America now,  
 remember, and your enemies are  
 strong."

"I am Darwin K. Anthony's son,"  
 he protested. "He won't allow it."

"Bah! He is an American, and these  
 are Spanish people. You have seen  
 how they like us, and you have seen  
 what Alfarez can do. He's rich, and  
 he'll perjure more witnesses; he'll  
 manipulate the court with his money.  
 Yes, and I'd rather be succeeded than  
 see you—no, no! What am I saying?  
 Let me go, let me get away from  
 here!" She broke down and went sob-  
 bing out into the corridor.

On the same afternoon Mr. Clifford,  
 accompanied by Anson, the lawyer,  
 took the 3:20 train for Colon. As  
 soon as he arrived he called up Col-  
 onel Johnson to request that the com-  
 missioner's motorcar should, without  
 fail, await him at 10 o'clock sharp on  
 the next morning, with an open track  
 ahead of it. Strangely enough, the  
 colonel agreed very readily.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

Darwin K. Anthony.  
**A**BOUT noon on Monday Edith  
 Cortlandt received a caller.  
 The name she read on the  
 card her maid handed her  
 gave her a start of surprise and set her  
 wits whirling in speculation.

She was greeted by a gigantic old  
 man with a rumbling voice. He was  
 pacing back and forth with the rest-  
 lessness of a polar bear.

"How do you do, Mrs. Cortlandt?"  
 he began at sight of her, his big voice  
 flooding the room. "I'm sorry to dis-  
 turb you under the circumstances. I  
 know your husband slightly, and I've  
 heard about you. I extend my sym-  
 pathy."

She bowed. "When did you arrive?"

"Just now. Came across in one of  
 those blanked joy wagons—fifty miles  
 an hour. I know everything, madam.  
 What I didn't know before I landed  
 I learned on the way across the isthmus.  
 So don't let's waste time. Dence of a  
 position for you to be in—I understand,  
 and all that—and I'm sorry for you.  
 Now, let's get down to business, for I  
 must get back to New York."

It was impossible not to feel Darwin  
 K. Anthony's force. It spoke in his  
 every tone and action. It looked out  
 from his harsh lined features and  
 showed in his energetic movements.

He was a great granite block of a  
 man, powerful in physique, in mind  
 and in determination.

"In what way may I be of service to  
 you?" she inquired coldly.

"I want my boy," he said simply,  
 and she began to see that underneath  
 his cold and domineering exterior his  
 heart was torn by a great distress.

"You know all the circumstances of  
 course?"

"I do. That's why I came straight  
 to you. I know you're the keystone of  
 the whole affair, so I didn't waste time  
 with these other people. Kirk's a  
 blundering idiot and always has been. He  
 isn't worth the powder to blow to  
 do-well. But I suppose I'll have to do  
 my duty by him. I just had to kick  
 him out. Sorry I didn't do it sooner."

"If you have cut him off why do you  
 care what becomes of him?"

But his voice rose fiercely. "He's my  
 boy, and I've a right to treat him any  
 blanked way I please, but nobody else  
 is going to abuse him! These Span-  
 iards can't do it! I'll teach them to  
 lay hands on my—boy! I don't care  
 what he's done. They've got to give  
 him up. And he's going back with  
 me. He's going home. I—want him."

"Why have you come to me?" she  
 queried.

"Because you must know the truth  
 if anybody does, and I want your  
 help." His voice softened suddenly,  
 and he regarded her with a gentle  
 kindness that was surprising. "I've  
 heard all about you and Kirk. In fact,  
 I've known what was going on all the  
 time, for I've had a man on his track  
 night and day. You may know him—  
 Clifford? Well, he followed Kirk that  
 night after the supper to your hus-  
 band, but Anson didn't dare call him  
 to the stand at the hearing for fear  
 this Alfarez would perjure more of his  
 black and tans."

"So Clifford is your man?"

"Yes, I took him off my system and  
 sent him down here as soon as I got  
 Kirk's idiotic, impudent letter"—The  
 old man began to sputter with indig-  
 nance. "What do you think he wrote  
 Mrs. Cortlandt? He had the impud-  
 ence to turn down a good job I of-  
 fered him because 'his wife might not  
 like our climate.' Thank God, he had  
 sense enough not to do that!"

"Then you don't know?"

"Know what?"

"That he is married."

"Is—that?" roared Anthony fur-  
 rously.

She nodded. "A Miss Garval. They  
 were married a—week ago." She broke  
 down miserably and hid her face in  
 her hands. He strode to her with a  
 light of understanding in his eyes.  
 Laying a great hand upon her drooping  
 head, he exclaimed with wonderful  
 softness:

"My dear Mrs. Cortlandt, I'm very  
 sorry for you, indeed I am. Now—  
 now, try to face it squarely. All good  
 women are brave, and you're a good  
 woman. We both love him, and I  
 know we can save him if we pull to-  
 gether."

"Yes, yes!" She raised her drawn,  
 white face eagerly to his. "It will

only take a word, but I have been like  
 a mad woman. I couldn't bear to give  
 him up, and when I learned the truth  
 I thought I could let him—suffer. But  
 I couldn't. He is the first and only  
 man!"

"I know." He patted her in a way  
 that said more than words.

"I couldn't have stood out much  
 longer."

"Then you have proof?" His face  
 was wild with eagerness.

"This. Take it quickly. I only found  
 it last night. It had been mislaid in  
 the confusion. I meant to give it up,  
 I really did." With clumsy fingers she  
 drew from the front of her dress an  
 unsealed letter and handed it to him.

"Stephen was not a bad man, you see,  
 and he had no intention of wronging  
 an innocent person."

Darwin K. Anthony's pallor matched  
 hers as he read the sheet; then he ex-  
 claimed weakly: "Thank God! Some-  
 thing told me to come straight to you.  
 Something always tells me where to  
 find the heart of things."

Kirk was considerably surprised that  
 afternoon when a sergeant and two  
 policemen came to his cell, signifying  
 that he was to accompany them. He  
 could not make out where they were  
 taking him, and, despite their unusual  
 politeness, they were dense to all in-  
 quiries. The coach drew up at last  
 before a large, white building, and he  
 was told to descend. Up a flight of  
 stairs he was escorted, his pulses  
 quickening with apprehension, down a  
 long corridor and into a large room,  
 where he saw Runnels, Colonel John-  
 son, Anson, Clifford, a dozen or more  
 Panamanian officials and—he stopped  
 in his tracks as his eyes fell upon a  
 huge, white crowned figure that came  
 to meet him.

A certain harsh yet tender voice pro-  
 nounced his name. He felt his hands  
 crushed in his father's palms, found  
 the old man's arm about his shoulders  
 and saw the deep set, steel blue eyes  
 be loved so well wet and shiny. A  
 sudden sense of security swept over  
 him, banishing all his fears.

"My kid!" the old man said, shak-  
 ingly. "How have they treated you,  
 Buster?" It was a nickname he had  
 given his son when he was a sturdy,  
 round facedurchin of eight.

"You came, didn't you?" Kirk said,  
 in a voice not at all like his own.

"Of course I came, the instant Clif-  
 ford called me that these idiots had  
 arrested you. By—! They'll sweat  
 for this! How are you anyhow, Kirk?  
 Damn it, you need a shave! Wouldn't  
 they give you a razor? Hey, Clifford,  
 Colonel Johnson, come here! These  
 scoundrels wouldn't give him a shave  
 I suppose you're hungry, too; well,  
 so'm I. We'll be out of here in a mi-  
 nute, then you show me the best place  
 in town, and we'll have a decent meal,  
 just we two, the way we used to. I'll  
 pay the bill. Great Scott! But I've

missed you, Buster!"

"Wait, dad." Kirk was smiling, but  
 his heart ached at his father's words.  
 "I'm a jail bird, you know. But I don't  
 think I—killed a fellow. But I don't  
 care much what they think now."

"That's all over," Clifford broke in.  
 "We've squared that, and you're  
 discharged in ten minutes."

"Certainly," said the father, "Kirk  
 shot himself. Anybody but a blun-  
 dering Spanish ass would have known  
 at the start. We have a letter he  
 wrote to his wife an hour before he  
 did it. She just found it and turned  
 over. She left here a moment ago, and  
 Clifford followed you that night so  
 knows you didn't go near Cortlandt.  
 Oh, you should have seen 'em all at  
 when we flashed it on 'em all at  
 and they learned who I was!"

"But those men who swore they  
 saw me?"

"Bah! We've got that little fellow  
 with the mustache, and both his  
 noses. If they don't send him up  
 again, he'll push this isthmus overboard  
 with him!"

"I know you could fix things."

"Fix 'em, fix 'em! That's easy! You  
 know how you been getting along  
 how?"

"Great!"

"And you married one of these  
 maniacs, eh?" The father scowled.  
 "Lord, I can trust you to make a  
 fool of yourself."

"Say, dad, she's only—so big. An-  
 thony Junior indicated his wife's ap-  
 pearance, smiling rapturously.

"Love her?"

"Do I? It's fierce."

"Humph! You'll have to get over  
 I'll pay your debts and take care  
 of you, but I can't stand a mulatto  
 around me."

"There aren't any debts, and she's  
 not a mulatto. She's a—dream."

Some time later Kirk found himself  
 in the open sunlight a free man  
 more, with Darwin K. Anthony  
 Runnels on either side of him. He  
 before he had gone a block he had  
 suddenly, saying:

"Williams! I'd forgotten him  
 his warrant."

"He's fixed," Runnels explained.  
 "While your father and Mrs. Cortlandt  
 and Colonel Johnson were getting  
 out of jail Clifford and I told him  
 truth. He's rather a decent fellow,  
 they have caught the real Jefferson  
 Locke or whatever his name is."

"No!"

"Yes, a week ago. He landed in  
 town. Couldn't stay away from his  
 country any longer. Williams had  
 heard of it."

"What has become of Higgins?"  
 Kirk inquired of his father.

Anthony scowled and exploded:  
 (Concluded next week.)

CUSTOMERS D  
 Bank courtesy a  
 cination and a  
 modate patrons  
 that guarantee a  
 institution. Th  
 to be judged by

First Natio

Sales of 1

any Matters of More

Any item in these columns con-  
 taining a mark I. J. is paid advertising.  
 Compliance with the postal regulati-

Mrs. Fritz Soderstrom arrived  
 Portland Friday for a short visit.  
 Mr. Soderstrom's parents at Di-  
 Mr. Soderstrom left Saturday on  
 a trip of several days to Rose-

W. H. Bailey of Des Moines,  
 left Monday after a short visit  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wood. Mrs.  
 is a cousin of Mr. Wood.  
 Harris is having a wall paper  
 a22 tf

Geor of Portland, candidate for  
 was in the city Friday.

ANGES, COOK STOVES  
 HEATERS  
 A Large Assortment  
 ENTER BROS.  
 HOUSE FURNISHERS  
 NUF-CED

Jennie Walker and family leave  
 for Toledo, Ore.

Line of Pocket Knives, at Wynne

L. Godard has a fine swimming  
 pool at his new place on Coast Fork and  
 the general public is welcome to  
 use it, the only restriction being the  
 wearing of proper bathing suits.

Carley and Jennings Counts  
 several days of last week with  
 by at Divide.

Specialists upon request. Dr. Goff,  
 proprietor. mh25tf

J. P. Sibbitt arrived Thursday  
 for home in Kansas for a visit  
 to his daughter, Mrs. C. J. Kem.

OE BAKER  
 General Blacksmith  
 AND REPAIR WORK  
 LOCATED ON WEST SIDE

50 cents on your cats. \$5.00  
 for \$4.50. Famous coffee served.  
 for transient trade. Monte's Cafe.  
 Mrs. Kait B. V. D. and Balbriggan  
 under wear in two-piece suits  
 suits. Just the right weight  
 summer weather, at Powell & Co's.

Mowers, \$3.40, at Wynne &  
 ..

large tract of good farming land to  
 be shown open in Central Oregon in  
 Good climate, plenty of water,  
 rich soil. For large map and full  
 particulars and information send \$1.50  
 to C. Dearway, The Dalles, Oregon.  
 This way we can make it easy for  
 you to locate and file on a fine free  
 tract. ap22-my20c

Super Sewing Machines at Mills &  
 Music House. Easy payment  
 all!

Pianos :: Phonographs  
 Musical Merchandise  
 Sewing Machines  
 Mills & Roach Music House  
 First Nat. Bank Bldg.

Miss Battee, recognized as one of the  
 artistic photographers in Eugene  
 charge of the Armstrong Studio  
 during the absence of Mr. Armstrong.  
 persons can be assured of securing a  
 work as if Mr. Armstrong attend  
 to it himself. may13-2

Your teeth are a most important fac-  
 tor in your health. No need to long  
 to have them repaired. Dr. Ingrat  
 it without pain or other ill effects  
 may6t

Get a meal ticket and you will never  
 break or hangry. \$5.00 worth fo  
 \$5. Unsurpassed coffee. Rapid fo  
 healthy food. Monte's Cafe.