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It's surprising how much news The Sentinel gets when there are so many who know news that they do not tell.

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DENTIST
OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Cottage Grove

RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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THIRTEENTH EPISODE. Trapped.

DOWN the street at a tearing pace came the family car of the runaway bride's father and mother, and in it with them were two of her friends and the deserted groom, his teeth gritting and his fists clinched as he saw these two scoundrels bundle his pretty June into the car and hurry in after her.

Just behind the family came an electric coupe driven by a sharp featured woman with a long nose and high arched brows, and as she saw this bold abduction she shrieked and ran her car into the curb. Around the corner of the studio came bounding a handsome colie, which ran to the car, loudly barking. A woman with high cheek bones and accompanied by a tall policeman, followed the dog. She dashed up to the limousine as it started and jumped upon the running board.

From a doorway on the opposite side of the street there sprang a short, wide man with a thick stub of a cigar in his mouth, who pursued the limousine, hopped upon the spare tires at the back of the car and hung there. The woman on the running board opened the door of the limousine and forced her way in as they dashed around the corner.

The luxurious limousine was speedier than its pursuers, but not speedy enough entirely to lose the family car with the deserted groom. It had gained several blocks' headway, however, when it turned a corner and stopped abruptly in front of a house where a vivacious brunette and a large blond woman stood peering eagerly out of the window. Only for an instant it paused. The door opened. Out of it sprang the white mustached man and drew after him the half fainting girl in the voluminous black cloak. He put his arm around her and hurriedly forced her up the steps. The woman with the high cheek bones darted after her.

The man with the black vandyke caught her by the arm and held her back. He spoke sharply to the driver, who was the treacherous Scatt, and the limousine jerked forward just as the door of the house opened and the beautiful girl was thrust inside.

The black vandyke man talked earnestly with the high cheek boned woman for an instant and gave her some money, hurried up the steps and left himself in with a latchkey, while the woman ran down to the basement door and pushed past the servant who opened it.

At that moment the family car swerved around the corner and flashed by, still pursuing the luxurious limousine. It had lost this scene of alighting through having stopped long enough to take on the handsome colie.

So it was that beautiful June Warner came into the boarding house of Mrs. Russel.

CHAPTER II.
Far out on Broadway the luxurious limousine, with the black curtains drawn and the bit of filmy gauze fluttering from the door, turned toward the river.

Ned Warner sat with gritted teeth and clinched hands, never removing his eyes from the fleeing limousine into which he had seen his lovely runaway bride bundled by the scoundrelly Gilbert Blye. He was determined that this time the chase should not end until he had his fingers clutched around the throat of that dark, handsome man with the black vandyke and had strangled him to death.

As Cunningham entered, June, afraid, called for Gilbert Blye, and he came hurrying into the room, a scowl upon his dark, handsome face.

"Please!" Please, Mr. Blye!" begged June.
"Come!" His low voice soothed her. "You must lie down and rest for a few moments, and I promise that no one shall disturb you." He led her to a room.

In the basement Marie stood with Gilbert Blye's money in her hand. She started for the door. She came back and started for the stairs. She turned again to the door, again to the stairs, then stood and looked at Gilbert Blye's money, her high cheek bones white and indecision on her brow.

Uphill and downhill rushed the black curtained limousine with the Moore family car still in hot pursuit. The sharp featured woman with the long nose and the high arched brows rolled her electric coupe up to the door of her own house and went into the parlor.

June closed her eyes. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, running to the door, placed the tilted hat of her cravat beneath the knob; then she stood for a moment in earnest thought. She walked slowly to the wardrobe and opened it. Half a dozen pretty costumes hung there. She was about hastily to bring down the least conspicuous of these, and she chose instead one of the most elaborate, an afternoon gown richly trimmed with fur. With feverish speed she donned this exquisite garment, congratulating herself that it fitted her beautifully.

As Blye started up the stairs he stopped, surprised by the beautiful figure which emerged from a room and came down toward him with queenly grace.

"Will you give me a cigarette, please?" she gayly requested of him, and he looked at her in astonishment.

"Why—why, yes!" he stammered.
"Whose dress am I wearing?" June cheerfully demanded.

"It's mine," said one of the girls, jumping up from the side of Cunningham and walking all around her. "But honey, I'm bound to say that it looks better on you than it does on me."

"By George, you're a dream!" said Orin Cunningham, and, with a sidelong glance at Gilbert Blye, he walked across to her, and from his pocket he drew a long white leather case closed with a golden clasp. He opened it, drew something from it and, his eyes sparkling, held up a string of milk white pearls.

"How about it?"
She flashed her large, lustrous eyes at him, and her rosy lips parted in a smile; then she looked at Gilbert Blye.

He hesitated a moment and nodded. Then she bent her head, and Cunningham threw the string of pearls around her beautiful white neck.

"I think I'll have a cocktail, please," she said, turning suddenly to Mrs. Russel. "Why has no one offered me one?"

Suddenly she whirled to the door, and Cunningham was after her in a flash.
"No, no!" she laughingly cried. "I'm going to surprise you. You must stay in here and wait."

"Not me," laughed Cunningham. "And she flounced into a chair with a pretty pout."

"Here, Cunningham," called the young man who had followed June, "we want that surprise."

"Sit down, Cunningham," said Blye, while he held back the portieres for June to pass.

Halfway up the stairs June turned and found the eyes of the stalwart guard fixed steadily upon her. She smiled sweetly at him and beckoned.

"What's your name?" and, folding her hands together, she beamed down at the big lout.

"Christian," and he actually grinned.

"Well, Christian, now listen," and she held up a warning finger. "I want you to help me play a little trick. Come on and I'll show you." She turned and tripped lightly up the stairs.

Her silvery little laugh came as she ran lightly to the window and threw it open. There was a tiny balcony outside which was entirely isolated and quite high above the street.

"Now, just stand out there," she directed, and he stepped obediently out. Gently she lowered the window.

"I'll tell you what to do next," she laughed, nodded to him and turned the window lock; then she slid the steel fire shutters, which she had discovered in the window jamb, and dropped their bolt in place.

On the bed were the coat and hat which she had laid out. She grabbed these up and then, with a quick glance about her, closed her door softly from the outside and tiptoed down the stairs. Closing the door behind her with a touch as soft as the breath of summer, June hurried lightly down the steps, crouching close to the stone wall.

Then, casting over her shoulder one glance, in which was all the agony of terror, she trusted to her heels and ran up the street at top speed. As she neared the corner she turned and looked back. The stalwart Christian, with his face to the window, was patiently waiting for instructions.

CHAPTER III.
In the ornately decorated parlor Mrs. Russel served the cocktails and started upstairs with June's. They stopped her at the portieres.

"She's not to be disturbed," they all told her in their different forms of speech.

June Warner had fled far away from that lion, hurrying on and on as if she could not put enough distance between herself and that hateful scene. She was in the more closely populated district now, on a street of cheap shops and rickety tenements.

What was she to do next? A sign at the foot of a dark, narrow stairway caught her eye:

"Girls Wanted to Sew Pants."
Labor. Honest toil. Slight as might be the pay, was it not better, after all, than the occupations in which she had suffered so much?

An impossibly dirty man stood behind a long table on which were piled high bundles tied in rough paper.

"Well?" he said gruffly.
"I would like to sew some pants, if you please," said June modestly.

"What?" The man looked at her, astounded. "You want to sew pants?"
"Yes sir," returned June.

The man shrugged his shoulders.
"You go over to that woman there, and she'll show you what's to be done, and how much deposit to pay." He indicated another table.

When June went down the narrow stairs she carried as heavy a bundle as she could conveniently lift, and her scanty store of money was reduced to a very small margin. Little as it was, however, she had yet to make a purchase in the first little store she bought an inexpensive little plain black dress. She had less than a dollar when she stopped before a building to which she had been directed, on the door post of the stairway was a sign, "Rooms to Let."

June here engaged a mean little hall bedroom from a dumpy landlady.

Down Broadway to the black curtained limousine, the observed of all observers, the tilted hat of her cravat and clamped to the tires so stiffly that he felt he would have to be pried off by Bill Wolf, faithful in spite of himself. Not more than two blocks behind came the family car.

In the boarding house of Mrs. Russel there was a frantic running to and fro and up and down stairs. Every room in the house was searched, and at last Orin Cunningham thought to investigate why one of the windows in the room which had been provided for June seemed darker behind its heavy hangings than the others. He found the fire shutters closed and opened them, revealing the stalwart Christian frozen waiting on the isolated balcony to be told his further share in June's trick.

There was a ring at the door bell. A messenger boy, and he carried a bundle. A stealthy figure slipped forward into the hall.

"No answer," said the boy as he delivered the bundle.

Orin Cunningham took the bundle and passed it to Mrs. Russel. She tore it open and drew forth before the revelers the raiment in which they had last seen the beautiful June. Orin Cunningham stooped down, with an oath, and picked up something which had fallen to the floor. The string of pearls! He stamped upon the floor in rage.

"Stop that messenger boy!" came the cold, hard tones of Gilbert Blye.

"Where did you get this bundle?" demanded Orin Cunningham.

The boy hitched his trousers.
"I ain't supposed to tell."
"How much did you get for not telling?" demanded Mrs. Russel.
"All she had—70 cents."
"Ah!" Cunningham thrust his hands in his pockets. Then he flushed as he turned to Gilbert Blye.

Blye scowled, and there was a flash of temper on his dark, handsome face as he thrust some money into the hand of Cunningham.

"Here's \$2," said Orin. "Now, where did you get this bundle?"
Gilbert Blye, casting a glance at the slip, donned his hat and coat, opened the door and strode out on the steps.

The stealthy figure which had crept along the hall suddenly darted out of the door after the messenger boy and hurried up the street with him. It was Marie.

Down the street there whizzed the black curtained limousine. Blye hurried out to it as it stopped and, with blazing impatience, called, "Come on!"

Cunningham dashed from the house and jumped into the limousine, while Blye gave swift directions to his driver.

Around the corner dashed the family car of the Moores, and Ned Warner leaning tensely forward, gritted his teeth and clinched his fists as the black curtained limousine once more rounded a corner.

The dumpy landlady knocked at the door of June's little bedroom and stepped in profound astonishment when she entered.

"Why, I hardly knew you," said the landlady.

"Where's them fine clothes you had?"

"They did not belong to me," June said simply. "I sent them away."

"Oh, you did! What about the necklace?"

"That was a gift which I could not accept."

"Oh, you did! By the way, I forgot to get any rent from you. I always get a week in advance."

June smiled wanly and shook her head. "I am sorry," she said. "I have no money."

"What!" The dumpy landlady jumped to her feet. She was breathing so hard that she wheezed. "No money! Young lady, you'll have to get out!"

"Oh, no!" pleaded June. "Please." She turned for one last word of appeal, but the landlady's pitiless arm was outstretched.

(To be continued.)

Calling Cards—The Sentinel office.

AN EASY, PLEASANT LAXATIVE.
One or two of Dr. King's New Life Pills will be a tumbler of water at night. No bad, nauseating taste; no belching gas. Go right to bed. Wake up in the morning, enjoy a free, easy bowel movement, and feel fine all day. Dr. King's New Life Pills are sold by all Druggists, 36 in an original package, for 25c. Get a bottle today—enjoy this easy, pleasant laxative.

Summons for Publication in Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.

Fingal Hinds, Plaintiff, vs. Addison L. Holmes and Alvin Brewer, Defendants.

To Addison L. Holmes and Alvin Brewer, the above named defendants: In the Name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby notified that Fingal Hinds, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 486 issued on the 4th day of October, 1910, by the Tax Collector of the County of Lane, State of Oregon, for the amount of Two and 10-100 (\$2.10) Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1909 together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning in Section 29 Twp. 20 South Range 3 West, 15 feet West of the Southeast corner of D. L. C. No. 59 run West 18.067 Chains, North 3.321 Chains, East 18.067 Chains, and South 3.321 Chains to place of beginning in Lane County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said Fingal Hinds has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Year's Tax	Date Paid	Tax Receipt No.	Amount	Rate of Interest
1908	March 15, 1909	6994	\$1.80	15
1910	March 15, 1911	13833	2.40	15
1911	March 15, 1912	8681	3.45	15
1912	March 15, 1913	8476	2.55	15
1913	March 31, 1914	15073	3.00	15

Said Addison L. Holmes as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that Fingal Hinds will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described, and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable G. F. Skipworth, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane, and said order was made and dated this 18th day of May, 1915, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 19th day of May, 1915.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

J. M. DEYERS,
Attorney for the Plaintiff.
Address: Eugene, Or. May 19-1915

Blank notes and receipts for sale at The Sentinel office. apr715

Newport Oregon's Popular Beach Resort

An ideal outdoor retreat. Hunting, fishing, boating, surf-bathing, etc. Interesting visiting points in the neighborhood. Convenient camping grounds, electric light, pure water.

Low Season and Week-End Round Trip Excursion Fares
Two Daily Trains From Albany
Ask for illustrated folder "Newport" giving list of hotels, rates, etc.

A Visit to the
Two World Expositions

at San Francisco and San Diego is an event of a life-time and one you cannot afford to miss

Special Fares In July
to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego on certain dates

Low Round Trip Fares Daily
with stop-overs in either direction
Four Fine Trains Daily in Each Direction
Stop-Overs At Expositions

All tickets to the East via California permit stop-overs at San Francisco and Los Angeles to see the Expositions
Ask nearest Agent for "California and Its Two World Expositions" and "Way Side Notes Shasta Route."

Southern Pacific Co.

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon
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Embroidery Dress patterns and Parasols at half-price.

Rompers, 50c values at - 29c

Shirt Waists, \$2.00 values 59c

Many Other Bargains LURCH'S

One stroke of a bell in a thick fog does not give any lasting impression of its location, but when followed by repeated strokes at regular intervals the densest fog or the darkest night can not long conceal its whereabouts. Likewise a single insertion of an advertisement—as compared with regular and systematic advertising—is in its effect not unlike a sound which, heard but faintly once, is lost in space and soon forgot.

Home Made Flour for Home People

Pride of Oregon, Soft Wheat Flour
H. & H. Hard Wheat Flour
Made by Cottage Grove Milling Co.
Phone 80

If you saw it first, you saw it in The Sentinel.

THE EARTH PUT ON A NEW SPRING DRESS—

So should You—
See my new Oregon Wool samples.
Patronize a home tailor who uses home-spun goods.

BOHLMAN :: The TAILOR

FURNITURE HARDWARE KNOWLES & GRABER

LUNCH PICNIC
Cakes, Hot Pies and Past short notice, self about you! Just turn the Best meals

PALACE
Chas. Cool

COURTESIES
The nicest cour your guests is mentioned in nicest courtesy friends is to let visits through a Sentinel. The can show the office a copy any news item

Fire Fire! Fire! the bell blow or should think of H insurance. Then the next fire that erty.

The musical he Church Wednesday ing one, was well nancial success.

Binder twice. The Moose lodge dance in the Moon

A number of you held a picnic at E day evening.

Advertisers are The Sentinel.

Mrs. A. Marshall last Tuesday with A. W. Wampole a shall. She was a land.

The J. D. Monroe from California.

Currin Cooley, a Fire Relief Assoc ville. Phone 15F4

Bert Richmond d cupied by the S. J Mr. and Mrs. R. A Mrs. K. K. Mu guests during the ther, Mrs. Howe aunt, Mrs. Turner.

The Swengel Ha ing lots of builders which indicates th

Miss Myra Hand sanitarium Monday years. Miss Hand with her parents, Handy, in the Co Cottage Grove and this city Thursday N. Aldrich. Inter F. cemetery.

Look at Madsen tiful wedding pres

G. G. Warner from doing some as Bohemia district.

A son was born Mrs. Grell Soderstr son at The Wall F Mr. and Mrs. F son spent the Four Mr. and Mrs. S. of Oregon City wer week at the Leon I

If one is rich he life insurance; if l afford to be with Harry Metcalf al Special Combinatio

Leon Des Larzes at work remodeling he recently purchas steam laundry on

If you will get on Blue flame oil stove gel Hardware, this er will be a more e heat; no dirt; no Mrs. Nellie Bar Miss Alice Barrow had been visiting King, left Thursday will also visit the tions.

Bathing in the s was quite popular d er.

Tell your neighb saw it in The Sen' Earl Ishmael and last week for Waits harvest the grain er

Mr. and Mrs. J vallis are visiting home, having retu Mrs. Wood, who visi

If my wings we soles I would have ting into heaven. J Goff's Shoe Hospiti Wm. Wechter of the Golden Rule M A. McQuinn, an e land, went into the l trict a few days a of establishing a U monument and to do

Educate yourself about scholarship moments. Inquire response Schools Mr. and Mrs. Be Thursday from spe in Eugene.

H. H. Veatch retu trip to Portland an Silver plated Roel ents at Madsen's.