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Cottage Grove Residents Are Learning How to Exchange the Old Back for a Stronger One.

Does your back ache, feel weak and painful? Do you suffer headaches, languor and depression?

Is the urine discolored, passages irregular?

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In this chest you have an excellent remedy for Toothache, Bruises, Sprains, Stiff Neck, Backache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and for most emergencies. One 25c bottle of Sloan's Liniment does it all—this because these ailments are symptoms, not diseases, and are caused by congestion and inflammation. If you doubt, ask those who use Sloan's Liniment, or better still, buy a 25c bottle and prove it. All Druggists.

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Constipation Causes Most Ills.

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OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Cottage Grove

After you have read this copy of The Sentinel, pass it along to a neighbor, if you have one who doesn't take the paper and you don't wish to keep it for reference.

Who Pays?

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Story No. 2.
THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

By Edwin Bliss.

Surreptitiously Rita fumbled the money in her purse. She had enough. The gray slippers and the pretty ribbon were almost within reach of her hand. Only one thickness of the show window's plate glass separated her from them. Of course she knew that her father, the Rev. Cyrus Deane, would never let her wear such emblems of frivolous vanity. She knew, too, that Mrs. Sharpe, her father's housekeeper, would never let her purchase them. But Rita was in a reckless mood; reckless and defiant. Her father that day had written a letter to Jim White—her Jim. "You marry that rich blackslider in my church," he said to her. "You marry such a man as that! NEVER!" And then he penned the scorching letter; a letter that burned with invective against the man who had dared to presume to aspire to the hand of his daughter—his Rita. The lines of that letter had seared themselves like letters of fire on her brain. She had pleaded with her father not to send it. She had known, as she pleaded, that she would not be bound by her father's action. And the seed of her discord was growing. Rebellion was rising in her soul. Why should she be forever condemned to drab and colorless clothes? Why couldn't she wear garments as pretty as those of her companions? Again she turned to the window. Temptation became too strong. "Look! Look!" she cried excitedly, pointing toward the end of the line of blocked traffic. Curiosity won. As Mrs. Sharpe's iron fingers relaxed their grip upon her arm Rita Deane's feet glided with quick steps inside the shop. In five minutes she was back, her purchases hidden under her coat.

Alone in her own room Rita lost no time in kicking off the despised Mary James, in flinging loose the tightly braided hair, in donning the gray ribbon and the pretty slippers. And then she danced; danced with the wild abandon of a witch; danced with all the life and skill she had inherited from her mother; a mother who had died because she could not curb her spirit to suit her stern clergyman husband's idea without killing it.

And then a hand—a firm, iron hand fell upon her shoulder. She dared not look. She felt a tug at her hair and knew that the ribbon was gone. In blazing anger she turned, only to quail before the stern eyes of her father who pointed an accusing finger at the offending slippers and ordered them off. She hesitated, but the habits of a lifetime were not so easily overcome, and slavishly, yet hating herself for her obedience, she slowly yielded, listening with rebellion in her soul and loathing in her brain to the scorching tirade, delivered in the Reverend Deane's best pulpit manner. And even when he referred to the poor dead mother who had sowed the seed of vanity by giving the child a doll dressed as a dancing girl—a doll that he had burned—Rita did not soften.

The shades of night were falling when he left the room, and as soon as he was gone Rita rushed to the window. Her eyes peered into the darkness trying to penetrate the spot where she knew Jim White would be waiting. "Take me; take me away from this," her soul was crying. As if in response to her unspoken plea, a pebble rattled on the floor. Hurriedly she detached a note from the weight. "Auto at the corner; it's the only way out," she read. Five seconds later she was pinning the note, with savage glee onto the pin cushion of her dresser. Five minutes later, grip in hand, she was leaving the house to join Jim. Seven minutes later she was being whirled away. And in thirty minutes she was Mrs. James White.

Came a new life for Rita. Dances, receptions, card parties; the constant moving from summer to winter home and back again. Her starved little nature drank its fill of pleasure. Wealth and all that it means, was new and so delightful that Rita abandoned all restraint, became a leader of the smartest set in town. And husband Jim was fine through it all. Times there were when he wished that she might show signs of tiring of the continual round of pleasure, and times there were when he felt a pang of misgiving. Such a pang, he felt for instance on the day when Rita showed her displeasure at his love for the chauffeur's baby, Billy. "Some day we'll have a Billy all our own," he had said, and her reply had been, "I don't know, Jim; I'm not more than a child myself." Though he had smiled bravely the thrust had gone home; the wound was painful.

And now events began to move rapidly for Rita White. From the day that her father, terrified by the lurid accounts of her doings in the papers, had forced his way into her home and denounced her before her guests for appearing as a dancing girl among them until that other eventful day when she had come face to face with her husband dining with other women in a public restaurant, there had been no pause in her mad rush in the pursuit of pleasure. Not once had she stopped to count the cost; not once until the day she realized that Jim had disapproved her.

In the library she halted him late that day.

"You wish an explanation for the unfortunate occurrences of this afternoon?" he politely murmured.

"No-o," she shook her head thoughtfully, surprised at her own calmness. "Not exactly that, James. I merely wished to tell you that if you must choose such associates, kindly have some respect for me, and do not intrude them upon me. I will not be publicly disgraced."

the gaze in the public press. Your life belongs to society. I am showing nothing more than curiosity in seeking to find what amusement you gain by this constant pursuit of pleasure. I am flattering your judgment. You regard pleasure as preferable to a husband. I wonder if it will substitute for the wife I hoped to find."

Long, long after Jim White had left her, Rita sat until the bitter sting of his words had disappeared, leaving a dull ache in their stead. A rustle sounded beside her and she started.

"Don't be afraid, lady," said a baby voice. "I won't hurt you. I'm Billy, and I want to play with your little boy."

"What little boy?" she asked dully, and a dull crimson overpread her face as Billy persisted. "Why the little boy that belongs here. Have you no little boy? Isn't there a little boy in every house? I'm the boy in ours," he concluded proudly. And when there was no answer he propounded yet a question:

"Is your little boy losted?"

"Yes, that's it, Billy," she answered as a little laugh, half hysterical, sprang to her lips. Then in the relief of the moment she impulsively reached out and lifted him to her lap, laughing aloud for sheer joy as something within her that had hurt a moment before suddenly dissolved in the spray of tears that sprang to her eyes.

Tenderly an hour later, with a light in her eyes which no one had ever seen there before she relinquished her precious burden to the mother, smilingly pleading forgiveness for the sleeping truant. And then she turned to meet her husband just stepping from the car.

"I've had such a happy afternoon, Jim," said she, toying with his hair in a way that she used to do before the quarrel. "Billy was here, Jim—Sam and Mary's baby—and he put his sticky arms around my neck, and he kissed me, Jim. And then we had the jolliest play and finally he fell asleep in my arms and I—didn't want to give him back to his mother. I wish, Jim, that—I wish—I wish—Oh, if Billy were only here I could tell you so much more easily. Can't you understand, Jim?"

He leaped to his feet, his arms flung wide, as though to clasp her to him, when understanding finally came. Blushing rosily, with the gayest of trickling laughter on her lips, retreating, yet only too eager to be caught, Rita ran from him in coquetry. Jim was laughingly advancing toward her, when the blood was suddenly frozen in his veins. His lips uttered a cry of warning even as Rita shrilled one of terror and appeal. There was a ripping sound of lace as Rita's heel caught in her gown, tripping her. With a dull and nauseating thud she landed in a heap at the foot of the stairs.

A brave little patient she was; brave through the days of preparation and brave through the operation. The great specialist was beside her bed now. Her father and husband were with her for the first time.

"Yes," the doctor was saying, "the operation has been a success. And now in a few days everything will be as it was before except the happiness of motherhood can never—"

Like tiny threads of steel her fingers gripped his wrist. He nodded, avoiding the horrified expression in those eyes. She did not weep—he only prayed that she would. She merely stared stonily into space.

"She must be alone until she recovers from the shock," said the doctor gently.

ALONE!

A bitter smile curved her lips as she stared into space. Her eyes were the eyes of one seeing wraiths, her ears seemed fair peaked with the tenacity of her listening, listening for the baby footsteps she would never hear. She would always be alone.

WHO PAYS!

AL. BARNES' CIRCUS COMING

The circus is comin' to town, to town. Yes, siree. And within the next few days, a gaily decorated car will roll into town, and the army of advertising men that go along with it will scatter and post flaming pictures of lions and tigers, elephants and camels, and horses and ponies, and parades, and all the things that make one wish the day would hurry up and get here.

When is it going to be? And which one is it? Why, the Al. G. Barnes big three ring wild animal circus, of course, and it's going to present the biggest, brightest, and altogether the best line of circus glories and features in the history of its numerous visits here.

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being performed in one act. You'll shiver when you see the peril of the one trainer who mingles with this bunch of man-eaters.

Fish to Feed Fish.

Superintendent W. G. Steel is experimenting this summer in the propagation in Crater Lake of small fish of the innumerable minnow family. It is a problem not the easiest to solve, for occupying the crater of an extinct volcano, the lake has no shallows; and no streams enter or leave it in which small fish may find refuge. Yet the supply of natural fish food must be considerably and immediately increased if the magnificent trout fishing in this lake is to remain at its present excellence.

Whether it be from the temperature or the quality of the water is not known, but it is the testimony of experienced anglers that, pound for pound, Crater Lake trout are harder fighters than trout found elsewhere.

"Around the edge of the lake," said General Superintendent Mark Daniels recently, "there is no foliage to entangle your hook and line, and it is the ideal place for the amateur fisherman. When I was there the lake was so clear that you could see to a depth of forty feet. The first fish I caught I saw take the fly. I saw every motion of his body until I finally landed him on the bank, which I only did with the aid of one of the concessioners in the park. I do not know of any other place in the world where an amateur fisherman can swing his fly in any direction without danger of catching it on some twig, and, when he hooks his fish, watch his every motion as he fights for freedom. I agree with Emerson Hough in every word that he has said about fishing in Crater Lake."

Illinois Suffragists Are Jubilant Over Equal Pay Ruling.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—Equal suffragists were jubilant today, according to Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, over the action of the state board of administration, which yesterday decreed that women employed in state institutions shall receive the same pay as men where they do the same work.

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