

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 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.

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.

Spray's Column

This column is devoted to bringing the buyer and seller together, especially to bring them to Spray's store, so you see I have two axes to grind. I want you all to know I want to sell you something or buy something from you. Also I want you all to know what your neighbor has to sell or what he wants to buy. If you have anything to sell, come and see me. If you want to buy, see me. It will cost you not a penny unless I sell the article listed.

Good second hand Hay Press, \$150.00

Pure milk from Spray's dairy at the confectionery stores or your grocer's. Remember, my method of selling milk cuts out the expense of peddling from house to house, making the cheapest milk. Cottage Grove has the best and cheapest milk supply of any town in Oregon. Who did it? Spray. When I commenced selling milk it was selling at 7c to 9c per quart, measured out of a can in a cup. Everybody had to furnish their own vessel to put it in. Now all the milk sellers use bottles with tight caps put on at the farm and even at the high price of feed are willing to sell at 6c per quart. There is double the milk used in the Grove now that there was before I commenced selling and not one-half the condensed milk used.

Second hand mower, \$10.00.

Jersey red male hog for sale.

McCormack mowers and binders. None better.

Twine and extras on hand.

Second hand wood saw and engine. A bargain.

Good mitch cow for sale.

Try a sack of my mixed chicken feed.

A cheap feed that fills the egg basket.

I have several second hand wagons at a bargain.

Try a sack Golden Loaf flour.

Jersey bull for sale.

One more grubbing machine at a bargain.

Good second hand cook stove for sale.

Feed! Feed! Feed! I want to sell you part of your feed.

Page fence, a spring steel wire. Fence your land and put goats in. They make the brush go and let the grass grow. There is enough brush land tributary to Cottage Grove if it was properly fenced and used for goats and sheep to produce more money than is now produced in the whole country.

When I was young, old people told me the way to break a hen from setting was to put her in a pen and starve her but I find a better way is to feed her all she can eat and her comb will turn red and instead of setting she will lay eggs. I bought 100 White Leghorn hens of a well known chicken raiser. They weighed less than 3 lbs. each when I bought them. In less than 3 weeks they weighed nearly 4 lbs. and were laying 75 per cent. They needed the last half of the feed. If your hens don't lay eggs I will sell you the feed, and then if they don't lay I will sell you more feed.

COUGHS THAT ARE STOPPED!

Careful people see that they are stopped. Dr. King's New Discovery is a remedy of tried merit. It has held its own on the market for 41 years. Youth and old age testify to its soothing and healing qualities. Pneumonia and lung troubles are often caused by delay of treatment. Dr. King's New Discovery stops those hacking coughs and relieves in grippe tendencies. Money back if it fails. 50c and \$1.00.



Does Your Horse Kick On His Feed?

A POORLY FED HORSE

reflects discredit on its owner, but the owner gets the worst of the deal because economy in feeding the horse affects its working capacity as well as its appearance. If your horse kicks on his feed you can correct it by buying your feed here, as you get the best quality for the least outlay. Farmers, contractors and horse owners generally know that our feed is always up to the standard.

STERLING FEED CO.

THE BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the Corn Club

By ASA PATRICK

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"The agent's eyes brightened. 'Good!' he encouraged. 'You'll make a farmer if you keep up that lick. That land's in fine shape, and it'll soak up all the moisture from the rains and snows that fall from now until spring. The idea is to store up all the moisture you can for use by the growing crops in summer when rain is scarce. The only way to do that is to get the land plowed deep and thoroughly pulverized. Whenever you see a patch of ground that's been plowed five or six times to kill out Bermuda or Johnson grass you always see a fine crop growing on it when everything around it is a failure. It seems as if farmers ought to learn from such examples.'"

"When is the best time to break land?" asked Sam.

"Oh, it ought to be done in the fall," Mr. Burns replied. "Get the land in good condition and sow a cover crop for winter of rye or oats. By plowing the land in the fall you break up the homes of insects and turn them out to freeze. A big majority of the insects that work on crops spend the winter in the fields and around the fence rows. So if you don't want to be bothered with insects break the land and clean out the fence rows in the fall."

"I've made a little extra money hauling manure from a stable," Sam explained, "and I'm going to spend it for some good books along the line I'm studying. Could you suggest one or two good ones, Mr. Burns?"

"There are any number of good books on farming and kindred subjects," said the agent. "You should get a catalogue. But I would suggest that you get 'Coburn's Swine Husbandry' and 'Book of Alfalfa.' These books are by a real farmer, and he knows what he's writing about. The first, of course, is about raising hogs. The second tells all about alfalfa, from the earliest times to the present. It is real interesting, too, much better reading than some of the novels that they call best sellers. 'The A B C of Bee Culture' is a fine work on beekeeping. 'How Crops Grow' will tell you a lot about agricultural plants that you don't know, and 'Life on the Farm' is a little book that is very interesting and full of helpful suggestions."

"Don't tell me any more," Sam exclaimed. "I want to read them all, and my money won't hold out. But I'm going to buy those five and study them, especially the ones on hogs and alfalfa."

"Well, bees are worth studying, too," said Mr. Burns.

"I don't know much about them," replied Sam, "but I shouldn't like getting stung."

"No need of it," said the agent. "Once you understand them they give no trouble, and the honey they make is almost clear profit."

"If that's the case I think I'll get a few hives."

"One or two will be sufficient to start with. If you take care of the swarms you'll soon have as many hives as you need."

"What I want to get more than anything else," continued Sam, "is some registered hogs. Do you know where I could get a sow or two pigs?"

"No; don't believe I do," said the agent. "Want registered stock, do you?"

"Yes, sir; it doesn't take any more to raise them than it does scrub, and they are better and sell for more."

"That's a good idea," remarked Mr. Burns. "You're on the right track. I see you've got some plans, Sam. What are you figuring on doing?"

"Well," replied the young farmer, "for the first thing I'm going to peg stong on the little farm of mother's and do the very best I can with what I've got and with what I know."

"And then what?" asked the agent.

"Next fall and winter sister and I are going to complete the high school course. Then I'm going to make another crop, and if things go well I'll take a course at the State Agricultural college and let sister also take a course there in domestic science."

"And after that what?" queried Mr. Burns.

"Well, after that I'll take up the work that I have already started and carry it out to a finish. I want to make mother as comfortable and independent as possible. I want to make the land productive and put up good fences and buildings. I want to have everything convenient. I want to stock the place with the very best there is in every line—Jersey cows, Berkshire hogs, Angora goats, Plymouth Rock chickens, Peking ducks, Bronze turkeys and even a collie dog. Of course I don't mean to say that these breeds are better than others, but I like them and know they are good."

Mr. Burns did not laugh at Sam's desire for a shepherd dog.

"There is need and room for all you mention," he said, "even to the dog."

"But that's not all," Sam continued. "I want things around the house to be pretty and pleasant. I want books and magazines and pictures and a big yard full of flowers. Don't you think a person can have such things on a farm?"

"I don't think anything about it," re-

plied the agent. "I know it. You can have them and should have them. The farm is, first of all, a place to live, and it should be made as pleasant a place as possible."

"You haven't named a thing that is out of reach, Sam. And it is very thoughtful of you to keep your mother and sister in mind in all of your plans. They certainly are proud of you and have reason to be."

"When I get all that work done," said Sam, "I'm going to buy a farm for myself and do with it just as I intend to do with mother's. After that I don't know what I'll do. I haven't planned any further, but I guess there'll be new dreams by that time."

"Yes, there will, Sam," said Mr. Burns. "There will always be something new calling you to further endeavor. But you'll take a delight in it just as you have delighted in this other. It's a man's work you have set yourself, and it's worth doing."

Sam Powell went home with the agent's last words running through his mind. He couldn't forget them, nor did he for many and many a day.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the 1st of April when the Powells moved back to the little farm, and there was a look of real happiness on Mrs. Powell's face when she was once more settled in that quiet nook. The farm lay back from the public road and was screened from view by a grove of trees in the pasture. The weather beaten farmhouse was also sheltered and shaded by a cluster of wide spreading oaks.

But Sam and Florence were no less pleased than their mother to be in the country again. To live in the country and to know the ways of nature is to love it always.

Before moving, however, they all had made several trips to the old home and done much work in the garden, orchard and field. The old orchard, after receiving special treatment by Sam, surprised Mrs. Powell so that she began to look on her son as a very remarkable boy. When they first looked at it in February it was an unpromising sight. Dead weeds and briars stood shoulder high, sprouts had grown up around the trees, and it looked as if there was but little life left in the orchard, so many were the broken and dead boughs.

"You might as well chop down the old trees," said Mrs. Powell. "They are nearly all dead anyway."

"Don't you believe it!" exclaimed Sam. "You just wait till I get through with those old trees. They look mighty shabby now, but they'll come to life if you give them a chance. I've just been reading about how to work over old orchards. Why, mother, if I was to cut them down and plant young trees it would be three or four years before we would get any fruit."

"Yes, I know that," replied his mother, "but I don't think these old trees will bear any more."

"Maybe not," said Sam, "but we can try them. I can plant young trees in the place of the ones that are entirely dead."

So he set to work, mowing down briars and weeds and raking them into piles and burning them. When this was done he took a saw and a pair of pruning shears and began on the trees. All the dead and broken limbs were cut away. The orchard had been neglected so long that there were many dead boughs, and it was a different looking place when Sam finished pruning. The next thing he did was to buy some chemicals and make a solution after a formula given in one of the government bulletins. With this solution and a hand sprayer he went over the orchard and sprayed each tree from top to bottom. Next he broke and harrowed the ground, and the old orchard had one more chance to live and thrive, for it was well pruned, the ground in fine condition, and the spraying had killed all the insects that were on the trees.

Sam, like his mother, felt rather doubtful about the orchard, but when they moved there in April they found the old trees a mass of pink blossoms.

"Look, Florence!" exclaimed Mrs. Powell when she saw the trees looking so beautiful. "Sam is sure a wonder. I didn't think he could do it."

"Oh, I'm a regular Burbank," said Sam, smiling.

"Who's Burbank?" asked Florence.

"Burbank," Sam replied, "is called the plant wizard. He can do anything with plants. He took the cactus and made it grow without thorns. He took two wild berries and made a large berry that is good to eat. He took the little wild daisy and originated the large Shasta daisy. He has made potatoes and tomatoes grow on one stalk, and he has grown a white blackberry. That isn't all. He has done hundreds of wonderful things with plants."

"Well, Mr. Burbank," said Florence, with a happy laugh, "that's a pretty good job on the orchard."

Soon after moving to the farm Sam had his first chance to get what he so much wanted—some registered Berkshires. A neighbor who was moving out of the county came by where he was working.

"When are you going to leave?" Sam asked.

"Well, I'm about ready now," replied the neighbor. "There's one thing I ain't arranged yet, though, and it's kinder bothering me. I've got a fine registered sow, and she's going to find a litter of pigs some of these days before long. I'd sell her, but I can't get nothing like what she's worth, and I can't find a place to leave her."

"I'd like to get some Berkshire pigs," Sam remarked. "What do you ask for the sow?"

"Well, right this minute I'd take

\$20 for her. The pigs are sure to be worth twice that much."

"That's cheap enough," said Sam, "but I haven't the money. How would it suit you to let me keep her? That little pasture down there is hog proof. The creek runs through it, and there's plenty of shade and water and no stock that would bother her."

"That's a good place. I hadn't thought of it. Maybe we can make a deal. I'll tell you what I'll do, Sam. You keep the sow and look after her, and when the pigs are old enough you ship four of them to me and you may have the sow and the rest of the pigs."

"I'll do it," said Sam, and the bargain was closed.

About a month later the old sow was going about the pasture with ten pretty black and white faced pigs following. Under Sam's care they grew like weeds in wet weather. When they were old enough to wean, which was twelve weeks, as the young farmer learned from his reading, he shipped the four pigs to their owner. Of the six pigs left he picked out three of the finest, two gilts and a male, to keep. The other three he advertised for sale in the county paper, and the pigs being of good stock, he had no trouble in selling them for \$10 each. One buyer, coming after they had been sold, tried to get Sam to put a price on the three he had saved. But the boy refused to sell. Indeed, he was so proud of his pigs that an offer of many times their worth would not have induced him to part with them. And in this he showed that he was wise.

But, proud as Sam Powell was of his thoroughbreds, there was something else to which he was giving a lot of thought and work. That something was the acre of corn that was to compete for prizes offered to the Boys' Corn Club.

Miles Fagan had promised his son, Bob, that he might join the corn club and enter an acre in the contest if he would clear the land of stumps. Bob did join, but the corn was not planted this year. For after working with grubbing hoe and ax from sunup till sundown for many days, clearing the acre of the big, deep rooted stumps, Mr. Fagan told him unconcernedly that he'd just have to have that patch of ground. If Bob still wanted to plant some corn he'd have to clear another acre.

It was a cruel, mean trick to play on a boy and enough to discourage anybody, but Bob set to work on another acre. It was too late, however, to plant the corn when he had finished it, and he had to drop out of the contest for this year.

But Miles Fagan was beginning to learn that he didn't know very much about growing corn. The patch across the fence from his was teaching him something.

Sam planted his contest acre with the seed furnished by the agent about the middle of March. The rows were four feet apart and the stalks in the rows eighteen inches. He cultivated it the first time when the corn was just beginning to come up by going over it with a harrow. This did not hurt the plants, except one here and there, and it killed all the little weeds and grass that were just starting. How that corn did grow! It sprang up almost like mushrooms. It seemed to Sam that the dark green stalks fairly laughed in the horse ground that he had made so rich with manure and ashes.

The young farmer cultivated the ground level and never allowed a weed to take root on that acre. He pulled the suckers whenever they appeared and went over it once with a hoe, but most of the work was done with a plow. The first time or two he plowed it tolerably deep, but as the corn grew larger and the little roots began to run out across the middle he plowed very shallow to keep from cutting the roots and injuring the corn. But there was another reason for shallow plowing. Deep plowing in summer causes the soil to lose moisture when the crop needs it most.

Sam stirred the top of the ground till there was a layer of dust to hold the moisture below. He wanted to keep all the water he could for the growing corn, and he knew that the sun can draw water up through a crust in a hurry, but can't draw it through a layer of dust—or much, as it is called. He kept the soil this way. He never plowed when it was too wet, for that makes clods. But after rains, as soon as it was dry enough, or when weeds began to appear he went over the patch with plow or harrow and stirred the surface till it was all broken up and loose.

Bill Googe and Miles Fagan had quit laughing at Sam. They and others in the neighborhood often stopped in passing and looked at the corn and wondered.

(Continued next week.)

Notice to Creditors.

In the Matter of the Estate of George Wall, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was on the 29th day of September, A. D. 1915, duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of George Wall, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, State of Oregon, and all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified and required to present the same to the undersigned, verified as by law required, at the office of J. S. Medley, Attorney at Law, at Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this, the 29th day of September, 1915.

ELLA WALL, Administratrix of Estate of George Wall, Deceased.

spt29-oct27

You'll be surprised at the things you do not know that appear in The Sentinel every week.

J. M. UPTON, Register.

LURCH'S

We are showing this week a new line of the

LATEST STYLES

OF

Ladies' and Children's Coats

LURCH'S

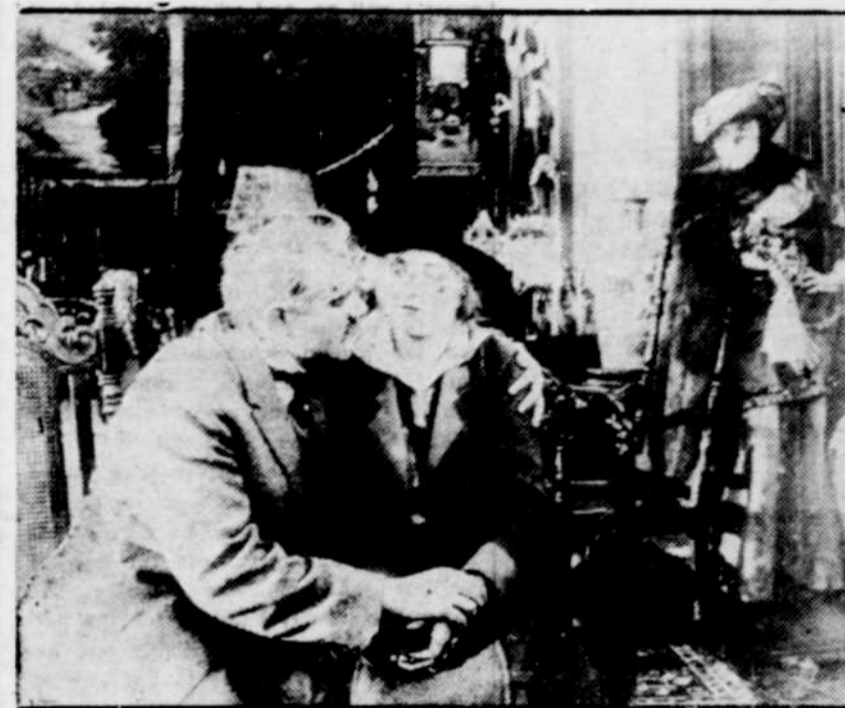
Home : Made : Flour FOR HOME PEOPLE

Pride of Oregon, Soft Wheat Flour

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Made by Cottage Grove Milling Company

Phone 80



Scene from "The Escape," D. W. Griffith's great 7-reel picture that is to be shown at The Arcade tomorrow.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executrix of the estate of James Whitfield Gowdy, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, her final account as such executrix and that Monday, the 8th day of November, 1915, at the hour of 2:30 p. m. of said day, has been fixed by said court as the time for hearing any objections to said report and the settlement thereof.

ANNA JANE GOWDY, Executrix.

Alta King, Attorney for Estate. Oct6-nov3

Notice of Settlement of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that the final account and report of Emma J. Atkins, executrix of the last will and testament of A. B. Atkins, deceased, has been rendered to the County Court in and for Lane County, Oregon for settlement of the said account, and that Thursday, the 28th day of October, 1915, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day has been duly appointed by said Court for the settlement thereof, at which time any person interested in the settlement of said estate may appear and file his exceptions, in writing to said account, and contest the same.

Dated this 22d day of September, 1915.

MRS. A. B. ATKINS, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of A. B. Atkins, deceased.

J. C. Johnson, Attorney for Executrix. spt25-oct27

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, September 18, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that William Floeh, of Oakridge, Oregon, who on July 25, 1911, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 07299, for a tract of 8.75 acres, described by metes and bounds in Sec. 15, Tp 21 S, R 3 E, W. M., List 4-354, and on June 9, 1913, made Additional Homestead Entry, Serial No. 08899, for the SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Sec. 15, Tp 21 S, R 3 E of W. M., except the 8.75 acres embraced in original H. E. No. 07279, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I. P. Hewitt, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Eugene, Oregon, on the 24th day of November, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: J. E. Roberts, of Oakridge, Oregon; W. R. Floeh, of Oakridge, Oregon; F. S. Warner, of Oakridge, Oregon; C. D. Edwards, of Oakridge, Oregon.

J. M. UPTON, Register.

spt22-oct26

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LANE COUNTY

In the matter of the estate of Mary Peckham, deceased.

Citation on Hearing of Final Account: To all persons interested in the estate of Mary Peckham, deceased:

You are hereby notified that on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1915, Albert Stocks, administrator of the estate of Mary Peckham, deceased, filed in said Court his final account as said administrator, and that said final account will be heard on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the County Court Room in the city of Eugene, in said County; and you are hereby cited to appear at the time and place above designated, and show cause, if any such exists, why said account should not be allowed and said administrator discharged.

Dated this, the 31st day of August, A. D. 1915.

ALBERT STOCKS, Administrator of the estate of Mary Peckham, deceased.

H. J. Shinn, Attorney. sep7-oct6

Legal blanks of all kinds at The Sentinel office apr7f

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