

**To Use Small Oriental Rugs.**  
The abuse of the small oriental rug, no less an object of art than of utility, is an especially common mistake. By all logic any rug used for a floor covering should emphasize the function of the floor as a solid foundation under our feet. To do this it must honor and obey the lines of the floor, at least that part which it decorates. Yet time and again, where several small rugs are used for the carpeting of a room, we find them all thrown down on the bits, often at different angles. With none of the sides of a rug parallel to the bounding lines of the floor, we are made conscious of a new decorative idea, one built on top of and at cross purposes with the original one. Chairs, tables and other pieces of furniture must then be placed either to conform with the position of the rugs or with the structural arrangement of the room; both sets of lines they cannot follow. So, at best, we have a confusion of ideas, a room which seems to rest on an insecure foundation.—Agnes Rowe Fairman in Good Housekeeping.

**Hissed His Own Play.**

Baron de Frentilly, who figured prominently in France during the days of "the terror," must surely have been the only author who ever hissed his own play. This was entitled "Les Trois Tantes" and was produced at the Vaudeville theater, Paris.

"Before half of the first scene had been played I said to myself, 'Oh, but this is execrable!' The public was of the same opinion and, while my friends kept applauding, hissed with all its strength. I ended by heartily hissing myself, for the further the play progressed the more convinced I was that the people were right.

"On leaving the theater a friend who was not in the secret of the authorship said to me, 'What a piece of extravagance, what a wretched farce!' 'Detestable,' I replied, and whatever he said I went one better. 'It is said to be by Comte de Segur,' he continued. 'No,' rejoined I; 'it was written by me.' The poor man was fixed with amazement."—From "Baron de Frentilly's Reminiscences."

**Riddle Making Epochs.**

There have been epochs at which riddle making has been more especially in vogue, and such epochs would appear to occur at seasons of fresh intellectual awakening. Such an epoch there was at the first glimmering of new intellectual light in the second half of the seventeenth century. This was the age of Leibniz, bishop of Sherburne, the first in the roll of Anglo-Latin poets. He left a considerable number of enigmas in Latin hexameters. Leibniz died in 703. Before his time there was a collection of Latin riddles that bore the name of Synopsos. Of this work the date is unknown. We only know that Leibniz used it, and we may infer that it was then a recent product. The riddles of Synopsos were uniform in shape, consisting each of three hexameter lines.—Cornhill Magazine.

**Explosive Barrels.**

Nitroglycerin, though an explosive, is rarely used by itself, being mixed with gun-cotton to form blasting gelatin or with a certain earth to make dynamite. Huge quantities of the explosive liquid are kept in casks, and the wood of these casks becomes so highly explosive through being soaked with the liquid that a stick will blow them to pieces. It is not safe to use the empty casks again for refilling them with the explosive, nor can they be used in any other way, even for fire-wood. There is only one thing, indeed, that can be done, and that is to explode the casks. They are placed on waste ground and usually exploded by means of a rifle bullet fired into them. Very little of the cask remains after explosion.—London Standard.

**Chicken Talk.**

The chickens were gathered together in the farmyard conversing with one another, as is the custom among all self-respecting chickens who have been brought up by a careful and judicious mother hen.

"What would home be without a mother?" asked one little fellow, looking tenderly at old Mrs. Hen, who was searching among the neighbor's freshly planted seeds for some dainty morsel with which to treat her brood.

"An incubator, I guess," answered his small sister, who had inherited her old man's unseemly sense of humor.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

**Tatoosh Island.**

The most equable climate in this country is found in Tatoosh Island, in the strait of Juan de Fuca, between Washington and Vancouver Island, where the temperature never has been above 80 degrees and rarely falls below 50 degrees.

**Musical Note.**

"Well, landlord, how's business nowadays?" "Oh, purty good, purty good. Had a whole passel o' people register yesterday. They was five gentlemen, three ladies and four musicians."—Musical America.

**Right and Wrong.**

It requires something of a hero to give up when he is wrong and a good deal of a family man to give up when he is right.—Puck.

**His Handicap.**

First Golfer (to clubmate who has just been rimmed woefully)—Well, what's your handicap? Second Golfer—Honesty.—Judge.

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortals.

**O. Henry Stories**

**V.—A Retrieved Reformation.**

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GUARD came to the prison shoe shop, where Jimmy Valentine was assiduously stitching uppers, and escorted him to the front office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a tired kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months at the longest. When a man with as many friends on the outside as Jimmy Valentine had received in the "strut" it is hardly worth while to cut his hair.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden, "you'll go out in the morning. Brace up and make a man of yourself. You're not a bad fellow at heart. Stop cracking safes and live straight."

"Me?" said Jimmy in surprise. "Why, I never cracked a safe in my life."

"Oh, no," laughed the warden. "Of course not. Let's see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job? Was it because you wouldn't prove an alibi for fear of compromising somebody in extremely high toned society? Or was it simply a case of a mean old jury that had it in for you? It's always one or the other with you innocent victims."

"Me?" said Jimmy, still blankly virtuous. "Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!"

"Take him back, Cronin," smiled the warden, "and fix him up with outgoing clothes. Unlock him at 7 in the morning, and let him come to the bull pen. Better think over my advice, Valentine."

At a quarter past 7 on the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden's outer office. He had on a suit of the villainously fitting, readymade clothes and a pair of the stiff, squeaky shoes that the state furnishes to its discharged compulsory guests.

The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and the five dollar bill with which the law expected him to rehabilitate himself into good citizenship and prosperity. The warden gave him a cigar and shook hands. Valentine, 37, was chronicled on the books "Pardoned by governor," and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Disregarding the song of the birds, the whirring green trees and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of liberty in the shape of a broiled chicken and a bottle of white wine, followed by a cigar a grade better than the one the warden had given him. From there he proceeded leisurely to the depot. He tossed a quarter into the hat of a blind man sitting by the door and boarded his train. Three hours set him down in a little town near the state line. He went to the cafe of one Mike Dolan and shook hands with Mike, who was alone behind the bar.

"Sorry we couldn't make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy," said Mike. "But we had that protest from Springfield to buck against, and the governor nearly balked. Feeling all right?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "Got my key?"

He got his key and went upstairs, unlocking the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it.



He Gazed Fondly at the Finest Set of Burglar's Tools in the World.

There on the floor was still Ben Price's collar button that had been torn from that eminent detective's shirtband when they had overpowered Jimmy to arrest him.

Pulling out from the wall a folding bed, Jimmy slid back a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust covered suit case. He opened this and gazed fondly at the finest set of burglar's tools in the east. It was a complete set, made of specially tempered steel, the latest designs in drills, punches, levers and bits, jimmies, clamps and levers, with two or three novelties, invented by Jimmy himself, in which he took pride. Over \$300 they had cost him to have made at —, a place where

they make such things for the profession.

In half an hour Jimmy went downstairs and through the cafe. He was now dressed in tasteful and well fitting clothes and carried his dusted and cleaned suit case in his hand.

"Got anything on?" asked Mike Dolan genially. "Me?" said Jimmy, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand. I'm representing the New York Amalgamated Short Snap Biscuit Cracker and Frazzled Wheat company."

This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seltzer and milk on the spot. He never touched hard drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 1922, there was a neat job of safe burglary done in Richmond, Ind., with no clew to the author. A scant \$800 was all that was secured. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar proof safe in Logansport was opened like a cheese to the tune of \$1,500 currency, securities and silver untouched. That began to interest the roving catchers. Then an old fashioned bank safe in Jefferson City became active and threw out of its crater an eruption of banknotes amounting to \$5,000. The losses were now high enough to bring the matter up into Ben Price's class of work. By comparing notes a remarkable similarity in the methods of the burglaries was noticed. Ben Price investigated the scenes of the robberies and was heard to remark:

"That's Dandy Jim Valentine's autograph. He's resumed business. Look at that combination knob—jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather. He's got the only clamps that can do it. And look how clean those tumblers were punched out! Jimmy never has to drill but one hole. Yes, I guess I want Mr. Valentine. He'll hit his bit next time without any short time or clemency foolishness."

Ben Price knew Jimmy's habits. He had learned them while working up the Springfield case. Long jumps, quick getaways, no confederates and a taste for good society—these ways had helped Mr. Valentine to become noted as a successful dodger of retribution. It was given out that Ben Price had taken up the trail of the elusive crackman, and other people with burglar proof safes felt more at ease.

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suit case climbed out of the mail back in Elmore, a little town five miles off the railroad down in the blackjacket country of Arkansas. Jimmy, looking like an athletic young senior just home from college, went down the board sidewalk toward the hotel.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank." Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was and became another man. She lowered her eyes and colored slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were scarce in Elmore.

Jimmy collared a boy that was loafing on the steps of the bank as if he were one of the stockholders and began to ask him questions about the town, feeding him dimes at intervals. By and by the young lady came out, looking royally unconscious of the young man with the suit case and went her way.

"Isn't that young lady Miss Polly Simpson?" asked Jimmy, with specious guile. "Saw," said the boy; "she's Annabel Adams. Her pa owns this bank. What'd you come to Elmore for? Is that a gold watch chain? I'm going to get a bulldog. Got any more dimes?"

Jimmy went to the Planters' hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his platform to the clerk. He said he had come to Elmore for a location to go into business. How was the shoe business now in the town? He had thought of the shoe business. Was there an opening?

The clerk was impressed with the clothes and manner of Jimmy. He himself was something of a pattern of fashion to the thinly gilded youth of Elmore, but he never perceived his shortcomings. While trying to figure out Jimmy's manner of tying his four-in-hand he cordially gave information.

Yes, there ought to be a good opening in the shoe line. There wasn't an exclusive shoe store in the place. The dry goods and general stores handled them. Business in all lines was fairly good. Hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to locate in Elmore. He would find it a pleasant town to live in and the people very sociable.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk needn't call the boy. He would carry up his suit case himself. It was rather heavy.

Mr. Ralph Spencer, the phoenix that arose from Jimmy Valentine's ashes—ashes left by the flame of a sudden and alternative attack of love—remained in Elmore and prospered. He opened a shoe store and secured a good run of trade.

Socially he was also a success and made many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year the situation of Ralph Spencer was this—he had won the respect of the community, his shoe store was flourishing, and he and Annabel were engaged to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the typical, plodding, country banker approved of Spencer. Annabel's pride in him almost equalled her affection. He was as much at home in the family of Mr. Adams and that of Annabel's married sister as if he were already a member.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

Dear Old Pal—I want you to be at Sullivan's place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night at 9 o'clock. I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my kit of tools. I know you'll be glad to get them—you couldn't duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars. Say, Billy, I've quit the old business—a year ago. I've got a shoe store. I'm making an honest living, and I'm going to marry the finest girl on earth two weeks from now. It's the only life, Billy—the straight one. I wouldn't touch a dollar of another man's money now for a million. After I get married I'm going to sell out and go west, where there won't be so much dodger of having old scores brought up against me. I tell you, Billy, she's an angel. She believes in me, and I wouldn't do another crooked thing for the whole world. Be sure to be at Sullivan's for I must see you. I'll bring along the tools with me. Your old friend, JIMMY.

On Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price joggled unobtrusively into Elmore in a livery buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know. From the drug store across the street from Spencer's shoe store he got a good look at Ralph D. Spencer.

"Going to marry the banker's daughter, are you, Jimmy?" said Ben to himself softly. "Well, I don't know."

The next morning Jimmy took breakfast at the Adamses. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding suit and buy something nice for Annabel. That would be the first time he had left town since he came to Elmore. It had been more than a year now since those last professional "jobs," and he thought he could safely venture out.

After breakfast quite a family party went downtown together—Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the hotel where Jimmy still boarded, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suit case. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy's horse and buggy andolph Gibson, who was going to drive him over to the railroad station.

All went inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking room. Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams' future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The



With That Act Ralph D. Spencer Passed Away.

clerks were pleased to be greeted by the good looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel. Jimmy set his suit case down. Annabel, whose heart was bubbling with happiness and lively youth, put on Jimmy's hat and picked up the suitcase. "Wouldn't I make a nice drummer?" said Annabel. "My, Ralph, how heavy it is? Feels like it was full of gold bricks."

"Lot of nickel plated shoe horns in there," said Jimmy coolly, "that I'm going to return. Thought I'd save express charges by taking them up. I'm getting awfully economical."

The Elmore bank had just put in a new safe and vault. Mr. Adams was very proud of it and insisted on an inspection by every one. The vault was a small one, but it had a new patented door. It fastened with three solid steel bolts thrown simultaneously with a single handle and had a time lock. Mr. Adams beamingly explained its workings to Mr. Spencer, who showed a courteous but not too intelligent interest. The two children, May and Agatha, were delighted by the shining metal and funny clock and knobs.

While they were thus engaged Ben Price sauntered in and leaned on his elbow, looking casually inside between the railings. He told the teller that he didn't want anything; he was just waiting for a man he knew.

Suddenly there was a scream or two from the women and a commotion. Unperceived by the elders, May, the nine-year-old girl, in a spirit of play, had shut Agatha in the vault. She had then shot the bolts and turned the knob of the combination as she had seen Mr. Adams do.

The old banker sprang to the handle and tugged at it for a moment. "The door can't be opened," he groaned. "The clock hasn't been wound nor the combination set."

Agatha's mother screamed again hysterically. "Hush!" said Mr. Adams, raising his trembling hand. "All be quiet for a moment. Agatha!" he called as loudly as he could. "Listen to me." During the following silence they could just hear the faint sound of the child wildly shrieking in the dark vault in a panic of terror. "My precious darling!" wailed the mother. "She will die of fright! Open

the door! Oh, break it open! Can't you men do something?" "There isn't a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door," said Mr. Adams in a shaky voice. "My God, Spencer, what shall we do? That child—she can't stand it long in there. There isn't enough air, and, besides, she'll go into convulsions from fright!"

Agatha's mother, frantic now, beat the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody wildly suggested dynamite. Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of anguish, but not yet despairing. To a woman nothing seems quite impossible to the powers of the man she worships.

"Can't you do something, Ralph? Try, would you?"

He looked at her with a queer soft smile on his lips and in his keen eyes. "Annabel," he said, "give me that rose you are wearing, will you?"

Hardly believing that she heard him aright, she unlatched the bud from the bosom of her dress and placed it in his hand. Jimmy stuffed it into his vest pocket, threw off his coat and pulled up his shirt sleeves. With that set Ralph D. Spencer passed away, and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

"Get away from the door, all of you," he commanded shortly. He set his suit case on the table and opened it out flat. From that time on he seemed to be unconscious of the presence of any one else. He laid out the shining, queer implements swiftly and orderly, whistling softly to himself, as he always did when at work. In a deep silence and immovable the others watched him as if under a spell.

In a minute Jimmy's pet drill was biting smoothly into the steel door. In ten minutes—breaking his own burglarious record—he threw back the bolts and opened the door.

Agatha, almost collapsed, but safe, was gathered into her mother's arms. Jimmy Valentine put on his coat and walked outside the railings toward the front door. As he went he thought he heard a far away voice that he once knew call "Ralph!" But he never hesitated.

At the door a big man stood somewhat in his way. "Hello, Ben!" said Jimmy, still with his strange smile. "Got around at last, have you? Well, let's go. I don't know that it makes much difference now."

And then Ben Price acted rather strangely. "Guess you're mistaken, Mr. Spencer," he said. "Don't believe I recognize you. Your buggy's waiting for you, ain't it?"

And Ben Price turned and strolled down the street. Oswald's friends were always on the lookout for some ruse. He once notified them that on New Year's day he should get the best of them all in some joke, and New Year's morning each received this notice: "Remember." They were on their guard.

As they were leaving a house where they had breakfasted Oswald slipped on the steps and fell on his back on the sidewalk. His friends rushed to his assistance, but paused before they reached him.

"This is his ruse," some one said. Clearly the man who was so proud of his talent for mimicry was bent on deceiving them all into thinking him a dying man, for he lay there moaning pitifully, his face drawn and twisted as if with terrible pain.

His friends stood around and made jokes and puns and lummied lines of comic songs, assuring him all the while that they were not deceived by his acting. At last he gave a hoarse, mournful cry, looked at them sadly and then ceased to mourn or writhe. In a never to be forgotten moment of horror and sorrow his friends realized that Oswald was dead.—Souvenirs d'un Vieux Libraire."

Fair Exchange, Yet a Robbery. While Gustave Dore was at Ischi and wandering about the mountains he became much interested in a country wedding and sketched it on the spot. He put the sketch into a book into the pocket of his paletot and went back to the hotel to dinner. After dinner he looked for the sketch. It was gone. Angry at the theft, the artist called the landlord and made complaint, but no trace of the book was found. From Ischi Dore went to Vienna, and there he found a letter and a parcel awaiting him. The letter, which was anonymous, read thus: "Sir, I stole your book at Ischi. The sketch was so charming that I could not resist the temptation of having it in my possession, and I knew very well you would never consent to sell it to me. But theft is neither my trade nor my habit, and I beg you to accept as a souvenir of my crime and my enthusiasm for your talent the walking stick which will reach you at the same time as this letter."

The case was one with a massive gold head, in which was set a gem of value.

Paper Underclothing. Underclothing made of finely crimped or grained paper is manufactured in Japan. After the paper has been cut to a pattern the different parts are sewn together and hemmed, and the places where the buttonholes are to be formed are strengthened with calico or linen. The paper is very strong and at the same time very flexible. After a garment has been worn a few hours it will interfere with the perspiration of the body no more than do garments made of cotton fabric. The paper is not sized, nor is it impermeable. After becoming wet the paper is difficult to tear. When an endeavor is made to tear it by hand it presents almost as much resistance as the thin skin for making gloves.

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