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is selling week for dress hats, tailored hats, and sheet rats at a great reduction.

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Roseburg, Oregon

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It helps make the hair beautiful. Get a good brush and one with the right kind of bristles for your hair. If your hair is thin, don't get the stiffest bristles and scrape your scalp with them, get long fine bristles and brush the hair.

We sell good brushes from 50c up and brushes from 25c up. We guarantee all brushes from 50c up not to shed their bristles.

We sell the good hair tonics too.

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All Kinds of Automobile Supplies

Let us demonstrate to you our care and attention to autos.

CARS FITTED WITH SKID CHAINS

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Can't Beat Douglas County Grown Trees

Italian Prune Trees, 4 to 6 ft. 1 yr old

\$140.00 per 1000

Apple 4 to 6 ft. 1 yr. \$6 per 100

\$50.00 per 1000

Peach Trees, 4 to 6 ft. 1 yr.

12 cents each

Pear Trees, 4 to 6 ft. 1 yr. \$25 per 100

\$225.00 per 1000

Cherry same price as Pear;

Lots of other stock, all guaranteed true to name and first class.

WRITE US ANY TIME, ON ANYTHING IN OUR LINE.

Southern Oregon Nursery, Yoncalla Oregon

Spend Your Outing at Tiller, Ore.

SHE'S ON THE MAP

In the heart of the mountains—Amid grand scenery—Abundance of game—Paradise for fishermen—Delightful, cool and shady camping grounds—Cold, pure water—Mineral spring—Fruit, vegetables and groceries delivered at your camp—Daily mail—Telephone service—Splendid accommodations—Hotel Tiller, famous for her meals—Special Sunday dinners—For further information apply to

C. De F. BARTHELM, TILLER, OREGON

Burglars

By NELLIE D. SWIFT

"What's that?" Mrs. Blunt sat up in bed, at the same time clutching her husband's arm in a viselike grip.

"What's what?" grunted Mr. Blunt, trying to wake himself up.

"Burglars! Didn't you hear 'em?"

"No. Where?"

"Downstairs. They've run against some glassware and smashed it."

"I'm going down," said Mr. Blunt, at tempting to rise, but his wife held him. He broke away from her and going to a bureau, took a revolver, then, taking an electric light in his left hand, pressed his thumb on the button and descended the staircase. He passed from the lower hall to the drawing room and from the drawing room to the dining room, where he found the fragments on the floor of a cut glass dish that had been knocked off the sideboard. He looked in a drawer in the sideboard where the silver in daily use was kept, expecting to find it gone. It was all there and he concluded that the burglar, feeling in the dark, had knocked off the dish and, fearing to have awakened the household, had taken himself away as soon as possible.

Mr. Blunt opened a door that led into the pantry, through which he passed into the kitchen. All was silent and empty. He tried the door leading out on to a back stoop and found it locked. But he found a window sash unlocked and made up his mind that the burglar had found an entrance and an exit through that window. He locked it and, having satisfied himself that the burglar had left the premises without having had time to take any booty, went back to his room, where he found his wife standing shivering in the middle of the room. She had expected every moment to hear a report and that her husband would be killed.

"Are they gone?" she cried.

"Yes."

"How did they get in?"

"He or they must have entered and gone out by the kitchen window. Please caution Susan to be more careful about locking the sashes."

Mrs. Blunt had lighted the gas, and her husband, who was facing a mirror, was somewhat startled at his appearance as reflected in it. He was in his nightshirt, with a revolver in one hand and a tubular electric lamp in the other, both the lamp and the revolver looking equally terrible. The expectation of facing a burglar had been somewhat trying to him, and his usually florid face was pale. Nevertheless he assured his wife that the burglar had gone and there was no need for her to feel frightened. They returned to bed, but Mrs. Blunt would not consent to the gas being turned off. Toward morning they fell into a doze.

The episode unhinged Mrs. Blunt's nerves, and Mr. Blunt, though he poot-pooted at her fears, never went to bed without thinking how reckless he had been in going down to face a burglar with a light in his hand that would show the villain just where he was. He would not be so foolish again. He would carry the lamp, but would not flash until occasion required. Mrs. Blunt declared that if there was again evidence of burglars in the house she would lock her husband in their bedroom. But Mr. Blunt declared that his manliness would not permit him to leave any man to roam about his house and carry away his property.

One night when he was wakeful and his wife was sound asleep Mr. Blunt was sure he heard sounds downstairs. Getting cautiously out of bed he slipped on his coat, for the house was cold, tiptoed to the bureau, where he found the revolver, then to the mantel, where he found the electric lamp, and taking as before one in each hand he stealthily unlocked the bedroom door and felt his way by the banister downstairs.

In the hall below he felt something jar against his leg. At the same time a street lamp throwing a faint light into the drawing room showed him the dim figure of a man on the other side of the room. It occurred to Mr. Blunt that he was standing in the dark and while he could see the man indistinctly the man couldn't see him at all. His first impulse was to run upstairs and lock himself in his bedroom; his second was to shoot the intruder before the fellow was aware of his presence; otherwise he might be murdered by a desperate man. Raising his revolver, he shut his eyes and let drive.

He heard a shriek upstairs and sounds made by something running away. The first came from Mrs. Blunt; the second was like the flight of an animal and came from the cat. Hearing nothing further, Mr. Blunt crouched behind a newel post and flashed his lamp into the drawing room. He saw no one, but a hole with radiant cracks had been made in a corner of a mirror resting on the mantel.

"Don't be frightened, my dear. Come down here."

Mrs. Blunt, who was hanging on to the banister above, responded faintly:

"Heavens! Are you killed?"

"Not exactly. I'm only a fool."

"What is it?"

"Shot at reflection in the mirror."

"Oh, dear! Did you break the mirror?"

"I made a hole in it. That confounded cat ran by me and upset me."

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"I mean she startled me, and I lost my head."

The next morning Mrs. Blunt gave her husband's revolver to a peddler.

Describes His Symptoms.

"I hear your husband is sick."

"Yes, he is illing considerably."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He hasn't read the patent medicine advertisements in today's paper yet, so he isn't quite certain."



'HAIR THAT GIVES FATHER TIME THE LAUGH'

We are just about as old as we LOOK.

People judge us, by the way we LOOK. The man or woman with grey hair is beginning to get in the "Old Timer's Class."

This Twentieth Century does NOT want GREY hairs—it wants the energy of Youth. The big things are being done by the YOUNGER generation.

There's a sort of "Has Been" look about those "Grey Hairs." There is always one to criticize and smile scornfully.

Father Time is a stern disciplinarian. Get the best of him. Give him the laugh. Do not be a "Has Been." It's unnecessary.

Use HAY'S HAIR HEALTH

Keep You Looking Young

\$1.00 and 50c at Drug Stores or direct upon receipt of price and dealer's name. Send 10c for trial bottle.—Philo Hay Specialties Co., Newark, N. J.

FOR SALE AND RECOMMENDED BY HAMILTON DRUG COMPANY AND MARSTERS DRUG COMPANY.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Equalization of Douglas county, Oregon, will meet in the office of the county clerk of said county, in the court house in the city of Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, October 21, 1912, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Said Board of Equalization will continue in session from day to day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, until the examination and correction and equalization of the assessment roll shall be completed, and will publicly examine the assessment roll and correct all errors in valuation, description or qualities of land, lots or other property. Now, therefore, all parties who may be aggrieved by reason of valuation, description, or otherwise, as to their assessment; will take notice as above stated, and make their complaints to said Board of Equalization, otherwise their assessments will stand as made by the assessor.

Dated Wednesday, September 25, 1912.

FRANK L. CALKINS, Assessor Douglas Co., Oregon.

Keister Ladies' Tailoring College

Room 324, Third Floor Perkins Bldg.

Everything pertaining to dress-making and tailoring taught. Tuition \$25 for full course. This course offers instruction in drafting of patterns, cutting and fitting of coats, cloaks, tailored and fancy dresses.

\$15 course gives drafting of patterns without sewing.

\$5 course gives 10 days sewing.

We Invite Investigation.

MRS. E. L. McINTOSH, Instructor & Mgr.

MISS FLORENCE McINTOSH, Assistant.

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Per Barrel - \$5.90

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Phone 184

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