

Morning, Noon and Night

Saturday-Monday or any other day in the Week.

FLOUR

\$7.00 \$8.20 \$8.60
\$1.80 \$2.10 \$2.20

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

See Us First, We Can Save You Money.

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG-OAKLAND

DIET AND HEALTH

dine out and you put your hostess to inconvenience if you dine with friends.

DISSOLVING PARTNERSHIP

We, Roy Bond and Perry Bond, of Glendale, Ore., hitherto doing business under the name of Bond Brothers, have dissolved partnership, and from this date on, Nov. 2, 1925, each will be responsible for his personal accounts only.

ROY BOND, PERRY BOND.

OREGON NEWS

To prevent the road from being junked by its owner, W. S. Barnum, the city of Medford has bought the Medford-Jacksonville railway for \$11,000. It is the city's intention to sell the road to turn it over to any buyer who will extend it into the rich timber and mineral belt in the Applegate region.

Wilbur K. Newell of Eugene, has been appointed deputy administrator of the federal probity law for Oregon. Joseph A. Linville, state director for the past four years, has been transferred to Seattle as assistant administrator in charge of permits for the whole Pacific northwest district.

Earl Kilgus, dean of the extension division and director of the Portland center of the University of Oregon, has resigned to take a staff position with the Red Cross.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS DR. H. H. JAYLER—Chiropractic physician, 126 W. Lane St.



Well Fed Fruit—Oat-Nut Bread. Early at. No regret.

Oregon Bakery



Are You Losing Money?

How many garments have you discarded because they were soiled? Our cleaning department can do wonders with the thing you thought you could never wear again.



Our Auto Will Call. Phone 277

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy McNeil, of Spanish lineage, marries Ben Murillo, a wealthy Italian, to please her impoverished family. She sacrifices her love for Timmy, a boyhood sweetheart. Her married life is a series of humiliations by Murillo. She writes to her cousin, Judith Moore, a San Francisco stenographer for advice and possible assistance in her plight. Then discovery that a young life is hovering near seems to cement her bondage. Murillo prevents friends of Sandy from attending their housewarming.

The last guest was gone. Sandy unclasped the crystal beads, balanced them in the palm of her hand.

Murillo sat on the arm of a chair, his eyes following her every move. He repeated compliments; he told her what his mother had said, and his sisters. They were delighted with Sandy's grace. They were thrilled to have picked a wife who was an honor to them.

He snuffed out his cigarette, came over and leaned on the dresser at Sandy's side. He was glowing and flattered with the success of the evening. Everything was beautiful. He took it for granted that Sandy shared his satisfaction; that she was entirely reconciled to the elimination of her friends.

He ran his hands over her long, bare, ankles, murmuring dreamingly: "It was all for the best, wasn't it? You see this now, don't you, Sandy?"

"She gave him no response.

When Murillo slept, Sandy stole through the silent house. She sat in that room upstairs, letting the channel breeze blow across her face. It was a relief the way the incident had turned out, but it had drained her of emotion.

She felt deserted, cut off once and for all from the bonny associations of her girlhood. Strange that not a single one had come. They must have talked about her. They must have suspected something ugly behind those delayed invitations. Perhaps Helen had reported the snub Murillo gave at Tahoe. So they guessed they weren't wanted. She shrank before their hot, young judgment.

She would be ashamed to meet these friends now. So she would be left alone—more and more alone. She would cease to be Sandy McNeil, becoming for them only Murillo's wife.

As years passed, she would grow tired of her futile defiance; grow submissive to his attentions. She bit her lips, feeling his hands running up and down her arms; his face brushing her hair.

She pressed her cheek to the window, watching a metallic gray finger of light streak the sky. She felt herself the loneliest thing on the earth and the most crushed.

Suddenly as she stood here—suddenly and shyly like the opening of petals, a faint stir touched along her nerves. Arresting, delicate, unique. She listened in a breathless awe, trembling with astonishment as though a note of music fell upon her heart.

She was unable to account for the change in her thought. Happiness flowed through her—a lighted stream. She would go in to the garden at night, lean against a tree and look up at the stars. She would laugh, reach out her arms, feeling her whole body stirring with love. Waves of it swept over her—warm, overpowering, sweet.

Consumed with tenderness, she now thought of the child. All her hostility vanished and she now longed for it; longed for the moment when she would at last look in its face, hold it in her arms. Her being vibrated to this passion of love as an instrument to music.

Her inner joyousness made her immune, and she went about the house gaily. Sometimes she laughed suddenly—she was absorbed with her own glowing expectancy as one listening continually to the harmonies that others cannot hear.

And she did not care what Murillo did. She was freed by her breezy indifference far more than he had been by her depression. Sometimes she was so brazenly gay that she started at her indignantly. This new attitude of her baffled and piqued him.

At first he decided that she was growing contented with her lot—becoming happy as a wife. He was soon forced to admit that Sandy's mood had no connection with himself. He became suspicious of her.

He said irritably: "Why are you laughing?" "Oh for this and for that?" "Where were you this afternoon?" "Out for a walk." "Do you walk by yourself?" She laughed: "Technically—yes."

"But where do you go?" This time she shrugged: "Wherever the spirit moves—here—there. Kilmeny had been here and knew not where; Kilmeny had seen what she would not declare!"

The next day when she went out for one of these long strolls, Murillo followed her. Finally he reached her side, insisting on taking her arm. "I don't think you do well to wander all over the waterfront alone, Sandy."

She laughed merrily, offending him with her gibes. Did he think she might fall into evil ways and pick up with beach combers and pirates? She all but ran him miles, knowing that he hated physical exertion.

These long walks were her only diversion now. She would go out on the pier, sit there in the sun, watching the boats or talking to old Jose about the seals he had caught. He had one big fellow that followed him like a dog.

It was odd for her to be sitting here alone. A year ago she would never dream of such a thing. There was always someone to laugh with to flirt with to swim with. She felt so much older now. She wouldn't let herself say "sadder."

But she sometimes shuddered when her imagination ran down the coming years—all her life going on like this. In these moods she thought of the child—dwell on its image and how it would love her. She shut Murillo with a blank completeness from all share in it. It was hers—hers only.

It would be sunny—a gleeful thing with dash and charm—handsome and bonny like her uncle, Bob McNeil. And it would make up to her for all the lost sweetness of love. It would bring a fullness to her days.

She counted the time she had still to wait—and smiled. She started again to walk, resting now and then. She was very tired, almost unequal to further effort. She leaned against a half broken fence, breathing quickly, wiping her face. She had come too far, and now wished that her husband or some neighbor might pass and pick her up.

A machine stopped. Exam before she had a glimpse of his face Sandy recognized the long, easy stride. A quiver of nervousness shot through her. "Hello, Timmy," she answered wistfully. "No; I'm out for a walk."

He reddened—frowned. "Oh, are you? I passed here an hour ago and you were sitting on that rock. I thought you seemed rather tired."

"Oh, no—I was just sitting in the sun." Timmy grinned to hide his embarrassment. "I guess that's a polite way of giving me the gate, Sandy."

And then, Sandy for the first time met Timmy's eyes: "Why should I give an old friend the gate, Timmy—you especially?" "I don't know. I thought perhaps you did; you had some reason. I wouldn't have stopped only I thought—well, I thought I should—"

She was warm with excitement. She was almost afraid to look in Timmy's face.

She thought quickly: "I'm afraid to stand here and talk to the oldest friend I have! I'm afraid Ben Murillo may see and see me! I'm a coward!"

And suddenly she went up to Timmy, with her hand outstretched. She laughed: "You're an old darling for stopping, Timmy. I'm just about falling in a faint with tiredness. Open the door and give me the lift!"

Men's suits cleaned and pressed. \$1.50. Roseburg Cleaners, phone 472.

COLDS treated externally with VICK'S VAPORUB

COUNTY HEALTH NURSE STARTING GIRLS' CLASSES

Little Mothers' Classes, for girls between the ages of 14 and 18 years, have been organized by Mrs. Josephine Jones, county health nurse, at Glendale and Looking Glass. Other classes are to be started at Canyonville and Riddle in the near future. These classes are to be visited once each month and will take up the studies of personal hygiene, hygiene of diet, home hygiene and hygiene for infants and small children.

Each of the girls will be given a thorough physical examination, and corrective exercises will be provided and they will be taught healthy.

Demonstrations will be given in correct posture, in cooking, home hygiene, such as bed making and care of sick, and in the care of infants, including bathing, clothing and feeding instructions.

In addition to these classes Mrs. Jones plans to start a number of nutrition classes in which there will be about 15 pupils in each. School pupils who are 7 per cent or more underweight will make up the membership of these classes. They will be weighed once a month and a record kept, while physical examinations will be given at frequent intervals to discover and remedy the defects responsible for the condition. Home visits will be made to parents and instruction provided regarding diet, sleeping hours, etc.

It has been definitely proven that the greater number of spinal curvature cases are directly traceable to cases of under nourishment while underweight conditions are often the start of more serious trouble.

These classes, which will result in keeping youngsters at their proper weight, will doubtless have a material benefit upon the health of the children of the county.

RIDDLE TO HAVE RECORD YIELD BROCCOLI THIS YEAR

Fourteen hundred acres of broccoli in the vicinity of Riddle will yield a record crop this year, according to Moses Ryan, a resident of that place, who was a business visitor in Roseburg Saturday. Mr. Ryan states that the market price in a fine profit for the growers. Prunes, heretofore the leading product of the Riddle section, made a poor showing as to quantity this year, hardly half a crop being realized, but the quality was very good, and the prices received were satisfactory. Riddle was formerly one of the county's leading shipping points for turkeys, but Mr. Ryan says that very few were raised in that locality this year and nearly all of the farmers are discontinuing that industry for other lines found more profitable and mutually agreeable.

A. H. HAGEN WINS CITY ELECTION AT GLENDALE

Tuesday, November 3, marked another city election, in which everything was quiet with little interest being shown, says the Glendale News. 81 votes was the total number cast from the entire city, the heaviest poll being in the first ward, where there was two candidates for the same office and 41 votes were cast. The results at the official count were:

- A. H. Hagen, for mayor 77
Geo. O. Oltum, for mayor 1
J. D. Harper, for mayor 1
W. B. Lewis, for recorder 75
L. J. Harding, for treasurer 75
G. I. Wardrip, for treasurer 1
Councilman First Ward 1
Gilbert Olson, for two years 24
E. R. Harvey, for one year 20
Geo. O. Oltum, for one year 10
Councilman Second Ward 7
Fred Cornell, for two years 7
L. C. Hayes, for two years 1
J. H. Brown, for two years 21
Councilman Third Ward 11
Dell Churchill, for two years 11

The names of Oltum and Harper for mayor did not appear on the printed ballots, but were written in and the names of Hayes and Brown for councilmen from ward two did not appear on the printed ballots but were written in as the voter's choice over the preferred candidates. The name of Glen Wardrip was written in for treasurer from ward three.

FREE FREE One 5x10 photograph with every order of \$4.00 or over. This offer closes Nov. 30. Clark Studio, Cass St. Roseburg Nat. Bank Bldg. Phone 331.

HOME COMFORT WEATHERSTRIP Home comfort Weatherstrip is a resilient, flexible strip of vermin-proof insulation packing covered with a special rubberized water-proof fabric. Easy to Apply—Simply tack on—turn the corners. Nothing could be more simple. You can do it yourself. No expensive mechanic needed. No taking down of doors and windows.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO. The Iron Mongers

Classified Section ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE OR RENT—150-acre farm. Phone 13F2.

FOR SALE—65 head of goats, heavy shearers. Phone 256J.

FOR SALE—1924 Ford touring. A bargain. Terms or cash. 207 1st. Ave. N.

FOR SALE—40 Jersey Giant pullets, \$1.25 each. J. V. Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

FRESH POP CORN BALLS—At Petty's Confectionery Store, Saturday and Armistice Day.

GOOD YOUNG FAMILY COW, just fresh. We are leaving, W. D. Bates, Bob Blakeley, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Ford, light delivery car, good shape, \$100. Terms, Arthur H. Crowell, 225 N. Jackson.

WILL SELL, or rent dwelling, 1048 corner west 1st street, and 1st avenue. Apply 226 S. Kane St.

FOR SALE—Three or four tons hay, close in, in barn. Phone G. U. Heibig, or call 497 W. Cass.

FOR SALE—Team, 9 and 11, 2800 lbs., harness, wagon, plow, cultivator and hay. Jersey Giant roosters to trade for pullets. Ivar Grae, Wilbur, Ore.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—For light car or truck, forty acres of Harney county's best open land. Write C. N. Currier, Sutherlin, Ore.

FOR RENT

ROOMS FOR RENT—323 S. Stephens. Phone 225J.

FOR RENT—Two modern 3-room cottages, one furnished. Call at 511 S. Pine or phone 166J.

FOR RENT—Modern five-room furnished cottage. Adults only. Call 514 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—3-room house on pavement, 3 cords of wood in basement. Call at 502 N. Jackson.

FOR RENT—Ground floor apartment, furnished. Close to school. Good place for children. Also sleeping room. 522 1st. Ave. N. Phone 79J.

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Colds Fever Grippe

Go Stop them today Stop them quickly—all their dangers and discomforts. End the fever and headache. Force the poisons out. Hills break colds in 24 hours. They cover the whole system. The prevent, reliable results have led millions to employ them. Don't rely on lesser helps, don't delay. All druggists. Price 30c

CASCARA & QUININE Get Red Box with portrait

with whom he has already served in executive capacities through leaves of absence from the university.

MRS. MONOSMITH DIES SUNDAY AFTER A LONG ILLNESS

Mrs. J. S. Monosmith, aged 53 years, died Sunday morning at 10 o'clock after a long illness. She was born July 27, 1872 at Stuart, Iowa, spending her girlhood days in that state. She came to Oregon with her parents in 1893 and two years later was married to John S. Monosmith. Five children were born to this union, the oldest daughter, Lucille, dying in infancy. A son Maurice Glen, passed away just recently. The husband, one son, Vern, and two daughters, Mrs. Harold Meach and Mrs. Ralph McKinnon, and three grand children are left to mourn her loss. She is also survived by one sister, Mrs. J. S. Curry and one brother, G. V. Maxwell.

She has been a patient, cheerful sufferer for several years, being afflicted with a malady which caused her much suffering before death came to her relief.

She was a member of the United Presbyterian church of Albany and had always been an active member since her girlhood.

The body was taken to Albany today and the funeral will be held there on Tuesday, Nov. 10, at the Fortmiller chapel. Interment will take place in the family lot of the Shedd cemetery.

NOTICE

Party who took rim and tire from the Ford roadster Saturday night at Lorr's Hall, is known. If he will return it to me at Wilbur, Oregon, nothing will be said otherwise he will be prosecuted. B. H. BATES.

When Winter Comes

Foley's Honey and Tar For Coughs and Colds

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY Send this ad and ten cents to Foley & Co., 2525 Broadway, Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address on the envelope. You will receive a sample bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and bronchitis. Also receive a package of Foley's Compound for the kidneys, and Foley's Compound for constipation, each in its own wrapper. These dependable remedies are the result of years of study and have helped millions of people. 25¢ each.

TUBBY



But Wait Until Pop Finds it Out.



By WINNER



WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua

The Largest Stock of Good Used Chevrolets and Fords in Roseburg. We Will Sell on EASY TERMS. Hansen Chevrolet Co. Phone 416