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- Re-Washed Half Ground Salt, 100 lbs. 85c
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We have a fleet of trucks leaving daily, Roseburg, Eugene, Portland, Medford, Marshfield, making delivery at

All Way Points

Oregon Auto Transportation Co.

Roseburg Phone 31-J Portland Phone M 2256
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PEKING ARMY IS DRIVEN BACK BY SMALLER FORCE

TIENTSIN, China, Dec. 14.—Heavy machine gun and artillery fire took place at Pehiang, 45 miles east of Tientsin, during the week end.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN

Once again we will wrap your Xmas packages free for mailing. We Call and Deliver.

Imperial CLEANERS

Our Auto Will Call. Phone 277



AT BRAND'S ROAD STAND

Pacific Highway 4 Miles North Open Evenings Till 11 o'Clock

REAL BARBECUE SANDWICHES

Meat roasted on spits before the open fire. Coffee with real cream. Sweet cider. They taste pretty good after the show.

Always a Big Assortment of Fruits, Nuts and Candy

CHRISTMAS Blooming Plants

Christmas Baskets with Cut Flowers THE FERN Roseburg's Leading Florists Phone 240



The Largest Stock of Good Used Chevrolets and Fords in Roseburg

We Will Sell on EASY TERMS

Hansen Chevrolet Co. Phone 416

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE STORY SO FAR:

Sandy McNeil, in love with life, marries Ben Marillo, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Tyranny by Marillo and frequent quarrels follow. A son dies at birth. Bob McNeil, her uncle, aids in plans for Sandy and her mother to take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets Ramon Worth, who saves her life in the surf. On the same steamer home he declares his love. Marillo declares he will never release her. Judith Moore, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Marillo overtakes her as she goes for a trust with Ramon. Follows a clash over her promises to her sick mother to give up plans for divorce. She appeals to Bob for aid in a divorce action and he tells her she has no grounds. Sandy determines to make her own living. When she is leaving the postoffice, where she has gone to get her mail, she is intercepted by Marillo, who fails to get her letters.

Go on with the story from here:

CHAPTER 49

Sandy lunched from him, ordering in a low furious tone: "Don't touch me! Don't move. I'll scream. I'll bring the whole town on you. Don't follow me!" He turned gray, moisture flecking his lips. Sandy, with her blood pounding noisily, hurried down the block, ducking into the office where May Arliss worked. It was an insurance office, the windows on a level with the street. May, shifting a huge policy from her typewriter, greeted Sandy warmly. "Furry's tomorrow night, Mac. Coming?"

"Of course!" I dropped in to inquire if I'd been scratched from the guest list," said Sandy, excitedly, wondering if Marillo were waiting; if he had pursued her. May folded the document. "There goes your husband," she commented absently. "Guess he saw you. He's coming in."

"Where's the dressing room. May?" "Yonder—second turn to your left."

Holding her breath, Sandy sped between the high counters. She reached the door, heard May's casual "Afternoon, Ben—" With a short, hysterical laugh she pulled open the moist, crumpled letters. The words swam glowingly. She drank them avidly, then tore the pages to minute shreds.

Hard, poised, utterly reckless, she returned smiling to meet him.

"Marillo bowed stiffly: 'I'll drive you home, my dear.' 'I'm walking, my dear.' He took her arm, whispered with menace: 'Come.' Outside she turned on him. 'Stop pinching me! I told you I'm walking.' 'Give me those letters.' 'Let go my arm. Let go! You're making a fool of yourself. Goodbye.' 'White with anger, he followed. 'I'll DRIVE you home.' She set a quick pace, doubled it, noted with glittering malice his charging breath, the clementing of his fists.

The hills were nude and brown in the bright, wintry sun. The water looked so clean in its blue, chilly rime. Sandy swung along, arrogant, thrilled with defiance. With a blithe gesture she pointed to hills and waves: "Beautiful scene!" "You'll pay for this!" She laughed.

Finally they reached the house. "Great exercise, wasn't it? A little out of breath, are you? I forgot you dislike to walk quickly." Mrs. Dixon, their next door neighbor, was just getting into her machine. Sandy bowed cordially. She said to Marillo in an undertone: "Fetch a smile. You look like a wife beater."

He caught her arm, holding it in a vise as they went up the steps. He pushed her to the living room.

"Who is your correspondent that you must go snatching to the postoffice for the letters?" "Who is yours, that you must put a lock on the mail box?" "This is my house! I've a right to see what enters it; to safeguard the interests of my home."

"Take all the rights you want with your house. You've only one right with me!" "And that?" "She lifted her chin with a bright, mocking laugh. 'The right

to support me! Permanently!' He pushed his face near to hers, scowling: 'Take care! You may flout me once too often.' 'And what will you do then? Turn me into the street? That's what I want!' She went up the stairs whistling, her head flung back as she went tingling with joy. She stood before the mirror taking long, gasping breaths, fascinated by the scarlet stains on her cheeks, the hard brilliance of her eyes.

She felt hard and brilliant—hard with contempt; brilliant with defiance. She thought: "I owe him nothing! NOTHING! I owe no one anything!" She walked with a quick, firm step about the room, shaking out a drapery at the window, straightening a row of books, dusting off powder from the dressing table. She owed no one anything! Life was rich and sweet. It offered her gifts—joyous gifts. She was taking them. She had a right to take them!

"Dearest—dearest—when will you tell me that you care? You will—some time—how I love you!" Phrases from Ramon's letter drifted to her mind, lettered like a caress. She told herself presently, conscious of an oppressive warmth: I'm free of all that! Free of conscience! Free of restraint and the old banking scruples! I feel that I have a right to do as I please!

She was free to live; take boundlessly of this exultant sweetness. He was coming Saturday! Yes—let him come—Saturday and Saturday!

There now entered into her attitude a pathetic abandon. She had nothing to lose; no sanctities in her life that needed guarding. It was shameful—made up of lies and indignities. Flung it away—all of it—make it anew in flame and beauty.

Marillo dared her to flout him. But why shouldn't she? What had she to fear or to forfeit? She was awaiting some terrible climax in her life that she would not see. Why shouldn't she flout Marillo and hasten it?

With flying pulse she now stole through the back garden these Saturday nights, when Ramon waited in the shadow down the road. Marillo was never home. But then—she never knew. She sped along till the hand reached out and caught hers warmly. She laughed when Ramon kissed her as she had laughed in her girlhood at Timmy's ardor.

"You must care for me, Sandy, or you wouldn't put yourself out to meet me." "I like being loved," she answered truthfully.

He frowned: "I'm coming south the first of the year. I'll be in Los Angeles all spring. I took the job because of you." The warmth of his eyes, which she could clearly see in the December moonlight, brought a flush to her heart. "You won't always be bound, Sandy."

"It seems so. I don't know how I'll ever get free." "If you could—listen—if you could, would you come to me? Would you marry me, Sandy?" She shut her eyes, liking the touch of his warm, snowy hands: "Would you marry me, Sandy?" "I don't know, Ramon. I'd want to be so sure—so terribly sure."

"Oh, wouldn't you feel sure about me? I could be so good to you." She reached up her hand and touched the tanned, intent face. "You have been—you have been."

"You're glad I'll be nearer—near enough to come half a dozen times in a week?" "Not—not that often. . . . Saturday are safer. . . . You look forward to Saturday."

"Yes—yes—" She sank down joyously whispering: "I won't think! I don't need to think!" and laughed when he kissed her.

But at midnight when she went padding about her room, her feet chilled, her heart on fire, she asked herself fearfully: "What am I doing? How long can I do this—I wonder how long?"

And in the company of Alice and her mother, she thought: "What would they say if they knew I went to meet Ramon—sneaking out to ride with him? Oh, what would Alice say if I told her of Ramon—that I kiss him when I find my arms about him?"

She felt hard, sophisticated—ruthless. She listened to the girls who had been her friends before her marriage—listened to their posings, their brazen talk. She thought: "I was like that once! I thought I knew!"

She went around with them, keeping these affairs secret from Marillo.

Spring came—the sweet early

days of February. They were gathered at Edna Stacy's. Some- one said: "What's next?" There was a silence. Sandy answered: "I guess it's my turn." "Yes," said May Arliss. "I guess it is." "Then make it next Saturday." This was the first time sandy had invited the crowd to her house in the evening.

She was inwardly athrob with excitement, that as the week advanced turned to alarm. What if Marillo remained home this week end? What if he came in as those girls were all sitting around smoking? He might order them out.

She said to him Friday morning: "Aphor wants us to dinner tomorrow night. Can you come?" He looked at her narrowly: "I've business that takes me out of town on Saturday. Tell your mother to make it Monday." "You couldn't be here just this Saturday?" "I can't be here."

She ran into her room, laughing with relief, in this unsuspected way the climax she had awaited, came.

Give flashlights for Xmas. Get them at Powell's.

Made Good Claim to Power Over Reptiles

Until quite recent date at Luxor was to be found an Egyptian who claimed direct descent from the pharaohs, and who possessed wonderful power over snakes, scorpions and other reptiles. An exhibition of his uncanny power was given and the ruins of Karnak, a favorite haunt of reptiles. Before entering the garden the man removed all his clothes. He then walked in, and commenced an impassioned harangue, summoning all the snakes in the garden to obey the powers he had derived from his pharaoh ancestors, and come forth. Not many moments elapsed after he had finished his harangue before a long, thin snake came gliding toward him. It was followed by another and another, till about a dozen snakes had come out on to the path where he stood, which were picked up by the snake man and stuck into a basket. The man quickly approached spectators and if they wished him to gather scorpions. He then turned to an old wad and exhorted the scorpions to emerge. At once a large one came out of a hole in the wall, the man picked it up and placed it on his palm. The scorpion immediately stung him, drawing a few drops of blood, but the man paid not the slightest attention to this. The man's strange powers were not inherited by his son, as the latter was shortly after bitten by a cobra and died immediately.

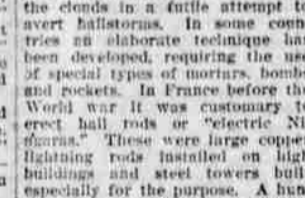
No Method Yet Found to Prevent Hailstorm

The United States weather bureau says it is often asked whether there is not some way that hailstorms can be prevented. The bureau replies the answer is in the negative. Pathfinder Magazine reports. There is no known way to prevent hail. Much powder has been burned in Europe bordering the clouds in a futile attempt to avert hailstorms. In some countries an elaborate technique has been developed, requiring the use of special types of mortars, bombs and rockets. In France before the World war it was customary to erect tall rods or "electric lightning rods" These were large copper lightning rods installed on high buildings and steel towers built especially for the purpose. A hundred years ago it was a common practice with Europeans to put up small tall rods, often consisting of poles with metal tips. These were erected in fields, gardens and vineyards. None of these methods, says the weather bureau, had any plausible scientific hypothesis behind them. Any effects ascribed to them were purely imaginary.

Winter's Rainbow for Coughs and Colds

Quick Relief For Old and Young

Disturbance in a local theatre The patrons of a local show house were asked of interest the following questions: "What is the name of the man who was the first to use the word 'cough'?" "Cough," replied the man who was asked the question. "What is the name of the man who was the first to use the word 'cold'?" "Cold," replied the man who was asked the question.



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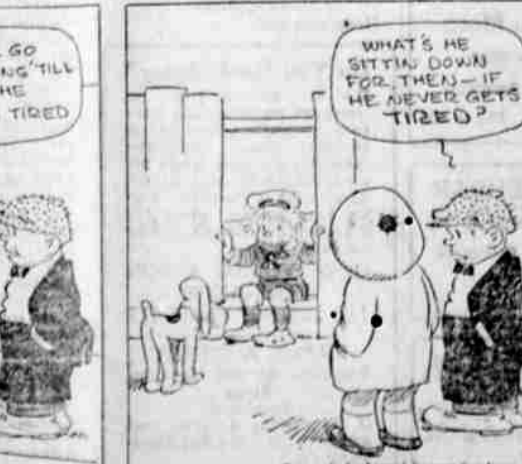
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That's Fair Enough.



By WINNER



WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua



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Our shops are equipped to turn out all kinds of machine work. Repair Work Done PINE ST. MACHINE SHOP Opposite Flour Mill

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Beautiful Glassware always pleases recipients and we are prepared to supply shoppers with a Great Variety. Water Sets, Vases, Fancy Plates, Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Candle Sticks, and a great assortment of fancy and ornamental pieces. See This Line for Your Gift Selection. CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO. The Iron Mongers

Classified Section ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE.

FOR SALE

WOOD AND HAY for sale, Phone 270-X. FOR SALE OR TRADE—Fine player piano. See Judd. CHRISTMAS TREES for sale. Any size. Phone 415-J. SOLE SALE—Oak and laurel block wood. Phone 5-F23. FOR SALE—Old fir block wood. \$3.50 per tier. Phone 14715. Neston Bros. FOR SALE—30 pigs, two months old, J. F. Van Allen, Days Creek, Ore. FOR SALE or trade, apartment house with seven apartments. Call at 216 S. Parrott. FOR SALE—Wool cards, imported from Finland; \$1.85 post paid. Joan Nyland, North Bend. FOR SALE—2 black mares, 7 and 8 years old, weigh about 1400 each. Box 61, Camas Valley, Ore. GERMAN police dog for sale. One year old, very trainable. Must sell at once. Write Box E, Oakland, Oregon. FU SALE—21 of SW4 and SW4 of SE1 section 12 T. 23. R. 7. Make me an offer. L. R. Barbo, Thompson Falls, Montana. FOR SALE—Bed and springs, \$2.50; silk floss mattress, practically new, \$18.90; dresser, 14x17; coal oil stove, three burner and oven, \$5.00, 124 Brockway St. FOR SALE—1 Stradivari upright phonograph. Has 2 records, cost \$225. Will sell for \$75. Excellent condition. Violin tone. Box 135, Yoncaita, Ore. TEAM of MAKES—in good shape. For sale at \$30 within next few days; or will trade for any kind of livestock. Also for sale, 3 tons pressed hay at \$15 per ton at barn on route 1, Box G-12, 2 1/2 miles east Kelley's Corner, where mares may also be seen. SEE OUR used cars before you buy; over 10 to choose from—1 1921 Ford touring, starter and good running order \$75 1 1921 Chevrolet \$95 1 1921 Dodge touring, cord tires, new paint \$125 And 20 others, coupes, and sedans. Easy terms, year to pay. HANSEN CHEVROLET CO.

FOR RENT

PIANO for rent. Phone 51-F5. FOR RENT—Five-room unfurnished house. Inquire at 544 S. Pine. FOR RENT—Furnished 3-room apartment, 605 S. Stephens. FOR RENT—Good six-room house. Come in, inquire 104 Hoover St. SLEEPING ROOMS for rent, bath and living room private. 610 S. Stephens. FOR RENT—Five-room furnished house, inquire 617 S. Stephens, Phone 571-L.

WANTED

WANTED—Baby buggy in good condition. Phone 5-F23. WANTED—Clinkstone and Chequer Board. Address: J. News-Review. WANTED—100 head of weaver goats. J. H. Bacon, Umpqua, Ore. ALL kinds of sewing, dress making a specialty. 523 Miller St. Phone 469-L. WANTED—Healthy horses or old cows for milk used. F. Curtis Caskey, Roseburg. WANTED—A second hand doll buggy in good condition. Phone 284-X. FURS WANTED—Highest market prices paid. Wilson Tire Shop opposite News-Review. Bring or ship to B. F. Shuman. HEADS of B. F. Shuman 5 and 3 cents, worn guaranteed. 217 S. Stephens, south of Rose hotel, phone 632. Mrs. Lilli.

LOST AND FOUND

STRAYED from Winston, dog, part Airedale, light tan curly hair, long tail. Very timid. Reward. Mrs. G. J. Bacher, Phone 274. FOUND—Lady's wrist watch. Owner call at News-Review office and describe the watch and band as means of identification. MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 634 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

GIVE YOUR BOY a real pal for Christmas. Have a few pedigreed Airedales left at attractive prices. M. N. Humphreys, Brockway, Ore.

FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT—Buffet Clarinet, seventeen keys, full set rings, leather case, music stand; priced for quick sale. C. P. Caylor, Phone 158-J.

WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua



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