

YEP, WE SAID IT!

AND WE MEAN IT

The More We Sell the Cheaper We Will Sell.

REGULAR EVERYDAY PRICES
BEST Hard Wheat Flour\$2.20
GOOD Hard Wheat Flour\$2.10
Blended Flour\$1.80
Stock Salt85c

SPECIAL

Good Range, almost new \$45.00

See Us—We Save You Money

FARM BUREAU
COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE
 ROSEBURG—OAKLAND

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy McNeil, in love with life, marries Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Tyranny by Murillo 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. One the same steamer home he declares his love. Murillo says he will never release her. Judith Moore, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. He appears, unexpectedly at a party she is giving for her friends. After the party he strikes her. She leaves his house and accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She then accepts a position in the city and boards out, spending occasional week-ends with Ramon at his home. She is summoned home and she leaves Ramon, promising to marry him when she is free. Her mother gives her a letter from her husband.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER 68

She doubted her eyes. She read and began to laugh—choking with hard, hysterical laughter. Ben Murillo wanted her back. He would even make concessions—magnificent concessions to win her return.

That was his letter: "To my wife, Alexandria Murillo, I herewith offer the following proposal, believing that her interest was more than my own will be furthered by its acceptance. I have sorrowed during her absence, regretting the hardship and suffering she may have borne when released from my care and protection."

"My marriage was prompted by the highest motives, my only wish being to establish a home where wife and children might be happy. These hopes are now blasted and I am permanently deprived of these natural joys unless she will accept favorably on this proposition. I therefore offer these concessions, believing that hereby all causes of friction between us will be eliminated."

"First—I will settle on my wife a monthly allowance of \$50, which she may use entirely as spending money. I will ask for no accounting of this money, and should she prove wise in its expenditure I will increase the monthly stipend. This settlement will continue as long as she conducts herself with propriety such as I have a right to expect in the woman who bears my name."

"Second—I shall not interfere in the friendships of my wife and, further, will grant her the privilege of entertaining any such friends as she chooses in my home and at my expense."

"Third—I will put aside my objection to women smoking and permit the indulgence of this habit, with the stipulation that she shall not smoke more than four cigarettes a day."

"Fourth—I shall open charge accounts in the stores here and in Los Angeles and shall authorize the purchase of a complete new wardrobe with the sole condition that my sister, Beatrice Murillo, accompany my wife and advise on the purchase."

"I ask in return only that my wife come back to our home and that our marriage be resumed."

Sandy went sharply to her mother's room, her head very high. She dropped the letter on the little commode, her lips parted with her swift, flaming breath.

Isabel reached out her hand, a pleased, childlike smile on her face. "Sandy—look—"

Ben Murillo was entering the room. The long, black eyebrows arched winningly. His sallow face flushed expectantly, as though he had done something beautiful and now waited to be told about it.

Sandy, her back half turned, felt her whole body scorching with indignation. Isabel trying to maneuver a stupid, tyrannical reconciliation like this!

He approached. "You have read my letter?"

Her face, her whole tense, motionless figure, seemed ablaze. She swung about, avoiding him, walking like a flash to the window at the far end of the long narrow room.

He followed. "Sandy, have you read? You think well of it? Shall I give you a little time to consider?"

Her back to him, her chilly fingers toyed with the curtains, she answered. Her voice was low—

NOTICE

Having sold the West Side grocery store to Victor Boyd, all accounts up to January 1st will be payable to me at the store; all later accounts to Victor Boyd.

J. D. REESE.

whisper. The murmur of it reached Isabel's bed.

The murmur rose and fell. It hurried, paused, drove on relentlessly, propelled by a fiendish, dynamic anger she could no longer control.

"Yes, I have read it. You write to me! You dare write to me! You murder! You write beater. Allow me \$50 a month. Fifty thousand a minute wouldn't bring me to you. I'd walk the streets I'd pick up with a scavenger before I'd return to you. I may have friends? I may smoke? I may have clothes with Beatrice Murillo's advice. I do as I please. I ask no permission from the Murillos. Your name? I loathe and scorn it! Move away. You don't exist for me. I'd walk down State street before I'd take copper penny from a smug brute like you!"

Here eyes glittering like fiery daggers, she turned. She saw his white, speechless face—his face blasted with shock and pallor. She walked with shock and pallor. She walked with shock and pallor.

She ran down the steps. Out in the sun—chilly November morning. But she felt driven along, wrapped in a withering heat. He would take her back! Give her \$50 a month as long as she conducted herself with proper wifely dignity! She laughed.

Yet her whole mind seethed. Its fire came out and burned her cheeks. She recoiled from herself as though she had been outraged.

Reaching the Arlington hotel she paused to compose herself. She shrugged. "Oh, what do I care about him! Forget it! The absurdity of Isabel doing this!"

The wondered if her mother had heard? No—she had deliberately spoken softly—even in her rage remembered to speak in a whisper.

She walked slowly through the garden, holding her head back—cooling herself with the breeze from the channel. She lagged, thinking dully: "Lord, suppose he didn't come back! Lord, what a mess I've made of things!"

She came out blindly, resuming the fear of the night—the fear for Ramon. Only find out that he was safe—that he'd done no ghastly, desperate thing.

She crossed the wide lobby where children were playing and old ladies sat about the crackling logs.

She mustered a quiet voice and asked for him.

The clerk turned slowly, looked in the pigeon holes above the desk. "He's gone—checked out."

"When?"

"Last night, I believe. No—it may have been very early this morning."

A flurry of tears came dashing to her eyes. She went out, burning and shaken.

She went to the telephone office, intending to send a brief wire. But Sarah Manning was at the desk—that busybody of a Sarah Manning. The worst of it, living in a small place like this—everyone knowing your business!

So she wrote to him. And for three days went about sick with apprehension. She bought the Los Angeles papers, scanning the notices of the suicides.

She dreamed of Ramon washed up on the beach. She saw his tall, gaunt form lying with the face half buried in the sand—the brown, sinewy hands clutched, grimy with seaweed.

The scene of their farewell recurred. His quiet and deadly excitement when he asked: "And will you kiss me?"

She wished now that she had gone on evading—why had she met the issue? Issues like this can't be met!

She became intensely nervous, avoiding her mother's eyes. It was unbearable that way Isabel looked at her with that gentle, uncomprehending reproach; the way Isabel once said: "You won't consider it? He is your husband."

"No—don't talk about him. I never want to hear of him—mother, please."

Yet it was almost as bad to have Isabel watching her—turning the sweet, shallow eyes upward pleadingly.

"God, where is he! Why couldn't he write!" she said again and again.

The fifth day came—a little gray box. Within was a square cut emerald set in a ring—the clearest, loveliest stone she had ever seen. The note said: "You like emeralds. Wear this, darling of mine, for remembrance. And so—goodbye."

ORIENTALS GARDENS TO OPEN TONIGHT

The Oriental Gardens, Roseburg's premier dance pavilion, will be opened to the public at 8:30 o'clock tonight. The hardwood maple floor has been polished and the decorations have all been placed. The Gardens present a beautiful appearance and has been adjudged one of the best in southern Oregon. Hundreds are planning to attend tonight's festivities and the Oriental Gardens Ballroom orchestra of seven pieces has arranged a fine program of dance music, which includes all of the latest melodies. Harold Bemis, well known local singer, will feature a number of the popular waltzes and fox trots. Special electrical effects will be used on the moonlight waltzes.

Jack Coyne, professional decorator, completed his work in the Gardens and has transformed the hall into a pavilion savoring of the Orient. All of the scenery and decorative designs were painted here by him and his work has won for him a great deal of praise.

Dancing will start promptly at 8:30 tonight, on the jivey plan. Admission to the hall will be free.

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

JURY LIST FOR JUSTICE COURT IS DRAWN TODAY

The jury list for the Justice Court was drawn today, the men chosen being drawn to serve for one year. Those who will make up the panel are: L. R. Mynatt, J. W. Stoops, John Reese, S. Madison, George Rottig, S. D. Evans, James Schaefer, W. K. Goode, Edward Morgan, M. C. Radabaugh, A. H. Buell, August Schloemann, John Metz, E. Tollman, M. M. Boyd, Carl Ohman, Charles Neal, G. W. Stevens, John Moffitt, C. W. Parker, W. C. Harding, W. H. Grinstead, John Fennie, John McKean, M. J. Dourte, J. A. Findlay, A. J. Young, Alva Bellows, Frank Spaur, Frank Brown, N. B. Roadman, E. H. Rosenberg, E. F. Page, A. L. Atkins, G. E. Gross, Stonewall Caulfield, Mrs. C. H. Wickham, T. M. Ollivant, D. W. Moore, H. P. McLaughlin, G. W. Lechner, S. Page, R. E. Dunham, E. L. Gies, William Samson, C. T. Bennett, George Chandler, Mrs. G. W. Leeper, Mrs. Foster Dutner, John Hunter.

NOTICE

Starting Jan. 6, prices for marceils will be \$1.00, bob curl 75c. CLEMENTINE McREYNOLDS.

McNARY OPPOSES WITHDRAWAL OF AID FOR HIGHWAYS

That he will continue to work for federal appropriations for the western states, and will oppose any legislation which might tend to withdraw the cooperation of the government in highway construction, is the statement made by Senator C. L. McNary in a letter received by the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce. Senator McNary says: "You may tell your organization that as chairman of a joint committee on handling the appropriation bill which carries federal aid for the construction of highways in cooperation with the States, that I shall oppose any movement intended to take the government out of the field. "The aid the government gives the western states is small compensation in lieu of the taxation of government lands. I know the situation thoroughly and indeed I am going to refer to this subject when I speak in New York City, Saturday, January 9th. I think I am in a position to prevent any change in the present plan."

All kinds pruning and grafting work done, rates reasonable. Louis Bergold, Roseburg, Ore.

Do YOU Worry?

One of the most difficult things to contend with in these strenuous times is worry and nervousness. Almost everyone suffers in one form or another—neuritis, nervous indigestion, etc., all painful, afflict suffering humanity because the nerves are disordered. Women suffer most, because of their physical make-up. To correct these conditions take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, made of soothing herbs. It is a wonderful nerve tonic and will help restore nervous system to health and strength. Send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$1--Bargains--\$1

For a few days we are offering Special Prices on an excellent line of Aluminum Ware, and during this time you may purchase any one of the following pieces for only

\$1.00

Tea Kettle, Roaster, Parcolator—2 1/2 quart.

Water Pitcher, 4-quart Con. Kettle, Set

Pudding Pan, Double Boiler, 10-quart Dish Pan

These are good quality Aluminum Ware, and you should make your choice early while stock is complete.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.
 The Iron Mongers

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

YOUNG PIGS for sale cheap, John Bruce, Glade.

FOR SALE—Male Shepherd pups. D. C. McSheehy, Phone 5F13.

HAY FOR SALE—Edenbower Orchard Tracts, Phone 2473.

FOR SALE—Two good coyote dogs, price \$100. John Abene, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Wood, baled hay and straw. Phone 422-L. W. A. Jenkins.

FOR SALE—Few 125-lb. pigs, also solid cabbage. Libabom, Dixonville.

FOR SALE—1924 Ford coupe, fine condition. Price \$300. Leta C. Young, Sutherlin, Ore.

FOR SALE—65 White Leghorn pullets. J. C. Gerety, Roseburg, Route 1, Box 18.

FOR SALE—Two-door sedan, '21 model, or trade for roadster. Care Sedan, News-Review.

HATCHING EGGS ON SALE—Rhode Island Red chickens. Johansson strain, \$1.50 for setting of 15. Write to J. L. S. Umpqua, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Two tracts of good timber, one in Marion county, SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and lots 3, 4, 5, Sec. 6, Twp. 3, R. 3 East Douglas county. NE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 2, Twp. 23, R. 4 west. Write B. F. Knapp, Rt. 3, Waterloo, Iowa.

SACRIFICE \$3900—One of the best improved farms in southern Ore. on Pacific highway, 1 mile from good town. Modern bungalow, large barn, two well, wind mill, 800 young prune trees, apples, pears, cherries, all bearing, good land, the improvement alone worth more than \$4000. Particulars see W. V. Hurst, Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Here is your opportunity to some of best bargains that ever was offered in Roseburg. 3 lots on good streets, \$250 for the three. 1 lot on good street, fine view, \$100. 4 lots in good location, fine view, \$300. Terms, \$10 down, bal. \$5 per mo. Int. 6%. Address Owner, Box 668, or call 355 South Main St., or Phone 419-Y.

FOR RENT

PIANO for rent. Phone 31-F5

FOR RENT—Housekeeping rooms, 816 Winchester. Phone 170-Y.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartments, \$10 and \$15. 616 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—Good 6-room house, Inquire 420 West Douglas.

FOR RENT—New modern home, Laurelwood, J. V. Casey.

FOR RENT—Heated sleeping room. Close in. 212 N. Stephens.

FOR RENT—Good house on Mosher St. Near round house. Inquire 815 Hoover St.

HOUSE FOR RENT—On west First St. near Winchester. Phone 48-F4.

FOR RENT—Furnished light housekeeping rooms. Inquire 9 to 4 o'clock at 203 E. Court St.

FOR RENT—5-room house with sleeping porch, garage, close in. Inquire 230 E. Lane.

FOR RENT—Furnished apt. house, close in. L. O. Maddox, 520 N. Jackson.

FOR RENT—3 rooms downstairs, furnished apartment, close in. Hot water all hours. Phone 245-B.

WANTED

WANTED—Work by boy 13 yrs. Call 290-Y.

WANTED—Woman or girl for general housework. Call 479-J or 288.

LADY would like to work part time for apartment. I. M. case News-Review.

WANTED—Three unfurnished rooms, close in. Phone 15-F4. Mrs. Lixie Connolly.

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm or ranch for sale. R. Sanky, 6903 32 N. W. Seattle.

WANT FURS—Bring or ship. If prices are not satisfactory return at my expense. B. F. Shields, Wilson's Tire Shop.

WANTED—Neat appearing man with some selling experience. Good opportunity for a hustler to make big money. See Mr. Cole, Room 3, Palace Rooms.

WANT TO TRADE fine modern seven-room house with garage and full half block ground for stocked and equipped ranch near Roseburg. Equity \$2500, pay some cash and assume to \$5000. Max Stewart, Lebanon, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS

WILL TRADE walnut furniture for light used car. Answer, M. H. C. News-Review.

MARCELLING, hair-cutting, all beauty work reasonable. Amy Rogers, next door to City Hall. Phone 118-LI.

CALL OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sarra's Auto Wrecking House.

BROCCOLI GROWERS will meet Sat., Jan. 9th at 1:30 P. M. in City Hall to consider cauliflower, 1926 grading rules, crates, seed, etc. U. V. Broccoli Growers Association. R. H. Wood, Sec. Mgr.

TO TRADE—Will trade my San Diego home near beautiful Balboa Park, in finest residential district, for Roseburg city property. Interested persons please address W. E. Elsie, 2011 29th St., San Diego, California.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Between Coles Valley and Sutherlin, one running board storage battery cover, from W. H. Knight car. Finder please notify H. F. Hebard, Umpqua, Ore.

Harry Pearce

Auto Top Manufacturing, Repairing Tops and Curtains, Upholstering of all kinds, Tent and Awning Work, Winchester St.

CHRISTMAS

Blooming Plants, Christmas Baskets with Cut Flowers

THE FERN

Roseburg's Leading Florists, Phone 240

AT BRAND'S

Road Stand, Pacific Highway, 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

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Ruddy Cheeks—Sparkling Eyes—Most Women Can Have

Says Dr. Edwards, a Well-Known Ohio Physician

Dr. F. M. Edwards for 17 years treated scores of women for liver and bowel ailments. During these years he gave to his patients a prescription made of a few well-known vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, naming them Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. You will know them by their olive color.

These tablets are wonder-workers on the liver and bowels, which cause a normal action, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system.

If you have a pale face, sallow look, dull eyes, pimples, coated tongue, headache, a listless, no-good feeling, all out of sorts, inactive bowels, you take one of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets nightly for a time and note the pleasing results.

Thousands of women and men take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the successful substitute for calomel—now and then just to keep them fit. 15c and 30c.

TUBBY

LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR MR. BUTTERS GAVE ME - IT HAS A LOVELY PICTURE ON IT

OH HAW, HAW, SUCH A PICTURE! WHO EVER SAW A MOON LIKE THAT? I THINK IT'S A BUM PICTURE!

Fore

Matter.

IT IS NOT - THIS PICTURE WAS PAINTED BY A FAMOUS ARTIST. IT IS CALLED 'THE MOONLIT MEADOWS,' A SCENE IN EUROPE

OH, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT - I KNEW WE DIDN'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MOON HERE

By WINNER



Roseburg Steam Laundry, PHONE 79