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Stock Salt 85c 100 lbs.
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FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG—OAKLAND

HILLSBORO WOMAN FILES FOR STATE SCHOOL OFFICE

Mrs. Emma Bryant, superintendent of schools of Washington county, has announced her candidacy for the office of state superintendent of public instruction. She will enter the campaign on the republican ticket and her name will go before the voters at the May primaries. In her declaration Mrs. Bryant says:

"I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of state superintendent of public instruction to succeed Mr. J. A. Churchill, resigned. I will enter the May republican primaries.

"I am forty-two years of age, a married woman and the mother of four children, three of whom are attending college in this state and one attending high school. St. Paul, Minnesota is my birthplace, but I was reared in the city of Portland, Oregon, coming there at the age of five years. I attended the public schools of that city, being a graduate of the old Portland high school located at Fourteenth and Morrison streets.

"I have had many years of experience in the rural schools of this state and the state of Washington as well as experience in the city schools. I have served as principal of a city school and am now serving my fifth year as superintendent of schools of Washington county.

"One of the big problems before the people of Oregon today is to

Colds Fever Grippe

Be Quick—Be Sure!

Get the right remedy—the best men know. So quick, so sure that millions now employ it. The utmost in a laxative. Bromide-Quinine in ideal form. Colds stop in 24 hours. L. Grippe in 3 days. The system is cleaned and toned. Nothing compares with Hill's.

All druggists. Price 30c
CASCARA & QUININE

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devise a more equitable tax division for school administration purposes. If elected, I will put forth all possible effort to meet this problem, and will do my utmost to further all the educational interests of the state. Another big problem which will occupy me will be the problem of equalizing educational opportunities between the urban and the rural child.

"I am a member of the Congressional church, of the Women's Auxiliary to the Spanish American War Veterans, of the local County and state grange, of our local Women's Club and Parent Teacher association. I am president of the state association of county school superintendents.

"Signed, MRS. EMMA BRYANT, Hillsboro, Oregon."

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

SING SING'S NEW EXECUTIONER DOES HIS FIRST WORK

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
OSMINO, N. Y., Jan. 28.—Sing Sing's new executioner, a bit nervous and shrouded in mystery, has officiated at his first execution in the death house.

Late last night he threw the switch twice, sending Emil Klatt and Luigi Rapito, convicted murderers to their death. He did not wear a mask or robe as had been announced, but did preserve carefully the secret of his identity. None of those present knew him as he strode down the corridor with quick, nervous steps and went about his task. He appeared about sixty years old.

Klatt was faithful to the code of the underworld to the last. At the door of the execution chamber he expressed hatred for Ambrose Ross, Frank Daley and William McNamara, as "quealers." All three have been convicted of murder. Rapito, convicted of killing a man in a quarrel over a woman, went to his death without a word.

When Winter Comes

Coughs Colds Dose-Jolly Honey and Tar

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., 215 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill. You will receive a sample bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds and hoarseness, also sample packages of Foley's Catarrh Tablets for catarrh and hemorrhoids. These valuable remedies are free from opiates and have helped millions of people. Try them!

W. F. Chapman.

Chas. S. McElhinny, "The Widow's Friend" Oregon Life 248 North Jackson

WHEN IN ROSEBURG STOP AT Hotel Umpqua

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

"SANDY"

By ELENORE MEHERIN

THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy McNeill, in love with life, married Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Tyranny by Murillo and frequent quarrels followed. A son died at birth. Bob McNeill, her uncle, adds 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. Murillo says he will never release her. Judith Moore, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overtakes her as she goes for a try at with Ramon. He appears, unexpectedly, at a party as is giving for her friends. She leaves his home and accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She leaves for her home when she learns her mother is ill. Sandy's mother dies and she goes to live with her cousin, Judith. After parting with Ramon, Douglas Keith introduces his friend Hal Hume, to Judith. He, himself is fascinated by Sandy, whom he sees frequently.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER 88

With the suddenness of lightning flash, Bob McNeill leaped. The two men whirled across the room. Quick, throaty sounds answered with a low, cursing cry. Murillo's head banged against the wall. Slowly, terribly, Bob McNeill's fingers tightened until the veins in Murillo's forehead stood out in blue cords.

Sandy's eyes shut with horror, seeing that bluing, empuiried face. She ran to her uncle. "Bob! Don't! God—let go!" He gave her a sharp, inquiring look. Quietly the furious clasp loosened.

Murillo's mouth hung open with a long, sobbing gasp. Tears that he tried to blink away coursed down his cheeks.

Before he could raise the doubled fists, McNeill shoved him to the door, pulled it open, caught the limp form by the shoulders and sent it sprawling to the street. "Call again when you want some more!"

Livid and muttering, Murillo scrambled to his feet. He glanced swiftly up and down the block; made a spring for his car. Face distorted, teeth bared, he stuck out his head. "Murderer! You'll pay for this!"

McNeill laughed and banged the door. He swept one hand over the other as though to rid them of dirt. "I should have done this long ago."

Sandy, her back turned, took that letter of Ramon's, folded it slowly, blanched and without thought as though her heart had ceased to beat.

"I guess I'll go, Bob. I might as well go now." She raised her eyes, brought a trembling smile to her lips. "It's too bad I had to spoil your case. Isn't it?"

"Poor little kid! It's a damn shame." He held Sandy's elbow. "There, you'll be all right. Maybe we can get you out of it yet. I'll drop around tonight. Talk it over with you. Want me to drive you home?"

She shook her head; in a frenzy to be alone, suddenly overborne with the wish to cry to cast herself on the ground and beat madly with her fists.

"It's all over—all over!" she found herself whispering as she hurried past familiar stores; as she bowed dizzily to old Mrs. March standing in the doorway. "I better stop crying! Oh Lord, Lord!"

A bright January sun made the waters dance; made the islands loom dark and clear across the channel.

Sandy walked slowly along the pier. At the far end she sat down, letting her feet dangle. How easy to slide to the edge, plunge downward. "I might as well. Why don't I? I wonder why I don't?"

She had Ramon's letter in her hand. Like a living and pitiless thing—like himself as he stood that night in the rain folding her to him, water from his white, despairing face falling on hers. He said she was burned in him; burned into the fiber of his being. He was gone, yet these words of his remained.

She stooped down, slow burning tears dropped into the water. A courtesan—her husband said she was a courtesan.

She counted the ripples on the waves. "I am! That's just about what I am!"

With a cruel sharpness she saw herself stepping lightly along the beach in Honolulu; the night drenched with stars; her heart

SORE THROAT

Soothe with warm salt water—then apply over throat—

VAPORUS

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thrilled with a gay expectance hearing Ramon's voice at her shoulder. How queenlike and arrogant when she turned to him with a taunting: "I like being loved! I wish to be adored!"

How careless and brightly it started! She cringed under the scourge of her memory.

Her whole life was a blunder—every day of it! If she had only been brave one single hour! If she had only once courageously measured up. Then she would never have married Murillo; she would never have brought a child so unhappily to the world; never have turned with such pathetic desperation to Ramon.

"Stop," she now whispered softly. "You might as well stop this!" She pressed her hands over her face, shutting out the image of Douglas. "I don't deserve him," she told herself coldly. "He'll be happier a thousand times with Judith."

For a brief, wild moment she wished that Ramon were near. Then she would go to him and give herself up. She deserved to be punished; deserved to be sacrificed. It would serve her right!

She took out her vanity case, carefully wiped away tears. They gathered quickly. "Don't cry for yourself," she said smiling, and she had a sudden revealing intuition that she must go away—she must go away quietly—return to the city, say to Douglas, "It can't be; don't grieve for me," and very simply raise her face upward, smile and kiss him as though no heart could break.

Yes, she would do this.

She reached the old back gate. The grapes were a wintry, disquieted look. The old white cat came purring against Sandy's shoe. She lifted it, buried her face in the soft fur. She said numbly, "Goodbye, cat—goodbye, old cat."

She walked a few steps—halted. Give Douglas up? She must give Douglas up. She began to tremble. She steadied herself against the fence, whispering bitterly, "Why can't I do this? Lord—I can't!"

Her heart beat dizzily. As if she were half blind, she went stumbling to the kitchen.

It was late. Angus and Alice were sitting at the table. Her father's face had a set, ironed out look. He got up stiffly, moved his chair.

When she was seated she found the large green eyes staring at her. "Have you decided to drop your suit? I had a visit from your husband an hour ago. It would be the price of you if your uncle—my only brother—became a murderer! The price of you!"

That night Bob McNeill called. He put his arm about Sandy's shoulder. "I have decided to drop your suit. I had a visit from your husband an hour ago. It would be the price of you if your uncle—my only brother—became a murderer! The price of you!"

She said faintly: "You're awfully good to me, Bob. Why aren't you angry? Why aren't you disgusted?"

"Poor, game little kid! I wish I could help." "No, well, I guess you can't." "We can do nothing with the beast. He has other letters—" "It doesn't matter—" "Oh, don't give up. Sandy. Something may happen. You're only twenty-three—"

Sandy locked the door of her room. Alice tapped. Alice whispered: "Open it!"

She answered distractedly: "I can't. Oh, Alice, please—" Douglas was at the depot to meet her. She met his eyes once and turned hers away.

"Gee—had as that, Sandy?" She followed him mutely to the car.

"Worse than that—" They drove along Market street; throngs crowded at the movie houses; machines honked; a hurrying pedestrian dashed an inch from their wheels. But all this seemed ghostly and unreal to her.

They stopped at the Marina. A wind whipped across the straits—bleak and forbidding—no longer beauty on the earth— At last Douglas said: "Couldn't you deny it, Sandy?"

"No." A soft, bitter laugh. "He has too much on me. I don't know how much. We better face it."

She sank against his shoulder, letting her cold hand touch his face: "You'll be better off without me—much better off."

A dark, pained flush stole to the young forehead—a half guilty flush. "Don't say that, Sandy! We're young enough—we can wait!"

"No, I'm not going to wait! I've done all the harm I mean to do."

Suddenly both hands caught

big face, pulled it near to hers. "I should have waited for you! Lord, I love you! I love you—I want you. This is the last time—Oh, Douglas, the last time—His arms sweeping about her; his mouth laughing on hers; "The last time till the next time. Talk like that! And talk of going—Sandy—Sandy!"

Her eyes closed with anguish and joy feeling the young light of his.

"But we must—we must," she said uneasily an hour later when they stood at the door.

"And we won't!" he whispered. "We won't!"

She dropped on her knees at her bed. She prayed. She packed her suitcase, telling herself that she was going away. She prayed: "God give me strength—Oh God, strengthen me."

And the next night she thought: "I'll go tomorrow—" and then: "I'll go as soon as I get my suitcase—where am I going?—I wonder where?"

And each time they drove together she stored up his words, his looks; that laugh of his; that glad sweep of his arms.

"I want it to remember—" and she kissed his eyes. She sat with her cheek pressed on his—Some times he felt her tears. Then he said: "You, Sandy! Is that all the heart you've got? Come—he can't live forever—who knows? He may drop dead tomorrow!"

She answered this, smiling. He didn't know she was going—soon—very soon—she wouldn't tell him—go without any further farewell—that would be the way

At the end of the week she had her salary. That night she held him at the door. She twined her hands in his.

"I love all of you—goodbye, Douglas—goodbye—" She stood at the door until he was in the car—she waved to him—she was going in the morning.

The next morning—a Sunday—she came down the steps of the boarding house. A tall, graceful form swung across the street—hat doffed to her.

She stared in a shock. She recoiled, trying vainly to smile. "I'm mad—I've lost my mind! That's all—I'm seeing things! His hand reached out for hers. Ramon's voice: "Sandy—Sandy darling!"

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever.

FLASHES OF LIFE

NEW YORK—A quake here February 6, followed by a week's fire is now being predicted by Robert Reid, apocryphal doom, but the times are worrying more over cold weather and soft coal smoke.

MOSCOW—A satire on the Gospels trial is to be produced in a theater in an effort to show the disparity between capitalist doctrine and the pure sciences as represented by communism. A non-key will be judge; a pig, taboon and other animals will also be in the cast.

NEW YORK—A wedding cake awaits in Irving Berlin's office for cutting at the first party after their return from their honeymoon. Irving proposed cutting it on the Levathan but at Kalia's suggestion it was left intact with Robert Sweetlove, their steward. As to the party, it was postponed.

"Maybe by that time, Papa—" COOK WITH GRASS.

PROPOSALS FOR WOOD The Oregon State Board of Control will receive sealed bids on 525 cords of 4-ft. wood for the Oregon State Soldiers' Home at Roseburg, Oregon.

Bidders may quote on first growth fir, second growth fir, or round slab wood. Prices to be yarded at institution. Delivery to be made between February 15th and October 1, 1926.

Specifications and blanks for bidding will be furnished upon application to the Commandant of the Oregon State Soldiers' Home, Roseburg, Oregon.

Bids will be opened at 11 a. m. February 3rd, 1926, and must be accompanied by certified check in the sum of 10 per cent of total amount bid, made payable to the Oregon State Board of Control, which sum will be held by the Board as a guarantee that the bidder will enter into a contract to furnish the amount awarded. All bids shall be enclosed in sealed envelope marked "Bids for Wood" and mailed to the Commandant of the Oregon State Soldiers' Home, Roseburg, Oregon.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids, or to accept any part of a bid.

CHICAGO—Because she refused to drink and could not learn to smoke cigarettes, her husband left her, Mrs. Mayme M. Ischer, wife of a wealthy broker, charged in a divorce bill. They have two children.

CARLE ABRAMS, Secretary Oregon State Board of Control.

SCOUT RALLY TO BE HELD AT ARMORY ON MONDAY, FEB. 8

A Boy Scout rally is to be held at the Armory on Monday, February 8, and from all indications it will be attended by a record breaking crowd. An annual feature is the fact that it is to be held in the form of an Indian pow-wow. The Umpqua Chiefs and Squaws, in full regalia, are to participate and the Indian customs are to be observed. There will be no applause but the audience will express its approval or disapproval of each demonstration by the Indian sign of the spoken word "How!" if pleased and "Wah!" if displeased.

The Umpqua Chiefs and Squaws, the Boy Scout and the Outdoor boys will make up the council ring. Back of the Scouts will be seats reserved for the 56 boys, who are waiting to join scout troops as soon as new units are formed.

There will also be ample seats on the ground floor and in the balcony for all spectators. Chief Umpqua Oscar L. Berrie will be the master of ceremonies. The program will consist of demonstrations of scout craft and the work which the boys are learning.

At last! A new way in complex ion care that is as safe as it is creamy. Kleecox—the sanitary cold cream remover. Lloyd Crocker.

HIKE POSTPONED.

Because of the wet weather the Boy Scout hike, scheduled for Saturday, has been postponed indefinitely. As a result of the heavy rains of the past few days the woods are too damp to be traveled to make the hike without endangering health. The hike will be held as soon as weather conditions will permit.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Umpqua Valley Canning Company will be held Tuesday, the 9th day of February, 1926, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the office of the Umpqua Valley Canning Company on Spruce street, in the city of Roseburg, Douglas county, Oregon, at which time and place five directors will be elected to serve for the ensuing year, and any and all business pertaining to the interests of the corporation will be transacted at said meeting.

Dated and first published this 25th day of January, 1926.

J. F. HEIDENREICH.

FORD CAR STOLEN.

A Ford touring car, belonging to F. E. Solomon of Melrose, was stolen yesterday evening from in front of the Peoples Supply Company store. The car had been left standing there while the family attended the show. It was missed about an hour and a half later when they returned from the theatre. The city officers were immediately notified, but no trace of the missing machine has as yet been found.

Cook with grass.

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CHICAGO—Because she refused to drink and could not learn to smoke cigarettes, her husband left her, Mrs. Mayme M. Ischer, wife of a wealthy broker, charged in a divorce bill. They have two children.

CARLE ABRAMS, Secretary Oregon State Board of Control.

GLASSWARE NOVELTIES

We have just received a delayed shipment of beautiful utility glassware, that we are displaying this week. This shipment failed to reach us in time for the Christmas trade, so we are putting it out now. In the lot are

GRAPE FRUIT GLASSES
CREAM AND SUGAR SETS
SUGAR SHAKERS
SHERBET GLASSES
BUD VASES
CANDLE STICKS
SALAD PLATES

This line is priced very low, and we invite your inspection

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE IRON MONGERS

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

HAY FOR SALE—Edenpower Orchard Tractor, Phone 262.

FOR SALE—Baled hay, 1 mile north of Wilbur, J. O. Velder.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Fir cord wood timber, on good ground. Carl Becker, Melrose.

FOR SALE—Full set of new side curtains and rods for 1924 Oakland touring, 137 S. Pine St.

WOOD FOR SALE—Old second growth, dry, under cover, \$3.25 tier. Phone 14755. A. D. Hunter.

FOR SALE—White cedar shingles, No. 1. Clear, vertical grain, \$2.00 M. Samples, Doris Wood-yard.

WOOD FOR SALE—Round storewood, fir, 12-16 inch, \$2.75 and \$3.00. Ash, block, \$3.25. Phone 497.

FOR SALE—Alfalfa hay, or will trade for good ewes. Wanted two woodcutters. Roscoe Conn. Phone 6724.

FOR SALE—Fordson tractor in good condition, \$275. John Deere 34 in. wagon, good as new, \$100. Coen Lumber Co.

FOR SALE—Apples and cider delivered in town, also S. C. R. 1 red cockerels, extra good ones, pure bred stock. Phone 2822.

RESTAURANT FOR SALE—Doing a good business and in the best location in town; will sell reasonable. Write box 395 Reedsport, Ore.

FOR SALE—Equity in 6-room house and bath, permanent hot water, close in, 50x125 foot lot, \$186 down, balance like rent, 6% interest. If interested and want a good home phone 560-Y.

FOR SALE—Save money on field and grass seeds. Get our prices on sweet clover seed, alfalfa, red clover and grass seeds. Send for our 1926 seed annual. MONARCH SEED COMPANY, Medford, Oregon.

USED CARS FOR SALE—1 1925 Chevrolet touring. 1 1924 Chevrolet touring. 1 1923 Chevrolet touring. 1 1922 Chevrolet touring. 1 1921 Chevrolet touring. 1 1919 Chevrolet touring. 1 1923 Chevrolet coupe. 1 1924 Ford coupe. 1 1924 Ford touring. 1 1924 Ford touring. 1 1925 Ford roadster. 1 1922 Ford touring. 1 1921 Ford coupe. 1 1920 Ford coupe. 1 1921 Dodge touring. 1 1924 Overland touring. 1 1922 Durant touring. Trucks. 1 1923 Chev. Ton Truck. 1 1922 Ford ton truck. 1 1919 Ford ton truck. Oldsmobile truck. HANSEN CHEVROLET CO.

TO ORGANIZE TROOP.

A troop of Boy Scouts will be organized at Camas Valley tonight under the direction of E. A. Britton, county scout executive. The troop is sponsored by a group of the Camas Valley citizens, headed by Wilfred Brown, who will act as scoutmaster.

AND don't forget YERACOL—The miracle for burns—Neutrac—Fulleton, druggist, Roseburg.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 548 when in need of auto parts. Barff's Auto Wrecking House.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—White gold wrist watch, Gruen movement, L. A. E. N. on back. Finder notify Mrs. Tom Neal, or call 260-Y.

FOUND—About two months ago, one high-top boot. Owner brings mate for identification, and take it away. News-Review office.

LOST—2 Fox hounds. One female, white with black specks, brown ears. One male, black, tan and blue spots. Ervin Rice, Oakland, Phone 404.

GEAR CUTTING

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

Moore Music Studio

MODERN METHODS
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Auto Top Manufacturing
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