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"HER FLING"

By Elenore Meherin
Author of "Chickie," "Sandy" and
Other Serials of Nationwide
Success.
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CHAPTER 66

Hooks for Marian.
"Will you ask her if we may take it out?" I whispered impatiently, as Grant Henderson pushed open the screen door. He gave me a quick look of amused interest, hurried me down the steps, "Well, you might have done it!"

"What were you going to do with it, dear Miss Sherman?" "Take it to Marian."
Laughter broke in his eyes, his voice. "Going to dash up to her mansion, Gail, and drop it on the doorstep? The only time for that is five minutes past twelve in the dead of night. And you must be sure there is a basket ready."

"You think it's that ridiculous?" "Isn't it?"
"But you suggested it."

"I said such things had been done, will be done again, and there's no reason why they shouldn't be by your sister or anyone else."

"Then why didn't you let me take it to visit her?" "You're visiting me this afternoon. Furthermore, if Mrs. Warren is to become the mother of this child, it might be well to break the news gently. You might bring her up here."

"Oh, I couldn't do that. But I do want to take that baby and show it to her."
"If she's to adopt the child, Gail, you might at least take her into your confidence, don't you think?"

"Marian has no initiative. She will eat her heart out with longing and never know just what it is that kills her."

"Suggest it to her. Tell her about it." He spoke breezily, as though the matter were of no interest to him. For he had accomplished his purpose and he was aware of it. He had given me an idea that would torment me into action.

Half a dozen times I came back to the subject.
"It's perfectly ridiculous, but do you know I feel responsible for the future of that lone foundling?"

Toward the end of the week I went out to Marian's home. "Where there," her maid pointed to the great west room. I turned the knob. It was the nursery she had mentioned—a cradle in white and gold, cupped in lace and ribbons—Marian was sitting in a rocker as though she was asleep, her whole figure listless, inert. Tea things were set on a small table at her elbow. Nothing had been touched.

She opened her eyes, smiled: "Oh, Gail!"
"Don't you feel well, Mimi?" "Why, do you sit here, then?" "I like it. It's quiet."

Anna, her maid, touched my arm as I was leaving whispering half fearfully:
"She never takes her tea. She sits there every day—the whole afternoon."

The next evening, just as I was going down to the dining room, Marian phoned.
"Gail, will you come to dinner with me? I'm alone. Please come."

"I'll come if you drive out and get me."
"No—you come with me. I want you to see my room."
"Why, all right."

I hung up quickly, startled at the sudden resolution firing me. Crazy? Perhaps it was—I was going to take the chance.

"We really shouldn't take him out now!"—Miss Bronson, the fair nurse with the large, winning face, rested a hand against the door. "I explained that when you phoned, Miss Sherman."

"Yes, I know."
As soon as Marian hung up, I called the Babies' Aid to learn if the little Marian were still there. Now, in spite of the nurse's warning, I had come out to borrow him. I just wanted Marian to see him.

"It's our own sister—Mrs. Warren?"
"Well, we'll do it. Miss Sherman. Far be it from me to keep little Marian from a chance like this. She was a most wholesome and easy person. 'I'll do it,' she thought, 'It is past his bedtime.' In a few minutes she had the

baby ready—came with me. "Your sister doesn't know she is to see it?"
Marian was waiting, standing at my window.
"Have you been very long, Mimi?"
"Oh, not very. I don't know. It's the funniest thing, Gail—time doesn't seem to count. Anna says 'I'm getting lazy, that I sit for hours without stirring. I don't seem aware of it.'"

There was a knock at the door, the knob turned. "May I come in, Miss Sherman? I've something to show you." Miss Bronson entered, came right over to us. "Look at my new child. Isn't it pretty?" She took of the bonnet, fluffed up the silky yellow curls. The baby was asleep, its lids like creamy wax.

Marian drew back, her hands pressed against the window sill. "Oh, look, Mimi—look! It's a little beauty, isn't it?"
She stood like white stone. "You don't like babies, Mrs. Warren?"

At the question, a violent trembling shook her, the brown eyes filled.
"My sister has just lost a child," I answered.

"Oh, isn't that a pity? Was it a little boy, too?" Miss Bronson stood so close Marian could easily have touched the sleeping infant. "But that's the way it is. You could have given your child every day and night."

Marian's lips twitched. Suddenly she flung herself in my arms, pressed her face against my shoulder, shaking with anguish.
"Don't cry, Mimi!" I whispered.

"I tried it, Gail," she began to murmur incoherently. "Why, I'm sorry, Miss Bronson interrupted. 'I wouldn't have brought the child in. I'll go right out. You know this baby's mother died, Miss Sherman.'"

Marian stiffened, turned hastily, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It's mother is dead?"
"Yes—the poor little thing. And it's such a beauty," Miss Bronson put her finger in the tiny hands and they curled about it.

"How old would your baby be, Mrs. Warren?"
Marian was looking at the child now, reached over suddenly and touched its hair, a warmth, a fragile tenderness in her face.

"It's hair is like yours, Mimi." "Like your baby's, too, it's just like I thought." She turned quickly from us.
"Would you like to hold it, Mrs. Warren?" Without waiting for an answer, the nurse put it in her arms. Marian pressed it to her, half covering her face against it. I pushed a chair for her.

"It is like the first baby, Mimi—just like it."
The baby opened the great blue eyes. It seemed to look right at Marian, to smile. A strange sound like a sob caught in her throat. "Did you see that, Gail? Blue eyes."

"Well, I have to be leaving. It's late for children to be out." Miss Bronson came over to take it.
"Let me hold it just a minute, anyway." "Just a minute."

"Is the father having you take care of it, Miss Bronson?" I asked.
"Humph! This baby's father was killed two months before it was born."

"The father dead, too?" Marian drew it to her.
"What are you going to do with it?"

"We'll find some poor, good woman to board it."
And you'll give it to her?" "Yes."

"She might not treat it right." "Oh, it will get enough to eat, and we usually have clothes enough for these children. Of course, it won't have much of a chance, will you, little Marian cherub? Never mind! You'll not be by, anyway?"

Marian clasped her hands, threw me a sudden startled inquiry: "Please, I'd like to hold it," she said pathetically. "How old is it?"

"Ten weeks."
"My baby would be three months yesterday. Almost the same age."

The eyes, shining so oddly, giving that child-like inquiry to her face, quivered with tears. "It would have been just like him and yours died."

"I know it would. I wanted it pretty and blue eyes. When will you give this to me?"
"We don't know, yet. We'll keep it at the nursery a while longer. Then most anyone who wants it can have it."

"Someone may be cruel to it." "I hope not. There's always a chance."

"Isn't that a shame?" The baby's fingers twined about Marian's. It was asleep again, the yellow curls damp on its white

forehead. She leaned over and kissed it, crossed her arms about it, almost with violence thrust it into the nurse's arms.
Once when we were driving to her home, she looked at me, a madness of pain in her eyes. But she said nothing until I was leaving.

"I could almost believe it was mine, Gail."
"It's too bad you couldn't have yours, Mimi."

"I wonder who will take it?" Do you think anyone would ask for it and then neglect it?"
"Miss Bronson says it often happens."

"Oh, wouldn't that be dreadful?"
The next noon she sent her chauffeur with a note, begging me to drive out for luncheon.

"I ought to be ashamed to lean on you like this, Gail," she said, as we were seated at her table.
"Why, Mimi? It's like old times."

"You know, I've been thinking of that baby, Gail. Do you suppose they'd let me have it for a few days? I'd just like to hold it for a while. You see, it's so lonely with Dal away and mother, too. I'd just like to have it for a while."

"I think they would. They never give a baby for keeps at first. They are all sent on approval."

"Oh, but I couldn't keep it. Would you go out with me and just take it for a week? You see, I'll have Miss Edgerly come in to help me take care of it."

"Yes, I'll phone Miss Bronson." That evening she came to the store for me.

"I won't tell any one at all, will we, Gail?"
"No one."

They had the baby ready. Marian took it in her arms, laughing like a child.
When she laid it in the basket, all faces with ruffles, she dropped on her knees, buried her face in her arms.

"It's almost like my own, Gail," she said after a long silence. "Isn't it sweet, though?"
I came in almost every evening to see her. Often she sat with the child in her arms, a radiant smile in her face. When the baby smiled it was a miracle to her.

"Just think, Gail, some one might take it and not be good to it." She laid the baby's cheek against her own. "I wish they'd all stay away a long while. Oh, it's so good, Miss Edgerly says it's a wonderful little fellow."

The light came back to the sweet, gentle eyes. There was even a faint color in the white skin.
Marian kept the baby ten days. I stopped in one fateful evening to see her. Dressed as though ready to go out, she was lying face down on her bed. I touched her shoulder. She sprang to her feet, faced me, her cheeks, even her lips so bloodless a shock of fear stabbed me.

"What's the matter? Oh, Mimi!"
Her hands hung limp at her side.
"They've come home, Gail. They won't let me keep it!"

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Martello operator.
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PRE-SCHOOL CLINICS TO BE HELD ELKTON AND AZALEA SOON
Health clinics for Azalea and Elkton have been arranged by the Douglas County Health Unit. The Azalea clinic will be held from 1 to 4 p. m. Thursday, June 3, and the Elkton clinic will be from 1:30 to 4 p. m. Thursday, June 10. These clinics are for all children under the age of 7 years, but particularly for those who expect to start school in the fall. The health unit hopes during the early part of the summer to get in touch with every parent whose children are to start school, so that an examination can be made of the children and any defects corrected before the term begins. Clinics will be held at Sutherland and Cortin in the near future, the exact dates to be announced later.

GRAND BEAUTY SHOPPE
Phone 305 for French paper curls, water waves, dyed, bob curls. Marcel 1.00, Ryelex 50c.

CAPTAIN HUMPHREY BACK FROM SALVATION ARMY CONGRESS AT S. F.
Captain R. M. Humphrey, of the Los Angeles of the Salvation Army, returned last night from San Francisco, where he attended the 25th Congress of the Salvation Army. Officers and cadets from all parts of the world were present and many interesting addresses were presented and meetings held. Lieutenant George Egert, of Seattle, Wash., corps, was appointed an assistant to Captain Humphrey and is arriving today to take up his work here.

THE MILLIONTH STUDEBAKER CAR

The millionth Studebaker automobile made under the corporation's own name is now in use, a Standard Six Sport Roadster. When it came off the assembly line recently the millionth Studebaker, was driven to Mr. Erskine's office by Vice President Paul G. Hoffman.

Prior to 1911, when Mr. Erskine came to the corporation, cars were made under the names of E. M. F. Studebaker, E. M. F. and Studebaker-Garford, as well as the Studebaker Electric. This car is the millionth gasoline propelled car made by the Corporation exclusively.

Fairbanks-Morse line of irrigation systems, feed grinders, windmills and lighting plants for sale at Metzger's.

GUY CORDON TO BE SPEAKER AT MEMORIAL SERVICE

District Attorney Guy Cordon is to be the speaker of the day at the Memorial Day program to be held on Monday, May 31. Mr. Cordon is one of the best known orators of the county and is a world war veteran. The program will include music by the Douglas County Concert Band and by the ladies quartet of the American Legion auxiliary, together with other patriotic features.

The services will start promptly at 10 o'clock with a parade from the Armory to the Oak Street bridge, for the services for the dead at sea, and then on to the Soldiers Home cemetery and the grave where the final exercises will take place.

All of the patriotic organizations of the city are expected to participate.

A farm machine without repair service is about like an automobile without gas. The McCormick-Deering line of implements has the best repair service of any machines made. We sell them because they give satisfaction. Wharton Bros.

WORK DESIRED ON ROOSEVELT HIGHWAY

Henry G. Kern of North Bend returned this morning from Portland, where he appeared before the Oregon State Highway Commission and urged the completion of the link of the Roosevelt highway between the Coos-Douglas county line and Reedsport. Part of this from Reedsport to the coast is under contract, but unless something is done soon, the last short stretch will not be started this year.

The State Highway Commission held that they are short of funds and that Douglas county should co-operate in financing it. The Douglas county court has not done this.

The new Umpqua road district, formed to help finance this and other special Umpqua roads will not have any funds until fall with which to aid.

Urgo Douglas Action.
It is expected that Coos Bay representatives will meet with Reedsport and Gardiner men and send a joint delegation to Reedsport to urge the Douglas county court to co-operate. If assistance can be obtained from Douglas, it is believed the State Highway Commission will act.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual meeting of stockholders of the U.M.W.A. VALLEY BROCCOLI GROWERS, Inc., will be held in the council chamber of the City of Hall, Roseburg, Oregon, on June 8th, 1926, at 2:00 o'clock p. m., for the transaction of all business that may come before the meeting.

Dated at Roseburg, Oregon, May 27th, 1926.
R. H. C. WOOD, Sec. Mar.
C. E. MARKS, President.

BUTTON TOURNEY AT COUNTRY CLUB

Button tournament at Roseburg Country Club, starting Sunday, May 30th.

Be on hand and challenge someone for a button. Starts at 10 a. m.

WHEN

We can save you money, WHEN you remember that we buy FOR you, not sell TO you. WHEN you order ahead so we can keep our buying closer to your needs. WHEN you give us your trade regularly so we can buy regularly and in large quantities. WHEN you tell your neighbor about us. More business for us means lower prices for you. WHEN you "see us first."

OUR JOB IS TO SAVE YOU MONEY. WILL YOU LET US WORK AT IT?

"See Us First—We Can Save You Money"

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

ROSEBURG—OAKLAND
STORE CLOSED ALL DAY MONDAY

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Milwaukee mower, good condition. Phone 429-L.
FOR SALE—Gentle, good, registered Holstein milk cow. C. E. Roseburg, R. 1, Box 40, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Four 34x73 balloon tires, tubes, rims and wheels. Will take half price. Roseburg Garage.
FOR SALE—De Laval irrigation pumps, wood pipe and electric motors. Paul's Electric Store, Medford, Oregon.

WE HAVE a cash buyer for a large sheep ranch; also trade income property for ranches. Owners need answer. Bruce Co., Myrtle Creek.

FOR SALE—5 acres and palatial summer home of 7 rooms, elegantly furnished, on Tenmile Lake on Roseburg highway. Big water front, fishing and bathing. Winter road to premises. Frizzen, Briggs & Broke, Marshfield, Oregon.

M. C. RADABAUGH,
Auctioneer, 530 N. Pine St., Roseburg, Oregon.

Notice of Sale of Government Timber, General Land Office, Washington, D. C., May 6, 1926. Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the acts of June 4, 1916 (39 Stat. 216), and departmental regulations of April 18, 1924 (38 L. R. 274), the timber on the following lands will be sold June 24, 1926, at 10 o'clock a. m., at public auction at the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon, to the highest bidder at not less than the appraised value as shown by this notice, sale to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The timber to be sold is as follows:

Section 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 8