

Camping Out!

The Vacation Season and the Lure of Rivers and Mountains is upon us. To camp comfortably you must carry all equipment to make camping enjoyable. We are prepared to supply anything in

Camp Stoves, Camp Tables, and Chairs, Cooking Utensils—in fact anything you may want for the trip.

See our window display and it will give you suggestions for making the camp.

Churchill Hardware Co.

The Iron Mongers

"HER FLING"

By Elenore Meherin
Author of "Chickie," "Sandy" and
Other Serials of Nationwide
Success.
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Co.)

CHAPTER 71

One or the Other
Jocelyn expected some flurried
exclamation of delight.
"When will you know definite-
ly?" I asked, inwardly trem-
bling.

"Within a few weeks. Say
nothing about it, Miss Sherman,
for a while."
"I should have decided then.
Why didn't I tell him? Well,
my good would that do? He's
already asked a favor." As I said
this I grew hot, restless, think-
ing childishly: "Why did I have
to come now? What am I
going to do?"

I didn't want to face the prob-
lem, so I rode out to Marion's
for a brief visit. An odd, grimy, pa-
thetic spectacle met me at the
nursery door.

Marion was sitting in a rocker,
the baby lying on her knees. Dal
Warren, his hand resting on her
chair, was stooping over her, a
smile on the wooden but impres-
sive face. I heard him speak.

"But Jove, the little villain's
strong, Mimi!"
"Now, isn't he, Dal? What did I
tell you?" She laughed, raising a
joyous face, the hair of gold shin-
ing like a halo. "You want me
to have him, don't you, Dal?"

I would have stepped back, but
both of them saw me.
"Hello, Gail!" Dal Warren
greeted me with his easy cordial-
ity, adding: "Doesn't Mimi look
fine?"

She answered before I could:
"You know what did it, Dal?
Tears sparkled in the childlike
brown eyes.

Her husband shrugged his
heavy shoulders, laughed. "She's
got me glad to rights, hasn't she,
Gail?"

"I'm glad of it, Dal!"
"Yes!" he nodded to the baby,
who was holding fast to his finger,
trying to raise it to his pink
button of a mouth, gurgling with
each failure. "You'd like him for
a nephew, Gail?"

"I'll be godmother, if you'll let
me, Dal. I think he's quite a
wonder."

The baby, its tiny fists clenched
on Warren's hand, finally had
caught the finger between its
lips. It snuggled its head down
all blue eyes and yellow hair, and
suddenly seemed to laugh.

"By golly, the little beggar!
He's bitten me, Mimi!"
"Gail hasn't seen its teeth, Dal.
Take your finger away, quick!"
Jocelyn, who had been watching
like a hawk, said, "Adorable!"

"It was late when he came, he
said, 'How are you?' It was
like a song."
We took a short ride and he
asked suddenly:
"You really promise? You will
marry me?"

"When?"
"You said you wouldn't ask
that yet. You said you'd wait."
"Do you think it will be very
long, Gail?"

"I hope not."
"If you loved me—oh, if you
loved me as much as I do!" he
raised his hands suddenly, kissed
them, pressed his face against
them, his eyes closed. "I felt as though
flames touched me."

"Perhaps I do, Grant."
"Then it will be soon, Gail, will
it?"
"Oh, I can't tell you yet."
"I couldn't ask, I won't ask
again, Gail. Don't let me make
you unhappy." He drew me to
him, the light breaking in his
face. "What of it? I love you."
It was three days later that he
came about 10 o'clock.

HELEN WILLS UNDER SURGEON'S KNIFE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
PARIS, June 4.—Miss
Helen Wills, American ten-
nis champion, who was en-
tered in the International
hard court tennis champion-
ship here, became ill today
and was sent to a hospital,
where she underwent an op-
eration for appendicitis.

Oh, yes. Oh, I'd die before I'd
give him up, now."
"Does mother know you're go-
ing to adopt him?"

"She knows I'm going to keep
him. Look—? The baby yawned,
stuffed his fist against its mouth,
then stretched out its chubby
arm—"did you ever see anything
as cute as that? Every day it
does something new."

"And she didn't try to stop it
again, Mimi?"
"Yes—oh, never mind, Gail.
Don't let's talk about it. You
know mother is so proud. She's
afraid everyone will talk. She's
tried to make Dal forbid it. But
you see she wouldn't. Why, he's
growing just to love it, Gail.
Honestly! He comes home every
night early just to watch it."

"So mother saw it wasn't any
use fighting. She's asked me
down. I told her I would come if
I could bring Miss Edgerly and
the baby."

There was a package for me on
the old-fashioned black oak hall
seat, when I reached by boarding
house. I grabbed it and ran up
to my room, certain it was from
him; overjoyed that in some
things, anyway, he was no dif-
ferent from other men.

It was a book, bound in leather,
exquisite with water colors and
it told the sweetest story the
world has ever heard, for it was
of the love of Aucassin and Ni-
colotte.

Quiet and thrilling were the
verses. The story ended with
this inscription:
"My story is ended. And I
send it to her that I love best in
all the world. And it may be
that she will think of me a mo-
ment as her fair eyes read,
though I am but a poor sinner and
tell not my tale as he told it to
his master. And may God give
her all that she asks now and
forever."

There was a note in the
cramped hand:
"Dear Nicolotte—I ask you this—
did you promise to marry me?
I lay awake all night wondering
whether you had or not; whether
you will or you won't. Tell me to-
morrow. I loved you yesterday. I
don't know what it is I feel to-
day. It is so great. I live in the
thought of you. My life is yours."

I read that. And again nothing
existed, nothing mattered but he
and I. If we could have been
carried off to some bald moun-
tain peak—just the two of us—
exiled forever from the world, it
would have been enough.

"It was late when he came, he
said, 'How are you?' It was
like a song."
We took a short ride and he
asked suddenly:
"You really promise? You will
marry me?"

"When?"
"You said you wouldn't ask
that yet. You said you'd wait."
"Do you think it will be very
long, Gail?"

"I hope not."
"If you loved me—oh, if you
loved me as much as I do!" he
raised his hands suddenly, kissed
them, pressed his face against
them, his eyes closed. "I felt as though
flames touched me."

"Perhaps I do, Grant."
"Then it will be soon, Gail, will
it?"
"Oh, I can't tell you yet."
"I couldn't ask, I won't ask
again, Gail. Don't let me make
you unhappy." He drew me to
him, the light breaking in his
face. "What of it? I love you."

It was three days later that he
came about 10 o'clock.
"Did you see Marian yesterday
or today?" he asked.

"No."
"Then you didn't hear about
your father?"
"What?"

"I was called to attend him last
night. He had pneumonia."
"Not seriously?"
"Pneumonia is always serious."
"He isn't dying, Grant?"
"I can't say, Gail."

"Does my mother realize it is
this serious?"
"Yes, I told her so. And your
father believes he will not live."
"My father is suffering?"
"Very much."
"You will save him?"
"I will know in a few days, for
his is the one type of pneumonia
that responds to serum treatment.
I am going there now, Gail. Your
mother would like to have me
stay the entire day."

"How strange this is!"
"I'll tell you, Gail, that
you should be called?"

might say I know you and have
informed you."
"No, no, don't do that."
"But if he should get worse I'll
tell her. You have a right to see
him if you like."

"Oh, if he doesn't want to see
me why should I go? They don't
care about me." I touched his
arm suddenly. "No one ever
loved me but you, Grant."
For a moment he said nothing,
then he laughed: "You poor little
thing."

When he turned there were
tears in his eyes. He stooped
and kissed me. "Let me
love you to the full, Gail. Only let
me love you."

"I wonder why you do."
"Why? I've told you a hundred
times I love your soul. I love
your eyes and your hands. I love
the pluck and fight—everything
that is you, Gail."

At the door, after our short
ride, I asked:
"Do you like my father?"
"Not a very fair time to judge,
Gail. He's very impatient, but
the pain is really terrible. He
thinks he's doomed."

"I hope you save him, Grant.
Oh, I'd love that."
"I'm doing everything I can."
On the rack above the hall seat
was a note. It was in Marian's
hand.

"I have phoned a dozen times,
Gail, but never seem to catch you.
Father is very ill he has pneu-
monia. He wants to see you. I'd
come right away if I were you,
Gail. Mother knows I am send-
ing this note. Father seems to
want you very much, Gail. So do
come. If you phone I will send
the car for you."

I ran to the door, but Grant
was already gone. I called a taxi.
For the first time in more than
a year I entered my father's
house. And again that ominous,
terrifying expectation of death
was upon it.

As I went up the broad, curved
stairs I heard my mother's well
modulated voice:
"You don't think he will die,
Dr. Benders?"

"I can give you no assurance,
Mrs. Sherman."
My mother's clasped hands
trembled; the proud face, now
white as marble, gave no sign.
Fear ran through her voice:
"He seems worse, Dr. Benders."
"I cannot expect any im-
provement this soon, Mrs. Sher-
man."

"Tell me, Dr. Benders—is my
husband dying?"
I stood motionless, shaken by
that stark question and the tone
of its utterance. She waited, her
eyes fixed sharply on me.

"He is in grave danger, but I
hope he will respond to this treat-
ment. A few days will tell."
She saw me, bowed, but there
was no smile on her face.

"We expected you sooner, Gail,"
she said softly.
"I have just received Marian's
note, mother."

She turned to introduce me
when he said simply: "We have
met, Mrs. Sherman. I shall be
back later." He left us alone.
"You may take off your hat,
Gail." She kept her lips com-
pressed, the hands folded rigidly.

"Your father will not recognize
you now."
"He is not unconscious,
mother?"
"No, but he suffers. He is suf-
fering bitterly."

"Oh, I am sorry, mother. You
know this Dr. Benders is the one
who cured Elaine Necker."
"I know. We have had a con-
sultation. Your father is satisfac-
tory."

As we drew near the room a
dry, hard cough rasped. Mother
shuddered.
Father didn't notice us. I took
the chair near the bed. Mother
sat next to me. Suddenly, with-
out raising his eyes, he said
hoarsely:

"Mother touched his shoulder
It was the gentlest thing I ever
saw her do."
"I am here, William."
"The doctor?"
"He is coming in a little while."
"I want him." He twisted,
clenched his teeth. There was no
step to the rending breaths that
seemed grating out his life.

"Gail has come, William."
He opened his eyes. They
were poor, human eyes now,
filled with a terrible anxiety. His
hand clenched. I took it. It was
burning. For a long while he
let it rest in mine, lay racked and
exhausted, then he gasped
brokenly: "That \$8,000! It's
yours."

"Don't worry about that,
father."
"I'll tell her, Louise."
"I'll tell William. Yes. Rest
now."
Every few moments he asked:
"The doctor? Get him?" and
mother or one of the nurses an-
swered: "He is coming."

"No, you're not!" The blue
eyes held my father's even as
they did mine. Strength and vi-
tality seemed to pour from him
upon the flat figure lying on the
bed.

My father motioned to his
side, coughing frightfully.
"Finished!" His eyes closed.
Mother twisted her hands, looked
at me in terror, then at the doc-
tor.

But one of the nurses came in
and he was talking to her. My
father sent a frantic glance about
the room.
"Louise! Is he gone?"

Grant came over, took the
chair I had occupied, answered
the tortured demand, "I'll not go
until you're better. You're im-
proved. You'll be easier in the
morning."

My father's face, pressed
against the pillows, suddenly con-
vulsed, yet he gripped the long,
firm hand as though this were
the fibre holding him to life.

I prayed that he would save
him.
The room grew dim, the nurse
was but a white blur passing now
and then before me. But sharply
I saw the straight, magnetic fig-
ure sitting by the bed, its eyes
like blue flames. Then it was
coming to me, taking my hands.

I started suddenly and he whis-
pered gently:
"Go and rest now, Gail. It is
after 3."

"Oh, no. Let me stay."
"He is a little better. Please
go, Gail. He'll get up from the
room. Why, your hands are cold.
I shouldn't have let you stay this
long."

"Are you leaving now, Grant?"
"No—not till your mother re-
turns."
I went into my own room.
Mother was turning the covers on
my old bed. She looked up,
asked brokenly:
"How is he, Gail?"

"Better, mother."
"The doctor is there?"
"Yes. Why didn't you rest
longer?"

"I am refreshed. I want you
to sleep here, Gail. Will you?"
"If you like, mother."
"Then do. I will have a cup
of chocolate sent up."
"Oh, don't mother. Don't
bother."

"Yes, dear. You are cold."
That was the way she spoke
yours—over so long ago.
She walked to the door,
paused. Her eyes filled:
"Pray that your father may be
spared, Gail."

When in town, don't forget to
visit The Stork's Nest, 564 N.
Jackson. We have a fine lot of
silk and organdy bonnets just
finished, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

GOVERNOR ROSS' SON URGES
MEASURE AGAINST HER WISH
(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
CHEYENNE, Wyo., June 3.—
George Ross, 22-year-old Uni-
versity of Wyoming senior and
recipient of a Rhodes scholarship,
is campaigning against his moth-
er, the first woman governor. He
favors the extension of the bound-
aries of the Yellowstone Nation-
al park; Gov. Nellie Taylor
Ross opposes the extension.

Although his mother has de-
clared her view that the exen-
sion "would not be advantageous
to Wyoming," George Ross at the
state convention of the Isaac
Walton league proposed and
advocated a resolution favoring the
extension of the park's bound-
aries.

NOTICE TO MILK PATRONS
We now have room for more cus-
tomers. Call 276-3 for milk, cream,
skim milk, cottage cheese, etc. E.
E. Morgan.

WEST COAST LUMBERMEN
CHANGE SIZE STANDARD
(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
PORTLAND, Ore., June 4.—
The West Coast Lumbermen's as-
sociation at a meeting here to-
day changed its standards in
thickness of lumber above six
inches in width to conform to the
American Lumber standards.

The standard for finish will here-
after be 25-32 inch instead of one
inch and for siding 3-4 inch in-
stead of 11-16 inch. These changes
make west coast standards 100
per cent American standards.

A resolution was adopted that
all domestic lumber be sold and
shipped on West Coast Lumber-
men's association's current grad-
ing rules, thus eliminating con-
fusion in grades in rail and water-
borne shipments.

O. M. Clark, president of the
Clark-Wilson Lumber company,
Portland, precipitated a discus-
sion when he proposed that all
graders be required to take an
examination before they are em-
ployed.

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FOR SALE—One 6-gallon Rapid
Dayton gasoline pump. Address
B. G. care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Young small saddle
horse, good traveler. Florence
Mortensen, Umpqua, Ore.

FOR SALE—Gentle, good, regis-
tered Holstein milk cow. C. E.
Roselund, R. 1, Box 40, Roseburg.
FOR SALE—Alfreda puppies and
young dogs. A dandy young brood
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FOR SALE—Leave orders for
Mammoth blackberries for can-
ning at Martin Brucker's, Win-
ston.

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PEDIGREE A. K. C. police pups
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sonable. Some trade. C. W. Slin-
inger, W. Roseburg. Phone 461-J.

FOR SALE—Vega cream separa-
tor, \$15, table size, used one
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FOR RENT—2-room house, partly
furnished, \$10 per month. 722 E.
6th St. Phone 492-Y.

VICK BROS' SUIT
AGAINST FORD MOTOR
COMPANY DISMISSED
PORTLAND, Ore., June 4.—The
\$250,000 breach of contract suit of
Vick Brothers of Salem against the
Ford Motor company has come to
an abrupt end in federal
court today. Judge Bean granted
a non-suit on motion of the de-
fense. The plaintiff at first in-
dicated that an appeal would be
taken.

Vick Brothers allege that the
Ford company cancelled a valuable
selling right for Fordson tractors
and deprived them of an estimated
profit of a quarter of a million dol-
lars. Several other suits involving
the same contention were pending
settlement of the case.

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sired. 331 So. Main.

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center of city. Call at 136 N. Jack-
son St. or phone 58.

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FOR RENT—House, nice place
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what you have to sell, or phone
210-L. J. D. Braughton, Miller's
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WANTED
WANTED—Wood choppers. Call or
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ing and mending. 329 Winchester
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TENT WANTED—Large used
tent. Call or write A. D. Hulbert,
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alea, Ore.

WANTED TO BUY—A second-
hand rug 6x12, and a dining
table. Phone 188-R.

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planter. New Ideal or Case pre-
ferred. W. D. Hess. Phone 523-F.
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planter. Oscar Weeks,
Ruckles, Ore.

WANTED—Home for a good shop-
herd Collier male dog, 2 years
old. Inquire at Stone's Cash
Store.

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work on ranch; must have good
reputation and understand farm
work. C. R. Springer, Azalea,
Ore.

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job to right people. Charles A.
Brand.

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