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For a limited time we will sell Kerosene Oil Stoves for just half the regular retail price.

Come in and look these stoves over, and you will recognize their value. You can save enough on an oil stove purchase of us right now to keep the car going a long time. The next hot spell is about due—buy the oil stove today.

Churchill Hardware Co.

The Iron Mongers

"HER FLING"

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

CHAPTER 80

I read the opening paragraphs of Grant's letter, dumbfounded—read them again, tears blurring the words, came to the end—the word broke into music.

"Gail!"

"I can not understand your letter. Some parts of it are so light, others seem almost despairing. I don't know whether you are telling me this is the end or are asking me to wait longer. Or are you just letting me know as gently as you can that marriage is distasteful to you and you feel your work is your true life?"

"That little extra note you sent seems to say that."

"Yet I think of all the other letters you have sent; I feel your hands in my face, and that now you should say it is over seems incredible."

"There have been times when I felt myself utterly selfish; when I seemed only to be burdening you with unbearable problems, that I overwhelmed you. It is because I love you. I could burden a world aside to get you."

"But one thing I've never wanted to do—to make you unhappy. It seems to be all I've accomplished."

"Gail—do me this kindness. Answer truly what I am going to say."

"I love you. I would give up life itself for you."

"But I don't want you unless you care as much as you are capable of caring for me. I could say now with a thousand dear and tender memories bringing you before me, that you do love me, you must. Or you could never have said the things you have said."

"I will not be angry or hold any resentment against you if you feel now that you have made a mistake and must end it. Only tell me so plainly—tell it as harshly as you can, Gail, that I may the more quickly accept it."

"But if I am reading your letter wrong, send me a telegram when you receive this."

"For if you still love me I am coming to New York at once. I have received an appointment at the clinics and can do my work there as well as here."

"But I shall not come unless you want me; unless you will marry me."

"There is a line in your letter that says: 'I will marry you before I go to Paris.'"

"Does this mean that perhaps you really do not want any postponement? That you would gladly marry me if you could?"

"It means this, that is all I need to know. We will be married. And you can go on with your work. I vow to you that I will not interfere."

"Why not 'phone me at once. Tell me to come if you love me and only if you love me. I will not blame you—you do love me—you only—no matter what message you find it in your heart to send."

"But I would surely not forgive if you tell me to come only because you feel that you are bound; that you have given a promise and must keep it."

"Now the warm tingling life came flooding in a tide of happiness to every pulse. I was beside myself with gladness, one moment doubling the letter up and crushing it in my pocket, the next whisking it nervously, smoothing it, reading over a line or two."

"I hurried down the avenue. A bird could be no more conscious of contact with the pavement. Jean Lacey was waiting for me at the laboratory."

"It was with us just as it is with Jean and Keith," I thought. "We will have a lovely home. Everything will be in perfect order. How fortunate we are."

"Jean was putting away some test tubes when I entered."

"Right with you, Gail," she called.

"No hurry?" It went out like a song, Jean turned.

"Feeling pretty good, aren't you?"

"Yes. Have you heard the great news about Grant?"

Large Pores Can Be Reduced

Nothing is so unsightly as a skin that always shines or looks greasy. There is a preparation called MELLO-GLOSKIN (part of a new wonderful French Beauty Treatment) which removes excess oil, strengthens the muscles, cleans and reduces pores, and beautifies the skin. Get a bottle of MELLO-GLOSKIN. You'll like it.

Nathan Fuberton, The Rexall Store, Roseburg, Ore.

"Oh, did he take it? Thank goodness! When Keith was here he spoke of it."

"Did he? He'll be back in a week or so."

"Here?" Jean yanked her smirk so suddenly, the outflow flew off. "Here, Gail?"

"Yes. Why, what did you think Jean?"

"Why is he coming here?"

"To work in the laboratory."

The reason face flamed. She turned swiftly, whipped her apron on a hook. A flutter of alarm shivered over me.

"What's the matter, Jean?"

"Nothing," the quietness of her tone belied her.

"Why are you acting like this then?"

"Oh, I'm out of sorts. Things went wrong today."

"As if I don't know better than that, Jean Lacey! You're not pleased Grant is coming. Why aren't you?"

"Jealous?" Her eyes leaped with accusation. "I should be pleased to hear he's turned down the chance of a lifetime."

Alarm grew to panic, burdened to dread. My voice was so faint I could scarcely force it.

"What chance, Jean?"

"Don't you know, Gail? Surely you know of the Brussels clinic."

"I don't know. Tell me."

"It's been offered to him—the very thing he needs to work out his cure—he was mad to get it a year ago."

"When did he get the chance?"

"Just a short while ago. Has he really said nothing to you?"

"Not a word."

"And now he says he is coming here?"

I nodded. Jean came over and took my hand with a sudden impetuous passion.

"Don't let him do it, Gail. Make him take the other. It's the ruin of his future if he turns that down. You won't let him do it?"

The moment immortal with tragedy or triumph waited my decision.

I froze through me. I was mute as stone, rigid, as Jean's hands gripped mine.

"He loved me—he would give up life itself. This he was going to do. And without saying a word!"

I wanted to rush from Jean Lacey, for she had struck me clean on the heart.

"It's the chance to perfect his cure. Think what that means, Gail."

"Yes—why, of course."

"Don't be angry with me, Gail. Oh, don't let him come here. You can go to him. There is wonderful work you can do in Brussels."

"Yes—why, of course. I didn't know, Jean. He should have told me."

"Another moment, speech—the little remnant of control—would leave me."

"I didn't know this, Jean," I repeated.

"I know, Gail. But you do now. Oh, why don't you go to him? It's for you that he's coming here. Forgive me, Gail, but what is your work compared to his?"

Emotion swept reason aside as so much useless dust. In that

moment it would have been the purest joy to tear out my heart, my spirit, and let him trample on them. Anything to vindicate myself—the love that filled me.

He would come to me and never even hint that he had sacrificed it. And I had thought of nothing—nothing but myself, my work.

Oh, how paltry it seemed now! Could I ever bring myself to walk into that store again and glibly flatter and persuade the patrons? Scorn lashed me.

I saw him sitting at the table in the laboratory—a still intensity in the absorbed figure; the long, vital hands working with such exquisite precision. Working that he might save lives—that he might help to make the world a happier place.

I saw him at my father's bed, filling the poor, harried eyes with confidence, with hope. Then his hand, gentle as my mother's might have been, smoothing the pillow.

He loved me and I had let him go from me. He needed me. It was not until I reached my own room, was sitting at my writing desk that I was calm enough to pursue one rational thought. Not until I had rehearsed, until my mind felt crushed, the pain of his letter and Jean's piercing revelation.

"I must do something. What shall I do?" I asked this until the words had no meaning.

He should go to Brussels. There was no doubt about that.

At 10 o'clock Rosalie brought me a tray, insisted that I eat. "You are waiting for my answer," Memory focused a sharp image of the bronzed face, with the eyes that were sometimes searching as flame and again dimmed with tenderness.

I must decide now. I opened the window, pressed my face against the cold glass. For a long time no thought stirred. "I must do something!" I said aloud. Then I whispered faintly to myself: "I wonder what Jocelyn will say."

The phrase shocked as though another had uttered it, hammered like a blow. The thought of myself, lost until now, leaped at me. I was going to leave. Jocelyn will be home the day after tomorrow. I must tell him then—at once.

Immediately I felt as though I were rooted to the store. I could not leave Jocelyn now—it was insanity to consider it.

There was plenty of work in Brussels. Honor bound me to stay at the store—it was the better thing to do.

But was it? Or was it only the easier? Here the work was out for me. Much harder indeed to find a new line even though it prove more satisfactory. There was plenty of work in Brussels. If there was work in the tenements of Boston, how much more in Belgium? But I would have to carve a new way—have to make a much harder fight. For it's simpler to choose work alone or love alone than to struggle for both.

And like most women today who want independence, I was a coward, willing to denounce my sex as a handicap and therefore to eliminate it from my scheme of existence. This is nothing but an admission of incompetence to deal with our problem. The path where my feet were set led to the goal of spiritual bankruptcy. To be successful meant the death of the woman that the individual might survive. Is this success or renunciation?

I thought of the beautiful Russian, Sonia Kavalovsky dying of a broken heart because life had given her her brilliant achievement, but denied her love. Fulfillment for women must be compromise.

But the woman in us does not die. It stands by watching our empty victories, waiting and hoping, and suddenly as is the way of women and all other patient things, comes ruthlessly in the evening of our triumph—it comes then bringing the tragedy of an unappeasable hunger; the mockery of a demand that will not be satisfied since we have killed the thing that might have filled it.

We know then that our life has not been an achievement, but an evasion—not a fulfillment, but a denial. A career that demands as toll the suicide of the emotions means not freedom, but surrender. It means that we have admitted a complete life too difficult of attainment, and so we have refused to make the fight. We were not equal to the struggle of becoming wife, mother, individual. Yet this is woman's true goal. If life has any value at all—and this she must reach if there is ever to be woman triumphant.

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MARSHMALLOW FLOATS

—but one of many pretty ways of serving Krause's Marshmallows. See recipes packed in each tin.

Krause's Marshmallows

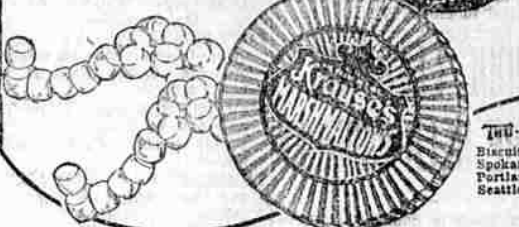
are so delicate of texture that they are readily soluble. This quality makes them most acceptable as floats on hot chocolate or for whipping into cake icings, pudding meringues, etc.

Always Fresh in their Blue and White Tins

Full-pound size, flat for easy packing in picnic basket.
Smaller tins.....25c
Bulk Krause's Marshmallows, lb.....50c

This Gay Little Man

appears in the windows of thousands of stores to tell you where you can buy Krause's Marshmallows. Look for him.



SOUTH DEER CREEK NEWS

F. P. Betts of S. D. C. spent the week end at the home of his son, John Betts, of Roseburg.

Miss Winona Trussell of Dixonville spent Sunday with Arline Melton of South Deer Creek.

Henry Cox and family spent Sunday evening at the home of Harlan Melton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jenkins and daughter Alice, spent Sunday evening at the home of H. E. Blood.

Miss Doris Cannon of Glendale spent Saturday morning with Ruth Blood.

Mr. and Mrs. William Melton spent Saturday in town attending Armistice, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

to business matters.

Allan Blood was in Roseburg Saturday visiting friends.

CALL FOR SCHOOL WARRANTS

All warrants of Camas Valley School District No. 21, Warrants No. 1 to 15, and endorsed "not paid for want of funds," are this day called. Interest commences after this date. Present to First State and Savings Bank, Roseburg, for payment.

Dated at Camas Valley, this 12th day of June, 1926.

W. L. MOORE, Clerk.

A REAL ESTATE TRANSFER REPORTED.

Under the terms of a real estate trade reported today, Mrs. Lillian H. Davis has exchanged her 27

Notice of Sale of Government Timber. General Land Office, Washington, D. C., May 6, 1926. Notice is hereby given that 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 Portland, Oregon, to the highest bidder, for not less than the appraised value as shown by this notice, and will be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The purchase price, with an additional sum of one-fifth of one per cent thereof, being commissions allowed, must be deposited at time of sale, money to be returned if sale is not approved, otherwise patent will issue for the timber which must be removed within ten days after the date of sale. Citizens of the United States, associations of such citizens and corporations or organizations organized under the laws of the United States, or any state, territory or District thereof, are eligible to bid on application of a qualified purchaser the timber on any legal subdivision will be offered separately before being included in any offer of a larger unit. T. 21 S. R. 4 W. Sec. 31 SE1/4 SE1/4 red fir 800 M. none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than \$1.75 per M. T. 21 S. R. 5 W. Sec. 6 SW1/4 NW1/4 red fir 800 M. T. 21 S. R. 5 W. Sec. 15 NE1/4 SE1/4 red fir 750 M. sugar pine 5 M. none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than \$1.50 per M. for the fir and \$2.00 per M. for the pine. T. 17 S. R. 7 W. Sec. 15 NE1/4 SE1/4 yellow fir 50 M. NW1/4 NE1/4 red fir 1500 M. cedar 25 M. SE1/4 NE1/4 red fir 800 M. cedar 150 M. NW1/4 NE1/4 red fir 1100 M. cedar 150 M. T. 28 S. R. 11 W. Sec. 15 NE1/4 SE1/4 red fir 800 M. NW1/4 SE1/4 red fir 800 M. white fir 100 M. none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than \$2.00 per M. for the red and yellow fir and \$2.50 per M. for the white fir. T. 27 S. R. 7 W. Sec. 31 NE1/4 SE1/4 sugar pine 30 M. red fir 250 M. none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than \$2.50 per M. for the pine and \$2.00 per M. for the fir. T. 27 S. R. 12 W. Sec. 21 SE1/4 NE1/4 yellow fir 250 M. red fir 150 M. NW1/4 NW1/4 yellow fir 600 M. red fir 30 M. Sec. 33 NW1/4 NW1/4 yellow fir 100 M. red fir 1200 M. white fir 100 M. SW1/4 NW1/4 yellow fir 150 M. red fir 325 M. white fir 100 M. NW1/4 NW1/4 low fir 1200 M. red fir 600 M. SW1/4 NW1/4 yellow fir 150 M. none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than \$2.00 per M. for the red and yellow fir and \$1.00 per M. for the white fir. William Spry, Commissioner.

Over 3,000 cities and towns have streets paved with portland cement concrete

Concrete Streets of Corvallis Retain Their Good Looks

Corvallis, Oregon, home of the State Agricultural College, is thoroughly sold on the lasting economy of concrete street pavement. It has good reason to be.

It is twelve years now since Corvallis laid its first concrete paving. This paving is still giving faultless service, and maintenance has been next to nothing.

All of Corvallis' concrete streets are completely free of "wash-board wrinkles," to say nothing of ruts and bumps. Driving over them is like "riding on air."

And they are safe to drive on, too. Even after rain, tires grip their true, sure surface tenaciously.

Another important point in favor of concrete paving is its attractive, light gray color. This gives streets a handsome distinction possible with no other type.

Corvallis, like other enterprising towns and cities of Oregon, now has thousands of square yards of concrete streets.

All of the facts are in our free booklet on "Concrete Streets." Ask for your copy.

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OBITUARY

Clarence C. Mann was born in Drain, Oregon, February 10, 1891, and departed this life at Bend, Oregon, Tuesday, June 8, 1926, aged 35 years, three months and 29 days being the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. C. H. Mann who have gone on before. His early life was spent in Yoncalla, and most of his life lived in Douglas county. Being well known in Roseburg where he attended high school, and was variously employed. The years of 1914 to 1918 were spent in Central Oregon, where he was employed in the forest service; later taking up a homestead. January 4, 1918, he enlisted in the 51st Spruce Squadron A. S. A. P., being discharged after the Armistice, on January 9, 1919. He then was employed by the fish and game commission, giving his time to the hatchery work, and doing very efficient and satisfactory service.

Mr. Mann was well liked and he goes to his last rest with the esteem and respect of all who knew him. He was possessed of a jovial, sunny disposition and was strictly upright and honest in all his dealings. Free hearted and ever a true, loyal friend and citizen. He was a member of the Woodmen of the World, and the Elks Lodge of Roseburg, Oregon; also a member of the American Legion at Bend, Oregon. Funeral services were held at Yoncalla, Friday morning, June 11, at 10:30 a. m. from Stearns undertaking parlors, Dr. I. M. White of Drain, officiating. Appropriate music was beautifully rendered by Mrs. W. T. Tuttle and Mrs. Luther Daugherty. Interment was in the family plot in the Yoncalla cemetery. The great profusion of beautiful flowers, last tribute, spoke more plainly than words, the loving sympathy and sentiment of the community.

Mr. Mann is survived by two brothers, Fred L. Mann of Lapine, Oregon, Edward H. Mann, of DuBois, Idaho; three sisters, Mrs. Lily Plaster and Miss Alice Mann, of Roseburg, Mrs. Barton Hellmuth, of Yoncalla. Besides numerous relatives and friends who mourn his loss.

WEINER ROAST PLANNED.

The South Deer Creek Grange, which lost to the Glide Grange in a rodent pest extermination contest engaged in by the two communities has made arrangements to entertain the winners at a wiener roast to be held at South Deer Creek on Saturday, June 19. The contest was extended over a period of four weeks the Glide community winning by a large margin.