

Bread and Salt

Savages may get along without either but civilized folks call them necessities of the first order.

Flour—\$7.20, \$7.60, \$8.00
Salt—100c, 85c; 50c, 45c

We save you money on these articles, and on many others

Guaranteed Cream Separator.....\$45.00
12-inch Steel Plow and extra share.....\$18.75

See Us First—We Can Save You Money.

FARM BUREAU
COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE
ROSEBURG AND OAKLAND

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

XMAS TREES—Any size. Phone 654.

FOR SALE—Mint roots. J. D. Musgrave, Sutherlin.

FOR SALE—Turkey hens. Boyer Brothers, Phone 1414.

FOR SALE—4-lb cook stove. Call 237-R. 404 N. Jackson.

FOR SALE—Foxy Terrier pups. E. B. Lawson, Yoncalla, Ore.

FOR SALE—Jersey milk cow, fresh. S. L. Moss, Ten Mile.

YOUNG FRYS for sale, 400 each. 343 S. Stephens St. Phone 422-L.

SHEEP FOR SALE—Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin. Phone 1-3.

WHY throw money away. Junk is worth more than spuds. Roseburg Junk Shop.

FOR SALE—Pigs from 40 to 60 lbs, each, 15c per lb. Marion Perdue, Days Creek.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred screw-tail Boston Bull puppies, toy size. Phone 369.

FOR SALE—32-40 Winchester rifle with reloading tools. Inquire Harry Williams, Edenbow.

FOR SALE—Old growth fir, \$3.25; mixed hardwood for heater, \$3.25. Phone 1415. Melton Bros.

FOR SALE—Breeding turkeys from pedigreed stock. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin. Phone 1-3.

STOCK for sale and ranch for rent; 100 sheep and 25 head of mixed cattle. Wm. Porter, Camas Valley.

FOR SALE—5-passenger touring car. Will trade on lots of small house and lot and pay difference. What have you to offer? Phone 566-R.

25 MODEL Oldsmobile Six, just like new. Will take payment down and terms, or will trade for good ewes. E. L. Lawson, Yoncalla, Ore.

WOOD FOR SALE—Old growth fir, \$3.25 per rick; second growth fir, \$3 per rick; oak, a few ricks at \$3.50; mixed wood, \$3.00. Phone 4713. Godfrey.

A REAL BARGAIN—Overland Six standard sedan, lots of extras. Call at 525 Sykes St. evenings, or at Economy market during the day.

FOR SALE—The Fred Winston place six miles south of Roseburg on Pacific highway. 19 acres very best river bottom land, mostly in prunes. \$5000 improvements, \$3500 cash will handle deal, balance on time. For particulars write or see Fred Winston, owner, Roseburg, Oregon.



RADIOS

From the best to the cheapest that is good.

Stromberg Carlson
The New Federal
Kolster
Freshman Masterpiece
Crosley Radios

ranging in price from
\$10 to \$400

Ott's Music Store

Headquarters for
Radios and Equipment

The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 21.

The Story So Far:

Rosemary Merton quits college after the end of a romance with Philip Barnes, a neighborhood sweetheart. She is determined to win independence of her family and escape a hum-drum life. Clanking in a bookstore she meets Larry, an artist, and later makes the acquaintance of Sloan Whitney, a man of the world, by whom she is fascinated. Nina, a fellow employee and confidant, tells Rosemary of her love for Stanley Cuyler, old friend of her dead father, and married. During a final innocent visit of Rosemary to Larry's studio he discloses his jealousy of Whitney in loud tones. The screams of Germaine, a modiste's employee, reveal her wavering, and she makes known an affair with Larry. Hidden by Madame Berthe, the modiste, in her room, Rosemary finally escapes to the store and receives a telephone summons to her home, where she finds her mother ill in bed. The next day Nina warns her for the second time against indiscreet conduct, which is causing talk about the shop, and informs her of Larry's enforced marriage to Germaine. Then Nina shocks Rosemary with the story of her affair with Stanley Cuyler.

Now Read On

Pa didn't mind giving Rosemary the wing and the wishbone, though there are only two wings on a chicken and he had served Aunt Kitty with the other. He'd have cheerfully denied himself his favorite portion, if Rosemary had appreciated it. But she didn't. "Aren't you going to eat your dinner?" He pointed at the delicious wing on her plate, and a lit drop of brown gravy rolled off his knife onto the clean tablecloth.

"Pa, PLEASE don't gnaw on the bones that way! You've got a big stammer of gravity on your chin!"

"Oh, Rosemary, shut up. It's his chin, ain't it? You're carrying this prima donna business too far. Makes a man sick!" Joe speared another biscuit, and glared at her with real disgust in his usually good natured face.

They were all against her, all rubbing it in about the artists, and the studio parties, all cross-questioning her about Nina—why she didn't bring her home to Sunday dinner some time, and asking if the fascinating stranger had sent any more flowers.

"Rosemary, there's a lemon-jelly cake!"

"I don't want any!" She fled from the table. They heard the squeak of the old springs on her bed when she flung herself on it in her room overhead.

"I wonder who she's in love with. It would surprise me if we had another wedding, right on top of Gertrude's. I wouldn't mind outliving her right!" Aunt Kitty absently helped herself to another slice of cake. "In some ways she's my favorite niece. She looks the most like me. I think I'll go put some eau de Cologne on her head."

In some queer, unaccountable way Aunt Kitty had grown close to Rosemary these days. She didn't ask questions like the others. She wouldn't have been shocked if she knew.

"Aunt Kitty, would you lend me some money?" There, it was out. Aunt Kitty's eyes narrowed. Then it was money, not a lover, that was troubling Rosemary. Or both! Heavens!

"How much?"

Rosemary got up, and brought the bills to her aunt—\$35 for the dress she charged to Nina, that first day at work, when she spilled the chocolate on her little pink sport suit. And \$15 for the hat—\$50—such a lot of money—and she couldn't go on owing it to Nina, not now—not after she knew—

"Is that all?"

Darling Aunt Kitty! Asking if that was all, "I can pay it back in another month!"

"Stuff and nonsense—you're only young once. I wish I'd had the sense to have my fling when I was young. Stand of sticking to the house and letting Pete spend it on his chorus girl!"

She was raking around in her vanity box looking for her check book. A box of gold tipped cigarettes, rouge and compact and old letters and samples of silk, and down in the bottom the check book.

"Sure \$50 is enough? I'll make it \$60. And Rosemary, don't tell your mother. I wouldn't tell her the young men, either. Old fashioned. It would only worry her!"

It would only worry her... of course... Aunt Kitty was right. And Ma slipped a little farther away.

Nina took the money without comment. She made no attempt to regain the lost intimacy. She let Rosemary drift away.

"I don't care," Rosemary told herself, bitterly. "No company is better than this!"

Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters!

Don't mix a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, and takes the place of mustard plasters.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frost-bitten feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE

Better than a mustard plaster

careless, carefree mood came back. "What's all this I hear about Larry Kane and you?" he asked finally.

"Why," she began dully—"nothing. I used to go up to the studio for tea with Nina."

"Nina wasn't there the Sunday afternoon I came up?"

She shook her head, miserably. Oh, if only she didn't have to go and turn all the colors of the rainbow. She could feel her face flaming.

"Well, he's married now," he said at last. "Poor devil."

"Larry told me you were together in France"—there, that would change the subject.

"Yes, we had some great old times over there. Fine fellow, Larry."

Fine fellow—after—the way he treated Germaine?

He read her thought. "No snap judgment," he said quickly. "There are always two sides to a story, remember. Larry's all right. Little wild, maybe!"

Rosemary started. Larry, a little wild! What did he call real wild?

"You don't know him as I do," he went on. "Lord, how I used to think about the times we had together after I left the outfit and ended up in a French hospital, not a soul to take care of me."

"You were in the hospital?"

"Yep. Blind. For a long time. I used to sit there in the dark and plan the kind of a dog I'd get to lead me when I got out. I finally decided on a big yellow one to match the lead pencils I was going to sell. You get kind of despondent after a while. I got so I used to sit and envy the fellows that lost their legs or arms instead... and could get around—in wheel chairs... and see—"

He threw his cigarette away. "Ever think what it would be like to be a cripple?"

"No!" she cried. "No!"

Well, neither did I before. Have some dessert. They make fine here. Whatever started me off on THAT?"

"Oh, but tell me. How did they cure you? Was it from wounds you got in the war that you lost your eyesight?" She leaned over the table toward him, quivering with the pity of it. To think of him, all alone in some strange foreign place—helpless!

He grimaced at her distress. Even when he laughed he kept that bored, disinterested manner, that dry, reckless tone.

"It was I. L. O. D., all right. I stopped a couple of bullets. And I don't know yet how the eyesight went, or how it came back. They talked enough about it, but it was all French, and I don't understand French as spoken by the natives."

"Anyway, just when I'd decided on yellow lead pencils they decided to operate again for luck, and to the surprise of all present the patient recovered, and the operation was a success."

"And right at the critical moment my old man who had more rocks than he could use, and more pig-headedness than is good for one old man, had a change of heart and didn't cut me off without a nickel, after all."

"Oh! He wasn't going to do that—when you were blind?"

"He didn't know that, Rosemary. He picked me out long before the war came along. You can't blame him, at that. He had a lot of plans, and I couldn't see 'em. Got kicked out of college and beat it out west to Wyoming on a cattle ranch. Punched cattle out there for two years!"

"A cow puncher!" Sloan Whitney a cow puncher. "Of all the funny things to be!"

He was so good looking, so terribly good looking! She could just see him galloping through some rough country, streaked with sweat and dirt in the blazing sun. Decorative still!

She began to laugh, shakily, with a little catch at her throat. (To be continued.)

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the County Superintendent of Douglas County, Oregon, will hold the regular examination of applicants for State Certificates at her office in Roseburg, Oregon, beginning on Wednesday, December 15 at 9 o'clock a.m. and continuing until 4 o'clock Saturday p.m. December 18, 1926. Rule XXXI now reads, "An applicant for any certificate shall pay the fee for that certificate at the time of the examination. Even though the applicant writes for exemptions, he shall pay the fee each time he takes the examination, if he wrote on more than one subject." The usual program will be followed.

MRS. EDITH S. ACKERT, Douglas Co. Superintendent.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the twenty-second day of December, A. D. 1926, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. at No. 303, North Jackson street, in the city of Roseburg, county of Douglas, state of Oregon, under and by virtue of the provisions of Sections 8245 and 8246, Oregon Laws, the undersigned hotel keeper will offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand certain personal property now on said premises, described as follows, to-wit:

Three (3) collars.

One (1) coat hanger.

One (1) pants hanger.

One (1) three-piece suit.

One (1) pair trousers.

One (1) tie.

One (1) coat.

One (1) cap.

One (1) night shirt.

One (1) sport coat.

One (1) bath robe.

One (1) rain coat.

Four (4) handkerchiefs.

One (1) leather file.

One (1) suit case,

which said property is retained by the undersigned and will be sold to satisfy an hotel keeper's lien.

Dated the first day of December, A. D. 1926.

STAGE TERMINAL HOTEL COMPANY, a corporation.

By W. W. CHADWICK, President.

TRAPPED ARMY IN CHINA BURNS AND LOOTS VILLAGES

(Associated Press Local Wire.)

AMOY, Dec. 8.—Unable to retreat after having been defeated in the effort to defend Foochow against the advancing northerners, General Chang-Yi, northern commander, is attempting to fight his way out of that district.

In the last three days he has engaged navy forces favorable to the Cantonese and has pressed them back toward Pagoda, east of Foochow, inflicting a loss of 300 men. His forces are looting and burning nearby villages. His casualties are not known here.

The situation in Foochow remains uncertain pending entry into the city of General Ho Ying-Ching, commander of the Cantonese forces, who is coming down the Yenfoo River from Ingai. In the meantime the radical students who have been overrunning the city continue to threaten all who oppose them, and the civil governor refuses to take office until the Cantonese army arrives.

Closing out large stock of felt base rugs at following prices: 9x12 now \$8.83, 9x14 now \$7.85, 9x6 now \$5.75. These prices good until new tire stock is gone. Powell Furniture.

G. L. O. COMMISSIONER ASKS PASTURAGE RULES

(Associated Press Local Wire.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Blades of grass, which have been food for bitter controversy between users of public stock grazing lands, will come under the regulatory finger of the government if recommendations of the commissioner of the general land office contained in his report to the secretary of the interior are put into effect.

Taking the view that injury to

verdant forage growths scattered over the government lands and forests results from unrestricted grazing of stock, the commissioner said "the secretary of the interior should be authorized by law to designate lands chiefly valuable for their pasturage and to adopt such rules as will insure an equitable use of such areas."

Chas. S. McElhinny "The Widow's Friend"

Oregon Life

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CORNER OAK & MAIN

Claims Paid Promptly

Mail Them Early

Do you still want us to wrap your packages for the mail?

Now is the time.

Imperial

CLEANERS

Send it to a Master and Cleaner

Phone 277, Our auto will call.

The Law of Averages

On average, every automobile is involved in some sort of an accident once every three years. That ONCE is when you need automobile insurance BADLY!

See us today for full coverage on your automobile.

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Make Your Wife Happy
Give her an Electric range for a Christmas present.

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Do you still want us to wrap your packages for the mail?

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Phone 277, Our auto will call.

The Law of Averages

On average, every automobile is involved in some sort of an accident once every three years. That ONCE is when you need automobile insurance BADLY!

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