

# "WHITE ZIMMERMAN WHEAT"

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## Douglas County Flour Mill

Roseburg and Myrtle Creek.



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE  
Garrett Folsom is stabbed to death while swimming at Ocean Town, N. J.

Folsom's bathing companions had been Roger Neville, a business partner; Mrs. Helen Barnaby and Carmelita Valdon.

Anastasia Folsom, eccentric and masterful sister of the dead man, arrives and takes command. At the inquest it is learned that the death weapon was a pichaq, an Oriental knife, and it had been bought on the boardwalk.

It is learned that one Croydon Sears is a fan of curious weapons. He admits buying two knives, but not the pichaq.

Anastasia engages Titus Riggs, a private, to work on the case. She follows the dead man's nephew, arrives and is intrigued by some curious French dolls in Folsom's room.

Croydon Sears' initials are discovered in a notebook of Folsom's and Pelton thinks his uncle had been doing some blackmailing. Robin Sears, Croydon's son, is worried now that suspicion is resting on his father. Riggs tells him he has learned that Croydon Sears had purchased a third dagger.

The elder Sears sends for Fleming Stone, famous detective, who arrives soon after.

Now go on with the story:  
CHAPTER XXXVII

With Croydon Sears and Fleming Stone came also, Titus Riggs, who was deeply impressed with Stone's charm, having expected a much more prosaic and businesslike personage.

For Fleming Stone was one who, to a marked degree, took color from his surroundings. And now, at sight of the sea and the intervening boardwalk with its glare of color and sound, as well as the gay throng of the immediate crowd on the hotel deck, Stone's rather enormous air dropped from him, and he smiled with the delight of a child at the spectacle.

"Never been here before," he explained, taking it all in rapidly, as he seated himself. "I've been to the New England coast resorts and the southern and western ones. But never before chanced on New Jersey's shores. Most attractive, too. Well, I suppose that's the spot where the body was found," and he swept his arm vaguely toward the wide expanse of sea.

"That's about it," agreed Croydon Sears. "But I say, old man, if you'd rather take holiday today and not even consider the case until tomorrow, just say so."

"Oh no, I'd rather hear the details right off. Then we can have a sea food dinner, and then we can have a bout of the bright lights or whatever they offer by way of evening entertainment. Then we can come back here and settle down to the real work in hand."

Stone's pleasant smile rested on Robin, and all at once the boy felt confidence and surety that there was no further trouble in store for his father with a man like that at the helm.

So with a light heart he went off in search of his Angel, and the three men settled down to consideration of their case.

"Don't think I'm mind-wandering if I gaze about," Stone said, smiling. "I love to absorb these sights and sounds, and instead of distracting my attention they help to concentrate it."

"You know, of course, the main details of the Folsom murder?" said Sears.

"Yes. All that was in the papers, and all that I could piece out myself from the newspaper reports. That's all. What else can you tell me?"

"I," Sears said, "will tell you my own personal and individual conception with the matter, and then Riggs will tell you what he knows or thinks about other people."

"You have a personal and individual conception with it, then?" Stone asked.

"Yes, or I shouldn't have called you down here in such haste. I've no desire to be arrested, and it's a thing that may easily come about. Unless we head off the energetic and truth-seeking policemen."

"They are after you?"

"Very much after me. You see, Fleming, I lied."

"Did it pay?"

"It begins to look as if it didn't, but that's for you to pass opinion on. You see, the inquiry naturally hinges largely on the question of the weapon."

"They know about that, don't they?"

"Yes; that is, they assume, and doubtless truly, that the pichaq found in the ocean is the one that killed Folsom. Now, they know also that I bought two daggers, that night in the same place that the deadly weapon was presumably bought. They know that I have those two daggers here in my possession, and they have no further interest in fish. But they have a deep interest in the man who bought, what is called, a bundle at the same shop later the same evening."

"They don't know who he was?"

"No; and of late they have come to the conclusion that it was I."

"It wasn't?"

"No, it wasn't, I mean the murderer wasn't. But I did return to that shop later that evening, and I did buy a bundle that contained two odd, insignificant daggers. And, when they asked me at the inquest if I had returned to the shop that night, I said no."

"I'm Fleming Stone, looked at his friend with a glance of affection and trust. Not for a moment did he question the good faith of Sears toward himself, whatever he might have done on the witness stand."

"I did it," Sears went on, "because if I had said I went back there, they would have at once assumed that it was one of my daggers that killed Folsom, and it wasn't."

"And to have the matter brought into question would have wrought harm to someone else?" Stone said, understandingly.

"Exactly. A harm and someone else that I couldn't allow."

"No, Well, it got you 'into a snarl'?"

"It has begun to look that way. Here's the truth. You listen in, Riggs. Garrett Folsom had a pleasant little way of making capital out of other people's secrets."

"It has been done, I've heard," remarked Stone.

"Yes, Well, he didn't make a big business of this; he only used a few choice secrets belonging to a few choice friends or enemies, of his. And I was honored with a place among these. The secret of a mine that he knew had to do with my family tree. It is not of a disgraceful nature, but it is unfortunate. It is a blot on the Sears name which, if left alone, will never be brought into the limelight and cast harm on me. If exposed and misunderstood, as it would be, it would mean a shadow, not deep, because of its very vagueness, but a hint of blackness that would mar the future of my boy—that would perhaps stand in the way of the happiness of my son, Robin. I am willing to forego explicit, I am willing to tell you the whole story, but not at this moment."

"Nor ever," said Fleming Stone, while Riggs nodded in assent. "Go on, Croy, you felt that if you were questioned at all this thing would come out."

"Yes, just that I knew I was innocent of Folsom's death, but those hounds of the law would think, and with reason, that as I had bought more daggers that night, I must of necessity be the one who had made the fatal stab. So I denied having returned, and let my case rest on the daggers I had bought while with Meeker, who could vouch for the truth of my story."

"Why didn't they know you when you went back and bought the last lot?"



"They are after you?" Stone asked. "Very much after me. You see, Fleming, I lied."

"I don't know. I chanced to buy them from a man I didn't know, but the other clerks stood about. It's a big shop. But the point is that somebody else did go there about the same time I did and did buy the bundle that held the dagger that killed Garrett Folsom. That's the man we're to find."

"That's the man we're to find," said Fleming Stone.

The program Stone had suggested was carried out, and, as a result, it was late in the evening before the conference took place.

In the meantime the detective had observed the principals of the case, as pointed out to him by Sears at dinner time, and also had gathered sidelights from the remarks and comments of the rest of their immediate party.

The Barrons liked Stone at once, for no one could do otherwise.

Fleming Stone was of a type that could command interest if he chose, or if it better suited his purpose, he could make himself so inconspicuous, so insignificant that he attracted no attention whatever.

On this occasion he was charming, a polite guest, and both receptive and responsive to the remarks of the others.

Madeline Barron, at first embarrassed at thought of meeting the celebrated detective, soon found herself at ease in his presence and meeting his chaff with a gaiety of her own.

Angel, too, was fascinated by the newcomer and Robin declared she had forgotten his very existence in her attention to this new rival.

Ned Barron, in his big, hearty way, smiled genially on them all. But Barron took little part in the light banter.

(To be continued.)

In the next chapter Fleming Stone seeks out Madeline Barron and questions her.

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**GROWERS ADOPT NEW "KIPP" PLAN FOR SELLING APPLES**

of bettering the apple situation, Kipp declared, is to limit production. A growers' committee met to prepare for immediate formation of its group.

**DIVORCE IS WANTED**  
EUGENE, March 21—On charges of cruel and inhuman treatment, Vera Ellen Chase has filed suit in Douglas county against her husband, Harold Clyde Chase. Papers were received at the sheriff's office today for service here. The couple were married in

Roseburg, January 1, 1921, and have no children. J. O. Watson, attorney of Roseburg, represents the plaintiff. Est barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

# FREE \$200 FOR A NAME

What is your ideal name for a street? We are offering two prizes of \$100, for an acceptable name for two streets located in the Ballf tract in West Roseburg, one intersects with Ballf Street and the other with Brown Avenue and the Coos Bay Wagon Road.

**TWO THIRDS OF PROPERTY SOLD**  
In our opening announcement on March 12 we announced that there were 30 lots to be sold for \$200 to \$250 each on terms of \$25 down and \$5 per month with interest at the rate of 5 per cent on deferred payments. The popularity of this offering was soon evidenced by the fact that 19 of the 30 lots have been contracted for, leaving only 11 to be sold.

**PRIZE AWARD DATE CHANGED**  
Due to the fact that all of this property will be sold long before June 1st, it has been decided to change the date for awarding prizes to APRIL 30 instead of June 1st as originally announced, contest closes April 15th, so send in your selections today. For those interested in buying one or more of these lots telephone 124-J or write.

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