

A COOL COOK STOVE

July days are apt to be hot, and cooking over the steel range is hotter.

GASOLINE AND OIL STOVES

do away with kitchen discomforts. We are showing several sizes and styles of these stoves, some of which we are closing out at cost in order to discontinue the line. Ask for prices.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Fox Terrier puppies. Phone 252-L.

FOR SALE—Milk goat giving 3 quarts daily. Phone 471-L.

SLAB WOOD for sale, \$3 per tier in 3-tier lots. Phone 47-F15.

TWO Year-old Jersey cows for sale, bedrock price. Phone 3202.

FOR SALE—Broccoli plants, tested seed. R. V. Hatfield, phone 33-F14.

1925 CHEVROLET for sale cheap at Campview Garage, 1 mile north. Terms.

FOR SALE—Shetland pony, 2 years old. Inquire at Kelley's Corner.

FOR SALE—150 thousand Broccoli plants, cheap. E. A. Hubbard, Dillard, Ore.

FOR SALE—Donkey boiler, drum and frame. George McHugh, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Early St. Valentine broccolini plants, 5-1313, D. C. McGehee.

FOR SALE—6 sows, 15 sows, 28 pigs. Apply to A. C. Wilson, box 131, Yoncalla, Ore.

GOOD Husky Broccolini plants for sale, Ashby strain. S. W. Leake, Dixonville. Phone 19-F23, evenings.

FOR SALE—Rambouillet bucks or will trade for ewes, a number to select from. C. F. Moore, Riddle, Ore.

FOR SALE—Scotch Collie pups, males \$5, females \$2.50. Harries Ranch, Happy Valley, C. W. Hughes, Rt. 1, Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE—Hotel in good condition and doing good business. For full particulars write T. E. Smith, Prop., Wallawa, Ore.

FOR SALE—Choice February hatched O. A. C. Barred Rock and McRae strain R. I. pullets from accredited and B. W. D. tested eggs. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin.

FOR SALE—Fox hounds, two years old, coyote or varmint tree dogs; pups, Fox hound or half Fox and half blood hound, from the best of varmint strain. W. H. Dinmore, Sheridan, Ore.

FOR SALE—Restaurant fixtures, counter, stools, tables, chairs, back bar, coffee urn, double sink, large ice box, dishes and cooking utensils, and hot water tank. See D. Harry Jurgens at Roseburg Hotel.

WANTED

WANTED—100 head of young ewes, R. Fate, Myrtle Creek. Phone 1402.

AS USEFUL COMPANION, in business or otherwise, apply Mrs. Ireland, 246 N. Rose.

WANTED—Phone your order for Fresh Loganberry Juice, delivered in 1 to 5 gal. lots. Roseburg Beverage Supply House, 109 S. Jackson St., Roseburg, Oregon. Phone 249.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two-room furnished house \$7 per month. See elevator man at Perkins building.

FOR RENT—5-room modern house, electric range, furnace, garage. Phone 312-R.

FOR RENT—Nine-room house, close in, newly papered and painted inside throughout. Page Lbr. and Fuel Co. Phone 242.

FOUND

FOUND—Old style gold brooch. Owner may have same by calling at this office and identifying and paying for ad.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

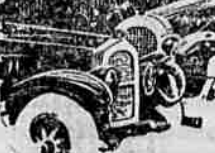
BUMPERS WILL BUMP

Bumpers hereafter will bump bumpers, and not reach over or under one another, when two cars come together. If a recommendation is adopted for nation-wide standardization, it is to set all bumpers so that the center line is 18 inches from the ground.

Every hour of the day it's your best food.



Every hour of the day it's your best food.



Your car may be wrecked any day in a street accident. Insure against loss. Ask us for rates.

Quine & Co.
Phone 108
Masonic Building

If you are the sort of woman who wears sports clothes for sport you'll need our help often this summer!

For we're especially equipped to dry clean every item of your wardrobe—from sweaters to dancing frocks.

Imperial
CLEANERS

McKean, Darby & Baldwin Furniture Co.
Complete Housefurnishers
Roseburg, Oregon

Humming Breaths

© 1927 NEA Service

By Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, mysteriously summoned to the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, encounters an old friend, Vilak, who tells him it was he who had sent for him.

Vilak's cousin, Elise Marberry, an American girl, owns a coffee plantation and other land near Porto Verde and has received mysterious warnings to get out of the country. Vilak is alarmed, because several deaths already have occurred and the superstitions natives think some supernatural force is at work.

The day Nunnally arrives another man is killed, Tony Barberta, one of Elise Marberry's foremen. He had been hit with a club in the hands of Limey Potts, another foreman. Before he died a strange paralysis took hold of him, and Vilak confides to Nunnally that he is certain Limey Potts, though he may have struck the victim, was not the murderer.

That evening Vilak induces Nunnally to come with him on a visit to the house of Caylord Prentiss, a reclusive and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise. Vilak believes Prentiss is somehow involved in the mysterious deaths.

Before going to Prentiss' place, Vilak and Nunnally call on Elise Marberry. Vilak refuses to let her go with them. He and Nunnally, on their way to Prentiss', sight of a party of natives working on a railroad. Nearly is a fire, though the night is hot. Nunnally regards this as strange.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX

Their presence had been noticed. One of the laborers, who appeared to be a sort of foreman, walked behind a dilapidated freight car on a siding. He reappeared in a moment, followed by an immanently white-limbed individual, whose bearing immediately marked him as the chief. His skin was dark, but it was the tan that comes from long exposure to the tropical sun; his face was well molded, the nose long but thin, the mouth sensitive and small. On his upper lip was a small, carefully trimmed mustache. He was obviously a white man, and judging by the blackness of his hair and the perfection of his intonation, a high caste Portuguese.

He bowed politely to the visitors. "You would wish something, cavalheiros?" he asked. His manner was unmistakably that of one who could be as much at ease at some stately reception in one of the European capitals as he was with twenty-five station hands in the jungle of Porto Verde.

"Nothing, cavalheiro," Vilak replied with equal urbanity. "We merely ride, see the torches, and walk over to look. You come to protect the tracks from the rising

river?"

"Yes, senhor. We come from Avila. He pulled a leaf off a palm tree and began fanning himself. "At Avila there is fear that the floods will be very bad. Many they think the great dam will burst. I hope it is not. It is not pretty, a flood. Nor cheap. It costs us on the railroad much money. Many, many reis. And it is not a great railroad which runs only a few hundred kilometers to the coffee plantations and the Englewood mines in the mountains. Nor is it rich. Each year in the rainy season we come. Here I will raise a track, there I will make strong a bridge, here I will drive a pile. And perhaps shall I start to survey a new line, one which shall go from Porto Verde to Santo Cra-to. They talk of this, but yet I do not know."

"Do you think you will be here long?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Two weeks, a month perhaps. I cannot say. There is much to do."

An altercation broke out between two of the laborers driving a stake. One of them jerked out a knife. The Portuguese hurried over. Coolly, quickly he snatched it away, the argument ended. "They are troublesome, my villains," he said, as he returned to the visitors. "No worse are there in all Brazil. But on the railroad we take what we can."

Vilak offered him a cigar. The other took it. They chatted amiably a moment, then the two Americans left. They remounted their horses and rode up the narrow lane which led to the higher ground above the town and the parallel line marking the fatal occurrence of the afternoon. Reaching the tree, they dismounted again and tied their horses.

All about them was a blackness almost Stygian, but though there was little light, the variety of sound was infinite. Here a swelling brook murmured and by its murmurs repeated the story of a possible flood; there the peccava whispered as its great flat leaves rubbed against one another in the wind; there a screech owl called shrilly as it swooped through the dense woods ahead; there a fallen twig rustled under the weight of a coral snake stalking its nightly prey. As the chemist's eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he could make out the opening in the thorn thicket which his companion had told him led to Prentiss' residence. "Are we—turning—in here?" he whispered.

Vilak nodded. "We are. But on top of second button of your raincoat. And put on that glove as I told you. Keep it on."

Nunnally obeyed slowly. "I insist—er—insist. Why is it necessary? On a night like this—stifling. Yes—stifling."

"Is an ounce of prevention or

Death's lurking everywhere about here in forms that I don't know. What I've asked you to do may help protect you."

They turned into the path. Towering trees rose as gloomy sentinels above the tangled jungle, while the mats of vines and creepers swinging from the topmost branches showed the sky. The path continued thus wooded for a quarter of a mile, then light showed ahead and they emerged on to the short of a small lake. Directly before them the land fell rather sharply to a creek, then rose to an elevation on the other side where several similar expanses of water sparkled in the moonlight.

"These are a few of the lakes I was mentioning to you," Vilak whispered. "If it were daylight you could see the brickwork where some of them have been dammed up. This is the section that Prentiss' father developed and that the quarrel was all about. After old Prentiss died the place was deserted—for about ten years, I think. Until young Prentiss came back and occupied it. That's the house down there." He pointed to a shadowy structure below them on the other side of the creek.

They descended the embankment on which they stood, reached the creek, and crossed it, carefully picking their way over the wet stones. They saw two faint glimmerings of light which, as they moved forward, they perceived came from two small stone lamps burning smokily over the gate of a high stone wall. "Why has he the lamps?" the old man asked. "And they're singular lamps. Yes—singular."

Vilak did not answer. He was interestedly looking between the heavy iron bars which formed the massive gate to the dwelling a few hundred feet beyond. They could see it clearly now, a long, low building, its flatness broken by three short squat towers. Even in the moonlight its dilapidated condition was apparent. A fourth tower near the front had fallen and, bringing down the surrounding walls, had left a gaping hole as though the structure had suffered from an operation at the hands of an unskilled surgeon. Half the windows were broken and nulled up with boards. One wing was entirely in ruins, only a few broken boards remaining to mark its walls.

There were few signs of decay, however, about the wall through whose gate they were peering, a wall which, massive and lofty, apparently completely circled the neglected residence. It was so old that in places it was almost obliterated by dense growths of vines. But there were no gaps, no thorn thickets which his companion had told him led to Prentiss' residence. "Are we—turning—in here?" he whispered.

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We Thank You

For your past patronage and hope that our better service at our new location at Washington and Spruce streets will please you.

See Us First—We Can Save You Money

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AGENTS FOR

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"CAN'T BE BEAT"

Says one Ford Battery user.

That's what we think of the Genuine 13 plate, 80 ampere hour Ford Battery. Guaranteed for one year, and selling at \$12.00 you'll find the GENUINE FORD BATTERY A REAL BUY—a real service giving Battery. This Battery is successfully used on 80 per cent of the various makes of cars and makes a wonderful radio Battery. C. A. LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO.

brush on the other side of the creek crackled loudly. Both men started.

(To be Continued)

In the next chapter a call is made on the curious Prentiss, whose actions grow more baffling than ever.

Pure whole milk, and it's pasteurized. Roseburg Dairy. Phone 168

APARTMENT HOUSE BEING REMODELED

The Deardorff apartments on Brockway street have been closed while the owners, Mr. and Mrs. William Deardorff, are making extensive changes and improvements. The exterior has been completely altered and finished with magnificence while the interior is being renovated and first class apartments constructed throughout. The apartments will probably be opened again about the middle of July.

Will clean all kinds of wood finish. Carpets, rugs, window washing. Make them look like new. Good references. Charles Dana, Phone 513.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for bills contracted by anyone other than myself.

F. K. McMULLEN.

DISTRICT MEETING OF KIWANIS CLUBS HERE THURSDAY

Nearly one hundred visiting Kiwanians, representing clubs at Klamath Falls, Medford, Eugene, Ashland, Reedsport and Coos Bay, are expected to meet with the Roseburg club tomorrow for a district conference. The meeting is to be held at the Country Club, where preparations are being made to entertain the local and visiting Kiwanians.

The local club is to furnish entertainment, although there will be stunts from representatives of the visiting clubs. George French, a representative of the Kiwanis International will be the chief speaker, while talks will also be made by Napoleon Rice, president of the local club, Harold Bergen, Northwest district chairman of vocational guidance, Pop Gates, of Medford, and numerous others. The district trustees will meet following the luncheon hour, and in the afternoon golf, horseshoes, baseball, swimming, races and dancing will be provided as entertainment for the visitors. The visiting Kiwanians are to be accompanied by their wives and wives of local members are also to be present.

By Marti

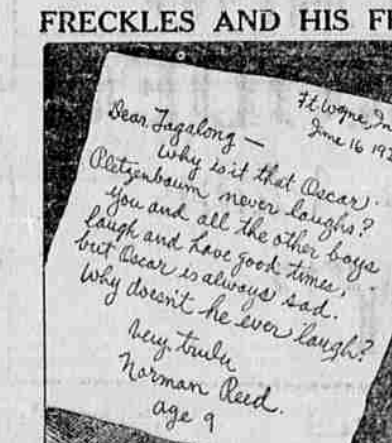
I will not be responsible for bills contracted by anyone other than myself.

F. K. McMULLEN.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SALESMAN \$AM



I Do!



There!



Information Wanted



By Blosser



By Swan



By Swan

