

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—Quart Mason jars, 50c per dozen. 808 Mill.

ROYAL ANNE cherries 6c per lb. on trees. Phone 47-F21.

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

TWO 7-year-old Jersey cows for sale, best price. Phone 3292.

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

FOR SALE—Early St. Valentine brocoli plants. Phone 5-F13, D. C. McGhee.

FOR SALE—6 rows, 18 shoots, 28 pks. Apply to A. C. Wilson, box 131, Yoncalla, Ore.

PRUNE TRAYS—Wire cloth and slat bottom trays, lowest prices. Farm Bureau Exchange.

PIPE & PIPE FITTINGS—We have a large stock and our prices are right. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Child's crib and high chair, one bed complete; new springs, reasonable. Inquire at 812 Miller.

FAIRBANKS MORSE HOME WATER PLANTS are low in price and best on the market. Farm Bureau Exchange.

TWO TUNNEL Prune Dryer complete with stoves, brick tunnels, trays. Cheap. Inquire Geo. Neuner Ranch, Riddle.

FOR SALE—Pure bred yearling Shropshire rams, also a few pure bred Hampshire rams. John Abraham, Willamina, Oregon.

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—One Redwood water tank 7 by 8 feet, capacity about 2200 gallons; one Fairbanks Morse 3 h. p. gas engine; also about 15 feet of line shaft with pulleys, belt, etc. Will sell cheap or trade for wood. J. D. Osborn. Phone 40-F4.

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

WANTED

BROCCOLI plant settlers—\$30 up. Farm Bureau Exchange.

WANTED—700 head of young ewes. R. Pate, Myrtle Creek. Phone 1402.

WANTED—Day-old calves. Write C. H. Wallen, Rt. 2, Box 114, Roseburg, Oregon.

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

WANTED—Capable woman or girl for general housework. Phone 257-L or call at 109 S. Jackson.

WANTED—Farm work by married man, experienced in orchard work; wife will work also. Write J. J. Wright, Gen. Del. City.

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

BEST apt. in town for money; close in. 331 S. Main.

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

FOR RENT—Small furnished house by week or month. J. D. Braughton, Roseburg, Miller's Addition.

FOR RENT—Nine-room house, close in, newly papered and painted inside throughout. Page Lib. 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. Surff's Auto Wrecking House.

Jungle Breath

© 1927 by 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 superstitious natives think some supernatural force is at work.

The day Nunnally arrives another man is killed. Tony Barbetta, 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 Gaylord Prentiss, a reticent and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise.

Before going to Prentiss' place Vilak and Nunnally call on Elise Marberry. Vilak refuses to let her go with them, and he and Nunnally continue. At Prentiss' gate, which is fortified with barbed wire, they hear a rustling in the bushes nearby.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER X

The old man paled. Vilak put a finger warningly to his lips. His hand on his pistol, he stepped noiselessly into the shadow of some bushes. The crackling became louder; something was coming down the path they had just descended. A moment later a shadowy figure appeared on the opposite bank of the creek. Nunnally, unused to firearms, nervously fingered the trigger of his weapon. Vilak restrained him silently. The figure drew a step over the slippery creek stones.

Suddenly Vilak thrust the old man's pistol into his holster. "It's Elise," he said. He bounded from his hiding place. Elise recoiled. His arms shot out and seized her. "By Jove!" he flashed with bitter intensity. "I could really be pardoned for doing something desperate to you for this."

She tried to draw away. "Let go my hand. Your nails are digging into it fearfully. You're hurting me. Really. Badly."

"Why did you come? Why?"

"I told you I was coming—Please let go my hand."

He released her; his voice regained its customary placidity. "You might have been killed. You don't know how close you were to being killed."

She touched his hand with her

smooth fingers. "I'm sorry if I upset you. You know that. I see now that it was foolish and reckless. But what I said at the house was true and I wasn't joking. I'm not a child. And I'm not going to permit you to risk your life for me with all these sinister things hanging over us while I do nothing."

His eyes turned from her face to her dress, the same gown of yellow silk she had worn at her home. Now the edges were torn and muddy. "You came all the way in that filthy thing?"

She nodded. "If I had taken time to change I couldn't have followed you."

"My beautiful but foolish cousin, you may congratulate yourself that the stars are obviously in your favor."

He took off boots, gloves, raincoat and gave them to her. "Put these on. What'll I do with you now that you're here, Lord only knows. I'd send you back at once only that it would probably be as dangerous for you to go back alone as to come along with me. You'll probably be safer where I can keep my hand on you. If you knew how nearly you came to being shot by Nanny you'd now be trembling a little instead of trying by your most winning smile to cajole me into forgiveness. Nanny almost took his first lesson in marksmanship with you as the target and first lessons are generally fatal."

His bushy eyebrows contracted sternly. "Frankly, I don't forgive you. You've put me in a very bad situation. In the future, if you choose to disobey me in the slightest particular, I am of you. I'll have to leave. I say that not because of sex prejudice, egotism or anything else. It's merely that your life and perhaps the lives of others are involved and I can't have everything imperiled by an indiscretion as like this. I'm speaking to you very pleasantly. But you know that my pleasant words have occasionally acted like lightning. Do you agree to do as I say?"

She nodded. "I agree. But with the reservation that I'm to be treated as an individual and not as a decoration. It is also part of the bargain."

"Agreed," Vilak retraced his steps to the gate and again began picking the lock soon it clicked open. He raised the great steel bars inside, then searched a moment in his pockets. His eyes caught the silver chain about Elise's neck. "Since you're here I might as well make you useful. Let me have that chain, you're wearing. Good of you not to have a sword or something of that sort that would not conduct electricity. Otherwise I would have to go to the trouble of searching about for a piece of wire. I want to make a connection between these two copper terminals, so that when

we open the gate the current won't be broken and the alarm set off."

When she had taken the chain from her neck he fastened one end to the gate knob and the other to the iron post supporting it; then swung open the gate until the chain was taut. "All right. You can both crawl through now. Careful. Lucky none of us are fat. Let me know in a second if either of you hear or see the dog."

When all three had entered, Vilak closed the gate once more and carefully relocked it. Then leading the way a short distance toward the house, he halted in a clump of low trees. "We'll wait here," he whispered.

For ten minutes they stood motionless, Vilak silently chewing betel nut, the old man and the girl fascinated, watching a mouserrama, the Brazilian black snake, rising in the jungle grass as it killed and began to devour what appeared to be a jararaca, deadliest of Brazilian vipers.

Suddenly there arose from the bowels of the house a prolonged wail, a wall sinister, uncanny, which to the old man sounded as though it might have sprung from the throat of some unfortunate tortured to the medieval rack. Elise repressed an exclamation. The old man nervously removed his glove and put it on again. Vilak went on quietly chewing betel.

The wail was repeated. Then the wavering light of a candle appeared in one of the windows, the front door of the house opened, and Prentiss, clad in his grimy linens, appeared in the aperture. Stalking through the doorway, he hurried down a short path which led to a low water tower disappeared through the small door which led into it.

Vilak signaled the others to wait, then crept silently toward the tower. He listened intently to the archeologist moving within, then took a position in the tangled underbrush along the path the other must use to return to the house.

Shortly after, Prentiss reappeared in the doorway. In his hand he was carrying a bright glistening object, apparently some sort of glass container. Deftly Vilak tossed a loose vine across the path. Prentiss came striding down. Either the darkness or his haste would have sufficed to prevent his seeing the vine snare. His foot caught in the twisted fiber; his body jerked violently; the glass object he was carrying shot from his hand and shattered upon the ground.

Muttering a curse, Prentiss disentangled his foot, looked at the broken glass, glanced about furtively, then returned to the tower. In a moment he came out once more, carrying another similar glass container, and made his way into the house.

Vilak hurried to the scene of the other's misadventure. The liquid which had been in the container, a thick, whitish milky fluid, was rapidly sinking into the ground. He picked up a fragment of the glass and brought it to his nostrils. "Hum," he muttered,

then focusing his attention on the house saw a candle move past four windows. An instant after a prolonged, uncanny wail again echoed into the night. A choking, gurgling sound followed. Then silence.

For a few moments Vilak stood motionless, abstracted, only his hollow jaws moving as he chewed the gummy betel. The Oriental cast of his face became more marked; his bushy eyebrows appeared those of a Tartar; a thing like the inner eyelid possessed by birds seemed to half about the pupils of the brilliant eyes beneath. Then he strode to the house and knocked loudly upon the door. The sound echoed hollowly through the interior, the candle burning before one of the windows was swiftly snuffed out.

A dog began to bay fiercely. The baying became a fury. Vilak waited, then knocked a second time. Shuffling footsteps sounded on the floor inside. The footsteps came nearer, halted.

"Who's there?" The voice was that of Prentiss, the snarling, cracked echo of a voice that once must have been deep and powerful.

"Mr. Davis, Miss Marberry's attorney. I want to talk to you." Vilak heard the other curse. "I don't want a thing to do with her, you hear? Or anybody that has anything to do with her. If she comes around here again, I'll—I'll fix her for good."

Vilak's face hardened. "Will you be so good as to open that door, and talk to me again?" he snapped.

There was a brief silence while the man inside seemed hesitate. Then a bolt was shot, a lock grated, the door was flung open. Prentiss stood in the aperture. He was wearing round his neck the uncomfortable high collar the chemist had noticed in the afternoon. In his trembling withered hand he was clutching a pistol. "I'll open the door all right. I'll open it," he muttered. "So you're Miss Marberry's attorney, eh? Come to try to drive me off my place, maybe? Well, try it. Try it." His eyes glittered cruelly. "How the devil did you get in here without ringing my bell?"

"When you talk to me civilly I might answer you," Vilak's eyes were darting past him to the dimly lit interior.

"Then you'll wait forever, you hear me?" His voice began to rise shrilly. "This is my property. It doesn't belong to anyone but me. You can tell Miss Marberry that. If she ever comes around here again, I'll make her sorry she was born."

His body was trembling with passion. "Get out now! Get out! Get out!"

(To be Continued)

In the next chapter Vilak rescues his companions from Prentiss' wrath.

NOTICE

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

E. K. McMULLEN

Sale and demonstration of Wafle Irons Friday at Crowell's Electric Store.

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

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

AGENTS FOR
FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO.

Roseburg

Oakland

SUMMER WOOD PRICES

Old Growth Fir Block, per tier.....\$3.25
Oak and Laurel Block, per tier.....\$3.50

in quantities of 2 1/2 tier or more.

DENN-GERRETSEN CO.

Roseburg's Oldest Established Fuel Dealers

Telephone 128

231 No. Main St.

DEMPSEY TO USE RENAULT

(Associated Press Local Wire)

NEW YORK, June 30—Jack Renault, ranked as one of the best heavyweights, has received a call to Jack Dempsey's fighting camp near Saratoga Springs and expects to report there at once to serve as a sparring partner.

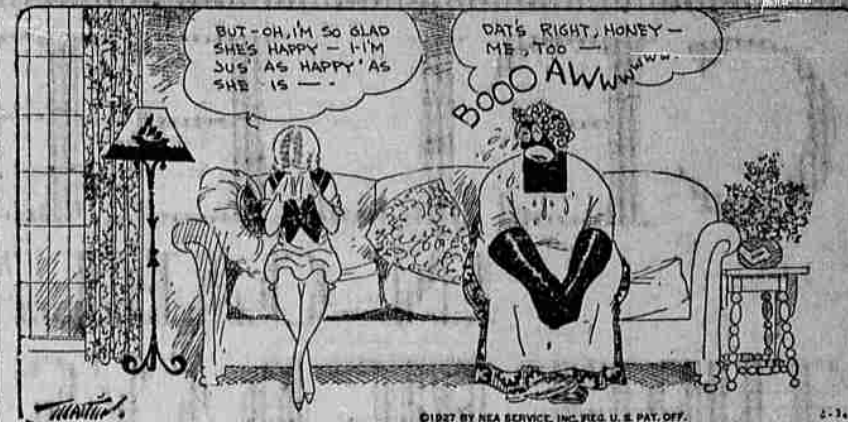
Dempsey's evident desire to swallow the punch of the French-Canadian convinced the most skeptical of his former champion's earnestness and belief in his own ability to handle the best of them and return to the top.

Will clean all kinds of wood finish. Carpets, rugs, window washing. Make them look like new. Good references. Charles Davis. Phone 51-J.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Lonesome and Blue



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



A Dark Secret



SALESMAN SAM



You'd Think So



You're as near to us as your telephone
Call 63 and give your order.

Economy Grocery
"The Store That Serves You Best"
344 N. Jackson Street Phone 63
O. L. Johnson

Tents! Tents!

Powell Furniture Co

OFFERS

7x 9 Wall Tents, 10 oz. heavy duck.....\$9.00
8x10 Wall Tents, best quality \$10.00
10x12 Wall Tents, all new material.....\$12.50
12x14 Wall Tents, best buy in town.....\$18.00
14x16 Wall Tents, compare these prices.....\$22.00
Also Tent Flies as low as.....\$1.35