

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—Quart Mason jars, 50c per dozen. 808 Mill.
- MOLE and Gopher traps for sale. 1417 Harrison St.
- ROYAL ANNE cherries 6c per lb. on trees. Phone 6-221.
- FRYERS for sale—25c per lb. J. M. Spancake, East Ave.
- 25 HEAD fat ewes for sale, 4c per head. S. D. Goff, Oakland, Ore.
- FOR SALE—Early St. Valentine broccoli plants. Phone 5-113, D. C. McGehee.
- FOR QUICK SALE—New steel automatic gravel dump body, 1445. C. A. Lockwood Motor Co.
- FOR SALE—150 cedar and yew posts. Come at once if you want any of them. Box 47, Dillard, Ore.
- GENERAL purpose horse, also cow for sale, on place 14 miles out of Roseburg on Coos Bay highway. J. Rathkey.
- FOR SALE—Pure bred yearling Shropshire rams, also a few pure bred Hampshire rams. John Abraham, Williamson, Oregon.
- 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 B. 1 pullets from accredited and B. W. D. tested eggs. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin.
- FOR SALE—80 acres, 6 miles from Goldendale, 1 mile from school, 55 acres plowed, 30 fall wheat, crop included, good buildings, fine creek, part irrigated. \$2500, easy terms, 6%. Edw. Abelling, Goldendale, Wash.

WANTED

- WANTED—100 head of young ewes. R. Pate, Myrtle Creek. Phone 1402.
- WANTED—Office girl to work afternoons. Apply afternoons only, at Roseburg Garage.
- WANTED SHEEP—500 head, 2, 3 and 4 year old ewes. Must be good grade stock and cheap for cash. J. Arthur Berg, Coquille, Oregon.
- 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.
- WANTED—Small range with water coil, also library table. Have to trade, 22 Remington automatic, 32 Savage automatic, field glasses, 24 by 24 high grade Ansco camera, and a solid oak counter, 7 feet. 717 W. Lane.

FOR RENT

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

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

Julius & Breckin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, is summoned to the little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde in west central Brazil, by his young friend, Vilak, who is concerned for the safety of his beautiful cousin, Elise Marberry, owner of a coffee plantation and other property near Porto Verde.

Several mysterious deaths have occurred including that of Tony Batista, one of Elise's foremen, and the girl herself has received warnings to get out of the country.

Vilak, who poses at times as a lawyer, and at others as Attorney Davis, believes Geyford Prevost, a rascally and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise, may be involved some way in the drama. Accordingly, he and Nunnally set out for Porto Verde, which is guarded by barred wire fences and a vicious dog. Elise insists on joining them. Prevost sets the dog on them and Vilak saves his companions' lives by chloroforming it into unconsciousness.

Returning to Elise's plantation, they run across two notorious characters of Porto Verde in the midst of a violent quarrel. Both men snatch off their hats and bow politely as Vilak's party approaches.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

Vilak saluted them amiably. "You will look at the moon, Detto, Pasquale," he quipped. "St. St. Meester Davis," they chorused eagerly.

They looked at each other in bewilderment then at Vilak, and grinned sheepishly. "Meester Davis he likes makka da joke," said Pasquale, the grin making the great gap in his teeth more apparent. "Pasquale and Detto lika make joke, too."

Vilak gazed at the Italians quizzically. "Laugh and grow fat, and live a long time. And sleep, also—at night, Detto. This also helps to live longer. Much much longer Pasquale."

A few moments later they turned into the driveway which led to Elise's house. A light rain began to fall, swiftly becoming a down-pour. "Very helpful for a flood," Elise declared as she leaned over her middle and with her riding crop struck futilely at a cascading, Brazilian rattlesnake, which was wriggling across the gravel.

"Well, if the dam must break I hope it does so in the daytime. I'm not at all enthusiastic about being routed out of my bed and riding up to the mountains in a Lady Godiva. Here, here!" she broke off suddenly. "We're violating our agreement. You're making me feminine. In spite of myself, I can't wait your railroad. Take the blessed thing. You've let me keep it just to humiliate me."

"I don't desire to humiliate you."

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 583 when in need of auto parts. Saff's Auto Wrecking House.

REWARD—Will pay \$10 reward for information leading to arrest and conviction of parties who stole accessories from my automobile. Hill Skidmore, 802 W. Lane.

CHINESE PIRATES

HOLD U. S. SEAMAN FOR BIG RANSOM

SHANGHAI, July 1—A message from Ichang says news has been brought there by a junk that Captain Fisher, American master of the steamer Chichuen, with a Chinese comrade, was captured by pirates between Ichang and Chungking and is being held for \$20,000 ransom. The Chichuen is said to have left Ichang June 24 and grounded when 30 miles from that place, whereupon the pirates boarded her.

The message said that Captain Fisher is from San Francisco and was formerly with the Dollar Line, being captain of the steamer Robert Dollar in the trans-Pacific service. His wife, a Russian, is in Shanghai.

The United States consul here is taking measures looking toward Captain Fisher's release, but communication with the upper Yangtze is most difficult, the only means being United States gunboats on the river.

Amundel, phone tuner. Phone 180-1.

my charming cousin. But I must insist that in a pouring rain it seems a little more sensible that you keep on the coast." She attempted to remove it. He checked her. She resisted. "Very well," he said at last. "Take it off and give it to me. Anything to make you happier."

She tossed it over his shoulder. "Thank you," he said. In a moment the torrent had drenched her to the skin. But she rode on smilingly. They halted before the door of the dimly-lighted veranda, gleaming white in the rain. Vilak wiped off water from his pistol. "It was going to see Nanny back to his hotel," he said. "But perhaps under the circumstances we'd better both stay here tonight. Nanny won't object, I'm sure. I'll stay in my regular room, if you don't mind. Call me if you hear or see the slightest thing suspicious."

They dismounted and entered. "Sleep well, Nanny," Vilak called to the old man, who was fairly agitated by the towels and dripping gowns put over his shoulders and arms.

"Er—sleep?" The chemist looked at him protestingly. "I'll never sleep, er—again, Vilak, no—never."

"The events of the day too much for you? This was really nothing, mon cher. If you stay in Porto Verde a few days, judging by the way things appear, I think I can safely promise you a few hours that even a hardened slimmer like myself will call exciting. His face grew serious again. "Don't forget, Elise. Whoever happens that's unusual, call me. No matter how slight or insignificant it may seem. Your life may depend on it. Good night."

Affectionately he watched the old man and the girl disappear into another part of the house. He turned out all the lights except one, a dim hooded candle over the fireplace, and began slowly pacing up and down the brilliant carpet.

The Chinese cast of his eyes became accentuated again; slowly he took out a pellet of betel nut and began chewing it. He walked to a dark corridor, took his raincoat from a hook, put it on, turned off the light in the living room, and went out into the rain.

He directed his steps toward the main shed where the guns had been kept, flashed his electric torch on the door and ground about it again, then strode back through the beating rain, and keeping well back into the bushes, made a slow circuit of the house, black and sepulchral except for the lights which marked the bedrooms of his cousin and friend.

He watched in the rain until these two lights went out, then softly made his way to the room always reserved for him. He had arranged it to suit himself and his room is often an expression of

character of the occupant so here the bizarre, exotic side of his nature had taken full possession.

The draperies were the most vivid his cousin's ample supplies afforded; the furniture was Spanish of the flamboyant type with heavy carving around the edges; here a monster with a tlay body and a great bowing head, there a fat-bodied devil stretching out his claws to read some unseen enemy.

For decoration he had set around idols which he cousin had obtained from the neighboring tribes of Indians and which he had speedily claimed; green idols in the shape of fish, ebony idols in the shape of dogs. Here some semblance of a man's body showed undisturbed African influence.

One of the rugs on the floor was of a brilliant Mexican pattern, the other an old Spanish weaving depicting two knights rescuing a gold-haired maiden from a many-turreted castle of the Moors. Near the window was a gold-striped cot, bizarre decorations, yet by their very violence composing into a harmonious whole.

Here he stretched out, took his favorite pipe, a Philippine pipe carved in the shape of a clutched hand, and filling it with the curious mixture he used in his cigars, began to smoke. The room soon filled with the pungent vapor; the air gave place to a purplish haze; the tiny lamp resting on a table seemed shiny through a fog. For hour after hour he lay outstretched with the pipe at his lips. The thin film resembling a bird's inner eyelid began to draw over the lower corner of each eye again while the pupils dulled until they answered the eyes of a mummy rather than a man; his swarthy skin became bloodless; his breath came spasmodically through his open mouth.

A murky dawn began to streak the sky. He arose, threw open the window to breathe the great gusts of the morning air and began to make a tour of the house again. He had gone around the flower banked slides and rear without seeing anything unusual and had begun to think that the grounds were exactly as they had been the night before, when on reaching the screened front of the building he saw something white fluttering on the frame of the door.

He drew nearer. It was a sheet of paper, pinned to the wood with a thin bladed dagger. He scanned it intently, then carefully removed the blade and, holding the paper in his hand, for a second time read the single sentence inscribed upon it. It was in Portuguese, written in a scrawled uneven hand. "Walk once more in the moon and you shall lie forever in the sun."

Vilak thrust the dagger and the letter into his pocket. "Pleasant morning greeting," he muttered to himself. "Intended for Elise undoubtedly."

His eyes roamed quickly over the ground in front of the door and read the single wooden step which led to it. The step was covered with mud, and the soil was so cushiony with water that his feet sank uncomfortably at every step.

Yet as with the disappearance of the guns there was not the slightest trace of a footprint. He stood wondering a moment, stroking his bony jaw with his thin, long-nailed fingers, then took his horse and rode to the house down the road which he had pointed out to Nunnally the night before.

Here he stripped off his fashionably tailored garments, plunged naked into a nearby brook, put on the modest suit which he wore in the barber shop, ate frugally of some mangoes, filed a piece of steel for minutes, then made his way to the town.

He spent the day in his usual duties, shaving now the Portuguese proprietor of a neighboring fazenda, now a bronzed trader on his way to sell glass necklaces and other precious jewelry to the Indians of the forest, now a young South American dandy who kept him busy for two hours with shampoo and massages.

He had just finished with the latter, when a rider whom he recognized as one of Elise's laborers drove up before the shop, and hastily dismounting, hurried inside. He gave the barber an envelope. "Senhorita Marberry she say take it very fast," he mumbled. "The Senhor Nunnally has sent it."

Vilak tore open the envelope. It contained a brief note which he read at a glance. "Come as quickly as you can without creating suspicion. Something dreadful has happened. Elise needs you—Nunnally."

(To be Continued)

A new mystery confronts Vilak. Kidnappers have been at work. Read the next chapter.

Paraffin Motor Oil 100 per cent pure paraffin base. At General Independent Dealers.

MOONSHINERS OF LA GRANDE GIVEN TERMS IN PRISON

LA GRANDE, Ore., July 1—Clyde "Pete" Buffington and Joe Sellers, convicted jointly before Circuit Judge Fred W. Wilson here yesterday, were sentenced to serve two and one years in the state penitentiary, respectively. They were accused of possession of a moonshining still. Buffington had been tried on liquor charges several times before, but this is the first conviction.

Fish at Idylly Park.

HEARING ON LIVESTOCK RATES SET FOR JULY 5

SALEM, Ore., July 1—A joint hearing by the interstate commerce commission and the Oregon public service commission will be held in Portland July 5 relative to proposed increased livestock rates on the Southern Pacific line between Oregon points and Puget sound. The interstate rates are now under suspension by the state commission, and the interstate rates are under protest by the Oregon Cattle and Horse Raisers association.

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FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

AGENTS FOR FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO.

Roseburg

Oakland

LANE COUNTY MATRONS HURT IN AUTO WRECK ALBANY, Ore., July 1—Mrs. C. J. Coulter of Cottage Grove and Mrs. Tatom of Florence were seriously injured late yesterday when their car left the Pacific highway near Albany and plunged into the ditch. They were brought to an Albany hospital.

An exploding tire on a car following behind them distracted their attention and the driver lost control of the car.

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.

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SALESMAN SAM



They'd Be Handy



By Swan