

Don't Let "Draggy" Mornings
Handicap Your Child—Give

QUAKER OATS

The Breakfast that "Stands By"

INMATE DIES IN STATE FARM FIRE

(Associated Press Local Wire.)
SACRAMENTO, Cal., July 6.—John H. Brown, an inmate from Lassen county, was burned to death and considerable property damage caused by a fire today at Napa state hospital, near Napa. The fire occurred in the cannery and clothes dryer.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

MORE FLYERS

CURTIS FIELD, L. 1.—A five-fold increase in the interest displayed by the general public in aviation followed Col. Lindbergh's flight to Paris, according to M. M. Merrill, superintendent. The average number of pupils applying for

flying instructions used to be about three pupils a week. He pointed out, however, now about two apply each day.

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

PROFLIGATES:

EDINBURGH—Old jokes about Scottish thrift received the knock-out when \$195 was recovered from the wishing well at Culloden, which will be used to help various charities. It is an ancient custom to toss a coin into the well and make a wish.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted for by anyone excepting myself.

F. L. WEICHLIN.

Marilyn Finds Paris Is Fussy



Everyone has said "How easy it is to get a divorce in Paris!" But just when Marilyn Miller (above) went into court with beautiful hands to ask for only a "friendly divorce," the old Parisian judges started to get fussy. So Marilyn and her friend husband, Jack Pickford, may have just the hardest time!

Wonderful COFFEE and delicious FOOD

Borden's EVAPORATED MILK

when Borden's Evaporated Milk is used. It is full-cream country milk, ready whenever you need it—always pure.

Made in the Northwest

Borden's EVAPORATED MILK

A tall can of Borden's (with an equal part of water) gives you four cups of pure, rich milk

Julius & Breath

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 Barbetta, 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 barber and at others as Attorney Davis, believes Gaylord Prentiss, a reticent and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise, may be involved some way in the deaths. Accordingly, he and Nunnally set out for Prentiss' house, which is guarded by barbed wire fences and a vicious dog. Elise insists on joining them. Prentiss sets the dog on them and Vilak saves his companions' lives by chloroforming it into unconsciousness.

The next day Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped. Vilak finds the trail in a few hours they come upon the child, deserted by his captors and being cared for by a gang of railroad workmen. Returning with the baby, Vilak gravely tells Elise he has had news for her.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

"Bad news?" Anxiety was evident in Elise's voice. The old man, too, who had been bent over in his saddle so absorbed that to the passerby he must have seemed asleep, looked up with a start.

"I hate to be a kill-joy just when you are so happy," said Vilak. "But if you want to keep on being happy you'll get Tinky away from here as quickly as you can. Take the boat that leaves here next week."

Her dark lips lightened. "What do you mean?" "Persons don't steal babies merely for the fun of dropping them on the ground. I don't know just what happened this afternoon, but as I told you I have a theory. And that theory prompts me to the certain belief that Tinky will not be safe until he is far from Porto Verde."

She gazed directly into his keen blue eyes. "You're not telling me that merely to make me leave?" "No."

She hesitated. "Very well, I'll take him away. When the boat comes next Thursday. But as soon as I have put him somewhere where he'll be safe I'll come back. I personally will not stay away from Porto Verde. No matter what happens, I belong here."

"If a person happened to own an active volcano, he wouldn't necessarily be called upon to live inside its crater. I tell you again that your life is in danger every moment here and the dangers are increasing constantly. This attack of Tinky's may be just a development of that. I don't know. But I've given up arguing with you. My only regret is that there is no way of getting you out of here before Thursday."

It was dusk when they neared the fazenda and the two spreading castanheira trees marking the entrance already had begun their melodious whispering in the evening breeze.

"I don't like those Indians. Er—Indians," the old man remarked suddenly, after half an hour's silence.

Vilak looked at him amusingly. "What Indians, Nanny?" "Those half breed and Indian laborers who work for, er—A-Albentara. Not nice faces, Vilak. Not nice. Er—ratty. And that foreman with the big nose is ugly as a—er—er—er—only. How can a nice fellow like D'Albentara live with them? It would put my health completely out of order—yes, quite completely."

"You can't saw down a tree with a razor blade," Vilak responded. Section hands aren't housemaids, D'Albentara jokes what he can get."

"Which reminds me that I've got to do something for him to show my appreciation," Elise put in. "What'll I send him?"

"A little er—wine is always welcome," the old man answered.

"An excellent idea, Mr. Nunnally. I'll send him over a case of my best champagne, that Frommery 1912, and some other wine for the men. They'll all be glad to get a change from the dreadful stuff they drink here all the time. Better for them, too. If Vilak will be good enough to take it over to them after dinner I'd be awfully grateful."

"I'll be delighted," Vilak responded. "I have a particular reason for wanting to go back anyway."

After dark the two men set out on their horses again. Behind them rode one of Elise's ebony-faced servants, driving a little cart which contained one of the heavy stone jars used to transport wine in the region and a wooden case from whose cracks peeped fragrant wisps of straw. They reached the camp and delivered the presents.

D'Albentara was highly pleased. Giving the jar of wine to his foreman to be distributed judiciously among the men, he opened a bottle of the champagne and drank the health first of Elise, then of his guests. They chatted about envenoming chemistry, the competition of the Brazilian railroads with the steam boats and the question of which would eventually win out, the cruelty of the jungle and its weakening effect upon the white man, the value of the jungle land when an overpopulated world would have to reach out for new fields to supply its workers, the myriad motley subjects that any three men of scientific instincts would talk about with a jargon encircling them.

As they chatted, the Indian and

ped on one of these stones and pitched forward. Grasping for support, he caught the hand of D'Albentara, who was at one side, and the arm of the foreman who was at the other. But the movement did not check his fall. Instead it brought the foreman sprawling to the ground as well. Vilak was the first to gain his feet. He added the foreman to arise and began brushing off his clothes. "Terribly sorry," he murmured apologetically. "I don't know what the devil made me so awkward."

The half breed's shifting eyes glared angrily at a moment. His dwarfed, knotted fingers seemed to start to the knife at his belt, then he smiled and gave an affable grunt.

"Taxes does not mind," D'Albentara murmured as Vilak still sought to repair the damage he had wrought. "It is nothing. All that goes up must also fall down. Is it not so? Once I heard an English sailor say this. And it is true."

The incident forgotten, they strode on to the tracks where the engineer explained in detail how the piles were driven, a retaining wall built of rocks and earth piled into the vacant spaces between. Half an hour later the two visitors made ready to leave. The Indians and half breeds still sat around the fire drinking and shouting more lustily than ever.

"One or two of them look as if they might be getting a tiny bit tipsy," Vilak declared to the engineer's shock hands. "I hope Senhorita Marberry's wine isn't going to have any bad effects."

D'Albentara laughed. "Have no fear of that, amigos. The stomachs of my men are as iron. Good night."

They walked toward the road. "I feel proud. Quite er—proud," the old man declared, as they plodded through the marshy turf. "You tell me I er—didn't."

Vilak chuckled. "Sorry to put a pin in the bubble of your self-flattery, Nanny, but it happens that I slipped purposely in order to pull our Indian friend, the foreman down with me."

The old man looked bewildered. "But why should you want to do such a thing? You almost ruined your suit."

"Look at this," Vilak responded. He withdrew a small object from his pocket and flashed his light upon it so that the other might see. It was a ring, consisting of a thin gold band, set with a large black stone. The stone was carved in the fashion of so much of the jewelry seen in the remotest parts of the globe, jewelry crudely wrought but nevertheless masterpieces of craftsmanship, now depicting some mythical personage or animal, now a stiff conventionalized tree. In this instance the design consisted of what appeared to be a bird-like or perhaps fish-like figure with a single claw or fin. "Make anything of it?"

"Er—nothing. Where did you get it?"

"From the finger of the Indian foreman. I saw it and wanted to study it at my leisure. I pulled him down and held sharply on his arm so that the pain I was causing him would allow me to wrench the ring away without being noticed."

The old man brushed a mosquito from his scanty fringe of beard. "It looks to me quite, er—quite like the other native rings I've seen here. Do you know what it is?"

"No, amigos. But I intend finding out. What are you getting so desperate about that little mosquito? Are you afraid that he'll destroy that feeble trace of a beard you're so proud of? Now I'm going to town for a few minutes and then to come back to Elise's to spend the night, again. Events are approaching a climax. I feel sure, and I want to be there every minute I can."

(To be Continued)

In the next chapter Vilak rescues an Indian from a horrible torture, and Nunnally wonders again what sinister forces are at work in Porto Verde.

JENNINGS TENT SHOW
ROSEBURG, ORE.
FOR ONE WEEK

Jennings' Tent Show will play a week's stand at Roseburg, Ore., on corner of North Jackson and 2nd Ave., south, commencing next Monday night, July 11, and ending on July 18, with a complete change of plays, music and vaudeville every night.

"Sainly Hypocrites and Honest Sinners" will be the opening play and as a medium of advertising, all crown ladies will be admitted FREE on Monday night and all ladies attending the performance on Tuesday night will be given a FREE ticket for Wednesday night.

PLAN RESURRECTION
LEXINGTON, N. C.—A municipality that has not held an election for 25 years now seeks resurrection. Yaddin College is the name of the town, and but for a lapsed bridge, the village might still be sleeping. Yaddin College used to be the center of a thriving little tobacco industry. Consolidation of tobacco interests throughout the country closed the Yaddin College shops.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

WHO SAID SMILES
HATH NO VALUE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—If you don't think smiling costs money, ask Ashton Temple. Temple put up a dramatic plea for leniency after he had admitted the charge of beer running. Court told him to take a seat while a few other cases were disposed of. It looked like Ashton would get a suspended sentence. Then he smiled. Court saw the smile. Calling Temple to the bench, the judge fined him \$1000. The smile fled.

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"The Widow's Friend"
Oregon Life
Masonic Bldg. 101 N. Jackson

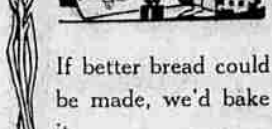


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Congoleum Gold Seal
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Baldwin Furniture Co.
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Roseburg, Oregon



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be made, we'd bake
it.



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woman who wears sports
clothes for sport you'll
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summer!

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

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CLEANERS
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The Big Drive Still Going
The High Standard of Quality is
Always Maintained in

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Springfield
TIRES

We Swap New Tires for
Your Old Ones.
Greasing, Oiling,
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Fully Equipped Power
Car Washing Machine.
AUTOMATIC AIR MACHINE
ELECTRIC SERVICE
BATTERY, GENERATOR
AND IGNITION
NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Rose Garage
PHONE 66

DEPOT AND NO TRAINS
LARRABEE, Wis.—A depot
waits here for the railroad that
never came. The station was built
in the late 50's, and it is two and
a half miles from the nearest rail-
stead.

way. Jason Pellet was so sure the
road was going to pass his place
that he built a depot on a knoll
which overlooked his farm. The
road went up through Brillion in
a half miles from the nearest rail-
stead.

The McCormick-Deering Engine
WILL LAST A LIFE TIME

The removable cylinder, which is different from
other engines, with new piston and rings can be
replaced for about one-tenth the cost of a new
engine.

Sizes 1 1/2, 3, 6 and 10 h. p.
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what you want, when you want it, at reasonable cost.

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Price Tags—Silent Salesmen

Yes, silent salesmen that do not
expound a lot of idle sales talk,
yet they do give good convincing
arguments—quality and facts—a
definite combination of truth.
Without interruption you choose.

Rice Clean and white, packed where
it grows. 2 lb. carton 15c

Grape Fruit Fancy fruit, ripe
when canned, can 24c

Peaches Large halves, packed by Libby in
heavy syrup, large can 21c

Tomatoes Fowler Brand,
2 large cans 25c

Baking Powder Calumet,
1 lb. can 27c

Peanut Butter School Boy
Brand, lb. can 21c

Pickles Knight's plain pickles,
glass jar, per jar 24c

Pickles Knight's Sweet Mustard
Pickles, glass jar 24c

Razor Minced Clams Flat
can 19c

Beans Small white, quick
cookers, 2 lb. bag 18c

Crackers Perfection Sodas,
3 lb. caddy 39c

Sugar Best C. & H., granulated
cane, 100 lb. bag \$6.64

Citrus Granulated Soap
2 large packages with 5 bars of
Citrus Household Soap Free. 79c

Coffee "Piggy Wiggly Special,"
pound bag 35c

Orders of \$5.00 or more delivered free, sugar ex-
cepted. Orders of \$2.00 or more and less than
\$5.00 delivered for ten cents.

300 West Cass St. Roseburg, Oregon

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