

SPECIAL OFFER

On Sale of Lawn Mowers

Present the Annexed Coupon and it will be received as CASH on or before

July 23

This Coupon will be accepted as a cash payment of \$1 on any Lawn Mower priced \$12 or less, or for Mowers priced at over \$12 will be received at a valuation of \$1.50. Good up to July 23.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

HORSES and wagon for sale. F. E. Gates, Alexander Addition.
FOR SALE—Oat hay, \$8 in shock. Phone 276-J.

SADDLE horse for sale. J. J. Rathkey, Looking Glass, Ore.

FOR SALE—75 ewes, \$12 each. S. D. Goff, Oakland, Ore.

BROCCOLI plants for sale. H. F. Conn. Phone 6F83.

BETTER milk for less, \$3 per quart per month. The Buttercup, 260-J.

FOR SALE—Choice kale plants, \$1.50 a thousand. J. F. Honebrake.

FOR SALE—Registered and grade Angora bucks from non-shedding sires. W. G. Paul, So. Deer Creek.

TRUCKS, trucks, trucks—Ford trucks for sale or trade for pleasure cars. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

FORD TRUCK with Rockwell axle and steel cab, 1924 model. Priced at \$175. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

FOR SALE—Reasonable; young team, sound and true, good wagon and new harness. Neal Heard, Looking Glass.

FOR SALE—Model 326 Packard sedan, 13,000 miles, upholstery and paint like new, latest type high compression motor. Address Box KV, care News-Review.

FOR SALE or exchange. House and lot in Medford for Roseburg property or Douglas county acreage. Address Box 806, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Model K16 Special GMC truck with cab, and body, new pneumatic tires all around. Right up in shape for immediate work. Address Box KV, care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Late model Standard Six Studebaker coach, five good tires, new in May, 1926, run 18,000 miles. This car is a bargain. Address Box KV, care News-Review.

FOR SALE—1926 Big Six Studebaker 5-passenger sedan, 120-inch wheel-base, new last December. Rubber, body and motor in first class shape. Address Box KV, care News-Review.

\$695 \$895 \$695
1926 Overland Six Sedan, bought new in Sept. 1926, run less than 6000 miles, bumpers front and rear, license and spare tire. This car looks and runs like new. Terms, \$295 down. Roy Catching Motor Co.

HOTEL FOR SALE—Doing good business, 19 sleeping rooms, dining room, 3 baths, modern building, electric lights, steam heat. This will make a splendid place for man and wife. Will sell property and furnishings very reasonable and give good terms. Eldon Hotel, Glendale, Ore.

FOR SALE—Rent or will trade for Roseburg property; country store with all fixtures, show cases, cash register, computing scale, large safe. A good house, garage, large warehouse and good garden spot in connection. For particulars address Ida Lorenz, Lena, Wisconsin.

FOR RENT

WELL furnished apt. Close in, reasonable rent. 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, \$7 per month. See elevator man at Perkins Bldg.

WANTED

WANTED—100 head of young ewes. R. Fale, Days Creek.

PACKER for the mountains wanted. Call at Economy Market, 136 N. Jackson St.

WINDOW washing and house cleaning. Charlie Davis. Phone 51-J.

WANTED—50 young ewes, black faced preferred. State age and price. W. G. Paul, South Deer Creek.

CHERRIES WANTED—Cash paid for sweet cherries. Brand's Road Stand, Pacific Highway, three miles north.

WANTED—Gravel dump body for Ford truck. State price and condition. Address "Gravel dump," care News-Review.

FOUND

FOUND—On highway, woman's suit coat. Owner may have same by calling at this office, identifying and paying for ad.

LOST

LOST—Black leather billfold near N. Side Standard Oil Station. Finder return to 20th Century Gro. Reward.

LOST—On road between Glendale and Erma. Single's place, canvas bag, tied with rope, contains valuable papers belonging to Wm. Finley. Finder please leave at Geo. Kohlhaugen's market.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

FOR EXCHANGE—150-acre ranch near Myrtle Point and some vacant and improved property in Marshfield and Bandon. Take timber or eastern farm land. 133 Sheridan St.

FREE

Twenty dollars. See your Maytag Dealer. Phone 442-112 S. Jackson.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mollie Howard, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, James G. Howard, was on the 4th day of October, 1926, duly appointed Administrator of the above entitled estate by order of the above entitled Court.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned at Roseburg, Oregon, duly verified as prescribed by law, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated, this 17th day of June, 1927.

JAMES G. HOWARD,
Administrator of the estate of Mollie Howard, deceased.

movies of the mover

WE'LL MOVE YOU IN A JIFFY

SPEED, THAT'S US

CAREFUL TOO!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.

FRENCH TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.

ROSEBURG, ORE.

OF PERSONAL DAINTY LACY WEAR... YOU CAN BE SURE WE TAKE GREAT CARE.

Yes, this laundry does knock the spots out of clothes—understand us—just the spots. You will compliment us upon our work at the first opportunity.

Roseburg Steam Laundry

Phone 79 Roseburg

Jungle Breath

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By Ben Lucien Surman

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, the American girl who owns and lives on property adjoining the queer little jungle-bordered town of Patto Verde, in west central Brazil.

Several mysterious deaths have occurred, including that of one of her foremen. Her two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped but is found again, largely through the efforts of Vilak, her cousin and protector, who is known in Porto Verde as Attorney Davis.

Elise's lawyer, Vilak has sent for Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, to help him get at the bottom of the mystery.

They are ignorant of the cause of this hostility toward Elise but suspect that a man named Gaylord Prontiss, a reticent and forbidding character, is somehow involved.

Word is brought to Elise that the manager of her property at Villapa is desperately ill and must see her at once. Vilak suspects a trick and insists that he and Nunnally accompany her.

On the road to Villapa they are ambushed by a band of ruffians in the uniforms of soldiers. They tell Vilak that he and his companions are wanted for murder.

The charge is obviously a fake. Vilak is convinced their captors are in the pay of Elise's enemies and that they will be shot. Vilak and Nunnally are trussed up and thrown into a damp room crawling with termites ants. Elise is made prisoner in another room.

Now BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXIII

"After all, they are only ants," Vilak replied, his lips barely moving. "They're not interested in us. They're merely looking for a meal—sugar, leather, or a leaf they can use in their houses. Interesting little brutes. They could tear down this house in a day or two if it were made of wood they fancied. Lucky for us they are not fanatics, which are thick in so many of these deserted houses. Lookout for that corner over there near the window. I think I saw the hairy foot of one of them a minute ago. Maybe a nest of them there, but I don't think they'll bother us, unless we bother them."

He stopped short as he heard Elise's voice in the other room, but the wooden door effectively kept out most of the sound; he could not distinguish what she said.

The two men became silent again, motionless except for their regular crushing of the insectivorous crawling visitors. There was a crackling noise in a hole near the bed. A small rat-like animal, with bristling whiskers, and bright, bullet-like eyes, emerged from the orifice, looked at the two men curiously, then retreated to his black home.

A few moments later a swarm of brilliant purple butterflies swept

down through the broken roof and, settling on tables, walls, bed, and men, for an instant, left nothing to be seen but their vivid flaming wings. Then they flew away.

Vilak shot a glance at a shallow pool of water formed in the middle of the room where the ground was lowest. "I have an idea," he whispered to the old man beside him. "To escape?" Nunnally's eyes were eager.

"Yes. But don't be too hopeful. It's just an idea. It may not work, but I hope it will. These ropes with which we are tied are hide, like most of the ropes in this part of the country. They ought to expand considerably in water if they haven't been cured too much and allow us to squirm out of them."

You remember the story in your primer of the girl who was captured by the Indians and escaped because a heavy rain fell and swelled the cords of deerhide that bound her? This is the same principle."

He rolled to the edge of the pool, then into it, the water coming up almost to the buttons of his coat. Here he lay, without stirring for half an hour, while to the old man seemed interminable. Then he rolled out again and began manipulating his long wrists, purplish now from the pressure of the cords up to the veins.

The old man watched him breathlessly. For ten minutes Vilak pulled, tugged, twisted, writhed. Now it was his wrists he was attempting to free, now it was his knees, now it was his bony ankles.

"It's no go," he said. "They're only stretched an infinitesimal fraction, if at all. They're oily, and take up practically no water. Sorry. Wish I could smoke a cigar. He rolled out onto the dry ground again. The old man gazed at him dejectedly and let his head slump back to the floor.

A bizarre-colored toucan flitted onto the window sill, cocked his huge billed head grotesquely, then flew away. The sound of a horse's hoofs sloughing through the road drifted through the paneless window. Vilak rolled to a crack in the wall, and peered outside. "Another one of our soldier comrades," he announced. "Looks as if he were bringing a message. We ought to know what they are going to do with us pretty quickly now."

They heard the newcomer tramp into the other room. There was a long excited conversation which they could not hear. Then the door into their room opened and the bristling mustached captain entered.

"We have pondered well what is to be done with you, roofing pigs who call yourselves men," he grumbled, glancing down disgustedly at the two mud-covered prisoners and bestowing on them a well-directed kick. "And we have decided. Your woman goes with us. For she is

NOTICE TO PATRONS

Mrs. D. Y. Allison, recently operating the Beauty Shop at Rose Hotel, has with Mrs. Grace Chaney, purchased the Roseburg Beauty Studio over the Roseburg National Bank, and will hereafter conduct the latter place. All patrons will find Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Chaney upstairs at the bank building. Appointments may be made by telephone.

Mrs. D. Y. Allison, Mrs. Grace Chaney. Phone 212-J.

beautiful. Yourselves shall hang like the gillows dogs that you are. My men now get ready their fatigues and touching for they have eaten little because they watch for you, and they have a long to travel.

"They are hungry. When they have eaten; then they will rest. For it is not good to travel quickly after eating. Then they will take away your woman. And then you will hang. We do not hang you now for this might make sick the woman, and a sick woman is a burden—As are all women—"

He glanced outside the window where two soldiers were toiling over a steaming black pot. "By the way the touchino boils I will say you have perhaps one, maybe two hours in which to live and cleanse your foul souls. If this is not enough, so will it be the better. Inform Senhor the Devil that it is the fault of Capitaz Jose Imperial Chapada. Until an hour, hoodly!" He kicked them palmstake again and slammed the door.

The sudden darkness of the equatorial regions began to clutch house, field and forest in its ebony embrace. Peering outside again through the crack in the wall, Vilak saw Elise led to a log on which two soldiers were sitting. A third who was guarding her ordered her to sit down between them. She was slow in obeying. The guard jerked her arm cruelly. She struck violently against the wood, then stared up at her captors, helpless but defiant.

Vilak hit his lip fiercely. He watched a moment longer, then rolled back to the edge of the pool and once more immersing himself for an instant, rolled out and again through the crack in the wall.

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bing his thonged body against the wall. "No, I'm not crazy, Nanny," he murmured. "I'm merely chuckling because I have been crazy ever since we've been here. Or stupid whichever you prefer to call it. We've had a way of escape here all the time."

The old man squinted wonderingly around the darkening room. "I don't see—anything. Really—er—anything."

"These termites." He lay upon the ground again, and let the insects swarm over him. "They're wild about leather and hides of any sort. I've had the soles of far too many shoes eaten up over night down here not to know that. They want to eat these hide ropes with which we're tied. That's undoubtedly what's drawn them to us. The ropes have probably been soaked in oil besides, and that's made them doubly attractive. They've been trying to save us and we wouldn't let them."

"Don't beat them off any longer. At the expense of a few stray nips they'll have us cut loose in half an hour or less."

He put his eye to the crack in the wall again and watched, while the insects, finding themselves unmolested, crawled upon him in increasing numbers until his body seemed a trembling greenish carpet. Some hurried themselves upon his leather puttees and shoes and, digging their razorlike pinners deep into the fiber, began carrying off tiny morsels to their unseen hill not far off in the jungle. Others began to attack the thick, squarish ropes that bound his limbs.

It had now become completely dark and by the firelight he could see the soldiers gather round for their steaming meal. Elise still sat on the log, patient, immobile. Each moment Vilak's fingers roamed along the hide for the few inches they could reach to see how the work of destruction was progressing. At length he felt a notch where the insects had bitten more deeply than the rest. Concentrating all his energies in one tremendous impulse, he thrust his arms forward from his chest. Half the effort would have sufficed, for the cord, almost severed, snapped as though it had been a thread. He was free.

(To be Continued)

Vilak's plan is successful. In the next chapter he and his captors escape, though still in ignorance of the reasons for their capture.

ROUND TWO—Your round: I've been in Roseburg 5 months and you SURE raise SOME vegetables, fruit and meat. Also put out A1 CANNED GOODS. I want to buy \$40 worth and up a day from YOU. You don't have to SELL me, just SHOW me and I'll BUY. We can't make money sending it to Portland, and east then shipping it back and buying it over. You've got a market HOME. Let's get together.

Talcut says: You'd be surprised sometimes what's under your nose.

A FEW SPECIALS

Maudt Farm Wagon	\$75.00
Smalley Ensilage Cutter	\$75.00
Barbed Wire, per 80 rds.	\$2.60
Binding Twine, per 100 lb. bale	\$14.20

See Us First—We Can Save You Money

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

AGENTS FOR, FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO. Roseburg, Oakland
Now Located at Washington Street and S. P. Tracks.

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To all practical purposes, a Title insurance policy is an abstract of title combined with insurance against loss through some possible defect in the title.

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carry the positive guarantee of this institution to defend in court at its own expense any title it guarantees, and in case of loss to reimburse the holder of the policy. Payment of one dollar premium protects you so long as you hold the property.

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Fresh Vegetables

They're always fresh and the best quality the market affords if they come from

ECONOMY GROCERY

"The Store That Serves You Best"

344 N. Jackson St. Phone 63

O. L. Johnson

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Oh, Boy



By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Let's Go!



By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM



He Sure Will



By Swan

