



It Is Becoming Evident

that in a few years it will be almost a rigid custom for all services to be held in a funeral chapel. It is undoubtedly the fitting, the more suitable thing.

Our funeral chapel provides every comfort, every facility that could be desired. It is placed at the disposal of those we serve—without charge.

DOUGLAS FUNERAL HOME Distinctive Funeral Service Corner Pine and Lang Streets Phone—112 ROSEBURG

Thumping Breath

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Sawyer, the American girl who owns and lives on property adjoining the quiet little hamlet of town of Port Verd, in west central Brazil.

Several mysterious deaths have occurred, but so far she has escaped harm, due to the shrewdness of her cousin and protector, Vilak, who masquerades as her attorney under the name of Davis. Vilak is a curious mixture of American and Oriental blood and a student of criminology. He tries to persuade Elise to leave the country, leaving him there with his friend, Lincoln Nunnally, an elderly American chemist, to solve the mystery.

Elise at first refuses, but after her two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped, to be found again by the alert Vilak, and another attempt is made on their lives, she agrees and prepares to take the next boat.

Her departure is prevented by the threat of floods. Messengers ride through the countryside warning the natives that the dam at Avilas has burst. Then Vilak decides to proceed to the house of Gaylord Prentiss and warn him of the danger. Prentiss is a recluse and a founding man, as well as an enemy of Elise, and she suspects him of some knowledge of the conspiracy against her. Nevertheless, she agrees that it is their duty to warn him.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY CHAPTER XXVII

A horseman came toward the Americans from the direction of Prentiss' fazenda. He saw them and violently reined his horse. Vilak recognized him as George Deamus, a bluff kindly-hearted hunting cockney who was the manager of one of the outlying fazendas.

"Ain't no bloomin' use warnin' that Prentiss blighter," he flapped excitedly. "I was passin' over the road from Caeceres when I fears about the bloomin' dam and runs over to tell 'em. Be too narsty to let even a blighter as 'e is down. But 'e'd been warnin' when I gets to the top of the little hill over 'is place, I 'ears a man talkin' 'bout 'bout it outside 'is bloomin' wall."

He waited a fraction of a second to see if the orders would accompany him, then whirled off toward Caeceres Hill, low and black against the clearing sky.

For an instant Vilak sat motionless in his saddle, tense, rigid. The Mongolian cast of his long eyes uncentered, the thin film like a lizard's inner eyelid began to creep over the corner. Then he suddenly spurred his horse; the animal bounded fiercely forward. His companions swung beside him.

"The dam hasn't broken," he shouted above the tumult of the splashing hoofs. "It's a trick—A trick to get Prentiss out of 'is house." He touched the horse with his whip, his words came in measured beats that followed the rhythm of the leaping animal.

"In a fool—a consummate fool—should have known when I saw 'em systematically the news was brought—How the water was fallin'—Deamus' story proves it—No, but he or ourselves could think of Prentiss—Natives delighted if 'e drowned—Got to get there quick as we can—Says 'im per-haps—Better get back—Both of you—Dangerous—Advise you no buck—All right—No time argument—The three powerful horses hurtled over the road, their hoofs kicking up great sprays of mud like the waves of green churned water thrown back by the propeller of a speeding steamship.

Vilak rode as though the Oriental strain in his blood had risen to full possession of his being; he put on a Tartar of the Steppes. His tall, lean form rocked and swayed as it adapted itself to the slightest movement of his plunging mount; he seemed but another part of his massive, straining body.

Elise was bent far over in her saddle, her head almost touching her horse's neck. The thin gray

dress she had donned for her voyage fluttered madly in the wind; she had lost her hat and her long black hair was streaming behind her wildly. But her delicate face, her widely open eyes, her energy, was calm; when her horse stumbled or slackened speed for a moment she coolly jerked a rein or spoke a quiet soothing word that brought it out of the hole into which it had plunged and sent it riding on again.

The old man, however, had neither the coolness nor the poise of his companions. Never an expert horseman, he had early been appalled at the terrific speed at which his stallion coursed along the lane, and abandoning his feeble hold of the reins, had seized the pommel of his saddle. To this he clung desperately, cramped, white-faced, breathing quickly, afraid to move lest he should topple to the ground.

The lane narrowed, the avenues of black trees bordered it on each side drew closer and closer together; but Vilak, setting the pace, did not slacken. They coursed by a clump of low palms. A bullet whistled past Elise's ear. "Keep down," Vilak called softly.

They reached the thorn thicket marking the trail to Prentiss' house. Jumping from their horses, without halting to tie them, they darted into the tangled wood. They sped along the path and reached the shore of the lake where in the moonlight they could see the valley below. Lights showed in a window.

"Still there," Vilak granted. "Maybe in time." He took out his pistol and started down the bank. They had reached the foot when a second bullet sped past, missing Vilak by inches. "Run for the sake!" he whispered.

The darter through the creek, whose waters engulged them to their waists, and reached the high stone wall. The bushes on the opposite side of the water rustled loudly. Nunnally looked at the great iron gate which barred their way, then fearfully back at the beach.

As if in answer to his fears, Vilak whipped a key from his pocket. He thrust it into the lock. "Ain't it the day after we were here before," he muttered. "Thought we might need it." He jerked the knob and raised the two great iron bars inside. A bell began to clang loudly—here within the desolate dwelling as the gate opened. The two men and the girl bolted through.

Vilak shut the gate behind them, locked it, replaced the bars. The bell continued ringing for a few seconds, then ceased. The hoarse baying of the dog followed, then there arose from the fazenda the piercing sinterer wail which they heard on their first visit. Vilak stopped to listen. Elise caught his arm.

"Are you sure we ought to go ahead?" she whispered doubtfully. "I'm not sure—Only fully sure—Too late to go back now even if you want to—Let me know if you see the dog—Have to kill him this time if he comes—No chloroform."

They sped on again. They halted at the gloomy entrance of the house. Vilak knocked. The baying of the dog mounted until it became a frenzy, then suddenly ceased.

"Who's there?" Prentiss' voice was raspy and snarling. "It's Miss Marberry's attorney again."

Prentiss began a stream of sullen oaths. "Get out of here! Get out of here!" he shouted passionately through the door.

"Don't be a damned fool," Vilak spoke slowly, gravely. "I've come here to help you. This report of a flood is a trick to get you out of your house. You're surrounded. You'll be caught the instant you put your foot outside your enclosure. Open the door and let us in. We've come to help you, I tell you."

For a moment Prentiss made no answer. The baying of the dog recommenced. Then the door opened slowly. Prentiss peered out. His face was shrunken withered like a nut; his yellowish eyes gleamed craftily. He had evidently been on the moment of a departure, for he was wearing his hat.

He surveyed the newcomers. "So you've come to help Prentiss," he snarled at length. "Come to help the unreasonable Prentiss, the wicked Prentiss, who stupidly insisted on keeping the land that belonged to him, eh? Who wouldn't let a be stolen, eh?" he laughed maliciously, cruelly. "Well, well, well, they say."

He opened the door widely and stood in the aperture, a lanky, long-armed skeleton. "Come in, come in, said the spider to the fly. Come in, said the spider. He giggled harshly at his own jest.

MANSLAUGHTER IS CHARGED AGAINST SALEM MATRON

SALEM, Ore., July 20—A charge of manslaughter will be filed this afternoon by the district attorney's office against Mrs. Ruth W. Lockwood who was arrested last night after she had run over and killed Maynard Sawyer, druggist at State and Church streets. At the police station Mrs. Lockwood was said by Health Officer V. A. Douglas to have been under the influence of

intoxicating liquor. The maximum penalty under the Oregon law for manslaughter is 15 years in the state prison and a fine of \$5,000. Deputy District Attorney Lyle J. Page said today that the state will ask the full penalty. The state was busy today collecting evidence in the case. A coroner's investigation is to be held but has been postponed to Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Lockwood, widow of the late Andrew F. Lockwood, a well-to-do rancher of the Turner district, who died about two years ago, was held in the city jail throughout last night and was still in jail today. She refuses to talk about the case except with her attorney, James G. Holzel, who was cloistered with her last forenoon. Arrangements are being made for the release of Mrs. Lockwood on bail which probably will be fixed at \$5,000.

THEATRES LIBERTY THEATRE

"Thrills, action, speed and 'pep' are combined in 'The Gentle Cyclone.' Fox Films absorbing narrative of the west starring Buck Jones, celebrated cowboy actor, which opened last night at the Liberty Theatre. The title of the picture accurately fits the man-of-war of the mile star once he winds up and starts to finish things in his own way. And, of course ever present is Silver, Jones' intelligent horse and companion trail maker, who continues new tests of skill and daring under the guiding rein of his master.

ANTLERS THEATRE Some individual in the Paramount Famous Lasky organization should be given a vote of thanks for again bringing beautiful Father Ralston and Dorothy Arzner together. It will be remembered that this was the combination which made "Fashion for Women" Miss Ralston's first starring vehicle and, as a matter of fact, the first successful attempt of the young lady-artist who has the distinction of being Paramount's only woman megaphone. They outdid themselves last night, however, in a clever comedy "Ten Mod'ern Commandments" which opened at the Antlers Theatre.

MAJESTIC THEATRE A new dramatic team, equalling the comedy team of Reginald Denny, star, and William A. Selzer, director, has sprung up on the University lot at Universal City, Calif. It consists of Lobs Weber, director, and Billie Dove, star, whose second joint effort, "The Sensation Seekers," will open at the Majestic Theatre today. Miss Dove, who has been in pictures for several years, has played in some of Hollywood's finest pictures but never, until she worked for Miss Weber, did she reach the ultimate dramatic heights of screen perfection.

FREE Twenty dollars. See your Maytag Dealer. Phone 412-112 S. Jackson.

ASK RETURN JAILBREAKER (Associated Press Leased Wire) SALEM, Ore., July 21.—A requisition from the governor of Idaho was brought to Governor Patterson yesterday by Sheriff C. R. Boyd of Caldwell asking for the extradition of Everett Critz who is held in Portland.

Critz is wanted in Canyon county, Idaho, on a charge of selling intoxicating liquors. He is said to have broken jail at Caldwell and also at another Idaho town. The governor has not given the requisition his consideration.

Pure whole milk, and its pasteurized, Roseburg Dairy, Phone 185

ARCHERS TO COMPETE Roseburg archers are to compete with members of the Woodmen's Archery Club of North Bend at some time in the near future. North Bend has a well organized club that holds regular shoots, and a contest is being arranged between teams from Roseburg and North Bend. A joint picnic is planned with the contest as a part of the day's entertainment.

Window washing and house cleaning by Chas. E. Davis, Phone 513.

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR CITY IMPROVEMENT BONDS Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Recorder of the City of Roseburg, Oregon, will, up to 7:30 o'clock p. m. August 1, 1927, at his office in the City Hall, receive sealed proposals for the purchase of City Street, Sewer and Sidewalk Improvement Bonds in the sum of \$2,925.25.

Said bonds are issued under the Bascom Bonding Act in denominations of \$200.00 each, with the exception of the first one which will be in the amount of \$344.95 with interest at 4 per cent, payable semi-annually and run from one to ten years at the option of the City of Roseburg.

The right to reject any and all bids is hereby reserved. Dated at Roseburg, Oregon, July 19th, 1927. HAROLD E. SHERIFF, City Recorder of the City of Roseburg, Oregon.

movies of the mover Let us do it. LET US TAKE CARE OF YOUR MOVING. WE ARE CAREFUL. NO FEAR OF BREAKING ANYTHING. YOU WILL FIND OUR PRICES REASONABLE. FRENCH TRANSFER & STORAGE CO. ROSEBURG, ORE.

Did you ever prepare this delicious THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING?



First Prepare MAZOLA MAYONNAISE 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label, 1 egg. 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 1/2 to 2 cups Mazola according to thickness desired. Put the seasonings in a small deep bowl, beat in the egg, add the vinegar, stir until mixed and gradually beat in the Mazola, using a wheel egg beater. Start with one-half teaspoon oil—when the mayonnaise has begun to thicken, add it a tablespoonful at a time. When done, beat in one tablespoon boiling water.

HERE is another splendid recipe from Ida Bailey Allen's New Book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" (see coupon below). MAZOLA Send only 10c (stamps or coin) with this coupon and you will receive a copy of Ida Bailey Allen's wonderful new Book, attractively bound, containing 112 pages of unusual recipes. Write Johnson Heber Company, Board of Trade Bldg., Portland, Ore. Name, Address, Town, State for Perfect Salads.

PRUNE DRYERS Oliver Dehydrators, Sturtevant Fans, Dippers, Green Graders, Trucks, Steam Dryer Equipment, Oil Burners. Your old dryer can be rebuilt into a modern recirculating plant. Material furnished and installations made by WALTER LEAKE HEADQUARTERS FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

More than 3000 Preferred Shareholders Satisfied Investors Find Security in Thrift... Steadily accumulating dollar on dollar by regular saving and investment, the practitioner of thrift feels secure in the knowledge of a comfortable balance in the bank, and a steady income from permanent investments. More than 3,000 preferred shareholders of The California Oregon Power Company know this feeling of security. Most of them are numbered among our 25,000 customers, and are satisfied with their investment as they are with the dependable utility service they receive. Their money goes directly into permanent, useful public utility properties. It is easy to become a preferred shareholder in this progressive public utility. As small a sum as \$10 a month, systematically put by under our monthly investment plan, will enroll you as a satisfied investor. A copy of this 16-page book, describing and illustrating the properties of The California Oregon Power Company, will be sent to you on request, together with complete information about investment in the Company's preferred shares. THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY OFFICES: Medford, Grants Pass, Roseburg, Klamath Falls—Oregon Yreka, Dunsuir—California

EXPECT APPROVAL OF PLANS FOR EASTERN STATE NORMAL (Associated Press Leased Wire) SALEM, Ore., July 21.—The Board of Regents in conference with the architect John Benis, and discussing detailed plans there was no indication yesterday afternoon that construction of the new eastern Oregon normal school might be held up by reason of the financial deficit faced by the state. It was intimated by some members of the board that the plans would likely be approved before adjournment of the meeting yesterday afternoon.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand. EDUCATOR DROWNED (Associated Press Leased Wire) NOME, Alaska, July 20.—Dr. John W. Huston, physician with the Bureau of Education, was lost overboard Monday from the government hospital boat on the lower Yukon ten miles below a mountain village. The body has not been recovered.

Huston graduated from the University of Oregon in 1922. EUGENE, Ore., July 20.—A John Huson received his B. A. degree from the University of Oregon in 1917. He majored in zoology and was registered from Heppner, Ore.

Dr. Deibert C. Stanard said he knew a Dr. John Huston while at medical school who finished about 1922 and was connected with the university health service on the campus the year following his graduation.

No record at the university registrar's office could be found that Dr. Huston received his degree from the medical school. Health officials at the university are out of town today and the health service is closed during the summer session.

FLY-TOX KILLS MOSQUITOES Mosquitoes Thin Your Blood Normal human blood is too thick to be drawn through the mosquito's small piercing tube. They must first inject a thinning fluid. In that way, disease germs are set afloat in the blood stream—bacteria of burning fever and crippling disease. There is also the danger of streptococcal infection (blood poisoning) from scratching the bite. Mosquitoes must be killed. Health authorities advocate Fly-Tox. Simple instructions on each bottle (blue label) for killing ALL household insects, extensively entertained and manifested great interest in legislative needs of the Pacific northwest.

Longworth Goes Thru Portland, Ore., July 21.—Nicholas Longworth, speaker of the national house of representatives, who has been the guest of Representative M. E. Crumpacker here for several days, left for San Francisco by train at 1 o'clock this morning and will arrive in the city Friday morning. During his stay here Mr. Longworth has been extensively entertained and manifested great interest in legislative needs of the Pacific northwest.

French Still Troubled by Confederate Money PARIS, July 21.—Confederate money still passes at par in many towns of France.

Those who have made a living by circulating the obsolete bank notes seldom bother Paris merchants, but now and then comes a report of a flood of \$50 and \$10 bills. In Versailles recently a woman had a number of the almost worthless bills exchanged for 200 French francs.

Americans frequently offer their own money in payment at hotels and large stores, and French merchants see nothing unusual in the offer of such currency. Gradually, however, they are coming to know regular United States money through seeing it in the window of foreign exchange banks.

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Dependable Servants The Red Top Stages are in the truest sense servants of the traveling public, agents who translate SERVICE into the terms of your personal needs. For rigid adherence to schedule, for courtesy, comfort and travel economy, the Oregon Stages are constantly at your command, always ready, always able and always eager to serve your travel needs. Oregon Stages Travel by Motor Stage