

PIGGY WIGGLY

HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES

Sugar	Best C. and H. Cane, 10 lbs.	67c
Cornflakes	Kellogg's or Post Toasties, pkg.	7c
Pineapple	Broken Slices, large can	17c
Grape Fruit	Dromedary, finest quality, can	24c
Marshmallows	White Fluffy, per lb.	29c
Pickles	Knight Sweet Mustard or Knight's Plain, glass jar	24c
Pickles	Whole Sweet Pickles, in glass jar	14c
Mazola Oil	Pint can	24c
Bacon	Swift's Premium, per pound	41c
Silver Nut	Oleo, it spreads, 2 lbs.	49c
Coffee	"Piggly Wiggly Special," the flavor will please, lb.	35c

300 West Cass St.

Roseburg, Oregon

Thumping the Breath

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, an American girl who owns and lives on property adjoining the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, 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 here 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.

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

As they near Prentiss' fazenda, bullets whistle past them. Vilak then realizes that the flood warning was a fake and a ruse to get Prentiss out of his house. Prentiss admits them and Vilak tells him they are about to be attacked.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY
CHAPTER XXVIII
Prentiss glanced at Vilak in fright a moment, then suddenly turned and darted out of the room. They heard him mount a flight of stairs, then dart down again.

Vilak, despite the other's absence, swiftly began making a survey of the empty chamber, from whose flimsy walls great sections of plaster and brick had fallen in such quantities that in many places the moonlight showed brightly.

"This room won't do," he muttered. "High-powered" bullets would pierce it in a hundred places. Let's look over the house."

He flicked on his flashlight. With Elise and the old man close behind him, he stepped carefully past the raging dog, then swept through room after room of the melancholy structure, disturbing here a few ghostly bats, there an ugly brown-spotted toad. He found nothing which suited his purpose, however, until they reached a room at the rear. Here a window looked out upon the low water tower, three or four hundred feet from the house.

"That tower's just the place," he flashed. "Excellent position. Has a view on all sides, and is almost

certainly bullet-proof."

The hurried out, crossed the low gully which lay between the lower tower and the house and strode through the door forming its entrance. A quick examination proved it to be in better state of preservation than the residence, though even here two or three of the red volcanic stones of which it was constructed had fallen and lay on the ground. It had evidently been used as a storeroom, almost obliterated by cobwebs, and a few rotting pieces of cast-off furniture.

One section, however, separated by a small wooden partition, showed signs of recent use, for here the debris had been cleared away; smoked meats and other kitchen supplies had been brought in and hung from long hooks or were placed on shelves along the wall.

Vilak shrouded a candle and put it in the corner so that it would give them a faint light without being seen outside. Then he smashed an old iron shovel with an ax and taking the separated plates set about sealing up the tower's two small windows. Prentiss hurried in to join them, and shakily aided Vilak in preparing a barricade.

The three men and the girl dragged some heavy boxes forward, and with them blocked the narrow doorway. The dirty floor of the room was wet and slippery, making the work more difficult.

Vilak glanced down to ascertain the reason for the dampness and saw in a shadowy corner a tiny threat of water coursing up from the soil. "Spring from those little lakes on the high ground back of your house?" he demanded of Prentiss.

The other nodded sullenly. Vilak began making loopholes in the window barricades. "Wet feet won't hurt us. Get rifles, if you've got them."

Prentiss disappeared into the house again, returning with half a dozen rifles and a box of ammunition. Two of these Vilak put by each window. "I think we're ready for them now," he said. "As ready as we can get."

He began distributing the cartridges. He looked at Elise gravely as he watched her slip a clip of bullets into the chamber of her rifle. "I reproach myself bitterly for having let you come along. Bitterly. Both you and Nanny. But you're here. And what's done is done."

He took another bit of betel, then peered out through one of the window apertures. "Moons quite bright and I can see plainly, but no signs of attack yet. All of you had better have some cigarettes."

He offered the cigarettes to Elise. She smiled and refused. "Too powerful for me now. Won't be able to shoot straight if I do. I'll take one of Mr. Nunnally's mild ones." She touched his hand.

"Don't worry about my being here, or your having brought me here."

You didn't. I brought myself. For get about me—You've got too much to think of anyway—Please."

"All right—that's ended." He showed the old man a second time how to operate the rifle. "Think you can do it, Nanny?"

The old man took off his glasses, wiped them nervously, then once more pressed his tiny thumb against the magazine spring. "I—er—must do it, I must."

Prentiss kept his eyes fixed on the other window, his face one instant sullen, the next trembling. Vilak took a position beside him. He rubbed a drop of grease from the sight of his rifle. "Be sparing of the ammunition. It's the only thing we have. We'll have to make it last a long time."

A long eerie call like the cry of some night wandering bird drifted up from the creek.

"A signal," Vilak murmured. "Probably give us a straight front attack," he went on as Elise hastened to join the old man at the window. "At the gate. It's our weakest spot. Keep a sharp lookout."

The dog who had been left in the house began to bay again. Suddenly Prentiss jerked his rifle to his shoulder. "Shadowa. Shadowa. At the gate!" he whispered hoarsely.

"You're right," Vilak swung his rifle into position. "We'll give them a volley. Better let me handle it, Prentiss," he added quietly, when the other quivering as though from a violent chill, feverishly touched his gun, took wild aim and was about to shoot. "Don't fire till I say so."

A few seconds later came his placid soothing voice once more. "Steady—Steady—Good aim—Fire."

The reports of four rifles were almost simultaneous. An outcry followed. The shadows disappeared. "Two on the casualty list, I think," Vilak said.

There was a brief interval of inaction. Then the call of the night-bird sounded again, and again vague shadows appeared at the lofty barred entrance. A second volley blazed from the defenders' rifles. Again there was a cry of pain, again the shadows vanished.

"At least one more that time," Vilak grunted. "Learn pretty soon they can't do that. Seem to be intent on forcing the gate. May be afraid the barbed wire on top of the wall has high voltage, but I doubt it."

A third time the attackers tried to reach the gate, a third time they were routed and sprang back into the brush. A brooding silence fell over the fazenda. With her penknife Elise cut a small hole which had stuck in the magazine of her rifle; the old man wiped the powder and perspiration from his face with his minute handkerchief; Prentiss kept his glassy eye fixed to the loophole before him, his lips constantly moving though they emitted no sound; Vilak viciously chewed betel nut.

Suddenly heavy firing began in the high branches of the trees along the creek, many feet overtopping the wall. A fusillade of bullets rattled against the house. "Steady—Steady," Vilak counseled. "Take your time. Fire at the bursts."

The fusillade continued. Here and there the put-putting of a rifle would abruptly cease, mute testimony that a shot of the defenders had found its target. But neither were the bullets of the attackers without effect, as the firing went on plowing often and often through a joint in the inadequate barricade.

The firing ceased for a few moments, then burst out again with increased vigor. The old man gave a low exclamation and dropped his gun.

(To be Continued)

Vilak decides to fight fire with flood; this time a real flood and not a false alarm.

Skins That Attract People
They must be soft and colorful—free from ugly shine—not dry or scaly—pores must not show. Just try this new wonderful French Process Face Powder called MEL-LO-GLO. Stays on longer—very nice—you'll be amazed at its superior beauty qualities. Nothing like it—get MEL-LO-GLO, Nathan Fuller, druggist, Perkins Building.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS
Highway Construction, Douglas County, Oregon.
Sealed bids will be received by the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, at the court house in Roseburg, Oregon, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 4th day of August, 1927, for construction work on a section of Loon Lake Market Road No. 3. The work involves approximately 4.66 miles of grading, the limits being more particularly described as from Eng. St. 65+00 to Eng. St. 71+24.

No bid will be considered unless accompanied by cash, bidder's bond or certified check for an amount equal to at least five (5) per cent of the total amount of the bid.

A sufficient bond will be required for the faithful performance of the contract in a sum equal to one-half the total amount of the bid.

Plans, specifications, forms of contract, proposal blanks, and full information for bidders may be obtained at the office of the county clerk or the county roadmaster, Court House, Roseburg, Oregon, upon the deposit of five dollars, \$5.00.

The right is reserved to reject any item or all proposals, or to accept any separate item of the proposal or proposals deemed best for the county.

Ira B. Riddle, County Clerk of Douglas County, Oregon.
THE COUNTY COURT OF DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON.

(Seal)
Geo. K. Quine, County Judge.
C. L. Beckley, County Commissioner.

Helen W. Clough, County Comptroller.
Attest: Ira B. Riddle, County Clerk.



Just the foods for the hills or the shore—just the right things to make your trip complete, are neatly displayed at our stores today. Drop in with your list—we'll gladly assist, and help you pack things carefully, too.

MONEY SAVING DAYS, SATURDAY AND MONDAY, JULY 23 AND 25

WAX PAPER—20 sheets to roll, 3 rolls	CORN BEEF—Libby's No. 1 cans, each	CAMPBELL'S BEANS—3 cans 28c; 6 cans
10c	27c	55c

SALMON STEAKS—Starr's Columbia river pack, 1 pound flat cans, 2 for	35c
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SUMMER BREAKFAST FOODS

PUFFED WHEAT, pkg.	12c	KELLOGG'S BRAN FLAKES, 3 pkgs.	28c
PUFFED RICE, pkg.	17c	KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, 3 pkgs.	25c
SHREDDED WHEAT, pkg.	12c	KELLOGG'S PEP, 3 pkg.	29c
POST TOASTIES, 3 pkgs.	25c		
POST BRAN FLAKES, pkg.	10c		

PAPER NAPKINS—Tis Kloth, 40 Napkins to the package, pkg. 10c; 3 for	29c
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Crystal White Soap—10 bars	Campbell's Tomato Soup—3 cans	T. O. Libby's Milk 6 cans	Wesson Oil—Quart can
39c	28c	59c	49c

WASHING MACHINE SOAP—Peet's large packages 38c; 2 for	75c
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BAKING POWDER—Calumet, 1 pound can	27c	QUAKER OATS—Quick cooking, large pkg.	27c	FLOUR—Crown or Fisher's Blend, 49 lb. sack	\$2.18
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GOLD MEDAL MAYONNAISE OR SANDWICH SPREAD—Half pint jar 23c; pint jar	43c
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PINEAPPLE—Libby's sliced, in syrup, large cans, 3 for	78c	SARDINES—Domestic, 5 cans	25c	SARDINES—Norwegian, in olive oil, 2 cans	25c
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20TH CENTURY COFFEE—"Adds a kick to your picnic, always fresh, pound 43c; 3 lbs.	\$1.25
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Roseburg Store
130 N. Jackson St.

Oakland Store
Baker-Flannery Bldg.

CUT THE COST

—AND—

Vacation on the Saving

Every driven automobile you pass on the road is a "used car."

In a reconditioned NEWLAND USED CAR you can have the same prideful trouble-free pleasure as the new car driver without the consciousness of costly depreciation from the "new" value.

In a reconditioned NEWLAND USED CAR you can

GO AS FAR STAY LONGER ENJOY MORE

—because you will have saved money in buying a dependable vehicle.

When you are downtown Saturday drop in and look over our stock—likely we have just what you want.

J. O. NEWLAND & SON

Roseburg, Oregon

Oldest continuous dealers in Douglas County.

THEATRES

LIBERTY THEATRE
The Texas desert country, near the border of Mexico, is the locale of "The Border Whirlwind," and E. B. O. production starring Bob Custer, which is at the Liberty theatre today when it begins a two day run. There is no setting more typical of the spirit of the west; it is replete with stretches of sand, sage and mesquite, and forms a colorful background for the activities of the popular Western star. The story, by James Ormont, abounds in adventure. It is centered about a youth who, on his return to his father's ranch, is immediately thrust into the throes of an intrigue to which he must give unflinchingly of his courage and dauntless valor. That he is particularly well fitted for his task is asserted by the daring manner in which he rides, and by his cleverness in handling a whip and throwing knives. Custer is equal to the most stringent tests.

"One Increasing Purpose," the

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 \$3,524.25.

Said Bonds are issued under the Baneroff Bonding Act in denominations of \$200.00 each, with the exception of the first one which will be in the amount of \$24.25, with interest at 5 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.

picture version of one of the six best sellers of the year, comes to the Liberty theatre for a three-days' run Sunday, Edmund Lowe lends the all-star cast of this Fox Films' super special made under the direction of Harry Beaumont.

ANTLERS THEATRE
"The Last Outlaw" a corking Western, if we're to believe advertisement reports, will ride into the Antlers today. Gary Cooper is starred and Jack Lunden and Betty Jewel featured in Paramount's latest open range drama.

In it, Cooper assumes the role of sheriff in a town which is overrun by rustlers and cattle thieves. At first he isn't quite able to find out who the honest men are. However, the clouds soon roll away. Then he sets out to get his men—and he does. The director of "Wet Paint, Arthur Rosson, made "The Last Outlaw."

Spiritualism, duels and balloons figure prominently in "Time to Love," Raymond Griffith's Paramount comedy which will be shown at the Antlers theatre Sunday. The high hat comedian feigns death in a fake duel, returns to his sweetheart as a spirit and is later carried up with her in a balloon being used as a target for anti-aircraft guns.

SPECIAL DISHES & Better COFFEE



Chicken à la king, "the best ever," made with Borden's Evaporated Milk. Delicious muffins and waffles, too. And equally convenient for the coffee. Send for recipe.

Made in the Northwest

EVAPORATED MILK

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