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Never before were such values offered in Used Cars.

1924 Maxwell Coupe, excellent condition throughout	\$425
1927 Star Coach, like new	\$600
1927 Chrysler 60 Coupe	\$1050

We have many others, all of which are priced very low. We also trade used cars and give you the advantage of the BEST OF TERMS

CHRYSLER GARAGE

H. L. Connelly Motor Co.

527 N. Jackson Roseburg, Ore.

Thumping the Breath

© 1927 by NEA Service Ben Lucien Burman

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 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, she is found again by the amiable Vilak, and another attempt is made on their lives, she agrees.

Her departure is prevented by the threat of floods. Messengers ride through the countryside warning the natives that the dam at Avilos has burst. Then Vilak decides to proceed to the house of one Gaylord Prentiss, and warn him of the danger.

Prentiss is 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.

Vilak learns that the flood warning is a ruse to get Prentiss out of his house and persuade Prentiss to admit them. They barricade themselves in the stone tower. Unknown to the attackers, Vilak, seeing their ammunition running low, decides to dynamite the dam to the small lake above Prentiss' place and disperse the enemy with a real flood.

Now begin the story.

CHAPTER XXX

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. A two-to-two, that strange South American animal which, like the tiger, lives always underground, began its fantastic, resonant hammering beneath them. The green caterpillar, which had crawled up the wall, now crawled down again and vanished into the crack from which it had come.

Fifteen minutes. Shots rang out from the trees near the gate. Elise's powder-smoked lips quivered. Twenty minutes. Still no sign of the two men who had disappeared.

Elise rested her weary wrist. "Do you think he's a hit?" she asked slowly.

"No—no—Er—no." The old man's voice expressed a cheerfulness he did not feel. "He's all right."

"Let me tie up your arm again. The bleeding's recommenced. She made the bandage tighter. As she did so, the door opened cautiously. Vilak stepped inside. His clothes were covered with mud, his face scratched with brambles.

"Bad shots," he grunted. "Or they would have had me. Moon went under for a minute. Thought I was safe but it came out in a hurry and they saw me. Fused it all right."

The old man wonderingly watched him shut the door. "Where is—or—Prentiss?"

"Went over to the house to get something. Said he'd be back in a minute."

Once more the log thundered against the gate with an increased violence which showed that the attackers had well profited by their rest. The iron, weakened by the previous assaults, could no longer resist the tremendous blow and it came down. It cracked explosively. "Broken through," Vilak snapped. "The water'll have to be fast."

A torch glared along the creek, then another and another. "Try to smoke us out, probably. Won't get them very far, when we're in this stone tower."

One torch seemed to speed through the gate. Vilak fired. The torch went out. A moment later all the torches were extinguished.

Vilak swiftly glanced at his watch. "Fused, been burning seven minutes," he said placidly. "Two minutes overdue as nearly as I can calculate a makeshift affair. Our friends are now undoubtedly crawling through the gate. If it doesn't go off soon, we'll be in trouble. Wonder what's keeping Prentiss."

He slipped a pellet of hot lead into his mouth and fixed his gaze upon his watch. A bit of mortar loosened by the firing dropped down upon his muddy black hair and a few of the grains fell into one of Elise's eyes. Quickly, dextrously, he began to remove them.

A flash of light colored the sky behind the house; the roar of a powerful explosion shook the ground. "There it goes," Vilak murmured.

The roar of the explosion was followed by the clatter of crashing rocks, then steady, dull thunder of rushing water. Frightened shouts arose from the bushes at the creek; the watchers in the tower could see shadows scurrying frantically about, some dodging back to the gate through which they had come, others racing to the house, all fleeing from the noise, booming peril where nature they could divine only dimly.

With a muffled report, the faxenda wall toward the lake collapsed as a huge wave of water sweeping down from above surged against it. A mad moving mountain, spreading wider and wider as it went, it circled the house and tower, and hurried toward the creek sweeping away trees, walls, lowlying sheds, anything which came within its fierce embrace.

A second wave came down upon the first; it swirled up the ground around the tower and began licking at the foundation stones. The three inside watched it fascinated, tried to distinguish whether the black forms bobbing on its crest were branches or men. But the moon had gone under a cloud again

and they could see clearly only a few feet ahead.

The water began trickling over the door-sill. The old man eyed it apprehensively. Vilak caught his glance. "No use worrying, Nanny. Coolly he lit his cigarette. The trickle became more rapid. Vilak held out his cigarette case. The old man shook his head nervously.

"I tell you there's no use worrying," Vilak went on, his eyes again fixed on the water. "Either the water will rise and make the tower collapse, or it doesn't. These are the only two things that can possibly happen. If it collapses, then it'll be time to think about it. Meanwhile, there's nothing to be gained by getting nervous about it. Wish it wasn't so confounded dark. Could see then whether our friends had gotten away or not. Wonder what's happened to Prentiss?" He extended the cigarette case to Elise. "You're not going to desert me, too, are you cousin?"

She brushed her hair back from her blackened face. "Surely, I'll smoke with you." She smiled faintly. "Not one of yours—if you don't mind."

The old man decided to join them. Vilak took the candle from the corner, lit the cigarette, then put the candle upon a shelf. The water began to inundate the room. "Might as well get comfortable," Vilak said, as he pushed a heavy table toward the center of the room. "If we all sit on this, we may not get so wet."

They climbed up. "More water than I expected," he went on. "Hike either deeper, or we started that one next to it on a little voyage, too. One thing is in our favor: the higher the water rises, the more ground it has to cover. Certainly oughtn't rise much more."

They stretched out on the table, their feet overhanging the edge, the old man watching the water creeping higher and higher up the walls. Elise leaning down and trying to wash some of the powder from her eyes and mouth.

The water climbed half way up the table, then neared the top. The tower gave a slight quiver and a gap appeared in the stones near the top. Nunnally let his cigarette sizzle into the water. "Don't you think—er—Vilak—we'd better try to depart from here? The water's still rising. And that wall seems about to—er—topple."

"Better to worry until it gets at least a couple of feet higher. Then we'll get out on a log or something if we have to. Water can't keep rising forever. And that's a pretty good wall and I don't think it's ready to fall. Yet, at least, I'm not going to let an insignificant crack in it rout me out of my comfortable seat." He leaned back lazily. A centipede crawled out from under the side of the table-top onto his coat. He brushed it away.

The rise of the water slackened. Soon it became stationary. It remained thus for perhaps ten minutes then slowly began to fall. Inch by inch it crept down the walls, exposing now the black seat of a broken chair, now the tops of two iron pots standing on the floor, now with a final swish vanishing and exposing the muddy floor itself.

They climbed down from the table and, going to one of the windows, attempted to peer out to watch the retreat of the rising water. But the disappearing of the moon for the night seemed permanent, their eyes could not pierce the obscurity. They could gauge its fall, somewhat, however, by the growing faintness of the murmuring eddies as they dropped lower and lower down the slight rise on which stood the house and tower.

"Wonder how Prentiss fared in all this," Vilak said. He stretched again. Elise vigorously slapped a foot which had gone to sleep; the old man shifted the bandage to curiously regard the wound.

In a quarter of an hour they were standing outside, while Vilak was flinging his torch on the porch on the water in the low valley which lay between the tower and the house.

"Be down enough to get across in a few minutes," he said thoughtfully. "Funny about Prentiss. Wait a little while, and if he doesn't come we'll go out to look for him."

Soon after the odd trio slouched through the mud to the house. Vilak's lantern sprayed the gloomy exterior with a white circle of light. "Prentiss?" he shouted. There was no answer. "Prentiss! Where the devil are you?" he called again, making a megaphone of his hands to gain greater volume. His only reply was a wolf-like howl from an aquara off in the forest.

His great blond eyebrows puckered. "Funny, mighty funny. Let's go inside."

They entered the desolate structure. Again they walked through crumbling living rooms, moldering bedrooms, the ruins of a kitchen. They peered into every musty cupboard and pried into every skeleton of an attic. In one hall which formed the gloomy entrance to the forlorn building were a few muddy prints which Vilak had no difficulty in recognizing as the marks of the heavy hunting shoes Prentiss constantly wore. Beyond that there was nothing. Man and dog as well had vanished.

(To be Continued)

Prentiss has vanished and cannot be found. Vilak decides to banish one of Porto Verde's many dangers.

LAW ENFORCEMENT HEAD'S SON FACES BOOZE CHARGE

RICHMOND, Va., July 25.—Carol Hepburn, 23, of Richmond, son of the Virginia Anti-Saloon league superintendent, and secretary of the local law enforcement league, today faced trial on the dual charge of transporting whiskey and driving an automobile while under the influence of liquor.

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SMOKERS CAUSE OF NUMEROUS FOREST FIRES

The number of forest fires caused by the carelessness or thoughtlessness of smokers is increasing, according to the forest service. This increase is strikingly shown by 125 such fires in 1922 and 281 smokers fires in 1926.

A total of 1,222 smokers fires have been reported by forest rangers from the twenty-two national forests in Oregon and Washington for the 11-year period, 1916-1926.

For this period 53 per cent of all fires reported were due to smokers, and such fires were responsible for 12 per cent of the total cost of fire fighting in these two states.

The two outstanding features of the above, forest officers state, are the increasing number of smokers fires, and the fact that of all man-caused fires smokers' fires are the most easily prevented.

Just a little thought and care on the part of the smoker with his match, his cigarette butt, cigar stub, or pipe heel, while he still has it in his hand and can control the danger.

Due to a recognized increasing use of tobacco, especially of cigarettes, there is a strong tendency to place restrictions on smokers by logging and lumber companies, city fire departments, state legislatures, and the federal government.

In California, for example, this year all of the national forests have been closed to smoking except on improved camp grounds, at places of human habitation, and in certain rocky areas about 7,000 feet in elevation.

The forest service has already closed this year 172,870 acres to smoking in Oregon and Washington, forced to take this action by reason of high hazards. There is a feeling on the part of federal forest officers to take drastic action or to make wholesale closures against smoking, and yet, they say, they may be compelled to do so to safeguard public properties endangered by the thoughtless and careless use of tobacco in the forest regions.

A few simple and reasonable precautions, if followed, will prevent fires starting by smokers, they believe. The forest service state and private forest protective agencies in Oregon and Washington ask all smokers to follow hereafter the precautions laid down in this smokers' code:

SMOKERS' CODE
(For the Dry Season.)
Dangerous to smoke while traveling on forest, brush or grassland.

Smoke only: While stopping in a safe place clear of all inflammable material, or during or right after a heavy rain, or inside a vehicle on two-way highways, or above timber line, and after smoking put out all lighted material.

The law prohibits throwing away any burning matches or tobacco, or other lighted material in a forest region.

Forest fires from smokers result from thoughtlessness and carelessness. They are on the increase. Remedy is had record by following the above code when in the forest regions.

Fish at Idleyd Park.

NEW RECORD MADE BY OREGON COW

INDEPENDENCE, Ore., July 25.—The Lion's Lila, a modest Jersey cow which was started on official production test at the tender age of 1 year and 9 months, has completed a record of 742.44 lbs. of butterfat and 19,752 lbs. of milk.

This test ran for 305 days and Lila's best month was the tenth one in which she produced 53 lbs. of butterfat. Her milk averaged 6.31 per cent butterfat for the test. No yearling cow of any breed has ever made such a remarkable 305-day record and it will probably be many years before Lila loses the title of world champion.

Harry D. Hitt of Independence, Ore., bred and tested this young producer. Lila is a granddaughter of St. Mawes' Lady's Lady, the world champion yearling Jersey tested for 365 days. This cow yielded 829 lbs. of butterfat and 11,756 lbs. of milk as a yearling and as a junior four-year-old she produced 1035 lbs. of butterfat and 15,229 lbs. of milk in 365 days. Lady is a full sister to St. Mawes' Lady's Lady, the youngest 1000-lb. Jersey cow. Lila's dam is Imp.

Xenia's Oxford Lila which has a gold medal record of 822 lbs. of butterfat, 15,122 lbs. of milk made as a junior two-year-old. This is the highest record for imported cows in this class.

The Lion's Lila gained 150 lbs. in weight while making her remarkable record, and it is confidently expected that in coming years she will capture new honors for heavy and consistent production.

She was never off feed during this test and apparently it was not much of an effort for her to make this wonderful record. Her product was sold at the creamery and brought \$360. In addition she raised a nice heifer calf. She is due to calve for Class AAA and when that occurs she will be the youngest medal of merit cow on the records of the American Jersey Cattle Club, New York.

THEATRES
LIBERTY THEATRE
"One Increasing Purpose." Fox Films' screen version of A. S. M.

TONITE

Direct From Five Months at Greenwich Coliseum Ballroom, Cole McElroy's Spanish Ballroom—Now Enroute Sweet's Ballroom, Oakland, California.

FAY ELLIOTT

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Jewel-bedecked and flirtatious dowagers known as "matinee ladies," sleek-haired, sallow youths, gilecos, ornate cafes resplendent in an artificial warmth of jazz and strident gaiety.

Into this jazz atmosphere of metropolitan sophistication is woven the plot of Warner Bros. production of "Matinee Ladies" at the Majestic Theatre in which May McAvoy and Malcolm Macdregor play leading roles.

ANTLERS THEATRE
It's time for everyone to see "Time to Love" Raymond Griffith's new Paramount farce. This story of a young man who, disillusioned in love, tries to commit suicide, only to fall in love more violently than ever, is showing at the Antlers Theatre today. Vera Voronina is the new object of his affections while William Powell precedes to place such small obstacles in his path as a pistol duel, an arrest, a wedding and finally a balloon ascension with soldiers trying to puncture the air bag! "Time to Love" was directed by Frank Tuttle, the maker of "Kid Boots."

AUTOMATIC TIME CLOCKS IN HENHOUSES ARE A NEW WRINKLE
A farmer near Marysville, Ohio, has installed them to turn on the henhouse electric lights early in the mornings and to keep them on late in the evenings. One winding thus attends to the electric lights for eight days. Light makes the hens' feeding day longer, increasing their egg production.

Amund, piano tuner, Phone 189-L.

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 26th day of July, 1927, for construction work on a section of Roseburg-N. Umpqua Market Road No. 4. The work involves approximately 1 mile of grading and 1 mile of surfacing, the limits being more particularly described as from Eng. Sta. 104+00 to Eng. Sta. 114+00. The deposit of five dollars, \$5.00, and from Eng. Sta. 1212 to Eng. Sta. 1234 of the Idleyd Section.

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.
THE COUNTY COURT OF DOUGLAS COUNTY, OREGON.
(Seal)
Geo. K. Quine, County Judge, C. L. Beckley, County Commissioner.
Huron W. Clough, County Commissioner.
Attest: Ira B. Riddle, County Clerk of Douglas County.

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HERE'S AN IDEA
First Amateur Gardener: "I don't see why old Binks is so unpopular. He lends you his mower." Second A. G.: "That's so, but he's fixed it so you have to drop a shilling in a slot before it works." —Passing Show.

Record A. G.: "That's so, but he's fixed it so you have to drop a shilling in a slot before it works." —Passing Show.

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