

HOT WEATHER COMBINATIONS

Oil Stoves and Ice Cream Freezers

Beats anything you ever tried for the very best results.

The Oil Stove insures a cool kitchen and the Ice Cream Freezer, put into practical use, refreshes everybody in the home and keeps the folks cool and sweet—Try the plan out.

See us today for prices on this hot weather combination

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One cow and calf. E. A. Thiel, Yoncalla, Ore.

GOOD JERSEY COW for sale. Mrs. E. Lindner, Sutherlin, Ore.

1923 OVERLAND sedan, \$125. 1353 Harrison St.

HORSES and wagon for sale. E. E. Gates, Alexander Addition.

FOR SALE—Auto knitter in good working order, some yarn. Box 116, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FOR SALE—125 White Leghorn pullets and 89 yearlings. W. G. Keet, Camas Valley.

FOR SALE—Ten head food ewes, 4 to 7 yrs. old, \$8 per head. Melton Bros. Phone 14115.

ORDER your winter coal NOW from Roseburg, Oregon, Rock Springs and Utah.

GARDEN vegetables, fresh from the garden, G. L. Royers road stand, Linnard, phone 2244.

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—Black Minorca chickens, Idaho stock, \$1 each if taken at once. Mrs. E. M. Seelye, Merger, phone 2444.

FOR SALE—Kitchen cupboard, kitchen utensils, 12 dozen eggs, Singer sewing machine, phonograph, beds. Phone 23923. Myrtle Creek.

FOR SALE—Restaurant fixtures, counter, stools, chairs, tables, sink, coffee urn, dishes and utensils. Will sell all or any part. Inquire at Roseburg Hotel. D. Harry Jurgens.

FOR SALE CHEAP—200 acres 1 mile from county road, 3 1/2 miles from Wilbur. About one-half cleared, balance good timber, 10 acres tillable, good place to raise turkeys, goats and sheep. Watered with springs. The price is so cheap that it will surprise you. Inquire at Turner's Service Station, Wilbur, Ore.

FOR RENT—1-room furnished house. Call at 544 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished apartment, close in. 221 W. Lane.

FOR RENT—4-room downstairs apartment, private bath. 221 W. Washington.

FOR RENT—Furnished 2-room apt. Call 344 S. Jackson, or phone 45-1.

FOR RENT—5-room apartment on ground floor, partly furnished, at 119 West Lane street. Rent reasonable.

3-room apartment at 117 West Lane street. Unfurnished. Rent very reasonable.

G. W. YOUNG & SON, 116 Cass Street. Phone 417.

WANTED

WANTED—Woman or girl for housework at once. W. E. Hercher, Dillard. Phone 16723.

WANTED—To buy Ford touring, sedan or coupe. Must be cheap. 1517 Harvard Ave., Roseburg.

WANTED—Man with car and \$315 to invest in business that will make you \$25 per day. This is an exclusive proposition, so write at once. Box 60, care News-Review.

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Jungle Breath

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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 Ponta Verde, in west central Brazil. Several mysterious deaths have occurred, but so far she has escaped harm, due to the astuteness 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 Aylos has burst. Then Vilak decides to proceed to the house of Gaylord Prentiss and warn him of the danger. Prentiss is a reclusive 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.

Vilak learns that the flood warning is a ruse to get Prentiss out of his house. The party is besieged in a small stone tower on Prentiss' property by unknown attackers. Vilak disperses them by dynamiting the dam holding a small lake in check and flooding the property. When the water recedes they go to join Prentiss in his house but he is gone.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY CHAPTER XXXI Vilak strode outside once more. He bent over and began examining the ground around the stones which formed the structure's foundation. There was nothing. "I confess I'm beaten," he grunted to his companions, and shrugged his shoulders.

They started to descend the low slope to the creek, plunging through mud that came to their knees, forcing their way through a wild tangle of muddy, dripping branches. There was a suspicious crackle somewhere off in the brush. Nunnally silently pointed his longer finger toward it and looked at Vilak questioningly.

His friend shook his head. "No, you needn't worry. Just an animal or something of the sort. What ever else I don't know, I feel fairly sure that our friends won't bother us here anymore tonight. But what effect this affair will have on the future I don't know either."

Elise came a quick glance back at the house, with its many towers appearing in the mist like some gigantic many-headed beast.

She took his arm. "Let's get away from here," she murmured. "The place frightens me. I don't want to come here again. I know it's silly, but I feel instinctively that there's something wrong, something sort of—taunted—poisoned—wherever Prentiss has been. The natives are right, Vilak. He's abnormal. All the time he was in the tower I felt it. A creeping, crawling sort of sensation. As if he weren't quite human."

"When he was close to me, shooting, I could hardly keep from sneezing every time I looked at him. And all the while we were there together not a word of confidence, not a word of confidence. He doesn't like me, Vilak. It took a number of painful lessons to learn it, but I've learned it now. And I think you've got to take that into consideration in explaining his disappearance."

"What do you mean?" Vilak's voice was interested. "Merely that he doubted the success of your plan to free the lake above, and then because he knew every inch of the fazenda, thought every way of escape which was certain and didn't tell us because of the simple expedient of not doing so, he would be rid of me and my attorney as well, incidentally."

"A nice idea and one which would have appealed to his father. We drive off his enemies for him, whoever they are, then he lets us down and the claimants to his property are done for. After all, blowing up that dam was a rather desperate thing to do, very likely to fail. After you suggested it, and he pretended to protest, I saw him smile, that same cruel, crafty smile he had when he tried to run me down with his horse and later set the dog on me."

"Humph," Vilak puffed meditatively. "Just when was this? I didn't notice."

"You couldn't. You were leaning over with your back turned, fixing the dynamite."

They reached the spot where only a little while before they had entered the fazenda. The gate and a large section of the wall to which it had given passage had disappeared. Vilak's flashlight showed part of the iron work snarled in the branches of a great tree forty feet down the creek. A deep gully now marked the course of the tiny stream, though its waters had subsided to their previous shallowness.

They crossed, stepping warily through the welter of mud and vegetation, climbed to the end of the path at the thorn thicket where they had abandoned their horses. The animals were no longer there.

The old man, who had been walking along, absently gazing at the ground, looked up quickly. "We've gone to fish—on stilts. Do you—think, Vilak?"

"Undoubtedly, Nanny."

"It's—er—just as well." He nervously toyed with the bandage on his arm. "Intelligent beast the—er—horse—But vigorous. I think I shall be just as—er—happy if I do not ride anymore tonight."

They walked briskly to the fazenda, found it deserted except for the three horses, which were quietly nibbling in their stalls, then rode out to Chaco Hill to bring back the baby. They reached it and found the child safe in the care of the frizzly-haired Nagnah, who placidly sat in the dog-cart a few feet off from a frightened huddled mass of negroes and half-castes who stood straining their eyes and ears or some sign of a flood which strangely did not come.

The cavalcade set off again as it had started in the afternoon toward the boat, Elise and the two men preceding the light vehicle. The natives stubbornly refused to follow, shaking their heads in gloomy denial when Elise told them that the report of the bursting dam was false. They returned to the wharf, left the driver to stand guard and notify them in case of the steamboat's arrival, then Elise took the reins herself, and the cavalcade slowly wended its way back toward her home.

On leaving Prentiss' she had felt depressed, but as she rode in the cool night air, her spirits constantly grew lighter. By the time she was again on the steps of her dimly-lighted veranda, she was buoyant. "Why go to bed at all tonight, my children?" she asked, as one of her prize roosters in the far-off chicken yard began to sound its first salute to the morning. "The sun will be up in an hour or two. I think we rather deserve some sort of celebration. I'll make some sandwiches and coffee and we can see the sun rise. They're perfectly beautiful here. Worth sitting up for. We can play bridge or Canfield meanwhile. What do you say?"

"Sorry to be a kill-joy. I'd rather not."

She looked at Vilak reproachfully. "You're afraid I'll beat you and make up for what you've done to me all the other nights, aren't you? You know I can't help but beat you when I'm so full of energy. You're a slacker. Why won't you sit up?"

"I've got to work. It's absurd of you to be so intelligent and ambitious at this hour of the morning. Go to bed, please. I'll be happier."

"Very well, venerated captain. I'll sit up in my room and watch the sun rise alone." She stood in the door and threw a kiss from lips still moist with the words, "Intended for Mr. Nunnally, not for you," she called blithely, and disappeared.

A moment later Vilak bade good night to the old man. Going to the flamboyantly draped room, he donned his dressing gown, a garment of extraordinary beauty which had been given him by a grateful Chinaman in Peking. Or heavy lustrous purple silk. It was profusely worked with thousands of tiny gold dragons, one single shining serpent forming the welch-yem. Then he opened one of his trunks, took out a small portable talking machine, set it on a grotesquely carved stand and put onto

turntable one of those squeaky, wailing Chinese records which each night assail the ears of the slant-eyed dwellers in the pungent tenements of New York's Mott Street. He closed the doors of his room tightly; the machine began to grind out its harsh piercing discord. He put a bit of betel in his mouth and began pacing the floor in great long strides. The music jangled, screamed, grated, changed. It ceased. He started it once more, and recommenced his swift pacing, turning sharply as the wall barred his way like an angry lion in its cage in a zoo.

Time after time the machine ran down and the shrill music ceased; time after time he wound it. In the dimly-lighted, shadowy room he appeared like some Oriental priest doing obeisance before his god.

Morning began to touch the horizon. He put away the record, lit a cigarette and stretched out on his couch to sleep a few hours. At eight o'clock he arose, ate a scant breakfast, then made his way alone to Prentiss' house once more and made a more elaborate search than the darkness had permitted.

He found the fazenda still deserted. He returned to Elise's plantation, obtained ten or twelve laborers and brought them to the parcel plane and thorn thicket which marked the entrance to the lands of the vanished archeologist.

Vilak directed the men in setting small fires in a wide area over the brush. Soon the flames were leaping fiercely, hissing and steaming as the tangled vegetation, despite its wetness, ignited. Nunnally, who had accompanied him, looked on wonderingly. "What are you—er—doing, Vilak?" he queried. "Trying to—er—drive something out of the brush?"

Vilak gave a curt order to a native. "Trying to prevent another tragedy, that's all."

(To Be Continued)

Tinky disappears again, and once more Elise and her friends begin a search for the child and his kidnapers.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of the Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C., July 15, 1927. Sealed bids will be opened in this office at 2 P. M., August 5, 1927, for extension to stack including changes incident thereto at the U. S. post office, Roseburg, Ore. Drawings and specifications may be obtained from the custodian in the building or at this office in the discretion of the supervising architect, J. A. WETMORE, Acting Supervising Architect.

Bunions Quick relief from pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug and shoe stores. **Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads** Put one on—the pain is gone.

THE ABOVE and all other Scholl Appliances and Foot Comfort Remedies are to be had at the Roseburg Bootie, Perkins Building, Cass Street.

Opal Has It All Doped Out

By Martin

WHILE BOOTS IS BUSY HAVING A GOOD TIME AT THE SEASHORE, BACK HOME THE NEWLY WEDS ARE JUST AS BUSY GETTING SETTLED.

DO BE CAREFUL, STEPHEN—OH—

OPAL, HAVE YOU GOT A LITTLE PIECE OF BEEFSTEAK HANDY?

Y-YAS SUH.

YAS SUH, DOFESSAH—DAM YOU IS! JES' SLAP OFF ON AN' DE SWELLIN' WILL GO OUT IN NO TIME.

YES, ER—THANK YOU.

DAYS RIGHT, HONEY—DON'T TAKE NOTHIN' OFFA' IM—EVEN IF YOU IS JES' BEEN MARRIED.

By Blosser

SEEMS LIKE I HEAR SOME KIDS VOICES COMIN' THIS WAY—GEE—I CAN'T LET 'EM SEE ME FOR THEN THEY'D WANTA KNOW WHAT THIS IS!

I HEARD HAMMERIN' AN' POUNDIN', DIDN'T YOU? WHAT DO YOU S'POSE IS GOING UP HERE??

IT DON'T LOOK LIKE AUCH OF ANYTHING TO ME!

WHY, JUST FR INSTANCE, LOOK AT ALL TH' BASEBALLS WE LOSE AT PRACTICE AN' ON HOMERUNS!

YEAH, AN' THERE'S—

TH' BASES THEY STEAL, TOO!!

By Swan

WHILE IN A BAGGAGE CAR SPEEDING OVER WESTERN PLAINS COMES UNCLE CLEM'S PRESENT TO OSCAR!

OSCAR PRESENTS SHADYBARK U.S.A.

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