

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

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

DOES your roof need replacing or repairing? See Page's and save money.

HOUSE cleaning done by a first class man. Best of references. Phone 497.

FOR SALE—Small amount, equitable stock. Address Box 65, care News-Review.

GARDEN vegetables, fresh from the garden, G. T. Royer's road stand, Dillard, phone 22F4.

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

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

FOR SALE—Buff Leghorn, cockerels, 19 weeks old, 12½ each. Mrs. Geo. Mellett, 3 mile south of Kelley's Corner.

FOR SALE—Dining room table and chairs, library table and radio table, leather rockers, 1 Hoosier kitchen cabinet, refrigerator, bedsteads and mattresses, lawn mower, bicycle, etc. 307 S. Main St.

FOR SALE, CHEAP 200 acres 1 mile from county road, 3 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

FOR RENT—1 room downstairs apartment, private bath, 221 W. Washington.

FOR RENT—Furnished 2-room apt. Call 341 S. Jackson, or phone 43-L.

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—To buy Ford touring, sedan or coupe. Must be cheap. 1347 Harvard Ave., Roseburg.

LOST

LOST—July 23rd, between Dixonville and Roseburg, one wether lamb, crop off left ear. Joe Brumbach. Phone 19F12.

FOUND

COLLIE Shepherd dog, Coos Co. license. Owner call at 1247 W. 2nd St., pay for ad and care.

MISCELLANEOUS

WILL TRADE—R. I. Red chickens for cow or horse, call evenings, 1441 Harrison St.

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

MONEY TO LOAN on long or short time. Bonds to sell or buy. We are licensed bond brokers. RICE & RICE.

GET RID OF PILLS THIS NEW WAY

Sensation! Fundamental Discovery! Model Money Back Guarantee! Discovery made by a 20-year pill sufferer. Stops pain, itching, bleeding. Does exactly this or every cent refunded. Guaranteed to contain no dope!

Not an ointment, salve or suppository. A brand new remedy which absorbs and dries up the pills. Nothing greasy or hard to use. Quickly penetrates and drives out the congestion, the irritation. From our 20-year knowledge of pills we know that if you wish real relief you must either use J. C. Pile Remedy or submit to a surgical operation, and thousands of tests have proven J. C. Pile Remedy to be superior to surgery and infinitely less costly and painful. Come on, you CHRONIC PILE SUFFERERS! Use J. C. Pile Remedy and enjoy life again. \$1.00 per box, with unlimited money-back guarantee. At all good drug stores.

J. C. Pile Remedy
Sold by Nathan Fullerton



Right over the home plate—and a hit.

MOTHER'S BREAD
BY HECK
YOUR STAFF OF LIFE

We've got the handbox for you to step out of!

Step out is right! That's exactly what you feel like doing when your clothes are spick and span and good to look at! No doubt about it—when you know you're "right," it does buck you up—a lot. A once-a-month dry cleaning will keep any suit young and frisky. Phone us to call regularly—we'll do the rest.

Imperial
DRY CLEANING

FRESH AS A ROSE

AS PURE AS ROSES KISSED BY DEW... THE LAUNDRY WE SEND BACK TO YOU!

The man who didn't think that you could put any poetry or sentiment into the laundry business never sent any of his wearables to us to be laundered. When we raise out a garment it is as clean and fresh as the sparkling dew and when we iron it, it is as pure and firm as the sun-kissed rose.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Phone 72
Roseburg

Jungle Breath

© 1927 NEA Service

By Ben Lucien Burmon

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.

After her two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped, to be found again by the alert Vilak, and another attempt is made on her life, Elise 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 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 was a ruse to get Prentiss out of his house and so in a small stone tower next to Prentiss' house, by armed attack. Vilak finally disperses them by dynamiting a dam and causing a real flood. When the water recedes they discover Prentiss has gone. Vilak directs laborers to set fire to the brush on Prentiss' property.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXII
Vilak continued to light the fires until for a quarter of a mile the woods were ablaze. The old man interestedly watched the strange creatures bolted onto the road escape the danger suddenly come upon them; the long-legged, crane-like jabiru, the ugly, ungainly peccary, the graceful, agile bush-deer. But he was not long afforded this

view. The servant of Colosier's white

luxurious home who greeted him said that his master had gone to inspect one of his rubber developments up the river and would not return for at least a week.

Vilak rode back the way he had come. He neared the castanho trees which bordered the driveway of the fazenda. To his surprise, he saw Elise hurrying to meet him. Her lips were gray, drawn. "Tinky's gone again," she said quietly.

He leaped from his horse and took her hand. He pressed it gently. "Steady, steady," he murmured. She smiled wanly. "No, I'm not going to break down this time the

way I did before. I know that it doesn't accomplish anything. The marks matter harder for you."

"Good girl. Don't worry. We'll find him. They way we did before."

"Still holding her hand, he took his horse's head, and began to walk toward the house. "Tell me—what happened, if it isn't too hard—Perhaps you'd better wait a minute or two."

"No, I'll tell you now. I've been waiting here to tell you. I'll not permit myself to break down again."

With an effort she drew herself erect. "It was practically the same this time as it was before. Tinky was in his bed outside, under the trees. Hannah was taking care of him, for I had some things to do in the house. She got up to get him a drink. You know where we keep the distilled water. On the back veranda, just around the corner of the house from where Tinky was lying, not more than thirty or forty feet away at the most."

"Hannah got the drink—it may have taken a few seconds longer than usual because she had to open a new bottle—and hurried back with it toward the trees. She stooped over the bed. And saw that it was empty—That's all I know."

"You saw no one lurking around the house?"

"No one. Just the same way as when the rifles disappeared. No footprints of anyone we don't know. Nothing. I looked closely."

They reached the cluster of palm trees under whose shade the child had rested. The old man, who had been on the veranda, came forward to meet them. Vilak looked at the empty cot, then on the ground about it. In it were three sets of footprints, one narrow and delicate, which he at once recognized as the impression made by Elise's pointed shoes, another flat and heelless, the mark made by the slippers of Hannah. The third was the print of a man's working shoe, broad, square.

Vilak looked at this closely. "Schwartz has been here, hasn't he?"

Elise nodded. "Yes. He came when I was taking care of the baby to find out whether I had decided on some changes we had been considering in the dachshouse."

"Humph." He stopped, searched among the leaves drifting on the ground, then picked up something and put it carefully in his pocket. A moment later he was quickly following a strip of trees which led to the road as he had done after the child's first disappearance.

He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

fixed on the ground. He reached the highway and after considerable examination found the print of a horse's hoof which led to the trees and then away. Mounting, with Elise and the old man on their horses beside him, he began following the trail. For four hours he rode, his eyes

ever on the ground, through dense woods, along the edge of seething swamps, past long cliffs of brilliant volcanic rock, over a stretch of green upland where the grass on either side was high as a man's head.

At last, as the setting of the sun was about to put a swift end to their hunting, they reached a narrow swamp which quickly ended and gave way on all sides to matted jungle. Here the trail of the horse's hoofs ended. But now prints, the confused footprints of three or four men, some apparently with naked feet, showed at the beginning of a narrow path that had been freshly cut in the tangle of vegetation.

Vilak dismounted. "Chap got down here. Friends here waiting for him. Let his horse go, and they all went off into that."

He peered into the tangled murkiness where the new path led. He chewed his lip. "No chance of following them any more today. Be night in fifteen minutes. I hate to stop, but you know how absolutely futile it is to try to search the jungle at night. Worse than futile. We'd only obliterate the trail. Probably haven't gone far. Get some beaters and come out first thing in the morning. Better for us in that wilderness if we have some natives who know the country. They can pick up a trail where, trained as I am, even I'd lose it. And they can spread out and increase the radius of our search if the trail comes to an end. The chaps ahead know where they're going, and we don't."

He turned to Elise and pressed her hand again. "Don't you worry about this delay. I'll be all right. Just a little time and we'll find him."

The lines in her delicate face had deepened. "I know you will," she said.

The sun sank behind the horizon as they turned their horses homeward. Back at the fazenda, Elise selected twenty of the best laborers in her employ, and ordered them to be ready at dawn. Streaks of sunlight were beginning to show faintly over the distant mountains when the party set out.

Vilak, Elise and the old man rode ahead. Behind them tramped twenty picturesquely assorted negroes, half-breeds and Indians, some clad in a cheap red cotton shirt and trousers, some in a single robe-like garment made of dirty burlap.

Here a gigantic black chattered with a chocolate-skinned pigmy who barely reached his shoulder; there a ponderous mulatto argued with a withered old Indian whose gaunt ribs showed clearly through his tawny skin. All carried machetes for cutting the brush, a few carried short spears in case of an encounter with the jaguars which were known to infest the neighborhood.

They reached the newly cut path by the swamp which Vilak had marked with a notch in a mango tree. They entered the dark, gloomy fastness.

Paulos, the gigantic black, who was one of the ranch sub-foremen, with the chocolate colored pigmy went ahead to swing their ma-

chetes at any twisted lianas, or call out the direction if the path seemed to fail. But there was little work for them to do. Those who had passed the day before had taken no pains to conceal their course; there was always a broken branch or crushed leaf under foot to point the way.

They traveled swiftly until noon; the trail showed no signs of ending. Vilak looked at his compass. "Due west," he said. "Almost a straight line."

(To be Continued)

Tinky is not found, and Vilak prepares for a long journey. It will take that long, he thinks, to reach the child.

Arundel, piano tuner, Phone 189-L.

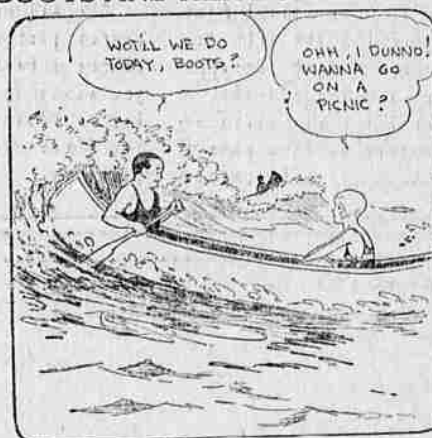
Overdoing?
Hurry, Worry and Overwork Bring Heavy Strain.

MODERN life throws a heavy burden on our bodily machinery. The eliminative organs, especially the kidneys, are apt to become sluggish. Retention of excess uric acid and other poisonous waste often gives rise to a dull, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backaches and headaches. That the kidneys are not functioning perfectly is often shown by burning or scanty passage of secretions. More and more people are learning to assist their kidneys by the occasional use of Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys
Foster-McLiberty Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

MILITARY ACADEMY
FOURTEEN MANLY BOYS
Men teachers, small classes, careful supervision, strict discipline, scout advancement and moral training. Catalogue cheerfully sent on request.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Why Not?



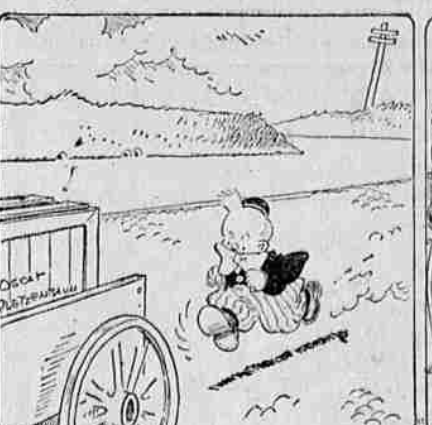
By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



If He Only Knew



By Blosser



SALESMAN \$AM



Quite Suitable



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GETTING THOSE THINGS?



By Swan

