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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—20 ewe lambs \$8 each. V. E. Wolfert, Camas Valley.

PAINT at Page's, \$1.50 to \$4.70 per gallon. All good values.

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

FOR SALE CHEAP—Good young team, wt. 2800, harness and wagon. W. G. Kinzer, Yoncalla.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—16½ acres in Yoncalla, Good 8-room house. Might take car on trade. Box 74, Yoncalla.

CUCUMBERS for sale—Large ones, 25c per dozen, small ones 25c per gallon, bring containers, pick them yourself. H. C. Dawson, 625 2nd Ave. Co., Phone 492-L.

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—Butt Leghorn cock, 10 weeks old, 12½ each. Mrs. Geo. Mollot, 1 mile south of Kellogg's corner.

FOR SALE—Dining room table and chairs, library table and radio table, leather rockers, 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, 2½ 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—Furnished 2-room apt. Call 344 S. Jackson, or phone 48-L.

FOR RENT—4-room furnished house. Call at 54 S. Pine.

RAMS FOR SALE—Registered Shropshire, Mrs. W. E. Star, Ford, 1001 Mill St., Eugene, Ore.

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, 118 Cass Street, Phone 417.

Another feature of the hill will be "Masked Mammals," a new Mack Sennett comedy with Billy Bevan, Thelma Parr and Vernon Dent heading the excellent cast.

COURTNEY STILL DELAYED

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SOUTHAMPTON, England, July 28.—It is considered there is little chance of Captain Frank T. Courtney starting on his projected trans-Atlantic flight before Sunday as weather reports received here indicate that stormy conditions are likely to prevail 1200 miles west of Valencia, Ireland, for the next three days.

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 rinse 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.

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ROSEBURG, ORE.

Jungle Breath

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By Ben Lucien Burman

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 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, Linc, a Nunnally, an elderly American chemist, to solve the mystery.

After her two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped, and he is found again by the alert Vilak, and another attempt is made on their lives, Elise agrees.

Her departure is prevented by the threat of floods. Messengers ride through the countryside warning the natives that the dam at Avilon 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 was a ruse to get Prentiss out of his house and so informs him. The party is besieged in a small stone tower next to Prentiss' house by armed attackers. Vilak finally disperses them by dynamiting a dam and causing a real flood. When the water recedes they discover Prentiss has gone.

The next day, Tinky, Elise's little nephew, is stolen again. A search party is organized and the hunt through the jungle begins.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIII

They stopped half an hour to eat and rest, then went on. At two o'clock they came to a narrow river, seeming almost subterranean so enclosed was it on all sides by the jungle thickness.

Stately, gorgeous-colored herons stalked through the water; long, ugly alligators lay in the mud of the other bank.

The beaters ahead halted. Vilak urged them forward, for he could see where the path continued through the trees. The beaters shook their heads. Vilak demanded the reason. Paulos made elements of his hands, put them to his mouth, and puffed his cheeks.

"What does he mean?" Elise asked Vilak.

"Afraid of being shot at by blowflies, I imagine." Vilak questioned the negro once more.

Paulos nodded. "A-a-a," he granted. "A-a-a." Fred Indians past, river here. Bad Indians. Never go. Nobody never go. Kill.

His heavy black arms twisted

awkwardly. "Paulos come to say he shamed what he do today. Come to say very 'shamed.' Paulos brave man. You know, Paulos brave man. Everybody know Paulos kill jaguar for you. Six, seven times."

"Yes, Paulos. I know you're a brave man. A very brave man. I'm glad you're sorry."

"Yes, Paulos very sorry. Come to say him go cross river any time you want cross. Other fellows, black fellows, Indian fellows, they not cross, but Paulos cross. Paulos brave."

"I'm glad to hear that you are a brave man, after all, Paulos." She put down her brush and smiled at him. "From tonight on, your salary is doubled."

He grinned and showed his white teeth, three of which had been filed into sharp points, Indian fashion. "Paulos come to tell you something else, to. Something about baby gone."

Elise put down the can of shellac she was holding so abruptly it splashed over the blue apron she had donned. She hurried toward him. Her slight body was tense with eagerness. "You haven't found him? If you have—"

"No, Paulos not found him. But talk to somebody who have seen him. You get on horses this afternoon, after Paulos afraid. Paulos shamed he afraid. Paulos him very shamed. Look sad. Look very sad. Other fellows see, laugh. Paulos sick, they say. Paulos sick, he afraid. Paulos just like us. Us no longer afraid Paulos. We not afraid anymore when Paulos tell us do something. Paulos him not like this. Hurt Paulos. Hurt Paulos here."

He beat his enormous breast with his fist. "Paulos not like other fellows. Paulos brave. Want other fellows always do what he say. Paulos turn round. I show you. I say. Paulos go back and cross river. Come and see if Paulos cross river." So Paulos go back. Only one come with him see. Indian fellow.

"Come to river," he went on. "Cross. Stay in bushes while Indian fellow wait. Going to go back to other side when different Indian fellow, had Indian fellow come out from trees, have bow, have arrow. Think he going try kill Paulos. Get knife ready. But other fellow not try kill. What you want? He say Paulos. Kill Indian? Paulos know Indian talk."

"Not kill Indian? Paulos answered. 'Paulos friend Indian. Paulos just look for baby.' 'White baby?' say Indian fellow. 'Yes,' say Paulos. 'Me see white baby,' say Indian fellow. 'White man have baby. Ugly white man. Look sick like fever. Fall like jungle reed, skinny same way, mark on forehead, white thing like white men wear around neck high round neck.' Right away Paulos know he mean Senior Prentiss. Ask him more questions. Indian get tired of Paulos questions and go away. Then Paulos cross river again and come back to fazenda."

Elise's fingers began twisting her blue sash into a knot, heedless, unconscious of the stick variably splattered upon it. Her eyes did not leave the form of the huge

black before her. Vilak put a pot of betel into his mouth. "As-tonishing," he granted. "So astonishing as to be almost incredible." Elise roused herself sufficiently to shift her glance to him. He crunched the betel nut between his powerful jaws. "Facts are facts. Have to revise my theories. That's all. No mistaking Prentiss. Not another man could be mistaken for him in all South America. Even an untrained person wouldn't do it. And these natives are keen observers. Whatever else they aren't."

The negro shuffled out. Elise picked up the can of shellac again and stoically, mechanically, began to apply the liquid to the canoe. "Tinky—would still be here," she said. "I felt sorry for him. You saved his life. But I'm afraid it was a mistake. A dreadful mistake. There are some people you can't be fair to. We shouldn't have interfered. Those persons who attacked him were avenging something brutal he had done to them. I know it. I feel it, and if we had not done it—Tinky—would still be here."

Vilak began lashing a thin strip of spriggy wood to one of the canoe ribs which had broken. They worked in silence. The old man heated a gummy mixture over an alcohol flame. The heavy old-fashioned silver watch which he had taken out of his pocket and laid on a table, ticked out the minutes loudly, monotonously. A shadowy bat flapped against the window, and the quaking away.

Vilak looked up. "I think we'd better prepare for a long journey," he said. "Much longer than I expected. A month. Perhaps even two."

(To Be Continued)

Vilak does not say why he thinks their quest will take so long. In the next chapter the quaking caravan gets under way on its jungle journey.

Fish at Idlewild Park

FORD DECIDES TO CONVERT MAGAZINE TO HOUSE ORGAN

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

DETROIT, July 28.—In apparent sympathy with earlier announcements that the Dearborn Independent, hereafter considered the official mouthpiece of Henry Ford, would be turned into a house organ, not for general circulation, Henry Ford has ordered dealers to discontinue subscriptions to the publication.

The order was contained in a letter received by most dealers Tuesday. Return of subscriptions already made to the subscribers also was ordered. The agencies have been required to obtain subscriptions for the Independent as well as sell cars and tractors.

Official confirmation of any intention to restrict the Independent to the Ford organization was lacking at the business offices of the publication and elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Melton spent Saturday in town, visiting with friends and transacting business. Miss Winnie Trussell and Rachel Smith left Tuesday for the coast where they will stay for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hood of South Deer Creek, who have been to Critter Lake and Klamath Falls returned Tuesday afternoon.

Floyd Betts who is running his baler again this year is very busy in South Deer Creek.

Misses Arline, Melton, Lorene

eat barbecue sandwiches and 've forever. Brand's Road Stand.

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New Located at Washington Street and S. P. Tracks.

DR. A. H. UPHAM, OF IDAHO U., WILL BE MIAMI PRESIDENT

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

OXFORD, Ohio, July 28.—Dr. Alfred H. Upham, president of the Idaho State University, Moscow, Idaho, will become president of Miami University here February 1, 1928, providing he receives the approval of the Miami board of trustees. W. I. Tobey, president of the board, announced today.

Dr. Upham is an alumnus of Miami university and previously had been associated with the institution for 18 years. He was graduated in the class of 1897 and was a professor of English there from 1904 until 1922 when he became president of the Idaho university.

He will succeed Dr. Raymond H. Hughes, who recently resigned to accept the presidency of Iowa State Agricultural college at Ames, Iowa.

Arundel, piano tuner, Phone 159-L.

MANCHESTER, Mass., July 28.—The two Berkeley, Calif., tennis stars, Miss Helen Wills and Miss Jacobs, will meet tomorrow in the final of the Essex Country Club invitation tennis tournament. In the semifinals today both won easily. Miss Jacobs defeating Miss M. Barrett Blake of Lenox, 6-2, 6-2, and Miss Wills disposing of Mrs. J. Dallas Corbier, of Boston, 6-0, 6-2.

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