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CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FRUIT trees props. You can't beat Page's price.

FOR SALE—Late Buick pie cherries, F. M. Curtis, Phone 8F4.

FOR SALE—Rams, Reg. Shropshire Yearlings, Geo. H. Cheno-weth, 1 mi. east Oakland, Ore.

RAMS FOR SALE—Registered Shropshire, Mrs. W. E. Stafford, 1901 Mill St., Eugene, Ore.

FOR SALE—Registered Holstein bull, 22 months old. Price \$50. J. R. Howard, R. F. D. No. 1, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Saddle horse in good condition, \$35; also baled vetch and out hay, \$14 per ton, Louis Eggleston, Oakland, Ore.

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

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

FOR SALE—Stringbeans green beans, nice for canning, A. E. Rutter, Edenhower, Phone 25-F11.

FOR SALE—Large cling stone peaches, No. 1 canning peaches, will have them till Saturday, 31st, at my place in Edenhower, A. E. Rutter, Phone 25-F11.

FOR SALE—One Gulbransen player piano just like new. This piano has been used very little and will be sold at a real bargain price. If interested write P. O. Box 141, Yoncalla, Ore.

SHEEP AND CATTLE SALE—I will sell at public auction Monday, Aug. 1st, at the old Sheri-ranch, 1 mile south of Roseburg on Pacific highway, 600 head of good sheep and some good stock cattle, George Ward.

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

FOR RENT—Furnished 2-room apartment with kitchenette, 428 Pitzer.

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FOR RENT—Apartments with electric ranges and garages. Close in. Inquire at 323 Chad-wick street.

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 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 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 Avilos has burst. Then Vilak decides to proceed to the house of 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.

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. The trail leads into the jungle. A native reports Prentiss has been seen with a baby. Vilak makes preparations for a long journey in pursuit. With natives trackers, they take up the trail.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY CHAPTER XXXV For two more days they traveled without seeing a sign of either humanity or human habitation except the sharp machete cuts in the branches and the crushed vegetation underfoot which showed their course.

Then on the morning of the fifth day out from Porto Verde, on a low mound rising slightly above the level of the forest, they came to what appeared to be a secondary trail coming from a slightly different direction and joining their own.

Here Vilak examined the ground carefully. Between clumps of tall grass he found a number of cigar stubs. They were filed with a cheap coarse tobacco, rolled by hand. Evidently the smoker had exhausted his supply of papers, for most of the cigars were rolled in bits of newspaper, torn envelop-

opes, and other odds and ends a man ordinarily carries in his pocket.

Quickly Vilak picked these up and deftly unrolling them, spread them out upon a log. He concentrated his attention upon the bits of envelope. A moment later he granted, then extended two of the strips to Elise. "Look at that," he flashed.

The fragments bore part of an English postmark and the full name of Elise's English foreman who had escaped from the Porto Verde jail after the murder of Tony Barbeta.

When they halted at noon for the midday meal, Vilak distributed rifles to half of the natives who had hitherto been permitted to carry only spears. "We're being watched all the time now," he said to Elise and Nunnally, who had glanced at him inquisitively. "No use worrying about it, but I'm certain it's so. I've heard rustles in the trees three or four times this morning. They weren't caused by monkeys or we'd have known it by being screamed at, or having sticks and fruit rained down upon us."

This night the guard was doubled. The hidden watchers, however, gave no sign of their presence.

It was almost a week later when the sun was high in the sky that they came within sight of their first Indian village, twenty or thirty reed huts built in the shape of low cones so that in the distance they appeared like great grass hills. As they approached, the Tartar-like guide suddenly gave three loud cries and began a long noisy rhapsody in a high-pitched wailing dialect.

Four warriors of the village came hurrying out from the reed shelters, holding drawn bows. They planted themselves squarely in the path of the newcomers. Completely naked except for a breech cloth and undecorated except for a little striped tattooing around the elbows and knees, they stood rigid, abiding bronze statues barring the way.

"Marvelous bodies," Vilak murmured to Nunnally, as the guide continued his shrill oration. "Pro-nounced Oriental strain in them, too, undoubtedly. Look at the shape of their heads and the slant of their eyes. That tattooing also is absolutely the same as I could show you in a hundred places in the islands off East Asia. Judging by the way they're looking at us, we're the first white men they've seen."

The guide's declamation at length ceased. The headman of the village, a grizzled, withered shell, who appeared as though three centuries had passed over his long gray head, stalked gravely out from the largest hut. Behind him followed two enormously fat women. He granted to the right warriors. Their bows relaxed, they moved off to the wall of the structure from which the headman had come. The chief engaged the guide in a short parley, then convinced that the newcomers' intentions were not hostile, greeted them cordially. Food was brought, swamp-deer, roasted tapir, berries and set on grass mats. Vilak responded to the courtesy by presenting his host with a necklace of atrociously colored beads, of which he had been careful to bring a liberal supply.

The headman barked an order: all the women in the village, who had been curiously peeping at the newcomers through the cracks in their houses, ran forward. They began to dance.

They were in a long, compact semi-circle, violently hopping up and down, darting forward and looking back, all to the accompaniment of a skin drum which a purple-feathered Indian was beating frantically, when Vilak happened to strike a match to light a cigar.

The flare of the tiny flame was as though lightning had struck the assembly. The women ran screaming back to their houses; the soldiers threw themselves flat on the ground beating their heads at Vilak's feet; the withered chief darted behind a tree.

Seeing the panic, and instantly comprehending its cause, Vilak blew out the flaming match. The chief saw and slowly began coming from behind the tree; the bowmen scrambled to their feet; the women one by one drifted back.

"Lord, what an effect!" chuckled Vilak to Nunnally, as the chief advanced with some hesitancy to them. "Silly of me, though. Should have known that practically all the tribes we'll meet are fire worshippers. Commonest thing in all savage life. Undoubtedly never saw a match before. They'll be turning us into gods, and making us eat rained butter the way they do in Tibet if we're not careful."

The chief warily sat down beside him. Vilak let him feel the box, examine the match itself, then painstakingly demonstrated how the fire was created by striking the one against the other.

The old man grinned, then eagerly followed his example. His delight was unbounded when Vilak presented him with the marvel. The broken line of dancers reformed; the dance proceeded to a furious climax and ended. More tapir and berries were brought.

Vilak now tried talking to his host in the Guarany dialect, which extends like a mother-tongue through most of the savage tribes of South America. Finding himself understood, he inquired whether the Indians had seen any other travelers lately pass that way with a child.

The chief shook his head. His village was a hunting village, regularly all the men went off to the jungle, leaving none but the women and children behind. At these times the women dared not venture far from their houses, and consequently knew nothing of what passed in the nearby forests. The men had just returned from a week's hunt the day before; therefore he could tell them nothing.

The chief asked Vilak his destination. Vilak pointed vaguely off into the direction the trail had

MASONIC AND EASTERN STAR PICNIC

Tuesday evening, Aug. 2, at Alexander Park. All Masons and Eastern Star members and families invited. Bring basket lunch and knife, fork, spoon, plate and cup. Supper at 8:00. Come early and enjoy a good time.

been constantly leading. The chief shook his withered head again and grunted. "No go there. Listen me, Bagarundi. Spirits there. No go. Devils there. In valley. Green valley. On mountain. Red mountain. Devil mountain. Kill you. Kill girl. Quick. Too quick. Listen Bagarundi. Bagarundi wise." At the chief's urgent invitation, they pitched their camp in the village for the night. Then a smudge fire was kindled to drive away the swarming mosquitoes; the old man began droning out the ancient legends of his people to all his visitors who could understand.

Shortly before midnight the Americans entered the hut which had been reserved for their reception. Vilak poked a suspicious-looking corner with a stick to rout out any tarantulas that might be hidden within, then hung his hammock.

"I'd be convinced now that these South American Indians were Asiatic in their origin even if I hadn't been before," he said to Nunnally as he disengaged a hook which had caught in the mesh.

"Those legends the old man related tonight can be reproduced in half a dozen places in Eastern Asia and the Asiatic islands. That story about the man who walked through the fire and thereby became a god, particularly. It's almost like being in the Malay archipelago to hear it a gain. They still walk through fire, for that matter, in some of the outlying Japanese islands and Fiji and Guinea. A trick, of course. Know exactly how it's done. It's the way the shamans and priests keep their power."

"World's pretty small place. Interesting chap, this old man. Doesn't seem very encouraging about our prospects ahead." (To be Continued)

NOTICE

After July 28, 1927, we the undersigned, will pay no debts contracted by anyone other than ourselves.

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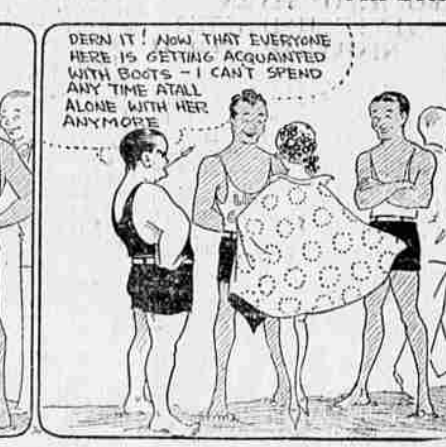
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Mrs. Annie Kinski of 536 1st Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework. She saw the name Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the paper and said to her husband, "I will try that medicine and see if it will help me." She says she took six bottles and is feeling much better.

Mrs. Mattie Adams, who lives in Downing Street, Brewton, Ala., writes as follows: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and since taking it I feel like a different woman."

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grandchildren, take an active part in church and civic affairs. Far from being pushed aside by the younger set, she finds a full, rich life of her own. That is, if her health is good.

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