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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—Gladstone, \$1,530 W. Oak.

ODD lots of LUMBER at PAGE'S, \$10, \$12, and \$15.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Toy Boston bull pup. Phone 369.

FOR SALE—Late Buick pie cherries, F. M. Curtis, Phone 874.

FOR SALE—Team, harness and wagon. Inquire J. A. Hewitt, Phone 2641.

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

FOR SALE—One registered Hampshire and one Rambouillet ram. E. M. Mathis, Phone 384.

FOR SALE—Poland China, sow and six pigs. On Wilbur-Garden Valley road, 2 1/2 miles from Wilbur. A. W. Miller.

FOR SALE—Saddle horse in good condition, \$30; also baled vetch and cut hay, \$14 per ton. Louie Eggseton, Oakland, Ore.

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.

FOR SALE CHEAP—290 acres 1 mile from county road, 23 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, 425 Pitzer.

FOR RENT—Furnished modern apartment, close in, 221 W. Lane St.

FOR RENT—Furnished 2-room apt. Call 344 S. Jackson, or phone 48-L.

FOR RENT—Apartments with electric ranges and garages. Close in. Inquire at 329 Chadwick street.

FOR RENT—5-room apartment on ground floor, partly furnished, at 115 West Lane street. Rent reasonable.

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

G. W. YOUNG & SON, 115 Cass Street, Phone 417.

WANTED

WANTED AT ONCE—The best automobile salesman in Roseburg. A Portland distributor handling a famous line of eight and eleven has an opportunity for you to make \$10,000 a year with hardly any investment. We handle trades, insurance, paper, etc. You must be honest, must show character reference, and must be a respected citizen in your community. Address "P. C." care News-Review.

New Rugs and New Curtains

They are finished just like new. It's just like having new ones every time you clean them. Rugs are resized and refinished.



Phone 277

Our Auto Will Call.

Chas. S. McElhinny
"The Widow's Friend"
Oregon Life
Masonic Bldg. 101 N. Jackson

GIRL wants housework. Address "Work," care News-Review.

WANTED—Turkeys, large or small. Boyer Bros. Phone 14-F14.

WANTED—Men's washing, barber towels, etc. Called for and delivered. C. A. Sporer, 427 S. Pine.

FOUND

FOUND—A bicycle. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for ad. Call at Kliverview Ser. Sta. R. R. 1, Box 180.

MISCELLANEOUS

\$5 REWARD for cameo pin. Valuable as keepsake. Return to 1021 North Jackson.

CITY AND FARM LOANS, BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. RICE & RICE, Licensed Bond Brokers.

CAR OWNERS—Don't forget to call 653 when in need of auto parts. Swift's Auto Wrecking House.

WILL TRADE—Light six automobile, in good running order, for pack and saddle horses. Phone 369 or write P. O. box 993.

COOPERATION IN FIRE PREVENTION IS APPRECIATED

An excellent example of cooperation in fire prevention on the part of local inhabitants was given in the South Umpqua district Friday, July 29th.

Late in the evening Joe Hutchison, well known resident of the Tiller country, noticed a small blaze across the canyon from his place, three miles or more away. As it was in an unlighted section he immediately phoned to Louie Eggseton who quickly got in touch with the district ranger's office.

In the meantime Mr. Hutchison got out his field glasses and after closely studying the fire, decided it was a campfire. Through investigation it was determined that a party of blackberry pickers were in that part of the country and that this was their campfire.

Close cooperation of this kind warms the cockles of the hearts of the fire prevention forces. A warning of this kind gives the rangers an opportunity to investigate and if necessary put out small fires before they become big ones.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

NORTHERN SHIP AGROUND

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
VICTORIA, B. C., July 29.—Running aground in dense fog, the Pacific Coast Steamship company's vessel, Admiral Watson, is ashore off Ivory Island, near Prince Rupert, B. C. The Gonzalez wireless station was advised today. A wireless message said the passengers and crew had left the vessel. Three vessels have gone to aid.

RAIL HEARING SET

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
WASHINGTON, July 30.—Hearings on the proposal to consolidate the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads will begin at Minneapolis, October 3, before Finance Director Mahan of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Notices to all the railroads and the state concerned with the project were given today by the commission.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

TELEPHONE WIRE WINS BATTLE WITH DEER HORNS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
PENDLETON, Ore., July 29.—Evidence of a grim struggle for freedom was displayed here last night by Harold Dobyns, assistant predatory animal inspector, who chased them on his way to Portland. He displayed a set of deer horns entwined in telephone wire which had been wrapped around a pine shrub in the area of the north fork of the John Day river. There was about six miles of wire attached to the horns when the inspector found them. He estimated that the horns had been there for 10 years or more.

PATRONIZE
NEWS-REVIEW
ADVERTISERS

Julius the Breath

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by Ben Lucien Burton

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 after another attempt is made on their lives, Elise narrows.

Her departure is prevented by the threat of floods. Messengers ride through the countryside warning the natives that the dam at Avillos has burst. Then Vilak decides to proceed to the house of one Gaylord Prentiss and warn him of the danger. Prentiss is a cunning 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 stater lower, 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. The trail leads into the jungle. A native reports Prentiss has been seen with a baby. Vilak makes preparations for a long pursuit, and with native trackers they take up the trail. They come upon a tribe which has never been white men.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXVI

The caravan set out the next morning. The withered chief, clutching the box of matches light against his breast, sadly bade them goodbye. "You never come back," he murmured. "Devil gods on red mountain kill you. Kill sure. Better, much better, come and live with Bagarundi. Me, Bagarundi, never hurt."

The travelers saw him watching until the thicket blotted him from view.

Up to this time they proceeded without accident. But they had been out of Bagarundi's tiny settlement only three or four hours when they met disaster.

They had reached another river lined on both sides by low cliffs of the interminable red volcanic rocks. Paulos and one of the In-

dians were standing on an apparently solid rock at the edge of the deeper bank, looking down at the shallows below. Without warning, the rock toppled and dropped into the stream.

The two men tried to leap to safety. But their panic-stricken efforts were too late; both tumbled to the water thirty feet below. They were reached by Vilak and one of the Indians after twenty minutes of strenuous and dangerous labor in beating off the cruel piranhas, the small but fierce flesh-eating fish that infest most of the waters of the Amazon valley.

When they were finally brought to shore, Vilak examining them expertly, found that Paulos had suffered a badly broken leg in falling against a projecting rock; the Indian was bleeding at the mouth from serious internal injuries caused when he struck flatly against the surface of the stream. Obviously they could not accompany the expedition farther.

He gave medicine to one, made a splint for the other, and sent a messenger back to Bagarundi to send bearers to bring them to his village. Thus having made sure that they would not be left to the mercy of some strange beast, he gave the order to proceed. Seventy times in the afternoon, Nunnally noticed him wheel round and glance quickly up when there was a slight crackle or rustle in the black mat of vegetation hiding the sky.

Calmly, once it had showed its ugly head, began to strike repeatedly. The next night they were compelled to pitch camp in the midst of a huge swamp, where great stretches of enormous reeds alternated with patches of gigantic water-lilies, beautiful with brilliant but unwholesome coloring. The following morning Schwartz, Wilson, and one of the half-breeds were helpless with fever, and after a vain attempt to carry them with the expedition, had to be left behind in the care of natives who would take them back to Bagarundi's. More men were lost a day or two later when two Indians, who had gone off on the pretext of searching for some berries when the expedition was halted at noon, failed to return. From their actions a few hours previous, Vilak was certain they had deserted.

The losses necessitated a readjustment of the caravan; some of the mules and the canoes which had proved an onerous and practically useless burden were abandoned. The reorganized train pitched its camp on a low, wooded ridge. Elise and Vilak silently played Canfield by the light of the flickering fire.

The old man, who in the unpacking had noticed a small harmonica about to be thrown away and unthinkingly had thrust it into his pocket, now drew it out and after considerable hesitation put it into his mouth and began to play. He ceased after a few phre-

live and discordant attempts, despite the vigorous applause of the two-card players, and off in a corner began listening to the muttered conversation and the blood-curdling stories of the superstitious natives huddled in a fantastic circle a few yards away. A little while later he arose and walked over to Vilak.

"I think—er—we're going to have trouble," he said furtively. "You had better—better keep a sharp watch on those two—er—fellows." He cautiously indicated the two albino-like half-breeds who were sitting near a pot of their favorite tucum and talking in low tones with their motley companions.

"I heard them—er—talking a little while ago when they were playing cards. They didn't know I was listening. I couldn't hear what they said. It was something about—er—killing, I think. And then robbing. They say we have much—er—money with us—Much money."

Vilak tossed the stone of a fruit he had been munching into the brush. "I've been keeping an eye on them. I've begun to think lately from a little I've noticed that they might be working for our—friends—er—money with us—Much money."

"The guide, too, has been developing some rather queer habits," Schwartz said, and the fellows were bad, but I didn't believe they could be as bad as they've proved. I certainly would rather have some without any men. They've been absolutely useless. Worse than useless. A lot of my energy that I could be devoting to something else I have to expend in watching so that they don't get a good chance to put a knife into our ribs."

The trail, still continuing unbroken and always to the west, for the first part of the next morning led them through a sea of green and dam-colored thistles, each covered with fire ants which stung vigorously when the travelers unwittingly brushed against them.

Once they passed an open spot where a number of cigar stubs like those they had seen some days before lay on the ground. Vilak stooped and picked up several. The tobacco was rolled in small printed squares of paper which were the checking forms used in the warehouses on Elise's fazenda and which Limpy Potts like all the other foremen, generally carried in his pocket.

At dusk they camped on the shore of another river, wide, clear, attractive. Vilak and the old man decided to take advantage of the few remaining minutes of daylight to bathe. They strode up the bank to a grassy spot a few hundred yards above the camp. They stripped. Vilak peered into the depths of the shimmering water, then satisfied that no piranhas were about at the moment, stepped in.

"We're taking chances, Nanny," he said to his companion as they waded cut toward the middle where the water was deeper and the bottom lined with smooth white pebbles. There isn't one of

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 6:00. Come early and enjoy a good time.

these rivers that isn't cursed with piranhas. But I do need a bath. And I think you do, too." He drew a deep breath of contentment. "Umm-m. This is luxury. Splash around as much as you can. Noise is apt to keep them off. They're afraid of it."

He was assiduously scrubbing himself with a thick bar of soap when he turned to glance at one of the albinos who had followed them up the shore and taking a seat at the water's edge had begun lazily to whistle a twig with a knife.

Wonder what that chap's up to," he murmured. Suddenly he commenced speeding toward the land, taking great plunging steps through the water which came half way to his waist. The albino saw him; began to run. Swiftly Vilak caught up with him.

The other wheeled; struck viciously with his knife. But Vilak was too quick. In an instant he lay on the ground, whimpering with pain as Vilak's steady fingers dug into his flesh.

The old man had followed at a curt command from his friend. He noticed that the water at the river's edge was tinged with red; saw that the albino's finger was bleeding profusely. "What's he done?"—er—done?" he stammered. Vilak did not answer, but motioned that he wanted a stout rope-like hana hanging from a nearby peco tree. Nunnally cut a section of it free. Vilak bound it securely about his captive's quivering limbs. "I'd be justified if I hung you for this," he grunted.

(To Be Continued)

Vilak has frustrated a cunning attempt on his life, which is explained in the next chapter.

KLAMATH DRUGS MEDFORD

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

MEDFORD, Ore., Aug. 1.—Klamath Falls defeated Medford 12 to 2 yesterday. The locals were held to two hits by Henion, and Medford outfield errors let in nine of the twelve runs. Henion whiffed 11 batters and Galerla struck out nine. Score:

R. H. E.

Klamath Falls 12 17 2

Medford 2 2 9

Batteries: Henion and Peterson; Galerla and Reed.

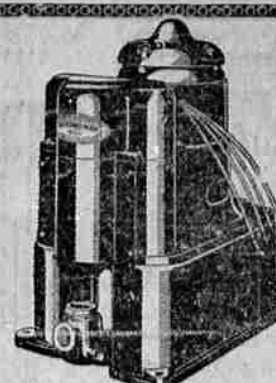
NOTICE

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

JAMES COOPER

HARRIET L. COOPER

Wilbur, Oregon.



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Star Touring, 1923 model	71
Ford Coupe, 1923 model	150
Ford Touring, 1924 model	125
Ford Ton Truck, good order	95

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HANSEN CHEVROLET CO.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

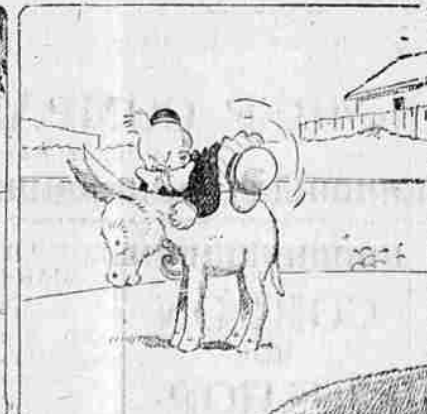


S'Too Bad, Ferdy!

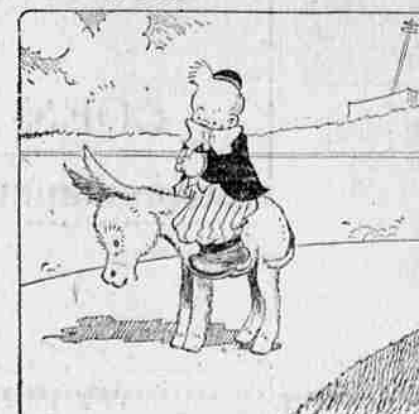


By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



A Story Without Words



By Blosser

SALESMAN \$AM



Certainly Can



By Swan