

Get Genuine QUAKER OATS

If you want creamy, rich deliciousness in breakfast oats—no other brand has that wonderful QUAKER FLAVOR.

Visitor Thursday—

Marian Emmott, of Unipgan, spent Thursday afternoon in this city looking after business affairs and trading.

Portland Visitor—

Mrs. E. Broderick, of Portland, is a guest at the home of her nephew, L. F. Reizenstein, in this city.



Blue Ribbon Malt Extract
Over a million users endorse Blue Ribbon Malt Extract. It must be good!

3 lbs. NET WEIGHT

RETAILERS

Roseburg Beverage Supply House

109 South Jackson St. Roseburg, Ore. Phone 249

Home Bottling Supplies
See the Everedy Syphon Filter Float.
Special
Thursday, Friday and Saturday

One gross Crown Bottle Caps with each sale of three cans of Budweiser, Blue Ribbon, Pabst, Purlin and American Malt Syrup.

Hiking Surf Bathing Fishing
Come to Oregon's Picturesque Beach
—and stop at—
BANDON-BY-THE-SEA AUTO PARK, Inc.
Sheltered Camp Grounds
Phone or write for reservations Phone 1742
Cottages Furnished with Springs, Mattress, Stove, Electricity, Sink and Water.
Rates \$1.25 and \$1.50
Water and Sewer Connections
Hot and Cold Showers

USED CARS
ROY CATCHING MOTOR CO.
125 N. Rose Phone 438 Roseburg, Ore.
FOR SALE
1926 Overland Sedan.
1924 Chevrolet Sedan.
1925 Ford Touring, Ruckstell, speedometer.
1924 Ford Touring—terms.
1923 Ford Touring—terms.
1922 Ford Touring—terms.
1920 Ford Touring—terms.

This Week We Are Offering
BARGAINS IN
Auto Tents and Camp Cots
Get our prices before you buy.
ZIGLER-CRAVEN HARDWARE CO.
PHONE 25 ROSEBURG, ORE.

Thumping the Brer with Ben Lucien Burmon

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, an American girl owning considerable property near the little 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, a curious mixture of American and Oriental blood and a student of criminology.

Vilak has been trying to persuade Elise to leave Porto Verde, telling her she had better with her friend, Lincoln Nannally, an elderly American chemist, to solve the mystery. She finally agrees, but her departure is prevented by threat of floods. Messengers ride through the countryside warning the natives. Vilak suggests they go to the house of Gaylord Prentiss, a recluse and a forbidding man and an enemy of Elise's, whom she suspects of a knowledge of the conspiracy against her. Nevertheless, she agrees it is their duty to warn him.

Vilak learns the flood warning is a ruse to get Prentiss out of his house and so informs him. The party is besieged by an armed force in a stone tower next to Prentiss' house. Vilak disperses the enemy by dynamiting a dam and causing a real flood. When the water recedes they discover Prentiss is gone.

The next day, Vilak, Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew, is kidnapped for the second time. A native report Prentiss has been seen with a baby. The trail leads into the jungle and Vilak makes preparations for a long journey in pursuit. With native trackers, they take up the trail. Calamity overtakes them. Two of their reliable natives are hurt and two of their white friends are fever victims.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XI

It was the figure of an enormous, fat, half-breed negro, with thick grinning lips, and fat, not unkind face. On his huge shining breast hung a row of Spanish dollars, on his head was one of the steel helmets which Pizarro's men had worn during the conquest. The helmet was now ornamented by a row of tall purple feathers.

His fat ears had been pierced and in them had been inserted two golden suns of beautiful workmanship, like the carvings on the stones overhead, modeled in the form of conventionalized human faces. These had extended the cartilage of the ears that tea-cups could have been put into the orifices without difficulty.

Around his fat legs were two pieces of old Spanish armor, obviously constructed for some cavalier of Madrid or Toledo half his size, for his puffy flesh bulged out in great rolls where the guards ended and their pressure ceased.

A headed breast-plate completed his fantastic costume. Elise was burning in two stone braziers on either side of him. These he turned to stir now and then with a short decorated wand of metal he held in his hand.

"Lovely old boy, isn't he?" Vilak whispered to the chemist. "He's a perfect study in primitive religions. Spanish relics, Inca ritual and ornaments, and African superstition all beautifully jumbled together. I think I'd love his name and if it was, even that's mixed Spanish and Indian. Unfathomably thought, he thinks he's a Negro. One of the other famous old Inca emperors came to life."

The fat chieftain saw the newcomers approaching. He twiddled the wand in his thick, clumsy fingers. "Kneel!" he roared in thick Guarany. The soldiers and their captives obeyed quickly and began crawling on their knees toward the throne. D'Albentara remained standing. The chief noticed this, looked at him respectfully.

The Portuguese fingered his tiny mustache. "I have brought them, O august son of the flaming sun," he announced in a monotonous droning voice, as though the speech were some foolish riddle or riddle of which he was long weary. "Your humble slaves have come to bring the others here also. What is your royal will that I, your slave, do with these two miserable wretches who crawl before you as though some snakes crawl at the feet of the mighty sun?" What is your will, illustrious chief?

The ridiculous figure on the throne beamed at the latter. He leaned down, peered at the captives, poked at their clothes with his wand, scratched it playfully against the top of Nannally's bald head, then grinned broadly.

"Not look bad men," he grunted in Guarany. "Good men think maybe. Little man funny. Look like rabbit. Make Batalagos laugh good thing laugh. Batalagos like. Let stay one moon, two moon, maybe, talk Batalagos. Tell Batalagos stories great mountain, great water. Then Batalagos give presents and let go away. What high priest say?"

D'Albentara had lost his calm. His lips were trembling nervously. "You mistake, O son of the flaming sun," he said hastily. "These men are not good. They are evil. Evil. They are like the plerains of the rivers, whose colors are beautiful as the shining rainbow but who eats human flesh. Their breath is death. They would kill the mighty Batalagos and put another on his sacred throne. Last night by the rising moon the high priest spoke thus to the noble Batalagos. Now he speaks thus again in the setting of the sun."

The chief's smile faded. His thick lips puffed out ugly. "Kill Batalagos?" he muttered. "Make other man chief, Batalagos' throne?"

D'Albentara nodded. "I have heard them talk so even as they lay in their prison. Truly they are evil men. And all things about them are evil."

"High priest smart. Do what high priest say. Batalagos kill had first. When Batalagos kill? What say high priest?"

"Tonight, O son of the sun. For while they live they are evil and will work evil spells upon Batalagos. While in dead men there is naught but good."

The chief twiddled the wand in his fat fingers again and looked thoughtful. "Batalagos think something else," he said at last. "Batalagos not kill them tonight. Batalagos wait half-moon till feast of Rayml, feast of sun, feast of fire. Kill evil men then. Sacrifice. Make sun-god, fire-god, happy. Very happy. Happy sun-god, fire-god, good to Batalagos. Make Batalagos happy, too. Batalagos not afraid evil men. Keep evil men prison. Batalagos big, strong."

"Kill them tonight, noble Batalagos."

The chief's stubbornness was aroused. He stamped his enormous foot. "No, kill feast of Rayml. Not afraid, Batalagos spoken." The started half-breed with the enormous plumed nose, who had been D'Albentara's forman at the railroad camp, entered with Elise marching stiffly at his side. She saw Vilak and tried to move toward him; the guard checked her. Vilak caught her eye; his lips framed the single word: "Steady."

A faint smiling response showed him that she had understood. As she neared the ridiculous figure on the throne, D'Albentara turned his head and beckoned as she recognized him, as though his unexpected presence might mean her swift deliverance.

"Senior D'Albentara!" she flashed. Then her countenance fell again as he coldly turned away. Her escort knelt, dragging her down with him. The chief stared at her, drew himself up on his throne, then giggled with delight.

D'Albentara looked on tranquilly, pulling at the ends of his mustache like a sleek, satisfied cat cleaning his whiskers. "Is she not beautiful, son of the sun?" he crooned.

The chief giggled again. With the aid of a soldier who stood by him, he lifted his enormous body from the throne, and waddled to Elise. He passed the wand over her hair and along the outlines of her small, delicately molded body. "Pretty," he grunted. Pretty, Batalagos much like." He thoughtfully scratched a lock of kinky hair which the steel helmet on his head had left uncovered. "Batalagos make wife. Wait half-moon. Feast of Rayml, Rayml good time sacrifice, good time marry. Girl make Batalagos fine wife. Batalagos have other wives."—he clonally counted out nine on his enormous fingers—"but never other wife like this one. This wife make Batalagos very happy."

Though Elise's knowledge of Guarany was slight, she had caught enough to understand the purpose of the chief's announcement. Her interest, however, centered not on her ludicrous wooer, but on D'Albentara. Her eyes were fixed on him as he strolled, so questioning, that he turned his back to avoid her gaze.

The huge chief helped her to her feet. The Portuguese was facing her once more. Her eyes were no longer questioning; they were bitter, weary. "Was it you then who took my little nephew?" She asked stonily.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Is he dead?"

Again the other made no answer. "I can't understand it. I can't understand anything about you. You helped me find him once. I don't want to misjudge you. I

Safe travel to San Francisco
West Coast & Southwest
3
DAILY DEPARTURES

Only motor coach service north to Portland, south to California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas—with 3 daily schedules. Serves all intermediate points—stop-overs if desired. Great responsible system protects you—cares for baggage. Finest glass-enclosed cars, reclining chairs, heaters. Leave for—

GRANTS PASS
MEDFORD, REDDING
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES, PHOENIX
EL PASO
1:15, 7:40 A. M., 2:25 P. M.
EUGENE, CORVALLIS
ALBANY, SALEM
SEATTLE, VANCOUVER
7:25 A. M., 1:40, 10:20 P. M.



DEPOT
JACKSON AND WASHINGTON
Phone 586

know I'm not thinking clearly. I'm all upset, and my head feels as if it would burst. You come of a civilized, cultured race; you have the aid and certainly the training of a gentleman. Yet you're here, helping this silly savage who thinks he's a king, make prisoners of myself and my friends. I don't know whether you have taken my baby. I can't know. Perhaps you are as ignorant as I am. But I beg of you, if you do know of anything that concerns him tell me."

D'Albentara put out his hands in a gesture of resignation. "I regret. I regret. Much. But it is business. Business."

He gave a short command; the natives guarding Vilak and the old man jerked them to their feet and led them away. They walked the length of the ruined chamber again, then across a court and into a stone building slightly smaller but otherwise almost the counterpart of the one they had just left.

They were conducted up a flight of wide stone steps into a small prison-like room, their feet bound again, and they were flung to the floor. A heavy wooden door closed behind them; they were left alone.

(To be Continued.)

NOTICE TO WATER USERS

While making repairs the water will be shut off Saturday, August 6th from 2:00 A. M. to 7:00 A. M. affecting Eldenhower, Riverside and all consumers north of city limits.

THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY.

Miss Saginaw



Here is one of Michigan's promising entries in the Atlantic City beauty pageant in September—Miss Saginaw. She is 20 and her name is Charlotte Elaine Bowman.

BASEBALL STANDINGS OF LEAGUES

Pacific Coast			
	W.	L.	PCT.
Oakland	80	52	.606
San Francisco	75	56	.573
Seattle	73	57	.562
Sacramento	68	65	.511
Hollywood	61	72	.453
Portland	59	70	.453
Mission	58	75	.437
Los Angeles	52	79	.397

National			
	W.	L.	PCT.
Chicago	61	39	.610
Pittsburgh	60	40	.600
St. Louis	57	44	.564
New York	56	48	.538
Cincinnati	47	56	.461
Brooklyn	45	58	.433
Boston	38	67	.360
Philadelphia	38	69	.353

American			
	W.	L.	PCT.
New York	74	29	.712
Washington	61	40	.604
Detroit	55	45	.550
Philadelphia	54	49	.524
Chicago	51	54	.486
Cleveland	43	61	.413
St. Louis	40	61	.396
Boston	32	79	.314

LEADING PLAYERS OF BIG LEAGUES

(By The Associated Press.)
Including games of August 4.
National
Batting—P. Waner, Pirates, .386
Runs—L. Waner, Pirates, 91.
Hits—P. Waner, Pirates, 162.
Doubles—P. Waner, Pirates, 31.
Triples—P. Waner, Pirates, 16.
Homers—Williams, Phillies, 22.
Stolen bases—Frisch, Cardinals, 32.
Pitching—Benton, Giants, won 9, lost 3.
American
Batting—Simmons, Athletics, .393.
Runs—Gehrig, Yankees, 108.
Hits—Gehrig, Yankees, 156.
Doubles—Bruns, Indians, 42.
Triples—Mantel, Tigers, 34.
Homers—Gehrig, Yankees, 37.
Stolen bases—Sisler, Browns, 22.
Pitching—Ruehler, Yankees, won 12, lost 3.

COAST LEAGUE RESULTS

(By The Associated Press.)
Effective hitting on the part of the Indiana yesterday gave Seattle an 8-3 win over Sacramento. Batteries: Edwards and Schmidt; Raehue, Vincl, Shea and Severeid.
Shut out for eight innings by the airtight mound work of Yerkes, Portland hurler, Hollywood made a desperate effort to tie the score in the last of the ninth, which ended after two runs had been put across, Shellenback flying out to end the game. The score was 3-2, giving Portland a one-game advantage in the current series. Batteries: Yerkes and Yelle; Shellenback and D. Murphy.
The Mission broke a seven game losing streak by whitewashing San Francisco, 4-0. Batteries: Moudy, Geary, Turpin and McCrea; Weimert and Walters.
Pudgy Gould bested Bill Piercy in a pitchers duel and the Oaks defeated Los Angeles, 4-3. Batteries: Piercy, Gardner and Hanahan; Gould and Boal.

MAJOR LEAGUE RESULTS

(By The Associated Press.)
The possibility of the Boston Red Sox getting out of the American league cellar was considerably brighter today. Bill Carrigan's tall order yesterday while the Chicago White Sox, 2-1, while the Washington Senators were taking both ends of a double header from the St. Louis Browns, who occupy seventh place in the standing. The Red Sox still are eight and one half games behind St. Louis, but the Browns are playing poor baseball.
Miller Huggins' Yankees gave just the faintest indication they are in a slump by dropping another game to Detroit, 6-2. The Yankees today face the task of winning the final game of the series or losing their first series at home.
Garland Buckeye, the mountain man of the Cleveland pitching corps, whitewashed the Mackmen at Philadelphia, 3-0.
The National league situation was altered slightly, although the two leaders won their games. The Chicago Cubs beat out the Boston Braves 5-4, but Pittsburgh took a double header from the lowly Phillies, and moved within one game of the leadership. Milina got credit for the first victory, 8-5, while Ray Kremer had little trouble winning the second, 7-3.
The Giants' prod over Cincinnati, 4-1, Benton being stingy with his hits.
Brooklyn drubbed the world's champion Cardinals at St. Louis, 4-2.

the cleanest store on the street



Cleanliness around the food you eat is mighty desirable. To know that the food you buy at Piggly Wiggly is fresh and clean is a worthwhile consideration. Another consideration at Piggly Wiggly is the fact that this clean, fresh food is handled by clean, healthy employees. All this value and yet, it costs less to trade with Piggly Wiggly.

Pineapple Hawaiian broken slices, per can 18c
Grape Juice A refreshing summer drink, pt. bottle 29c
Graham Crackers Honey made for the lunch, lb. 16c
Fig Bars Fresh from the ovens, per lb. 18c
Lunch Spread 2 cans 9c
Beans Small white California, 4 lbs. 29c
Cabbage Fine solid heads, per lb. 3c
Mazola Oil For salads, pint can 24c
Rolled Oats 9 lb. bag 48c
Silver Nut Margarine, it spreads, 2 lbs. 49c
Palm Olive Soap 3 bars 19c
Old Dutch Cleanser 2 cans 15c
White Wonder Soap Laundry Soap, 6 bars 19c
Coffee "Piggly Wiggly Special," it is delicious, try it, lb. 35c

We have a fine assortment of fresh fruit and vegetables.

300 W. Cass Street Roseburg, Ore.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

CAMDEN, N. J.—A kiss he stole 52 years ago had its sequel when James G. Angus, 86, obtained a license to marry Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, 72.

Pure whole milk, and it's pasteurized. Roseburg Dairy, Phone 186

Attorney Moses Rice left this morning for Weed, Calif., on legal business.

• FANCY FRUIT WANTED •
• Cash paid for fine ripe eating apples, sweet plums, and a few extra fancy peaches. •
• Brands, Pacific Highway, 3 miles north. •
• Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand. •
• Picnic at Idlewild Park.

4 FULL CUPS of full cream milk

That's what every tall can of Borden's Evaporated Milk means in your kitchen. Diluted with an equal part of water, it gives you four cups of pure, rich milk. Use it wherever the recipe calls for milk. Use it undiluted in coffee.



Borden's EVAPORATED MILK

Made in the Northwest

CAREFUL WORK

YOUR CLOTHES WE NEVER WILL ABUSE... THE GREATEST CARE WE ALWAYS USE...

We have built our reputation for expert laundry work upon the solid foundation of consistent care. We treat each and every individual garment and piece of household fabric with as much care as it would receive in its own home. Our prices are agreeable. Call us up.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Roseburg, Ore. Phone 79

LUNCH GOODS
Fresh package delicacies for your picnic lunch.

ECONOMY GROCERY
"The Store That Serves You Best"
344 N. Jackson St. Phone 63
O. L. Johnson