

Aluminum Kitchen Ware!

Nothing finer than Weever Aluminum Ware for the kitchen—or in the camp.

Aluminum Camp Kits
Moderately Priced.

Other pieces that come in handy during the season are

Stew Kettles, any size
Sauce Pans, Cake Pans
Double Boilers, Skillets
Cups, Teakettles, etc.

Just peek in at our window and see the comprehensive display and you will find many things to please.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

PIGS FOR SALE—7 weeks old, \$5 each. A. D. Hunter, Phone 14F35.
SHINGLES? Pages, Roofing? Pages. Roofing shingles? Pages.
FOR SALE—Cocker Spaniel pups, 6 weeks old, J. M. Spancake, East Ave. Phone 351-Y.

CANING CORN—\$1 per sack, Saturday and Sunday, Williams' Laundry, Dillard, Ore.

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

SCHOOL BUS body for sale cheap, also good for camping outfit. Will fit Ford truck. H. M. Stone, Roseburg, Ore. 2, Riverside Ad.

FOR SALE—Restaurant fixtures. See Hubert Graham at Roseburg Hotel.

WHY WAIT till the rush is on? Kentucky Wonder string beans for canning. Kroy Bros. High-way stand, near Dillard, P. O. Roseburg, Ore.

ROOM HOUSE 2 LOTS—Splendid corner, close in, house modern, price \$3500. Will sell on easy terms or take other property to build. Prof. C. O. Corcoran, 1001 N. 1st, Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE—Two registered Shropshire bucks, also one grade. These bucks are high class, good breeders and heavy shearers, \$15 and \$20, 2 and 4 years of age. S. M. Snell, Drain, Ore.

DANDY SUBURBAN HOME—\$3,000; 8-room house, good repair, splendid place raise poultry. Only \$3000; trade for city property same value or good lots to half. Address: P. O. Box 133, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Auto camp, cabins, 4-room house complete, grocery, service station, in town on Pacific highway; at a sacrifice price. Year around business. All buildings, stock and ground included. Address: "Auto Camp," care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Grocery store and service station on Pacific highway. A fine location and doing a good business. Building, two lots, stock and fixtures worth \$5000, will be sold at a great sacrifice if disposed of before Aug. 10th. No 1 wish to go east. Call on or address O. A. Kirby, Myrtle Creek.

WANTED

WANTED—Jersey bull, also milk cows for sale. Call 691-J.

WANTED—Girl to keep house for elderly couple, T. P. Carnes, Rt. 1, Box 125.

WANTED TO BUY—Small horse, weight 1650 to 1700 lbs., not over 7 yrs. old, broke to work and with good life. 525 N. Main St. J. W. Draper.

WANTED AT ONCE—The best automobile salesman in Roseburg. A Portland distributor handling a famous line of eight and nine has an opportunity for you to make \$10,000 a year with heavy trade, finance paper, etc. You must be honest, must show character reference, and must be a respected citizen in your community. Address "F. C." care News-Review.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—5-room furnished house. Call at 200 S. Pine.
FOR RENT—Furnished modern apartment, close in, 221 W. Lane.
FOR RENT—3 rooms, ground floor, completely furnished, electric lights, hot and cold water and fuel furnished, 2 blocks from center of city, \$25. G. W. Young & Son, 116 Cass St. Phone 417.

MISCELLANEOUS

GUARANTEED VULCANIZING—Reasonable prices. Highway Service Co., Douglas & Jackson.

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

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

FOR TRADE—New, plastered modern 6-room bungalow, paved street, clear to trade for similar dwelling or suburban or business property. In Roseburg. Write owner, C. P. Strain, 298 Broadway, Santa Cruz, Calif.

DEATH DRIVER HELD

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 5—A coroner's jury late yesterday recommended that W. J. Smith, driver of the automobile which struck and killed Mrs. Ammattasia Sulowski and her daughter, Mary, 7, on the Base Line road, near here last Wednesday, be held for the grand jury investigation. The jury found Smith "was driving in a negligent manner and at an excessive rate of speed."

HILL MILITARY ACADEMY
PORTLAND, OREGON
Men teachers, small classes, careful supervision, strict discipline, social advantages and moral training. Catalogue cheerfully sent on request.

WELL AGAIN

We have testimonials from many persons who are well again after suffering with backache, indigestion, kidney and skin diseases, piles, ulcers, rheumatism and other disorders. We can help you also.

CONSULTATION FREE

Open 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Yick So Herb Co.
420 State St. Salem, Ore.

movies
the
mover

THAT'S US.

SPEED

FRENCH TRANSFER & STORAGE CO.
ROSEBURG, ORE.

Humming Breaths

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, letting him stay behind with his friend, Lincoln Nunnally, an elderly American chemist, to solve the mystery. She finally agrees, but her departure is prevented by threat of floods. Messengers ride through the country-side, 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 the suspects of a knowledge of the conspiracy against her. She agrees it is their duty.

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

The next day, Tinky, Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew, is kidnapped for the second time. A native reports Prentiss has been seen with a baby. The trail leads into the jungle and, with native trackers they pursue. Calcutty overtakes them. Their natives are hurt, or desert, and two of their white friends are fever victims.

Elise, Vilak and Nunnally finally emerge from the jungle. Presently they come to the outskirts of a strange city, resembling the old Inca civilization.

Here they are made prisoners. They discover they are in the power of Carlos D'Aibentara, whom they had known in Porto Verde as an engineer. D'Aibentara persuades the ruler of the city that Vilak and Nunnally should be killed.

On either side rose two shafts of stone. On one of these was fixed

a rusty Spanish arquebus, on the other parts of a Spanish rack.

At the foot of the great figure Vilak could now perceive a smaller one. About the size of a man, it was obviously a statue and recent attempt to copy the impressive stone figure overshadowing it. It had none of the stately Egyptian-like dignity of the other; its head was uncouth, with great wide-open mouth like the negro fetishes from the Zambesi. It had but a single roughly chiseled arm, which began at the elbow and tapered to be clumsily blundered there, so that pressure would move it up or down.

The fat hand had no fingers. Instead, what were apparently three sharp-pointed pieces of wood or stone were thrust into the flat of the palm. Radiating out from this figure was a series of flat, table-like stones, the central one, the largest, being directly under the outstretched arm. Beyond this burned the fire.

Vilak drew away from the window. For half an hour he lay silent, thoughtful. The Chinese east of his eyes accentuated. At last he spoke. "Wish I could reach for one of my cigars," he said gently to the old man, who had roused close to his side. "But since I can't I'll talk. Might as well be cheerful. Won't help Elise or any of us by worrying. Look out that window and see if what I said about these people being a corking treatise on primitive religion isn't true. The big figure and the stone shafts are Inca, that imitation of the statue is absolutely African, and the rack and arquebus are European, of course."

"Perfectly natural that they should worship them. The rack and the arquebus were two of the most cruel and oppressive weapons the conquistadores had, and all the natives thought they were magical. The arquebus particularly would seem to a nation of fire-worshippers. And fire-worship is certainly one Inca thing which these poor half-breed devils have made their own."

"It's to be expected of a people living near an extinct volcano which still has hot springs and smoke to show that it isn't so terribly extinct after all. Besides, sun worship or fire worship—they're the same—is the most widespread of any of the savage religions. It's the first. The most conspicuous object in the savage's life in the day time is the sun, which gives him heat, light, and food; the most conspicuous at night is fire."

"Without the one he would swiftly die, while the other is a force which on occasions kills him as suddenly as the sky, or burns him to death as a spreading forest or prairie fire. Besides, fire does him enormous service, and he concludes that it's a god that he'd better try to propitiate."

"If you watched any of the soldiers who came from the front where they suffered so much from

the cold, you'd know what I mean. They'd stand in front of an open fire for hours, joking, swearing, they wouldn't leave it until they died. They had a good bit of the fire-worship psychology. That's engrained, but it gives you my idea which is probably your own as well."

The old man winced as a wasp settled on his arm. It flew away without stinging. With relief he rubbed his arm against the wall. "Why does that smaller—er—idol have that—er—blundered arm? It's quite—er—badly done—yes—badly."

Vilak granted. "Badly done, Nanny, I agree, but well enough done to be the cause of our deaths if we don't get out of here before hand and if my theory about it's correct."

"I think I can see traces of the work of some tricky Indian shaman or African witch-doctor in that the chap who's a little bit cleverer than his fellows and rises up some device to keep them impressed. They're the original ward, politicians, these witch-doctors, and native chiefs. Only they frighten the other people into voting for them instead of taking them on pikes and giving them five dollars on election day. Incidentally, if you remember that statue looks much like the figure on the ring I showed you that night I fell by the railroad embankment."

"Yes—er—yes. So it does. I remember. Quite. The ring you took from the half-breed with the unpleasant nose, who was guarding your cousin just now—yes."

"I hasten to correct you. The ring I took from D'Aibentara."

The wasp returned again to the old man's arm. He waited until it was once more about to depart before answering. "You told me you—er—er—took it from the half-breed."

"I told you that to keep you from getting suspicious at a time when suspicion wouldn't have been wise. It took it from D'Aibentara's finger when I caught his hand in talking."

"Have you still—er—got it?" "Leading question, Nanny. Refuse to answer."

An hour after the sun had set, the two negro-like guards brought food, untied them while they ate it, then securely bound them once more. That night, both the prisoners slept the sound sleep of exhaustion. But the next night, hours after their guards had departed and their stiffness had melted on the city they lay unseen below the shining walls which marked their horizon, Vilak was still awake, flat on his back, his Mongolian eyes gazing dreamily at the ceiling.

The old man was lying near him, tossing restlessly, and rubbing at the throats chafing his slight body. Suddenly Vilak began rolling toward the middle of the stone floor where the clay dishes bearing their supper had lain, and rubbing his long fingers in droppings of meat fat which still marked the spot. began coating his hands with the grease.

"Why—er—why are you doing that?" the old man whispered. Vilak continued vigorously rubbing his fingers against the strips

of hide. "To attract any rats which might happen to be around and let them gnaw me free. The way the ants did when we were prisoners in the camp near Porto Verde. Or perhaps attract the ants themselves. We've got to get out of here."

He coated Nunnally's fetters in the same fashion. All night they lay silent, afraid to speak and so frightened off some chance rat who might be their unwitting savior. But no rat and no ants came.

A purplish dawn brightened the sky and pronounced their experiment a failure. D'Aibentara entered. Either the stone structures were unattractive to rodents and the termites, or the volcanic soil contained salts which made their breeding difficult.

Night after night passed, always bringing with it some new attempt which a few hours of racking trial proved futile.

At last when Vilak with his finger nail had scratched ten marks in the wall to number the days of their captivity, D'Aibentara entered on his regular tour to see that his prisoners were safe and cannot inform them that only three days remained until the feast of Raymi.

"A most interesting feast, most interesting, amigos," he murmured as he wiped his face with a silk handkerchief newly bought in Porto Verde. "It is to me most and that you cannot think of beholding it with pleasure. You know the feast of Raymi, is it not so, cavalheiros?"

"It is the feast of the sun, the end of the rainy season, winter, as you call it, when the sun has traveled farthest from its children and now turns to come back once more to warm them. Many are the Indian tribes who have it. Even those of the Indians of the great, the beautiful North America? Is it not so?" But here it is most picturesque of all, amigos. The African in the blood, is it not so? And I, too, have made a few improvements. All in the way of business, all in the way of business," he hastened to add.

"Yes, it is most regretful that you cannot see it as my guests. For many of the most interesting, let us say spectacles, will occur when you are dead. Or dying, amigos. Which is not pleasant for you. Nor for me, cavalheiros. Much would I prefer to hold you as my cherished friends. But business, always business, this will not permit."

"Three more days, amigos. Then at sunrise you will be laid upon the altar of the fire-god to await the moment for the sacrifice. Which may be the first day of the feast or which may be the last. But which will surely, O amigos, not be long. Use well your time."

He strode out smiling, pulling the ends of his mustache. (To be Continued)

Vilak tries another desperate plan of escape but again fails. The feast of Raymi arrives.

Parabrase Motor Oil 100 per cent pure paraffine base. At General Independent Dealers.

A Few Prices

Millrun, per sack	\$1.50
Wheat, cleaned, per hundred	\$2.50
Scratch Feed	\$2.60
Exchange Flour, per sack	\$2.05
Bear Brand	\$1.95
Silver Dust	\$1.85

See Us First We Can Save You Money

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

AGENTS FOR
Roseburg FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO. Oakland
Now located at Washington Street and S. F. Tracks.

Gone to Bandon—Mrs. W. Post and daughter, Miss Margaret Post, son, Louis Post, and Merl Mutholland motored to Bandon today to visit over the weekend.

Home from Portland—T. K. Fagrie, of the Soldiers' Home, returned here this morning from Portland, where he has been attending to business affairs and visiting for the past few days.

Come to YOUR SERVICE STATION

Yoncalla, Ore.
If you want real tires at a Reasonable Price

We Carry a Full Line of Sizes "LOOK FOR THE BANNER"
G. A. Taylor Yoncalla

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

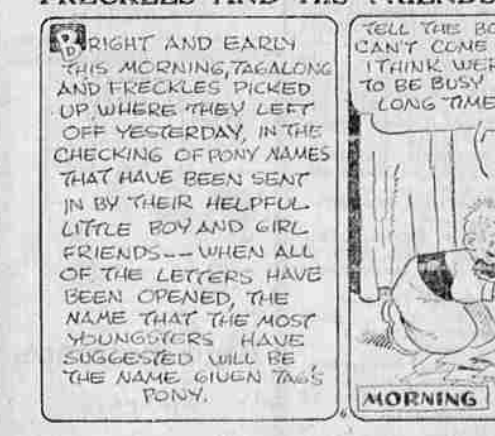
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



All Aboard!



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



A Busy Day



SALESMAN \$AM



Well Named



YAH! I VUNT SOME PUNS!



STEP RIGHT OVER TO TH' NEXT COUNTER!



THERE YOU ARE—TH' LATEST JOKE BOOK!!



By Swan

