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

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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

BOSTON Bull puppies for sale. 7 weeks old. 803 W. Mosher St.

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

FOR SALE—Large wicker baby buggy, crib and mattress. 842 Mill street.

FOR SALE—100 wether goats and two billies. M. T. Dawson. Phone 3F24.

WHY wait till the rush is on? Kentucky Wonder string beans for canning. Royer Bros. Highway stand, near Dillard. P. O. Roseburg, Ore.

LUMBER, shingles and roofing are cheaper than any time since the war. NOW is the time to build or repair. See PAGE'S and save money.

5-ROOM HOUSE 2 LOTS—Splendid corner, close in; house modern; price $3500. Will sell on easy terms or take other property to half. Prefer lots or acreage. Write Box 133, Roseburg.

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.

DANDY SUBURBAN HOME—3 acres; 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 as I wish to go east. Call on or address O. A. Kirby, Myrtle Creek.

HOUSEHOLD goods for sale—1 cookstove with reservoir, $10; 1 cupboard for dishes or books, $10; dresser and commode, $8; 1 full size bed complete, $10; 2 rocking chairs, $4. 1 library and 1 dining table, $7. 1 hand washing machine, $4. Several dozen fruit jars. Must be sold at once. H. Kroger, near Dixonville Store.

REAL
Bungalow home
in
West Roseburg
5 Rooms
Built-ins
Breakfast nook
Cement Basement
Furnace
Wired for Electric range
Garage
Only $2950
terms.
McLENDON REALTY COMPANY
CORNER OAK AND MAIN

PAYS ITS WAY

BUY property that will pay for itself. Stock farms are the kind that will do it. Here is one consisting of 568 acres all fenced with woven wire fencing; 60 acres slashed, ready to burn and seed; plenty of farm land; fruit and berries; good house and outbuildings; running stream through place, as well as a number of springs; on good road. For $12,000 on easy terms. See N. Rice of RICE & RICE.

WANTED

WANTED—Used Fordson tractor. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Satherlin.

WANTED — Purple vetch seed. Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange.

WANTED—25 lfcrs 22 in. black oak and laurel wood for fall delivery. 429 N. Jackson St., Apt. 4.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—5-room house. 812 S. Main St.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished house. Call at 800 S. Pine

FOR RENT—Furnished apartments, downstairs. 343 S. Stephens.

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.

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, $7 per month. See elevator man at Perkins Bldg.

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—Neat, plastered modern 6-room bungalow with big lot and fruit, garage, 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.

LOST

LOST—At Alexander swimming park Thursday evening, vest pocket memorandum book, containing memo and lumber bills valuable only to owner. Please notify News-Review, or B. F. Chilson. Phone 325-J.

HEALTH BULLETIN

Safe-guard Your Child's Health

The regular monthly pre-school and baby clinic will be held at the public health department in the courthouse, August 17th, one to four p. m.

Children are absolutely dependent on parents for their comfort, happiness and health. The foundations for later life are being laid now. Many a life made unhappy by bad habits, poor physique and illness is the result of bad care in infancy. Have your children examined regularly to see that they are gaining and growing as normal children should.

Parents are urged to bring all children under school age to this clinic. Dr. Thurston Laraway, the county health officer, will examine each child individually.

Douglas County Health Unit.

See our beautiful and newest styles in felt hats for fall wear. The Specialty Shoppe, Mrs. S. M. King, 235 N. Jackson St.

"LINOLEUM"
For every room in the house.
Powell Furniture & Hardware Co.
238 N. Jackson St.

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

For Sale
A choice lot of Registered non-shedding and high grade Angora bucks, 2 and 3 years old.
W. G. PAUL
S. Deer Creek

YOU'LL FIND WE SERVE THE PUBLIC WELL THEY LIKE OUR WORK WE'RE HERE TO TELL

The finger of public service points to us with pride. It indicates the laundry where the family's clothes and purse will be treated with the proper consideration. Sanitary methods and courteous service prevail here.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Roseburg, Ore. Phone 79

Jungle Breath

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by Ben Lucien Burman

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. She has escaped harm due to the shrewdness of her cousin and protector, Vilak, who with his friend Lincoln Nunnally, an elderly American chemist, is trying to learn the reason for the strange enmity for Elise.

Living near Porto Verde is one, Gaylord Prentiss, a strange and forbidding character, who has evinced a hatred for Elise.

Tinky, Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew, is kidnapped. A native reports Prentiss has been seen with the baby. The trail leads into the jungle.

Calamity overtakes the expedition Vilak organizes in pursuit. Native trackers are injured or desert. Treachery breaks out. Their white friends are fever victims and are left with a friendly tribe.

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'Albentara, whom they had known as an engineer back in Porto Verde.

The black ruler of the city decides to marry Elise and to put Vilak and Nunnally to death. They are to be tortured at the feast of Raymi.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XLII

That afternoon Vilak saw a procession pass through the courtyard. At its head was Elise, carried on a litter borne by four men.

Her face was pale and drawn as though she had been eating little; her black eyes had narrowed and darted nervously, feverishly about her at any sound, any movement near her, as do the eyes of a nervously over-wrought invalid who has not slept for days.

She was still wearing the hunting suit she had donned in Porto Verde. Following her waddled a fat half-breed woman with three golden rings in each distended ear and an apron of painted bark at her waist; around her arms were tattooed three scarlet lines.

Eight other women came in two files behind her, garbed in the same fashion except that the rings in their ears were fewer and their tattooing and the decoration on their aprons less brilliant. The huge chief stood on a stone seat and watched, grinning. On a smaller seat was D'Albentara. Standing at their feet was the half-breed with the enormous nose.

The procession entered the ruined temple remained half an hour while the prisoners could hear far off voices raised in a droning chant, then reappeared and crossed the court once more.

Elise's European dress had now given way to a robe of brilliantly colored wool. Her long, magnificent black hair had been cut very short and twisted into tiny ringlets which hung grotesquely about her forehead. Into these green birds feathers had been woven. Batalagos saw her. He giggled in delight. The procession disappeared into one of the doors of the chief's apartments from which it had come.

Vilak chewed his lip. A tiny spot of red appeared on the pink surface. He closed his jaws stonily.

After the guards had brought the customary food and departed, he redoubled his efforts to escape. He rolled over every stone of the floor, ran his fingers along every cranny in the wall that his shackled hands could reach, tugging here, thrusting there, hoping to find some section of the wall which time and decay had weakened, and through which he could perhaps force his way into some other portion of the building and there find means to free himself and his friends. He found nothing; the walls and floor were solid as a mountain side.

He turned his attention to the stones about the window. Here, too, he could discover no weaknesses. While he was so engaged, he saw a shadow beneath his window. He craned his neck forward. The shadow disappeared. He returned to his groping investigation. He came upon a tiny rock splinter hardly larger than the joint of his finer wedged in a crevice. Carefully he dislodged it and examined it closely in the moonlight. It was rounded and had no cutting edges. He began to rub it against the stone floor to make it into a knife, holding it almost under his body so that the sound might be checked and the guards not aroused.

The work was slow, tedious. The rock was hard as granite; his position, strained, uncomfortable, greatly limited his strength and effectiveness. Though he spent the entire night working in this laborious fashion, when morning came and he was compelled to cease there was no more of an edge than when he had begun.

The next night he recommenced the task. Then, finding that all his efforts only succeeded in giving a high polish to the stone, he was reluctantly convinced that he was merely dissipating his energies. He replaced the splinter in the crevice where he had found it. As he had examined ten times already, he again looked at the edges of the stones forming the windows to see if there was a single projection against which he could rub his fetters and wear them down until they snapped. Here again he found nothing, only smooth rounded surfaces, which testified to the expert workmanship of the long dead builders.

The next day he determined to try an expedient he had so far left unused; bribery. When the guards entered on their morning rounds, he told them in Guarany that he would give them many presents and charms if they would help him escape. They listened willingly and were impressed. But Batalagos they muttered, was very, very wise; instantly he would know their treachery, instantly would he kill them. And then what use would be their presents?

In the afternoon signs of the approaching festival began to be noticeable in the courtyard. Numbers of Indians began to walk to and fro through it, carrying great bundles of mountain and forest flowers and a sort of Indian corn which grew in the region. These they hung in strands upon the walls of the buildings or placed in great mounds at the foot of the stone shafts and idols and upon the flat, table-like stones.

A few of these Indians were lighter-skinned than the others and seemed to have more finely molded, more intelligent faces. As each passed the fire burning before the two idols, he carefully tossed a flower into it and made a low obeisance.

Night came. The workers did not depart. Instead they took seats upon the ground around the fire crackling within a circle of small, triangular stones. Other Indians began to file in and take places beside them.

Soon the court was packed with a mass of naked, silent savages. Then through the throng strode four men whose painted and feather-decorated bodies pronounced them priests. They were followed by Batalagos, now wearing a robe of purple-dyed wool fairly covered with golden ornaments. With him was D'Albentara, clad in a similar but somewhat less magnificent mantle, and the ugly-nosed Indian.

They assembled before the fire. The chief stirred it with his ceremonial wand. Two fantastically garbed priests danced and prayed that the sun might not be clouded during the three days of the feast of Raymi, the feast which was to do him honor. Two priests danced also.

An old man, with face wrinkled like a nut, so weak from age that he could not walk without two tawny youths he used like crutches on either side, came forward at the chief's grunted command. He began to tell of the feast of Raymi of his far-distant childhood, then of the feasts of Raymi greater than men's feasts, the firsts feast of Raymi when the little gods worshipped the mightest god, their master, the sun.

Hour after hour he told the legends of the moon, the stars, the sacred rainbow; the legends of the mountains and the desert and the gods roaming them who were sometimes surprised in their hunting or their pleasures by far-wandering men. His hearers listened rapidly. An hour before dawn, at another grunt from Bartalagos, he ceased.

"There's the story of the man who walked through the fire again," murmured Vilak, who had been listening to the old man's voice rising shrilly from the flame-dancing redness beneath him. "Spread all over this section of South America. Undoubtedly these fellows got that much at least from the Incas, directly or indirectly. And the Incas brought it from the Orient, I'd take oath to that.

"I've heard that story too many times in the Malay Islands and seen the shamans there walk through fire too often not to recognize an old friend when I see it again. Wonder whether the halt in the ceremonies has anything to do with us? If I can't think of something pretty soon we'll be in rather a bad way. I wish to the devil I could get at my cigarets and have a smoke."

The four white-and-green-painted priests made a new obeisance to the fire, once more droned a prayer. Then with a file of warriors carrying torches behind them, they made their way into the ruined building where Vilak and the old man were confined.

They reached the prisoners. Four of the soldiers put each upon a crudely made litter of boughs and carried them down the stone steps into the fire-lit enclosure. A low, excited murmur ran through the crowd as they appeared. The soldiers deposited the litters near the seven table-like stones radiating out from the one-armed idol. Quickly the priests placed them upon adjacent stones, secured their cords to rings cut in the surface of the rock. Batalagos looked on and gave his usual silly giggle of pleasure; D'Albentara smiled urbanely.

There was a short ceremony. Then a young deer was flung down upon the largest stone, a sort of altar directly under the arm of the idol and killed with a knife. The priests examined the entrails; the marriage and sacrifice were set at sunset of the following day, the second day of the festival.

Suddenly the king spoke softly to D'Albentara. The Portuguese clapped his hands. The watching multitude fell to the ground and lay there groveling, while Batalagos waddled slowly forward to the ruined temple. He reached the door and disappeared inside.

Five minutes later dawn began to streak the horizon. A cry of joy went up from the black and tawny savages, still prostrate. A moment later the chief reappeared.

The worshipers scrambled to their feet and began to move away. Soon the court was empty except for a single kinky-haired soldier standing guard.

(To be Continued)

What fate is in store for the captives? They learn in the next chapter. It is a fate like that of Barbetta, Cicerone and Potts.

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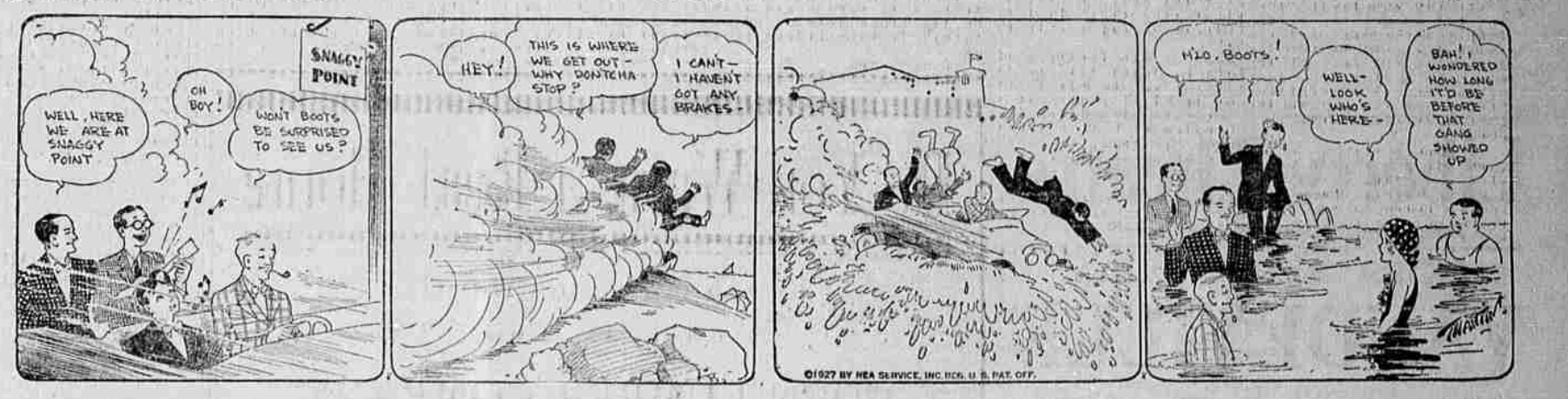

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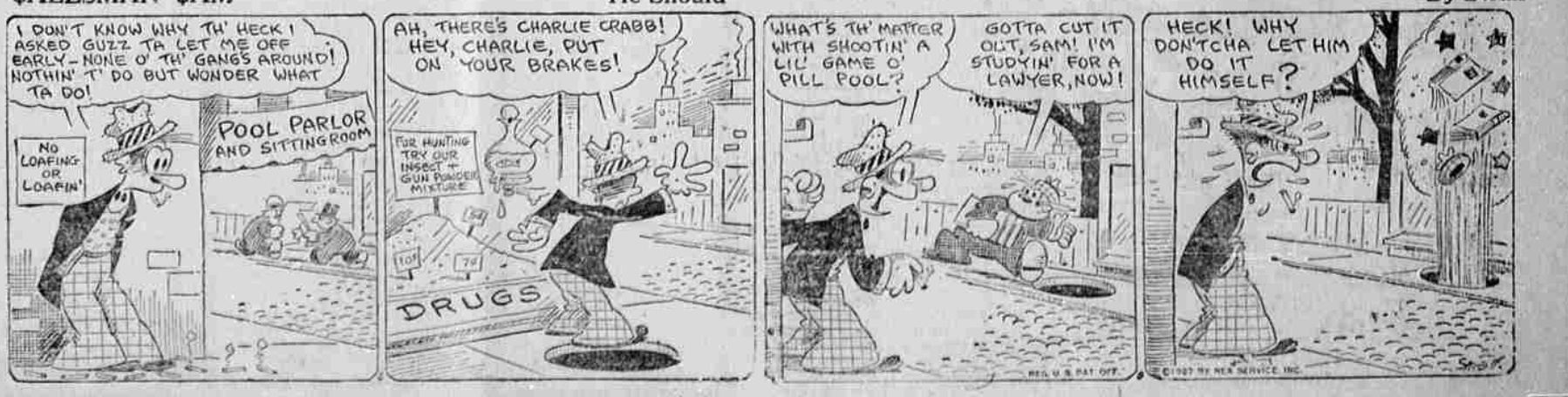
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