Aluminum Kitchen Ware!

Nothing finer than Wearever 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

SPECIAL price on fruit tree props at Page's.

MARCH Ancona pullets for sale. Elma Dubell, Canyonville, Ore.

PIPE, PIPE, PIPE—All sizes. New and second hand. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Nice fat Leghorn hens, will dress and deliver. Phone 6F31.

TRAY CLOTH—Get our prices. Also roofing and shingles. Farm Bureau Exchange.

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

FOR SALE—100 wether goats and two billies. M. T. Dawson. Phone 33F24.

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

SPRINKLING SYSTEMS — All kinds. Let us figure your job. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Second hand wood range and four burner electric range. Roseburg Electric.

JUST RECEIVED—Another car of nice shingles. Get yours today at the new low price. Pages'.

FOR SALE—$200 deposit on a new Essex for $100. See L. R. Chambers at Oak and Main Sts.

FOR SALE—Fifteen 2-months-old pigs. C. C. Siegrist, near Umpqua, Ore., P. O. Wilbur, Ore, R 1.

12 H. P. GAS ENGINE—Just the thing for a dryer fan. Also a 6 h. p. used only two weeks. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Young team of black mares; will trade for cattle, hogs or sheep. J. M. Ware, Olalla, Ore.

REFRIGERATOR FOR SALE — $45 Alaska Star refrigerator, just like new. Priced for quick sale at $20. Phone 560-J.

HAVE 18 cement foundation blocks, 2 ft. square by 18 in. thick in center. Will sell cheap or trade for smaller blocks. J. D. Osborn. Phone 40F4.

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.

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—Plain sewing of all kinds. At 1127 Harvard Ave. Phone 444-Y.

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

FOR RENT

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

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

FOR RENT—5-room modern house. Furnace, electric range equipment. Call 656-J.

FOR RENT—2 modern 6-room houses. Reasonable and close in. Phone 39-J.

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

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.

LOST

LOST—Pair of men's Kryptok glasses, dark horn rims, in case. Return to Monogram Cigar store.

FOUND

FOUND—On Oak street, man's purse and money. Phone 42-L.

MISCELLANEOUS

STRAY—Black muley cow at my place. R. M. Wood. Phone 35F5.

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.

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

DELIGHTFUL patterns for every room in our splendid variety of genuine Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs. See them!

McKean, Darby & Baldwin Furniture Co.
Complete Housefurnishers
Roseburg, Oregon

TREMORS DRY UP SPRINGS IN IDAHO

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

ARCO, Idaho, Aug. 10.—Earth tremors which rocked the Crater of the Moon national monument park near here a few days ago have forced tourists to seek new sources of water supply. The old springs have dried up and after a search of several days a heretofore dry cave was found to have developed into a subterranean lake. Signs at the old spots have been removed by R. B. Moore, custodian of the park.

The old springs, which furnished water to the 6,500 tourists visiting the monument last year, ceased to flow after the temblor. The day following the disappearance of one water hole another less than ten feetten feet away.

Water is being furnished tourists at the camp grounds.

The region is entirely of volcanic origin, consisting of vast rolling lava beds.

15c JEWELRY

Brand new items just in. Enamel pins, brooches, sets, etc., in fancy and novelty designs. New numbers in earrings, rings, pins, brooches, novelties. See them at Carr's. Cheaper price but good practical items.

U. S. Weather Bureau Office, Roseburg, Oregon. Data reported by Arthur W. Pugh, Meteorologist in charge.

Barometric pressure (reduced to sea level) 5 a. m.	30.06
Relative humidity 5 p. m. yesterday (per cent)	31
Precip. in Ins. and Hundredths:	
Highest temperature yesterday	87
Lowest temperature last night	54
Average temperature for the day	70
Normal temperature for this date	69
Precipitation, last 24 hours	0
Total precip. since 1st month	0
Normal precip. for this month	.32
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1926, to date	35.90
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1877	34.15
Total excess since Sept. 1, 1926	1.75
Average seasonal precip. Sept. to May inclusive	31.12

Forecast for southwest Oregon: Fair tonight and Thursday, moderate temperature.

Bunions
Quick relief from pain. Prevent shoe pressure.
At all drug and shoe stores
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone

THE ABOVE and all other Scholl Appliances and Foot Comfort Reliefs are to be had at the Roseburg Booterie, Perkins Building, Cass Street.

Jungle Breath

© 1927 by NEA Service — 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. The feast arrives. Vilak is compelled to witness the tortures of other victims. He has succeded in cutting half way through his bonds when a friendly Indian slips him a dagger.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XLIV

The Indian thrust a copper dagger into Vilak's hand. "Take," he whispered. "White man good Mabimi. Keep Mabimi from die. Mabimi white man's slave. Try see white man before. Many times—wait outside window. But always soldiers come. Mabimi have to run away. White man take dagger. Good dagger. Sharp. Kill. Soldier come again now. Mabimi go." He crawled off into the red-silhoutted obscurity.

With the dagger Vilak quickly completed the cut in his throngs. "Wish this chap could have gotten to us a week ago," he grunted. "Doesn't help us much now. Would have been through in a few minutes anyway."

His body was now free. But he made no attempt to disengage the loosened cords around his limbs, only moved his arms slightly to place the dagger in Nunnally's eager hands. "Cut yourself loose, but don't stir. Lie just as you are. We won't be moving for a while. I've got something of a plan. Not a marvelous plan or a sure one by any means. Quite doubtful, really. I've been racking my brain all day, and can't get it to function. But since the plan's all we've got it's worth a try. At dawn Batalagos will go into the temple to receive the first rays of the sun alone. He'll do it every day of the festival. This dawn we'll try to be there with him."

The old man severed the fetters at his wrist. Furtively he tried to return the dagger to his friend.

Vilak pushed his hand away. "Keep it," he whispered. "I've got a better weapon." He began twisting one of the two rings on his finger, a seal ring of conventional pattern. The top screwed off. A large black stone was exposed, half human, half bird, like the grotesque idol with three minute claws protruding. The claws glistened brightly in the fire-light.

"It's D'Albentara's ring. I put the stone in this new mounting and used the time-worn trick of hiding it by wearing it in the most conspicuous place I could; on my finger. He looked everywhere for it but there."

Fifteen minutes passed; half an hour; an hour. Vilak made no move to go. The child on the stone a few yards away began to cry lustily.

Its lamentations subsided to a whimper, then died away. A troop of yellow spotted moths floated gracefully over the crackling fire, then wheeled off as if in sudden fright. Two black beetles began crawling over Nunnally's body. With a scarcely perceptible movement of his hand, he brushed them away. "Isn't it a good—er—time to escape now?" he whispered, his eyes constantly on the sentinel gloomily pacing to and fro some twenty yards away. "The place is almost—er—deserted."

"Just the time not to escape. We'd be missed in a few minutes and caught. We'll wait till the courtyard fills with people again and their interest is concentrated on something else. Then whatever we do we won't be noticed. That's an axiom."

The moths fluttered back to the fire; one by one they dropped into the flame. A few floated gracefully away. The crowd commenced to drift slowly into the court once more and Batalagos reappeared in the pavilion. There was another dance. Then D'Albentara, beside the chief, clapped his hands. As they had done the day before, the multitude fell to the ground and lay there groveling, their eyes fixed on the east. Batalagos began waddling toward the temple.

"Now's our chance," Vilak whispered. He crawled out of his throngs and slipping noiselessly to the ground, crept to the shadows along the outer edges of the court away from the fire and the altar where the prostrate welter of savages was concentrated.

The old man followed. They reached the ruined stone gallery bounding the court on all sides without being detected, then began skirting along its broken pillars toward the temple.

The chief slowly climbed the great steps in the center; they climbed quickly, at one of the sides where the gallery protected them from the eyes of the worshipers. Batalagos ent red. They followed. They were in a long unroofed hall. On all sides rose ghostly shapes of great ruined stone figures, some with shadowy broken arms upraised, some with fat squat bodies lackin gheads. At one end was a broad, elevated stone. Toward this Batalagos made his way. The two others steathily came after him.

He clamored awkwardly upon the stone and fell to his knees. A streak of crimson appeared atop the read mountain which the temple faced. Batalagos began a monotonous chant, flinging out his arms and striking his head against the stone. In a few moments the entire eastern horizon was flooded with red. The chief arose and clambered down from the stone. His heavy foot touched the floor; he began his waddling return to the court. Vilak was waiting behind a scowling idol. He took a noiseless step forward; caught the chief's arm. Batalagos turned, swiftly recognized his captor and then saw the old man with drawn dagger approaching from behind another idol a few feet away. He was about to scream for help, but the quick deacent of Vilak's free hand checked him.

"Do not call out, Batalagos," Vilak grunted. "Do not call out. Or I will kill. Quick, this way." He slowly released the hand which was over the other's mouth and turned it so that the captive's eyes rested on the ring glistening on his finger in the brightening light.

Batalagos paled. His great pulpy body began to quiver. "No kill," he whimpered. "White man no kill. Batalagos no call out. Batalagos do whatever white man say."

"Will Batalagos let the white man and the white girl go?" He held the ring close to the other's shaking breast.

The chief nodded quickly.

"Will Batalagos let the white baby go also?"

The half-breed hesitated. Vilak brought the ring within half an inch of his quivering flesh. The half-breed moaned in terror. "Yes. Let baby go too," he whined. "Do anything white man say. Only no kill Batalagos."

"That which Batalagos speaks is good." Vilak drew the ring away a little. "Batalagos is wise. Batalagos is very wise. But let Batalagos well remember. If Batalagos breaks his word, quick as the fiery lightning will the white man kill."

Slowly they moved between rows of sullen-visaged idols to the central door. They reached it; halted. "This is the moment I'm afraid of," Vilak whispered to the old man. "It's here that the plan's weak. We can't tell what's going to happen when the people outside first see us. Certainly we can't trust this chap. From now on we've just got to hope for luck."

The chief waddled through the dourway. A shout of joy went up from the worshipers, changing to a murmur of astonishment and dismay as the two white men emerged from the temple and took places beside him.

Vilak pressed the ring close to him once more. "Speak to them, Batalagos," he muttered. "Tell them the sun-god has spoken to Batalagos and told him that the white men are good. Tell them many things like this, Batalagos. And say no things of evil against them, for I shall hear. And the lightning shall strike."

The chief began to speak, unwillingly, plaintively, like a child forced to apologize to some indignant relatives whose tidbit it had filched at dinner. His captor watched him closely, the ring at his shoulder.

Suddenly Vilak saw Nunnally wheel around with the dagger in his hand and take a position of defense. He wheeled also; saw racing across the steps from the gallery opposite him the stunted Indian of the enormous nose. The old man struck; the half-breed leaped past and hurled himself upon Vilak. He snatched at the white man's hand which bore the ring. There was a struggle; his wrist scratched against it. He toppled and began rolling lifelessly down the steps.

The attack ended as suddenly as it had begun; yet brief as it was it had afforded Batalagos an opportunity to waddle frantically down the steps to safety. Here behind a triple row of his spear-armed soldiers, he halted, and still quivering with fright, gaped up at the two Americans, who had retreated to the doorway of the temple, ready to dart behind its shelter should a spear be hurled or an arrow shot.

D'Albentara, who had dispatched the stunted half-breed on his fatal errand, came forward to join Batalagos. They began to talk and argue excitedly.

Vilak stooped and coolly laced one of his boots which come untied. "Failed," he said. "Afraid it would. Still two facts in our favor, though. They're afraid of hand-to-hand fightning as long as I've got this ring, and it would be sacrilege to send spears or arrows as long as we're in the temple. Otherwise I'd say we're in a damned deep hole. I'm going to smoke. First chance I've had for a week."

He started to put his hand to his pocket. Halfway his arm became rigid. His face took on once more a pronounced Mongolian cast; once more his eyes became the sharp slanted eyes of some dreaming Pekinese philosopher. But it his countenance became normal. He smiled.

"I'm an idiot," he murmured. "Just as I was about the ants and about the lakes above Prentiss' house. Cudgeling my brain to invent some mechanical means of escape when all the time there's been a natural force just crying to be used. Most certainly I'm losing my imagination."

His hand continued on its way to his pocket. Quickly he drew out two boxes of safety matches, examined them, thrust them back. "Give me any matches you have," he said to Nunnally. "Look in the lining of your clothes, too."

The old man searched diligently. In a moment he pulled out one smudged box, then another. These he extended to Vilak. "What—what are you going to do?"

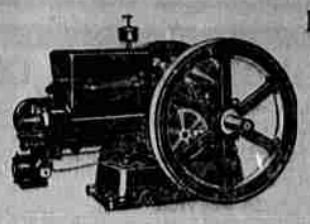
Vilak put these matches with the others. "You'll see."

(To be Continued)

Vilak's daring proves his salvation. He has an astonishing trick up his sleeve. Read the next chapter.

49c SALE

A collection of items at a special 49c price. Includes embroidered scarfs, Kotex, 1 lb. boxed candy, pillow cases, pictures, toys, handkerchiefs, hose, underwear, etc. Also your choice of any Japanese parasol in the store, values to $1.35 at 49c. Shop at Carr's and save.



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GET RID OF PILES THIS NEW WAY

Sensational, Fundamental Discovery Made! Money Back Guarantee!

Discovery made by a 30-year piles sufferer. Stops pain, itching, bleeding. Does exactly this or every cent refunded. Guaranteed to contain no dope!

Not an ointment, salve or suppository. A brand new remedy which absorbs and dries up the piles. Nothing greasy or hard to use. Quickly penetrates and drives out the congestion, the irritation.

From our 30-year knowledge of piles WE KNOW that if you wish real relief you must either use J. C. Pile Remedy or submit to a surgical operation, and thousands of tests have proved J. C. Pile Remedy to be superior to surgery and infinitely less costly and painful. Come on, you CHRONIC PILE SUFFERERS! Use J. C. Pile Remedy and enjoy life again. $1.00 per box, with unlimited money-back guarantee. At all good druggists.

J. C. Pile Remedy
Sold by Nathan Fullerton

Around the County

SOUTH DEER CREEK NEWS

Earl Duncan and family, Henry Cox and family, Winona Trussell and William Baney returned home from Steamboat Sunday where they have been since last Wednesday. All reported a fine time.

Mrs. Baird and daughter, Virginia, and Billie Homeyer returned to their homes in Oakland, Calif., the third of August.

South Deer Creek Grangers and neighbors went up to Lake River on a picnic Sunday.

Mrs. W. A. Jenkins and daughters, Alice and Ruth, formerly of South Deer Creek, now of Roseburg, were at the Grange hall Saturday evening.

Dave Smith spent the week-end with his son, Gus, of South Deer Creek. Mr. Smith is building a drier for Winston.

Mrs. H. E. Blood and daughter, Ruth, of South Deer Creek, spent Thursday in Roseburg visiting friends and attending to business matters.

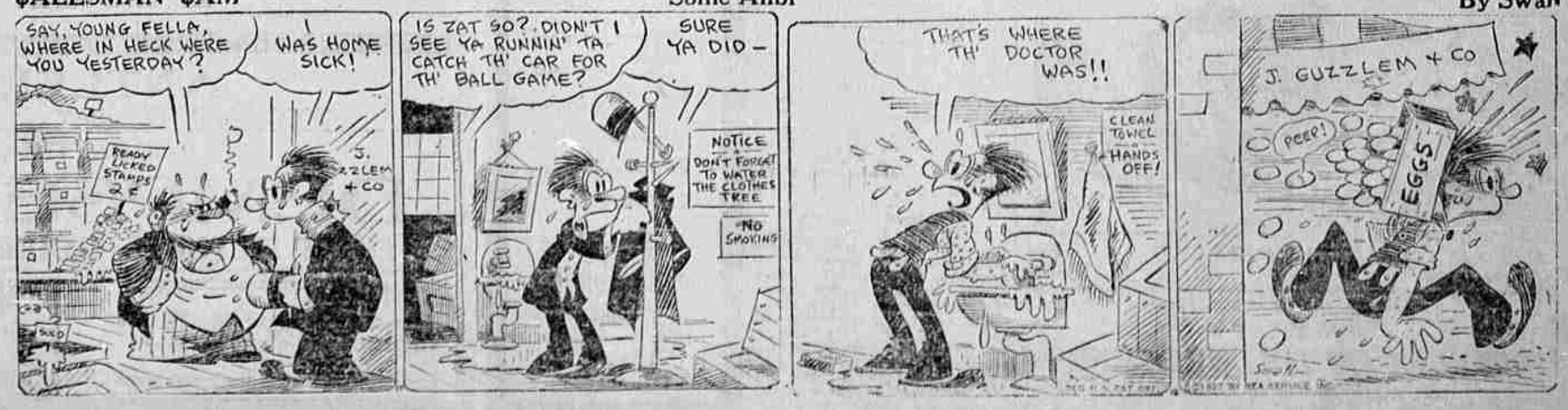
Misses Lois and Ruth Thompson spent Saturday evening at the Grange hall. Lois returned to her home in Roseburg Sunday. Ruth is staying at her aunt's, Mrs. Geo. Adams.

Palmer Davis, formerly of South Deer Creek, is working at Marshfield.

X. X.

"Fishing Tackle"
FISH AND FEEL FIT
Powell Hardware Co.
288 N. Jackson St.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Don't Worry, Boots — By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — They're Still at It — By Blosser

$ALESMAN $AM — Some Alibi — By Swan