

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

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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

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

FOR SALE—Nice fat Leghorn hens, will dress and deliver. Phone 6831.

FOR SALE—100 wether goats and two billies. M. T. Dawson. Phone 3224.

FOR SALE—Small wood range with coils, also several rocking chairs. 461 S. Main.

HAND PUMPS—\$2 up. Also very low prices on pipe and fittings. Farm Bureau Exchange.

HAVE we received your coal order yet? If not, why not? Three kinds at Page's.

FOR SALE—Gravenstein and Red June apples. C. E. Trueblood, 11 mi. W. of Soldiers Home.

RAMS FOR SALE—Registered Shropshires. Mrs. W. E. Starford. 1901 Mill St., Eugene, Ore.

HOME WATER PLANTS—\$75 up. Gas or electric driven plants that will give fine service. Farm Bureau Exchange.

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

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

HAVE 28 cement foundation blocks, 2 ft. square by 18 in. thick in center. Will sell cheap or trade for smaller blocks. J. L. Osborn. Phone 4044.

FOR SALE—75 White Leghorn pullets, April hatch, also Jersey Giant pullets, and cockerels. Phone 3712. John St. Clair, Garden Valley.

FAIRBANKS MORSE LIGHT PLANTS are economical, to operate and will last for years. We can give you a figure on a complete installation. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—One Guhransen 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.

WANTED

WANTED—Two good Jersey cows giving milk. L. M. Fletcher, Brookway.

WANTED—High school girl wants work for board and room. Leona Lehman, Myrtle Creek.

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—6-room house, 812 S. Main St.

HOUSE

to Rent Call McLENDON REALTY COMPANY CORNER OAK & MAIN

PRICE LIST

OUR LIST OF PRICES SHOW ONE WAY... IN WHICH WE MAKE THIS LAUNDRY PAY...

We wish again to call attention to our price list—we'd like to have you see that our charges are moderate by glancing at it. You can prove that our laundry work is all that it should be by asking us to call for your next laundry order.

Roseburg Steam Laundry Roseburg, Ore. Phone 79

Jungle Breath

BY BEN LUCIEN BURNON

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 Gaylor 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. Porto Verde 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 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 Rayml, as are Elise's nephew and Prentiss. The feast day arrives and a friendly Indian slips a dagger to Vilak, who breaks away and with Nunnally stands at bay as the astonished natives press slowly toward him.

Now begin the story CHAPTER XLV

The child near the altar began to cry lustily once more. Vilak's smile faded. He grew silent. D'Albentara and Batalagos continued to hold their excited parley. Then the soldiers in front of the chief began moving toward the steps in a wide semi-circle, their spears outstretched.

Batalagos followed at a safe distance. D'Albentara at his side. Vilak grew tense. Slowly he descended the steps toward them. "Halt!" he shouted.

The soldiers gave no sign of hearing, impassively continued their advance. "Halt!" he cried again.

Again they gave no heed. He descended two more steps. They were now only twenty feet away. "Halt!" he called again. At the same instant he whipped a box of matches from his pocket and struck a match upon the sandy paper along its edge. It lighted. He tossed the flaming match over his head. In quick succession he lighted all the matches the box contained and tossed them dexterously in a circle about him, so that at moments his head appeared to be surrounded by a fiery halo.

This time the soldiers halted.

he repeated in deep, powerful tones. "The voice of the sun speaks again, the child of the fire speaks again."

He lighted a few more matches and tossed them about his head. "I hear murmurs—I see faces. There are doubts. He is not a god, say those who think they are wise. He is but a man. But a man. Let those who so speak beware. Now let there be no more murmurs—let there be no more doubts. For I, the son of the fire, will show that I am the son of fire. As you sit around your fires when the nights grow cool, your wise men tell of the gods when the world was young walking through the fire."

"Behold, I, this second day of the feast of Rayml, now when the world is old, will walk through the fire as did the gods my brothers in the days when the world was young. For I am the son of fire, and the fire which destroys man, will only bless and caress me, its son."

As a snap of awe went up from the multitude, Batalagos paled. "White man god," he muttered to D'Albentara. "If white man do this, he god. Batalagos know. Batalagos know. Only god walk through fire."

D'Albentara coolly twisted the ends of his mustache. "He is a man, Batalagos. He will not walk."

Vilak slowly resumed his descent of the stairs, the old man close behind him. The black figures below began to press back against their fellows.

D'Albentara took a few steps forward. He smiled at Vilak affably. "You are clever, amigos," he said in his perfect Portuguese, taking care to keep well out of reach in case Vilak should make a sudden lunge toward him. "Very clever. But this you cannot do. At once could I kill you. With my revolver, or your own that I have taken from you. But this I will let you try. For when you fail, your death will be even more interesting than I had planned. Interesting and most helpful to me, amigos. Most helpful." He stepped back into the crowd.

Vilak reached the stone pavement at the foot of the steps. Here he halted a moment. The old man peered at him anxiously. "You can't—or do it, Vilak. You can't," he murmured. "I know you can do many things. Yes, many. But not this. This is—magic—Vilak. Most certainly—or magic. It's impossible. D'Albentara was right. It'll only make things worse. Worse." He shook his head, then added hesitantly as though half ashamed of his lack of confidence. "You can't do it, can you? You?"

"Don't you worry, Nanny. I can do it. I told you it's a trick. And I happen to know how this trick is worked. I've never done it before, but that's no reason why I can't begin."

They made their way to the one-armed idol. Batalagos, who had followed at a distance, pointed to the sacred fire, burning in its enclosure of triangular stone. "White man, white god, walk through that!" he grunted.

Vilak bowed. "This fire is as nothing in the sight of the son of

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

CHURCH NEWS

Church of Christ. The tent meeting now in progress in Below's park, was well attended last evening. Subject for discussion this evening is, "Man in Eternity." This discourse is the third phase of the subject. What is Man? Don't fail to hear this as it certainly behooves us to learn of these matters pertaining to Eternity. Services each evening at 7:45. Evangelist

NEIGHBORS OF WOODCRAFT ATTENTION

A picnic will be held Monday evening, 6:30 o'clock, Aug. 15 at Umpqua Park grove. Ladies please bring cakes. Invite your friends.



EXECUTIVE ABILITY

Executive ability requires knowledge, experience and initiative. Successful executives highly regard the service of this bank for its usefulness to the people.

The Roseburg National Bank
Roseburg, Ore.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Anything Is Fair in Love

By Martin



he Pony's Name

By Blosser