



Fresh from the gardens they come—every morning, the green goods and ripe berries. A trip to any 20th Century Store will enliven your menu.

FEATURES SATURDAY & MONDAY AUGUST 13-15

LUX—Large pkg. 25c
SNOWDRIFT—4 lb. can 93c
ECONOMY CAPS—Dozen 25c
LIPTON'S TEA—1 lb. can 89c

20TH CENTURY BROOMS—6 sew. strong, yet of medium weight, You can't buy a better broom. It's the very best made. Only 98c

VAN CAMP'S BEANS—Medium Size, 3 cans 28c
RAISINS—Seedless Thompson, 3 lbs. 29c
CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP—6 bars 25c; 12 bars 49c

2 FOR THE PRICE OF 1

FLY KILLER—Black Flag, "knocks 'em dead." Buy a can and get one of the same size you buy free, half pint can 23c; pint can 39c quart 73c

PALMOLIVE SOAP—4 bars 29c
PINEAPPLE—Rose-dale sliced, large cans, 22c; 3 for 65c
CORN BEEF—Libby's No. 1 cans, each 27c

JAR RUBBERS—20th Century, double lipped, thick red rings for either hot or cold pack, 3 dozen 25c

LARD—Pure, in bulk, 3 lbs. 55c
SHORTENING—Best vegetable, in bulk, 3 lbs. 49c
BOOTH'S SARDINES—1 lb. oval cans, 3 cans 40c

FLOUR—Buy flour, now, made from old wheat, Kerr's Best Patent, 49 lb. sack, \$1.99; Fisher's Blend \$2.09

LIBBY'S MILK—Tall cans, 4 for 39c
WESSON OIL—Quart can 49c
PEAS—Utah's Favorite, 2 cans 49c; 4 for 25c

20TH CENTURY COFFEE—Always our biggest seller—over a million cups consumed yearly—Roasted today, on your table tomorrow—pound 43c; 3 lbs. \$1.25

Ground to your order for fineness

Roseburg Store
130 N. Jackson St.

Oakland Store
Baker-Flannery Bldg.

PRUNE GROWERS!

After considerable effort, I have secured orders for some green prunes—50 to 100 carloads. Expect to load from Roseburg, Dillard, Myrtle Creek and Riddle. If you are located in the southern districts see Otto Logsdon, Riddle. Otherwise, see me.

FOSTER BUTNER

Phone 588 W. Douglas & S. P. Tracks

Jungle Breath

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, as are Elise's nephew and Prentiss. A friendly Indian slips a dagger to Vilak, who liberates himself and Nunnally. Then, when the natives press around him, Vilak boasts that he can walk through fire unharmed to prove himself a god.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY
CHAPTER XLVI

Vilak tossed bits of wood and leaves upon the fiery rectangle. Then clapping a clay vessel containing the blood of a sacrificed deer in one hand and a spear in the other, he moved up and down the fire's entire length, with the odor of the contents over the flames, or prodding the red embers with the point constantly dripping an incantation. At last he ceased. He removed his boots, his woolen socks, rolled his breeches far above his knees and took a post at the end of the fire nearest the temple.

"Behold, O people. Behold, O priests. Behold, O Batalagos," he thundered. "And when you have beheld, kneel and worship. For the gods of the fire are angry. The son of the fire walks through the fire. Behold, O people. Behold, O priests. Behold, O Batalagos."

As he spoke the last words, he moved a bare foot forward. Another step followed, then another. An awed silence gripped the watchers; he was in the flames. Breathlessly, they saw him stride slowly, solemnly, over the fiery path, a marcher a mourner at a funeral procession. Dumbly, like frightened beasts, they saw him reach the other end and walk gravely onto the stones under the scowling idol. With a single impulse, people, priests, chief, dropped to the ground and hid their faces.

Quietly Vilak made his way to the altar and lifted the child from the stone. It recognized him; he ban gurgling in delight. He strode over with it to Elise. She darted forward clasped the child to her breast ecstatically and overwhelmed it with kisses, stopping for an instant tearfully to kiss Vilak. He smiled gently, then returned to the altar. With a few blows of a knife taken from a soldier, he cut the throngs binding Prentiss.

Slowly the savages began to rise; with the help of two of his aides Batalagos stood erect, and waddling forward, prostrated himself once more and touched his head to Vilak's foot. Vilak murmured a few friendly words.

He wheeled quickly as he saw D'Albentara, who had darted into the chief's apartments when Vilak emerged from the fire, leap from behind one of the altar stones twenty feet away. In his hand was a revolver. There was a shot. Vilak dodged behind a stone, at the same time snatching a spear from one of the soldiers.

The shot missed; the bullet only chipped out a tiny fragment of rock. Vilak raised the spear high over his head, hurled it. It struck the other's arm, just as he was about to fire a second time. The pistol flamed, but the bullet went wildly into the sky, the weapon dropping to the ground an instant later.

The Portuguese clutched at his bleeding, broken arm, then stooped to seize the pistol again. Before he could recover it, Vilak had made him a prisoner. Swiftly, securely, the chief's soldiers bound him with thongs; expertly Vilak bandaged his arm so that he would not bleed to death.

Elise, the old man, and Prentiss had all come running to aid at the sound of the shot; the three friends entered the chief's ruined palace to search D'Albentara's quarters for the pistols he had taken from them on their capture. Prentiss, after some hesitation as though his presence were not wanted, joined them.

"I won't be happy until we get those pistols back," Vilak muttered. "They're not good things to leave around here. Mean too much. After they're in our holsters again, I think we can feel safe."

After some searching, the weapons were found. The four were on the way out again, when a low wolfish roar arose from the court. Vilak broke into a run. He reached the open. On the altar lay the outstretched form of D'Albentara. Beside him was a white-painted priest holding a knife.

On the ground below, the priest whose needles and paint-lips proclaimed him the sacred tattooer, was slowly moving away. Vilak shouted. But even as he did so the arm of the idol descended and

the three thorns which formed the fingers of its hand met the three triangles on the victim's forehead.

By a word to Batalagos, Vilak spared the stricken Portuguese the fearful tortures which had marked the death of the condemned murderer. A blow of the knife speedily ended his agony. But though Vilak wished it, he did not deem it wise to prevent the other grim finalities.

The thronged court soon cleared once more. Batalagos waddled to Vilak and set a bowl of starchy food before him. Blacks brought other bowls. The Americans ate.

After the meal, Vilak spoke quietly to himself, still with the hesitant, apologetic air of one who feels that his presence is obnoxious. Prentiss rose. The two walked off to the town. They returned. An hour or two later, Vilak was joined by Batalagos and with him entered the chief's palace. When they emerged it was almost sunset.

A second meal was brought to the travelers; the ceremonial dances recommenced in the court. They sat near the fire in its circle of stones and watched. Prentiss became drowsy. He moved off a short distance, stretched out, and was quickly deep in an exhausted sleep.

There was an interval of quiet in the ceremonies and the three friends lit cigarettes. They smoked lazily, luxuriously. The old man patted the foot of the baby, who with the elasticity of childhood had already completely forgotten his recent woes and was cooing happily at Elise's side, then glanced at the long trench near which he now black and covered with light ashes which occasionally drifted to them in the evening wind.

He shook his head in bewilderment. "You did it—Vilak. It's possible. But you—er—yes—did it. How?"

With his cigarette Vilak indicated the trench. "You mean that?"

"Yes—yes." Vilak took a long puff. "Told you it was a trick. And an extraordinarily simple one. Just requires a little recognition of the laws of heat conductivity which you as a veteran scientist, mon cher, knew long before I was born, and which the not so stupid shamans of the old Asiatic islands have known for centuries."

He picked up a piece of the red lava rock near him. "Look at that. See how light and porous it is. You can easily perceive from its structure how the tiny air-spaces in it tend to make it immediately let go any heat it has and make it a wretched conductor so that it might be red hot on the bottom and at the same time be quite cool on top. Same principle as that physics experiment every high school youngster knows where the same water in a six-inch test tube is so cold at one end that it's frozen, and so hot at the other that it's turning into steam. Simply because water, like this lava, is a miserable heat conductor."

He paused to take a slow puff and let the smoke drift from his nostrils. "You'll notice that wherever fire-walking is practiced it's in regions where porous rock is either abundant or can be brought from some neighboring section. It can't be done with the solid rocks like granite."

"This morning when I was going through that hoocus-pocus of sprinkling blood over the fire and prodding the stones with the bloody spear—which was merely a sort of camouflage used by every shaman and every American sleight-of-hand performer for that matter—I was really picking out rocks which because of shape or position were cooling quicker than the others and moving them about a bit so that they'd cool still more quickly. I kept up my hoocus-pocus until there were enough so that I had a path all the way, and then simply walked across."

"Even had anyone suspected, which I was quite sure they wouldn't, the bits of branches and leaves I threw along the sides where the flames wouldn't touch me gave an appearance of terrific heat throughout which would have deceived the most expert. I scorched my feet a trifle in one or two places which I hadn't calculated perfectly, but that's the extent of my injuries."

They sat in silence again. The child began fidgeting at the strap of one of Elise's purses. She caressed it, then glanced toward Prentiss, sleeping soundly a few yards away. "What about—him?" she said, quietly.

Vilak flicked the ash from his cigarette. "Be all right in a few days. Had a long talk with him this afternoon, and got his whole story. Not nearly such a bad fellow as you thought him."

Her delicately molded face grew puzzled. "How did he happen to be here? Why was Tinky here with him? Why did all these dreadful things happen?"

Vilak touched his watch-fob. "That's my cherished cousin, Gold Money. The famous or infamous root of all evil. In this case there were two quite separate and distinct efforts to get wealth, which in the end came to one. One didn't concern you in the end, but did in the beginning. The other didn't concern you in the beginning, but did most emphatically before it was concluded."

"You are talking riddles. I don't know what you mean."

(To be Continued)

In the next chapter Vilak unfolds the amazing story of Prentiss.

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At no time of the year is there a better assortment of fresh vegetables than now. Fruit and vegetables are a hot weather diet.

\$5.00 Orders Delivered Free—Any Order 10c—Sugar Excepted.

SOME PRODUCE SPECIALS

BEANS—Kentucky Wonders, 4 lbs.	19c	DATES—A fancy two lb. pkg., 2 lbs.	35c
ONIONS—Large red "Italian Sweets," 5 lbs.	14c	RAISINS—1 lb. pkg.	10c

PRICES FOR COMPARISON

FLOUR—Best Hard Wheat, sack, \$2.05, bbl.	\$8.00	CORN—Peas and Tomatoes, standard quality, 2 for	25c
MILK—Borden's or Carnation, tall cans	10c	GRAPEFRUIT—Fancy 2 cans	55c
PEANUT BUTTER—1 lb. pail	25c	PINEAPPLE—Large can, broken slice, 2 cans	45c
COFFEE—"Maxwell House," 1 lb.	47c	SALAD OIL—Bulk, gallon	\$1.35
CRACKERS—Family pkg. 3 lbs.	45c	COFFEE—Stone's Supreme, lb. 45c; 3 lbs.	\$1.29

SMOKED MEATS

BACON—Medium Eastern, lb.	35c	HAMS—"Swift's Premium," half or whole, lb.	35c
BACON SQUARES—lb.	19c	SALT SIDE—lb.	25c

THE BIGGEST LITTLE STORE IN TOWN

OLD STUFF
He: Would you mind telling me your age?
She (innocently): Not at all.
He: Times what?—Tic-Bits.

"No grass so green
No stall so clean
As my beautiful
Alpine Dairy"



"No milk so good
Or so rich a food
For Johnny and
Little Mary"



You can taste the cream in every drop!

FOR creamy richness, for delicious flavor—in-sist on Alpine, the milk with cream in every drop. In every pint of Alpine you get one whole quart of pure, fresh, full-cream milk—with nothing added and nothing taken away but water.

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Try it for icings, cakes, biscuits, desserts. So delicious in coffee! Get Alpine from your grocer today.

ALPINE milk
"there's cream in every drop"



Caramel Filling—2 cups brown sugar, 1 tsp. butter, 4 tps. grated chocolate, 1/2 cup Alpine Milk. Put all ingredients in sauce-pan over fire and cook until thick.