

Wear-Ever Windson

POT-ROAST KETTLE

\$1.39

This is a regular \$1.95 seller, but during the week of

Oct. 6 to 15 We are offering this special value. Every housewife will recognize the economy in using this pot-roast kettle in her kitchen.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.

The Winchester Store.

A Genuine Wear-Ever Aluminum

COOKIE SHEET

98c

The handiest thing in the kitchen for baking biscuits, cakes, etc.

Special Oct. 6 to 15 Get yours during this special selling time and save a speck that you can use for other purchases.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

SALE on all discontinued numbers of hats. Bell Millinery.

FOR SALE—Piano, nearly new. Phone 196-R or 410 S. Pine.

FOR SALE—Ewes, \$10 and \$12. S. D. Goff, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Gray oats and good baled hay. D. C. McGeheey, Phone 512.

FOR SALE—Chinchilla rabbits. See Macon Smith, Nash Garage, Phone 619.

FOR SALE—100 head ewes, from 1 to 4 yrs. old. Inquire at 836 Winchester St.

DISC PLOW—Like new at less than half price. Klecker-Amort Co.

FOR SALE—Milk route and equipment. Address Box 688, Roseburg.

METALLIC and velvet dress hats on display for Friday and Saturday. Bell Millinery.

FOR SALE—1 good work mare, or will trade for sheep and goats. J. A. Bloomberg, Melrose, Ore.

NEW shipment of ready to wear hats for Friday and Saturday. Specially priced. Bell Millinery.

SHEEP FOR SALE—15 head good breeding ewes. Roy Medley, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Angora bucks, non-shedding strain. W. G. Paul, S. Deer Creek.

NEW shipment of Matron hats; large head size; for Friday and Saturday. Specially priced. Bell Millinery.

FOR SALE—Vetch and oats, strong vetch mixture, clean 3c. A. F. Stearns, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Modern 6 or 7-room house. Inquire 114 N. Flint St.

SMART ready to wear wool felt hats for the Miss. Specially priced for Friday and Saturday. Bell Millinery.

IF THE ROOF leaked a little this time, it will probably be worse next time. Why not shingle with Pages' shingles NOW?

FOR SALE—Wheat and vetch, gray oats and vetch, 3c lb. Gray oats 2 1/2c, vetch 3 1/2c lb. Earl T. Johnson, Oakland, Ore.

A SACRIFICE SALE—1919 model Savage, 22 cal. N. R. A. equipped for finest target work, with Lyman micrometer peep sight with wind gauge adjustment. Price \$17.50. Umpqua Trading Post.

JERSEY BULL CALF—Sire, Pogue Estate, June 1, 1926. Inquire at Macon Smith, Silverdale, Ore. This calf is of high producing stock. Will make a valuable herd sire. Priced reasonable. Fred A. Goff, Phone 6F-2, Roseburg, Ore.

WANTED

LADY wants housekeeping. Call at 132 N. Stephens St.

WANTED—High school girl to share rooms, 239 South Rose St.

COMPETENT woman wants work. Write or call evenings, 714 Thompson St.

WANTED TO RENT—Furnished ranch or will work by the month or year on ranch. Walter Hick-inbottom, Umpqua, Ore.

Kohlhagen Apartments

Furnished apartments, modern in every way. Within one block of business center of city. Reasonable Rates. PHONE 58

BRAND'S ROAD STAND

Winter Apples

Now is the time to buy them. They will not be as plentiful as last year, but they are very fine. Buy them by the box. We have the most extensive fruit market on the Pacific highway between Canada and San Francisco.

Jonahs Bosc Pears Spitzbergers Comice Ortzeys Howell Grapes

BRAND'S Pacific Highway 3 Miles North

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The high character of our work and our low prices have combined to bring us our business reward. Folks know that our work is first class and that we are thoroughly dependable.

Roseburg Steam Laundry Roseburg, Ore. Phone 72

The PENNY PRINCESS

BY Anne Austin

BEGIN HERE TODAY Vera Cameron, private secretary, consents to let Jerry Mack, advertising manager of the Peach Bloom Cosmetics Co., transform her into a beauty after she falls instantly in love with a man who ignores her. Jerry effects the transformation through the use of the company cosmetics and proposes to use her photographs in advertising booklets.

He asks the beauty specialist to retouch her, using as a model a portrait of a beautiful woman whom he supposes to be a movie actress.

Vera, sometimes called Vee-Vee, is so amazingly pretty after the metamorphosis that Jerry falls in love with her. Vera is going to Lake Minnetonka to spend her vacation because the man with whom she is in love is to be there.

Jerry gives her an envelope which he instructs her not to open unless she finds herself in a jam. At the hotel, at Minnetonka, Vera is mistaken for someone else and is treated with deference and awe. She learns from hints that she is mistaken for some society girl about whom there is a mystery.

Schuyler Smythe, with whom Vera is in love, assures her that he met her five years ago in Palm Beach. Vera attempts to convince people of her true identity, but being unsuccessful decides to let matters run their course. Schuyler tells her his love for her and she realizes he is in love with the girl he thinks she is. He drops a letter and she notes the address in surprise.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XVIII Schuyler Smythe had hastily to pick up the letter which had tumbled out of his pocketbook. When he raised his head his cheeks were dark with color, and Vee-Vee averted her eyes hastily. If she pretended that she had not seen the name on the envelope he could not be sure that she had.

"Mr. Schuyler B. Smythe"—those were the words her eyes had picked up mechanically. She had not meant to pry. Maybe the letter was not his—but there was too much similarity in the name to make coincidence seem reasonable.

"Smith—Smythe? Of course not," he said. "I have never seen you before. What harm in this changing it to the more romantic version—Smythe? But Schuyler into Schuyler. Well, why not?" he asked himself angrily. What did a name matter, anyway?

"No, you know," he told her almost dogmatically, "at the moment she thought he was referring to his changed name. 'Now you know why I presumed.' Can you wonder that I thought God had answered a poor romantic fool's prayers when I looked up from my luncheon and saw you today?" For Vee-Vee followed you today.

Her reawakened curiosity seized upon the word—career. Was this other girl, the girl whom she so strangely resembled, an actress? But he had said she was rich. Of course an actress might be rich—loving you all the time, collecting pictures of you. Why, Vee-Vee, I have a scrapbook full of you and your social triumphs and—your wedding! His voice dragged on the word, as if it hurt him, and his mobile mouth twisted downward with pain.

"God! He had that man they made you marry! Auctioned off for a little—'you!'" "Stop! You mustn't say anything else!" Vee-Vee cried, hardly knowing why she stopped him. If she let him talk on she would discover who it was that they all mistook her for; the mystery would be solved. And of course she wanted it to be solved—But did she? If she said to him, at last, because she could not let him deceive himself any longer, "I am just an ordinary stenographer. You have never been married. You have been no only once before in your life and you didn't pay me the tribute of a second glance, because I was a homely, bespectacled, old-fashioned girl. My name is really Vera Victoria Cameron. There is no romance and mystery about me. I am not the girl you have loved for five years, it would be over, over!"

"I'll stop, but I won't say I'm sorry," Schuyler Smythe said stubbornly. "I had to tell you. I'll leave Minnetonka tomorrow if you all go to, but you can't send me far—so that I will stop loving you. Shall I go?" "I think we're both crazy. I for listening to you and you for telling me such an impossible story," Vee-Vee said almost severely. "I came here to escape myself, everything but to—me." Her voice broke, as if she were about to burst into tears. But the real reason was that she could not go on with the first deliberate lie she had ever put forth. Every moment she was putting frank confession farther out of reach.

"Shall I go, take myself away where I can't remind you of the past?" Schuyler demanded tensely, his eyes burning into hers, his mouth twisting with pain.

"Vee-Vee drew in a sharp breath, inhaled thickly. 'I have no present and no future.' "You darling, you adorable girl," he exclaimed huskily, his hands came so quickly to her shoulders that she did not have time to evade them. His face was bright with joy, his breath hot, and she gasped upon her face.

"No, no! Not—yet!" Vee-Vee gasped, throwing her head back, word so that her pretty hair was crushed against the seat of the car. Remember Schuyler Smythe, I have been carrying you—your name—for five years! It was because of her robes to betray her, like that, to come in little gusty gusts over her parted lips.

"I'll wait!" he decided, wrenching himself away from her, his

hands going back to the steering wheel. "If only that little gossip of a Mrs. Bannister doesn't let the cat out of the bag, get word to New York that you are here—'What would happen?'"

"They'd come for you, of course! You know that! They've got their eyes on you, you've got your eyes on me. But you won't sell—'I'll go into that slavery again, will you?' he demanded fiercely.

"No," Vee-Vee answered quite truthfully. "I'll never go back to—him."

Suddenly the same seemed thrilling in its dangerousness. Wouldnt the girls at the office laugh if they could see her now? "I think I'd like my tea," Vee-Vee said demurely.

"Would you, you darling?" Schuyler Smythe laughed, his voice ringing out excitedly. "Then you shall have it, and anything else in God's world that I can give you. Do you think you know a lot about being loved and wooed, my princess? Well, I'll prove to you that you don't! I'm going to woo you as you've never been wooed before!"

Out of the great cornucopia of wisdom which her Aunt Flora had heaped up for her to use in this game of husband-getting a pearl rolled out now, rattled around in Vee-Vee's mind until she seized upon it. "Make him think you are unobtainable, that you have had so many sweethearts, so many proposals that his cannot interest you. But don't be too convincing!"

So Vee-Vee said, a smile touching at the dimple in the corner of her adorable mouth, gliding in the clear emerald of her eyes. "I shall never fall in love again!" That was true, too, she told her conscience, for she never expected to love anyone but the man beside her.

When they reached Snyder's house, on the far side of the lake they found Mr. and Mrs. Bannister rather impatiently awaiting them and bored with each other. Mrs. Bannister pounced upon them, her eyes alight with the formidable curiosity and suspicion of the investigator.

"You two must have got lost," she crowed. "We've been drinking pot after pot of tea. The cinnamon toast here is really divine, Miss—Cameron, she turned upon Vee-Vee, hesitating as usual upon the name, suggestively. "I'd be glad to see you, but I have no time to see if the warm June sun had brought out pale ghosts of her old freckles. She could have sobbed with relief when she saw that, except for a faint flush of excitement her cheeks were still as white and smooth as satin-skinned gardenias.

"I mustn't take any chances," she breathed, as she smeared her flushed cheeks with cleansing cream to remove the light dusting of pearl-tinted powder, preparatory to "making up" afresh.

She was rummaging in the drawer for absorbent tissue paper when her fingers encountered Jerry's mysterious letter, which he had hurried to the station to give her as she left to seek her fortune. She drew it out, weighed it

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AGENTS FOR Roseburg FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO. Oakland Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

thoughtfully in her hands, held it up to the light and saw the indistinct outlines of a picture. So she had guessed right. Jerry's fears for her had centered around her amazing likeness to the woman from whose printed portrait he had modeled the beauty which he had created for her.

"I'm going to open it!" she decided suddenly, overcome by curiosity. "I have a hunch that Jerry would call my present situation a jam."

She wiped the cold cream from her fingers, then thrust the envelope with one quick thrust of her nail file.

(To Be Continued) What, don't Vee-Vee learn when she opens Jerry's letter? Will it decide her to go away? Read the next chapter.

Don't fail to see the new Chevrolet and see what offer at the new price. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

THEATRES

LIBERTY No more pleasing and virile romance of the American frontier has ever been brought to the screen than Tim McCoy's 'The Frontiersman,' a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production which opens today at the Liberty theatre.

In 'The Frontiersman' this new screen star plays the part of Captain John Dale, an officer and leader of Andrew Jackson, yet at the same time a friend of Weatherford, war leader of the Creek Indian Confederacy.

The story deals with the capture and rescue of Andrew Jackson's ward and the historical high-spots of the screen story include the frightful massacre of more than 400 white people at Fort Mims.

IT'S AUTHENTIC MRS. NEWBICH: Are you very sure, doctor, that I have the very latest form of influenza? DOCTOR: Quite, madame. You cough exactly like the Countess of Wessex—Answers, London.

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