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KITCHEN CROCKERY—Wonderful set of six pieces decorated ware. Special price for a few days of \$1.75 per set.

TRADE IN—We accept your old shears at 40c in trade for new ones.

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CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

WEANLING PIGS for sale. M. T. Dawson, Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE—An A1 saddle mare. W. S. Duer, Sutherlin, Ore.

FOR SALE—Gray oats, corn, baled hay. Phone 5P13. D. C. McGhee.

FOR SALE—Columbian Graphophone with 75 records, cheap, \$14. M. H. St.

FOR SALE—New No. 5 Goulds hydraulic ram, never uncrated. Call 2P22.

FOR SALE—Lumber to build them, paint to paint them, fuel to heat them. Pages.

FOR SALE—Cow for sale, H. 2, Box 69, near Camp View, Edenburg.

FOR SALE—Juice oranges, 2c per box, with containers. Overland Company, Phone 31P5.

FOR SALE—Young Holstein bull for sale. Inquire of Crane Brothers, Garden Valley.

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

FOR SALE—Two O. I. C. cows with two pigs each and fourteen weanling pigs. J. M. Ware, Oshana.

DODGE SEDAN—1926 model, leather upholstery, good condition. Motor like new. \$600. Rose Garage.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred horse, pure blooded, Duroc, horns and gluts, \$50 each at weaning time. E. A. Stewart, Glido.

FOR SALE—Breeding turkeys, purebred Bronze toms and hens, priced right. Nathan Crow, Yoncalla, Ore.

FOR SALE—Or will trade for property, auto wrecking business and stock of car parts at Coquille. See Satt for a real business opportunity, 329 N. Main street, Roseburg.

OTHER business interests compel me to sell or trade a going furniture and variety business located in Eugene, Ore. Worth \$20,000 more or less. For information address U. V. News-Review.

FOR SALE—Forty-six acres, two miles from town on county road. Eight acres orchard, pears, prunes, apples, berries, etc., springs and well of splendid water. Tank and engine, garage, chicken house, barn and dwelling. Five acres pasture and woods, the rest splendid land. Plenty of shrubs. A good home and income property for the right man. R. E. Pargeter, Douglas Abstract Company.

WANTED

WANTED—Bell boy. Inquire at Hotel Rose.

WANTED—To rent sheep pasture near Melrose. A. E. Millard, Looking Glass, Phone 1P22.

WANTED—Immediately for cash, 7 tier oak and laurel 16-inch black wood, 2 tier split oak stove wood. 530 West Oak.

WANTED—Reliable boy over 16, husky, to work from 2 to 6 p.m. One with car preferred. Steady employment with opportunity for advancement. Inquire at News-Review office.

Elite Pleaters

All kinds of Pleating and Button Making.

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SULPHUR VAPOR BATHS
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PHONE 58

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Garage, near Rose hotel, 247 S. Pine.

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FOR RENT—2-room apt. 2 beds, preferred. Phone 4P5J.

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HAVE room and board for lady at 946 Lomb Ave., near St. High.

FOR RENT—Apartments, downtown, new modern, reasonable. Call 645J.

FOR RENT—4-room modern furnished cottage. Inquire at 514 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—5-room modern house, like new, garage, on paved St. Phone 556R.

125 ACRES to rent for brood cow or milking at \$25 an acre. Ed Weber, Myrtle Creek.

FOR RENT—6-room modern house, 127 S. Pine St. Inquire Mrs. Cawfield, 144 First St.

FOR RENT—Apartments with electric ranges and garage. Close in. Inquire at 329 Chadwick St.

LOST

LOST—Wheeled Terrier puppy, white with black left ear. If found, B. B. Boone, 216 Court St.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 563 when in need of auto parts. Satt's Auto Wrecking House.

TO TRADE—Eugene house for farm land. I have some new houses in Eugene, Ore. to trade for farm land in Douglas Co. W. F. Reed, owner, Box 593, Eugene, Ore.

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Durable, economical guaranteed paints.

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The PENNY PRINCESS

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by Anne Austin

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager of the Beach Bloom Cosmetics Co., transmits his plain secretary, Vera Cameron, into a beauty through use of the company cosmetics and proposes to use her photographs in advertising booklets. "The beauty specialist, in reasoning Vera, copies a picture of Jerry from his desk, an uncaptioned colored picture of a beautiful woman."

Jerry falls in love with Vera, and his love persists even after he learns she is in love with a man who ignores her. Vera goes to Lake Minnetonka for her vacation because this man, Schuyler Smythe, is there. Smythe and other guests mistake her for Vivian Cranhall, ex-princess, who, after a Paris divorce, is in hiding. Vera tries to convince everyone of her true identity but is not believed. When she realizes Schuyler is in love with the girl he thinks she is, she finds further confusion difficult. Nan Fiedler, who accuses Vera of stealing Schuyler's love from her, leaves the hotel and apparently notifies the Cranhalls that their daughter is in the Minnetonka.

Thurston, hotel manager, has Vera and Schuyler watched. They meet on the pier at midnight and while there a helioboy brings Vera word that she is wanted at the hotel. Knowing it is a detective, she and Schuyler flee in a stolen car. Schuyler telling her they must marry that night.

Hoping he loves her for herself alone, she confesses the truth to him, substantiating her identity with Jerry's letter. He is furious. However, Schuyler decides Vera is just trying to ditch him and is Princess Vivian after all, and he tries to retrieve. They are stopped by masked men who take Vera with them.

Schuyler returns to the hotel and tells detectives what has happened. He also tells them he and the ex-princess were on their way to be married. He still believes Vera is whisked in an open clearing where an airplane awaits.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XXXI

"I shall run these silver slippers," Vee-Vee mourned, as she stumbled along on her high-heeled evening shoes over the stubble field from which a crop had evidently been recently cut.

"Beckon you won't need 'em for a few days," the more evil-faced man of the two assured her ominously. "Ain't much further. There's our bird right over there."

He pointed to where a giant pair of wings hunged in the ground. "Guess we ought have give you a pair of sensible shoes out of that bag of yours that my partner is fussing for you."

"My bag?" Vee-Vee colored in intense surprise. "Do you mean that you have some of my clothes in that bag?"

"Sure, lady," the moon-faced man chuckled.

"How did you get my things? Did you break into my room?" "Oh, that was easy," the moon-faced man assured her. "Just had to give the houseman on your floor at the hotel a fat tip to turn the trick for us. Hope he picked out the things you like best, but we can't guarantee that."

"Don't talk so much," the other man snapped. "Here's a heavy coat for you, miss. May be a bit big. It's an overcoat of mine. But it will keep you warm. You can tie your head up in a corner of the shawl thing of yours. Hope this old flying fiver don't cut up no pranks tonight," he added apprehensively to his partner in crime.

"Sorry it ain't a real up-to-date air-buggy, miss," the moon-faced man chuckled. "But there's plenty of room for three, if you don't mind a bit of squeezing. And there's gas enough to keep us in the air the rest of the night. Hop in, miss, and let me strap you in."

He added, after Vee-Vee had slipped her arms into an enormous, long, rough-textured overcoat and had obediently wound a corner of her shawl tightly about her head, "I must say you're a good sport, miss. Most finkers would be yelling their heads off, or trying to claw our eyes out."

Vee-Vee laughed, a little thrill of excitement quickening her nerves, as she allowed herself to be helped into the rear seat of the airplane. The moon-faced man took his place beside her, and buckled the broad leather strap that was to hold her securely.

The girl shivered and clenched her hands in the big pockets of the overcoat as the mechanical bird taxied humbly across the field, then began to rise almost imperceptibly, on a long slant.

"Oh!" Vee-Vee gasped, her hands flying out of the pockets of her coat and clasping her stomach involuntarily, for the ground seemed to be clutching at her, straining to keep her.

After a long time, during which she had hung, entirely unafraid, now, over the edge of her seat, secure in the protection of the leather strap that girdled her waist, watching with supreme satisfaction and wonder the landscape flying past her, she turned to the moon-faced man and smiled joyously.

She saw that he was talking through a speaking tube, with the evil-faced one in the pilot's seat, but she could not distinguish a word. But it did not matter. Nothing mattered but that she was having the supreme experience of her life. Then a thought that had been trying for many minutes to get her attention forced its way through her childish pleasure in flying. Jerry Macklyn had said he would come to her assistance in an airplane. It was necessary. Why hadn't she realized before that in all probability Jerry had done this for her, had, in some manner, learned of the predicament she was in and had devised this bizarre method of escape for her? Her journey's end she would find Jerry waiting for her, his incredibly blue eyes blazing with triumph and wicked delight in his own cunning. It was like Jerry to plan a spectacular rescue like this. He was such a boy, for all his cleverness.

But she would not worry about that now, could not picture the end of the adventure. "Dear Jerry!" she murmured, and the wind seemed to laugh at her as it thrust the words down her throat, straight to her heart.

After a long time—she had no idea how long it really was—she grew drowsy with the rush of wind in her face and the throb of the airship jouncing her body as soothingly and regularly as a mother jogs her baby's cradle. She was almost asleep when the moon-faced man nudged her elbow and pointed downward. Vee-Vee nodded an assent, then looked down, too. A town was gliding past, far below. She wondered idly what its name might be, but it did not seem to matter much. As she leaned over watching drowsily, she could make out a narrow ribbon of water, with tiny lights twinkling at intervals, like diamonds in a necklace. She realized, after a moment's bewilderment, that she was gazing upon the lovely Hudson, reduced almost to nothingness by the magic of a champagne viewpoint. The pilot seemed to be steering his course by the river, however, and she concluded sleepily that the plane was hurrying her to New York—and Jerry.

Occasionally the airship dipped sharply, descending several hundred feet in a few seconds, and every time it did so her stomach felt as if it were being pulled from her body, by the clutching hands of a thousand malicious devils. Sometimes there came a sensation of bumping, as if the ship had struck its nose against invisible obstacles.

She did not know who had been asleep until the moon-faced man's hand joggled her elbow again. He was stretching and yawning as if he, too, had snatched a nap. She was a little resentful of having been disturbed until she felt the plane dropping like a shot bird. She clung to the rounded edge of her seat and looked down fearfully. The ground was rising up to meet them, rising so rapidly that her heart stuck in her throat. Then, as suddenly as the descent had begun, the plane was throbbing peacefully again, and she knew that it was going steadily forward, though there was no sensation of progress. In a few seconds the pilot was heading the plane toward earth in a long, slanting sweep, and she knew that he was in control of the plane and was maneuvering for a landing.

The terrible noise of the engine stopped suddenly, and the absence of sound was so acute that it hurt her ears. Before she could custom herself to the quiet, the plane had hit the earth, was taxiing along a level stretch of meadow.

"Well, here we are! Have a nice ride?" The moon-faced man was grinning at her as he leaped over her to unbuckle the strap. "I love it!" Vee-Vee laughed shakily, the sound of her voice odd in her ears, assaulted as they had been by hours of thunderous noise. "Oh, I'm stiff!" she wailed, as she crawled out of her seat, assisted by the moon-faced kidnaper.

The pilot, who had hopped out of his machine, came toward them over the dew-wet grass of the meadow, pushing his goggles high on his forehead. "Nearly daylight," he said, stretching his arms above his head and stamping his feet to restore circulation. "God! I'm tired. How far is it from here, do you think? I hope we landed in the right meadow. All these hills look alike from the sky."

"This is the landing place we'd picked out, all right," the moon-faced man assured him. "Can't you see me, even in an airplane at night? About a mile from here, I reckon. Sorry, miss, but you've got another walk ahead of you. We don't dare take the plane too close to the shack. Want to change your shoes?"

"No, thanks. I can make it," Vee-Vee shivered with cold and a return of her fears. "Where are you taking me? What shack do you mean?"

"You'd be surprised," the moon-faced man laughed good-naturedly. "But you're going to have good company when you get there. He's a prince—anyway, we got his word for it that he is! All I hope is a prince knows how to make a good cup of coffee. I could do with a bit of breakfast myself."

"You talk too much," his partner growled angrily, before Vee-Vee's dazed mind could take in the sinister significance of the kidnappers' words.

"A prince!" she screamed, then, realization bursting upon her, she started to run across the meadow, exaggerating on her ridiculous French heels. Even before the two men overtook her she knew that it was useless to try to escape. Her ankle turned against a stone, and she sank down into the wet grass of the narrow strip of meadow between the lowering masses of the hills, and began to sob gaspingly.

It was not Jerry Macklyn after all who was waiting for her. She had not been rescued, but had been flung from the frying pan into the fire. But maybe—she stopped suddenly and rose to give herself up to her abductors—maybe Prince Ivan would let her go when he saw that she was not the woman who had been his help.

(To Be Continued)

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Fresh grape juice at Brand's. Bring your own containers. Phone 30P33.

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(To Be Continued)

To aid the complications of Vee-Vee's plight, the prince does not discover the mistake the kidnappers have made. Read the next chapter.

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STATE SHOULD AID IN NORMAL SCHOOL FOR LA GRANDE, ORE.

(Associated Press Local Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Oct. 21.—That the state should meet the people of La Grande half way to the establishment of the new normal school at that place, even though it is not financially ready to proceed with the construction of buildings, was the declaration of Governor Patterson yesterday when the normal school regents met to accept a deed to the site from the people of La Grande.

A. T. Hill, one of the commissioners from La Grande, suggested that the state, to show its good faith, could at least break ground or make some move that would indicate progress. The governor then said he would be glad to entertain a motion that the landmarks of the grounds be done and other preparations made for the buildings when the state is ready to go ahead. This motion was made and carried.

Some of the members thought this should await the building of a driveway which awaits the voting

of authority by the people of La Grande, but most of them thought this unnecessary.

Try our butter—its different. Roseburg Dairy. Phone 188.

POSTMASTER NEW IS PREPARING FOR THE USUAL CHRISTMAS RUSH

(Associated Press Local Wire)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Two months before the beginning of the big Christmas rush of mail, Postmaster General New has begun preparations for handling the ever-increasing volume of packages, cards and letters. Christmas falling on Sunday, he has given notice to postal employees that on that day the usual routine will be followed but that on Monday, only morning deliveries will be made.