NATIONAL
POP-CORN
WEEK

But pop yours at home and do it electrically. A few years ago no one dreamed of popping corn by electricity, but now all smoke and probability of burning corn are eliminated in these

New Electric Poppers We Are Showing This Week—See Our Window

It's a good time, too, for having any broken window glass replaced—just bring in your sash and we will do the glazing and save you any annoyance. Yes, we have the glass.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO.
THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

ALL millinery on sale. Bell Millinery.

FOR SALE—Quince. 326 West Cass street.

COW and calf for sale, $50. Rt. 2, box 68, Ralph Bell, Roseburg.

FELT hats at a reduced price. Bell Millinery.

FOR SALE—Twenty-nine steers. Inquire of W. A. Leeper, Yoncalla, Ore.

PUREBRED young Holstein bull for sale. Inquire of Crane Brothers, Garden Valley.

FOR SALE—Narragansett turkeys. Hens $6, toms $8. Mrs. Vint Weaver, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FOR SALE—Laurel and fir block wood. Improved Oregon strawberry plants. Phone 19F23.

FOUR good coyote hounds for sale. Write John Barker, 1109 Madison, Cottage Grove, Ore.

FOR SALE—Weanling pigs, also Jersey bull. J. Krommnga, 2 miles north Pacific highway.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Best 160 acre ranch in southern Ore., cheap. Write E. M., News-Review.

FOR SALE—Round oak stove wood and block wood at $3.25 per tier delivered. Leave orders at Riverview Service Station.

FOR SALE—O. A. C. Barred Rock and McRae strain Rhode Island Red pullets, 6 months old, fine layers. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—My store building, house and service station on highway, 11th and Oregon Sts., Bandon, near school. Will trade for farm. J. M. Long, Bandon, Ore.

FOR SALE—Strawberry plants of excellent quality. State inspected. Gold Dollar, Imp. Oregon and Marshall varieties, $3.50 per M., trimmed and packed. Address M. D. Wood, Box 216, Myrtle Creek.

FOR RENT

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

FOR RENT—Furnished house. Inquire Goettel's Variety Store.

WELL furnished housekeeping rooms, close in. 331 S. Main.

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

FOR RENT—4-room modern furnished cottage. Inquire at 544 S. Pine.

FOR RENT—6-room house with large garden spot, also fruit. 508 N. Pine St. Inquire at Fisher's store.

FOR RENT—One steam heated room upstairs Bell Sisters Bldg.

FOR RENT—5-room modern furnished bungalow. Inquire 604 West Lane.

FURNISHED 5-room cottage for rent, bath, laundry, garage. Inquire at 627 Court St.

FOR RENT—5-room modern house with garage, $10 per month. At 643 Short St., inquire at 641, next door.

FOR RENT—5-room modern stucco house. Basement, garage, wired for electric range. Call 658-J after six o'clock, or 392.

WANTED—To trade with owner, a modern house in Albany for a 5-room modern house in Roseburg. Address "Trade," care News-Review.

FOR RENT—Good farm, 140 a. near Roseburg, partially equipped; stock, machinery and household goods for sale. C. G. Sheppard, Dixonville, Ore.

WANTED

FOR board and keep, work team and harness. C. P. Cayler. Phone 189-J.

WANTED—To buy a small tractor. Address Box 60, care News-Review.

WANTED TO SELL about 2 tons of good carrots. E. C. Cowles, Milo, Ore.

ROSEBURG RESIDENCE WANTED—Located near the hospital, have for exchange 9-room modern residence with three large lots, also 5-acre apple orchard—all clear of encumbrance. E. G. Kingwell, Bank Bldg., Sutherlin.

WANTED—Good family cow in exchange for work, also dry wood wanted in hauling distance of Canyonville, Myrtle Creek or Roseburg. Will take wood or other trade in exchange for hauling. E. C. Cowles, Milo, Oregon.

FARMS WANTED—I want listings of first class improved farms. in my sales for last month was a sale to Mr. August Fernand of Texas who bought a $30,000 farm at Ashland from me. He might just as well have bought in the Umpqua valley as at Ashland. E. G. Kingwell, Sutherlin, Ore.

LOST

LOST—Tuesday afternoon in Roseburg, Amythest stone out of ring. Mrs. C. G. Keller, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

MISCELLANEOUS

BLACK Minorca chickens to exchange for cow or turkeys. Mrs. John Abraham, Wilbur, Ore.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

FOR TRADE—Good saddle mare, 7 years old, well broke for stock, will trade for milch cow. John Abeene, Oakland, Ore. Phone Oakland 42F3.

TO TRADE—Eugene houses 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.

TO TRADE—Good 4-room new house and large lot on Coos Bay. Also late Hudson coach, fine shape. Want house and small acreage near Roseburg. Call or address 231 Chadwick St.

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TEACHER OF
Piano, Harmony and Theory
Suite 1, Kohlhagen Bldg.
Phone 390

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Dunning System Improved Music Study
Piano Kindergarten
Parish House—214 Cass St.
For information and terms
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Elite Pleaters
All Kinds of Pleating and Button Making.
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"Complete Health Service"
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Kohlhagen Apartments
Furnished apartments, modern in every way.
Within one block of business center of city. Reasonable Rates.
PHONE 53

YOU KNOW HOW A FELLOW HOLLERS.. WHEN A LAUNDRY SPOILS HIS COLLARS.

Well, he won't holler with anything but praise when his collars are returned from this laundry. There's a feeling of comfort and newness when he puts it on and he smiles again when he sees it in the mirror. When you have your collars laundered our way just once, you'll wonder why you hadn't enjoyed real comfort before.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Roseburg, Ore. Phone 71

The PENNY PRINCESS

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by Anne Austin

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Vera Cameron permits herself business girl into a beauty by Jerry Macklyn, her boss, advertising manager of Peach Bloom Cosmetics Co. Jerry falls in love with Vera, also called Vee-Vee, and his love persists even when he learns she consents to the transformation only because the man she falls in love with, Schuyler Smythe, ignores her.

Vera spends her vacation at Lake Minnetonka because Smythe is there. Smythe and other guests mistake her for Vivian Crandall, ex-princess, who after a Paris divorce is in hiding. Vera emphatically proclaims her true identity but is not believed.

The Crandalls learn from hotel guests returning to the city of their supposed daughter's whereabouts. Vera gets word while she and Smythe are on the pier late at night that she is wanted at the hotel. She and Smythe flee in a stolen car. Smythe confesses his love and says they must be married at once. Believing he loves her for herself alone, Vera tells him the truth, substantiating her identity with Jerry's letter. Smythe is furious, revealing himself as a fortune-hunter. However, he retrieves when it occurs to him this girl may really be the princess, who is trying to outsmart another man.

Two masked men stop them and Vera is taken with them in an airplane to a shack in the mountains. Prince Ivan, Vivian's ex-husband, awaits her there. Vera and the prince are horrified when the men immediately announce they will hold them for a ransom from the Crandalls. Vera convinces the prince, who is furious at the discovery Vera is not his wife, that they must play the part, otherwise the men, angered at finding her unable to draw a ransom, will murder them.

Meantime Jerry Macklyn in New York reads of what has happened at the Minnetonka. At the office, Jerry is stunned when a stenographer, Rosemary Fitch, tells him she saw Vera that morning in a subway jam, her old plain self again, wearing spectacles. She tells him she gave her one of the advertising booklets in which Vera's pictures appear. Jerry gets a phone call and a request to come immediately to an address in the Bronx. Jerry surmises it is Vivian Crandall herself who is summoning him and he hurries away.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXVII

For an instant after the door was opened to him, Jerry Macklyn felt an absurd conviction that he was gazing upon Vera Victoria Cameron as she had been before he had conceived his disastrous scheme of transforming her into a beauty. But it was for an instant only. For the woman who was searching his face unsmilingly was neither like the old Vera nor the new, and yet strangely reminiscent of both of them. Her hair, a dark, gleaming coppery red, was parted in the middle and brushed smoothly toward the ears, where twin braids were coiled like small wheels and pinned close to the head.

Her complexion was flawless in its even pallor, unrelieved by rouge, but like the old Vee-Vee's, her eyes were disguised behind large, horn-rimmed spectacles with amber-tinted lenses.

"How do you do, Miss Craig?" he said. He was careful to leave the initiative to her. The name on her bell was "Craig" and that was what he would call her until she chose to give him permission to address her by her real name.

"Come in, Mr. Macklyn," she directed him gravely.

"I rent the place furnished," she explained negligently, in her low, impersonal, but musical voice. A voice not unlike Vee-Vee's, he decided, except for its faint flavor of blended Continental accents. "Mr. Macklyn, do you know why I sent for you?" she asked abruptly.

"I believe I do," Jerry smiled at her. He could not feel ill at ease with her. She seemed too much like the girl he loved to be a stranger to him. "You are Vivian Crandall, of course. I had been expecting word from you all day, ever since my secretary told me this morning that she had seen Miss Cameron in the subway. I knew of course that she had not seen Miss Cameron but you."

"Ah!" Vivian Crandall raised the enchanting eyebrows which Jerry had used as a model for the new Vee-Vee's brows. "You are disarmingly frank, Mr. Macklyn. I suppose I may as well remove these horrid glasses? I am really not myself at all with them on," and she lifted them from her nose and dropped them to the couch beside her with a little grimace of distaste.

"So I am really like this mysterious double of mine, this girl who has been so unfortunate as to be kidnaped while she was playing the adventuress?" Vivian Crandall drawled.

"She is not an adventuress, she has not posed as Vivian Crandall, and she is in danger of her life through no fault of her own," Jerry leaned forward and frowned.

"I suppose it is an accident also that she has a haircut exactly like the one I wore home from Paris, the one I have worn in all my recent photographs and in the portrait that was painted in Paris this spring?"

"No, it was not an accident," Jerry answered honestly, his face flushing darkly. "If you'll be patient with me, I can explain the whole situation in a few words—account for that booklet that Miss Fitch gave you on the subway this morning."

Vivian Crandall drew the booklet from beneath a sofa cushion and sat regarding the photographs of her double with broodingly intent eyes while Jerry made his straightforward explanation, taking all the blame upon himself and absolving Vee-Vee so carefully that when he had finished his audience lifted her lovely head and smiled sleepy into his eyes.

"You're very much in love with her, aren't you, Jerry Macklyn? Lucky girl!"

"I am," he answered honestly. "And I don't mind telling you that I'd rather lock you in this apartment and keep you prisoner than to let you endanger her life by informing the police and the press that you are safe and that the kidnaped girl is an imposter."

"I don't blame you," she smiled, and a faraway look came into her eyes. "I know what it means to love like that. Do you think that if I had meant to go to the police I would have sent for you? You have not asked me why I am here, or why my parents have been so foolish as to put detectives on my trail, dragging your poor little sweetheart into the net that they set for me."

"No," Jerry shook his head. "And I won't ask you. I have no right. I am sure that your reasons are good ones, or they would not be yours."

"You are a very gallant gentleman, Jerry Macklyn," Vivian Crandall smiled at him.

"You'll remain hidden then, and let your parents pay ransom for the wrong girl, if the kidnapers demand ransom, as they undoubtedly will?" Jerry demanded.

"More than that," Vivian Crandall answered firmly, "I shall try to help you find her, and to protect her from the consequences of her only sin—that of looking like me. She really looks like me—a great deal like me, I mean?" she asked, a note of anxiety in her voice.

"If your hair was cut like hers, like yours was when that portrait of you was made, you'd pass for twins," Jerry assured her.

"Excuse me a moment," Vivian smiled, and left the room.

He was wretched again with anxiety for the girl he adored and who was even then undergoing only God knew what tortures at the hands of beasts to whom the word mercy was unknown. Then he looked up at the sound of a light footstep and thought that he was gazing at the very girl for whom his heart was constricted with agony.

The coiled braids of copper-colored hair which had covered Vivian Crandall's aristocratic ears were gone. Her short hair, brushed back from her broad, white brow, swirled across her small head in the fashion which had not long ago startled Paris into an ecstacy of admiration.

"Judas Priest!" Jerry breathed.

"I suppose that settles it," Vivian Crandall smiled at him. "We will concede the resemblance without further argument. Those braids, saved from my first bob—and what a funny, long bob it was!—have been very useful in transforming the Princess Vivian into a demure little working girl. But I think the tinted spectacles have been even more useful. Now, Jerry Macklyn, let's get down to business. You want to rescue your lady fair in true knightly fashion, don't you?" she teased him.

"The knightlier the better," Jerry grinned. "Even if she is engaged to that sleek-haired young society sheik. The papers say that they were eloping to be married when Vee-Vee was kidnaped," he added dismally.

"I wouldn't take that too seriously," Vivian Crandall comforted him, her voice a little crisp with scorn. "Remember that this Schuyler Smythe person, whoever he may be, thought he was eloping with Vivian Crandall, not with Vera Cameron. If your Vee-Vee is the girl you think she is, I'm pretty sure she would have told him the truth before they applied for a marriage license, and my experience with fortune-hunters convinces me that the dashing young man would have scuttled away like a frightened rabbit. But that is not important now. We can deal with Mr. Smythe later," and she clicked her perfect little teeth viciously. "I suppose you noticed in the newspapers accounts of my kidnaping that my former husband, the prince, is also missing from his hotel and has not been seen since Tuesday. Did it occur to you to connect the two disappearances?"

Jerry clenched his big hands so tightly that the knuckles cracked, but he did not dare urge her to hurry.

"I think I could find the place," she said, her mouth twisting with a grimace of remembered pain and distaste.

She paused again, her eyes brooding. "What made me remember the incident was that Ivan remarked then that it was an ideal place for an abduction. He laughed as he told me that if I ever left him he'd kidnap me and hold me there until I came to my senses."

"Could you tell me how to get there?" Jerry demanded, his breath coming in quick gasps.

"No, but I might be able to show you the way," Vivian Crandall told him simply. "Have you a car? We can start before dawn in the morning. It is too late now; we could not find the hut in the dark, unfamiliar as I am with the roads."

"And leave her with that beast all night?" Jerry groaned, beating his hands together in a frenzy of impatience. "But I suppose that is the best we can do. Poor Vee-Vee! If he has dared to touch her, I'll kill him, Miss Crandall!"

(To Be Continued)

Vee-Vee, imprisoned in the shack with Prince Ivan, has a dream—and awakes to a fearful danger. Read the next chapter.

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Now in Good Health by Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lansing, Mich.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound whenever I needed it. When I first used it I was so bad I could hardly walk across the room without crying. I was tired all the time. I think my trouble was coming on me for six months before I realized it. I read of your wonderful medicine in the paper, and my husband bought me a bottle, and after the first few doses I felt better, so kept on taking it until I was well and strong. I take it at times when I feel tired and it helps me. I will always have a good word for your medicine and tell anyone what good it has done me. I recommended it to my neighbor for her girl, who is sixteen years old, and it was just what she needed. She is feeling fine now, and goes to school every day."—Mrs. E. F. Bassett, 216 South Hayford Avenue, Lansing, Michigan.

Do not continue to feel all run-down and half sick when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold by druggists everywhere.

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We sell flour the same price any day in the week.

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GOOD, BETTER, BEST

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

JAPAN GAINS MILLION

TOKYO—According to statistics of the census bureau of Japan, the population of that country was increased by nearly a million persons during 1926. There were, however, 18,591 fewer marriages than the year before.

Fencing. Full guage wire lasts longer, Red Strand fencing is never under guage. 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint. 35c per rod at Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

BIGGEST MAN

DUDLEY, Eng.—George Lovatt is so fat that he couldn't ride in a street car or taxicab, so he ordered a hansom cab and confidently stepped in. The bottom fell out and now Lovatt is having a special float built. He weighs 504 pounds. One of his nephews has a suit made from one of his waistcoats.

Mad again—to unload fencing. 39 Square Deal or hinge joint fencing. 35c per rod. Also stock of new style Page fencing. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

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H. C. STEARNS, Manager
Perfect Funeral Services
Fair and Reasonable Prices
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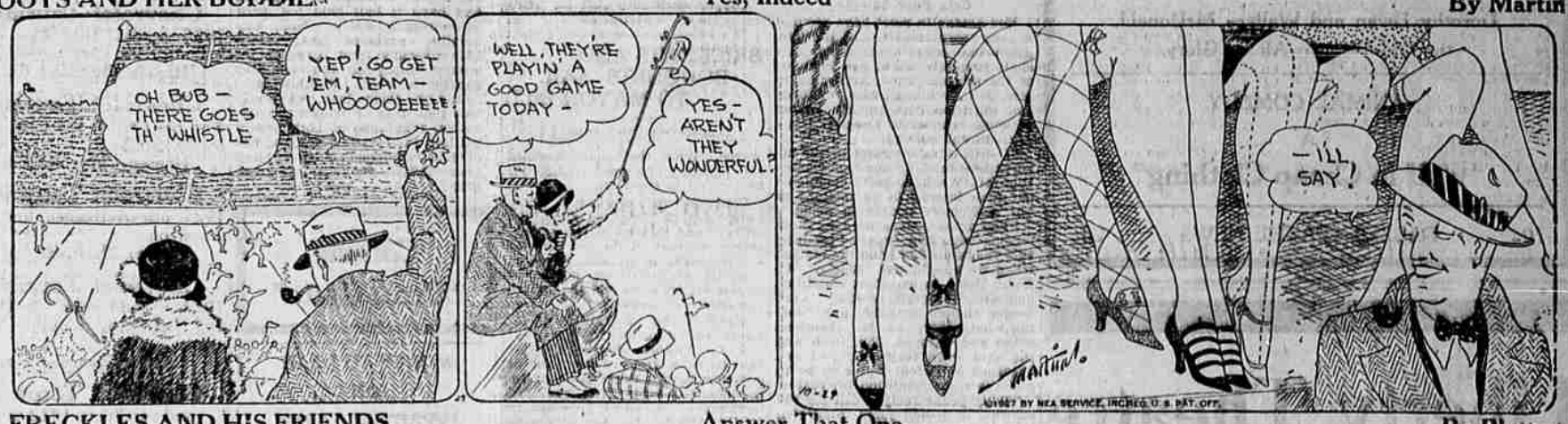
Fresh grape juice at Brand's. Bring your own containers. Phone 30F33.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Yes, Indeed

By Martin

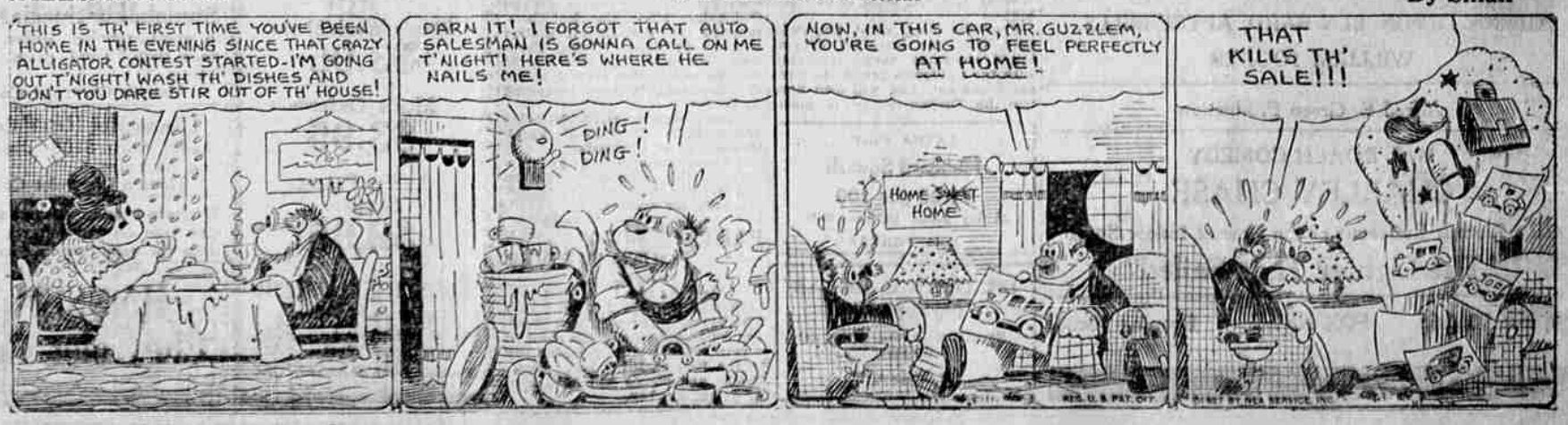


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Answer That One

By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM

An Unwise Salesman

By Small