

Decorated Dinner Ware

The holiday season is the time of all others when the table service should be all that the housewife desires, and we are offering just now

\$25.00

Artistically Decorated Imported English Dinner Sets, 50 pieces

Bavarian Dinner Sets, Beautiful Designs in Decorated Patterns, 50 Piece Sets.

\$29.50

Other patterns in decorated ware, excellent quality, and something you can be proud of, at greatly reduced prices.

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

3 H. P. GAS ENGINE—\$50. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Fruitful Narragansett turkeys. Phone 33F14. R. V. Hatfield.

FOR SALE—One fresh cow, 4 yrs. old with calf. W. W. Haley, Rt. 1, Box 21-A.

FOR SALE—A few tier of laurel block at \$3.50. Melton Bros. Phone 14F15.

FOR SALE—English walnuts at Edenbow orchard tracts, phone 26F3.

FOR SALE—Narragansett turkeys, both toms and hens, until Dec. 31st, 1927. Write or call W. L. Cobb, Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE—Turkeys, giant bronze gobblers, \$10; pullets \$8; for best. Lydia Morrow, Riddle, Ore.

FOR SALE—1 year old Chester White purebred male hog, weight about 350 lbs. Phone 34F15.

FOR SALE—A good organ and several excellent second hand kitchen ranges. See 'em at Judd's Furniture Store.

FOR SALE—75 9 ft. cedar posts. All or part, 25c each. 40 rods 6 ft. poultry netting, 50c per rod. Phone 270-L.

FOR SALE—A nearly new Westinghouse electric kitchen range; in fine condition, also a good range. See it at Judd's Furniture Store.

SHEEP FOR SALE—240 head of good, full-wooled ewes for sale. Priced right for quick sale. Phone 295-J, evenings or mornings. P. O. Box 1032.

FOR SALE—4-tube radio set for use with dry batteries, good reception and volume. Will demonstrate. You can't beat this at \$25. Phone 270-L.

FOR SALE—Modern 6-room house with bath, built-ins, woodshed and garage; on large lot at 21st St. Parrott St. Owner must move. \$1700. \$500 cash and easy monthly terms.

HAVE 150 mammoth bronze toms not related to anything in western Oregon. \$8.00 each f. o. b. Myrtle Creek or delivered Roseburg Saturdays. Write C. L. Carson, Myrtle Creek.

FOR SALE—Wm. sacrifice and sell fine high grade piano near here at a bargain price for quick sale on terms of \$3 a month. This piano looks like new. For information address L. L. Miller, 23rd and Alder, Eugene, Ore.

FOR RENT

ROOFING—\$1.45 a roll, up. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR RENT—Well furnished apts., close in. \$31 S. Main.

FOR RENT—4-room downstairs apt., electric range. 221 W. Washington St.

FOR RENT—Nicer furnished 3-room apartment, newly renovated. Sun porch, stationary tubs. Dearborn Apartments, 112 Broadway Phone 403-R.

WANTED

WANTED—Good young cow. J. M. Clemens, Rt. 2, Box 23.

FURS WANTED—I am at Foster & Agnew's hardware on Stephens street. Bring or ship to me. B. F. Shields, fur dealer.

AGENTS WANTED—General agent for Roseburg. Golf specialty. Never before on market. Write 217 Henry Bldg., Portland, Ore.

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The Blazing Horizon

OF THE STORY OF THE BAR K

THE STORY BEGINS IN 1880, IN THE WICKED LITTLE COW TOWN OF CALDWELL, KANSAS, CLOSE TO THE INDIAN TERRITORY BORDER.

Tony Harrison, 13-year-old son of Jeff Harrison, a handsome gambler, is orphaned when Tom Benton, a cattle thief, shoots his father in a poker game.

The boy is befriended by Gordon W. Little, then a restaurant waiter and later to be known as Pawnee Bill; by

Joe Craig, foreman of the Bar K ranch, who takes Tony to the Bar K ranch to live, and by

Colonel Titus Moore, owner of the ranch.

Little thinks somewhat of joining David Payne, who is agitating for the opening of the Indian territory lands, but he gets an offer of a school teaching post in Pawnee and accepts it.

At the Bar K Tony Harrison meets Rita Moore, spirited little daughter of Titus Moore, and she insists on making him accompany her on horseback rides. She is the cause of his getting a broken leg in a fall from a horse.

CHAPTER VIII

Twenty-five yards away the target stood, propped against the broad trunk of a tree. It represented a triumph for Heck Sherman's artistry. Constructed of thick oak, planed smooth, it was perhaps five feet square. One side was painted in the conventional design of a bull's-eye target, in black and white.

Sitting straight up in his chair, Tony Harrison leveled the revolver, and aimed at the bull's-eye. There was a sharp crack, not very loud, and Joe Craig, squinting at the target, smiled.

"Not so bad for your first shot, Tony. You're about eight inches off center, to the left. Bear a little right this time."

The boy fired again. "A little better," Craig pronounced. "Here, now, you hold it like this."

"Why don't you show him what you can do, Joe?" suggested Titus Moore.

"Me? What for? Ain't this Tony's party?"

Tony looked up at him eagerly. "I'd like to see you shoot, Joe."

"Please, Joe," urged Rita.

Craig smiled and pushed back his hat. "Well..." He took the weapon from Tony and inspected it. "Sure is a pretty piece of shootin' machinery, Colonel."

He said admiringly. "Maybe a little light, though, for a man who's used to a forty-five."

He filled the empty chambers, stepped back, and raising the revolver, fired six times in rapid succession. Moving forward a few paces, he examined the result.

"One of them was half an inch outside," he pronounced. "I'm not exactly used to the recoil of a little gun like this."

"Hardly any to it," the colonel told him. "Try it again."

"Just once more," Craig loaded again, raised the weapon carelessly and emptied it at the target.

Rita, running up to look at the proof of his marksmanship, let out an excited squeal. The bullets had all hit the bull's-eye in the exact center.

"That's shooting, Joe," declared Titus Moore. As for Tony, his face was wreathed in a smile of admiration.

"One more exhibition, Joe," the colonel commanded, "and then Tony can see what a tough job he's cut out for himself if he hopes to be as good as his teacher. Let him see what you can do on a quick draw."

"I'll see what I can do," Craig agreed quietly. "Here, Tony, take back your pistol. I'll use my own on this." He patted the holster at his hip.

He searched around on the ground for something and finally bent over and picked up a large piece of bark. This he handed to Titus Moore. "If you don't mind, Colonel, I'd just like you to stop away a bit and flip this up in the air. I'll try a moving target."

The colonel, nodding comprehensively, stepped off a few paces and halted. "Ready," he called.

"Ready," Craig answered. His hands were resting lightly on his hips.

The bark spun high in the air. Craig's right hand descended quick as lightning in a flawless gesture, flicked out the gun and pulled the trigger. It was all done so quickly as to seem one simple movement. The bark, checked suddenly in its downward movement, flew into a dozen places.

"I could never shoot like that the best day I ever saw," said Colonel Moore.

Craig shrugged his shoulders. "It's just a trick," he deprecated. "Practice will do it for anybody that's reasonably fair with a gun."

"Craig, you're a liar. There's men that can do it, but I've only met one besides you. I was in Abilene for a spell in 1871 and I got to know Wild Bill Hickok. It was quite a trick with him, but he did it mostly with a rifle. Dr. Carver can do it, too, they say, but I never saw him."

"Tony," said Craig, grinning. "You don't want to pay too much attention to what the colonel says. He's overrating me. With that left hand of his he can drill the center out of any target with in reason. They say that before he lost his right arm he was the champion pistol shot in the Confederate army. Of course, this shooting from the draw in sort of unfamiliar to him, but for plain accuracy he'd had me licked and I know it."

The colonel snorted, but looked pleased, nevertheless. He left shortly afterward, taking Rita in tow.

From that time on and until his leg had entirely mended, Tony Harrison spent hours each day at target practice. From time to time he counted himself pleased to demonstrate what he could do with his left hand. He had sent for a large supply of ammunition, which he invited the boy to use freely.

"There's more where that came from, Tony."

To his wife, who occasionally remonstrated with him that he was encouraging the boy to waste his time and placing a dangerous toy in his hands, he replied that he was doing the same thing with Tony that he would do with a boy of his own.

"Besides, I want to humor him. I figure I owe him a lot. I don't like to speculate on what might have happened to Rita if she's ridden Outlaw."

Even after he had recovered from his accident, Tony found time to keep his hand in. His enthusiasm was boundless, and Joe Craig never stopped marveling at his surprising progress. The colonel had given him a belt and holster of black leather, which Tony kept pliable and soft, rubbing it religiously with oil.

And so the days passed, and the weeks. The leaves on the trees turned red and gold, and then brown. The sun no longer beat down fiercely on an afternoon, but assumed a new benevolence. The fall roundup came and went and Tony accompanied Craig and his men when they drove a herd of steers into Caldwell.

It was his first visit to Caldwell, since his father's death and it evoked bitter memories. By common consent the Bar K men avoided the Big Buffalo saloon and did most of their celebrating in Mag Woods' place. Tony's lips tightened as they rode past the Big Buffalo, but he said nothing and he and Joe Craig headed for the cemetery where Jeff Harrison had been buried.

Some of the cattle that Titus Moore had invested Tony's money in had been included in the herd they had brought to market. These Joe Craig had handled as a separate transaction. The day they left Caldwell Craig handed the boy five hundred dollars. "About a hundred of this I'd say was profit, Tony. Now, if you want my advice, I'd recommend real strongly that you cache it in the bank."

Together they went to the Stock Exchange bank, where Tony opened an account with Joe Craig as trustee and made the acquaintance of John W. Nyce, the assistant cashier.

"It's up to you to see that this little pile grows to a million, son," said Nyce, who afterward was to become mayor of Caldwell.

"That's what I'm telling him," said Craig. "I've been a total loss as my own financial adviser, due chiefly to the fact that I won't listen to myself, but I sure hope to be more of a success with Tony. Whenever I do accumulate a little roll I generally take a flyer in stud poker and the results have been uniformly disastrous."

"When his capital is a little bigger," Nyce advised, "he might do worse than pick up a little real

estate in Caldwell. You can buy cattle cheap now."

"That's worth thinking over," Craig replied. "For the present, the young man is tying up his money in cattle."

The Santa Fe extension from Wellington had been completed and the town swarmed with trail herders, some from Kansas, some from the Strip, others from Texas.

The saloons and gambling halls were filled with cowboys bent on squandering their pay as only those who for months are deprived of the opportunity know how to squander it. They toiled for 15 or 16 hours a day at one of the most exacting occupations in the world, and received much less than the average laborer who worked only half as hard. A cowboy had to have a working knowledge of blacksmithing and carpentry; he had to be able to break the meanest bronco to a saddle and to rope the wildest steer and throw him and brand him. All this and much more he did and all gladly, for he loved the work.

And when payday came along the saloons and gambling halls got his money.

Joe Craig's eyes carefully scanned the crowds as he mingled with them in the streets and the saloons. But the face he was looking for was not there.

Then, an hour or so before he and his boys were due to start back to the Bar K, he came to an abrupt halt in the street and Tony saw him reach out with one hand and clamp it violently on the shoulder of a man who was passing.

The man jumped and turned a pair of badly frightened eyes on Craig. It was one of the two men who had been with Benton the day he shot Jeff Harrison.

"Cashion," Craig shot at him through gritted teeth before the other could protest, "when I saw you last you were in bad company. I want to know where Benton is and I want to know right bad. You know when I mean a thing, don't you?"

"The man almost cringed before the menace in Craig's blue eyes. 'How do I know where Benton is?' he asked in an injured tone. 'Him and I parted company.' 'How long ago?'

"The next day after."

"Cashion, I believe you're a liar."

The man shrugged. "Ask anybody in Caldwell. Ask the marshal. He can tell you that I went to him two months ago and told him I didn't want to be identified as a friend of Tom Benton's any longer. Here comes the marshal now; wait and ask him."

He seemed to gather courage as he talked. "I don't see why you tackle me as if I was a murderer or something. I can't help it, can I, if the man I happen to be with shoots another in a poker game?"

(To Be Continued)

Craig gets nowhere in his quest of Benton, but he forms new suspicions.

Myers pumps are reliable. We keep repairs in stock. Wharton Bros.

Does 10 Men's Work

One man and a WADE cuts from 25 to 40 cords a day.

Low cost of operation and maintenance. Simply constructed. Light, rugged and durable.

New single wheel design enables one man to move the WADE anywhere and operate it alone.

Come in and let us show you why the WADE is the greatest labor and time saving invention in 20 years.

Literature upon request.



A 55 YEAR REPUTATION BACKS THE WADE

FARM BUREAU COOPERATIVE EXCHANGE

AGENTS FOR ROSEBURG FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO. OAKLAND

Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, Douglas County.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel Curtis, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Daniel Curtis, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, his final account as such administrator, and that the court room of said court, at the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

J. W. MARSTERS, Administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Daniel Curtis, deceased.

Dated and first published this 22nd day of November, 1927.

MILITANT BODY IS MEXICAN PLAN

(Associated Press Licensed Wire)

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 29.—A militant nation wide body to uphold the policies of the Calles administration is to be organized throughout Mexico. It is described as similar in purpose to the "black shirts" the followers of Premier Mussolini in Italy, and it has been suggested that the Mexican militants be termed "the white shirts."

By the formation of these "white shirts," the newly organized "league for revolutionary defense," intends to strengthen its hand against what it terms the reactionaries.

Xmas Bazaar

Held By Ladies Aid Society of The Christian Church

Friday and Saturday, December 2-3

Fancy Work, Garments, Art Work and Numerous Xmas suggestions.

Sale of Cooked Food and Chicken Tamales Saturday.

Let Us Help You With Your Xmas Gift and Sunday Dinner Problems.

Bazaar opens at 2 p. m., Friday and continues with Cooked Food Sale all day Saturday.

125 Cass St., Lawrence Realty Co. old office.

Roseburg Steam Laundry

Roseburg, Ore.

Phone 78

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

LO CORA? THIS IS BOOTS! I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU I WON'T BE HOME TILL FAIRLY LATE TONIGHT! FERDY AN I ARE GOIN TO A DINNER DANCE OUT AT "THE INN"

OH, BUT, BOOTS—THERE ARE SUCH DREADFUL HILLS OUT THAT WAY—

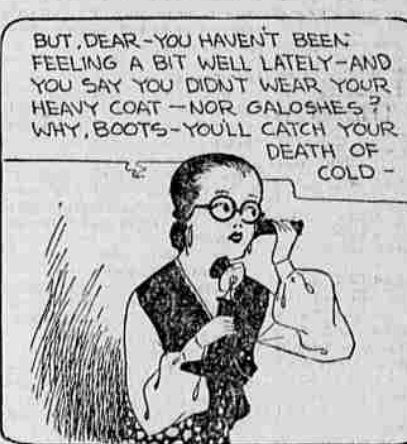


Oh! Oh! Oh!

YEH, I KNOW! I GUESS IT IS KINDA SUPPERY OUT TONIGHT—BUT I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT AWRIGHT



BUT, DEAR—YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING A BIT WELL LATELY—AND YOU SAY YOU DIDN'T WEAR YOUR HEAVY COAT—NOR GALOSHES? WHY, BOOTS—YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD—



— WELL, ANYWAY, I JUST CALLED UP T' TELL YOU—SO YOU WOULDN'T WORRY! —



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

SIX AN' EIGHT? SIX AN' EIGHT? 6 AN' 8??



One Ossie Hasn't Learned

GEE—I DON'T KNOW! WE ALWAYS DO OUR SUMS IN APPLES!