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ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

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

FOR SALE—Nice kitchen range, cheap. 649 S. Stephens.

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

FOR SALE—English walnuts at Edmbauer orchard tracts, phone 26F2.

FOR SALE—Narragansett turkeys, both toms and hens, until Dec. 15th, 1927. Write or call W. L. Gooch, Roseburg, Ore.

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

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Kirstin triple power stump puller. Will trade for any kind of stock except horses. Ervin Rice, Oakland, Ore. Phone 40F4.

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FOR SALE—Modern 6-room house with bath, built-ins, woodshed and garage; on large lot at 218 S. Parrott St. Owner must move. $1700, $300 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.

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FOR SALE—Fancy Rhode Island Red cockerel. 546 Mill St.

FOR SALE—Coon hound. Ervin Rice, Oakland, Ore. Phone 40F4.

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GET THAT Christmas package at the Chamber of Commerce, and have your eastern friends taste a real date prune.

FOR SALE—Fresh young milch cows, also young bull. Fred Vedder, 2 miles from Wilbur on Garden Valley road.

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SPECIAL—Will sell Burbank potatoes at ranch for $1.25 per hundred, until Dec. 10th. Chas. H. Gurney, Riversdale.

FOR SALE—Purebred bronze toms from registered stock. Can't be equalled in Douglas county for the money; $8 for the next 10 days. 14F4.

FOR SALE—Piano, phonograph, beds, rugs, bookcases, breakfast set, elec. range, kitchen cabinet, etc. Arthur H. Crowell, 225 N. Jackson.

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FOR RENT—Well furnished apts., close in. 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished 3-room apartment, newly renovated. Sun porch, stationary tubs. Deardorff Apartments, 112 Brockway Phone 403-R.

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

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

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Addressing pen or typewriter, spare time. Good pay. Inclose stamped addressed envelope. Advertiser, 1260 Calif. St., San Francisco.

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FOUND—Lady's belt. Owner may have same by calling at this office and describing.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRADE—Cows for light weight Vaughn drag saw. W. G. Cooper, Melrose, Ore.

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

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Held By
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Fancy Work, Garments, Art Work and Numerous Xmas suggestions.
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Bazaar opens at 2 p. m., Friday and continues with Cooked Food Sale all day Saturday.
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The Blazing Horizon

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THE STORY THUS FAR

The story begins in 1880, in the wicked little cow town of Caldwell, Kans., 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. Lillie, 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 to live, and by

Colonel Titus Moore, owner of the ranch.

Lillie 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.

That fall Tony accompanies Joe Craig to Caldwell, where Joe encounters Cashion, companion of Benton on the night of the shooting.

• • •

CHAPTER IX

Craig stared at him contemptuously. "I suppose you'll be saying next thing that you didn't help him get away?"

"He didn't need my help," Cashion protested. "I didn't know what kind of a man he was and I rode off with him. What would you have done if you had been in my shoes?"

Craig ignored the question. "What made you decide to desert Benton after you'd been so friendly with him?"

"I made up my mind that I was through with him when I saw him shoot Jeff Harrison. I wouldn't of gone with him, but how could I of stayed? I figured I wasn't safe around here until they'd cooled down some."

"You sure were smart in figuring that way. You'd have dangled from the end of a rope and no mistake." He shot the other a keen, meaningful look. "You didn't happen to quit Benton because he mentioned something about holding up an express train, did you?"

"Who, me?" Benton never mentioned anything like that." He reddened and shifted, uncomfortably.

Shafer, the town marshal, approached at that moment and Craig questioned him directly: "Shafer, what did Cashion, here, tell you about parting company with Tom Benton?"

Shafer was a heavily built man, dark and with large overhanging eyebrows. He glanced quickly at Cashion before replying to Joe Craig's question.

"He told me he wanted me to know that he wasn't associating with Benton. He came to me right after I was appointed marshal, or pretty soon after."

"You succeeded Fortune?" Craig asked.

"Yes. I knew about Benton killing Harrison and was on the lookout for him. When Cashion came to me I was right favorably impressed with his good faith. When you come right down to it, there's nothing to be said against Cashion, I guess."

"Except that he made the mistake of traveling in bad company. In some places that's quite considerable."

Shafer laughed mirthlessly.

"Did you happen to ask Cashion where he had left Benton?" Craig asked.

Shafer answered with some asperity. "Of course. He said Benton would be hiding out down in the Strip. Don't you suppose I know what my duty is?"

"It didn't occur to me to question it," Craig blandly answered, "but since you raise the subject I'll bet that if I'd been marshal here I'd have gone straight to the federal marshal or one of his deputies and asked his advice. Of course you haven't any authority in the Strip, but the federal men cover quite a lot of territory. They might have found Cashion right useful in leading them to Benton's hangout."

"You act like you don't believe Cashion's story," Shafer said angrily. "I do. When a man comes to me like he did I believe he's shooting square."

"We all have a habit of believing things when we want to believe them," Craig remarked sententiously.

Shafer reddened and glared at him. "Meaning just what?" he demanded truculently.

"Just that and nothing more." Craig turned to the boy beside him who had been standing quietly and taking in every word. "Come on, Tony. I've got a little business to transact."

He lingered a moment to hurl a final remark at Cashion. "In case it transpires that you run across Benton some time you might inform him that I'm right anxious to exterminate him."

"I didn't know your personal interest in Benton was so strong," Shafer volunteered. "The law will take care of him when he's found."

"The night Benton left Caldwell in a hurry," Craig told him, "somebody shot a hole through my hat. It wasn't my fault my head wasn't in the way."

"You're sure it was Benton?"

"Well, Benton had expressed a mild distaste for me." He added, significantly, "If it wasn't him it was somebody with him," and looked at Cashion.

"It was Benton, all right," Cashion hurriedly told him.

"Now, if I was marshal," Craig said innocently, "and convinced of the good faith of Cashion here, as you are, I'd take that statement as proof that Benton tried to commit murder on my person." He turned abruptly and left.

Not far away they came upon a group of idlers in the center of which David Payne stood earnestly haranguing them. Payne looked up as Craig passed, and spoke. Craig answered him civilly, but Tony thought he detected a mixture of pity and contempt in the cowboy's expression as he walked on.

"If that man would quit dreaming he might amount to something," Craig growled. "He's likable, and I believe he's honest in spite of what they say about him being in the pay of the railroads."

"I've heard a lot about David Payne," said Tony. "Why are you against him?"

"Putting it strictly on a selfish basis," Craig replied, "if he did succeed in opening all that land down there for settlement," and he gestured with his arm toward the south, "he'd throw all the fellows like me out of work. Put the cattle ranches out of business and you put the cow hands out of a job.

"But that's not all." His eyes dwelt wistfully on that vast expanse of unfurrowed soil that stretched toward the southern horizon. "Why can't they let that stay as it is? Did you ever see anything prettier?"

Tony agreed that he had not. He beheld a limitless stretch of rolling land. It lay brown beneath the clear autumn sky, dotted here and there with clumps of trees. In the farther distance some tiny specks were moving—another big herd coming up the trail to Caldwell and the railroad.

"What Payne wants to do," Craig continued, "is to clutter up that landscape with a nester on every quarter section. They'd fence it all in and plow it and build some unsightly shacks on it. They'd just naturally ruin the finest calling in the world—the beef industry."

His voice was tinged with bitterness and a trace of hopelessness. The boy was silent.

That night Craig sat with Colonel Moore and dwelt at some length on his encounter with Cashion.

"Cashion was lying, Colonel. Coyotes like him don't get afflicted with a sudden stroke of morality."

Titus Moore puffed ruminatively on his black cigar. "I take it you're not favorably impressed with this fellow Shafer," he pronounced.

"That's putting it mild; I've worked up a real thoroughgoing aversion to him, you might say. Consider a minute . . . I go into Caldwell with my eye peeled for Benton or one of his friends; I run into Cashion and find him on friendly terms with the town marshal, who backs up his weak-kneed story that he quit Benton when he found out he was a killer; and from a talk I had with Johnson, the United States deputy marshal, I learn that Shafer has intimated the evidence against Benton isn't just as strong as it might be."

He accepted one of his employer's cigars, bit off the end and thoughtfully lit it. "The trouble is a jury might let Benton off anyway, there being several witnesses ready to swear that Jeff Harrison was going for his gun when Benton killed him. The fact that there'd be others ready to swear that that was part of Benton's game, inasmuch as he had the drop on Harrison, might not make a bit of difference; it would depend on the jury. But why should Shafer act the part of attorney for the defense? However, I dug a little trap for him.

"I must have overlooked the digging," said Colonel Moore. "Elucidate."

"Sure. There's a charge of murder against Benton. If Cashion and Shafer are successful in getting the charge dropped, I'll be right active in complaining about an attempted murder. I've got Cashion's own admission, made in the presence of the marshal of Caldwell, that Benton fired the shot that went through my hat."

"And if Cashion and Shafer deny that the admission was made?"

"Then I'll know exactly what kind of men I'm dealing with . . . Some time I might come to you with a request for a short leave of absence. Will it be all right?"

The colonel rose. "I guess I'll have to grant it, Joe."

There followed for Tony Harrison a long period of unbroken activity. Rita Moore and her mother had gone back to Kansas City and would not return until the Christmas holidays. Once a week someone from the ranch rode to Caldwell for the colonel's mail. It was an all-day trip and meant an early start and a late return, for Caldwell was 30 miles distant and 60 miles in one day was plenty for a horse, even for the tough, wiry beasts that the cowpunchers favored.

Occasionally Joe Craig chose this task for himself, but if he learned anything more about Benton during his brief visits to Caldwell he kept it to himself.

In common with his older comrades, Tony rolled out of his blankets before dawn and set about his duties without orders. But where the men worked until dark and later, he was compelled by Colonel Moore to knock off in the early afternoon. With Rita gone he was free to spend his leisure hours with the colonel's books and to experiment with his gunnery.

Autumn passed, and one morning he arose to find Cottonwood Creek glazed over with a thin film of ice. That afternoon the first snow fell and Tony ventured forth with his revolver and came back with four rabbits.

"One got away," he told Titus Moore, as he exhibited his kill. The colonel seemed highly amused at the naive admission.

The following week, he told Tony, they would drive to Caldwell in the buckboard and meet Mrs. Moore and Rita. "Besides," he added with a grim tightening of his lips, "there'll be something in Caldwell I want to see."

David Payne's Boomers parade in Hunnewell and Caldwell in an effort to speed up the opening of the territory. Read the next chapter.

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SHOES CHOSEN INSTEAD OF JEWELRY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 29.—Shoes rather than pearls or hats and gowns, are being chosen by the well dressed woman as the point of dress to be stressed, in the opinion of Anthony H. Geuting, president of the National Shoe Retailers association of Philadelphia.

Geuting spoke before the joint convention of the Southwestern Retailers association and the St. Louis Shoe Manufacturers and Wholesalers association here.

"The short skirts, the attractive hose and the ingenuity of the creators of shoe styles in the country have made women's shoes the most attractive part of the dress," he said.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

FAMOUS FOOTBALL STAR ENDS CAREER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—One gun that has thundered with telling effect against the naval football dreadnaught through seven long autumn engagements has been silenced by the passing of time.

But the memory of ten "direct hits" in the form of six touchdowns and four points after should live long with a Navy football craft that no longer will be called on to face "Light Horse" Harry Wilson, Army leader and halfback extraordinary.

In the seven years that he has played against the Navy, three at Penn State and four at West Point, Wilson's name has figured in the final analysis of every game but one, and that was during his first appearance in an Army uniform when a recurring leg injury forced him to the sidelines early in the second period after a disappointing showing in the first quarter.

NOTICE

All persons holding warrants of Dist. No. 12, Glide, Douglas Co., should present them for payment to the First State and Savings Bank of Roseburg as interest stops on this date, Nov. 25, 1927.
H. D. Connine, Clerk.

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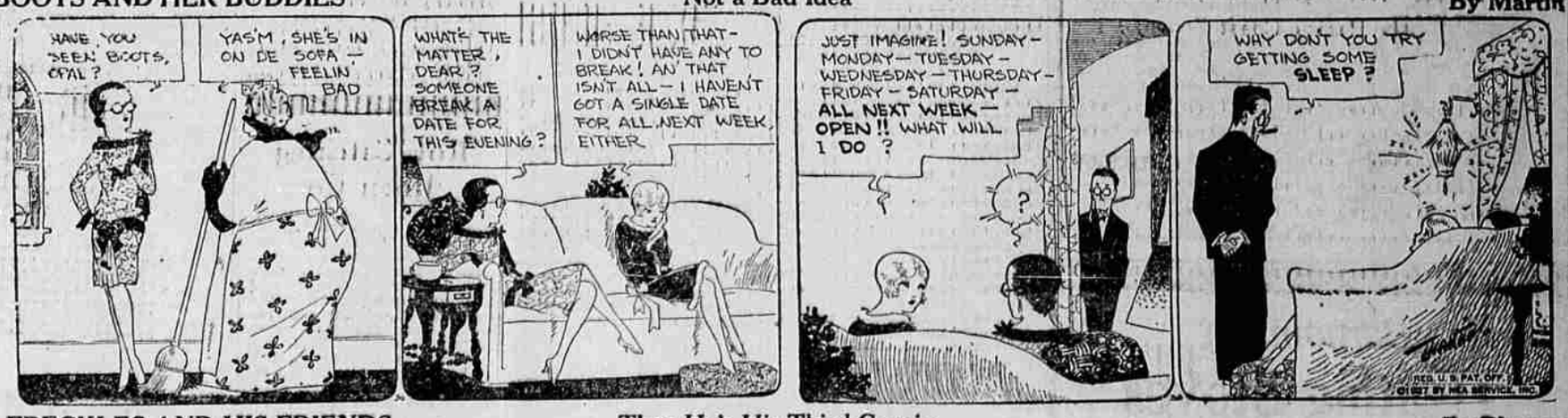
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Not a Bad Idea — By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — Then He's His Third Cousin — By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM — Sam's Eyes Are O. K. — By Small