

LET 'EM RIDE

Everybody rides these days—Father motors down town, Ma has her car, Sister has to ride to school, and Brother has that "tired feeling"—why not let the little fellow ride?

Take a look at our windows and see the array of CARTS, GOCARTS, DOLL BUGGIES, SCOOTERS, COASTER WAGONS and numberless other wheel contrivances that help the kiddies to move about a little faster.

Headquarters for Christmas Gifts

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Pigs, \$3.50 and up. Ray Banning, Phone 14741.

THIRTEEN FOR SALE—Pure Black Dons, Phone 14741.

FOR SALE—Registered Jersey bull, 2 yrs. old, \$70. Nelson Bros. 1 mile northeast of Roseburg.

FOR SALE—20 Black Minorca pullets, about ready to lay, \$1.00 each. Bailey, Wilbur, Ore.

WAGON DRAG SAW—Lighter, stronger, \$130. Farm Bureau Exchange.

GAS ENGINES—New and second hand. Low prices. Farm Bureau Exchange.

BOURBON red turkeys for sale. Toms \$8. John Abraham, Wilbur, Ore.

FOR SALE—Extra good hay, 11 miles east town, Deer Creek road. W. W. Haley.

FOR SALE—New Mellotte separator, capacity 740 lbs. Box 291, Roseburg.

GIVE canaries for Christmas. Males and females. Mrs. S. B. C. 530 West Oak.

FOR SALE—A McCallahan incubator, 250-egg; almost new. Reasonable. Lydia Morrow, Riddle, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Pigs \$4 and up. Strawberry plants, new Oregon, \$4 per 1000. Fir stumpage, 50c per cord. Lindholm, Dixonville.

FOR SALE—Oak and laurel block wood, \$3.50 a tier. Inquire at E. E. Woodcock's Shop, back of Union Garage.

FOR SALE—3 Shetland pony colts, 1 Jersey cow to trade for broad sow or R. L. Red hens. R. D. Troob, Myrtle Creek, Ore., Box 184.

WILL sacrifice poultry plant on account of sickness, 400 pullets, 300 hens, 24 Charters incubators all equipped; cow, team, wagon, hay, all farming implements, 125 rabbits, good buildings, 8 brooder stoves, water piped to buildings. Come and look it over. Easy terms. J. H. Booher, Leona, Oregon. Box 518.

PUREBRED

Bronze gobblers for sale. Chas. Buxton, Phone 2F22.

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

FOR SALE—4 bound pups, 6 months old. These are fine dogs. Write Box 35, News-Review office.

FOR SALE—408-Egg Master incubator, first class condition, used one season, 2 500-chick Master oil burning canopy brooder. Price within reason. R. N. Pickens, Sutherlin, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Good 2nd hand pianos for sale cheap. Wellington, Victor, Hamilton, Kohler and Chase, Gulbman and other good standard makes. Prices from \$150 to \$275, \$10 down, \$8 per month.

OTT'S MUSIC STORE, Roseburg, Oregon. We will trade you a good radio or phonograph for your old piano.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished house. Inquire at Gottle's Variety Store.

FOR RENT—4-room furnished house, electric range, garage, \$20 per month. Call 880 Hemphill St. Phone 489-1.

WANTED

WANTED—Woman for general housework. Phone 312-R. 1424 Casey Ave., Laurelwood.

WANTED—To lease with privilege of purchase, pasture for 100 to 150 sheep. Address Box 69, care News-Review.

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

WANTED—Fir and oak 16-inch and cordwood, on ground. For sale, fir wood, \$6.00 per load, 24 tier to the load. Phone 32F11.

FOUND

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

MISCELLANEOUS

TAKEN UP—Flock of white ducks, at my place, 2 mi. E. of Winchester. T. A. Troxell.

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

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR DEER CREEK BRIDGE BONDS

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned will up to 7:30 p. m., on Monday the 19th day of December, 1927, at his office in the City Hall in the City of Roseburg, Oregon, receive sealed proposals for the purchase of Deer Creek Bridge Bonds in the sum of \$37,000.00.

Said bonds are issued under authority of Ordinance No. 912, duly and regularly passed by the common council of the City of Roseburg, Oregon, and approved by the mayor of said city September 7th, 1927, and as amended by ordinance No. 915, passed by the common council and approved by the mayor, November 7th, 1927, for the purpose of providing funds for the construction of a new bridge across Deer Creek on Jackson Street in the City of Roseburg.

The bonds No. 8, 16, 24, 32, 40, 48, 56, 64, 72 and 80 are in denominations of \$200.00 each and all the others are in denominations of \$500.00 each, and bear interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and are dated October 1st, 1927, and are payable serially one tenth (1/10) each year, first payment one year from date of issue.

No bid for less than par and accrued interest will be accepted, and the council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check or draft for the sum of \$500.00, payable to the City of Roseburg, to be forfeited to the city in case the successful bidder shall fail to complete the purchase.

By order of the Common Council.

Dated and first published at Roseburg, Oregon, December 5th, 1927.

HAROLD E. SHERF, City Recorder of the City of Roseburg, Oregon.

The Blazing Horizon

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Tony Harrison, 13, is orphaned when Jeff Harrison, his father, is shot in a poker game in Caldwell, Kas. He is befriended by Gordon W. Lillie, a restaurant waiter, 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, which is in the Cherokee Strip.

There the shy little boy meets Rita, tomboy daughter of Titus Moore.

The year is 1880, and Gordon Lillie is thinking of joining David Payne, who is agitating for the opening of the Indian territory lands, when he gets an offer of a teaching post in the Indian school in Pawnee.

There he lets his hair grow long and becomes known as Pawnee Bill. After a fight with the school superintendent he is charged with attempted murder and flees the territory.

He and Craig are in Caldwell some time later when Craig decides to go after a saloon owner named Shafer, former marshal of Caldwell, who Craig thinks is crooked and possessor of a knowledge of the whereabouts of Tom Benton, murderer of Jeff Harrison. He conspires with John Blake, editor of the Caldwell paper, to declare war on Shafer as an editorial.

He suspects that Shafer will attempt to revenge and he rides a little way out of Caldwell to give the impression that he has gone back to the Bar K. While resting beneath some trees, he hears an ominous sound.

CHAPTER XV

Instinctively Craig's hand reached for his gun. It came forth in that quick, flawless movement he had mastered and, scarcely taking time to aim, he fired.

The rattlesnake, rearing angrily in Sergeant's path, thrust its forked tongue along the flat, sunny rock, and Craig, walking over to it, the while he talked comfortably to the frightened horse, calmly put another bullet through the deadly reptile's head.

"I don't have time to get him the first shot, Sergeant. Thought at first he was after me. He's after the horse's muzzle as he talked. 'There's one thing you can say for a rattlesnake: he sort of puts you on your guard when he means business. That's the only difference, as I see it, between a rattlesnake and Shafer. Come on, we're going back to Caldwell. That snake's given me an idea."

An hour later he was sitting in John Blake's gray little office. He had ridden directly to Tony Harrison's cabin, tethered his horse there and then made his way as unobtrusively as possible to the Tribune, satisfied that he had been unobserved.

Terse he told of what he had seen in Shafer's saloon, of the

man's loud-voiced pronouncements that he intended nothing in the way of retaliation.

"He's trying to make people believe that he's benefitting by the editorial and that as long as business is good he'd be a fool to so men are coming right in the Oas and laughing at Shafer, and Shafer knows it. That's why I say he's got something up his sleeve and he's going to turn it loose pretty quick."

Blake calmly filled his battered pipe and stuck it between his teeth.

"Shafer's not the only one who's got a gun. I've been selling quite a few papers. Every man, woman and child in Caldwell seems to want a Tribune."

Craig smiled, but was instantly serious. "You sleep right here, don't you, Blake?"

The editor indicated a battered sofa against the wall. "That's my bunk," he said carelessly. "Why?"

"I'll be staying with you tonight. So will Bill Lillie."

Blake looked his surprise. "You're welcome, of course, both of you. But I don't see—"

"No you wouldn't. Shafer's not the kind of a man who'd ask you to fight it out in the middle of town. He'd rather find you asleep."

"Let him come. I'm not afraid of him."

"I know you're not, you fire-eater. But I'm going to be here just the same. He set his jaw with an expression of finality. "You know," he said cryptically, "a rattlesnake gave me a real idea this afternoon. He gave my horse a scare and I shot him. It would injure me, a powerful lot if somebody deprived me of my horse."

He said no more but walked from the office of the Tribune and made for the cabin. It was nearing sundown.

He found Pawnee Bill waiting for him and told him of the night's program. The other nodded his assent and proceeded with the preparation of the evening meal.

"Your two friends," he said presently to Craig, "didn't follow you very far this afternoon. I sort of sneaked around a bit to keep them under observation, but they seemed to be satisfied that you were leaving Caldwell behind."

"All of which proves," remarked Craig, "that you were looking out for me to see that they didn't intend to use me as a target in case the notion struck them." He stared at the other accusingly.

"Well," Pawnee Bill admitted, "your back's pretty broad. I'd be careful how I exposed it."

They lingered over their meal until well after dark, then made their way on foot toward John Blake's little shop. A south wind fanned their cheeks as they walked along and Craig paused to survey the overcast sky.

"It'll be raining in less than an hour," he pronounced. "That won't

disappoint Shafer a bit if he's planning anything."

Blake greeted them good-naturedly at the door. "Saw you coming from my window. Come on in."

He led the way into the little office. A lamp burned on the table in the center of the room and Craig satisfied himself that the shades had been drawn before he would enter.

"I'm not banking to let anyone know you've got company," he said to Blake. He produced a pack of cards. "I'm willing to be tempted into a little game of stud poker before it's time to turn in," he announced, and began to shuffle the cards.

They had not been playing long when it began to rain, a scattering of large drops at first that soon settled into a gentle downpour and drummed a soothing melody on the roof of the little one-story shop.

Craig devoted himself strictly to the business of poker and refused to be drawn into conversation concerning Shafer; nor would he enlighten Blake on why he had chosen to stay with him. He was the first to push back his chair and announce he was through.

Blake stood up and confronted him squarely. "Just why, Craig, are we going through all this flummery?" It's foolishness, I tell you."

Craig frowned. "Maybe you're right. But I got you into this thing and I'm going to see it through with you." He extinguished the lamp and, walking over to the windows, raised the shades and looked out. The rain was still coming down in a monotonous drizzle and the streets of Caldwell appeared deserted. Lights twinkled in the near distance, from the saloons and gambling halls, and farther away could be discerned the red light that distinguished Mag Wood's place from its fellows.

He remained at the window for several minutes, then moved away and suggested that they get some sleep. "You bunk right on your couch, Blake," he insisted; "Bill and I are used to dropping off wherever we happen to light."

There was some resistance on Blake's part, but this was overcome by the stubborn insistence of the other two, and presently the editor of the Tribune was stretched out on his rough bed, his steady, heavy breathing indicating that he was one, at least, who would not let his imagination interfere with his greatly needed rest.

As for Pawnee Bill, he lay on the floor, his head pillowed on a blanket; but though he was used to far less comfortable beds, sleep evaded him, and from time to time he turned to whisper to Craig who lay just beside him.

Hours passed that way. The rain ceased, though the sky remained overcast and starless, and the only noise in the room was the steady ticking of Blake's clock. Craig had slipped into that dreamy, reposeful state which is the borderline between sleep and consciousness, when Pawnee Bill stirred beside him, rousing him to instant watchfulness and seating him, with cat-like swiftness to one of the windows.

The monotonous ticking of the clock faded as a new sound was

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Not Here!

Exchange, 1 sack \$2.00, 4 sacks \$7.80

Bear 1 sack \$1.90, 4 sacks \$7.40

Silver Dust 1 sk. \$1.80, 4 sacks \$7.00

Spuds \$1.40

WE WILL BUY DRESSED HOGS

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

AGENTS FOR

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

IS ELECTED CAPTAIN

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Dec. 7. After he had been selected as captain of the 1928 football team of Whitman college, his election was announced at a banquet of the team and coaching staff.

Holmgren of Pendleton was last night named captain of the 1928 football team of Whitman college.

His election was announced at a banquet of the team and coaching staff.

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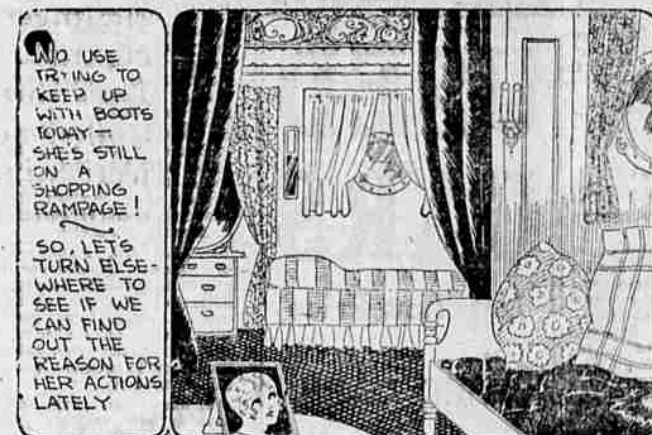
Now while it is inconvenient for you to do your shopping and you can not send the children, we are willing to serve you. Telephone us your orders and we will deliver to your kitchen. Everything you order will be just as good as though you were here to pick it out yourself.

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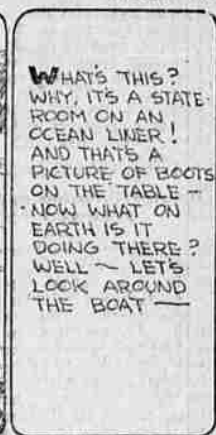
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