

# Away Go Profits

This week we are showing one of the finest lines of table glassware to be had. It is a

## Delayed Shipment of Holiday Goods

and to move this line quickly we will forego our usual profits.

Sandwich Trays, Fruit Bowls, Ice Buckets and Tongs, Salad Plates, Cake Plates, Bread and Butter Plates, and a lot of others. Better see this assortment at once.

**Churchill Hardware Co.**  
THE WINCHESTER STORE

# CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

### FOR SALE

VIAMI for men, women and child ren. Phone 1522. Mrs. Smith.

RHODE ISLAND Red pullets for sale reasonable. 1110 Prospect St.

BEAN SPRAY OUTFIT \$25 up. Used 3 h. p. outfit, \$150. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Bourbon bred turkey (one). I. B. Nichols, Brockway, Ore.

12 H. P. ENGINE, \$100, also two 6 h. p. engines at a bargain. Farm Bureau Exchange.

BEAN SPRAY PUMP REPAIRS—We carry a large assortment of repairs. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Your choice of my laying White Leghorn pullets, \$1 each. R. N. Pickens, Sutherland.

FOR SALE—S. C. R. L. Red cockerels, extra good ones. Phone 2822. L. H. Skinner & Son.

WOOD FOR SALE—Seasoned second growth red fir block, \$3.00 per tier, load of 24 tier, \$7.00. Phone 10223.

FOR SALE—1926 Dodge business sedan, very good condition. Also 1925 Ford coupe, completely overhauled. Bargains. Phone 209-L.

FOR SALE—Ford Fordor sedan, with Ruckelst's auto equipment, run only 4000 miles, and in perfect condition. This is a real bargain. Harrison's Garage.

LUMBER—All kinds, \$15 per M. Bills sawn to order; slabwood \$2 per cord; edgings free. 3 miles south of Sutherland, Ore. Highway Lbr. Co.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—120 acres timber land, level ground, good house, barn; 8 miles north of Grants Pass, on Pacific highway. Unlimited and unexcelled water supply. Must sacrifice. E. M. Squier. Phone 570 or 180-R.

FOR SALE—11 acres near Sutherland, 2 acres Bartlett pears, full bearing other fruit; good modern residence; barn, large poultry house. No reasonable offer refused. R. N. Pickens, Sutherland, Ore.

FOR SALE—Red fir block, 3 tiers \$8.50; red fir block easily split, 3 tiers \$9.50; half seasoned oak block, 2 1/2 tiers \$8.50; stove wood, 3 tiers \$10. Deliveries Monday to Friday. Phone 601-J.

FOR SALE—200 acres on Cow Creek, 100 acres under cultivation; 1 mile to school house. Will divide into tracts of 40 acres or more. For information address H. J. Wilson, Astoria, Ore. owner.

### WANTED

WANTED—250 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WANTED—TO trade gas pumping outfit complete, for drug saw. R. R. No. 1, Box 85, Roseburg, Ore.

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

### FOR RENT

WELL furnished apt. ground floor, close in. 431 S. Main.

FOR RENT—4-room downstairs apt. 740 Mill St. Phone 252-L.

FOR RENT—Cheap, 6-room house. Inquire 920 N. Jackson.

FOR RENT—5-room house, all built-ins, garage, on paved St. Phone 566-R.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished cottage, with garage and garden spot; reasonable. Phone 566-R.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished 3-room apt., modern, built-ins. Stationery, piano, Deardorf Apartments, 112 Brockway, Phone 463-R.

### MONEY TO LOAN

### ON IMPROVED FARMS

Long term loans with liberal repayment privilege. 5 1/2% interest payable annually. Usual commission charges. Ask for folder describing this loan.

**G. W. Young & Son**

Insurance and Loans  
116 Cass St. Phone 417

### MISCELLANEOUS

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

PAINTING mills, barns and factory buildings with a spray very economical in cost. E. H. Baker, Campview, Roseburg or phone 604-J.

FOR TRADE—6 apartment building in Tacoma, Wash., also 6-room house and 4 lots in Seattle for prune orchard in Oregon. V. Molino, 1920 Fawcett Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

## By Rail or Highway to Portland

*{New silver-gray motor coaches; faster trains.}*  
New convenience for travelers to Portland and intermediate stations. Luxurious motor-coach service by Southern Pacific Motor Transport Co. in addition to improved schedules of Southern Pacific trains.

to Portland		
Leave	Roseburg	Arrive Portland
Oregonian	11:55 p. m.	5:15 a. m.
Shasta	4:10 p. m.	10:30 p. m.
Motor Coach	6:45 a. m.	2:45 p. m.
Motor Coach	11:32 a. m.	7:55 p. m.
Returning		
Leave	Portland	Arrive Roseburg
Oregonian	5:50 p. m.	4:25 a. m.
Shasta	8:30 a. m.	2:35 p. m.
Motor Coach	9:30 a. m.	5:57 p. m.
Motor Coach	2:30 p. m.	10:25 p. m.

Southern Pacific rail tickets good on motor-coaches of Southern Pacific Motor Transport Co.

**Southern Pacific**  
J. E. Clark, Agent  
Phone 11  
Roseburg, Ore.

### Light your home with an ALADDIN LAMP

Gives a brighter and whiter light than electricity or gas. You can have this light from kerosene if you have an Aladdin Lamp. It is the most economical lamp made.

Burns Kerosene  
**McKean, Darby & Baldwin**

### NASH GARAGE

The best Used Cars that money can buy. Repairing on all cars. Guaranteed Work.  
Oak & Main Sts. Phone 649

### Roseburg Cabinet Shop

Built-in Work, Furniture Repairing and Refinishing  
Saw Filing a Specialty  
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

# The Blazing Horizon

BY ERNEST LYNN

THE STORY THUS FAR  
The story is laid in the Indian territory and along the Kansas border in the '80's, when a fight was being waged for the opening of Oklahoma to settlement. Chief characters are:

Tony Harrison, orphaned at 13, when his father was shot in a poker game;

Pawnee Bill, adventurer, teacher, Indian interpreter, showman;

Joe Craig, who takes Tony to the Bar K ranch to live;

Titus Moore, owner of the Bar K brand;

Rita, his daughter, with whom Tony later falls in love;

Moore is one of the chief enemies of the movement to open Oklahoma. David Payne, leader of the "Boomers," dies and Tony in his loyalty to Moore is troubled because of his sympathy for Payne's cause. He tries to forget his hopeless love for Rita, but is unable to keep from declaring his love, and when she admits she is engaged to another he disappears.

Pawnee Bill organizes his own show. Tony goes with it. It falls and Pawnee Bill is persuaded by the city of Wichita to go there and lead the Boomers in Oklahoma. The fight finally is won. On April 22, 1889, the gun is fired that sends 50,000 homeseekers scrambling over the border. Tony rides on to Guthrie, which in one day is springing from nothing to a city of 8,000. There he accidentally gets into the hardware business.

Mrs. Moore meanwhile has died in the east and Titus Moore and Rita go back to the Bar K.

A scar-faced man drops into Guthrie and at sight of him Tony is troubled by the notion that he has seen him before.

CHAPTER XLVI  
When he dropped into his favorite haunt that evening for a quiet game of poker, Tony Harrison found the scar-faced man standing beside the bar. Once more he was assailed with the feeling that somewhere he had encountered that face before, but to save the life of him he could not resurrect the image of a man with silk black hair and a short mustache and goatee. Most men, if they affected mustaches, favored the long flowing ones with drooping or up-

turned ends. "And," he told himself, "it can't be the scar. I'd remember that anywhere."

He lingered nearby, that he might study the other's face unobscured, and presently Forbes, as if he felt unseen eyes upon him, turned around.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

For a moment Harrison experienced the uncomfortable feeling of having been caught in an act of pilferage. "I don't drink," he answered as pleasantly as he could.

"Some time ago I decided to get along without it."

"Most of us would be better off if we felt the same way about it. The man agreed pleasantly. "How about something soft—ginger ale?"

Tony hesitated. The man was courteous enough, and yet, "Generally," he said, "I don't permit a stranger to stand treat for me; but I'll break the rule if you let me buy the next one."

Forbes lifted an arm to signal the bartender. After he had given his order he said, "I won't be a stranger much longer. I'm figuring on locating here."

"Going in business?"

"Drug store. I've been looking over the ground to see if it would pay."

"You know we've got one, of course?"

Forbes nodded. "Room for another one—a good one. Thought I'd see how things were going in Oklahoma City, though, before I made up my mind."

"You know," Harrison said boldly, "I've been bothered by the notion that I've seen you before some place. Is that possible?"

"Been in Chicago?"

Tony nodded.

"Well, that's where I'm from."

Forbes laughed a little drily. "Folks are not likely to forget this face," and he indicated the scar.

"Ballot wound," he explained. "Powed up my cheek considerably, didn't it?"

He shifted impatiently and glanced about him. "Got a poker game on," he explained apologetically and withdrew.

Harrison watched him as he sat down at a nearby table, and frowned. He heard his own name called a moment later and he reluctantly walked across the room and dropped into the seat that was reserved for him by his friends.

He played mechanically, with only a half-hearted interest in the cards; and from time to time he found himself staring absently toward the table where sat Forbes.

The man's back was to him, though, and Forbes presented nothing more than a sleek black head and a pair of broad shoulders.

"There's something on your mind, Tony," Fred Perkins laughed as he gathered in a sizable "pot." "I raised the ante, drew two cards, and you called me with two little pair. That ain't natural for you."

Harrison shrugged and smiled. "Too much business, Fred." To Jenkins, the restaurant owner, he said, "That partner of mine thinks up more things for me to do than I can attend to in working hours and criticizes me when I carry them in my mind at night. All right; deal me a hand—and look out for me. I'm out for blood."

He picked up his cards, saw two kings and announced: "She's off," and threw in a chip. Others clinked beside it.

"Everybody stays," said Jenkins, who was dealing. "How many cards, Harrison?"

"Three." When they fell in front of him he slipped them, unlooked at, between his pair of kings and shuffled the five cards, face down.

"Now let me peel down, Fred," he began—and stopped short.

There were our kings in his hand and an illuminating flash of memory darting through his brain. He turned quickly in quest of Forbes but the man had left—at least he was not at the table where Tony had just seen him. His eyes roved the crowded room. Not there. Very well—the hotel.

Leaving a winning hand and an uncashed stack of chips on the table, he pushed back his chair and darted for the door, his companions too overcome with astonishment for speech.

When he had vanished through the door, Fred Perkins leaned over the table and picked up Tony's cards. "Four kings!" he announced in feeble amazement, and slid back in his chair. "Now, what the hell—" he broke off, to stare weakly at the five cards.

In the street, Tony Harrison was saying to himself, "I knew it—I knew I wasn't wrong. Now, if he's only at the hotel—if he didn't get scared at what I said and light out—"

The way to the hotel led past his own store, which stood just two doors away from the bank. He proceeded at a run, stumbling now and then over a rut, for there were no street lights in Guthrie yet and the sky was overcast and black.

The far-off rumble of thunder accompanied him down the street and once he tripped and sprawled his length on the ground, to pick himself up, cursing, and hasten on.

Far off a light shone through the darkness. From the bank, he told himself, it would be Morrison, the cashier, who religiously devoted one night a week to "checking things up." Morrison—what was it Morrison had said about the scar-faced man—that he hadn't believed him with confidence? He whispered, and ran on.

His eyes accustomed better to the darkness now, could discern fairly clearly the giant outlines of the hardware store and the framework of the addition under construction. Perkins and Harrison, a "going" business—and nine years ago. . . .

A jagged flash of lightning rent the sky, illumining the makeshift buildings in all their starkness and giving him a brief glimpse of something else. He stopped with

such abruptness that his hands sought the ground for balance. It could not have been his imagination, he told himself. Under that brief lightning flash he had seen horses moving outside the little bank, and Morrison, he knew perfectly well, had not ridden any of them.

His amazement gave way to rapid calculation and he stepped quickly toward the dark shadow of the store. It was all very clear now—the scar-faced stranger strolling into the bank from time to time and asking numerous questions under the pretense of an interest in Guthrie's business outlook. . . .

He slipped swiftly and silently from the hardware store to the building next door. Hinging it closely he cut around the rear and then lifted toward the side facing the bank. He could make out three bulky shapes in the darkness and could hear the stamping of horses' feet. Beside them was the faint glow of a cigar or cigarette.

His mind revolved on various plans of action. Should he lie in wait until the bank robbers emerged and then open fire on them from his place of concealment? A safe course but not to be considered because of the uncertainty of hitting a man in the darkness. No—he would have to get to the bank and surprise them.

He figured the haster at his hip, drew out the slender-barreled revolver and, dropping to his hands and knees, began a slow and silent progress toward the shapes in the darkness beside the bank.

A horse whinnied nervously and Harrison flattened himself against the ground like a snake. But he was reassured by the sound of a man's voice: "Quiet, you fool!" and presently he began to inch forward again.

From where he now lay he could see the horses quite clearly. There would be no danger of running into them. And the faint glow of the cigarette told him which way his man was facing. Just a few feet more now and—

Then he was on his feet, writhing like in the darkness. Before the man who held the reins could turn or utter a sound, Harrison had swung the butt of his gun against his skull and grabbed him to ease his fall.

He spoke softly to the horses, then grabbed off the man's hat, peered at his face, felt with his fingers a swelling lump behind the other's ear, and let him lie. There would be, Harrison was satisfied, no signs of life from him for some time.

He felt a fierce exultation within him. Part of his task was accomplished; that for which he had waited and prayed many a day lay just ahead. He spoke once more in a reassuring whisper to the three horses and then turned toward the front of the bank. Two men inside with Morrison, and one of them. . . .

A sudden blaze of passion swept him as he crept toward the lighted window—a savage longing to get that other alone somewhere, to

# Time to Plow

Come and look over our tractor and walking plows. We have some good values in used plows and harrows.



**JOHN DEERE**  
MOLINE, ILL.  
SPECIAL  
New 12-inch plow  
\$17.50  
**Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange**  
ROSEBURG BEAN SPRAY PUMP CO. AGENTS FOR OAKLAND FAIRBANKS MORSE & CO. SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.  
Washington St. and S. P. Tracks.

# Overnight End COLD

Stop a cold before it stops you. Take HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine. Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the system. Insist on HILL'S. Red box, 30c. All druggists.

**HILL'S**  
Cascara - Bromide - Quinine  
twist his fingers in his throat and hear him plead for his life like a beggar.

The door beside the lighted window, he noted, was closed. Removing his hat, he cautiously raised himself erect and looked over the sill. Morrison sat in a chair beside the safe, and in front of him, with leveled guns, stood two men. From the hands of one a half-filled sack dangled. The other, his eyes slitted with anger, was talking in a low tone, and Tony Harrison wondered then how he possibly could have failed to recognize him at first glimpse.

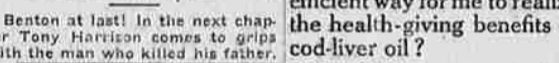
(To Be Continued)

Benton at last! In the next chapter Tony Harrison comes to grips with the man who killed his father.

POSTPONED

Regular meeting of Junior High P. T. A. postponed until Jan. 24th, on account of Junior high student body presenting Williams Colored Singers Jan. 17th.

Lesson No. 8  
Question: Why is the emulsified form the more efficient way for me to realize the health-giving benefits of cod-liver oil?  
Answer: Because when cod-liver oil is emulsified it is more perfectly absorbed, and does not disagree with digestion. Take SCOTT'S EMULSION



### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



### Yas Suh



### By Martin



### By Blosser



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



### Good News!



### By Blosser



### By Small



### SALESMAN SAM



### Rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet"



### By Small



### By Small

