

Honey Bee Supplies

All the Bee Supplies we offer meets every demand of the experienced Bee Keeper. The frames made of Sugar Pine and in 8 to 10 frame sizes with three types of hives.

Brood Foundations come in regular sort and also patented wire inserted.

Get Your Bees Ready For Spring Work

Churchill Hardware Co. THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

HAY FOR SALE—Edebowser Orchard Tracts. Phone 262F.

KOHLER lighting plant for sale. Practically good as new. S. C. Miller, Dillard, Phone 49F11.

FOR SALE—Ancona and Rhode Island Red chicks. Ethel G. Roselund, Roseburg Phone 34F24.

BROCCOLI SEED—1 have a few pounds of tested seed left. Harry Davis, Dillard.

BANANAS—9c lb. grape fruit 5c each apples 75c and up. Fruit Stand, North Jackson St.

FOR SALE—Buff Leghorn eggs for hatching. \$2 per setting of 20. Leave orders at Morgan's Grocery. H. G. Wilson.

FARM, CHEAP—18 acres, 6 acres Skinner irrigation, 6 acres more to irrigate, good land and buildings, 3 miles out. Joe Harvey, Roseburg, Rt. 2.

FOR SALE—Two electric incubators, 500 sizes, \$17.50 each. Brooders, one electric, one oil, 1000 sizes; \$15 and \$10. Address "P. J.," care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Old growth fir block wood, half seasoned, just right for furnace or heater. \$3.25 per tier in 2 1/2 tier loads, or \$3.50 single tier. South End Fuel Co., Phone 403J.

PIANO SACRIFICE AT ROSEBURG—High grade instrument. Will accept your phonograph in part payment, balance \$10 month. Address Cline Piano Co., 208 Oak St., Portland.

FOR SALE—180-acre fruit and sheep ranch, 12 acres prairie, some farm land, good pasture, some timber, spring water, house, barn, small prairie dryer. A good ranch, located 3 miles east of Myrtle Creek, Ore. Price \$3,500. Harvey C. Hill, Nampa, Idaho, R. 2.

NEON SIGNS

Sale or Lease Roy Hufham 109 Rose St., Roseburg.

REAL ESTATE

Home-Sites, Acreage or Farms Exchanges a Specialty E. G. Kingwell Sutherland, Ore.

Public Liability and Property Damage

Two mighty important insurance coverages for the automobile owner. Are you protecting yourself by carrying this coverage on your car? This agency is at your service in writing all lines of automobile insurance.

G. W. Young & Son INSURANCE 116 Cass St. Phone 417

FOR HOMESTEADS and relinquishments see S. S. Morrison. PLYMOUTH Rock eggs for hatching. J. M. Spencake, East Ave. IMPERIAL PERKIN duck eggs, \$1 per 15. H. Woolman, Yoncalla.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—221 acres, sheep and turkey ranch, near town, for smaller place close in. J. C. Roysse, 421 Howe St.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Small 5-room house, reasonable, 1047 West First St.

FOR RENT—Good 6-room house, garage, \$10 per mo. 518 S. Main. Phone 19F12.

FOR RENT—10-room modern, partly furnished house on Winchester St., North Roseburg. S. W. Starmer, Soldiers' Home.

WANTED

WANTED—Broody hens. Phone 8F14.

WANTED—200 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

WANTED—Ladies not to forget to take lunch at Roseburg Cafeteria.

SEWING WANTED—Kohlhagen Apt. 308. Phone 496J. Mrs. M. E. Pearce.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

JERRY on the Job—Have just returned from California and am ready to do all kinds of building, repairing and cement work. 1253 Winchester St. B. F. Chilson.

ED WALKER AIDS IN CAPTURE OF BEAVER TRAPPERS

MEDFORD, Ore., Mar. 21—Arrested yesterday on the Diamond Lake road five miles above Union creek by Deputy Game Warden Roy Parr of Ashland and Ed Walker of Roseburg with six beaver skins in their possession, Guy and James Waddell, trappers in that district, were each fined \$50 and costs when they entered pleas of guilty in Judge Taylor's court here this forenoon. The two brothers were arrested as they were leaving the trapping grounds, after a search of their cabin last Thursday by the officers revealed 25 dried and fresh beaver skins, all of which, including the six taken yesterday, have been confiscated. In addition to the confiscation of the skins, which were valued at approximately \$600, two air-shooters and one rifle were also confiscated. The two deputy game wardens had spent four days in the apprehension of the brothers, who are believed to have been trapping beavers in the Crater National forest for some time. The officers were forced to work in snow over three and one-half feet deep in gathering evidence and in making the arrests.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS Electro - Chiropractor - Drugless Health Center, 327 Cass, Pn. 491.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop 250 W. Oak. FURNITURE REPAIRING Upright Board and Veneer Panel Cut to Order. Saw Filing a Specialty E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

SHIRE STALLION "Oregon" 15981



Now standing for a short season at the Chadwick Ranch, near Myrtle Creek. Farles and Chaney in charge.

GIRL ALONE

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Sally Ford, 16, is "farmed out" to Clem Carson for the summer and prepares to leave the state orphanage which has been her home since she was four. Sally dislikes the farmer and recalls stories of drudgery and fatigue - wracked bodies which the girls have told after a summer at the Carson farm.

Before she leaves she begs Miss Pond, sentimental office helper, to tell her what she knows about her mother. She is disappointed to learn that the woman calling herself her mother left her at the orphanage when she was four and never returned to see if her child lived or died.

As she leaves, the children who love her dearly rush to the fence and cry for her to tell them good-by. She runs back to the big wire enclosure and kisses the smallest ones, then with tears in her eyes turns and joins Clem at the car. When they drive away, he leans near her with a chuckle and says: "You're quite a kissing bug, ain't you? How about a little kiss for your new boss?"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IV

Sally had shrunk as far away from Clem Carson as the seat of the "Glyver" permitted, phrases from Mrs. Stone's embarrassed, terrifying warnings boiling and churning in her mind: "Keep your body pure"—"mustn't let men take any liberties with you"—"you're a big girl now, things you ought to know"—"if you're led astray, it will be due to girls in your own nature."

She suddenly loathed herself, her budding, curving young body that she had taken such innocent delight in as she bathed for her journey. She wanted to shrink and shrink until she was a little girl again, too young to know "the facts of life," as Mrs. Stone, blushing and embarrassed, had called the half-truths she had said. Sally wanted to climb over the door of the car, drop into the hot dust of the road, and run like a dog-chased rabbit back into the safety of the Home. There were no men there—no queer, different male beings who would want to "take liberties."

"My land! Scared of me?" Clem Carson chuckled. "You poor little chicken! Don't mind me, Sally. I don't mean no harm, teasing you for a kiss. Land alive! I got a girl of my own, ain't I? Darned proud of her, too, and I'd cut the heart out of any man that tried to take advantage of her. Ain't got no call to be scared of me, Sally."

She smiled waveringly, shyness making her lips stiff, but she relaxed a little, though she kept as far away from the man as ever. In spite of her dread of the future and her bitter disappointment over Miss Pond's disclosures as to her mother, she was finding the trip to the farm an adventure. In the 12 years of her life in the State Orphan's Asylum she had never been left the orphanage unaccompanied by dozens of other sleep-like, timid little girls and unchaperoned by sharp-voiced, eagle-eyed matrons.

She felt queer, detached, incomplete, like an arm or a leg dismembered from a giant body; she even had the panicky feeling that, she would wither and die away from that big body of which she had been a part for so long. But it was pleasant to bump swiftly along the hot, dusty white road, fringed with odoriferous, flowering weeds. Houses became less and less frequent; fewer children ran barefoot along the road, scurrying out of the path of the automobile. Occasionally a woman, with a baby sprawling on her hip, appeared and shaded her eyes with her hand as she squinted at the car.

As the miles sped away Carson seemed to feel the need of impressing upon her the fact that her summer was not to be one of unalloyed pleasure. He sketched the life of the farm, her own work upon it, as if to prepare her for the worst. "My wife's got the reputation of being a hard woman," he told her confidently. "But she's a good woman, good clean through. She works her own fingers to the bone, and she can't abide a lazy, trifling girl about the place. You work hard, Sally, and speak nice and respectful-like, and you twoll get on I warrant."

"Yes, sir," Sally stammered. "Well, Sally," he told her at last, "here's your new home. This lane leads past the orchards—I got 10 acres in fruit trees, all of 'em bearing—and the gardens, then right up to the house. Pretty fine place, if I do say so myself. I'll drive the new girl around back to the middle west. Don't them orchards look pretty?"

Sally came out of her frightened reverie, forced her eyes to focus on the beautiful picture spread out on a giant canvas before her. Then she gave an involuntary exclamation of pleasure. Row after row of fruit trees, evenly spaced and trimmed to perfection, stretched before her on the right. The child in her wanted to spring from the seat of the car, run ecstatically from tree to tree, to snatch sun-ripened fruit.

"You have a good fruit crop," she said primly. "There's the house." The farmer pointed to the left. "Six rooms and a garage. My daughter, Pearl, dogs, the life out of me until I had electric lights put in, and a fancy bathtub. She even made me get a radio, but it comes in right handy in the evening, specially in winter. My daughter, Pearl, can think of more ways for me to spend money than I can to earn it."

he added with a chuckle, so that Sally knew he was proud of Pearl, proud of her urban tastes. The car swept up to the front of the house; Clem Carson's hand on the horn summoned his women folk.

The house which seemed small to Sally, accustomed to the big buildings of the orphanage, was further dwarfed by the huge red barn that towered at the rear. The house itself was white, not so recently painted as the livery barn, but it was pleasant and homelike, the sort of house Sally's chums at the orphanage had pictured as an ideal home, when they had let their imaginations run away with them.

Sally herself, born with a different picture of home in her mind, had romanced about a house which would have made this one look like servants' quarters, but now that it was before her she felt a thrill of pleasure. At least it was a home, not an institution.

A woman, big, heavy-bosomed, sternly cosseted beneath her snugly fitting, starched blue chambray house dress, appeared upon the front porch and stood shading her eyes against the western sun, which revealed the thinness of her iron-gray hair and the deep wrinkles in her tanned face.

"Why didn't you drive around to the back?" she called harshly. "This young-up ain't company, to be tralpsin' through my front room. Did you bring them rubber rings for my fruit jars?"

"You betcha!" Clem Carson refused to be daunted in Sally's presence. "How's Pearl, Ma? Cold any better? I brought her some salve for her throat and some candy."

"She's all right," Mrs. Carson shouted, as if the car were a hundred yards away. "And why you want to be throwin' your money away on patent medicine salves more'n I can see—I can make a better salve any day outa kerosene and lard and turpentine. Reckon you didn't get any carmelos for me! Pearl's all you think of."

"Got you half a pound of carmelos," Carson shouted laughingly. "I'll drive the new girl around back to the middle west. Ma's got a sharp tongue, but she don't mean no harm," Carson chuckled, as he swung the car around the house.

When it shivered to a stop between the barn and the house, the farmer lifted out a few bundles which had crowded Sally's feet, then threw up the cover of the hatch in the rear of the car, revealing more bundles. Carson was loading her arms with parcels when he saw a miracle wrought on her pale, timid face.

"Lord! You look pretty enough to eat!" Clem Carson ejaculated, but he saw then that she was not even aware that he was speaking to her.

In one of the few books allowed for Sunday reading in the orphanage, a beautiful, thick book with color-plate illustrations, its name "Stories from the Bible," lettered in glittering gold on a back of heavenly blue—Sally had found and secretly worshipped the por-

trait of her ideal hero. It was a vividly colored picture of David, forever fixed in strong, beautiful grace, as he was about to hurl the stone from his slingshot to slay the giant Goliath. She had dreamed away many hours of her adolescence and early young girlhood, the big book open on her knee at the portrait of the Biblical hero, and it had not seemed like sacrifice, strong-limbed but slender boy as the personification of her hopes for romance.

And now he was striding toward her—the very David of "Stories from the Bible." True, the sheepskin raiment of the picture was exchanged for a blue shirt, open at the throat, and for a pair of cheap, earth-soiled "jeans" trousers; but the boy-man was the same, the same! As he strode lightly, with the ease of an athlete or the lightfootedness of a god, the sun flamed in his curling, golden-brown hair. He was tall, but not so tall as Clem Carson, and there were power and ease and youth in every motion of his beautiful body.

"Did you get the plowshare sharpened, Mr. Carson? I've been waiting for it, but in the meantime I've been tinkering with that little hand cider press. We ought to do a good business with it if we set up a cider stand on the state road, at the foot of the lane."

Joy deepened the sapphire of Sally's eyes, quivered along the curves of her soft little mouth. For his voice was as she had dreamed it would be—vibrant, clear, strong, with a thrill of music in it.

"Sure I got it sharpened, Dave," Carson answered curtly. "You oughta get in another good hour with the cultivator before dark. You run along in the back door there, Sally. Mrs. Carson will be needing you to help her with supper."

The change in Carson's voice startled her, made her wince. Why was he angry with her—and with David, whose gold-flecked hazel eyes were smiling at her, shyly, as if he were a little ashamed of Carson for not having introduced them? But, oh, his name was David! David! It had had to be David!

(To Be Continued)

Carson's daughter, Pearl, is not so friendly, as Sally learns in the next chapter.

For sale—John Deere 3-bottom, 16-inch orchard tractor plow, new, for \$125. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Oregon.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS "Help You Stay Well"

Breath Bad? End it this simple way. Nothing is more disagreeable than bad breath. End it by using Chamberlain's Tablets. Pleasant, easy to take, they end bad breath by removing the cause—poor digestion. Also end gas-pains, biliousness, constipation, and loss of liver. Fifty and 25-cent pocket sizes at druggists. For free sample, write Chamberlain Medicine Co., 278 1/2 E. Madison, Iowa.

Just Kiddin' - AN I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYIN' SUCH THINGS ABOUT MR RUGGLES! HE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE - THIS? TH' HECK IT IS - WELL! WELL! WELL! YOU DON'T SAY - -AN YOU OUGHTTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS - WE'RE FINALLY OUT OF SIGHT OF THE NIRJANA - NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KEEP MOVING! LUCK IS THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO DEPEND ON! I WONDER WHAT TAGS ARE DOING AT HOME?

Wave Your Hat, Freckles - WHAT'S TH' PICTURE? OH, WHY - WHY - GOSH, BOOTS - I MUST'VE LOST IT - OH, JIMMY - I WAS JUST KIDDIN' ABOUT ITS BEIN' MR RUGGLES! IT WAS ONE OF ME I HAD FRAMED FOR YOU - YOU'VE BEEN ASKIN' ME FOR ONE

By Blosser - LADY LUCK IS PLAYING IN THEIR HAND - A SCANDAL LOOMS UP ON THE HORIZON

SALESMAN SAM - MY MA SENT ME DOWN TO GET A HALFA POUND O' SUGAR AN' SOMETHIN' ELSE I CAN'T REMEMBER - HERE'S TH' SUGAR, SON, AND JUST FOR THAT YA GET A CHANGE TA SUGGEST A NAME FOR OUR HORSE - GEE, I THOUGHT OF A SWELL ONE! THASS FINE! JUST WRITE IT ON THIS PAPER - AN' BE SURE AN' TELL YOUR MOTHER THAT IF TH' NAME YOU PICKED IS TH' ONE WE GIVE TH' HORSE SHE GETS A WHOLE BARREL O' SUGAR!

That's Confidence For You - HEY, MISTER, HERE'S TH' SUGAR I JEST PAUGHT! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BRINGIN' IT BACK? AND THEN FIFTEEN FOURTEEN OR M'BS MINUETS PACKED

By Small - MY MA SEZ, IF I WINS TH' WHOLE BARREL FULL SHE WON'T A'ED THIS!

Penetrates In Any Condition Here's the harrow that was designed especially for work in our territory. In hard ground, where the biggest job is to get good penetration, the CS is right at home—it digs in and cuts evenly over its full width.

John Deere CS Tractor Disk Harrow Penetration under all conditions is insured by means of special weights attached between the disks. This John Deere way of applying weight gives greater penetration per pound of weight than can be obtained by any other method.

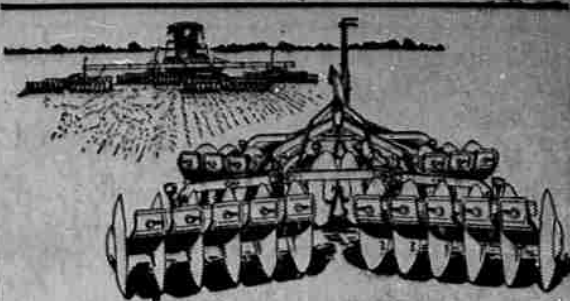
The frame of the CS is low down so as to pass under low-hanging limbs; yet it has ample clearance below frame to prevent congestion—the CS will handle a cover crop satisfactorily. This harrow has the strength, weight and capacity for every field condition where a disk harrow can be used to advantage.

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Farm Bureau Cooperative Exch. ROSEBURG OAKLAND Agents for Bean Spray Pump Co., John Deere Plow Co., Fairbanks-Morse Co., Sherwin-Williams Co. Washington St. and S. P. Tracks

At this Store You Get QUALITY AND SERVICE

WANTS TO COME BACK "Business is good here and getting better all the time. This is a good place to make money, but I prefer to live in the northwest and will be back to make my home out there in a year or so," writes W. R. Sieg, who recently sold out his drug store business here to return to Oklahoma City where he formerly resided. Mr. Sieg writes to Roseburg friends that they have experienced a very pleasant winter. The fishing season is on, he states, but there are not as many fish to catch as in Douglas county. "All of Oklahoma City, and espe-

cially our part, is building very rapidly," Mr. Sieg says. "There have been more than one hundred houses built within a half mile of our store since we came here," he says. "Most of them are of brick and cost \$5,000 up. My store is just a half mile from the state capital.

A factory shipment of galvanized ware just received, including Mexican bath tubs and garbage cans. See them at Churchill Hardware Co.

Fat herbaceous sandwiches and livers forever. Brand's Road Stand.

By Martin

By Blosser

By Small