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HAY FOR SALE — Edenbower Orchard Tracts. Phone 26F3.

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FOR SALE—Wood and coal. Prompt delivery of small or large lots. South End Fuel Co. Phone 403-J.

FOR SALE—Majestic range, almost new; very cheap. Also broccoli planter. Hurst Bros., Rt. 2, Roseburg.

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FOR RENT—3 completely furnished rooms on ground floor. Hot and cold water, electric lights, and fuel furnished. Also garage. Close in. $25 per month.

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WANTED—250 men to take dinner at Roseburg Cafeteria.

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

WANTED—Heavy draft horse, 1650 to 1800 weight. Address D. G. Estelle, Milo, Oregon.

WORK wanted in or near Roseburg by man living in Roseburg. Box 19, care News-Review.

F. DUNSTHEIMER—Painting, papering and kalsomining. 540 Cobb St. or phone 643-R after 5:30 p. m.

WANTED—House work and cleaning by the hour or day, by capable worker. Janet R. Gould, 815 Micelli St., Roseburg.

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FOR SERVICE CAR—Phone 582, night phone 290-R. Stephens Auto Co.

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LOST—In Roseburg, one purse containing some money, one baggage check, one Woodmen receipt, one Woodmen penny. Finder please leave at this office. Reward.

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PICKWICK STAGES

GIRL ALONE

COPYRIGHT 1928 BY NEA SERVICE — By ANNE AUSTIN, AUTHOR OF "SAINT AND SINNER"

THIS HAS HAPPENED

When she is four years old Sally Ford is left at the state orphanage by a woman who says she is the child's mother but who disappears without again inquiring for the child. The summer she is 16, Sally is "farmed out" to Clem Carson, a farmer who has the reputation of being a harsh and unrelenting task master. There she meets David Nash, handsome student who is working on the Carson farm for the summer, preparing himself to inherit his grandfather's many acres which adjoin the Carson place.

David likes Sally and this arouses the anger of Pearl, Carson's daughter. Clem orders Sally to have nothing to do with David, saying he and Pearl are practically engaged. She disregards his warning, however.

The next day the women-folk leave Sally alone on the farm with Clem and David. When her work is done she goes to her room, but David's voice calls to her and she innocently goes into his room for a moment to see his books on farming. The wind blows the door shut. They are suddenly frightened by Clem's face peering at them through the little attic window. His evil remarks so infuriate David that he strikes Clem, sending him crashing to the ground. David tells Sally they must run away, and tells her to meet him in the orchard in a few minutes. He telephones for a doctor to come to Clem's aid, then meets the girl. He says: "I've been thinking hard, honey. I'll have to take you back to the Home."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII

"No, David, no, no! I can't go back to the orphanage! I'd rather die!" Sally gasped.

David dropped his bundle, took her hands and held them tightly. "I can't run away from this thing I've done, Sally I'm sorry. I thought I could. I'm going to give myself up, after I've seen you safely back in the Home. I'll explain to your Mrs. Stone, make her believe—"

"Oh!" Sally breathed on a gust of despair. Then, stooping swiftly, she snatched up her bundle and began to run down a corn row. She ran with the fleetness of a terror-stricken animal, and David watched her for a long moment, his eyes dark with pity and uncertainty. Then he gave chase, his long legs clearing the distance between them with miraculous speed. He caught up with her just as she was at the edge of the corn field, recklessly about to plunge into the lane that led to the Carson house.

"Wait, Sally!" he panted, grasping her shoulder. "You can't run away alone like this—Oh Lord!" he groaned suddenly. "There they come! Don't you hear the car turning in from the road? Come back, Sally!"

He did not wait for her to obey, but lifted her into his arms, for she had gone limp with terror, and ran, crouching low so that the corn stalks would hide them.

"Lie flat on the ground," David said sternly, as he set her gently upon her feet. "We can't leave here now. The place will be swarming with people. But when it's dark we'll slip away, across fields. Thank God, there'll be no moon."

He flattened his own body upon the soft earth, close against the thick, sturdy corn stalks. They did not talk much for they were listening, listening for faint sounds coming from the farmhouse which would indicate that the dreadful discovery had been made.

Long minutes passed and nothing had happened. Then the muffled roar of another motor, turning into the lane from the state highway, told them that the doctor to whom David had telephoned was arriving. It seemed hours before a scream floated from the house to the cornfield.

"Pearl!" Sally whispered, shivering. "They hadn't found him. The doctor told them. Oh, David!"

His hand tightened so hard upon hers that she winced. A little later they heard Mrs. Carson's harsh voice calling, calling—"Sally! Sallee! Sally Ford!"

Sally bowed her head upon David's hand then, and wept a little, shuddering. "She was—good to me. She—she liked me, David. Oh, I hope she'll know I didn't mean her any harm, ever!"

The next hour, during which the sun set and twilight settled like a soft gray dust upon the cornfield, passed somehow. Several cars arrived; men's voices shouted unintelligible words. Twice Pearl screamed—

But no one came down the corn rows looking for them. "They won't dream we're still so near the house," David assured her in his low, comforting voice.

When it was quite dark David spoke again: "We'll make a break for it now, Sally. I know this part of the country well. My grandfather's farm adjoins this one, with only a fence between the two hay meadows. We can cut across his farm, giving the house and barns a wide berth. Then we'll strike a bit of timberland that belongs to old man Cosgrove. That will bring us out on a little-traveled road that leads to Stanton, 22 miles away. Think you can make it, Sally?"

She hugged her bundle tight to her breast and reached for his hand, which he had withdrawn as he rose to his feet. "Of course," she answered simply. "I'm not afraid, David."

"You're a plucky kid," David said gruffly. "I'll lead the way. Let me know if I set too fast a pace."

Buoyed up by his praise, Sally trotted almost happily at his heels. She refused to let her mind dwell on the horrors of the day, or to reach out into the future. Indeed, her imagination was incapable of picturing a future for a Sally Ford whose life was not regulated by orphanage routine. She held only the present fast in her mind, passionately grateful for the strong, swiftly striding figure before her, unwilling for the strange night-time adventure to end.

"Thirsty, Sally?" David's low voice called out of the darkness of the woods.

Suddenly she knew that she was both thirsty and hungry, for she had not eaten since the 12 o'clock dinner. A cool breeze was rustling the leaves of the trees, and under that whispering rustle came the cool, sweet murmur of a brook. She crouched beside David on the bank of the tiny stream and thirstily drank from his cupped hands. Then he dipped his handkerchief in the water and gently swabbed her face, his hands as tender as Sally had fancied a mother's must be.

The going was more dogged, less mysteriously thrilling when they had at last reached the dirt road that was eventually to lead them to Stanton, a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, the town in which the woman who had brought her 12 years ago to the orphanage had lived. Days before Sally had memorized the address before destroying the bit of paper on which Miss Pond, out of the kindness of her heart had copied Sally's record from the orphanage files.

Half a dozen times during the apparently interminable trudge toward Stanton David abruptly called a halt, drawing Sally off the road and over reeling, drunken-looking fences into meadows or fields for a terribly needed rest. Once, with his head in her lap, her fingers smoothing his sweat-moistened brow, he went to sleep, and she knew that she would not have awakened him even to save herself from the orphanage.

Dawn was bedecking the east with tattered pink banners when the boy and girl, staggering with weariness and faint with hunger, caught their first glimpse of Stanton, a pretty little town snugly asleep in the hush that belongs peculiarly to early Sunday morning. Only the dutiful crowing of backyard roosters and the occasional baying of a hound broke the stillness.

"We've got to have food," David said abruptly, as they hesitated forlornly on the outskirts of the little town. "And yet I suppose the alarm has been given and the constables are on the look-out for us. We might stop at a house that has no telephone — they wouldn't be likely to have heard about Carson—but I don't like to arouse anyone this early on Sunday morning. There's an eating house next to the station that stays open all night, to serve train crews and passengers, but more than likely the station agent has been told to keep a lookout for us."

As he spoke a train whistled shrilly. The two wayfarers stood not a hundred yards from the railroad tracks where they crossed the dirt road. Sally instinctively turned to flee, but David restrained her.

"We can't hide from everyone, Sally," he said gently. "I think our best bet is to act as if we had nothing to hide. Remember, we've done no wrong. If Carson is dead, he brought his death upon himself. He deserved what he got."

Trustingly, Sally gave him her hand, stood very small and erect beside him as the big engine thundered down the tracks toward them. Her face was white and drawn with fatigue but her eyes managed to smile for David. His did not receive and reflect that brave smile, for they were fixed upon the oncoming train.

"By George, Sally, it's a carnival train! Look! 'Bybee's Bigger and Better Show.' I'd forgotten the carnival was coming. Look over there! There's one of their signs!"

An enormous poster, pasted upon a billboard, showed a nine-foot giant and a 30-inch dwarf, the little man, smoking a huge cigar, seated cockily in the palm of the giant's vast hand. Big red type below the picture announced: "Bybee's Bigger and Better Show—Stanton, June 9 and 10. One hundred performers, largest menagerie in any carnival on the road today."

"I suppose they're going to spend Sunday here," David remarked. Then he turned toward Sally, beheld the miracle of her transformed face. "Why, child, you want to go to the carnival, don't you Poor little Sally!"

His voice was so tender, so whimsical, so sympathetic, that tears filmed over the brilliance of her sapphire eyes. "I went to a circus once," she said with the eager breathlessness of a child. "The governor—he was running for office again—sent tickets for all the orphans. And, oh it was wonderful, David! We all planned to run away from the orphanage and join the circus. We talked about it for weeks, but—we didn't run away. The girls didn't I mean, but one of the big boys at the orphanage did and Ruby Presser, the girl he was sweet on, got a postcard from him from New York when the circus was in winter quarters. His name was Eddie Cobb and—oh, the train's stopping, David! Look!"

"Yess." David shaded his eyes and squinted down the railroad track. "This is a spur of the main road, a siding, they call it. I suppose the carnival cars will stay here today—"

But for once Sally was not listening to him. She was running toward the cars, from which the engine had been uncoupled, and as she ran she called shrilly, joyously, to a young man who had dropped catlike from the top of a car to the ground:

"Eddie! Eddie Cobb! Eddie!"

(To Be Continued)

Opportunity is seized by Sally and David. They join the carnival.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L

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MOVIES

ANTLERS

"Spoilers of the West," McCoy's Best Film, Coming to Antlers

Tim McCoy, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Western film star, has just completed "Spoilers of the West," said to be the most perfect American frontier picture ever filmed.

The picture is based on authentic historical data regarding the Laramie treaty with Red Cloud, famous Indian warrior, and was photographed in the state of Wyoming on the very spot which ran red with white and Indian blood in the early seventies.

Not a white man appears in the film as an Indian because McCoy believes that white men cannot faithfully portray the Indian, either in looks or actions. A thousand real Shoshones and Arapahos from the Wind River reservation appear in this picture, which will be shown tomorrow at the Antlers Theatre.

LIBERTY

Rin-Tin-Tin in "A Dog of the Regiment" Coming to Liberty

Rin-Tin-Tin comes to the Liberty theatre tomorrow for a run of two days in "A Dog of the Regiment." The exciting film is Charles R. Condon's picturization of the Albert S. Howson story, and depicts the adventures of a German Red Cross dog during the stirring days of the World War. The four-footed hero saves a former pal, now an American aviator, from a burning plane, and afterward makes hair-breadth escapes and braves many dangers by land and air. Rin-Tin-Tin becomes a flyer in "A Dog of the Regiment," and does it with a swaggering enjoyment which sets the crowd yelling with delight. Tom Gallery, Dorothy Gulliver and John Peters are in the cast.

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