

DECORATED IVORY WARE

Something new in dinner sets that meets with favor by discriminating housewives. See these sets in our window. Then we have other dinner sets, both in domestic and imported. Prices are low on these splendid sets, and you will find in our large assortment just the thing to fit your needs.

If its Hardware, we have it, too. Make this store your headquarters when in town.

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

ENGLISH Shepherd pups for sale cheap at Roseburg Poultry Market.

FOR SALE—3 good milch cows, R. O. Carroll, inquire at Dixonville Store.

PIPE, PIPE, PIPE—All sizes, new and second hand. Low prices. Farm Bureau Exchange.

KOHLER LIGHT PLANT for sale, 1500 watts, 110 volt, L. E. Hemminger, Canyonville, Ore.

MOWERS & RAKES—John Deere mowers will handle heavy hay. Look them over. Farm Bureau Exchange.

GAS ENGINES—We have engines for every purpose. 2 h. p. Fairbanks Morse, \$65. Farm Bureau Exchange.

HYDRAULIC RAMS—We have high efficiency rams which will work under hard conditions. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—160 acres, fine dairy farm, \$8500, cash \$2000. Own terms or balance. Mrs. C. Squier, 1140 Olive St., Eugene, Ore.

FOR SALE—Good bargain, \$700 Gulbransen player piano, instantly used. Will sell for \$350. Come in and see it. Hi-Way Coffee Shop, Drain, Oregon.

IRRIGATION SUPPLIES—Pipe, pumps, power for any size irrigation job. Let us help you plan your installation. Farm Bureau Exchange.

BARGAINS in used furniture at low prices. We are getting in large quantities of used furniture almost daily and there are some very good buys in ranges, heaters, oilstoves, chairs, rockers, beds, springs and new mattresses, dressers, and many other useful articles. Powell's Furniture Store, 238 North Jackson street.

WANTED

WANTED—50 milch goats, R. E. Fox, Box 152, Falls City, Ore.

WANTED—2 or 3 inch second hand centrifugal pump, E. A. Kruse, Roseburg.

WANTED—100 head or less of sheep or goats on shares. Write Harvey Smith, Bridge, Ore.

WANTED—Experienced mechanic, steady work. Southwestern Motor Co., Chevrolet dealer, Coquille.

WANTED—To rent a good typewriter. State the kind and price. Address "L. L." care News-Review.

WANTED—Sheep on shares. Can handle any where to 500 good ewes; have good range under fence. White "S. W.", care News-Review.

WANTED—We will buy hides, wool, pelts, chitum bark and all kinds of junk. Alaska Hide, Wool & Junk Co., 404 W. Cass St., Phone 201.

DOMESTIC Home Laundry—Phone 449-J. Office 214 N. Main, Roseburg, Ore. Our prices—damp wash 4c per lb.; dry wash (plain) 5c per lb.; economy (no starch) flat work ironed, 8c per lb.; rough dry (starched) all flat work ironed, 8c per lb. Work called for and delivered.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

CALL FOR BIDS
Court House for Douglas County, Oregon at Roseburg.

Sealed proposals are invited for the general construction and mechanical equipment of a courthouse for Douglas County, Oregon, at Roseburg, represented by the County Court.

Building is 140'x80', four stories in height—the Jail occurring on top story. Building is of fireproof construction.

Proposals received as follows:
"B"—General construction
(a) Con-Stone.
"C"—Jail equipment.
"D"—Electrical work.
"E"—Plumbing system.
"F"—Heating and ventilation.
"G"—Elevator.

Bids received until 10 o'clock a. m. Thursday, June 28th, 1928, by County Court, at Court-house at Roseburg, Oregon.

Full particulars, conditions governing the receiving of bids, certified checks, bidders bonds, etc., and plans and specifications can be obtained from Tourtellotte & Hummel, architects, 311 Postal Building, Portland, Oregon.

Plans for general construction can be had on and after June 11th. Jail equipment specifications on and after June 6th. Plans and specifications for mechanical equipment can be had on and after June 14th.

Douglas County reserves the right to reject any or all bids. This advertisement authorized by Douglas County, Oregon, by its representatives: Geo. K. Quine, Judge; Huron Clough, Commissioner; Clyde Beckley, Commissioner.

Also plans and specifications will be on file at office of Douglas County Judge for the convenience of sub-contractors and material men.

FOR RENT

WELL furnished apt., close in, reasonable rent. 331 S. Main.

MODERN 5-room furnished cottage for rent. Inquire at 544 So. Pine.

FULL RENT—2-room furnished house, \$8 per month. See elevator man Perkins Bldg.

FOR RENT—Room, close in. Business preferred. For particulars call at 120 W. Lane or phone 177.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop
230 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upright and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Window Screens made to order
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

WANTED
Rentals, Sales or Exchanges,
City Property, Residences and
Farms. What have you?
E. G. KINGWELL
Real Estate Broker
Sutherlin, Oregon

Save Steps
Phone for Food

You'll find it the Satisfactory way—and the groceries are sent up to your door and no added cost.

Economy Grocery
O. L. JOHNSON
"The Store That Serves You Best."
Phone 63 344 N. Jackson St.

OF PERSONAL DAIRY LACY WEAR... YOU CAN BE SURE WE TAKE GREAT CARE.

Yes, this laundry does knock the spots out of clothes—understand us—just the spots. We remove none of the wear. You will compliment us upon our work at the first opportunity.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Phone 79 Roseburg, Ore.

When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service RUTH DEWEY GROVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Virginia Brewster is in love with a poor artist, Nathaniel Dann, but she is tricked into promising to marry Frederick Dean in one year if she fails to earn \$100,000 which he alleges her father had cheated him out of in a bootlegging deal.

Brewster had lost his fortune in speculation before his sudden death so that Virginia is left destitute. She pawns some of her jewelry and a broken friend, Oliver Cutter, promises to try to earn the hundred thousand.

She avoids all her wealthy friends and seeks work under an assumed name, but without success. She finds orchids at her hotel one evening from a man who wonders how he learned her address. A call from the agency brings hope, but when she goes there the manager tries to dissuade her from working and advises her to marry.

Virginia suspects that Dean has bribed the agency not to help her, and this conviction is strengthened when she finds that she is being shadowed. She tries other agencies, but word leaks out that she is being followed. She is job-seeking and she is besieged by reporters. Among the group that are interviewing her she recognizes the man who has been following her.

Cutter insists on taking Virginia out to dinner and hints that there are several ways in which a beautiful girl as she can obtain the coveted hundred thousand. She challenges his remark and he pretends innocence.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXII
Oliver's distaste for gratitude did not disturb Virginia. He always had been impatient of most accepted standards of conduct and conventions, she remembered tolerantly. It would be like him to get her out of this spilling situation in which she found herself and attempt to pass it off with a negligent wave of his hand. She smiled over the thought of how she would startle him with the truth when she dared tell it. He would know then how much she owed him.

She unlocked the door and entered the small dark room with her mind filled with pictures of the future. Pleasant pictures. Automatically she switched on the light and took off her hat, still half-dreaming over the assurance of success she had received from Oliver.

It was several minutes before she noticed a box on the bed. Her first impression was that Frederick Dean had sent more flowers and she decided not to open the box. But a second glance revealed that it was not from a florist. The

label was that of a famous modisto.

Virginia was curious to know why anything from that shop should be sent her. Perhaps it was something she had ordered before her father's death, she reflected. Often weeks were required to bring mad-to-order lingerie and garments from Italy or France to America. She'd better see what it was. It would have to be returned unless it had been included in the bills already presented to the estate. Better send it back anyway, if the shop would credit it. Virginia thought as she untied the tape and turned back the tissue folds.

When she held the contents up for inspection she could not recall having ordered anything of the kind. It was a cape wrap of silver metal lace, exquisitely made. Virginia gazed at it admiringly a moment before she threw it over her shoulders and looked in the mirror. It was richly smart with the black chiffon dress she was wearing and Virginia took it off and put it back in the box with a small sigh of reluctance.

She was retying the tape when her telephone rang and she answered, to be told that Nathaniel Dann was downstairs. Virginia's heart sang with joy. She darted about, washing her hands at the stained lavatory in the corner, touching her ear lobes with perfume and setting the waves of her hair more smoothly.

She was about to hurry out when it occurred to her that Nathaniel would want to take her to some better place than the hotel parlor to talk. Turning back to get a light wrap, her eyes fell upon the box on the bed. She stopped, breathless with delight at the thought that came to her. Why not wear it? It must belong to her. She had bought nothing since her mourning clothes were purchased. Surely the bill for this was among the accounts rendered. Possibly it had been paid for. And it was very lovely.

With quick, nervous fingers Virginia tore at the tape and pulled off the lid. Hastily, and a little guiltily, she threw the wrap about her and whirled out of the room.

Her feeling of guilt vanished completely in the happiness of seeing Nathaniel's face light up with admiration when she rushed eagerly up to him. Her eyes fairly sparkled and her soft lips parted in an adorable, tempting fashion.

"What fairy has been waving a wand over you?" Nathaniel inquired with mock seriousness.

"Don't be so modest," Virginia laughed back at him. "Perhaps you had something to do with whatever it is you refer to. Weren't you silly, Niel?" she added, ingeniously.

"You were," Nathaniel told her,

but he smiled when he said it, and Virginia let it pass. "I intended to ask you to share a walk in the park," he went on, "but you look too gorgeous for it."

"Nonsense. No one will notice me."

"Maybe not, if everyone has suddenly developed eye trouble," Nathaniel remarked. "We'll take a taxi to 59th street. I don't want to lead a parade into the park."

"All right," Virginia assented. "If you think you can afford it."

"Don't try to patronize me, Cinderella," Nathaniel bantered. "How do you know I'm not a prince in disguise?"

Virginia looked at him with eyes that proclaimed him a prince as he was.

The distance to the park was but a few blocks, and shortly the two lovers were walking blissfully into the far, dim reaches of shaded paths.

"You know, Virginia, you should not have done it," Nathaniel said reproachfully when at last they had found a secluded bench. "Life isn't long enough."

Virginia drew away from the arm he put out to encircle her waist.

"Do you think we can live every hour to please ourselves?" she asked.

"Well, if it didn't please you to go out with someone else why did you do it?" Nathaniel pressed. "Is there anyone who has a greater right to be with you than I have, Virginia?"

"Niel, I'm afraid you're trying to be difficult. We both acted foolishly. You shouldn't have been so disagreeable when I telephoned you, and I should have told you that I meant to come down to your studio after dinner."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I was mad when you gave me a short answer. You wouldn't say whether you would be in or not."

"I'm sorry. I've been sorry all evening. But you haven't answered my question. I can't understand why you broke our date."

Virginia opened her mouth to speak, closed it, and sat silent, casting about in her mind for a safe reply.

"I met an old friend who was extremely depressed and wanted me to have dinner with him," she said at last. "I couldn't refuse because I am under obligation to him for a great kindness."

Nathaniel sensed a reserve in her explanation that left him feeling vaguely dissatisfied. "Well, I hope he considers himself sufficiently repaid," he said crossly. "He's taken one good evening out of my life."

"I thought you wouldn't mind," Virginia replied soothingly. "Don't you want to help me pay my debts?"

"If you put it that way, what am I to say? But I hope you won't bankrupt our fund of time paying off old obligations," Nathaniel grumbled.

"We wouldn't be near quarrelling so often if you would just realize that you haven't a monopoly on

love, Niel," Virginia cautioned him tremulously. "I want to be happy as much as you do, only I can't turn my back on everybody else just to live for myself."

"Thanks."

"Niel, please don't be stupid. I don't mean I think you would do it either. I know you wouldn't, but you seem to want me to withdraw realizing what you do."

"That's not quite right," Nathaniel protested. "I said I hoped you hadn't many bad debts to pay off."

"You seemed to think I minded it less than you do."

"Now that's a remark deserving a kiss," Nathaniel exclaimed, and made good.

"It's time to go," Virginia declared when he released her. "We'll be getting in trouble with an officer if you're going to act like this."

"Nobody, not even a cop, would blame me."

"Virginia glanced at her watch. She wore it now most of the time, chiefly because it was one of the very few ornaments she had left. "Good gracious, Niel. It's after midnight."

"All right, Cinderella; if you're afraid your magnificent cloak will turn into rags, we'll hurry home," Virginia remembered what he had said the next morning as she read a brief letter from Mr. Dean.

"... glad the chaste met with your approval. Thought you'd prefer it to that old shawl you were wearing in the Village the other night. Don't try to get used to shabby things, Virginia. It's just a waste of time. The things you buy deserve will be yours in less than a year remember..."

Virginia's face went white as she read and her eyes lifted finally from the taunting lines on the thick gray paper to turn toward the chair over which she had thrown the silver wrap. It gleamed lustily against the faded green upholstery and to Virginia it was less attractive than any kitchen rag could have been.

With desperately furious speed she gathered it up and threw it into the box in which it had arrived. Then she summoned a bell-boy with such impatience he thought she must be trying to catch a steamer.

"Take this downstairs and tell them to return it to the shop that sent it," she ordered, thrusting the box upon the boy. "Right away," she added, and handed him a tip.

When he was gone she went to the telephone and called Dean's residence. There was a wait of several moments before the servant who answered informed her that Mr. Dean would be on the wire presently.

Virginia's hand shook the receiver against her ear and she bit her underlip to stop its trembling. Now that she had followed her impulse to reach the man who was tormenting her she found herself wondering if it could do any good to talk to him. But whether it would or not she felt compelled to take some action, to protest

Mowers!

New and used Mowers at right prices. We will rebuild your old Mower at a reasonable cost. Good used wagon \$40.00

See Us First—We Can Save You Money.
Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange
ROSEBURG AGENTS FOR OAKLAND
Bean Spray Pump Co. Fairbanks Morse & Co.
John Deere Plow Co. Sherwin-Williams Co.
L. N. Miller Dehydrator Co.

against his having her spied upon. If nothing else, he wasn't playing fair... Virginia grimaced at the thought. Fair! Could she expect fairness of Frederick Dean? "Good morning," she heard him saying suavely a moment later. "Sorry to keep you waiting, my dear. Morning tub. Have you called to thank me for the wrap? Charming idea, copying the old ecclesiastical chant, isn't it?" (To Be Continued)

HUSBAND DISTRIBUTES BOOKLETS
Wife Tries Compound

Every year the Pinkham Medicine Company distributes about 30,000,000 booklets from house to house. Mr. Ted Hinzman does this work in Lodi, California. His wife writes: "It was in these little booklets that I read about so many women helped by the medicine. I thought I would give it a trial and I can truly say that it has done me good. My neighbors and friends ask me what I am doing to make me look so much better. I tell them that I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

DEAN RECTAL & COLON CLINIC
RECTOR and Colon ailments vanish quickly and permanently under the Dr. C. J. Dean non-surgical method of treatment, which we use exclusively. FREE 100-page illustrated book describes method and explains our WRITTEN ASSURANCE OF PILES ELIMINATED OR FULLY REFUNDED. Send for it today.

Gets Nourish and Rheumatic Sufferers Out of Bed
Casey's Rheumatic Remedy drives out the uric acid poison of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, reduces pain and swelling. Sold on a guarantee at \$1.50 per bottle by MARSTER'S DRUG CO.

CALL FOR BIDS
Sealed proposals for the repairing of, and addition to, the Looking Glass school house will be received by the board at three p. m. June 16th, at the school house. Plans and specifications may be obtained at the office of L. W. Metzger, Roseburg, or A. H. Nickerson, Looking Glass, upon deposit of ten dollars. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids or to accept the one deemed best for the district.
ARTHUR H. MARSH, Clerk.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

LO, PETE—HERE I AM RIGHT ON TA DOT FOR MY LESSON—

WELL—IF HERE WENT OUR BOY FRIEND—

YER VERY RIGHT—YER HER CADDY!— WASNT THAT NICE OF ME?

MMM BOY, WASNT THAT BOILING MUSIC THEY PLAYED AT TA DANCE LAST NIGHT, PETE?

SAY, BOOTS—LET ME DRIVE FOR YOU—ILL SHOW YOU HOW

PSHAW—TOO BAD, FERD— INTO THE THICKET

IF THATS HOW— IVE BEEN GOIN' AT THIS THING WRONG—

NOW JUST DONT WORRY—HELL FIND IT— IN TIME! AN' WE CAN WAIT RIGHT HERE TILL HE DOES—

Pete's Dumb

Any Old Port in a Storm!

OH BOY! LOOK AT THAT FACE WOULD YOU!! GEE—IT MAKES ME MAD TO THINK THAT I LOST MY CAMERA!!

BOMO MAGI WONO WOOPPOO BOMO GOOGOO!

HE'S SMILING, SO WHAT HE'S SAYING CANT BE SO BAD— IF HE TAUGHT OF KILLING US WED HAVE A DIFFERENT LOOK ON HIS FACE!

BOMO WOOPPOO WOOPPOO GOOGOO!

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, BETTY?

ALL I CAN MAKE OUT IS THAT HE WANTS TO TAKE US TO HIS PEOPLE... HE'LL FEED US AND GIVE US A PLACE TO SLEEP!

WONO WOOPPOO WOOPPOO!

WELL—THATS FAIR ENOUGH... WHAT DO YOU SAY, BETTY?

ALL RIGHT WE GO WITH YOU!

GOOGOO WOOPPOO WOOPPOO

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

SALESMAN SAM

MORNIN', MADAM—HOW ABOUT SOME NICE RADISHES?

I'VE GOT A WHOLE GARDEN FULL OF 'EM!

WELL THEN, MEBBE I COULD SELL YA SOME CARROTS?

MERCY, I JUST PUT SEVERAL BUSHELS IN MY CELLAR!

IN FACT, I HAVE POTATOES, LETTUCE, BEETS, SPINACH, STRAWBERRIES, BEANS, RHUBARB, ONIONS AND SQUASH BY THE BUSHEL—BASKET FULL!

MY GOLLY, LADY, YOU'RE BETTER FIXED ON VEGETABLES THAN I AM—

OLD POTATOES AT FIVE CENTS! NEW POTATOES AT 10 CENTS!

HOW ABOUT SELLIN' YA MY HORSE AN' WAGON?

Good Idea

By Blosser

By Small

By Small

Good Idea

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small