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We think the finest piece of BRUSHING Lacquer on the market.

We are presenting a demonstration by a practical man, on Saturday morning. The first three kiddie cars brought in will be refinished free of charge.

Be sure and watch the operation.

To make this doubly interesting a half pint can of LACQUER with a fine brush will be sold you at a price that is almost FREE.

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

ODD lots of lumber at Pages', \$10, \$12 and \$15.

FOR SALE—About 50 tiers of hard wood. Phone 12F41.

A LOT for sale cheap, 60x200, with good garage. Inquire 1287 Uniqua Ave.

FOR SALE—8 registered yearling Shrop bucks. Norton Bros., Sutherlin, Ore.

FOR SALE—50 good sheep and 1 Lincoln buck. A. E. Hill, Sutherlin, Phone 28F15.

FOR TRADE OR SALE—Half interest in garage business. J. W. Draper, 523 N. Main St.

FOR SALE—Several Barred Rock roosters, 1 year old. O. A. C. strain. C. E. Trueblood.

FOR SALE—Young cockerels, delivered, 20c. Near Riverside Store. Leave orders at store. W. L. Scott.

FOR SALE—Cherries; Royal Aimes 6c lb.; Black Titarians 3c lb. 1454 Harrison St., West Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Royal Ann and Black Republican cherries, 5c per lb. on the tree. R. M. Cooley, Edgewater, Phone 9F21.

FOR SALE—Black oak block, 3 tiers \$5.50. Red fir block, 3 tiers \$8. Slab wood, cord, \$4.50. 16 in. 3 tiers \$6.25. Phone 6F3.

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.

FOR RENT

NEWLY renovated, 5-rm. furnished house. Apply 221 W. Wash.

FOR RENT—Modern 5-room newly furnished house. Call at 544 S. Pine.

KEYS

Fitted to any lock or by lock number. Bicycle, Gun Repairs. Saw Filing and Grinding. 333 N. Main

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

230 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upson Board 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?

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Real Estate Broker
Sutherlin, Oregon



Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

We take pride in the excellent quality of fruits and vegetables that we offer you. And our increasing patronage recognizes also the great value we give them.

Economy Grocery

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

When A Girl Loves

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4/2 RUTH DEWY GROVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Virginia Brewster is in love with an artist, Nathaniel Dean, but she is tricked into promising to marry Frederick Dean in one year if she fails to earn \$1,000. Can she achieve her father's dream for her? Virginia has lost her father and her home and is left destitute.

She paws some of her jewelry and Oliver Cutter promises to invest the money for her. She seeks work without success. She discovers that she is being shadowed and suspects that Dean has bribed the agencies not to help her.

Oliver gains her confidence and shows her attentions which she resents, but then she does not like the familiarity with which his model, Chirri, treats him.

Virginia is lucky enough to obtain a position which she likes. In the early autumn she is amazed when charged by Cutter's wife with trying to alienate his affections.

She appeals to Oliver to explain, and demands an accounting of her investments. Then he confesses that he has not made a penny for her, but that he will give her the money if she will go away with him. She denounces his knavery and leaves his office.

Her company offers to send her on a six-weeks' cruise as ship hostess, but before giving her answer she goes to see Niel. His model greets her at the studio with such an air of proprietorship that Virginia is angered.

Meanwhile, Dean has written Niel of Mrs. Cutter's charges, and when he asks for an explanation, Virginia lets him think that her love for him is cooling.

Now go on with the story

CHAPTER XII
Virginia could see Nathaniel's point of view easily enough, but it did not suit her purpose to admit that she could. Had it not been the source of her greatest fear? The fear that Frederick Dean would communicate with him as he had with Jeanie Cutter?

And didn't she realize that any lover, no matter how truthful, would be sunk in suspicion when he learned of his sweetheart's meetings with another man under the conditions that she had been meeting Oliver?

Virginia forgave Nathaniel his brief period of doubt. But it was a great pity that he did not know she had forgiven him, because he was in a wrecked state of suspense over the outcome of the whole miserable business.

"I suppose it did look bad," she said laughingly; "but I think you might have found out why I did it before jumping to conclusions about it."

That hurt him, she could see, but she went on mercilessly. "You'd have tried to stop it if I'd told you; you know you would. I

didn't want to quarrel with you. "I can't see why you had to meet him after office hours to transact business," Nathaniel returned stubbornly.

"How could I meet him during office hours? You know I am not at liberty to leave my work whenever I like."

"You left it yesterday."

"Because Mr. Dean had written Mrs. Cutter. She took the stand that I was trying to lure Oliver away from her. We had to settle everything without delay."

"Then you're through with him?" he pressed eagerly.

Virginia hesitated. "Oh, I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "Perhaps we can manage by seeing each other at noon. That is, if Jeanie doesn't object."

Nathaniel took note of the fact that she utterly disregarded his objections. He felt he counted very little with her. And while he might storm against her association with Oliver he found no words to tax her with her seeming indifference to himself. It was a deep wound, one that only her voluntary, self-offered affection could heal.

Nathaniel could not beg for love, knowing that it was not within anyone's power to bestow it upon request.

A few months ago he would not have believed that Virginia could change so, but his mind was too sound to ignore facts. An ostrich might stick its head in the sand on faith, but Nathaniel could not.

Virginia had not kept her promise given shortly after her father's death to meet their wedding date. He had thought they would be married within a month or two at the most. Then had come her surprising demand for the right to self-expression, to be followed by weeks of what he now believed was reluctance to become his wife.

And because he was, as Chirri said, a poor pipsqueak as far as money was concerned, Virginia had played along safe, waiting to make certain that love had fled before she finally quit him.

For a moment Nathaniel despised her.

But someone has said that the dividing line between love and hate is a very fine one. Nathaniel discovered, to his dismay, that the two seemed to have no division at all in his heart, because he knew himself to be not one whit less in love with this girl now than ever.

It was love that tortured there, was no longer any happiness in it, because it hurt his pride. But he could not help it.

In the weeks that followed, before the sailing date of the Agnes, Virginia suffered the belief that she had accomplished her purpose. Nathaniel seemed not to care any more.

Well, that was what she had wanted... victory for Frederick Dean seemed assured. He emphasized it with a constant stream of reminders. Flowers, theater tickets, books, lovely things to wear, even jewels. Virginia accepted nothing.

She would have given up in despair but for one ray of hope that remained to her.

The name she had heard on Stacy Dean's lips—the name of a man people called "Oddly"—nagged at an elusive memory until Virginia was driven nearly frantic to recall where she had first heard it, and why it impressed her.

It was one night when she lay awake, telling herself that success, if it came to her now, could only be bitter because Niel's love seemed gone beyond recall, when the name of O. D. Leigh sprang suddenly into her mental vision from a written page.

Her father's diary!

Since his death she had not dared the heartbreak of reading it as he had once told her he wished her to do when he was no longer with her.

Parts of it he had read to her; other parts he had asked her to read to him. Those pages generally concerned her mother. She could picture her father in a chair drawn up to the fire in the library drinking in the beauty of her mother's portrait that hung over the mantel, while Virginia read, and learned of a great love.

At other times he had asked her to read excerpts from his record of the years he had spent in wandering after his wife's death.

It all came back to Virginia vividly, once her memory was started. Her father had known Leigh. Reckless, adventurous daredevil Leigh. "Oddly" he had called him.

Virginia sprang out of bed and turned on a light. In a moment she was back, her father's diary in her hands, hastily turning the pages.

"There it was! In India. . . met a fine fellow. . . likes a good fight. . . doesn't know what fear is. . . owe him my life. . . tiger hunting. . . sent me spinning out of the beast's path and put bullet into its brain as neatly as he takes his liquor. . . going to the West Indies to settle down. . . sugar raising. . . sounds a bit tame for old Oddly but he says there's a real scrap to be had with the sugar people. . . want to give him a leg up. . . bad luck with money."

A few pages farther on Virginia found more about Leigh. . . had to use a lot of persuasion. . . could only get him to take \$25,000 and then on condition that I'd be part owner of his sugar lands. He calls tomorrow. . . good luck. . . old man."

And after that, much later. . . Leigh's bad luck hangs on, poor devil. . . had a letter from him. . . at! bucking the trust. . . wants to know if he should sell out. . . not for my sake, old man. . . I'll see you through. . . wouldn't spoil your fight to get out a hundred times the amount I'm in it."

Virginia put down the book. "Good for you, Dad," she said

softly. "We don't quit, do we?" It seemed to her that her father had spoken to her through his diary. "Perhaps he knew I'd need a pat on the back some day, she said to herself.

She read through to the end. Now and then there was mention of Leigh. Nothing new. The big sugar people still after his Haiti plantations. Leigh still holding out. . . It doesn't matter whether he wins or loses, it's the fun he gets out of a fight that keeps him at it. . . her father had written near the end.

"Haiti!" Virginia whispered. "Haiti. That's one of the islands on the Agnes's cruise! I wonder if 'Old Oddly' is still there?"

From that thought grew the idea of getting help from the man her father once had aided. "If he's able to, he will do it," she assured herself.

"Still holding out." That line in the diary impressed her. There must be something to hold out for, she reasoned hopefully.

The morning after her perusal of the diary she telephoned to Mr. Gardiner to ask if there was any record of a business transaction between her father and a man named O. D. Leigh.

She surmised that "Oddly" Leigh would insist upon repaying the loan her father had made in gratitude when he sold the plantations. The diary had closed some few weeks previous to her father's death. Perhaps the sale had been made in that time.

Virginia did not believe so but she wanted to find out if possible. She remembered that Mr. Gardiner had spoken of the money her father had obtained on the estate at Glen Cove. He had not mentioned a sum of \$25,000, as he might have done if it had come to the estate so recently.

Besides, if her father had received it, Virginia thought, it would have gone to Frederick Dean; and he had not acknowledged receiving any part of the money he claimed her father had cheated him of.

Mr. Gardiner replied by letter after looking into the matter and informed Virginia that there was no record of the payment of a check containing the name of Leigh. Virginia breathed a sigh of thankfulness. She regretted, however, that Stacy was away on his ship. She wanted to ask for more information concerning "Oddly" Leigh, particularly regarding the bad news that Stacy had spoken of in connection with him.

She had no idea in which part of Haiti his plantations were located, or how to reach him by mail. Stacy had said that he was a well-known character, however, so she set herself to making inquiries at every likely source of information.

Among the few men on the Capella liners whom she knew there was one who gave her the information she wanted and long before the Agnes sailed, Leigh owned a goodly sized plantation just outside of Port au Prince, she learned.

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those coches, as they call their horse cabs. It's a great sight, if you go on market day. An endless chain of natives in and out of the city. You'll find Mr. Leigh a great fellow, too."

(To Be Continued)

PORTLAND THIEF SURPRISED WHILE LOOTING A HOME

PORTLAND, Ore., June 23.—Returning to their home about 1 a. m. today, W. H. Lines, vice president of the Portland Electric Power company, and Mrs. Lines, frightened a burglar who had pried a lot of silver and plate on a table. A policeman who was summoned encountered a man hiding in two brush near the house and fired when the man failed to halt at his command.

The suspected burglar escaped, apparently uninjured. The burglar got \$20 in cash and a small strong box which contained little of value.

A laquer that will put a new gloss on your furniture that will stay on, is offered at Churchill's. See the display advertising for further information and the special offer just now.

SEVENTH INDIAN FINISHES DERBY AND GETS REWARD

GRANTS PASS, June 23.—Determined to finish the race although entirely out of money, Requa Silver Wings, Klamath Indian, came into Grants Pass at a 9 o'clock last night. He was the seventh and last runner to complete the 482 mile trek. He followed the sixth runner by 16 hours, retarding

to quit the race even when he knew no prize awaited him here. To reward his pluck, citizens of Grants Pass made up a purse for him of more than \$100. It is understood that another purse awaits him on the coast. A large crowd turned out to greet the runner, who was entered by Requa, Calif.

NEXT WEEK'S WEATHER

(Associated Press Local Wire)
SAN FRANCISCO, June 23.—The weather outlook for the week beginning June 24, was announced here today by the U. S. Weather Bureau as follows:
"Far western states—the outlook is for generally fair weather but with fogs along the coast. Temperatures about normal with increasing fire hazard in the interior."

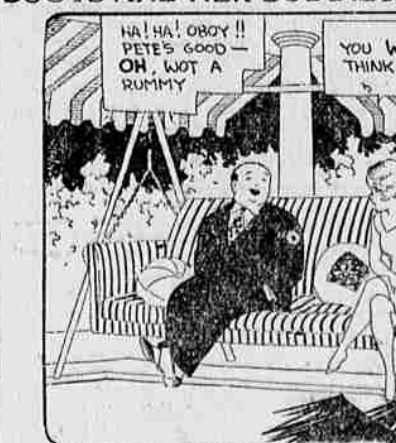
"You're there!"

A SHIRT THAT'S WASHED AND IRONED WITH CARE IS A WELL-GROOMED MAN IS PLEASED TO WEAR.

Gentlemen appreciate the way we launder their shirts and collars. They are pleased to wear the laundry that comes from this shop. They are pleased to pay our prices. We will be pleased to have you call.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Phone 79 Roseburg, Ore.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Ferdy Would



By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



United!



By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM



Red Brings Some News



By Small

TILDEN BEATS HUNTER IN TENNIS MATCH

(Associated Press Local Wire)
LONDON, June 23.—Big Bill Tilden today won the London singles tennis championship by defeating Francis T. Hunter, his fellow American Davis cup player and double in impressive style by scores of 6-3, 6-2, 6-1 in the final round.
Both Tilden and Hunter now will enter the English championship tourney at Wimbledon together with their team mates and stars of many nations, including France.

PARIS, June 23.—Pierre Etchebaster of France today successfully retained his world's title of professional court champion by defeating Jack Soutar of Philadelphia, former American title holder by scores of 6-2, 6-4, 3-7, 7-5.

Hay rope and cable at Wharton Bros.