

Are You Profiting By Our Special Factory Offer

of the ROGER'S LACQUER Company? If not, why not? It is too generous to be repeated soon.

This is one of the very best if not the best brushing lacquer yet put out.

Its wearing quality cannot be surpassed. Is easily applied, and the shades are most pleasing to eye.

We are offering a trial can of one half pint, in white, black, or colors, together with a good brush for 69 cents only. This will cost you when the present offer is withdrawn, \$1.30.

Don't delay, we cannot hold offer open long.

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

BRICK AT PAGES

FOR homesteads and relinquishment see S. S. Morrison.

FOR SALE—Good weaned pigs, each \$3.50. Linbion, Dixonville.

FOR SALE—Two fresh milk cows; also a separator. A. E. Stephens, Myrtle Creek.

DISC HARROWS—Our cover crop disc will give the results for dry land farming. Farm Bureau Exchange.

HOME WATER PLANTS \$75 up. All types of gas engines and electric outfits. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Household furniture and baby carriage, all in good condition. Mrs. L. Hodges, 1045 Corey Ave.

FOR SALE—Dillard Service Station and Garage. A bargain, easy terms. Inquire Dillard Service Station or Virgil Rust.

FOR SALE—Royal Ann and Black Republican cherries, 5c per lb. on the tree. R. M. Cooley, Eden-bower, Phone 9221.

WATER TANKS—All types of irrigation tanks, wood or metal. 500 gallon redwood tank, \$30. Farm Bureau Exchange.

Cabins Mountain or Camp Ground. We furnish free, detailed plans and specifications. Coen Lumber Company.

FOR SALE—11-room house near court house, cor. Douglas and Kane Sts. Inquire Mrs. W. B. Thomson, Rt. 2, care C. M. Pennie, Roseburg.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—47 acres well improved; cows, chickens, turkeys. Will take house as part payment. D. H. care News-Review.

IRRIGATION SUPPLIES—Pumps, engines, motors, pipe of all types. Low prices. Let us help plan your irrigation installation. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR RENT

1ST floor apt., furnished, close in, reasonable. 331 S. Main.

FOR RENT—Modern apt., 3 large rooms, garage, \$15. Adults. Phone 459-R.

FOR RENT—2-room furnished house, close in, \$6 per mo. See Cleveland man Perkins Bldg.

FOR RENT—Modern, clean and well furnished apartment. Dardorf Apartments, 112 Broadway.

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?

E. G. KINGWELL

Real Estate Broker

Sutherland, Oregon

Ready for Dinner

No need to spend time for shopping. Enjoy your afternoons. Just telephone your order to Economy Grocery and your groceries and vegetables will be waiting when you get back.

Economy Grocery

L. JOHNSON

Store That Serves

You Best

344 N. Jackson St.

1927 Ford touring, looks like new, for sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.

NOTICE OF SALE OF SCHOOL WARRANTS

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Looking Glass school board, Dist. No. 13, July 14 at 8:00 p. m. for the purchase of \$3,000 of school warrants with interest at 5 per cent, payable semi-annually July 1 and Jan. 1. Retirement amortization plan beginning Jan. 1, 1929. Optional payment after 5 years.

H. MARSH,

Clerk Dist. 13, Looking Glass.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment, 3 rooms, 223 E. Lane. Electric stove, hot water, nice little apt. in heart of the city. Inquire at Bubar Bros.

WANTED

WANT beef cattle and will buy or sell milk cows. Walter M. Clark, City.

WANTED—Cletae for parts. State model and price. Ewens Bros., Wilbur, Ore.

WANT to buy 400 or 500 White Leghorn pullets. Notify with particulars P. O. Box 335, Roseburg.

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

FOUND

FOUND—Row boat in river north of town. Owner may have same by identifying. R. R. Wilson, 1002 Prospect St.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

LADIES EARN up to \$25 weekly sewing smocks at home. Stamp for particulars. E. E. Smith & Company, P. O. Box 522, Seattle, Wash.

Get your straw hats at Hansen Chevrolet Co., 15c each; 50c value.

AMERICA'S BIRTH COMMEMORATED BY BRITISH TABLET

(Associated Press London Wire)

LONDON, June 30.—The birth of the American nation was commemorated here today at Brunswick Docks, Blackwall, with an Anglo-American gathering.

A bronze tablet was unveiled to mark the spot from which Captain John Smith and 105 cavaliers set sail 322 years ago, to found the first permanent English colony in America.

This settlement, at Jamestown, Va., was made 13 years before the Mayflower left Plymouth, and the first representative assembly in America, a forerunner of the congress of Independence over a century and a half later, was convened July 26, 1619, a year before the Mayflower arrived.

The three "cockle-shells" in which these colonists fared forth are pictured in relief at the head of the tablet.

Miss Althea Serpell of Norfolk, Va., vice president of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, who originated and carried out the idea, presided.

Her niece, Miss Sue and Miss Nell Serpell Tyler, aged 13 and 11, respectively, unveiled the tablet.

They are the daughters of H. E. Tyler, mayor of Norfolk, and grand-daughters of J. Hogg Tyler, former governor of Virginia. John Stewart Bryan, owner and editor of the News-Leader, of Richmond, Va., made the presentation.

Vice Admiral Guy H. Burreage, with his staff and a guard of honor of 24 men, and the naval band with the singing of American and British national airs.

The London committee in charge of arrangements included Lady Astor and Mrs. Arthur Glasgow.

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H. MARSH,

Clerk Dist. 13, Looking Glass.

When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service. BY RUTH DEWLY GROVES

CHAPTER XLVII

What effect the statement had had upon Virginia Chiri could not learn. The ability to hide her real feelings was something that Virginia had mastered.

She merely nodded her head slowly and said: "I suppose so."

Niel has become famous, I hope."

Chiri snapped upright in her chair. "He might have it if you hadn't made it impossible for him to work!" she exclaimed. "His first mural was cold, unfinished, but it brought him a new commission. He isn't able to touch it, though!"

Virginia jumped to her feet. "Why do you tell me this?" she asked warily.

Chiri laughed, with a ripple of victorious undertone. "Because I explain what happened the night after Niel came back to the studio from wearing out on the pavement. Walking you out of his life."

Virginia's eyes widened, but she waited in silence for the rest of the story.

She saw it now. Chiri had come to claim a conquest. She breathed a prayer for that embrace on the pier. It was like a shield now, protecting her from believing anything she might hear.

"And did he succeed?" she asked quietly when Chiri failed to go on.

"No, he didn't," the girl said surprisingly. "He never will succeed. But he will always hate you, too. For you cannot marry him."

She spoke the last words with low, hard emphasis and looked at Virginia with direct candor.

Virginia started. "That is something Mr. Dunn and myself to discuss," she said icily.

"And me," Chiri said softly. "It's a triangular affair now."

Virginia suppressed an impulse to refuse to listen any longer. There was conviction in the girl's words and manner. She was either telling the truth or she was a consummate actress.

Virginia felt herself impressed in spite of her firm faith in Nathaniel.

"There's a chick in every armor," Chiri went on. "I found the one in Nathaniel's. It's all in knowing the psychological hour in which to look for it."

"He will not marry me, he doesn't need to, because he didn't start the thing. I'm perfectly willing to take all the responsibility . . . only . . . he cannot marry you either. If he does I promise you never to give up searching for other chicks."

Virginia had rounded the foot of the bed, was leaning against it, her hands outstretched upon the imitation mahogany.

Her head was thrown back and her eyes closed. She remained so for a moment and it worried Chiri.

Then suddenly she looked at the other girl with a gaze so disconcertingly straight that Chiri flinched.

Virginia smiled. "You know I don't believe you," she said easily.

And to herself she added: "Because Niel never would have come to me again."

Chiri rose, shrugged her shoulders. "If you wish to live in a fool's paradise . . ." she trailed off suggestively and stopped.

Virginia walked to the door and held it open for her. "I am sorry for you," she said, "because you will never win Nathaniel with a lie."

Her voice held indefinite compassion for one who had bungled a rare chance at happiness—if happiness can really be found in the role of comforter to a heart-broken lover.

"Oh hell," Chiri said and walked through the open door.

That was the last Virginia saw of her for a long time. But she was not to escape a second unwelcome caller in the person of Frederick Dean.

He had communicated a wish to see her and Virginia, concerned in the faint hope that he would not presume unless it were to her advantage.

Besides, she had another reason for seeing him. He had become, in her mind, a monster. Could she marry him? She turned her head and studied him now as they were whisked through an entrance to Central Park.

They had gone out in his car because Virginia did not care to meet him in the hotel.

There were no horns on his forehead, nevertheless. And the touch of his hand on her arm as he assisted her into the car still remained to fill with horror the thought of becoming his wife.

"Don't you think we might begin to discuss our wedding plans?" he asked when the moment came for revealing his reason for wishing to see her.

Virginia caught her breath sharply. "You . . . insist upon it?" she cried.

Dean misunderstood her. She referred to the need for discussing their plans.

"You're not thinking of wedding, are you?" he demanded.

Virginia stiffened. "Please take me back to my hotel. If that is all you have to say to me. You may make whatever plans you choose, but don't forget that I have nearly two months yet in which to get your pound of flesh."

Dean laughed scornfully. "Still chasing rainbows? Well, dear girl, let me see your hand. I want to order your wedding ring."

For many nights, after that drive Virginia dreamed of a huge wedding ring that slipped over her head and shoulders and contracted

ed inch by inch until she was slowly crushed. She would wake, gasping for breath, with beads of perspiration upon her forehead, and trembling until her teeth chattered.

It was a hideous dream. And the days were only waking nightmares. Nathaniel did not come near her. She lived in a terrified loneliness, broken only by the occasional companionship of Miss Evans, who saw that something was very much the matter with her.

Virginia never gave her a chance to offer sympathy and so often would make a pitiful invitation to have a dinner together.

The days would have seemed interminable to her had it not been for the abyss that yawned such a short distance ahead.

At night, listening to her clock tick through the darkness, she would be seized with a frantic desire to spring up and stop it. But she knew if she did her mind would be shattered. Dry sobs would choke into her throat and she would pull the covers over her head to shut out the sound.

And time marched on, bringing a sorry mockery. Two weeks before the last day of grace Virginia received a notice from Mr. Gardner that her father's estate had been finally settled and that there was \$12,000 to her credit in the bank.

It meant nothing to Virginia now. Except that she redeemed the things she had pawned with "Uncle Simon."

She might have retrieved these things before but she wanted to keep available all her funds.

Twelve thousand dollars a year ago might have saved her. She did not know how, but it might have.

As the last two weeks faded, Virginia's longing to see Nathaniel grew beyond her control. She wrote him a note, asking him to call at her hotel the following evening. He did not answer.

But she was ready and waiting before eight o'clock. She had put on her prettiest frock, a blue-gray taffeta, with a cream lace bertha.

Around her neck she wore a choker of amethysts.

Nathaniel would appreciate the delicate harmony of color. She wished to delight him, to leave a charming memory picture.

Very carefully she applied a make-up to hide her paleness. There was no need to do anything to her eyes—they sparkled with unnatural brightness.

At eight-thirty she applied a second touch of lipstick. At nine she repeated the process and at ten she removed her pretty dress, the amethysts and the lipstick.

Much later she slept a little, still huddled brokenly in the shabby armchair. And about the same time one who had kept a vigil across the street turned wearily back to his cheerless studio.

There was a dullness in Virginia's suffering after that. As though it did not matter so much that her gallant youth was demanded as a sacrifice to old desires.

The morning of the day before the last brought Virginia a brief note from Frederick Dean. It informed her that he was prepared to receive her at his home any time the following day, but if she chose to put off coming until the last minute of her year he would still be waiting to welcome her at midnight.

Virginia read it, dry-eyed and acutely calm. Then she sat down to write to Nathaniel.

She had decided to tell him that she was going to marry Dean. It seemed, however, less cruel than letting him learn of the event indirectly.

The temptation to tell him the whole story came to her as she wrote his name, but she put it aside.

Let him continue to believe that she preferred the love of riches to the love of a man. It would hurt him less than the truth, she thought.

With the letter finished and put aside for mailing after her marriage, she set herself stolidly to the task of packing her things.

Her hope had touched bottom.

The Blue Capella officials had regretted sincerely that she was leaving them.

She had told them two weeks before and had asked that they give Miss Evans a trial as her successor. She had given a great deal of time to training the ex-secretary to carry on her work and she had confidence in her ability to do so.

The last night in her hotel she dampened a towel with witch hazel, bound it round her eyes and climbed into bed, to lie still for endless hours, her hands knotted close to her sides and her nostrils filled with the odor of the great armful of roses Frederick Dean had sent.

She had let them remain in the room. It was a gesture of surrender.

Ford sedan in good running order, good tires, new seat covers. Total price \$75.00. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

NICARAGUAN FACTION IN NOMINEE DEADLOCK

(Associated Press Managua Wire)

MANAGUA, Nic., June 30.—The conservative party continued deadlocked today over its nominee for president. It was believed that, owing to the bitterness between the factions, the selection of a presidential candidate could only be affected by the national election board of which Gen. Frank R. McCoy is the chairman.

Two men have been proposed, Carlos Cuadra Pasos and Vincente Rappacelle. The supporters of each have submitted their arguments to the national board.

Chevrolet truck used very little, first three; looks like new. The owner had no more use for it. For sale by Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

Twine!

Standard 500 ft. \$6.25 bale.

Special. Rebuilt Champion Mower \$50.00

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.

SALVATION ARMY WORKERS ARE GIVEN CREDENTIALS

Salvation Army workers, according to Brigadier Albert E. Baynton, in charge of Salvation Army work in Oregon and southern Idaho, have been much harassed in recent months on account of impostors, who, representing themselves as officials of the Army, have been going about collecting funds in the name of the organization. Having secured some where the Army's uniform, they were able to mislead the public.

In order to protect the public from further impostors of this kind the Salvation Army has supplied its accredited workers with a printed solicitor's card, wherein is written the name of the worker. This card also definitely defines the territory in which aid workers are authorized to solicit for funds and is signed by Albert E. Baynton, the divisional commander for Oregon and southern Idaho.

Brigadier Baynton respectfully requests the public to call for solicitor's card, whenever and wherever approached by a Salvation Army worker. Should someone ask for money in the name of the Army, who is not supplied with a card, the fact should be reported at once.

Our salesroom is kept open evenings and Sunday forenoons for the working man's convenience. Hansen Chevrolet Co.

Chiropractor DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER

"Complete Health Service" Mineral Vapor Bath

327 Cass Phone 491

REMOVAL NOTICE

Alden Harness has moved his rental library from the Masonic Temple to a house he recently purchased. When he is away his sister, who lives there with his mother, will attend the library. Over four thousand volumes of choice fiction. Open to the public from 8 in morning to 10 in evening. Location two blocks north of postoffice. 302 West Washington street. Near Junior high school.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by anyone but myself.

GEO. H. WELLS, Yoncalla, Ore.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

SUMMER SPORT DEPENDS ON CLOTHES—WELL LAUNDERED ONES AS EACH ONE KNOWS.

Trying to have a good time in the summer time without wearing freshly starched, well laundered clothes is like Topsy in a gunny sack trying to play Miss Eva. Our laundry will put you on the track of real summertime enjoyment.

Roseburg Steam Laundry Phone 79 Roseburg, Ore.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

YOU SAY YOU'RE DATING WITH PETE TONIGHT? —??— YOU ARE?

SURE—WHY NOT, SEZ I?

WHY TH' BIG BUM

—FOR DIRT? WITH ME? WELL, I LIKE THAT

YOU WOULD! BUT IT JUST PROVES THAT HE'S LIKE ALL OTHER MEN—FICKLE AS TH' DICKENS

OH—YOU'RE JUST PEEVED BECAUSE HE DIDN'T ASK YOU FOR TH' DATE

HE DID ASK ME—BUT I HAD A DATE WITH JIMMY

NOTHING IN HERE BUT A TIN PAN AND A FEW BONES!!

By Martin

That Was Different

—FOR DIRT? WITH ME? WELL, I LIKE THAT

YOU WOULD! BUT IT JUST PROVES THAT HE'S LIKE ALL OTHER MEN—FICKLE AS TH' DICKENS

OH—YOU'RE JUST PEEVED BECAUSE HE DIDN'T ASK YOU FOR TH' DATE

HE DID ASK ME—BUT I HAD A DATE WITH JIMMY

NOTHING IN HERE BUT A TIN PAN AND A FEW BONES!!

By Blosser

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small

By Small