

GLASSWARE

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Gives you choice of a beautiful line of Pink Glassware—see our window display.

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35c

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Baby buggy, in good condition, \$15. 701 Pine St.

FOR SALE—Used brick, M. B. Green, Phone 2875.

BROCCOLI plants for sale, M. B. Green, Phone 2875.

FOR SALE—10 head good ewes. Not old. W. B. Melton, Phone 14715.

FOR SALE—20 extra good pigs, J. H. Parrott & Son, Camas Valley, Ore.

FOR SALE—Eleven stock pigs, E. F. Strong, Oakland, Ore. (Rice Hill).

FOR SALE—Yearling bucks, Snopshires and Ramboulettes, Chas. Huxton, Brockway.

FOR SALE—2-ton Republic truck. Cheap if taken at once. Herman Schuize, Brockway.

SHINGLES are the cheapest NOW they have been since the war. SHINGLE NOW. Pages' is the place.

FOR SALE—25 head good young ewes. One pure bred Delaware buck, 2 yrs. old. J. M. Cornutt, Riddle, Ore.

FOR SALE—One 3-hole electric range, with oven; 75-pound refrigerator; overstuffed davenport and one bridge lamp. All these articles will be sold very cheap. Phone 5732.

FOR RENT

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

FOR RENT—Well furnished normal school students' apartments. Children cared for at reasonable rates. 35 South 2nd street, Ashland, Oregon.

Chiropractor

DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
327 Cass Phone 491

NEON SIGNS

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Roy Hufham

Roseburg, Oregon

WANTED

Rentals, Sales or Exchanges, City Property, Residences and Farms. What have you?

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Sutherlin, Oregon

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

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Cut to OrderWindow Screens made to order
E. S. AND F. L. COCKLEREAS

Service All Housewives Like

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Groceries

will be delivered at a certain time, they will be there—and no extra charge.

Economy Grocery

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

WANTED

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.

IT'S A GOLD MINE! Exclusive local territory open for new automatic Aluminum Cooker representative—man or woman. A big money-maker. Every home needs one. Write for proposition. ALBERT C. BURNS, 1800 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

OREGON WOOL AND MOHAIR MARKET ABOUT CLEARED
(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., July 14.—Activity in the wool and mohair market is about over for the season, buyers in this vicinity agree, with practically the entire spring clip of mohair cleaned up, except a few tag-end lots. The little that is left, say the buyers, will probably go at 50 cents a pound for old and 60 cents for new.

Mohair buying will be resumed with the fall clip, with the prospect now for somewhat lower prices than were obtained for the spring clip.

Wool generally is moving slowly here.

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

MANY WATCHES TICK AS TRAIN WHEELS. CLICK

Keeping railroad trains trains on time requires more than 133 watches and 33 clocks to every hundred miles of line, according to S. A. Pope, supervisor of time service for Southern Pacific company.

"Nowhere," Pope said, "is the value of time more emphasized than in the transportation industry. The watches of 12,000 of our employees are subject to our time service requirements. All train and engine men visit an official watch inspector twice a month and watches are adjusted if they show a variation of twenty seconds or more from standard time."

"Many types of clocks are among the 3,000 in service on our Pacific lines. Fine marine clocks are in the pilot houses and engine rooms of our ferry and river steamers. Time clocks are in use in our offices and shops, watchman clocks protect our property against fire and theft during hours of darkness, and there are in use other types of clocks almost too numerous to mention."

"Without the guidance of fine watches and clocks a modern railroad would quickly be thrown from order and efficiency into the greatest of confusion, and it would become almost impossible to move the farm crops of the West to their distant Eastern markets."

SUPERFLUOUS WISH

JILTED LOVER: Away with women.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND: Yeah, boy, that's one thing you ain't got.

Julie.

TAKE CARE OF MY LINENS!

YOUR SHIRT WAISTS AND YOUR LINENS RARE—AT OUR HANDS WILL RECEIVE GREAT CARE.

We're just about as careful people as ever got into the laundry business. What we mean to say is that we are expertly careful. There are a lot of particular men and women who live in this town who are duly grateful because we are in the washing and ironing business.

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Phone 79 Roseburg, Ore.

LOVE FOR TWO

RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 BY NEA Service, Inc.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Bertie Lou Ward, on the eve of her wedding to Rod Bryer, feels a premonition of trouble when she receives a dagger-like paper knife from Lila Marsh, who has turned Rod down because he is not wealthy. But she courageously resolves not to be jealous of Rod's past love affair, since his future is in her keeping.

Bertie Lou receives a second blow to her pride when she accidentally overhears one bridesmaid ask another if she thought the bride liked being second choice. The talk in her heart lingers until Rod whispers, "My wife," with a world of adoration in his eyes.

They spend an ideal honeymoon in a mountain resort, and Bertie Lou almost forgets the shadow cast by the predatory ex-sweetheart until they return and find Lila acting as dictator in their apartment on the ground that she knows what Rod likes. Both the bride and her mother resent Lila's efforts to annoy, and Mrs. Ward advises Bertie Lou to try to avoid meeting her in the future.

The newlows are given a surprise welcome-home party and other demands on their hospitality cause worry about making the budget balance. But Bertie Lou forgets finances when Rod tells her they have been invited out to dine with the Frasers— from New York.

NOW ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII

Tom Fraser got up to greet Bertie Lou and Rod, but Molly and the third guest remained seated. Molly put out a hand and pulled Bertie Lou down beside them on the wide leather-covered davenport.

"Of course, you know Miss Marsh," she said politely.

Bertie Lou could have laughed. But had she done so it would not have been a pleasant sound. Lila giggled outright. "Why, Molly," she exclaimed, "don't you know that Rod and I are ex-sweethearts?"

Confusion appeared for an instant on Molly Fraser's nondescript features. Her net horror was social errors. "Why, I . . ."

she stammered to a stop.

"Don't mind, Lila," Bertie Lou said hurriedly. "That's old stuff. Wayville best bromide."

Lila's big blue eyes narrowed lazily. "But still hot," she murmured softly.

Bertie Lou took no notice. And Molly immediately began to explain that they were waiting for the sixth member of the party.

"I wonder what's keeping Mr. Stiles, anyhow?" she added jerkily.

Her mind was vastly troubled over her seating arrangements. She'd intended having Mr. Stiles

beside her, Bertie Lou as guest of honor beside Mr. Fraser and Lila as Rod's dinner partner. Mr. Fraser had received his orders. And she could not get a whispered word to him before Mr. Stiles came down upon them, beaming apologies for his tardiness. In Wayville it was a social crime to be late at dinner.

Molly sought to rearrange the seating order at the last moment but she was not a woman endowed with quick wits or much force. So Lila sat beside Rod.

It was not the first time since his marriage for Lila had her following in the town and opportunities were sometimes given her by girls who held old grudges against Bertie Lou.

Until she became engaged to Rod, Bertie Lou had been the belle of the town. Naturally this enviable position aroused jealousies.

Bertie Lou knew that there were some of her less friendly friends who enjoyed the rivalry between her and Lila. Enjoyed watching her, as they were suspected, to see if she would weaken and show signs of being disturbed.

After the night of their surprise party Bertie Lou had assumed a role of amused acceptance of Lila and her presence. It had been almost unbearable at times, but she stuck to it. Lila openly discussed her love affair with Rod in Bertie Lou's presence at every opportunity. And Bertie Lou told her she was kidding herself. It was always a matter of surface remarks and deeper feelings.

So far Rod had managed to avoid giving Lila anything that she could use against Bertie Lou. He cleverly evaded being alone with her and when they danced together anyone could see that he had nothing secret to impart to her.

But Bertie Lou knew that Rod was no match for Lila. That sooner or later Lila would be able to report some occurrence, whether true or not, that would not bear the proof of falsehood on the face of it. Rod sometimes or another would be caught off his guard.

Bertie Lou and Rod had never discussed Lila. Rod was not the sort to discuss his affairs with women and Bertie Lou was too sporting to want him to.

She might have warned him that Lila was looking for a chance to boast that he hadn't entirely cooled toward her, but Bertie Lou could not do that sort of thing. And there was always the chance that Lila would merely amusing herself in a cheap way.

In any case Bertie Lou did not

want to keep Rod straight with strings. His love for her would be the only curb on his conduct. But, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown of pride.

However, Bertie Lou was not passively waiting for Lila to scribble on the fair pages of her married life. She stood between Lila and her object whenever she could do so without cheapening herself.

She neither accepted invitations to Lila's house nor asked the girl to hers. There was dignity in that. But she always met Lila, calmly, even when she came to the flat to see Rod. Lila admitted it was to be kind and she always came at the evening.

Rod, ill at ease on these occasions, wondered what sort of a game Lila was playing. He was thankful it did not disturb Bertie Lou. He concluded that she must have decided Lila was only having some fun. Just the same he had a feeling that an uncomfortable moment awaited him if ever he gave Lila the opportunity she so plainly sought—to be alone with him. His pettishness protected Bertie Lou. So far Lila had found nothing to crow over. Rod's fear of her, however, was wearing off; Bertie Lou knew it, if he didn't.

She glanced over at them now. One glance was sufficient. Lila was stunning in a purple face dress. Bertie Lou knew it was the newest thing in town and that Lila had probably had to plaster another mortgage on her house to buy it for her.

Her light blond hair, still in a bob, was a golden sheath for her well-made-up face.

Bertie Lou felt drab by comparison. Beige might be smart, she told herself, but it certainly wasn't striking.

Molly had gone in for color, too. Her low-cut dinner dress was made of rose crepe. A bit too formal for the occasion, but Molly liked to "impress the natives," as she said to Tom.

Rod was talking animatedly to Lila. She'd brought up the world series baseball games and she couldn't have hit on a more fortunate topic to intrigue Rod's interest.

Bertie Lou wondered if he really could keep his mind on ball games with Lila looking up at him from wide, open eyes. For when Lila's eyes were open to their fullest there was plenty of room in them for a man to take a dive. He might come to the bottom sooner than expected, but Lila carried no sign of "shallow water," as someone had once said the law should compel her to do.

Molly, too, glanced at them, and then at Bertie Lou. She made up her mind that she hadn't committed a tactless error in putting them together, after all.

Certainly Bertie Lou did not appear to mind. She turned back with relief to Mr. Stiles, who was telling her of a letter he'd received from the Department of Agriculture.

TO HOLDERS OF Third Liberty Loan Bonds

The Treasury offers a new 3 1/2 per cent, 11-15 year Treasury bond in exchange for Third Liberty Loan Bonds.

The new bonds will bear interest from July 16, 1928. Interest on Third Liberty Loan Bonds surrendered for exchange will be paid in full to September 15, 1928.

Holders should consult their banks at once for further details of this offering.

Third Liberty Loan Bonds mature on September 15, 1928, and will cease to bear interest on that date.

A. W. MELLON,

Secretary of the Treasury.

Washington, July 5, 1928.

received from the Department of Agriculture.

Bertie Lou brought her eyes back to Tom Fraser, her attention snagged on a phrase that stood out from the rest of his conversation as a beacon light to her spirit. "Job for Rod."

"What . . . what did you say?" she asked, catching her breath sharply.

"I said I'd like to have Rod come to New York and work for me."

Bertie Lou stared at him in complete surprise. She'd thought of a lot of ways to eliminate Lila, but taking flight to another locale had not been one of them. Had not Lila been uppermost in her mind at the moment she'd have reacted to the idea with a different emotion.

But now Bertie Lou knew that the thing she wanted most was to get away from Lila's predatory reach. From all the smirks and slaps of tongue she met so often in her home town.

She flashed toward Rod. "Did you hear what Tom said?" she cried excitedly. "Rod, he wants you to go to New York!"

Rod turned his head. Lila looked over too, startled. "Go to New York?" he repeated in bewilderment. "Gosh, Tom, I never thought of it."

"Don't suppose you did," Tom returned dryly. "or you wouldn't be here. To be frank, I'd have asked you before only I hesitated over a fellow who's satisfied to stay on in a one-horse town. At most consciously he puffed his chest as though to say, 'look at me; I got out.'"

Everyone waited. "But you've got a smart little wife here," he dug playfully at Bertie Lou's ribs. "Ought to give her a chance—"

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John Deere Plow Co. Sherwin-Williams Co.
L. N. Miller Dehydrator Co.

Gives Her Blood

AIR TOUR DUE IN PORTLAND MONDAY

PORTLAND, Ore., July 14.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

—The National Air tour will arrive from California at the Port of Portland Monday afternoon. More than twenty planes and many famous pilots are making the tour.

look at Molly—see what Fifth Avenue did for her."

They all looked, of course. Molly was equal to the appraisal. She sat like her idea of a queen. A colorful idea. Lila smiled and Bertie Lou felt drabber than ever. She knew Tom hadn't meant to disparage her, but it could be taken that way. Lila surely wouldn't miss it.

Too bad Bertie Lou couldn't have been herself, for there was nothing approaching a rhapsody about her. The thick, rich hair was knotted beautifully on the nape of her neck and her eyes were shining like jewels. There wasn't another girl in Wayville with a complexion to match hers. With summer tan upon it, there was but one thing to liken it to. The velvety skin of a luscious, ripe peach.

In Tom's estimation, however, she wasn't up to Molly. Molly, with her tight marcel, her thin, shaded eyebrows and precisely rouged lips, was Tom's idea of smartness. Molly wore an abundance of jewelry, too. That meant a lot to Tom.

"Well, what do you say?" he demanded as Rod hesitated to answer.

(To Be Continued)

When a 20-year-old Washington, D. C., school teacher was fighting for her life against an illness that puzzled physicians, Louis Omwake, girl athlete, volunteered for a blood transfusion. Miss Omwake, above, is a co-ed at George Washington university.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

GEE, BOOTS—I WANNA APOLOGIZE—OR SQUARE MYSELF—OR SOMETHIN'—FOR GETTIN' YOU INTO SUCH A GOSH AWFUL MESS

GETTIN' ME INTO A MESS? WHY, WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

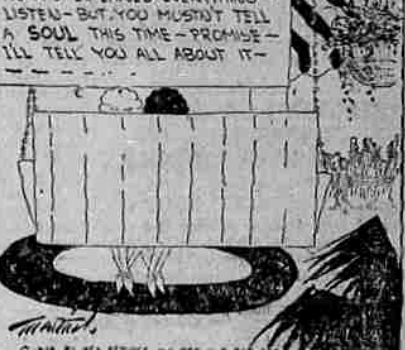
OH, YOU KNOW—ABOUT PETE! YOU KNOW YOU TOLD ME THAT HE HAD FOUND OUT THAT YOUR BROTHER BILL HAS BEEN PAYING HIS SALARY AT TH' CLUBS—

Shhhh!

THAT'S JUST IT—IT'S MY FAULT. HE FOUND OUT I TOLD FERDY ABOUT IT IN CONFIDENCE—AN' OF COURSE, HE HAD TO BLAB TO PETE—AN' YOU CAN'T BLAME PETE FOR FEELIN' FUNNY ABOUT BILLY'S PAYIN' HIM MONEY FOR NO GOOD REASON AT ALL

OH, BUT THERE WAS A GOOD REASON—THERE'S A GOOD REASON FOR EVERYTHING THAT BILLY DOES

Y'KNOW, BASS—REALLY—I'M GLAD YOU STARTED THIS WHOLE THING! BILLY'S IN TOWN NOW AN' HAS EXPLAINED EVERYTHING—LISTEN—BUT YOU MUSTN'T TELL A SOUL THIS TIME—PROMISE—I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT—



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WELL, NOW THAT YOU HAVE THIS BABY ELEPHANT, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?

OH, I'LL DO SOMETHING, UNCLE HARRY!



Shower Baths While You Wait

SOME DAY I'M GOING TO GET YOU IN HERE AND GIVE YOU A GOOD BATH, BOBO—I KNOW YOU HATE WATER, BUT I'M GOING TO DO IT JUST THE SAME!



By Blosser

OH, BOY!! TALK ABOUT YOUR SHOWER BATHS!! HOT DOG!!



SALESMAN SAM

GOOD WORK, BOMBON! NOW WE'LL MAKE USE O' THAT MACHINE—WHAT COULD BE FAIRER? TH' TRAMPS HAVE MY WAGON—I'LL TAKE THEIR AUTO—



WHILE SPEAKING AWAY FROM TRAMPS WHO HAVE BEEN HOLDING HIM FOR RANSOM, SAM DISCOVERS AN AUTO GUARDED BY ONE OF THE TRAMPS



HOP RIGHT IN, BABY—WE'RE HEADIN' FOR HOME—AN' DON'T Y'ATRY ANY BACK-SEAT DRIVIN', EITHER!



HURRAY! WE'LL BE IN GUZZLE'S STORE IN NOTIME NOW—HE MAY BE SORE 'CAUSE I'VE LEFT TH' WAGON BEHIND, BUT HE'LL BE DERN GLAD TA SEE ME!



MEANTIME, GUZZ, WHO'DRIVE TO KICKORY'S WOODS, IN THE MACHINE SAM HAS TAKEN, MEETS THE HOBBOES, PREPARED TO GIVE THEM THE RANSOM DEMANDED FOR SAM'S RELEASE



HERE'S TH' RANSOM! HOLD ON A SECOND, OLL TIMER! SPREAD IT OUT ON THIS STUMP SO WE CAN SEE IF IT'S ALL THERE!



By Small

