

Serviceable Presents

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Churchill Hardware Co.
THE WINCHESTER STORE

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—25 head good ewes. Phone 19F12.

TRAILERS for sale cheap at Sarff's.

CHINCHILLA rabbits for sale. Robert Shaffer, Canyonville.

FOR SALE—21 good ewes. Phone 19F24.

FOR SALE—Peach plums and cucumbers. Phone 34F2.

FOR SALE—Fresh Jersey cow, work horses and saddle horses. Ervin Rice, Oakland.

FOR SALE—Canning pears, 25c per box in orchard. Brag boxes. Geo. Bradburn, Winston.

PUREBRED White Flemish Giant rabbits for sale, 50c. 244 So. Pine.

FOR SALE—800 sheep, mixed ewes, lambs and wethers. Alice Bros., Dillard.

FOR SALE—Thirty nannie goats five to eight years. W. G. Paul, Roseburg, Ore.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Clover and alfalfa hays. H. F. Wells, Rt. 1, Yoncalla, Ore.

FOR SALE—A few four posters and spool beds, and other antiques. 343 Stephens St.

FOR SALE—21 tiers body oak ewes, lambs and wethers. 2 tiers black, fine; \$2.25 per tier. G. W. Finley, Lookingglass, Ore.

BEST CANNING peaches are ripe. Crawford's \$1.25 to \$1.60 bushel peach box; 75c to 90c at farm six miles south. I. D. Skinner and Son.

FOR SALE and rent—3 sheep ranches, 2 for sale; 1 for rent, 640 acres cash, 240 sheep, 125 goats, cash. Bargain. Retiring. W. J. Butler, Creswell, Ore. Phone 2F45.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—5-room modern house with garage. Phone 566R.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartments, heated, modern, close in. Inquire 124 W. Douglas St.

FOR RENT—6-room furnished house, 610 Short St., south of Coen's Mill.

FOR RENT—6-room house, lights, water, big garden, fruit, garage, woodshed, chicken house, pasture for cow. \$12 mo. Inquire 1276 Prospect St.

WANTED

WANTED—Good ranch dog for his keep. L. Learn, Looking Glass.

WANTED—Prune pickers and a teamster. F. W. Ritzman, Riddle, Ore.

WANTED immediately, woman for gen. housework. 502 E. Washington St.

WANTED—2nd hand furniture for room house, Sept. 1st, Box 227, St. R. B., Eugene.

WANTED—Used apple boxes. Must be in good repair. W. D. Love, Rt. 2, Roseburg.

WANTED—Job, caretaker of farm or chores and light work. References. Box 62, News-Review.

LOST

LOST—Between Grants Pass and Elgarose, piece of canvas 16x20. Return to C. S. Van Ornum, Melrose.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 552 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

FARM REMINDERS

Where clover for seed is badly infested with honeydew it is seldom advisable to stack it unless it is known that no hatter will be available until late, says the experiment station. Some Oregon growers prefer to have such rain on to wash out the honeydew before putting it in the stack.

Botulism poisoning in fowls is not uncommon where spoiled canned foods such as peas, beans, corn and the like are carelessly thrown out where they eat it. Symptoms are limber neck and a general sleepy condition. About the only method of treatment is to empty the crop, either lancing it and sewing it up again or by flushing it out by running the cropful of water from a hot water bottle, then holding the head down and forcing it out, says the poultry pathologist of the experiment station.

Where decay occurs as the result of washing fruit it is always caused by improper methods, such as deep submergence, poor rinsing or rough handling. Where careful methods are used decay in storage has been greatly lessened as compared with unwashed fruit reports the experiment station.

The sooner old berry canes are cut and burned after the bearing season is over the quicker disease and insect pests will be destroyed.

Where a dairy herd is being freed from contagious abortion, reactors are kept isolated from other animals of the herd, though they may be kept successfully as near as 200 yards of the main barn if proper precautions are taken. The two herds are never allowed to mingle nor are the free animals allowed to pasture where others have been recently kept.

"Guess who this is" was never good telephone manners. The modern telephone user establishes his identity immediately.

CITY OF SUTHERLIN
SAWMILL AND POT FACTORY OPPORTUNITY—14,000 acres with 524 million feet of Douglas fir and 25 million sugar pine. PRICE \$100 M. The city will donate mill site adjoining trackage containing 150 acres. Further particulars E. G. KINGWELL, SUTHERLIN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Sutherlin, Oregon.

LOVE FOR TWO

© RUTH DEWEY GROVES © 1928 by NEA Service

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Bertie Lou Ward married Rod Bryer, who had previously been engaged to Lila Marsh. Lila makes life miserable for the bride until she meets a rich Mr. Loree and marries him. Then she asks Bertie Lou to forgive the past.

Trying to keep up socially with wealthy friends plunges the Bryers in debt and Rod becomes depressed. Lila seizes her chance to persuade him to accept a higher salary from Loree. Shortly after she asks Rod to put some jewels in the safe during her husband's absence. They disappear and Rod wants to notify the police, but Lila insists that they keep the matter secret, pointing out that suspicion against him might spoil his career. Bertie Lou finds out that he has been seeing Lila secretly and is heartbroken.

She is called home to her sick mother and catches a train without seeing Rod. The separation, added to Lila's plotting, causes a coldness to spring up between them. Each expects the other to make advances or explanations.

Rod goes to the Lorees without her and Bertie Lou goes out with Marco Palmer to retaliate. One evening Rod finds her packing a suitcase for a week-end at the Palmer estate and admits to himself that her love is dead and that he is infatuated with Lila.

He is stunned to learn that Lila deceived him about the stolen jewels when a connoisseur admires her pearls at a dinner party. Confronted, she admits that she gave him an empty case and plotted to make him dependent on her generosity to win back his love from Bertie Lou.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXIV
Rod bent his head far back and Lila drew away with a little laugh. "We can forget everything that's happened," she said softly, "and just take our happiness in our own way. Hold me in your arms, Rod, please. We're a right to each other."

Rod jerked himself free of her embrace and took a step backward. He came up sharply against the grill railing. "Lila, you're crazy," he said. "How could there be any happiness for us together? Lila looked at him with a touch of scorn. "Must I literally throw myself at your feet?" she taunted him.

"But there's Cy... and Bertie Lou," Rod reminded her with great simplicity. "What do they count?" Lila flared. "Cy ought to know what an old man gets when he marries a young girl. And Bertie Lou doesn't care a snap of her fingers for you!"

"Even so, we're married to them," Rod replied, a trifle wearily. Lila drew in her breath and

pressed closer to him. "What of that?" she asked. "Marriage needn't keep us from being happy, need it? Oh Rod, don't sacrifice me for two people who don't know what it means to be in love!"

"Are you going to leave Cy?" Rod asked her. "I couldn't let you do it for me, Lila. I just couldn't, that's all. Cy's my friend."

Lila ran a smooth finger along his cheek and curled it over his ear. "I don't intend to break his heart, Rod," she said, "but he's going on a trip next week..."

"My God, Lila, haven't you any decency?" Rod cried, breaking entirely free of her clinging arms. His words were like a lash across Lila's face.

"I didn't know you were squeamish," she fired at him. "You ought to divorce Bertie Lou if you think so much of decency."

Rod moved toward the door without answering her but she was before him like a darting flame and stood with her back against the door handle.

"So that got you, did it?" she mocked him. "It isn't so pleasant to hear a truth like that, is it? All right to talk to me about decency, but how about a man who permits his wife to fall for another man and makes no effort to prevent it?"

Rod fairly trembled with outraged feelings as he stood before her and listened to her scathing denunciation.

"You've led me into this," she went on. "Everyone knows you don't care what Bertie Lou does. Well, why shouldn't you care... unless you wanted to be free to do the same? You're a big fraud with your talk of decency. I'd like to know how you get that way?"

Rod tried to brush past her. "Oh, no," she stopped him, "you'll hear the rest of it, Mr. Good. You told me yourself that Bertie Lou's gone out to Marco Palmer's place. He laughed shrilly. "A house party? Are you kidding me or yourself? Decency, ha, ha. I'm not good enough to get on with you, but your innocent little wife, who he goes to Marco Palmer, is good enough to be married to."

"Move, or I'll make you!" Rod ordered in a voice that vibrated with suppressed fury. Lila threw her head back and closed her eyes. "You'll have to make me," she dared. The next instant she was rudely and very forcibly thrust aside.

When she righted herself Rod was gone.

But his destination was given no thought in the blind horror that possessed him. Lila's words seared like red hot irons into his consciousness. Oh how damnable sure she had been! Bertie Lou and Marco Palmer! Fool, fool, fool! Could he see it wasn't true? God,

it wasn't true!

He found himself at home. Not one step of the way he had traversed remained in his memory. He might have walked miles or blocks; he couldn't have told which had he not known the distance.

The apartment was unbearable. He went into Bertie Lou's room. That was the worst place of all, with a beaker of faded roses on the dresser.

Two hours later Rod was driven out of the place by his mental torture. Where had he left his hat? He started without it, but saw it in the hall and picked it up. When he reached the street he hailed a taxicab. Surprisingly, the driver knew where the Palmer estate was. "Get me there, and don't let anything stop you," Rod ordered recklessly.

"It's some ride, brother," the man returned. He had his doubts of this wild-eyed fare and he had no relish for a long country drive with no pay at the end of it. A fight, maybe.

"Get there," Rod flashed back. "It's bucks in advance."

Rod dug out the money, handed it to the driver and climbed into the cab.

He drove that car with every nerve in his body, straining forward for more speed, now and then speaking to the man at the wheel, urging him to "give it a little gas, man, can't you?"

"See, what is this, a race with the stork?" the driver barked at him the third time he asked for speed. "I can't afford a ticket, Bo; I've had the limit."

Rod settled back to endure the rest of the ride in silence.

It was daybreak when the driver turned off the state highway and took the road to the Palmer country home far out on the South Shore of Long Island. The house, set a quarter of a mile back on the blue stone driveway, appeared dignified and peaceful in the early morning light.

Most of the windows were shuttered, but a few on the second floor showed drawn blinds. There was a wooden door, used to close the house during the family's sojourn in the South or abroad, leading against an outside wall.

Rod understood. Marco was using the house in his parents' absence.

He instructed the taxi driver to wait for him, and walked up to the door to ring. As he reached forth his hand he saw with surprise that the door was not on the latch. It swung open a few inches and Rod obeyed an impulse to enter without ringing.

Inside a strange sight met his gaze. The furniture of the hall was still strewned in linen covers and the floor was bare. Top coats and hats were thrown over chairs and on stands, indicating that Marco had not brought a butler out with him. But those carelessly-placed coats and hats were a welcome sight to Rod.

It was a house party! A flood of relief that flooded him like cool water on a parched tongue swept over him. He strode on into the living room, oblivious of trespassing; not caring, had it occurred to him.

The living room presented a deplorable sight. The air reeked of stale tobacco smoke, and countless ash trays, filled with cigarette ends were everywhere. Trays with tell-tale glasses, green and brown pinch bottles, with an array of quail huddling around a squat hen, decorated the room lavishly.

Rod saw a piano, with a torn record trailing out of it like a gigantic ticker tape. The floor was marked by dancing feet and some of the covered furniture was heaped in piles, or overturned. A few chairs and a davenport near the fireplace had been uncovered. On one chair, pinned to the back, was a corsage of orchids.

Rod turned grim at the sight of it. Bertie Lou and orchids. Did she get so many that she cared little for them? But who would think of flowers at a party such as this must have been?

Rod struggled hard against the memory of Lila's words. Had it been his fault that Bertie Lou was receiving orchids? Could he have stopped it if he'd tried? But they'd agreed to remember their marriage vows until they wanted them broken legally.

For half a moment Rod believed in Bertie Lou without doubt. Then he thought of Lila—of her trickery and faithlessness. Women were devils! Had a man a fool to trust one of them? Rod would know soon. He'd find Bertie Lou somewhere in this warren of sleeping revelers and wring the truth from her!

He took the stairs two at a time, his feet making but little sound on the thick paper that was laid over the slithering rubber pads. When he reached the second floor landing, a broad, spacious central hall in reality, he paused to look about him.

There were three corridors leading to the sleeping rooms. Rod could see down the one on his right without moving. He took a step in that direction when a man's voice down the corridor that led to the rooms in the back wing attracted his attention. He heard an indistinguishable feminine murmur in reply.

He turned to the left and when he came abreast of the middle corridor he was just in time to see a young man step from a room and hear him say with a teasing laugh: "I won't be long, Mrs. Marco Palmer of the future."

So this was the man whom Lila linked with Bertie Lou!

Rod noticed that he was wearing a silken dressing gown and bedroom slippers. Not a bad looking boy.

But what sort was he to pull a chair like this under his mother's room, even if he was going to marry the girl?

Rod's lips curled in contempt, but he went on, intending to make Marco tell him where he could find Bertie Lou. Halfway down

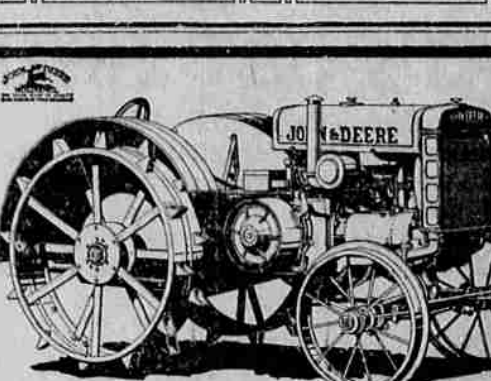


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the corridor he stopped. A maid had appeared from some back stairs, bearing a breakfast tray in her arms. He could inquire of her, and possibly avoid a scene with young Palmer.

The girl did not take any notice of him, and just as he was about to speak to her she reached the door of the room Marco had left, and rapped upon it. It was opened at once by someone Rod could not see. But he heard a voice direct-

ing the girl where to put the tray. The voice was Bertie Lou's. (To Be Continued)

NOTICE

From this date we are discontinue wholesale cleaning. Aug 14, 1928.

Imperial
CLEANERS

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

AN WITH THEE, I SEE-PUT 'EM UP, YA DUG-OR I'LL PUMP YA FULLA LEAD

GEE, GOOF—THAT'S A NIFTY OUT-FIT, AN' NO FOOLIN'

OH, HOW THRILLIN'! YOU'RE JU'S LIKE TH' COWBOYS I'VE READ ABOUT

CAN Y'IMAGINE THEM GALS FALLIN' FOR THAT LINE OF GOODES? HERE WE DOLL UP LIKE GENTLE-MEN, AN' WE DONT EVEN GET A TUMBLE

Y'GOTTA HAND IT TO GOOF—HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A HIT WITH THE LADIES

OOH! IT'S HARD GITTING INTO THESE CHAPS—AN' HAD TH' DANG THINGS ON SINCE I LANDED HERE

WELL, MAKE IT SHAPPY IF THEY WANT A TOUCH OF TH' OLD WEST, WE CAN GIVE IT TO 'EM—EH, RED?

YIPPEE! LET'S GO

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES HAVE BEEN AT THE RANCH SEVERAL DAYS NOW, AND SO FAR, HAVE FOUND THE LIFE THERE FAR, FAR DIFFERENT FROM THE WILD WEST THEY HAD EXPECTED

Ride 'Em Cowboy!

EVERYTHING IS SAFE AND SOUND ON BOARD THE SHIP ON WHICH FRECKLES IS SAILING HOME FROM LONDON... IN THE MEANTIME LET'S FLASH AHEAD OF HIM AND SEE WHAT TAG IS DOING.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

GOODY! FRECKLES IS GOING TO BE HOME IN ABOUT A WEEK—BUT A WEEK'S A LONG TIME—GEE! I WONDER IF HE'S GOING TO BRING ME SOMETHING?

HAVE YOU HAD ANY NEWS FROM FRECKLES SINCE I SAW YOU LAST, TAG?

SURE—HE'S ON HIS WAY HOME NOW—I WAS JUST HOPING THAT HE BRINGS ME SOMETHING

LOOK!

DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S GOING TO OUR HOUSE WITH SOMETHING FROM FRECKLES? DO YOU REALLY?

SURE I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED—MAYBE IT WAS EASIER TO SEND IT THAN TO BRING IT!!!

What's This?

WHAT THA--? SAM'S GONE TOO!!!

SALESMAN SAM

JUST AS SAM WAS PUTTING MRS. LOTT'S SHEKLES' JEWELS IN THE SAFEST OF THE HOTEL DELOP LAST NIGHT, A COUPLE OF BOLD, BAD, BAWDY-BUSTING BOYS APPEARED UPON THE SCENE—

MIGOSH, THAT CLERK AINT ON TH' JOB YET—AN' HE SHOULDA BEEN UP LONG AGO—'LL RING HIS ROOM, WAKE HIM UP AN' RING HIS NECK!

WEATHER TODAY: RAIN, FOLLOWED BY SHOWERS

YUMPIN' YIMMIN'! WE'VE BEEN ROBBED! OUR SAFE'S GONE! AND ALL OF MRS. SHEKLES' JEWELS WERE IN IT!

WAIT! I'LL GET MY HOOKS ON SAM. HOWDY! HE WAS ON DUTY LAST NIGHT—IT'S ALL HIS FAULT! IN TA ONE HE FELL ASLEEP ON 'THE JOB!

Ain't It the Limit?

WHAT THA--? SAM'S GONE TOO!!!

By Martin

By Martin

By Blosser

By Blosser

By Small

By Small

Fire Hazards

are increased during this time of the year.

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