

SPECIAL WATCH and CLOCK EVENT

See Our Windows This Week!



Waterbury Thrift Alarm

98c

Ingersoll Watch Models

\$150 to \$950



\$795 8-Day Kitchen Clocks \$595



In colors and in White Duco Finish

Movement by Waterbury



YOU can depend on our service and will find a complete stock of moderately priced watches and clocks at all times.

CHURCHILL HARDWARE CO. The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

VETCH FOR SALE—2 1/2 per lb. Rice Bros., Dillard.

FOR SALE—One six-room house, 3 lots. Phone 251-J.

FOR SALE by owner—5 1/2 good lots for sale cheap, good location. Address M. C. News-Review.

FOR SALE—Work horse; good ripe corn, \$1 per sack, bring your sacks. J. H. Porter, Tenille.

FOR SALE—Shetland pony colts, \$25 each, one good work horse, \$40. C. L. Weber, Rt. 1. Phone 1213.

FOR SALE—Oak, laurel or ash block wood, \$3.25 per tier; fir block \$2.50 and \$3.00. Phone 10223.

FOR SALE—Young Jersey cow; 2 cows and 12 pigs; 1 yearling bull. Fred Vedder, 2nd house on Lookingglass road.

FOR SALE—Plymouth Rock cockerels, pure-bred, Imperial prices, large, heavy birds, price \$2.50. J. B. Rader, Oakland, Ore.

FOR SALE at half price of new lumber, assorted used lumber in good condition. See C. H. Miller, corner Oak and Main.

FOR SALE—Wood, oak and laurel block, \$3.40, three tiers \$10. Oak stove, three tiers \$11. Fir block \$3, two or more tiers \$2.75. Phone 673.

WANTED

WANTED—Woman to do washing. Apply 211 West Washington.

WANTED—Shedding contract by day or acre. Call 443 Fullerton St.

WANTED—Poultry and rabbits of all kinds. Unquappa Poultry Co., 443 Winchester St. Phone 411.

WANTED—200 young ewes and one saddle pony, gentle. Phone 1213, or address 19, care News-Review.

5 1/2% Farm Loans

Straight loans for 5, 7 or 10 years. Repayment privilege. Usual commission charges. Prompt action. An excellent loan. If interested call or write.

G. W. Young & Son

LOANS

116 Cass St. Phone 417

FREE \$175.00 Radio Complete

to purchasers. Every purchase will include a ticket to win the Radio. We buy, sell and exchange new and used furniture, and all kinds of second hand goods.

The Roseburg Exchange, Inc.

Formerly Roseburg Salvage Co. Corner W. Cass and Pine, across from French Transfer. PHONE 201

FOR RENT

WANTED—Man to take contract for getting 500,000 ft. logs to sawmill, to begin at once. C. V. Oden, Dixonville, Ore.

FURNISHED house, garage, central Apply 221 W. Wash. St.

FOR RENT—8 rooms, partly furnished. 132 N. Stephens. Phone 551-Y.

FOR RENT—Modern 5-room house, partly furnished, garage. Inquire 720 Winchester St.

FOR RENT—Furnished, steam heated front room. 122 S. Jackson, opposite Antlers Theatre.

FOR RENT—10 acres river bottom, 2 miles from town; free soil, small house. Inquire 402 W. Lane St.

LOST

LOST—Between Canyonville and Dillard, brown hand bag, containing clothing, etc. Finder please leave at News-Review office. Reward.

LOST—Brown leather bag; was lost between Myrtle Point and Bridge. \$10 reward. Finder send by American Express Co. D. D. to C. Peterson, 511 W. 2nd street, Los Angeles, care Jack Stevenson. Or keep the bag and send personal papers.

FOUND

FOUND—On road between Myrtle Creek and Riddle, dried bananas. Owner may have same by identifying property and paying for this ad. O. G. Collins, Roseburg.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOOD HARLEY DAVIDSON just overhauled, to trade for good Ford. Box 53, Camas Valley.

AUTO REPAIRING—Guaranteed work, done for anything of value. Call at 232 S. First St. for prices.

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

TRIPASS NOTICE—Persons trespassing on my property in lots 5, 6 and 7, block 29, lots fronting on Washington and Rose Sts., Roseburg, will be prosecuted. L. L. Moore.

FOR SHERIFF V. T. JACKSON

Democratic Candidate. An honest enforcement of all the laws all the time for all the people alike.

Chiropractor

DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER "Complete Health Service"

Mineral Vapor Baths

327 Cass Phone 491

WHIRLWIND BY ELEANOR EARLY

CHAPTER XLVIII

"Oh, Sybil, don't!" implored Mrs. Thorne. "You know I loved Teddy as if he were my own. You and Tad have grown away from me, and I'm such a lonely old woman. I'll miss Teddy more than any of you."

She put her hands to her face, and silent tears stole between her poor, thin fingers. Then Sybil was on her knees, with her face in her mother's lap, sobbing as though her heart would break. Valerie came and sat on the arm of her chair to stroke her slim shoulders lovingly, and Tad dropped a kiss on her bowed head.

"Mother, dear," whispered Valerie, "we'll never let you be lonely again."

She caught Tad's tear-dimmed glance, and raised her eyebrows interrogatively.

"All right," he nodded.

"Mother, dear, listen. You're going to have another little grandchild. I'm going to have a baby! Honestly—in three more months, I think I've been so smart to keep it a secret. We meant not to tell you for a little while yet. The longer we waited the cleverer I felt. But now, you poor dear, I want you to stop your crying, and tell Tad and me you're glad. Tad's son! Aren't you thrilled. Mother—and Sib—Sib, dear—can't you be glad too? Another little baby—to make life bearable now that Teddy's gone. Oh, please tell me you're glad!"

"Tad! Is it true?"

They turned to him together. Sybil and her mother. And her surprise was so genuine, that Valerie laughed aloud.

"Well, I like that! Of course it's true. Don't you suppose I know?"

Then they laughed—the two women who never expected to smile again—and, throwing their arms about Valerie, kissed her.

"Oh, my dear!" breathed Sybil, and, catching a sob with her teeth, bit her lips. "I think it's wonderful, Val," she cried. "And I never even suspected I never was so surprised in all my life. Three months—why, Val?"

Mrs. Thorne was counting quietly on her fingers.

"June—that's lovely," she whispered through her tears. "Tad, I'm so glad."

She kissed him tenderly.

"I guess I've something to live for after all. Your baby."

Her hands dropped fully in her lap, and she fell to musing.

"Tad was a lovely baby, Valerie. Such a fine, healthy boy. And he never gave me a minute's worry."

Sybil was fussy—but Tad—Tad makes alive! I often said, you'd never know there was a baby in the house. Teddy was a good baby, too. Remember when he was cutting those first teeth? The poor little tyke."

Sybil slipped quietly from the room. A few minutes later Tad

found her at the telephone.

Sybil had worn a black frock to Teddy's funeral, and on her shoulder a bunch of the anemones she had scattered on his casket. She sat on a high-backed Spanish chair that she had dragged to the table on which the telephone stood, and she rested her head wearily against the shield of red and gold that ornamented its tall carved back.

On the table tall candles cast a wan light on a bowl of white roses that diffused the heavy odor that comes with funerals, and a profusion of cut flowers.

She sat with her back to Tad, but he caught a glimpse of her pale face in the mirror. And he thought she looked like a penitential little saint in her black dress, with the candles flickering, and the breath of mournful sweetness all about her.

She was talking listlessly, her lips removed from the transmitter.

"You expect him shortly? This is Sybil Thorne. Please tell him I want to see him. Tell him to wait for me."

She hung up the receiver, and turned to Tad.

"Craig is getting in from New York this afternoon," she said, "and there's something I want to ask him. I'm going to drive in town now. Please don't ask me not to, Tad. I will be all right."

"I'll take you in," he offered.

"No, I'd rather go alone. You stay with Mother and Val."

"I will," he agreed, "if you'll promise to be back by dinner time."

"I promise. And Tad—will you do me a favor? Will you put Teddy's high chair beside my place again? I don't want his things up in the attic. I'd like to keep them around, until—until we have another baby, Teddy."

She bent to her overshoes.

"An not crying for me," she declared in a muffled little voice.

"It's for you and Val—because I'm so glad for you."

Tad put his arms clumsily about her. "God bless you," he whispered.

"Now don't be nice to me," she warned him—"or I'll cry."

Craig was idly scanning closing stock reports when Sybil, without knocking, slipped quietly into the room. She was pale as the flowers she wore, and seemed as frail and sweet.

"Sybil! My dear, what is the matter? You're white as a sheet. Softly, he took her hand and drew her to his client's best upholstered chair.

"Have you been ill, Sib? Is anything wrong? My poor little girl, you look like death."

"Teddy's dead, Craig."

"Teddy?" he repeated dully.

"Yes. We buried him this afternoon—in his little teddy bear suit."

The red one. It was the warmest thing he had tucked his little puppy dog under his arm—the one you gave him. He loved it so."

"Sybil—darling—"

"Wait, Craig—I came to tell you something."

"But, Sib—you don't mean that. Teddy's not really dead—not your little Teddy."

He was staring at her as though he believed her crazy, and his face was gray and drawn as hers.

"I wouldn't tell you, Craig, if it wasn't true. No, dear, I haven't gone insane. Teddy's dead. I know, because they put him in the ground, you see. I'd meant the show. And he's in my dress, him very warmly, and put his toys in his casket, like a pagan mothers do."

"Teddy was hanged, Craig. He choked to death, when I went out to see a man I used to love. Oh, they say he was watching the snowflakes, but I know better. He was looking for his mother. With his little nose pressed against the ice pane, in his flannel nightgown, shivering in the cold, waiting for me."

"And I didn't come, Craig. I'd gone to see this man. He's going to be married very soon. She's a nice little girl—nice like I used to be. Her name's Kitty, and he says she's his salvation. But he wanted me just the same. Only then the telephone rang—and Teddy was hanged."

"Sybil—darling—don't!"

She put her hand against his lips.

"Yes, Craig. I've got to. Let me tell you, Craig."

With a touch of wildness she clutched his hand.

He knelt then beside her, and took her cold fingers in his, and held them warmly. She leaned against him, and he was aware poignantly of her loveliness and desirability. And the glamour of her presence enfolded him as it always did.

When a man of profound nature has loved a woman for many years, and been denied the fulfillment of his love, there may rise from this denial a sort of protest, a tenderness. A rare and lovely thing like a wrath of passion, and it embraces the object of his adoration gently as the perfume of a summer's night. It is an exquisite beatitude, and diffuses the precious fragrance of a gracious dream.

In some magnetic way Sybil felt herself enfolded in the spiritual garment of Craig's love.

But when he raised her hand to his lips and kissed her fingers, one by one, she drew them away.

"No, Craig. Not yet. I've come to ask you something. But you must hear me first."

"Yes, darling."

He smoothed her gently, stroking her forehead.

"I've been a bad girl, Craig."

"No, no, Little Sweet."

It was his turn to put fingers across her lips.

"No, Sybil. Dear little, good little girl—No."

"But I have, Craig. Listen. The man I went to see was John Lawrence."

He didn't die at all, Craig. It was all a mistake. He—he's very much alive. Mabel knew him first—only she didn't know he was John, you see. She thought his name was Roger Caldwell. He's a real estate agent. And Mabel was looking for an apartment. And when the agent came I was there, don't you see? And it was John Lawrence."

"He'd had amnesia, Craig. He wasn't killed at all. He'd only forgotten. And when he saw me he remembered him, and he knew me. . . . On it's such a dreadfully long story, Craig."

He pulled her short skirt down over her shivering knees and held his peace.

"And that night," she said, pale as she told it, "I went to see him. I went to his apartment, Craig. And I wanted him to make love to me. He told me about the girl he is going to marry, and he said she was his salvation, and his compass and everything. And still I wanted him to make love to me. You see I am a very bad girl, Craig."

He was silent.

"And then," she said, "he asked me if I had had lovers, Craig. And he came and took me in his arms. And he kissed me. . . . And then the telephone rang. . . . And it was Mabel. And Teddy was dead, only I didn't know it then."

"Poor little girl. Sweet little, dear little girl."

He reminded her of a monk on his knees, telling a litany. A beautiful litany of infinite sweetness.

"Craig—darling—"

She put her lips to his ear. "I'm not very desirable any more. A little while ago when you loved me. . . . I had Teddy. And I was very happy. Now Teddy is gone. . . . And I feel very old. . . . Could you love me now, Craig?"

"Oh, my dear. My dear."

He buried his face in her lap.

"I wish you could," she whispered, "but if you can't it's all right, Craig. I didn't really think you would. I'm so miserable, you see. Men never love miserable women. . . . Of course you don't want me. . . . I shouldn't have come. But I wanted to know, Craig. . . . I wanted to be sure."

She rose unsteadily to her feet, and when she awayed he caught her, and held her close. And she was as sweet in his arms as her amnesia.

"Oh, my darling. My poor hurt little darling."

"You love me?" she murmured.

"I love you so," he whispered, "I love you so."

Then she raised her face, all wet with tears, and he kissed her pale white lips so gently she scarcely felt his lips.

(THE END)

Page woven wire fencing, hinge joint, full gauge and full weight wire, highest quality galvanizing at 35c per rod at Stearns & Cheno-weth, Oakland, Oregon.

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

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

OH, I'M SORRY, FERD—BUT I PROMISED THE LAST DANCE TO SIR CECIL! I DON'T YOU GOING TO DANCE THIS ONE WITH ME?

WELL, LET'S FIGHT IT OUT! I SAY—WHAT'S THE IDEA IN GIVING THAT TOMATO A PLAY?

JEALOUS—JEALOUS!!

JEALOUS, ME EYE! I'M DISGUSTED—THAT ALL A FELLA HAS TO DO IS WEAR A MONOCLE AND DRAG HIS AS AND YOU THRILLS ALL GO BATTY

OH, YOU'RE JUST PREJUDICED! WHY, YES, ALL THE RAGE—EVERYBODY'S CRAZY ABOUT HIM—AND I WON'T HAVE YOU TALKING LIKE THAT! I'M GETTING A BIG KICK OUT OF IT

WELL, THAT ISN'T A THING TO WHAT HE'S GONNA GET, BUHVEE—FER!!!

AM, HEAR YOU ARE! I SAY, BAH JOVE—WHAT A CLUBBY LITTLE WOOK

OH, FOR PITY SAKES! WHAT ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT SIR CECIL FOR?

LISTEN—YOU'D WORRY ABOUT 'IM, TOO—IF YOU KNEW WHAT I'M THINKIN' OF DOIN TO 'IM

BY MARTIN

BY BRUSSE

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BY SMALL

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Ferdy Is Getting Sore

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