

Delayed Xmas Goods Sale

Including all left over Christmas Goods and all over-stock goods on hand, now offered to buyers at the big saving to you of

1/3 OFF

This tremendous discount from regular prices is your opportunity. In addition to these drastic reductions on holiday goods delayed in shipment or left over, we are offering

**ELECTRIC UTILITIES
AT 25 PER CENT OFF**

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Young cow. Phone 424-Y or 916 E. 6th St.

SEASONED fir wood, \$2.75 per tier. Phone 321-F.

FOR SALE—Fine lot Chinese rabbits at bargain prices. Phone 325-L.

FOR SALE—Jersey Holstein heifer calf, 7 months old, \$30. Phone 325-L.

DRY fir stove wood, under shed, \$3. block wood \$2.75 per tier. Phone 214-22.

FOR SALE—Newtown apples, delivered. L. B. Skinner. Phone 325-F.

FOR SALE—Pedigreed police pups, 3 colors to pick from. D. Coon, 3114th, Ore.

FOR SALE or let on shares—Bronze or black turkeys. Kenneth Conn. Phone 62-F.

MAMMOTH PEKINS, trio \$5; also pedigree Chinese trios, \$8. H. Woodman, Yoncalia.

FOR SALE—2 skunk, cat, coon and coyote hounds, broken. W. A. Blackett, Rockles, Ore.

FOR SALE—Good all-around wagon for ranch work or hauling. E. E. Woodcock Blacksmith Shop.

FOR SALE—Make baby comfortable in car, carrier for \$5. Also vicker baby carriage, as good as new, \$12. Phone 614-3.

FOR SALE—Charter's incubators, all equipped, also brooders and chick founts, all at bargain prices. J. H. Hooper, Leona, Oregon. Box 618.

FOR SALE—A seven-room house, good wall and city water, 3 lots on Main street, \$450 cash. Mrs. E. F. Reid, Box 153, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FOR SALE—Bourbon Red toms, Mammoth bronze toms and hens, Crouched hens, Seven shoats, weight 80 to 90 lbs. N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore. Phone 62-F.

FOR SALE—Ford light delivery, closed in body, run 2 years. Registered Jersey bull, 3 months old. Steam boiler, 3 h. p. and other dairy equipment. Moore & Davenport. Phone 152-F.

FOR SALE—Five acres at Days Creek on cross road on Crater Lake highway. Three acres of orchard and good well on place; also near new modern union high school. Ideal place for stock, garage or gas station. For particulars see Mrs. Ida Montgomery, Days Creek.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop
250 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upson Board and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Window Screens made to order
E. S. AND F. L. COCKLEHEADS

Chiropractor
DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
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These excellent food products are most convenient in an emergency, and then, they eliminate worry and work every day in the year. Make your selections and phone in your order. We carry an unlimited assortment of best vegetables in cans.

Economy Grocery
O. L. JOHNSON
The Store That Serves You Best
Phone 62 344 N. Jackson St.

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Automobile Insurance
Your car is not fully equipped unless it is insured. Fire and theft insurance are not the only essential coverages. You should be protected with Public Liability, Property Damage and Collision Insurance. Protect yourself from serious loss by insuring today. We will gladly explain these different forms of insurance. Call or phone.

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INSURANCE
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LACE CURTAINS DONE UP GOOD AS NEW... WE KNOW THAT OUR WORK WILL PLEASE YOU.
Send your lace curtains to this laundry and we'll send them back to you in a fresh and dainty condition. You owe it to yourself to give this laundry a trial. When are you going to call us up?

Roseburg Steam Laundry
Roseburg
Phone 79

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe and Sadie Morton are exchanging confidences in Sadie's expensive apartment. The apartment was rented and furnished through the amazing generosity of Hollis Hart, multimillionaire bachelor, who felt sorry for Sadie, whose misfortunes were really overwhelming. Sadie, however, proves an ungrateful little wretch, and threatens—when he tired of playing with her—to sue him for breach of promise. Meantime Hart has become interested in his new stenographer, Ashtoreth, a beautiful and cultured girl. He is astonished when he discovers that Ashtoreth and Sadie are friends. And Ashtoreth is afraid she has forfeited his attentions. She goes with Sadie to her apartment, in order to learn what details she can of the astonishing affair with Mr. Hart. Sadie is also curious. She asks Ashtoreth if Mr. Hart has accused her of blackmailing him. Her frankness does not disconcert Ashtoreth. "Well, aren't you?" she demands. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI
Suddenly Sadie began to cry. "Y-y-you think I'm h-b-borrid," she sobbed.

"Why, no, I don't," insisted Ashtoreth without a great deal of conviction. "I've only heard one side of the story."

"You're trying to make a h-b-bill with him yourself," accused Sadie.

Ashtoreth had not thought of it before. At least, not in such crude terms. Now to herself—she admitted, "I suppose I am."

Aloud she said, "Don't be silly, Sadie. Take another drink if it will make you stop crying. And for heaven's sake, be rational."

She drained the shaker and handed the weeping girl a goblet.

"You're not having any yourself," warned Sadie. "You—just think you're too good."

"It's not that," explained Ashtoreth. "I hate the stuff."

"I never had any myself till lately," defended Sadie. "It's got an awful kick—this bootleg gin. When it don't make me laugh it makes me cry."

"I'd leave it alone then," advised Ashtoreth.

"Yes, you would! Well, maybe you wouldn't if you had all my troubles. I'm down to my last \$39—that's what I am."

Ashtoreth laughed. "You can't expect me to weep over that. I'm down to my last 50 cents. It's nothing unusual, either."

"But what am I going to do?" moaned Sadie.

"Get yourself a job."

"How could I earn enough to keep this shack?"

"Probably you couldn't," agreed Ashtoreth.

them with her stubby little fingers. She had tossed her hat off, her hair was tousled, like Clara Bow's. At least, it was supposed to be like Clara Bow's. Careless and abandoned. She ran her fingers through it and when she had spread it like a tawny little mane, she leaned back against a purple satin pillow. Then she began to hum.

"He's my weakness now!" hummed Sadie, and looked provocatively at Ashtoreth.

She sang the chorus through, improvising a bit as she went along. When she had finished she threw her feet in the air and clicked her heels smartly.

Then she laid her hand on Ashtoreth's knee.

"You're a good kid," she pronounced, and cocked her fringed head. "But you're awful dumb, Ash."

"All right," agreed Ashtoreth. "I'm anything you say. But let's not quarrel any more."

Sadie jumped to her feet and walked restlessly up and down the room.

"It's no good," she admitted, "having a weakness if you don't know what I mean. And I don't know what I mean—not by a darn sight."

"Tell me about it," besought Ashtoreth again.

But Sadie was vague.

"Same old story," she mumbled. "I got in a jam. And the family kicked me out. Just like the movies. And the poor girl wandered the streets all night—and got a hell of a cold. Ended up in a hospital and darn near died. When I got better I went back to the office—I'd been working there before. And Mason fired me. I guess I went sort of crazy. Anyhow I turned into the base office and brewed on the weeps. He fell like a load of bricks."

"Maybe you won't believe me, Ash, but it's the Gospel truth. He made a speech about cats and when he got through he handed me \$10,000, just like it was carfare."

Ashtoreth laughed.

"No wonder he's your weakness now," she observed.

"Yeah, well, it don't look like it was going to do me a flock of good. I spent that money, just like them drunken sailors you read about."

The girl rolled her eyes ecstatically.

"A chiffon velvet negligee and a cloth of gold evening wrap, and lobster newburg every night for dinner," she boasted. "Fourteen pairs of shoes and a radio to get Hawaii—oh, yes, Ash."

"I rented the apartment and furnished it to the eyebrows. And pretty soon Holly got me a job singing over the radio. They canned me last week, but he didn't know that yet."

"Everything was lousy-dory, with Holly like an old Dutch uncle and not so much as kissing me good night. I used to pinch myself to see if it was true. Then, all of a

sudden—blooey!" demanded Ashtoreth.

"Well, you see—Sadie leaned forward. "Moa are so damn mean, they don't want to pay for anything they don't get. Don't make any difference how much money they got. Holly must of felt he was getting cheated. And he hadn't got enough to say so. So he just sort of came out of the picture."

Ashtoreth was unconvinced.

"What makes you think so?" she asked.

"They're all alike," countered Sadie wisely. "They got just one idea in their heads—men. See how Holly walked out on me. That's what I get for being pure."

"Oh, Sadie, you're wrong, dear. I know you are. Mr. Hart isn't that kind."

"They're all alike, I tell you," Sadie wagged her golden head.

"But I happen to know," insisted Ashtoreth. "That Mr. Hart's interest wasn't at all like that, Sadie."

"Yeah, he'd be liable to tell you."

Sadie scoffed and flaunted her short skirts derisively. "I tell you, Ash—you're an awful dumb egg."

She smoked silently for a minute.

"A girl can fool all of the men some of the time, but she can't fool herself all of the time," she announced solemnly. "And I guess I got my eyes open this time."

"Holly was always telling me I ought to put away something for a rainy day, and I took it literal. Next time I'll know better. And, believe me, Ash, I'll have something to put away—something nice and compromising. Letters, Ash!"

Sadie pounded her round, silk knee emphatically.

"Letters!" echoed Ashtoreth.

"Sure, letters. You can raise hell with a few letters," amplified Sadie. "Sell 'em. Bring 'em to court. Give 'em to the papers. But I haven't got so much as a scrap of paper. Oh, I've been to see a lawyer. I wrote Holly something about breach of promise. But that was only to scare him."

"I got a new boy now—the lawyer I went to see. He says maybe we can frighten Holly—but probably he's too cagey. I don't know."

"Probably," Ashtoreth assented uncomfortably.

"But Mr. Hart's been so wonderful to you!" she exclaimed. "Why do you want to make trouble? I should think you'd be glad to keep what you have, and thank your lucky stars."

"And me without a job?" moaned Sadie.

"Good Lord, you're not crippled, or blind, or anything. Go get one," suggested Ashtoreth curtly.

"Say, Ash!"

Sadie clasped her hands in childish glee.

"I got an idea. Let's live together—you and your mother and me. Here's a swell place, all furnished. Gee, your mother'd love it. Wouldn't she? We could take care

There's a Reason

Why about 85% of the sprayers in Douglas County are Beans.

Price, Performance, Durability—Beans are Best.

SEE US BEFORE YOU BUY

Special Prices Now.

See us first—We can save you money.

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of the rent somehow, I'd get a job. And—Someday I will."

Sadie was coaxing prettily, and her empty little face was radiant with excitement.

"I bet your mother'd like to get a job, too, just so's she could live in a swell place like this and help out on the rent. We could get another girl, too, maybe, to make things easier. You and your mother could have the bedroom, Ash. And me and the other girl could sleep in the living room. There'd be plenty of room. Will you, Ash? Please, Ash!"

(To Be Continued)

And what does Ashtoreth think of hardboiled Sadie's suggestion? Ashtoreth hated "gold-diggers," but—

NEW TYPE DINOSAUR FOUND

(Associated Press Licensed Wire) PEKING, Jan. 11.—Sir Sven Anders Hedin, Swedish explorer, on his arrival here today from central Asia, announced that he had discovered a new species of dinosaur.

ALVA A. BELLOWES, Executor with the will annexed of the estate of Andrew J. Bellowes, deceased.

T. LELAND BROWN, Attorney, residing and having an office in The Dalles, Oregon. Date of first publication, December 29th, 1928.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County. In the matter of the estate of Andrew J. Bellowes, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of the state of Oregon for Douglas County as executor of the estate of Andrew J. Bellowes, deceased, and having qualified therefor:

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said estate, to present them, verified as required by law, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to Alva A. Bellowes, at his residence at 841 Military Street, Roseburg, Oregon.

DOUGLAS FURNISH HOME
Established 1928
Perfect Funeral Services
Fair and Reasonable Prices

AMBULANCE SERVICE
PHONE 112 H. C. STEARNS PHONE 112
Pine and Lane Sts. Manager Lady Attendant

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

MERRY HO, BIG MOMENT—WHY TH' STRUT?

BECAUSE, SWEET THING—YIP! YIP! GANGWAY—I'M RUNNING!

WELL, THROW ON YOUR BRAKES, DIZZY—AN' DON'T SKID

OKAY, BABY! WHATTA YA KNOW—A COUPLE OF BIMBOZZES WAS TRIED TO ROLL ME FOR MY VALUABLES ON TH' WAY OVER

THEY DON'T HAVE A CHANCE—I WAS OFF MY MARK LIKE THAT (SNAP)—AN' GAWNIN' EVERY BLOCK TILL I LOST 'EM

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