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CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

SEASONED fir wood, $2.75 per tier. Phone 33F14.

PIGS for sale—$3.50 and $4. H. Schulze, Brockway.

DRY fir stove wood, under shed, $3, block wood $2.75 per tier. Phone 24F32.

FOR SALE—Five 2nd hand Westinghouse electric ranges. J. M. Judd.

MAMMOTH PEKINS, trio $5; also pedigreed Chinchilla trio, $8. H. Woolman, Yoncalla.

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

FOR SALE—Late model enclosed Chevrolet. Will take small car as part payment. Phone 658-R.

ELECTRIC MOTORS — Fairbanks-Morse motors are hard to beat. Low prices. Leake & Beyers Co.

SPRAY HOSE—High pressure spray hose at low prices. Spray guns $6 each. Leake & Beyers Co.

ORDER your spray requirements for carload due January 18th, Hood River. Dormant oil and dry lime sulphur. Denn-Gerretsen Co.

FOR SALE—Charter's incubators, all equipped, also brooders and chick founts, all at bargain prices. J. H. Booher, Leona, Oregon, Box 518.

FOR SALE—A seven-room house, good well and city water, 3 lots on Main street, $850 cash. Mrs. E. F. Reid, Box 153, Myrtle Creek, Ore.

FOR SALE—20 acres at Irrigon, Ore. Irrigated; water paid. Might consider small acreage near Roseburg. Box 124, care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Bourbon Red toms. Mammoth bronze toms and hens. Crossbred hens. Seven shoats, weight 80 to 90 lbs. N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore., Phone 6F15.

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 15F15.

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 store, garage or gas station. For particulars see Mrs. Ida Montgomery, Days Creek.

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APARTMENT — Furnished, centrally located. 221 W. Washington. Phone 207-J.

FOR RENT—3-room furnished house, close in, $15 per mo. 204 W. Douglas St.

WANTED

WANTED COW—One just fresh. A. Kasper, Myrtle Creek, Gazley route.

WANTED—Woman to do housework. Call 209 W. Washington St.

WANTED—Half dozen Bantam hens. Mrs. Geo. Irby, Gen. Del., Roseburg.

WANTED—False teeth. We pay high as $10 for full sets. Any condition. We buy crowns, bridges, gold platinum, silver. Western Metal Company, Bloomington, Illinois.

DISTRICT MANAGER WANTED—Excellent opportunity for a local man to manage territory for one of the largest and best known corporations of its kind in the west. Selling experience not necessary but a good acquaintance among local people desired. Full cooperation and leads furnished. Give full particulars of past experience, references, etc., in your letter. Address 896-7 Wilcox Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOOD lot to trade for good used car. J. A. Reed, 442 Clair St.

WILL give young dog to good home, as I am leaving Roseburg. 335 North Rose St., in rear.

CEMENT work in all its branches, day or contract. Mixers and building hoist for hire. James Miller. Phone 119-Y.

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

BUY raisins direct from producer. Twenty pounds of Thompson Seedless for $1.23, delivered to any address in Douglas or adjoining Co. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 413, Red Bluff, Cal.

PIGGLY-WIGGLY, 20TH CENTURY AND STONE'S COMBINE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 12.—Official confirmation of a grocery merger combining 413 chain stores in the Pacific Northwest into a central corporation capitalized at between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000 was received yesterday from Ross McIntyre, head of the International Sales & Produce company, who will be president of the new firm. Charles E. Marr of Spokane will be his assistant.

The name of the merged chain will be the Mac-Marr Stores, Inc.

The merger includes: 88 Marr stores in Seattle and Spokane; 70 Piggly-Wiggly stores in Spokane; 20 MacLean stores in Tacoma; 35 Stone stores with headquarters in Portland; 65 Thrift stores, 37 Eagle stores, and 98 Twentieth Century stores in Portland and other Oregon cities.

Other grocery men who will be officers in the new firm are Leland A. Tate, Roy L. Stone, O. L. Stone and I. E. Jaggers.

The Ladies Aid of the Christian church will hold a chicken tamale sale Saturday, Jan. 19, at the Model Bakery.

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
119 Cass St. Phone 417

Orchid

NEW SERIAL BY MARION HARDY

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Sadie Morton, cheap and tarnished, has asked Ashtoreth Ashe to share her apartment. It is a grand and glorious apartment, furnished to Sadie's tawdry taste, at the expense of Hollis Hart.

Hart, enormously wealthy and attractive, is Ashtoreth's employer. And Ashtoreth is a beautiful girl, with exquisite perceptions and high ideals. A little snobbish, perhaps.

She seems tohave made a decided impression upon Mr. Hart, when suddenly he discovers that she and Sadie Morton are old friends. With that knowledge, Ashtoreth is afraid she has forfeited his interest.

In order to satisfy her curiosity concerning his exact status with Sadie, she accompanies the girl to her apartment and hears the complete story of an amazing philanthropy.

Hart had given Sadie $10,000 because he felt sorry for her—and had so much money that it really didn't make any difference anyhow. When he tired of visiting her, Sadie, panic stricken as her new prosperity dwindles, threatens to sue him for breach of promise. But she has no grounds for such a suit, and not even an unscrupulous lawyer can help her find any. Hart never so much as kissed her good night, as she naively admits.

Finally, Sadie thinks she sees a way to keep the apartment which she is afraid she will lose. For she has spent her entire $10,000. And so she begs Ashtoreth to come and share the rent.

"Your mother'd love it, Ash," she pleads.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VII

"Oh, Sadie, we couldn't afford it," protested Ashtoreth.

But Sadie was not so easily discouraged.

"It wouldn't cost much if we split it three ways," she pointed out. "You and your mother and me, and then some other girl. Gee, Ash, I hate to give up a place like this. Be a good sport. We could have some swell times together. And think of your mother, Ash! Wouldn't she just love it, though!"

It was, indeed, the sort of place poor Maizie would love. Family ties, reflected Ashtoreth, were such a joke. She disliked, instinctively, everything that her mother admired. She shuddered now, to think of Maizie gloating over Sadie's deep plush chairs and monstrous divan. Admiring Sadie's dreadful lamps. Exclaiming upon her ugly rugs. And all her tawdry objects d'art.

What would Hollis Hart think if he could know that Mrs. Ashe had tastes like Sadie's!

Ashtoreth had conveyed the impression that her mother was a cultivated and an educated woman. Some day she could explain their intimacy with the miserable Mortons. But never, never would she transplant Maizie to flourish in the garish garden of Sadie's interior decorations—to be discovered there by Hollis Hart . . . That fastidious and elegant gentleman.

"But, honestly, Sadie," she insisted, "it's quite impossible. We simply couldn't swing it."

"You just don't want to get mixed up with me," hazarded Sadie shrewdly. "You're trying to make a hit with the boss, and you're going to watch your step."

"Oh, my dear, I wish you wouldn't talk that way!"

* * *

Sadie's incessant vulgarity was annoying.

"Well, I'm not going to bother Holly any more," she volunteered. "So don't let that trouble you. I told you I got a new boy. He calls me Siren, because he says I'm a scream. Gee, he's a wise cracker! You ought to know him. He's just like a guy in College Humor. Wears the latest styles. Honest, Ash—he's a riot. Know what he says I am? A U. S. A. girl—Universal Sex Appeal."

Sadie preened for a glance in her Venetian mirror.

"Yes, ma'am," she said. "That boy thinks I'm the original red hot mamma."

"Then you're really through with Mr. Hart?" asked Ashtoreth eagerly. "I mean you're not going to try to get any more money from him?"

"Oh, I don't know."

Ashtoreth laughed.

"Oh, Sadie, you're impossible!" she declared. "I always thought you were a modern, independent working girl. And what a gold-digger you turned out to be!"

"I'm modern," countered Sadie. "And I'm independent as hell. Who wants to work?"

"Well, I do," announced Ashtoreth, and began to gather her things together. Black antelope gloves and a bag to match, and her little lace handkerchief.

"Listen, Sadie, if I were you I wouldn't go to see Mr. Hart again. Honestly, I think you are making a big mistake. You've had $10,000 from him, and you gave absolutely nothing in return. There's no earthly reason why you should expect him to go on supporting you. I should think you'd get yourself a job. And if you don't want to give up this place get someone to help you carry it. But for heaven's sake don't make any scenes around the office. No girl ever got anywhere that way."

"Is that so?" Sadie snuffed her cigaret in a cloisonne dish.

* * *

Ashtoreth adjusted her hat in front of the mirror. Tucked up a loose end of hair. And flecked the toes of her dull kid pumps with the back of her glove. She looked like a society girl on her way to Sewing Circle, if society girls on their way to Sewing Circles look as society editors would have the public believe. Smart. Impeccable. Stunning, like an American girl on a Paris boulevard.

"I'll drop in and see your mother some time," offered Sadie.

"That would be lovely," murmured Ashtoreth politely.

"Yeah? Well, suppose you leave your address then."

"Here—write it down on the back of the phone book. I got some million-dollar stationery, but I ain't wasting it any more."

Ashtoreth scribbled obediently. . . . she would move, if she had to. She was not going to get involved with Sadie. Not for anything in the world. To forfeit Hollis Hart's interest for such an intimacy!

"I'll bring mother over some evening," she volunteered cordially.

Sadie was frankly skeptical.

"You ain't kidding me a bit, Ash. Well, run along. Back to the grind. Me—I got a nice new magazine and a box of chocolates."

She walked with ashtoreth to the door.

"No hard feelings, dearie."

She laid her hand on the other's arm.

"You look like a million dollars, honey—and that ain't maybe."

Narrowing her big blue eyes, she contemplated Ashtoreth humorously.

"And I bet," she added, "you're just as hard to make. Oh, well, God played favorites with us wimmin. That's all I got to say."

"I don't know that life's been using you too badly," consoled Ashtoreth. "I haven't seen any ten thousands coming my way."

"You will," prophesied Sadie, "sure as God makes little apples. You're too dam' ornamental to ever go hungry or anything like that you know, Kid. Well, I'll be getting in touch with you blimeby. So long, Ash—and don't you be shedding any tears over my tough luck. Here's one lil' baby knows how to take care of Sadie."

* * *

Ashtoreth waited on the corner for a street car. One thought was paramount in her mind. To keep Sadie from telling Mr. Hart any further details of her childhood.

"Not that I'm ashamed," she told herself. "But being poor is like having funny relations. You just sort of keep quiet about some things. Everybody does."

She wondered how she should explain to Mr. Hart the details of her protracted visit with the Mortons. How tell him of her father's death? Or the miserable months when she and Maizie subsisted on the charity of neighbors? When Maizie went out working by the hour. "Accommodating," she called it. But, for all her gay pretenses, Ashtoreth knew that she had scrubbed floors and washed a thousand greasy dishes.

There were many things that Hollis Hart must never know. Not that there was anything shameful about having been an errand girl in the five-and-ten. Of course there wasn't! But neither was it anything a girl who looked like an heiress boasted about particularly.

"If he thinks I've antecedents, and education and culture like the girls in his crowd, what a fool I'd be," vowed Ashtoreth, "to disillusion him."

She left the car at Park street and walked briskly down to State. Mr. Hart had left the office when she reached there, and she spent the afternoon copying a tiresome report assigned by Mrs. Mason.

Suddenly she became panic-stricken.

"Maybe he has another stenographer! Maybe he'll never talk to me again!"

At five o'clock, when she closed her desk, she was shivering inwardly. Half expecting Mrs. Mason to inform her, on the way out, that her services would be no longer required. To be given two weeks pay, in lieu of notice.

But Mrs. Mason smiled when she said good night.

"Mr. Hart wished me to thank you for him," she said.

"Thank me? What for?"

Mrs. Mason's lips twitched in a polite and efficient smile.

"I don't know," she admitted. "But Mr. Hart spoke as if you would understand."

Ashtoreth powdered her nose and pulled her hat over her eyebrows, while her heart pounded madly in a transport of joy. She had not, then, forfeited his interest. Tomorrow, perhaps, he would ask her of Sadie's plans. And she would be able to tell him that she had advised Sadie to make no trouble.

"I may be only a stenographer," she rejoiced, "but I can do a millionaire a favor!"

* * *

Warmly grateful to life and its largesse, she stopped at a confectioner's on the way home and ordered for Maizie a pound of assorted bonbons and caramels with nuts. She bought the newest movie magazine. And a box of face powder, highly scented, and pink as tender watermelon. Then she stopped at the circulating library and procured a copy of Edgar Wallace's latest. It was Maizie's little joke that Mr. Wallace keeps more women awake nights than any man living.

Maizie had roast beef hash for dinner, and a cottage pudding for dessert.

"Let me drop an egg for you, honey," she wheedled. "Nice country eggs. A dollar and ten cents a dozen."

She deposited a quaking mound of yellow, surrounded by an aura of quivering white.

"There! Don't that look nice? And here's real cream for your coffee. No top of the bottle tonight, dear."

Ashtoreth frowned.

"What's the celebration, Mother?"

Maizie wiped her hands on her apron.

"Monty English is coming over," she said. "I saw him on Tremont street this afternoon. I got in just a few little things. I thought maybe you'd like to give him a little snack, honey."

She smiled ingratiatingly.

"Cheese. And a can of tomato soup, to make an English monkey. And some nice fudge cake from the Woman's Exchange."

Ashtoreth threw up her hands.

"You're just naturally bound to marry out Mrs. Ashe's daughter, aren't you, Ma?" she teased.

Beneath her banter there was a shade of annoyance.

(To Be Continued)

* * *

Monty makes love after the most approved manner. Spend a few hours with him and Ashtoreth—in the next installment.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

016381

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 11, 1929.

Notice is hereby given that Albert E. Delzenne, of Glide, Oregon, who, on February 9, 1926, made Adjoining Farm Homestead Entry, No. 016381, for Lot 4, Section 7, Township 27 S., Range 3 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the United States Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 19th day of February, 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Charles Chapman, Forest Blakely, Seth Matthews, Morris D. Matthews, all of Glide, Ore.

HAMILL A. CANADAY, Register.

non-coal

LONE BANDIT HOLDS UP GUESTS AT HOUSE PARTY

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 12.—An uninvited guest appeared at a fashionable birthday dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Allen here last night, and unaided held up the 16 socially prominent guests and the Allens' 21-year-old son, Russell, and escaped with $3,200 in jewelry and $112 in cash.

He left wearing Mr. Allen's hat, and an overcoat belonging to one of the guests.

While the men at the table were ordered to stand and "shell out" the women were allowed to remain seated while they passed over their gems. The robber allowed Mr. Allen to attend his wife, who became hysterical during the holdup.

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — It's Just Too Bad — By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — Why, Certainly! — By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM — Plenty of Trouble — By Small