

New! New!

An attractive line of green dinner ware that is both

Novel and Serviceable

Comes in 42-piece sets at

\$10.25

See these and you will be delighted

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

WOOD—Fir block, 3 tiers, \$8. Phone 10223.

FOR SALE—Dry fir wood, \$2.75 tier. Phone 33714.

FOR SALE—Young Chinchilla rabbits. Phone 1772.

ROCK Springs coal. Paces just unloading a car today.

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

FAIRLY NEW car of that kind. Rock Springs coal.

DRY fir stove wood, under shed, \$3.50 block wood, \$2.75 per tier. Phone 24722.

FOR SALE—30 White Leghorn pullets, laying. C. E. Trueblood, 3 miles W. Roseburg.

FOR SALE—Ford touring, 1927, excellent condition; reasonable. Box 345. Phone 39-11 Sutherland.

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

FOR SALE—Late model enclosed Chevrolet. Will take small car as part payment. Phone 6584.

MANURE SPREADERS—Our Black Hawk spreader can be beat. Look it over. Leake & Boyers Co.

LIGHT PLANTS—Our light plants are cheap to operate, have long life and are low in price. Leake & Boyers Co., L. O. O. F. Bldg.

FOR SALE—Charters 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, \$350 cash. Mrs. E. F. Reid, Box 152, 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 50 to 60 lbs. N. L. Conn, Roseburg, Ore., Phone 6F15.

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.

FOR RENT

TWO single-combed White Leghorn cockerels of the Hanson strain to trade for another strain. Mrs. C. L. Branton, Dixonville. Phone 19751.

APARTMENT—Furnished, centrally located, 221 W. Washington. Phone 2074.

FOR RENT—Clean, well-furnished 6-room house, with garage. Call 288 or inquire 552 Hoover St.

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

LOST

LOST—Blue speckled hound, last heard at Carth Creek. Finder please notify Frank Strader, Dixonville.

MISCELLANEOUS

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

IF you want a roll of leather mattress made out of your feather beds, write Harry Pearce or phone 573.

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

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 525 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

BUY raisins direct from producer. Twenty pounds of Thompson Seedless for \$1.25, delivered to any address in Douglas or adjoining Co. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 415, Red Bluff, Cal.

MISSING BOY AND GIRL BELIEVED MURDERED

(Associated Press Local Wire)

PORT HARDY, B. C., Jan. 11.—A belief that Leonard Davis, 15, and Geraldine Daroch, 15-year-old companion, were murdered and the launch in which the couple left Port Progress for Port Hardy, December 31, has led residents of Port Hardy to request the provincial police to probe the mystery.

Davis had \$75 in a small pouch along with other mail matter and this was missing when the wrecked launch was found on the shore near Port Progress. Miss Daroch's sweater coat and one of her shoes were found on the deck of the wrecked launch and a number of articles which the launch carried were missing.

TRIAL POSTPONED

The trial of Herbert Hastings, charged with violation of the prohibition law, was postponed in the justice court yesterday, the court setting the date of Wednesday, Jan. 17 for the trial. Mr. Hastings was unable to appear because of illness, the court was informed.

HEADS U. S. TRADE BODY

(Associated Press Local Wire)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Edgar A. McCulloch of Arkansas today became chairman of the federal trade commission, succeeding Abraham F. Myers, resigned.

John R. Kelly

Sheet Metal Works

HEATING AND VENTILATING

Western Furnaces

504 N. Jackson Phone 466

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.

G. W. Young & Son

INSURANCE

116 Cass St. Phone 217

Oreckid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, beautiful scenographer, appears to have made a decided impression upon Hollis Hart, her wealthy employer, when in breezy little Saddle Morton, known to Mr. Hart as Mae De-Marr.

Sadie, frivolous and tawdry, has accepted an extraordinary gift of \$10,000 from the rather quixotic millionaire. He is astonished when he discovers that she and Ashtoreth are old friends. And Ashtoreth is afraid that he will be no longer interested in her.

She goes with Sadie to the grand apartment rented and furnished through the benevolence of Mr. Hart. And there Sadie sits a gold-digger's views on men and morals. Ashtoreth secures from her a partial promise that she will not attempt to blackmail her benefactor, and returns to the office, greatly relieved. Perhaps, after all, she will remain in the good graces of the famous Mr. Hart.

At the end of the day she goes home in great good humor, bearing gifts to Maize, her good-hearted and rather commonplace mother. Maize tells her that Monty English is coming to call.

Ashtoreth throws up her hands. "You're just naturally bound to marry off Mrs. Ashe's daughter, aren't you, Ma?" she teases. But beneath her banter there is a shade of annoyance.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII

At eight o'clock Monty English arrived.

Gauche, Ashtoreth called him. "That's not at all what I meant. But Monty, to her way of thinking, was a fine, upstanding young man. He was young and tall and blond."

"Nordic," Ashtoreth said. But then Maize wasn't sure about that either.

His hair was crisp. Bleached by the sun on top and sort of coppery down near the roots. He had brown eyes with flecks in them, and a big, good-humored mouth.

When he smiled it began with a crinkle at the corners of his eyes and ended in a quirk at the corners of his mouth. And he had extraordinarily good-looking teeth. White as snow, or clouds, or a clean white shroud. So white they really shone.

Monty English sold radios and played a ukulele. He danced like a professional, or a dream come true. And he made love the way every girl wonders why men don't.

It was strange, then, that he did not register with Ashtoreth. Maybe he talked too much about radios. And radios bored Ashtoreth. She wondered why he never discovered it.

He brought a box of place tents for Maize. When Maize expressed a preference, Monty never forgot. "You girls want to go to the

movies?" he invited.

But Maize protested coyly. "Oh, you young folks want to talk."

At nine o'clock she made toast in the gas oven and cooked cheese with eggs and tomato, in the chafing dish. Then she made coffee and cut huge pieces of fudge cake known as Wellesley.

At 10 she had a headache and went to bed, with sly backward glances and playful admonitions.

"Ash," said Monty English, when Maize had closed her bedroom door. "We've known each other for three years now. That's a long time for a man to adore a girl who doesn't know he's living."

Ashtoreth began, absently, to gather the coffee cups.

"Oh, please, Monty!" she protested.

"Put that stuff down," he ordered, "and listen."

"But we've been over it so often!" she objected.

"No, we haven't," he told her. "This is something new. Ash, I'm just through being a doorman."

"Oh, yes, I remember. The rickshawing little 'H' girl. Simply babbling over with animal spirits. I suppose."

"No," Ashtoreth told him. "She was quite subdued. She grabbed \$10,000 a little while ago and she's gone completely through it. Now she's beginning to be worried."

Monty whistled.

"Ten thousand berries! And the girl's dumb as an oyster!"

Ashtoreth was silent.

"Well," he said, "she must have been a great inspiration for you. Ash, ten thousand dollars for a moron like Sadie! And then I got the nerve to ask you to tie up with a guy like me. A high-class model like you. If Sadie's charms are worth 10 thou on the hood, yours are worth a million, sweetheart."

"Monty!" she cried. "You're absolutely insulting."

"Maybe," he acknowledged gracefully. "But I'm through anyhow. And I know you're not shedding any tears over that. There's no sense, sweetheart, hanging around and scaring good bets off."

"Oh, Monty!" she cried. "You're vulgar as Sadie! Don't talk like that."

"I was only kidding," he apologized, and added, hatefully, "There's many a true word spoken in a jest."

"Monty," she commanded. "tell me the truth. You don't think I'm a gold-digger. You couldn't think that? Why, Monty, I simply adore him! Girls like Sadie—they make me sick."

She shivered nervously at the closed door of Maize's room and lowered her voice.

"Listen, Monty—I wouldn't talk this way to anyone but you. You know how much I love Mother."

"I love you so damn much," he complained. "that it seems like you'd have to love me just a little. Only things don't work out that way."

He came then and stood in front of her and laughed a little whimsically.

"Have you any specifications in mind?" he asked. "Maybe if I knew just what it is you want, I'd get myself made over, darlin'."

Ashtoreth smiled.

"Light of m' life," she said. "It's mighty things I want."

"What?" he begged.

"Oh, a nice little place on the Riviera," she purred. "And a diamond tiara—oh, I mean, a tiara, Monty? And a Rolls-Royce, maybe. And a box at the opera and a house on the hill. And then just a few little fixings—you know—maids and gowns and jewels in a safe deposit vault, and paste for every day."

Monty lit another cigarette.

"You know," he remarked evenly. "I think there's more truth than poetry in that. Ash, you wouldn't let yourself love a rich salesman in a city full of rich guys, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she laughed. "If he had a heart of gold I might. If he had a heart of gold I might—I saw Sadie Morton today."

"Sadie Morton?" he repeated.

"Oh, yes, I remember. The rickshawing little 'H' girl. Simply babbling over with animal spirits. I suppose."

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