

Brighten Up!

Right NOW is the best time of the whole season to relacquere your furniture. It is an easy job, and a fascinating one, this doing your own painting when you use

ROGERS or
DUCO
LACQUER

These splendid products come in all the colors and tints imaginable, and will give your furniture that delightful lustre you so much admire. Ask us about these lacquers.

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

YOU GET good coal if you order it from Page's.

SEASONED old growth and 2nd growth fir wood. Phone 33714.

FIR block wood \$2.50 per tier; oak block \$3.25. Phone 21732.

FURNITURE for sale at 1395 1/2 Maple Ave.

WOOD-Pir block, 3 tiers \$8. Phone 10722.

FOR SALE—Second growth fir wood, \$2.50 per tier. Phone 3514.

FOR SALE—50 head sheep, heavy draft team. Lee Goodman, Melrose.

FOR SALE—Klamath Gem potatoes at South End Service Station. \$1 sack.

TRACTOR DISC—Nearly new, cheap. Leake & Beyers Co., I. O. O. F. Bldg.

DRY fir block wood, under shed, \$2.75 per tier, stove wood, \$2. Phone 24732.

FOR SALE—Old growth fir block wood, dry, \$3.25 per tier, delivered. Phone 24723.

FOR SALE—Mammoth Pekin drakes, \$2.50 each. Bowtell Springs, Clatsop Co.

PIPE and PIPE FITTINGS—New and second hand pipe. Low prices. Leake & Beyers Co.

HIGH grade motor oil for less than mail order house price. 80c per gallon in 5 or 10 gallon lots. Union Garage.

FOR SALE—Charters incubators, all equipped, also brooders and chick fountains, all at bargain prices. J. H. Booher, Leona, Oregon, Box 518.

ROCK SPRINGS COAL for the quickest fire, Diamond-Briquets for the longest fire, and Utah for the most heat, and you get them all from Page Lumber & Fuel Co.

Chiropractor

DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
327 Cass Phone 491

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

230 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upson Board and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Window Screens made to order
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

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 417

DEPENDABLE GROCERY VALUES

Our growing business enables us to serve customers better than ever with the

Best of Everything

Just Phone Your Order
Free Delivery

Economy Grocery

O. L. JOHNSON
The Store That Serves You Best
Phone 83 344 N. Jackson St.

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashforth Ashe, beautiful stenographer, traveling alone to the West Indies, meets Jack Smythe on shipboard. Smythe is an Englishman. He and Ashforth bump into each other on a dark deck, and he begins immediately to flatter her and to tell her that she is beautiful.

There is another interesting person aboard—Monsieur de Musset, a striking Frenchman. She and Ashforth are roommates, and Mademoiselle has already made friendly advances.

Apparently the Frenchman has a great deal of money. Ashforth has practically none. The trip has been made possible for her through the devotion of her widowed mother, Maizie.

Ashforth and Jack Smythe are walking together about the wind-blown deck when he tells her she looks like a goddess, and she retorts that looks like the Prince of Wales.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XV
Ashforth was not the first person who had told Jack Smythe he looked like the Prince of Wales. An American movie producer, meeting him in London, had offered him a royal role in the talkies.

His eyes were like the Prince's, and his hair (though they say His Highness is getting a little bald), but mostly it was a matter of build and carriage. Of distinction, perhaps.

He was of average height, and slight, with a weary look about his wise, young eyes. And an air of sophistication, greatly admired by young girls.

The movie producer had contemplated starring him in a film called "Royal Love," in which a prince loses his heart to a commoner. Smythe, horrified at the notion, was inclined to treat the proposition as a satire—an affront to the dignity of his Prince. Still, it afforded him considerable satisfaction. It was an offer to glorify the heart of any Englishman.

Ashforth was still looking at him with unfeigned admiration. "Ever since Valentino died, I've been simply crazy about the Prince," she confessed. "When I was quite young, I cut his picture out of the paper, and stuck it in my mirror. My goodness, it was like you!"

"And I," declared Smythe, "have a particular weakness for goddesses."

They laughed together. "You are beautiful," he told her gravely. "What was it Homer said—'She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen'?"

"I don't know anything about Homer," she admitted. "But I'm beginning to like my funny name. You're the second nice man who thinks it is a lovely name. I always thought it was awfully foolish my-

self."

"Oh no!" he said. "It's much nicer to have been named for a beautiful moon than a rich old aunt, don't you think—or a friend of the family, who might leave you some money? Most names don't mean anything at all. People get them out of novels. Or they get handed around in a family sort of way."

"Children often are named for saints. That's a very pretty idea, I think. But to have been named for the moon! Why, that's utter sublimity! Men used to worship the moon, you know—before they started worshipping gold and power, and any number of foolish things."

It was cold on deck. "I left Mademoiselle de Musset in the smoking room. Wouldn't you like to go in and see her?" suggested Ashforth, when they had braved again the gale that blew about the bridges. "I'm simply frozen to death."

Smythe had to put his arm about her shoulders, as the wind flung them like puppets along the deck. Ashforth resented the familiarity. But it would be prudish, she thought, to ask him to take it away. Probably he had not given it a thought, except to protect her. No man was ever so anxious in the teeth of a blizzard. Still, she wanted to escape his careless embrace.

"Oh, don't go in," he begged. "It's glorious out here. Besides, I know a little sheltered nook, if you'd like to get out of the wind."

But Ashforth thought she had better go in.

"I'm afraid Mademoiselle will have gone down," she said. "I might wake her up if I stayed out any longer."

Smythe laughed shortly. "Mademoiselle doesn't go to bed very early," he told her. "Besides she probably has a man in tow by this time."

"She told me she was on the stage," Ashforth said. "What does she do—do you know?"

Smythe was puffing at his pipe. "Yes," he replied, his teeth gripping the stem. "I know, Miss Ashe. I think if I were you, I'd ask the parser if he couldn't fix me up an other stateroom."

Ashforth felt suddenly nervous. Sometimes she experienced a completely empty feeling in her stomach. She associated it always with a presentiment of disaster. Now she felt that Mademoiselle was a dangerous person, and that Smythe was trying to warn her against the woman.

But, accompanying the emptiness, was a delicious little feeling of excitement. Maybe Mademoiselle was one of those adventurous ones who reads about. One of those delightfully immoral creatures of whom de Maupassant wrote. Ashforth had read de Maupassant when she was in high school. A girl whose mother ran a

circulating library had brought a complete edition to school, and the entire senior class had read it surreptitiously. Perhaps Mademoiselle was a demi-mondaine!

"Tell me about her!" she commanded. "Oh, there's nothing to tell."

Smythe dismissed the subject quickly. "They're all alike. It's in the blood."

"Who are all alike?" asked Ashforth. "Frenchwomen?"

Smythe stopped short. "The Musset's not French," he said. "Not pure French, you know. They're mostly hybrids down here. Mongrels. And the women are dangerous."

Ashforth decided that Mr. Smythe might look like the Prince of Wales and all that, but he wasn't particularly chivalrous.

"Well," she said, "I rather like her—at least, I think I'm going to. Anyhow I'd rather room with her than some dried up old maid, or one of those big fat women. There isn't another girl on board—not that I've seen. And I'm glad I have an exciting roommate. I'm going down now to say good night to her. And to give her your compliments."

Smythe was casually offhand. "Well, don't believe all she tells you," he counseled. "Once more under the bridge, and I'll let you go."

The moon, when they reached the forward deck, was playing hide and seek again with the clouds. And the place was dark, as though a storm were brewing.

There, in the blackness, Smythe took Ashforth in his arms. And forcing her head back, kissed her on the mouth.

She struggled to free herself, pitting her strength against his. Then she went into his grip, so that it was as though he held a girl of ice. Yet scarcely ice—for ice will melt. Steel, perhaps. Or graven stone.

He kept his lips on hers, until it seemed that all the breath had gone from her body. Then, breathing deeply, he stopped away.

And, quick as lightning, she had slapped him across the face. He took her hand then, and kissed it. "Spiffire!" he said. "Little Yankee spiffire!"

He put both hands on her shoulders, and, holding her from him, looked into her face.

"Girls shouldn't be so beautiful," he admonished. "Particularly American girls who travel alone. They're bound to get into trouble."

Ashforth was trembling with cold fury. "Oh," she cried, "I hate you. You—you cad!"

"Love," he told her solemnly, "that has eyes to see. Sees now only Ashforth. Ashforth alone."

Ashforth, and a few stars. "And they say," she scorned, "that English are chivalrous!"

He tried again to take her in his arms. "A kiss?" he parried. "A little kiss? And I have offended you? Don't tell me that an American

girl values a kiss so highly!" But she wrenched away from his embrace.

"Everybody pets in America," he reminded her. "I don't!" she told him, wheeling furiously. "And don't you ever speak to me again."

She left him, and ran ahead down the deck.

In a moment she was in her stateroom. Mademoiselle de Musset opened the door when she knocked.

For a moment Ashforth wondered what she was wearing. A short chiffon skirt edged with lace. And over it a sleeveless blouse of sheerest loveliness. The skirt was pleated from a fitted waist band, and the blouse caught at the waist with a girdle of shimmering satin. Except for its utter transparency, it was like a little dress.

Mademoiselle pirouetted like a ballet dancer, and her full skirt whirled about her.

"You look at my nightgown!" she asked. "It is adorable, eh? Soon they will be the vogue—the little gowns that have petticoats and blouses. I have twelve of them—the first ones ever made."

She was rummaging through her trunk.

"You like them, eh? Eh bien! I will give you some. Half for you, and half for me."

She tossed her things about. Soft and light as baby clouds.

"Ah, here they are! White, Mademoiselle. And black. And now any color you choose. Yellow? Or pink. Pink like a rose?"

Ashforth was dumbfounded. "But Mademoiselle!" she stammered. "I—I—you're awfully kind. But I can't do that. You're too generous. Indeed you are. I can't take them—truly. But thank you—thank you so much!"

The Frenchwoman's quick glance had darted about the room. "Pout!" she cried, and raising the cover of Ashforth's hat box, dropped her lovely nightgown in. She sat on the edge of her berth, and rubbed great quantities of cold cream on her face, dipping her fingers into an enormous onyx jar.

"Monsieur Jack Smythe," she remarked idly, "likes American girls."

Her fingers caressed her cheeks, with little upward motions, as though she were inscribing circles. "He is a bad man," she added. Her voice was soft and lazy.

"A bad man," she repeated. And began, leisurely, to wipe away the cream.

(To Be Continued)

More about the mysterious lady in the next installment—and more, too, about this fascinating young Smythe.

WARNING

Any person or persons found dumping cans, rubbish or refuse of any kind along county road right of way in Douglas county, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

DOUGLAS COUNTY COURT, By W. S. Hamilton, Judge.

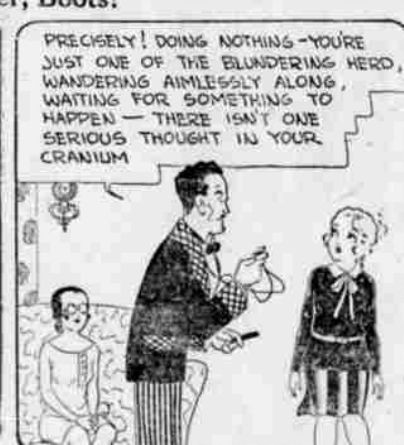
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Think It Over, Boots!



PRECISELY! DOING NOTHING—YOU'RE JUST ONE OF THE BLUNDERING HERD, WANDERING AIMLESSLY ALONG, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN—THERE ISN'T ONE SERIOUS THOUGHT IN YOUR CRANIUM



By Martin



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Exonerated



Heave Ho!



By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM



BUGG



Heave Ho!



Heave Ho!



By Small



HAD TO WORK TOO HARD

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Gave Her Strength
Mt. Carmel, Pa.—After my second baby was born I had to work too hard and he on my feet too soon because my husband was ill. At his death I was in such a weakened condition that nothing seemed to help me. I am starting the fourth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel a great deal better. I am much stronger and don't get as tired out when I wash or work hard. I do housekeeping and dressmaking and I highly recommend the Vegetable Compound. I am willing to answer letters.—Mrs. GRACE BERRY, 314 S. Market St., Mt. Carmel, Pa.

