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Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

LARGE 2nd growth wood, seasoned. $2.75. Phone 23F14.

FIR block wood $2.50 per tier; oak block $3.25. Phone 24F32.

FOR SALE—Second growth fir wood $2.50 per tier. Phone 351-L.

FOR SALE—Clover hay, just shipped in. J. F. Stafford, Oakland, Ore.

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

FOR SALE—Old growth fir block wood, dry; $3.25 per tier, delivered. Phone 24F23.

DON'T SHIVER and freeze. Call "242, please." Order coal from Pages'.

TRY DIAMOND briquets. They hold fire so well! Page Lumber & Fuel Co.

FOR SALE—4 dozen laying White Leghorns, cheap. Inquire Postal Telegraph office.

FOR SALE—3-4 ton truck with solid rubber tires, in good shape. Cheap at Sarff's.

FOR SALE—4 coyote hounds; one start dog and one skunk hound. R. V. Hatfield. Phone 23F14.

FOR SALE—Mammoth Pekin drakes, $2. 5 miles east Boswell Springs. Clarence Wilson.

HIGH grade motor oil—for less than mail order house price. 38c per gallon in 5 or 10 gallon lots. Union Garage.

BROODERS AND INCUBATORS—See us for coal burning or oil burning brooders. Low prices. Leake & Beyers Co.

FOR SALE—Ideal chicken farm, about 8 acres in mixed fruit, 2 acres in hay. New 9-room house, stable, chicken house, fruit house and woodshed. See E. Edman, Melrose, about 10 miles west of Roseburg.

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DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
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Upson Board and Veneer Panel Cut to Order
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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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SPRAY MATERIALS—Dry lime sulphur, oil spray, arsenate of lead. Our prices are right. Leake & Beyers Co., I. O. O. F. Bldg.

POULTRYMEN—I am booking orders for chicks, White Leghorns, R. Reds, B. Rocks. First hatch Feb. 1st. W. Cobb, Rt. 2, Box 46, Roseburg, Ore.

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

ORDER DIRECT from producer and save money. Not a seed raisins, 20 lbs. $1.23 postpaid. Fine quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order for 5 lbs. of dried apricots postpaid, 85c. Most wonderful dried fruit. Fancy dried peaches, 10 lb. lots at 10c per lb., postpaid. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 415, Red Bluff, Calif.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment. 730 N. Rose St.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished house. Inquire 604 West Lane.

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

NOTICE to farmers — Bargain; complete sets harness at sixty, sixty-five, and seventy dollars. See me. Art Long, 403 Cass St., Roseburg.

FOR RENT—Furnished rural home, modern 6-room plastered house, city water and lights. 2 acres of good land. Located in Edenbower on fine road and near school. About 3 miles from Roseburg. $18 per month. G. W. Young & Son. Phone 417.

WANTED

WANTED—To buy or rent, 3 or 4-room house; near Soldiers Home. Box 2, care News-Review.

LOST—Will the lady who brought gloves in Woolworth's store Tuesday morning, kindly return them there?

LOST

LOST—Vanity case on Court St. Reward. Call 396J.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOOD LOT to trade for good used car. Call 464 N. Jackson.

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.

John R. Kelly
Sheet Metal Works
HEATING AND VENTILATING
Western Furnaces
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WHY SUFFER
With Rheumatism and Neuritis
When we can positively assure you full relief or your money back?
CASEY'S GUARANTEED RHEUMATIC AND NEURITIS REMEDY
purifies the blood, reduces pain and swelling, stops cramps in the limbs through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys.
$1.50 per bottle
Marster's Drug Store, Roseburg
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Oakland Drug Co., Oakland

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashloreth Ashe, traveling to the West Indies, meets on shipboard an Englishman—Jack Smythe—who looks very much like the Prince of Wales.

First, he warns her against her roommate—Mona de Musset, a mysterious and beautiful lady, presumably French, who is on her way to Guadaloupe, a French island in the Indies.

Then he takes Ashloreth in his arms and kisses her—all in the first 10 minutes of their acquaintance. He airs an Englishman's opinion of American girls and tells Ashloreth that "all Americans pet." She retorts, angrily, that she doesn't.

When she goes to her cabin Mademoiselle de Musset tells her that Smythe is "a bad mans." Mademoiselle is very sweet and insists upon presenting Ashloreth with some exquisite lingerie.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVI

In the morning Mademoiselle had orange juice and coffee served in the stateroom. At 10 the stewardess drew her bath. And at noon she appeared on deck.

It took Mademoiselle exactly an hour to make up. Her perfumed rites were as elaborate as though she prepared each day for marriage. Fascinated, Ashloreth watched her.

Mademoiselle insisted upon sharing her luscious cremes and scented poudres. And not only her cosmetics, but the services of the stewardess, who had been a lady's maid and could give a facial like an expert.

Ashloreth reveled in it all, falling easily into the habits of her roommate.

"I never thought of it before," she confessed, "but I do believe I'm sensuous to my very finger tips."

Mademoiselle buffed her shining nails indolently.

"Beautiful women," she observed, "are made for luxury, ma cherie."

Ashloreth sighed. She was beginning to think the same thing.

"But I can't afford it," she lamented. "This is a regular orgy for me."

Mademoiselle shrugged eloquently and raised her penciled brows.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed.

"I mean," explained Ashloreth, considerably embarrassed. "I have to work for a living."

"Oui?"

The French woman surveyed her humorously. Her eyebrows had pretty little mannerisms all their own. Now the left one assumed a speculative arch.

"So I do," said Mademoiselle.

They had not exchanged confidences. Ashloreth was consumed with curiosity about Jack Smythe, but Mademoiselle had volunteered no further information.

He was always on deck when the girl made their appearance, and he and Mademoiselle exchanged formal courtesies. It seemed to Ashloreth that the Englishman was decidedly ill at ease in the presence of the French woman. And that Mademoiselle enjoyed his apparent discomfort. She flirted with him outrageously. But once, when he tried to capture her hand under cover of a steamer rug, Ashloreth saw her slap him smartly across the face.

* * *

Smythe had devoted himself to an amorous siege. And Ashloreth, excitedly convinced that she was playing with fire, lent herself half heartedly to his importunities. They danced beautifully together.

Once to Mademoiselle she said, "I feel awfully mean being with Mr. Smythe so much, because I know you don't like him. And, besides, we leave you quite alone."

The French woman smiled a dazzling smile.

"I am used to being alone," she said. "But you must remember, ma cherie—Monsieur Smythe is a bad mans."

Then, curious beyond all repression, Ashloreth drew her chair closer.

"Tell me, Mademoiselle," she begged. "Frankly, it wouldn't make any difference. I mean, I know he's probably just dreadfully unmoral and all that. But it's sort of fun, you know, keeping him at arm's length. He's so sure, besides, that all American girls pet. And that we simply languish for kisses and drinks and things. He knows he looks like the Prince of Wales, and that's given him a regular superiority complex. So that it's great, cramping his style."

Ashloreth lowered her voice as the Simpson sisters passed.

"He kissed me once," she confided. "The first night. Before I'd talked to him five minutes. And I'm been sort of getting back at him ever since."

Mademoiselle closed the book of verse she had been reading and slipped her finger between the pages.

"Me—I punish him also," she said. "He is a very bad mans."

"But why?" demanded Ashloreth. "What did he ever do to you? If he's treated you badly, Mona, I shan't have a thing to do with him. Honestly, I wouldn't want to be nice to anyone who hadn't been nice to you."

The French woman patted her hand.

"Eh, bien!" she exclaimed. "I can take care of myself, ma cherie. Have a good time with Meester Smythe."

* * *

He joined them just then. And bowing ceremoniously to Mademoiselle, held out his hands to Ashloreth.

"Come have a drink," he invited. "Mademoiselle had rather read her poetry uninterrupted."

But Ashloreth shook her head.

"You know I don't care about drinks," she affirmed.

"A fine quaint then," he suggested. "We'll be at St. Thomas in a few hours, and I want to talk to you before you go ashore."

"Run along," admonished Mademoiselle, "Meester Swinburne is better company for me than Meester Smythe. He is more profane."

Smythe smiled.

"You like profanity?" he taunted.

"I prefer it," she retorted, "to banality."

"Oh, come now," Smythe laughed uneasily. "You don't really think I [illegible] Mademoiselle?"

"You make love so stupid," she told him, and returned, unconcernedly, to her book.

Ashloreth waited until they were out of hearing.

"So you've made love to Mademoiselle?" she remarked.

"I could not, insult Mademoiselle," he answered, "by not making love."

"Oh, so you think all women expect you to make love to them?"

His tone annoyed Ashloreth. "Mademoiselle doesn't seem to have been exactly shaken by your technique."

Smythe emptied his pipe against the rail.

"You do not understand that woman," he informed her. "And I told you before that you should ask to have your stateroom changed. We'll be going ashore soon at St. Thomas, and she's pretty well known down through the islands. I want to advise you very strongly against being seen with her."

Ashloreth flushed uncomfortably. She was wearing, at the moment, an ornament of Chinese jade on an old gold chain about her neck. Mademoiselle's jade. She was wearing, also, a little green hat that matched the jade. Mademoiselle's hat. And bracelets, that jangled with small jade elephants with ruby eyes. Mademoiselle's bracelets.

Mademoiselle had given her any number of gifts. Several of them were valuable. The starlet evening wrap, for instance, embroidered with threads of gold. And all the little French night gowns.

She faced Smythe indignantly.

"Mona has been very kind to me," she told him. "And every other woman on the boat has been simply wretched."

"That's because you seem to prefer Mademoiselle's society to theirs," he interrupted. "And obviously you cannot have both. They'd have been decent enough if you hadn't been intimate with her from the beginning. Naturally, they envy De Musset."

"Why?" demanded Ashloreth. "Because she's beautiful, of course—and they're absolutely consumed with jealousy. They're simply petrified to have their husbands as much as look at her!"

* * *

Ashloreth tossed her head scornfully.

"She was good enough," she pointed out, "for you to make love to."

"Well, naturally. Mademoiselle is a delightful person to love. But that hardly alters her social status. In fact," Smythe chuckled—"one might almost say that accounts for her social status."

Suddenly he became very serious.

"There is something," he said, "strangely pathetic about Mona de Musset. Her desires in a sad thing, and love is all we know to lighten it. Mademoiselle obsessed with desire, turns, for gratification, to love. . . . And love, strangely, is said to be a wicked thing."

At heart Ashloreth was somewhat of a Puritan. Theoretically, she was extremely broad-minded. Actually, she was as provincial as Maizie.

"You mean," she rasped, "that Mademoiselle is notoriously immoral?"

He inclined his head gravely.

"And that's why everybody has been so horrid to me?"

"Exactly."

The Englishman was solemn now.

"All the ladies on board," he said, "the fat ones and the lean ones—and all the stupid, ugly ones—have been fearing you and Mademoiselle apart ever since you appeared the first evening at dinner together. They say"—he mimicked the acrid tones of the Simpson sisters—"they say, Miss Ashe, that birds of a feather flock together. And you can tell a woman by the company she keeps."

They walked for a minute in silence. Ashloreth was completely bewildered. She had realized, of course, that Mademoiselle's morals might have been more or less dubious. But to learn that the girl was actually notorious! That so-called decent women had drawn their virtuous skirts aside, lest she—who roomed with Mademoiselle—should pollute the sanctity of their presence!

That she—Ashloreth Ashe—had accepted the benevolences of a woman beyond the pale!

Mademoiselle's jade ornament clicked against the buttons on her sweater. . . . Mona's jewelry! . . . What should she do?

(To Be Continued)

* * *

Smythe accuses Ashloreth of being a gold-digger! The next chapter will tell you, also, about Mona.

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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.

DILLARD MAN ARRESTED

James Laurance of Dillard was arrested yesterday on a warrant charging him with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. He has asked for a preliminary examination in the local justice court and has furnished bonds in the sum of $1,500.

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

PHANTOM AUTO THIEF APOLOGIZES TO LOCAL OFFICERS

Robert Hinkson, Eugene "phantom" auto thief, who was captured recently at Modesto, was taken back to Eugene for trial, passing through this city yesterday. While the train stopped in Roseburg, young Hinkson, who figured in a pistol duel with local police, sent for Deputy Sheriff Boone, with whom the shots were exchanged. He apologized to the deputy and stated that he was glad that his bullets had not injured the officers in the police car that chased him through the city as he was making his escape with the stolen car. He said that he was greatly excited and otherwise would not have used a gun. He has made a full confession to Eugene officers, it is reported.

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Roseburg Steam Laundry
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Auto Runs 59 Miles On Gallon of Gas

Automobile engineers who worked for years in an effort to reduce gasoline consumption have found the solution in a marvelous invention that fits all cars. An actual test made by one of the engineers showed 59 miles on a gallon of gas. Thousands of car owners have already installed this new invention. They not only report amazing gas savings, but are also surprised to find quicker pick-up, instant starting, smoother running motors and disappearance of carbon. E. Oliver, 999-2256 W. Third St., Milwaukee, Wisc., for a limited time is offering a free device to those who will help introduce it. They also need men everywhere to make over $100 weekly in their own territory taking care of local business. Write him at once for free sample and big money making offer.—Adv.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

016321

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

Notice is hereby given that Albert E. Nicksone, of Glide, Oregon, who, on February 2, 1924, made Adjoining Farm Homestead Entry, No. 016321, for Lot 6, 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 18th 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.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Boots Still Isn't Convinced — By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — A Special Dish — By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM — Plenty of Pull — By Small