

How Are Your Lights?

Perfect Electric Light Lamps are indispensable these long winter nights—if you want the best get

PEERLESS NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

They are made in the United States by artisans of our own nationality, and the frosting is on the inside of the bulbs—the best you can buy, and here are some of the prices—

15 to 40 Watt, each	20c
50 to 60 Watt, each	22c
100 Watt, each	35c

Churchill Hardware Co.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

For block wood \$2.50 per tier; oak block \$3.25. Phone 2452.

FOR SALE—6 shoats, cheap. D. C. McHugh. Phone 5F12.

FOR SALE—Two young Barred Rock chickens. 121 W. Douglas.

WOOD AND COAL for prompt delivery. Page Lumber & Fuel Co.

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

FOR SALE—Mammoth Pekin ducks, \$2.50 miles east Roseburg. Clarence Wilson.

FOR SALE—Pineapples, 14 lbs., \$1. Large shoats each, \$10. Pigs \$3.50. Lindholm, Dixonville.

ONION SETS—We have a stock of onion sets on hand now. Leake & Beyers Co., I. O. O. F. Bldg.

PROPERTY for sale or trade—Near Ashland, 8 or 10 acres well improved. Ashland, Ore., Rt. 1, Box 55.

RADIO \$45—This is a good buy for anyone wanting eastern reception. 122 S. Stephens. Auto Electric. Phone 128.

FOR SALE—Purebred yearling Jersey bull. Exceptional breeding. Kinsinger & Eldredge, Glendale, Ore.

WASHING MACHINES—We can save you \$50 on popular type washer. Look it over. Leake & Beyers Co.

RUMMAGE sale at Roseburg Women's Club Service Shop, opposite Antlers theatre, every Saturday from 10 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

RADIO SET \$35. See this in our window. Everything complete, nothing else to buy. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens St. Phone 128.

Chiropractor

DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
\$27 Cans 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

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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 62 344 N. Jackson St.

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, a beautiful stenographer from Boston, is having an exciting time on shipboard. Jack Smythe, an Englishman whom she meets aboard, makes immediate love, and kisses her during the first five minutes of their acquaintance.

She rubs him after that—but he warns her, just the same, against her roommate—Mona de Musset, a glorious and mysterious lady. Mona has been very good to Ashtoreth, presenting her with any number of beautiful gifts.

Smythe tells Ashtoreth that the respectable women on board have nothing to do with her if she continues to be intimate with Mona.

"You mean," she demands, "that she is notoriously immoral?" Smythe inclines his head gravely.

But Ashtoreth is becoming accustomed to accepting gifts from women of doubtful morals. There is, for instance, little Sadie Morton, who extorted \$10,000 from Hollis Hart, Ashtoreth's millionaire employer. And Ashtoreth has taken quite a few things from Sadie.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XVII

"Probably," Smythe was saying, "you do not quite understand, Miss Ashe."

Ashtoreth drew angrily from his fingers on her arm.

"Oh, yes, I do," she flared. "I understand perfectly."

"I mean about Mademoiselle de Musset," he persisted. "It isn't quite the thing for me to tell you, perhaps—but—"

"No," agreed Ashtoreth testily. "I don't think it is. Mona has been perfectly sweet to me. She has a heart of gold. And I don't know that I'm particularly concerned about her morals. They're not of my business, I mean."

"But you don't want the holier-than-thou afterthought arrayed against you," he interrupted.

"Women have to run together. The pack makes it too tough for those who don't. You can't afford, for instance, to antagonize every respectable woman on this boat in order to take up the cudgels for a girl like Mona de Musset. It simply isn't done, that's all."

"But Mona has been my friend!" cried Ashtoreth. "And what do I care about these other women—wretched old cats?"

"Mona leaves the boat at Gorda loup," he reminded her, "and the wretched old cats are making the round trip. You won't have even time to fall back on, I go, as you know to Antigua. It will be more than a week before I rejoin the ship. You'll be dreadfully alone."

Ashtoreth tilted her chin defiantly.

"I don't care. I guess I can stand it. I'm certainly not going back on Mona!"

"And you mean to go ashore with her this afternoon?"

"If she'll go."

In her heart Ashtoreth began to hope that Mona might be indisposed. It was fearfully hot, and she had complained at luncheon of a headache.

They had stopped to lean against the rail. Flying fish raced along the side of the boat, like white flame dancing in the sunshine. When they had disappeared, a school of porpoises came, turning somersaults like awkward aquatic clowns.

"Oh, look!" Ashtoreth leaned over the side. "Did you ever see anything so funny in your life?"

The jade ornament that she wore about her neck swung out into the sunshine. She beat her hands excitedly on the rail. And the bracelets on her wrists clinked merrily. Smythe took the ornament between his fingers.

"Mona's jade, isn't it?" he remarked.

Ashtoreth flushed.

"Yes," she said defiantly. "And I have one of her hats on. And a sweater is hers. And, in case you've been thinking I smell nice, I might add that the perfume is Mona's. And I use her powder and her bath crystals, and everything. I believe I'm even carrying one of her handkerchiefs. Yes—this little chiffon thing—my own are all linen. Smell!"

She flicked it under his nose.

"That perfume," she said, "cost \$54 an ounce. It's Mona's, of course."

Smythe dropped the medallion.

"I wonder," he said, "if Mona had never given you a thing, if you'd be so fond of her. If, for instance, she was just a common every-day little tramp, without any jade, or French perfumes, or imported chapeaux—I wonder if you'd be so beautifully loyal then."

"Of course I would!"

Ashtoreth defended herself indignantly.

"I enjoy wearing her pretty things, of course. That was I had on last night—the red one—was hers. She gave it to me. She's given me any number of things. At first I hated accepting them—at first, maybe I haven't very much pride. But I'm telling you the truth, anyhow. I'm not four-flushing. And I'm being just as truthful when I swear that Mona's gifts haven't a thing to do with the way I feel about her."

Smythe smiled cynically.

"Well, it's hard telling," he said. "I suppose you think you're being honest, anyhow. But, you know, I wonder sometimes if women are ever altogether honest—with themselves, or anybody else. Upon my word, I don't think so."

"I think women sell everything they've got. Friendship, love, loyalty. Everything. Courtesans sell their bodies—and drive a hard bargain with them. They're honest, at least. But all you respectable women, with your little lies and evasions. And your sickening delicacies."

"You know how Mona de Musset got that jade? It's a price you wouldn't pay."

"Is that so?"

Ashtoreth turned her back to the shining sea and faced him squarely.

With her this afternoon?

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