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ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

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LARGE 2nd growth wood, seasoned. \$2.75. Phone 33F14.

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FOR SALE—Two young Barred Rock chickens, 124 W. Douglas.

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FOR SALE—Purchased good Giant Bronze mother turkeys, and gobblers, 21 mos. old. Stenborg strain; reasonable. Lydia Morrow, Riddle, Ore.

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FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment. 246 N. Rose St.

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WANTED—Work pruning fruit trees, shrubbery, orchard. Call at 245 S. Pine St. or phone 231-1.

MISCELLANEOUS

CEMENT work in all its branches, day or contract. Mixers and building hotel 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.

RELIGION

Do people of today really need P. Matthews' sermon topic at Baptist church Sunday night. Fine music and lots of H. Choir and R. W. W. orchestra.

"QUOTE THE RAVEN"

"The only trouble with us teachers is that our names die out."
"What is your name?"
"Smith"—Urk, Berlin.

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THIS HAS HAPPENED
Ashforth, Ashe, Boston stenographer, traveling to the West Indies, meets two fascinating people, Jack Smythe, a young Englishman who looks remarkably like the Prince of Wales, and Misses her thoroughly—and Mona de Maser, with whom she rooms.
Mona is a beautiful and mysterious lady. Smythe warns Ashforth against her, saying that she is immoral. But Mona has been very sweet and generous—and Ashforth hates to disrupt their pleasant little intimacy.
Then Smythe accuses Ashforth of being a cold-digger, declaring that she cares for Mona only because of the gifts she has received. Ashforth is very indignant, but realizes that there may be a little truth in what he says. She walks away from him angrily and goes to find her roommate.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVIII
Mona, when she came on deck, had changed her white dress for a complete outfit of green. She had dressed, as usual, with complete disregard of the conventions. There were large single pearls in her ears, and a tripearing of them about her throat.
She sank gracefully in her deck chair, and crossed her slim ankles. Mona seldom wore stockings. Her legs were brown and very slender. She smiled luminously at Ashforth, and, leaning forward, kissed her swiftly.
"I have seen Monsieur Smythe," she said, "and he told me what he had already told you. He says, also—Mona wrinkled her brows perplexedly—"Oh, yes—he says you are my trumpety little triumph. But, ma chérie, that is not so. He told me I found you in the faces of the fat ladies. That I have embarrassed you, because now they will not speak to you when I go to Guadalupe. And you will be all alone."
Ashforth laid her hands on Mona's knees.
"I am sorry," she said, "that I distressed you, because, honestly, Mona, I don't give a darn about these women. I like you heaps better. I'm sorry you're leaving at Guadalupe, because it's been lovely having you for a roommate. Mona dear—truly—if all these cats came crawling on their knees, I wouldn't appease to them. I shan't mind being alone."
A suspicion of tears dimmed Mona's eyes. She jumped quickly to her feet.
"Then," she cried, "we shall go ashore together. There is a Chinese shop here, and I shall buy my little friend a Mandarin's coat, because she is a good girl, and I love her. And a little trinket of jade, for good luck. Then you may say, I knew Mona de Maser, and she brought me good luck."
She was excited as a child.
"Come quickly," she begged, "and you shall wear a dress to give

the fat ladies pain. One I have not ever worn. It was made for you, ma chérie."
That evening Mona stayed ashore. Ashforth had dinner brought on deck. And there Jack Smythe joined her.
"I hope you're not angry with me," he began.
"But I am," Ashforth told him. He took the chair by her side, and began, leisurely, to fill his pipe.
"That's too bad," he remarked, "because I've only one more night on board. And you know you haven't kissed me yet."
"Kissed you?" she cried. "Why, I wouldn't kiss you if you were the last man on earth."
He lit his pipe before replying.
"Oh, yes, you would," he assured her. "Mona won't be back till late. She has lots of friends in port. She didn't ask you to stay ashore with her, I notice."
"She did, too!" lied Ashforth. Smythe looked at her sharply.
"I don't believe it," he retorted. "But that's all right. You can't blame the girl. It makes it very much nicer for us, besides. I'll have you all to myself now, up on the top deck. The moon is absolutely full tonight, and the sky will be simply brimming over with stars. A perfect night for romance."
Ashforth poured another cup of tea, and dropped a slice of lime in it. She would be just as casual about it as he was.
"A perfect night," she agreed. "But not for you and me. Don't you know I don't like you?"
"Well, I noticed that I hadn't exactly slain you," he admitted. "But you couldn't help loving me a little tonight—the moon, you know, and the stars. The tropics begin to get in your blood. This sultry climate, don't you know, is awfully conducive to love."
Ashforth dimpled.
"Yes," she said, "I suppose it must be. I hope I meet somebody nice before the trip's over. It's just too bad you're the only man around."
He laughed good naturedly.
"We'll have a dinner after dinner," he promised. "And then when it gets a little dark, we'll leave their old orchestra flat. We'll go up and talk to the stars."
Mona had not returned, and Ashforth was bored. At eight o'clock Jack knocked on her stateroom door. And she greeted him with a swirl of chiffon, pink as the heart of a rose. Mona had had her hair not cut, and was a little tight besides. It was perfect on Ashforth.
"You're gorgeous!" Jack told her. "I told you you were beautiful."
"It's Mona's," she informed him. "The dress, I mean. It's so fluttering, anyone would look twice

in it. The beads are here, too, and the earrings. I wish I could wear her shoes, but they're just a little too big for me."
"Gold digger," he retorted. "You're incorrigible—and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."
"I'll go up on deck with you," she countered, "because it's altogether too wonderful to miss. But I won't let you kiss me."
"You won't?" he cried. "Have you seen the moon?"
"I saw it," she said, "like a little white ghost."
Jack came closer.
"You haven't seen a thing," he said. "And you don't know what you're talking about. It's incredible that a girl should want to sit on deck under a million stars—and not be kissed. It's just a hazy myth—that's all it is. Now see here, Ashforth, you're going to get kissed tonight. You are. I mean, if you come up on deck with me. If you don't like the notion, you might just as well stay down here and go to bed."
"What?" she gasped.
He came in the room then, and put his hands on her shoulders.
"You heard me," he told her. "Oh, well!"
Ashforth gathered up a wrap of Mona's. "If you feel that way about it," she said.
She put the thing about her. "Come on, then!"
He'd talk to her like that, would he? Who did he think he was? And who did he think she was? She'd show him! Just because he thought he looked like the Prince of Wales! Maybe now, with Sadie or Mona, even.
"Come on!" she cried. "What are you waiting for?"
"One little kiss," he told her. "For a sample, you know."
All right. He could have it. Just one, though. One, to show him how very wonderful it would be to have some more. She'd punish him! Then, without putting his arms about her, he bent and kissed her on the lips. Most boys tried to hug a girl. Jack hadn't touched her. "Like that!" he asked. "And she shook her head, dumbly.
"It will be a ship scandal if we stay here," he informed her. "By the way, did Mona send any message aboard?"
"No," Ashforth told him. "She's with friends, you know. She won't be back until quite late. She thinks they may know something about her people at Guadalupe. . . . her old nurse. Mona hasn't heard since the hurricane. She says the poor woman was probably killed. She lived all alone in a little house up in the mountains. Mona gets awfully upset whenever she talks about it. She's so good-hearted, you know. I imagine she loved that old nurse tremendously."
Smythe shrugged.
"Mona does," he said, "love tremendously. Just between you and me, though, I imagine she wouldn't be exactly stricken, if the poor old nurse had gone the way of all flesh. Not," he added hastily, "that I'm any particular person for thinking so. Only I should think it would be natural enough, shouldn't

you? After all, they couldn't have had much in common."
"Why, I know ahead he's simply heartbroken," declared Ashforth. "She cried all night long last night—just weeping."
They had reached the smoking room.
"What do you say if we have one little drink?" proposed Jack. "Just one."
Ashforth felt reckless. "All right," she agreed. "I'll break a rule. I'll have a cocktail with a cherry in it—no, I won't—I'll have an olive."
"Whisky and soda," he ordered, "and a martini."
While they waited to be served, he considered Ashforth indulgently.
"You don't ever drink, do you?" he asked. "Such a funny way to order! It's strange, too—you know I thought all American girls drank like fish."
"I told you I didn't," she reminded him.
"I know—but I don't believe all I'm told," he retorted. "Why don't you tell me now that you weren't ever kissed under a moon before?"
Ashforth smiled.
"Because that wouldn't be true," she confessed.
It was only last month that Monty Embleth had kissed her beneath a full moon. Sometimes Monty said the prettiest things. That night he had quoted a bit of poetry. Thomas Moore, he said, had written it. And Ashforth had looked it up later. "Fly Not Yet" was the name, and Monty had said that Moore was the loveliest Irish poet that ever lived.
Now she repeated it unashamedly to Jack. Girls can do the strangest things!
"Fly not yet; 'tis just the hour. When pleasure, like the midnight flower, That across the eye of vulgar light, Begins to bloom for sons of night. And mads who love the moon."
"Beautiful!" exclaimed Jack, when she had finished. "And now, little maid who loves the moon, empty your glass. Time flies!"
(To Be Continued)

The trial bench has a startling interruption in the next chapter.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW CRUISERS
Do we need them? Answered at Baptist church Sunday night, 7:30.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 17, 1929.
Notice is hereby given that Albert E. Delesenne, of Clatsop County, Oregon, on February 9, 1928, made, Adjoining Farm, Homestead Entry No. 9152, for Lot 6, Section 7, Township 27 N., Range 1 West, Williams 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 15th day of February, 1929.
Claimant claims as witnesses, I. Charles Chapman, Forest Ranger, Seth Matthews, Morris D. Matthews, all of Clatsop County, Oregon.
HAMILA, A. CANADAY, Register

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HASTINGS DRAWS FINE OF \$100 FOR BEING INTOXICATED

A fine of \$100 was imposed in the justice court yesterday afternoon on Herbert Hastings of Winchester who, entered a plea of guilty to a charge of being intoxicated in a public place. Hastings was arrested January 1, accused of possession of liquor, and on that charge faced a penitentiary term. District Attorney Gordon yesterday afternoon agreed to dismiss the possession charge. If Hastings would plead guilty to being intoxicated in public, as there was some question as to whether or not the state could prove that the bottle of liquor found in Hastings' car could be proven as being in the defendant's possession. The defense agreed to enter a plea of guilty to a charge of intoxication, and so a new complaint was drawn. Judge Hopkins imposed the maximum fine permitted under the statute.

'S A TOUGH LIFE
"You look very miserable."
"Yes, three weeks ago I drank too much champagne."
"But you must have got over the effects by now."
"Yes, but now I have to pay for it."—Der Gemuthliche Sachse, Leipzig.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS
WE LAUNDER LINENS IN A WAY... THAT BRINGS US COMPLIMENTS EACH DAY.

OREGON PENITENTIARY CONGESTION GETS WORSE
SALEM, Ore., Jan. 25.—The total population at the state penitentiary has increased to 716 inmates. Superintendent Henry Meyers reported Friday morning. This is the largest number in the history of the state ever to occupy a penal institution at one time.

The total of 715 Thursday was augmented Thursday evening by the receipt of a prisoner from Linn county, one of those said to have been involved in the jail break at Albany Thursday morning. Superintendent Meyers said that

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

HAVE YOU THE LATEST FEATURE, PROFESSOR? I'VE GONE INTO BUSINESS FOR MYSELF—WHOOPEE!

Well, Anyway—!!

WELL—I'VE JUST GONE INTO BUSINESS THEN

Or What?

SURE—THAT IS—I'VE GONE TO WORK

By Martin

YES—NO—OH WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN—I HAVEN'T YET, BUT I AM AS SOON AS I GET A JOB—NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED?

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

FRECKLES WILL BE GLAD TO GET THIS NICE DISH OF PIGS KNUCKLES THAT MOM WAS SO NICE TO BOIL UP FOR HIM!

He's No Owl

WHATCHA GOING IN THE HOSPITAL THIS WAY FOR, ALEX?

By Blosser

NOBODY SAW US AT ALL!

By Small

WHY-WHY-AES GONE! FRECKLES ISN'T HERE!!

SALESMAN SAM

"Hi, SAMMY, OLD SKATE—I SEE KITTY'S STILL ON THE JOB IN THE STORE—HOW ARE YOU AND SHE GETTING ALONG?"

He's No Owl

GREAT! IT'S GETTING SERIOUS I GUESS—I'VE BEEN CALLING ON HER EVERY NIGHT—

By Small

I REALLY COULDN'T SEE HER FOR THREE WEEKS!

By Small

OH, WE ALWAYS SIT WITH THE LIGHTS OUT!