

Waterless Cooker Special

A factory shipment of Aluminum Waterless Cookers, consisting of three pieces, just received, and we are making a Special Factory price on these indispensable utilities of

\$4.95

Cooks different food products at the same time and conserves all natural flavors without loss of any food values.

Entirely Eclipses the
Old Process of Boiling
and Baking.

Churchill Hardware Co.

The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—12 young ewes. Phone 45721.

FOR SALE—3 Jersey calves. Rt. 2, Box 32.

SEASONED large 2nd growth wood. \$2.75. Phone 33714.

FOR SALE—Drag saw, buzz saw and one cow. Phone 14732.

FIR block wood \$2.50 per tier; oak block \$3.25. Phone 24732.

BRICK, cement, drain tile, roofing and shingles at Pages.

FOR SALE—FIR block wood, \$2.50 per tier; oak block \$3.25. Phone 24732.

FOR SALE—Parebred Toggenberg milk goat. Call at 244 S. Pine or phone 568-J.

NUMBER ONE clear, kiln dried finish lumber. Page Lumber & Fuel Co.

FOR SALE—Parebred police pup, 6 months old. Mrs. W. R. Ellis. Phone 15722.

FOR SALE—Shepherd dog, 4 months old; good stock. Call 48712, Oakland.

FOR SALE—3 horse power steam boiler, in good condition. Oregon Bakery. Phone 241.

FOR SALE—Bred sow, will farrow about March 1st. E. R. Penn, Melrose, Ore.

DIAMOND BRICKS, Rock & C. Springs coal, Aberdeen Utah coal and slab wood at Pages.

PLYMOUTH Rock eggs for hatching, \$1 per setting, \$4 per hundred. J. M. Spane, East Ave.

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

SMELT—\$1 per 50 lb. box f. o. b. Kelso. Main run Col. river smelt. Strictly fresh. R. H. Fisher, Kelso, Wash., Box 861.

IF INTERESTED in buying a pleasant country home, near town, address Box 25, care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Chevrolet ton truck. Cheap if taken at once. W. L. Krantz, Garden Valley. Phone 3273.

FOR SALE, rent, or trade for acreage—5-room house, newly painted and painted. Address 220 N. Stephens, Roseburg.

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

ORDER DIRECT from producer and save money. Not a seed raiser, 20 lbs. \$1.25 postpaid. Fine quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order for 5 lbs. of dried apricots postpaid, \$5c. Most wonderful dried fruit. Fancy dried peaches, 10 lb. lots at 19c per lb., postpaid. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 412, Red Bluff, Calif.

Chiropractor

DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER

"Complete Health Service"

Mineral Vapor Baths

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Choice

GROCERY

Specials

This Store sends out to customers only Choice Food Products, and it is only necessary for you to phone in orders.

Free Delivery

Economy Grocery

O. L. JOHNSON

The Store That Serves You Best

Phone 65 344 N. Jackson St.

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashforth Ashe, traveling alone to the West Indies, shares her cabin with Mona de Musset, a mysterious Frenchwoman.

Mona, during a hysterical denunciation of Jack Smythe, has a hemorrhage of the lungs and tells Ashforth that she has not long to live.

Smythe, an Englishman aboard, has made love to both Mona and Ashforth. Mona swears that his book, "Pariah Girl," is the story of her life. And she declares that he might conceivably write, also, of Ashforth, who has permitted his knees. It develops that "Pariah Girl" is to be filmed for the talking movies, and that Smythe makes his living by writing the tales of his amours.

Ashforth is a little vague as to the meaning of "Pariah," she asks.

And then Mona, in frenzy, has another outburst, cursing Smythe and beating her breasts with her closed fist. Terrified, Ashforth rings the bell to call the stewardess.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

They came, finding two stewards and the stewardess. And the chief steward, too, who happened to be passing.

Someone dashed a glass of water in Mona's livid face. A steward hurried away for the doctor.

Presently her screams ceased, and she fell to sobbing. Great wracking sobs that shook her whole body. Her head hung limply over the side of the berth.

Ashforth saw a red stain on the pillow, and her heart seemed almost to stop beating with terror. "Lip rouge," whispered the stewardess. "Lord, it gave me a start!"

When the doctor came, he administered a hypodermic. Then, mixing a sedative, he left the stewardess in charge of the sick woman and motioned Ashforth from the room.

He was a curt little man, with quick, nervous speech. An ex-army surgeon, and used to plain talking. "She's done for," he announced unfeelingly. "Full of TB, and weary of passion and hysteria. She has a real residence. I understand, in Gaudaloupe. I shall make every effort to keep her alive until we reach there. Of course, the captain may insist that we put her ashore at the next island. Deaths at sea are a continued nuisance, and he would be quite within his rights in disclaiming all responsibility for her care. Obligations of the line cease immediately a sick person is conveyed to port in view, however, of the fact that Mademoiselle has friends at Gaudaloupe, he may consent to carry her that far."

WANTED

WANTED—2nd hand floor scales that will weigh 500 lbs. or more. Stephens Street Store. Phone 278.

WANTED for nine months. Willing to pay good rate of interest, security amounts to approximately 4 to 1 ratio. Address Box 4, care News-Review.

FOUND

FOUND—Row boat drift on North Unique river. Owner must give full particulars of size, etc., of boat. W. Common, Box 86, Riverdale.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRADE—Good car for Duram stocks. Inquire 248 N. Stephens.

PRICES reduced on shoe repairs at Frank's place. All work guaranteed. 544 S. Jackson.

FORD owners attention—get our special winter prices on motor overhauling or any other Ford work. 1 Union Garage.

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.

TO THE FARMERS—I have just installed a new disc sharpener which does a perfect job on disc plows or harrows. Bring them in before the rush starts. E. E. Woodcock Blacksmith Shop.

WILL TRADE—\$1000 equity in 5-room modern furnished house in Portland. Full price \$3800, for house or small place in or near Roseburg. Address 11 W. Jarrovi St., Portland, Ore.

the wall.

"There isn't a chance?" she murmured.

"Not a chance," he told her curtly. "It is unfortunate that they had her in with you. A mistake, of course. You should have complained immediately."

"Complained?" Ashforth was puzzled. "Because she was ill, you mean? But tuberculosis is not contagious surely?"

The doctor looked at her quizzically. "That was not what I meant," he said. "No—tuberculosis is not contagious."

Mona had fallen asleep. Her mouth was open, and her lips seemed blue and thick.

Ashforth remembered a blue she had read somewhere—"the reddest and the cruelest lips in town." She wondered if Mona's lips would ever be like that again.

She motioned to the stewardess to go, and drew a chair to Mona's berth. Everything was very still. It must, she reflected, be nearly dawn. She reached for Mona's hand, and when she found it was cold, began to rub it gently.

She sat there for hours. Until, with a start, she realized that morning had come, and the little cabin was flooded with sunshine.

She turned off the lights, and laid a towel wrung out in ice water across Mona's forehead. The girl stirred restlessly, and murmured something inaudible. Ashforth bent closer. . . . It was something about death. . . . Ashforth shivered, and straightened.

The doctor came soon, accompanied by the purser. Ashforth rang them for the stewardess, and slipped away for a shower. Her head was throbbing madly, and she ached with utter weariness.

"A cup of black coffee," she told herself determinedly, "will brace me right up. I simply can't get sick."

In the corridor she met Jack Smythe, on his way to the purser's office to inquire for Mona. He looked gravely at her as he told him what the doctor had said.

"I'm sicker than I can say," he declared. "It's a perfectly dreadful thing. I have talked with the purser about that, and he assures me that he knew absolutely nothing about Mademoiselle when he assigned her the same cabin. I regret the matter very much, and extend my sincere apologies."

The captain paused. "Now about Mademoiselle de Musset," he continued briskly. "We have cabied Gaudaloupe, and learn that she has kin living on the island. We will carry her there, and leave her in their charge. There is a French physician in Point a Pitre, and we have made arrangements to have him meet the boat with a letter."

"I have instructed the purser to

When she reached her cabin, she found a steward waiting at the door.

"The captain wants to see you, Miss," he informed her. He jerked his finger toward the closed door.

"The doctor's in there with her, I guess she's going to die, all right."

Ashforth put her hand on the knob.

"She's just had a hemorrhage," the man said. "You don't want to go in now, Miss."

Sick at heart and nauseated, Ashforth turned away.

The captain was a kindly man, whose blue, far-seeing eyes had looked on life and death—and many seas. He took her hand warmly between his great brown palms.

"The doctor tells me," he began without preamble, "that Mademoiselle de Musset is dying. He tells me, also, that you are rooming together. I have talked with the purser about that, and he assures me that he knew absolutely nothing about Mademoiselle when he assigned her the same cabin. I regret the matter very much, and extend my sincere apologies."

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woman as I knew her. But that woman was not simply Mona. She was a composite. Mona, in her colossal conceit, took all credit for the model.

"She was," he added reminiscently. "The best of all possible sweethearts."

Ashforth remembered Mona's invectives of the night before. . . . Smug . . . self-sufficed.

She turned quickly from him, and flung a parting glance over her shoulder.

"Among the compensations of being a woman," she murmured, "I claim, I have a really dying."

He bowed a little, acknowledging a compliment.

"And you," he retorted quickly, "are to be counted, my dear, among the compensations of living."

She turned then, and came back to him.

"I never want you to speak to me again," she commanded. "If you come back on this boat, I hope you will remember that if Mona dies, I shall feel as if you were her murderer."

He flushed uncomfortably. "I wish you wouldn't talk that way!" he protested. "I tell you Mona is a victim of her own passion. She has the most devastating temper in the world. It is my fault if she loses her head, and ruptures her lungs."

"The more you talk," Ashforth told him acidly, "the more I hate you."

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FOOD SALE

Umpqua Unit of the American Legion Auxiliary will hold a cooked food sale at McKeen, Darby and Baldwin's Saturday, Feb. 2nd.

See you a suite on A deck, to make amends for the unfortunate accommodations previously accorded you.

At all his words, Ashforth glimpsed just one dreadful thing. "Mona is really dying!" she murmured. "I can hardly believe it."

"Too bad," consoled the captain. "But these things do happen, you know. Nothing we can do about it. She's getting every possible attention. Doctor Saunders tells me her resistance is completely gone. A tempestuous woman. Mademoiselle. Something of a character here in the Indies, you know. This happens to be her first trip with me, but I've known her by repute for a good many years. It surprised me to learn that her name meant nothing at all to the purser."

"Why, I remember last time I was in Paris Mona was by way of becoming an international sensation. She'd been in the Folies, you know. A few counts started chasing her around, and some millionaire from the Argentine. The papers were full of her. American entertainers in Paris are always popular, you know. And, though Mona was born on a French island, she lived in the States long enough to acquire sufficient Americanisms to put her across."

"The famous Charlotte Barker never got a husband. Mona was around Charlotte, as a matter of fact, was extremely jealous, though the two pretended to be great friends."

Ashforth had seen pictures of Charlotte Barker. She had big white teeth, and a dazzling, almost smile. And she danced in the Folies Bergere.

A friend of Maizie's had taken a trip to Paris, and brought back a long, brown doll that Mona was supposed to look like Charlotte Barker. This friend said Charlotte had a night club in Montmartre, and was making oodles of money.

She was supposed to have the most beautiful figure and the loveliest skin in the world. And she had countless admirers. It was rumored, in fact, that she had married the titled gentleman who followed her about carrying a white Pekinese.

So Mona de Musset was a music hall favorite, like Charlotte Barker!

There was a knock at the cabin door.

"Come in," the captain called. And Dr. Saunders entered the room.

(To Be Continued)

Mona paints her lips for her rendezvous with Death—and in the next chapter she dies.

More than twenty-one centuries of service is the record of forty active employees of the Western Union Telegraph company. Of this number eleven were telegraph operators, handling a key with old-fashioned

BIDS WANTED