

Ironing Boards

Labor Saver, and an Indispensable Help in every home. Specially priced at

\$2.00

Get one of those extra good non-inflammable ironing pads, black or white, that we are offering just now, at

\$1.25

Come in and let us show you these desirable utilities.

Churchill Hardware Co.

The Winchester Store

America Legion Show Antlers Feb. 19-20

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

FORD touring, 1927. Sell cheap or trade, cows or what? Box 345, Sutherlin.

WE still have a few fine S. C. White Leghorn cockerels. Phone 6F22.

FOR SALE—6 nice turkey hens, bronze color and not purebred, \$3.50 each. Ward's Cafe.

FOR SALE—2 horse power steam boiler, in good condition, \$25. Oregon Bakery, Phone 241.

FOR SALE—Hatching eggs, R. I. Reds, 50 each. Inquire C. C. Groves, Rt. 1, Roseburg or phone 5F35.

FOR SALE—Battered Rock hatching eggs, O. A. C. strain, 6c apiece. E. E. Baker, Coos Junction.

FOR SALE—240 acres, fine goat or sheep ranch, some improvements. Address "M. A." care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Fresh milk goats—Nubian and Toggenburg. Address C. H. Murray, Rt. 1, Box 1, Medford, Ore.

SMELT—41 per 50 lb. box. O. B. Kelso, Main run Col. river smelt. Strictly fresh. R. B. Fisher, Kelso, Wash. Box 864.

FOR SALE—4 ft. slab wood, \$1.50 a cord at mill at Coos Junction, or \$4.25 delivered. Also 16-inch slabs. O. C. Welkel.

USED MOTOR TRUCKS—From light delivery to five-ton sizes, all makes. C. E. Spaulding, 401 S. Main, Phone 221-KX.

FOR SALE CHEAP—For less than 1 price, 1 Royal furnace, good as new. John H. Kelly, 504 N. Jackson.

FOR SALE—Nice Newtown apples, medium size. Inquire Campview Service Station, Riverside, J. F. Rutter, Phone 25F11.

LAVABOIRS AND BROOMS—We have oil and coal burning brooms in stock. Low prices. Leake & Beyers Co.

FOR SALE—150 sheep, lambing, about 40 lambs now. If you want a good buy, come and see them. J. B. Cathcart, Yoncalla, Ore.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—12 acres about 3 miles from Roseburg. What have you? Owen R. Helm, Rt. 1, Box 56-A, Marshfield, Ore.

FLOWS, HARROWS, DISCS—We have a complete stock of Oliver tillage tools at reasonable prices. Leake & Beyers Co., 1, O. O. F. Bldg.

FOR SALE—Navel oranges 50c peck, olives 75c gallon, grape fruit 30c, 50c, 75c dozen; lemons 25c dozen. A. E. Rutter, Rt. 2, Box 37-A, Phone 25F11.

SEE THIS—A and B eliminator has seen very little service, fully guaranteed. Complete outfit \$22.50. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens, Phone 126.

FOR SALE—O. A. C. Barred Rock eggs at \$1 per 15, or \$6 for 100. These are from the laying strain that the O. A. C. sells for \$1 each. Also fir shakes at \$7.50 per 1000, and smooth bark cedar posts \$7 per L. M. Rice, Glendale, Ore. Phone 34F21.

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, 5c. Most wonderful dried fruit. Fancy dried peaches, 10 lb. lots at 10c per lb. postpaid. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 412, Red Bluff, Calif.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Modern furnished heated apartments. Call 124 W. Douglas after 5.

FOR RENT—3-room flat with sleeping porch. Also garage. 204 W. Douglas.

FOR RENT—16 acres garden land near city limits. A. A. Bellows, 544 Military Ave.

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

FOR RENT—3-room apartment, furnished. Electric stove, hot and cold water, 223 East Lane. Inquire Duhar Bros.

WANTED

WANTED—Pruning for shrubbery trees or orchard. Call at 245 S. Pine or phone 221-L, Roseburg.

WE WANT your coal business and expect to show our appreciation by good coal and prompt and courteous service. Pages.

MISCELLANEOUS

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

CEMENT work in all its branches, day or contract. Mixers and building hoist for hire. James Miller, Phone 119-Y.

WILL TRADE—5 miles north of Eugene, all in fruit. 8-room modern house, plumbing and electric lights, garage, 2 large chicken houses, 1 brooder house, 1 mile school, church and store. Trade for larger farm close to Roseburg. Suitable for poultry and dairy. Address H. A. Sims, Eugene, M. R. "A".

A PUBLIC SERVANT

OLD LADY (the wife of popular actor): Tell me, dear, what is your husband like in private life? WIFE: He never had one—Till Bits.

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



We have found our way to public favor on the laundry highway of Police Service. We are polite, our work is polite and our patrons are perfectly pleased.

Roseburg Steam Laundry

PHONE 79

Orchard

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Aahle, returning from a trip to the West Indies, has gotten herself engaged to her former employer, Hollis Hart, rich beyond a poor girl's wildest dreams.

Her happy homecoming is almost ruined. Before she has a chance to tell her mother, Maizie, of her engagement, she learns that Monty Eastish, who used to be her sweetheart, is flying over from New York to see her. Hollis is also flying over.

Ashtoreth is alarmed, lest they travel together—her fiancé and her ex-sweetheart. There is no telling, of course, what might be divulged under such circumstances. There is, also, the unpleasant suspicion that they may arrive at her flat together—and that would be decidedly awkward.

But, worse than Monty's dreaded appearance, is the fact that Maizie has befriended a common little adventuress named Sadie Morton, who was formerly in Hollis Hart's employ. Sadie has already secured money from Hollis. Now she announces her further intention of blackmailing him.

Ashtoreth is horrified. Of course, neither her mother nor Sadie realizes that Hollis is her fiancé. But Maizie protests, as a matter of common decency. And Sadie turns to Ashtoreth.

"Do you blame me, Ash?" she demands. "A guy as rich as him—"

"The telephone rings shrilly."

"NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXXVI"

"Excuse me, please," said Maizie, with her best company manner, and rose to answer.

"What? No—this is I. No, there's nobody here by that name."

Ashtoreth's insides rose and fell, and rose again, in that peculiar fashion of insides, when their owners are in great mental distress.

"I guess you got the wrong number," concluded Maizie affably. "And Ashtoreth's stomach was curiously soothed."

She put her hand on her heart, and decided it would probably slow down in a minute. Her stomach felt like an empty cavern, but it had stopped churning. And that was something.

"I thought maybe it was Monty," said Maizie, smiling all over, and standing near Ashtoreth lovingly. "I wonder what time he'll get here."

"Monty?" shrieked Sadie. "Is Monty coming to Boston?"

"He's flying over," announced Maizie proudly.

"Gee, I wonder how much that costs? There's a guy that don't count his pennies," approved Sadie.

She smiled at Ashtoreth. "Guess he must be crazy about you, Ash. But Ashtoreth could not return the smile. She looked at Sadie

coldly.

"You don't really mean," she demanded, "that you are going to sue Mr. Hart?"

"I certainly do!"

Sadie laid down her knife and fork, clattering. "And what's it to you?" she inquired.

"But, Sadie, it would be so dishonorable! Besides, you signed an agreement to leave him alone!"

Maizie looked puzzled.

"An agreement?" she said, frowning. "What do you mean, Ashtoreth?"

Sadie crimsoned, and shoved her chair back from the table.

"That's right!" she jeered. "Spill the beans!"

"Doesn't mother know the whole story?"

Ashtoreth abandoned all pretense at eating. "It's your own fault, Sadie, if I've given something away. I'm sure I don't know what you've been telling."

"Why, she told me," began Maizie hesitantly.

But Sadie cut in sharply. "Oh, let's talk about something else!"

"You began it," pointed out Ashtoreth.

"Yeah. Well, we'll drop it now."

Maizie rose to take the dishes away, scraping them at the table, and gathering up the silver.

"If you'd rather have apple pie," she instructed, "keep your forks. We got some lovely chocolate pudding, with whipped cream. I think maybe you'd rather have that. The pie's just a little doughy-looking. Maybe the oven was too slow."

There's a whole half jar of nice heavy cream left."

She ambled from the room, with her arms full of dishes. And Sadie turned quickly to Ashtoreth.

"What your mother don't know won't hurt her," she said. "And I didn't see any need for telling her about the apartment and all."

Oh, I told her enough. V. to keep her from worrying. I didn't want her thinking I was a bad girl."

"No?" Ashtoreth was sharply sarcastic. "And what do you suppose she's going to think about you now?"

"But, Ash—Sadie spread out her hands bereechantly. "That guy got more money than good for him. He's rotten with it, that's what he is. And Mr. Corum says—"

Maizie, with the coffee pot, entered the room.

"Nobody ate their nice dinner!" she moaned. "I declare it's real discouraging."

"Why, Mums, I ate a lot!" protested Ashtoreth.

"You've no more appetite than a bird," wailed her mother. "Just peck at your food, that's all."

"Well, I'll eat a big helping of pudding," consoled Ashtoreth.

"With shreds of whipped cream."

"There's a swell program on the

radio tonight," announced Sadie, sugaring her coffee.

"I just got the batteries charged," contributed Maizie. "Monty wrote, and said he'd get me an electric one. But I wasn't going to let the boy pay for it, and I knew he'd never send me a bill."

"What time is Monty getting here?"

Sadie was making conversation politely, and with apparent effort. "Do you know what time he left New York?"

Ashtoreth shook her head.

"No, I don't. He wired mother that he was arriving by plane, and must see me immediately. It sounds sort of mysterious."

Maizie smiled vaguely.

"It sounds sort of like he was in love," she speculated shrewdly. "Don't you think so, Sadie?"

"Who—me? Oh, you bet!" Sadie folded her napkin carefully. "Now don't you two do the dishes. I'm going to run down to the mail box. I'll be right back. Want me to take your letter, Ash?"

Ashtoreth was confused.

"No, thanks," she said. "It isn't quite ready yet. But don't wait. It isn't awfully important. Tomorrow will be time enough."

"Now, honey, you go right in and lie down," ordered Maizie gently, when Sadie had gone. "You look all tuckered out. I'll just clear the table, and pile up the dishes. And we'll let them go till morning. Sadie's real good about helping."

And don't you pay any attention to her talk about Mr. Hart, dear."

"You don't think she means it, mother?"

"Oh, she means it right enough," Maizie's mouth closed grimly.

"But I went down to see this Mr. Corum yesterday, and I gave him a good piece of my mind. Blackmail—that's all it is."

"I told him Sadie was under my protection, and I wasn't going to stand for any monkey tricks, not from him, nor anybody else. I told him from all I ever heard, Mr. Hart was a good, decent man, and Sadie herself wouldn't ever say he'd been anything but a gentleman to her."

Maizie lowered her voice.

"Do you know, dear, what those two were cooking up—Sadie and this lawyer of hers? Well, you'd never guess!"

Maizie shoved her daughter into a chair.

"Sit down," she ordered affectionately, "and take a load off your feet."

"What was it, Mums?" Ashtoreth wondered if she could keep the excitement out of her voice.

"Well, it seems—" Maizie bent a little nearer, as though she were imparting a secret, and the very walls had ears—"there's a story around Mr. Hart's office that he's off somewhere with some woman. An this Dan Corum—he's a terrible unscrupulous man. Ashtoreth—he figured, if they could get any proof, they'd be able to blackmail Mr. Hart. Well, I don't know exactly what Sadie had to do with that part of it. But she's been snooping around his office, trying to pick

up some information, I suppose.

"And then there's something about a hired girl at Mr. Hart's aunt's house. She isn't really a hired girl at all, but a detective from Corum's office. She's trying to worm things out of the aunt, I suppose. Maybe she's opening letters for all I know. It's an awful dirty mess, Ashtoreth."

"But, mother!"

"Be careful, Lamb, that you don't let Sadie know what an old sleuth you got for a mother."

Maizie chuckled richly. "Wouldn't she be surprised though?"

"Why, mother, it's dreadful!"

Ashtoreth took her mother's hands, and held them tightly. Her own were like ice.

"Don't you worry, dear. I got Sadie under my wing now, and she's not going to get in any trouble. What that girl needs is a mother's eye on her. The trouble with you young people," pronounced Maizie, "is you forget your mothers know it all before you. Sadie now—she thinks I'm an old fogy, and innocent as a babe unborn. Talking with a girl like her wouldn't do any good, so I just took things in my own hands, and acted accordingly."

"But, Mums, she'll go right ahead. You can't stop her. Besides, you don't know everything she told Corum."

Maizie's lips tightened.

"All I know," she said, "is that little snip of a Sadie Morton is playing right in the hands of a blackmailer that's got more brains in his little finger than Sadie's got in her whole head. And that's not healthy for Sadie. No girl living under my roof is going to get mixed up in anything that's not decent and above board."

"I told Corum I'd go straight to the district attorney, if he didn't drop the whole business. I asked him what Mr. Hart ever did that was wrong to Sadie. And I asked Sadie the same question. Sadie says herself he was perfectly decent all the time she worked for him, and I believe her. But this Corum—he intimidated things."

"Now, what I think, Ashtoreth, is this—they're planning, between them, to dig up some dirt on Mr. Hart—and maybe it'll be true, and maybe it won't. And they'll ask him for some hush money, and say they'll tell what they know if he don't give it to them. Perhaps it's true—about this woman they say he's with now. Maybe he'll want to protect her name."

"But if he stands up on his two feet, and says he won't give them a thing—then this Corum is going to wheedle Sadie into filling out a paper, swearing that Mr. Hart did things to her."

"Oh, mother! Mother!"

"Why, Ashtoreth, what's the matter, honey?"

"But he never did, Mums. I know he never did."

"Of course he didn't, honey. Maizie comforted her child, caring her adoringly. "You feel about it just like I do, don't you, dear?"

LAND PLASTER!

Get it from the car Saturday. Fertilizer of all kinds now in stock.

Ask for Vigoro.

Special. Tractor Disc

\$60.00

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg

Oakland

AGENTS FOR

L. & H. Electric Ranges
Hood River Spray Co.
Sutherland Spray Co.

Bean Spray Pump Co.
John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

CHILD'S MURDER LAID TO MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER

(Associated Press Local Wire)

ST. JOSEPH, Mich., Feb. 14.—Arraigned in justice court this afternoon on charges of causing the death of five-month-old Clarence Wesley Gorham last Sunday, Mrs. Ethel Lewis, 49, and Mrs. Okel Gorham, respectively grandmother and mother of the child, waived examination and were bound over to circuit court.

Mrs. Gorham has accused Mrs. Lewis, her mother, of poisoning and strangling the child and also alleged Mrs. Lewis had slain seven other children the last five years.

Alfalfa and clover seed at Wharton Bros.

Regular meeting Monday night, Feb. 18, at K. of P. hall promptly at 7:30. Dancing and cards at 9 for members and invited guests. Good music and refreshments.

COMMITTEE.

You and mother'll take care of Sadie. She's a foolish little girl, and she needs somebody like us to sort of watch over her. ... Sh! Maizie lifted her hand warningly. "Here she is now, dear."

Ashtoreth sprang to her feet. "Maybe it's Monty," she said.

"Smooched her apron, and put her hands to her hair. ... I'll run out, and turn the gas on under the coffee pot. I'll bet he feels just like a good cup of hot coffee. And some brownies—Monty loves my brownies."

She was in the kitchen, when the door opened.

(To Be Continued)

Real tragedy in the next chapter. A dreadful, dreadful thing happens.

A full line of garden and flower seeds is in stock at Wharton Bros.

CONVICTS IN FATAL CLASH

(Associated Press Local Wire)

SACRAMENTO, Calif., Feb. 15.—Bare hands apparently proved more potent weapons than a knife blade and a piece of broken glass in a fight today in the blackness of the photographers' darkroom at Folsom prison. One convict is dead and another is in the prison hospital.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and five forever stands Road Stand

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Horace Will Get Even

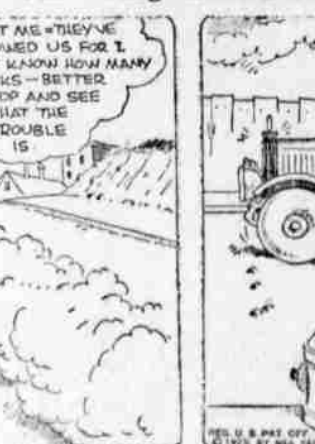


By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



The Wrong Ambulance



By Blosser

Following Through



By Small