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Old fashion cast iron kitchen utilities that are so handy and at old time prices.

WAFFLE IRONS
BREAD PANS
SKILLETS
YANKEE BOWLS
DUTCH OVENS WITH TRIVET
AND MANY OTHERS

Churchill Hardware Co.
The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

GOOD LUMBER, good service, and fair prices at Pages.

WOOD—Dry fir block, 3 tiers \$8. Phone 10723.

FOR SALE—3-month-old pigs at \$3.50 each. J. O. Metz ranch, Canyonville, Ore.

WELL-SEASONED large second-growth wood, 12, 16, 24-inch. Phone 33714.

FOR SALE—Barroo Rock hatchling eggs, O. A. C. strain, 60 apiece. E. E. Baker, Coos Junction.

RESTAURANT FOR SALE—\$150 will handle. Box 18, care News-Review.

FOR SALE—Ford truck, new engine, Russell gear. Bargain. G. T. Royer, Dillard.

FOR SALE—Second growth fir wood, \$2.75 per tier, \$2.50 for two or more tiers. Phone 351-L.

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

SMELT—\$1 per 50 lb. box f. o. b. Kelso. Main run Col. river smelt. Strictly fresh. R. R. Fisher, Kelso, Wash. Box 591.

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

FOR SALE—Fancy Klamath Noted Gem potatoes. Will give 5c in trade for good clean standard-size sacks, at South End Camp Ground, Roseburg, Ore.

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

FOR SALE—Four-tube Fada radio, new batteries and complete aerial kit. \$35 takes it. You can't find a better buy for the money. Auto Electric Station, 122 S. Stephens. Phone 126.

FADA RADIO \$74—Six-tube Fada, new A and B batteries, Fada cone speaker and complete antenna. Nothing else to buy. See this in our window. 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 lb. M. Rice, Glendale, Ore. Phone 36721.

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 412, Red Bluff, Calif.

MISCELLANEOUS

STRAYED—A yellow mare from near Winchester. Call Macon Smith at Ford Garage.

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.

FOR EXCHANGE—Lots 10, 11, 12 Crescent Heights Addition, on Pacific highway, clear, exchange one or all for late model standard make car. Look at property and submit your proposition. J. E. Moore, Beaver Creek, Ore.

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. COCKLEHEADS

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, engaged to Hollis Hart, her millionaire employer, finds herself, unexpectedly, in a wretched situation. An unpleasant story concerning their romance has reached the papers.

On top of that, Hollis figures in an airplane accident with Monty English, her ex-sweetheart. And meantime, Sadie Morton (a friend of Ashtoreth's) is threatening to sue Hollis. Sadie's game is black mail. Ashtoreth, mortified and frightened, determines to thwart Sadie's schemes, and marry Hollis immediately.

He telephones her from Connecticut, where the plane crashed, that he is on his way to Boston. And he tells her that he can have the five-day marriage law waived, and marry her in the morning.

She is excited and happy, but a bit dismayed because of the disconcerting news of Monty English. Monty was also flying in Ashtoreth. When Hollis telephoned, Monty was with him. He asked to speak to Mrs. Ashe, but the connection was abruptly severed.

Now, Ashtoreth, with her head in a mad whirl, is planning for her marriage.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIX
Getting married to a famous man isn't half as nice as it sounds. That is, it's a dreadful strain.

A regular nightmare, Ashtoreth said. Only worse. Oh, much, much worse. . . . When reporters asking a girl how many nightgowns she had, and if it was a love match. And would she please tell them the story of her romance, and how Mr. Hart proposed? And where they were going to live? And did she mean to have a family?

"I wonder, my dear Miss Ashe," purred Miss Fannie Brown, sob sister of the Trumpet, "if you will tell all the little stenographers in the city how to win a husband. Through the pages of the Trumpet, you know. On the Woman's Page. A nice, dignified little interview."

There were photographers, with big black cameras, on the steps. And movie men, who set up tripods on the sidewalk. There were reporters from every paper in town. And several from New York besides.

The telephone rang incessantly. Messengers arrived in droves. And Ashtoreth wrung her plump hands, and called on heaven to witness a mother's grief.

Ashtoreth wanted to be married in ivory satin, with a wimple like a nun's, to swathe her throat and face. She wanted to carry a pure white Easter lily, with a long stem. All her life she had dreamed about it. All she had to do was close her eyes and hear the organ music roll. She could see herself, a vision in filmy white, standing on a red carpet, before a great white altar, with candles so lofty they

seemed half lost in the darkness. Standing before a man of God, important in ecclesiastical robes and the trappings of churchly office. While a golden tenor, trembling passionately, should sing, "O Promise Me."

Probably every girl dreams of such a wedding. And some see their dreams come true.

Anybody would think that Ashtoreth, engaged to one of the richest men in the country, could have been married in any fashion she chose. As a matter of fact, she joined hands with Hollis in the office of Mr. Harvey Higginbottom, who was his attorney. And happened, also, to be a justice of the peace.

She wore a black crepe satin, six months old. A small velvet hat, and a pointed fox scarf.

In her case were large single pearls, and about her neck a graduated string. On the third finger of her left hand she wore another monstrous pearl, gleaming from a gorgeous setting of diamonds. Hollis had bought them in New York, after she had taken the train for Boston.

The scarf he had also bought. It was in the window of a nearby shop, and impressed itself upon him as being soft and beautiful enough to warm the pale, ailing throat of his lovely Orchid. The pearls he had carried in his pocket.

The scarf arrived, by messenger from New York, a few moments before the ceremony.

Ashtoreth carried an armful of orchids. Hollis, she decided, must have ordered them by the gross. They were in bowls and vases, everywhere about Mr. Higginbottom's office. On the desk and the window sills, and the mantle.

They were married at noon, on the heels of an incredible morning. Hollis had arrived some time after midnight, with a terrible tale of the airplane accident, and high praise of Monty English.

It was very foggy, and they were flying low. Three hundred feet or so, he thought, from the ground. Suddenly the motor died, and the plane went into a spin.

As she crashed through the trees, the wings were torn from the fuselage. And the body, when they struck the ground, was twisted and battered into a shapeless mass.

The pilot, Hollis said, was badly shaken up. The shock alone had almost killed him. He and Monty had climbed from the forward cockpit, and lifted the poor chap out. He was bleeding from the nose and mouth, and crying like a woman.

Hollis stayed with him, while Monty sought the open road, and help. There was a newspaper in the plane, that Monty had carried. Hollis was tearing it apart, and using it to staunch the flow of blood from the pilot's nose, when his own name, on the front page,

caught his eye.

"Hollis Hart, prominent Bostonian," it said, "returned today on the S. S. Juanita from a cruise to the West Indies. With Mr. Hart was a young lady of unusual beauty, said to have been a stenographer in his employ. Her name on the passenger list was given as Ashtoreth Ashe, and her address Boston."

"Miss Ashe is a striking brunette with beautiful eyes of a peculiar gray-green. Her age was given as 22. She is all, and slim."

"Mr. Hart is said to have expressed a particular preference for the romantic tales of the Caribbean. A retreat at Dominica is alleged to have been visited by Miss Ashe, who left the boat at the island, while the other passengers went on to Trinidad."

"Upon the return voyage of the S. S. Juanita, Miss Ashe resided with Mr. Hart."

"Passengers who viewed the romance with considerable interest, declare that the devotion of the millionaire to the beautiful stenographer was the talk of the boat."

"Mr. Hart, well known man about town, has already figured in many affairs of the heart. His engagement has been frequently rumored, and as many times denied."

"The Hart fortune is estimated as exceeding \$20,000,000. The family has been foremost in Boston society for many generations, and dates its American ancestry to the early Huguenot settlers. Mr. Hart is a sportsman of note. He is well known for his philanthropies, and has often been called the most eligible bachelor in America."

"Efforts to reach the Ashe family in Boston had failed at a late hour this afternoon. Following their departure from the boat, Mr. Hart registered at the Ritz, but checked out shortly. He and his fair companion are believed to be enroute to Boston."

Hollis had torn the story from the paper and stuffed it in his pocket. Shortly Monty returned with help, and the injured pilot was conveyed to a hospital. By that time, wires across the nation were humming with news of the accident, and the remarkable escape of the two passengers. Names were ascertained, and the story of Hollis' return from the Caribbean linked with the news of the crash.

The Ashe—mother and daughter—locked the door of their apartment. And silenced the electric buzzer, and stuffed the telephone bell to hear from Hollis.

His story of his adventure with Monty English, former sweetheart of the girl he loved.

Maizie had met her future son-in-law stiffly. He was, she reflected sourly, old enough to be her elder brother. He had, moreover, involved Ashtoreth in an unpleasant scandal. She looked on him with distrust, and shook his hand coldly, coloring with displeasure.

His ease and assurance put her at a disadvantage. So that she was awkward, and more ungacious perhaps, than she meant to be.

She was jealous when he touched Ashtoreth, and angry. She could have cried, when he took her child in his arms, and kissed her. Her

mother instincts were untamed as a tiger's, and she wanted to strike his arms away, and tear his hands from Ashtoreth's shoulders. She thought of Monty, and could not dismiss him from her mind.

"If it was Monty," she thought, "I should not mind losing Ashtoreth to him. It wouldn't be like losing her then."

She felt that Hollis would separate her forever from her adored child. And the dreadful fear became a horrible conviction, as she watched them together.

"Tell me," she interrupted their love making. "Tell me, Mr. Hart, about Monty."

"Oh, yes—young English!" Hollis started. "A remarkably fine young man, Mrs. Ashe."

"Yes," Maizie agreed grimly. "He's one fine boy, Monty is. I love him as if he was my own son. They don't come any better than Monty. Money or no money, you can't beat a fine, clean boy, Mr. Hart."

"Oh, mother!" deprecated Ashtoreth faintly.

"It's such a long story," apologized Hollis. "I'm afraid I haven't been very coherent. I told you about seeing the story in the paper, and thrusting it in my pocket. Well, when young English came back, he noticed I'd destroyed the rest of the paper, do you see, and this was sticking out of my pocket. He reached, and pulled it out."

"Were you saving this?" he asked. "It happens to be something I wanted myself."

"Well, naturally, I was surprised. Is that so?" I said. Then I told him that I was Hollis Hart, and that the young lady was my fiancée.

"Do you happen to know her?" I asked. "Is that why you were interested?"

"For a moment, the boy looked as though I had struck him in the face. He staggered a bit, and I thought he was going to fall. The crash had unnerved him a bit."

"Do I know her?" he gasped. "My God, man, I love her!"

Hollis looked directly at Ashtoreth.

"And then," he told her, "I knew it must be Monty English—the boy who wanted to meet you at the pier. I think I put out my hand to him. I called him by name. I believe. It's all a little hazy."

Maizie was wiping her eyes. "It's a shame!" she moaned. "My heart goes out to Monty."

"That's why he was coming to Boston," Ashtoreth—she read that story in the paper.

"Yes, he told me so," continued Hollis. "You see, Orchid, he could not know, my darling, how much I loved you. He was coming, I think, to beat me up, or shoot me, or something of the sort. He thought—"

"Poor dear Monty!" murmured Ashtoreth.

Maizie sat up straight, and looked suspicious.

"He was with you when you phoned," she said. "But he'd gone by the time I got to the telephone."

Hollis nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Ashe."

OPEN SEASON!

This is the season when poultrymen are bombarded daily by salesmen and advertisers selling poultry feeds, tonics, etc., of more or less merit. They naturally pick a time when it is hard to prove whether the feed or the season is responsible for results. Any healthy chick will grow on most any kind of feed—SOME. Any healthy hen will lay eggs in the spring on most any kind of feed—SOME. But if you want to be sure of best results, feed Crown Feeds.

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange

Roseburg AGENTS FOR
L. & M. Electric Ranges
Hood River Spray Co.
Sutherland Spray Co.
Bean Spray Pump Co.
John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

NEW COMMITTEES OF COUNTRY CLUB ARE APPOINTED

Directors of the Roseburg country club met last night at the Empress hotel and took up matters of business pertaining to the activities of the club. A plan was worked out to secure more prompt payment of dues, and is expected to strengthen the club financially during the season. It was also voted to make numerous improvements to the clubhouse and grounds during the year. All committees were appointed except the tournament committee, which was left for further consideration following the resignation of J. W. Perkins as chairman. Other committees are as follows:

Greens committee, A. A. Wilder, Bill Curran, C. W. Wharton; house committee, R. L. Whipple, Thos. Nease, Chas. Lockwood; membership committee, Nathan Fullerton; finance and budget committee, B. R. Shoemaker, Bert Sutherland, H. O. Fargyler.

TRYING A COMEBACK

Lewis: What a peculiar expression on that woman's face over there!

Clark: Yes. She is trying to blush at the story somebody just told.—Life.

SPRING THIS ON HUSBY

BERLIN—This should give women something to talk about. After all these years of being acclaimed the gabbiest of the two sexes, Herr Perlmutter, a German actor, sunk the female record when he talked 132 hours without stopping.

Page wire fencing. We are assembling car of Page High Carbon spring wire coyote fencing. Write for car door prices. Starns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

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

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



It Must Have Been Good!



By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Nothing to Show



By Blosser

SALESMAN SAM



By Small

"UNWRITTEN LAW" WINS FOR WIDOW

SOMERSET, Ky., Feb. 18.—A jury Saturday acquitted Mrs. Ida Craps Perkins in her trial for killing Mrs. Pearl Decker Owens, whom she shot to death last August as Mrs. Owens sat beside her husband, Logan Perkins, on a train day coach. Mrs. Craps pleaded the "unwritten law."

CHILD FALLS AGAINST STOVE WHILE ALONE

(Associated Press Local Wire)
PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 18.—Left playing alone in the kitchen for a few moments, Thelma Fausett, two years old, fell against the stove and was severely burned today when her clothing caught fire. Hospital attendants said the burns were serious but that the child probably would recover.