



Stainless Steel Kitchen Ware

Spoons, Knives, Forks, Peeling Knives, and innumerable other utilities that are indispensable, and they are positively stainless, and will keep their brightness to a wonderful degree.

Ask to see these splendid lines.

Churchill Hardware Co.
The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

CHEAP SHINGLES for sheds and siding. Pages.

FOR SALE—Household furniture and canned fruit. 904 Mill St.

FOR SALE—A cow giving 5 gallons per day. F. F. Parker, Wilbur, Ore.

FOR SALE—Large, grade Jersey cow; milking now. Price \$40. S. B. Dunn, 524-22.

FOR SALE—45 head of goats, \$1 per head. Also 1200-lb. work horse, \$40. Phone 24F2.

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

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

SPRAY HOSE—200 ft. quality spray hose at reasonable prices. Spray guns \$5 each. Leake & Beyers Co.

FLOWERS, HARRIS, DISCS—On-ward implements are hard to beat. Low prices. Leake & Beyers Co., 100 E. F. Bldg.

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

HATCHING EGGS—Large eggs from selected 2 and 3 year old Hanson strain White Leghorns, 35 per 100. E. S. Pruner, Riddle, Ore.

SHERWIN WILLIAMS SPRAY MATERIALS—Dry line sulphur, oil spray, arsenate of lead, sprayer. Reasonable prices. Leake & Beyers Co.

ORDER DIRECT from producer and save money. Not a seed raising, 20 lbs. \$1.25 postpaid. Fine quality. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order for 5 lbs. of dried apricots postpaid, 85c. Most wonderful dried fruit. Fancy dried peaches, 10 lbs. lots at 10c per lb., postpaid. J. A. Cobb, P. O. Box 413, Red Bluff, Calif.

USED CAR BARGAINS

1925 Ford Coupe	\$175
1924 Ford Coupe	\$150
1923 Ford Coupe	\$75
1925 Ford Del. Ruckstell	\$75
1924 Ford Tour. Ruckstell	\$90
1923 Ford Touring	\$50
1922 Ford Touring	\$25
1924 Studebaker Tour.	\$150
1924 Essex 4 Touring	\$250
1923 Dodge Touring	\$150
1924 Ford Sedan	\$200
1926 Essex Coach	\$275
1923 Buick Roadster	\$250
1922 Buick Roadster	\$75

Roy Catching Motor Co.

HUDSON-ESSEX

Rear of Hotel Umpqua
Phone 438

FOR SALE—Good Netted Gem potatoes. Will give 5c in trade for 1500 or 2000 good clean standard size sacks. Have a few sacks Netted Gem seed potatoes. At South End Camp Ground, Roseburg, Ore.

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.

TRADE—Gearheart knitting machine, almost new, for cow or what? Sale mixed Glads, blooming size, \$125 per 100; named assorted 5c each, less than 100 25c postpaid. Mixed buttons, 10c. See Mary Baird, Oakland, Ore.

WANTED

WANTED—Quitting, please reasonable. Late. Phone for mornings, 1279 Umpqua Ave.

WANTED—Wash to wear from parties who have good second hand. Koller lighting plant to sell. Address 100 S. Main. Phone 221-KX.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED—Financing responsible party as exclusive distributor for California grape juice compound (brick), one brick makes one gallon juice. Port, Sherry, Champagne, Mescalito and other flavors. No violation Violated Act; intended for juice only or Sacramento Port and Sherry. Write, stating address and phone number, to Box 23, care News-Review.

FOR RENT

ROOM cottage for rent. Phone 187-R.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished apt. 315 S. Pine St.

FOR RENT—Large garden spot, berries, fruit trees. See it at 509 N. Pine St., City.

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

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

FOR RENT—3 room apartment, furnished. Electric stove, hot and cold water, 233 East Lane. Inquire Huber Bros.

HE LOVED A PORTRAIT

PARIS—Mme. B. can complement herself on the quality of her art. She had painted several pictures of her daughter and one day a friend brought a very wealthy Argentine to her studio to look over her work. He fancied the picture of her daughter and bought three of them. The next day he returned to the studio and said: "I like the little portraits so well that I should be more than happy to possess the original." A meeting was arranged, Cupid went to work and marriage was the outcome.

A REWARD OF \$600

Will be paid for any information resulting in the locating of the Gilbreath of Riddle either dead or alive. This reward is effective until May 20, 1929.

Address communications to E. H. Gilbreath, Roseburg, or Sheriff V. T. Jackson.

Chiropractor

DRUGLESS HEALTH CENTER
"Complete Health Service"
Mineral Vapor Baths
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230 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upon Board and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Window Screens made to order
E. S. AND F. L. COCKLEHEAD

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe, sailing on the Isle de France for a honeymoon in Paris, had rather an odd experience. A little tired of her husband's lovemaking, and bored with his compliments, she slipped out on deck one night, standing alone under the stars, she was conscious of the presence of a man, lurking in the shadows.

She recited a bit of verse for his benefit, and turned her perfect profile toward the shadows. Hollis Hart, her husband, was daunted with Lady Mary Somebody's other, and Ashtoreth would rather have enjoyed meeting a strange man.

But, just as he stepped forward, presumably to speak to her, Hollis opened the door, and stepped over the high brass sill onto the deck. The stranger promptly retreated.

Later, Ashtoreth dreams of an old sweetheart, Monty English, and imagines that he is in Paris.

In Paris they register at the Ritz, and Hollis (who is a millionaire) begins to shower his little bride with expensive and gorgeous gifts.

Marriage is not quite the joy she had imagined it would be. Possibly that is because Ashtoreth is 25, and her husband so much older—old enough, in fact, to be her father. But then he is wonderfully good to her, and as generous as any man on earth. He calls her Orchid, because she reminds him of the flowers, and because he believes she is the loveliest thing in the world.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XLII

Hollis was always bringing back surprises. The amethyst car drops, for example, that hung like clusters of little translucent grapes, was down to Ashtoreth's shoulders. A choker of black pearls, with a ring for her first finger, to match. And a negligee that was multi-colored, and shimmering as clouds at sunset. With miles, besides, that were made from the breasts of humming birds.

He took her to Patou's, and Agnes', and Lucien Le Long. To say nothing of Jenny, and Henriette, and any number of other places, too. And she bought sport clothes and afternoon frocks and dinner gowns. With hats, and scarves, and lingerie to match. It was tremendously exciting, and lots of fun. But Ashtoreth was growing restless. And, sometimes, she was homesick.

Maize had written by every boat, Sadie, she said, went to see Dan Coram the day Ashtoreth was married. She felt just awful about the things she said, and hoped Ashtoreth would forgive her. She was back at the flat, and lots of company. The bank deposit Hollis had made to Maize's account was still untouched, and please God, she'd never go near it. For she might be poor, but she still had her pride.

When she read her mother's letters, Ashtoreth was always filled with a tremendous urge to go out and buy things. Silk dresses, and bottles of perfume and scented face powders. Gloves, and a silk umbrella, with a jade duck for a handle. An antelope handbag, and material for an evening gown—popples and morning glories in a sea of quivering silver tissue. She sent them all to Maize, with oceans of love, and innumerable little crosses that stood for kisses.

Maize never said anything about Monty. But Ashtoreth always looked for him, as she walked along the avenues, or stopped at the sidewalk cafes for cafe au lait, and crisp, sweet croissants. Sometime—somewhere—she was going to bump into him. She had felt it in her bones, ever since that night when she dreamed he was in a dark corner, and someone was dropping anchors on him.

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He remained standing, smiling down at her.

"Monty, darling!" she exclaimed. "Monty, am I dreaming?"

She jumped to her feet. "Oh! Oh! I never was so surprised in all my life. Where did you come from?"

"Well," he bantered, "if it isn't Missus Millions herself! And glad to see the boy-friend, as I live."

"Glad!" he simply overjoyed, "Monty! I never was so glad to see anybody before. Sit down, Monty. Give me your hand. See, I'm beaming on you. It's good to see you!"

"I don't know who you are following you," he laughed. "But you thought you'd find out. Ash, you're a hypocrite, and I love you. Strutting through the Place there, like a master saint, handing out francs and smiles to warm a poor girl's heart. All dolled up like the Queen of Sheba, and playing Lady Hamilton like a fairy tale!"

"But where did you come from?" she demanded. "And how long have you been following me?"

Monty lit a cigarette. "It's a long story," he said. "What do you want to eat, Ash?"

"Eat?" she cried, "but I can't eat. Monty, I only want to listen."

"Patience," he told the waiter, "et cafe au lait pour Madame. Et cognac pour moi, s'il vous plait."

"You talk French, Monty?" "Just showing off," he admitted. "But I'm taking lessons."

"What are you doing here?" he laughed, "You don't know, Missus, that you'd passed up a job offer, a job?"

"But tell me, Monty! Please. When did you come to Paris?" "On the Isle de France, the same time you did."

Ashtoreth grew deathly white. "I know it," she told him. "Monty, I tell you one night on ship-board. On the promenade deck one night."

"That's right," he agreed. "I was there. You were all alone up in the shawl around you. Leaning over rail, wishing on the first star."

"But I don't understand!" she cried. "Why didn't I see you again? Why didn't you speak to me? Where did you keep yourself? And why were you on the Isle de France, Monty?"

"I was going to speak to you," he interrupted, "when your husband came out. He put his arms around you, Ash, and kissed you. It was his right, of course. You were his wife. But I never wanted to see you again after that."

She touched his hand across the table.

"I'm not much on poetry, Ash. I'm not much on speeches either. Only—in school it was—I read Othello. I was only a kid then, but it made a big hit with me. It's a piece of a love story, you know. Hot stuff, too. But, what I started to say was—there's some lines in it that have stuck in my memory all these years. They came back to me that night, when I saw you in another man's arms. Shall I tell

him the woman's name was Maize Maize, and she rather over-awed her mistress."

Hollis was somewhere playing tennis. Ashtoreth didn't play, and she didn't like to watch. He had driven out in the Hispano-Suiza, and she had planned to poke around a little by herself. Hollis had never taken her to Saint-Chapelle, or to see his "favorite girl in all the world"—the Madoune of Notre Dame.

Ashtoreth wondered if it was because he was disappointed in her. If Paris had a used to be the lovely adventure for him it used to be. And if that was because she was not to him, all the things he had dreamed.

Well, she'd go to those places herself, and tell him, afterward, that she had been. She would show him that she was appreciative of art and beauty and history. She bought a guide book, and set out determinedly.

The day was warm, like Spring in Boston. And there were lovely things blossoming in the flower market. Hyacinths, that made her think of Maize, and many tulips, and daffodils. She bought a bunch of violets for four francs.

"Sixteen cents!" she thought. "Why, they'd be three dollars at home!" . . . And she gave the old flower woman the change from a ten franc note. It was pleasant to enjoy an overwhelming amount of gratitude and appreciation for 25 cents.

She pinned the violets to the collar of her squirrel coat, and remembered that her little felt hat was the same shade. She knew the looked very beautiful, because people stared at her admiringly, and made comments on her clothes and her appearance. They knew that she was a rich American, and tried to sell her more flowers, and love birds in wooden cages.

She shook her head, and said, "Non, non, Madame." "Merci, Monsieur, non!" And smiled at everyone, and banded frames to their children. And felt like a Stylish Saint, with a great deal of chic, and a warm, tender heart.

There was a man following her. An American, she thought. But she did not like to turn around. It might be a Frenchman. Frenchmen were always following her, about. She rather hoped, though, that it was an American, and that he would find some good reason for speaking to her. She considered dropping her handkerchief, but decided it would be too obvious. She hoped he noticed the way everyone was treating her, as if she were a very great lady.

She crossed the street, to the cafe on the corner. One nice thing about cafes, they were simply everywhere. She seated herself, and began absently to study a menu. The man, who might be an American, was at her elbow. She drew her brows together, a little imperiously, and glanced up.

"Monty!" she cried. "Monty English!"

He remained standing, smiling down at her.

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John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

you what they are, Ash?" She inclined her head, and he leaned toward her, speaking softly. "I had rather be a toad, and live upon the vapour of a duncheon, than to be a corner in the thing I love for others' uses."

Ashtoreth shivered. "I know," he said. "Cuckoo, and all that. Mrs. Hollis Hart, getting kissed by her husband. And a poor old man like me getting all worked up. No sense to it. Plain dam' foolishness, me having the nerve to get jealous. But I'm one of those unreasonable cases, and I can't seem to get over it. Ash, I don't if you were married to all the men and millions from here to Honolulu."

"But, Monty—you darling silly!" "I know," he agreed. "That's why I went down to the second class."

"You didn't?" "Sure I did. Why not? Couldn't see you getting kissed down there."

"Oh, my dear!" . . . She patted his hand understandingly. "You haven't told me yet, Monty, what you're doing over here."

"Me? What do you suppose? I'm selling radios. Great business, too. Ash, remember, when I wanted to meet you at the pier? Well, that was the news I had for you. And when you let me down, I sent your mother a wire, saying I had to see you on important business. I was sailing in three days, Ash. . . . And I was going to ask you to come over with me. It wouldn't have been the best of suits you had with him. . . . Oh, hell!"

Monty tossed his hat across the table, and buried his face in his hands.

"Tell me, Ash, are you happy."

"I'm not much on poetry, Ash. I'm not much on speeches either. Only—in school it was—I read Othello. I was only a kid then, but it made a big hit with me. It's a piece of a love story, you know. Hot stuff, too. But, what I started to say was—there's some lines in it that have stuck in my memory all these years. They came back to me that night, when I saw you in another man's arms. Shall I tell

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