

Sanitary Metal Feed Hoppers and Water Fountains

Insure Chick Health and Rapid Development. Eliminate Filth and help to make your poultry profitable.

Your hatches will be coming off soon, so why not lay in a supply of these poultry yard Galvanized iron utilities that cut down work, save feed and trouble?

See Our Display and Get Our Prices.

Churchill Hardware Co.
The Winchester Store

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

COAL—WOOD—PAGES

WOOD—Dry fir block, 2 tiers \$5. Phone 10F23.

FOR SALE—7 young turkey hens, Ward's Cafe.

FOR SALE—Dry fir block wood, Phone 24F24, F. E. Brothers.

RABBIT—hutches for sale—New and well-built, 806 Winchester St.

FOR SALE—A work horse; three 70-lb. shoats and a good cow, Albert S. Martin, Myrtle Creek.

FOR SALE—Full blood Narangeton, R. V. Hatfield, Phone 32F14.

NEW BEAN SPRAYER—At a bargain, Leake & Beyers Co., I. O. O. F. Bldg.

FOR SALE—Fine young bronze turkey toms, \$7. Rt. 1, Box 40, Phone 34F24.

FOR SALE—Furniture for 5 rooms, Will sell furniture and rent house, 1274 Winchester St.

BAKING—A horsepower gasoline engine, now, See at Powell's Second hand store, Sheridan St.

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS—Garden, flower and grass seeds, Reasonable prices, Leake & Beyers Co.

FOR SALE—Jersey cow, giving 10 quarts a day, Nice and gentle, North of highway, Rt. 2, Box 114, Roseburg, Ore.

HATCHING EGGS—Large eggs from selected 2 and 3 year old Henson strain White Leghorns, \$5 per 100, E. S. Frazer, Riddle, Ore.

FOR SALE—Dandy chicken ranch, 9 acres in tract, all tillable, fair buildings, poultry orchard and berries, good water, Man unable to work, losing \$500. Can be bought for \$1800 if taken by March 10th. Just like finding it. See Wm. Fisher, 325 Winchester St., Roseburg, Ore. Phone 632-J.

ORDER DIRECT from producer and have money. Not a seed raising, 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

5-ROOM cottage for rent, Phone 187-M.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished apt. 24 S. Pine St.

FOR RENT—Three room house, garage and basement, 580 Tenth St. Phone 625.

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

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

The Reason

Many housewives order their groceries from this store because of

Convenience
Service
Quality
Low Prices

Try our way and be convinced.

Economy Grocery
O. L. JOHNSON
The Store That Serves You Best
Phone 65 344 N. Jackson St.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR RENT—3-room apartment, furnished, Electric stove, hot and cold water, 254 East Lane. Inquire Babar Bros.

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

EXCHANGE income city property for equipped farm. See owner at once, 105 Casa St., Roseburg, Ore.

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

WANTED

WOOD CUTTER wanted—Phone 6F2.

WANTED—Washing to do at my home, 230 S. Rose St., City.

WANTED—Men to take contract washing brush. Inquire at South End Service Station.

WANTED—Milk cows, fresh or coming fresh soon. Limited amount of young heifers. Call 303 or address C. W. C. care News-Review.

3000 LOAN wanted, Security 200 acres land on Pacific Highway, 2 locations, 6 cabins, service station. Carries \$2500 insurance. See G. W. Young & Son, 116 Casa street, Roseburg, Oregon.

WANTED—Couple who would be interested in living in nice country home, in exchange for care of same. 20 minutes drive from Roseburg. Inquire J. W. Smith Service Station.

Speedy Relief for Sore Throat

Safe Prescription Requires No Gargling

No longer is it necessary to gargle or to choke with nasty tasting throat medicines or gargles to relieve sore throat. Now you can get almost instant relief with one swallow of a famous doctor's prescription called Thoxine. It has a double action, relieves the soreness and goes direct to the internal cause not reached by gargles, salves, and patent medicines.

Thoxine does not contain mercury, chloroform or dope. Is pleasant-tasting, harmless and safe for the whole family. Also excellent for coughs; stops them almost instantly. Quick relief guaranteed or your money back. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sold by Pullerton's and all other good drug stores.

Recommended and sold by All Five Roseburg Druggists

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
327 Cass Phone 491

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

219 W. Oak
FURNITURE REPAIRING
Upson Board and Veneer Panel
Cut to Order
Window Screens made to order
E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashtoreth Ashe (her name is Hart now) honeymooning in Paris, meets an old sweetheart—Monty English.

Ashtoreth is living with her new husband, who is wonderfully rich at the Ritz. Poor Monty, who sells radishes, has a room over on the Left Bank. Monty always had a way of making a joke of poverty, and now—as he tells Ashtoreth about his French flivver and his cheap pension—she thinks of her own liveried chauffeur, who rather frightens her; and her maid, who simply overwhelms her.

And she grows a little wistful. Monty asks her if she is happy, and she insists that she is. But somehow she conveys the impression that all is not exactly as it should be.

As a matter of fact, her adoring, middle-aged husband is getting slightly on her nerves. Not that he isn't good and loving—he simply worships the ground she walks on. And he is showering her, morning, noon and night, with the most wonderful gifts!

Sometimes Ashtoreth has a feeling of paying for pearls and amethysts with her kisses and her arms. The thought makes her shiver.

She tells Monty of meeting Monty, and asks if she may invite him to dinner. Monty is hospitable, and gracious, as usual.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY. CHAPTER LXIV

Ashtoreth had all she could do, coaxing Monty to have dinner with them.

He had given her his address, and she had Felix drive her over to the Left Bank. Felix, very grand in his bottle-green livery and his shiny puttees, driving the beautiful car, which was also bottle-green.

Perhaps Monty wouldn't be at home, but she had chosen Monday, hoping for the best. Hardly any shops were open on Monday, so probably there wasn't anywhere for a radio salesman to call. Anyhow she could leave him a note.

She was admitted by a lady of generous proportions and snapping black eyes, who escorted her to Monty's room, and assured her that he would return shortly. Felix smiled nastily, showing his upper teeth, which looked like a squirrel's.

She was getting uneasy, when Monty made a noisy appearance. She could hear him downstairs. "Bon Jour, Madame! Bon Jour!"

He had seen the car, and was up the stairs, three at a time.

"Ash! for the love of the saints! Get out of here, you blooming Irish fool!"

"But Monty!"

"Yes—I know. Get out! Get out! I tell you!"

He had her by the arm, and was shaking her unceremoniously down the hall.

"I suppose you think Madame—"

think—

"I know dam well what Madame thinks. And that little dill pickle out there—the hired man that runs your buggy. What did you suppose they'd think—they're French, aren't they?"

"But Monty! For heaven's sake, stop pushing me! I'll go—you don't have to throw me down the stairs. Listen, you poor chump, I only want to ask you to dinner."

He steered her into the parlor, and sat her down in a ptoimaise green chair. The place was clean and musty, with flowers under glass on the center table. The solar schams was green, like Pullman's and day coaches.

"Dinner!" he exclaimed. "In your bird suit at the Ritz, I suppose? Nice, homey little meal. No, thanks, Ash—not on your life!"

"But Monty! I want you to come!" she protested.

"Well, that's very nice of him, I'm sure. Nothing mean about him, is there? All ready to prove that the best man won. Being good to the bird that got the gate. You tell him for me, Ash. I'm not hankering to see him making love to any of my old girls."

"Oh, Monty, don't be horrid. That's what you used to tell me. Well, I haven't got over it any. If it's vulgar to hate to see any man pawing you, then I'm vulgar."

"But, Monty, you don't know how fastidious and reserved Monty is. Why, he wouldn't even touch me, in front of a servant or anybody. Please come, darling. I'm awfully lonesome for somebody besides Holly."

"Getting tied up, are you?"

Ashtoreth put her fingers across his mouth.

"Don't talk like that," she commanded. "Just say you'll come, like a good boy. And we'll have champagne!"

"None," he declared. "I won't."

But, in the end, of course, he did. Ashtoreth wore a dress like a silver armor, and looked as Jeanne d'Arc ought to have looked, but probably didn't. Slim and sparkling, with proud high lift in her dark hair, and her gray-green eyes flashing like great jewels.

Monty was differential as though she was a saint—or a nun, at least. He never touched her with his hands all evening. Only with his eyes. They followed her about, caressing her every move and motion. And he called her Orchid. He never called her anything else.

"Orchid-this" and "Orchid-that," in his quiet, thrilling voice that made love every time he opened his mouth.

At 10 o'clock Monty went away. Rather abruptly, Ashtoreth had thought. Holly had suggested that they go somewhere, but Monty was almost rude. He had a headache.

"I suppose you think Madame—"

"I suppose you think Madame—"

next day.

She rather expected a note from him after that. He might have telephoned. Or sent flowers, the way Holly's friends did, when they came to dine.

It was Monday again. Holly was at some stupid museum, looking at relics. The curator was a friend of his. It was sure to be tiresome, highbrow afternoon. So Ashtoreth set out in the Hispano-Suiza, with Felix in his bottle-green. To call on Monty a sin.

He was in the garden when she arrived, feeding hens and rabbits. Just like one of the family, she thought. Monty was always like that.

"Come for a ride," she invited. "The Hispano's blooming, and the bushes are all gold."

"Where's your husband?"

"At the Carneval. He's fearfully intelligent. Monty, I like you, because you're stupid."

"Thanks. I love you, because you're beautiful. That must be the reason. It couldn't be anything else. You've no principles at all."

"But Monty, what do you mean?"

"Well, I don't think it's very nice—chasing a poor devil around, do you? A respectable woman, all decently married to millions! Running around with a classy foreign car, and a chauffeur done up like a diamond, yamping as honest a salesman in his humble home."

"Oh, Monty, don't be a goose! The country smells something beautiful. Let's go out to Versailles, and play in Marie Antoinette's garden."

He found his hat, and followed her obediently.

"I've been reading 'The Empress of Brazil,'" he said, "and Marie must have been some baby. I'd sure like to see the place she did her stuff."

"You haven't been to Versailles yet?"

"No—that's why I'm going now."

"And my company didn't have a thing to do with it?"

"Not a darn thing."

He settled himself comfortably and extracted a cigarette from the silver box at his elbow.

"It's a great life, Ash, isn't it?"

"She sighed wearily.

"Gret, Monty."

"What are you moaning about then?"

"He surveyed her through a cloud of drifting smoke. 'What's the big idea, sucking like that?'"

"She gave a nervous little laugh.

"Did I sigh, Monty? Maybe I'm tired."

"Tired of what?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, I don't know. Everything. Nothing. Nothing in particular. I mean."

"And everything in general. So that's it, is it?"

Ashtoreth threw herself petulantly to the farthest corner of the deep leather seat.

"Oh, Monty, for heaven's sake, stop! What's the matter with you?"

"Matter with me?" he repeated gently. "Why, there's nothing the matter with me, dear. It's all the matter with you."

She put her handkerchief to her mouth. A wisp of lace, that wafted a whisper of sachet. Holly had bought it in the convent where she

matter with you."

"You're a nice sunny little companion!" she mocked. "What are you trying to do—sell me the idea that life's all wrong?"

He inhaled reflectively, and smoke came floating from his nose and mouth before he answered her.

"Maybe I was," he admitted. "Well, let's change the subject then."

But the subject, it seemed, was not easy to change.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she confessed, after they had driven in silence for a mile or two. "But I certainly do feel blue."

"It's the love and the laughter of friends you need," announced Monty. "Probably you're homesick, Ash."

"No, it's not that." She hit the top of her glove meditatively, and but so hard that presently the pointed tip of a gleaming finger nail came poking through. "It's not that, Monty. It's—don't laugh at me!" she cautioned.

"Never," he promised.

"Well, it's sort of a spiritual depression," she explained.

"As if he prodded, 'you'd sold your soul for a morsel of pottage?'"

Ashtoreth winced.

"You're making fun of me!" she protested.

Tears came to her eyes, and she winked so hard to keep them back, that she could feel her nose getting red. She powdered it vigorously from a slim gold vanity.

"You might sell your autobiography to one of the true story magazines," suggested Monty wickedly. "I Married Millions and Hunger for Love." "The Amazing Life Story of a Girl Who Loved Wisely, But Not Too Well." Nice titles, Ash."

"Please, Monty!" she cried. "You're not being funny a bit. And you know perfectly well that Holly is simply crazy about me."

"Oh, sure," he agreed. "The poor sap."

Ashtoreth sat up very straight.

"You're being absolutely insulting," she told him hoily. "I'm sure I don't know why I should endure your insolence."

"Neither do I," he conceded. "I got my mad money. Want me to get out and walk?"

"Now you're trying to be funny again!"

Monty snuffed his cigaret in a little silver tray.

"There's no pleasing you, he drawled. "A nice easy chair like me to get along with. I don't know what's the matter with you, Ash?"

"Neither do I!" she cried. "Only please—please Monty—be good to me!"

She reached for his hand, and held it on her knee.

"I don't know," she confessed. "What's the matter with me. Only I'm so miserably discontented, Monty! Oh, I know. I shouldn't talk like this. It's wretched of me. I've the best husband that ever lived. He's perfectly wonderful..."

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