F. C. SIX, UNION OIL AGENT, MOVED TO PORTLAND OFFICE

F. C. Six, for the past three years agent in charge of the local Union Oil station, is leaving Sunday for Portland, having been transferred to the Portland office as special agent for that district. He will have supervision of all of the stations in the vicinity of Portland, including Tillamook. The position is a decided advancement. The announcement of the promotion was received just exactly three years from the date of his arrival in this city to take over the local work. C. F. Johnson, agent at Coquille, is being transferred to Roseburg and is due to arrive Saturday. Mr. Six has been a very active member of Umpqua Post of the American Legion and of the Roseburg Kiwanis club, and has been actively interested in every worthy civic enterprise.

NEURITIS and Rheumatic Sufferers
Casey's Guaranteed Remedy
assures you full relief in the most severe cases or money back. Nature's own tonic cleanses the blood from the uric acid poison through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Also specifically effective in cases of Gout, Dropsy, High Blood Pressure, cramps in the limbs. Reduces pain and swelling. $1.50 per bottle. Marsters Drug Co.

Watkins products. 120 West Lane. Phone 177.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin, Author of "The Black Pigeon"

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CHAPTER XLVII

If she could have done anything to help, Nan could better have endured those two hours that elapsed between the arrival of the surgeon, Dr. Drew, and the appearance from the kitchen of the wheeled stretcher with its still, blanket-wrapped burden. But even Dr. Black, her champion and friend, brusquely ordered her from the kitchen which had been turned into an operating room. It was already crowded with himself, the surgeon, the anaesthetician and the nurse. Science was in charge; love could avail Curtis nothing now.

And so the desolate girl wandered from room to room, feeling more like that outcast spirit in "Tomlinson," of which Kipling writes: "The wind that blows between the Worlds, it nipped him to the bone," than like a human being. For in this hour of hovering death she was indeed an outcast. It was not delicacy, entirely, which forbade her to obtrude her own anxiety and grief upon that of the father and mother. It was, rather, a desolate conviction that they would grant her no right to grieve with them . . . Iris herself could not have devised a more terrible punishment for the interloper she hated.

But Iris and John Morgan were wandering distractedly about the house, too, and it was not always easy for Nan to keep her small person out of their sight. Two or three times it seemed to Nan that John was looking for her, that his tragic eyes, when, by accident, she was forced to meet them, were praying to her for comfort and reassurance. But Iris clung to his arm, moaning, weeping, or hysterically justifying herself for her undoubted responsibility for the child's condition.

Not even the shadow of death, however, had dimmed Iris' beauty. As she walked the floors with her husband, the drapes of her chartreuse negligee fluttered enchantingly about her tall, slim body—if there had been anybody to observe and be enchanted. Twice Nan saw her dab at her cheeks with a powder puff; once, even as she hiccoughed her grief, she made up her quivering mouth with a geranium lipstick.

It was Nan, not Iris, who remembered to make up Curtis' little bed with fresh linens and blankets; Nan who had the presence of mind to place three hot water bottles between the sheets as a precaution against post-operative pneumonia. But when that small service was done, there was nothing to do but wait and weep inward tears of agony which her hot eyes refused to shed.

She was in the library, trying desperately to focus her mind on the Blackhull case, so that the waiting might not be so unbearably long, when faint sounds told her that the operation was over and that the boy was to be taken to his room. She crept out, trembling so violently that each step was an effort.

"Is he—?" she heard her husband's almost unrecognizable voice croak.

"He's still alive. That's all I can say now," Dr. Black answered brusquely from behind the yellowish muslin mask he wore.

* * *

The slow procession began the difficult negotiation of the stairs. Morgan and Iris, the latter sobbing convulsively, brought up its rear, and Nan sunk into a little huddle in the hall, unnoticed until Maude O'Brien found her there and administered to her.

At 3 o'clock Dr. Drew went home, satisfied that the operation was "successful," no matter what its outcome, and leaving Dr. Black and the trained nurse in charge.

"Please, Dr. Drew—" Nan dared to stop him at the front door. "Will he—live?"

"Who are you?" the surgeon demanded curtly, beetling his whitish eyebrows and regarding her with frosty blue eyes.

"I'm—Mr. Morgan's wife," Nan brought out the words jerkily.

"Then who is the beauty in green? I thought she was the boy's mother."

"She is," Nan answered dully. Why try to explain?

"I—see. Odd triangle," the surgeon commented. "Well, young lady, I can't tell you whether the child will live or not. If peritonitis doesn't set in—as it probably will—he has an even chance." His frosty eyes softened a bit at sight of her profound misery. "You look all in, child. Better go to bed. There's nothing you can do—nothing anyone except the nurse can do now."

Nan did not take his advice. Twice, before dawn, she crept to the door of Curtis' room, opened it noiselessly and peeped in. And both times she saw the father and mother kneeling at the bedside, their eyes fixed upon the white, unconscious face of their son. Nan did not enter. At 6 o'clock she went down to the kitchen and prepared breakfast for the watchers. Her hands shook as she set the table for two—Iris and John Morgan. The nurse would want hers on a tray, Nan decided, so that she should not have to leave the unconscious boy for a moment.

Maude O'Brien had gone back to bed, and Estelle, who "lived out," had not yet arrived. It was Nan, therefore, who summoned her husband and his former wife to the meal she had prepared for them.

"But there are only two places. Aren't you going to eat, Nan?" Morgan asked, his weary voice whipping itself to what sounded like genuine solicitude.

"I—ate in the kitchen," Nan answered.

"Imagine eating at a time like this," Iris sighed, as she settled in her chair, amid a flutter of draperies.

"You must try to eat, to keep up your strength, darling," Morgan urged, and Nan knew that the old, familiar endearment had slipped out unconsciously. Not that it mattered now . . .

"I suppose I must, Jack," Iris agreed, with a forlorn catch in her lovely voice. Then, with a tearful rush of words: "Oh, Jack, darling, to think it took this to bring us together again!"

* * *

Nan did not wait to hear Morgan's answer. She fled, her hand pressed against her heart. It did matter still! Oh, it did! But she remembered her childish promise to God to give this man up to this woman if He would only spare Curtis' life. And she would keep that promise regardless of what it cost her.

For two interminable hours she lay on her bed, her body taut, every nerve listening. The nurse had promised to call her if there was any change. At half past 8 she rose, took a cold shower, and dressed in office clothes. There had still been no word from the nurse, but as she emerged from her own door she saw Miss Powers tiptoeing out of Curtis' room.

"Any—change, Miss Powers?" Nan whispered.

"Yes. He's come out from the ether, Mrs. Morgan, but he's too weak to talk," the nurse answered. "Dr. Black is keeping his fingers on his pulse. The action is—very faint."

"Then—you think—?"

"No one can tell yet," the nurse answered in her kind, cheerfully sympathetic voice. "If he rallies from the shock of the operation and peritonitis doesn't set in—" She hesitated, then continued frankly: "It will be several hours yet, Mrs. Morgan, before we can definitely hope; that is, if he—"

"If he doesn't die in the meantime, she means," Nan forced herself to complete the nurse's ominous sentence. Aloud she said, quietly: "Miss Powers, will you please ask my husband to come to me? He's with Curtis, isn't he?"

In spite of the coffee he had drunk, the man who joined Nan in the hall looked almost as deathlike as the child who lay in the room beyond.

Nan went at once to the point. No use to express sympathy now. "I'm going to the courthouse, John, and take your place today. We can't ask for an adjournment, and if we delay putting Nina Blackhull on the stand, she may seize the opportunity to leave the country."

Morgan stared at her as if he did not know what she was talking about. Then with the gesture which his troubles had made familiar to Nan, he passed his hand across his eyes. "I'd forgotten about the trial, Nan. I'll—go."

"No, Curtis— You must be here until—" Nan floundered. Then more steadily, "You are going to stay here, John. I can examine Nina Blackhull, even if I have never appeared before the bar, I'm qualified, you know—"

"Yes," Morgan agreed. "And you know as much about this case as I do. You'll take those questions we drafted last night?"

"Of course. And I'll try to do you credit, John. Please trust me."

"You—oh, God bless you, Nan!" He took her hands and bowed his face upon them for an instant. They came away wet with his tears.

* * *

Probably because the Blackhull case had sunk almost to insignificance in comparison with the impending tragedy in her own home, Nan faced the court calmly, unafraid. Her one thought was to have done with this business, creditably, of course, and to get back to Curtis.

She put the pre-arranged questions to Nina Blackhull, widow of the man for whose murder his son was on trial; put them calmly, but her great, tired brown eyes blazed with a fire that seemed to wither the beautiful young witness, who, Nan was convinced, had actually planned the murder, the execution of which she had left to her lover, the chauffeur, Bassett.

At the third question, put in Nan's even voice, terrifying in its very calmness, the woman in the witness box suddenly sprang to her feet, her hands warding off the girl lawyer as if she were infected with some terrible plague.

"Quit looking at me like that!" Nina Blackhull screamed. "I didn't do it! I tried to keep Ernest Bassett from killing my husband! I swear I did! I swear it! And now he's doublecrossed me! He's trying to put the blame on me—"

That was almost the end, of course. Somehow Nan managed to get through the necessary formalities—the resting of the defense; a motion for the quashing of the indictment against David Blackhull, which was, of course, denied until Nina Blackhull's amazing half-confession could be corroborated; the congratulations of Judge Bunce and even of District Attorney Brainerd, who was ready to admit defeat. Press photographers caught snapshots of the "girl lawyer" as she hurried frantically down the courthouse steps and as she sprang into her car parked at the curb.

So extreme was her anxiety for Curtis that she had forgotten the courtroom drama before she arrived at her home. But evidently John Curtis Morgan had had room in his heart for both his child and his wife, for his first question was:

"How did you get along, Nan? I've been ashamed of myself for letting you face that ordeal alone."

"Nina Blackhull confessed — practically—to conspiracy, and incriminated Bassett," Nan answered impatiently. "But—how is Curtis?"

"He's holding his own — is stronger, if anything, than Dr. Black expected," Morgan answered, his deep voice shaking with joy. "We—we can hope now, Nan."

And Nan's own relief and joy were so overwhelming that it did not occur to her to resent her husband's failure to congratulate her on the amazing outcome of her first appearance before the bar.

It was three full days, however, before hope settled into virtual certainty that little Curtis Morgan would recover. And during those strained days of watching and waiting and praying, Nan Morgan found herself reduced to the status of housekeeper for Iris Morgan. Arrogant with the victory she believed she had won, Iris treated the hated interloper like a servant. And whenever Morgan was in the house, which was most of the time, Iris was with him, playing superbly the role of anxious mother and wronged though forgiving wife.

So hard to bear were the humiliations which Iris, unknown to Morgan, inflicted upon her, that Nan at last found herself almost glad to keep the promise she had made: to leave Iris in possession of husband and child, if Curtis' life was spared.

(To Be Concluded)

OFFICERS CHOSEN BY UMPQUA SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY

The anual stockholders meeting of the Umpqua Savings and Loan company was held Wednesday night. The officers who served during the past year were re-elected, E. H. Ewart, president; A. G. Sutherland, vice-president; H. O. Pargeter, G. V. Wimberly and W. F. Harris, directors; Guy Cordon, M. E. Ritter and W. F. Harris, appraisers.

A dividend of 7½ per cent was declared, after much discussion, instead of the 8 per cent dividend which it had been expected to distribute. The additional half cent was held in reserve pending the outcome of the supreme court's decision on the new proposed excise tax, and if the tax is upheld the local company will pay the amount due from the Roseburg concern out of the money held in reserve.

The financial report showed a very excellent condition, with a constant increase in membership and investments.

No Oil Spattered Floors

With a John Deere self-oiled enclosed type engine. Clean, safe, simple and reliable.

SEE ONE RUN BEFORE YOU BUY

Only $65.00

Special. Rebuilt Deering Mower $45.00

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange
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L. & H. Electric Ranges — Dean Spray Pump Co.
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Sutherlin Spray Co. — Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

The
Red Ball Freight Line, Inc

BONDED AND INSURED

Fast Daily Dependable Service

To Drain, Roseburg and way points, Marshfield and North Bend. Make connections for Powers, Bandon, Gold Beach, Port Orford and down coast.

From Portland Truck Terminal After June 10th

This Line is Owned and Operated by
EXPERIENCED AND RELIABLE OPERATORS
Free Pick Up and Delivery Service

Portland Phone Br 9461 or Br 9262
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You'd take a chance if you used all your batter for

One Muffin

MUFFINS bake more evenly when kept small. And Hills Bros. Coffee has a rich and uniform flavor because it is roasted a few pounds at a time by a patented, continuous process — Controlled Roasting. No other coffee can taste like Hills Bros. because none is roasted the same way.

HILLS BROS COFFEE

Fresh from the original vacuum pack. Easily opened with the key.

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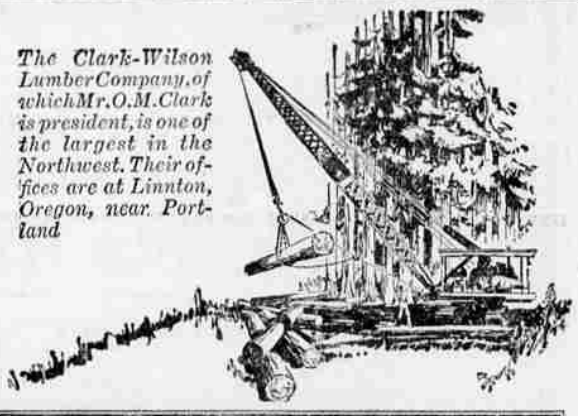
Harold Snider, expert driver, has a gasoline secret worth hearing

The Clark-Wilson Lumber Company, of which Mr. O. M. Clark is president, is one of the largest in the Northwest. Their offices are at Linnton, Oregon, near Portland



South for the winter . . . North for the summer

The CLARKS' *driver is careless of distance . . . but particular about his gasoline*

HAROLD SNIDER, who drives for the O. M. Clarks of Portland, will add five neat figures to the speedometer of a Cadillac limousine this season.

His "boss" wintered in the South. And the Cadillac went along devouring nearly three thousand miles of highway plus other thousands in shopping and visits and sightseeing.

You'd think the car would be ready for an overhaul—but today it slips through traffic and stretches out on the highway full of clean-powered speed.

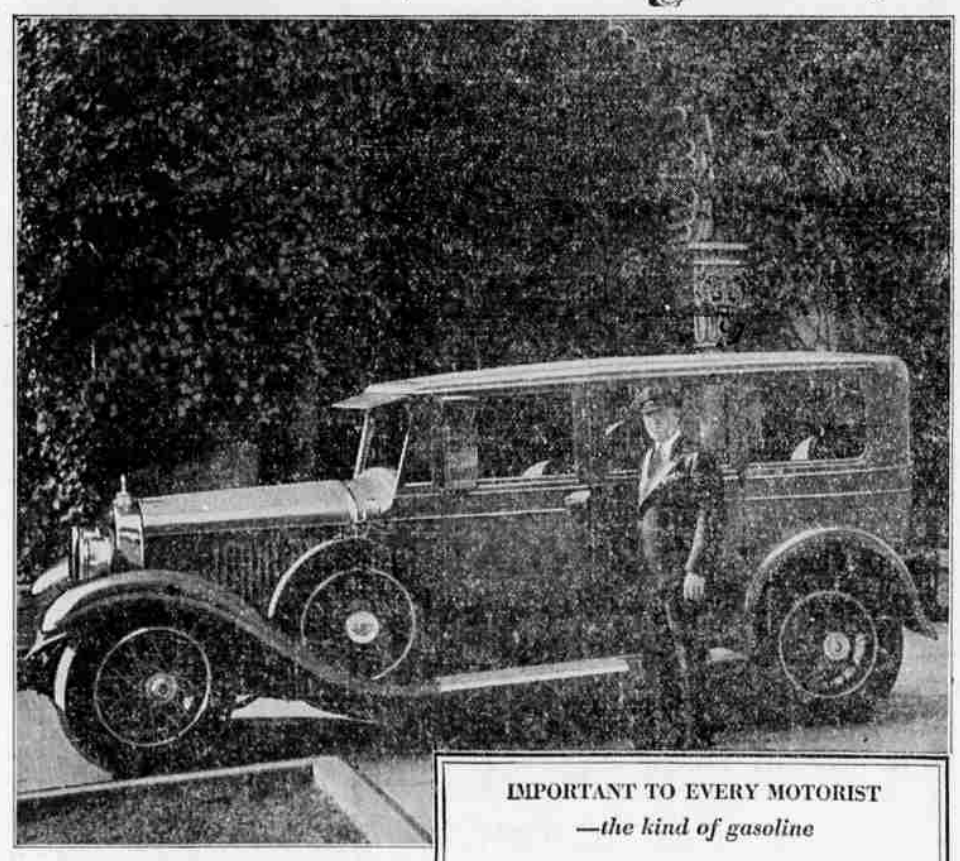
The Clarks are proud of the way their car performs and give driver Snider the full credit for it. He deserves it, too. One of the things he insists on is a certain brand of gasoline. He has learned a secret of "keeping upkeep down" by avoiding "wet" gasoline that causes oil dilution.

* * *

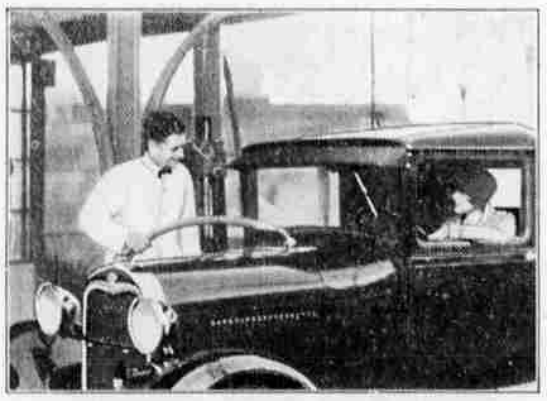
It is now a well recognized fact that oil dilution from "wet" gasoline is one of the most serious menaces to automobile motors. Manufacturers and dealers, lubrication men and expert mechanics are constantly sending out warnings.

And today there is no need of using "wet" gasoline. Shell 400, the "dry" gas, exactly refined to eliminate heavy, "wet" petroleum fractions, goes completely vaporized into your motor. No condensing droplets run down the cylinder walls. All of it goes into power and mileage. It gives you full value for your gasoline money.

Yellow and red pumps identify Shell 400, the "dry" gas. Thousands of convenient stations sell it.

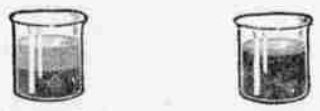


In a magnificent hotel that overlooks the surf at a sunny southern beach the O. M. Clarks spent the winter season. Drives might take them through miles of smiling countryside, but stops, for gasoline anyway, are always at Shell stations



Notice the kind of cars at Shell stations—and the people who drive them. Cars that show care—not all new or expensive makes by any means—but driven by people who are thoughtful of their automobiles and who appreciate the sound value of Shell 400, the "dry" gas

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MOTORIST
—the kind of gasoline



Here is a typical example of old crankcase oil after "wet" gasoline was used. Oil 54% *gasoline*—ruined long before it had run a thousand miles

Shell 400 in the same car would dilute your oil very little. Perhaps 8% or 9% in a full thousand miles—not enough to hurt its lubricant qualities

SHELL 400 — *The "DRY" gas*

New high-compression motors have no room for the hard carbon that comes from burned motor oil. It is important that you use an oil that forms no hard carbon. Shell Motor Oil leaves only a little soft soot that blows easily away