QUIT CALIFORNIA TO RESIDE HERE

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Cook, residents for the past 13 years of San Jose, California, arrived in Roseburg last night to locate. Mr. and Mrs. Cook passed through Roseburg about 15 years ago, and were so well pleased with the Umpqua valley that they determined they would eventually make their home here. They were back here last summer for a brief visit, and arranged during the winter for the sale of their property at San Jose. They plan to purchase a small tract of land near town and will engage in the poultry business. Mr. Cook states that three neighboring families in San Jose are planning to move to Roseburg in the very near future.

SONNENBERG EASY WINNER OVER THYE

PORTLAND, Ore., April 10.—Dynamite Gus Sonnenberg world's champion heavyweight wrestler had little difficulty in defeating Ted Thye, Portland, former world's light heavyweight champion in two straight falls here last night. In doing so, the champion showed he carried other tricks in his bag besides his famous flying tackle. He used headlocks, body scissors, short-arm scissors and leg splits to good advantage and did some clever blocking of Thye's pet hold, the wristlock. Sonnenberg took the first hall in 35 minutes, 15 seconds after starting a headlock attack and completing the job with a flying tackle. After the first fall Thye never had a chance. Dazing Thye with a couple of rabbitpunches, Sonnenberg flopping him over with a headlock and it was all over in 12 minutes.

Visit Here From Sutherlin—Mrs. Maurice Vogelpohl and daughter, Miss Betty Lou, of Sutherlin, were here yesterday visiting friends and shopping.

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

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

Fishing tackle at Idleyld Park.—Adv.

Watkins products, 120 W. Lane Phone 177.—Adv

Picnicking at Idleyld Park—Adv

MISS PAT

A Story of Romance and High Adventure in Life of Modern Days.

By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other Famous Serials

CHAPTER 32

With his fingers gripped to the dog's collar, the man blinked and staggered forward. The flashlight picked out a gaunt, unshaven face in which the eyes burned and the hair fell disheveled over the forehead.

At sight of the detective, the man's face brightened. He gave a glad, half inarticulate cry and with his hands eagerly extended, advanced.

"Halt! Throw up your arms! Is there anyone with you?"

At the curt order, the man appeared stunned. The light vanished from his fave. He looked at the pistol bewilderedly.

"No one with me," he answered in hoarse, bitter tones and raising his hands. "Who are you? Why the gun?"

At the baffled, furiously helpless words, the dog crouched menacingly. He moved with angry growls toward Tim Chase.

"Call off your dog or he'll be killed. Keep him off. I'm a detective with the San Francisco police. Do as you're told if you want to get out of this alive. Now turn your back and put your hands behind you. One move and it's your last. Keep the dog down."

At the clicking of the handcuffs the prisoner's whole body became tense with rage.

"Why am I handcuffed?"

"I guess you haven't the slightest idea, have you? Now, then, what's your name?"

"My name's Elliott—Guy Elliott."

"Is this your dog?"

"Yes—it's my dog."

"All right, then, tell the dog to lead. Keep him near."

The eyes of the handcuffed man stormed. They regarded his captor with grim, distracted appeal.

"Where are you taking me? Why the handcuffs? What have I done?"

"I'm taking you out of here. We'll talk later. Keep your legs under you and get going or we'll be all night at the job."

Tim Chase, with his prisoner and the setter framed in a circle of light, felt his breath quick and expansive with triumph.

Elliott all right. Couldn't mistake him even with that stubble on his face. Tall, thin, brown suit, scar across forehead. Queer layout. Guess the fellow lost his nerve. Had the whole thing sewed up, but couldn't put it over. Went wandering about. Exhausted now with hunger.

His heart raced. The ransom must be hidden here. God—if he could get that, too—make the case complete!

On the narrow trail to which the dog led them and above which the hills swung blackly, Chase suddenly turned and flashed the light full in his prisoner's face:

"Elliott, you want to know where you're going. Now, listen—we've got the goods on you. Got you cold. Come clean. It's your only chance. Where's the ransom?"

The man mumbled dazedly:

"Ransom? What ransom?"

"Why, the ransom your dog fetched."

"My dog? Ransom? What are you talking about?"

"Terrible surprise to you, isn't it? Never heard of a ransom before. But it's your dog, isn't it?"

The man gave a fierce, exasperated cry:

"What in God's name are you talking about? You're from San Francisco? Then you must know I've been missing for a week—maybe more. Surely someone's inquired for me. I don't even know where I am. I though you must be the rescue party."

"All right—stick it out. You'll get it rough enough. You're Guy Elliott, aren't you?"

"I'm Guy Elliott!" said the man, staggering. With every few steps he lurched against Tim Chase. The dog kept running back. He sniffed at Guy's feet, gave a jump and licked his face. They went on like this for half an hour. Through the mile of darkness.

If I can break him! Get him to lead me to the ransom. He's buried it somewhere. But he must see the jig is up.

"Look here, Elliott. You've got one chance in a hundred to come off easy on this. Bluff and you lose it. Now come across. That's your one hope. Where'd you stow the ransom?"

"I don't know what you're driving at."

"No? You didn't teach your dog to carry the box through the flume, did you? Didn't loosen the boards so he could make an easy exit, didn't scoop the little turning place? Brilliant fellow, that Jim of yours! Did that trick by instinct and all by himself, I suppose.

"But what about the telegram you sent and the kid's hair in your machine?"

They passed a tree. Guy leaned against it. He flung a pale, sunken face into the flashlight's glare:

"Is some crime pinned on me? What? I've been down in a hole—bound, gagged and handcuffed—days—a week—maybe more. What am I supposed to have done?"

"And how long have you been here?"

"This makes the third night."

"Uh-huh—and you don't know why you came, do you?"

With a chocking bitterness that brought the dog leaping to his defense: "I was brought here!"

"Bound, gagged and handcuffed, I suppose?"

"Yes!"

"And the dog?"

"Found me this afternoon."

"All right. Keep it up, Elliott. It's your goose that cooks.!"

The police tried to keep the capture dark until they had done quizzing him. Three of them fired questions.

He was dazed, half-starved and almost in collapse. The denied him food; even a cigarette. He dropped momentarily into sleep. They prodded him so that he shot upright to confront them with startled, hating defiance. They went again and again over the same ground.

"Where's your car?"

"Left it at the plant."

"A moment ago you said you left it at Lafayette Square."

A bewildered look answered this. The detective went on quietly:

"But you're not very clear about things that happened Monday? Perhaps you recall a date you had with Patricia Dawn? Yes? But you were late in keeping it, wern't you?"

"I didn't keep the date, I couldn't keep it!"

"But you expected to. Where were you when you phoned the mechanic at Mills Field to tune up your motor.

Guy's chin had sunk on his chest. He started upright.

"My plane? I didn't phone to tune it up from anywhere!"

"Yes. . . When you were talking to Don Morse, you told him to have it ready."

"I—did—NOT!"

"Perhaps you never promised little Billie Bryce a ride in your plane. Will you answer that with, 'NO'?"

"I'd often promised him a ride."

"What time was it Monday afternoon when you decided to get the kid and give him that ride?"

Down into the wavering depths of Guy's infinite fatigue came these little bright whips cutting on his face.

"Did you go for the boy yourself? or did you sent for him? How far did you take him?"

"God! What's the meaning of it all?"

"Perhaps you don't remember sending a telegram to Carl Brunner that Monday."

"I sent a telegram."

"What did you say?"

"That I'd take their job in a week."

"Did you say: 'Bryce is going to release me. In a week I'll have control of my patents'?"

"Something like that."

"How were you going to force Bryce to give you control?"

"I don't know. I figured that no man can keep another out of a job."

"You admit there was bad blood between you and Bryce and that you meant to bring him to his knees. What have you done with the kid?"

A pair of half-maddened eyes looked stormily from one to the other. With shut teeth, the prisoner shot:

"What am I supposed to have done? Hasn't a man a right to know the crime charged against him? What hairs of what kid are you talking about?"

"And you don't know who these fellows were who came into the dark passage as you were leaving the plant and slugged you? Don't know where they took you nor who your jailer was?

"In a whole week you hada't one chance to get a look at the man? And you don't know of any fiendish enemy who might have plotted this?"

They did not tell him just what had happened. But they dropped cruelly arousing hints. As he slipped for one exhausted doze into another they suddenly interjected Pat's name with a phrase that rang like fire into Guy's heart. He knew not whether he dreamed that incredible torture or whether it was true that evil had come to Pat. He cried out and pleaded with them.

They saw he could be reached with Pat's name. They used it unmercifully.

To no avail. He came back again and again with the same story. A stenographer took it down and Guy signed his name to it. It was this:

"Monday at 1 o'clock, after the shutdown of the plant Guy sent a telegram to Carl Brunner, telling him that within a week he would get Bryce to release his patents.

"He had formed no plan to force Bryce, but felt confident that his former parteur would not try to bind him by a contract whose spirit he was himself violating. He was prepared to take the matter to court.

"After sending the wire he went to the door leading into the yards and whistled for his dog. He was leaving the plant and wished to take the dog with him. He waited nearly an hour. The dog didn't answer his summons.

"He started for home, going out by way of the passage that connected his work rooms with Bryce's office.

"A few steps down the hall he heard someone approach. Before he could turn he felt a smashing blow. He had a hazy recollection of being dumped into a car.

"The next tring he knew he was lying on a mattress, stripped, his hands locked behind him and a helmet which effectively blindfolded and gagged him was fastened on his head. He could move about 10 feet, when a manacle chained to his leg pulled him back.

"He was kept in this prison and the blindfold not removed from his eyes. Someone came at uncertain intervals, removed the gag and fed him."

"Did you struggle to get free?"

"At first—yes."

"You wore handcuffs for the whole week?"

There were no marks on Guy's wrists. None on his leg. He couldn't explain this. He could explain nothing.

By midnight the morning papers had an extra on the streets.

Late the next afternoon Guy was charged with the crime. He was held as the kidnaper of little Billy Bryce. Not a word from Pat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ANNUAL CLEANUP

All persons having rubbish to dispose of will please have same deposited in securely tied sacks or tight boxes and placed on parking of paved streets not later than 7:00 A. M., MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1930, as arrangements have been made for pick up at that time.

A. J. GEDDES,
City Recorder.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.

M. A. Bates, Plaintiff, vs.
George Tarrant and Anna J. Tarrant, his wife; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

To the above named defendants, George Tarrant and Anna J. Tarrant, his wife; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to the real estate described in the complaint herein:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein demanded, a succinct statement of which is as follows: That you be required to appear and set forth the nature and character of your adverse claim to the following described real property in Douglas County, Oregon, to-wit:

Commencing at a point 254 feet and 8 inches W. of the SE. corner stake of the SE. quarter of Sec. 32 in Tp. 32 S., R. 6 W., W. M.; thence running N. 3 2-11 chains; thence W. 581½ feet to stake; thence running S. 3 2-11 chains to stake; thence running east 581½ feet to a point of beginning, and containing 2¾ acres, more or less, all in the City of Glendale; and also: A tract of land, being a part of lot 22, of Gilbertson's Addition to Julia, (now known as Glendale) according to the recorded plat thereof on record in the County Recorder's office of Douglas County, Oregon, more particularly described as follows: Beginning at a point on the township line between Tps. 32 and 33 S., R. 6 W., W. M. 460.6 ft. W. of the NE. corner of Sec. 5, Tp. 33 S., R. 6 W., W. M., and 254.6 ft. W. of the SW. corner of Sec. 33, Tp. 32 S., R. 6 W., W. M.; running thence Southerly at right angles to the Tp. line to a point on the N. boundary of Block 3, of Gilbertson's Addition to Julia, Ore. (now known as Glendale, Ore.); thence Westerly along the N. boundary of said Block 3, to its Westerly extremity; thence along the N. boundary of Lot 21 of Gilbertson's Addition to Julia, Westerly to its intersection with the N. boundary line of the Southern Pacific Ry. Co.'s right of way; thence Westerly along the N. boundary line of the said right of way to its intersection with the Tp. line between Tps. 32 and 33 S., R. 6 W., W. M.; thence Easterly following the Tp. line to the place of beginning, and that upon the hearing thereof, it be decreed that the plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of the said real property and that you have no estate, right, title, interest or lien in, upon or to said real property, or any part thereof and that the title of the plaintiff to said real propery be forever quieted against you and that you be enjoined from asserting or claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in or to said real property.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Roseburg News-Review, a newspaper of general circulation published in Douglas County, Oregon, pursuant to an order of the Hon. J. W. Hamilton Judge of the above entitled court duly made and entered on the 1st day of April, 1930, requiring the summons to be published once a week for four consecutive weeks and requiring you to appear and answer plaintiff's complaint within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons.

Dated and first published April 3 1930.

CARL E. WIMBERLY,
M. L. HALLMARK
Attorneys for Plaintiff, Postoffice address: Roseburg, Oregon.

NOTICE OF EXECUTION SALE ON FORECLOSURE

Suit In Equity, No. 5567.
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Douglas.

Grace Paslay, Plaintiff, vs.
James E. Berryhill, Bertha E. Berryhill, C. W. Robovsky, Lois Mae Robovsky, J. L. Cline and Mrs. J. L. Cline, his wife, defendants.

Notice is hereby given that on March 20, 1930, a decree of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for the County of Douglas was duly given and made, that the plaintiff, Grace Paslay, have and recover the sum of Five Hundred Twenty Eight and 19-100 Dollars, ($528.19), with interest thereon at 6% per annum from said date, the sum of $60.00 as attorney's fees and disbursements, and declaring that her mortgage and said decree was a prior lien upon the following described real estate, to-wit:

All that part of the southwest quarter (SW¼) of section six (6), township twenty-one (21) south, range four (4) W. of the Willamette Meridian, lying west of the county road running between Drain and Loraine, containing 40 acres more or less, in Douglas County, Oregon. As against each of the defendants, to-wit: James E. Berryhill, Bertha E. Berryhill, C. W. Robovsky, Lois Mae Robovsky, J. L. Cline and Mrs. J. L. Cline, his wife, and directing the sale of the said real estate to make said sums; and that on March 29, 1930, an execution was issued to me by the clerk of the said Court directing me, as sheriff of Douglas County, Oregon, to sell the said real estate to make said sums of money.

Therefore notice is hereby given that I will, on Friday, April 25, 1930, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. at the front door of the Douglas County Court House at Roseburg, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, subject to redemption, as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of the above named defendants in and to the above described real estate to make the said sums of money.

V. T. JACKSON,
Sheriff

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned was on the 27th day of March, 1930, duly appointed administratrix of the estate of John Pentney, deceased, by order of the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, and that she has duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the Umpqua Valley Bank, duly verified within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Roseburg, Oregon, this 27th day of March, 1930.

First publication March 27, 1930.
Last publication April 24, 1930.

BERTHA B. PENTNEY,
Administratrix of the estate of John Pentney, deceased.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Douglas.

A. R. Briggs, Plaintiff, vs.
Umpqua Fish, Storage & Supply Co., a corporation, Defendant.

By virtue of a judgment, execution and order of sale issued out of the above described court in the above entitled action, dated March 13th, 1930, and to me directed, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court and cause on said March 13th, 1930, in favor of the plaintiff A. R. Briggs, and against the defendant, Umpqua Fish, Storage & Supply Co., a corporation, for the sum of $1600.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 6% per annum since July 1st, 1929, and the further sum of $100.00 as attorney's fees, and the further sum of $22.50 costs and disbursements, and the costs and expenses of this writ, and commanding me to make sale of the following described real premises in the manner provided by law, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the west edge of the Willamette Pacific Railroad right of way, N. 66¾° west of Engineer's Station "D" 2418 plus 22, thence north 66¾° west 170 feet; thence north 23¼° east 60 feet; thence south 66¾° east 70 feet to the right of way; thence southerly along the right of way to the place of beginning. All in section 25 (Lot 11), township 21 south, range 12 west of the Willamette Meridian, in Douglas County, Oregon.

Therefore, pursuant to said judgment, execution and order of sale and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will, on Wednesday, April 30th, 1930, at 10 o'clock A. M. on said date, at the front door of the courthouse at Roseburg, Oregon, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for cash in hand all the right, title and interest which the said defendant had in said real premises on February 24th, 1930, the date of the attachment thereof in this action, or since that date had in the above described premises, in order to satisfy said judgment, execution and order of sale.

Dated March 26th, 1930.
First issue March 27, 1930.
Last issue April 24, 1930.

V. T. JACKSON,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Oregon.

Nervous, Weak, Lost Weight

Mrs. Jacob Thaut

Tacoma, Wash.—"I had an operation and could not regain my health or get strong afterwards. I was nervous and weak, only weighed eighty-five pounds. I was nothing but skin and bones. I was so weak that I would have to hold to something when I tried to walk. I went on this way for about three years during which time I took one medicine after another without getting help. Then I started using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after taking six bottles I was well and strong."—Mrs. Pauline Thaut, 1914 So. Cushman St. (All dealers.)

Write Dr Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice. Send 10c for a trial pkg. of tablets.

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AT TENMILE

Saturday Night, April 12

Music by Star Five Orchestra

Gents 75 Cents Ladies Free

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PRESENTS

ALICE CLEMENT, B. M.

Dean of Linfield College Conservatory of Music

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ORGAN CONCERT

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Charles A. Brand, Soprano

THURSDAY, APRIL 10

8 o'Clock—Christian Church

ADULTS 50c STUDENTS 25c

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Balloons	High Pressure
29x4.50 S. S. Cord $7.46	30x3½ O. S. Clincher Cord $6.52
30x4.50 S. S. Cord $8.02	32x4 S. S. Cord $11.28
31x5.25 S. S. Cord $12.27	33x4 S. S. Cord $12.01
Extra Special 32x6 H. D. Truck Tire and Tube $40.27	
Other Sizes Also Low Priced	

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