

PRINCE CAROL ASKS WIFE TO FORGIVE

(Associated Press Local Wire)
BUCHAREST, Rumania, April 30.—Dashing Prince Carol, who sold the throne which was his birthright for life with a titanic effort, has asked forgiveness of his ex-wife, Princess Helen of Greece, who is mother of his son, King Michael.

The newspaper Current says it has confirmation of rumors that the former crown prince is attempting a reconciliation with his former wife and that he has broken off with Mrs. Lupescu. The prince is supposed to have written a letter conveying this idea to the princess at Easter.

Professor Jorga, his former tutor, also visited the princess to plead his cause. It is believed that he will carry her answer to her ex-

husband when he leaves shortly for London and Paris. It was said the royal family was still discussing the matter and that their attitude had not been decided.

PORTLAND PAYS BILL FOR SECRET POLICE WORK

(Associated Press Local Wire)
PORTLAND, April 30.—Appropriations to defray \$2300 expenses incurred in securing evidence in liquor violation cases and other secret work of the city administration were made by the council today. A warrant of \$1500, chargeable to the evidence securing appropriation, and a warrant of \$800 against the council's secret emergency fund were authorized. The former appropriation supports Mayor Baker's secret service.

Elks' May Day dance Thursday night. Let's celebrate together.—Adv.

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

Fishing tackle at Idleyd Park.—Adv.

BREAKS HIMSELF IN BREAKING JAIL

(Associated Press Local Wire)
VANCOUVER, B. C., April 30.—Suffering from a fractured collarbone, broken wrist and broken ribs which penetrated a lung, injuries he received in escaping yesterday from the third floor of the city over here again today. Detectives

Partridge then—make sure he's helpless—then we're going down." "You'll dash us both to death. It's after 4. My God—we were desperate Monday, but we didn't start after her with these shadows possessing the damn place. It will be stone dark in another hour. We can't make it! We were three hours in climbing up here."

"With a dead weight, you made it up in three hours. With a pistol at your back, you'll make it down in one."

"We'll never reach the floor alive. Wait till dawn. I'll take you there—Elliott, I'm dead. I've not slept for two nights. My feet won't go another step. Good God, I'm staggering now! You don't know what that trail is. Parachute jump is safer."

"But I know what sixteen hours longer in a blind cave may be for the girl and the kid. Back up, Montgomery. Because you're going—you're leading me there. Walk in front of me. Start down. Step there till I greet Partridge."

They started down. Ace going ahead. Like a shield before Guy. Then Slim sat up—drew himself to his elbow.

He presented a ghastly picture, half wound as he was in folds of silk, and his face sticking out, greenish in its pallor.

Ace had cut these folds from the parachute. Whenever this earlier trail widened, he had dragged his companion upward on the improvised stretcher. A dozen times they had narrowly, miraculously escaped hurtling into the abyss. A dozen times Slim cried out: "Christ let me drop!"

Now, with the pain of his awful climb going like bayonets through his shattered ribs, he chewed ferociously at his thin, livid mouth, and stared at Guy.

"God—it's you!"

"Throw up your hands Partridge!"

Slim looked at Ace. He gave a crazy laugh.

"Ha—Elliott—hands up—like hell my hands go up! You damn shiek—you whimpering skit chaser! Hands up!"

"Ha—Elliott—hands up—like hell—He looked down and back—he sent out a sharp, reverberating curse and pitched himself over."

Late Wednesday afternoon Guy's message reached San Francisco. The evening papers got out extras. The whole story went flaming in the headlines.

Wednesday night a messenger called at the office of an evening paper. He brought a slip of paper. This is what the editor read:

"Follow this messenger. He will lead you to the ransom. Bryce placed in the flume. He will tell you what's happened to Billy Bryce and Patricia Dawn."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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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 50

Guy's voice went shouting down the canyon. The last echo dropped into profound, unbroken silence. No figure emerged.

He took another shot, but this time directly at the base of the stone shaft.

As the pebbles went scattering, someone jumped; someone yelled in alarm: "Don't shoot! Good God, don't shoot!" A man with hands raised, bolted from the rocks. He advanced cautiously, disturbing the vast, sunny quiet with his hoarse, repeated appeal.

Guy remained in the cockpit, covering him with the pistol. At one hundred paces he made out with shock and horror, the little form and dark, comely head. At fifty feet he could no longer deny the identification.

There went through him a hurricane, utterly wasting, obliterating thought and hope. Of all the men on the face of the earth, Shiek Montgomery was the last with whom he would willingly have violated Pat. An expert mechanic—one of the best in the plant—his scoundrel, whose scandalous amours furnished color for numberless smoking room tales and whose gambling and cheating had half a dozen times cost him his job. What ten days with this profiteer might have meant for Pat, he dared not think.

Something of his surging desolation struck through the sharp, "Ha! Keep your hands up. Turn your back."

"Good God! Elliott!"

"One move, Montgomery—it's your last. Stand where you are." Guy glanced toward the ledge below which the wrapped figure lay. He asked in loud demand, "Who's with you?"

"Partridge."

"Where?"

"Down the cliff 300 feet on the ledge to the left of you. He's done. Leg broken—bone shooting through—turning black."

"Who else?"

"Where are the girl and the kid?"

"I don't know."

"Montgomery, the first I see of your last. I'm here to find her. She sent me a radio from that not right over there in the plane you stole. She was here Monday. Where is she now?"

"She jumped Monday. Over the cliff. Got a parachute, took the kid and jumped."

Said Guy, wiping an icy moisture from his forehead, "Go on. What happened after the jump?"

"It was late Monday afternoon—too near dark to follow. Tuesday morning we went down to get them. She ran into a cave. That's the last we saw of her."

"You didn't follow into that cave?"

"Yes, but we had no light. Slim crashed down—a drop—broke his leg. Had to drag him out. Spent yesterday looking for an easier way up here. This morning I drained oil from the engine, put it in a can, made a torch of cotton waste, looked for her. She's not in the cave now."

"Did Partridge guard the mouth of that cave while you came back to get the light?"

"And neither she nor the boy came out."

"No—but there may be some other exit, and she found it."

"Are you quite sure, Montgomery, that you didn't shove her down that drop where Partridge crashed?"

"My God! I never touched her!"

"She knew we'd found a road out and were taking the kid. She didn't want that. And she thought we were going to leave her here—didn't know what we might do with her. She was afraid of Slim. So she jumped."

"From where?" Guy asked in bitter quiet.

Shiek pointed to the forbidding

RELIEF FROM CURSE OF CONSTIPATION

A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause." But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Resall, or Resallin, has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry, evacuating bowel called the colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough, natural movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose. Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Resallin tablet at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Resall Drug Store.—Adv.

COLLINS MANAGER GRAIN CORPORATION

(Associated Press Local Wire)
CHICAGO, May 1.—Henry W. Collins of Pendleton, Ore., has been engaged as district manager of the Farmers' National Grain Corporation. His territory will embrace Washington, Oregon, California and the northern part of Idaho. Collins is one of the largest grain handlers in the Pacific Northwest, having been in grain and milling business for many years. He farms on a large scale. The North Pacific Grain Growers, Inc., one of the stockholders of the corporation, has headquarters in Rosalia, Wash., which is in Collins' territory. The rapid development of this organization indicates it will handle in excess of 50,000,000 bushels of grain of the 1930 crop.

Elks' dance at the temple Thursday night.—Adv.

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

Picnicking at Idleyd Park.—Adv.

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