

Mrs. Hugh Ritchie, of Garden valley, was here shopping and visiting friends Thursday.

We Do It Right Refrigeration Service

Commercial and Domestic
All Makes Repaired and Rebuilt
"18 years" experience in
refrigeration"
PHONE 744
Refrigeration Sales and Service
Corner Mosher & Stephens Sts.

Dr. R. J. Lockwood CHIROPRACTOR

312 E. Cass St.
Phone 445-R



Insure Your Auto or Truck

Special rates on school buses.
Where you can get
The Best at a Lower Cost
FRED A. GOFF
Phone 220 301 N. Main
FARMERS AUTOMOBILE
Inter-INSURANCE Exchange

H. R. Nerbas, D. D. S. Glenn Phetteplace, D. M. D.

DENTISTS

Gas When Desired
Terms May Be Arranged
Hours: 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Evenings by Appointment
Room 5
Masonic Bldg. Phone 488-J

SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XVII
Bannister occupied the next minute with swift, delicious thinking. Karen Sire was separated from him only by the width of one room. The space between them was occupied by Big Jeff Whipple. The girl he loved was not there by accident; she had taken the suite adjoining Whipple's—no doubt with the same purpose that Toole and himself had taken the place in which he was now standing. Probably without knowing Toole's plans, or his own part in their intended execution, this astounding young woman had managed in some way to trace Whipple to the hotel. What plan had Karen in mind? Did she intend to employ a woman's wiles as weapons upon this ruffian—to play the part of Delilah? What would her charm and cleverness avail against a conscienceless scoundrel whose trade was intrigue, who used women as tools and whose ever-ready expedient was murder?

The thought churned Bannister into a fury that demanded immediate action. He would go to Karen's room at once—he turned and rushed for the door. As he seized the knob a thud sounded outside. Swinging the door open, Bannister found the passage blocked by his own rawhide trunk. Toole, in the uniform of a hotel porter, was standing behind it. Dick's energies were racing like an engine off gear. Seizing the trunk, he hurled it into the room. "Come in, Toole!" he snapped. "We're going to work right away. Things are popping like corn on a hot skillet."

Toole lingered with exasperating calm in the hallway. "Karen Sire is in the room next to Whipple's!" Bannister whispered breathlessly, when Toole had entered and closed the door. "Toole removed his porter's cap, opened the trunk and took out his derby. This he fitted to his head with great precision, first having drawn his coat sleeve around the

and that Maurice Sire had with-drawn into the shadows.

Toole removed his coat and derby by replacing them with the porter's jacket and cap. Picking up Bannister's bag, he shuffled into the corridor, augmenting his disguise by a stooping posture and a general vacuity of expression that sat easily upon his heavy features. Bannister was first to emerge from an elevator; he brushed past his co-worker without a sign of recognition and entered the room, leaving a salubrious trail of muttering in his wake. He came out again almost immediately, probably having observed the presence of Toole's derby and coat and the absence of the porter's cap and blouse. The detective, bent slightly, was shuffling toward the elevator shafts.

Dick was about to hail him when a car stopped and Karen Sire (without the chow, this time) stepped out and walked rapidly to her apartment. Bannister flattened himself within the embrace of his own door until he heard a bang down the corridor. Peering out, he saw no sign of Toole.

"Wonder if he's gone in with her?" he muttered. His own experience with Karen Sire in the park had paralyzed him. First she had seemed surprised, then irritated, and finally had become haughty. Her attitude and manner, more than anything she said (she had scarcely spoken a dozen words to him) were capable of only one construction—she regarded him as an annoying intruder.

Why had she treated him in this cavalier fashion? Was the onus on him or did it lodge within herself? After all, there had been a saving grace mixed with her apparent hostility: a certain wifeliness, a seeming desire not to give him pain, contributed some emollient to his lacerated sensibilities.

Poor Bannister! How was he to guess the quirk that guided Karen Sire? With a hundred distracted conjectures radiating from his brain, he had never once, even remotely, thrust out in the right direction. What relief the absurd truth would have given him—what a laugh! How glad he would have been to tell her of his own descent from Pocahontas!

But on all this, darkness still enveloped him. His brother, Hod, he reflected, would have told him,

with a cruelty begotten of kindness, that he was simply making an ass of himself; that Karen Sire had shown a momentary interest in him simply because he had been thrown picturesquely in her way; that her true and permanent interest lay with people of her own sphere. Again the shadow of the murdered prince obtruded itself; the newspapers had said that he was a man of fabulous wealth.

With a savage kick, Bannister hurled back the lid of his trunk. He gazed down at the assortment of rough but useful things that made up his own kit. He was in a mood for violence. A pair of heavy laced boots, with soles fully a half inch thick, caught his eye. They fascinated him; more than once those boots (the right one, particularly) had served him in the sudden execution of a sentence imposed by himself. They had been his law in camp.

Bannister pulled off his shoes and drew on the boots. Bully came nearer to him, wagging his tail but manifesting a truculence that was full of meaning to his master.

"I'm going to do it, Bully," said Dick grimly, "but you're out of this particular little exploit. Any-

way, you never did like skunks or rattlesnakes. It's a skunk that I'm after now."

(To be continued)

Medford Visitors Here—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pack, of Medford, are spending a few days in Roseburg, attending to business and visiting friends.

Leave on Vacation—Mrs. W. M. Chalmers and son, Bill, and daughter, Miss Ada Jane, of this city, left today for Ashland on their vacation.

A Lift without a letdown



LAGER is Better Beer!

Ever taste true lager beer?
The Federal definition of "lager" says, "It must be aged at least 3 months."
But Rainier is aged longer—a perfected lager!
Here is far finer flavor, a richer creamier head, and sparkling, clear color—all without artificial flavoring, foam-making, or coloring matter—and so a pure lager too! Rainier's taste will tell you.

FOR NERVES... Leading physicians say pure beer aids body-tone, nerves, sound sleep, digestion and the complexion.
Try Rainier for the finer flavor of true lager; and for its healthfulness also, if your doctor agrees. Don't say, "beer," say "Rainier."

"Special Export"
America's finest Beer
IN BOTTLES AND CANS

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTING CO., Roseburg, Ore. Phone 340

The BEST of
whiskey comes
from Kentucky
and the
Best of Kentucky
comes from

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., Inc.
Louisville • Owensboro
Largest Distillery in Kentucky

School Bus Insurance

We are pleased to announce a material reduction in our rates for School Bus Insurance.

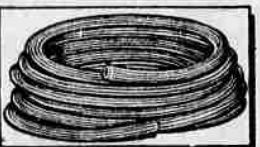
QUINE & COMPANY

115 Cass Street
ROSEBURG, OREGON

GARDEN Needs

Goodyear
Fabric-Filled
Hose \$3.25

50-foot length complete with couplings and nozzle. A fine high quality product that makes gardening a pleasure.



\$4.95 \$7.00

- Others at
- Sprinklers
 - Lawn Mowers
 - Garden Tools
 - Electric Fans

PARSLOW FURNITURE CO.

111 N. Jackson St.



SLEEPY ALL DAY?
WIDE AWAKE ALL NIGHT?

You don't need to suffer that way.
You don't have to endure headaches.

Functional digestive disorders cause excess acidity, indigestion, gas, constipation, dullness, headaches, wakefulness at night and lead to more serious troubles. Here's the treatment.

RICHARDSON'S BILE SALTS TABLETS

Get only 25c worth and prove to yourself that they give immediate relief and bring you buoyancy, good digestion and sound healthy sleep. Go to

RICHARDSON'S DRUG STORE

at once and commence using this good treatment—get only a quarter's worth.

HOME LOANS

To Buy, Build
Remodel
Refinance

No Commissions

No Finance Fee

Low Interest

Attractive Terms

Umpqua Savings &
Loan Association

It's VACATION TIME

HOOD RIVER, PENDLETON, UMATILLA, WALLA WALLA, THE DALLES, LA GRANDE, MAUPIN, UKIAH, BAKER, PORTLAND, REDMOND, JOHN DAY, UNITY.

ROUND TRIP From Portland, 960 miles

TAKE to the motor trail for a magnificent outing in a superb vacation playground. A region of lakes, rivers, mountains, flat lands, extensive ranches. In the Wallowa mountains the Federal Government has set aside a great primitive area called "The Switzerland of America." Another extraordinary recreational region is the Blue Mountain district near Baker and LaGrande. The route, east from Portland along the Columbia Highway, has many points of interest including the Indian Reservation at Umatilla... Pendleton, cattle-raising center and famed for its annual "Round Up Days" celebration. Return along the Eastern slopes of the Cascades into the valley of the Deschutes River, through wheat lands into the noted orchard district near The Dalles. The best preparation for a successful trip is a visit to your neighborhood Richfield dealer for motor service. When you fill your car with Hi-Octane, be sure to secure your free copy of the 1936 Richfield Strip Map.

Let's go Places with RICHFIELD