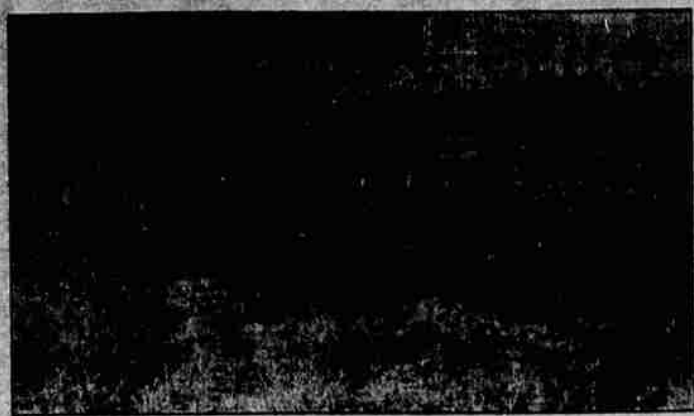


NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY Palmer Lands



Why go to Canada, or to Central Oregon, or anywhere else, when you can buy better land for less money and stay in Union County.

Compare the following facts about Palmer Logged-off Lands with any other new lands. Farmers living on these lands will tell you, and a personal investigation will convince you of their superiority.

PRICE—Only \$15.00 per acre.

TERMS—One-tenth down and one-tenth each year, interest 6 per cent.
LOCATION—In Union County, 10 miles from Elgin, 30 miles from La Grande, 1 to 4 miles from Palmer Junction where there is a general merchandise store, postoffice, railway station on the O.-W. R. & N. with daily mail, passenger and freight service.

ALTITUDE—2600 feet. (Lower than La Grande.)

CLIMATE—Mild, no wind, 30 inches rainfall, no late frosts.
SOIL—A mixture of volcanic and pine ash varying from 2 to 5 feet deep, with a clay sub soil that holds the moisture and keeps the soil damp all summer. The following are extracts from a report by the Oregon Agricultural college chemist on an examination of the soil: "A very good phosphorus content. It is not acid. No doubt but what there is sufficient potash present." He says "nitrogen is fairly available, and as with all unbroken lands proper cultivation will increase the quantity of this."

CLEARING—Palmer lands were cut over several years ago; and the white pine stumps, having no tap root and being filled with pitch are easily burned or pulled. The land is free from rocks and the soil is sufficiently of a sandy nature that it never packs and is easily plowed. The cost of clearing is much less than other new lands.

WATER—These lands are well watered from springs and living creeks, while good well water is found within a few feet of the surface. This is a dry farming country with plenty of rainfall and a clay sub soil that keeps the ground moist the year round.

LAY OF LAND—The country is fairly level with some rolling hills similar to the Willamette valley lands.

CROPS AND STOCK—A natural hay, grain, stock and dairy country. A large forest reserve bounds it on the West affording abundant outside range. Cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and poultry have been raised with fine success. Vegetables, potatoes, berries and fruit are also grown with excellent results.

WOOD—There is plenty of timber for building houses and barns on nearly every place and to furnish wood for many years. Some places have enough wood to pay for the land.

SCHOOLS—There is a good school in the center of these lands which is to be increased to a nine months school.

ROADS—The roads to Elgin, Walla Walla and other places are all good. The old logging railroad makes an excellent road-bed and a gradual down hill haul from all parts to Palmer Junction. This road has been accepted as a new county road. A county bridge across the Grande Ronde river is to be built this year which will connect Palmer Junction with the Cricket Flat country.

SETTLERS—About 2500 acres of these lands have already been sold and at least 20 families are now or will be living on their places this spring. They are all real farmers and are beginning to demonstrate the value of these lands.

IMPROVEMENTS—A rural mail route and a telephone line and many other conveniences will undoubtedly be added to this section before long. We expect that at least 50 families will be living on these lands by next year.

DON'T PUT OFF INVESTIGATING

For a home, a profitable farm, or an investment, Palmer lands cannot be equaled. Farms and ranches of any nature desired from 40 to 200 or more acres aggregating at least 4000 acres, all as good land as any yet sold, are now offered for this spring's rush. We have had many inquiries this winter and confidently expect this entire body of land will be sold in the next few months. If interested call and let us show you photographs and maps and explain further in detail. We can find what

PALMER

kind of a place you want and will take you to the places that will most likely suit your needs and return in one day on the O.-W. R. & N. The time between trains at Palmer Junction is six and one-half hours which gives ample time to look over much of this land. If a longer stay is desired, accommodations for board and lodging can be furnished and the roads are in a good condition to drive over with wagon. Our representative will either meet you at Palmer Junction or go down with you at any time you wish.

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SECOND EPISODE In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride

CHAPTER I.
THE runaway bride, who led the chase, seemed to be lucky, for the traffic opened before her like magic and closed behind her like a wall. As she turned into Central park at Fifty-ninth street, safe from immediate pursuit, the black Vandyked man's car was in a snarl at Fifth-sixth. As he came out of that pocket he leaned forward, after a look ahead, and spoke crisply to his driver. They stopped at the Plaza hotel, and the man, hurrying up the steps, suddenly paused. With a smile he drew from his pocket a tiny gold watch and opened it. Inside the lid was the picture of a beautiful young girl with a handsome collar. The black Vandyked man gazed at the picture for a moment in frowning meditation. It was the runaway bride.

As he entered the hotel Ned's taxi, with the fluttering white ribbons, passed and turned into the park just as June Warner turned out of it at Seventy-second street, heading for Riverside drive.

At that hour Iris Blethering sat pouring her voluble sadness into the ears of Bobbie in the Blethering home on Riverside drive. She had been school day chum and the bosom friend of June Moore, but now there was no June Moore, only a June Warner, and June Warner might become a stranger. "Rot," observed Bobbie. "How long are they going to be gone?"

"Three weeks. It's an eternity, Bobbie!"

"Rot," said Bobbie. "Why doesn't somebody answer that doorbell?"

It had only just rung, and immediately the hollow Blethering butler came through. He did not return to announce any one, however. Instead the caller rushed straight in and threw himself into the arms of Iris.

"June!"

Bobbie Blethering stood by and watched the tableau for a moment; then he went to the door and looked out.

"Where's Ned?" he quite naturally inquired.

The only answer was a sob.

"June," pleaded Iris, "where's Ned?"

"I—I left Ned!" June wailed. "I ran away!"

"Aw, I say!" protested Bobbie.

"What did he do, dear?" This from Iris.

"He—he gave me money!"

"He gave you money?" Iris repeated.



The Black Vandyked Man.

this numbly after awhile. "Did you say he gave you money?"

"Yes," June straightened up as she recognized the difficulty which lay before her. Iris, while a warm and loyal friend, was not exactly a thoughtful person nor a sensitive one and might perhaps not understand the deep ethical significance of what had happened. Bobbie didn't count.

"Just after the wedding breakfast mother gave me a purse, and if I had not left that on the library table at home I might not have known my predicament until it was too late. When Ned and I were on the train, however, I missed the purse. While I was telling Ned about it he tipped the porter

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a dollar in his nice, cheery way; then he turned around and gave me \$30—in just the same way! Don't you see?" And she shuddered with the recollection of her humiliation. "Then I had a dream," went on June, with more vigor, bound now to make them understand. "I saw myself being paid for being a wife, as mummy pays the servants and Ned pays his stenographer. I saw Ned giving me money as he gives it to beggars! I saw myself always holding out my hand for charity!" And she was a most pathetic little figure as she upturned her palm. "I couldn't stand it. So I threw down the \$30 and slipped off the train and came back."

"But you had no money!" said Iris. "I got on the train anyhow and sold my watch to a funny old lady," June explained. She paused to remember something—the black Vandyked man who now had her watch. He had bought it from the old lady on the train, so that June could some day redeem it. That was very nice of him.



He Caught Up the Portrait and Pressed it to His Lips.

She had his card and was reaching for it when she noticed that Iris had gone to the telephone.

"You mustn't telephone anybody!" the runaway bride insisted. "You would be betraying my confidence."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"What about Ned?" Bobbie suddenly blurted, the thought of young Warner, alone on the train with the honeymoon luggage, flashing on his mind.

"Ned's a darling!" And June's lip quivered. "He's an angel! But I cannot be a burden to be carried on Ned's back. I shall stay away from Ned until I achieve my own independence. Then we can walk together hand in hand—in mutual self respect and accepting from each other nothing but love!"

"It is for his happiness as well as for mine," June insisted firmly. "The world will not be happy until women walk in strict equality with men, Iris, dear." She saw by the face of her friend that cold logic was wasted. The two girls walked upstairs, and Iris ushered her still bosom friend into a cozy little guest room.

Meanwhile Ned Warner began to be familiar with the bronze panther on the overhanging rock in the park and, casting back in his memory, reflected that he must have passed it about five times.

But why had June married him? Why had she walked down the aisle of the Brynport chapel with him that morning? Perhaps the black Vandyked man was married, and marriage was the only road to June's freedom.

He could stand this train of thoughts no longer. He whirled up Riverside drive, past the very house where June was then talking to Iris and turned his key in the lock of the place which was to have been home. Home! And this was his return! Here were all the furnishings which they had bought together. Here had clustered all his dreams of happiness.

It must be his task to find that man! June was still June—and his June! He caught up the portrait and pressed it to his lips and held it in his arms and sank down by the bed sobbing.

At that moment June and Iris were sitting in the big walnut paneled library, and Bobbie wandered in. When he saw the girls he started back.

"Don't go, Bobbie!" called Iris. She walked straight up to him and held out her hand. "Produce!"

"What's the price?" he asked.

"Oh, a hundred." "How did you guess my roll?" inquired the cheerful Bobbie, dragging up a handful of bills with nonchalant ease, at which June smiled in spite of her embarrassment. She had always been amused at the matter of fact and open way in which these two discussed finances. Bobbie counted his money and held back a fragment of it. "Here's your hundred, and I'm seven to the good."

"Oh," gasped June as the significance of the tableau suddenly dawned upon her. Why, they were almost in the same position in which she had seen herself when she was Ned's piteous little beggar.

"Thanks, Bobbie," said Iris and turned to June. "If you want more, honey, in your struggle for independence, come right back, and I'll make Bobbie give it to us."

June shrank away. "Oh, I can't possibly take it! I didn't know you were going to ask Bobbie!"

"Where else do I get it?" blurted the bosom friend. "Bobbie's the easiest way."

"That's just it," June pointed out. "Can't you see what a beggar a dependent woman is? Don't you see that if I can't accept a gift of money from my husband I can't possibly let you accept for me a gift of money from your husband? Don't be angry, Iris, please. I'm fighting for a principle."

"Oh, Mr. Thomas Rot!" exploded Bobbie.

"That attitude is at the bottom of the whole thing, Bobbie," argued June.

(Continued on Page 7.)

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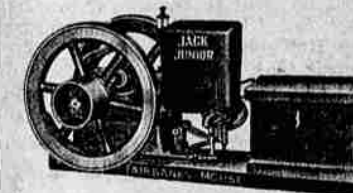
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