

Criteria of Merchandise

Are samples for they are the means by which the manufacturers' output will be judged. They are his silent salesman. Samples from the leading manufacturers and at the lowest prices. The Hub—the drummers' sample store.

Ladies' gun metal button shoes	\$1.49
Ladies' \$3.00 sample oxfords, all styles	\$1.49
Ladies' black cotton hose	10c
Ladies' \$3.50 pumps and oxfords	\$1.95
Ladies' comfort Juliets, rubber heels	98c
Boys' heavy ribbed stockings	15c
Boys' caps	25c
Boys' hats	49c 98c
Boys' shoes	\$1.45 \$1.85
Boys' blue bib overalls	35c
Men's black mule skin shoes	\$1.65
Men's \$3.50 work shoes	\$2.45
Men's blue bib overalls	69c
Men's work or dress sox	5c
Men's suspenders	25c
Men's sample hats	\$1.00
Men's leather work gloves or mule skin mitts	20c
Men's \$1.50 work pants	\$1.00

THE HUB

A Store of Sample Merchandise

ORANGE SALES AT THE BEST

CHOICE QUALITY OFFERED FROM SHELVES

Vegetable Kingdom Rapidly Improving Its Offerings

There is nothing in markets as near its perfect state as oranges at this writing. Merchants have a wide variety of sizes, but the quality is invariably good and orange eaters should make the best of their opportunities right now; at no time of the year are oranges better than right now. While the grocer takes a great deal of delight in filling an order for oranges this month because he knows the buyer will be satisfied, vegetables are also becoming more attractive to look at and desirable to buy. It is but a short time to the date that homegrown vegetables of all kinds will be selling everywhere, but in the interim, the quality of stuff offered is improving.

Brussel sprouts are out of the market, practically speaking, very few dealers caring to handle them further.

FRUIT.

Oranges—20 to 50c a dozen.
Bananas 30c and 40c per doz.
Bananas—10c lb.
Lemons—30c and 35c.
Cranberries—20c.
Apples—Eating, 50c, 75c and \$1.00 box; Cooking, 75c box.

VEGETABLES AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Green Onions—5 cents bunch.
Spinach—2 lb at 15c.
Rhubarb—15c a bunch.
Turnips—3c lb.
Brussel Sprouts, 20c a pound.
Parsley—6c a bunch.
Sweet potatoes—7c lb.
New potatoes—\$1.25 cwt.
Sugar, cane or fruit—\$6.90 sack.

cash; \$7.30 for 30 days time.
Chili peppers—40c.
Honey—20c.
Cabbage—3c.
Carrots—2c lb.
Beets—3c lb.
Onions—3c lb.
Beans—White 10; Lima, 12c; Pink 10c.
Celery, Cal. 2@25c.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 35 cents, 1-lb roll; 2-lb roll 65 cents.
Ranch butter—1-lb. roll 30c; 2-lb. roll—60c.

Eggs—strictly fresh ranch, doz 20

CHICKENS AND FOWL.

Hens—16c@18c, retail, dressed.
Turkeys—22c@28c, retail.
Spring fliers—22c@25c, retail.

FLOUR, RA1, FEED, ETC.

Blue Stem Flour—\$1.90.
Patent—\$1.85.
Snowdrift—\$2.05.
Upper Crust—\$2.05.
None-to-Equal—\$1.80 sack.
Occident—\$2.50.
Sea Foam—\$1.75.
Gold Medal—\$2.50.
Timothy—(To producer) \$11.00.
Rolled Oats—\$1.6 per cwt.
Oats—(To producer) \$1.60.
Barley—\$1.60.
Rolled Barley—\$1.75 wt.
Wild hay—(To producer) \$9.00 baled.

General hog market range:

Best light 6.50 @ 6.60
Medium light 6.35 @ 6.40
Rough and heavy 5.85 @ 6.00

General cattle market range:

Select grain fed steers 6.60 @ 6.75
Good to choice 6.00 @ 6.15
Best cows 5.40 @ 5.25
Ordinary 3.00 @ 5.00
Selected calves 7.00 @ 7.50
Fancy bulls 4.50 @ 5.00

SHEEP.

Best yearlings 6.75

Even hardy well nourished American girls who venture into stricken Europe are liable to catch something. One of them who went to the front as a nurse has become engaged to a lord.

RUNAWAY JUNE

(Continued from Page 3.)

with spirit. "Because (b) man un- supported the woman for ages he has made himself the master. That de- troys the woman's self respect, and love dies."

"She's a fine kid," said Bobbie heartily, "but if she's going to draw the line on money which has been handed from a man to a woman she'll have to get it fresh from the mint."

"What will you do, June?" fretted Iris.

"If I only had that purse mummy gave me," mused June.

"She got that from your father," Bobbie was unkind enough to remind her.

"Oh, that was daddy's money," she brightly replied, no trace of concern on her brow, "and it's the last I can take from them now that I'm married. Iris, couldn't you go out to the house and say you'll send it to me?"

"Just the thing!" Iris was bubbling immediately with enthusiasm. "We'll go right out now. Bobbie, call the car."

"You mustn't let them know I'm here," warned June. "You mustn't let any one know!"

Within five minutes Iris and Bobbie in the swift little runabout were headed for Brynport. In the library June had found a picture of Ned among some other intimate photographs, and it was with constant reference to this and amid constant talking to it and constant caressing of it that she penned her important message:

My Poor, Dear Boy—I cannot explain in a letter what happened today. When I am free, dear Ned, I will make you understand and forgive. You must not try to find your unhappy bride. JUNE.

CHAPTER II.

UNT DEBBY came around the corner of the Moore house in all her glory—stiff lavender dress with the red posies on it, yellow hat with the green feather, tan shoes and blue stockings.

"Howdy, Aunt Debby!" Bobbie blethering, with his chattel beside him, swung up the drive in his fast little runabout.

June's parents came to the door, John J. Moore in the blue and tan smoking jacket which he had refused to wear until tenderness at June's approaching departure had brought him to it, and Charlotte Moore in the gray silk dress embroidered by June's own hands.

"Come right in," heartily invited Father Moore, and Mother Moore, with soft eyes, shook Bobbie by one hand and Iris by both.

"We have only a minute to stay," began Iris, starting to talk as they went into the library. "I heard from June," Iris rattled on. Father Moore, in the parlor, came straight over.

"She missed her purse," glibly went on Iris, while Bobbie eyed her with admiration. "She's afraid she lost it. Did she leave it here?"

"Right on that table." And Mrs. Moore's eyes sparkled. She took it from a drawer in a desk.

"That girl always was careless about money," laughed Mr. Moore as if it were a virtue.

Bobbie glanced at Iris. She was as serene as a plate of ice cream.

"I'll send it to her," offered Iris, and Mrs. Moore smilingly put it in her hand.

"Why didn't June wire us?" puzzled father, his fists bulging in the pockets of his gay smoking jacket.

"Yes, why didn't she?" Mother's voice was full of anxiety, but as she saw the untroubled expression of Iris Blithering's face she began to baffle.

If June could wire her friend, why couldn't she wire her mother?

"You have such slow delivery out here," promptly explained Iris.

"Just what did she say?"

Iris cast her eyes to the ceiling and began telling off the words on her fingers.

"Phone mother I can't find my purse. Did I forget it? Extremely happy. Bushels of love to all. June."

Twenty minutes were all the callers could spare. They drove down the boulevard. A taxicab flashed by them, but they did not notice it. Ned Warner was in the taxi, and he was out and up on the porch before the machine had come to a full stop. John Moore answered the bell, and he stood as if petrified when he saw his son-in-law's expression.

"Have you heard from June?" husked Ned.

"Isn't she with you?" The voice of Moore was strained and tense.

Mrs. Moore came hurrying out, her face ashen.

"June!" she cried. She ran down to the taxi and peered in through the open window. She came running back and caught Ned by the arm. "Where's my girl?"

"Then she isn't here?" gasped Ned.

"Come inside." John Moore's voice had lost all its color. He led the way into the library. "Now, what is all this about? Why are you here alone?"

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her."

"We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"Then that's where she is!" There was relief in Ned's voice.

"Sit down," said Moore. "Why are you not with her?"

"I don't know." There was a choke in Ned's voice. "She left me on the train—slipped away at Farnville."

"She wouldn't do such a thing without good cause!" declared Mrs. Moore with firm conviction.

"What happened?" This sharply from Moore.

"I don't understand. She told me she lost her purse. I gave her some money, and she went to sleep with her head on my shoulder. I pilloved her more comfortably on the seat by and by and went into the smoker. I dropped in to look at her about every five minutes, and when I came back after we had passed Farnville she was gone. She left the money on the seat. Here it is." And he showed them the three crumpled bills, one partly torn.

"How do you know she returned to New York?" demanded Moore.

"I saw her. I got off at the next station and telephoned. The station master at Farnville reported that he saw her getting on a down train. I took an express and overhauled her as we came into the Grand Central station. I saw her leave the station and get into a taxi."

"You are holding something back!" Moore charged. "I want to know the truth!"

"You have all I can tell you," declared Ned. He would not tell them about the black Vandyked man, and June was Mrs. Warner now.

"Will you get your wraps, please, Charlotte?" June's father finally said, and rose. "We are going to Iris. I'll order the car."

They were grim and silent as they sped away.

While they rode the black Vandyked man, in Sherry's, sat at the end of a long table between a jovial host with a gray mustache and a ponderous man with heavily lidded eyes and short hair.

There were a dozen placed at the table, and wine bled at every plate, but the others of the party, which included a half dozen vivacious and gayly gownned young women, were dancing. The three men talked in low tones, their heads bent together, and the black Vandyked man was the most silent. Finally he began to talk and grew enthusiastic, and presently he drew forth June's little gold watch. Then he flashed open the lid. All three men bent eagerly over it. They gazed upon the lovely features of the runaway bride, their faces bent close together. They clapped the black Vandyked man on the shoulder.

It was during this time that June Warner, sitting quietly in a corner of the library with Bobbie and Iris and with her mother's purse still in her hand, heard a familiar voice in the vestibule.

"Daddy!" She dashed from her chair in a flash and went upstairs to her room.

"Where's June?" Mrs. Moore had pushed through ahead of the men.

John Moore walked straight to Bobbie Blithering and shook an awe inspiring finger at that young man.

"Where's my girl?" he demanded. Bobbie slowly straightened.

"Well, she's here," he said. "What of it?"

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!"

"Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"

Iris took two letters from the mantel. She gave one to Ned and one to Mrs. Moore.

Moore. Her husband looked over her shoulder. The letter was addressed to—

Dear Daddy and Mummy—I cannot explain in a letter why I was compelled to leave Ned. Some day I will make you understand and forgive. Please be good to dear Ned and love

YOUR LITTLE JUNE.

"Here's the man!" shouted Ned, his voice full of sudden fury. He held a pair of gloves in one hand and a card in the other. "These are June's gloves. They were lying on the table, and this card was in them!"

"They're my gloves!" called Iris, but Ned laughed at her. There was no mistaking those dainty, blue embroidered bits of white kid.

"Now, I'll tell you," went on Ned. "This man, Gilbert Blye, whose name I now know for the first time, was with her from the moment she left me until she came here. He is a tall, black Vandyked man, and at Farnville he was seen assisting June on the down train. I saw them myself through the car window talking together. I want to find Gilbert Blye!

BROOMS At Wholesale Prices

RETAIL WHOLESALE

"Billy Burk" 27 lb. size	\$1.00	68c
"Golden West" 24 lb. size	.80	56c
"Daisy" 24 lb. size	.75	48c
"Winner" 22 lb. size	.60	38c

ALL WE ASK OF YOU IS TO LOOK OUR BROOMS OVER AND THEN COMPARE PRICE AND QUALITY WITH OTHERS. PHONE US MAIN 700. WE DELIVER.

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.. The..

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First. That systematic saving pays. A deposit of \$5.00 a month for five years, with 4 per cent interest computed semi-annually, will yield you \$332.27. Ten dollars a month for the same length of time will yield \$664.60, while in ten years you would have \$1,474.76.

Second. The safety of your money. The well known character and ability of our board of directors is a sufficient guarantee of honest and capable management.

Third. That we take any amount from \$1.00 upwards.

Fourth. That your money is payable on demand.

Fifth. That we pay 4 per cent interest on Certificates of Deposit and Saving accounts, crediting the interest on the Savings accounts on the first day of January and July in each year.

Sixth. That we extend to our patrons every courtesy and accommodation in our power consistent with good banking, and

Seventh. That we are under Government inspection.

We respectfully solicit your business.

T. J. SCROGGIN, Cashier.



"Why are you here alone?" Are you hiding him too? And so turned savagely on Iris. Bobbie lunged forward. "That'll do, Ned," he warned. "Iris, call June." "June!" They heard Iris throwing doors open and running through the house, calling June. Ned darted up the stairs, but in the hall Iris met him with a frightened face. "She is gone!" They all searched for her then, but there was no trace of her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

DON'T LET GRAY HAIRS

Make You Look Old. Restore Natural Shade by This Guaranteed Method.

That much-desired dark, natural shade is within your reach—easily, inexpensively. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hay's Hair Health. When applied to gray hair it causes the hair to bring back the original youthful color. Absolutely harmless. Keeps new gray hairs from showing. Imparts lustre and beauty; removes dandruff. No one knows you are using it. By using it with Hay's Hair "Applier," costing only 25c, you insure more thorough application. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at druggists who return price if it fails, or Philo Hay Co., Newark, N. J., on receipt of price and dealer's name.—Adv.

NEWLIN DRUG CO.

Proper Treatment for Billiousness.

For a long time Miss Lula Skelton, Churchville, N. Y., was bilious and had sick headache and dizzy spells. Chamberlain's Tablets were the only thing that gave her permanent relief. Obtainable everywhere.



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by placing them in the hands of incompetent workmen this is sure to happen. We can refer you to watches we have kept in repair for over twenty years and they are as good today as when they left the factory. We do nothing but first class watch, clock and jewelry repairing and guarantee every piece of work done. Do not take any unnecessary chances. we will lend you a good time keeper whilst we repair your own. La Grande's leading Optometrists and Jewelers.

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Annual Rates per Thousand

21 ...	\$ 7.98
25 ...	9.50
30 ...	11.40
35 ...	13.30
40 ...	15.20
45 ...	17.10
50 ...	19.00
55 ...	20.90

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

If you are 30 how does \$2000 protection for your family at a cost of \$22.80 per year look to you? Or \$4000 at age 40 for \$60.00 annually?

It is absolutely unnecessary to pay a high price for pure life insurance when the expensive frills of cash and loan values are lopped off.

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