

Sample Shoes

Means the best of shoes at the lowest prices—

Children's sample shoes	85¢ 98¢ \$1.15
Children's baby doll pumps	60¢ \$1.00
Misses' sample shoes, the very best at	\$1.45 \$1.65 \$1.95
Misses' baby doll or velvet pumps	\$1.45 \$1.65
Ladies' \$3.00 sample oxfords	\$1.49
Ladies' \$3.50 sample pumps and oxfords, latest styles in all leathers	\$1.95
Men's heavy work shoes with caps or plain toes, most welted soles	\$2.45
Men's \$7.00 high cut sample shoes in 12, 14 and 16 inch heights, double soles	\$4.95
Men's extra heavy work shoes, full double soles, best oil-grained uppers, worth \$4.50	\$3.45

THE HUB

A Store of Sample Merchandise

SUGAR IS UP 25 CTS. TODAY

INCREASE COMES FROM PORTLAND DURING DAY

Onions Expected to be Slightly Cheaper Soon—Rhubarb Down

Sugar went up today, a 25-cent raise being ordered by the Portland distributors. This is the only article of commerce in grocery stores that has a tendency upward. Green onions, it is expected will soon be a shade lower, and rhubarb is selling two pounds for 25 cents.

FRUIT.

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

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
VEGETABLES AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Fresh Radishes—5c a bunch.
Green Onions—5 cents bunch
Spinach—2 lb @ 15c
Rhubarb—2 lbs. @ 25c
Turnips—8c lb.
Parsley—5c a bunch.
Sweet potatoes—7c lb.
New potatoes—\$1.25 cwt.
Chili peppers—40c.
Honey—20c.
Cabbage—3c.
Carrots—2c lb.
Beets—3c lb.
Onions—3c lb.
Sugar, cane or fruit—\$7.15 sack.

FARM LOANS

Reasonable Rates

SECURITY LAND & SAVINGS COMPANY
La Grande, Oregon

RUNAWAY

JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S
Run Each Thursday and Friday.

CHAPTER III.
MRS. GILBERT BLYE was in shrill voiced converse with a big green parrot, which, from length and sharpness of nose and height of eye arches, might have been a sister to her. A maid announced that some one had wanted to see Mr. Blye, and, since he was not at home, would Mrs. Blye care to say where he was? He came to New York on an early train.

Mrs. Blye rose instantly. She sailed straight into the hall and confronted



Mrs. Gilbert Blye Was In Shrill Voice Converse With a Big Green Parrot.

the five earnest visitors. "Did you say Mr. Blye returned on an early train?" "Yes," Ned tried not to speak curtly. "I saw him." "I am Mrs. Blye. Is there anything I can do for you?" The lady was studying the group with a shrewlike penetration. Mrs. Blye began to worry herself. Also she began to suspect. That last was her specialty. "If you will tell me the nature of your business with Mr. Blye I may be able to locate him." "I want my daughter!" blurted out John Moore, his lips quivering. "Oh!" And Mrs. Blye's voice rose. "Your daughter!" She glared at them for a moment. "Will you please wait?" she asked and sailed back through the hall. They could hear her sharp voice telephoning. She had called her husband's club, and they heard her exclaim indignantly. "Where, Sherry's?" She was back, blazing. She had her hat in her hand. "He's at Sherry's!" she shrielled.

An electric coupe stood at the door. She slammed into that, turned on the lights and rolled away with as much vigor as was in the capacity of her machine. Bobbie's runabout darted

along the highway with Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Ned. Poor June! It had been hard for her to leave those beloved voices down there in the library, but she had made up her mind very firmly that neither she nor Ned could be happy if she was always to feel that she was a chattel. She ran back to the desk for Ned's photograph, then stepped lightly out on the tiny side porch, jumped down to the little embankment and fled, as light as a thistle-down, along the side of the house and out at the little grocer's gate.

Where now should she go? The apartments, their home, hers and Ned's! She hurried up in that direction, but at the first corner she stopped for an instant and darted over toward Broadway. She had realized three things almost simultaneously—first, that they might come out of the Blethering house at any instant and see her; second, that she had no key and, third, that Ned might come there. It would be the most likely place for him to go in his loneliness.

In fond memory, stopping at the first dark corner, she went over each of the dear rooms, furnished just to fit her and delight her—the white and gold reception room, the white and rose drawing room, the white and black library, the white and blue bedroom, the all white kitchen. She saw Ned in every room and herself there. Now flushed and happy she was experimenting with the toy range, now they were dining together all alone. She was playfully feeding Ned, and he was seasoning the meat with stolen kisses, walking clear around the table to get them. They were spending an evening of blissful companionship in the library.

She suddenly held her handkerchief to her mouth to choke back a sob. On Broadway she hailed a passing taxi.

All was sparkling at Sherry's, but Gilbert Blye had taken small share in the hilarity. He had risen to go when a black eyed young woman, the most vivacious of the party, called him to task for his evening of secret scheming. "You're up to some devilment," she charged, playfully tweaking his beard. "Come and dance with me." "Sorry, Tommy," he told her, with that queer smile on his lips, "but I've a previous engagement." "She can wait," pouted the girl. She dragged Blye away from the table. "Take my car, Gil!" called the gray mustached host.

"Certainly," replied Blye, and the three men exchanged a smile. "I'll dance one round with Tommy; then I'll go." Before that round was over, however, Gilbert Blye saw an apparition in the doorway, and his face turned cold. The apparition was a tall, angular woman with a long, high nose and high arched brows, who was trying to bore Gilbert Blye through and through with a double eyed glare of burning ferocity. He hurried over to his wife. She had shrielled:

"Who is that woman?" One lean, long finger pointed accusingly at the vivacious black eyed girl with whom Gil had been dancing.

"I shall explain nothing," said Gilbert. "I'm through!" He left her contemptuously, leaving her stunned by this unexpected revolt. As he went down the steps he heard her shrieking something after him, and he hurried. As he dashed out of the door he ran into a group who were coming in. They were the Moores, the Bletherings and Ned Warner, and he was upon them and past them and jumping into the luxuriously furnished racing limousine, with the little watch in his hand, before they realized that this was the man they were seeking.

"There he goes!" cried Ned. "The scoundrel!" Blye, moving rapidly away, saw the confusion and blamed his wife for the scene, for now she was in the lead of the excited group, which was rushing toward him.

The house of the Moores at Brynport was dark when June arrived, the dear old house. It stood back amid the dim trees, with a dignity and beauty which she had never before thoroughly appreciated, and at the gate she hesitated as if, with no one to welcome her, she had no right here.

There was a welcome, though, and a joyous one, a loud, hearty one, a series of delighted barks from her dog Bouncer. The hole through which he usually emerged had been found and closed, but he wasted no time on that. He merely came through the window, bringing a part of the sash with him, and here he was running circles around her, leaping at her, crouching, barking at the top of his voice, doing everything in his power to show her that she was a welcome visitor at this place and in his heart at any hour of the night or day.

He had known her very presence from far back in the shed. It was the work of a minute for June to clamber through an unlocked kitchen window and to rush upstairs, get her maid, Marie, seize several garments and drag with her the astounded servant.

"Miss June! Miss June!" cried Aunt Debby, out of breath from running, but June only waved a hand at her as the taxi swept out of the drive. A limousine had stopped in front of the house, and a black Vandyked man had alighted.

"Miss Moore!" he called, but June's taxi rattled on. He jumped in his own car and gave the word and started in swift pursuit. The two machines were still in sight when the runabout of Bobbie and Iris

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Seventh. That we are under Government inspection. We respectfully solicit your business.

T. J. SCROGGIN, Cashier.



Where Now Should She Go?

dashed around the circle. "Is June here?" called Iris. "Lawdy, no!" puffed Aunt Debby. "Dat's her goli' yonder!" The runabout was gone with a whizz, and immediately after came the family limousine. "Is June here?" called all three of the occupants at once. "She's just done gone!" The gentleman with black whiskers has just done gone! Mr. Bobbie and Miss Iris has just done gone! Whooh! Around the corner there rolled an electric coupe. It was brilliantly lighted, and in it sat an angular woman with a high, long nose and high arched brows, beneath which glittered two sharp eyes. "Say!" shrielled the occupant of the electric. Aunt Debby, her broad hand on her stomach, pointed down the road.

(Continued on Page 7.)

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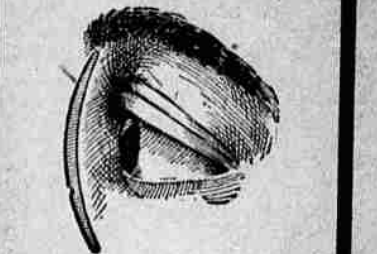


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