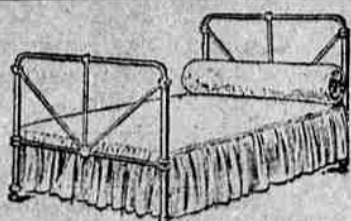


The Forced Furniture Sale

More Prices For Your Consideration

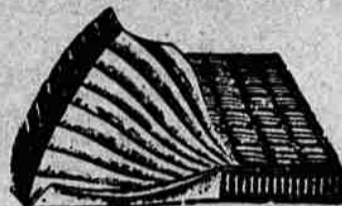
Remember this is a "Forced Sale" this stock must be closed-out and closed-out at Once.



Iron Beds

Bed exactly like cut in Vernis Marten finish. Original price \$3.00, Forced Sale Price **\$1.95**
Other beds with equal discount.

MATTRESSES



Adcock & Fritts special layer felted cotton mattress, same as Ostermoor, 50 pounds. Original Price \$15.00. Closing Out Price, Exactly like cut **\$8.95**
Adcock & Fritts special Daisy mattress, covered with fancy art ticking. Original price \$8.50. Closing Out Price **\$4.65**
Adcock & Fritts special 50 lb. combination mattress, Original Price \$6.75, Closing Out Price **\$3.70**
Cotton Top Mattress, Original Price \$3.50, Closing Out Price **\$2.35**

DRESSERS

Solid Oak, Golden Oak finish, three drawers, 12x20 French plate mirror, Original Price \$12.50. Forced Sale Price **\$7.40**
Princess Dresser, three drawers, Birdseye Maple, 28x36 in. French plate beveled mirror, Original Price \$22.00, Forced Sale Price **\$15.85**
Circassian Walnut dresser, four drawers, 24x30in. mirror, Original Price \$30.00, Forced Sale Price **\$18.70**
Oak Desser, high base, four drawer, 18x40 in. top beveled French plate mirror, Colonial design, dull wax finish, Original Price \$14.50, Forced Sale Price **\$9.60**

SUIT CASES

Are you going to the San Francisco Exposition? Solid leather, full lined, steel frame, at the following prices:
Original Price \$12.50, Forced Sale Price **\$6.95**
Original Price \$8.50, Forced Sale Price **\$4.50**
Original Price \$8.00, Forced Sale Price **\$4.25**
Original Price \$2.50, Forced Sale Price **\$1.25**
Original Price \$1.50, Forced Sale Price **75¢**

REFRIGERATORS

Summer is coming. Note these prices: The famous Herrick line. This line needs no introduction. Made of solid oak and mineral lined walls.
Original Price \$14.00, Forced Sale Price **\$9.00**
Original Price \$24.00, Forced Sale Price **\$16.50**
Original Price \$33.50, Forced Sale Price **\$21.00**
Original Price \$42.00, Forced Sale Price **\$25.20**

GO CARTS

This is the well known F. & L. line—
Original Price \$9.50, Forced Sale Price **\$5.35**
Original Price \$8.50, Forced Sale Price **\$4.55**
Original Price \$14.00, Forced Sale Price **\$8.35**
Original Price \$13.50, Forced Sale Price **\$7.95**

SCRIM CURTAIN

Original Price \$2.25, Forced Sale Price **\$1.35**
Original Price \$2.75, Forced Sale Price **\$1.70**
Original Price \$2.65, Forced Sale Price **\$1.65**

LINOLEUM

12-foot Linoleum, per yard **49¢**

LIBRARY TABLES



Table exactly like cut, made of quarter-sawed oak, with 2 inch plank top, 4 inch legs, a beauty. Original price \$20.00, Forced Sale Price **\$10.00**
Many patterns to select from with equal discount.

KITCHEN

CABINETS



Exactly like cut, Original price \$15.00. Forced sale price **\$8.95**

J. J. CARR, La Grande, Ore.

FURNITURE AT LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS' COST

The BLACK BOX

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "Mr. Gras of Monte Carlo," "The Vanished Messenger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Novelized from the motion picture drama of the same name produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Illustrated with photographs from the motion picture production

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ESCAPE OF CONVICTED PRISONER

MacDougal, on His Way to Prison, Grapples With Sheriff and Jumps From Train! Still at Large, Though Searched For by posse of Police.

CHAPTER VII.

The windows of Mrs. Rheinholdt's town house were ablaze with light. A crimson druggist stretched down the steps to the curbstone. A long row of automobiles stood waiting. Through the wide-flung door was visible a pleasant impression of flowers and light and luxury. In the nearer of the two large reception rooms Mrs. Rheinholdt herself, a woman dark, handsome and in the prime of life, was standing to receive her guests. By her side was her son, whose twenty-first birthday was being celebrated.

"I wonder whether that professor of yours will come?" she remarked, as the stream of incoming guests slackened for a moment.

"He hates receptions," the boy replied, "but he promised he'd come. I never thought, when he used to drill science into us at the lectures, that he was going to be a tremendous big pot."

Mrs. Rheinholdt's plump finger toyed for a moment complacently with the diamonds which hung from her neck.

"You can never tell in a world like this," she murmured.

"Here he is, mother!" the young man exclaimed suddenly. "Good old boy! I thought he'd keep his word."

Mrs. Rheinholdt assumed her most encouraging and condescending smile as she held out both hands to the professor.

"It is perfectly sweet of you, professor," Mrs. Rheinholdt declared.

Mrs. Rheinholdt breathed a sigh of relief as she greeted her new arrivals. The professor made himself universally agreeable in a mild way, and his

presence created even more than the sensation which Mrs. Rheinholdt had hoped for. In her desire to show him ample honor she seldom left his side.

"I am going to take you into my husband's study," she suggested, later on in the evening. "He has some specimens of beetles—"

"Beetles," the professor declared, with some excitement, "occupied precisely two months of my time while abroad. By all means, Mrs. Rheinholdt!"

"We shall have to go quite to the back of the house," she explained, as she led him along the darkened passages.

The professor smiled acquiescently. His eyes rested for a moment upon her necklace.

"You must really permit me, Mrs. Rheinholdt," he exclaimed, "to admire your wonderful stones. I am a judge of diamonds, and those three or four in the center are, I should judge, unique."

She held them out to him. The professor laid the end of the necklace gently in the palm of his hand and examined them through a horn-rimmed eyeglass.

"They are wonderful," he murmured, "wonderful! Why—"

He turned away a little abruptly. They had reached the back of the house and a door from outside had just been opened. A man had crossed the threshold with a coat over his arm and was standing now looking at them.

"How extraordinary!" the professor remarked. "Is that you, Craig?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "There is a rainstorm, so I ventured to bring your mackintosh."

"Very thoughtful," the professor murmured approvingly. "I have a weakness," he went on, turning to his hostess, "for always walking home after an evening like this. In the daytime I am content to ride. At night I have the fancy always to walk."

"We don't walk half enough," Mrs. Rheinholdt sighed, glancing down at her somewhat portly figure. "Dixon," she added, turning to the footman who had admitted Craig, "take Professor Ashleigh's servant into the kitchen and see that he has something before he leaves for home. Now, professor, if you will come this way."

They reached a little room in the far corner of the house. Mrs. Rheinholdt apologized as she switched on the electric lights.

"It is a queer little place to bring you to," she said, "but my husband used to spend many hours here, and he would never allow anything to be moved. You see, the specimens are in these cases."

The professor nodded. His general attitude toward the forthcoming exhibition was merely one of politeness. As the first case opened, however, his manner completely changed. Without taking the slightest further notice of his hostess, he adjusted a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and commenced to mumble eagerly to himself. Mrs. Rheinholdt, who did not understand a word, strolled around the apartment, yawned and finally interrupted a little stream of eulogies, not a word of which she understood, concerning a green beetle with yellow spots.

"I am so glad you are interested, professor," she said. "If you don't mind, I will rejoin my guests. You will find a shorter way back if you keep along the passage straight ahead and come through the conservatory."

"Certainly! With pleasure!" the professor agreed, without glancing up. Mrs. Rheinholdt's reception, notwithstanding the temporary absence of its presiding spirit, was without doubt an unqualified success. In one of the distant rooms the younger people were dancing. Philip Rheinholdt, with a pretty young debutante upon his arm, came out from the dancing room and looked around amongst the little knots of people.

"I wonder where mother is?" he remarked. "She told me—"

The young man broke off in the middle of his sentence. He, too, like many others in the room, felt a sudden thrill almost of horror at the sound which rang without warning upon their ears—a woman's cry, a cry of fear and horror. Mrs. Rheinholdt, her hands clasping her neck, her splendid composure a thing of the past, a panic-stricken, terrified woman, stumbled into the room. She seemed on the point of collapse. Somehow or other, they got her into an easy chair.

"My jewels!" she cried. "My diamonds!"

"What do you mean, mother?" Philip Rheinholdt asked quickly. "Have you lost them?"

"Stolen!" Mrs. Rheinholdt shrieked. "Stolen there in the conservatory!"

They gazed at her open-mouthed, incredulous. Then a still, quiet voice, from the outside of the little circle intervened.

"Instruct your servants, Mr. Rheinholdt, to lock and bar all the doors of the house," the professor suggested. "No one must leave it until we have heard your mother's story."

"I had just taken the professor into the little room my husband used to call the museum," Mrs. Rheinholdt explained, her voice still shaking with agitation. "I left him there to examine some specimens of beetles. I thought that I would come back through the conservatory, which is the quickest way. I was about half way across it when suddenly I heard the switch go behind me and all the electric lights were turned out. I couldn't imagine what had happened. While I hesitated I saw—"

She broke down again. There was no doubt about the genuineness of her terror.

"I saw a pair of hands—just hands—no arms—nothing but hands—come out of the darkness! They gripped me by the throat. I suppose it was just for a second. I think—I lost consciousness for a moment, although I was still standing up. The next thing I remember is that I found myself shrieking and running here—and the jewels are gone!"

"You saw no one?" her son asked incredulously. "You heard nothing?"

"I heard no footsteps, I saw no one," Mrs. Rheinholdt repeated. The professor turned away.

"If you will allow me," he begged, "I am going to telephone to my friend, Mr. Sanford Quest, the criminologist. An affair so unusual as this might attract him. You will excuse me."

"The professor met the great criminologist and his assistant in the hall upon their arrival. He took the former at once by the arm.

"Mr. Quest," he began, "in a sense I must apologize for my peremptory message. I am well aware that an ordinary jewel robbery does not interest you, but in this case the circumstances are extraordinary. I ventured, therefore, to summon your aid."

Sanford Quest nodded shortly.

"As a rule," he said, "I do not care to take up one affair until I have a clean slate. There's your skeleton still bothering me, professor. However, where's the lady who was robbed?"

"She is in the hall," Mrs. Rheinholdt replied.

"I will go and see her," the professor said.

"My jewels!" she cried. "My diamonds!"

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1914.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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WANTED—Girl to do general housework. C. C. Cates, Federal Building. 4-19-15

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"Foley Kidney Pills always give me prompt relief."—Ed Vinton, Revere, Mass. Ed Vinton of Revere, Mass., writes: "I have used Foley Kidney Pills for backache, the result of catching cold which settled in my back. Foley Kidney Pills always give me prompt relief and I can cheerfully recommend them."

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(Continued on Page 7.)