

# Straw Hat Day Will Be May 1st.

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Prices Good Only Saturday, May 1st.

## THE TOGGERY - - - La Grande, Ore.



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AT SHERRY'S  
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

SEVENTH EPISODE.  
The Tormentors.

CHAPTER I.

**T**HE Widow O'Keefe stooped quickly and snatched something from the floor while five strangers peered into every absurd nook and corner of the two rooms and bath which comprised the Widow O'Keefe's top floor suite. The object was a small snapshot of June.

The deserted husband of pretty June Warner was at the hall door with his hand reached out for the knob, and in another instant Ned Warner and June would have been face to face! In that instant the Widow O'Keefe whipped the snapshot under her apron, and the very swiftness of the motion struck into the corner of Ned Warner's restless eyes. He turned, and he and the father of June glanced at each other. There was something suspicious in the bent and warped and withered Widow O'Keefe and her tall slip of a son. Ned came abruptly from the door and renewed his search. At that very moment June, just outside, had paused on the third step from the bottom to retie the bow upon her saucy little slipper and to give it a vigorous pat to make it behave and stay in place.

Slim young Sammy O'Keefe walked to the window, whistling, and glanced out with an air of great indifference. On the other side of the street stood Officer Toole, and his eyes roved anxiously from window to window of the narrow, dingy slice of a house which was the Widow O'Keefe's. At sight of Sammy Officer Toole pointed energetically toward the door. He waved both arms and pointed toward the doorway. Sammy then slipped quietly out of the room.

June! The listless Sammy used the next quickest method to wireless. With one noiseless spring he straddled the banister rail, whizzed around the curve and down to June, who was halfway up the stairs, jumped off with a footstep as light as a feather, grabbed the astounded girl by the wrist and dragged her down the steps at the risk of both their necks. Sammy shoved June into the second floor hall closet. Sammy locked the door and stuck the key in his pocket and set the springs in his thin legs to work and was sitting lastly on the top step, bored and whistling softly, when Ned Warner and Mr. and Mrs. John Moore and Bobby and Iris Blethering came out, Bobby extremely dejected and Iris explaining volubly that it was all a mistake. June couldn't possibly have been here. But she must have been, after all, because— Still, how could it be?

June in the dark closet, shut off from all light and sound, stood bewildered, her eyes distended in the darkness, while Ned stood not two feet away from her. He had paused before that very door, as if some delicate mag-

netism had caught and held him there.

No trace of her anywhere; no trace of Marie, the French-Canadian maid with the high cheek bones; no trace of the mysterious black Vandyked man, whom none of them had cared to mention to the Widow O'Keefe, Gilbert Blye! Ned clinched his fists, and his brow grew black as his mind filled with the image of that dark, handsome face with its glowing eyes and suave smile. That image had never been absent from Ned's mind since the disappearance of his beautiful bride. A thousand times that succession of incidents had flashed upon his memory with vivid clearness—June asleep in the Pullman drawing room on their honeymoon trip, while he, up forward, happily smoked; the finding her gone after the train had left Tarnville; the discovery that she had been helped by the black Vandyked man to board a local head-out to New York; Ned's chase after them in an express train, and his train pulling alongside them in the approach to the Grand Central station; the sight, through the windows of the parallel cars, of that suave stranger bending over June with his infernal smile, and her smiling up at him; Blye following June's taxi in another from the station, and Ned's fruitless pursuit in a third taxi; the chase out to Brynport that same night, when June had stolen her clothes and Marie; the return chase, where Ned had seen June and Marie step into Blye's luxurious limousine and whirl away with him! Everywhere that Ned had found a trace of June he had found a trace of Gilbert Blye, and he wished to live for one thing—to meet Blye face to face and with his bare hands strangle that scoundrel to death!

Ned became aware of the Widow O'Keefe eying him from midway of the stairs. She was a frail looking old woman, with her gnarled hands clasped before her, but her beady little eyes were as sharp as the unexpected fires from dull jewels, and there was not one move of Ned's party which escaped her. Sammy, still whistling with overconfidence, was so persistently not gazing at the closet door that it was a wonder no one asked for the key.

"We're wasting our time," finally said Iris Blethering. "We're probably letting them get away." And June's friend took her husband with her. The rest of the party followed.

Meanwhile Marie, disguised in the suffocatingly tight black mourning outfit of the Widow O'Keefe, was many blocks out of the danger zone, smothering in a telephone booth and calling up the place where June had gone to work. Mrs. Villard was not in her beautiful home up the Hudson, nor was Miss June there. They had gone into the city, but the maid gave Marie a telephone number. Mrs. Villard answered that call from a gorgeously furnished room where half a dozen stun-ningly gowned young women sat smoking, and her kindly face showed immediate concern when she learned that June must not come home to the Widow O'Keefe's.

"Why?" she naturally wanted to know.

"Well, you're a friend of hers, aren't you?" hesitated Marie.

"Of course," smiled Mrs. Villard, and before her rose the fresh young face of pretty June.

"Well, then I'll tell you." Marie threw her thick black veil over her shoulder for the twentieth time, and a drop of perspiration trickled down her nose. "I'm her maid Marie, and she mustn't come home."

"But she's already started," worried Mrs. Villard. "She's probably there by this time. Why mustn't she come home?"

"Has she?" And the voice of Marie cracked. "Oh! Goodby! How am I to get her away from there?"

"Wait a minute!" This seemed to be no time for asking questions. "I'll come down in my car!"

"Oh, yes, do!" gasped Marie, nearly pulling the transmitter off the wall.

"Goodby! I have to hurry!"

"Wait a minute! Wait, Marie! Where am I to come?"

"Oh, yes!" And Marie gulped. "It's the Widow O'Keefe's, at the corner of Deshley street and Duck alley, right

across from Tim Courry's saloon. Any policeman can tell you the place. Hurry!" And Marie, starting another seam in the Widow O'Keefe's mourning dress, plunged out of the telephone booth, battling for air.

Mrs. Villard stood at the phone a moment, with a musing smile growing upon her lips; then she gave the number of a magnificent club. The man whom a brass buttoned page brought through the marble corridors from the leather hung library to answer the call wore a suave smile and a black Vandyke.

"This is Mrs. Villard, Gilbert," came the low, sweet voice. "I have something very important to tell you, June."

"Oh!" Gilbert Blye stroked his black Vandyke with his long, lean, white fingers. "I'll join you immediately wherever you say."

"Shall I stop at your club?"

"Please." Gilbert Blye walked out of the telephone booth, sent for his hat and sat in the reception room near the door.

The family limousine of the Moores had no sooner rolled away from the widow's house than Sammy O'Keefe unlocked the closet door in proud self approbation.

"What was it?" June asked.

"Your husband, miss." And the Widow O'Keefe laughed her cackling triumph and rubbed her gnarled hands over each other. "It's small satisfaction he got out of me and Sammy with his pryin' and inquisitive—"

"Ned!" cried June, and she clutched at the banister rail. "He was here!"

"Right where you're standin', miss. And your father and mother and—"

"Daddy! Mummy!" The tears gathered.

"Don't you mind, darlin'," encouraged the widow heartily. "They got nothin' out of either Sammy or me, Sammy, I'm proud of you, boy. I didn't know you could lie so good, and I'll never believe anything you tell me again. And there was a couple of your friends, miss—hearty soul of a young woman that never left off trillin' or laughin' or cryin' or somethin' one minute after the other and her husband, a hepecked little fellow that'll be no trouble until he gets waked up some day; then watch out for his kind. My Dan was that way. I could bullyrag that poor devil night and day till I see the glint begin to come in his eye— Why, darlin', what's the matter? Sammy, you big simpleton, why don't you get Miss June a glass of water! And be quick, will you?"

Jabbering out all her pent-up excitement, not a word of which June had heard, she helped the colorless, half fainting girl up to her own rooms and mothered around her with a solicitude which was fully as lively as her tongue and far more sincere.

June might as well have been alone for all that she was conscious of the O'Keefe ministrations. They had been here, here in these very rooms, Ned, her father and mother! How she longed for them! How she wished they had found her! And a great flood of love surged up in her. She must see them! She must go to them at once! She must give up this foolish fight for a romantic ideal and be just a girl, and return to her own people, and be petted and forgiven, and be clasped in Ned's strong arms, never to leave them again! She rose with a wild impulse to hurry straight after them, but her knees bent under her. She had not known how much this sudden emotion had taken away her strength. The Widow O'Keefe pressed her tenderly back in her chair, and Sammy held a glass to her lips and spilled a trickle of water on her chin. She smiled at them both, for she was very fond of them; then the widow drove Sammy from the room and put June on the bed, and took off her little shoes, and drew the blinds, and left her alone to cry it out. And the Widow O'Keefe rasped her own eyes with lumpy knuckles as she closed the door.

June sat suddenly bolt upright and dried her eyes and hunted for her shoes. How bare everything looked in the room! Why, everything was gone! And where was Marie?

Marie had just turned the corner of



A Severe Looking Man Came Out to Meet Them.

Officer Dowd's post when there came swiftly toward her a family limousine which she remembered with a jump in her breast.

Suddenly there was a loud yelp of joy from a handsome collier sitting beside the driver, and Bouncer, who never left his seat when in the city, was halfway to the curb in one spring. With a shriek Marie headed for the nearest alley, Bouncer barking happily at her heels.

Five voices yelled for Jerry to stop, but it was unnecessary. That good chauffeur had used both brakes, and the Moores, the Bletherings and Ned Warner all tried to crowd out of the door. While the agitated Bobby blocked the doorway Ned rushed after Marie, but he suddenly found himself breastbone to breastbone with Officer Dowd.

"Excuse me," said Officer Dowd, still breathing him. "Was it you or me that's in the road?"

"I want to speak to that young woman!" And Ned tried to pass around Officer Dowd as "that young woman," accompanied by the leaping Bouncer, turned swiftly into a narrow alley. The last flash of her was a red and white striped stocking.

Officer Dowd was at this moment one of the most awkward men on the force. He had tried to shove around Ned, and now they met again, breastbone to breastbone.

"Get out of my way!" yelled Ned.

"Who you orderin'!" retorted Officer Dowd.

"She was a servant of mine," said Moore.

"Did she steal anything?" demanded Dowd.

"No."

"Then it's none of my business." And Officer Dowd looked toward the alley with a twinkle dawning in his eye. Marie knew every turn and twist within ten blocks of the Corners. "Go on and speak to the lady."

They went down to the alley mouth and looked in. There was a wilderness of crooked byways and no Marie visible.

"Where to, sir?" asked Jerry.

"The Widow O'Keefe's!" declared Ned.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Notice of Referee's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Union on the 22nd day of March, 1915, in that certain suit therein pending wherein Elizabeth H. Sanford is plaintiff and Leah Sanford is defendant appointing the undersigned referee to make sale

of the hereinafter described lands mentioned in said decree for the purpose of apportioning the same between the plaintiff and defendant and which said decree authorized and directed the undersigned, as such referee, to sell the said lands as by law provided, the undersigned will on the 29th day of April, 1915, at 2 o'clock, p. m. at the front door of the County Court house in La Grande, Union County Oregon, sell at public sale to the highest bidder therefor for cash the following described lands mentioned in said decree, to wit: The East half of East half of Northeast quarter and East half of East half of Southeast quarter of section twenty-seven, township three, South, of range forty, East of Willamette Meridian in Union County, Oregon.

AUGUST HUG, Referee.

D.—Mar. 31, Apr. 7-14-21-28.

### New Way to Make Apple Dumplings

Served With Hard Sauce or Cream and Sugar

By Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the Boston Cooking School Magazine

Here is a new way to make apple dumplings that will surely please every housewife, for it is not necessary to have whole apples, and the juice cannot run out and burn as with apple dumplings where the apple is placed in the center and the dough turned up around it. The biscuit part forms a crispy shell that holds the apples and juice.



**K C Apple Dumplings**  
One and one-half cups sifted flour; 1/4 teaspoonful salt; 3 level teaspoonfuls K C Baking Powder to the 1/4 cup shortening; about 1/4 cup milk; apples.

Fill the cups of a buttered muffin pan with pared and sliced apples, sprinkle with salt and turn two or three tablespoonfuls of water into each cup. Sift together, three times, the flour, salt and baking powder; work in the shortening, and mix to a soft dough with the milk. Drop the dough from a spoon with the apples in the cups, giving it a smooth exterior. Let bake about twenty-five minutes. Invert the pan on a large serving-dish. Put a spoonful of hard sauce above the apple in each dumpling and finish with a grating of nutmeg.

This is only one of the many new, delicious and appetizing recipes contained in the K C Cook's Book, which may be obtained free by sending the colored certificate packed in every 25-cent can of K C Baking Powder to the JAGURS BROS. Co., Chicago. Be sure to get the 25-cent size—smaller cans do not contain Cook's Book certificates.

Should not Feel Discouraged. So many people troubled with indigestion and constipation have been benefited by taking Chamberlain's Tablets that no one should feel discouraged who has not given them a trial. They contain no pepsin or other digestive ferments but strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Obtainable anywhere.

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