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THE TOGGERY - - - La Grande, Ore.

RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

CHAPTER II.

MARIE dashed into the O'Keefe house as fast as her red and white striped legs would carry her. Fast as she was, Bouncer was six springs ahead of her, and she had no sooner started to open the door than he burst out of her grasp and was across the floor and up on the bed and trampling all over June, barking in her ear.

"Bouncer!" sobbed June. "Bouncer!" "Will you be still?" screamed Marie to the dog. "Miss June, dear, get up!



"I don't think I shall need to wait," Mrs. O'Keefe, hide us! They're coming!" "Coming!" June was startled, "I'll hide you," offered Sammy from the doorway. "Come right here!" And he rushed across to the side window.

It was but a few seconds' work to transfer June across the fire escape platform connecting with the McPherson house. The family limousine, containing the Moores, the Blitherings and Ned Warner, came spinning around the corner!

"My wife is here!" declared Ned Warner to Mrs. O'Keefe, with conviction. "I want her!" "Come right in and get her," invited the widow, flinging wide the door. "If you take her along this time you won't be a nuisance to me any more today."

But their second search revealed nothing.

At last the discouraged party left the house of O'Keefe.

In the meantime Mrs. Villard had stopped in front of Gilbert Blye's magnificent club. A short, wide, fat man

was leaning against the lamp post smoking a short, thick cigar when Mrs. Villard's chauffeur jumped down and ran into the club, but he paid little attention until Gilbert Blye came out;



Blye Offered Her a Trip on a Private Yacht.

then the short, wide man pulled his slouch hat over one eye, dropped his cigar and with remarkable agility beat both Blye and the chauffeur to the car, where he opened the door obsequiously. Blye and Mrs. Villard talked in low, quick tones for a moment.

"At Pinknam's, then, you think, in half an hour." And to Mrs. Villard's nod he lifted his hat, and the car drove away. Blye gave the fat man a quarter and went back into his club.

The fat man stuck the coin into his pocket, went to a telephone and hoarsely called for a number.

A sharp faced woman with a long nose and high arched eyebrows answered that call.

"Say, this is Bill Wolf," reported the thick one. "Say, I got him! Do you know where Pinknam's is?"

"Yes!" unexpectedly shrilled Mrs. Blye.

"Well, your husband's gonna be there in half an hour and meet the gal!" "June Warner?" snapped Mrs. Blye violently.

"That's the name," said Bill Wolf. "I heard him say it half a dozen times."

Honoris was hastily preparing to go out when a sudden thought came to her, and she called up Ned Warner. He had just arrived at the lonely apartments which June and he had fitted up with such care.

"Well, Mr. Warner," came the parrot-like voice of Honoris, "your wife is to meet my husband in the offices of Benjamin Pinknam, in the Bond Securities building, in half an hour."

The coast was quite clear when Mrs. Villard arrived opposite the O'Keefe house.

Sammy came out on the doorstep. "Do you know where Mrs. O'Keefe lives?" This lady says she has a young lady friend stoppin' there, and—

"Is it Mrs. Villard?" asked Sammy, and he exchanged a pleasant smile with the lady.

"Yes, indeed, is Miss June at home?" "No," he grinned, "but you come right in."

The coast was still clear when, a few minutes later, Mrs. Villard and June and Marie and Bouncer and a huge bundle of clothes came out of the passageway between the O'Keefe and McPherson houses and climbed into the car.

In front of one of the tallest of those mighty towers which commerce has reared as monuments to her imperious sway Mrs. Villard led June through portals of a majesty which would have graced a cathedral in older days. June, lost in the beauty of this entrance, did not notice a peculiar circumstance. Mrs. Villard had dismissed her car, sending Marie and Bouncer home with the clothes.

She hurried straight back to the elevators with June and shot up to the eleventh floor, where they entered a suite of offices furnished with the heavy richness of a club or a millionaire's back-

elor's quarters. Mrs. Villard on announcing her name was shown at once into a private reception room. A severe looking man came out to meet them, a hard man, one with a smileless face and a metallic looking nose and chin.

"I'll see you in just a moment, Mrs. Villard," he said in an unbending voice, and his chill gray eye, roving to June, speculated appreciatively upon that very pretty young person.

There swept into the reception room a woman who almost stopped June's breath. She was startlingly handsome, with a skin like velvet, a complexion of exquisite tinting, a facial contour without a flaw. Her nose was perfectly modeled, her eyes were full and large and round and clear as crystal, and she held her head tilted backward at a slight angle which was the perfection of insolence. She was extravagantly gowned and glittering with jewels, but the most remarkable thing in connection with her was the transformation in the severe man. He had been changed from metal into wax; his eyes had come to life and on his lips a smile.

"Why, my dear," he said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. May I ask you to wait just a moment?" And he glanced apprehensively toward his private office, where a small, impatient man, with his gloved hands clasped on a cane, sat nervously.

"I don't think I shall need to wait." And the woman glanced around the reception room. Her glance swept just above the head of Mrs. Villard, but it swept downward as it came to June. She calmly lifted her pearl handled logniette, opened it with a snap and surveyed the girl from head to foot with a cold appraisalment of that beautiful young person's charms. She swept her gaze to her beaming husband. "I shall need some money," she remarked, and there was an additional insolence in her having made herself oblivious to the fact that there were strangers present.

"With pleasure, my dear." And Mr. Pinknam was as obsequious as if he had been a salesman whom the woman had just favored, with a large order. "How much shall it be?"

"Ten thousand," she said calmly. The impatient little man leaned forward and started to talk as Pinknam sat down at his desk, but no attention was paid to his eager renewal of the conversation, and he died into fuming silence while the check was written. Mrs. Pinknam stood in disdainful repose.

"I have made it twenty," Mr. Pinknam observed, using the ingratiating tones as he tried to smile.

"Thank you," she said and, folding the check, dropped it into a little gold purse as if it were a trifle of vulgar insignificance. If the man had thought by his eagerness and generosity to strike from her any spark of gratitude or affection he had been mistaken, for, having thanked him in a manner which made the thanks themselves an insult, she bade him goodby and swept from the office. And the man? He beamed after her!

Mrs. Villard and June breathed a sigh of relief. They were invited into a handsome inner office. The insolent handsome woman! In Mrs. Pinknam the runaway bride had recognized another and a startling phase of her own problem. Here it was again—the same, never ending condition of the man owning all and the woman none, of the man giving and the woman receiving.

Suddenly June gave a start of mingled surprise and fright. In the doorway stood the darkly handsome, suavely smiling Gilbert Blye!

CHAPTER III.

GILBERT BLYE suavely approached June, and Mrs. Villard went into an adjoining office to talk with Mr. Pinknam. Following Blye came Orin Cunningham, Tommy Thomas and a white haired man with heavy lidded eyes.

Then June received the great shock of her life—Blye offered her a trip on a private yacht. He had a photo of it with him. She gasped in amazement and refused it.

Then Cunningham drew out a check

book and asked her how much money she needed. June's cheeks paled. She burst into the office where Mrs. Villard sat with the Iron Pinknam.

"Did you bring me here to be tormented by those people?" she demanded. Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes snapping.

Mrs. Villard hesitated a moment. "Did you?" insisted June. "If so I shall resign!"

"Why, no, child," returned Mrs. Villard rising and holding out her hand.



Cunningham Drew Out a Check Book and Asked Her How Much Money She Needed.

"I only want you to do the things best for you to do."

"I'm going!" June suddenly decided. The Iron man bowed. There was no glint in his metallic eye, no smile on his unbending lips.

June, followed by Mrs. Villard, sallied through the magnificent reception room and into the hall. Blye and his companions followed them.

At that moment Ned Warner's taxicab drew up in front of the Bond Securities building, and close behind it came the electric of Honoris Blye, that lady driving it herself, bolt upright.

June darted into the first elevator, and her pursuers crowded in after her. Mrs. Villard put an arm around June in a corner of the elevator, and there were tears in her eyes as she talked through the magnificent reception room and into the hall. Blye and his companions followed them.

As they emerged on the main floor, however, Cunningham turned to her with twinkling joviality in his eyes and, leaning over, whispered something into her ear just as she was about to step into the adjoining upward bound elevator.

At that very instant Ned Warner strode into the rotunda, closely followed by Honoris Blye. He saw his beautiful bride in the company of the black Vandyke man, who was watching her with that suave smile upon his dark, handsome face, while a debonaire white mustached man bent over her familiarly and whispered in her ear. He saw June blush; he saw her step back; then the lady with her drew her into the elevator. Blye and the others crowded after her, and as Ned raced renegefully through the corridor, with the shrieking Honoris behind him, the door closed with a bang, and the car shot upward.

They rushed into the next car, Ned black browsed and silent, and the shrill Honoris jabbering incessantly. The car had scarcely started to move when a sudden idea came to Ned, and he turned to Mrs. Blye with the first words he had spoken to her.

"We might miss them," he snapped. "They may have seen us and not go to the office you named. I'll go back down and wait."

As they left the elevator at the

eleventh floor the door of a down car clanged. If Ned had got out at the first stop, which was the ninth floor, he would have caught that down car.



Gilbert Blye Was Enjoying That Chase Immensely.

But more than that. He would have come face to face with June and the one person whom of all the people in this world he most longed to meet, Gilbert Blye.

June, who had burst from her tormentors at the ninth floor, stepped into the down car which Ned two floors above had just missed. Mrs. Villard, still pleading, followed her, and Blye's audacious crew laughingly joined them.

Two down cars shot by Ned, and by the time he reached the main floor the faces for which he was watching were lost in the throng at the door. He might even then have distinguished his runaway bride and the man with the black Vandyke had he looked in that direction, but he did not expect to see them there. He expected to see them coming through the open door of an elevator, the girl whom he loved above everything in the world and the scoundrel whom he intended to strangle to death.

June meantime had hailed a taxi. She saw standing in front of the door the luxurious limousine of Gilbert Blye and understood why Mrs. Villard had dismissed her own car.

"So Mr. Blye was to take us home!" she hotly charged.

"Don't, child!" begged Mrs. Villard, beginning to be as much distracted as June. "Let's go home." And, stepping in the taxi with June, she gave a sharp direction to the driver. "Don't you dare follow!" she ordered Blye and his companions.

The tormentors laughed and walked forward to Blye's car.

Uptown on busy Broadway sped June and Mrs. Villard, and by the time they had reached Columbus circle June's suspicious of Mrs. Villard were allayed.

Through beautiful Central park with its branches interlaced against the wintry sky, and now June was beginning to feel a little more kindly toward the vivacious brunette, Tommy Thomas.

On Spuyten Duyvil parkway a luxurious limousine had halted, and as the taxi passed it rolled out and followed. In it sat June's determined pursuers, and on the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye was again that suave smile. June turned chill with nervous apprehension.

Gilbert Blye was enjoying that chase immensely, and he watched the weaving, swaying taxi with always that suave smile.

Suddenly Blye leaned forward with an oath, and there was a shriek from the vivacious brunette. Something seemed to be wrong with the steering wheel of the taxi, for, as it went up the hill ahead of them, it wobbled to and fro uncertainly, dangerously near the crumbling bank which was protected by a flimsy rail, and there was a curve ahead!

There was a cry of horror from them all as the taxi at the curve ran up the embankment, paused at the brink for a moment and then with its precious burden inside crashed through the rail and plunged down the hill!

(To be Continued.)

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