

THE OLD SAYING IS STILL TRUE

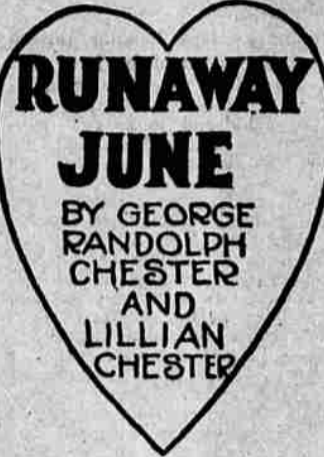
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AT SHERRY'S
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

CHAPTER II.

IN the dock adjacent to the one from which the Hilarity's motor tender had departed there paced, almost perceptibly, a night watchman, who consisted of an overcoat, a cap and two glints of eye. To him there came, as the docks intensified their loneliness, a brisk little chauffeur with a thin mustache and a woman with high cheek bones.

"The Hilarity!" stated the little chauffeur, with an accusing tone, and with a sweeping gesture he pointed to that adjacent dock where stood a big hamper with the word "Hilarity" glaring white on its side. "She is gone!" Then Henri stepped back.

"Yep," rumbled a frosty voice.

"But her tender," objected Henri, "also is gone. Listen, my friend," insisted Henri, stopping in front of the overcoat and cap, but moving aside as it came irresistibly on. "The facts are like these: Mademoiselle has gone on board the Hilarity. Behold, here is the maid of the charming mademoiselle. She was also to have gone on board the Hilarity. How, then, shall she go?"

"Dunno."

"The maid of the charming mademoiselle now stepped forward.

"Can you drive a motorboat?" she asked.

"Volla!" And Henri snapped the fingers of both hands, snapped them three times. "Volla, mademoiselle, Marie! If it goes I can drive it."

"Can't we hire this boat?" and the resourceful Marie pointed to a trim little craft.

"Nope."

"But, comrade." And Henri jerked his cap on the back of his head as he wheeled at right angles.

"It is important. Look. Here is money. I take the swift little boat. I swish out of the slip. I swish down the river. I swish across the bay. Like lightning I swish, and I overtake the yacht Hilarity. I deliver the charming maid—a little bow here—and a kiss from the finger tips to the charming mademoiselle, and immediately I swish back. Nothing is lost! All is safe!"

"Get off the dock," came the answer.

"But, monsieur."

"Hi-ke."

"I, Henri, detest you," was the angry response. And he followed Marie off the dock.

Henri had another idea. He drove to a nearby saloon and procured a Mrs. Moore Stuffed the Emotions to Which Iris Blathering Gave Full Play. bottle of whisky, which he offered to the man on the dock.

"Thanks." The voice was one degree less frosty. The neck of the bottle disappeared into the slit of the overcoat collar, and the gleaming bottle turned heavenward.

"Volla," Henri himself took a sip and stuffed the bottle in his pocket.

"I snan go away, my friend, but I shall return." He hurried back to the touring car up on the street and drove away, and the thick figure slinking out of the shadows hopped on behind.

In the ivory tapestried stateroom, as the Hilarity steamed slowly across the bay, June Warner suddenly rose and rang for the stewardess. That puckered person came with alacrity, but before she went to June she stopped in the door of the crimson and gold salon and, catching the eye of Orlin Cunningham, bobbed her head and smiled her ingratiating smile and jerked her thumb over her shoulder toward June's room; then she turned her pallid eyes toward Gilbert Blye for a fleeting moment and hurried away.

"Did you ring, dearie?" she whined as June opened the door.

"Yes," June studied the woman a moment speculatively. She could not confide in this creature. "You may bring me some water, please."

"Yes, dearie." The stewardess whirled and hurried to the door of the crimson and gold salon, where Tommy Thomas sat between Cunningham and Edwards, with a hand on a shoulder of each. The stewardess, with a sidelong glance at the quiet Blye in the corner, hurried over to the group on the bench.

"She wants some water," she whispered, bending over and grinning her ugly grin.

"Oh, yes." Again the grin. "Young ladies always trust me. Say, I think she wants to escape."

Blye, with a frown on his dark, handsome face, walked across and spoke to Cunningham. Orlin nodded and, his eyes twinkling, went to the portable buffet, where he selected a long stemmed, gracefully shaped, gold accented goblet of Venetian glass. He filled it with ice and set it to one side. Then, while the others watched him, Tommy Thomas, with a half sneer, and Mrs. Villard, with shocked concern, he took from a locked case a tiny stone bottle. Now he emptied the ice from the beautiful goblet and poured into it a few blood red drops. Mrs. Villard half rose and looked toward Gilbert Blye; then, with a catch in her breath, she sat down and was silent.

Blye went to the door as the stewardess came up the gangway and called her in with a jerk of his head. On the lips of Edwards there had come a firm set, and his heavy lidded eyes had narrowed. Without a word Cunningham handed the glass to the stewardess, but between the two there passed a look which was full of meaning. Blye, with his glowing eyes on the glass, smiled suavely.

"I brought you the water, dearie," said the stewardess, entering June's stateroom.

"Oh!" An exclamation of delight from June as her eyes widened with the beauty of the delicate Venetian goblet.

"That's something else I made for you in the pantry, dearie," explained the stewardess, in her coaxing whine, and bobbed her neck. "It's a fine stimulant and soothing to the nerves."

June took the fragile glass in her hand. Its sheer beauty had won her. She inhaled daintily. The fragrance was most appealing. She looked at it again and smiled. She did feel faint and weak. She lifted the glass to her lips, and the tip of her tongue caught the delicious flavor. Suddenly, as she tilted the glass to drink, she caught the pallid eyes of the stewardess fixed eagerly upon her. The woman's mouth was half open, and she was breathing hard.

With a flash of intuition June jerked her lips from the glass and threw it, crashing and splintering, into the fireplace.

"Why, dearie!" exclaimed the stewardess, and in great agitation she pushed a button at the side of the mantel.

June's eyelashes lowered for an instant, and her lips set; then quietly she went into the little blue boudoir and sat thoughtfully upon the daintly upholstered settee.

The steward came pompously in.

"Well, you've done it again, you!" he growled as he surveyed the splintered

fragments of the delicate Venetian glass.

"No, Percy," whined the woman and glared toward the boudoir door with her pallid eyes. She jerked her thumb in that direction, and then she winked.

"That's you," snarled Wilkins. "You always say it's a guest."

"How much?" whispered the woman in a sibilant hiss, which carried as it was intended to do.

"Them glasses is \$12 apiece, and it'll be taken from your wages. That comes out of my pocket!"

June bit her lips. Twelve dollars! It was a lot of money to a girl who had found dollars coming slowly and independence hard to win, but she picked up her purse. After all, she had no proof that the woman meant anything but kindness.

"Is this breakage charged against you?" asked June.

"Why, yes, dearie." A sniffe went with the whine.

"How much will it cost you?"

"Twelve dollars!" Sniffe. "But it's all a part of our job, so never mind, dearie."

"I do not wish you to lose the money," and quite thoughtfully June counted \$12 from her slender store. She added another for the customary tip and gave one to the man, and they thanked her most obligingly. As June returned to the boudoir their suppressed voices broke out again.

"No," protested the woman in that whining hiss; "that's my money—the dollar's mine, anyhow."

"Nothing yours except what I give you," stated Percy Wilkins gruffly. "That's the law, and you know it. Clean up that mess, you," and he left the room.

The woman's whining mumble could be heard all the while she was cleaning up the fireplace. She was going when June returned to the stateroom, but on the floor near the door was a yellow leather bound blank book, its side worn like glass from the constant friction of a pocket. June picked it up and opened it with idle curiosity. On the first inside page, at the top, was the big scrawled word "From." At the top of the opposite page was the word "To." The first item on the "From" page was dated four years back.

"From Sallie Fish, wedding portion—2,000 pounds."

Beneath this was the item—

"Savings, Percy Wilkins—162 pounds."

On the opposite page the first entry was:

"Booking to the States, Percy and Sally Wilkins, 22 pounds."

After that the entries were all in dollars. On the "From" side they were chiefly the wages of Percy Wilkins and Sally Fish Wilkins, for they had apparently gone into private service immediately. On the "To" side, which represented the expenditures, there were very few entries, but they were interesting. In the four years the woman had had four cheap dresses besides her uniforms and very scant accessories. The last entry among the receipts was June's \$14 under the head of "Tips." On that page the book showed an item, "Banked to the credit of P. Wilkins, \$12,000."

And it all belonged to the man, every penny. If the woman had anything it was a gift, no matter what she brought to the man on her marriage nor what she had earned since! It seemed universal, this condition.

A startling thought came to June. Suppose she achieved her independence, suppose she earned her own money, so that she could go to Ned, asking for her love, would he own what she had earned? If so, what would become of the principle for which she had run away? She paled at that thought, and then she laughed. She did not know the law in this matter, but she knew Ned. Dear Ned! She hunted her handkerchief in a hurry.

CHAPTER III.

THE arrival of an envelope by messenger rendered unnecessary the immediate need of police aid for the Moore family. With fingers which trembled in spite of his habitual control, the father of

June opened the telegram and read this strange message:

I am sorry I had a certain party tied and lost in Hunter's woods. Please find him and tell him I am sorry. I am going to join our darling. I will protect her until we meet again, when all will be happy. Your faithful MARY.

New plans were made accordingly. On the dock against which rocked and grated the swift little motorboat



Swiftly, Silently, June Gained the Deck.

Flash the lonely overcoat and cap pursued their almost imperceptible way. A touring car stopped on the street up the hill.

"It is cold, my friend, is it not?" called Henri as he rushed forward, bottle in hand. "Shall we warm ourselves—yes?"

"Yep," rolled up the somber voice, with frosty cordiality, and the neck of the bottle disappeared in the slit of the overcoat collar.

"The motor tender from the Hilarity—it is not yet returned, eh?"

"Nope."

"Volla!" Henri is even cheerful as he races back up the dock. "I shall return, my friend Monsieur Frappe."

As Henri jumps into his car a dim, fat figure slinks out of the shadows and hops on behind.

Left alone momentarily, June threw open the door which she had just locked and dashed back along the gangway toward the pantry. At the end of the passage she found a companionway which led her up to the deck. She rushed forward to the prow, taking in at a glance that they were far from shore and in the open water. The distant lights glowed dimly through the mist, but just ahead of her, on the port side, bore down the red and green lights of a tug.

"Ahoy!" she cried, lifting her hands to her mouth like a megaphone.

"Ahoy!" she screamed.

Strong arms seized her—the heavy jawed officer she had seen as she had come on board. Two others came running up, Edwards and Cunningham. Close behind were Tommy Thomas and Mrs. Villard, the former laughing, the latter panic stricken. A handkerchief was pressed against her mouth, and the tug flashed by.

It was Edwards and Cunningham who dragged June down into the crimson and gold salon, and as June was jostled in the first thing she saw was the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye! He was standing at the portable buffet, quietly drinking a glass of wine!

P. Wilkins and wife came running in, and Edwards, panting, his heavy lips parted in a half snarl and half grin,

released his hold on June.

"Lock her up," he ordered and joined Blye at the buffet. Blye lifted his glass, suavely smiling, as June, now unresisting, was led away.

Inside her stateroom June locked her door and at the same time heard it bolted from the outside.

On the dock the overcoat and cap watched the figure of Henri with drowsy interest; also a short, thick figure.

"Say, what do they want?" the short, thick figure asked, with stiff lips.

"Didn't I tell you before to hike?" husked the warm steam of breath.

"Get off the dock."

"The beautiful little motorboat!" interrupted Henri, with ingratiating enthusiasm. "My friend M. Flambeau, would it not be possible?"

"Nope."

"Volla!" Henri was quite cheerful. "I shall return again, my friend Frappe."

Henri was just starting his car and the short, thick figure had just slunk out of the shadows to hop on behind when the overcoat and cap sat on the

edge of the dock, with their feet dangling toward the water.

"Ah!" breathed Henri to the stiff figure beside him. "At last it arrives. We shall wait!"

"Is there any left?" husked a voice.

"Pardon," abjectly apologized Henri. "A thousand pardons, Mlle. Marie!"

And he produced a fresh bottle.

The thick, short figure slinking back into the shadows wiped its lips with its tongue and shivered.

Dawn—slowly the chill, gray mist which lay upon the river began to clear.

"Volla," cracked the voice of Henri, but the tone was cheerful still. "He sleeps!"

It was true. The overcoat and cap, after bobbing and swaying dangerously over the water's edge for hour after hour, had at last stretched out on the dock for the slumber due to a night watchman who was thoroughly at ease and thoroughly warm.

Henri and Marie, with all the mental effect of stealthiness, sprang into the swift looking little motorboat.

A short, thick figure came painfully

(Continued on Page 3.)



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