



Are you like the woman who knew that she wasn't going to enjoy a certain show, even before she went, because it wasn't like Grand Opera, or do you see first and comment afterwards?

P. N. PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS

are different. They are new! Won't you look at them and then comment? We know if you see them you'll want to be convinced and you'll wear them.

A combination of both a back and front lace corset, they have kept their good points and eliminated their faults. You have been looking for a corset with adjustment in the front, with the front clasp and lacing coming in the center and not under the bust as in the present way of making lace front corsets.

They are here to stay so get to know them at once.

Sizes 20-36. Price \$3.50 and \$5.00

GEIBEL'S Department Store

Notice of Annual School Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters of School District No. One of Union County, State of Oregon, that the Annual School Meeting of said District will be held at Old High School Building in said district, to begin at the hour of two o'clock p. m. on the third Monday of June, being the 21st day of June, A. D. 1915.

This meeting is called for the purpose of electing one director and the transaction of business usual at such meetings. Said election shall be held from 2 p. m. until 6 p. m. and it shall be by ballot.

Dated this 4th day of June, 1915.

Attest: ARTHUR C. WILLIAMS, District Clerk. C. T. BACON, Chairman Board of Directors. Adv.—6-4-17-18-19-21

BASE BALL

PRAIRIE CITY Vs. LA GRANDE

Tuesday, June 8th

Admission 25 cents Grand Stand Free

Your Eyes



Their Care When Normal

Yes! PROTECT ENLIGHTEN ENTERTAIN

You watch this space and from time to time we will give you information on the proper care of your eyes not generally known.

We have absolutely the only plant in Eastern Oregon that grinds and polishes the surface of a lens.

We have the most up-to-date fitting parlors and manufacturing departments in Eastern Oregon. Call and examine our plant and compare with others. The firm that tries to deceive you with fictitious advertisement is unreliable, beware of them.

J.H. Pear & Son La Grande's Leading Optometrists.

RUNAWAY JUNE

(Continued from Page 2.)

about her, closed her door softly from the outside and tiptoed down the stairs. She scarcely breathed as she slipped past the parlor portieres and covered the slight cough which she could not repress. Her touch upon the locks of the heavy front door was as deft and as light as a feather. As the big door swung slowly June stifled a shriek with the sharp intake of her breath. The portieres had swayed, and an elbow had come through! But it was only the young man with the fat little girl called Maizie, and June slipped out through the narrowest crack which would accommodate her body. Closing the door behind her with a touch as soft as the breath of summer, June hurried lightly down the steps, crouching close to the stone wall.

Then, casting over her shoulder one glance, in which was all the agony of terror, she trusted to her heels and ran up the street at top speed. As she neared the corner she turned and looked back. The stalwart Christian, with his face to the window, was patiently waiting for instructions.

CHAPTER III.

THE black curtained limousine, its bit of filmy gauze fluttering at the door and Bill Wolf holding on to the spare tires for dear life, swept from the road down into the long private drive to a beautiful residence overlooking the river, and Bill Wolf, with a long sigh of relief, prepared to unbend at last from his stiffening position. The car, however, never slackened. As it dashed past the porte-cochere its pale faced Italian driver bent and looked at his clock and swept around on the other side of the long curve just as the family car of the Moores whirled into the drive. The handsome colle yelped as he recognized the familiar spot, and the five people in the family car looked at each other in perplexity as Jerry curved round back to the road. How peculiar! The black curtained limousine was apparently heading into the city again, and a curved humpness came into the broad back of faithful Bill Wolf.

In the ornately decorated parlor Mrs. Russel served the cocktails and started upstairs with June's. They stopped her at the portieres.

"She's not to be disturbed," they all told her in their different forms of speech.

June Warner had fled far away from that section, hurrying on and on as if she could not put enough distance between herself and that hateful scene. She was in the more densely populated district now, on a street of cheap shops and rickety tenements, and the fourth or fifth pawnshop which she passed gave her a happy idea. She looked in at the next one. It was a cleaner one which she had passed and went back to it. She hesitated a moment, then went boldly in.

There she found a pudgy, bowlegged little man.

"Is it anything I can do, miss?" he asked her.

"How much will you give me for this, please?" and from her hair she took an exquisitely carved tortoise shell comb studded with blue stones.

The pudgy little man glanced at it indifferently.

"Half a dollar, maybe."

"Oh!" And June picked up the comb in dismay. "Why, these are real sapphires. The comb cost—"

"Excuse me." The pudgy little man grabbed the comb from her hand and trotted nimbly to the window, screwing a jeweler's glass in his bulging eye as he went. "Oh, \$8, maybe!"

"Why, the comb cost—"

"Sorry, lady," and rubbing his pudgy hands together, he smiled ingratiatingly at her, "but by the time you dig them little stones and sell them you waste so much labor that if I'd give you \$8.25 I'd lose money, maybe."

June slowly picked up the comb. She was outside the door before he called her back.

"Wait!" He smiled ingratiatingly at her. "You need the money, lady?"

"Very much, I fear," she confessed.

"And would you give me your promise that you take up the loan some time, with the interest?"

"Oh, yes!" This very eagerly. "The comb is a keepsake."

The pudgy little man sighed, and his face was full of sympathy.

"Then I give you \$8.50."

She gathered up the money with a sickening sense of humiliation and took the ticket he gave her and walked out, feeling that she had been badly worsted, because she had no heart for this sort of bartering. It dawned upon her that there were worse humiliations than accepting money from one's husband, and yet— She conquered the weakness which sprang fiercely up in her, which made her heart cry in anguish for Ned, which made her long to desert all this hideous struggle and fly to his sheltering arms. No; she must fight to the end!

But what was she to do next? A sign at the foot of a dark, narrow stairway caught her eye:

"Girls Wanted to Sew Pants."

Labor. Honest toil. Slight as might be the pay, was it not better, after all, than the occupations in which she had suffered so much? Timorously June climbed the stairs, stopping at the first landing for a recurrence of that slight cough which had come upon her.

An impossibly dirty man stood behind a long table on which were piled huge bundles tied in rough paper.

"Well?" he said roughly.

"I would like to sew some pants, if you please," said June modestly. "What?" The man looked at her, astounded. "You want to sew pants?" "Yes, sir," returned June. The man shrugged his shoulders. "You go over to that woman there, and she'll show you what's to be done and how much deposit to pay." He indicated another table.

When June went down the narrow stairs she carried as heavy a bundle as she could conveniently lift, and her scanty store of money was reduced to a very small margin. Little as it was, however, she had yet to make a purchase. In the first little store she bought an inexpensive little plain black dress. She had less than a dollar when she stopped before a building to which she had been directed. On the door-post of the stairway was a sign, "Rooms to Let."

June here engaged a mean little hall bedroom from a dumpy landlady.

Down Broadway tore the black curtained limousine, the observed of all

Girls Wanted to Sew Pants. Apply to Manager ONE FLIGHT UP Room No. 7

A Sign Caught Her Eye.

observers, for still attracted to his craft and clamped to the tires so stidly that he felt he would have to be pried off was the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, faithful in spite of himself. Not more than two blocks behind came the family car, with June's handsome colle on the seat beside Jerry, June's father sterner and June's mother gentler and more quiet, the deserted groom gritting his teeth and clenching his fists as the black curtained limousine, with its bit of filmy gauze fluttering at the door, constantly kept just before them like a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp.

In the boarding house of Mrs. Russell there was a frantic running to and fro and up and down stairs. Every room in the house was searched, and at last Orin Cunningham thought to investigate why one of the windows in the room which had been provided for June seemed darker behind its heavy hangings than the others. He found the fire shutters closed and opened them, revealing the stalwart Christian frozenly waiting on the isolated balcony to be told his further share in



"I ain't supposed to tell."

June's trick. The young man and the three girls laughed.

June was gone, and Gilbert Bye turned and walked down the stairs.

There was a ring at the doorbell. A messenger boy, and he carried a bundle. A stealthy figure slipped forward into the hall.

"No answer," said the boy as he delivered the bundle.

Orin Cunningham at a signal from Bye took the bundle and passed it to Mrs. Russel. She tore it open and drew forth before the revelers who had gathered in her parlor the raiment in which they had last seen the beautiful June. Orin Cunningham stooped down, with an oath, and picked up something which had fallen to the floor. The string of pearls! He stamped upon the floor in rage.

"Stop that messenger boy!" came the cold, hard tones of Gilbert Bye.

"Where did you get this bundle?" demanded Orin Cunningham.

The boy hitched his trousers.

"I ain't supposed to tell."

"How much did you get for not telling?" demanded Mrs. Russel.

"All she had—70 cents."

"Ah!" Cunningham thrust his hands in his pockets. Then he dashed as he turned to Gilbert Bye.

Bye scowled, and there was a flash of temper on his dark, handsome face, as he thrust some money into the hand of Cunningham.

"Here's \$2," said Orin. "Now, where did you get this bundle?"

"Tiffin's always worth more than not tiffin," he sagely observed and jerked his call slip from his pocket. "There's the address."

Gilbert Bye, casting a glance at the slip, donned his hat and coat, opened the door and strode out on the steps. The stealthy figure which had crept along the hall suddenly darted out of the door after the messenger boy and hurried up the street with him. It was Marie.

Down the street there whizzed the black curtained limousine. Bye hurried out to it as it stopped and, with blazing impatience, called, "Come on!"

Cunningham dashed from the house and jumped into the limousine, while Bye gave swift directions to his driver. He, too, hopped in and shut the door and threw up the side curtains, revealing the car empty except for himself and Cunningham. The women in the door called something in shrill excitement as the car rushed away, but Seattle paid no attention, and the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, growled.

Around the corner dashed the family car of the Moores, and Ned Warner, leaning tensely forward, gritted his teeth and clinched his fists as the black curtained limousine once more rounded a corner.

The dumpy landlady knocked at the door of June's little bedroom and stopped in profound astonishment when she entered. At the rickety table sat her new lodger in a plain, cheap black dress, bent earnestly forward. She was sewing pants!

"Why, I hardly knew you," said the landlady, looking around the room. She waddled to the door of the filmy wardrobe and peered in. It was empty. "Where's them fine clothes you had?"

"They did not belong to me," June said simply. "I sent them away."

"Oh, you did! What about the neck-lace?"

"That was a gift which I could not accept," and June's eyes drooped. "I sent it away also."

"Oh, you did!" She cleared her throat and looked at the back of June's head and the delicate fingers which were laboriously pushing the needle through the coarse cloth. "By the way, I forgot to get any rent from you. I always get a week in advance."

June smiled wanly and shook her head. "I am sorry," she said. "I have no money."

"What!" The dumpy landlady jumped to her feet. She was breathing so hard that she wheezed. "No money! Young lady, you'll have to get out!"

"Oh, no!" pleaded June. "Please!"

She turned for one last word of appeal, but the landlady's pitiless arm was outstretched.

(To be Continued.)

IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat and take a glass of Salts to flush out Kidneys—Drink plenty water.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Did Not Know He Had Kidney Trouble

"Until I applied for life insurance," writes Andrew O'Donnell, Birmingham, Ala., "I did not know that I had kidney trouble, but four physicians who examined me for the company said I had, and each turned me down on account of this insidious trouble. Later I was seriously disabled and used Foley Kidney Pills, and used them persistently, until now one of the same physicians says I'm all right and he will O. K. my application. I have caused many of my friends to buy Foley Kidney Pills. Overworked kidneys may become inflamed and seriously diseased while the sufferer ignores the warnings. Backache, rheumatism, uric acid in the blood, discolored urine, stiff joints, sore muscles, puffiness under eyes—any and all of these conditions deserve instant attention. Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys to do their work, soothe and heal irritations and help throw out poisonous waste matter from the system. SOLD EVERYWHERE.



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