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June suddenly looked up and saw in the doorway between the portiers of heavy velours the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye!

"Tut, tut, Oria!" came the suave voice of the black Vandyked man. "I won't have this little runaway bride tempt bad habits."

June flushed and turned with some embarrassment to Mrs. Villard, who followed Blye into the doorway.

Blye! Always Blye! He hovered about after they had lounged into the billiard room and conservatory, but the white mustached man monopolized June. Every time she tried to get away from him Tommy Thomas managed by some accident to throw them together again. June finally left the guests and went to her room. She had decided to go back to the O'Keefe house of refuge.

Closer and closer had gathered the scene on the house of O'Keefe. Bit by bit atom by atom, traces had been picked up.

Closer and closer grew the toll until Marie no longer dared stick her nose out of the window lest some one should report her to Ned or to June's father and mother. But Ned's detective finally got definite information:

One day a long, lean slinker with cadaverous cheeks came up to Ned from Duck alley and looked up at the O'Keefe residence with solemn interest.

"That's the place," he said.

"Yes; it's the place." Ned Warner's voice was hollow, but there was a jubilant ring in it. "Go and tell Mr. Moore."

The lean individual hurried away and presently came back on the driver seat of a limousine. Inside were the stern faced father and the gentle faced mother of June and June's bosom friend, the ebullient Iris Bletcher, and Bobbie Bletcher.

"This is the place," said stern John Moore, looking up at the narrow front of the O'Keefe residence, and, stalking out, he helped the others alight.

Sammy O'Keefe came to the door in answer to Ned's ring, and a much wrinkled face poked itself out of the second story window.

"Does June Warner live here?" asked Ned.

"No, sir."

The head in the second story window was jerked in immediately, and there was a hasty shuffle on the stairs leading to the third floor, a shuffle made by setting up the right foot first and pulling the left one up to it. Also there was a mad scrambling on the third floor, while Sammy O'Keefe in the front doorway looked the throng in the eye with admirable truthfulness and swore that there was no June Warner there, no June Moore, no June anything; that there had never been any June in the house except the one between May and July; that there had never been in this house any such young lady as the one who had just been described; that there probably never would be; that he had never seen such a young lady or heard of one or expected to or hoped to.

"What's the matter here, Sammy?" the Widow O'Keefe herself asked, putting considerably and holding a much warped hand over her heart, but talking shrilly nevertheless.

"Come, search the house!" she proudly dared them. "If you find hide or hair of any such two young ladies, one or either of them, I'll go to jail—if you can find an officer to make the arrest. Come on in, all of you!"

Some of them were for holding back, but Ned Warner was perfectly callous as to whether or not he took any one's word or doubted it. He meant to find his wife.

By the circumstance of bringing home a genuine gourd to little Maggie Casey, June came home around by an extremely back way and so missed the searchers.

"Search the cellar, if you please!" mocked the Widow O'Keefe, leading the way. "Maybe you'll look in the kindly bin! And here's the coal chutel. Now come on upstairs! Here's the hall that you saw before, and here's my son Sammy, a fine young boy still; and this is the parlor. The organ there, sir, is not hollow, as you can tell by lifting up the lids! Open all the doors and see."

The place was vacant. No one was there. Ned Warner, puzzled and determined, inspected the third floor. No results. The Widow O'Keefe had gathered up all the clothes and belongings and put them in a sheet and poked them into Mrs. McPherson's third story window.

June Warner tripped lightly across the street, let herself in at the Widow O'Keefe's front door and trotted briskly up the stairs. She swung around the curving banister.

"Maybe you'd like to look up the chimneys," suggested the Widow O'Keefe on the third floor.

Ned Warner walked toward the hall door.

June Warner started up to the third floor!

(To be Continued.)

Professional Directory

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturday at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons.

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B. P. O. E.—La Grande Lodge No. 433 Meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Elk's club, corner of Depot street and Washington avenue. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 37 meet every Monday night in Castle hall (E. of P. hall). A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights.

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RUNAWAY JUNE
BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S
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CHAPTER III.

JUNE sprang suddenly from her little bench overlooking the river. Mrs. Grogg and her intolerable position persisted in jumping into June's mind and staying there. The guests had not yet arrived. The impulsive girl hurried down and out of the back door, across the beautiful rear porch and down the winding and twisting little steps toward the

Villard cottages. Mrs. Grogg was sitting in the kitchen in stony silence when June arrived there, a silence from which weeping had long since passed.

"Sit down." And Mrs. Grogg gave up the unbroken chair. "Al's sleeping it off."

"I just ran in," observed the girl. "Yes. Tell Mrs. Villard that if Al gets home with any money tomorrow I'll save her out what I can."

"Oh, I didn't come about the rent!" June returned hastily. "I just ran in to see if there was anything I can do."

"No, there's nothing can be done. Al drank before I married him, and he drinks yet."

June's eyes contracted. "Why does he have his own way about it?"

"Because he's my husband. I'm scared of Al when he's drunk."

"And you're not afraid of him when he's sober?"

"Well, no. There don't seem to be anything particular about Al to be scared of."

The horror of drunkenness—that was it.

"I wouldn't be afraid of him!" June suddenly popped out.

The woman looked at her with widened eyes.

The door moved, and Al Grogg appeared in the doorway in his shirt sleeves, collarless, his hair tousled.

"What you got for supper?" he growled.

"Why, Al—I-I didn't think you'd want any." And the woman's voice was trembling.

"Oh, you didn't think so! Well, I want some supper!"

"Why, Al, I ain't got any money."

"Well, why ain't you? Come here!" His fist went up.

"Al!" A wall of terror was in the voice.

June stepped swiftly from behind the stove and confronted the man, her small fists clinched, her cheeks flaming, her eyes blazing. She glared at him all her contempt and all her loathing and something more—her superiority. The fist which had been upraised came slowly down. His shoulders drooped. He was whipped.

Al Grogg's wife watched that transition in him with amazement—the drooping of the eyes, the lowering of the fist, the drooping of the shoulders. And a small young woman in a stuffy evening gown had done this thing!

Smash! A geranium pot just missed Al Grogg's head and broke on the bedroom door. Bang! Another spraddling geranium which had split down the center brushed Al's cheek as its pot crashed past.

"Looky here!" Al Grogg's tone was chiefly one of surprise.

Other flowerpots followed from Mrs. Grogg's hands. She had at last discovered that Al Grogg could be made afraid.

June looked at her a moment and then trudged up the hill somewhat frightened at her own responsibility in this domestic upheaval. The guests had arrived when she reached the house. Tommy Thomas! With Tommy was a white mustached, pink faced man. The runaway bride was surprised and puzzled at the appearance of Tommy in this place, but the white mustached man occupied more of her thought. They were finishing dinner when Mrs. Villard was called away. The white mustached man was trying to induce June to smoke a cigarette.

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