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J. J. CARR, La Grande, Oregon

RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

NINTH EPISODE Kidnaped

CHAPTER I.

FROM his concealment amid the shrubbery Ned Warner rose to rush forward as the brilliantly lighted limousine, with its gay party of five, swept down the drive of the Villard home. His eyes were burning, he was breathing heavily, and his fingers were curved like claws, for in a moment more he intended to grapple by the throat the black Vandyked face bent smilingly over Ned's lovely runaway bride.

At that instant three shadowy figures sprang also from amid the shrubbery, two men and a woman. There was no outcry and scarcely any struggle. Ned Warner found himself suddenly seized from behind, a rough sleeve across his mouth, his arms pinned.

He was lifted bodily and thrown as Gilbert Blye, with the grace and gallantry only possible to a polished man of the world, assisted the radiant June Warner from his luxurious limousine.

The deserted groom, his head still held in a viselike grip and his mouth stopped, saw his bride enter the house, surrounded by the gay group, the darkly handsome Blye on one side and the white mustached Orin Cunningham on the other.

It was Marie who made the gag to slip in Ned's mouth. Then Marie slipped back of the house.

The two men, one apparently a chauffeur, referred to as Henri, and the other a gardener, picked Ned up and followed her. As they passed the brightly lighted library Ned saw June's collar greet her with the height of canine joy, saw Cunningham and Blye making friends with the dog, then saw the twinkling eyed Cunningham sit in a cozy corner with June and begin an animated tete-a-tete.

The chauffeur and the gardener shrank back in among the bushes with their helpless burden.

There came a high powered racer whizzing down the drive. The man

let himself in with a latchkey and, with his hands in his pockets, strolled nonchalantly into the parlor.

Mrs. Villard, talking with Gilbert Blye and Tommy Thomas, turned, and as she saw the newcomer her eyes widened imperceptibly, and a look of concern flashed down across her gentle countenance.

"Well, Bert, you're a surprise," she said.

"That's my best trick," he drawled, kissing Mrs. Villard perfunctorily. "Hello, Tommy! Howdy do, Blye?"

Villard was impressed as his eyes fell upon the fresh beauty of June.

"Mr. Villard, Mrs. Warner." The introduction was very cold, and again that concern flickered for a moment on Mrs. Villard's face as she saw her husband's eager interest. "My companion," she added, and Cunningham and Tommy Thomas, glancing at each other, smiled.

With a careless nod to Cunningham, Villard walked over to June and, taking her hand, held it while he smiled down at her with such obvious admiration that the helpless bound and gagged man beyond the library window lurched free from his captors and tugged at his bonds until they almost cut into his wrists.

Marie came back from the corner and motioned. The chauffeur and the gardener followed with the husband of the beautiful young girl, who was then smiling her courteous responses to the dissolute Bert Villard.

Marie sped quickly across the shadowy back lawn to the garage and opened the door.

"He's not to talk, and he's not to come near the house," she whispered

as the men passed her with their burden. She caught Ned's indignant eyes fixed on her, and that glare threw her into a panic. "Whatever you do, don't hurt him!" she hastily added. "Don't hurt him!"

Outside the door Marie paused. Her eyes were distended until they were perfectly round, and her high cheek bones gleamed white. She put the knuckles of her right hand against her teeth and looked over at the garage. She pulled at the lobe of her ear with her left hand and looked in the house. She started back, and she started forward, and she turned around in a half circle. She was well nigh distracted with the weight of her great secret, was Marie. If she told Miss June that Mr. Ned was in the garage there'd be an end of everything, and maybe it would be all for the best, or Miss June might run away again from such comfortable surroundings, and it would be all for the worse. Marie sat down and pulled her thumb; then she jumped up and pulled the other thumb. The piano began a succession of silvery notes. June, and over her bent the inordinately tall Villard.

"Well!" said the gardener in the dimness of the garage, and he brushed his arms. It was all the rest they needed. He turned ponderously toward their captive, whom they had deposited in a corner on a bench.

The gardener's one word was a question, an exclamation of relief and an expression of complete and thorough bewilderment. He was a broad Swede, and his arms hung crooked with muscles.

"I know nothing," laughed the wiry little chauffeur. He was a Frenchman with an infinitesimal mustache and a quick eye and a childlike joy in

everything. "The maid of the charming mademoiselle telephones from the pantry to the garage that there is a man near the hedge who must not come near mademoiselle, who must not speak, to whom nothing must be said, and all must be prompt! Volle! I am Henri, and all of action. I call my friend Jens."

And he tapped the huge Swede approvingly on the chest. "I bring my friend Jens swiftly by the mere force of my enthusiasm. We glide through the bushes so, like a snake. No!" He

laughed and smote his friend Jens on the wide chest. "Like a snake and a bull. We creep up behind the interloper. We pounce upon him so, like a cat. No! Like a cat and a hippopotamus. We bear him to the earth. Mademoiselle trips lightly from her car, a vision, a dream, a ravishment!"

And he waited a kiss to the general abstract of beauty. "The charming mademoiselle is safe. The interloper is here. Volle!"

Wide Jens reached his hand into his pocket for a pipe and glanced over to where Ned sat quietly in the corner.

"Well!" he said.

"Wait," replied Henri. "I shall sit here placidly. I shall smoke a cigarette—perhaps two. I shall think."

Ned Warner stirred impatiently. He gave another tug at the ropes which bound his wrist, but it was only an involuntary test. He must rest before he made another determined attempt to free himself.

He gave a sudden wrench at his bonds, struggling so fiercely to loosen them that he rose and reeled toward the door.

Huge Jens Janssen stopped Ned from falling.

The chauffeur laughed, and, springing from his seat in the touring car, he jumped up, cracked his heels together and snapped the fingers of both hands. "I have the grand plan to dispose of our friend the interloper. We shall teach him a ride of joy!" He pointed to a car.

Jens Janssen stooped and circled one arm around Ned Warner's middle and deposited his violent load in the tonneau.

Marie in the pantry hall stood wringing a corner of her dainty little lace apron. Then she dashed back into the servants' hall and folded her arms tightly upon the hollow at her waist. She dared not leave Mr. Ned where he was. She dared not do anything, and yet she must. She burst out of the rear door, was across the porch in two strides, down the steps in one jump and went swishing for the garage. As she came the touring car shot from the opposite door and went whizzing up the drive, Henri in front and in the tonneau Ned and huge Jens Janssen.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Jelly Roll Recipe

Only Two Eggs Required

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

This Jelly Roll is fast becoming very popular on account of the way it keeps fresh. With proper handling it should keep fresh a whole week, providing it isn't eaten up in the meantime, for it is every bit as good as it looks. 33



K C Jelly Roll

One cup sifted flour; scant half teaspoonful salt; 2 level teaspoonfuls K C Baking Powder; grated rind of 1 lemon; 2 eggs beaten light; 1 cup sugar; 1/2 cup hot milk; glass of jelly; powdered sugar.

Beat the sugar into the eggs; add the lemon rind, then the flour, sifting three times with the salt and baking powder; and, lastly, the milk. Bake in a buttered dripping pan; turn out on a damp cloth, trim off the crisp edges; spread with jelly and turn over and over into a roll while still warm. Dredge the top with powdered sugar.

Hot milk used in the jelly roll enables it to be rolled without danger of cracking. Have the milk scalding hot, also be careful to have the eggs and sugar beaten together until very light and creamy. Bake in a moderate oven.

K C Jelly Roll is illustrated on page thirty-two of the new and handsomely illustrated 64-page K C Cook's Book, which may be secured free by sending the certificate packed in every 25-cent can of K C Baking Powder to the Jagers Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Lame Back

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