

# RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S  
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

### TENTH EPISODE.

#### A Prisoner on the Yacht.

##### CHAPTER I.

**N**ED WARNER, in front of the blazing windows of the New York cafe, stood as one in a daze, deaf to all the words of Bobbie and Iris Blethering, who feared, from the ashen pallor of his face, that his murderous frenzy might react upon himself. He saw again his lovely runaway bride being forced out of the cafe against her will by the man with the white mustache and that infernal scoundrel with the black Vandyke, Gilbert Blye! He saw himself prevented by the frightened Bobbie and Iris and the solicitous waiters from dashing among the glittering tables and grappling Blye by the throat and strangling him to death. He saw himself rushing to the ornate entrance through which they had taken his beautiful June and arriving in time only to see her whirl away into the night in Blye's luxurious limousine, the heavy man with the thick eyelids up in front with the driver, the middle aged woman and the vivacious brunette with concern and fright on their pale faces as the dome light of the car shone down upon them, and on the rear seat with June the two men who had carried her away by violence, the white mustached man laughing, and the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye bending over June with that suave smile on his lips.

Too late! Too late for anything but his stupor. The limousine had turned the corner. Oh that side of the cafe there was not a taxi to be seen. Bobbie's car stood in front, on the other street. While Iris endeavored to arouse the stupefied Ned, Bobbie ran around and brought his roadster. They drove up to the corner and turned down the street through which the limousine had disappeared, but where in all that wilderness of moving vehicles could the track of June be found? Nowhere! It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. It might as well, for June, in a swift motorboat with the gay party which had kidnapped her from the cafe, was then swiftly approaching a long, low yacht which loomed gracefully above them in the misty river.

June's struggles were useless in that heaving water, and her cries of protest were unheard in that lonely waste. Strong arms lifted her to her feet. A strong hand from above grasp-

of wine, you," gruffly ordered the steward.

Mrs. Villard came in and dropped in a chair, while the vivacious Tommy danced over to the gold lacquered piano, its beautiful marine view painted by the famous Velaz. Blye and the white mustached Cunningham and the heavy Edwards followed, laughing, as Wilkins wheeled in from the pantry a portable buffet, its frosty topped bottles packed in glistening ice.

"Have a taste of this, dearie. It will soothe your nerves." The whining stewardess held to June's lips a glass of sherry, but June drew away from it with repugnance and, rising, hurried away from the sumptuously fitted salon. She did not know where that passageway led except that it led away from that hateful company. The stewardess followed her, the glass of sherry still in her hand. "Right in here, dearie," and she opened the door of a magnificent stateroom, its mahogany walls paneled with ivory tinted tapestry, its brass bed hung with rich lace.

June hesitated, but down the passageway came Orin Cunningham, his eyes twinkling and the laughter of wine upon his lips. June darted into the magnificent stateroom, hastily shut the door and locked it.

In the crimson and gold salon were the popping of corks, gay laughter, in which even Mrs. Villard joined, and then the loud strains of swift dance

music, pounded out by the nimble fingers of Tommy Thomas. Blye sat quietly, with that suave smile upon his lips and stroking his black Vandyke with his long, lean, white fingers, upon one of which sparkled a diamond. He rose presently, and, tiptoeing down the gangway, stopped at June's door and listened. He could hear an occasional stifled sob as June sat amid the soft cushions of the couch. Before her, through a half open door, could be seen a glimpse of a snowy white bathroom, and in the adjoining little pale blue boudoir stood June's own luggage!

Ned! That brief sight of him had filled June's whole soul with longing. Poor little runaway bride! There were the rattle of a donkey engine and the scraping of chains on the yacht Hilarity. The anchor was coming up, and there was an instant change in the easy rocking of the craft. She shuddered, and then there was the sound of seething water as



June Drew Away From It With Repugnance.

the Hilarity gathered headway. June was on her feet in an instant. She ran to the porthole and gazed out at the barely moving lights along shore. The portholes were too small to let her shoulders through. She ran to the door and opened it stealthily, then closed it and held the knob as Tommy Thomas and Orin Cunningham danced past in the salon.

The alert ear of Gilbert Blye caught the click of that latch, slight as it was, and his eyes glowed; he motioned significantly toward the corridor, and Edwards, reaching up, said something in the ear of Mrs. Villard. A slight frown crossed her brow, but she rose instantly and went down the gangway to the door of June's stateroom. She knocked, but there was no answer. "June!" she called. "June, dear!" No answer. Mrs. Villard listened. No sound. She went back slowly to the salon.

"You'll never make that child one of us," and she shook her head.

June sat on the couch in her stateroom with her hands locked upon her knees, staring into the white silice of brightness formed by the tiling of the bathroom, and while she pondered on what she should do Marie and Henri reached the city and stopped at a telegraph office. When they came out of that place a short, wide, thick man who had been waddling down the street, with a blunt stub of a cigar in one corner of his mouth and a look of habitual furtiveness in his little eyes, started abruptly at sight of Marie, and when the touring car started the short, wide man hung on behind, his cigar stub firmly clamped between his teeth.

The doorbell rang at the Moore home in Brynport. Stern John Moore, reading his paper beneath the portrait of June, looked up quickly, and there was a slight tremor at the corner of his paper. Aunt Debby's voice was heard: "Why, it's Mr. Ned and Miss Iris. Why, good evenin'. The folks is to home."

Stern John Moore listened with silent attention while Mrs. Moore, her hand upon her breast, stifled the emotions to which Iris Blethering gave full play as the "kidnaping" was described.

There was but one conclusion among the men, and Ned, composing his voice



"It is a matter for the police," he declared.

as he passed from the mention of Blye, stated that conclusion.

"It is a matter for the police," he declared and picked up the telephone. "Our daughter is in danger," said the grave voice of John Moore.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

#### Notice of Proposed Street Improvement.

To whom it may concern: You are hereby notified that the Committee on Estimates, appointed by the commission of the City of La Grande, Oregon, to make an examination of the property, upon which assessments are to be levied to pay the costs and expenses of the street improvement hereinafter described, as to the valuation and extent, if any of the benefits to be derived by said property by reason of said improvement, have made their report in writing to said Commission, which report has been received by said Commission, and is on file in the office of the Recorder of said city, and is open for your inspection. That it is the intention of the said Commission to levy a special assessment against all the property hereinafter described for the purpose of paying the costs and expenses of improving the alley in block 107, of Chaplin's Addition to the City of La Grande, Oregon, between Washington Avenue and Adams Avenue, said improvement extending from the southeasterly property line of Elm Street to the northwest property line of Fir Street, by grading said alley in said block 107, in said Chaplin's Addition, to the proper sub-grade and constructing thereon a concrete pavement, twenty feet in width between the property lines in said alley and constructing the proper catch basins and pipes for drainage purposes, according to the plans and specifications therefor heretofore adopted by said Commission and on file in the office of the Recorder of said city.

That the real property included in and the boundaries of the district benefited and affected by said proposed improvement are as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of block 107 of Chaplin's Addition to the Town of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, and running thence southerly along the west line of Fir Street to the southeast corner of said block; thence northwesterly along the north line of Washington Avenue to the southwest corner of said block; thence northeasterly along the east line of Elm street to the northwest corner of said block and thence southeasterly along the south line of Adams Avenue to the place of beginning, all in the City of La Grande, Oregon, and the estimated cost of said proposed improvement is \$850.00.

You will further take notice that

### Doughnuts

That will remain moist.

Every housewife who bakes her own bread knows that if a little potato is added to the sponge, the bread will not dry out so quickly. In this recipe potato is utilized to make doughnuts that will remain moist and fresh for several days.

K C will be found to have distinct advantages over any other Baking Powder for doughnuts. K C is a double acting baking powder with which a large batch of doughnuts may be mixed and fried a few at a time. The last will be as light and nice as the first.

### K C Potato Doughnuts

By Mrs. Nevada Briggs, of Baking School fame.

3/4 cups flour; 2 eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 level teaspoonfuls K C Baking Powder; 1/2 teaspoonful salt; 1/2 teaspoonful mace; 1 cup cold mashed potato; 1 cup milk, or more if needed.



Sift three times, the flour, salt, spice and baking powder. Beat eggs with rotary beater, then still using rotary beater, gradually add sugar, then work in the mashed potato with a spoon and alternately add milk and flour mixture. Make a soft dough, roll into a sheet, cut into rounds, pinch a hole in the center with the finger and fry in deep fat.

Fat for frying should not be hot enough to brown the doughnut until it has risen. When the doughnut is dropped into the fat it sinks to the bottom. As soon as it comes up it should be turned and turned a number of times while cooking. This recipe is excellent as they do not take the fat in frying and will stay moist for days.



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## Big Offering of Go-Carts and Carriages

Remarkable savings on go-carts of highest quality. Bona fide price concessions on 1915 collapsible go-carts and sulky vehicles. The most complete lines shown this season in La Grande. The finest children's vehicles made, the famous sidway Guaranteed Go-Carts, are now priced within the reach of every mother.

The Todler is a great comfort for tired mothers and natural amusement for any child. The seat and back is made of heavy canvas which assures comfort and is perfectly sanitary. The guard prevents the child from falling out, as it cannot be raised unless hit in the center sharply. Can be put in the doorway, porch or lawn. Sold complete with rings, screw hooks and ropes, price \$1.50.

SPECIAL OFFERING—WITH EVERY SIDWAY GUARANTEED GO-CART SOLD THIS MONTH, THE TODLER SWING IS INCLUDED



### F. D. HAISTEN, Furniture on Easy Payments

said City Commission will meet at the Commission Chamber in the City Building of said city on the 26th day of May, 1914, at 7:30 o'clock, p. m. of said day to consider making said proposed levy and will then and there grant a hearing to any and all persons feeling aggrieved against, or on

account of, said proposed assessment. Dated at La Grande, Oregon, this 13th day of May, 1915. CITY COMMISSION OF LA GRANDE, OREGON. By LEE WARNICK, Recorder of the City of La Grande, Oregon.

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Performances Rain or Shine 2 and 8 p. m.

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WILL EXHIBIT AT

# LA GRANDE, TUES, MAY 25th

Remember the Day and Date

Mark it on Your Calendar



That Infernal Scoundrel With the Black Vandyke, Gilbert Blye!

ed hers, and she was pulled up to the deck. Below her she heard the laughter of the three men who had abducted her, and with their laughter blended the shrill, high voice of that vivacious brunette, Tommy Thomas. June's heart sent out a wild call to Ned. This had been the first time she had seen his face since the day of their wedding.

At the door of the sumptuously fitted crimson and gold salon on the yacht the tottering June was confronted by a stolid steward, with gray mutton chop whiskers, and a pucker looking stewardess, who wore, as if habitually, a half whimper.

"The dearie looks faint," said the stewardess.

"Well, bring the young lady a glass