

SEVENTH ANNUAL Live Stock Show

UNION, OREGON

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday **June 2, 3 and 4, 1915**

The management of the Union Live Stock Show begs leave to announce the dates for the 1915 Show, and invites the attendance of stock-growers, business men and the general public.

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AT SHERRY'S
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

CHAPTER II.

THE three river thieves in the exquisitely furnished houseboat worked with deft rapidity. It was the woman's swift, intuitive part to discover hiding places: the lean Jake's to discriminate in values; Big Ben's, with nippers and hammer and screwdriver, to rip off brasswork, to open drawers, to rend and tear and splinter if need be. Within an incredibly short space of time they had the skiff piled high with the richest and the best which the houseboat had contained; then they spread the tarpaulin over their plunder and disposed their bunches of celery so that the green leaves protruded in a fringe from under the edge of the tarpaulin; then the heavily laden skiff, with its four passengers and its loot, wormed its way clumsily from amid the barges, looking like an innocent farmer boat. The sun, now a golden ball in the eastern mist, looked down upon a

barborage busy with the pursuers of the little runaway bride. Henri and Marie were swishing swiftly; Ned and Bobbie and Iris were leaving the dock in Bobbie's speedy little cruiser; Honor's Biye and the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, were putting out into the river in the Eagle Eye Detective agency's steam yawl, its stovepipe stack rolling black smoke and cinders and hot sparks back over the already blackening passengers; Gilbert Biye and the heavy lidded Edwards were just leaving the Hilarity in the keen little racer; Cunningham had been slow and below decks when they put off, but he followed now in the cutter. The racer and the cutter speeded straight for the point around which June had disappeared. Tommy Thomas waved a scarf after them and shouted absurd instructions to them, but Mrs. Villard stood quietly by the rail, her eyes fixed somberly on that distant point.

Slowly June raised from her crouching position. The cling of the small boat which she had sighted seemed to be fainter rather than more distinct. It was fading into the distance when she looked, and from its red stern she knew that it was not one of the Hilarity's boats. Once more she breathed a sigh of relief, but even as she did so she heard a familiar sound—the siren whistle of the Hilarity's cutter! And it was near!

Frantically now she scanned the shore. There was another inlet just ahead of her, and in desperation she steered into it. It was a narrow but distinct channel, winding about amid a tangle of shrubbery and marsh grass and stunted trees, with here and there a larger tree rising from a mound of silt earth. There were high banks presently and then a tiny island, in the center of which was a decrepit hut. June was about to step ashore when she heard the low purring of a motor. The cutter! From the sudden shuttiness of the sound it had entered the inlet. In terror June jumped back into the boat. The hut seemed deserted. There was no smoke rising from the chimney and no one to protect her if she were found there alone. She was away in a flash, circling the island. From the other side she saw that the channel led away into the marshes, probably to another inlet, and she had started to dart down this lonely waterway when suddenly she spied a rope trailing out into the water from under some bushes matted with marsh weeds. The whir of the motor was rapidly advancing. She could scarcely hope to escape unseen. Her wits sharpened by her peril, she steered with swift decision toward the overhanging bushes. They parted as her prow ran into them, and, bending low, she found herself shot into entire concealment. The whir of the approaching motor grew loud. Quick as a flash June reached for the telltale rope which had betrayed this hiding place and drew it under cover of the matted bushes.

Louder and louder grew the whir. It was just upon her. With her heart beating so that her ears were full of the sound of it, June peered out through her leafy screen. Orin Cunningham! He circled the island in his swift little cutter, his keen eyes searching everywhere. He passed within ten feet of her. She held her breath lest he might hear it, and once as his eyes turned full in her direction and she thought he had certainly detected her hiding place she almost screamed.

He passed on, however, and, running his light little boat ashore, stepped out and went up to the hut, the only possible place of concealment on the island. June had a swift debate with herself. Should she leave her concealment and, running her motor at its quietest speed, slip away down that other channel while Cunningham was in the hut? That debate was settled in an instant, for up the other channel slipped the swift little speed boat carrying Edwards and Gilbert Biye!

Biye's dark, handsome face was without its usual suave smile, and it wore a look of concern as, making a quick landing, he hurried up to the hut, followed by the plodding Edwards.

It seemed ages before they came away, and they had apparently made a thorough search, for they even stooped down as they came outside to peer under the stilted foundation amid the rubbish which had accumulated there. When they had gone away June remained for a long time in her hiding place, but finally she stepped from her boat and crept from her concealment. Thirst, inspired by the fever of her excitement, had driven her forth in search of drinkable water.

There was a cask of water in the hut, brackish and stale, but it was water, and she drank of it from a rusty old tin cup which hung to it. She had just set down the cup when her quick ears detected a low, steady hum. She stepped to the door, ready to make a dash for her boat, but as she set her foot upon the threshold she saw the dark gray prow of a skiff protruding its point around the bend of the lower channel! She darted back out of sight and, looking through a crack in the board wall, saw in the skiff three rough looking men and a rough looking woman. The skiff rode low in the water, and from under its tarpaulin flaunted a fringe of celery leaves.

June laughed in relief. It was good to see human beings who were not in pursuit of her, who would befriend and protect her, and she had almost run down to meet them when suddenly loud, angry voices came from the frail little craft. There was a bitter quarrel, in which the woman took a shrill part, and as the boat landed the woman jumped out and stooped swiftly. The man with the scraggly mustache and the scattered tufts of beard on his face jumped ashore, cursing. The woman raised up swiftly and, with a shriek like a cat, jumped for the man with a

long knife glittering in her hand. The knife flashed down, and the man staggered back. The gleaming blade was raised again, but before it could descend the huge, rawboned man, who had jumped from the boat, caught the woman's arm.

June saw no more. She ran wildly around the little hut, looking vainly for some place of concealment. A rusty stove, a rickety table, some rule benches, two straw pallets—that was all. There was no other room, not even a cupboard. In the ceiling June's frantically roving eyes found a trapdoor, one of its boards loose. On the wooden wall beneath it was a series of cross sticks, and without hesitation June ran up this rude ladder, shoved the trapdoor aside and scrambled into the attic.

There were voices below. The quarrel, whatever it had been about, had evidently been settled, for the woman was laughing, and so was the big, rawboned man. June peered down through a crack in the ceiling boards. These two and the lean fellow with the hook nose were loaded with all they could carry. The big man with the scar on his chin dropped his heavy bags on the floor with a clatter, and



"You done it o' purpose."

the brass stopcock of a washbasin rolled out of one of them. The woman carried silks and fine linens in her bundles, and the lean little fellow was loaded with silverware. As they deposited their burdens on the floor the other man came in and sat heavily on a bench.

"Well, Babe, you sliced me, all right," he grinned, and, throwing off his coat, he loosened his shirt at the neck and bared his left shoulder. There was an ugly wound near his armpit, and it was bleeding profusely.

June clapped her hand over her mouth to prevent a hysterical outcry, while her senses swam. She was seeing phases of life that she little dreamed existed.

The woman made a laughing reply and after the people exhibited different articles of jewelry, clothing, etc., they started cooking a meal.

The men were at the table an incredibly short time. They gulped their food, and then, tired and sleepy, they lay down on straw pallets for a few minutes of honest rest, while the cold and starved little runaway bride in the attic looked down with ravenous eyes on what they had left. The odor of the hot coffee made her feet faint. Only terror kept her on the alert.

The important thing to June in her predicament was to devise some mode of escape, but the opportunity to do so was terrifyingly remote.



"Well, Babe, you sliced me, all right."

CHAPTER III.

THE woman below was acting strangely as she cleared away the remains of the breakfast and washed the dishes. From time to time she passed near her husband, bending over slightly, and finally she stopped beside him and listened to his breathing, but she shook her head and went away. Big Ben was quite

(Continued on Page 4.)

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