

RUNAWAY JUNE
 BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S
 Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

SYNOPSIS.

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be entirely dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches desperately for June, and, learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist, who uses her as a model for "The Spirit of the Marsh." Mrs. Durban becomes jealous and drives June out. She is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE
Trapped

CHAPTER I.

DRAPPED as the Spirit of the Marsh, the beautiful runaway bride stood, dazed and trembling, on the sidewalk in front of the studio from which she had been driven. At the curb stood a limousine with its black silk curtains drawn. The white mustached man, who had sprung from it, grasped the lovely model by the wrist and drew her to the car as the dark, handsome, black Vandyke man who had followed covered her gaudily clad form with the voluminous black cloak which he carried.

Down the street at a tearing pace came the family car of the runaway bride's father and mother, and in it with them were two of her friends and the deserted groom, his teeth gritting and his fists clinched as he saw these two scoundrels bundle his pretty June into the car and hurry in after her.

Just behind the family came an electric coupe, driven by a sharp featured woman with a long nose and high arched brows, and as she saw this bold abduction she shrieked and ran her car into the curb. As the door of the luxurious limousine slammed shut the quiet block seemed suddenly alive. Around the corner of the studio came bounding a handsome collic, which ran to the car, loudly barking. A woman with high cheek bones and accompanied by a tall policeman followed the dog. She dashed up to the limousine as it started and jumped upon the running board, while the dog barked and leaped.

From a doorway on the opposite side of the street there sprang a short, wide man with a thick stub of a cigar in his mouth, who pursued the limousine, hopped upon the spare tires at the back of the car and hung there. The woman on the running board opened the door of the limousine and



June, the Lovely Model.

forced her way in as they dashed around the corner, furiously pursued by the family car, the electric coupe and the barking collic.

The luxurious limousine was speedier than its pursuers, but not speedy enough entirely to lose the family car with the deserted groom. It had gained several blocks' headway, however, when it turned a corner and stopped abruptly in front of a house where a vivacious brunette and a large blond woman stood peering eagerly out of the window. Only for an instant it paused. The door opened. Out of it sprang the white mustached man and drew after

him the half fainting girl in the voluminous black cloak. He put his arm around her and hurriedly forced her up the steps. The woman with the high cheek bones darted after her. She hesitated a moment and vaguely recognized the cloak; then she sprang after the beautiful young girl.

The man with the black Vandyke caught her by the arm and held her back. He spoke sharply to the driver, who was the treacherous Scotti, and the limousine jerked forward just as the door of the house opened and the beautiful girl was thrust inside.

The thick, wide man on behind struggled to get down from his uncomfortable position, but his cravat was caught in the strap of the tire covers, and so the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, stooped over the tires, with his wide feet in the rack, his arms around the rims and his head held down, was carried swiftly away



The Treacherous Scotti.

from the scene of his sleuthing. The black Vandyke man talked earnestly with the high cheek boned woman for an instant and gave her some money, hurried up the steps and let himself in with a latchkey, while the woman ran down to the basement door and pushed just the servant who opened it.

At that moment the family car swerved around the corner and flashed by, still pursuing the luxurious limousine. It had lost this scene of alighting through having stopped long enough to take on the handsome collic, which now sat on the front seat with the driver. There was no mistaking that luxurious limousine, with its black curtains tightly drawn and a bit of filmy gauze fluttering from the door and the faithful Bill Wolf still stooped on behind.

So it was that beautiful June Warner came into the boarding house of Mrs. Russel. June was ushered into the parlor, where several of Mrs. Russel's guests were seated. All were impressed by the beauty of the girl as she was introduced to them. A young man suggested to one of the three young ladies present that they play a game of cards.

June stood before her new acquaintances hesitatingly. She did not know who they were, and yet she did not desire to offend them. Her chief thought was to get her clothes and try to procure some work that would provide for her expenses.

And as she paused at entering the card game the door to the parlor suddenly opened, and in came Orin Cunningham.

In Mrs. Russel's select boarding house was now a strange combination of people. These were Gilbert Blye, the maid, Marie; Orin Cunningham and June, the runaway bride.

CHAPTER II.

FALL out on Broadway the luxurious limousine, with the black curtains drawn and the bit of filmy gauze fluttering from the door, turned toward the river, with the faithful Bill Wolf still stooped over the tires, his cravat still firmly clutched in the strap of the tire cover and his emporied face turned partly up, so that the corner of one pink eye could gaze back imploringly at the pursuing car.

In that car, strained tensely forward, Ned Warner sat with gritted teeth and clinched hands, never removing his eyes from the fleeing limousine into which he had seen his lovely runaway bride bundled by the scoundrelly Gilbert Blye. Again he urged the driver, Jerry, to greater speed. He was determined that this time the chase should not end until he had his fingers clutched around the throat of that dark, handsome man with the black Vandyke and had strangled him to death. He had wrecked Ned's life, this dastardly Blye, and nothing but a life would pay. On the very day of Ned's marriage the fellow's evil machinations had begun.

The black curtained limousine just ahead wheeled around the corner and dashed up the hill at high speed, with the faithful Bill Wolf wabbling on behind like a Japanese balloon.

As Cunningham entered, June, afraid, called for Gilbert Blye, and he came hurrying into the room, a glow upon his dark, handsome face. Gilbert Blye pointed sternly to the door, and Cunningham, after a moment of sullen hesitation, affected to treat the matter lightly and swaggered from the room, twirling his white mustache. At the door he turned and cast upon June a malevolent glare.

The boarders looked on in surprise.

"Please! Please, Mr. Blye!" begged June.

"Come! His low voice soothed her. "You must lie down and rest for a few moments, and I promise that no one shall disturb you." He led her to a room. She turned up her pleading eyes to him, and he smiled down at her. He covered her with the folds of the voluminous black coat. "I shall return in ten minutes," he said.

In the basement Marie stood with Gilbert Blye's money in her hand. She started for the door. She came back and started for the stairs. She turned again to the door, again to the stairs, then stood and looked at Gilbert Blye's money, her high cheek bones white and indecision on her brow.

Up[hi] and downhill rushed the black curtained limousine with the Moore family car still in hot pursuit.

Occasionally the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, loosened his clutch for an instant, but tightened it immediately.

The sharp featured woman with the long nose and the high arched brows rolled her electric coupe up to the door of her own house and went into the parlor.

June closed her eyes. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and, running to the door, placed the tilted back of a chair beneath the knob; then she stood for a moment in earnest thought. She walked slowly to the wardrobe and opened it. Half a dozen pretty costumes hung there. She was about hastily to bring down the least conspicuous of these, and she chose instead one of the most elaborate, an afternoon gown richly trimmed with fur. With feverish speed she donned this exquisite garment, congratulating herself that it fitted her beautifully.

In the parlor Orin Cunningham sat with two young women. The young man was playing the piano, and a third young woman in the middle of the floor was laughing and executing a fancy dance step. Over by the window stood Gilbert Blye with Mrs. Russel. In his hand he held a tiny gold watch, and in the open lid there smiled a portrait of lovely June Warner.

"She is simply stunning," said Mrs. Russel appreciatively. "Do you suppose she will live here?" Gilbert Blye smiled, and, shutting the watch with a decisive click, he put it in his pocket and walked into the hall. As he started up the stairs he stopped, surprised by the beautiful figure which emerged from a room and came down toward him with queenly grace. It was June, an entrancing vision of loveliness in her borrowed finery, and in her eyes was a new light.

"Will you give me a cigarette, please?" she gayly requested, and he looked at her in astonishment.

"Why—why, yes!" he stammered. He produced his case, and she took a cigarette. Still studying her curiously, he lit his pocket lighter for her, and a slight frown twitched upon his brow as, puckering her beautiful red lips, she blew a long thin stream of blue smoke into his face.

"Come on," she called, and, taking his arm, she tripped smilingly into the parlor, with a sidelong glance, however, as she left the hall, at the stalwart attendant who guarded the front door.

"Whose dress am I wearing?" she cheerfully demanded.

"It's mine," said one of the girls, jumping up from the side of Cunningham and walking all around her. "But, honey, I'm bound to say that it looks better on you than it does on me." And there was a trace of envy in the compliment.

"By George, you're a dream!" said Orin Cunningham, who had been too much astonished to rise until now, and, with a sidelong glance at Gilbert Blye, he walked across to her, and from his pocket he drew a long white leather case closed with a golden clasp. He opened it, drew something from it and, his eyes sparkling, held up a string of milk white pearls.

"How about it?" She flashed her large, lustrous eyes at him, and her rosy lips parted in a smile; then she looked at Gilbert Blye. He hesitated a moment and nodded. Then she bent her head, and Cunningham threw the string of pearls around her beautiful white neck.

She put her arm through his and merrily danced across the room to a mirror, where with sparkling eyes she admired the pretty bauble.

"I think I'll have a cocktail, please," she said, turning suddenly to Mrs. Russel. "Why has no one offered me one?"

"Bless your heart, honey," laughed Mrs. Russel. "I didn't suppose you knew how to drink a cocktail." June was a bubble, a sprite, a dancing effervescence, a gay little tantalization, until Mrs. Russel returned with cocktails for all of them. June drank hers with enchanting abandon.

Suddenly she whirled to the door, and Cunningham was after her in a flash.

"No, no!" she laughingly cried. "I'm going to surprise you. You must stay in here and wait."

"Not me," laughed Cunningham. "Then I won't surprise you." And she flounced into a chair with a pretty pout.

"Here, Cunningham," called the young man who had followed June. "we want that surprise."

"Sit down, Cunningham," said Blye, and he indicated where Cunningham was to sit while he held back the portieres for June to pass.

She stopped in the curtains. "Now, mind, none of you is to come! And have another cocktail ready for me!" She whispered something in Blye's ear as she hurried into the hall. He put his head out, however, and looked at the liveried attendant. That

stalwart person stood stilly at the door and cast his gloomy eyes on June. He was the type of man who would as lief murder a beautiful woman as an ugly one.

Halfway up the stairs June turned and found the eyes of the stalwart guard fixed steadfastly upon her. She smiled sweetly at him and beckoned. He hesitated a moment, then came stalking slowly to her. So long as she was within reach of him he need not be within reach of the door.

"What's your name?" and, folding her hands together, she beamed down at the big lout.

"Christian," and he actually grinned. "Well, Christian, now listen," and she held up a warning finger. "I want you to help me play a little trick. Come on and I'll show you." She turned and tripped lightly up the stairs.

Christian, however, turned and stalked to the parlor and poked his yellow head between the portieres.

"She wants me to help play a trick," he announced, and they all laughed.

"It's a safe trick if you help," chuckled Cunningham, and Blye motioned his assent. Thereupon Christian stalked up the stairs and entered the room where June stood anxiously awaiting him.

Her silvery little laugh came as she saw him, and she ran lightly to the window and threw it open. There was a tiny balcony outside which was entirely isolated and quite high above the street.

"Now, just stand out there," she directed, and he stepped obediently out. Gently she lowered the window.

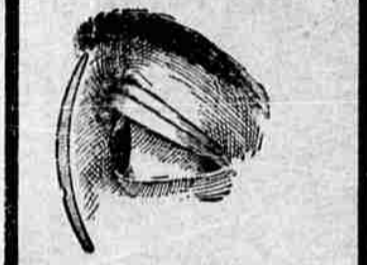
"I'll tell you what to do next," she laughed, nodded to him and turned the window lock; then she slid the steel fire

shutters, which she had discovered in the window jamb, and dropped their bolt in place.

On the bed were the coat and hat which she had laid out. She grabbed these up and then, with a quick glance

(Continued on Page 3.)

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