# The ROMANTIC RUNAWAY

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

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CHAPTER VIII

PABLITO found Noyes where they had agreed to meet in a part of the swamp near an open stretch.

"It's all right," he said, seeing the shadow that was Noyes.

"You're sure?" the other asked in an undertone.

"Yes. I've been to the camp and Bantum's. Nobody's been talking in other place. I've been thinking Jeffries may not have recognized you—"

"He knew me all right. I saw it in his eyes."

"But you were facing the sun."

"Just the same he knew me."

"Well, any way, it's all right." Pablito stooped and untied Noyes' canoe. When he raised his head he saw the faint glow of the fire farther in the swamp.

"Someone here?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll tell you about it later. I don't know what to do about what I overheard. But let's get started."

"All right. Ready?"

"Yes."

Pablito gave the canoe a shove and held it to the end of his boat. He made it fast to the second boat, got in and paddled home. He whistled on the way. He was relieved because Noyes was safe and because he had his costume. Perhaps on the following night he would talk to Estelle.

When they reached the island he tied up both boats and followed Noyes into the shack. Looking over the older man's head he saw Jack, one of the servants at the camp.

"Hello," Pablito said with forced cordiality. "We're having a party. I brought a friend home with me—"

Jack made no reply to that. "I come wah to wahn you-all," he stammered. "Alice, Mis' Jeffries' maid, she—"

Pablito heard the story without a change of expression. He thought quickly. There would be a boat for Havana in the morning. If Noyes could get on everything would be all right. If Noyes went down to the dock at once he might be able to steal aboard. Once on the boat it would be quite simple.

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He heard himself thanking Jack and a moment later saw him off. Then he came back to the shack and outlined his plan to Noyes.

"I'll join you as soon as I can," Pablito promised. "We'll meet at that hotel called 'La Mirasol.' I've heard Kerry at the camp speak of it often. You'll have to get on board tonight without anying seeing you. Take plenty of money and you can tip any of the crew if they find you. Get one of them to help you through the custom house, too, so the officials won't see you. I have enough I think—"

He gave Noyes $100; he had $15 left.

Noyes packed a few things in an old bag; then Pablito poled him to the mainland. They said farewell hastily. Pablito watched Noyes up the track until he was out of sight, then went back to the shack—alone. For a few moments he sat on Noyes' cot, touching Noyes' pillow. Then, because he feared to indulge an unmanly display even while alone, he arose and opened the package containing the toreador costume.

Noyes, about that time, realized he had not told Pablito what he had heard in the swamp. He decided it did not matter much. Pablito never went to Field's camp after the fall of dusk.

At the docks he paused. He would have just one drink, he decided, before he sneaked aboard. One drink—or two, perhaps—would steady him. He did not go to Bantum's but turned into a more obscure place where he was not well known. Here he sat down and ordered a bottle of rum.

In a few minutes an unshaven man who had once been white arose from where he had been sitting watching Noyes. He settled by the newcomer; he had seen Noyes' roll of bills.

"Have one on me," the man invited.

Noyes accepted but kept his eyes on a clock on the wall. In a few moments he would go down to the docks to board the boat without any one seeing him.

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The camp on the night of the party was a gorgeous place. Ornate torches here and there gave off wavering flames which made the palms cast long, black, uncertain shadows. Rugs were spread with cushions. The boats were masquerading as gondolas. A New York florist had produced a rose garden and Francois, also of New York, had provided marvels of food and drink. Two orchestras had come from the north to provide music for the affair.

Field could see that Estelle, wide-eyed with wonder, was excited by these preparations.

"I think, my dear," he said, "that this will be rather a nice party—"

It was at the end of the afternoon and he and the girl were moored by the dock in the boat Pablito had run for them.

Estelle looked toward the land. There had been changes even during the hour they had spent on the water. There was a big tent with a colorful Venetian awning spiked to the ground by tall poles with gilded tops, and a forest of evergreens had suddenly sprung up.

If only, she thought, she could wander this fairyland with someone like the young man who ran her father's boats so efficiently. She turned her delicate, oval face toward Pablito.

"It could not help but be a very wonderful party," she said and for the first time her voice was a little vague.

Field stepped from the boat to help her out. Pablito, one strong, tanned hand on the dock and the other on the edge of the boat, looked up at her.

"It was a fine run, Pablito," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Estelle."

"Will you be working here tonight?" she questioned.

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"I'm sorry. It will be beautiful with all the colored lights. I think you might like to see it."

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"Thank you," he said again. Then he watched her make her way up the long, water-blackened dock toward the land.

Field left her as she set foot upon the bench and returned to Pablito. "Smith," he said, "I want a little talk with you some time. Shall we say tomorrow morning at 11?"

"At any time that suits you, sir."

"Very well. Then I'll expect you at that hour in my office."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to do something that will be rather good for you, Smith."

"Thank you, sir."

Alone, Pablito wondered why his employer should want to talk with him. He doubted Field's intentions. He had heard of his being "good" to men before and knew that this usually meant shaping men or warping them so that they would fit some use of the rich man's and be fit for nothing more.

No doubt, Pablito decided, Jeffries had told of having seen Noyes. He must have spoken of it to Field and now Field was planning to use this information for his own purposes. He would try to make a tool of the one who was shielding Noyes. Well, Pablito reflected, Noyes was in Cuba by this time. He drew a breath, the depths of which was made by relief.

Looking inland he saw Estelle standing before the tent that had been set up while they were on the water. He hoped fervently that Field would curb those natural instincts of his which had been displayed so fully at other camp parties. Doubtless he would. He seemed so deeply devoted to this daughter who in no way resembled her father.

(To Be Continued)

## Marcola News

MARCOLA, April 6.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Lou Gates and Jake Gates of Eugene were visitors recently at the Bert Gates home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones and Joy visited with Mrs. Kelley at Cottage Grove Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fischer drove to Portland Sunday and returned Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Richie Hays, Delores Hendrickson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garrison and Leona Garrison spent Sunday visiting with relatives and friends here.

Rufus Fox of Pacific University and Mr. Kingsland of Delight Valley were in Marcola Sunday.

Belle Millican and Mrs. Allingham were in Marcola Tuesday afternoon from Walterville.

Miss Ethel Ains was called to Washington Friday evening because of a serious injury to a brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Boggs and Mrs. Walter Boggs were in Eugene Monday afternoon.

Loyd Garrison and Merle Fischer were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Page at Wendling Friday evening. They spent the evening playing bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Benkhe of Eugene spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Boggs.

A birthday party was held Sunday at the Wells home at Fischer's camp for Mrs. Wells. A group from the Methodist Sunday school went up and spent the day.

## THESE PICTURES ARE EASY TO DO

What youngster does not learn and love the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson? Here is a favorite one, developed in two nursery pictures. These have been designed to tell the story in the simplest of stitches, and are very striking carried out in colors. Each picture could be used alone, although the two are a pair. The pictures measure 11 X 15 inches.

Pattern 631 (the winter picture) and pattern 632 (the summer picture) each comes to you with a transfer pattern of the picture, complete directions for embroidering and framing.

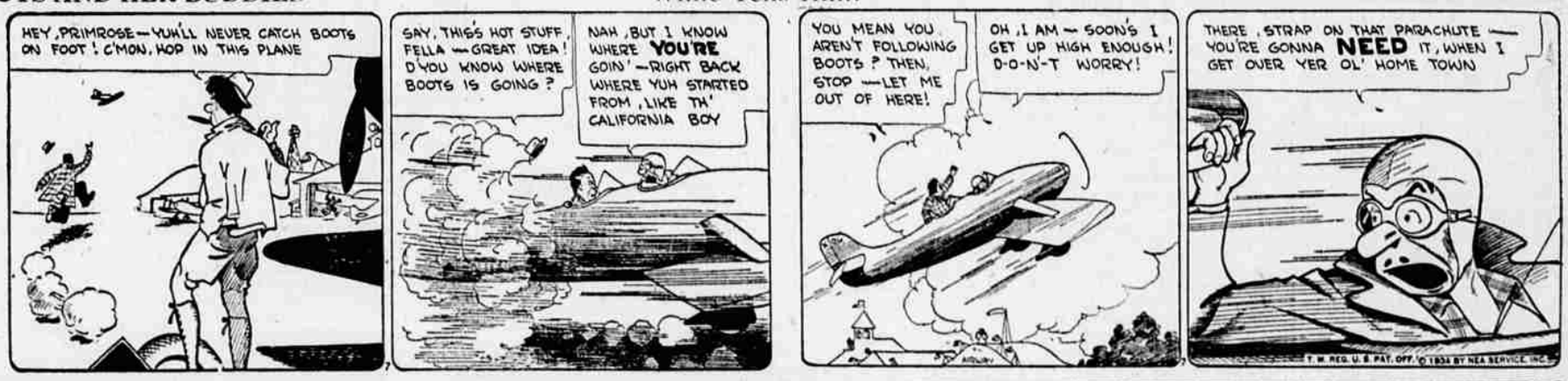
Send 10c for each pattern (20c for both), to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Good Old Z. Z. — BY HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

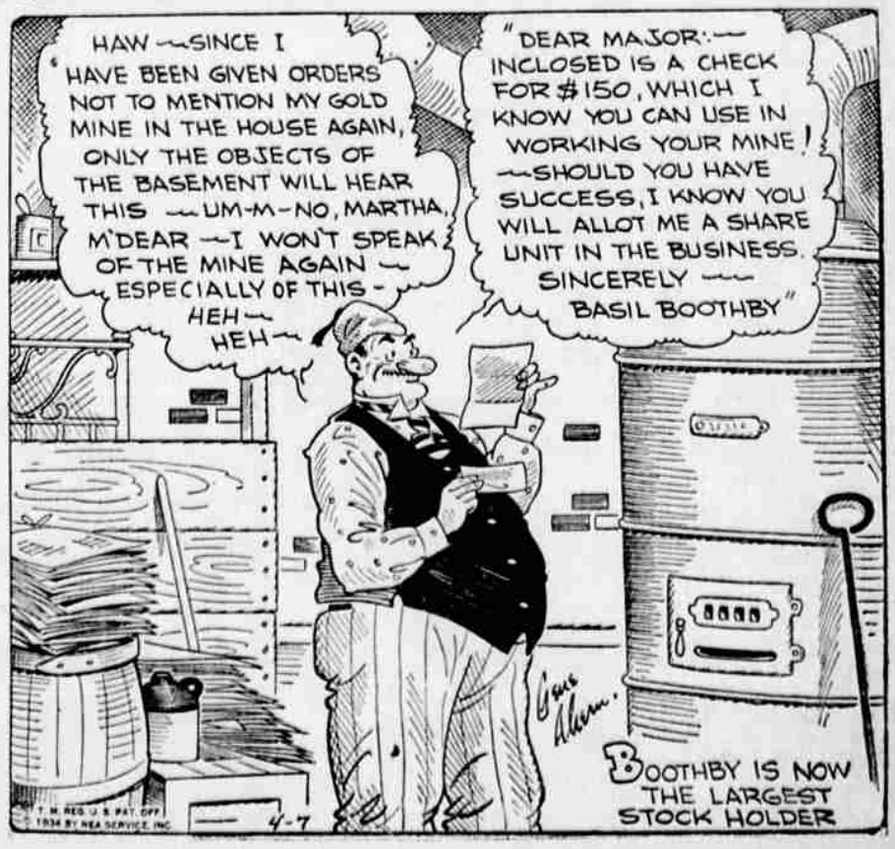
## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK — BY LYMAN YOUNG

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Willie Tells Him! — BY MARTIN




## BRINGING UP FATHER — BY GEORGE McMANUS

THIMBLE THEATRE starring POPEYE — NOW SHOWING—"HE'S AN OLD SOFTY" — MONDAY—"A SOCIAL OUTCAST" — BY E. C. SEGAR

## OUT OUR WAY — BY WILLIAMS

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE — BY AHERN