RUNAWAY BRIDE

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CHAPTER IX

was late afternoon when Camil- elephone rang again.

ood news," Phil's voice said. "Is ia with you?"

e is. Under padlock. Come on We're bursting to hear." Turn- he threw off the violet negligee slipped her arms into a violet on afternoon dress gathered ly from the closet. "You're sav- Marcia. So are the 50,000 francs. I'm so glad for you!"

rcia gave a long, shuddering sigh. illa, I'd have paid it—"

know you would. And, once they that, they would have badgered for life. There's the door."

ll entered alone. "Bob will be pretty soon. He laid out that flusher and got a nice sock of his He's having it dressed—a swell- hat isn't beautifying under the

nd what about this?" Camilla g him around until a cut on his was in plain sight.

he chap was wearing a diamond and it scratched. Nothing much."

ou're sure Bob will be all right?" ia was saying.

range that he should be disturb- because this girl with the red hair asking so concernedly about an- man, Phil reminded himself. if she felt that way about him d of course she did—hadn't he n it all along? Well, since she e might as well hang the laurels im once and for all. He would swiftly, before Bob got there.

ow did you find the evildoers?" lla asked, one eye on the door gh which the other man would any minute.

oney. It talks. Somebody who d have kept still gave us an ad- and somebody there thought ere friends and gave us another pretty soon we landed at his and we went up."

hen what happened?" Marcia was ing in front of him, hands cross- e a child's, gray eyes wide and and a little frightened.

e asked for the negatives, a nice nge of names took place among d in the scrimmage—two against which wasn't fair to the gigolo— ound the negatives and two sets ctures which we tore into 7000 s. We couldn't risk his getting away from us. Then he yelled elp—after all, we were rifling his —and help came. That was e the fun began. I held the gig- nd Bob knocked out a couple of e and tore the pictures and then d me get clear of the guy named e—we left him with a bump on ead, but he's all right. And we are."

en Bob came, with a bandaged it was decided to go somewhere elebrate Marcia's delivery.

the end, they chose Rheims. "I to see the cathedral by night," s said.

to it, Phil?" Bob asked. "After y you trounced three people and swift gestures of picture tear- should think you would be tired. ried away the spoils on my face Phil did the work."

rcia's eyes met Phil's. A swift, current of gladness began to d through her body. Phil had to make Bob a hero for her! he must want her to be pleas- Or perhaps he didn't care what hought of him, anyway, and that why he gave the credit to an- The warm current went away slowly.

milla's eyes, too, sought Phil's. different reason. If he cared h for Marcia's happiness to give to a man who mattered in her he must care for her. It might relief—that is, if Marcia cared him. Which of course Marcia , she decided.

rcia sat in front of her mirror le later, watching the tones r make-up. Thinking. She had Bob for a long time—she had hurt when he had danced too smiled too often, at somebody She had felt that spring was just because of him. Suddenly, new that she had been wrong. didn't matter much now. She not understand why he had d to be important when for so he had been the pivot of every She had almost married him! e he would err always a little— entally unfaithful in an unim- nt way. Maybe he wouldn't. did not care.

love can be turned off just like ing a button and putting out a or wiggling a spigot and mak- he hot water stop—if that is then what's the use of it?" she her reflection. "How does any- now that love lasts? That she buying an all-wool product? How know if I can love someone— r?"

refore, she came down to the to meet the others, a little The slim white frock, whose was bound with a ridiculously lue satin band which terminated huge bow, made her look very She wore silver buckles on lue slippers, blue earrings and ate and a blue cape.

y went to Rheims in an auto- , long and swift, which Phil nted somewhere. He drove, and lla sat with him. From the rear Marcia watched his shoulders e profile that she glimpsed when ned to speak to the girl at his r to toss a remark to her and They passed the American ery, where dim crosses faded into the night, and the place the drawing room car had in which the Armistice was They went through Com- and Soissons, and came at last rims.

rcia became aware, during the dinner in the Rheims hotel, Camilla was gazing at Bob with ration that girls had given him Camilla! Marcia caught her Why, Camilla had Phil, who everything a girl could want! who built bridges and tramped ls at night and never let people Golf and dancing at the coun- ub were not important to him. mattered to Bob. Still, if Cam- ked at Bob with such affection r tired eyes—they were tired,

Marcia admitted—Camilla might not care for a shack on a hill and a radio.

Phil looked puzzled. When he smiled at her, Marcia thought his grin half-weary and half-wistful.

"Whom will you rescue tomorrow?" she asked finally to break the long silence. "You were out, both of you, in a very good cause today. What do you want for rewards?"

"Oh, we're generous members of the Round Table," Phil retorted. "We go around rescuing fair ladies and their pocketbooks for the virtuous feeling it brings. Maybe I'll help in several tournaments next week. I'm going to take a bicycle trip through the south of France."

"When did you make up your mind?" Camilla asked.

"Just now. I'm getting restless. I'll be gone a week or two. Remember, young lady, I belong in the open. There are one or two ideas for that structural stunt of the boss' I'd like to get smoothed out in my mind."

They went to the cathedral in the evening and sat very still while the candles shone far, far down the aisle, and Marcia wondered what Paris would be like without Phil. No one spoke very much on the ride home and when Phil said good night at the elevator he added goodby to the phrase. .. ..

"Goodby?" Marcia repeated.

"I'll be off in the morning before you are up. I want to get a good start. Don't let anything happen to you."

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In her room, Marcia sat by the window for a while. "Don't let anything happen to you." He might not come back to Paris from this trip. He might return to America from some port along the way. He could catch a boat at Havre and escape Paris. Or he might come back and she would be gone. She must go home some time. Her parents were sweet about letting her stay, but after all, they wouldn't let her live in Paris! Since she wasn't going to marry Bob —funny to put it in words—she had no reason for loitering.

Phil was in love with a girl whom he had followed just as Bob had followed her, she reasoned. Whether Camilla would marry him or not, did not alter the fact. She, Marcia Cunningham, had made a mess of everything and now she ought to get some sleep. But she couldn't. She put her wrap on, instead, and went down to the lobby. There was a restaurant across the street where she could get some hot milk. That would be soothing. There were a few oiterers in the lobby. She passed them quickly and was nearing the exit when a familiar voice caught her attention.

"Running out on us again?" She glanced up into the quizzical, smiling face of the man of whom she had been thinking when she couldn't go to sleep.

"Just to get some milk. I couldn't sleep."

"You need a protector. May I go along? I've been looking up routes to the south."

They stepped out of the hotel door into a soft, warm night, where a yellow moon swung low above the chimney pots and the stars were brighter because they had no competition with the maudlin signs of the earlier evening.

Phil was gay, impersonal, deferential. Marcia took the cue and laughed at trifles. At the door of the restaurant she paused. So did Phil. Camilla and Bob were sitting together at a corner table.

(To Be Continued)

At Blue River

BLUE RIVER, June 26.—(Special)—The Blue River club met at the home of Mrs. Fred Gruning Wednesday afternoon. The next meeting was not decided upon but, will be announced later.

Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Kelley and children Deane and Dickie Kelley, Clinton Garoutte, all of Cottage Grove, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gridley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Small and Miss Eva Grazer all of Portland were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oren O'Brien and son Bobbie.

Adam Flurrie and John Flurrie, both of Roseburg, visited friends in Blue River over the week-end.

Charles Hadley, and Willis Hines have completed a new bunkhouse for Camp Cascadia on Blue River.

Mrs. Felix Sparks is visiting relatives in Thurston.

Walton Items

WALTON, June 26.—(Special).—Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Dresser and family have gone to eastern Oregon to see their new ranch and will go on to Washington and Idaho to visit Mrs. Dresser's relatives there.

Jenny Lyons and Ruth Martin visited Friday at Josie Rauch' home at Vaughn.

Warren Surcamp adn family spent Saturday and Sunday at Grants Pass visiting his uncles, Frank and Billy Akin.

Forcia and Larsen mill at the old Shannon mill place is progressing rapidly.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

W. R. Kirkpatrick et ux to Anne G. Montgomery—Claims in Blue River district, $1.

G. E. Dawson et ux to W. R. Kirkpatrick—Claims in Blue River District, $1.

Lane County to Edward G. Quigley —Lot 32, Fern Ridge Orchards, $104.16.

Lane County to Grace DeGraff—Tract tp. 18-12 W, $13.32.

Lane County to A. L. Woodard—Lot 6, blk. 4, lots 7 and 8 blk. 5, Cooper and Randall's add. Cottage Grove, $35.

Lane County to Russell Tendick et ux—Tract tp. 19-2 W, $36.46.

Lane County to H. E. Morton—Tract tp. 18-12 W, $28.11.

Lane County to Orval Fendrem—Lots 10-11 blk. 11 Willamette Heights add. Springfield $26.54.

Barney Oldfield et ux to J. O. Olson et ux—Tract tp. 16-2 E, $50.

Louis C. Vitus et ux to Russell Tendick et ux—22.25 A. tp. 19-2 W, $20.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Work for Willing Hands — By HAROLD GRAY

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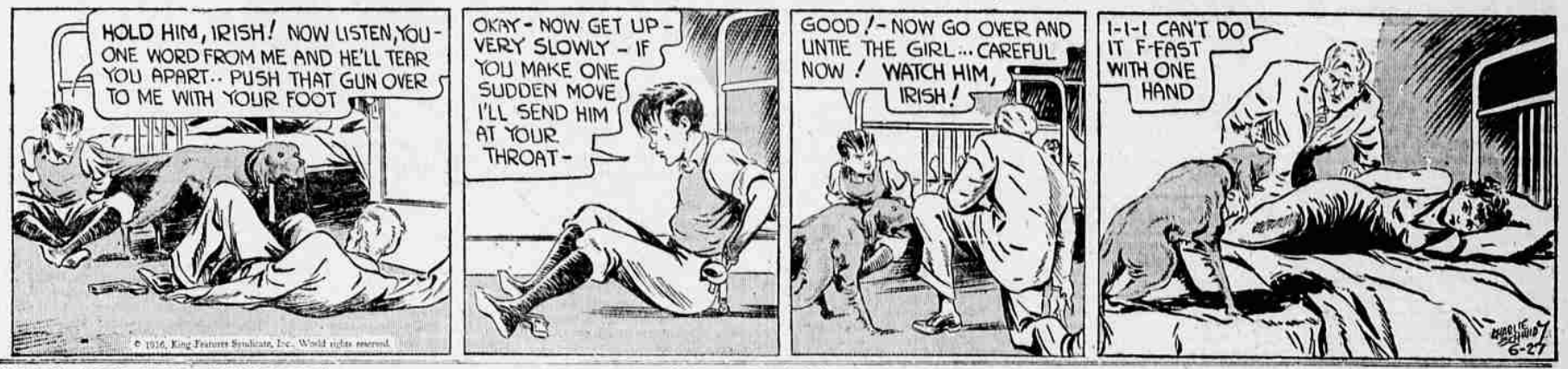

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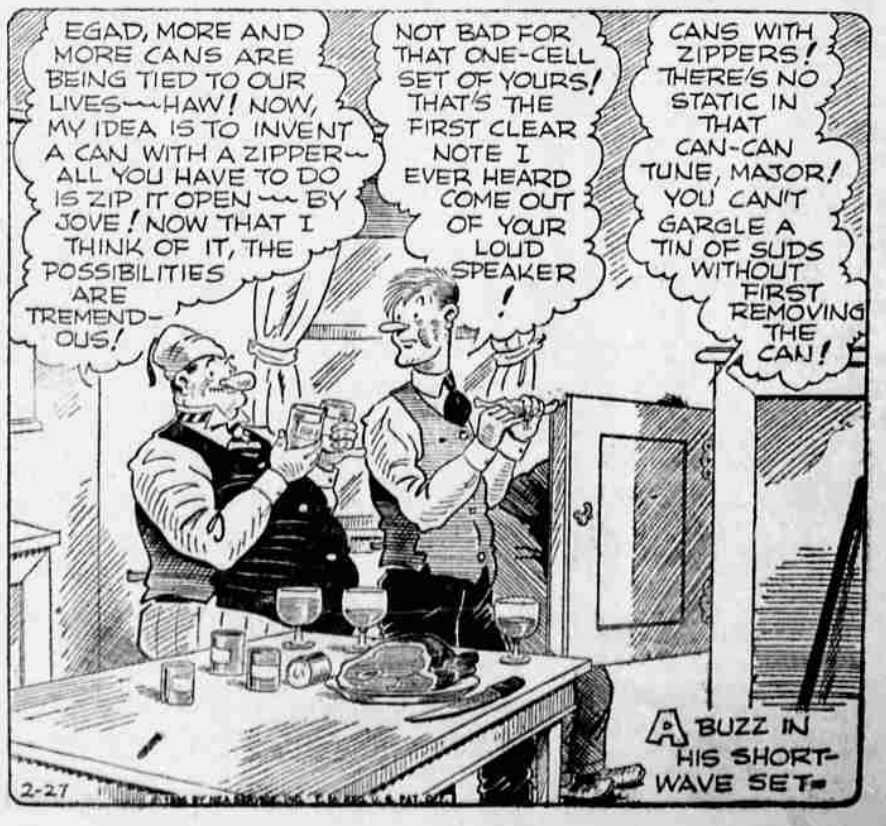
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