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RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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SECOND EPISODE

In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride.
CHAPTER I.

THE runaway bride, who led the chase, seemed to be lucky, for the traffic opened before her like magic and closed behind her like a wall.

At that hour Iris Blethering sat pouring her voluble sadness into the ears of Bobbie in the Blethering home on Riverside drive. She had been school day chum and the bosom friend of June Moore, but now there was no June Moore, only a June Warner, and June Warner might become a stranger.

"Rot," observed Bobbie. "How long are they going to be gone?"
"Three weeks! It is an eternity, Bobbie!"

"Rot," said Bobbie. "Why doesn't somebody answer that doorbell?"
It had only just rung, and immediately the hollow Blethering butler came through. He did not return to announce any one, however. Instead the caller rushed straight in and threw herself into the arms of Iris.

"June!"
"Junie," pleaded Iris, "where's Ned?"

"I left Ned!" June wailed.
"Aw, I say!" protested Bobbie.
"What did he do, dear?" This from Iris.

"He—he gave me money!"
"Just after the wedding breakfast mother gave me a purse and if I had not left that on the library table at home I might not have known my predicament until it was too late."

While Iris was telling Ned about it he tipped the porter a dollar in his nice, cheery way; then he turned around and gave me \$30—in just the same way! Don't you see?" And she shuddered at the recollection of her humiliation.

"Then I had a dream," went on June, with more vigor, bound to make them understand. "I saw myself being paid for being a wife, as mummy pays the servants and Ned pays his stenographer. I saw Ned giving me money as he gives it to beggars! I saw myself always holding out my hand for charity!"

"But you had no money!" said Iris.
"I got on the train anyhow and sold my watch to a funny old lady," June explained. She paused to remember something—the black Vandyked man who now had her watch.

"What about Ned?" Bobbie suddenly blurted, the thought of young Warner on the train with the honeymoon luggage, alone, flashing into his mind.
"Ned's a darling!" And June's lip quivered. "He's an angel! But I can't be a burden to be carried on Ned's back. I shall stay away from Ned until I achieve my own independence. Then we can walk together hand in hand—in mutual self respect and accepting from each other nothing but love."

"It is for his happiness as well as for mine!" June insisted firmly. "The world will not be happy until women walk in strict equality with men, Iris, dear."

Meanwhile Ned Warner began to be familiar with the bronze panther on the overhanging rock in the park and, casting back in his memory, reflected that he must have passed it about five times.

But why had June married him? Why had she walked down the aisle of the Brynport chapel with him that morning?

He could stand this train of thoughts no longer. He whirled up Riverside drive, past the very house where June was then talking to Iris and turned his key in the lock of the place which was to have been home.

It must be his task to find that man! At that moment June and Iris were sitting in the big walnut paneled library, and Bobbie wandered in. When he saw the girls he started back.

"Don't go, Bobbie!" called Iris. She walked straight up to him and held out her hand. "Produce!"
"What's the price?" he asked.
"Oh, a hundred!"

Bobbie counted his money and held back a fragment of it. "Here's your hundred, and I'm seven to the good."
June shrank away. "Oh, I can't possibly take it. I didn't know you were going to ask Bobbie!"
"Where else do I get it?" blurted the bosom friend. "Bobbie's the easiest way."

"That's just it," June pointed out. "Can you see what a beggar a dependent woman is? Don't you see that if I can't accept a gift of money from my husband I can't possibly let you accept for me a gift of money from your husband?"
"Oh, Mr. Thomas Rot!" exploded Bobbie.

"That attitude is at the bottom of the whole thing, Bobbie," argued June, with spirit. "Because the man has supported the woman for ages he has made himself the master. That destroys the woman's self respect and love dies."
"What will you do, June?" fretted Iris.

"If I only had that purse mummy gave me," mused June.
"She got that from your father," Bobbie was unkind enough to remind her.

"Oh, that was daddy's money," she brightly replied, no trace of concern on her brow, "and it's the last I can take from them now that I am married. Iris, couldn't you go out to the house and say you'll send it to me?"

"Just the thing!" Iris was bubbling immediately with enthusiasm. "We'll go right out now, Bobbie, call the car."
In the library June had found a picture of Ned among some other intimate photographs, and it was with constant reference to this and amid constant talking to it and caressing of it that she penned her important message:

My poor, dear boy: I cannot explain in a letter what happened to-day. When I am free, Ned, I will make you understand and forgive. You must not try to find your unhappy bride.

JUNE.

CHAPTER II.
"Howdy, Aunt Debby!" Bobbie Blethering, with his chatted beside her, swung up the drive in his fast little runabout.

June's parents came to the door.
"We have only a minute to stay," began Iris, starting to talk as they went into the library. "I heard from June!" Iris rattled on.

"She missed her purse," glibly went on Iris, while Bobbie eyed her in admiration. "She's afraid she's lost it. Did she leave it here?"
"And Mrs. Moore's eyes sparkled. She took it from a drawer in a desk."
"I'll send it to her," offered Iris, and Mrs. Moore put it in her hand.

Twenty minutes were all the callers could spare. They drove down the boulevard. A taxicab flashed by them, but they did not notice it. Ned Warner was in the taxi, and he was out and up on the porch before the machine had come to a full stop. John Moore answered the bell, and he stood as if petrified when he saw his son-in-law's expression.

"Have you heard from June?" husked Ned.
"Isn't she with you?" The voice of Moore was strained and tense.
Mrs. Moore came hurrying out, her face ashen.
"Then she isn't here?" gasped Ned.
"Come inside," John Moore's voice had lost all its color. He led the way to the library. "Now, what is all this about? Why are you here alone?"
"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her."
"We did. She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail to June."
"Then that's where she is!" There was relief in Ned's tones.
"Sit down," said Moore. "Why are you not with her?"
"I don't know." There was a choke in Ned's voice. "She left me on the train—slipped away at Farnville."
"She wouldn't do such a thing without good cause!" declared Mrs. Moore with firm conviction.
"What happened?" This sharply from Moore.
"I don't understand. She told me she lost her purse. I gave her some money, and she went to sleep with her head on my shoulder. I pillowed her more comfortably on the seat by and by and went into the smoker. I dropped in about every five minutes, and when I came back after we had passed Farnville she was gone."
"How do you know she returned to New York?" demanded Moore.
"I saw her. I got off at the next station and telephoned. The station master at Farnville reported that he saw her getting on a down train. I took an express and overhauled her as we came into the Grand Central station. I saw her leave the station and get into a taxi."
"You are holding something back!" Moore charged. "I want to know the truth."
"You have all I can tell you," declared Ned.
"Will you get your wraps please, Charlotte?" June's father said finally, and rose. "We are going to Iris. I'll order the car."

While they rode the black Vandyked man, in Sherry's, sat at the end of a long table between a jovial host with a gray mustache and a ponderous man with heavy-lidded eyes and short hair. There were a dozen placed at the table, and wine hissed at every plate, but the others of the party, which included a half dozen vivacious gaily gowned young women, were dancing. The three men talked in low tones, their heads bent together, and the black Vandyked man was the most silent. Finally he began to talk and grew enthusiastic, and presently he drew forth June's little gold watch. Then he flashed open the lid. All three men bent eagerly over it.

from length and sharpness of nose and height of eye arches, might have been a sister to her. A maid announced that some one wanted to see Mr. Blye, and, since Mr. Blye was not at home, would Mrs. Blye care to say where he was? He came to New York on an early train. Mrs. Blye rose instantly. She sailed straight into the hall and confronted the five earnest visitors. "Did you say Mr. Blye returned on an early train?"
"Yes." Ned tried not to speak curtly. "I saw him."
"I am Mrs. Blye. Is there anything I can do for you?"
"I want my daughter!" blurted out John Moore, his lips quivering.
"Oh!" And Mrs. Blye's voice rose. "Your daughter?" "Will you please wait?" She sailed back through the hall. They could hear her sharp voice telephoning.
She was back, blazing. "He's at Sherry's!" she shrieked.
An electric cone stood at the door. She slammed into that, turned on the lights and rolled away with as much vigor as was in the capacity of her machine. Bobbie's runabout darted after her and, passed her and then came the limousine with Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Ned.

Poor June. It had been hard for her to leave those beloved voices down there in the library, but she had made up her mind very firmly that neither she nor Ned could be happy if she was always to feel that she was a chattel. She ran back to the desk for Ned's photograph, then stepped lightly out on the tiny side porch, jumped down to the little embankment and fled, as light as a thistle-down, along the side of the house and out at the little grocer's gate.

She suddenly held a handkerchief to her mouth to choke back a sob. On Broadway she hailed a passing taxi.

All was sparkling at Sherry's, but Gilbert Blye had taken small share in the hilarity. He had risen to go when a black-eyed young woman, the most vivacious of the party, called him to task for his evening of secret scheming. "You're up to some devilment," she charged, playfully tweaking his beard. "Come and dance with me."
"Sorry Tommy," he told her with that queer smile on his lips, "but I've a previous engagement."
"She can wait," pouted the girl. She dragged Blye away from the table.

"Take my car, Gil," called the gray-mustached host.
"Certainly," replied Blye, and the three men exchanged a smile. "I'll dance one round with Tommy; then I'll go."
Before that round was over, however, Gilbert Blye saw an apparition in the doorway and his face turned cold. The apparition was a tall, angular woman with a long, high nose and high arched brows, who was trying to bore Gilbert Blye through and through with a double eyed glare of burning ferocity. He hurried over to his wife. She had shrilled:

"Who is that woman?" One lean, long finger pointed accusingly at the vivacious black-eyed girl with whom Gil had been dancing.
"I shall explain nothing," said Gilbert. "I'm through."
He left her contemptuously, leaving her stunned by this unexpected revolt. As he went down the steps he heard her shrieking something after him, and he hurried. As he dashed out of the door he ran into a group who were coming in. They were the Moores, the Bletherings and Ned Warner, and he was upon them and past them and jumping into the luxuriously furnished racing limousine, with the little watch in his hand, before they realized that this was the man whom they were seeking.

"There he goes!" cried Ned. "The scoundrel!"
Blye, moving rapidly away, saw the confusion and blamed his wife for the scene, for now she was in the lead of the excited group, which was rushing toward him.

The house of the Moores at Brynport was dark when June arrived, the dear old house. It stood back among the dim trees, with a dignity and beauty which she had never before thoroughly appreciated, and at the gate she hesitated as if, with no one to welcome her, she had no right here.

There was a welcome, though, and a joyous one, a loud, hearty one, a series of delighted barks from her dog Bouncer.
The hole through which he usually emerged had been found and closed, but he wasted no time on that. He merely came through the window, bringing a part of the sash with him, and here he was running in circles around her, leaping at her, crouching, barking at the top of his voice, doing everything in his power to show her that she was a welcome visitor at this place and in his heart at any hour of the day or night.

It was the work of a minute for June to clamber through an unlocked kitchen window and rush upstairs, get her maid, Marie, seize several garments and drag with her the astounded servant.

"Miss June! Miss June!" cried Aunt Debby, out of breath from running, but June only waved a hand at her as the taxi sped out of the drive.
A limousine had stopped in front of the house and a black Vandyked man had alighted.
"Miss Moore!" he called, but June's taxi rattled on. He jumped in his own car, gave the word, and started in swift pursuit.

The two machines were still in sight when the runabout of Bobbie and Iris dashed around the circle.
"Is June here?" called Iris.
"Lawdy, no!" puffed Aunt Debby. "Dat's her goin' yonder."
The runabout was gone with a whizz, and immediately after came the family limousine.

"Is June here?" called all three of the occupants at once.
"She's just gone! The gentleman with black whiskers has just gone! Mr. Bobbie and Miss Iris has just done gone! Whooh!"
Around the corner there rolled an electric coupe. It was brilliantly lighted and in it sat an angular woman with a high, long nose and high arched brows, beneath which glittered two sharp eyes. "Say!" shrieked the occupant of the electric.

Aunt Debby, her broad hand on her stomach, pointed down on her stomach. (To be continued.)

Visiting cards—The Sentinel.

CHAPTER III.
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