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RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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SEVENTH EPISODE The Tormentors. CHAPTER I.

The deserted husband of pretty June
Warner was at the hall door with his
hand reached out for the knob, and in
another instant Ned Warner and June
would have been face to face.

There was something suspicious in the
bent and withered and warped Widow
O'Keefe and her tall slip of a son. Ned
came abruptly from the door and re-
newed his search. At that very mo-
ment, June outside, had paused on the
third step from the bottom to retie the
bow upon her slipper.

Slim young Sammy O'Keefe walked
to the window, whistling and glanced
out with an air of great indifference.
On the other side of the street stood Of-
ficer Toole. At sight of Sammy he
pointed energetically to the door. Sam-
my then slipped quietly out of the door.

The listless Sammy then used the
next quickest method to wirelessly. With
one motionless spring he straddled the
banister rail, whizzed around the curve
and down to June, who was halfway up
the stairs, jumped off, grabbed the as-
tounded girl by the waist and dragged
her down the steps at the risk of both
of their necks. Sammy shoved June
into the second floor closet, locked the
door and shoved the key into his pocket,
set the springs in his thin legs to
work and was sitting lazily on the top
step, bored and whistling softly when
Ned Warner and Mr. and Mrs. John
Moore and Bobby and Iris Blethering
came out, Bobby extremely dejected
and Iris explaining volubly that it was
all a mistake.

June is the dark closet, shut off from
all light and sound, stood bewildered,
her eyes distended in the darkness,
while Ned stood not two feet away from
her. He had paused before that very
door, as if some delicate magnetism had
caught and held him there.

"We're wasting our time," finally
said Iris Blethering. "We're probably
letting them get away." And June's
friend took her husband with her. The
rest of the party followed.

Meanwhile Marie, disguised in the
suffocating tight black mourning, out-
fit of the Widow O'Keefe, was many
blocks out of the danger zone, smother-
ing in a telephone booth and calling up
the place where June had gone to work.
Mrs. Villard was not in her beautiful
home up the Hudson, nor was Miss June
there. They had gone into the city, but
the maid gave Marie a telephone num-
ber. Mrs. Villard answered that call
from a gorgeously furnished room
where half a dozen stunningly gowned
young women sat smoking and her kind-
ly face showed immediate concern when
she learned that June must not come
home to the Widow O'Keefe's.

"Why," she naturally wanted to
know.

"You're a friend of hers, aren't you?"
hesitated Marie.

"Of course," smiled Mrs. Villard.

"Well, then I'll tell you. I'm her maid
Marie, and she mustn't come home."

"But she's already started," worried
Mrs. Villard.

"Has she?"

"Wait a minute!" This seemed to be
no time for asking questions. "I'll
come down in my car!"

"Oh, yes, do!" gasped Marie. "Good
bye. I'll have to hurry!"

"Wait a minute! Wait, Marie! Where
am I to come?"

"Oh, yes. It's the Widow O'Keefe's
at the corner of Deshley street and
Duck alley."

Mrs. Villard gave the number of a
magnificent club. The man who an-
swered the call wore a suave smile and
a black vandyke.

"This is Mrs. Villard, Gilbert."

"Oh! I'll join you immediately
wherever you say."

"Shall I stop at your club?"

"Please."

The family limousine of the Moores
had no sooner rolled away from the
widow's house than Sammy O'Keefe
unlocked the closet door in proud self
approbation.

"What was it," June asked.

"Your husband, miss."

"Ned!" cried June. He was here.

"Right where you're standing, miss.
And your father and mother and—"
"Daddy! Mummy!" The tears gath-
ered.

"Don't you mind, darling," encour-
aged the widow heartily. "They got
nothing out of either Sammy or me.
Sammy, I'm proud of you, boy. I did-
n't know you could lie so good."

Jabbering all her pent up excitement,
not a word of which June had heard,
she helped the colorless, half fainting
girl up to her own rooms.

June might as well have been alone
for all that she was conscious of the
O'Keefe ministrations. They had been
here, here in these very rooms, Ned,
her father and mother! How she longed
for them! And a great flood of love
surged up in her. She must see them!
She must go to them at once! She
must give up this foolish fight for a
romantic ideal and be just a girl, and re-
turn to her own people, and be petted
and forgiven, and be clasped in Ned's
strong arms, never to leave them again!
She rose with a wild impulse to hurry
straight after them, but her knees bent
under her. The Widow O'Keefe
pressed her tenderly back in her chair,
then the woman drove Sammy from the
room and put June in the bed, took off
her little shoes and drew the blinds and
left her alone to cry it out.

June sat suddenly bolt upright and
dried her eyes and hunted for her shoes.
Marie had just turned the corner of
Officer Dowd's post when there came
swiftly towards her a family limousine.

Suddenly there was a loud yelp of joy
from a handsome collier sitting beside
the driver, and Bouncer, who never left
his seat when in the city, was halfway
to the curb in one spring. With a shriek
Marie headed for the nearest alley.

"Excuse me," said Officer Dowd still
breasting him. "Was it you or me that
is in the road?"

"I want to speak to that young wo-
man!" And Ned tried to pass around
Officer Dowd as that "young woman"
accompanied by the leaping Bouncer,
turned swiftly into a narrow alley.

All went down to the alley mouth and
looked in. There was a wilderness of
crooked byways and no Marie was visi-
ble.

"Where to, sir," asked Jerry.

"The Widow O'Keefe's," declared
Ned.

CHAPTER II.

Marie dashed into the O'Keefe house
as fast as her legs would carry her.

"Bouncer," sobbed June, "Boun-
cer!"

"Will you be still," screamed Marie
to the dog. "Miss June, dear, get up!
Mrs. O'Keefe, hide us! They're com-
ing!"

It was but a few seconds' work to
transfer June across the fire escape
platform connecting with the McPherson
house. The family limousine, con-
taining the Moores, the Bletherings and
Ned Warner, came spinning around the
corner!

"My wife is here," declared Ned
Warner to Mrs. O'Keefe, with convic-
tion. "I want her."

"Come right in and get her," invited
the widow, flinging wide the door. "If
you take her along this time you won't
be a nuisance to me any more today."

At last the discouraged party left the
house of O'Keefe.

In the meantime Mrs. Villard had
stepped in front of Gilbert Blye's mag-
nificent club. A short, wide, fat man
was leaning against the lamp post when
Mrs. Villard's chauffeur jumped down
and ran into the club, but he paid little
attention until Gilbert Blye came out;
then the short, wide man pulled his hat
over one eye and with remarkable agili-
ty beat both Blye and the chauffeur to
the car, where he opened the door ob-
sequiously. Blye and Mrs. Villard con-
versed in low tones for a moment.

"At Pinkham's, then, you think in
half an hour," Blye gave the fat man
a quarter and walked back into the
club.

The fat man went to a phone and
called Mrs. Blye.

"Say, this is Bill Wolf. I got him.
Do you know where Pinkham's is?
Your husband is going to be there in
half an hour to meet the gal."

Honoraria was hastily preparing to go
out when she thought to notify Ned
Warner.

The coast was quite clear when Mrs.
Villard arrived opposite the O'Keefe
house.

The coast was still clear when, a few
minutes later, Mrs. Villard and June
and Marie and Bouncer and a huge bun-
dle of clothes came out of the passageway
between the O'Keefe and McPherson
houses and climbed into the car.

In front of one of the tallest of one
of those mighty towers Mrs. Villard led
June through portals of a majesty that
would have graced a cathedral in the
olden days. June did not notice a pe-
culiar circumstance. Mrs. Villard had
dismissed her car, sending Marie and
Bouncer home with the clothes.

She hurried straight back to the el-
evators with June and shot up to the
eleventh floor, where they entered a
suite of offices furnished with the hea-
vy richness of a millionaire club or a
bachelor's quarters. A severe looking
man came out to meet them. "I'll see
you in just a moment," he said.

There swept into the reception room
a woman who almost stopped June's
breath. She was startlingly handsome,
with a skin like velvet, a complexion
of exquisite tinting, a facial contour
without a flaw. She was extravagantly
gowned and glittering with jewels, but
the most remarkable thing in connection
with her was the transformation in the
severe man. He had been changed from
metal to wax; his eyes had come to life
and on his lips a smile.

"Why, my dear," he said, "this is
an unexpected pleasure. May I ask you
to wait just a moment?"

"I don't think I need to wait," she
swept her gaze to her beaming hus-
band. "I shall need some money,"
she remarked, and there was an addi-
tional insolence in her having made
herself oblivious to the fact that there
were strangers present.

"With pleasure, my dear, how much
shall it be?"

"Ten thousand," she said calmly.

"I have made it twenty," Mr. Pink-
ham observed, using the ingratiating
tones as he tried to smile.

"Thank you," she said, and, folding
the check, dropped it into a little gold
purse as if it were a trifle of vulgar in-
significance.

Mrs. Villard and June breathed a
sigh of relief. They were invited into
a handsome inner office. The insolent-
ly handsome woman! In Mrs. Pinkham
the runaway bride had recognized an-
other and a startling phase of her own
problem. Here it was again—the same
never ending condition of the man own-
ing all and the woman none, of the man
giving and the woman receiving.

Suddenly June gave a start of ming-
led surprise and fright. In the door-
way stood the darkly handsome, suavely
smiling Gilbert Blye!

CHAPTER III.

Gilbert Blye suavely approached
June, and Mrs. Villard went into
an adjoining office to talk with
Mr. Pinkham. Following Blye came
Tommy Thomas, Orin Cunningham and
a white-haired man with heavy lidded
eyes.

Then June received the great shock
of her life—Blye offered her a trip on a
private yacht. He had a photo of it
with him. She gasped in amazement
and refused it.

Then Cunningham drew out a check
book and asked her how much money
she needed. June's cheeks paled. She
burst into the office where Mrs. Villard
sat with the iron Pinkham.

"Did you bring me here to be tor-
mented by those people?" she demand-
ed. Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes
snapping.

Mrs. Villard hesitated a moment.

"Did you?" insisted June. "If so
I shall resign."

"Why, no, child," returned Mrs. Vil-
lard rising and holding out her hand.
"I only want you to do the things best
for you to do."

"I'm going!" June suddenly decided.
The iron man bowed. There was no
glint in his metallic eye, no smile on
his unbending lips.

June, followed by Mrs. Villard, sailed
through the magnificent reception room
and into the hall. Blye and his compan-
ions followed them.

At that moment Ned Warner's taxi-
cab drew up in front of the Bond Securi-
ties building, and close behind it came
the electric of Honoraria Blye, that lady
driving it herself, bolt upright.

June darted into the first elevator,
and her pursuers crowded in after her.
Mrs. Villard put an arm around June in
a corner of the elevator, and there were
tears in her eyes as she talked to the
distracted girl. It was that which
brought sympathy to June. It was her
greatest weakness, sympathy, and by
the time they reached the ground floor
she had consented to return to Pink-
ham's with Mrs. Villard. She would
not talk to the others, however, and
they wisely held their peace.

As they emerged on the main floor,
however, Cunningham turned to her
with twinkling jocularly in his eyes
and, leaning over, whispered something
in her ear just as she was about to step
into the adjoining upward bound el-
evator.

At that very instant Ned Warner
strode into the rotunda closely followed
by Honoraria Blye. He saw his beautiful
bride in company with the black-van-
dyked man, who was watching her with
that suave smile upon his dark hand-
some face, while a debonaire white-mus-
tached man bent over her familiarly
and whispered in her ear. He saw June
blush; he saw her step back; then the
lady with her drew her into the el-
evator. Blye and the others crowded
after her, and as Ned raced vengeance-
fully through the corridor, with the shrieking
Honoraria behind him, the door closed
with a bang, and they shot upward.

They rushed into the next car. Ned
black-browed and silent, and the shrill
Honoraria jabbering incessantly. The car
had scarcely started to move when a
sudden idea came to Ned, and he turned
to Mrs. Blye with the first words he had
spoken to her.

"We might miss them," he snapped.

"They may have seen us and not go to
the office you named. I'll go back down
and wait."

As they left the elevator at the
eleventh floor the door of a down car
changed. If Ned had got out at the
first stop, which was the ninth floor,
he would have caught that down car.
But more than that, he would have come
face to face with June and the one per-
son whom of all people in this world he
most longed to meet—Gilbert Blye.

June, who had burst from her tor-
mentors at the ninth floor, stepped into
the down car which Ned two floors
above had just missed. Mrs. Villard,
still pleading, followed her and Blye's
audacious crew laughingly joined them.

Two down cars shot by Ned and by
the time he reached the main floor the
faces for which he was watching were
lost in the throng at the door. He
might even then have distinguished his
runaway bride and the man with the
black vandyke had he looked in that di-
rection, but he did not expect to see
them there. He expected to see them
coming out of an elevator, the girl he
loved more than everything in the world
and the scornful whom he intended to
strangle to death.

June, meantime, had hailed a taxi.
Standing in front of the door was the
luxurious limousine of Gilbert Blye and
understood why Mrs. Villard had dis-
missed her own car.

"So Mr. Blye was to take us home!"
she hotly charged.

"Don't child," begged Mrs. Villard,
beginning to be as much distracted as
June. "Let's go home." And turning
to Blye and his companions she ordered
"Don't you dare follow!"

Uptown on busy Broadway sped June
and Mrs. Villard, and by the time they
had reached Columbus Circle June's
suspicions of Mrs. Villard were allayed.

At Spuyten Duyvil parkway a luxu-
rious limousine had halted, and as the
taxi passed it rolled out and followed.

In it sat June's determined pursuers,
and on the dark, handsome face of
Gilbert Blye was again that suave smile.
June turned chill with nervous appre-
hension.

Gilbert Blye was enjoying that chase
immensely, and he watched that weav-
ing, swaying taxi with always that
suave smile.

Suddenly Blye leaned forward with
an oath, and there was a shriek from
the vivacious brunette. Something
seemed to be wrong with the steering
wheel of the taxi, for, as it went up
the hill ahead of them, it wobbled to
and fro uncertainly, dangerously near
the crumbling bank which was protect-
ed only by a flimsy rail, and there was
a curve ahead!

There was a cry of horror from them
all as the taxi at the curve ran up the
embankment, paused at the brink for a
moment, and then with its precious bur-
den inside crashed through the rail and
plunged down the hill.

(To be continued)

No Cause for Arrest, He Says.

I wish the statement made concern-
ing W. L. Powell and J. Treppe of the Ore-
gon Agricultural, contradicted. There
was a mistake made which was straight-
ened out in a few minutes and there was
no cause for an arrest to have been
made. I am now in San Francisco and
have the machine with me. We intend
touring California before returning by
machine to Corvallis this fall.

W. L. POWELL.

Administrator's Notice of Final Set-
tlement.

Notice is hereby given that the un-
dersigned administrator of the estate of
Leroy Barrett, deceased, has filed in the
County Court of Lane County, State of
Oregon, his final account as such ad-
ministrator of said estate and that
Thursday, the 10th day of June, 1915,
at the hour of 1 o'clock of said day
has been fixed by the Court as the time
for hearing objections to said report
and the settlement thereof.

WORTH HARVEY,
Administrator of the estate of
Leroy Barrett, deceased.

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