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RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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EIGHTH EPISODE. Her Husband's Enemies

CHAPTER I
THE BEAUTIFUL runaway bride opened her eyes in dazed bewilderment to find herself gazing up into the dark, handsome face of the black-vandyked man. She was in his arms. She felt another clasp about her—the man with the white mustache. Gilbert Blye gently released his hold of her, and the white-mustached man turned to carry her up the hill. Her eyes closed again.

Gilbert Blye hurried up the embankment to where his luxurious limousine stood beside the broken rail. The taxi leaned against a sturdy tree which had stopped it from a fatal tumble. Blye's chauffeur was bringing up the unconscious driver of the taxi. The vivacious brunette and the man with the thick-lidded eyes were helping Mrs. Villard.

When June again opened her eyes Gilbert Blye was brushing back her soft brown hair from her pale forehead. She was in the luxurious limousine, with her head pillowed on the shoulder of the white-mustached man and his arm was about her. She straightened as she became aware of that clasp. The car started, and she turned to look at Mrs. Villard, who sat beside her with compressed lips. The runaway bride closed her eyes again and sank back into the support which she so detested.

Little did June know that Ned, through his detective, had obtained the number of the auto in which she had driven that day. Soon June lay in her little room in the hospital. The vivacious Tommy Thomas sat at the head of her bed and stroked June's white hand. Blye was the last to make his adieu, and, bending gracefully, he kissed her hand.

Honorita Blye received a telephone message from Bill Wolf a few hours after the time of the auto accident. "Your husband has gone to his club," he said huskily.

The wife drove hastily to the club entrance. She met Wolf, who pointed to the chauffeur Seatti, saying, "There's your husband's driver." Honorita saw Seatti standing beside her husband's limousine.

Honorita dashed up the steps which no woman had ever trod and before any one could stop her had rounded the paneled screen and stood in the grill room. "There you are!" she screamed, and as her gaze settled from a swift roving into a fixed direction one man came to life and rose—the black-vandyked Gilbert Blye. "There you are!" she screamed again and started to twist her way among the tables toward her long lost mate. "You will stay away from home, eh? You will run around with other women! You will!"

A door in the corner opened and closed and Gilbert Blye was on the other side of it. When Honorita reached the imposing entrance she was just in time to see Seatti slamming the door of the luxurious limousine. Honorita sprang into her electric coupe, turned on all the "juice" and wheeled down the street in mad pursuit. But at last she gave up the chase and went home.

A nurse awakened June in the morning. "How are you?" she asked. "Perfectly well, thank you," June answered. "How is Mrs. Villard?" "A slight sprain," explained the nurse brightly. "I'm going to get up," announced June.

"Against orders, my dear. You must stay in bed until Dr. Remert says you may get up." June looked down over the plain, coarse white night gown in which she had been put to bed. "Where are my clothes?" "You're not ready for them," smiled the pretty nurse in triumph. "Come in!"

The doctor with the funny red sideburns came. He was a jovial doctor, and a very nice doctor indeed. He felt June's pulse and looked at her tongue and prodded her a few times and examined her bones, talking to her a little all the while as if she were a girl about ten years old. "I am going to get up now," June announced, as soon as the doctor had gone away. "Where are my clothes?" "I'll get them for you."

"Oh, no; wait a minute! Please let me try on one of your uniforms." "It would be a radical infraction of the rules," she declared, "but we'll ask Dr. Remert not to tell." They laughed at that and in a few minutes June was in a stiff white uniform, with a prim little cap on her head and was walking sedately into Mrs. Villard's room. She paused on the threshold. Gilbert Blye was there. As he caught sight of her June saw the sudden glow of admiration leap into his black eyes. She half turned to go in her embarrassment, but Mrs. Villard stopped her.

Dr. Remert came in and expressed astonishment at how grownup June looked in a uniform. The head nurse and the nurse with the pink cheeks and the phenomenally thin nose crowded in to admire June; then Dr. Remert scattered them so that Mrs. Villard should have some rest before her next bandaging, and he took June with him for a round of the wards. She came back from that round of the wards rather thoughtfully. She had seen so much suffering and pain and sorrow, and children and women mothers and men who should have been strong, and in the light of all of their woes her own problem seemed foolish and insignificant.

In Mrs. Villard's room as June approached the door she heard voices, and among them Orin Cunningham's. She turned away and went across the hall to the room where the injured chauffeur lay. He was in considerable pain, the pretty nurse said, but he lay there smiling. The head nurse came into the room. "How are you feeling?" she asked. "Bully!" "Then you can probably stand a pleasant surprise; you have a visitor." "Oh!" The sunshine left the roughly moulded face, but the grin was back

and she liked the change. Only Blye was the same. His black eyes glowed when they rested upon her, and he still wore his suave smile, though somehow he seemed more frank. June found herself suddenly liking this black-vandyked man.

Ned Warner at the very moment in which Blye and his crowd had changed their tactics toward June was, after interminable red tape, securing the address of the owner of car No. M607707, and, that secured, he hurried out to the beautiful home of Mrs. Villard up the Hudson. He came to it by the lower road, and as he approached the house he saw Marie in the sloping hillside garden. He stepped in the shelter of the wall to consider. A few days ago his first impulse would have been to rush to Marie and seize her and compel her to tell what she knew, but Marie had proved herself to be a slippery customer. If Ned were able to force himself in and search the house June would be hidden by some one or he helped to escape, as had happened yesterday at the Widow O'Keefe's and also at the Bond Securities and everywhere else. So there was but one thing for him to do—to conceal himself about the grounds until June herself should appear. He adopted that course, and the weary hours dragged on, noon, afternoon, evening.

With the dusk the limousine of Gilbert Blye left the hospital, and in its brilliantly lighted comfort sat the precious June and Mrs. Villard, Tommy Thomas, Orin Cunningham and Gilbert Blye. Strange what a difference this day had made in June's feeling toward these people. Now her work as companion to Mrs. Villard would be much more pleasant. They were chatting in gay comradeship as they drew near the Villard home.

Ned Warner, as the shades of night drew in ventured into the Villard garden and nearer the house. As he crept up toward the back porch the door opened and June's collar came bounding out for an evening run. Bouncer had no sooner hit the open than he gave a loud yelp and came tearing straight in Ned's direction. He jumped in mad circles around Ned, leaped upon him, barking his loudest welcome, ran halfway up to the house, ran back to bark his joy at Ned again and started to bring Marie!

Ned had stepped back among the bushes with the hope of edging himself over to the wall before Marie could arrive. To his surprise, however, Marie, though she looked down in that direction, did not come. She called Bouncer, and together they went into the house. Ned took advantage of Marie's indifference and Bouncer's confinement to slip closer and look in at the windows, front, side and rear. The lower floor was brilliantly illuminated, the front porch light being lit, as if some one were expected. June! Some instinct told Ned that she was coming. He concealed himself behind the shrubbery near the porte-cochere and waited.

Suddenly he involuntarily tensed himself. Wheels were approaching. Then a brilliantly lighted limousine sped in to sight, and as it turned the curve, Ned saw in it his beautiful runaway bride. Over her was bending the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye, his eyes glowing and on his lips that despicable smile.

With an oath Ned stepped forward. At last his moment had arrived. With another instant as Gilbert Blye helped June from the limousine Ned would have the scoundrel by the throat. (To be continued.)

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County on the 16th day of March, 1915, and by me received the 4th day of May, 1915, in a suit wherein on the 16th day of November, 1914, in the above entitled Court the Plaintiff, Lane County Abstract Company a corporation, recovered against the defendant Harriet L. Busick for the sum of Twenty-four and 87-100 (\$24.87) Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 16th day of Nov., 1914, and the further sum of thirteen and no-100 (\$13.00) dollars costs, also the costs of and upon this writ, which said Judgment was enrolled and docketed in the office of the Clerk of said Court on the 24th day of November, 1914, and said Execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, that out of the personal property of said Defendant, or, if sufficient could not be found, then out of the real property belonging to said defendant in Lane County, Oregon, on and after the said 16th day of Nov., 1914, to satisfy said Judgment, costs and accruing costs, being unable to find sufficient personal property with which to satisfy said Judgment, I did on the 4th day of May, 1915, levy on the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at the Northwest corner of the Northwest quarter (1/4) of the Southwest quarter (1/4) of Section 19, Township 21 South, Range 1 West of the Will. Mer., Lane County, Oregon, thence South 30 rods, thence East 80 rods, thence North 30 rods, thence West 80 rods to the place of beginning, containing 15 acres more or less, all in Lane County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, and in compliance with said Execution and in order to satisfy said Judgment, costs and accruing costs, I will on Saturday, the 5th day of June, 1915, at the Southwest door of the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to-wit at one o'clock p. m., on said day offer for sale for cash, subject to redemption, all of the above named Defendant's right, title, and interest in and to the above described real property.

JAMES C. PARKER,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
By D. A. Elkins, Deputy.

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