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RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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NINTH EPISODE.

Kidnapped.

CHAPTER I.

FROM his concealment amid the shrubbery Ned Warner rose to rush forward as the brilliantly lighted limousine swept down the drive of the Villard home.

At that instant three shadowy figures sprang also from amid the shrubbery, two men and a woman. There was no outcry and scarcely any struggle. Ned Warner found himself suddenly seized from behind, a rough sleeve drawn across his mouth, his arms pinioned.

It was Marie who made the gag to slip into Ned's mouth. Then Marie slipped back of the house. The two men picked Ned up and followed her. As they passed the library window, Ned saw June's collie greet her with the height of canine joy, then saw the twinkling-eyed Cunningham sit in a cozy corner with June and begin an animated tete-a-tete.

There came a high-powered racer whizzing down the drive. The man let himself in with a latchkey and, with his hands in his pockets, strolled nonchalantly into the parlor.

Mrs. Villard turned, and as she saw the newcomer her eyes widened perceptibly.

"Well, Bert, you're a surprise," she said.

"That's my best trick," he drawled, kissing Mrs. Villard perfunctorily.

"Hello Tommy! Howdy do, Blye?"

Villard was impressed as his eyes fell upon the fresh young beauty of June.

"Mr. Villard, Mrs. Warner." The introduction was very cold, and again that concern flickered for a moment on Mrs. Villard's face as she saw her husband's eager interest.

Marie sped quickly across the shadowy back lawn to the garage and opened the door.

"He's not to talk, and he's not to come near the house," she whispered.

Marie was well nigh distracted with the weight of her great secret. If she told Miss June that Mr. Ned was in the garage there'd be an end of everything, and maybe it would be all for the best, or Miss June might run away again from such comfortable surroundings, and it would be all for the worst.

Ned Warner stirred impatiently. He gave another tug at the ropes which bound his wrists, but it was only an involuntary rest. He must rest before he made another determined effort to free himself.

The chauffeur laughed, and, springing from his seat in the touring car, he jumped up, cracked his heels together and snapped the fingers of both hands.

"I have the grand plan to dispose of our friend the interloper. We shall teach him the ride of joy!" He pointed to a car.

Marie in the pantry hall stood wringing a corner of her dainty little lace apron. Then she dashed back into the servants' hall and folded her arms tightly upon the hollow at her waist. She dared not leave Mr. Ned where he was. She dared not do anything, and yet she must. She burst out of the rear door, was across the porch in two strides and down the steps in one jump and went swishing for the garage. As she came the touring car shot from the opposite door and went whizzing up the drive.

CHAPTER II.

At parting Gilbert Blye held June's hand between both of his and patted it gently.

"Tomorrow night at dinner," he said lowering his voice to the slightest particle as if the remark were addressed in confidence to her, though all the others were crowded eagerly around.

There was an instant of hesitation.

"Then aboard the yacht!" exclaimed Tommy Thomas. June's cheeks paled.

After all, as Mrs. Villard's companion it was her duty to go on this trip.

June put herself into the hands of the agitated Marie very thoughtfully after the visitors had gone.

"What is the matter, Marie?" June's tone was quite solicitous. She became aware suddenly that Marie had been in such a state of nervous excitement as she had never exhibited before.

"Nothing, Miss June; nothing at all; I'm afraid of burglars."

"Why, Marie, come here!" Marie came slowly over. "Your eyes are feverish. You must go to bed, Marie. Wait, bring me my medicine case and a glass of water."

Meekly Marie took what was given her but later she dashed down the stairs and streaked across to the garage. Empty!

At that moment Ned Warner was being gleefully deposited in a woodcutter's shed in the middle of a vast, bleak grove.

In the morning Marie tiptoed out and hurried down the hill to the station, where she caught the first commuters' train. Arriving in the city she sought Officer Dowd and prevailed on him to phone Ned's friends and June's parents that Ned had been kidnapped.

June in a pretty little morning robe was busy among the flowers in Mrs. Villard's boudoir window conservatory and singing softly when she heard a step behind her. Turning she saw Villard towering above her.

"Oh!" exclaimed June, startled.

"So, this is friend wife's pretty new companion," observed Villard.

June moved away.

"Don't be in a hurry," he chuckled.

"We must get acquainted," and suddenly reaching forward, he put his hand under her chin and turned up her face.

She jerked away, but he closed the door toward which she had darted and, gathering her in his long arms, crushed her to him. June's struggles were futile and her shrieks were muffled, but one pair of ears heard them. There was a crash of glass, the flash of a long, lithe white and brown body through the room, and then Villard released his hold. Bounce! He had sunk his teeth into Villard's arms, and now he was a whirlwind of canine fury.

"Bounce!"

That cry from June saved Villard's life, for the dog was springing for his throat as he fell.

"Call off the dog," ordered Villard.

"Watch him, Bouncer," said June quietly.

June rose from the chair into which she had limply sunk. She walked from the room and, going to the house phone in the hall, called to the kitchen.

"Has Mrs. Villard returned?" she inquired of the maid who answered.

"Not yet."

"Do you know where to reach her?"

"Any one down at the cottages will hunt her up and give her your message."

"Ask her to come home immediately, please. Tell her it is quite important."

Mrs. Villard, hurrying up the stairs within a few moments, found June in the landing alcove, white, shivering as if with a cold.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Villard, but I'm going at once," she said before the older woman had even a chance to speak.

"Why, child!"

June was already halfway up the stairs. Mrs. Villard, without a word, followed her. Side by side the two women stood looking at the man and the dog. Mrs. Villard needed no explanation to tell her what had happened. For the first time in her married life she gave way to anger.

"You beast!" she cried, her cheeks scarlet and her eyes flashing. "This is the last! I warned you to leave this girl alone! I hate you! I could see you torn to shreds! Go on, Bouncer!"

The collie crouched at June's feet.

The man rose cautiously.

"You forget," husked the man. "We have a bargain!"

Mrs. Villard lowered her eyes for a moment.

"It is broken!" she suddenly flared.

"You have paid me well and I have served you well. But we were not to interfere with each other's life. You have interfered with mine. I am through."

CHAPTER III.

Money! June was face to face with another angle of that eternal problem which, it seemed to her, had complicated the entire relationship of men and women. Mrs. Villard had sold herself, and the price is never great enough for any woman who has done that. June, shaken though she was by her painful experience of the morning, was strengthened in her own resolve. The answer to the problem was independence even though she suffered in the attainment of it, even though Ned suffered. Their love would be all the stronger for it, and it would be pure always.

Sadly and with infinite pain Ned finally freed his hands. He removed the tight thongs from around his ankles.

Down the roadway a mile or so he found an obscure roadhouse, and he strode in at the saloon door.

While ordering a brace for his shattered nerves he saw his two captors sitting at a table. He rushed madly at them and knocked them both to the floor. Dashing out of the place he saw their auto. He jumped in, pressed the starting button and sped away.

The house of Mrs. Villard was closed and locked when Ned arrived there at two o'clock in the afternoon.

In the meantime Mrs. Villard and June were snugly ensconced in a downtown hotel.

Marie, meantime, with Officer Dowd as interpreter, had telephoned everywhere for news of Ned Warner, but without result; then in despair she telephoned the Villard house to excuse her absence to June. That number did not answer after repeated trials, and Marie, more frantic than ever, and feeling sure that she was about to lose her mind, hurried straight down to the station and took a train to the Villard place.

It was closed and locked. Even the servants were gone, but at the carriage entrance stood the touring car. Just as Marie was pondering this circumstance the chauffeur came trudging down the drive.

"Where is Mr. Ned?" demanded Marie.

"In the woods," Henri waved his arms comprehensively.

"Not tied!"

"As you saw him, Mlle. Marie."

"You take me right out there," she ordered.

"Bravo!" he approved. "It is another good enterprise. I have enthusiasm."

At 7:15 that night Bobbie and Iris Blethering strolled into the Cafe New York. Suddenly Iris grabbed Bobbie by the arm, and he turned to her in surprise. Iris for the first time in her life was speechless. She was staring at a table in the corner. There sat the runaway bride, laughing and chatting happily with a vivacious brunette, a pleasant faced lady of mature years, a dark, handsome man with a black vandyke, a pink-faced, white-mustached man who bore all the evidences of a bon vivant, and a heavy, round-headed man with thick eyelids.

Her moment of paralysis past, the hearty Iris made a straight dive for the table, and it was Bobbie's turn to grab her by the arm.

"Wait a minute," he counseled.

"But there's June!" gasped Iris.

"Look here," he whispered in her ear while he held her, "what can we do? We interfered once and messed it all up. Now, the right thing to do is to telephone Ned."

"I'll sit right behind this post and watch that table," said Iris promptly.

"You telephone and hurry up."

When Ned arrived at the cafe he found Iris and Bobbie Blethering in a state of quivering excitement.

"You're just in time," gasped Iris.

They hurried into the vast, richly decorated cafe. About one of the tables in the far corner were the two whom Ned had sought since the day of his wedding. All the pent-up murder which had seethed in Ned Warner's heart for days flamed into his eyes as, with an oath, he started for the table.

"Stop him, Bobbie! Stop him!" suddenly cried Iris Blethering, and jumping in front of Ned, she threw her arms about his neck and hung her weight on him, while Bobbie, also frightened by the terrible expression of Ned's countenance, impeded his progress on the other side.

Ned had turned to shake off his clog-

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