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OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Cottage Grove

RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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TWELFTH EPISODE
The Spirit of the Marsh.

CHAPTER I.

HSTREAM yawn, with black smoke pouring from her stovepipe, suddenly stopped its churning as the principal passenger, a long nosed woman with high arched brows, recognized through a wabbly jointed telescope the leaders in a procession of five speedy motorboats which swept rapidly toward her.

"Turn around quick. Here comes the runaway bride!"

"There she goes!" screeched Honoria Blye as the long, narrow steel grey boat finished past, bearing, besides its driver, a beautiful young girl in a yachting costume.

"Why, she isn't with my husband!" cried Honoria Blye.

"No'm," confessed Bill Wolf, putting a fresh smudge on his round face as the cinder laden smoke rolled down; "not now." His perplexity cleared. He spied the second boat. "There he comes!"

"You viper!" she shrieked; then she whirled to Bill Wolf. "Why don't you turn around and chase them?"

"We're turning, ma'am," reported Bill Wolf.

"Ned Warner, the deserted groom!" announced Honoria Blye as the fifth boat darted past. Ned held binoculars to his eyes, and they were focused alternately on beautiful June Warner in the arm of the artist and upon the closely pursuing Gilbert Blye.

"We're turned, ma'am," said Bill Wolf, clutching Honoria Blye by the elbow. "Don't you see the Federal building?"

On the dock there stood a watchman who consisted of an overcoat and cap, and silently, motionless hour by hour he looked out toward the bay. A swift motorboat, slender pointed, steel gray, dashed up, and from it the artist quickly lifted beautiful June Warner. The overcoat and cap moved not a muscle, but from far off Ned Warner, in the fifth boat of that strange regatta, through his powerful binoculars, saw that landing, saw June cling to her newly found protector, saw, from the bend of his head, that the artist's eyes were filled with appreciation for the beauty of the fair little runaway bride. Straight up the dock they ran to the street and hailed a passing taxi and whirled away.

A keen little racer dashed up, spraying the water in a glittering translucent sheet as it curved into the slip. From it sprang Vandyked Gilbert Blye in time to see the taxicab whirl away with beautiful June. They hailed a passing taxi and whirled away up the street.

A fourth boat. A little French chauffeur with a tiny mustache and a stiff woman with high cheek bones, who bent and unbent painfully as she was pulled to the dock.

"Hey!" The overcoat and cap at last had moved, rapidly, violently. They pounced between Henri and Marie. "You're pinched!"

CHAPTER II.

A furtive eyed butler with a young face on his withered and stooped body of an old man admitted the runaway bride and her escort into a magnificent studio hung with rare tapestries. And here June Warner was introduced by Artist Durban to his wife, a bright-eyed woman of great charm. She received June with almost gushing cordiality.

"The Spirit of the Marshes," laughed Durban, and it was with a professional eye that he this time surveyed the beautiful girl. Then he explained in detail the experiences of the morning.

"You poor dear!" The artist's wife was instantly contrite. "You must be tired and cold and half famished and frightened to death. And you're all wet!" She raised June by the hand.

"The Spirit of the Marsh," mused the artist, studying June critically.

Mrs. Durban's bright eyes sparkled back at him as she led June away to her own rooms, where she selected a negligee for her beautiful charge.

In a richly furnished office which contained no hint of business, except for its telephone and the long rows of push buttons sat Gilbert Blye and Orin Cunningham and T. J. Edwards in earnest conference, Cunningham still in his evening clothes, Edwards still with his pajamas buttoned inside his coat and the carpet slippers on his feet. Button after button the black Vandyked man pushed, and one after another silent, stealthily moving, non-communicative came in and with grave faces received their instructions and departed.

Henri and Marie stood in front of a mottled desk sergeant with a sausage-like red mustache.

"Your names," he demanded.

"He is Jules Lefon," snapped Marie.

"Non! Non! Non!" indignantly objected Henri, and there ensued a vigorous argument.

"And I am Rose Hesper," calmly finished Marie.

"What's the charge?" asked the desk sergeant.

"Swiping a boat." This horse information came from the overcoat and cap.

The officer raised heavily from his wide chair and waddled through the door just back of him. He was gone long, silent minutes, but when he came back his brow was knotted into what seemed permanent corrugations. "So you're a friend of Dowd and Moran and O'Toole and that bunch?" he thundered at the luckless Marie.

"Well, I telephoned 'em all, and not one of 'em knows any Rose Hesper! Look 'em up!"

"But, monsieur, it is all a mistake!" cried the pseudo Jules Lefon. "Made-moiselle is no'—"

Crack! That kick on the shin was distinctly audible through the little room, but it had its effect. Henri at last had the hint, and he shut his lips tightly together beneath his tiny mustache as he and Marie were led away and locked in their respective cells.

Ned sat in consultation with June's father and mother and Bobbie Blathering and June's bosom friend, Iris, and

the three detectives. On the floor by Mrs. Moore's feet lay June's handsome collie, Bouncer, but at the first mention of his mistress' name he was up and barking loudly.

"Your wife's dog?" said the chief of Ned's detective force, and Ned nodded. "We'll take him."

Out in the bay a steam yawl, its stovepipe cold, was being towed majestically in by a rowboat. On board the yawl and urging her crew with helpful voices and gesture was Honoria Blye.

How cheerful was the blazing fire as June reclined in the inglenook, a cup of hot coffee on a taborer by her side and a comfortable drowsiness stealing over her! She did not know how pretty she was in the filmy negligee, but Bennett and Vivian Durban did.

The pleasure in June, however, was scarcely equal to the charming picture of domesticity which they afforded June. It was such pleasant companionship that she had expected to enjoy with Ned, just they two alone. How long must it be for the end of that separation which had begun on their wedding day, begun in only a few fleeting hours after their marriage!

In the richly furnished office one after another of the silent, grave-faced, stealthily moving men came in and gave their low voiced reports to the eager Cunningham, the confident Blye, the impatient Edwards. They rose to go. They had finished their office work.

A butler brought in the mail to the Durban as they finished their breakfast. Durban walked out toward the garden. He seemed anxious to conceal something. His wife followed. Durban opened a long envelope with an expectant smile and took from it a folded document.

"My dear, tomorrow is the fourth anniversary of our wedding, and here is my gift in commemoration of that happy event."

Her eyes shining, the woman took the document and opened it.

"A deed to this house and its contents!" she cried.

There was an exclamation of delight. The woman kissed him again and again and called him a dear boy and a good boy and the best husband in the world. June, who had awakened and followed them, drew back, so they would not know that she had heard, but she was glad for once to have been an unwitting eavesdropper, glad to have shared in this joyous moment.

CHAPTER III.

Down at the dock Ned Warner's detectives appeared, and Bouncer, picking up the trail at the landing, ran excitedly up to the street at the point where June and Bennett Durban had taken the taxi. The trail was lost, as they had known that trail would be, and from here the detectives scattered, seeking everywhere in their own methods for a clue to the whereabouts of the runaway bride.

Blye and Edwards and Cunningham in a luxurious limousine stopped at a house, where they were ushered into a gay parlor. A large blond woman came in to greet the callers, and to her Blye showed the picture in his watch. She laughed and nodded her head.

Gilbert Blye gravely left Mrs. Russell's house.

In the high ceilinged studio June quietly watched Bennett Durban walking about with a perplexed air.

The young butler came in, dragging a tall stepladder.

"What are you going to do, Oscar?" inquired Durban sharply.

"I am to remove these tapestries, sir," he reported, setting his ladder up by the side of one of them.

"The dickens you are!" exclaimed Durban in surprise. "Get out!"

"It was madam's orders, sir."

"You may take them down, Oscar," said Mrs. Durban quietly, and both the artist and his wife were silent while the tapestries were removed.

"Vivi, I don't understand," puzzled her husband. "I don't see why you'd remove important things without consulting me."

The woman's chin went up.

"Bennett, dear, this is my house."

June was not only shocked, but filled with compassion. She understood as the man could not the reason for the astounding change in the woman. The sudden acquisition of property had transformed her entire nature, had given her a dizzy haughtiness, had twisted her view until she placed an utterly false valuation upon herself and upon everything around her. Money again! Always money!

Officer Dowd walked into the police station and the desk sergeant greeted him with effusive cordiality.

"What's bringing you into my district? Or are you off duty?"

"Dan, you got a girl here by the name of Rose Hesper that claims to know me, and I just dropped in to mug her."

"Why, hello, Marie!" exclaimed Dowd. "What you in for?"

Marie looked up with a jerk.

"What a minute." And Officer Dowd stalked out to the desk. "Well, Dan, you got the wrong parties," he announced. "What's against my friend, Rose Hesper?"

"Copping a motorboat last night," said the sergeant, looking at the blotter.

"Wrong party," returned Dowd promptly. "I was with Rose Hesper myself last night, her and her little friend, and we didn't leave the cafe till early daybreak."

The sergeant made an entry on the blotter.

Marie displayed her friendly smile to Henri and then to Officer Dowd.

"Won't you come with us?" she inquired.

"You'll come with me!" he blurted and grabbed her by the arm.

Bill Wolf called up Honoria Blye.

"Got him!" he triumphantly yelled.

"Say, listen. I just done a fine piece of work. I sleuthed the other party's detectives. They got the girl's dog, and they've spotted your husband's limousine. Join me in front of the Blakely building and I'll lead you to them."

At the same moment Ned's detectives were telephoning the same information to the anxious group in the Warner

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apartments. "Didn't I tell you we'd fine a crew?" exclaimed Iris Blathering and sobbed to relieve her feelings.

The little runaway bride was a picture which would have held the eye of any artist as she lay asleep in the inglenook with the flare of the flames dancing about her. She suddenly awoke under Durban's gaze.

"You've spoiled it!" cried Durban. "My Spirit of the Marsh! Come here!" He caught her hand and raised her.

He led her, bewildered, before the big canvas, where, crudely indicated by a few rough strokes of the crayon, the "Spirit of the Marsh" hovered over her domain.

"You must be my model!" he excitedly informed her. "I will pay you any price you wish. Here is some money in advance." And, jerking a wad of loose bills from his pocket, he thrust them in her hand. "Now stand here." He was so quick, so energetic, so fired with impatient fervor, that June had no time to think, much less protest. He ran to a workbasket in the alcove and brought black a long pair of shears and with one clip slit the filmy negligee at the shoulder.

At that moment the portieres opposite the big canvas opened far enough to reveal the dark, handsome face of the black Vandyked Gilbert Blye.

Toward the Durban house there dashed two automobiles, the electric of Honoria Blye and the Moore family car.

Vivian Durban, her chin tilted, her face serene, her step deliberate and leisurely, came into her studio. Whatever she had been about to say froze on her lips as she saw the tableau before the canvas. The exquisitely molded runaway bride, draped like the Spirit of the Marsh, stood upon the dais.

"Oh!" The word was a shriek. Vivian Durban rushed down the length of the studio, towering with rage. "So that's it!" she cried. "That's why you brought this creature here!"

"Vivi!" protested the artist.

"Out of my house!" the woman screamed at June, her fingers working convulsively. "Out of my house this minute!" And she started toward the frightened June.

Faint, dazed, scarce knowing what she did, June, draped as the Spirit of the Marsh, slipped out of the house and into the street.

The artist and his wife went to the porch and watched the girl flutter away. The woman turned to Durban. "You're in love with her," she snapped.

Around the corner, two blocks away, tore the Moore car, with Ned Warner peering intently ahead. From the opposite direction came Honoria Blye's electric. In front of the Durban door stood a luxurious limousine with the black shades drawn. Gilbert Blye's.

As June dashed down the steps the door of the car opened and the white mustached Orin Cunningham sprang out and caught June by the wrist. Another figure sped from the Durban door, close upon the beautiful Spirit of the Marsh. It was Gilbert Blye, and he held outstretched a voluminous black cloak.

(To be continued.)

Advertising Money Wasted.

If the average business man would pool the money he spends each year for calendars, souvenirs, fake sign cards and other doubtful advertising schemes of divers sorts, and then apply the coin to a legitimate campaign of getting business, he would find the sum he has frittered away for nothing would go a long ways in getting him real business. The money thus spent would send out several lots of circulars and leave him coin for good newspaper advertising, throughout his best and busiest seasons. If you feel that you must give your friends something, give them the best quality of goods, at the lowest consistent prices. All the buyers will appreciate that.

Thirty-six thousand acres of land in Pine Valley, Baker County, will probably be thrown open for entry within a few weeks if present plans are carried out. The tract has for several years been tied up under a Carey Act project, the promoters of which failed to raise the necessary funds with which to carry it on. The entire tract is favorably located for irrigation.