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Cottage Grove

RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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FOURTEENTH EPISODE. In the Grip of Poverty.

CHAPTER I.

HE cold eyes of the dumpy landlady suddenly warmed. They had caught the glitter of a diamond.

"Wait a minute," she called. "I think I'll take a chance on you, after all."

"You need a cup of tea," the landlady rattled on. The woman waddled away, and June opened the bundle of pants which she had brought with her and began to sew.

"Put 'em up!" the bustling landlady cried. "You can't make a living sewing pants. A pretty girl like you ought to get a nice job in an office. Drink your tea while I hunt you a job."

And energetically she turned a morning paper inside out. My goodness! She had been about to drive away this beautiful young girl!

Within two minutes more she had her new lodger bundled out of the door and on her way "to hunt a job!" Within two minutes after that a luxurious limousine had stopped in front of the new home of the runaway bride.

"Scatti!" called the black vandyked man, Gilbert Blye, and the grinning Scatti ran to him.

Gilbert Blye pointed up the street. There tore toward them a family car. The black vandyked man whispered in the ear of his driver, and the gleam of joy came into the Italian's narrow slitted eyes.

Beautiful June Warner entered the door which was lettered "Elizabeth Sawyer—Real Estate and Investments." Probably a dozen other applicants for the position which June had come to seek stood in this narrow space, comparing themselves critically with each other, but the timid little newcomer had but a very short time to endure their calculating scrutiny.

A thin, stiff-necked young woman came out and went directly to the beautiful girl with the plain black dress.

"Will you come in?" she invited with an unexpected agreeableness.

June Warner's eyes brightened as she entered the private office of Elizabeth Sawyer. That pleasant featured woman sat at a desk piled high with a litter of papers.

The family car stopped at the curb with a slam. From the car sprang the young husband of June Warner.

As Ned Warner rushed impetuously in from the street a figure sprang from the dim hallway. That figure was Scatti, and, closely pursued by the party from the family car, he tore across the big vacant room which occupied the ground floor and darted through a heavy iron door and the pursuers piled in after him. It was then that the dark, handsome man with the black vandyke slipped from his concealment beneath the stairway, sped lightly across the abandoned banking room and changed the iron door, slipping the heavy crossbar into its place.

Bill Wolf at last got his fingers unnumbered enough to open his pocket-knife, and with this he sawed off his cravat just below the knot. He galloped straight across the street with a strange, sidelong motion and entered a saloon.

A keen eyed man with bushy eyebrows came in to see Elizabeth Sawyer.

"Well, Mrs. Sawyer, how about it?" he inquired, putting his hands on his knees.

Mrs. Sawyer had been busy sorting papers.

"I couldn't think of consolidating," she said crisply, with a shake of her head.

"Sorry," the man laid a folded document before her. "All right, you won't consolidate." And the man's tone was regretful. "You're a very fine business woman, Mrs. Sawyer, and I don't mind admitting that you've made a real competition in our territory. How does this idea suit you?"

He produced another document and spread it before her.

"I hereby agree to sell, assign and transfer the business conducted under the name of Elizabeth Sawyer, to Edward Jones for the sum of—"

Again she laughed and shook her head.

"You see I left the amount blank," he insinuated.

and he lowered his eyes. They all gathered close to him.

CHAPTER II.

In the bare little room upstairs stood the well-groomed Orin Cunningham, twirling his white mustache and counting some money into the hand of dumpy Mrs. Waters. Gilbert Blye stood by, his black eyes glowing.

Gilbert Blye slipped the key of June's room in his pocket and drew forth a tiny gold watch.

Gilbert Blye smiled his suave smile and went into the hall, where he telephoned to a vivacious brunette in her ornately decorated rooms and then to a man with thick lidded eyes and a round head, on which the short hair bristled.

Into the office of Elizabeth Sawyer entered a good looking man, her husband. Neither he nor his wife noticed or thought of the quiet little figure in the corner.

"Well, Betty, what can I do for you?" asked Sawyer cordially.

"Loan me some money, Harry."

"I'd rather give it to you," he said. "I couldn't think of it." Mrs. Sawyer reached in her desk for a block of note books. "I shall need \$5,000 if you spare it."

"Certainly!"

They both wrote at once, sitting side by side at the desk, he a check to his wife and she a thirty day note to her husband.

"You will get in trouble once in awhile, won't you, Betty?" laughed the man.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Yes," he nodded sympathetically, and, putting the hand which lay on the edge of the desk, picked up the photograph. "The babies, Betty, you're a wonder. What man's business could stand such interruptions?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" she laughed. She picked up the two documents which Edward Jones had insisted on leaving for her consideration.

A boy came in. She had rung for him as soon as she had the check. She indorsed it now and put it in her bank book and gave it to the boy.

"The nurse is outside with the children," the boy reported as he turned to go.

"That's so." Her brow contracted as she looked at her memorandum pad.

"I gave Mary an appointment. Harry was to go to the doctor," she said.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Mrs. Sawyer anxiously.

"There's nothing the matter with him," reported the nurse. "The doctor says it's temper."

"Harry, come away from there, dear!" called the mother.

"Aw, go on!" grinned the boy.

"Harry!"

The boy grinned engagingly.

"Harry!" The man's voice. It rasped like a saw file, and everyone, even the quiet little figure over near the window, winced. "Didn't you hear your father and mother tell you to come away from there?" she screamed and the boy kicked at her, his face turning scarlet, his lips pouting in an ugly square, his brows lowering viciously.

"Mary," expostulated Mrs. Sawyer in distress, "you should not jerk the child that way. It only enrages him."

"He won't mind any other way, Mrs. Sawyer," retorted the nurse, her eyes flashing angrily.

"Betty!"

The little girl looked up at her father with a radiant smile, but as he rushed toward her she scrambled to her feet and ran, holding something behind her back. It was an ink bottle. He took it from her, and she screamed with all the strength of her lungs. The angelic looking mite was a sight to be held. Her face was sticky with brown chocolate candy, the purple stains from the typewriter ribbon were all over her white dress, and the blue ink was on her hands.

Elizabeth Sawyer suddenly buried her face upon the boy's upturned face, but she raised her head in an instant. With a pale, set face she walked over and took the baby in her arms.

"Will you hold the baby, Harry?"

"I'll bet you. Come here, Buster!" And he gazed down fondly not at the baby, but into the eyes of his wife, as he took the tiny burden.

She smiled up at him. There were tears trembling on her lashes. She caught up the curly headed little girl, took her over to the washbasin in the corner and vigorously scrubbed that chocolate begrimed countenance and kissed it; then she stooped down by the boy and put her arms around him.

"Mother doesn't want you to say naughty words like that." And there was heartbreak in her tones. A tear dropped on the boy's upturned face. He snuggled his head on her neck, and a chubby arm stole about her neck.

Elizabeth Sawyer was half laughing and half crying as she sat at the desk with the curly haired little girl on her lap and the boy leaning against her. She took up the telephone.

"Edward Jones, please."

"Betty!" There was such a ring in the voice as neither the man nor the woman had heard for years.

She held up her hand to him. Her lips were twitching, and her eyes were swimming, but she could not speak. She spoke clearly, however, when a tap of the telephone bell announced her call.

"This is Elizabeth Sawyer, Mr. Jones. I've been looking over your proposition of purchase. A moment of silence." She turned her eyes upon her husband. There was a new softness in them. "I might be tempted if you made the price high enough." Another silence. "Now, Mr. Jones, you'll have to come higher than that. Make me your very best offer." Her face suddenly glowed. "I'll take it. I'll fill in the contract, sign it, and you may give the check to my secretary. I'll send it over immediately."

Her husband's arm was about her as she filled in the amount which had been agreed upon and signed it. In Harry Sawyer's other arm was the baby. The four members of the Sawyer family were clustered in an unusually small space for them. The husband witnessed the agreement with great

joy. Mrs. Sawyer's secretary signed it with her notarial seal and went away.

"Betty!" The man's face was against her cheek. "Sweetheart!" She kissed him and rose briskly. She took the toddlers each by the hand.

"Harry, dear, let's go to the house and start a home!"

The office was empty except for the forgotten little figure near the window, and from that corner there came a low moan. June Warner rose unsteadily. Something dreadful had happened. The rock to which she had clung had crumbled under her grasp.

June was dazed as she hurried to the bare little room. She had left Ned to achieve her independence, as Elizabeth Sawyer had done, but June had not taken motherhood into her calculations.

CHAPTER III.

Scatti in the deserted bank vault stood with his eyes lowered for a moment, while the pursuers of the little runaway bride crowded about him.

"I'll beat it out of him!" declared Ned and started for the extremely silent chauffeur, who jumped into the corner and lowered his head and covered his face with his arms.

Bobbie Blethering jumped in front of Ned, but was thrust aside. June's gentle faced mother could not be disposed of so easily.

"Ned," she said, and her light touch upon his arm as she looked pleadingly into his eyes was stronger than any muscular force could have been.

Down a cross street hurried the maid, Marie, her high cheek bones burning with excitement and her eyes red. On her way she had collected Officer Dowd, and he was a great comfort to her. A large and extremely black colored woman with a market basket caught sight of Marie from afar off and came hobbling as fast as she could waddle.

In a swift taxi came a vivacious brunette.

Tired and still dazed from her disillusionment, June Warner turned into the dim hallway of Mrs. Waters' lodging house, and wearily she climbed the stairs.

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