

RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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ELEVENTH EPISODE
In the Clutch of the River Thieves.

CHAPTER I.
THERE was a wild clanging of bells on the yacht Hilarity as the sun pushed its scarlet rim up into the edge of dawn. At the foot of the landing stairs beautiful June Warner, her big, lustrous eyes widened in terror, had cast off the swift little motor tender, and the dark, handsome face of the black Vandyke man, peering over the deck rail, was distorted with rage. He shouted again, his impatient commands to the officer on the quarterdeck.

Sleepy sailors were on deck, now fumbling with the davits on each side. From one swung a little covered cutter and from the other a long, narrow racer. Blythe sprang to assist the sailors lowering the racer.

On the dock as the sun pushed its scarlet rim up into the edge of the dawn stood the well known and justly famous private detective Bill Wolf, his short, thick body stiff with the chill of the long night, and by him stood an overcoat and cap. Bill Wolf's round face and the visor of the cap were

turned toward the river, where in mid-stream streaked the speedy little motorboat Flash, which had been stolen from that dock while the overcoat and cap peacefully slumbered. In the boat at the wheel sat a natty little fellow with a chauffeur's cap and a tiny mustache. Upon his face was a beatific smile, and his eyes sparkled and snapped with the exhilaration of this divine moment. Behind him sat, stiff as a ramrod, a woman with high cheek bones and an expression of grimly patient determination on her lips.

"Voila, Mlle. Marie!" cried the little chauffeur as he cut a long, graceful curve between two slow moving barges. "Did I not say we would arrive?"

and June Warner had fitted up to be their nest. Ned rose from the couch where he had fallen asleep with the miniature of June in his hand and recognized the rasping voice of Honoria.

"Well, we've located your darling!" And there was a shrill cackle. "She's on board the Hilarity with my husband. And the yacht is anchored out side the bay, flood morning."

Ned wasted no time. Bobbie Blithering had a stanch little boat, and Bobbie was routed out of bed immediately, yawning and wondering why the world could never be at peace. But he was ready, though it took his agitated wife, Iris, seven minutes to make him comprehend that the Hilarity was a boat. She had to suppress all her ebullient emotions to do it, but she relieved herself somewhat by telephoning June's mother and father at their beautiful home in Brynport.

As the sun pushed its scarlet rim up into the edge of the dawn and stared in pleased surprise at the beautiful girl who was speeding toward the marshy shore a low, gray skiff with a portable motor attached to its stern slipped in and out of the dimness among the black hulls at the river's edge. In the skiff were two rough looking men and a roughly dressed woman, who sat huddled in the bow. All four were silent, but their furrowed brows revealed that every vessel around which they crept.

"All right, Babe," growled the man with the scar on his chin.

The woman looked up at the houseboat as if she were estimating for herself its plan, arrangement and all the mysteries which it might contain. She slowly rose and cast aside her shawl. She had been beautiful once. She still bore traces of it, would have shown more traces had she not been unkempt and in frowzy clothing.

"It's a wonder Jake wouldn't take a chance on the break-in once in a while," she complained. "He's as tight on his feet as I am."

"But I ain't so quick in the head," hastily complimented Jake.

"That'll do!" growled the leader of the party. "Up with you, Babe."

TEN WEEKS IN BED—EMINENT PHYSICIANS FAILED—WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

I wish to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from the use of Swamp-Root. I had been a sufferer for more than twenty years from kidney and liver trouble and was almost constantly treated by the most eminent physicians who could only give me temporary relief. I had been in bed ten weeks when I began the use of Swamp-Root. Inside of twenty-four hours I could see that I had been greatly benefited. I continued to use Swamp-Root until I had used several bottles when I really felt that my old trouble was completely cured and I am positive that any person suffering with kidney or liver trouble can be cured by the use of this preparation.

I am now in the best of health, better than I have been in ten years or more. I do not know how to express myself as strongly as I desire, in favor of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, as I am sure that it saved my life and that my good health is due entirely to this great remedy. I heartily recommend it to every sufferer and am confident they can be benefited as I have been. It is a pleasure for me, gentlemen, to hand you this recommendation.

MRS. H. J. PRICE,
1406 Center St.,
Portsmouth, Ohio.

Personally appeared before me this 13th of September, 1909, Mrs. H. J. Price, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

R. A. CALVERT,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Lexington, N. C., weekly Dispatch. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

but hurried down to the street and jumped into the mechanic's seat of Bobbie Blithering's roadster before it had come to a full stop; then they turned and whirled away toward the docks. Honoria Blye in her electric coupe was headed for that destination, too, and on the yacht Gilbert Blye was superintending with impatient energy the loading of the gasoline tanks in the two small boats.

"The thoughts of all these people were bent upon the poor little runaway bride, who was at that moment skirting the marshy shore and hunting a place, no matter how desolate, in which to hide.

There was an inlet among the marshes. She ventured into it a short distance, but it led to nowhere, and she hurried out again to the open water. A small boat rounded the point, and for a moment June's eyes distended. Involuntarily she crouched.

stood quietly by the rail, her eyes fixed somberly on that distant point. Slowly June raised from her crouching position. The cling of the small boat which she had sighted seemed to be fainter rather than more distinct. It was fading into the distance when she looked, and from its red stern she knew that it was not one of the Hilarity's boats. Once more she breathed a sigh of relief, but even as she did so she heard a familiar sound—the shrill whistle of the Hilarity's cutter! And it was near!

Francis now she scanned the shore. There was another inlet just ahead of her, and in desperation she steered into it. It was a narrow but distinct channel, winding about amid a tangle of shrubbery and marsh grass and stunted trees, with here and there a larger tree rising from a mound of solid earth. There were high banks presently and then a tiny island, in the center of which was a decrepit hut. June was about to step ashore when she heard the low purring of a motor boat. The hut seemed deserted. There was no smoke rising from the chimney and no one to protect her if she were found there alone. She was away in a flash, circling the island from the other side she saw that the channel led away into the marshes, probably to another inlet, and she had started to dart down this lonely waterway when suddenly she spied a rope trailing out into the water from under some bushes matted with marsh weeds. The whir of the motor was rapidly advancing. She could scarcely hope to escape unseen. Her wits sharpened by her peril, she steered with swift decision toward the overhanging bushes. They parted as her prow ran into them, and, bending low, she found herself shot into entire concealment. The whir of the approaching motor grew loud. Quick as a flash June reached for the telltale rope which had betrayed this hiding place and drew it under cover of the matted bushes.

Louder and louder grew the whir. It was just upon her. With her heart beating so that her ears were full of the sound of it, June peered out through her leafy screen. Orin Cunningham! He circled the island in his swift little cutter, his keen eyes searching everywhere. He passed within ten feet of her. She held her breath lest he might hear it, and once as his eyes turned full in her direction and she thought he had certainly detected her hiding place she almost screamed.

He passed on, however, and, running his light little boat ashore, stepped out and went up to the hut, the only possible place of concealment on the island. June had a swift debate with herself. Should she leave her concealment, and, running her motor at its quietest speed, slip away down that other channel while Cunningham was in the hut? That debate was settled in an instant, for up the other channel slipped the swift little speed boat carrying Edwards and Gilbert Blye!

Blye's dark, handsome face was without its usual suave smile, and it wore a look of concern as, making a quick landing, he hurried up to the hut, followed by the plodding Edwards.

It seemed ages before they came away, and they had apparently made a thorough search, for they even stooped down as they came outside to peer into the stilted foundation amid the rubbish which had accumulated there. When they had gone away June remained for a long time in her hiding place, but finally she stepped from her boat and crept from her concealment. Thirst, inspired by the fever of her excitement, had driven her forth in search of drinkable water.

There was a cask of water in the hut, brackish and stale, but it was water, and she drank of it from a rusty old tin cup which hung to it. She had just set down the cup when she quick ears detected a low, steady hum. She stepped to the door, ready to make a dash for her boat, but as she set her foot upon the threshold she saw the dark gray prow of a skiff protruding its point around the bend of the lower channel! She darted back out of sight and, looking through a crack in the board wall, saw in the skiff three rough looking men and a rough looking woman. The skiff rode low in the water, and from under its tarpaulin flaut

ed a fringe of celery leaves. June laughed in relief. It was good to see human beings who were not in pursuit of her, who would befriend and protect her, and she had almost run down to meet them when suddenly loud, angry voices came from the frail little craft. There was a bitter quarrel, and as the boat landed the woman jumped out and stooped swiftly. The man with the scraggly mustache and the scattered tufts of beard on his face jumped ashore, cursing. The woman raised up swiftly and, with a shriek like a cat, jumped for the man with a long knife glittering in her hand. The knife flashed down, and the man staggered back. The gleaming blade was raised again, but before it could descend the huge, rawboned man, who had jumped from the boat, caught the woman's arm.

June saw no more. She ran wildly around the little hut, looking vainly for some place of concealment. A rusty stove, a rickety table, some robe benches, two straw pallets—that was all. There was no other room, not even a cupboard, in the ceiling June's frantically roving eyes found a trapdoor, one of its boards loose. On the wooden wall beneath it was a series of cross sticks, and without hesitation June ran up this rude ladder, shoved the trapdoor aside and scrambled into the attic.

There were voices below. The quarrel, whatever it had been about, had evidently been settled, for the woman was laughing, and was in a better mood than man. June peered down through a crack in the lean fellow with these two and the lean fellow with the book nose were loaded with all they could carry. The big man with the scar on his chin dropped his heavy bags on the floor with a clatter, and

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EXPERIENCE OF NOBLE WOMEN IN EUROPE.

The horrible experiences that many noble women in Europe have endured during past few months can never be all told. Here in America many women, both young and old, have experienced much misery and suffering. Middle aged women about to experience that dreaded change of life should profit by the experience of thousands of noble women who have gone through the same period with little or no pain, misery or discomfort.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is and has been for over 40 years just the medicine that every woman needs when passing through the changing days. It is not a secret prescription, for its ingredients are printed on the wrapper: It's a temperance medicine. Not only does it build up the entire system and make it strong and vigorous enough to withstand the organic disturbances, but it has a quieting effect upon the feminine organism that reduces the distress to a minimum. For any womanly ailment, disease or complaint, no matter of how long standing, we advise anxious women to get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in either liquid or tablet form.

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HOW EMBARRASSING
Nothing is more embarrassing than to be constantly throwing off gas.
Tutt's Pills
will stop it and at the same time make your breath sweet and your skin clear. At your druggist—sugar coated or plain.

CHAPTER III.

THE woman below was acting strangely as she cleared away the remains of the breakfast and washed the dishes. From time to time she passed near her husband, bending over slightly, and finally she stooped beside him and listened to his breathing, but she shook her head and went away. Big Ben was quite plainly fast asleep, sprawled in complete relaxation, while lean Jake was snoring with great energy. The woman stooped and touched her husband's shoulder. He moved slightly, and she went back to her dishes. The next time she came he did not even twitch at the touch, and with deft fingers she reached into his vest pocket and extracted a little chamois bag.

So that was how one woman solved her money problem, and her burning eyes told with what bitterness she had resorted to this bold step. Of more value than her husband, even in his low profession, she was still his supine inferior in the rights of possession.

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Ben. "You copped my diamond; then you planted this cigarette holder as you could!"

"You're a liar!" bellowed Big Ben and sprang for his accuser.

A knife gleamed in Flub's hand, and he slashed savagely at his crushing opponent. With a roar of rage Big Ben caught the descending wrist, wrested the weapon from it and plunged it to the hilt in Flub's breast.

There was a piercing shriek from the attic and a tearing of boards. The woman, quick of mind as she was of body, was the first to comprehend what that might mean. She sprang to the ladder, but as she went she cast a backward glance at the lifeless man on the floor. There was no shudder in her, only cold triumph.

"It's a girl! She's on the roof!" cried the woman as she gained the attic.

Lean Jake was the first out of the door, and Big Ben just after him. They rounded the corner of the hut just in time to see June jump from the roof and dart for her boat. It was the woman who caught her.

"Let me go!" implored June. "I won't tell!"

Those last three words would seal her fate in the mind of any murderous thief. Big Ben had caught her roughly by the arm, and now he looked inquiringly at the others.

"Down her!" advised Lean Jake, who was more full of fear than a thief should be. "She knows too much."

All three of them looked at the water. It spread far into the marshes, and it held its secrets well and long. Without a word Big Ben swung June up in his arms and started with her to the water's edge, while she uttered shriek upon shriek.

A shot and then another answered June's piercing shrieks, and down the channel from the inlet swiftly sped the little cutter, with Orin Cunningham at the wheel, revolver in hand.

"Hands up!" yelled a strong voice, and another shot startled the air of the marshes. Gilbert Blye! He stood up in his racer, and over the wheel bent heavy Edwards, his eyes narrowed and his thick lips firmly set.

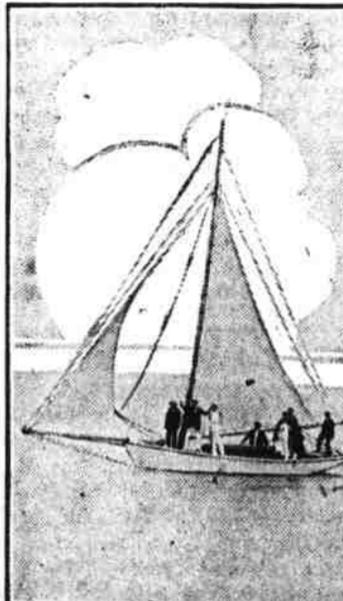
Big Ben had dropped June at the first shot and had reached for his revolver. Lean Jake had dropped flat on the ground behind a bowlder, but before Big Ben could return the fire of the oncoming boats from the Hilarity he was confused by a shot from another quarter, and through the rocks of the marshy shore pushed a narrow steel gray motorboat, in which stood a tall man with a soft hat and a loosely knotted cravat.

A stranger! And he was nearer to the helpless June than her pursuers from the Hilarity! She ran toward him like a deer, and as his driver drew close inshore June sprang into the boat.

"Hurry!" she cried. "Please hurry!"

The man, evidently an artist, from the canvases and folding easel to his boat, followed her terrified gaze as she glanced back, her terror divided between the murderers on the island and the men in the boats. The artist lowered June to a seat beside him, and, with a word to the driver, they darted away toward the channel. A shot whizzed over their heads as they started, and shot after shot resounded from the upper channel.

The man with the white mustache paid no attention to Big Ben as he steered his swift little cutter toward the island and struck into the lower channel after the artist and the beautiful young girl who had escaped from the attic. Nor did the man with the



Down the Channel Sped the Little Cutter.

What she had was a gift from him, and as June had heard him put it himself, he gave her what was good for her.

The woman! She was coming up the ladder! The fugitive hidden in the attic was stunned by this unexpected action.

Nearer and nearer came the woman's head, and nearer and nearer to the edge of the trapdoor extended June's strong young hands!

"Babe!" Flub stirred uneasily. The woman was down the ladder like a cat.

"What?"

No answer. The man was still sound asleep. The woman stood over him for awhile to make sure of this and started for the ladder again. Halfway across the room she hesitated, turned, walked swiftly to the end of the hut and hid the little chamois bag beneath a loose stone behind the stove.

She was putting away the last of the dishes when suddenly she stopped, turned, and a slow smile spread upon her lips. Her eyes burned with a somber fire. She went over to Big Ben and deftly secured a long, slender cigarette holder. She crossed swiftly to her husband and inserted the holder in his top vest pocket, so that its shining tip protruded. The water cask stood by Big Ben's head. With a gleam in her eye the woman went over, filled the rusty tin cup and deliberately poured a fourth of its contents over Big Ben's face.

"Excuse me," she laughed as he jumped up and with the same motion jerked a revolver from his pocket. He grinned at her sheepishly as he saw the sparkle of mischief in her eye, and he wiped his face with his sleeve. "You done it o' purpose," he speculated, chuckling.

"Think so?" she dimpled. Big Ben's eyes brightened. "I believe you're after that shawl!" "Flub'd sell it." And she glanced across at the sleeping man with vindictive hatred.

"Take it," urged Big Ben, "and if Flub sells it tell me." He picked up the shawl and clumsily threw it around the woman's shoulders. She looked down at the shawl and toyed with its long, delicate fringe. She took it off slowly and gave it back to the man.

"Nothing doing," she sadly decided; then she slowly turned and looked at her husband and walked away. There was a softening in Big Ben's eyes as she walked away, and then he, too, glanced at the sleeping Flub. He stroiled to the door and came back. Suddenly he stopped. The gleam of something yellow had caught his gaze. He walked close and bent low. He pulled the cigarette holder out far enough to identify it and pushed it back; then he gave the sleeper a kick.

"Get up, you thief!" he roared. Flub sprang up, dazed. "What's that?" "I said get up, you thief!" roared Big Ben as lean Jake abruptly stopped snoring and jumped up. He was halfway to the ladder before he realized that this was not a raid, and June, divining his intention, rose swiftly and put her hands on the loose clapboards of the roof. Ben jerked the cigarette holder from Flub's pocket. "You stole it!"

Flub seemed dazed by the accusation, but suddenly he let out a yell. He mechanically had reached in his vest pocket, as was his habit when the chamois bag was there, and had discovered his loss.

"My diamond!" he yelled. "It's gone!" And his face turned white as he looked around the tense group. Slowly comprehension came to him. "You framed me!" he suddenly shouted, pointing a trembling finger at Big



June Rescued.

black Vandyke waste any time upon the astonished thieves as his boat, too, whizzed around the curve. Lean Jake raised up from behind his bowlder as the boat shot by, and the three—Babe, Big Ben and Jake—looked at each other in bewilderment. Another boat came whizzing down past the island. It was driven by a blasting eyed little chauffeur with a tiny mustache, and he was shouting at the top of his voice. Behind him sat stiffly a woman with high cheek bones and a wilderness of gums, and she, too, was shouting: "Voila! Voila! Voila!"

Another boat! In it were two men and a woman, the driver a plump faced little man with deep concern upon his brow, the woman hysterical and the other man with his teeth and sets clenched.

For ten minutes Flub and Big Ben and Lean Jake stood there in dumb stupefaction, waiting for another boat.

How's This?
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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CHESTER for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.
WAT. BANE OF COLUMBIA, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is the only cure for Catarrh, and is sold by all druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



The Escape of June.

turned toward the river, where in mid-stream streaked the speedy little motorboat Flash, which had been stolen from that dock while the overcoat and cap peacefully slumbered. In the boat at the wheel sat a natty little fellow with a chauffeur's cap and a tiny mustache. Upon his face was a beatific smile, and his eyes sparkled and snapped with the exhilaration of this divine moment. Behind him sat, stiff as a ramrod, a woman with high cheek bones and an expression of grimly patient determination on her lips.

"Voila, Mlle. Marie!" cried the little chauffeur as he cut a long, graceful curve between two slow moving barges. "Did I not say we would arrive?"

Marie's stiff lips worked for a moment, so that she could enunciate. "Voila!" she hoarsely uttered. "Voila, Henri!"



Hunting a Place, No Matter How Desolate, in Which to Hide.



"Well, Babe, you eluded me, all right."

Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts at once, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

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(THE POWDER FORM)
It removes all impurities or fermented food, cleanses and tones the stomach and bowels and restores that fine feeling of exhilaration, mental activity and cheerfulness that belongs only to perfect health.
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Add for the smaller with Red Z on the label. If you cannot get it, write for it by mail. **Simmons' Liver Regulator** is put up also in liquid form for those who prefer it. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Look for the Red Z label.
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