RUNAWAY JUNI

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

paper a photo-drama corresponding installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the Star Theatre. By arrangements made with the Mutual Film Corporation, it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures Hustrating our story.

(Copyright, 1915 by Serial Publication Corporation.) By George Randolph Chester Lillian Chester. THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

CHAPTER I. Draped as the Spirit of the Marsh, the beautiful little runaway bride stood had been driven. At the curb stood a limousine with its black silk curtains The white-moustached man. lovely model by the wrist, and drew her to the car, as the dark, handfollowed covered her gauzily-clad form with the voluminous black cloak which he carried! Down the street, at a tearing pace, came the family car of the bride's father and mother, and in it with them were two of her nds and the deserted groom, his h gritting and his fists clenched, as he saw these two scoundrels bundle his pretty June into the car, and hurry in after her! Just behind the family came an electric coupe, driven by with a long nose and high-arched brows, and, as this bold abduction, she shricked and ran her car into the curb. As the door of the luxurious limousine nmed shut, the quiet block seemed alive. Aroung the corner of the studio came bounding a handson collie which ran to the car, loudly barking! A woman with high cheekbones and her red gums showing as ran, and accompanied by a tall seman, followed the dog.

lashed up to the limousine as it startped upon the runningboard while the dog barked and lear From a doorway on the opposite side of the street, there sprang a short, wide man, with a thick stub of a cigar in his mouth, who pursued tires at the back of the car, and hung woman on the runningboard opened the door of the limousin ced her way in, as they dashed around the corner, furiously pursued by the family car, the electric coupe, The luxurious limousine was speedier than its pursuers, but not speedy enough to entirely lose the family car with the deserted groom. It had gained several blocks' headway, however, when it turned a corner and

stopped abruptly in front of a house large blonde woman stood peering eag-Out of it sprang the white-moustached He put his arm around her, and hurriedly forced her up the steps. The woman with the high-cheek-bones darted after her. She hesitated a mocloak; then she sprang after the beau-tiful young girl. The man with the suasive voice! it her by the arm and held her back. He spoke sharply to the driver, and the limousine jerk ed forward, just as the door of louse opened, and the beautiful was thrust inside. The thick, wide man on behind, struggled to get down from his uncomfortable position, but his cravat was caught in the strap of the tire covers, and so the well-kn justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, stooped over the tires, with his wide feet in the rack and his arms md the rims and his head held down, was carried swiftly away from he scene of his sleuthing. The black-Vandyked man talked earnestly with the high-cheek-boned woman for an nstant, and gave her some money, up the steps, and let himself in with a latchkey, while the woman ran down to the basement door and pushed past the servant who opened that moment the family can swerved around the corner, and flashed by, still pursuing the luxurious limosine. It had lost this scene of alightthrough having stopped long enough to take on the handsome collie which now sat on the front seat with the driver. There was no mistaking that luxurious limousine, with its black curtains tightly drawn, and a bit of flimsy gauze fluttering from the door, and the faithful Bill Wolf still

So it was that beautiful June War ner came into the house of Mother Russel! In the ornately furnished parlor to which she was abruptly intro duced, there were three extravagantly dressed young women and a dissipated young man, and they drinking and smoking cigarettes. With a swift motion, the white-moustached man drew from June's shoulders the ous black cloak.

"The Spirit of the Marsh!" laughed, by way of introduction, and the shrinking Jure clutched her gauzy draperies convulsively about her, as met the frankly admiring gaze of the dissipated young man, and the critical inspection of the young wo-

"You're quite a prize, dearle," ob served the large blonde woman, with satisfaction, as in studious judgment she walked around the exquisitely formed young girl.

suddenly jerked from the hands of the white-moustached man, and the man with a scowl on his dark, handsom Swiftly he wrapped the cloak around the shrinking form of young girl, and drew her out of the

'Marie! Marie!" cried June, and she ran toward the woman with the high

The black Vandyked man contracted his eyes for a moment, then his black eyes glowed and upon his lips there suave smile, as he followed up the stairs. He stood quietly by, while Mario clasped her mistress in her

low, pleasantly modulated voice, and and she had smiled up into furnished chamber, he stood

that invitation, but just then there sue her in another. Ned had followed came springing up the stairs the in a third taxi, and the chase had ledwhite-moustached man, his face flushed his eyes snapping. With a cry of terror, June darted into the room, but the black Vandyked man detained Marie, Marie; and on the way into the city, she said, turning suddenly to Mother and holding up his hand to stop the white-moustached man, talked earnestly with the high cheek-boned maid.

ndependence had brought her, and she ed down upon her scanty drapery with loathing. To escape the hum iation of being a beggar in her hus-band's house, she had deserted him on their honeymoon; and this was the humiliation to which she had flown instead! She sank into a little gold rocker, and buried her face in her hands and cried. How different was life from the happy dreams she had formed on that day, so short a time ago, when, arm in arm, with Ned Warner, she had walked down the aisle of the pretty little chapel in Brynport. Happiness, wedding breakfast. Happiness at the train, when the pretty little wife went away amid showers of rice. Happiness stretching out in an endless vista dazed and trembling, on the sidewalk, before them, when she and Ned were in front of the studio from which she at last alone in the Pullman drawingroom, surrounded by their white-ribstrong arms about her and the voice

of love in her ear! The porter had come in, and had grinned prodigiously in honor of Ned's generous tip. Then June had discov-ered the loss of her purse, and Ned had given her some money, quite jovially, just as he had given it to the negro. The similarity had shocked her into a startling knowledge: that pendent upon her husband's liberalbe a gift from him! To her lashes had sprung the hot tears of sensitiveness, and she had hidden them on Ned's shoulder, and had gone to sleep there; and she had dreamed! She piteous little beggar in that dream, always holding out her palm for the charity her husband might dole out to her; she was being paid for being Ned's wife; selling him her love, as fat, old, black Aunt Debby sold her services to June's mother: last of all, she was with a ring in her nose, just as the savages of old led home their brides!

upon her. June had been awakened by the sudden stoppage of the train. The drawing-room was empty. Ned was in the smoker. She threw down the money he had given her, and rushed from the train. She would go back to New York, earn her own living, and dependence, she could return to Nec and give him her love in exchange for or support, or charity! It was a ro-mantic and an impulsive ideal, but none the less vital, to her; and not until the train had borne Ned away into the red sunset, had she realized how alone, and helpless, and penniles she was, as she stood there, a pathetic little figure, on the station platform at

Tarnville! To and fro, to and fro, a black Van dyked man had passed and repassed her, his black eyes glowing; and she where a vivacious brunette and a had been timid of him. He had been at her elbow, to assist her on the local erly out of the window. Only for an train bound for New York. In the car instant it paused. The door opened. June had sold her watch to a funny old lady, and he had then bought it man, and drew after him the half- He had offered to let June repurchase fainting girl in the voluminous black it at her convenience, and had given her his card. Gilbert Blye. He was outside that door now, knocking, and bitterly June regretted, as she flushed with the humiliation of this moment vaguely recognized the that she had ever seen his dark, hand-

hurried out to her home in Brynport and had stolen her clothes and Marie. On her way back to the city her taxicab had broken down, and out of the larkness had come, as if by magic Gilbert Blye and his luxurious It was to this very house he rect her! It had taken him a long time o get her here, but he had succeeded.

t last, in his purpose!
"June, sweetheart!" The voice he white-moustached man, Orin Cunningham. He was pounding on the door, and at the same time there was ering with the lock!

June sprang to her feet as the door burst suddenly open, and Orin Cun-ningham rushed into the room. She looked about her in terror. There was no escape! Clutching the folds of the voluminous black cloak tightly about her, she ran over into the corner; but Cunningham's arms were thrown about her struggling form; he

CHAPTER II. Far out on Broadway, the luxurious limousine, with the black curtains drawn, and the bit of filmy gauze fluttering from the door, turned toward the river, with the faithful Bill Wolf stooped over the tires, his cravat still firmly clutched in the strap of the tire cover, and his empurpled face turned partly up, so that the corner of one pink eye could gaze back imploringly at the pursuing car. In that car, strained tensely forward. Ned Warner sat with gritted teeth eyes from the fleeing limoustne

which he had seen his lovely runaway bride bundled by the scoundredly Gilbert Blye! Again he urged the driver Jerry to greater speed. He was determined that this time the chase should not end until he had his fingers handsome man with the black Vandyke, and had strangled him to death! had wrecked Ned's life, this dastardly Blye, and nothing but a life would pay! On the very day of Ned's marriage the fellow's evil machinations had begun. The pretty wedding; the go-ing away amid showers of rice; the hour of bliss alone with Ju the Pullman drawing-room; and then Gilbert Blye! June, wearied by all the excitement attendant upon the wedding, had fallen asleep, and Ned had into the smoker. When he returned to the drawing-room it was empty! And the money he had given her was lying on the seat! At the next station the frantic Ned had telephoned. His beautiful bride had been

seen boarding a New York bound local at Tarnville, and she had been assisted by the man with the black Van-He overtook the local as both trains entered the approach to the windows of the paralleling cars he had seen the dark, handsome face of Blye bend over his beautiful runaway

glowing black eyes! time to see June dash away in a taxicab, and the mysterious stranger pur-sue her in another. Ned had followed Vandyked man detained Marie, solding up his hand to stop the moustached man, talked earn-with the high cheek-boned maid. It is step from her taxi into the brill limitable or take the property of the moustached man, talked earn-with the high cheek-boned maid. It is step from her taxi into the brill limitable or take the property of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his nose over his back of his nose over his

the faithful Bill Wolf wobbling on be-hind like a Japanese balloon. The struggling girl in the sumptu-ously furnished chamber at Mother Russel's shriked the name of Gilbert

Blye, and he came hurrying into the room, a scowl upon his dark, handsom face. At his sharp word of command, Orin Cunningham loosed his crushing embrace, and June sank back in the corner, exhausted and panting, he eyes widened and her cheeks blanched Gilbert Blye pointed sternly to the door, and Cunningham, after a mo-ment of sullen hesitation, affected to treat the matter lightly, swaggere from the room, twirling his white and cast upon June a malevolent glare.
"Please! Please, Mr. Blye!" begged lustrous eyes gazed up at him piteous

He placed his arm gently about the tottering girl.
"Come!" his low voice soothed her

You must lie down and rest for a few moments, and I promise that no one shall disturb you." He led her across the room. She turned up her pleading eyes to him, and he smiled down arms and lay her on the bed. As tenlerly as a woman might have done he iminous black coat. One fair hard exposed. He bent and kissed it, and put it gently down; but before rose he smiled, and whispered, shall return in ten minutes," and his black eyes glowed.

In the basement Marie stood with Gilbert Blye's money in her hand. She started for the door. She came back and started for the stairs. She turned again to the door, again to the stairs; then stood and looked at Gilbert Blye's and indecision on her brow. Up hill and down hill rushed the black-curtained limousine with the Moore family car still in hot pursuit. Occasionprivate detective, Bill Wolf, his clutch for an instant, but tighten ed it immediately without venturing to attempt to loosen his cravat. He grunted with every jolt, but in teeth still clenched the short thick stub of a clear. The sharp-featured woman with the long nose and the high-arched brows rolled her electric coupe up to the door of her own house neath the portrait of Gilbert Blye, a green parrot spread its wings, and proach and screamed: "Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Shut

June closed her eyes. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and running to the placed the titled back of a chair beneath the knob, then she stood for a moment in earnest thought. She walkslowly to the wardrobe and opened Half a dozen gaudy costume down the least conspicuous of most elaborate, an afternoon gown richly trimmed with fur. With feverish speed she donned this exquisite garment, congratulating herself that it fitted her beautifully. shoes in the bottom of the cupboard, own size almost; and stockings in

the chiffonier. There were coat and hat to match. In the ornately furnished parlor Orin two of the extravagantly man was playing the plano, nan, in the middle of the floor, was laughing and executing a fancy dance step, her nimble limbs flashing and her daintily-toed slippers pointing ceilingward. Over by window stood Gilbert Blye with the large blonde, Mother Russel. In his hand he held a tiny gold watch, and in the open lid there smiled a portrait of lovely June Warner

"She's a great find," said Mother Russel, appreciatively. "Do you suppose we can keep her here?"
Gilbert Blye smiled, and shutting the watch with a decisive click, he put I in his pocket, and walked into the hall. As he started up the stairs he stopped, surprised by the beautiful figure which emerged from the sumptuously furnished chamber and came down toward him with queenly grace. It was June, an

"Will you give me a cigarette, lease?" she gaily requested him, and e looked at her in astonishment. "Why—why, yes!" he stammered. He produced his case, and she took

cigarette. Still studying her curously, he lit his pocket lighter for her, and a slight frown twitched upon his row as, puckering her beautiful red lips, she blew a long, thin stream of blue smoke into his face, and laughed silvery little laugh and rolled mischievous eyes at him.

"Come on," she called, and taking his arm she tripped smilingly into the parlor, with a sidelong glance, however as she left the hall, at the stalwart attendant who guarded the front door eerfully demanded, and every person in that room turned with a as she stood among them, radiantly beautiful, her smooth cheeks flushed

and her eyes sparkling. fumping up from the side of Cunn noney, I'm bound to say that it looks better on you than it does on me," and

"By George, sweetheart, you're a said Orin Cunningham, who had been too much astonished to rise at Gilbert Blye, who stood at the door, now suavely smiling, he walked acros iong, white leather case, closed with a golden clasp. He opened it, drew something from it, and, his eyes sparkling, held up a string of milk-white pearls.

She flashed her large, lustrous eyes at him and her rosy lips parted in a smile; then she looked at Gilbert Blye. He hesitated a moment, and nodded. Then she bent her head, and Cunning her beautiful white neck.

Her silvery laugh rippled up, as she evaded his impulsive clasp, and swiftly turned her cheek away from his atrough his and merrily danced across the room to a mirror, where, with auble. Again she evaded Cunning-

"No, no!" she laughingly cried. "I'm aught her by the arm.

sipated-looking young man, who had followed June in dumb fascination. We want that surprise." "Sit down, Cunningham," said Blye and he indicated where Cunningham was to sit, while he held back the ortieres for June to pass through, his

She stopped in the curtains, and flashed at them all her most mischievous glance. "Now, mind, none of you are And have another cocktail ing in Blye's ear as she hurried into the hall, and he threw a kiss at her. He put his head out, however, and oked at the liveried attendant. That stalwart attendant stood stiffly at the door, and cast his gloomy eyes on June. He was the type of man who

man as an ugly one. Halfway up the stairs, June turned and found the eyes of the stalwart "I guard fixed steadfastly upon her. She smiled sweetly at him, and beckoned. stalking slowly to her. So long as she was within reach of him, he need not time, with the interest?" He bent "What's your name?" and folding

would as leave murder a beautiful wo-

her hands together, she beamed down at the big lout. "Christian," and he actually grinned "Well, Christian, now listen," the held up a warning finger. "I want you to help me play a little trick. Come on, and I'll show you." Without

vaiting for his assent or dissent, she turned and tripped lightly up Christian, however, turned and stalk ed to the parlor and poked his yellow

head between the portieres. "She wants me to help play a trick," he announced, and they all laughed. "It's a safe trick, if you help," chuckled Cunningham, and Blye mo loned his assent; thereupon C-ristian stalked up the stairs and entered the room where June stood anxiously

Her silvery little laugh came, as she saw him, and she ran lightly to the window and threw it open. There was a tiny balcony outside, which was en-tirely isolated and quite high above "Now just stand out there." she di-

rected, and he stepped obediently out. Gently she lowered the window, smiling confidingly up at him. "I'll tell you what to do next," she laughed, and nodding to him, turned the window lock; then she slid the stee fire shutters, which she had discovered in the window-jamb, and dropped their Christian's face as she closed him out

evealed his complacent grin.

from the window, but stuffed her kerchief to her mouth to stifle a sob. On the bed were the coat and hat which she had laid out. She grabbed these up, and then, with a quick glance slipped past the parlor portieres, thankful that their hilarity, now growing ribald, covered the slight which she could not repress. touch upon the locks of the door was as deft and as light as a feather. As the big door swung slowly, June stifled a shrick with the sharp intake of her breath. The por-tieres had swayed, and an elbow had hind a long table, on which were piled

dissipated-looking young man with the fat little girl called Maizie, and June pped out through the narrowest erack which would accommodate her Closing the door behind her with a touch as soft as the breath of summer. June hurried lightly down the wall. Then casting over her shoulder one glance, in which was all the agony of terror, she trusted to her heels, and ran up the street at top speed. As she neared the corner she turned and entrancing vision of loveliness in her looked back. The stalwart Christian, orrowed finery, and in her eyes was with his face to the window, was pacomplacent grin upon his lips was be-

> CHAPTER III. The black-curtained limousine, bit of filmy gauze fluttering at door, and Bill Wolf holding onto the spare tires for dear life, swept from

ginning to show signs of relaxation,

the road down into the long private drive to a beautiful residence overooking the river; and Bill Wolf. long sigh of relief, prepared to un-As it dashed past the porteent and looked at his clock, and swept urve, just as the family car of the Moores whirled into the drive. handsome collie yelped, as he The gnized the familiar spit, and the five curved round back to the road. How The black-curtained limouine was apparently heading into the city again, and a curved limpness came

into the broad back of faithful Bill In the ornately decorated parlor Mother Russel served the cocktails, and started upstairs with June's. stopped her at the nortieres. "She's not to be disturbed," they

told her, in their different forms "Where's Christian?" she wanted

"Upstairs with the beauty," laughed

Cunningham, and lifted his glass. 'Here's to our new prize." June Warner had fled far away from that section, hurrying on and on, as if she could not put enough distance be-tween herself and that hateful scene. As one street car after the other passed her she looked after them longingly; but they were of no value to her, for she was absolutely penniless. She was in the more densely populated district now, on a street of cheap shops and rickety tenements, and the fourth or fifth pawnshop which she passed gave her a happy idea. She looked the next one. It was repulsive-looking. a happy idea. She looked in at

She remembered a cleaner one which

boldly in. formed one smooth curve from the tip of his nose over his bald head, to the back of his neck, and he trotted

had passed, and went back to it.

"Half a dollar, maybe."
"Oh!" and June picked up the comb
n dismay, "Why, these are real sapin dismay, "Why, these are real phires. The comb cost—" "Excuse me." The pudgy little

grabbed the comb from her hand and trotted nimbly to the window, screwcaught her by the arm.

"Then I won't surprise you," and she flounced into a chair, with a reetty pout.

trotted nimbly to the window, ing a jeweler's glass in his bulging eye as he went. He viewed each little stone sidewise, and frontwise, and frontwise, and fire. obliquely, and held it closer and further away, and came back slowly. He laid the comb on the showcase with

"Why, the comb cost "Sorry, lady," and rubbing his pudgy hands together, he smiled ingratiating-ly at her, "but by the time you dig them little stones and sell them, you waste so much labor that if I'd give you eight dollars and a quarter I'd

June slowly picked up the comb. She had but a hazy notion of pawnshop and their ways, but she did feel that she should get a large percentage of was outside the door before he called her back, and he had watched every hesitant step which she had made.
"Wait!" He smiled ingratiatingly at her as she turned, nodding and nodding, and the high light moving to and fro on his bald head. "You need

the money, lady?" "Very much, I fear," with a wan little smile. "And would you give me your prom ise that you take up the loan far over toward her, cocking his head

"Oh, yes!" This very eagerly. "The mb is a keepsake! The pudgy little man sighed, and his face was full of sympathy. "Then I give you eight dollars and half. More than that-' He cast his eyes and hands upwards, with the xpression of one dying. With a quick transition to businesslike celerity he erked open the money drawer under the showcase, counted out eight silver lollars, a quarter, two nickels, a bent me and five pennies. He seemed to part with the pennies with more reluctance than with all the rest of the

many pleces to make the process

She gathered up the money with a ickening sense of humiliation, and the touch was its texture, how soft took the ticket he gave her, and walked out, feeling that she had been badly worsted, because she had no heart for this sort of bartering. It dawned upon her that there were worse humilnations than accepting money from one's husband—and yet—. She conquered the weakness which sprang fiercely up in her, which made heart cry in anguish for Ned, which made her long to desert all this hideous struggle, and fly to his sheltering arms. Then what? A knowledge between them forever after that she had been fooligh and failed in her folly: a loss of the very thing which she had given so much to attain; a love which should be founded upon mutual respect and esteem. No, she must fight to the end!

But what was she to do next? A sign at the foot of a dark, narrow stairway caught her eye. "Girls wanted to sew pants." Labor. Honest toil. Slight as might

suffered so much? Poorly dressed people were going up and down stairs; men, boys, all carrying huge bundles. Timorously, June climbed the stairs. stopping at the first landing, for a ecurrence of that slight cough which had come upon her. impossibly dirty man stood be

huge bundles tied in rough paper. "Well?" he said gruffly, as he look ed at this richly clad young who had come to interrupt his business, perhaps to inquire into factory conditions or start a propaganda of

"I would like to sew some pants, you please," said June, modestly. "What!" The man looked at astounded. Two emaciated girls, who had come up just behind June, stared at her and snickered. A hollow-chested man, who was just taking away a huge bundle, glared at her angrily. 'You want to sew pants!" "Yes, sir," returned June. earn my own living." The man shrugged

"You go over to that woman and she'll show you what's to be done and how much deposit to pay." indicated another table, at which sat a woman who lopped over anything she

When June went down the stairs, she carried as heavy a bundle as she could conveniently lift, and her scanty store of money was reduced to a very small margin. Little as it was, however, she had yet to make a purchase. In the first little store bought an inexpensive little plain black around on the other side of the long dress. She had less than a dollar when she stopped before a building to which she had been directed by the shopkeeper. Its lower floor had once been occupied as a bank, but it had been tenpeople in the family car looked at antless for years. On the doorpost of each other in perplexity as Jerry the stairway was a sign. "Rooms to other in perplexity as Jerry the stairway was a sign, "Rooms to

Paying no attention to the passersby who stared in surprise at the spectacle of a girl so richly dressed bending under eight of so coarse a bundle. June ugged her burden up the stairs, and enaged a cheap little room from a dumpy dlady, whose neck was so short that t was a mere crease. There were deep uckers habitually in the landlady's prow, and there was a vixenish trace of olor about her nose, but she was efusively gracious to this lodger who had me in such gorgeous raiment, and she hurried to bring a pillow slip which had

no hole in it. June put down her bundle and looked hout her with a heart set stoutly against her dismay. The small, narrov narrow mattress and narrow, hreadbare covers. There was one stiffacked wooden chair with a broken rung, a table with a mended leg, and strip of torn carpet; and the one spective of the most depressing wilderness of clotheslines and nondescript aundry which June had ever seen.

The runaway bride did not even stop o remove her hat. She hurried out nto the hall, where she had seen a book, dropped one of her few remaining nickels into the slot, and called for she had seen a man and a woman at a then went on with their conversation, as callous to overhearing ears as if all around them were deaf and du

"Why don't you eat your potato?" was the querulous return.
"Oh, I'll eat it!" and the man was

"Well do I know that," and the woman's voice rose in aggravation. "I
never see anybody eat the way you do.
You've had two cups of coffee, and
three potatoes, and two slices of
thread."

Blye scowled, and there was a flash
of temper on his dark, handsome face
as he thrust some money into the hand
of Cunningham.

"Here's two dollars," said Orin.

"You mean one slice split in two!"
The man barked it. "Say, come back with that bread!"

There was a groan from the woman, hen a rustling silence, during which Tune got the busy signal, and her ickel clattered back into the cup. A knife handle banged on the table.
"Do you call that shaving a slice?" retorted the woman. There was sound as of something being hastily wrapped up in paper, then a sound of quick footsteps across the floor; the slam of a tin lid. "If you don't want that other potato, put it back."

"Looky here!" snapped the man, work hard all week. I give you my wages, without holding out a cent. And what do I get? Not even enough to "Don't you say that! You're as strong and healthy as an ox, and if I didn't watch you, you'd eat yourself fat, and

be ne good for your work. Here's your tobacco nickel," and there was the attle of a tin canister.

The man took it silently. There was away, but Scatti paid no attention, rattle of a tin canister. the sound of a knife and fork, and a and the well-known and justly famous hasty gulp, then he rose.
"Honest, Cal, I don't see why you're so darned stingy!" he protested, more

that goes into this empty pocket pops straight into that canister, and says good-by. What's the reason?" Another little silence, and then the

woman's voice again. "I'm always scared, Sam. If I don't watch out for the rainy day, who will? And if you die, who's going to give me anything? I ain't strong enough to work, and I ain't good-looking enough any more to get another husband." "You're a good wife to me, Cal," said the man with rough gentleness, and

June was glad to get her call, order her messenger boy and hurry back to her own little room. Depressed by this contact with the people among whom she had come to live, her first act on reaching her room was to tear off her coat and cap, and to throw on money, and, somehow, June seemed to divine that he had paid her in so string of pearls which Orin Cur them, with contempt and loathing, the ham had put around her neck: then she tore at the hooks on the beautiful afternoon costume. How delightful to and warm was its fur!

"I'm always scared, Sam!" words still rang in June's ears, for they represented the whole tragedy of womanhood. To be afraid, to fear everything, life, men, women, motherhood, sustenance, everything; and a fear above all that some man would not be ready to give. In what hell of help-lessness had the slowly developing advance of civilization left its women, that their whole existence must depend upon the charity of the conquering sex, against which women only their appeals of femininity, of seemed no woman without this problem of money in some form or another. Was there a better day to come? Even in her present unhappiness, June thought so. Independence, that was the answer. And its strengthened her resolution. She was a mouth to feed in a world of hunall griness, and a body to shelter, and must do these things herself. Whe she had earned her right to stand alone and could say that she need not e beholden to any man for any gift, wealth of love, and take his love reely. Hand in hand they would walk ogether through life in that perfect

sympathy which knows no taint of a urposeful caress! Down Broadway tore the black-cur ained limousine the observed of all servers, for still attached to his crayat, and clamped to the tires so stiffly that he felt he would have to pried o... was the well-known and justly famous private detective, Wolf, faithful in spite of himself. Not ore than two blocks behind came he family car, with June's handsome ollie on the seat beside Jerry, June's ather sterner and June's mother gentler and more quiet: Bobby Blethering in patient wonder at the restlessness f the world; June's bosom friend, Iris Blethering, quivering with excitement and emotion, and the deserted groom gritting his teeth and clenching his fists, as the black-curtained limousine with its bit of filmy gauze fluttering at the door, constantly fore them, like a tantalizing will o' the

In the gaudily furnished house Mother Russel there was a frantic running to and fro, and up and downstairs. Every room in the house was searched, and at last Orin Cunningham windows, in the room which had been provided for June, seemed darker behind its heavy hangings than the others. He found the fire shutters closed, and opened them, revealing the stalwart Christian frozenly waiting the isolated balcony to be told his further share in June's trick. dissipated-looking young man and the three girls laughed. Orin Cunningham was beside himself with Mother Russel was in such a fury that she grabbed the stalwart Christian by the ears, and bumped his head against the wall until the tears terked into his eyes. However, there was no use to search any further. June was gone, and Gilbert Blye turned and walked

down the stairs. He paced the hall for a few mo his head bent, his black eyes sombre, and his long, lean, white fingers stroking his black Vandyke. There was a ring at the doorbell. A essenger boy, and he carried a bundle. A stealthy figure slipped forvard into the hall.

delivered the bundle. Orin Cunningham, at a signal from Blye, took the bundle and passed it to Mother Russel. She tore it open, and drew forth before the revelers who had gathered in her parlor the gor-geous raiment in which they had last seen the beautiful June. Orin Cunngham stooped down with an oath, and picked up something which had fallen to the floor. The string of

"Stop that messenger boy!" came the old, hard tones of Gilbert Blye, and the stalwart Christian, rushing out, brought back the boy by the collar, set him before the now flashing-eyed

lemanded Orin Cunningham, tugging pervously at his white moustache. His ice was quite red.

face was quite red.

The boy hitched his trousers, which hung in folds on his shoes.

"I ain't supposed to tell."

"How much did you get for not telling?" demanded Mother Russel, and the boy quailed under her blazing gaze.

"All she had. Seventy cents."

"Ah!" Cunningham thrust his hands in his pockets, then he flushed as he turned to Gilbert Blye, who had stepned had stood in deep thrusth.

where did you get this bundle? The boy grinned as he took the noney, and hitched his trousers.
"Tellin's always worth more than not tellin'," he sagely observed, and jerked his call slip from his pocket.

on the steps. The stealthy figure which had crept along the hall suddenly were red and her high cheek-bones

black-curtained limousine. Blye hur-ried out to it as it stopped, and with blazing impatience called, "Come on!" Cunningham dashed from the house and jumped into the limousine, while Blye gave swift directions to his driver. He, too, hopped in and shut the door, and threw up the side curtains, revealing the car empty except for himself and Cunningham. The

women in the door called something in private detective, Bill Wolf, groaned. He had been too stiff to get down from the tires in time, and his mouth had been too full of dust for him to make an intelligible noise.

car of the Moores, and Ned Warner, leaning tensely forward, gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as the senger boy, and hurrled up the street rounded a corner. The bit of filmy gauze no longer fluttered from the door, but faithful Bill Wolf was still

Around the corner dashed the family

The dumpy landlady knocked at the door of June's little bedroom and stopped in profound astonishment when she entered. At the rickety table sat dress, bent earnestly forward.

said simply. "I sent them away."
The landlady sat on the edge of the "Oh, you did. What about the neck-

"That was a gift which I could not accept," and June's eyes dropped. "I sent it away also." not tellin'," he sagely observed, and jerked his call slip from his pocket.

"There's the address."

Gilbert Blye, casting a glance at the slip, opened the door and strode out on the stens. The stallthy flowed which ware laborated which ware laborated which ware laborated. which were laboriously pushing the needle through the coarse cloth. "By the way, I forgot to get any rent from you.

> June smiled wanty, and shook her "I am sorry." she said, "I have no

ed to her feet. She was breath Young lady," and she began to gather the parts into a compact bundle, "you'll have to vacate this room."
"Oh, no!" pleaded June. "Please!"
June looked piteously into that inflexible face. The puckers had deepened until they seemed to have been bored. There was no hope there, no mercy. Sadly June rose and took down the plain little hat. She put on the

for one last word of appeal, but the landlady's pitiless arm

knitted jacket, and in her clumsy is shoes, went to the door. She tur

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