provingly on the shoulder.

not earned her envelope.

A wan and tattered, pinched and

little palm. Ned, beaming with kindly

benediction on the head of June, for it was she, and not the wan little boy,

What wonderful scene was this? A bleak, wild country with huge, strange

birds flying over it and no human hab-litation in sight. There were human

creatures, though, two of them-a big.

ponderous jawed savage with matted

hair, who carried an enormous club

ed a smaller figure, a woman, with

her nose was a ring, and to this ring

was attached a leather thong, the other end of which was in the man's

hand. He was taking home his bride

gray, ivy hung chapel at Brynport. Was that Ned coming down the aisle?

There was a sudden jolt and screech-

ing noise, a rattle and a bang and the

Was that June just behind him?

who stood there piteously begging!

Ned looked at the bulletin board.

The first passenger to board that train was a perspiring faced young man.

swinging four pleces of white ribboned

luggage.

June, paying but little attention to

the man who had helped her, turned

nervously into the car, a day coach, and viewed the interior with despair. In that coach there were only two pas

ngers, a man and a woman, sitting

'Would you like to buy a watch?"

returned the woman without

Lillian Chester

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FIRST EPISODE The Man With the Black Vandyke

CHAPTER I. HE quivering center of all the intense agitation in Bryoport was Bouncer. That energet ic collie could remember no occasion so exciting as this in the Moore household, but as every one seemed thoroughly satisfied Bouncer belped in the happiness until his tail

Once, and once only, Bouncer had been able to get past old Aunt Debby. This time he caught that coal black cook with her hands full of snow white dough. She lost her dignity and her center of gravity and sat down on the floor with a plump which jarred the house as Bouncer plunged beneath her flaring skirts, but she saved the dough Bouncer meanwhile was up the back stairs, and a brown and white streak had flashed into the daintily cretonned room of his friend, mistress and playfellow, pretty June Moore. Here all was billowy confusion. June herself, standing by the long, low row of fleecily curtained windows, was the nucleus of all the frothing white. Her girl ish cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were wide and shining, and a fat dressmaker, with her lip in her mouth and a maze of diabolical wrinkles in her brow, was on her knees completely encircling June with pats and pulls and twitches. A browbeaten dressmaker's helper, with a flaming red spot in each cheek and her yellow hair dragging to denote her repressed agony with her bosom stuck full of pins and needles and things, was standing rigidly to one side holding an orange blossomed veil. June's mother, in a very special dress and with her hair in the most painful precision of which a Frenchman was capable, stood just in front of June, wringing her hands and helping with her eyes in

all the sacred ceremonies. Marie of the broom and duster, black haired and red gummed, waited near, with a wide grin and moist eyes, to have things hung upon her when there was no more space upon the little white bed nor any of the chairs. Over by the door, talking



June.

incessantly, was Iris Blethering, June's bosom friend.

For only a moment Bouncer was permitted to gaze upon this puzzling scene. When he sprang too near the central figure of it all, with the perfectly na-tural and commendable intention of leaping upon her to show his undying affection, there was a combined shrick from six women, and five of them put

Well, it was a strange world, and by way of setting his mind at ease the wife"—and he laughed again at Bouncer ran six times around the her swift blush—"why am I here?" house and chased a cat up a tree and

neighborhood children who hung upon the fence waiting to see the bride

There were pink bridesmaids at every window, and a nice, regular father, gardeniad and silk hatted and Prince Alberted, walked up and down the porch, looking at his watch until eternity dragged by, but when the end of time was come the limousines began to move, and Bouncer, with a yelp of welcome, sprang to his regular seat by the side of the first driver. pulled Bouncer's ear and shut the long pointed muzzle in a gasolined fist and gave him other rough tokens of friendliness; then the door opened and there came out a fleecy vision in whom the neighborhood children found it difficult to recognize June Moore, but filmy robes and pale cheeks were no disguise to Bouncer.

"Bouncer!" June Moore, in all her important finery, stooped swiftly down and took his head between her white gloved hands and looked into his wistful eyes and touched her cheek, for an instant, upon his silken ear and whispered to him, of all the world, her very last girlish secret. Then Aunt Debby, now divested of dough, dragged Bouncer back and locked him in the while June Moore rode away never to be June Moore again!

What was this new world which she was approaching? No bride knows and no woman. June sailed contentedly. Ned-how he had filled her world! And how happy they were to be!

Why, they were at the chapel—the pretty little gray chapel loaded with vines. And there was Ned at a win-dow of the Sunday school room and looking so strained and uncomfortable And there were the ushers in the doorway. She hardly knew how she was suddenly transformed into a process

Why, here was Ned close beside her and trembling! In a mist they kneeled and said responses, and Ned put a ring on her finger. His own fingers were cold and clammy, but his voice clear and earnest as he promised to love, cherish and protect her as he be-

stowed upon her all his worldly goods. Some one in the church was crying softly-Iris Blethering, the bosom friend. Husband Bobbie was comfortably patting her hand. There was a general dabbing of handkerchiefs. Bright eyed little old Grandma Moore smiled and smiled through it all, a gay little grandma, with as smart a gown as any there. Ned's father, a strong faced, handsome man, sat stolidly with his arms folded and went over the ceremony with his lips, word for word. Bouncer trotted down the aisle, wagging his tail, his blue ribbon torn and the marks of the earth under the shed upon his fluffy coat.

Then the organ pealed again, and beneath the vine swung portals which June Moore had entered on the arm of her father, June Warner, on the arm of her husband, now emerged into the world of caroling birds and gay sunshine. And so they were married!

Then the bustle and confusion began again—the mad scramble into traveling clothes and the going away amid show ers of rice and the earnest godspeeding of friends and the semilysteria of Iris Blethering, with Bouncer barking his indignant protest somewhere in the muffled distance.

Just before June came downstairs in her trim little traveling suit of blue her mother had slipped something into the hand of the daughter. It was the

At last they were alone, launched upon the sea of life! They were in the tiny drawing room with a white toothed porter stowing things into racks and hanging things on hooks and sticking flowers everywhere.

Ned had clasped her in his arms nd had covered her blushing face with kisses in that first realization, and now she sat by the window, her head pillowed contentedly upon his shoulder, and outside the world they had known up to this point in their lives was slipping past them. A tiny cin der darted into her eye. Her first Instinct was to grab her handkerchief. and the search for that resulted in a little cry of dismay.

"My purse?" she gasped.
"Too bad!" Ned's voice was full of

sympathy. "Anything in it?" "My money," she replied in concern, with all at once a panic springing into her heart.

"Is that all?" he laughed. "Well, lit-"I know," she faltered, "but"- She

exchanged loud views with all the stopped, confused, and cast down her eyes at her interlacing fingers

the leading moving picture thes.

ters. By arrangement made with

the Mutual Film Corporation it is

not only possible to read "Runa-

way June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures

He studied her a moment in per-

illustrating our story

plexity. "I'm just the same as your purse except that you can't lose me," he told her, dwelling with fond eyes upon her long lashes, her smooth, round cheeks, her red lips. He reached into his pocket with bluff heartiness and produced a roll of bills just as the porter

came in with two snowy pillows.
"Good work, George!" approved Ned and, catching two bulging eyes fixed



The Going Away Amid Showers of Rice.

upon the roll of bills he held in his hands, Ned stripped off a dollar. "This is my letter of introduction," he observed as he passed it over. Ned turned to June, smiling, as the

porter went out of the door and took three bills from the inside of the roll. "I think you'll feel happier carrying

He stuffed the bills into her clasped hands. She tried to close her hands nificent about it in spite of his comagainst it with a sudden instinct which she could not fathom, tried to the exhibitantion of the good deed; then draw away from the money, but his he smiled down at his wife most gen-fingers were the stronger, and, laugh erously. Yes, his wife, for the old woing, he kissed her and straightened up man was gone, and June, in luxurious to put the balance of the money in his furs, but huddled, was in the door-pocket. She looked at the bills, while way. It was she to whom he had a slow flush of crimson came up over given the coin! her face. Why should this have embarrassed and humiliated her? It hungry looking little boy stood mutely seemed absurd, for this was a part of beside them, piteous appeal in his up marriage.

Ned sat beside her and put his arms around her, and she held up her lips to good will, placed a coin in the outbe kissed. Suddenly she buried her stretched palm and put his hand in head on his shoulder and cried. Something had been swept away from her, something had been broken. The man had given, and she had received.

CHAPTER II.

HERE was a shadow on the Palisades, the grayness of a cloud which had not been there as they had started upon this over one shoulder. Behind him trudg journey. Money-the woman's money. It had been all right for June to coax her mother and wheedle her father. but they were mummy and daddy. Yes, Ned would give her all he could afford, but that was it-he would give it to her! She would be the recipient symbol of every woman's tragedy. It of his bounty, or, worse said, would was a purse stuffed with crackling paid for being his wife. She suddenly arrived at the startling fact that this

of self respect. It was unbearable.

Ned Warner felt the precious head on his shoulder become heavy. Poor in noisy little girl: Getting ready to be married was wearisome work. Well, little
wifey's terrible tribulations, such as

graph d wildly to be free and gazed
wifey's terrible tribulations, such as

graph d wildly to be free and gazed
the first problem of her independence.

There

yer days defined fit. Ned was the first passenplatform, had grappled meantime with
ger out of the express, and he landed
the first problem of her independence.

There

yer days days days and the station
the platform just in time to see
the first problem of her independence. separating from home and friends and Bouncer and being made to give an ac-Bouncer and being made to give an account of herself, were all over. Ned braced himself against the arm of the seat for fifteen minutes, while the dired head drooped lower and lower. Poor little girl. Her neck would be stiff from that strained position. He moved down the paper bag which contained from that strained position. He moved the flowers, the boxes of candy, the scattered rice. Comprehension the scattered rice. The boxes of candy, the scattered rice. Comprehension the s ever so gently, but the gentleness was her prim little traveling hat; then she an unnecessary precaution. When he is tried to shift her she slid into his arms she stopped with a sudden flash of tion master at Farnville, "a young perwas he to deserve such a peerless crea-

ture as this?

the graceful lines of perfect rest, put have it stopped, to call Ned, but there a pink palm under her round cheek was no movement in her.

and slept straight on. Ned covered her Across the tracks in front of the sta-with a cloak, kissed her cautiously on tion a man, tall, splendidly groomed. the outermost surface of her cheek black Vandyked, stood watching her and strode out to the smoker.

He was back in five minutes to see

CHAPTER III.

how she was resting. The pretty little bride had not the rosy flush of sleep which he had expected to see. Her bride had not the rosy flush of sleep which he had expected to see. Her face had the pailor of weariness, and her beautifully curved brows were of the smoker, with a pleaswhich he had expected to see. Her face had the pailor of weariness, and her beautifully curved brows were knotted as if in distress. He thought that the light in her eyes disturbed her and drew down one of the blinds.

That troubled knitting of June War-for the first time with his charming per's heautifully arched brows had not wife.

ner's beautifully arched brows had not wife.
been due to the light shining in her Thoroughly complacent, he strolled eyes, but to the lurid flame which had back through the car to awaken the sprung up in her mind, and that flame sweetest girl in the world.

danced itself into the figures of weird "June!" he called and turned to bend

dreams. She saw Ned tipping the over her seat.

white toothed porter; then she saw She was not there! He hurried out Ned, with equally hearty generosity, to the vestibule. Not there! And now giving her three bills. The difference for the first time he saw the three ten dollar bills on the seat. One of them dollar bills on the seat. Ah, the tantalizing fragrance of fresh was slightly torn; all of them were

cookles! She was in her mother's crumpled.
kitchen, and old Aunt Debby, black as Frantically he rang the bell; then he midnight and round as a barrel, was rushed out to meet the white toothed

drawing a pan of the delicious cakes porter on the way.
from the hot oven. "Where's my wife?" he demanded. Wonderful cookies, those! June was The porter's eyes widened until they

pust reaching for one when, much to her disappointment, they were not there. The familiar old kitchen was plied, as scared by contagion alone as not there. Why, this was the kitchen if he had been accused of throwing of the new apartments, the nest which

gling in the baffling art of making instant. In about two minutes the con-cookies. Some one came in. Ned-his ductor, the brakemen, all the porters

Ned burned his fingers on one of the saw her dropping off the train, crushed cookies, and he burned his tongue, and mangled beyond all recognition. but he was highly pleased with the No vision, however, portrayed to him taste, and he gave June some money. his bride slowly crossing the tracks to-He patted her on the shoulder. Again ward the black Vandyked man! As she saw her mother paying Aunt Deb she approached the man gave her a by and patting that valuable cook ap sharp scrutiny, smiled and strolled across the station platform to the bul-In her dream June saw Ned's office, letin board. New York local was due a stiff, prim place, as stolid as the at 4:10. An express was due at 4:20.

elder Warner. There was a nice look.

June Warner was nelpess and being stenographer, quite obviously great wildered. She had no money, no friends with a nice looking young see friends. She could not even telegraph. retary, and there was a nice looking Why had she done this foolish thing? office boy. It was evidently Saturday Her dream! She saw herself again night, for Ned presently rose from his standing in the posture of a piteous desk and walked over to the nice look beggar and accepting Ned's gifts. She ing stenographer. He handed her the saw Ned tipping the white toothed poring stenographer. He handed her the saw Ned tipping the white toothed por-envelope containing her pay, and they ter a dollar and then, with the same exchanged a frank smile and a few joylal generosity, handing her thirty, pleasant words. Pretty good pay the The touch of that money still burned stenographer received. She earned it her fingers. Foolish as her revulsion Ned handed the nice looking secretary might be, it was keen and real never-an envelope. They exchanged a few theless, and until she had thrashed pleasant words and a frank smile. Ned out this question with the woman headed the nice looking office boy an which had suddenly grown up in her envelope and laughingly squeezed the she could not make of her marriage boy's chin and rumpled his hair. The with Ned the sacred relationship which boy grinned delightedly and popped she had held as her ideal. The black the envelope into his inside pocket. Vandyked man passed quite near her, Then Ned walked over to June and gazing at her with a smile. She walk-handed her an envelope. It was larger ed around him.

than the others. He bowed to her Where should she go? Home? She very courteously as he presented it. could see her father and mother plying He spoke a few pleasant words, but her with question upon question, drivdid not smile frankly, and she cast ing her to tears with their worried in-down her eyes. There seemed to be a sistence and their utter lack of underdistinct understanding that she had standing.

A poor, shivering old woman sat the setting sun the answer came to huddled in a doorway. Ned stopped, her-just New York. So big and so looked at the old woman a moment intent upon itself that friends may and then walked across to her and dwell around the corner for years and handed her a coin. He was very magnificent about it in spite of his com. Ned at that moment was extracting

slow information from a half deaf and



totally dumb old woman with a cross a most disquieting thought, destructive of self respect. It was unbearable.

Oh: Was the other end of that station hear them a young woman get off the train at a station hear them. a young woman get off the train at a station back there. She didn't know if the station was Farnville or not, but The exp the girl had rice in the brim of her hat.

June Warner, alone on the station ahead of it. Ned was the first passen-June Warner, alone on the station

without a flicker of her eyelids and lay memory. Ned's money, the first of his son of that description has been loaf-there sleeping like a baby, her long generous bounty, the first of her pay ing around here on the platform, and lashes curving on her cheeks, her red for being Ned's wife! She jerked it she's just getting on the down local." lips half parted. Ned Warner was from her belt, threw the three bills on reported the station master. "She's amazed at his wonderful luck. Who the seat, ran down the steps, jumped with a tall fellow with pointed black to the ground and sped across the whiskers. He's helping her on the tracks to the opposite platform. She train."

He lifted June's feet into the other and no idea of where she was going.

The lifted June's feet into the other and no idea of where she was going.

The lifted June's feet into the other and no idea of where she was going.

A black Vandyked stranger! Ned whost recled. So that was why she pretty shrug, which settled her into

As the train started to pull out she had left the train!

The Man Gave Her a Sharp Scrutiny.

man's glance of contempt strayed from

"Very well," nodded June, and a grain of rice fell from the brim of her

little blue hat and bounced in the rigid

his eyes were full of twinkles.

The rigid lady snapped the watch shut and turned to her husband.

"Dan." It did not seem possible that

her voice could take on a wheedling

tone, but it did. "I want \$10."

The man turned to her with cold dis-

bound wallet, and instantly into June's

mind there flashed that picture of her

standing before Ned a piteous beggar!
The runaway bride took a seat by

herself and was presently given the discomfort of knowing that the man

was grumbling at the woman inces-santly for having bought the watch.

The black Vandyked man went over to them, and she saw him pay some money, and then he came back to June

with the watch in his hand.
"Of course you won't permit me to

present you with this?" he pleasantly observed. "If you care to send for it

later, however, I will be very glad in-

deed to give you my card."
"Thank you." she accepted, and, tak-

ing the card, put it in her belt. "You

It was not until they were nearing

"Pardon me," he said, bending over

the station in New York that he spoke

her. "If I can be of any service to you on your arrival I shall be very

very kind."
At that particular moment the New

York express overtook the local and

slowly forged ahead, and Ned Warner,

peering feverishly into every passing window, say the suave, black Van-dyked stranger bending gracefully

over his wife, and June was smiling

up at him. Then Ned, against his will,

The express, however, was delayed

the balustrade and went up three steps

at a spring. He arrived only in time to see June speeding away in a taxi-ab and to see the black Vandyked

jumped into a third one and shouted.

"Hold on there!" gasped a breathless

voice, and a panting porter piled Ned's

white ribboned luggage on top of him.

Away through the tangled traffic.

[Continued Next Saturday.]

man starting after her in another.

"Chase them!"

replied, smiling up at him.

are very kind.

to her again.

happy indeed."

He produced \$10 from a tight

the merchandise to the vender.

was waiting for Ned and herself after dow. "Honest to the Lord, I don't the honeymoon.' June was in a big know."
white and blue dotted apron, strug. The delirious search began from that

eyes shining as the fragrant cakes and half the passengers were searching were drawn from the oven! June for June Warner. turned them over on a white cloth. Ned, in his most lively vision of all,

If not home where then? As if from



were the flowers, the boxes of candy. the scattered rice. Comprehension was concretely expressed in her beautiful little gold watch.

"Stop them!" he yelled. But the neck speed. had a mad impulse to run after it to

RELIEF BODY HELPS phone was dead. Station masters are ousy people.

A train thundered in—a down train. MANY OF CITY'S POOR New York express. It arrived in New York at the same time as the local.

> Youngster Will Go to School as Result of Committee's Splendid Work

There is one little boy in this city, who will have occasion to remember the Home and War Relief committee

invifed June in her smallest voice as this winter.

she confronted the rigid woman and held out her merchandise.

this winter.

His parents are suffering because of the lack of work throughout the country, and new clothes are unknown to moving a muscle. Only her feather the family just now. The little fellow was to enter school in February, but his mamma didn't have sufficient clothing for him to be out this cold weather, so had about decided not to send him. She was doing some sew-ing for the Home and War Relief committee, and when one of the woment questioned her about her fam

men in charge of the Home department questioned her about her family, told how her little boy must give up school this winter.

One of the committee is the wife of a local merchant. She got busy on the telephone and before night that little chap was outfitted from head to foot with clothes which will see him through this and possibly another winter, if he doesn't outgrow them.

There were many families throughout the city which were given substantial aid through the relief committee's efforts. In one there was a woman whose son, her only support, came home sick, and whose daughteris subject to epileptic fits. She could see no way out of her difficulty, until a which the Home and War Relief committee is giving to more than 240 families throughout the city. She was given work, and yesterday was paid enough money to make certain a decent amount of food for a week. And she will be given work cach week, too.

More than \$160 paid to about ninety

wabbled. The man cast at the merchandise a look of contempt.

"It's a very nice watch," urged June.
"It's a

Senator Burton Boomed For Presidency in 1916

Ittle blue hat and bounced in the rigid woman's lap.

The woman turned sharply; then she half rose and looked at the top of the hat. There was more rice on it!

"Let me see that watch," she said icily. One lid contained a picture of June and her dog, and the other the date of the gift and her name, and address.

"How much do you need for this?"

"She wants about \$10, ma'am." This was from the pale faced conductor, who was so broad and stuffy that he

who was so broad and stuffy that he was an offense in narrow aisles, but DEATH OF MRS. MARTIN GUILING

Special to The Telegraph
Shiremanstown, Pa., Jan. 30.—Mrs.
Martin Guiling, 63 years old, died at
her home, south of here yesterday
morning. She is survived by her husband, five sons and three daughters;
also a sister, Mrs. William Tripner, of
Harrisburg. Funeral services will be
held at the home to-morrow with also a sister, Mrs. William Tripner, of Harrisburg. Funeral services will be held at the home to-morrow with busial at Trindle Springs Cemetery.

COSTIVE BOWELS, HEADACHE, COLDS, TAKE CASCARETS

Headache, Sour Stomach, **Bad Cold or Costipation** by morning

Get a 10-cent box now.

Furred Tongue, Bud Colds, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret to-night will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then to keep their stomach, liver and bowels regulated, and never know a miserable moment. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.—Advertisement. "There is nothing, thank you," she

Victoria Theater

Will Show

Runaway June

in Motion Pictures

Every Monday

Beginning with the first episode

Monday, Feb. 1st.

BE SURE TO SEE IT

EVERY WEEK

MINISTER'S 74TH BIRTHDAY

Family Reunion at Home of the Rev.

J. R. Hutchinson

Special to The Telegraph

New Cumberland, Jan. 30.— The

Rev. J. R. Hutchinson celebrated his

Telev. Mr. And Mrs. J. R. Hutchinson celebrated his

Telev. Mr. Hutchinson received 109 post
Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Hutchinson received 109 post
Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. H. B. Creep, of Harrisburg; Chester C. Creep, of Beth-