

# Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester.  
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## ELEVENTH EPISODE.

### In the Clutch of the River Thieves.

#### CHAPTER I.

HERE 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 each side fumbling with the davit on deck now. 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



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 figure with a chauffeur's cap and a tiny moustache. Upon his face was a beneficent 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 swish?" Marie's stiff lips worked for a moment, so that she could enunciate. "Voila," she hoarsely uttered. "Voila, Henri!"

For only a moment the well known and justly famous private detective Bill Wolf looked after the swiftly swishing Henri; then he turned and pounded up the dock, racing for the nearest telephone. First of all he called the Eagle Eye Detective Agency and secured a report from its wireless department; then he roused out of slumber a sharp faced, long nosed woman with high arched brows, who caught up her bedside telephone with instant alertness in her beady eyes.

"Well, I got him!" came the hoarse voice of Bill Wolf. "He's on board the yacht *Hilarity*, and, say, with the girl!"

Immediately Honoria moved very swiftly.

The sleepy eyed steward stepped out upon the deck of the *Hilarity* with his uniformed jacket buttoned askew.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Don't lower the boats for a moment."

"What!" shouted Gilbert Blye.

"The gasoline sir. It did not arrive until an hour ago."

"And there's no gasoline in these tanks?" roared big T. F. Edwards, pushing forward.

"No, sir."

"You infernal idiot!" yelled Orin Cunningham.

"Lower those boats!" shouted Gilbert Blye. "Wilkins, get downstairs. You can fill those boats in the water." And he looked out across the waves. The escaping beauty was rounding the point.

In the pretty apartments which Ned 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're located your darling!" And there was a shrill cackle. "She's on board the *Hilarity* with my husband. And the yacht is anchored outside the bay. Good morning."

Ned wasted no time. Bobbie Blethering 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 skipped in and out of the dimness among the black hulls at the river's edge. In the skiff were three rough looking men and a roughly dressed woman, who sat huddled in the bow. All four were silent, but their furtive eyes roved constantly over every vessel around which they crept. In the bottom of the boat were a huge bundle of celery and a loosely piled tarpaulin.

Suddenly the woman leaned forward and touched the nearest man on the knee. He was a big, rawboned man with a bronzed face and a deep scar on his chin. The woman pointed, and the man turned his evil eyes in that direction. Surrounded by black coal barges was a shining houseboat with brass rails, mahogany cabin and all the fittings and appointments which extravagance could devise.

The man at the stern, a lean, wiry fellow with a hooked nose and a lean jaw which ended in a big knob on each cheek, slowed down the engine until it was noiseless. They completely circled the two adjoining docks before they came back to the slip where coal barges lay; then the skiff glided in beneath the overhang of the barges, and the big man with the scar on his chin knocked on the hull. No noise from within. The man picked up a club and pounded. No stirring.

There was not a living creature in sight except these four early morning birds of prey.

"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 frowsy clothing.

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

The woman shrugged her shoulders and put her roughly shod foot into the big man's outstretched palm. He raised slowly and lifted the woman straight up so that she could draw herself on board.

She disappeared. The three men sat silent.

"All right, Ben." The woman's face peered over the rail. "Say, it's a nes selrode!"

The lean Jake stepped forward promptly and climbed up over the big man's back, perfectly contented now that he knew the silken hung houseboat to be empty. The third man with little patches of half formed beard on his face took the rudder; then the huge Ben jumped up, caught the deck rail and drew himself upward.

For the hundredth time Ned put his head out of the window. At last they were coming! He seized his coat and hat, hurried down to the street and jumped into the mechanic's seat of Bobbie Blethering'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.

See *Runaway June* in motion pictures every Monday at the Victoria Theater. The pictures each week portray the episode published in the *Telegraph* the week previous.—Advertisement.

*Runaway June* will be shown in motion pictures every Monday at the Royal Theater, Third street above Cumberland. Be sure to see them.—Advertisement.

**CHAMPION SPELLER OF ADAMS**  
Special to The Telegraph  
Gettysburg, April 5.—On Saturday the annual county spelling contest was held in the courthouse, with 59 of 124 eligibles present. Edward Mummert, of Abbotstown, was the best speller of the day and was declared the champion of the county. He was awarded first prize, a copy of Webster's International Dictionary.

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# Clip CLIPPING DAY

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Prices For To-morrow Only--Tuesday, April 6th

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Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder.—Advertisement.

### BIG CAROLINA SNOWSTORM MAKES ALLIGATOR LATE FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL



A snowstorm in North Carolina in April is the limit in any event, but when that pesky snowstorm makes a perfectly amicable and religiously-minded alligator late for Sunday school on Easter Day—well, it's about time somebody hands the weather man a pink slip, that's all!

The snowstorm of Saturday along the Atlantic seaboard did that very thing to an alligator destined to become the mascot of the big men's class of Derry Street United Brethren Church, Fifteenth and Derry streets. O. P. Beckley, one of the class teachers, took the train from Florida, where he was on a business trip, for Harrisburg in plenty of time to get himself and the alligator to the Easter session of the class. And then—bing!—right out of a clear sky came the big-gest snowstorm of the year, tying things up for more than twelve hours. As a result Mr. Beckley and the alligator did not reach Harrisburg until yesterday at 3.20. But the big class waited their coming and the alligator was taught his first Sunday school lesson anyway.

The alligator will be the class mascot, it has been officially decided. Two hundred and eighty-eight men attended the session of the class yesterday.

### MARRIED AT GETTYSBURG

Special to The Telegraph  
Gettysburg, April 5.—G. C. Carey, Butler township, and Miss Greta M. Stonestier, of Biglerville, were married Sunday at the parsonage of the Gettysburg United Brethren Church. The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock in the morning by the Rev. W. R. Glenn, pastor. There were no attendants.

### SPECIAL CAR FOR CLASS

New Cumberland, Pa., April 5.—A special car will be run on Tuesday evening to convey the men's Bible classes of the Sunday schools of New Cumberland to Harrisburg where they will attend the local option meeting.

### FARMER'S LEGS CRUSHED

New Cumberland, Pa., April 5.—William Reed, a York county farmer, was badly injured while taking a load of furniture to Harrisburg. Mr. Reed fell from the wagon on the Harrisburg bridge, the wheels passing over his legs and crushing them.

### BOY KILLED BY HORSE'S KICK

Cashtown, April 5.—Kicked in the forehead by a vicious horse as he was about to get into a buggy, Frederick Hartman, an 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joan M. Hartman, of this place, was fatally injured Saturday afternoon. The boy suffered a fractured skull and died at 2.30 o'clock Sunday morning.

### FARM BUILDINGS BURNED

East Berlin, April 5.—Fire of an unknown origin destroyed the home, barn and hog stable on the farm of Charles Laughman, tenanted by Henry Noll, one and a half miles from this place in Reading township, Friday afternoon, causing a loss of \$1,500.

### WANT EARLIER CARS

New Cumberland, Pa., April 5.—At a meeting of the town council this evening a petition will be sent to the Valley Traction Company for earlier cars on Sunday morning. Another ordinance acted upon will be the curfew which has been petitioned for by the Sunshine Guild.

### Hungarians Now Sing "Tipperary" on March

Special to The Telegraph  
London, April 5.—A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle says: "Two curiosities so far as the Hungarian soldier is concerned which the war has produced are songs. One is that old refrain which they chanted in 1849 when they were warring off through the evening's darkness and the words of their song, heanted to suit the time, come back to me: 'Francis Joseph needs his soldiers, we are coming, we are coming.' 'The other is 'Tipperary.' Reflected what must be the feelings of every good Teuton with his 'Gott Strafe England' when he listens to the Hungarian files marching along to a tune to which countless thousands of Britishers have marched away to war. Every Hungarian soldier who has learned the words is eager to shout them, carefully setting the rhythm for the boots of his comrades rising and falling in the dust."

### "OUT OF THE DEPTHS"

Special to The Telegraph  
Mechanicsburg, Pa., April 5.—A lecture by J. Arthur Schlichter, of Philadelphia, in the Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon drew a crowd of men which filled the building to its capacity. It was given under the auspices of the men's Union Bible class. Mr. Schlichter is an orator of ability and the story of his life, "Out of the Depths," deeply moved the audience, and held the interest for more than an hour. He was formerly a resident of Mechanicsburg.

### MISS CROMLEIGH IMPROVING

Mechanicsburg, Pa., April 5.—Miss Clara Cromleigh, who has been very ill with an attack of appendicitis, is slowly recovering. She is a well-known musician here and in Harrisburg, where she is organist in Bethlehem Lutheran Church.

### ELECTION OF OFFICERS

New Cumberland, Pa., April 5.—Annual election of officers and teachers of the Methodist Sunday school will be held on Thursday evening.

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