

RUNAWAY JUNE BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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Edwards climb clumsily upon the dock and stamp his foot. A third boat, a trim little cutter...

Enslaved their office work. A butler brought in the mail to the Durban as they finished their breakfast.



"A deed to this house!" she cried.

In a richly furnished office which contained no hint of business except for its telephone and the long rows of push buttons at Gilbert Rye and Orin Cunningham...

"A deed to this house!" she cried. "And all that it contains," laughed her husband, "everything, including myself."

CHAPTER III

DOWN at the dock Ned Warner's detectives appeared, and Bonner, who was sitting on the landing, ran excitedly up to the street at the point where June and Bennett Durban had taken the taxi.

The big policeman and the little chauffeur glared at each other a moment. The detective appeared, and Bonner, who was sitting on the landing, ran excitedly up to the street...

transformed her entire nature, had given her a daisy haughtiness, had twisted her view until she placed an utterly false valuation upon herself and upon everything around her.

Officer Dowd walked into the police station just as the desk sergeant with the sausage shaped red mustache gave way to one with a blue eye and a blue chin...

"Wrong party," returned Dowd promptly. "I was with Rose Hesper myself last night, her and her little friend, and we didn't leave the cafe till nearly daybreak."

CHAPTER IV

June looked up with a jerk. "There's a little friend of mine here, too," she explained. "It was all a mistake. I'm in an awful hurry."



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shoved into position. He caught up a sharp knife. It would not do. He ran to a workbasket in the alcove and brought back a long pair of shears...

At that moment the portiere opposite the big canvas opened far enough to reveal the dark, handsome face of the black Vandyked Gilbert Rye.

"Ob!" The word was a shriek. Vivian Durban rushed down the length of the studio, towering with rage. "So that's it!" she cried. "That's why you brought this creature here!"

The basis of representation in said convention shall be one delegate for every 200 votes or major fraction thereof cast for the democratic candidate for president in 1912, which will entitle each of the various counties to representation in said judicial convention as follows:

Table with 2 columns: County Name and Vote Delegates. Includes Rock Island county (4,997), Henry county (2,219), Whiteside county (1,696), Mercer county (1,602).

CITY CHAT

(Advertisements.)

Buy a home of Reilly Bros. For express, call William Trefz. Tri-City Towel Supply company. Independent Express & Storage R. I. 931.

Wear a \$2 (union made) hat. Men's Fashion Shop, Harper house block.

Notice. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Rock Island Savings Bank for the election of nine (9) directors for one year will be held at the banking office of said Rock Island Savings Bank in the city of Rock Island, Ill., on Monday, April 12, 1915, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 12 m. A. J. LANDSTROM, Cashier.

ELECTION NOTICE.

(To be Continued Next Saturday.)

Township Election.

Notice is hereby given that on the 6th day of April, A. D. 1915, an election will be held in the township of Rock Island, for the election of the following township officers, to-wit: Five Assistant Supervisors, One Justice of the Peace (to fill vacancy).



Ned Warner Gritted His Teeth and Clenched His Fists.

Incandescent lamp drew attention. "You didn't see that?" she asked, and she turned to the man. "Did you see that?" she asked, and she turned to the man.

"The door had just been driven by a white mustached man in evening clothes." "You're the man who recruited my husband?" she asked.

"The Spirit of the Marshes," laughed Durban, and it was with a professional eye that he this time surveyed the beautiful girl. "It was an utterly impossible adventure, my dear."

"You may take them down, Oscar," said Mrs. Durban quietly, and both the artist and his wife were silent while the tapestries were removed.

CHAPTER II.

A FUGITIVE eyed butler with a young face on the withered and stooped body of an old man admitted the runaway bride and her escort into a magnificent studio hung with rare tapestries, embellished with exquisite paintings, fitted with quaint furniture and objects of art from all over the world.

"The Spirit of the Marshes," laughed Durban, and it was with a professional eye that he this time surveyed the beautiful girl. "It was an utterly impossible adventure, my dear."

"You may take them down, Oscar," said Mrs. Durban quietly, and both the artist and his wife were silent while the tapestries were removed.