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WETMORE'S FIND

By Rita Kelley

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"Oh, I won't like him. I hate recommended people."

"But, Jo"—Miss Pendleton put her head out of the car window and nodded at the handsome girl in the smart turnout—"a governor's son and red hair!" she coaxed.

"Not the Prince of Pilsen and Rudolph Rassendyl. I've heard nothing but Guy Wetmore for three weeks, and I'm sick of him—a pink of perfection, a prig who wears nose glasses. I'll put him through his paces." She gathered up the lines.

"Now, Jo, don't get into any of your western pranks. This isn't Wyoming, you know, and we really want you to like each other."

The suburban train shrieked and gave a jerk. "Come for me at 5," Miss Pendleton called, and Jo had only time to make a move as the train rolled by, and she turned the brown cob's head down the road. The steady grasp of the lines kept him inquiringly swift as

ers won't be ruined." She looked ruefully down at her soaking feet. She shook the ruffles of her diminutive skirt. "Wouldn't Aunt Pendleton have a fit? Gracious!"

She looked up just in time to catch the end of an amused glance from the blue eyes of a young fellow in gray golf shirt who was walking leisurely away with his head turned in the direction of the red tiles. He had wonderful red hair.

She turned and scrambled precipitately into the cart. Picking up the lines, she said in a subdued whisper:

"Dear me, Christopher, this isn't Wyoming, is it?"

The wagon turnout with its flushed occupant disappeared down the road toward the red roofs in a cloud of dust.

"But haven't you seen her anywhere?" Miss Pendleton's usually serene voice was agitated.

"Not anywhere," echoed the big voice of the athletic young fellow at her elbow. He passed his hand slowly across his mouth. "Some one thought they saw her about 11 driving into the stables. They weren't sure."

"She is such a foolish child, and yet I can't believe anything has happened to her. She is so used to taking care of herself. I do wish she were a little less self-sufficient." Miss Pendleton's voice was plaintive.

She and Mr. Guy Randolph Wetmore were part of a searching party instituted for the recovery of Miss Joanna Pendleton, lately disappeared from her aunt's estate. It was sundown, and they strolled along the river bank, peering, one anxiously, the other politely, into every clump of overhanging bushes.

"That she should have taken this day of all others to behave unseemly grieves me. I wanted her to make a good impression." Miss Pendleton patted the young man's arm. "The two families have been so closely connected in friendship, I hoped—"

"Take care, aunt. You're coming through."

"Oh!" Miss Pendleton started back, with a little scream. "Where?"

"Thin ice," commented the voice from below.

"But—but where have you been, Jo? Are you all right?" quavered Miss Pendleton, peering through the shrubbery at the girl, sleeves rolled above her elbows, sitting in the bow of a boat pulled up to shore.

"All here," came the answer.

"But I want you to come up, Jo, and meet Mr. Wetmore. We've been looking for you every place. You've given us such a scare."

"Can't. I'm too busy." She finished baiting her hook and cast out.

Miss Pendleton took the gray garbed, red-headed individual by the arm and walked him around the bushes before the girl. Her hat was lying in the bottom of the boat, and her brown hair, piled high, gleamed gold in the sun.

"Jo, this is Mr. Wetmore," she said severely.

The girl's eyes were fixed on the water at the point where the line dipped in.

"S-sh! Be still! I think I've got a bite!" she said. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Wetmore?" She flashed a smile at him. "Take this line, will you?"

He stepped down into the boat and reached toward her. Deftly she seized the oars and pushed off from shore.

There's a string of fish down here that I couldn't pull in by myself," she announced as he sat down hard. And the boat shot out into the stream, leaving Miss Pendleton amazed and horrified on the bank.

It was clear and cool and moonlight when the regular creak of an oarlock floated over the stillness. A big flat boat containing two people moved across the open and grated upon the apron at the boathouse. Lights streamed out the windows of the big house at the top of the sloping lawn. He sprang lightly out and helped her. It took longer than was absolutely necessary.

"I didn't think then that you would ever care to be Wetmore," he drawled.

"If you ever leak, Guy Wet— Well, me to Wyoming?" She looked up the graveled path. "We dropped the fish just as we pulled them out, and I'm 'Miss Pendleton' for ten days. Remember that."



"S-S! BE STILL! I THINK I'VE GOT A BITE!"

the conveyance with its sunburned, white shirt waisted occupant bowed along between the low stone walls.

"We're not going that way," she said, bringing the horse up short at a crossroad. "You're just like the rest of these poky people. Christopher, you move along in the same old rut. Just because you came down that road to the station doesn't argue that you are going back. I mean to go down this way and see what's doing." Where-with she turned the equipage, and down the road in the hot sun they went in the opposite direction.

Away they sped from the big country house, where a straggling house party was trying to keep itself amused till the lion of the hour should appear and proceed to fall in love with the hostess's niece, Jo Pendleton.

"Where's the bridge, Christopher? Why, haven't you got a bridge here? Don't you have bridges in the east?" the girl's cool voice inquired of the inert horse pulled up beside a shallow, sparkling stream. "There's the house over there," pointing the whip across to a distant pile of red roof and large chimneys.

"Well, you'll have to go across," calmly. "Mr. Guy Randolph Wetmore arrives on the 10:10 and inspects the rifle range till lunch, when Miss Joanna Pendleton, in best bib and tucker, performs, is presented for his royal approval. Didn't you ever see a stream before, Christopher? Go on!"

At the touch of the whip the horse plunged snorting into the swiftly flowing water, floundered on for a pace or two and stopped, his legs braced, ears down.

"Well, Christopher, if you aren't a fool!"

But the horse, snorting viciously, refused to budge. Forward, backward, sidewise, it was all the same.

"Well!" The whip went into its stock emphatically. "You needn't think I am going to sit out here in this creek all day. You will go across, Christopher. See if you don't."

Pins dropping on the leather cushions, a ripping open of books, a rustle of silk, and the natty brown golf skirt dropped about her feet. There was a flash of little patent leathers, a length of drop stitch stocking, a flirt of an abbreviated and billowy white petticoat, as she vaulted over the wheel and splashed down into the water.

"It is kind of cool, Christopher," she rattled on, "though you've been in long enough to get used to it. Come on!" Walking around to the head, holding the shaft, her skirt scarcely dipping in the water, she gave a tug to the hitching strap.

"Christopher, don't be silly!" she started on encouragingly.

Snorting, puffing, placing one foot carefully before the other, he followed. Across the little stream, up the bank and on to the sandy road again she held the strap taut.

"It's pretty wet, Christopher," as he gave a mighty shake and thrashed his tail about, "only your old patent leath-

ers won't be ruined." She looked ruefully down at her soaking feet. She shook the ruffles of her diminutive skirt. "Wouldn't Aunt Pendleton have a fit? Gracious!"

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Star News Week.

No theater ever established in Astoria has met with as gratifying success as the Star. No deception is used to deceive the public, but everything advertised is strictly according to the announcements made. Next week an unusually attractive bill will be presented. Manager Gervurtz has secured the New York comedy four, who will present the laughable sketch entitled "Froman's Troubles." Probably the greatest sensation, the worlds roller champions in their cycle racing tangle, in which they go at a speed of 60 miles an hour. This is the greatest feat

ever performed and was the drawing card at the Portland theater. Edith Talbot, singing and dancing soubrette, must be seen to be appreciated. Another feature of next week's program will be the Fletchers, comedy sketch artists, the most clever and versatile that has ever appeared in Astoria. In addition to this magnificent bill Bob Kenyon will sing "My Martha Jane," with illustrated pictures. Edison's projectoscope will present something new. Take it all in all, the amusement-loving people of Astoria are assured of a splendid and refined program next week.



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