SERIAL STORY

FRANTIC WEEKEND

BY EDMUND FANCOTT

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HAPPY LANDING

CHAPTER XXIII

...LDY stirred in his sleep, ...ushed the handkerchief from ... mouth, and sat up with all ... alacrity of an anemic hippo-...mus. The sun was warm, his ... had been pleasant, and he felt ...y prepared to cope with any ... all conspiracies against him.

...e Peggy, now—

... looked around for her. No ... No canoe. No one. A ...hing search revealed, on the ... The lake was annoyingly ... under a noon sun, with no ... of life on any of its shores, ...ne on the wharf.

...t pleasant to Baldy the crafty, ...e the shrewd, was the teasing ...that Peggy had double-...d him. All the while she ... been pretending to work with ... And all the while she had ... flirting with that bunch of ...heads. The little so-and-so! ...give her a chance, he thought ...ly. I'll give her a chance ...reak her nasty little neck, and ...y all.

...y . . . ah! he thought sorrow-... She'd never have done this ... No, it was the others. ... all he had done for Fay, ...d never have the nerve to do ... to him. But by the saints, ... get even with those others ...had to take that little so-and-... New York and break her ...

...e time wore on and he got ...er, his thoughts became ...ly slacker. Eventually ... reached the murderous stage ... paced hungrily around the ...ed island. He was hotter ... hotter as the afternoon grew ... with humidity and little ...es of perspiration glistened ...is bald head. He began to ...t his thoughts aloud. For-...ly, only the trees were with-...nge of his mutterings.

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...hat he saw a lone figure on ...e wharf and then a canoe ...ling dangerously as someone ...ed toward the island.

...ly stopped his muttering and ... It was the sister! He ...ed as he thought of Myra's ... with a canoe and shuddered ...e thought of the waterfall ... had nearly died on.

...e the canoe came nearer, Myra ...ed it with dangerous incom-...e toward the island.

...'ve brought you some sand-...es and a bottle of beer," she ... cheerfully, without any at-...t at explanation. Baldy for-...bout explanations. The sight ...d and drink was like a bea-... to a shipwrecked sailor. He ...ed the edge of the canoe and ...ed in.

"Hey!" yelled Myra. "Don't do that!"

She was too late. She was in the water, so was Baldy, so was the food and the beer, the beer at the bottom of the lake and the sandwiches distintegrating slowly. Baldy groaned and floundered ashore with Myra who dragged the canoe with her and emptied the water with difficulty.

Baldy sat down and held his head in his hands, his sports suit dripping around him shapelessly.

"Now," said Myra, "step in carefully this time."

"No," said Baldy. "Not if I have to live here the rest of my life! I ain't going to risk going over those falls again . . . or drowning in the middle of this lake. I can't swim."

"Too bad," said Myra. "What are you going to do?"

"You try and get back and send someone who can work one of those things."

"All right." Myra spoke quite cheerfully, but with a lurking smile in her eyes. "It might take some time."

An hour later the bedraggled Baldy climbed up the path to the house with Ferdy. They passed the rockery and Baldy's neck went red with a sudden desire to commit murder when he caught a view of Peggy suddenly releasing herself from the arms of Nigel.

She ran to meet him. "Oh, Baldy," she cried. "Did they only just get you? They said they'd go right after lunch."

Baldy eyed her with a glittering hatred. "You little . . ." Then he paused as he saw Nigel's fist close significantly.

Peggy's eyes warned him to keep quiet.

"I've fixed everything," she said. "Not a word."

She pushed Nigel back and walked with a suspicious Baldy.

"I've got a new idea. I've fixed everything," said Peggy confidently. "Maybe you weren't born in a large family like I was. If you were you'd know that when they get tough the only thing to do is to string along with them for awhile and then get your own way later. It is the easiest way in the end."

"So what?" grumbled Baldy rudely.

"You go and change and I'll be waiting for you with a Collins," she said.

"Make it three, and six sandwiches," he growled.

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A LITTLE later Baldy emerged in a suit and loose jacket in a pale rose shade, beautifully pressed, with a shirt of deeper hue, almost maroon, as a final improbable touch.

Baldy took a deep draught at one of the four glasses in front of him and bit deep into a sandwich. His eyes did not meet those of Peggy, who sat deep in a chair swinging one leg over the arm.

"It's this way," said Peggy. "You've got to handle families gently. So I thought if I became engaged to Nigel . . ."

"That mutt!" muttered Baldy, his mouth full. He felt he was beyond caring.

"He is not a mutt! He's terribly strong too," said Peggy. "But that isn't the point. If I became engaged to Nigel the family would think I was settled and then when he went overseas I could come down to New York . . ."

Baldy took a long drink and tackled another sandwich.

"Then I thought," continued Peggy, "that if Mike proposed to Fay and they were engaged she would be in the family and I could persuade her when he went overseas to come with me back to New York."

Baldy sneered at the thought of a topliner like Fay Ransom mixing it with a mere lieutenant.

"So I suggested to Mike that he should drive her into Montreal by himself and at least try . . ."

Baldy sat up as if shot.

"She's gone? Where's she gone?"

Peggy soothed him by pushing the third drink invitingly nearer. "They drove away about an hour ago, just the two of them . . ." She paused while a hint of apoplectic crimson darkened Baldy's neck and then spread over his domelike head. He gulped the third drink and grabbed the fourth.

"But I've got the best idea of the lot to bring it all in the family. Daddy couldn't very well object to me being managed by a son-in-law . . ." Baldy got up and looking at Peggy queerly, he backed away. Peggy rose from her chair and followed him.

"So I thought if you proposed to Myra . . ." She stopped suddenly. Baldy had turned and was disappearing rapidly. Myra came into the room.

"I've found a husband for you," said Peggy with an eager smile. "Isn't it wonderful, at last!"

Myra's lips tightened to an unamused line. She glared at her young sister, green eyes bright and cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Hear that car?" said Myra. "That's Baldy getting out as quick as he can. Get your things packed. We're going before you try to marry Ferdy off to his aunt!"

Peggy was unperturbed. "Isn't it wonderful?" she murmured. "We'll be driving back in Nigel's car."

THE END

FIFTH AVENUE ELEGANCE READY FOR AUCTION—Richly carved marble and ...ed glass can be seen in this corner of the Grand Hall in the 38-room Harry Payne ...ney mansion on Fifth avenue, New York City. Following the recent death of Mrs. ...ney, mistress of the house, everythin in the famed showplace was set for auctioning.

SIDE GLANCES

...m taking Muriel to the prom—she's kinda plump and ...ith a hot dancer, but you ought to see the midnight ...lunches that girl sets out!"

AT VENETA

VENETA, May 12.—(Special)—Mrs. George Garner entertained the Mothers' club last week at a social meeting. Mrs. Elmer Conley and Mrs. Harry Hampton were guests. Part of the refreshments were a birthday cake presented Mrs. Waldo Hunter, and prepared by a mystery sister. Next meeting will be with Mrs. Waldo Hunter, May 26. Officers will be nominated.

An average of 36,000 eggs is laid by the herring during a single spawning period.

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