

Local and Personal

The cherry show is on at Salem, this week.

Zook, the paper hanger will do your painting.

E. B. Reynolds, of Airlie, was in town Wednesday night.

Charles Doughty gave Portland a visit July 4th., returning home the next day.

W. J. Mulkey registered, from Reno, at the Hampton Hotel on the 4th. Bill must have been trying to get out of Mistah Johnsing's range.

We met P. E. Chase coming down town, Wednesday, with a basket of fine cherries of which he gave us a sample. Mr. Chase remarked that he had one tree which brought him big interest on a hundred dollars each year.

WHEN SUSIE POUTED.

An Adventure That Introduced Her to the "Poke."

By JOSEPHINE REARDON.

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It was Miss Susie Cline's pouting day. Firstly, she had received a letter from a girl cousin giving the news of a matrimonial engagement. It was written to make her feel bad.

Secondly, Miss Susie's Aunt Deborah, who was also her guardian, had charged her with carelessness in losing a piece of jewelry.

Thirdly, she had expected a girl friend to come and pass the summer with her and that girl was going off on a yachting party to Norway instead.

The list could be strung out to tentatively without exhausting it. When things began to go wrong with a good looking girl of eighteen with a \$20,000 estate coming to her at one and twenty, it's sure to be blue day. Miss Susie at first thought she would go to her room and have a good cry. Then she decided to sit on the veranda and let her eyes roam over with tears. The



"I AM A TRESPASSER, AND I HAVE BEEN SERVED RIGHT."

third decision was to go out into the orchard and climb a tree, but she had only started when she changed directions and wandered down the country highway without definite aim or object in view except to have her pout out. She had a stick in her hand as she walked, and the thistles and may-weeds lost their heads as she came within striking distance.

There are girls who look horrid when they pout and wish they had never been born, but Susie Cline was not one of them.

Half a mile down the road stood what was called the old bachelor's place. The five acres and cottage were the property of Mr. Wayne Ashley, twenty-five and unmarried. He lived in the city in the winter and in his country retreat in summer. He was called a recluse, and there was a story to the effect that he had loved and lost and was the enemy of all womankind. Had Mr. Ashley chosen to explain to the country folks he would have told them that certain flowers and vegetables were fads of his and he was out there to grow them and communicate results to certain horticultural and agricultural societies. In fact, he was the partner of a leading florist in the city, though his name and money were hidden under that of "Co." No woman had ever broken his heart or smashed his idols.

Miss Cline and Mr. Ashley had never met. If she referred to him it was as

a "poke." He didn't refer to her at all. As the girl reached his place on this day her chin was in the air. Had she belonged to the other sex it would have been said that she had a chip on her shoulder.

In the "poke's" front yard grew a blue hollyhock, the result of one of his experiments. Miss Susie opened the gate and walked in for a closer look. Seeing no one about, she walked to the rear of the house to look at the vegetable garden. A feeling of defiance was mingled with her pouting. Any other day she would not have dared to open the gate. On this day she was ready to defy the old bachelor.

"U-r-r-r! Bark, bark!"

Miss Susie looked to her left, to see a big watchdog coming for her through the sugar beets. Ten feet away was a small tool house, with the door swinging open. Scarcely conscious of what she did, the girl made two or three jumps, reached the shelter and pulled the door to. Five seconds later the dog was leaping against it and uttering growls to chill her blood. She had just begun to beg and plead with the dog to go away and let her get back to the highway when she heard a voice saying:

"Good dog, Dick! Hold him there! It's dollars to cents that you've got a tramp for a prisoner!"

Miss Susie wanted to cry out that she was no tramp, but only a girl who had come out to pout; but she could not get the words out. The chip fell from her shoulder and her teeth chattered.

"Come out of that, you tramp!" called the man's voice after hushing the dog.

"Oh, you won't, eh? Well, we'll see about that. Watch him, Dick!"

The place was provided with a windmill and water tank and garden hose. There was a small unglazed window six feet from the ground in the end of the tool house. The "poke" attached the hose, turned on the water and thrust the nozzle through the opening. Susie screamed wildly. If it was a tramp in there he had a fiaschetto voice. The hose was pulled away, the door opened, and there—

Susie had sunk down in a heap—a limp, wet heap.

"Great Scott! But what is it?" he exclaimed as he stood there holding open the door.

"It's—it's me!" came faintly after a moment regardless of grammar.

"Why, Miss—Miss—but I didn't know you were in here! I thought it was a tramp or a cat. I shall never forgive myself. Why didn't you call out? Allow me, please."

Perhaps a girl crouching down in a toolshed with her arms over her head is a more handsome object than a girl standing outside after having had a dozen barrels of water swished over her. The peach basket hat—the linen dress—the chin that had been in the air—where had all the jauntiness disappeared to? And in addition to all the other wetness, tears were rolling down the girl's cheeks over her humiliation.

"So sorry—so sorry," the man kept repeating. "You—you are Miss Cline. I think? I am Mr. Ashley. I wouldn't have had it happen for thousands of dollars!"

All of a sudden Miss Susie dashed the tears from her eyes and began to laugh. Her pout was over with, and her sunshiny nature had asserted itself. And Mr. Ashley laughed. She was laughing over the situation, and he was laughing because she laughed.

"I am a trespasser, and I have been served right," said the girl. "Yes, I am Miss Cline. I know you will offer to see me home, but I thank you. I shall tell auntie that I fell into the

creek. If you ever—

"I never shall. If it were known that I set my dog on a girl and then tried to drown her, what would people say?"

"And if I don't tell auntie that I fell into the creek what'll she say?"

A wan, wet, lone, limpsy Susie, trying her best to walk with dignity, went out of the gate and up the road to tell Aunt Deborah how she was stooping over to look at the fish and tumbled into the creek.

That evening Mr. Wayne Ashley paid a call on the aunt and niece and formally made himself known. The accident at the creek was touched upon, but not pursued with any fervor.

Having found his way over to his neighbors, Mr. Ashley contracted the habit of calling frequently, and one day, when fall had come and he was ready to return to the city, Miss Susie said to her relative:

"Mr. Ashley has asked the privilege of corresponding with me."

"Yes?"

"And he says he may run down and call."

"Yes?"

"And—and"—

"And he wants to guard you in future from falling into creeks? Well, Mr. Ashley can talk very interestingly on horticulture, and I shall be glad to listen to his remarks at any time," said Aunt Deborah.

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Aug. 31.

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