# SISTERS

CARLES . Married Control of the Cont

KATHLEEN **NORRIS** 

#### SOMETHING NEW.

Synopsis .- Doctor Strickland, retired, is living in Mill Valley, near San Francisco. His family consists his daughters, Alix, Cherry, 18, and Anne, his niece, 24. Their closest friend is Peter Joyce, a lovable sort of recluse. Martin Lloyd, a visiting mining engineer, wins Cherry, marries her and car-ries her off to El Nido, a mine town. Peter realizes that he loves Cherry comes home for Anne's wedding. Cherry realizes her marriage is a failure. Peter tella Cherry of his "grand passion," without naming the girl. Martin comes for Cherry. Martin and Cherry drift Dr. Strickland dies. Peter returns from a long absence. Peter and Alix marry. Cherry comes to

### CHAPTER XI-Continued. -10-

It was here that Peter found Cherry. She came up to him, and he took both her hands and, after a second of hesitation, kissed her. She freed one hand to put it on his shoulder and, standing so, she seriously returned his kiss. For a moment his arm encircled her waist; he had forgotten



"Cherry-This Is the Nicest Thing That Has Happened for a Long While!" He Said.

how blue her eyes were, with just a film of corn-colored hair loosened above them, and what husky, exquis-He, childish notes were in her voice.

"Cherry-this is the nicest thing rhat has happened for a long, long while!" he said.

"You and Allx are angels to let me come!" Cherry answered, as they turned, and with laughter and eager, interrupted talking went back to the

Cherry, Peter saw at once, was different in every way. Cherry was full of softness, of ready response to any appeal, of sympathy and comprehension. She had been misunderstood, unhappy, neglected; she had developed through suffering a certain timidity that was almost a shrinking, a certain shy clinging to what was kind and good.

Her happiness here was an hourly delight to both Alix and himself. She seemed to flower softly; every day of the simple forest life brought her new interest, new energy, new bloom. She and Alix washed their hair again, dammed the creek again, tramped and sang duets again. Sometimes they cooked, often they went into the old senseless spasms of laughter at nothing, or almost nothing.

One evening, when in the sitting room there was no other light than that of the fire that a damp July evening made pleasant, about a week after her arrival, Cherry spoke for the first time of Martin. She had had a long letter from him that day, ten pages written in a flowing hand on ten pages of the lined paper of a cheap hotel, with a little cut of the building standing boldly against a mackegel sky at the top of each page. He was well, he had some of his dinners at the hotel, but lived at home; he had been playing a little poker and was luckler than ever. He was looking into a proposition in Durango, Mexico, and would let her know how it panned out.

Peter had been playing the piano tazily when the letter was tossed to Cherry by Alix, who usually drove into the village every morning after breakfast for marketing and the mail. He had seen Cherry glance through It. seen the little distasteful movement of the muscles about her nose, and seen her put it carelessly under a candlestick on the mantel for later consideration. At luncheon she had referred to it, and now it evidently had caused her to be thoughtful and a little troubled.

"Mart may go to Mexico!" she said, presently, with a sigh.

"To stay?" Peter asked, quickly. Pherry shrugged.

she answered, drily. "H'm! Does that mean you?" Alix

asked. "I suppose that's the plan," Cherry

said, lifelessly. "He says he'll want me to join him about the middle of August." "Oh, help!" Alix said, disgustedly.

Cherry was silent a few minutes, and Peter smoked with his eyes on the

"If-"Cherry said presently, "If get my money I'll have enough to live on, won't I, Peter?"

"You'll have about forty thousand dollars-yes, at five per cent you could live on that. Especially if you lived here in the valley," Peter answered, after some thought. "Then I want you to know," Cherry

went on quietly, with sudden scarlet in her cheeks, "that I'm going to tell Martin I think we have tried it long enough!"

Peter tooked gravely at her, soberly nodded, and resumed his study of the fire. But Alix spoke in brisk pro-

"Tried it! You mean tried marriage! But one doesn't try marriage! It's a fact. It's like the color of your

"Alix," the little sister pleaded eagery, "you don't know what it is-you don't know what it is! Always meeting people I don't like; always living in places I hate; always feeling that my own self is being smothered and lost and shrunk; always listening to Mart complaining and criticizing people-

Peter interrupted seriously: "I'll go this far, Cherry. Lloyd married you too young."

"Oh, far too young!" she agreed quickly. "The thing I-I can't think of," she said, "is how young I wasonly a little girl. I knew nothing; wasn't ready to be anybody's wife !" Something in the polgnant sorrow of her tone went straight to their hearts, and for the first time Peter had an idea of the real suffering she had

"If I had a child, even, or if Martin needed me," Cherry said, "then it might, be different! But I'm only a ourden to him-"

"His letter doesn't sound as if he hought of you as a burden," Allx sugrested mildly.

"Ah, well, the minute I leave him e has a different tone," Cherry explained, and Peter said, with a glance almost of surprise at his wife:

"It's an awfully difficult position for woman of any pride, dear

Alix, kneeling to adjust the fire, as she was constantly tempted to do, met his look and laid a soot-streaked hand on his knee.

"Pete, dearest, of course it is! But-" and Alix looked doubtfully from one to the other- "but divorce is a hateful thing!" she added, shaking her head. "It-It never seems to me justifiable!"

"Divorce is an institution," Peter said. "You may not like it any more than you like prisons or madbouses: it has its uses."

"People get divorces every day!" Cherry added. "Isn't divorce better than living along in marriage-without

"Oh, love!" Alix said scornfully. "Love is just another name for passion and selfishness and laziness, half

the time!" "You can say that, because yours is one of the happy marriages," Cherry said. "It might be very differentif Peter weren't Peter!"

As she said his name she sent him her trusting smile; her blue eyes shone with affection, and the exquisite curve of her mouth deepened. Peter smiled back, and looked away in a little confusion.

"I can't imagine the circumstances under which I shouldn't love you and Peter!" Alix summarized it, triumphantly.

"And Martin?" Peter asked. "Ah, well; I didn't marry Martin!" his wife reminded him quickly. "I didn't promise to love and honor Martin in sickness and health; for richer, for poorer; for better, for worse-by George !" Alix interrupted herself, in her boyish way, "those are terrific words, you know. And a promise is

a promise!" "And even for infidelity you don't believe people ought to seperate?" Cherry asked.

"Nonsense!" Peter said. "But you said-that Martin never-

"No, I'm not speaking of Martin

"Well, wouldn't that come under worser'?" Allx asked.

"But, my child," Peter expostulated kindly. "My dear benighted wifethere is such a thing as a soul-a mind -a personality! To be tied to awell, to a coarsening influence day after day is living death! It is worse than any bodily discomfort-"

"I don't see it!" Alix persisted. "I think there's a lot of nonsense talked about the fammy oncompreezy-but it seems to me that if you have a home and meals and books and friends and the country to walk in, you-"

"Oh, heavens, Alix; you don't know what you're talking about!" Cherry interrupted her impatiently. "Some-

as queer as my own."

Nothing more was said for several days upon the subject of a possible divorce. One afternoon Peter crossed the porch, tired and hot, and found everything apparently deserted. He dropped into a chair, and was still breathless from the rapid climb uphill, when stray notes from the plano reached his ears; a chord, a carefully played bit of bass; then a chord again. Then slowly, but with dainty accuracy and even feeling. Cherry began to play a strange little study of Schumann. Peter knew It was Cherry, because Alix's touch was always firm and sure; more than that, he himself had played this same bit no longer ago than last night, and he remembered now that Cherry had asked him just what it

He experienced a sudden and pleasing emotion; he did not stop to analyze it. But he had been ruffled in spirit a moment before; Alix had known he was to come on this train and had not met him with the car; and while he really did not mind the walk up, he disliked the feeling that they had entirely forgotten him.

Presently there was slience; then Cherry tried another little study and finished it, and the hot summer stillness reigned again.

With a sense that he had been dozing, if only for a few minutes, Peter opened his eyes. Framed in the cabindoorway, poised like a butterfly against the dark background of the room, stood Cherry. He knew that she had been standing so for some time, for a full minute; perhaps more,

They looked at each other in a s lence that grew more and more awkward by great plunges. Peter had time to wish that he had kept his eyes shut; to wish that he had smiled when he first saw her-he could not have forced himself to smile now-to wonder how they were ever to speakwhere they were rushing-rushingrushing-before she turned noiselessly and vanished into the dim room.

Peter lay there, and his heart pounded. A moment ago he had been a tired man, fretted because his wife forgot to meet him; now there was something new in the world. And rapidly all the world became only a background, only a setting, for this extraordinary sensation. The hills beyond still swam in the hot sunlight, the mountain rose into the blue, but the light that changes all life lay over them for Peter.

He said to himself that it was awk ward-he did not know how he could enter that door and talk to Cherry. And yet he knew that that meeting of Cherry, that the common exchange of words and glances, that the daily triffing encounters with Cherry were all poignantly significant now.

He felt no impulse toward hurry. He might sit on his porch another hour, might saunter off toward the creek. It mattered nothing; the hour was steadily approaching when she must reappear.

Alix drove in, full of animated apologies. She managed the car far better than he, and no thought of an accident had troubled him.

The evening was warm, one of the two or three warm evenings that marked the height of summer even in the high valley. There was not a breath of air in the garden; roses



at Each Other in Silence.

and wallflowers stood erect in a sort of luminous enchantment. Moonlight sank through the low twisted branches of the near-by oaks and fell tangled with black and lacy shade through the porch rose vine.

Allx sat on the porch rail, every line of crisp skirt and braided head revealed as if by daylight, but Cherry's pale striped gown was only a glimmer in the deepest shade of the vine. Peter, smoking, sat where he could not but see her; they had hardly looked at each other directly since given to evil designs.-Cato.

"As much as he stays anywhere!" | times I thing your marriage is as- | the long, strange look of this afternoon; they had exchanged hardly a word.

"Town tomorrow, Pete?" Alix said, after a silence during which she had locked her arms behind her head, stared straight above her at the path the moon was making through faint stars, and yawned. "I've got to go in to a meeting of the hospital board. Good night, beloveds. I'm dead, Don't sit out here mooning with Pete all

night, Cerise!" Peter said to himself that now Cherry would go, too, but as the screen door banged lightly after Alix, and the dull glimmer of Cherry's striped gown dld not move in the soft shadow, a sudden reluctance and distaste seized him. He had been subconsciously aware of her all afternoon; he had known a delicious warmth and stir at his heart that he had not analyzed, if indeed it could be analyzed. Now suddenly he did not want the beauty and gloom and charm of that feeling touched. His heart began to beat heavily again, and he knew that he must stop the unavailing game now.

But he had not reckoned on Cherry She twisted in her chair, and he heard a child's long, happy sigh.

"Oh, so am I tired, too!" she breathed, reluctantly. "I hate to leave it-but I've been almost asleep for half an hour! You can have all the moonlight there is, Peter." Her white figure fluttered toward the door. "Good night!" she said, drooping her little head to choke a yawn. A moment later he heard her laughing with

'You fool-you fool-you fool!" Peter said to himself, and he felt an emotion like shame, a little real compunction that he could so utterly misread her innocence. He felt it not only wrong in him, but somehow staining and hurtful to her.

## CHAPTER XII.

Again Peter reckoned without Cherry. It was only the next day, when he was entering the Palace court for his lunch, that he experienced a sudden and violent emotion. His thoughts were, at the moment, far from Cherry, and he fancied himself in a hurry, But every other feeling but excitement was obliterated at the sight of a slender, girlishly made woman, in a pongee gown, and a limp brown hat covered with popples, waiting in the

Peter went toward her, and the color rushed into Cherry's face. It was the first time they had accidentally around the dock for a few moments. encountered each other, and it had a special place of its own in the history of their lives.

The surprise of it kept them laughing, hands clasped, for a minute; then Cherry said:

"I was to lunch here with Mary Cameron. But she's full twenty minutes late! You hate her, don't you?" she added, looking up from under the popples at Peter.

"I don't like her," he admitted, with a boy's grimace.

"Then suppose we don't lunch here?" Cherry suggested, innocently. Peter laughed Joyously, and tucking her little gloved hand under his arm, led her away. They went to Solari's, and had a window table, and nodded, as they discussed their lunch, at haif a dozen friends who chanced to be lunching there, too.

She had said that she wanted to tell him "all about it," and Peter, with quick knowledge that she meant the unhappiness of her marriage, nodded a grave permission.

"I've made a failure of it!" Cherry said, sadly. "I know I ought to struggle on, but I can't. I have no individuality, Peter, I have no personality! As for my dignity-my priv-

Her face was scarlet, and for a mo-

ment she stopped speaking. "Just tell me an alternative!" she said, after a while. "It can't be that there is no other life for me than going back. Peter, I'm only twenty-

four!" "I know you are," he said, with a

brief nod. "Why, every one has some alternative," Cherry pleaded. "It can't be that marriage is the only-the only irrevocable thing! If you had a partner that you couldn't go on with, you could come to some agreement!"

"You don't love him!" Peter said,

"I must go home-I must go back to Mart tomorrow!"

> (TO BE CONTINUED) That Word "Strike."

The first use of the word "strike," as applied to labor troubles, occurred in a London newspaper in 1765. In September of that year were numerous references to a great stoppage of labor in the coal fields, and the workers are said to have "struck out" for higher

Tribute to Agriculturist. The agricultural population duces the bruvest men, valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least

wages. - Indianapolis News,

# DRY SNAKE GETS JAG ON HOOTCH

Follows Trickle Into Bottle, Crawls Out and Dies, Pointing Temperance Moral

Green Lake, N. Y .- Donald Dwiggins, the six-year-old son of Claire V. Dwiggins, the artist, who draws the "Schooldays" and "Ophelia" cartoons, has a thriving grocery store at his father's summer camp across Canada Lake from here, from which he industriously peddles to imaginary customers such groceries as from time to time he can wheedle from the Dwigglas cook.

Two or three days ago Donald acquired a half bottle of potent but discarded home brew and he put it on sale at once, his young soul untroubled with the prospect of being a juvenile bootlegger. But he put it in the sun, and the sun was hot. Soon the cork popped out, the home brew "hootch" fizzled up over the bottle and



Crawled Out Again.

a thin stream of it ran down the plank which is the counter of the grocery

A little while after the popping of the cork and the fizzing of the brew a foot and a half garter snake came along, having come down from the mountain to see what he could see. He sniffed the home brew, he gulped a bit of it, and he quickly drank his way along the thin stream until he reached the bottle. Then he crawled up and into the bottle, and drank his way to the bottom. After that he crawled out again, fell off the plank when he tried to retrace his steps (or wiggles) and finally he made a very zigzag course to

It was perfectly obvious that the snake was frazzled, as the saying is, to the eyeballs. He crawled foolishly apparently with a very discouraged outlook upon life. Finally he tried ~ crawl along the edge of the dock, but wabbled so that he slipped and fell into the lake. He was seen no more.

## ROUTS COW: SAVES FRIEND

Girl Fights Infurlated Animal With Pitchfork When It Would

Gore Chum.

Cearfoss, Md .- Miss Cora Harbaugh, with a pitchfork, saved the life of Miss Kate Spickler, a friend, when the latter was attacked by an infuriated cow near this place, Miss Spickler and Miss Lulu Kendle had gone into a field to drive the cow and her calf into the barn, when the animal turned and attacked Miss Spickler, knocking her down.

Miss Harbaugh, seeing the peril of her friend, seized a pitchfork and ran to her rescue just as the cow was ready to gore its helpless and unconscious victim.

Miss Harbaugh sunk the prongs of the pitchfork into the cow's side several times and beat the animal over the head and body with her weapon until the cow turned and fled.

## Picked Up His Foot After It Was Cut Off

When the mowing machine which he was driving cut off his left feet, James Sharpe, fifteen years old, of Deflance, O., picked it up and drove his horses to the house before he fainted from loss of blood. The boy said he stepped out on the tongue of the machine to whip the horses with the reins when he fell.

"Lost" Baby Found Behind Bed. Miami, Okla,-Exhausted and hysterical after a fruitless search for her missing daughter, thought to have been taken by a band of gypsies. Mrs. Cam Lankard of Miami threw herself weeping across her bed, and thereby discovered the infant asleep on the floor behind the bed.

Revenue Officers Shot In Ambush. Lexington, Ky.-Two men were killed and one seriously wounded, near here, when assassins lured a posse of revenue men into an ambush and poured a rain of buflets upon them. Friends of the dead and wounded declare that the ambush was prepared by political enemies of the men.



FIRST AID TO JOURNALS.

"That's a rather heavy paperweight you have on your desk," remarked

"So it is," said the editor of the Toadvine Ciarion. "That's what I call my 'mollifier.' "

the visitor.

"Yes?" "Sometimes an infuriated citizen comes into my sanctum seeing red and vowing to skin me alive. I toy with this paperweight a little and it isn't forty seconds before his temperature is normal again."

Quite Evident.

"Do animals go to heaven when they die?" a small boy asked his mother.

"Why, no, dear." "Well, where do elefants, hippopotosses, snakes and lions go when they die?"

"They go to the museums, of course," piped his fittle brother, who had been listening to the conversa-

Valuable By-Product.

Editor-Have you cut out a lot of the phrases as I suggested? Author-Yes, and found a good market for them.

Editor-What do you mean? Author-I tied the discarded phrases up into dozen lots and sold them as



He: I hope to make you a good She: More likely I'll have to make you a good one.

> The Important Item. He wanted to win, But he wanted to shirk, And he couldn't break in Till he wanted to work.

Lobbying. "What does that lobbyist want to

see you about?" "I fancy," replied Senator Sorghum, "that he wants to find out which way, I intend to vote. Then if my intentfons are favorable to his interests he will represent to his employers that he has exercised the greatest influ-

A Short Trip to the Beyond. "The medium is about to go into a rance."

"But she's a practical person."

"How so?" "I overheard her whisper to her assistant that ten minutes in Spookland would be long enough, as there is a crowd of pikers present."

The Society Whiri. Mrs. Casey (at Revere Beach)-Well, will yez look at Mrs. De Sthyle and her darter gettin' on the merry-go-

Mrs. Rafferty-Shure; let us get on, too, and thin we'll be able to say that we wance moved in the same circle



A LITERARY MAN.

"Didn't Peggy marry a literary "Dear me, no; he's a magazine

Queer

writer,'

final."

Her name was Short, his name was Long. They married, now you see She's always Long, and he's always How can such queer things be?

More to Come. Mother-James! Do you see that child pounding on the baseboard? And

he has the hatchet! Harnssed Father-Yes, better take it from him. He'll need it after awhile for the plano legs,

The Last Straw. It was a cruel shaft that a Philadelphia girl shot at a persistent suitor of hers. "They say," he observed, "that people who live together get to look

"Then," said the girl firmly, "you must consider my refusal as absolutely

Strong Cards.

Alice-Which of his letters did you save for your breach-of-promise suit. Kate-The ones he told me to burn. -Boston Transcript.