

# SISTERS

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By  
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## CHAPTER XV. —13—

Swept along by a passionate excitement that seemed actually to consume her, Cherry lived through the next three days. Allx noticed her mood, and asked her more than once what caused it. Cherry would press a hot cheek to hers, smile with eyes full of pain, and flutter away. She was well, she was quite all right, only she—she was afraid Martin would summon her soon—and she didn't want to go to him—!

Suspecting something gravely amiss, Allx tried to win her confidence regarding Martin. But briefly, quickly, and with a sort of affectionate and apologetic impatience, Cherry refused to discuss him.

"I shall not go back to him!" she said, breathing hard, and with the air of being more absorbed in what she was doing than what she was saying.

"But do you mean that you are really going to leave him?" the older sister questioned.

"I don't know what I'm going to do!" Cherry half sobbed.

"But, dearest—dearest, you're only twenty-four; don't you think you might feel better about it as time goes on?" Allx urged. "Now that the money is all yours, Cherry, and you can have this nice home to come to now and then, isn't it different?"

Cherry was looking at her steadily. "You don't understand, Sis!" she said.

"I understand that you don't love Martin," Allx said, perplexed. "But can't people who don't love each other live together in peace?" she added, with a half smile.

"N-o-t as man and wife!" Cherry stammered.

Allx sat back on her heels, in the ungraceful fashion of her girlhood, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Think of the people who are worrying themselves sick over bills, or sick wives, or children to bring up!" she suggested hopefully. "My Lord, if you have enough money, and food, and are young, and well—!"

"Yes, but, Allx," Cherry argued eagerly, "I'm not well when I'm unhappy. My heart is like lead all the time; I can't seem to breathe! People—aren't it possible that people are different about that?" she asked timidly.

"I suppose they are!" Allx conceded thoughtfully. "Anyway, look at all the fusses in history," she added carelessly, "of grand passions, and murders, and elopements, and the fate of nations—resting on just the fact that a man and woman hated each other too much, or loved each other too much! There must be something in it all that I don't understand. But what I do understand," she added, after a moment, when Cherry, choked with emotion, was silent, "is that Dad would die of grief if he knew you were unhappy, that your life was all broken up in disappointment and bitterness!"

"But is that my fault?" Cherry exclaimed, with sudden tears.

Allx, after watching her for a troubled minute, went to her and put her arm about her. "Don't cry, Cherry!" she pleaded sorrowfully.

Cherry, regaining self-control, resumed her work silently, with an occasional, sudden sigh. She had opened the subject with reluctance; now she realized that they had again reached a blank wall.

Three days after their talk in the moonlit garden Peter found chance to speak alone to Cherry.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Quite!" she said, raising blue eyes to his.

"It's tomorrow, then, Cherry!" he said.

"Tomorrow!" He saw the color ebb from her face as she echoed him. This was already late afternoon; perhaps her thoughts raced ahead to tomorrow afternoon at this time when they two would be leaning on the rail of the little steamer, gazing out over the smooth, boundless blue of the Pacific, and alone in the world.

"Tomorrow you will be mine!" he said.

"That's all I think of," she answered. And now the color came up in a splendid wave of flame, and the face that she turned toward his was radiant with proud surrender.

He told her the number of the dock; they discussed trains.

"We sail at eleven," said Peter, "but I shall be there shortly after ten. I'll have the baggage on board, everything ready; you only have to cross the gangplank. You have your baggage check; give it to me."

They were waiting in the car while Allx marketed. Cherry opened her purse and gave him the punched card-board.

"I'll tell Allx that I have a last dentist appointment at half-past ten," she said. "If she goes in with me, we'll go to the very door. But she says she can't come in tomorrow, anyway. I'll write her tonight, and drop the letter on the way to the boat. Tomorrow, then!" was Cherry's only answer. "I'm glad it's so soon."

"Good-by!" said Cherry, leaning over the side of the car to kiss her

sister. Allx received the kiss, smiled, and stretched in the sun.

"Heavenly day to waste in the city!" said Allx.

"I know!" Cherry said nervously. She had been so strangely nervous and distracted in manner all morning that Allx had more than once asked her if there was anything wrong. Now she questioned her again.

"You mustn't mind me!" Cherry said with a laugh. "I'm desperately unhappy," she said, her eyes watering.

"I'd do anything in the world to help you, Corise!" Allx said sympathetically.

"I know you would, Sis! I believe," Cherry said, trembling, "that there's nothing you wouldn't give me!"

"That's easily said," Allx answered carelessly, "for I don't get fond of things, as you do! My dear, I'd go off with Martin to Mexico in a minute. I mean it! I don't care a whoop where I live, if only people are happy."

"How about Buck?" Cherry said, as the dog leaped to his place on the front seat and licked his mistress's ear.

Allx embraced him lovingly.

"Well—if he wanted to go with you!" she conceded unwillingly. "But he wouldn't!" she added quickly.

Cherry, going to the train, gave her an April smile, and as she took her seat and the train drew on its way, it seemed to her suddenly that she might indeed meet Peter, but it would only be to tell him that what they had planned was impossible.

But on the deck of the Sausalito steamer, dreaming in the sunshine of the soft, lazy autumn day, her heart turned sick with longing once more. Allx was forgotten, everything was forgotten except Peter. His voice, his tall figure, erect, yet moving with the little limp she knew so well, came to her thoughts. She thought of herself on the other steamer, only an hour from now, safe in his care, Martin for-



In Utter Confusion She Looked Up. It Was Martin!

gotten, and all the perplexities and disappointments of the old life forgotten, in the flood of new security and joy. Los Angeles—New Orleans—France—it mattered not where they wandered; they might well lose the world, and the world them, from today on.

"So that is to be my life—one of the blamed and ignored women?" Cherry mused, leaning on the rail and watching the plunge of the receding water. "Like the heroines of half the books—only it always seemed so bold and so frightful in books! But to me it just seems the most natural thing in all the world. I love Peter, and he loves me, and the earth is big enough to hide us, and that's all there is to it. Anyway, right or wrong, I can't help it," she finished, rejoicing to find herself suddenly serene and confident.

It was twenty minutes past ten, a warm, sweet morning, with great hurrying back and forth at the ferry, women climbing to the open seats of the cable cars, plaining on their violets or roses as they climbed. Cherry sped through it all, beside herself now with excitement and strain, only anxious to have the great hands of the clock drop more speedily from minute to minute, and so round out the terrible hour that joined the old life to the new. She was hurrying blindly toward the dock of the Los Angeles line, absorbed in her one whirling thought, when somebody touched her arm, and a voice, terrifyingly unexpected and yet familiar, addressed her, and a hand was laid on her arm.

In utter confusion she looked up. It was Martin who stopped her.

For a few dreadful seconds a sort of vertigo seized Cherry and she was unable to collect her thoughts or to speak even the most casual words of greeting. She had been so full of her extraordinary errand that she was bewildered and sick at its interruption; her heart thundered, her throat was choked, and her knees shook beneath her. Where was she—what was

known—how much had she betrayed—

Gasping, trying to smile, she looked up at him, while the ferry place whirled about her and pulses drummed in her ears. She had automatically given him her hand; now he kissed her.

"Hello, Cherry; where you going?" for the third time.

"I came into town to shop," she faltered.

"You what?" She had not really been intelligible, and she felt it, with a pang of fright. He must not suspect—the steamer was there, only a short block away; Peter might pass them; a chance word might be fatal—he must not suspect—

"I'm shopping!" she said distinctly, with dry lips. And she managed to smile.

"Well," Martin said, "surprised to see me?"

"Oh, Martin—" said her fluttered voice. Even in the utter panic of heart and soul she knew that for safety's sake she must find his vanity.

"I'm going to tell you something that will surprise you," he said. "I'm through with the Red Creek people!"

"Martin!" Cherry enunciated almost voicelessly. She looked from a flower vendor to a newsboy, looked at the cars, the people—she must not faint. She must not faint.

"Well—but where are you going? Home?"

"I was going to the dentist a minute, but it's not important." They had turned and were walking across to the ferry. She knew that there was no way in which she might escape him. "What did you say?" she said.

"I asked you when the next boat left for Mill Valley?"

"We can—go—find out." Cherry's thoughts were spinning. She must warn Peter somehow. It was twenty minutes of eleven by the ferry clock. Twenty minutes of eleven. In twenty minutes the boat would sail. She thought desperately of the women's waiting room upstairs; she might plead the necessity of telephoning from it. But it had but one door, and Martin would wait at that door.

Suddenly she realized that her only hope of warning Peter was to send a messenger. But if Martin should chance to connect her neighborhood with the boat, when he met her, and her sending of a message to Peter here—

"I think there's a boat at eleven something," she said, collectively. "Suppose you go and find out?"

She glanced toward the entrance of the Sausalito waiting-room, a hundred yards away, and a mad hope leaped in her heart. If he turned his back on her—

"What are you going to do?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

"I ought to telephone Allx!" Her despair lent her wit. If he went to the ticket office, and she into a telephone booth, she might escape him yet! While he dawdled here, minutes were flying, and Peter was watching every car and every passer-by, torn with the same agony that was tearing her. "If you'll go find out the exact time and get tickets," she said, "I'll telephone Allx."

"Tickets?" he echoed, with all Martin's old, maddening slowness. "Haven't you got a return ticket?"

"I have mileage!" she blundered.

"Oh, then I'll use your mileage!" Martin said. "Telephone," he added, nodding toward a row of booths, "no hurry; we've got piles of time!"

She remembered that he liked a masculine assumption of easiness where all trains, tickets, railroad connections, and transit business of any sort were concerned. He liked to loiter elaborately while other people were running, liked to pull out his big watch and assure her that they had all the time in the world. She tried to call a number, left the booth, paid a staring girl, and rejoined him.

"Busy!" she reported.

"I was just thinking," Martin said, "that we might stay in town and go to the Orpheum; how about it? Do we have to have Peter and Allx?"

Cherry flushed, angered again, in the well-remembered way, under all her fright and stir. Her voice had its old bored note.

"Well, Martin, I've been their guest for two months!"

"I'd just as soon have them!" Martin conceded, indifferently.

But the diverted thought had helped Cherry, irritation had nerve her, and the reminder of Martin's old, trying stupidities had lessened her fear of him.

"I've got to send a telegram—for Allx," she said.

"What about?" he asked, less curious than ill-bred.

"Goodby to some people who are sailing!" Cherry answered, calmly. "Only don't mention it to Allx, because I promised it would go earlier!" she added.

"I saw the office back here," he told her. They went to it together, and he was within five feet of her while she scribbled her note.

"Martin met me. Nothing wrong. We are returning to Mill Valley, C. L." She glanced at her husband; he was standing in the doorway of the little office, smoking. Quickly she ad-

ressed the envelope. "Don't read that name out loud," she said, softly but very slowly and distinctly, to the girl at the desk. She put a gold piece down on the note. "Keep the change, and for God's sake get that to the Harvard, sailing from Dock 67, before eleven!" she said.

The girl looked up in surprise; but rose immediately to the occasion. Cherry's beauty, her agonized eyes and voice, were enough to awaken her sense of the dramatic. A sharp rap of the clerk's pencil summoned a boy.

"George, there's a dollar in that for you if you deliver it before eleven to the Harvard!" said she. The boy seized it, stuck it in his hat, and fled.

"And now for the boat!" Cherry said, rejoicing Martin, and speaking in almost her natural voice. They went back to the Sausalito ferry entrance again, and this time telephoned Allx in real earnest, and presently found themselves on the upper deck of the boat, bound for the valley.

Until now, and in occasional rushes of terror still, she had been absorbed in the hideous necessity of deceiving, of covering her own traces, of anticipating and closing possible avenues of betrayal. But now Cherry began to breathe more easily, and to feel rising about her, like a tide, the half-forgotten consciousness of her relationship with this man in the boldly-checked suit who was sitting beside her. She had thought to escape the necessity of telling him that she was not willing to return to him; she had been wrapped in dreams so great and so wonderful that the thought of his anger and resentment had been as nothing to her. But she had that to face now.

She had it to face immediately, too. She knew that every hour of postponement would cost her fresh humiliations and difficulties, and as the boat slipped smoothly past the island that roughly marked the halfway point, she gathered all her forces for the trial. The one distinct impression she had from Martin was the appalling one that he did not dream that she had decided to sever their union completely and finally.

"Well, how's the valley? Bore you to death?" he interrupted the flow of his own topic to ask carelessly.

"Oh, no, Martin!" she quivered. "I love it there! I always loved it!"

"Allx is a fine girl—she's a nice girl," Martin conceded. "But I can't go Peter! He may be all right, all that lah-di-dab and Omar Khayyam and Browning stuff may be all right, but I don't get it." And he yawned contentedly in the sunshine.

After a few seconds he gave Cherry an oblique glance, expecting her resentment. But she was thinking too deeply even to have heard him. Her mind was working as desperately as a caged animal, her thoughts circling frantically, trying windows, walls, and doors in the prison in which she found herself, mad for escape.

She blamed herself bitterly now for allowing him, in the surprise and fear she felt, in the shock of their unexpected meeting, to arrange this domestic and apparently reconciled return to the valley house. But it was too late now! Too late for anything but a bald and brave and cruel half-hour that should, at any cost, under them.

Quick upon the thought came another: what should she and Peter plan now? For to suppose that their lives were to be guided back into the old hateful channel by this mere mischance was preposterous. Within a few days their interrupted trip must be resumed, perhaps tomorrow—perhaps this very night they would manage it successfully. Meanwhile, until she could see Peter alone, there was Martin to deal with, Martin who was leaning forward, vaingloriously reciting to her long speeches he had made to this superior or that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Temperature of Ocean Water.**

The surface water of the ocean varies in temperature with the latitude. The hottest water—about 80 degrees—is at the equator, and the coldest at the poles. At a depth of several hundred feet, however, the ocean, even in the tropics, becomes extremely cold. This icy water has drifted down from the poles, spreading its chilling effect over the entire sea. In the lowest depths the temperature is very close to the freezing point. But there is no danger that the ocean will ever freeze, because the water is in perpetual motion through waves, tides and also because the warm water at the equator, constantly rising to the top, keeps the general temperature from dropping too low.

**Refinishing Nickel Plating.**

A new nickel-plating solution said to yield beautiful results is prepared by mixing the liquid obtained by evaporating a solution of one-half ounce nickel in aqua regia to a pasty mass and dissolving it in one pound of aqua ammonia, with that obtained by treating the same quantity of nickel with a solution of two ounces cyanide of potassium in one pound of water. More cyanide renders the deposit whiter and more ammonia renders it gray.

## NATION TO PAUSE TO HONOR DEAD

Harding Asks for Two Minutes  
of Prayer at Noon on  
Armistice Day.

### LIVING HEROES ARE CALLED

Minute Guns of Mourning Will Sound  
From Sunrise Until After the  
Burial Ceremonies in  
Washington.

Washington, D. C.—The nation will pause for two minutes on Armistice day to honor the unknown dead of the great war.

Detailed plans for the ceremony at Arlington National cemetery on that day, when the body brought back from France is to be buried, has been made public by the war department and include a proclamation by President Harding calling for the two minute halt at noon throughout the nation to be devoted to prayer and reverent memories for the dead.

The body returned from France on the cruiser Olympia will reach Washington after midnight November 9, and will lie in state in the capitol building until 9 o'clock Armistice morning, November 11. It will then be escorted by a great official mourning party to Arlington cemetery, the line of march being guarded throughout its length by troops. The mourning party will include all living holders of the congressional medal of honor who may desire to come, one war veteran out of every 10,000 who served from each state in the great war; an officer and an enlisted man from each unit of the army and navy, and representatives of the American Legion and other veterans' organizations, and of the various patriotic societies.

From American military posts everywhere in the world minute guns of mourning will sound from sunrise until after the burial ceremonies in Washington.

### Cost of Troops on Rhine.

Paris—The cost of maintenance of the American army of occupation on the Rhine and the question of payment for its upkeep is to be one of the chief subjects for discussion at the allied financial conference to be held in Brussels next month.

The United States will take an active part in the discussion, the Washington government having designated Roland W. Boyden and Brigadier General H. T. Allen, commander of the American army of occupation and several assistants to attend. The American delegates have been instructed it is said, strongly to maintain that the United States, through its separate treaty with Germany has given up no right provided for under the treaty of Versailles.

### Nominated as Philippine Governor.

Washington, D. C.—Major General Leonard Wood was formally nominated by President Harding to be governor general of the Philippine Islands.

General Wood, whose selection for the post was announced several weeks ago, has spent the past several months in the Philippines investigating conditions for President Harding, and is expected to assume the governorship for a period of one year as soon as his nomination is confirmed.

General Wood will be placed on the retired list October 5, at his own request, having served more than the necessary thirty years. He will take the oath of office as governor general in Manila about that date and begin his duties at once.

### Preparing for Idleness.

New York.—New York expects 500,000 idle men this winter, and machinery is being set in motion to meet the problem. Fifty-three charity organizations have decided to pool their resources in a general clearing house. The Merchants' association, Brooklyn chamber of commerce, Central Trades and Labor council and the Building Trades and Labor council have joined hands to push building projects.

### Must Withdraw Troops.

Paris.—Hungary must in the near future completely withdraw from Burgenland, or West Hungary, awarded to Austria by the treaty of Trianon, or be forcefully expelled by the allies, she was notified by the council of ambassadors.

### World's Series Start October 5.

Chicago, Ill.—The World's series will start on October 5, it was announced here, the first game to be played on the home grounds of the National league pennant winner.

### Pershing May Wed.

New York City, N. Y.—The widow of George W. Vanderbilt may become the bride of Gen. John J. Pershing if the horoscope of the experts in Washington and New York society is correct.

### Married to Seventh Sister.

Atlantic, Ia.—Fred Harris, 90, has just married his seventh wife. All his wives were daughters of Peter Yost, who lives in Milwaukee, Wis. Harris began by marrying the oldest daughter of Yost, and has gone the line. The last five were widows.

## DYED HER DRAPERIES, SKIRT AND A SWEATER

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run. So easy to use.—advertisement.

Chinamen invented everything before the Caucasians did, including backscratches.

### Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those who are in a "run down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the body, thus reducing the inflammation and assisting Nature in restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Some chas think—what's a mouse trap for if it isn't to catch all the mice?

Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used. 6c.—Advertisement.

Some deadbeats won't even pay attention.

## WIFE TAKES HUSBANDS ADVICE

And Is Made Well Again  
by Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound

Springfield, Mass.—"The doctor told my husband that I had to have an operation, otherwise I would be a sickly woman and could not have any more children on account of my weakened condition. I refused to have the operation. My husband asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see if it would help me. For the first

four months I could do but little work, had to lie down most of the time, was nervous and could eat hardly anything, but my husband was always reminding me to take the Vegetable Compound, which I did. Of my eight children this last one was the easiest birth of all and I am thankful for your Vegetable Compound. I recommend it to my friends when I hear them complaining about their ill-health. Mrs. M. NATALE, 72 Fremont St., Springfield, Mass.

Sickly, ailing women make unhappy homes, and after reading Mrs. Natale's letter one can imagine how this home was transformed by her restoration to health. Every woman who suffers from such ailments should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. It is surely worth while.

## SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

**GOLD MEDAL  
HARLEM OIL  
CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1895. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the same Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

### UP-TO-DATE

Mrs. Manchasser: You ought to make up your face a little, dearie, before you go out where all those young men can see you. Dearie: I won't need to, mother. With this new short skirt on no one will notice my face.

### Luck.

He went to see the dentist—The picture of despair. But came back smiling broadly—The dentist wasn't there.

### The Prettiest Hat.

"Which is your wife's prettiest hat?" "Hasn't it yet. Her prettiest hat is never one she has, but always the one she is going to get next time."

### The Hunger for Comedy.

"Why don't you put a little humor into your remarks?" "I tried it once," replied Senator Sorghum. "It almost ruined me. The folks out home began to write indignant letters because my subsequent speeches failed to make 'em laugh."

### Comparisons in Mentality.

"Do you think Hamlet was insane?" "Well," replied Cactus Joe, "I'm no alienist. But I will say he was smarter in some respects than us fellows that paid real money to get into the show."

### The Practical Viewpoint.

"The motion pictures should be censored." "Of course," replied Mr. Storming-ton Barnes. "Nothing boasts any kind of a show like an argument about its morals."