SISTERS

 $\mathcal{B}_{\mathcal{Y}}$ KATHLEEN NORRIS

CHAPTER XIX-Continued.

-19-He got back into the motor car; the man who drove them quickly toward the valley talked easily and steadily to Peter, attempting to interest him in the affairs of some water company in San Francisco. When they got to the valley a city train was arciving, and Peter saw people looking at him furtively and sorrowfully. He remembered the many, many times Alix had waited for him at the trains; he glanced toward the big madrone under which she always parked her car. She was usually deep in a book as he crossed from the train, but she would fling it into the back seat and make room for him beside her. The dog_would bound into the tonneau. Allx would hand her husband his mall, the car would start with a great plunge toward the mountain-toward the cool garden high up on the ridge-

Cherry looked small and pathetic in her fresh black, and her face was marked by secret incessant weeping. But the nurses and doctors could not say enough for her self-control; she was always composed, always quietly helpful and calm when they saw her, and she was always busy. From early corning, when she slipped into the sick-room, to stand looking at the unconscious Martin with a troubled, intent expression that the nurses came to know well, until night, she moved untiringly about the quiet, shaded house. She supervised the Chinese boy, saw that the nurses had their hours for rest and exercise, telephoned, dusted and arranged the rooms, saw callers sweetly and patiently, filled vases with flowers.

Every day she had several vigils in the sick-room, and every day at least one long talk with the doctors. Every afternoon and evening had its callers; she and Peter were rarely alone.

Martin was utterly unconscious of the life that flowed on about him; sometimes he seemed to recognize Cherry, and would stare with painful intentness into her face, but after a few seconds his gaze would wander to the strange nurses, and the room that he had never known, and with a puzzled sigh he would close his eyes. again, and drift back into his own strange world of pain, fever and unconsciousness.

Almost every day there was the sudden summons and panic in the old house, Peter going toward the sickroom with a thick beating at his heart, Cherry entering, white-faced and with terrified eyes, doctors and nurses gathering noiselessly near for the last scene in the drama of Martin's suffering. But the release did not come,

There would be murmuring among the doctors and nurses; the pulse was gaining, not losing, the apparently fatal, final symptoms were proving neither fatal nor final. The tension would relax; a doctor would go, a nurse slip from the room; Cherry, looking anxiously from one face to another, would breathe more easily. It was inevitable, she knew that nowbut it was not to be this minute; it was not to be this hour!

"My dear-my dear!" Peter said to her one day, when spent and shaken she came stumbling from Martin's bedside and stood dazedly looking from the window into the soaking October forest, like a person stunned from a blow, "My poor little Cherry! If I could spare you this!"

"Nobody can spare me now!" she whispered. And very simply and quietly she added: "If I have been a fool-if I have been a selfish, wicked girl all my life, I am punished! "Cherry!" he protested, heartsick to

see her so.

"Was it wrong for us to love each other, Peter?" she asked in a low tone. "I suppose it was! I suppose it was! But it never seemed as if-" she shut her eyes and shivered-"as if-thiswould come of it!" she whispered. "This!" he echoed aghast.

"Oh, I think this is punishment," Cherry continued, in the same lifeless, weary tone.

There was a silence. The rain dripped and dripped from the redwoods, the room in which they stood was in twilight, even at noon. Peter could think of nothing to say.

About two weeks after the accident there was a change in the tone of the physicians who had been giving almost all their time to Martin's case. There was no visible change in Margin, but that fact in itself was so surprising that it was construed into a definite hope that he would live.

Not as he had lived, they warned his wife. It would be but a restricted tife; tied to his couch, or permitted, at best, to move about within a small boundary on crutches.

"Martin!" his wife exclaimed piteousty, when this was first discussed. "He has always been so strong-so independent! He wou'd rather-he would infinitely rather be dead!" But her mind was busy grasping the poselbilities, too. "He won't suffer too much?" she asked fearfully.

They hastened to assure her that the chance of his even partial recovery was still alight, but that in case of his cotvalescence Martin need not necessarily suffer.

Another day or two went by in the silent, rain-wrapped house under the trees; days of quiet footsteps and whispering, and the lisping of wood fires. Then Martin suddenly was conscious, knew his life, languidly smiled at her, thanked the doctors for occasional ease from pain,

"Peter-I'm sorry. It's terrible for you-terrible!" he said in his new, hourse, gentle voice, when he first saw Peter. They marveled among themselves that he knew that Alix was gone. But to Cherry, in one of the long hours that she spent sitting beside him and holding his big, weak, strangely white hand, he explained one day. "I knew she was killed," he said, out of a silence. "I thought we both were!"

"How did she ever happen to do it?" Cherry said. "She was always so sure of herself-even when she drove fast!"

"I don't know," he answered, "It was all like a flash, of course! I never watched her drive-I had such confidence in her!"

His interest dropped; she saw that the tide of pain was slowly rising again, and glanced at the clock. It was two; he might not have relief until four. In his own eyes she saw reflected the apprehension of her own.

"You might ask Peter to play some of that-that rambly stuff he was playing yesterday?" he suggested. Cherry, only too happy to have him want anything, to have him helped by anything, flew to find Peter, Busy with one of the trays that were really beginning to interest and please the invalid now, she told herself that the ouse was a different place, now that one nurse was gone, the doctors coming only for brief calls, and the dear, familiar sound of the old plane echoing through the rooms.

Martin came from the flery furnace changed in soul and body. It was a thin, gentle, strangely patient man



"O, Mart! I Mind Only for You!" She Said

who was propped in bed for his Thanksgiving dinner, and whose painworn face turned with an appreciative smile to the decorations and the gifts that made his room cheerful,

The heavy cloud lightened slowly but steadily; Martin had a long talk, dreaded by Cherry from the first hours of the accident, with his physicians. He bore the ditimatum with unexpected fortitude.

"Let me get this straight," he said slowly. "The arm is O. K. and the leg, but the back-'

Cherry, kneeling beside him, her hands on his, drew a wincing breath. Martin reassured her with an indulgent nod.

"I've known it right along!" he told her. He looked at the doctors, "It's no go."

"I don't see why I should deceive you, my dear boy," said the younger doctor, who had grown very fond of him. "You can still beat me at bridge, you know, you can read and write, and come to the table, after awhile; you have your devoted wife to keep finding new things for you to do! Next summer now-a chair out in the garden-"

Cherry was fearfully watching her husband's face. "We'll all do what we can to make it easy. Mart!" she whispered, in tears.

He looked at her with a whimsical

smile "Mind very much taking care of s helpless man all your life?" he asked, with a hint of his old confident man-

"Oh, Mart, I mind only for you!" she said. Peter, standing behind the doctors, slipped from the room unnoticed. Late that evening, when Martin was asleep. Cherry came noiselessly from the sick-room, to find Peter alone in the dimly lighted sitting room. He glanced at her, feeling rather than

hearing her presence, and called her. "Come over here, will you, Cherry? I want to speak to you."

She came, with an inquiring and yet not wholly unconscious look, to the fireside, and he stood up to greet her. "Tired?" he asked, in an unnatural

"I-I was just going to bed," she answered, hesitatingly. But she sat down, nevertheless; sank comfortably into the chair opposite his own, and stretched her little feet, crossed at the ankle, before her, as if she were indeed tired.

He knelt down beside her chair, and gathered her cold hands into one of his own. "What are you and I going to do?" he asked.

She looked at him in terror, "But all that is changed!" she said. quickly, fearfully.

"Why is it changed?" he countered. "I love you-I have always loved you. since the days long ago, in this very house! I can't stop it now. And you love me, Cherry!"

"Yes, I shall always love you," she answered, agitatedly, after a pause in which she looked at him with troubled eyes. "But-but-you must see that we cannot-cannot think of all that now," she added with difficulty, "I couldn't fall Martin now, when he needs me so!"

"He needs you now," Peter conceded, "and I don't ask you to do anything that must distress him now. But in a few months, when his mother comes down for a visit you must tell them honestly that you care for me.' be said.

Cherry was trembling violently. "But how could I!" she protested. Tell him that I am going away, deserting him when he most needs me!" Peter had grown very pale.

"But-" he stammered, his face close to hers-"but you cannot mean that this is the end?"

She moved her lips as if she was about to speak; looked at him blankly. Then suddenly tears came, and she wrenched her hands free from his, and laid her arms about his neck. Her wet cheek was pressed to his own, and he put his arms tightly about the little shaken figure.

"Peter!" she whispered, desolutely, And after a time, when the violence of her sobs was lessened, and she was breathing more quietly, she said again: "Peter! We can never dream that dream again."

"We shall dream it again," he corrected her.

Cherry did not answer for a long Then she gently disengaged herself from his arms, and sat erect. Her tears were ended now, and her voice firmer and surer.

"No; never again!" she told him. Tve been thinking about it, all these days, and I've come' to see what is right, as I never did before. Alix never knew about us, Peter-and that's been the one thing for which I could be thankful in all this time! But Alix had only one hope for me, and that was that somehow Martin and I would come to be-well, to be nearer to each other, and that somehow he and I would make a success of our marriage, would spare-well, let's say the family name, from all the disgrace and publicity of a divorce-"

"But, Cherry, my child-" Peter expostulated. "You cannot sacrifice all your life to the fancy that no one else can take your place with him-" "That," she said, steadily, "is just

what I must do!" Peter looked at her for a few seconds without speaking.

"You don't love him," he said, "No," she admitted, gravely. "I don't love him-not in the way you mean."

"He is nothing to you," Peter argued. 'As a matter of fact, it never was what a marriage should be. It was always-always-a mistake." "Yes," she conceded, sadly, "it was

always a mistake!" "Then there is nothing to bind you

to him!" Peter added. "No-and there isn't Alix to distress now!" she agreed, thoughtfully. "And yet," she went on, suddenly, "I do this

more for Alix than for any one!" Peter looked at her in silence, looked back at the last flicker of the

"You will change your mind after while!" he said.

Cherry rose from the chair, and stood with dropped head and troubled eyes, looking down at the flame. "No. I shall never change my

mind!" she said, in a low tone that was still strangely firm and final for her. "For five or ten or twenty or thirty years I shall always be where Martin is, caring for him, amusing him, making a life for him." And Cherry raised her glorious blue eyes in which there was a pure and an upiifted look that Peter had never seen there before. "It is what Dad and Alix would have wished," she finished, solemnly, "and I do it for them!"

Peter did not answer; and after a moment she went quietly and quickly from the room, with the new air of quiet responsibility that she had worn ever since the accident.

CHAPTER XX.

Peter saw, with a sort of stapefaction, that life was satisfying her now as life had never satisfied restless, exacting little Cherry before,

She spent much of her free time by her husband's side, amusing him as skillfully as a mother. He was getting so popular that she had to pe ready for callers every day. Would be like her to keep George Sewall for dinner, when they could play dominoes again? Would he like the table with the picture puzzle? He would like just to talk? Very well; they would

Martin's day was so filled and divided with small pleasures that it was apt to amaze him by passing too quickly. He had special breakfasts. he had his paper, his hair was brushed and his bed remade a dozen times a day. Cherry shared her mail, which was always heavy now, with him; she flitted into the sick-room every few minutes with small messages or gifts, With her bare, bright head, her busy white hands, her voice all motherly amusement and sympathy and sweetness, she had never secued so much a wife. She had the pleasantest laugh in the world, and she often laughed. The sick-room was kept with exquisite simplicity, with such freshness, bareness, and order as made it a place of delight. One day Cherry brought home a great Vikory bowl of silvery glass, and a dozen drifting goldfish, and Martin never tired of watching them idly while he listened to her reading.

"Cherry," Peter said, on a wet January day, when he came upon her in the dining room, contentedly arranging a fragrant mass of wet violets, "I think Martin's out of the woods now. I believe I'll be moving along!"

"Oh, but we want you always, Peter!" she said, innocently regretful. The ghost of a pained smile flitted across his face.

"Thank you," he said, gently, "But I think I will go," he added, mildly, She made no further protest. "But where?" she asked, sympa

thetically. "I don't know. I shall take Buckstart off toward the big mountains, I'll write you now and then, of course! I'm going home, first!"

"Just now," Cherry mused, sadly, "perhaps it is best-for you-to get away! Now that Martin is so much better," she added, in a little burst. "I do feel so sorry for you, Peter! I know how you feel. I shall miss her always, of course," said Cherry, "but

"I try not to think of her," Peter said, flinging up his head.

"When you do," Cherry said, earnestly, giving him more of her attention than had been usual, of late, "Here is something to think, Peter. It's this: we have so much to be thankful for, because she never-knew! It was madness," Cherry went on, eagerly, "sheer madness-that is clear now. I don't try to explain it, because it's all been washed away by the frightful thing that happened. I'm different now; you're different-I don't know how we ever thought we could-"

There was a silence during which she looked at him anxiously, but the expression on his face did not alter. and he did not speak.

"And what I think we ought to be thankful for," she resumed, "is that Alix would rather-she would rather have it this way. She told me that she would be heart-broken if there had been any actual separation between me and Martin, and how much worse that would have been-what we planned, I mean. She was spared that, and we were spared-I see it now-what would have ruined both our lives. We were brought to our senses, and the awakening only came a little sooner than it would have come anyway!"

Peter had walked to the window, and was looking out at the shabby winter trees that were dripping rain, and at the beaten garden, where the drenched chrysanthemums had been

bowed to the soaked earth. "Here, in Dad's home," Cherry said, coming to stand beside him, "I see how wicked and how mad I was. In another twenty-four hours it would have been too late-you don't know how often I wake up in the night and shiver, thinking that! And as it is, I am here in the dear old house; and Martin-well, you can see that even Martin's life is going to be far happier than it ever was! It's such a joy to me," she added, with the radiant look she often wore when her husband's comfort was under consideration, "to feel that we need never worry about the money end of things-there's enough for what we need forever!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The "Sage of Monticello." The "Sage of Monticello" was a sobriquet bestowed upon Thomas Jefferson, in allusion to the wisdom displayed by him in political affairs during his residence at Monticello, Va., after his retirement from the presi-

Truth and Inquiry, Truth never lost ground by inquiry; because she is, most of all, reasonable.-William Penn.

A Saving Grace. Nothing will cheer up a homely man more than to tell him he has character in his face.

HUNT FOR COUGAR PROVES SUCCESSFUL

Slaying of Beast Winds Up Career of Livestock Slaughter in Washington.

Montesano, Wash .- A six-year-hunt for a cougar ended here when the animal was treed and killed. The slaying of this mountain cat ended a beast with a notorious reputation for destroying hogs, sheep, caives and, in one or two instances, cattle.

Ranchers along North river have ong attempted to end the career of this killer, who two or three times each week would invade a farming center and maim and destroy live stock for the sake of slaughter. A number of years ago, in the dead of winter, a cougar killed thirty sheep and three calves on one farm in a single night, eating but little of one sheep. From tracks left in the soft snow it was seen that each foot of the animal possessed but three instead of four toes

Every winter since this same cougar with the three-toed feet has been accounted for in some locality up or



Cornered and Killed.

down the North river, Easily tracked because of its deformity, many hunters and trappers vainly sought to locate its lair.

This summer a government hunter. from the Rainier national forest reserve, hearing of this cougar, came and brought some trained dogs with him. From the last scene of carnage the dogs tracked the cougar seven miles into a rock fastness of the Tatoosh range, and he was cornered and killed on a slide of shale.

A Woman Sits on Captive in Shoplifting Chase.

New York .- Carlos Teres of 14 West Eighty-fourth street, welcomed the arrival of Detective Joseph Phelan on the sidewalk outside of Macy's department store. When Phelan are rived Miss Etta Kerwin, a store detective, who had been sitting on Teres, got up and Teres walked to the West Thirtieth street station.

Miss Kerwin said she saw Teres pick up four card cases valued at \$11.76 and start out without paying. She ran after him, caught him at the curb, whirled him around and knocked him down with a smashing right hook. Then she sat on the captive and whistled for a policeman. In Jefferson Market court Teres was held in \$1,500 bail for special sessions.

WALKS IN SLEEP: DROWNS

Young Girl Camping With Relatives Near River When Tragedy Occurs.

Astoria, Ore.-While walking in her sleep Morna May McWain, thirteenyear-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McWain of Kansas City, fell into the Necancum river at Seaside, near here, and was drowned. The girl had gone with her uncle, her mother and grandmother to the beach resort for the week-end. The party drove to the place. Not finding quarters at the hotels, the members of the party parked their car near the river and camped for the night. About 2:30 o'clock in the morning they were awakened by screams from the little girl struggling in the river. The body was recovered several hours later.

TIES WIFE UP EVERY NIGHT

Jealous Husband Afraid She Will Desert Him and Takes Precautions.

Dallas, Texas.-A young woman claiming to be the wife of a prominent physician told the police her husband, who is insanely jealous, ties her wrist to his wrist and her ankle to his ankle each night before retiring, because he fears she will desert him. A fishing line is used, she said. She asked police what to do.

Watch Your Kidneys!

That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys. It shows in a dull, throbbing backache or sharp twinges when stooping. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired, nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it—there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands have saved themselves more serious ailments by the timely use of Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case



Wm. McKay, 8, 4th St., Albion, Nebr., says: "A strain put my kidneys out of order so I couldn't bend or lift with-out sharp pains cutting through my back, My kid-neys were dis-order-i and the

Doan's Kidney Pills gave me perma-nent relief from the trouble." DOAN'S HIDNEY PILLS

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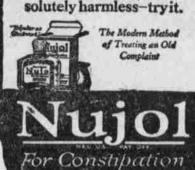
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Civvie Again-Call that speed? Shucks! I can turn out th' lectric light and be in bed before the room is dark,"-American Leglon Weekly,

Generally speaking, the nature of an oath is mostly human nature.



URINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, YOUR EYES Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists Write for ree Fye Pook. Nurice Fre Remedy Co. Culeage