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"That couldn't be done, Serena," don't believe - I know - Dr. Cudworth isn't seriously suggesting-"

abruptly. "I would have entire I'm washed up. There's something faith in anything you saw fit to do. | you can do?" But I personally must decline the responsibility."

"I have nothing to do with it,"

'Spencer had acute indigestion, Hardisty! I'll not stand it. I'll not a long table, flat-" face a coroner and be questioned, while you are quietly enjoying yourself over there on the lawn with your wife, laughing and carrying the children into the house!"

"I don't think that'll happen," Quentin said. But Vicky saw that his face was pale. "I wish you'd called me earlier!"

"How do you know what'll happen!" Serena said. "I know. I can tell you! We had a coroner's investigation when Gita's father died. I know what it means! You'll have to sign that death warrant, Quentin, or I'll have to drag your name into it. You and I've talked of what we'd do if he died; you can't deny that, if they put you on oath! Everyone knows what we've been to each other; you had a motive for giving me something that would put him to sleep. He told Dr. Cudworth here that I wanted to get

"Vic, do you want to stay?" Quentin asked in an undertone, as the breathless voice died to silence. "This isn't your sort of thing."

"No, Vic won't go," Serena said at white heat. "You don't think Vic plain kitchen soda. doesn't know that you love me, that you've been following me, making Vic; this'll take it out of you." me presents, writing me letters." Quentin looked at Vicky, looked away; he spoke quietly.

"Vicky knows just how badly I've treated her. Serena," he said. "She's always known, from the beginning. I'm not trying to wriggle out of that. If you were really fool enough to give Spencer sleeping powders or anything else, I'm in it with you. There's no question that I'm fighting, Vic," Quentin said. you can drag my name and my children's names in the mud, if you want to. You can take those letters into court-"

"Letters saying, 'If it weren't for Spencer . . . " Serena interrupted him.

"Letters saying everything," a level glance at her. "Letters saying everything!" he repeated. "But one thing isn't true," he went on slowly. "I've never loved but one woman in all my life; never, no matter what I said or wrote or did. I've always loved my wife, always, always held her in a place by herself!"

Vicky went over to him and did not glance at her or seem to know that she was there.

"How nice!" Serena said. "So I pay the bill alone. How very nice!" "No, you and I'll both pay!" Quentin said. "And she'll pay, too. It means disgrace for us all."

There was a sound at the door of the invalid's room; the amah came out with an agitated face, shaking her head. Serena gave a short ejaculation and, turning, went across the hall to her own room and went into it and closed the door. The two doctors and Vicky faced the smiling, without seeming even to disty." Chinese woman as she came toward them. Her jargon was unintelligible to Quentin. The promised strength to me," he said. "You are nurse, hatted, coated, cold, rosy,

came upstairs. "Amah says Spencer heard your voice and wants to speak to you," Vicky interpreted.

"My God, when I saw her face I thought the poor fellow was gone!" Dr. Cudworth ejaculated. "So did I!" Vicky said.

clutched her arm; his fingers bit into it like a vise, he was almost shouting. "What d'you mean? Isn't he gone?" "Oh, no; but Quentin, there's no

"Do you mean-" Quentin had

hope," Vicky said. 'Master say other doctor come

now," the amah said in a singsong. 'Yes, come in with me, for God's sake, Hardisty, and see what you think!" Cudworth said, as they all went together to Spencer's door. Vicky heard Quentin mutter as if he spoke to himself: "We all stand there talking while the poor fellow

Then they were in the sickroom; Vicky watching her husband's, rathface reflecting the fluctuations of feeling she saw there.

"Quentin," the sick man said, clutching at his hand, all personal feeling forgotten in the grips of life Quentin said quietly. "I have never and death, "you can do something had this case. But I'm positive-I for me, can't you? For God's sake get me out of this, operate, do anything! That ass there," he whis-"You may do as you think best, pered, with a flickering glance at refusals to perjure themselves in Doctor," the other doctor said that agitated Cudworth, "tells me protecting her still ringing in her to take a look at Spencer. Amah

Quentin spoke urgently, definite-

"Vic, get to a telephone and tell Quentin said briefly. Serena turned Anna to come over right away with that big package that's on my desk; it's from Lengfeld's—she can't miss and he's got a bad heart," she said. it. Rush it! And just as soon as "But believe me, if there's any in- you've done that, get the amah to vestigation, if there's one word of get plenty of hot water, boiling watalk, you're in this, too, Quentin ter. I suppose there's a table here,

the other doctor.

"I know so!" Quentin shouted, "Just lie quiet there, Spencer," he | year we'll be worrying about someadded to the patient, "and we'll get you out of this if we can."

"I've got an even break?" Spencer asked.

"Not quite so good. We won't know quite what chance you've got until we've gone a little further. Ah, here's our nurse. We want a surgical bath here, nurse, as fast as you can manage t; we've no time to

Vicky ran downstairs, ran upstairs for sheets; Serena was not in evidence, and nobody asked for her. The nurse suggested a rubber sheet. and Anna panting in with the big bundle, was sent flying back to the Hardistys' for one. Presently there was nothing for Vicky to do except sit on a chair in the hall and waitand think-and wait.

Quentin came out with a nurse's white apron tied on him back to front and asked for soda, just

"And you might as well go home, "No, I'll wait. Quent, has he a

chance?" "I'm afraid not, but we'll try. They're putting him under now; we'll know in an hour."

"She couldn't"-Vicky glanced at the closed door of Serena's room-"She wouldn't have done it!" she whispered.

"I don't know. But it's not for him "It's for all of us. It's touch and he dies, I may have gotten you into something you'll never get out of, room pretty soon . . .

my dear." "You'll be in it, too!"

get me in as an accomplice," Quen- | coat. Quentin said in a low voice, with tin said. "But she could do enough to ruin us all. We'd have to go away, Vic." "We'd go away."

and follow the children. That's all "The woman-the amah-has pro- and Dr. Cudworth joined them. duced a bottle, half full, that would it was about a ten-times dose, and gown, one of Miss Pierce's aprons dropped her hand into his, but he in lemonade. Lemon is the only put on backward, was spattered anti-acid that touches it! If anything saves him, that'll save himthat is, if we get to the kidney in time.'

> "You will!" Vicky said, with her faithful eyes on his and her world

"You believe in God, don't you?" Quent asked, almost absentminded- i hope.

"I do." see her; released her from his arms. "My God, you are a tower of | chance?" a rock of help! Pray for every-

kids.' He went into the sickroom, and it and clasped her hands to keep laughed with tears in his own eyes. blanket, richly striped with yellow she stammered, looking up to smile and black and scarlet, had been through wet lashes. "But-but it about her; the night was bitterly alone, thinking and thinking."

## CHAPTER XV

seen somewhere a clock struck the right away. It would be the best Morgan Horse Farm at Middlebury. hours and the half-hours; outside in thing all round if she did." the dark a rising wind whined uneasily, and now and then a broken Vicky's eyes shone like stars; it farm of 400 acres was given to the er than the patient's, face, her own branch skittered on the tiling of was too good to be true, too good Department of Agriculture in 1907, the roof. In the upper hallways of to be true! "If you hadn't come to be used for developing the best the Morrison house one lamp back from the hospital!" she said Morgan blood.

voices, the creaking of a bed and will there be any talk of poison?" the clinking of ice, and once a Vicky's heart stop for a moment his colleague. The other doctor re-

She prayed, trying not to think, night, Quentin was behind that bedevery ounce of strength and knowl-What was she doing? Vicky won-

the group hours earlier, had closed her bedroom door upon whatever Furious with fear, the accusing eyes in the hall again. of both doctors upon her, their flat gling in death throes of her causing. for some coffee. I've got to talk to she had angrily withdrawn. Had she | Serena." flung herself down on her bed and fallen into dreamless sleep? Vic wondered.

"But I'm just magnifying the whole thing into an absolute buga-Victoria told herself. "It anyway, and Cudworth won't talk, "You think so, Doctor?" faltered he's got his own professional repube mixed into any murder trial! thing else!"

She could reassure herself for a moment; then the solitude and silence of the night began to work



"I've Got an Even Break?" Spencer Asked.

their spell again, and Victoria felt go now; if he lives, we live, and if with a sort of desperation that if Quentin didn't come out of that

The amah appeared presently, looking like a little old mahogany "I'll be in it, too. Oh, she couldn't | carving in a black-and-white cotton

"Fix room for nurse." she whispered, and Vicky was glad to go Don't. She's lying on her bed-she with her to the spare room, help didn't go to bed-I spoke to her her in the warming human business "And the story would follow us, of making beds and arranging towels. He wasn't dead vet, anyway! I've done to you!" Quentin said. Before they had finished, Quentin

Quentin looked exhausted; his kill ten men. Our one hope is that hair was tumbled, and his operating with red. He took off the apron.

"Excuse my appearance, Vic," he said, sitting down panting. "My Lord, but that was quick work!"

"How is he?" Vicky asked. But even before she asked it, the blood rocking about her and her lips had come back to her heart and she had had time to feel an almost frightening first ecstasy of

Cudworth said. "And he can thank "Then-while I'm in there, you your good husband here. You are, gripped the unresponsive shoulder pray, Vic." He kissed her without in my opinion, a genius, Dr. Har-

"Oh, Quent, there isn't really a

"Magnificent constitution, and his own feeling will help," Quentin still thing we've got, while I'm in there- ghastly pale and breathing hard. the kids and the home-everything! said to the other doctor. And then I always thought - I always to Vicky, "Everything is as good as thought," Quentin muttered, turn- it can be; better, I would say. He ing away, "that I'd like my boys opened his eyes and looked at me: to be proud of their father. My it didn't take him five minutes to get his bearings."

the Morrison place, and she sat in leaning over to pat her on the back, them still and prayed. A Navajo "I'm ash-sh-shamed of myself!"

hanging over the black iron railing saves us all! It saves us all, Quen- tin muttered. "Look there!" of the stairway; she wrapped it tin. I've been sitting out there "Did she come out at all?" the local doctor asked in the pause.

"Mrs. Morrison?" "She's probably packing," Quen-Silence and night and vigil. Un- tin said. "I imagine she'll get out this race, was erected on the U. S.

"Oh, but Quentin, the relief!"

burned softly, steadily; from the with a shudder. "If you'd still been half-open door that led into Spen- in Germany! Quentin, will there cer's room came sounds: Low have to be an investigation now,

"I don't think so," Quentin said sort of bubbling groan that made somewhat uncertainly, looking at peated the phrase more decidedly.

"I'm extremely glad to wash my drowsed, awakened with a start to hands of the whole thing," Dr. Cudfind that it was not all a strange worth said. "He's warned now, dream. She really was here in the and I think we might give the nurse Morrison house in the middle of the a hint; it seems to me we might-"

"I am going to talk to both, room door, bringing all his skill, nurses; I've had this girl telephone for another," Quentin said, and once edge and inspiration that he could again Vicky thought that he was muster to the saving of Spencer two men; the Quentin who was the Morrison's life, and Serena was in children's adored "Dad," easy and her bedroom only a few feet away quiet and quite willing to take somehow living through the hours their word for anything, to listen that would decide whether or not to them, to learn from them, and she would be tried on a charge of this other Quentin, who held life and death in his big square hands. "It would be better to get him into dered. She had swept away from a hospital, of course, but we can't move him now. You say Serena hasn't shown up at all?" he asked she was experiencing, suffering. Victoria, when they were all out

"Not a sound."

"Will you wake her up? I'm going

Victoria crossed the upper hall, and spoke from the threshold: "Serena!"

There was complete darkness within. Serena's apartment was on | ifornia, with 102. won't happen that way! Spencer the western side of the house, and will die of an operation, Quentin the first dim grayness of dawn that can sign a certificate about that, had struck into the kitchen, and that was now timidly attacking the eastern world, had made no entation to protect, he doesn't want to trance here. There was black night beyond Serena's window, and in suddenly mad with impatience. She'll go away, and this time next the room vague, darker shadows. Vicky groped inside the door casing, found a switch, and inundated the place with soft, rosy light.

Everything was orderly enough. Vicky had seen these pink taffeta fittings before, the pink-brocaded walls, the long-legged doll and Mandarin lamps, the black worsted dog with the beady eyes. But there was indefinably frightening. Her heart beat fast with terror.

Serena, still wearing the pale lavender dressing gown in which Vicky had first seen her last night, was lying flat across the unopened bed. The delicate pink taffeta covers still were spread in their daytime position, and flowed over the dais in thick rich flouncing and folds. At the top of the low wide bed, a halfcircle of finely pleated silk rose like a moon. Beside the pillows were the night table and the pink lamps, the pink-and-white telephone, the book in a tooled vellum cover that Serena had been read-

'Secena! Spencer's better. They think he will live. Quentin wants to speak to you!"

Silence. The room's mistress lay as she might have lain in a moment of sleep. She was lying on her back, her beautiful hair loosened and falling in a cascade over her shoulder, one arm hanging relaxed over the edge of the bed. Vicky's heart suddenly rose into her throat, and she felt her knees weaken.

She dared not turn her back on this room. Instead she backed slowly away, heard the men emerging from Spencer's room; turned to show them an ashen face and to clutch at Quentin's arm.

"Oh, Quentin, she's only asleep, I guess, but don't go in there! and she didn't stir."

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Quentin asked, surprised, weary. 'What did she say? Has she fainted?"

He went toward Serena's door. Vicky, with a little gasp of fright, followed along beside him. Again she looked at the rosy beauty of Serena's room: the pink lights on delicate pink silk, the litter of beautiful luxurious nothings with which Serena had surrounded hersil, a rabbit-skin rug, silver frames and vases, tortoise - shell fitting mounted in gold for the desk at which Serena wrote only love notes.

"Wait a minute!" Quentin said "He's doing remarkable," Dr. sharply. He went to the bed, touched the figure lying there; with a big hand and shook it. "Serena!" he said. And then, turning to Vicky and the other doctor; 'Look here!"

"What is it?" Cudworth asked, advancing into the room.

"Dead!" Quentin said. "Oh, no, Quent!" Vicky was clinging to his arm. "Oh, no! Who would do it, who would do it?"

"She's done it herself, eh?" Cudworth asked. He stooped and picked from the floor something that glit-Vicky sat down in a winged chair | tered brightly in the soft light. "Ye Vicky waited. There was a big and put her hands over her eyes didn't care for that investigation, Spanish chair in the upper hall of and began to cry, and Quentin, did ye, my lady?" the old man queried, staring down at the dead woman with a shrewd light in his

> "Suicide!" Vicky whispered. "Yes; she did it herself," Quen-(TO BE CONTINUED)

Statue to Morgan Horse

The Morgan horse was developed in New England. In 1921 a statue of Justin Morgan, the progenitor of Vt., on the 100th anniversary of the death of this famous horse. This

## Ask Me ? Another

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

are there in the world?

2. What people were the first to use forks?

3. What states have the most institutions of higher education? 4. How many airplanes are there in the world?

5. Into what body of water does the Chicago river flow? 6. How many varieties of postage stamps are there in the

7. Is there a memorial to Stephen Collins Foster on the Suwannee river?

Answers

1. There are more than 3,000 submarine cables in the world with a total length of more than 300,000 miles.

2. According to the National astounded ears, and Spencer strug- here will let the nurse go down Geographic society the Italians were the first to use forks for eating, and were ridiculed as sissies.

3. Those having the greatest turned the knob of Serena's door, number of colleges and universities, professional schools, teachers' colleges, normal schools, etc., are New York, with 105, and Cal-

4. The world today possesses approximately 63,000 airplanes, more than 42,000 of which are military or naval machines, according to Collier's Weekly.

5. The Chicago river originally emptied into Lake Michigan. Now water from the lake is forced through the river into the Illinois river and so into the Mississippi river. Thus it may be said that the Chicago river flows backward. 6. The post offices of the world

issue 56,874 varieties of stamps. 7. In 1928 a monument to the songwriter was erected at Fargo, Ga., headwaters of the Suwannee. in the silence here now something It has recently been announced that an amphitheater in his memory will be built by the Florida

Giving and Asking

In offering help, you make a step toward gaining a friend; in asking it, you please by this mark of confidence. The result of this will be a constant habit of mutual forbearance, and a fear to be disobliging in matters of greater importance.

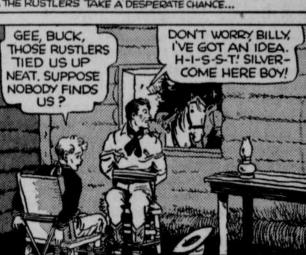
1. How many submarine cables | Federation of Music Clubs on the banks of the river. Foster never saw the Suwannee, but picked the name from an atlas because of

Stationary Sun

When we say that the sun has set we use a term which is quite incorrect. The sun does not rise or set, for as far as the earth is concerned it remains stationary. The sun appears in the morning and disappears at night because the earth revolves on its own axis, and this daily revolution exposes us to the sun for that period which we call a day.



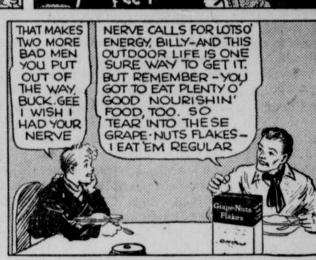














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