

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By Kathleen Norris



CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"That couldn't be done, Serena," Quentin said quietly.

"Spencer had acute indigestion, and he's got a bad heart," she said.

"You may do as you think best, Doctor," the other doctor said abruptly.

"I don't think that'll happen," Quentin said.

"How do you know what'll happen?" Serena said.

"Vic, do you want to stay?" Quentin asked in an undertone.

"No, Vic won't go," Serena said at white heat.

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

"You'll be in it, too!" "I'll be in it, too. Oh, she couldn't get me in as an accomplice."

"How nice!" Serena said. "So I pay the bill alone. How very nice!"

"There was a sound at the door of the invalid's room; the amah came out with an agitated face."

"Oh, no; but Quentin, there's no hope," Vicky said.

"Master say other doctor come now," the amah said in a singsong.

"Then they were in the sickroom; Vicky watching her husband's, rather than the patient's, face, her own face 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 and death.

"You think so, Doctor?" faltered the other doctor.

"I know so!" Quentin shouted, suddenly mad with impatience.

"Not quite so good. We won't know quite what chance you've got until we've gone a little further."

"Vic ran downstairs, ran upstairs for sheets; Serena was not in evidence, and nobody asked for her."

"I don't know. But it's not for him I'm fighting, Vic," Quentin said.

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Silence and night and vigil. Unseen somewhere a clock struck the hours and the half-hours; outside in the dark a rising wind whined un- easily, and now and then a broken branch skittered on the tiling of the roof.

burned softly, steadily; from the half-open door that led into Spencer's room came sounds: Low voices, the creaking of a bed and the clinking of ice, and once a sort of bubbling groan that made Vicky's heart stop for a moment in terror.

She prayed, trying not to think, drowsed, awakened with a start to find that it was not all a strange dream.

What was she doing? Vicky wondered. She had swept away from the group hours earlier, had closed her bedroom door upon whatever she was experiencing.

"But I'm just magnifying the whole thing into an absolute bugaboo!" Victoria told herself.

"Not a sound." "Will you wake her up? I'm going to take a look at Spencer."

Victoria crossed the upper hall, turned the knob of Serena's door, and spoke from the threshold:

Serena! There was complete darkness within. Serena's apartment was on the western side of the house, and the first dim grayness of dawn that had struck into the kitchen, and that was now timidly attacking the eastern world, had made no entrance here.

Serena, still wearing the pale lavender dressing gown in which Vicky had first seen her last night, was lying flat across the unopened bed.

"Serena! 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.

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! Don't. She's lying on her bed—she didn't go to bed—I spoke to her and she didn't stir."

"What's the matter, Vicky?" Quentin asked, surprised, weary.

He went toward Serena's door, Vicky, with a little gasp of fright, followed along beside him.

"Wait a minute!" Quentin said sharply. He went to the bed, touched the figure lying there; gripped the unresponsive shoulder with a big hand and shook it.

"Oh, no, Quentin! 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 glittered brightly in the soft light.

with a shudder. "If you'd still been in Germany! Quentin, will there have to be an investigation now, will there be any talk of poison?"

"I don't think so," Quentin said somewhat uncertainly, looking at his colleague. The other doctor repeated the phrase more decidedly.

"I'm extremely glad to wash my hands of the whole thing," Dr. Cudworth said.

"I am going to talk to both nurses; I've had this girl telephone for another," Quentin said, and once again Vicky thought that he was two men; the Quentin who was the children's adored "Dad," easy and quiet and quite willing to take their word for anything, to listen to them, to learn from them, and this other Quentin, who held life and death in his big square hands.

"It would be better to get him into a hospital, of course, but we can't move him now. You say Serena hasn't shown up at all?" he asked Victoria, when they were all out in the hall again.

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"Suicide!" Vicky whispered. "Yes; she did it herself," Quentin muttered. "Look there!"

Statue to Morgan Horse The Morgan horse was developed in New England. In 1921 a statue of Justin Morgan, the progenitor of this race, was erected on the U. S. Morgan Horse Farm at Middlebury, Vt., on the 100th anniversary of the death of this famous horse.

Ask Me? Another?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

- 1. How many submarine cables 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 world? 7. Is there a memorial to Stephen Collins Foster on the Suwannee river?

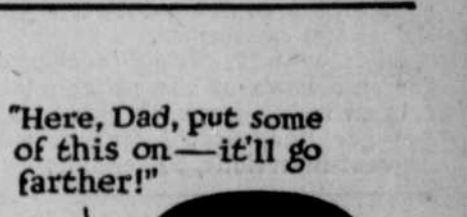
Federation of Music Clubs on the banks of the river. Foster never saw the Suwannee, but picked the name from an atlas because of its sound.



GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

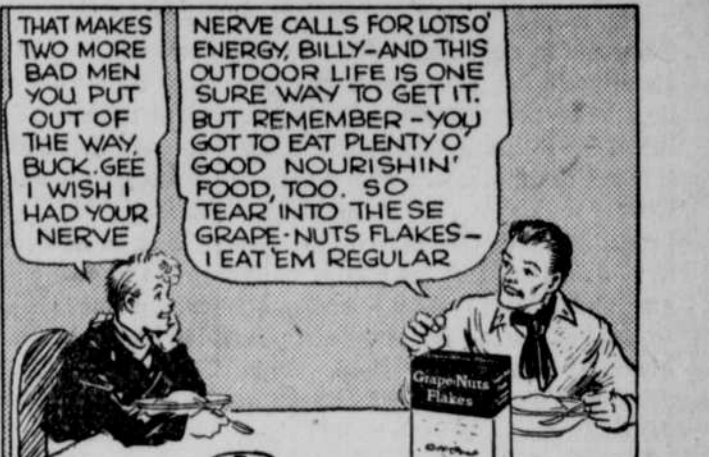
Everybody wants to go farther. Quaker State endeavors to meet this desire of the motoring public with a motor oil of supreme quality, that is economical, and available wherever you may go.

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.



BUCK JONES

LITTLE BILLY IS STILL AT BUCK JONES' RANCH — GROWING STRONGER AS THE WEEKS GO BY, ONE DAY BUCK AND BILLY DISCOVER TWO RUSTLERS STEALING CALVES. TO ESCAPE CAPTURE, THE RUSTLERS TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE...



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