

# SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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## CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"No; Alx is going to speak to him about it." Peter decided, quickly. "Cherry outlined the talk that she and her sister had had at breakfast.

"Then I shouldn't bring up the question at all," Peter decided, quickly. "It would only mean an ugly and unnecessary scene. It's much wiser to let him continue to think that you don't know anything about it, and to let Alx think that you are ignoring the whole thing!"

"Until Sunday!" she whispered. "Until Sunday." Peter glanced at Martin and Alx, who were talking together absorbedly, in low tones. "My little sweetheart, I'll make all this misery up to you!" he whispered. Her little hand was locked in his for the rest of the evening.

Morning came, a crystal autumn morning, and life went on. If there was any change at the cabin it was a change for the better. Alx, who had been silent and troubled for a little while, was more serene now, as usual concerned for the comfort of her household, and as usual busy all day long with her poultry and pigeons, her bee-keeping, stable, and dogs. Peter was his courteous, gentle, interested self, more like the old Peter, who had always been occupied with his music and his books, than like the passionately metamorphosed Peter who had been so changed by love for Cherry. Martin, satisfied with the general respect and consideration with which he found himself surrounded, accepted life placidly enough; perhaps he had been disturbed by the advent of the letter, perhaps he was willing to let the question of an adjustment between Cherry and himself rest. It amused him to help get the house ready for a tenant, and from the fact that Cherry talked no more of living there, and made no comment upon his frequent reference to their departure on Monday, he deduced that she had come to her senses.

Cherry, too, was less unhappy than she had been. By availing Peter, by refraining even in words and looks from the companionship for which she so hungered, by devoting herself to Alx, she managed to hold her feelings in leash. Even though Alx found that the knowledge of the secret they shared without ever mentioning stood between them like a screen, the sisters, busy about the house, had wonderful hours together.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Saturday came, a perfect day that filled the little valley to the brim with golden sunshine. Alx, driving alone to the mountain cabin, stared in the morning freshness at the blue overhead and said aloud, "Oh, what a day of gold!"

The dog, sitting beside her on the front seat, flapped his tail in answer to her voice, and she laughed at him. But the laugh was quickly followed by a sharp sigh.

"Saturday," she mused, "and Martin expects Cherry to go with him on Monday! Expects her to go back with him to a life of misery for her, existence with a man she hates! Oh, Cherry—my little sister!—there can be no happiness for you there! And Peter! Peter is left behind to me, who cannot comfort him or still the ache that is tearing his heart! My two loved ones, and what can I do to help them!" She had come up to the cabin to do the usual last little daily fussing among the ducks and chickens and to bring Peter, if Peter had not gone into town, back with her to Cherry's house. They had all dined in the old Strickland house the night before, and because of a sudden rainfall had decided to spend the night there, too. The Chinese boy who had been helping the sisters, with their housecleaning had been persuaded to cook the dinner and get breakfast, and the evening about the old fireplace had been almost too poignantly sweet.

But suddenly, at about ten o'clock, Peter had surprised them all by getting to his feet. He was going up to the cabin, he said—must go, in fact. He would rather walk, please, he told Alx, when she offered to drive him up in the car. Bewildered and a little apprehensive, she let him go. To Cherry, who seemed to feel suddenly sad and uneasy, Alx laughed about it, but she was secretly worried herself, and immediately after breakfast the next morning decided to run up to the cabin in the car and assure herself that everything was right there.

Cherry, who had not slept and who was pale, had come out to the car, her distracted manner increasing Alx's sense that something was gravely amiss. She started on her trip with a heavy heart, but the half-hour's run soothed her in spite of herself, and now she reached the cabin in a much more cheerful mood.

Peter was nowhere about, and as she plunged into the work of house and farmyard she supposed, without giving the matter a conscious thought, that he had gone to the city. "Miss Peter not go train," Kow announced presently.

All Alx's vague suspicions awakened.

"Not go train?" she asked with a premonitory pang.

Kow made a large gesture, as indicating affairs disorganized.

"Him no go to bed," he further stated. "Boss come late. He walkin' on porch."

"He came in late and walked on the porch!" Alx echoed in a low tone, as if to herself. "Where Mr. Peter go now?" she asked. "He have some coffee?"

"No eat," the boy answered. He indicated the direction of the creek, and after a while Alx, with an icy heart, went to the bridge and the pool where Peter had first found Cherry only a few weeks ago.

He was standing, staring vaguely at the low and lipping stream, and Alx felt a great pang of pity when she saw him. He came to her smiling, but as Cherry had smiled, with a wan and ghastly face.

"Peter, you're not well?" Alx said. "I think—I am a little upset," he answered. They walked back to the house together. Alx ordered him to take a hot bath, and made him drink some coffee, when, refreshed and grateful, he came out to the porch half an hour later. They shared the little meal that was her luncheon and his breakfast.

He followed her to the car and got in the front seat beside her. "You're awfully good to me," he said, briefly, when they were going down the long grade.

Alx did not answer immediately and he thought that she had not heard. She ran the big machine through the valley, stopped at the postoffice, and still in silence began the climb toward the old house. The roads were all narrow here, but she could have followed them in the dark, he knew, and he understood that it was not her driving that made her face so thoughtful and kept her eyes from meeting his.

"You say I'm good to you, Pete," she surprised him by saying suddenly. "I hope I am. For you've been very good to me, my dear. There's only one thing in life that I haven't got, and want. And that you can't, unfortunately, get for me."

He had flushed darkly, and he spoke with a little effort. "I'd like to try!" She ignored the invitation for a few minutes, and for an instant of panic he thought he saw her lip tremble. But when she turned to him, it was with her usual smile.

"It's only that I would like to have you—and and Martin—and Cherry as happy as I am!" she said quickly. And a second later the mood was gone as she turned the car in at the home gate and exclaimed, "There's Cherry now!"

"Martin's somewhere about," Cherry said as Peter joined her, and Alx stopped the car within conversational range.

Alx remarking that she would turn the car so that she might later start on the grade, disappeared, and the two were together again, after what a night—and what a day!—and that was by a sharp sigh.

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You get there before eleven—you won't see me. But go straight on board and ask for Mrs. Joyce's cabin. Wait for me there!"

"But—but suppose you don't come!" "I'll be there before you. It is better for us not to meet upstairs. But to be sure, I'll telephone you at Minna Oliver's at about nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I'll just tell you that I'm on my way and that everything is all right! Do you realize that by this time tomorrow we shall be out at sea," he added, "leaning on the rail—watching the Pacific race by—and belonging to each other forever and ever?"

The picture flooded her face with happy color. "It's tomorrow at last!" she said wonderingly as they walked slowly toward the house. "I thought it would never be. It's only a few hours more now."

"How will you feel when it's today?" he asked.

"Oh, Peter, I shall be so glad when it's all over, and when the letters are written, and when we've been together for a year," she answered fervently. "I know it will be all as we have planned, but—but if it were over!"

They reached the side door now and were mounting the three steps together.

"Be patient until tomorrow," he whispered.

"Oh," she said softly, "I shan't breathe until tomorrow." Leaning across her to push back the light screen door, he found himself face to face with Alx. In the dark entryway Peter and Cherry had not seen her, had not heard her move. Peter cursed his carelessness; he could not remember, in the utter confusion of the moment, just what he and Cherry had said, but if it was of a betraying nature, they had betrayed themselves. One chance in a hundred that she had not heard!

Yet, if she was acting, she was acting superbly. Cherry had turned scarlet and had given him an open glance of consternation, but Alx did not seem to see it. She addressed Peter, but when he found himself physically unable to answer, she continued the conversation with no apparent consciousness of his stumbling effort to appear natural.

"There you are! Are we going to have any tennis? It's after two o'clock now."

"I had no idea it was so late," Peter said.

"I knew it was getting on," Cherry added, utterly at random. "Go in and tell the boy we won't be back until tomorrow," Martin suggested to his wife.

"You could all come down here to sleep," Cherry said, "and have breakfast here!"

"I have to go into town rather early tomorrow," Peter remarked. "Porter's giving a breakfast at the Bohemian club."

"Why not walk up to the cabin?" Cherry suggested in a shaking voice. "I have to take the car up. You three walk! Come on, anybody who wants to ride!" Alx said.

"They can walk," Martin said, getting into the front seat. "Me for the little old bus!"

Cherry came out of the house with her hat on, and Buck leaped before her into the back seat. Alx watched her as she stepped up on the running board, and saw the color flicker in her beautiful face.

"I thought you were going to walk?" Peter said nervously. He had sauntered up to them with an air of indifference.

"Shall I?" faltered Cherry. She looked at Alx, who had not yet climbed into the car and was pulling on her driving gloves. Alx, toward whose face the dog was making eager springs, did not appear interested, so Cherry turned to Martin. "Walk with us, Mart?" she said.

"Nix," Martin said comfortably, not stirring. "I'll be home before you, Pete, and wait for you," Alx said. She looked at him irresolutely, as if she would have added more, but evidently decided against it and spoke again only in reference to the dog. "Keep Buck with you, will you, Pete?" she said. "He's getting too lazy. No, sir!" she reproached the animal affectionately. "You shall not ride! Well, the dear old Bucky-boy, does he want to come along?"

And she knelt down and put her arms about the animal, and laid her brown cheek against his head.

"You old fool!" she said, shaking him gently to and fro. "You've got to stay with Peter. Old Bucky—!" Suddenly she was on her feet and had sprung into her place.

"Hold him, Pete!" she said. "Good-bye, Sis dear! All right, Martin?" The engine rared; the car slipped smoothly into gear and vanished. Peter and Cherry stood looking at each other.

"Give them a good start, or Buck will catch them," Peter said, his body swaying with the frantic jumping of the straining dog. But to himself he said, with a sense of shock: "Alx knows!"

"Back set off like a rocket when he finally set him free; his feathery tail disappeared between the columns of



She Ran Toward Them—Horror Was in Her Aspect.

dence in that hour, none in the distressed hour at the Orpheum, and the hour just past, when Cherry's rarely displayed passion had wrenched from him his last vestige of doubt.

"But this was the culminating unhappiness that he should know, from Alx's brave and gentle and generous look as they parted, that Alx knew, he had, in the wild rush and hurry of his thoughts, no time now to analyze what their love must mean to her, but it hurt him to see on her happy face those lines of sternness and gravity, to see her bright and honest eyes shadowed with that new look of pain.

"It was too late now to undo it," he and Cherry must carry their desperate plan to a conclusion now, must disappear and forget. They had tried, all this last dreadful week, they had both tried, to extinguish the flames, and they had failed. But to Peter there was no comforting thought anywhere. Wrong would be done to Martin, to Alx, to Cherry—and more than even these, wrong to himself, to the ideal of himself that had been his for so many years, to the real Peter Joyce.

"Listen, that's Buck!" said Cherry, as the dog's loud and violent barking reached them from beyond a turn in the twisting road. "He didn't catch them, then."

The next instant a woman came up the road, running and making a queer, whimpering noise that Cherry never forgot. She was a stranger to them, but she ran toward them, making the odd, gasping noise with much dry mouthing, and with wild eyes.

Horror was in her aspect, and horror was the emotion that the first glimpse of her awakened vaguely in their hearts, but as she saw them she suddenly found voice for so hideous a scream that Cherry's knees failed her, and Peter sprang forward with a shout.

He gripped the woman's arm, and her frantic eyes were turned to him. "Oh, my God!" she cried in a hoarse, cawing voice. "My God! They're over the bank—they're over the bank!"

"Who?" Peter shouted, his heart turning to ashes. "Oh, the car—the automobile!" the woman mouthed. "Oh, my God—I saw it go! I saw it fall! Oh, God, save them—oh, God, take them; don't let them suffer that way!"

They were all running now, running with desperate speed down the long road, about the curves, on and on toward the frantic noise of the dog's barking, and toward another noise, the sound of a human voice twisted and wild with agony.

The strange woman was crying out wildly; Cherry was sobbing a prayer, Peter, without knowing that he spoke at all, was repeating over and over again the words: "Not Alx—my God!—it cannot be—she has never had an accident before—not Alx!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ROAD BUILDING

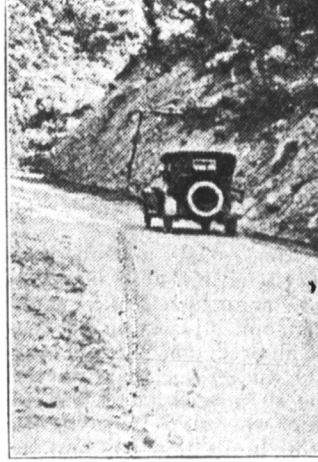
### DEVICE FOR TREATING SAND

Engineers of California Bureau of Public Roads Use Blower to Obtain Material.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A new method of treating a local sand to make it conform to the specifications for a concrete road has been adopted by the engineers of the bureau of public works in charge of California federal-aid project No. 41. Near the south end of the project no local sand could be found which would conform to the requirements of the specifications approved by the bureau of roads of the United States Department of Agriculture. These prescribed that the sand should contain no more than 5 per cent of material which would pass a 100-mesh sieve. The local sand analyzed about 15 to 20 per cent, which was entirely too high to permit its use.

Instead of falling back upon the importation of suitable sand from another locality, the engineers devised a plant for blowing the fine particles from the sand. This district is extremely arid, and in summer the temperature sometimes mounts to 120 degrees in the shade, so that the sand is very dry when worked. The device used consists of an ordinary conveyor, which lifts the sand to a revolving screen. Material which will pass a one-fourth-inch mesh is discharged into a hopper under the screen and then through a narrow opening into a storage bin below. In falling from the hopper to the bin, the sheet of sand passes directly in front of a nozzle, which directs against it a current of air from a centrifugal air blower. By means of a pressure reg-



An Improved Highway in California.

ulator at the blower, the velocity of the air at the nozzle can be so controlled as to blow from the falling sand any desired percentage of the finer material.

The blower is operated by a belt from the same gas engine which operates the conveyor and revolving screen. The whole device is compact and inexpensive. The result is a satisfactory sand obtained at less cost than by any other method. The success of the plan depends, of course, on the dryness of the sand. If it were necessary to dry it, the increased cost of treatment might make the importation of suitable material preferable.

### TOURIST TRAFFIC PAYS BIG

Increase of Americans Into Canada Expected to Pay for Ontario's Highway System.

It is anticipated that American tourist traffic will pay for the installation and upkeep of Ontario's highways system. This traffic has increased remarkably since the Toronto-Hamilton highway was built, and already annual revenue from this source runs into millions of dollars. During 1920 approximately 37,500 American motor-cars crossed the border into Ontario, remaining from one hour to six months.

### BETTER HIGHWAYS IN SOUTH

Over \$278,000,000 Voted for Improved Roads in Dixie—Texas Leads With \$97,772,000.

Bad roads must go! This is the ultimatum of people living in Dixie. That they are alert to their urgent need of good roads is attested by the tremendous sums voted in recent state and county bond issues. Over \$278,000,000 is now available for good roads expenditure in the South. Texas leads with \$97,772,000 and Virginia is second with \$50,000,000.

### Hour of Least Traffic.

As the result of a survey made by the bureau of public roads, United States department of agriculture, on the most traveled roads in the country, the hour when there is least traffic is between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. Tuesday is the day in the week when traffic reaches the lowest ebb.

### Boom in South Carolina.

A state bond issue of \$50,000,000 for improved highways is the object sought by a good roads association just organized in South Carolina.

## EVEN CAREFUL CALOMEL-USERS ARE SALIVATED

Next Dose of Treacherous Drug May Start Misery for You.

Calomel is dangerous. It may salivate you and make you suffer fearfully from soreness of gums, tenderness of jaws and teeth, swollen tongue and excessive saliva dribbling from the mouth. Don't trust calomel. It is mercury; quicksilver. If you feel bilious, headachy, constipated and all knocked out, just go to your druggist and get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone for a few cents which is a harmless vegetable substitute for dangerous calomel. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't start your liver and straighten you up better and quicker than nasty calomel and without making you sick, you just go back and get your money.

If you take calomel today you'll be sick and nauseated tomorrow; besides, it may salivate you, while if you take Dodson's Liver Tone you will wake up feeling great. No salts necessary. Give it to the children because it is perfectly harmless and can not salivate.—Advertisement.

### PROVERBS HELD IN COMMON

Remarkable Similarity of Ideas Noted Among Nations, Both of Old and New World.

The similarity of ideas all over the world is found in the similarity of expressions to convey the ideas. The old English proverb "A fool and his money are soon parted," finds its counterpart in the phrase, "There is no medicine for a fool." But the Japanese also claim that by good management they can do something even with fools, when they say, "Fools and scissors move according to the mode of using them." Some of us carry our Latin wit with us all our lives, just because we had a good teacher. To these, the old Latin saying, "The eagle does not catch flies," (Aquila non capit muscas) will recall old memories of the pride and sarcasm of the Romans. So also will they be pleased to read the Japanese aphorism, "The falcon does not peck at ears of corn," which is true, as falcions, especially those of the peregrine type, are much more likely to seize and carry small animals like lambs, rabbits, chickens.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

### OCEANS HARD TO IMAGINE

People of the Middle Ages Found It Difficult to Conceive Extent of Waters.

Eratosthenes was right; the earth was a globe. But what philosopher ever imagined that it was so large! Homer was right when he sang of the "mighty flood," but he was thinking of the insignificant Mediterranean. What poet had imagination enough to picture the vastness of the Pacific! Many had surmised the truth, but none had realized its extent. When the caravels of Columbus had sailed and returned the wise ones of the Renaissance were astonished by the story brought home. It seemed impossible that there could be so much water. And still the birth of the seas was uncomprehended. It was only when Magellan's Santa Vittoria had circumnavigated the globe and dropped anchor in the Bay of San Lucar that a realization of the world of water began to dawn. The Atlantic was astonishing enough in all conscience; but the Pacific was overwhelming and dumfounding.—John C. Van Dyke.

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## TAKE ASPIRIN ONLY AS TOLD BY "BAYER"

"Bayer" Introduced Aspirin to the Physicians Over 21 Years Ago.

To get quick relief follow carefully the safe and proper directions in each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." This package is plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross." The "Bayer Cross" means the genuine, world-famous Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years.—Advertisement.

## HAVE NEW RINGWORM CURE

Roentgen Rays Are Being Used Successfully in Treatment of Most Annoying Affliction.

Ringworm is now successfully treated by removing the hair with Roentgen rays and then applying a lotion which will penetrate the hair follicles and kill the parasites that are the cause of the trouble. Drs. Howard Fox and T. B. H. Anderson, both of the United States public health service, described in the Journal of the American Medical Association the latest technique and cite a few of the strange results that have followed when the new hair grew in again.

They have observed that sometimes a golden-haired child is transformed into a brunette, a straight-haired into a curly-headed and the kinky wool of negroes becomes straight. But they express much doubt as to the permanency of these changes.

## MOTHER, QUICK! GIVE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

FOR CHILD'S BOWELS

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again. Millions of mothers know "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Beauty Breaks in Everywhere. In every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars at night stoop down over the browest, homeliest common with all the magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the marble deserts of Egypt. The uprolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in the beholders. There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.—Emerson.

High Prices. The night cashier overheard a peculiar conversation in Beaver Crossing the other day. A farmer was in a store buying some groceries. "Want any flour?" asked the grocer. "No, flour's too high. I can get along without it." After a while the grocer said: "Sold your wheat, Bill?" "Nope; I'm going to hang onto mine; they ain't payin' nothin' for it yet."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No matter how proud a girl may be of her family name, she's seldom averse to changing it.

*Genuine*

# ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetted Acetic Acid Salicylic Acid