



**Sisters**  
 of  
**KATHLEEN NORRIS**



Doesn't it mean that, Peter? Isn't it perfectly clear?"

"It means only about fifty thousand for you and Cherry," Peter answered. "Yes sir, by George—it's perfectly clear! He paid it back—every cent of it, and got his receipt! It's—this puts rather a crimp in Little's plans—I'll see him tomorrow. This calls for his suit—"

"Really, Peter?" Alix asked, with dancing eyes. "And it means that you can keep the old house, Gerise," she exclaimed triumphantly, "and we can be together part of the year, anyway!"

"You talk about it?"

"Talk—? she faltered. Her voice thickened and stopped. "Oh, I would rather not!" she whispered, with a frightened glance about.

"Listen, Cherry!" he said, following her to the wide porch rail and standing behind her as she sat down upon it. "I'm sorry! I'm just as sorry as I can be. But I can't help it, Cherry. I'm as surprised as you are—I can't tell you when it—it all happened! But it— Peter folded his arms across his chest, and with a grimly squared jaw looked off into the misty distance—"It is there," he finished.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Cherry whispered on a breath of utter distress. "I'm so sorry! Oh, Peter, we never should have let it happen—our caring for each other! We never should have allowed ourselves to think—to dream—of such a thing! Oh, Peter, I'm so sick about it," Cherry added, incoherently, with filling eyes. "I'm just sick about it! I know—I know that Alix would never have permitted herself to—I know she wouldn't!"

He was close to her, and now he laid his hand over hers.

"I care—," he said, quite involuntarily, "I have always cared for you! I know it's madness—I know it's too late—but I love every hair of your beautiful head! Cherry—Cherry—!"

They had both gotten to their feet, and now she essayed to pass him, her face white, her cheeks blazing. He stopped her and held her close in his arms, and after a few seconds he felt her resisting muscles relax and they kissed each other.

For a full dizzy minute they clung together, arms locked, hearts beating madly and close and lips meeting again and again. Breathless, Cherry wrenched herself free and turned to drop into a chair, and breathless, Peter stood looking down upon her. About them was the silence of the dripping garden; all the sounds of the world came muffled and dull through the thick mist.

Then Peter knelt down beside her chair and gathered her hands together in his own, and she rested her forehead on his, and spent and silent, leaned against his shoulder. And so they remained, not speaking, for a long while. Presently Cherry broke the brooding, misty silence.

"What shall we do?" she asked in a small, tired voice.

Peter abruptly got to his feet, took a chair three feet away, and with a quick gesture of his hand and toss of his head, flung back his hair.

"There is only one thing to do, of course," he said decidedly, in a voice unaccountably grim. "We mustn't see each other—we mustn't see each other! Now—now I must think how best to manage that!"

Her eyes, heavy with pain, were raised to meet his, and she saw his mouth weaken with a sudden misgiving, and she saw him try to steady himself and look down.

"I can—I shall tell Alix that this new business needs me in town for two or three nights," he said, forcing himself to quiet speech, but with one 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 plume 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 Alix!" 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 Alix."

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

"I have miteage!" she blundered.

"Oh, then I'll use your miteage!" 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 catch a number, left the booth, paid a staring girl, and rejoined him.

"Busy!" she exhaled.

"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 Alix?"

Cherry flushed, angered again, in the well-remembered way, under all her right 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'd her, and the reminder of Martin's old, trying stolidities had lessened her fear of him.

"I've got to send a telegram—for Alix," 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 Alix, 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 addressed 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.

Cherry met the arm her sister flung around her, half-way, and gave her a troubled smile.

And yet a few moments later, when some quest took Peter suddenly from the group, she watched the shabby corduroy suit, the laced high boots, and the black head touched with gray, disappear in the direction of the kitchen with a tearing pain at her heart. Her father had asked her to wait, wait until she was nineteen! Nineteen had seemed old then. She had felt at nineteen she would have merely delayed the great joy of life for nothing; at nineteen she would be only so much older, so much more desperately bent upon this marriage.

And Peter was there then, was coming and going, advising and teasing her—so near, so accessible, loving her even then, had she but known it! That engagement might as easily— and how much more wisely!—have been with Peter; the presents, the gowns, the wedding would have been the same, to her childish egotism; the rest how different! The rest would have been light instead of darkness, joy instead of pain, dignity and development and increasing content instead of all the months of restless criticism and doubt and disillusionment. The very scene here, with Mrs. North and Alix, might easily have been, with Cherry as the wife of Peter, Cherry as her sister's hostess, in the mountain cabin—

At the thought her heart suffocated her. She stood dazedly looking out of the old kitchen window, and her senses swam in a sudden spasm of pain.

**IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL**  
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**Lesson**

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,  
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**LESSON FOR OCTOBER 9**  
**PAUL AT EPHEBUS.**

**LESSON TEXT—Acts 19:1-41.**  
**GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.—Matt. 4:10.**  
**REFERENCE MATERIAL—Rev. 2:1-7.**  
**PRIMARY TOPIC—Paul a Loving Friend and Minister.**  
**JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul and the Silversmiths.**  
**INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Experience in Ephesus.**  
**YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Planting the Gospel in a Center of Paganism.**

**I. John's Disciples Become Christians (vv. 1-7).**

These twelve disciples had only been taught the baptism of repentance as a preparation for the kingdom of God. Paul taught them to believe in Christ, that is, to receive Him as the One who had on the cross provided redemption for them.

**II. Paul Preaching in Ephesus (vv. 8-10).**

1. In the Jewish synagogue (v. 8). His message is characterized by: (1) boldness. He realized that God had sent him and that His authority was back of him. (2) Reason. He reasoned with them. God's message is never sentimental nor arbitrary, but in accord with the highest reason. (3) Persuasion. It is not enough to come boldly with a reasonable message; it must be accompanied by persuasion. (4) Concerning the kingdom of God. He did not discourse on current events, literature, or philosophy, but upon the message of salvation through Christ.

**III. God Working Miracles by Paul (vv. 11-16).**

So wonderfully did he manifest His power that handkerchiefs and aprons brought from Paul's body healed the sick and cast out evil spirits from those whose lives had been made wretched by them.

**IV. A Glorious Awakening (vv. 17-41).**

1. Fear fell upon all (v. 17). News of the casting out of these evil spirits created impressions—favorable—the Christians.

2. It brought to the front those who professed faith in Christ while not living right lives (v. 18). They believed, but had not broken from sin.

3. Gave up the practice of black arts (v. 19). This means forms of jugglery by use of charms and magical words. All such are in opposition to the will of God; therefore no one can have fellowship with God and practice them. They proved the genuineness of their actions by publicly burning their books. Though this was an expensive thing—valued at about \$12,500—they did not try to sell the books and get their money back. When you find you have been in a wrong business, make a clean sweep of things; burn up your books on Spiritualism, Christian Science, etc.; empty your whisky and beer into the sewer, and have a tobacco party similar to the Boston tea party.

4. Uproar of the Silversmiths at Ephesus (vv. 23-41). (1) The occasion (vv. 23, 24). This was the power of the gospel in destroying the infamous business of Demetrius and his fellows. It was clear to them that idolatry was tottering before the power of the gospel. They were not interested particularly in the matter from a religious standpoint, but because it was undermining the principal business of the city. (2) The method (vv. 25-29). Demetrius, a leading business man, whose business was the stay of others of a similar nature, called a meeting and stated that much people had turned from idolatry and that the market for their wares was materially weakening. He appealed to his fellows (a) on the ground of business, saying "This, our craft, is in danger of being set at naught" (v. 27). (b) On the ground of religious prejudice. He said "The temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised" (v. 27). He became quite religious when he saw that his business was being interfered with. His speech gained his end; the whole crowd was enraged and yelled in unison, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The mob was quieted by the tact and good judgment of the town clerk.

**Blessings of This Day.**

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently, and sweetly; for this day is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and are not born tomorrow.—Jeremy Taylor.

**Near Him.**

We come too near Him when we search into His counsels. The sun and the fire say of themselves, Come not too near. How much more the Light which none can attain unto?—Bishop Hall.

**God Waits.**

Patently, nobly, magnanimously, God waits; waits for the man who is a fool to find out, his own folly; waits for the heart which has tried to find pleasure in everything else to find out that everything else disappoints, and to come back to Him, the fountain of all wholesome pleasure, the well-spring of all life fit for a man to live.—Charles Kingsley.

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**CHAPTER XIV.**

"You and I must go away!" said Peter. "I can't stand it. I love you. I love you so dearly, Cherry. I can't think of anything else any more. It's like a fever—it's like a sickness. I'm never happy, any more, unless my arms are about you. Will you let me take you somewhere, where we can be happy together?"

Cherry turned her confident, childish face toward him; her lashes glittered, but she smiled.

"I love you, Peter," she said. And the words, sounding softly through the silence of the garden, died away on the warm night air like music.

In the two weeks since the day at the old house they had not chanced to be often alone, and tonight, for the first time, Cherry admitted that she could fight no longer. They talked as lovers, his arm about the soft little clinging figure, her small, firm fingers tight in his own. He had squared

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