SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS Author of "Josselyn's Wife"

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Cherry Strickland marries young and unwisely. Alks, her sister, marries a friend of the family, Peter Joyce, who long had eccretly loved Joyce, who long had eccretly loved Joyce, who long had eccretly loved the fetter loves her and falls in love that Peter loves her and falls in love with him and when he asks her to go with him and when he asks her to go with him and when he asks her to go with him she consents. Alix away with him she consents. Alix questions her sister about her married life, and whether or not she really intends to leave Martin. Cherry and tends to leave Martin. Cherry and tends to leave Martin. Cherry and yeler plan to elope, but on the way Peter plan to elope, but on the way Peter plan to him. Martin asks Alix return with him. Martin asks Alix return with him. Martin asks Alix return with him. Martin asks Alix renounter with Cherry on the boat and of her anafety to get a message denother. He gives Alix netatis of his knewner with Cherry on the boat and of her anafety to get a message denother, and suddenly Alix realizes that it is Peter and Cherry that love each other. To whom had Cherry been other. To whom had Cherry been sending that telegram if not to Peter sending that telegram if not to Peter Had they planned to meet somewhere at the boat. Martin had heard her tell the boy that he must cutch that boat."

who the mat is the Alix distorts of his cherry it of thost and encounter with Cherry on the boat and encounter with Cherry on the boat and in the property of the boat and in the property of the boat and it is present and the property of the boat. Martin had heard her tell the boat. Martin had heard her tell the boat. Martin had heard her tell the boat had the mast catch that boat."

AND HERE IT CONTINUE.

ALIX did not guess the truth but one together on the boat. Martin had heard her tell the boat that boat to the boat. We will be to be something only and they had given her no boat of the the boat to the boat to the boat to the boat to the boat. We will not suppose that Cherry and Peter had planned pose that che to boat together, be to go away of that. But until this in water the thoughts would have cause at the thought of the passionate desire that enveloned them had not research the thought of the passionate and soft mark the thought of the passionate and the hight on her corner in the property of the sould have not been mined with property and the light on her corner in the property of the passionate desired the passionate and the light on her corner in the property and the light on her corner in the property of the passionate desired the passion

ike a tired breath, went over the tops of the redweeds.

Steadily came the change. The darkness, by imperceptible degrees, lifted The world grew gray as if with moonshine, treas and bushes began to stand out dimly from the mass of shadows On the roral a wagon rattle, the mud-spatitered wagon from the Portuguese dairy upon the ridge and past her, leaving a dark wake of brushed dewdrops on the pearled grass a cottontal fied silently.

She noted with surprise that she could see the grass now, aithough it had been invisible a few moments ago. She could see it, and presently its browness showed, and the rich, solid green of the oke lift-d from the dull twilight that had enveloped the world.

"Jight!" Alix whispered, awestruck, And a few moments later she added, "Dawn!"

It was dawn indeed that was creeping into the valley, and as it brightened and depende and warmed momentally. Alix felt some of the peace and glory of it swelling in her tired heart. The sky grew pile, grew white, graduality turnel to blue, and the lifte clouds distinct the valley a first sheft of sunlight struck across the mountain ridge, and lay bright on the hillion opposite, the brilliant air, dew sparkled, lost in a gradually a first sheft of sunlight of the hillion opposite, the felt the blessed warmth against her chilled and cramped shoulders and stretched her arms out to wiccome the brilliant air, dew sparkled, and the hoary. Beauth of the praying oaks gilstened in the light. The sun came up, and Al'x felt the blessed warmth against her chilled and cramped shoulders and stretched her arms out to wiccome the brilliant was steadily ascending into the brillian was steadily ascending line the brilliant was steadily ascending line the darkness and doubts of the brilliant was steadily ascending line the wind the little clouds as the steady as

were extremely becoming to her rather boylsh type.

She looked up, and nodded at Cherry composedly. Cherry always kissed her sleter in the morning, but she did not today. She felt troubled and ashamed, and instinctively avoided the little caress.

"No men?" she asked, sharing her grapefruit with her mall.

"Peter had to go to San Rafael with Mr. Thomas in his car, to do something about the case," Alix explained.

"I drove them down, and at the last minute Martin decided to go. So I marketed, and go to the mail, and came back, and the understanding is that we are to meet them at the St. Francis for diner, at 8, and go to the Orpheum.

"Is it almost 10?" Cherry said, with watering your idea—that we should dine, and you can ask Peter to cross-examine Martin?"

"I wonder if Martin would tell me?" the water of the understanding is that we are to meet them at the St. Francis for diner, at 8, and go to the Orpheum.

"Is it almost 10?" Cherry said, sleep-thorrible—horrible—whatever I do! What is your idea—that we should dine, and you can ask Peter to cross-examine Martin?"

"I wonder if Martin would tell me?" the missake," Alix said thoughtfully, "and frighten him into aditional through the open door. "I'm terribly ashamed! And when did you get up and silently make your bed, and hang up your there will be a given that upon will get a divorce!"

"Then tell him that unless he agrees absolutely to a separation." Alix said, "that you will get a divorce!"

"And live here, alone under that sor! of a cloud?" Cherry said, with watering you, "Oh, well!" she said, rising, and going toward the door. "It's horrible—

get up and silently make your bed, and hang up your things?"
"Oh, early!" Alix answered, noncom-mittally, "I had a bath, and this is my second breakfast!" therry, who was reading a letter, did not hear her. Now she made some instribulate sound that made Alix look at her in quick concern.

Cherry, who was breathing hard calsed her head, rested her chin on her hands, selbows on the table, and stared at Alix defiantly.

There!" she said, almost with iriumph. "There! Now, is that so casy? Now, am I to just smile and agree and say "Certainly, Martin," of course, Martin dear!" Now you see now you see! Now, am I to bear that. "Or I what?" he asked in an undertone instantly lowered.

"Do you know a girl named Hatty Woods?" Alix repeated, cautiously, lent, "and go on with him—as his wife—when a common woman less."

Charge the was breathing hard to pen all the mail!"

She had to repeat it twice before he realized that there was something becaused that there was something because that there was something that the called that there are said that there was something that the cal

Cherry, dear!" Alix said, dis-"Ah, well, you can't realize it: no-body but the woman to whom it hap-iens can!" Cherry interrupted her, cov-ring her face with her hands. "Bu it han say what be stones in the idded, passionately, "let him do what be pirases—"Il follow my own course from today on!"

maxed at the change in her. Cherry's a ware blazing, her cheeks pale fier sice was dry and feverish, and there as a sort of frenzy in her manner toat lix had never seen before. To bring the whole world were going mad and wen cuerry into this witter and usfillusioned woman.—Alix felt as if the radiant, innocent child that had as if life would never be sane and serene igain for any one of them.

"Cherry, do you believe it?" she asked. Cherry, foused from a moment of brooding silence, shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"Oh, of course I believe it!" she answered.

"But, darling, we don't even know who wrote it. We have only this woman's word for it—"

"Oh, look at it—look at it, Alix!" Cherry burst forth, "Do decent men

came bounding out of the forest, and leaned upon her.

"Bucky!" she faltered, as he stood begide her, his outek fongue flashing estatically, close to her face, every splendid muscle of his body wriggling with eager affection. "Did you miss me old fellow? Did you come to find me?"

She had not cried during the long vigil of the night, when a storm had rag d in her heart, and had left her weak and sick with dread. But there was pence now, and alix locked her arms about the dog's shoulders, and laid her face, against his satiny head, and cried.

When Cherry came out to breakfast, a few hours later, she found Alix already at the porch table. Alix looked pale, but fresh and trim; she had evidently just tubbed, and she were one of the plain, wide-striped ginghams that were extremely becoming to her rather boyish type.

She looked up, and nodded at Cherry should be a separation." Alix said, "that you will get a divorce!"

"Then tell him that unless he agrees absolutely to a separation." Alix said, "that you will get a divorce!" "And live here, alone, under that sort

"Why couldn't I pretend that I opened that letter by mistake." Alix said thoughtfully, "and frighten him into aditional thoughtfully, "and frighten him into aditional the interior of the int

Therry, who was reading a letter, did not bear her. Now she made some in articulate sound that made Alix look at her in quick concern.

"Cherry, what is it?" she exclaimed For answer Cherry tossed her the letter, written on a thick sheet of layender paper, which diffused a strong odo of scent.

"Head that!" she said, briefly. Any with a desperate air she dropped her head on the table, and knotted her hands high above it.

Fearfully Alix picked up the perfumed sheet, and rend, in a coarse on sprawling, yet unmistakably femiline him the layen had with fall the words.

"Dear Mrs. Lloyd—Perhaps you would not feel so plensed with yoursel if you know the real reason why your husband left Hed Creek? It was because of nourrel be hed with Hully Whode and better sak him about some of the parties had with Joe King's crowd, and whershed with Joe King's crowd, and whershe be was in Sacrumento heat If a denies it, you can show him this letter.

Alix, who had read it first with a because of the was no signature.

Alix, who had read it first with a best wildered and suspicious look, read it again, and flushed deeply at the sordid shame of it. She laid it down, and booked in stunned conviction at her Cherry, who was breathing hard tabled her head, rested her chin on her sands, elbows on the table, and stared.

She had to repeat it twice before he realized that there was sonething be-

murmured a question.

"Do I what?" he asked, in an undertone instantly lowered.

"Do you know a girl named Hatty Woods?" Alix repeated, cautiously.

All hope died when she saw his face.
He shot her a quick, suspicious look and his big mouth trembled with a scornful and contemptuous smile and he looked away indifferently. Then he faced her on guard.

"What about her?" he asked, almo insudibly.
"Somebody wrote this letter about "Somebody wrote this letter about her." Alix stated, quietly what's own, wrote you about her? What's her," Alix stated, quietly,
"Who wrote you about ner?" A
she say?" he demanded quickly,

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS-Good Night!

OH, IVE HAD SUCH BAD
LUCK- I LOST MY LITTLE PURSE
WITH A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL
IN IT- MY VACATION
MONEY - IT'S THE ONLY
THING I EVER LOST IN I KNOW I HAD IT WHEN I LEFT DOWN TOWN-POOR MOTHER-CAR FARE - I PUT MY SORRY FOR HER CAR FARE IN MY MOUTH AND MY PURSE IN MY BAG. MY LIFE WHEN I LOOKED FOR IT IT WAS GONE

SHIVER ANDY - SHIVER -WHY SHOULD SHE WORRY? I'M THE GUY THAT LOST THAT 20 BUCKS-I'LL FALL HEIR TO THAT MISFORTUNE - EVENTUALLY



IF SHE EVER HAD 20 BUCKS IT'S BEEN IN THE FAMILY A LONG TIME-I'LL BET IT WAS PRINTED DURING POLK'S ADMINISTRATION - THERE'S ONE THING- IT WILL GO IN CIRCULATION NOW-NOW SHE WANTS ME TO ADVERTISE FOR IT-THAT'LL SET ME BACK A POLLAR AND A QUARTER-THAT MAKES ME OUT JUST #21.25

By Sidney Smith

PETEY—Excusable

GOSH- WHAT PETEY A FOG - CAN'T SEE THE HOSE OH YOUR FACE PETEY! -HERE AM MATS THE TROUBLE



SCHOOL DAYS

-:-

By C. A. Voight -:-- FOR THE LAST FIVE MINUTES I'VE BEEN HANGING ON TO THE ARM OF A MAN WHO WAS STANDING IN A HOLE. THINKING IT WAS YOU

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she enjoys a crowd, but after all there's nothing pleasanter than a nice long monologue between two intimate



TOMORROW'S HIS BIRTHOAY

TOMORROW'S HIS BIRTHOAY

AN I'M GITTIN UP A SURPRISE

PRATT FOR HIM - ALL HIS

PLATTE FRIENDS GOT HIM AH

HIS FATHER'S GOT HIM AH

AIR RIFLE AN I MADE

HIM A VYARM SWEATER

FOR MENT WINTER HAGATS TWEEN'S FOR MENT WINTER AT AUNT JAME -THE SURPRISE PARTY



"CAP" STUBBS—Pa Would Be Just Mean Enough to Try

