By C. A. Voight

SISTERS By KATHLEEN NORRIS Author of "Josselyn's Wife" (Copyright, 1919, by Kathleen Norris)

whispered. And very simply and quietly she added. "If I have been a selfish, wicked girl, all my life, I am punished!" She girl, all my life, I am punished!" She was clinging to the unpainted wood that framed the window, her hand above her head, and her face resting against her head, and her face resting against her head, and her face resting against her head, and perfectly "he protested, heartsick to "Cherry!" he protested, heartsick to see her so.

"Was it wrong for us to love earn other. Peter?" she asked, in a low tone, other. Peter?" she asked, in a low tone. quietly she added, "If I have been a

other. Peter?" she asked, in a low tone. "I suppose it was! I suppose it was! But it never seemed as if-" she shut er eyes and shivered-"as if-thisonld come of it!" she whispered.

"This!" he echoed, aghast, "Oh, I think this is punishment," Cherry continued, in the same lifeless,

weary tone There was a silence. The rain dripped and dripped from the redwoods, the oom in which they stood was in twilight, even at noon. Peter could think of nothing to say.

About two weeks after the accident About two weeks after the accident there was a change in the tone of the physicians who had been giving almost all their time to Martin's case. There was no visible change in Martin, but that fact in itself was so surprising that it was construed into a definite hope that he would live.

Not as he had lived, they warned his wife. It would be but a restricted life; led to his couch, or permitted, at best, or move about within a small boundary in crutches.

"Martin!" his wife exclaimed piteously, when this was first discussed. "He is an always been so strong—so independent! He would rather—he would infinitely rather be dead!" But her mind was busy grasping the possibilities, too. "He won't suffer too much?" she asked. They hastened to assure her that the

mfinitely rather be dead!" But her mind was busy grasping the possibilities too." He won't suffer too much?" she asked tearfuily.

They hastened to assure her that the shance of his even partial recovery was till slight, but that in case of his convalescence Martin need not necessarily suffer.

Another day or two went by, in the lilent, rain-wrapped house under the trees; days of quiet footsteps, and whispering, and the lisping of wood fires. Then Martin suddenly was conscious, haw his wife, languidly smiled at her, when the violence of hand he doctors for occasional ease from pain.

Teter—I'm sorry, It's terrible for wed-terrible!" he said, in his new, hoarse, gentle voice, when he first away beter. They marveled among themselves that he knew that Alix was gone. But to Cherry, in one of the long hours hat she spent, sitting beside him, and holding his hig, weak, strangely white hand, he explained, one day. I knew he was killed, he said, out of allence. It thought we both were!"

"How did she ever happen to do it?" Cherry said. "She was always so sure of herself—even when she drove fast!"

I'd don't know," he answered. "It was all like a flash, of course! I never did before. Alix never knew about us, Peter—and that's been the one thinking about it, all these days, and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see what is right, as and I've come to see

ension of her own.
"You might ask Peter to play some of hat—that rambly stuff he was playing yenterday?" he suggested. Cherry, nly too happy to have him want anyhing, to have him helped by anything, sw to find Peter. Busy with one of he trays that were really beginning to herest and please the invalid now, she old herest the heave were aller. herself that the house was a differ-

old berself that the house was a different place, now that one nurse was gone, he doctors coming only for brief calls, and the dear familiar sound of the old fine echoing through the rooms.

Martin came from the flery furnace thinged in soul and body. It was a hin, sentic, strangely patient man who was propped in bed for his Thanksgiving dinner, and whose pain-worn face turned with an appreciative smile to the decorations and the gifts that made his room cheerful. His thick beard had grown; for weeks they had not dured disturb him to cut it, and as he recovered. Cherry found it so becoming that she had persuaded him to let it remain. He wore a blue-and-gray wrapper that was his wife's gift; the sling was gone, but his hands were oddly thin and white.

The his room once the study and

out his hands were oddly thin and white.

The big room, once the study, and still shaded by the old banksia rose, had been turned into as luxurious a bedroom as Cherry could make it. The signs of extreme illness gradually were banked, and all sorts of invalid comforts took their place; daylight and lamplight were alike tempered for Martin; there were pillows, screens; there was a noiseless deep chair always waiting for Cherry at his side. As his unconscious and feverish times lessened, and he was able feehly to request this small delicacy or that Cherry reloiced to gratify him; her voice had something of its old content as she would say: "He loved the oysters, Peter!" or "doctor said he might have wine jeily!"

The heavy cloud lightened slowly but the content of the course of the content of the course of the content of

The heavy cloud lightened slowly but deadly: Martin had a long talk, dreadd by Cherry from the first hours of the accident, with his physicians. He ore the ultimatum with unexpected activities.

"Let me get this straight." he said, owly. "The arm is O. K. and the leg. kneeling beside him, her nds on his, drew a wincing breath.

've known it right along!" he told He looked at the doctors. "It's no

'I don't see why I should deceive you, my dear boy," said the younger doctor, who had grown very fond of him. "You can still beat me at bridge, you know, you can read and write, and come to the table, after a while; you have
your devoted wife to keep finding new
things for you to do! Next summer
now—a chair out in the garden——"
Cherry was fearfully watching her

"We'll all do what we can to make it Mart!" she whispered, in tears, looked at her with a whimsicat "Mind very much taking care of a

helpless man all your life?" he asked, with a hint of his old confident manner. helpless man all your life?" he asked, with a hint of his old confident manner.

"Oh. Mart. I mind only for you!" she said. Peter, standing behind the doc"And, slipped from the room unnoticed.

Late that evening, when Martin was asleep, Cherry came noiselessly from the slok room, to find Peter alone in the dimity lighted slitting room. The fire had burned low, and he was sitting before it, sunk into his chair, and leaning forward, fingers loosely locked, and somber eyes fixed on the dull pink glow of the logs. He looked tired. Cherry thought and was so buried in thought that she at first attempted to go quietly through the room without rousing him. But he glanced at her, feeling rather than hearing her presence, and called her.

"Come over here, will you, Cherry?"

Something in his voice fluttered her for a second; she had not heard the echo of the old mood for a long time. She came, with an inquiring and yet hot wholly unconscious look, to the fireside, and he stood up to greet her.

"Tired?" he asked, in an unnatural voice.

"II—I was just going to bed," she answered in the glanced. Instinct," "The Middle light of "Dead Men's Money," "The Middle light of the children of "Dead Men's Money," "The Middle light of the children of "Dead Men's Money," "The Middle light of the children of "Dead Men's Money," "The Middle light of the children of "Dead Men's Money," "The Middle light of the children of "Dead Men's Money," "The Middle light of the children of the chil

"Tired?" he asked, in an unnacture voice.
"I—I was just going to bed," she answered, hesitatingly. But she sat down, evertheless; sank comfortably into the nair opposite his own, and stretched er little feet, crossed at the ankle, beare her, as if she were indeed tired. I don't know what should make melways—so weary!" she said, smilling ton't do a thing, really, all day!"
Utterly relaxed, her small, figure in plain black gown, with the ubidishing the she always wore at collar and st. looked like the figure of a child.

MY DEAR—my dear!" Peter said to shaken, she came stumbling from Marshaken, she came stumbling from Marshaken, she came stumbling from Marshin's bedside, and stood dazedly looking from the window into the soaking October forest, like a person stunned from tober forest, like a person stunned from a blow. "My poor little Cherry! If I could spare you this!"

"Nobody can spare me now!" she whispered. And very simply and whispered. And very simply and quietly she added. "If I have been a quietly she added. "If I have been a gliance."

In the dim light; there was a glint of firelight in her dropped lashes.

"Pethaps it's the nervous strain."
Peter suggested. "Of course, you would feel that." There was a glint of firelight in her dropped lashes.

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"Pethaps it's the nervous strain."
Peter suggested. "Of course, you would feel that." There was a slience in which neither moved. Cherry did not even raise her eyelids, and Peter, standing with one arm on the mantel, looked down at her steadily. "Cherry." he said, suddenly. "are you and I going to talk, to each other like that."

A flood of color rose in Cherry's pale face, and she gave him one appealing

since the days long ago, in this very house!

"I can't stop it now. And you love me, Cherry!"

"Yes, I shall slways love you." she answered, agitatedly, after a pause in which she looked at him with troubled eyes. "I shall always love you, and always dream of the time wnen we—we thought we might belong to each other, Peter. But—but—you must see that we cannot—cannot think of all that now," she added with difficulty. "I couldn't fall Martin now, when he needs me so."

"He needs you now," Peter conceded, "and I don't ask you to do anything that must distress him now. But in a few months, when his mother comes down for a visit, what then?"

Cherry's exquisite eyes were fixed on his.

"Well, what then?"

while!" he said.

Cherry rose from the chair, and stood with dropped head and troubled eyes, looking down at the flame.

"No, I shall never change my mind!" she said, in a low tone that was still strangely firm and final for her. "I have thought about it, about the sacrifices I shall have to make, and about what my life will be as the years go on! And I know that I never will change. This is as much my life as it would be my life if you and I were alone in that little French village somewhere. There would be no going back then, no thinking of what might have been; there is no going back now. This is my life, that's all! For five or ten or twenty or thirty years I shall always

been; there is no going back now. This is my life, that's all! For five or ten or twenty or thirty years I shall always be where Martin is, caring for him. amusing him, making a life for him." And Cherry raised her giorious blue eyes in which there was a pure and an upiffed look that Peter had never seen there before. "It is what dad and Alix would have wished," she finished, solemnly, "and I do it for them!"

Peter did not answer; and after a moment she went quietly and quickly from the room, with the new air of quiet responsibility that she had worn ever since the accident.

Peter saw, with a sort of stupefaction, that life was satisfying her now as life had never satisfied restless, exacting little Cherry before. Not that she knew it; she was absolutely unconscious of the truth, and he realized that she would have been genuinely shocked by it. But there was a busy energy about her now, an absorbed and contented concentration upon the duties of the day, a cheerfulness, a philosophy, that were new.

There had been touched by all this terrible time unexpected deeps of maternal tenderness in childish little Cherry; there had been unsuspected qualities of domesticity and sacrifice. A new Cherry had been born, a Cherry always beautiful, always resourceful, always resourceful, always admired. Busy with Martin's trays, out in the garden searching for shy violets, conferring with the Chinese boy, pouring tea for afternoon callers, Cherry was newly adequate and newly her husband's side amusing him as

of "Dead Men's Money," Chesterfield Instinct," "The Middle Temple Murder" and "The Talleyrand Maxim."

It begins on Wednesday next in the Evening Public Ledger, and while it enthralls and entertains it will give you a fresh guess in every installment.

Don't Miss It

EVERY SERVICE

THE GUMPS-The Old Brain Clear All the Time

PRETTY SOON I SAW THE PIANO THEY AIMED AT ME HE CLAPPED HIS HEELS I GOT TO BED AND NO-THAT'S THE FUNNY AND SALUTED ME THEN MOVE AND THE DOOR OPENED AGAIN SO I KNEW WHAT OH BOY -PART OF IT- I WAS STARTED TO DOZE -AND HE WALKED IN AT THE HEAD OF A MA TAHW THE NEXT ORDER THOUSAND LITTLE SOLDIERS ALL
CARRYING GUNS — I SAT UP — THE OLD BRAIN
CLEAR - AND WATCHED THE MOST WONDERFUL
DRILL I EYER SAW — THEY DID EVERYTHING.
FORMED SQUARES AND CROSSES — THE DOOR OPENED TIMES - SALUTED HE QUIETLY AND A LITTLE PELLOW WAS GOING TO BE -EYE -HOUSE - HAD 7 OR 8
DRINKS OF HOME BREWTHEN I QUIT - THEY WANTED
HE TO STICK FOR A BIG AND I JOMPED OUT YOU MUST ABOUT SO HIGH WALKED IN DRESSED OF THE WINDOW HAVE HAD I WAS KIND A TIRED AND A PEACH UP IN AN OFFICER'S WANTED TO SLEEP SO ! STUNTS THAT I NEVER SAW BEFORE—
FINALLY HE LINED 'EM UP
SINGLE FILE — SAID — UNIFORM -OH LAST TIME BUT I SAID -MOVED THE PIANO AGAINST HIGHT NOT FOR ME WATCHED HIM - THE THE DOOR SO I WOULDN'T THE OLD BRAIN BE DISTURBED AGAIN SIONEY READY! AIM! AS A BELL SMITH COULD

PETEY-Ira Took Him and Shook Him









The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says of course the campaign's young yet, but there seems to be a great deal of doubt what the catamount issue is







