



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LITTLE
A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problem of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CCLXVI.

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For a minute Evvy Mason stood facing Val triumphantly over Sheldon Blake's dead body. Then her face went through a gamut of triumph to bitterness and from bitterness to despair, inscrutability as impenetrable as any expression I had ever seen Val's face wear. Then she lowered her eyes, shutting away from us the final look that I almost caught as it leaped from their depths.

I had always thought Evvy's eyes shallow, artificial. But they were too deep now for me to fathom as she turned from the fascinated helplessness of Val's eyes and faced me.

"You mustn't go doctors or an ambulance now," she said. "You must help me. Lift Sheldon into the car. We'll have to get him to the top of the road somehow."

"You can't. Let me help," burst from Val.

"You're hurt too badly," replied Evvy, and her voice was so low that I couldn't tell whether it held hatred or patience. "Anne and I must do it. I'm going to take him home. Home to my own place. Then get doctors. It will be too late then. But it's too late now. It was too late from the first."

A smothered groan burst from Val.

"Be quiet," said Evvy. But she did not speak the words rudely abruptly. "You must do what we must do."

"I'll take Sheldon home and Anne must take you for the visit she had asked you for."

Evvy then justified that Evvy employed Val's formula of the "visit I had asked Val for," not the visit I had asked Val for, not the visit she was coming to make.

"Anne must take you to the Harrison place and then send for doctors. You need them. You have more need of them than he," went on Evvy. "You must wait here until we have secured him on the back to my car. First I will drive it off the road through that gap in woods a few yards back. No one will see us. It's only a little after eight now. No one is stirring yet. You must send to the hospital up the North road for doctors and nurses. Anne, I will telephone to the cross-roads inn and have them call a doctor, now, isn't it? You will do as I say?"

"I'll do as you say," I repeated.

"And you?" demanded Evvy Val, again refusing to call her by name.

"I will do as you say," Val gasped.

"But tell me what you are going to do. What are you going to say? How are you going to explain?" Anne had asked me to pass her a cigarette, but understand that don't you? I was coming to spend the day with Anne. That's why I was so early. I wanted a real day—a long day."

She whimpered uneasily as she spoke. And Evvy and I turned with one accord to the luggage rest on the back of the car, and sat on its side a few feet away, a crumpled mass of wreckage. Then our eyes met for a second, clashed and parted.

"I'll get my car," said Evvy.

The moment we were left alone Val crept to my side—abject, pitiable, a battered wreck of her indolent, insolent self.

"Would you invited me to visit you?" she began.

I turned questioning eyes to her burning face. And then Valerie Cosby laughed throatily.

"I can see what you're thinking," she began, with a return to her old creareaminess. "Well, think, then

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