

(Contined from last week.)

"No," he said, patiently and perfunctorily, "you wanted-Cherry-tosay - good-by - to-those-people--were-sailing! That was all. She wrote it; it got there in time, I guess. Anyway. I heard the girl say to rush it to the bont!"

"Oh!" Allx said. "Oh-" she added. Her tone betrayed nothing, but she was thoroughly at sea. "Did I ask Cherry to say good-by to any one?" she asked herself, going back to the beginning of the long day. Instinct warned her that nothing would be gained by sharing her perplexity with "I give you my word that she hasn't been five minutes alone with any one but Peter and me!" she said, frankly, looking into Martin's eyes.

"Now, are you satisfied?" "Sure, I'm satisfied!" he answered. "Til take your say-so for it." He yawned. "Trouble with Cherry is, she hasn't enough to do!" he finished sapi-

"I'm a poor person with whom to discuss Cherry!" Alix hinted, with an unsmilling nod for good-night

And she looked at Cherry's corncolored head, ten minutes later, with . thrill of maternal protectiveness. Cherry was evidently asleep, buried deep under the blue army blankets. But Alix did not get to sleep that

She did not even undress. For it was while sitting on the side of her bed, ready to begin the process, that through her excited and indignant and whirling thoughts the first suspicion shot like a touch of flame.

"Til tell Peter all this when Martin has gone," Alix decided. "He'll be furious-he adores Cherry-he'll be furious-he thinks that there is no one

like Cherry-The words she had said came back to her, and she said them again, halfaloud, with a look of pain and almost of fear suddenly coming into her

"Peter adores Cherry-" And then she knew. Even while the sick suspicion formed fiself, vague and menacing and horrible, in her heart, she knew the truth of it. And though for hours she was to weigh it and measure it, to remember and question and compare all the days and hours that she and Peter and Cherry had been together; from the moment the thought was born she knew that it was to be with her an accepted fact for all time to come.

For a few seconds Alix felt ill, dazed, and shocked almost beyond enduring. She sat immovable, her eyes fixed, her body held rigid, as a body might be in the second before it fe after a bullet had cleanly plerced the

Then she put her hand to her throat, and looked with a sort of terror at the silent figure of Cherry. Nobody must know-that was Alix's first clear thought. She was breathing hard, her breast rising and falling painfully, and the blood in her temples began to pound; her mouth was dry.

With a blind instinct for solitude she went quickly and silently from the sleeping porch, and into the warm sitting room. For a few minutes Allx stood, with one foot on the chain that linked the old brass fire dogs, her elbow on the mantel, and her cheek resting against her arm.

"No," she whispered, almost audibly, "no-it can't be that! It can't be



"No," She Whispered. "No, It Can't Be That."

Cherry and Peter-Oh, my God! Oh, my God, it has been that, all the time, that, all the time-and I never knew ft-I never dreamed it!

"It's Peter and Cherry! They have come to care for each other-they

have come to care for each other." said to herself, her thoughts rushing and tumbling in mad confusion as she tested and tried the new fear. must be so. But it can't be so!" Alix interrupted herself in terror, "for what shall we do-what shall we do Cherry in love with Peter. But Peter s my husband-he is my husband-And in a spasm of pain she shut her eyes, and flung her head as if suffocating. The beating of her heart frightened her. "I shall be sick if I go on this way!" she reminded her self. "And then they will know, They mustn't know. But Peterwhispered suddenly. "Peter, who has always been so good to me erous to me-and it was Cherry all the time! Even those years ago. when we used to tease him about the lady with the cripolines and ringlets it was she. But why didn't he ask her instead of me?" wondered Alix, and

The terrible truth rose triumphant from all her memories. Sometimes for a second hope would flood her with almost painful joy, but inevitably the truth shut down upon her again, and hope died, and she realized afresh that sorrow, stronger than before, was

with an aching head and a frowning

brow she began to piece it all to

waiting to seize her again. "Well-I can't stand it in here!" Allx said, suddenly. She crossed to the door, and opened it, and slipped poiselessly out into the night, catching a coat from the rack as she

The night was wrapped in an ocean fog, there was no moon and no stars, but the air was soft and warm. With no goal in view, Alix climbed upward. walking rapidly, breathing hard, and frequently speaking aloud, as some polgnant thought smote her, or standing still, too sick with pain, under an unexpected rush of emotion, to move.

"He would have told me about itwhy didn't I let him!" ran Alix's thoughts. "I thought of some older woman, I don't know why-anyway, I didn't care so much then. But I care | "Dawn!" now! Peter, I care now! I can't give you up, even to Cherry. It is nonsense to talk of giving him up," Allx told herself, sitting down in the inky dark, on a log against which her wild walk had suddenly brought her, "for we are all married people, and we all love each other. But oh, I am so sorry! I am so sorry, Peter," she whispered, as if she were speaking to him. You couldn't help it, I know that. She is so pretty and so sweet, Cherry -and she turns to you as if you were her big brother!"

She got to her feet and went on. What am I thinking about-it's absurd! Can't people like each other, in this world, just because they happen to be married! Peter would be the first to laugh at me. And is it fair to Cherry even to think that she would-

"Oh, but it's true!" the honester impulse interrupted, mercilessly. "It is true. Whether it's right or wrong, or sensible or absurd, they do love each other; that's what has changed them both."

And she began to remember a hundred -a thousand-trifles, that made it all hideously clear. Words, glances, moods subtler than either, came back to her. Cherry's confusion of late. when the question of her return to Martin was raised, her indifference to her inheritance, her restless talk during one hour of immediate departure, and during the next of an apparently termless visit; all these were signifi-

"I am desperately unhappy!" Cherry had said. And immediately after that, Alix recalled wretchedly, had come a brief and apparently aimless talk about Alix's rights, and her eagerness to share them with her sister.

"Poor Cherry!" the older sister said aloud, standing still for a moment, and pressing both hands over her hot eyes. "Poor little old Cherry-life hasn't been very kind to her! She and Peter must be so sorry and ashamed about this! And Dad would be so sorry; of all things he wanted most that Cherry should be happy! Perhaps," thought Alix, "he realized that she was that sort of a nature, she must love and be loved, or she cannot live! But why did he let her marry Martin, and why wasn't he here to keep me from marrying Peter? What a mess-mess-mess we're made of it

As she used the term, she realized that Cherry had used it, too, this same evening, and fresh conviction was added to the great weight of convic-

ion in her heart. "Oh, Peter-Peter !" she moaned, writhing as the cry escaped her. "Why couldn't it have been me, why couldn't you have loved me that way? I know I am not so pretty as Cherry," Alix went on, resuming her restless walk, "and I know that those things don't seem to mean as much to me as to most women! But, Peter," she said softly, aloud, "no wife ever

loved a man more than I love you, my dear!" She remembered some of his half-laughing, half-fretful reproaches, when he had told her that she loved him much as she loved Buck, and that, in these respects, she was no more than a healthy child. "I may be a child," said Alix, feeling that a dry fame was consuming her heart, "but

child can love! My dear-my dear-"I wish I could cry," she said sudtenly, finding herself sitting on a log where low oaks met the forest and the open meadows. "But now we must face this thing sensibly. What is to be done? They must not know that I know, and in some way we must get out of this tangle. Even if Peter were free, Cherry would not be free," she decided, "and so the only thing to do is to help them, until it dies away."

No suspicion of the truth stabbed her, although she remembered Martin and his strange tale of a message and wondered about it a little in her thoughts. To whom had Cherry been sending that telegram if not to Peter? And if to Peter, why had she not simply telephoned? Because she had known that Peter was not in his office, because she had been going to meet him somewhere. But where? Well, at the boat. Martin had heard her tell the boy that he must catch

Alix did not guess the truth. But she guessed enough to make her feel frightened and sick. She could not suppose that Cherry and Peter had nned to go away on that boat to gether, because at most her thoughts would have grasped the idea of one or two days' absence only, and they had given her no warning of that. But until this instant the thought of the passionate desire that enveloped them had not reached her; she had imagined Cherry's feeling for Peter to be something only a little stronger than

Now she thought of Cherry's beauty her fragrance and softness, the shine in her blue eyes and the light on her corn-colored hair, and knew that life for them ali, of late, had been mined with frightful danger.

"Cherry would be disgraced, and Martin-Martin would kill her, if he . Oh, my little found her out! . sister! She would be town talk; she is so reckless, she would do anything -she would be a public scandal, and the papers would have her pictures-

Dad's little yellow-headed Charity! Oh, Dad," she said, looking up into the dark, "tell me what to do! I need you so! Won't you somehow tell me what to do?" Silence and darkness. But even in

that gloom Alix could tell the fog was lifting, and a sudden sweep of breeze, like a tired breath, went over the tops of the redwoods. Steadily came the change, The darkness, by imperceptible degrees, lifted.

"Light!" Alix whispered, awestruck.

And a few moments later she added, It was dawn indeed that was creeping into the valley, and as it brightened and deepened and warmed momentarily. Alix felt some of the peace and glory of it swelling in her tired She was still sitting on the log, dreamily watching the expanding beauty of the new day, when there was a crashing in the underbrush behind her, and wild with joy, and with twigs and dried brown grasses on his wet coat, Buck came bounding out of

the forest, and leaped upon her. beside her, his quick tongue flashing | child that had been Cherry into this ecstatically, close to her face, every splendid muscle of his body wriggling



Did You Miss Me, Old

with eager affection. "Did you miss me, old fellow? Did you come to find

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

CHAPTER XVII.

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 wore one of the plain, wide-striped ginghams that were extremely becoming to her rather boyish type.

She looked up, and nodded at Cherry composedly. Cherry always kissed her sister 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 mail. "Peter had to go to San Rafael with Mr. Thomas in his cer, to do some thing about the case," Allx explained. "I drove them down, and at the last minute Martin decided to go. So ! marketed, and got the mall, and came back, and the understanding is that we are to meet them at the St. Fran

"Is it almost ten?" Cherry said sleeplly, gazing in surprise at the clock that was visible through the open door. "I'm terribly ashamed! And when did you get up, and silently make your bed, and hang up your

cis for dinner, at six, and go to the

early!" Allx answered, non committally. "I had a bath, and this my second breakfast.!"

Cherry, who was reading a letter, made some inarticulate sound that made Alix took at her in quick con-

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

"Read that!" she said, briefly. Fearfully, Alix picked up the perfumed sheet, and read, in a coarse and sprawling, yet unmistakably feminine handwriting, the following words:

"Dear Mrs. Lloyd: Perhaps you would not feel so pleased with yourself if you knew the real reason why your husband left Red Creek? It was because of a quarrel he had with Hatty Woods.

"If you don't believe it you had bet ter ask him about some of the parties he had with Joe King's crowd, where they were on the night of Aug. 28, and if he knows anybody named Hatty Woods, and see what he says. Ask him if he ever heard of Bopps' hotel and when he was in Sacramento last. If he denies it, you can show There was no signature

Alix, who had read it first with a bewildered and suspicious look, read it again, and flushed deeply at the sordid shame of it. She laid it down and looked in stunned conviction at her sister.

Therry, who was breathing bare raised her head, rested her chin on ber hands, elbows on the table, and stared at Alix defiantly.

"There!" she said, almost with triumph. "There! Now, is that so easy? Now, am I to just smile and agree to say 'Certainly, Martin,' 'Of course, Martin, dear!' Now you see-now you Now, am I to bear that," rushed on, her words suddenly violent. "And go on with him-as his wifewhen a common woman like that-"

"Cherry, dear! Allx said, distress-"Ah, well, you can't realize it; no-

body but the woman to whom it happens can!" Cherry interrupted her, covering her face with her hands. But let him say what he pleases she added, passionately, "let him do what he pleases-I'll follow my own course from today on!" Alix, watching her fearfully, was

amazed at the change in her. Cherry's eyes were blazing, her cheeks pale. Her voice was dry and feverish, and there was a sort of frenzy in her manner that Allx had never seen before. To bring sunny little Cherry to "Bucky!" she faltered, as he stood | this-to change the radiant, innocent bitter and disillusioned woman-Alix felt as if the whole world were going mad, and as if life would never be sane and serene again for any one of

"Cherry, do you believe it?" she

Cherry, roused from a moment of brooding silence, shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"Of course I believe it!" she an swered. "But, darling, we don't even know who wrote it. We have only this wom-

"Oh, look at it-look at it, Alix!" Cherry burst forth. "Do decent men have letters like that sent to their wives? Is it probable that a good man would do anything to rouse some busybody woman to write such a letter about him?"

"Well, but who is she, and what do you suppose she wrote it for?" Alix wondered.

(Continued next week.)

"Here!" he growled, "what do yo ean by waking me out of a sound

"Because, dear," replied his wife sweetly, "it is such a distressing sound."

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This is the season of the year when all who enjoy candles will turn to ished recipes and prepare some at home. No candy bought in the

that which own help. The following will be useful to add to the collection already at

shops tastes like

Molasses Taffy.-Boil together one quart of New Orleans molasses and two spoonfuls of sugar for five minutes Add two spoonfuls of vinegar and a tablespoonful of butter. Boll until it cracks when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire, stir in one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda and pour out to cool. When cool enough to handle

flavor and pull. Coffee Fudge.-Take one cupful of strong coffee, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of bickory nut meats and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Stir the offee, sugar and butter together and boll until it reaches the soft ball stage when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire, add the almond extract, let cool and beat until it be gins to get stiff, stir in the nuts-pecans may be used. Spread in a well buttered pan. Mark off in squares before the candy is too hard.

Pecan Fudge.-Take one cupful of water, two cupfuls of sugar, a plach of cream of tartar, one cupful of pecan meats, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of butter and three tablespoonfuls of fondant. Dissolve the the sugar in the water, add the cream of tartar and boll until it reaches the soft ball stage. Add the butter, fondant, chopped nuts and extract. Beat until it begins to stiffen then pour quickly into buttered tins. When cold wrap in waxed paper.

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How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was able. Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises. Why is a camel a most irrascible animal? Because he always has his

What is the difference between a light in a cave and a dance in an inn? One is a taper in cavern and the other is a caper in a tavern.

When does a man impose on himself? When he taxes his memory. Why cannot a thief easily steal a watch? Because he must take it off

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