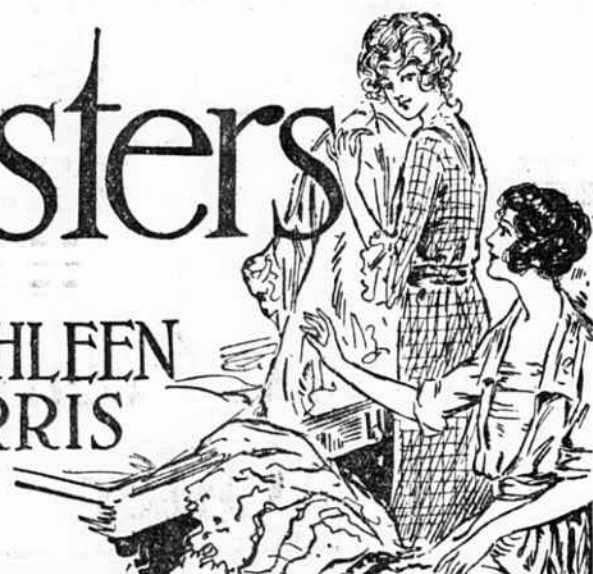


# Sisters

by KATHLEEN NORRIS



She frowned. She had missed the nine o'clock train; she must wait for the train at half-past two. Wait where? Well, she could only wait here. Very well, she would wait here. She would not get Martin any lunch, and when he raged she would explain. She finished her packing and put the house in order. Then, in unaccustomed mid-morning leisure, she sank into a deep rocker and began to read. Quiet and shade and order reigned in the little house.

Steps came bounding up to Cherry's door; her heart began to beat; a knock sounded. She got to her feet, puzzled; Martin did not knock.

It was Joe Robinson, his closest friend at the mine.

"Say, listen, Mrs. Lloyd; Mart can't get home to dinner," said Joe. "He don't feel extra well—he was in the



"He Was in the Engine Room and He Kinder—Fainted."

engine room and he kinder—he kinder—"

"Fainted?" Cherry asked sharply, turning a little pale.

"Well, kinder. Lawson made him lay down," Joe said. "And he's coming home when the wagon comes down, at three o'clock. He says to tell you he's fine."

"Oh, thank you, Joe!" Cherry said. She shut the door, feeling weak and frightened. She flew to unpack her bag, hung up her hat and coat, darkened the bedroom and turned down the bed; waited anxiously for Mart's return.

She was deeply concerned over the news from Martin. Cherry met his flap form at the front door, and whisked him into a cool bed and put chopped ice on the aching forehead and got him, grateful and pent-up, off to sleep.

For a day or two Martin stayed in bed and Cherry spoiled and petted him, and was pained and thanked for every step she took. After that they took a little trip into the mountains near by, and Cherry sent Alix post-cards that made her sister feel almost a pang of envy.

But then the routine began again, and the fearful heat of mid-summer came, too. Red Creek baked in a smother of dusty heat, the trees in the dry orchards, beside the dry road, dropped circles of hot shadow on the clouded, rough earth. Ferns dozed under shimmering lines of dazzling air and in the village, from ten o'clock until the afternoon began to wane, there was no stir. Eyes luzzed and settled on screen doors, the creek shrunk away between crumpling rocky banks, the butcher closed his shop and milk soured in the bottles.

The Turners and some other families always camped together in the mountains during this season, and they were off when school closed, in an exuberant state of ecstasy and anticipation. Cherry had planned to join them, but an experimental weekend was enough. The camp was in the cool woods, truly, but it was disorderly, swarming with children, the tents were small and hot, the whole settlement laughed and roared and surged to and fro in a manner utterly foreign to her. She returned, to tell Martin that it was "horribly common" and weather the rest of the summer in Red Creek.

Martin sympathized. He had never cared particularly for the Turners; was perfectly willing to keep the friendship within bounds.

The sympathyed as little with another friendship she made, some months later, with the wife of a young engineer who had recently come to the mine. Pauline Runyon was a few years older than her husband, a handsome, thin, intense woman, who did everything in an entirely individual way. She took one of the new little laughings that were being erected in Red Creek "Park," and furnished it richly and inappropriately, and estab-

lished a tea table and a samovar beside the open fireplace. Cherry began to like better than anything else in the world the hours spent with Pauline.

Pauline read Browning, Francis Thompson and Pater, and introduced Cherry to new worlds of thought. She talked to Cherry of New York, which she loved, and of the men and women she had met there. She sometimes sighed and pushed the bright hair back from Cherry's young and innocent and disconcerted little face, and said tenderly: "On the stage, my dear—anywhere, anywhere, you would be a furor!"

And thinking, in the quiet evenings—for Martin's work kept him later and later at the mine—Cherry came to see that her marriage had been a great mistake. She had not been ready for marriage. She would sit on the back steps, as the evenings grew cooler, and watch the exquisite twilight fade, and the sorrow and beauty of life would wring her heart.

A dream of ease and adoration and beauty came to her. She did not visualize any special place, any special gown or hour of person. But she saw her beauty fittingly envied; she saw cool rooms, darkened against this blazing midsummer glare; heard ice clinking against glass; the sound of cultivated voices, of music and laughter. She had had these dreams before, but they were becoming habitual now. She was so tired—so sick—so bored with her real life; it was becoming increasingly harder and harder for her to live with Martin. She was always in a suppressed state of wanting to break out, to shout at him brazenly: "I don't care if your coffee is weak! I like it weak! I don't care if you don't like my hat—I do! Stop talking about yourself!"

Various little mannerisms of his began seriously to annoy her; a rather grave symptom, had Cherry but known it. He danced his big fingers on the handle of the sugar spoon at breakfast, sifting the sugar over his cereal; she had to turn her eyes resolutely away from the sight. He blew his nose, folded his handkerchief, and then brushed his nose with it firmly left and right; she hated the little performance that was never altered. He had a certain mental slowness; would blink at her politely and patiently when she flashed plans or hopes at him: "I don't follow you, my dear!" This made her frantic.

She was twenty, undisciplined and exacting. She had no reserves within herself to which she could turn. Bad things were hopelessly laid with Cherry; her despair was the dark and fearful despair of girlhood, prematurely transferred to graver matters.

Martin was quite right in some of his contentions; girl-like, she was spasmodic and unsystematic in her housekeeping; she had times of being disconcerted and selfish. She hated economy and the need for careful managing.

In October Alix chanced to write her a long and unusually gossipy letter. Alix had a new gown of black grenadine, and she had sung at an afternoon tea, and had evidently succeeded in her first venture. Also they had had a mountain climb and enclosed were snapshots Peter had taken on the trip.

Cherry picked up the little Kodak prints; there were four or five of them. She studied them with a pang at her heart. Alix in a loose rough coat, with her hair blowing in the wind and the peaked crest of Tamalpais behind her—Alix busy with lunch boxes—Alix standing on the old bridge by the mill. A wave of homesickness swept over the younger sister; life tasted bitter. She hated Alix, hated Peter; above all she hated herself. She wanted to be there, in Mill Valley, free to play and to dream again—

A day or two later she told Martin kindly and steadily that she thought it had all "been a mistake." She told him that she thought the only dignified thing to do was to part. She liked him; she would always wish him well, but since the love had gone out of their relationship, surely it was only honest to end it.

"What's the matter?" Martin demanded.

"Nothing special," Cherry assured him, her eyes suddenly watering. "Only I'm tired of it all. I'm tired of pretending. I can't argue about it. But I know it's the wise thing to do."

"You'd go back to your father, I suppose?" Martin said, yawning.

"Until I could get into something," Cherry replied with dignity. A vague thought of the stage flitted through her mind.

"Oh!" Martin said politely. "And I suppose you think your father would agree to this delightful arrangement?" he asked.

"I know he would!" Cherry answered eagerly.

"All right—you write and ask him," Martin agreed good-naturedly. Cherry was surprised at his attitude, but grateful more than surprised.

"Not cross, Mart?" she asked. "Not the least in the world!" he answered lightly.

"Because I truly believe that we'd both be happier—" the woman said hesitatingly. Martin did not answer.

The next day she sat down to write her father. She meditated, with a troubled brow. Her letter was unexpectedly hard to compose. She could not take a bright and simple tone, asking her father to rejoice in her homecoming. Somehow the matter persisted in growing heavy and the words twisted themselves about into ugly and selfish sounds. Cherry was young, but even to her youth the phrases, the "misunderstand," and the "uncongenial," the "friendly parting before any bitterness creeps in," and the "free to decide our lives in some happier and wiser way," rang false. Pauline had been divorced a few years ago, and the only thing Cherry disliked in her friend was her cold and resentful references to her first husband.

No, she couldn't be a divorced woman. It was all spoiled, the innocent past and the future; there was no way out! She gave up the attempt at a letter and began to annoy Martin with talk of a visit home again.

"What do you want to go for?"

"Oh, just—just—" Cherry's irritable tears angered herself almost as much as they did Martin. "I think they'd like me to," she faltered.

"Go if you want to!" he said, but she knew she could not go on that word.

"That's it," she said at last to herself, in one of her solitary hours. "I'm married and this is marriage. For the rest of my life it'll be Mart and I—Mart and I—in everything! For richer, for poorer; for better, for worse—that's marriage. He doesn't beat me and we have enough money, and perhaps there are a lot of other women worse off than I am. But it's—it's funny."

(To be continued.)

## STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

By JAMES HENRY RICE, Jr.

### THE LOGGERHEAD TURTLE

Two men were fishing for sponges off the outer reach of the Bahamas in a night of brilliant moonlight. All of a sudden there came a big body racing through the water. "Just look at that old turtle, Sam," said one of the sponge fishermen; "she is making time like a steamboat." So she was, for the men were speedily left behind and a line of white ripples showed that there was no relaxation of speed.

The palms showed distinct in the tropic night; the low land loomed toward the west and the water was lighted by phosphorescent streaks where tiny fish and other marine animals disported.

June was coming on, and, following an instinct implanted in them in ancient geologic times, these turtles were going north to lay on the broad strand of the Atlantic.

About a week after that, a traveler was coming down the North Carolina strand. The moon was almost full and the shore line was nearly as bright as day. The traveler had come far, driving along the open strand; it was near midnight and he stopped to rest and feed his horse. With him was an old darky, Ephraim, a general factotum. So he told Ephraim to take out and feed the horse, and while this was being attended to, he himself walked up the strand toward a place where a swash, a small fresh water stream, made into the ocean. At the mouth of the swash, which they had passed, there was a bold bluff and a cove beyond.

"September Morn."

Now, it so happened that two young ladies, teachers in a city, had stolen out of a nearby house and were having a taste of Eden's delights in the cool water. It was a lonely strand, where travelers came only every year or so.

Knowing this, and believing that nothing like a man was within many miles, the young ladies disrobed of bathing suits and entered the ocean in "the altogether." It was grand; they took no count of time.

The traveler had not seen them; nor they him. Each would have departed in entire ignorance of the other's proximity, but for that same truth that had passed the sponge fishermen at a wild pace; for while the traveler was watching the sea and the strand, and musing about all sorts of things, the filament was split by an awful roar, like the exhaust of a big steam pipe. Two wild screams from the water and two fleeing forms, with hair streaming behind them as they disappeared over the bluff gave notice of the presence of the young ladies. The horse, according to old Ephraim, "done hist he tail in de elements and quit de country." The last sight of him was when he turned a half mile below. Ephraim himself went over the sand dunes with remarkable agility for a rheumatic person and had climbed a tree when found.

Off to West Indies.

Meantime the turtle was engaged on her life business. She dug out a hole with her forefeet, then whiled around and began laying eggs. When this process was complete, she puffed sand over the eggs and raised her body and let it fall back on the sand until it was packed according to her notion, when she withdrew and began her journey for the West Indies.

By this time a light was seen in the house and the traveler, being without a horse, went up for help. The man of the house came out and when things were explained, laughed and told him he would find the horse. If first the turtle eggs were shown him. This was promptly done and with a spade, he dug the eggs out, securing a basket full. Then he took his own horse and recovered the missing animal within an hour; so the journey was resumed.

"Po Gawd, maussa, dat critter make me swaller my terbacker. I ent been scarce so sence Kukulux time," was Ephraim's comment.

So, with the roaring, dashing sea on one side and the black forest on the other, while moon and stars gave light, they fared on along the rim of the Atlantic.

## CASE TREATED BY WIRELESS

### Ship Surgeon Cures Sailor 250 Miles Away.

The Lamport and Holt liner Vestris arrived yesterday, says the New York Herald. The Vestris was going to the Brazil capital and was 250 miles ahead of the cargo ship Haliartus when she got this call by wireless, addressed to the ship's surgeon, Dr. E. Milford Rice:

"Have a man aboard seriously ill. Consider it a favor if you would do what you could for him. Severe pains in left side from breast to throat. Temperature 103 yesterday. Great difficulty in breathing. Asking for water. Have given him two ounces of castor oil, two grains of calomel, 10 grains of Dover powders and one ounce of Epsom salts."

Dr. Rice somewhat startled by the liberality of the Haliartus method of purging, asked for the pulse, temperature and respiration of the patient and got them. Then he prescribed, and suggested that if the skipper had adhesive plaster it should be applied in strips on the left side. The next night

"I'm glad to hear it, sir. Most people swear."—Kasper, Stockholm.

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### MULES HORSES

## JAMES BROTHERS

the skipper got his position and the patient's conditions a bit jumbled, sending this report:

"Patient better. Temperature, 101 latitude 12.38 north, 46.20 west; pulse, 98; respiration, 46; stopped counting a little. Carrying out your orders."

The Haliartus got into Rio two days after the Vestris, and Dr. Rice boarded her and found the patient convalescing from a bad case of pneumonia.

Above the Average.—"Do you call that a beefsteak? It makes me laugh!" "I'm glad to hear it, sir. Most people swear."—Kasper, Stockholm.

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90 Acres at Brattonville—Property of Estate of Mrs. Agnes Harris. Will give a real bargain here.

144 Acres—Five miles from Filbert on Ridge Road, bounded by lands of W. M. Burns, John Hartness and others; 7-room residence, 5-stall barn and other outbuildings; 2 wells and 1 good spring; 3 horse farm open and balance in timber (oak, pine, etc.) and pasture. About 2 miles to Dixie School and Beersheba church. Property of Mrs. S. J. Barry.

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195 Acres—Four miles from York, on Turkey creek road, adjoining lands of Gettys, Queen and Watson; 2-horse farm open and balance in woods and pasture. One and one-half miles to Philadelphia and Miller schools. The price is right. See me quick. Property of Mrs. Molly Jones.

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210 acres—3 1-2 miles from York on Pineknob road. 3 room residence, well of good water, 2 large barns, three 4 room tenant houses and one 3 room tenant house. 40-acre pasture. Good orchard. About 150 acres open land, balance in oak and pine timber. Property of M. A. McFarland.

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- H. J. Sherer Sharon No. 1
- J. P. Sifford Sharon No. 1
- Mrs. John M. Smith Clover
- Miss Julia Sherer Yorkville
- Mrs. J. R. Stephenson Catawba
- Miss Frankie Stanton, C. C. York No. 3
- Miss Edna Thomas, Rock Hill No. 1
- Mrs. W. B. Thomason, York No. 6
- Mrs. Ernest Thomas, Clover No. 1
- Mrs. H. G. Thomason, Tizrah
- Mrs. D. D. Thomas York No. 2</