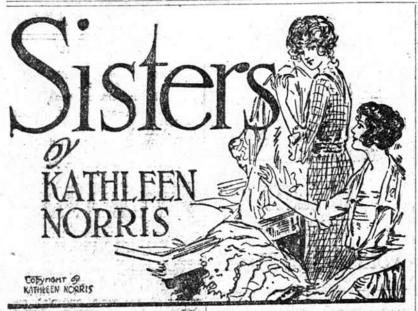
Friday, February 17, 1922.



Clierty, was trembling violently. "But how could I!" she protested. "I'en him that I am going away, deserting him when he most needs me!" Peter had grown very pale.

"But-" he stammered, his face close to hers-"but you cannot mean that, 11's is the end?"

She moved her lips as if she was about to speak; looked at him blankly. Then suddenly tears came, and she wrenched her hands free from his. and laid her arms about his neck. Her wet cheek was pressed to his own, and he put his arms tightly about the little shaken figure.

"Peter!' she whispered, desolately. And after a time, when the violence of her sobs was lessened, and she was breathing more quietly, she said again: "Peter! We can never clream that dream again."

"We shall dream it again," he corrected her.

Cherry dld not answer for a long while. Then she gently disengaged herself from his arms, and sat erect. Her tears were ended now, and her voice firmer and surer.

"No; never again!' she told him. "I've been thinking about it, all these days, and I've come to see what is right, as I never did before. Alix never knew about us, Peter-and that's been the one thing for which 1 could be thankful in all this time! But Alix had only one hope for me, and that was that somehow Martin and I would come to be-well, to be nearer to each other, and that somehow he and I would make a success of our marriage, would spare-well, let'u say the family name, from all the disgrace and publicity of a divorce-

"But, Cherry, my child."" Peter expostulated. "You cannot sacrifice all your life to the fancy that no one else can take your place with him-" "That," she said, steadily, "is just

what I must do!" Peter looked at her for a few sec-

onds without speaking.

"You don't love him," he said. "No," she admitted, gravely.

don't love him-not in the way you mean."

"He is nothing to you," Peter argued 'As a matter of fact, it never was what a marriage should be. It was always-always-a mistake."

"Yes," she conceded, sadly, "it was ways a mistake!"

ary day, when he came upon her in the dining room, contentedly arranging a fragrant mass of wet violets, "I think Martin's out of the woods now. . believe I'll be moving along."

"Oh, but we want you always, Peter!" she said, innocently regretful. The ghost of it pained smile flitted

across his face. "Think you," he said, gently, "But

I think I will go," he added, inildly. She made no further protest. "But where?" she asked, sympa-

thetically.

"I don't know. I shall take Buckstart off toward the big mountains. I'll-write you now and then, of course! I'm going home, first !"

"Just now," Cherry mused, sadly, "perhaps it is best-for you-to get away! Now that Martin is so much better," she added, in a little burst. "I to feel so sorry for you. Peter! 1 know how you feel. I shall miss her always, of course," said Cherry, "but I have him." "I try not to think of her," Peter

said, flinging up his head.



"Yes, I'm Going' Now!" He said.

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certain supshine and showers. Peter left fliem. To Cherry Peter's going was a relief; it burned one more bridge behind her. It confirmed her governor has been lopped off the apin the path she had chosen; it was to her spirit like the cap that marks the accepted student nurse, or like the black coil' that replaces the postulant's white veil of probation.

He had been in the downstairs bedroom, talking with Martin, for perhaps an hour; he had drawn them a rough sketch of the little addition to the house that Cherry meant some day to build next to the study, and he and Martin had been discussing the detalls. Cherry was sweeping the wet, dun-colored leaves from the old porch when a sudden step in the doorway behind her made her look up.

ures.

of Governor Cooper.

man.

Peter had come out of the house, with Buck beside him. He wore his ald corduroy clothes and his shabby eap, but there was something in his aspect that made her ask: "Not going?".

"Yes, I'm going now!" he said. She rested her broom against the thick trunk of the old banksia, and

rubbed her two hands together, and came to the top of the steps to say good-by. And standing there, under the rose tree, she linked her arm about it. looking up through the branches, where the shabby follage of last year lingered.

"How fast it's grown since that terrific, pruning we gave it all that long time ago!" she said.

(To be Continued.) LEGISLATIVE NOTES

Representative Bradford Writes of Happenings in the General Assembly.

(Fort Mill Times.) A feature of the work of the house of representatives last week was the passage Friday of the socalled luxury bill, designed to raise something like a million dollars a year for the state treasury from the sale of articles on which property tax only has heretofore been pald. The total income of venue the bill will produce, however, should it pass the senate in its present form and then be approved by the governor, is speculative. Nobody, not even the federal collector of internal revenue, Mr. Bradley, who was called in for consultation by the committe which reported the bill, could do more than guess how much money it would bring in. If no material changes are made in the bill and it is enforced with a degree of strictness which marked the he had recently visited. "Everybody enforcement of the national luxuries law, one is safe in concluding that it South Carolina is in none too good will have a decided effect upon the old shape, but if conditions are bad here system of raising practically all the tax they are several times worse in the noney for the state upon real property. Northwest. Out there public schools On a motion in the house. Thursday and colleges are being closed because night to continue the bill, which meant the people have nothing with which to to kill it, the opponents of the measure lost: but when the bill was again understood to have expressed the opintaken up Friday morning the steam ion that the Republican party is in for roller which the ways and means com- a severe flogging in the state and conmittee had used so successfully the gressional elections next fall. night before had fallen into the hands

Further evidence of the desire of the of the opposition and they did some effective steam rollering on their own | York county officials to cooperate with account by inserting in the bill the fol- the county's legislative delegation in lowing additional articles on which it keeping down the tax levy, to which is proposed to collect the luxury tax: reference was made in the editorial Candy, costing more than 50 cents a columns of The Times a few weeks pound 5 cents per pound: playing ago, was noted last week when Treas cards or dice, 5 cents for each deck or urer Nell and Supervisor Brown went set; perfumes, cologne or toilet water, to Columbia to assist the delegation in 5 cents for each sale; chewing gum, 1 rearranging the proposed expenditures cent per package. The original bill for the year on a basis which would provided for a luxury tax only on preclude the necessity of asking the chewing tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, people to pay more taxes for the counsmoking tobacco, snuff, gun shells, ty government. For several years the pistol cartridges, fruit juices used in levy for county purposes has been 6 the manufacture of soft drinks and mills. Recently requests for additional expenditures for roads and bridges infountain syrups, dicated that it might be necessary to The most turbulent sessions of the increase the levy for 1922, but it can ways and means committee of recent now be stated definitely that there years in preparing the appropriation will be no increase. On the contrary, bill ended late Friday night with the if the proposed tax of 2 cents per galfinal touches being given that import- lon on gasoline, 1 cent of which would ant measure. In the last half dozen go to the county and the other cent to years the membership of the committee the state, is collected there will be an has been increased until today its additional amount for the upkeep of the number goes beyond one-fourth the county roads without a corresponding entire house membership of 124. The increase in the county levy.

committee has therefore become unhouse affliation with the national orwieldly. More than a million dollars ganization. of the amount recommended by the

John G. Brown, president of the asoclation, asserted that the livestock exchange had attempted to drive a

leaves turn red in the fall?" how green they have been all sum mer."-Burr.







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"Then there is nothing to bind you to him!" Peter added.

"No- and there isn't Alix to distress new !" she agreed, thoughtfully. "And yet," she went on, suddenly, "I do this more for Alix than for any one !'

Peter looked at her in silence, looked back at the last flicker of the fire.

"You will change your mind after awhile!" 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. "For five or ten or twenty or thirty years I shall always be where Martin is, caring for hlm, amusing him, waking a life for him." And Cherry raised her glorious blue eyes in which there was a pure and an uplifted 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.

CHAPTER XX.

Peter saw, with a sort of stupefaction, that life was satisfying her now as life had never satisfied restless, exacting little Cherry before.

She spent much of her free time by her husband's side, amusing him as skillfully as a mother. He was getting so popular that she had to be ready for callers every day. Would he like her to keep George Sewall for dinner, when they could play dominoes again? Would he like the table with the picture puzzle? He would like just to talk? Very well; they would talk.

Martin's day was so filled and divided with small pleasures that it was apt to amaze him by passing too quickly. He had special breakfasts, he had his paper, his hair was brushed and his bed remade a dozen times a day. Cherry shared her mail, which was always heavy now, with him; she flitted into the sick-room every few minutes with small messages or gifts. With her bare, bright head, her busy white hands, her voice all motherly anusement and sympathy and sweetness, she had never seemed so much a wife. She had the pleasantest laugh in the world, and she often laughed. The sick-room was kept with exquisice simplicity, with such freshness, bareness, and order as made it a place of delight. One day Cherry brought home a great Vikory bowl of silvery glass. and a dozen drifting goldlish, and Martin never tired of watching them idly while he listened to her reading. "Cherry," Peter said, on a wet Janu-

"When you do," Cherry said, earnestly, giving him more of her attention than had been usual, of late; "Here is something to think, Peter. It's this: we have so much to be thankful for, because she never-knew! It was madness," Cherry went on, engerly, "sheer madness-that is clear now. I don't try to explain it, because it's all been washed away by the frightful thing that happened. I'm different now: you're different-I don't know

how we ever thought we could-" There was a silence during which she looked at him anxiously, but the expression on his face did not alter, and he did not speak.

"And what I think we ought to be thankful for," she resumed, "is that Alix would rather-she would rather have it this way. She told me that she would be heart-broken if there had been any actual separation between me and Martin, and how much worse that would have been-what we planned, I mean. She was spared that, and we were spared-I see it now-what would have ruined both our lives. We were brought to our senses, and the awakening only came a liftle sooner than it would have come anyway !"

Peter had walked to the window, and was looking out at the shabby winter trees that were dripping rain, and at the beaten garden, where the drenched chrysanthemums had been howed to the soaked earth.

"Here, in Dad's home," Cherry said, coming to stand beside him, "I see how wicked and how mad I was. In another twenty-four hours it would have been too late-you don't know how often I wake up in the night and shiver, thinking that! And as it is, I am here in the dear old house; and Martin-well, you can see that even Martin's life is going to be far happier than it ever was! It's such a joy to me," she added, with the radiant look she often wore when her husband's comfort was under consideration, " $\mathbf{\hat{o}}$ feel that we need never worry about the money end of things-there's enough for what we need forever !"

"You must never worry about money," he told her. "And if ever you need it-if it is a question of a long trip, or of more operations-if there is any chance-"

"I shall remember that I have a big brother !" she said.

The room was scented by the sweet, damp flowers, and by the good odor of lazily burning logs; yet to Peter there was chill and desolateness in the air. Cherry took up the glass bowl in both careful hands, and went away in the direction of the study, but he stood at the window for a long time staring dully out at the battered chrysanthemums and the swishing branches, and the steadily falling rain. A few days later, on a day of un-



and warded wards and a Distance

vaccine is administered.