

# Ask Your Dealer



ASK your local dealer to recommend a practical decorator. If you are unable to secure one you can do the work yourself, tinting and stenciling your walls to give beautiful results.

## Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Buy Alabastine from your local dealer, white and a variety of tints, ready to mix with cold water and apply with a suitable brush. Each package has the cross and circle printed in red. By intermixing Alabastine tints you can accurately match draperies and rugs and obtain individual treatment of each room.



Write for special suggestions and latest color combinations

ALABASTINE COMPANY

1647 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality.

We state as our honest belief that the tobacco used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than any other cigarette at the price.

Light of Myrr Tobacco Co.

"I like 'em"

"They Satisfy"

"GOT BACK AT 'BRIER SIMCOX'"

Fool Question Met Merited Reply

From Colored Preacher—Tobacco Right on One Point.

Bishop Chandler of Atlanta, was condemning a certain theological controversy.

"Such like controversies," he said, "would not of the colored preacher who began a sermon with the words: 'Brother and sisters, when de fust man, Adam, was created, he was made out of wet clay and set agin de pain's to dry'."

"A member rose in the back of the church."

"Pavson," he said, "incredibly, 'does you sermons, state dat Adam was made out wet clay and set agin de pain's to dry'."

"Den, pavson, who made de pain's?"

"'Brier Simcox, set down," said the person severely. "Such fool questions as yours would upset any system of theology."

State of Washington.

The state of Washington was formerly a part of Oregon and was created a territory in 1853. It was admitted to the Union as a state February 22, 1889.

Wise is the man who agrees with his wife rather than argue with her.

Tomorrow.

Wise, Donald Angus, "Please, sir, what is the will in her?" Literal Gentleman—"When?"—Punch.

A girl is seldom interested in a young man unless she declares that she isn't.

The Truth.

"You can't reason with a woman."

"No, my boy; women are hard to reason with."

Did you ever try Grape-Nuts?

with stewed prunes or peaches?

THERE isn't anything better for breakfast or lunch than a dish of Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk, and stewed prunes or peaches.

This delicious combination gives you the elements of a well-balanced food. For it contains not only the material needed to build tissue and furnish energy, but it also supplies fruit acids, that help keep the system in good order.

Go to your grocer today and order a package of delicious Grape-Nuts. You will find that it will digest more readily than most other cereals, and it will "stay by" you longer—because it's so richly nourishing.

Grape-Nuts for Health

"There's a Reason"

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By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"No, Al: it goes to speak to him about it," Cherry outlined the talk that she and her sister had had at breakfast.

"Then I shouldn't bring up the question at all," Peter decided, quickly. "It's all over now, and it's unnecessary now. It's much wiser to let him continue to think that you don't know anything about it, and to let Al think that you are ignoring the whole thing."

"Until Sunday," she whispered. "Until Sunday," Peter glanced at Al and Al was looking at her with a look of intense interest. "My little sweetheart, I'll make this misery up to you," he whispered. Her little hand was twisted in his for the rest of the evening.

Morning came, a crystal autumn morning, and life went on. If there was any change at the house it was a change for the better. Al, who had been silent and troubled for a little while, was more serene now, as usual concerned for the comfort of his household, and as usual busy all day long with his poultry and pigeons, her bee-keeping, stable, and dogs. Peter was his courteous, gentle, interested self, more like the old Peter, who had always been occupied with his music and his books, than like the passionately metamorphosed Peter who had been so changed by love for Cherry. Martin, satisfied with the general respects and consideration with which he found himself surrounded, accepted life placidly enough; perhaps he had been disturbed by the advent of the letter, perhaps he was willing to let the question of an adjustment between Cherry and himself rest. It amused him to help get the house ready for a tenant, and from the fact that Cherry talked no more of leaving there, and made no comment upon his frequent reference to their departure on Monday, he deduced that she had come to her senses.

Cherry, too, was less unhappy than she had been. By avoiding Peter, by refraining even in words and looks from the companionship for which she was hungered, by devoting herself to Al, she managed to hold her feelings in leash. Even though Al had found that the knowledge of the secret they shared without ever mentioning it to each other between them like a screen, the sisters, busy about the house, had wonderful hours together.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Saturday came a perfect day that filled the little valley to the brim with golden sunshine. Al, driving alone to the mountain cabin, stared in the morning freshness at the blue overhead and said aloud, "Oh, what a day of gold!"

The dog, sitting beside her on the front seat, flapped his ears in answer to her voice, and she laughed and said, "But the laugh was quickly followed by a sharp sigh."

"Sunday," she mused, "and Martin expects Cherry to go with him on Monday! Expects her to go back with him to a life of misery for her existence with him. I can see that. Cherry—my little sister—there can be no happiness for you there! And Peter! Peter is left behind to me, who cannot comfort him, still the ache that is tearing his heart. My two loved ones, and what can I do to help them?"

She had come up to the cabin to do the usual tasks of the day, fussing among the ducks and chickens and the big hen, but Peter had not gone into town, back with her to Cherry's house. They had all drifted into the old Strickland house, the night before, and because of a sudden rainfall had decided to spend the night there, too. The Chinese boy, who was helping the sisters with their housecleaning, had been persuaded to cook the dinner and get breakfast, and the evening about the air fireplace had been almost too joyously sweet.

But suddenly, at about ten o'clock, Peter had surprised them all by getting to his feet. He was going up to the cabin, he said—just to see. He would rather walk, please, he told Al, when she offered to drive him up to the car. He was nervous and apprehensive, she let him go. To Cherry, who seemed to feel suddenly sad and uneasy, Al laughed about it, but she was so worried about him that she immediately after breakfast the next morning decided to run up to the cabin. In the car and assure herself that everything was right about it.

Cherry, who had not slept and who was pale, had come out to the car, her distracted manner increasing Al's sense that something was seriously amiss. She started on her trip with a heavy heart, but the half-hour's run smoothed her in spite of herself, and now she reached the cabin in a much more cheerful mood.

Peter was nowhere about, and as she plunged into the work of house and farmyard she was unconsciously giving the matter a conscious thought, that he had gone to the city.

"Miss Peter not go train?" An announced presence.

All Al's vague suspicions awakened.

"Not go train?" she asked with a questioning pang.

Kow made a large gesture, as if indicating affairs disgruntled.

"Him no go to bed," he further stated. "Boss come late. He walk on porch."

and after a while Al, with an eye heart, went to the bridge and the pool where Peter had first found Cherry only a few days ago.

He was standing, staring vaguely at the low and living stream, and Al felt a great pang of pity when she saw him. He was so like her smiling, but Al had said, with a win and a glancing face.

"You're not well?" Al said. "I think I am a little upset," he answered. They walked back to the house together. Al ordered him to take a hot bath, and made him drink some coffee, when, refreshed and grateful, he came out to the porch half an hour later. They shared the luncheon that was his lunch and his breakfast.

He followed her to the car and got in the front seat beside her.

"You're awfully good to me," he said, heavily. "They were going down the long grade."

Al did not answer immediately and he thought that she had not heard. He kept his eyes from meeting his sister's, stopped at the postoffice, and sat in silence began the climb toward the old house. The roads were all new here, but she could have known, and he understood that it was not her driving that made her face so thoughtful and kept her eyes from meeting his.

"You say I'm good to you, Peter," she surprised him by saying suddenly. "I hope I am. For you've been very good to me. But there's only one thing in life that I haven't got, and that's you. You can't, unfortunately, get for me."

He had smiled darkly, and he spoke with a little effort. "I like to try."

She ignored the invitation for a few minutes, and for an instant of panic he thought he saw her lip tremble. But when she turned to him, it was with her usual smile.

"It's only that I would like to have you—and Martin—Cherry—happy as I am," she said quickly. And a second later the mood was gone as she turned the car in at the home gate and walked up the steps.

"Martin's somewhere about," Cherry said as Peter joined her, and Al stopped the car within conversational range.

Al remembering that she would turn the car so that she might later start on the grade, disappeared, and the two were left alone after what a night—and what a day!—and that was all that mattered. They spoke coarsely, in brief monosyllables, and were alone, their eyes meeting only furtively and briefly.

"In you walk up to the cabin with me," Peter asked. "I want so much to see you. Everything's all arranged for tomorrow. All you have to think of is yourself. Now, in case of missing the dog again, which isn't likely, I shall go straight to the thing! I must telephone me there. Just go out tonight, quietly, get as much sleep as you can, and keep your eyes about you."

"Tell me our plans again," Cherry faltered.

"It's perfectly simple," he said, giving her a look of a concerned glance. "You're going to the office. I go in in the morning, to get your money and to get the car. And get to the boat. I shall be there at half past ten. You get there before eleven—you won't see me. But go straight on board and ask for Mrs. Joyce's cabin. Wait for me there."

"But—but suppose you don't come?"

"I'll be there before you. It is hot here, and I'm not a quitter. But be sure, I'll be there by ten at Alina Oliver's at about nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I'll just tell you that."

"Give them a good start," or Buck left with a look of his eyes.

"Hold him, Peter," she said. "Good by, she said. All right, Martin?"

The engine rumbled the car slipped smoothly into gear, and he and Peter and Cherry stood looking at each other.

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were mounting the three steps to gether.

"The patient until tomorrow," he whispered.

"Oh," she said softly, "I shan't breathe until tomorrow."

Leaning across her, he pushed her light, slender body, he found himself face to face with Al. In the dark entryway Peter and Cherry had not seen her, but he had heard her move. Peter cursed his carelessness; he could not remember, in the after confusion of the moment, just what he and Cherry had said, but it was of a betraying nature, they had betrayed themselves. One chance in a hundred that she had not heard!

Yet, if she was acting, she was acting superbly. Cherry had turned spirit and had given him an open glance of consternation, but Al did not seem to see it. She addressed Peter, but when he found himself physically unable to answer, she continued the conversation with no apparent consciousness of his stammering effort to appear natural.

"There you are! Are we going to have any tennis? It's after two o'clock now."

"I had no idea it was so late," Peter said.

"I knew it was getting on," Cherry added, utterly at random.

"In and out of Al's eyes, we won't be back until tomorrow," Martin suggested to his wife.

"You could all come down here to sleep," Cherry said, "and have breakfast here."

"I have to go into town rather early tomorrow," Peter remarked. "Porter's giving a breakfast at the Bohemian club."

"Why not walk up to the cabin?" Cherry suggested in a shaking voice.

"I have to take the car up. You three walk! Come on, anybody who wants to ride!" Al said.

"They can walk," Martin said, getting into the front seat. "Me for the little old bus!"

Cherry came out of the house with her hat on, and Buck leaped before her into the back seat. Al watched her as she stepped up to the porch, and saw the color flicker in her beautiful face.

"I thought you were going to walk?" Peter said innocently.

He had seemed turned up to them with an air of indifference.

"Shall I?" faltered Cherry. She looked at Al, who had not moved, and she climbed into the car and was pulling on her driving gloves. Al, toward whose face the dog was making eager springs, did not appear perturbed, as Cherry turned to Martin. "Walk with us," Martin said.

"No," Martin said comfortably, not stirring.

"I'll be home before you, Peter, and wait for you," Al said. She looked at him irresolutely, as if she would have added more, but she suddenly decided against it and spoke again only in reference to the dog. "Keep Buck with you, will you, Peter?" she said.

"He's getting too big for me, so," she rejoined, their animal affectionately.

"You shall not ride! Well, the dear old Bucky boy, does he want to come along?"

And she knelt down and put her arms about the animal, and laid her brown cheek against his head.

"You're shaking him," she said, shaking him gently to and fro. "You're got to stay with Peter, old Buck!"

Suddenly she was on her feet and had sprung into the car.

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of his thoughts, no time now to analyze what their love must mean to her, but it hurt him to see on her happy face those lines of sternness and gravity, to see her bright and honest eyes shadowed with that new look of pain.

It was too late now to undo it, he and Cherry must carry their desperate plan to a conclusion now, must disappear and forget. But he tried, all this last dreadful week, they had tried, to extinguish the flames, and they had failed. But to Peter there was no comforting thought anywhere. Wrong would be done to Martin, to Al, to Cherry—and more than even these, among to himself, to the ideal of himself that had been his for so many years, to the girl Peter Jones.

"Listen, that's Buck!" said Cherry, as the dog's loud and fluent barking reached them from beyond a turn in the twisting road. "He didn't catch them, then."

The next instant a woman came up the road, running and making a queer, stumbling noise that Cherry never heard. She was a stranger to them, but she ran toward them, making the old, gasping noise with much dry mouth and with wild eyes.

Horror was in her eyes, and her face was the emotion that the first glimpse of her awakened vaguely in their hearts. But as she saw them she suddenly found voice for a hideous scream that Cherry's knees failed her, and Peter sprang forward with a shout.

He gripped the woman's arm, and her frantic eyes were turned to him. "Oh, my God!" she cried in a hoarse, cawing voice. "My God! They're over the bank—they're over the bank!"

"Who?" Peter shouted, his heart turning to ashes.

"Oh, the car—the automobile!" the woman mouthed. "Oh, my God—I saw it!"

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