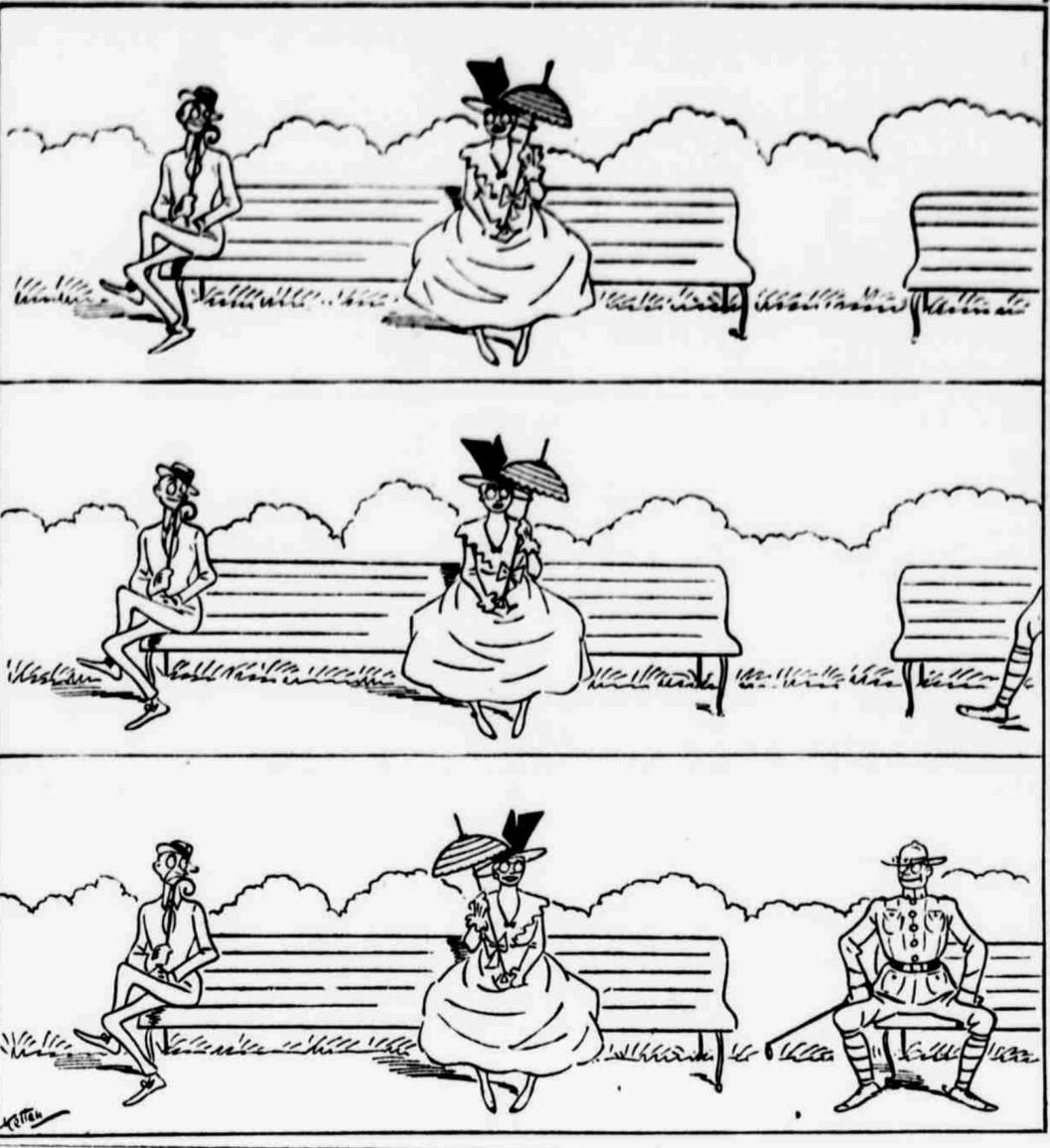


The Army Wins By Maurice Ketten



There is always something interesting about the story of a man who starts on a shooting and makes his way into a fortunate life in the end.

Black Gold By FREDERICK R. BENDOLT

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD Love plays a vital part in this inspiring romance of A HOTLY-CONTESTED OIL FIGHT

I thought of helping them to get a small house somewhere and of taking them with them. "Do you ever think of yourself?" she cried. "Have you always gone through life helping people, K.?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE announcement of Sidney's engagement was not to be made for a year. Wilson, chafing under the delay, was obliged to admit to himself that it was best. Many things could happen in a year. Carliotta would have finished her training, and by that time would probably be recognized to the ending of their relationship.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Carliotta dressed herself with unusual care—not in black this time, but in white. She coiled her yellow hair in a soft knot at the back of her head, and she resorted to the latest shading of rouge. The ride was a bright spot in Wilson's memory. He expected recriminations when she made his home.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON the evening of the shooting at Schwitter's there had been a late operation at the hospital. Sidney was already asleep when she received the insistent summons to the operating room. She dressed again with flying fingers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Carliotta dressed herself with unusual care—not in black this time, but in white. She coiled her yellow hair in a soft knot at the back of her head, and she resorted to the latest shading of rouge.

Story of Romance and Mystery Revealed Life in a Hospital By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Christian's little parlor for a chat before the breach between Palmer and Christian was steadily widening. He stood in front of the fireplace and looked at her. "I wonder if you would like to do a very kind thing," he said unexpectedly. "I'll tell you what it is, or shall I promise first?" "I want to know just one thing," she said. "To go out to see her?" "When she goes it will be 3 o'clock. I hate to go and leave you alone," he said at last from the door. "Have you any idea when Palmer will be back?"

CHAPTER XX.

WINTER relaxed its clutch slowly that year. March was bitterly cold; even April found the roads still frozen and the hedgerows clustered with ice. Sidney, as tender as ever, had lost little of the radiance from her eyes; her voice had deepened. Where she had been a pretty girl, she was now a woman. She was back in the hospital again, this time in the children's ward.

CHAPTER XXI.

SIDNEY went into the operating room late in the spring as the result of a conversation between the younger Wilson and the Head.

CHAPTER XXII.

He had waited for her and she had not come. Would he understand? Would he ask her to meet him again? "I don't keep you if you have an engagement," she said. "The engagement will have to wait. I'm sorry you're ill. If you would like me to stay with you to-night?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

He was in high spirits that first day of his operating room experience. For the time at least, Carliotta was out of the way. Her somber eyes no longer watched him. Once he looked up from his work and she gazed at him there she stood at strained attention.

CHAPTER XXIV.

She colored under the eyes that were turned on her. "No, Dr. Wilson." "A great many of them faint on the first day. We sometimes have them lying all over the floor." "I am proud of you, Sidney," she said. "You made it very hard for me." "I shall have a note in the mailbox," he said quickly, and proceeded with the scrubbing of his hands which signified the end of the day's work.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was 8 by the office clock. To get out of her uniform and into street clothing, fifteen minutes; on the table she stood by the mail box. "I was interested. I wanted to see things work out right for you." "All the color had faded from Carliotta's face." "You're very good to me, Mr. Le Moyne," she said. "I don't wish the poor soul any harm, but—oh, my God! If I'm going, let it be before the four months are over."

CHAPTER XXVI.

She had been moved to a private room. Sidney glanced at K's little watch. "Must she see me to-night?" "She'll be waiting for hours—over since you went to the operating room." "Certainly you are. Your nerves are playing tricks with you to-night."

Sidney sighed, but she went to Carliotta at once. The girl's condition was puzzling the staff. There was talk of "typoid restrictions." But T. R. has apathy, generally, and Carliotta was not apathetic. Sidney found her talking restlessly on her high white bed, and put her cool hand over Carliotta's hot one.

"Did you send for me?" "Yes, but I'm not here." "I'm sorry you're ill. If you would like me to stay with you to-night?" "I don't keep you if you have an engagement," she said. "The engagement will have to wait. I'm sorry you're ill. If you would like me to stay with you to-night?"

"I'm frightened!" "You are feverish and nervous. There's nothing to be frightened about." "It's my typoid, I'm gone." "That's childish. Of course you're not gone, or anything like it. Besides, it's probably not typoid."

"I'm afraid to sleep. I doze for a little, and when I waken there are people in the room. They stand around the bed and talk about me." "Sidney's precious minutes were flying; but Carliotta had gone into a paroxysm of terror, holding to Sidney's hand and begging not to be left alone." "I'm too young to die," she would whimper. And in the next breath: "I want to die—I don't want to live."

"The hands of the little watch pointed to 8:30 when at last she lay quiet, with closed eyes. Sidney, tipping to the door, was brought up short by her name again, this time in a more normal voice." "Sidney." "Yes, dear." "Perhaps you are right and I'm going to get over this."

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her eyes. He was a great surgeon; in his hands he held the keys of life and death. And perhaps he had never cared for Carliotta; she might have thrown herself at him. He was a man, at the mercy of any scheming woman.

"I'm listening." "If I get very bad—do you know what I mean—will you promise to do exactly what I tell you?" "I promise, absolutely." "I'll tell you now how I sent for you."

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