

THE ONE UNWANTED

By RUBY AYRES

Author of "A Bachelor Husband," etc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY... Sarah Blanche Slater... they appointed her family...

of Nina. I was young and unsophisticated enough to believe that a man only kissed a girl if he really cared for her...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES... I'll never forget that terrible evening of cold as long as I live...

"Supper! Why, bless your heart, it's past ten," she told me. "We had supper and cleared away an hour or more ago, but I'm going to bring you up something hot."

It was the excitement and fatigue, I suppose; but, anyway, I slept soundly all through the afternoon, and woke to find my room quite dark, save for the glow of the fire which Mrs. Alberry had insisted on lighting.

"I've had a lovely sleep, and I'm quite well," I declared. "I'm going to get dressed and come down to supper."

"Oh—oh! I thought I was drowned!" Mr. Anderson laughed grimly. "I thought you were, too," he said, his voice was hoarse, but it sounded sympathetic and I began to cry miserably.

"I can't—oh, leave me alone... I can't—oh, leave me alone... I can't—oh, leave me alone..."

"Do you want to get pneumonia?" he asked savagely. "You can have all the flu you like once I get you safely home."

CHAPTER XIII A Letter Full of Meaning... I was up early in the morning. I was sure that Mr. Anderson would come over to breakfast as he had done that first day of my arrival...

"There weren't any more skating," I said almost automatically, and Mrs. Alberry answered sharply that it was a good thing, too. She still kept looking at me nervously, and asking if I was sure I felt fit to be up.

CHAPTER XVII Disappointment—A Taste of the Future... I had my bath, and a great basin of hot water, and a severe scolding from Mrs. Alberry before I went to bed...

CHAPTER XVIII Necessary Discretion... When I got thoroughly chilled I went back home again, and crept in at the side door and up to my room.

CHAPTER XIX... I wrote a little letter by candle light in my own room.

CHAPTER XX... I wasn't much of a letter to send to a man who had saved you from a horrible death, and I realized it with a sense of discomfort.

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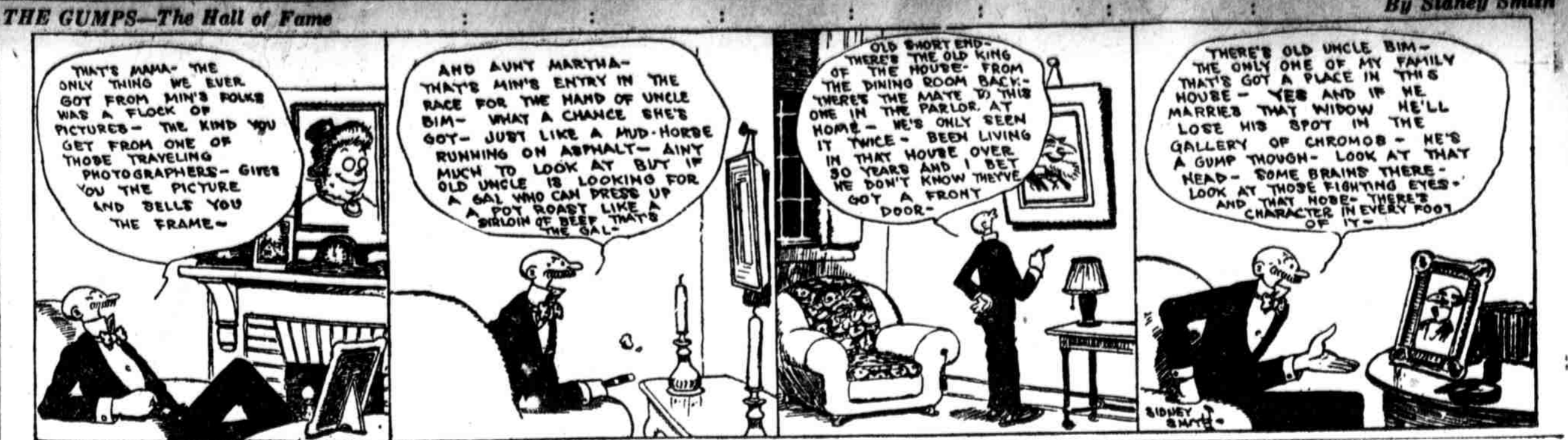
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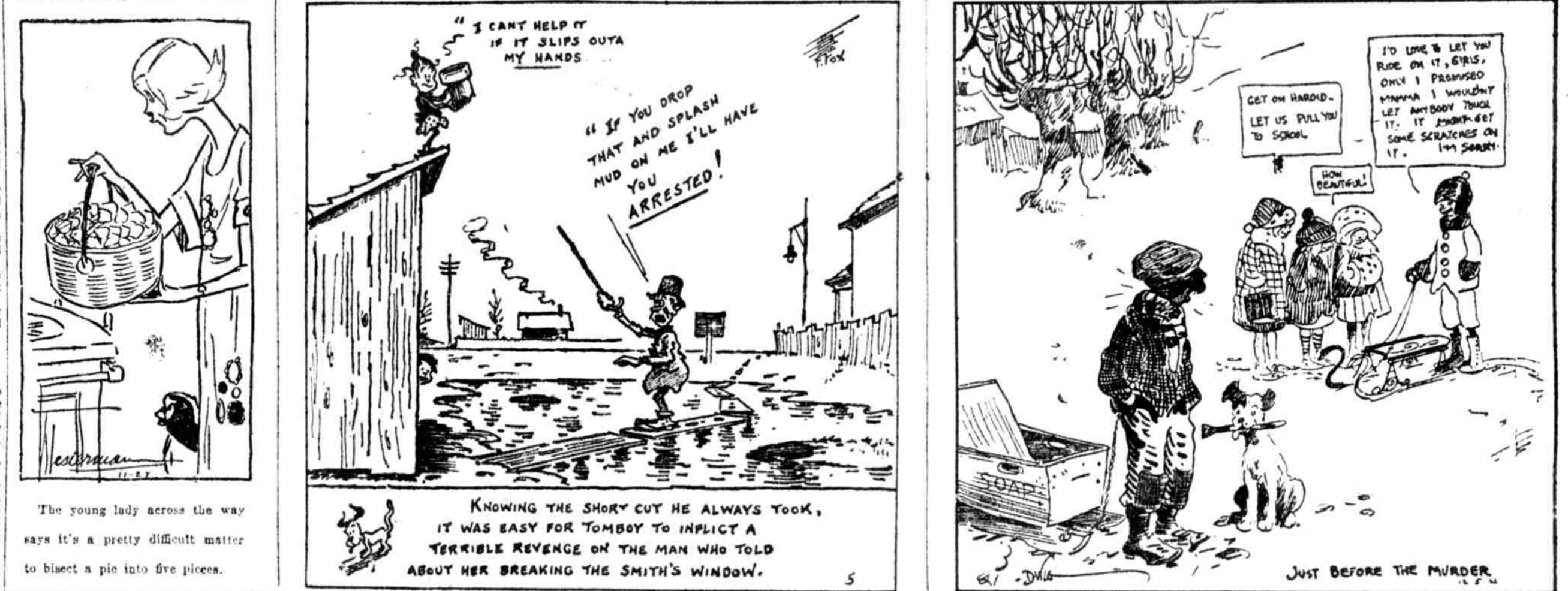
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SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—It May Be a White Christmas



The Young Lady Across the Way TOMBOY TAYLOR



PETEY—It Can't Be Done



GASOLINE ALLEY—Necessary Discretion



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