Author of "A Bachelor Husband," etc. Copyright by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Sarah Blizabeth Blaterally—Sarah Blizabeth Slater—
spointed her family. They
spointed her family. They
led a boy and she was only a
low so different from her polite
re and weelthy prim aunts.
re of weelthy prim aunts.
re of some pensioned servants.
re of some pensioned servants.
re of some pensioned servants.
re a theel and she is rescued by a
sended and she is rescued by a
dome young man, Mark Anderdelivers her safely to the olddelivers her safely to the oldlioned home of the Alberrys,
re she is for the first time in her
made welcome. Sally is delighted made welcome. Sally is delighted her new surroundings and mds, particularly Mark, teho its to teach her horseback riding. is to teach her horsecoack riding, even begins to feel a bit uneasy umors he may marry his cousin, who is the third that "makes oud" on an ice-skating jaunt, skating off alone, turns her and breaks through the ice.

ND HERE IT CONTINUES

HALL never forget that terrible eeling of cold as long as I live. It as if a thousand knives pierced my at once, and I caught my breath gasp that was like a shrick as I down, down, and felt the water over my head.

eutched at the parting, slippery ice desperate fingers, but it was imble to hold to it even for a second, a remember that the vague thought through my mind. 'Perhaps il be sorry at home now—perhaps il be sorry at home now—perhaps in the state of the st wish they'd let me stay with but my senses were going fast, just given myself up for lost, strong hands caught and held me. hen I think for a moment I really

me consciousness. was on the bank when I opened my and Mr. Anderson was kneeling she was making up the fire with a de me rubbing my hands. I felt as big log.

No, indeed, he has not." she said. to my feet, holding me close to him.

for an instant I clung to him with

endful feeling of sickness and giddi-

0h-oh! I thought I was drowned!"

it's no use crying." Mr. Anderson roughly. "And you'll eatch your hof celd if you stand here. Take hand! Do you think you can run?" took my hand, but I dragged to took my hand, but I dragged to took my hand. But I dragged to took my hand, but I dragged to took my hand. But I dragged to took my hand, but I dragged to took my hand, but I dragged to story to took my hand. But I dragged to story took my hand to took my hand to took my hand to took my hand. But I dragged to say."

She came and stood beside the bed and laid her hand on my forehead.
"Sure you don't feel feverish?" she asked anxiously.
"You dear old silly, I feel perfectly well." I answered. "And I'm very hungry."

But she would give me nothing but

for the first time I realized that he dripping wat, too, and that he must a gone into the water after me.

It dragged me up the bank, and I my best to keep pace with him, but legs felt stiff, and my skirts clung at me, hampering me at every step.

Do you want to get pneumonia?" he about me! "You can have all the you like once I get you safely

de carried me into the kitchen, and be did not come

me down in John Alberry's highcked chair by the fire. house seemed deserted, and he

Have a hot bath and go straight to "I never felt better in my life," I "I never felt better in my life," I said and then as I did not see, he added unkindly: "It's your fault, you know. Perhaps it will lesson to you to do as you're told lesson to you to you to you have you have you have you're told lesson to you have you're told lesson to you have you're told lesson to you have you're told lesson to

was utterly wretched and longing some one to be kind to me, and all lid was to scold.

It's a pity you didn't let me wa." I said. "You've only wasted time by pulling me out. Nobody its me."
I savage frown bent his brows.

no use taiking rubbish " he littly. "You'll feet better when 're dry and warm, I'il come round evening and see how you are." He ted a moment. "Good-by," he ore gently. did not answer; I kept my face

Then suddenly he came back: picked me up out of the chair, and, and cold as we both were, he put rms around me hank God. I did pull you out." he

with rough emotion. "And don't nonsense about nobody wanting You know it's not true." Mrs. berry was creaking down the stairs, it I tried to free myself from Mark king down into my cold, tear-stained then be bent and kissed me on

CHAPTER XII isappointment-A Taste of the Future

had my bath, and a great basin of gruel, and a severe scolding from a long time, staring at the house and s. Alberry before I went to bed, and wondering where Nina was. n then she followed me upstairs and me soundly.

or woman! I think she really had keep her from sending for a doctor. Supposing you'd been drowned,' said over and over again.
But I'm not drowned, 'I said. 'I'm

well now, and, oh, so beautifully And I snuggled beneath the quilt and looked over the top of at her with sparkling eyes.

e. I wanted to think, and to rememthat last wonderful moment when clous last night. ark Anderson picked me up from the chair and kissed me. had never been kissed by a man and it seemed as I lay there,

tateful for the warmth and comfort flar that dreadful walk home, that I ould never want any other man in a hot bath and went to bed. the world to kiss me again. suppose I had always been a little ment when he spoke over the hedge,

hen the wheel came off our trap, but ow I knew that I loved him with all A and soul. but one kies had made me his only utterly—and young and inexperi-

supposed I should be perfectly ppy if only I could spend the rest of with him.

Il could marry her millionaire if rible death, and I realized it with a rible death, and Winnie could have all sense of discomfort. Yet I knew I could ney the aunts liked to leave her, write nothing better. only wanted Mark. had forgotten my incipient jealousy

of Nina. I was young and unsophisticated enough to believe that a man only kissed a girl if he really cared for her and wished to marry her. I thought I was too excited to sleep a wink, and yet I fell asleep before I had been in bed more than a few minutes.

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 lay still, only half awake, thinking of what had happened. Just like a dream it seemed, and as I was wondering whether I ought not to get up so as to be in time to see Mr. Anderson when he called that evening, as he said he should do, Mrs. Alberry opened said he should do, Mrs. Alberry opened the door softly and tiptoed in.

"I'm awake," I said, laughing, and I could bear the sigh of relief she

gave. "You've slept so long," she said. "I was beginning to be afraid; I really

to get dressed and come down to sup-

to get dressed and come down to supper."

"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."

I sat up and leaned on my elbow, staring at her.

"Past ten! Have I been asleep all the afternoon and evening, then?" I asked blankly.

"You have indeed, miss," she assured me. "And sleeping quietly, too, or I should have had the doctor over here long enough ago."

I lay back on the pillow with a feeling of disappointment.

"Has Mr. Anderson been?" I asked, and for the first time I felt shy of

and for the first time I felt shy of speaking his name. She was making up the fire with a

body was cut in ice, and when it to speak, my lips felt frozen, too, put his arm round me and lifted a my feet, holding me close to him, for an instant I clung to him with addulfeeling of sickness and giddibefore I gasped out:

"No, indeed, he has not, she said.
"And I'm sure I hope that he's done the same as he told you to do, and gone straight to bed. I tried to make him stay and change into some of John's things, but not he! And I wouldn't be at all surprised if he doesn't

h-oh! I thought I was drowned!"
Anderson laughed grimly.
thought you were, too," he said.
source was house, but it sounded Mrs. Alberry said tartly. "And once mpathetic and I began to cry mis-you've had it you're always liable, so my mother used to say."

"Nonsense! You must run: Of bread and milk; she had made up her mind to treat me as an invalid, till the next day at all events, and I had nher"

legs felt stiff, and my salves step. —my world, at least—to the at me, hampering me at every step. don't know how we got home. It of everything else.

I got out of bed once and crept across the standard railes though we in the standard drawing aside the blind

ly went by a much shorter cut than to the window, drawing aside the blind to look out toward his house. I had forgotten all about Nine, and think he had too; he had no mercy which I knew was his, and I crept back to bed with a forlorn feeling. wed to stop and rest he grew really I wondered what Nina had thought

CHAPTER XIII

A Letter Full of Meaning the last few yards were the I was up early in the morning, I was and at the door of the farm I sure that Mr. Anderson would come have fallen from sheer fatigue over to breakfast as he had done that wakness if he had not picked me | first day of my arrival, but though my heart leaped at every sound and step.

It was much warmer, and a thaw had set in. "There wen't be any more skating," nto the passage and shouted for I said disconsolately, and Mrs. Alberry ber voice answering from thing, too. She still kept looking at airs, and then he came back to me. | me nervously, and asking if I was sure

locked up at him with fiery eyes; locked up at him with fiery eyes; as utterly wretched and longing as utterly wretched and longing and all Anderson," she said, and I knew she

It had been a terrible moment before I felt the grip of his hands. I did not want to think about it; I knew

could never be nearer to death than I had been then.
I wandered about the house the whole morning, feeling south a and excluded. Mr. Allerry was out on the farm and his wife husy about the house. There

was nothing for me to do, and I did not care about going out alone. Every time there was a sound of wheels in the road outside I was sure ed, though I knew he was standing it must be Mr. Anderson. But the morning and afternoon passed and be did not come

When it got dusk I put on my hat and coat and slipped out of doors It was a dark night, but I managed to find my way somehow across the field footpath to Little Langton-that was the name of his house. There was no light in the upstairs

on's arms, but he held me fast, had had tea that first day. Now I was actually there I could not find the courage to knock on the door and ask boldly how he was. There was another fear in my heart,

besides the one that he might be Supposing he had regretted kissing me, and was staying away on purpose I stood out there in the darkness for

If he were ill would she nurse him? hated her.
When I got thoroughly chilled I went

bad fright. It was all I could do back home again, and crept in at the side door and up to my room.

My nerves felt all stupid and jumpy

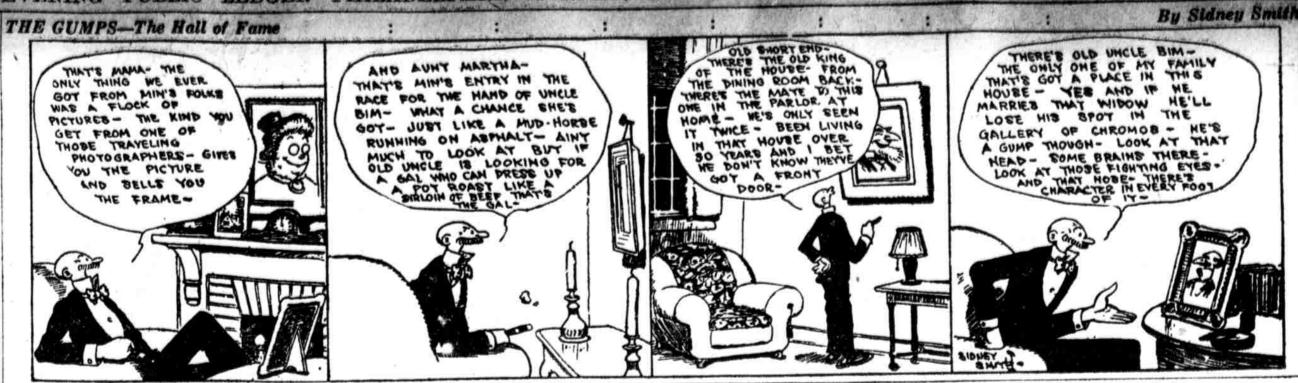
and I wondered if perhaps, after all, I was going to be ill.

Then an idea came to me. I would write Mr. Auderson a little note and send it across by the boy, Ned. After all he had saved my life, and it wished she would go away and leave only natural for me to write and thank I had not been particularly gra-

I wrote a stiff little letter by candle ht in my own room.
"Dear Mr. Anderson—I hope you are none the worse for the wetting we had yesterday. I did as you told me (for once, I expect you will say) and had well today and very grateful to you for ove with him, right from the first afraid I was horrid last night, and hope you will forgive me. I am sending this note by Ned, because I am afraid you may have caught a chill, and are not able to come over as you said you would. Once more thanking you very much for

saving my life, I am, "Yours sincerely, "SALLY SLATER." It wasn't much of a letter to send to a man who had saved you from a hor-

CONTINUED TOMORROW



"I've had a lovely sleep, and I'm quito well," I declared. "I'm going SOMEBODY'S STENOG—It May Be a White Christmas By Hayward Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company A WHITE CHRISTMAS THERE'S TWO WHITE NOW TAKE MARY DOODLE WELL DUCHESS BY GOLLY IT MAKES YOUR FOR INSTANCE - SHE'D I HOPE WE OLD DEAR? I'LL BRAINS SKID WONDERIN HAIRS I FOUND THIS LIKE CANDY BUT SHE'D HAVE A WHITE WHAT TO GET AND FOR WHO! HAVE A WHITE LIKE BOXING MORNING - AND IT'S CHRISTMAS, CHRISTMAS ALLRIGHT GLOVES OR A DON'T YOU? F I'LL TELL THE ONLY DEC. 5 1: TRAPEZE JUST AS WORLD, IF IT DON'T STOP WORRYIN' ME WELL : SIMPLE ! ! A.E.HAYVIARD . 5

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says it's a pretty difficult matter TOMBOY TAYLOR Bu FONTAINE FOX CANT HELP IT IF IT SLIPS OUTA MY HANDS THAT AND SPLASH KNOWING THE SHORY CUT HE ALWAYS TOOK,

IT WAS EASY FOR TOMBOY TO INPLICT A TERRIBLE REVENCE ON THE MAN WHO TOLD ABOUT HER BREAKING THE SMITH'S WINDOW.

By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS TO LOVE & LET YOU RIDE ON IT, SIRIS, ONU! 1 PROMISED HAMMA I WOUGHT GET ON HARDID -LET ANTBODY TOUCH LET US PULL YOU SOME SCRATCHES ON TO SOMOOL 144 SORSH JUST BEFORE THE MURDER







By C. A. Voight

GASOLINE ALLEY—Necessary Discretion

