THIS BEGINS THE STORY THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Sally—Sarah Elizabeth Slater—

tieppointed her family. They sented a boy and she was only a sented a boy and she was only a sented a boy and she was only a sented a home and diamissal Ecopodes at home and diamissal from boarding school lead to shiptom her off to a Devon farm in deep of home pensioned servants. Os her arrival the vehicle she is in less a wheel and she is rescued by a lendsome young man, Mark Andersen, the community farming magnate.

Solly is delighted with her new surgendings and friends, particularly resultings and friends, particularly resultings and friends, particularly resultings and servants to feel a bit soly is delighted with her new sursolly is delighted with her new sursyndings and friends, particularly
work. She even begins to feel a bit
weasy at rumors he may marry his
waisy. Nina. He saves her when she
sold through the ice, though he is
riff with her for n.t keeping to safe
slee as she is told. Then he lightens
slee as she is told. Then he lightens
she abouke with a kise. Sally knows
the she loves Mark. Her father visits
the she loves Mark. Her father visits
the she loves Mark. Her father visits
the bringing a big, good-looking
am, introduced as Lionel Champion,
who seems curt when Mark's name
is mentioned. It seems he holds the
arloages on Mark's estates and
wir wined his father.

sertgages on Mark's

AND HERE IT CONTINUES WENT back to the fire and held my hands to its warmth, but when I how they were trembing I dragged a chair and, sitting down, folded m in my lap. "Won't you sit down?" I asked po-

"Thank you," but he remained

"You had visitors this afternoon,"
"You had visitors this afternoon,"
"Yes. Did you see them?"
"I did. One of them did me the
enor of calling at my house."
I looked up with a desperate effort
"Oh, you mean Lione! Champion
is told me he knew yon."
"I am flattered." he answered dryly
I shrugged my shoulders.
"Oh, you need not he," I said. "He
rash't at a'l complimentary when he
poke of you."
"So I should imagine."
There was a little silence. Then he
tooped suddenly, putting a hand or
igher arm of my chair so that I wa
mprisoned.

Look at me. Sally."

I wanted to refuse—I tried my but I put my band out and tries "Let me go. How dare you keep me

"In a moment-when you have anred one question. I drew back as far from him as pos-"I shall not answer any questions. 1

It was on the tip of my tongue to my that I had never seen him in my until today, but something made

me hesitate.
"I don't see what it has to do with you." I said coidly.
He did not reply to that—seemed

He did not reply to that—seemed not to have heard it—for almost in-mediately be asked another question:
"Are you going to marry him?"
I said "What!" in capital letters. I said "What." in capital letters, of for a moment I forgot that we were upposed to be enemies, and I laughed

"Are you going to marry him?" he

I tried to temperize.

It tried to temperize.

"It hasn't got anything to do with you. I wonder you dare speak to me at all after the way you have behaved."

"What do you mean—because I the drow me to him with I could

"What do you mean—because I kiesed you?" He drow me to him with a ferce movement, and before I could rates his intention he had kissed me again on my mouth.

"New perhaps you'll answer," he and in unreasoning fear arm as he turned away.

"You mean! it when "You mean! it when "You mean!

Mark came back. He put his arms thing my face up.

"Then will you marry me?" he cound me, but quite gently this time, and, bending, kissed me once—a long kiss.

"You!" I spoke the word in a breathis whisper. My heart seemed to stop

I shall love you all my life. There'll "You!" I spoke the word in a breathless whisper. My heart seemed to stop
less whisper. I shall love you all my life. There'll
never be another woman I shall love
as I love you." he said.

CHAPTER XX

D'sil usionment Begins
Toor Mrs. Alberry! She was white

a spoke; then he said, in a curiously stell for of voice:

"You mean you don't like me, or is it that I'm not rich enough or perhaps not sufficiently a gentleman to My heart cried out: "No, no, no:"

My heart cried out: "No, no, no:"

In swift denial of his words. He sounded so hurt, but I would not speak derson."

Wish nerve the fields, and had quite made up her mind that some one had an extracted the house during her absence and carried me away by main force.

"Oh, Miss Sally! Where have you been?" she asked, almost in tears.

I laughed: I was so happy I did not care what she said or thought.

"I've been outdoors—with Mr. Anderson."

She threw up her hands in dismay.

"Mark! Oh, Mark, come back!"

CHAPTER XIX

False Promises He must have heard, but he did not

teken his pace in the least, and he-

"Tou know I do!" I souhed will you he my wife?"
"If you really want me."
"And that man Champton, he's bothing to you?"
I shook my head.

oday, He's going to marry my sister." there.

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"Then—kiss me, Sally!"
But I held back. The tears were wet on my face, but I was so happy I hardly knew what to do.
"Why have you stayed away since—cver since I fell into the river?"
"Because you're such a child. I thought you did not know your own mind. It seemed unfair."
"I'm only four days older now then

"I'm only four days older now than was then." I told him.
"I know; but it's different. At least limit it different, Sally?"

"Not too me—because I have always loved you."
"King me then!"
"Wait—wait! There's your cousin!"
I feet his arms relax their hold a

"My cousin isn't anything to me."
"Mrs. Alberry said people think you are going to marry her."
"I am not responsible for what peo-

ple think."

"But I thought so, too," I insisted.

"You don't think so any more?" be
asked, but I would not answer and he
said again: "Sally! Do you think so?"

"No."

Then whom am I going to marry?" he demanded.

My eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness now, and when I looked up I could see his face faintly in the light

of the stars. He was my first love-my last, as I confidently believed, and with a sudden passionate impulse I put my arms round his neck.

"Me!" I said. He kissed me then, many times, and kissed him, and I don't know how mg we might have stayed out there a the mud and darkness but for the triking of the church clock, which sused me from my dreaming with a

"Ten o'clock! Oh, what will they

Mark Anderson laughed. Does it matter what they say?"
But I thought it did. I could not magine how I was going to face Mrs. alberty's sharp eyes or expinin my ab-

We went back to the farm hand in and, and he kissed me again in the little porch outside the door.

"Are you happy?" he asked, and I aid, with a sigh of rapture, that I had ever known before what a heautiful world it was world it was.

"You're such a chi'd!" he answered. "You've never seen the world." "Mo" er was married when she was as old as me," I said with dignity. "And now—I really must go."
But even when we had said good light for the last time I went back to

sk him another question. "I shall not answer any questions. I hink—I think it's—it's the limit on're coming here and—and behaving the this," I said angrily.

He laughed, but he raised himself and noved away, going back to his old the laughed, but he raised himself and noved away, going back to his old the laughed away anything nice about the laughed away was something nice about the laughed away anything nice away about me?"

"Only because I am interested. I hought it might be something nice?"

"Well, it was something nice and

"Well, it was something nice, and vet I felt as if I could have knocked im down for it," he added gloomily. I pulled at his hand.
"Well—tell me—anyway!"
He said we reluctantly.

"He said that you were the most attractive little girl he had ever met." "What! Oh. Mark, he didn't, not

"He did--confound him!" I drew a long breath of delight.
"Nobody has ever said a thing like hat about me before."
He gave a jealous growl.

He gave a jealous growl.

"Whatever do you mean?"

But he did not smile.
"I overheard something that was mid, that is all," he told me "You father and Champion both came to my house after they left here."
"Lionel Champion is a very charming man," I said. "Oh—what are you doing?"
He had caught my hands in his and was dragging no to my feet.

"He gave a jealous growl.
"You seem uncommonly pleased about it."
"Pleased! Why, or course, I'm p'eased," I said. "Wouldn't you be, if you'd always been looked upon as the ugly duckling of the family? If vou'd never had a single nice thing said about you in your life? Not that he could really and truly have meant it," I added disconsolately.

There was a little silvage then

There was a little silence then. "Well, I'll be off," Mark said stiffly, Good night."

"Oh, good night." I answered, though here was a nameless fear in my heart est tomorrow should be a repetition of those other days during which I had waited and watched for him in vain; that the kisses and happiness of this night had been too awest to last; that a worse distillusionment awaited me and in unreasoning fear I caught his

oresthless. "Are you going to marry loved me, didn't you?" I saked in that so fall my strength had cozed through my finger, tipe. Arough my finger-tips.

"No," I whispered helpicsely.

He put his hand beneath my chin,

"Mark came back. He put his arms

Mark came back. He put his arms

He you. Let me go! Oh, let me go! Foor Mrs. Alberry! She was wanted the you. Let me go! Oh, let me go! With anxiety when I walked into the with a walked into the with a walke

walted a moment; then he "With Mr. Anderson; At this time

about. "What does money matter?" I asked. "My a sters wil both marry dukes or millionaires or something: And that will more than make up for anything I may do. Oh, for goodnesss' sake, stop crying! I thought you liked Mr. Andersen. I thought you'd be piensed."

She sobbed out that she did like him but that the like here he was not the out in the road, striding away She sobbed out that she knew he was not him, but that she knew he was not him, but that she knew he was not him, but that she knew he was not he sort of man my mother would wish

"You he rude!" I panted. "You me to marry.
I tell a wave of apprehension Lional of the sort of man my mother would wish me to marry.
I tell a wave of apprehension Lional of the sort of man the sort of man of the sort of ma

did they both mean?

I was too proud to usk.

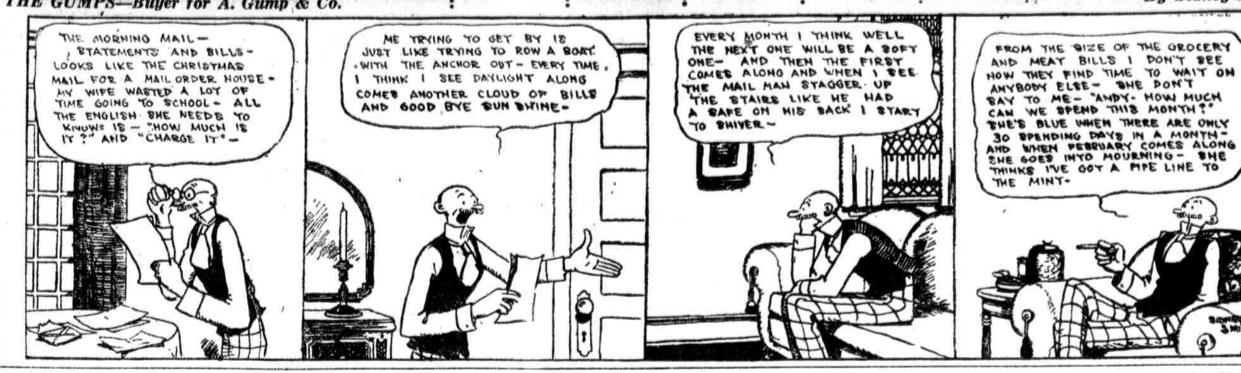
I took up my woodly con!

"Well, I'm going to hed. I said.
"Good night, and, for goodness suke, do cheer up, there's a dear! I'm going to be married, not buried."

But she sobbed on, and at last I went impatiently away and left her

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPS-Buyer for A. Gump & Co.



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Diplomacy Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company ER-YOU MAY BE QUITE RIGHT-DUCHESS I CAN'T M-M: BUT I HEY DUCHESS -ALLRIGHT, CHEER TOU CAN ALWAYS BUT ID GET IN WRONG! F THINK WHAT TO DON'T LIKE TO PLAY SILK UP, OLD SOB YOU GOT GO TO THE BETTER TO GIVE HER GIVE MRS SMITHERS STOCKINGS FOR OVERSIZE I'LL GET EM STOCKING FOR CHRISTMAS! SEVERAL SIZES " PLACE . T COUNTER -AT LUNCHTIME: STOCKINGS: TOO SMALL - THEN WILL YOU GET SHE CAN EXCHANGE THEM FOR ME ! OF COURSE. THEM ? PRIVATELY

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she does a great deal of serious reading, but she does like to read a posthamorous work oceaTHE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS GOSH BLAML, ED! THAN KEEP CH Lock out -HOO NOO CHOH HIRKY GLASS! THE TARGET



-THE TROUBLE IS WITH YOUNG CIRLS HOW A DAYS! IS THAT THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE -SHORT HAIR- SHORT SKIRTS - FUR COATS - LOW NECKS --- WHEN I WAS A GIRL WE SHOWED SOME INDIVIDUALITY Y





By King

By Sidney Smith