THE ONE UNWANTED

By RUBY AYRES

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY Sarah Elizabeth Slater— Sarah Elizabeth Slater— inted her family, who wanted and she was only a tomboy, and to shipping her off to lest lead to shipping her off to farm. On her arrival the peoples lead to Milping property of the Beron farm. On her arrival the Beron farm, On her arrival the Beron farm, On her arrival and sne dele the is in loses a wheel and sne dele the is in loses a wheel and sne magnate. Sally is delighted with ages surroundings and friends, were surroundings and friends, we surroundings and friends, we she falls through the ice, though is gruff with her for not keeping is gruff with her be to that. Then he age lace as the is told. Then he age lace as the loves Mark. Her sets then she loves Mark. Her sets then she loves Mark. Her eisits her, bringing a big, good the eisits her, bringing a big, good the eisits her, bringing a big, good where is the sneme is mentioned. It seems lake a name is mentioned. It seems to holds the mortgages on Mark's kelds the mortgages on Mark's kelds the mortgages of the father.

hilds the mortgages on Mark's holds the mortgages on Mark's tes and had ruined his father. tes and technically, and when hypoposes to Sally, and when hypoposes wife hears of it she is furner's wife hears of it she is disturbed. Mark tells Sally he not yet in a financial position to Mr. Champion comes again arry. Mr. Champion comes again is surprised at Sally's engage ent. She hints that he might remeate some of the mortgages he holds.

Wark's property.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES will free him of his mortgage, every of it, on your wedding day, and

look much younger. "I mean a chance to take his place,"

I stared at him open-mouthed.

were in a dream.
"I know all about that," he told me

"I know all about that," he told me with. "And being engaged isn't being married. It's a long way from it metimes. Well—what do you say?" "That it will be a very bad bargain e you," I said. "We shall get martied—and you'll have to free Mr. Anteres of the mertyre." rean of the mortgage."
"I have already told you that I will

that as a wedding present to you that as a wedding present to you that as a man of my word."
"I think you're a dear," I said.
He wineed, as if I had said somehing unkind.
"Well, it's all settled, eh? Then I

hink I'll be going.'

He took up his hat and stick from "You are writing letters," he said.
"Yes—to tell mother I am going to

speaking, then he said earnestly: st speaking, then he said carnestly.
"You are very young, little Missilly, Are you sure that Anderson is right man for you?"
"I know that I love him," I answer-He gave a quick little sigh. Lacky man," he said lightly, "Well,

We shook hands and I followed him "So there is to be no riding lesson-

"Well-good-night."
| shut the door after him, and went set into the kitchen. I felt that the set half-hour had been a dream.

Lionel Champion, the sought-after!

be rich! The man whom my mother chosen for Nell-preferred me!

It was absurd! Incredible! by cheeks burned with excitement. , who had never been admired in my le, or received the least attention, found myself all at once with two sters! What on earth had brought bout such a change?

Mrs. Alberry came into the room.

he looked round suspiciously.
"It's all right; he's gone," I said seeily. "And you need not look at the like that. I'm not going to tell ou I'm engaged to him as well!" "More's the pity," said Mrs. Alberry

She stood watching me.
"The post's gone, Miss Sally," she ald, after a moment. "It doesn't matter. This can go to-morrow. It's only a letter to mother alliag her I'm engaged. Won't she be

Mrs. Alberry hesitated, then she "I may as well tell you, Miss Sally, hat she won't, because I wrote to her well last night."

I think she expected me to be angry.

at after the first feeling of amazement Jaughed.
"Oh, well, then, in that case I need set bother." I said. "I hate writing effers. You've saved me the trouble.

But, oh! if I had only known! CHAPTER XXIII

Opposition on All Sides

Mark had promised to come the foloring morning, and take the to Lang-ton with him in the trap, and I could hardly eat my breakfast for excitement at the prospect of spending a long day with him with no sharp disapproving

It wasn't a very nice morning; the ty was heavy, and it looked as if it ment pour with rain any minute, but the same thing as

My heart jumped as, with a silently disapproving look at me. Mrs. Alberry of up from the table and sailed out of She came back almost at once with hote, which she laid beside my plate. "Mr. Anderson's boy brought Anderson's boy brought It,"

Mr. Alberry cleared his throat, and it looked like rain. I was sorry thim, poor man! I knew that he in the was too afraid of his wife to smit it. I escaped from the room as some as I could, and went off to read the letter alone. Aly first love letter! It was very that he weeked to me the most condeful in all the world. Aly Precious:—I shall not be able to come today as I prumised, as this seemed to ne and then trotted shyly forward, thrusting the muzzle of his soft nose against my hands asking for notice.

and it will be very late before with a little whine of reproach. ean get back. I would not have gone

fuse. You know that, don't you? It nothing intervenes, we will go to Langton tomorrow. Till then, remember that I love you. MARK."

that I love you. MARK."

I klassed every one of its rather ordinary words, and I slept that night with it under my pillow.

I was jealous of the business that was so urgent he could put it before me, but I comforted myself with thoughts of tomorrow and how wonderful our meeting would be.

I woke in the morning to the steady wound of pouring rain on the roof of

I woke in the morning to the steady sound of pouring rain on the roof of the house, and to big drops chasing one another down the window.

I sat up in bed and stared lugubriously at the wet world. What a dismal day when one was so happy! But the weather never had any power to affect my spirits and I made an extra special toilet that morning, being confident that we should go to Langton, no matter how hard it rained.

I put on my thickest boots and got

I put on my thickest boots and got out my big mackintosh, and hurried through breakfast at top speed; but Mark did not come.

About ten o'clock the rain stopped, and a watery sun struggled out from behind the clouds.

"He'll come now" I thought could.

"He'll come now," I thought confi-

AND HERE IT CONTINUES
HAT if Anderson marries you I
will free him of his mortgage, every

I will free him of his holding day, and are of it, on your wedding day, and tif he does not " "wait a mount if he does not " "wait a mount if he does it haven't finished," he added, as all title rush at him, "if he does marry you, that you give me a marry you, that you give me a marry you, that you give me a marry it is the colored his words blankly.

I schoed his words blankly.

I choed his words blankly.

I comfort.

At lunch time the postman came and brought a letter from mother.

She had written hurriedly, she said, as she had heard from Mrs. Alberry that I had done a foolish thing, and with my usual impetuosity had engaged my-self to a young man whom I had met only a half dozen times in my life.

"I don't want to be hard on you. Sally," so she wrote, "but, my dear child, you must know what a rash proceeding this is. A strange man whom

child, you must know what a rash pro-ceeding this is. A strange man whom neither your father nor I have ever seen. However, we are quite willing to see him, and hear what are his pros-pects, etc.; so if he adopts the only proper course and writes to us, the matter shall be considered " "" I laughed as I read it. As if it mat-tered what they said on thought! I

I stared at him open-mouthed.

"To-to-marry me?" I gasped.

"To to-marry me?" I gasped.

"I laughed as I read it. As if it mattered what they said or thought! I was going to marry Mark if the whole world objected, so their opinion counted but little. I am afraid it was very untuitful, but they had never meant anything to me, and now, when a chance of happiness came, it seemed unfair that they should step in and try to spoil it all.

But I was very surprised at the mild.

But I was very surprised at the mild tone in which mother wrote.

I had expected angry words. A hurried recall home, or perhaps a flying visit from either her or my father. To tell the truth. I was relieved.

Mark would write to them, of course.

Mark would write to them, of course. Go and see them, too, if they wished it. She would be agreeably surprised when she saw him, I was sure.

It was raining again. The watery sun had vanished; the world was once more an unbroken dreariness.

Why did not Mark come? A dozen times I was on the point of putting on my nat and going in search of him, but pride held me back.

He lived so near. If he wished to see me it was no trouble just to walk across the field path and up the lane.

CHAPTER XXIV The Bitter Truth

Tea-time came, but no Mark.
"You're not eating, missie," Mr. Alberry said with kindly anxiety.
I started; I had been straining my ears for the sound of a step on the read

"I'm not hungry," I said.
"You haven't got a chill?" his wife asked, her shrewd eyes scanning my face. "You look flushed. Miss Sally."
I felt flushed. My face was burning. but not for any reason that she understood, and there was a gnawing anxiety at my heart.

I went up to my room and stared out into the darkness. I could see the light from a window in Mark's house, and I longed to go over and see for myself what he was doing.

Was it Nina who was keeping him?

I felt I hated her. I went downstairs and out to the wood house, where the boy Ned seemed to spend his life chop-

ping wood.

But he was not there tonight, and I was just turning away when I heard his voice in the dark yard outside and the heavy sound of his step. I waited, and presently he came into he shed. He had an old sack over the shed. his head and shoulders, and it was wet through with the steadily falling

and produced a note from an inside 'From Mr. Anderson,' he said. I almost snatched it from him. The feeling of relief was too great for words; I sat down on the old chopning bench with the absurd desire to burst into tears.

Presently I found my voice "Ned, who gave it to you?"

He shook his head and solemnly shook the rain from it before he an-

"Mr. Anderson himself, for sure." "Mr. Anderson!" I gasned. "Has no been here, then? When did he come? Why didn't you tell me?"

He stared at me with owlish eyes. "It was only just this minute," he objected. 'He was in the yard there talking to me a minute afore I came in here. He gave me the note to give ver, miss. 'Give it her yourself,' he yer, miss. 'Give it her yourself,' he says, 'And here's two shilling for you.'

I moistened my lips.

I moistened my lips.

"Is that all he said?" I asked.

Ned nodded.

"And did he " " he's all right.

sn't he?" I asked painfully.

him with no sharp disapproving to watch us.

Wasn't a very nice morning; the was heavy, and it looked as if it pour with rain any minute, but a look in a small thing as her when I was so perfectly hanvy.

We were half-way through breakfast that moment and he ambied off, when there was a knock at the outer leaving me alone in the chopping shed, the rain pattering down overhead with

a mournful sound.
I was afraid to open Mark's letter. I I was afraid to onen Mark's letter. I suppose instinct told me what it cantained, for I am sure I sat there a long time before at last I found the courage to read what he had written. Though I burnt the letter the same night, every word of it is still unfor-

Mr. Anderson's boy brought it,"
Is said stiffly.
I grabbed it up and thrust it into my tock. He was not coming! My heart almost sank into my shoes with dispointment, but I was not going to said his letter with Mrs. Alberry and the husband sitting there staring at me. I should like some more teasure. I said, breaking the unbearble silence.
Mr. Alberry cleared his throat, and Mr. Alberry cleared his throat his many clear throa

straing an argent message came for I pushed him away. I think in my to go to Exeter to meet a man on madness I struck him, for he crept off

CONTINUED MONDAY



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Picture of the Boss Slaving at Christmas Time



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she supposes danger of creeping paralysis is over when the child begins to walk.

By FONTAINE FOX DAD'S CURIOSITY SATISFIED WOT TH' DEUCK WONDER IF SHE'S WRITING THE XMAS PRESENT LIST

SANTTHING ELSE YOU WANT THE TO DO FOR GITHY WATER, YOU ? OR ANTHINE ? WANT ME TO GO DOWN FOR ANY GROCATES ? HWOT

THE WOODBOX IS ALL FULL,

SCHOOL DAYS

PETEY—Dreams Always Go by Contraries Anyway

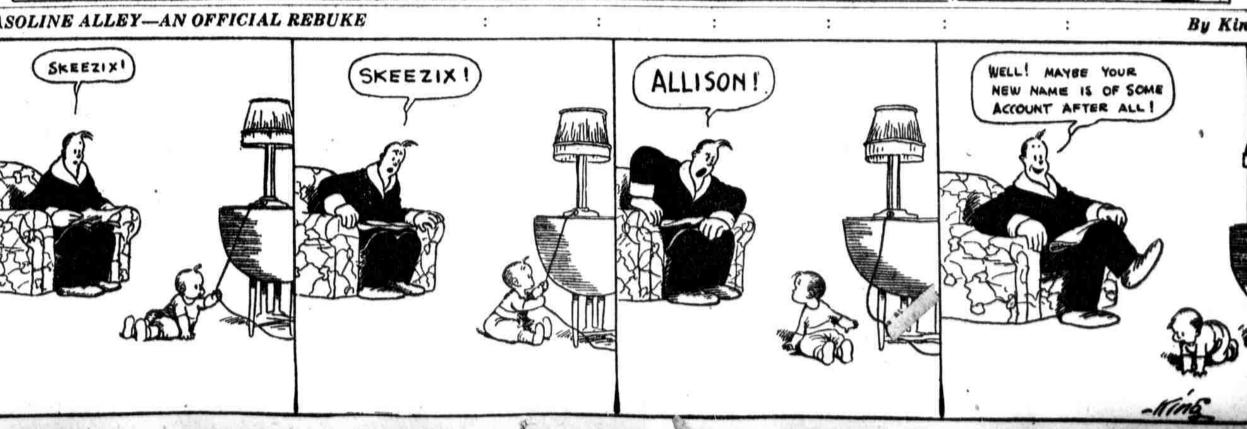
- I WISH PETEY WOULD GIVE ME THAT MONDERFULL PEARL NECK-LACE I SAW TODAY FOR XMAS -





ONLY IS MORE DAYS , LOU

GASOLINE ALLEY—AN OFFICIAL REBUKE



By King