THE ONE UNWANTED

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THIS BEGINS THE STORY Selly-Sarah Elizabeth Slater-

disppointed her family, who wanted by, and she was only a tomboy. Ecspades lead to shipping her off to Deson farm. On her arrival the whicle she is in loses a wheel and she ued by a handsome young man, Herk Anderson, the community farming magnate. Sally is delighted with the new surroundings and friends, poeticularly Mark. He saves her she falls through the ice, though the save with her for not keeping when she falls through the ice, though he is gruff with her for not keeping to safe place as she is told. Then he lightens the rebuke with a kiss. Sally knows then she loves Mark. Her she wist her, bringing a big, goodlacking man, introduced as Lionel Chempion, who seems curt when Mark's name is mentioned. It seems to helds the mortgages on Mark's Mark's name is mentioned. It seems he holds the mortgages on Mark's estates and had ruined his father. Mark proposes to Sally, and when the farmer's wife hears of it she is much disturbed. Mark tells Sally he is not yet in a financial position to marry. Mr. Champion comes again and is surprised at Sally's engagement. She hints that he might release some of the mortgages he holds on Mark's property. He agrees to do so, on condition that if her engagement to Mark is broken, she will give him a chance. Later Sally is sheeked by a note from Mark stating that he loves her but is in no position to marry.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XXV The Last Meeting

ew it was truth, horrid, staring truth. hich I had got to face. He did not love me! The only kind He did not love me. the could wish for either of us leaned against the gate, feeling as if sing that I could wish never meet again. The time crept on, and presently I of me.

ard Mrs. Alberry calling that supwas ready. Supper! This, then, was the end the wonderful dany to which I had

re aside so easily he was mistaken! nd presently I found myself out in cold night, running through the mud | broke out again : ad pouring rain, hatless and coatless at was, saying over and over again was, saying over and over again cold. Go home, Sally, and I give you may heart: "I hate him! I hate

never stopped for a second till I as at the door of his house. stood still then, went through, and his sking in every limb, the letter clutch-

in my hand.

oth and the glow of the fire I could If he was not, I de up my mind that I would wait I he came home, even if I had to you!

ait all night.

I think I must have been a little
I my head, for presently I raised
I my head, for presently I raised hand to knock at the door. It seemed a long time before my

ck was answered, and then it was She looked so pretty and composed

iat I felt the contrast between alnfully. I knew I was a bedragded object, and that my face was a

I heard what she said, but I did not as I answered "I want to see Mr. Anderson.

e at home?" A voice, which, of course, was mine, asked the question, but it unded like a stranger's. "He's out," she said. "I am sorry. ome in and wait. I don't think he can

I tried to steady my voice.

She promised that she would, and he stood at the open doorway looking ifter me as I went down the path.

I called "Good-by!" to her, as if here was nothing the matter, but as

oon as she had shut the door I stopped To get to the house I knew he would ave to pass through the front gate and meant to stay there all night or until

The rain had stopped, but the wind ad risen, and it was much colder. My set, in their thin, saturated slippers, were like ice, the thin sleeves of my tock clung to my arms with a horrible

tamp feeling.

I heard a clock strike nine in the he Alberrys were thinking, and how they would start to look for me; oon they would start to look to under the ut I did not care what they thought

what happened.
I heard that clock strike half-past ne, but still nobody had come along te road, and suddenly a thought came o me; supposing he had repented of hands clenched tightly, saying over and he? Supposing he was waiting to see Supposing he was waiting for me I hate t the Alberrys, as I was waiting for

The forlorn hope penetrated the desort of injury I would have done that night.

Sort of injury I would have done that night.

When the morning came I dreaded having to face the Alberrys as if nothing has name as I ran. I crept into be yard; the door of the house was like open, and I could see Mr. and its, Alberry together in the kitchen, liking anxiously.

went back hopelessly the way I stair when I heard a voice in the come. I must see him that night, kitchen that seemed to stop the beathad to hear the truth from his own ing of my heart—for it was Mark's!

My heart was pounding like a Why had he come? I am ashamed es and sobbing breath.

Thated the darkness that hid him from to ask me to forgive him. and I confess that had be done so I would have Perhaps he had gone in while I went forgiven him. oelishly to look for him at home; I bred to go again to the house. I was last caring what Nina or any of them bought. I had unlatched the gate,

It was Mark, I knew, and for an in- yard outside.

ant absolute fear of him and what

swung round as if he had been wakefulness.

I watched

your death of cold. How long have you been here?

I laughed wildly.
"Hours and hours. Ever since your note came. I should have stayed all

night if you had not come."

There was a tragic sllence; then he said roughly:

"This is madness! You must go home at once. It's pouring with rain again. Let me take you home."

I struck at him when he would have laid his hand on my arm. I am sure that I did not know what I was doing. Alas! how many times since have I not been ashamed of myself! Of my want of pride! Of my loss of dignity! But nothing mattered then, except that I was losing him—nothing except that he did not loss me.

was losing him—nothing except that he did not love me.

"I'm not going home till you've told me the truth!" I said, and my voice sounded old to my own ears. "This letter, why did you write it? Oh, Mark, it's only last night you said you loved me. It isn't true that you don't want to see me any more, is it? Oh, say it isn't true?"

Yes. I pleaded to him like that!

Yes, I pleaded to him like that! I would have gone on my knees to him if I had thought it would have done the least bit of good; I was so young, and he was the first man I had ever cared for.

It seemed as if I could feel my youth slipping away as I waited for his answer, and when it came I think something in my heart died forever.

He spoke so harshly, as if he were angry with me, as perhaps he was for

forcing such an unpleasant scene upon him. "It's quite true," he said, and then The Last Steeling

"It's quite true," he said, and then after a moment—he went on. "I'm—sorry!" and to my despair his voice sounded as if he wanted to cry, only, of course, that was a ridiculous thought. "I'm sorry—but—the best thing we can do, you and I, is to forget that we lever met."

CHAPTER XXVI The Dregs of Love

When Mark had finished speaking

There was something so final in the shakiness of his voice; something that seemed to tell me that if—as he had said-he was sorry, it was only because he knew he was hurting me, and not in the wonderful daay to which I had coked forward so passionately.

The sluggish blood stirred in my seins, and a sudden flood of anger wept through me. I would not accept his letter. I would see him once again r die! If he thought he could throw my the side we castly he was mistaken!

stayed out in the pouring rain in the hope of seeing him? And then, as I tried to speak, he

see you in the morning."

He spoke as if I was a sick child

who needed humoring, and perhaps he was right, but the very gentleness of his voice hurt me unbearably, and I broke out like a fury. "Your word of honor! You haven't

I four word of honor! You haven't any honor! I never wish to see you again. I thought you were a gentleman. I wouldn't believe Mr. Champion when he said the things he did about you. I thought you were the best man in the world, but now I hate you. I hate myself because I ever thought I cared for you. I hate myself because I let you kiss me

grip that hurt, but I went on madly.

'I'll show you how little I care for you! I'll marry the first man who asks me. If he's as old as Methuselah. I'll marry him, or if he's as ugly as sin."

'Sally—for God's sake * * * ** He caught my wrist in a

"Sally—for God's sake * * * * ."

I struck at the hand holding me.
"Leave me alone. Take your hand away. I hate you to touch me." He let me go then, and there was a heavy silence, broken only by his quick breathing; then be said again hoursely; "Let me take you home-I beg of

ragedy, but I did not care.

'Oh, how wet you are! Won't you with passionate anger and pain. My some in?" she asked, in concern.

"Yes, to get rid of me-that's all you care for. I suppose you're going I suppose you're going to marry your cousin, that's the truth, and you're too much of a coward to tell me. Well—I'm sorry for her, that's all. I don't like her: I never did, but she's too good for you anyway. Any woman in the world would be too good for a man like you * """

"Sally!" He spoke my name now ""

"Oh, no, I won't come in, I'm too wet. Will you tell him when he comes that I called?"

"Sally!" He spoke my name now with a cry (with a note so strange that it seemed to check my headlong passion), and for a moment I forgot everything except how cold and wet and tired I was. Then I said in a quiet little voice

that did not sound in the least like "I'm going home now. Good by." He did not answer, but as I turned away I knew that he was following, and though I never once looked around knew that he followed me to the farm, and stood waiting to see me safely

Mrs. Alberry opened the door, and she gave a loud cry of horror when she saw my wet, draggled condition. "Oh, my poor dear; my poor dear!" theard a clock strike nine in the she said, and her voice was so kind and motherly that I felt as if I must throw myself into her arms and sob

out all my misery; but I set my teeth and turned away. "Please leave me alone." I said, and she stood back, and I went on up to my own room and shut the door. I lay awake all night, tinable to close

over again in my heart, "I hate him! I hate him!" I think I did hate him! I think, had it been possible to do him any mad sort of injury I would have done it

Mark was not there! And I turned old woman. I was just at the bottom

the track that from a like a why had he come? I am assamed to confess that, in spite of all that gain. I leaned against it with closed through me that perhaps he had not Where was he? Oh, where was he? meant what he said-that he had come

I stood there clinging to the balusters, trembling in every limb, waiting ought. I had unlatched the gate, hen there was a step in the darkness passed, and then I heard his voice dischind me. away, and presently his step in the

He had gone. I rushed up to my would say paralyzed my tongue.
He did not see me. Another moment the road with the same easy tread the would have passed and gone on the house, but that I stretched out instead as much admired. He held his head instead in the same easy tread and easy carriage that I had always so much admired. He held his head instead in the same easy tread and easy carriage that I had always so much admired. He held his head instead in the same easy tread and easy carriage that I had always so much admired. He held his head instead in the same easy tread and easy carriage that I had always the same easy tread and easy carriage that I had always so much admired. He held his head instead in the same easy tread and easy carriage that I had always so much admired. the house, but that I stretched out so much admired. So much admired. So much admired. So much admired. He did not look just as high as ever. He did not look as if he had spent a tortuous night of

I watched with burning eyes till he had disappeared; then I went down to groping bred fast.



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-She Might Have Turned the Other Cheek Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company SO THAT'S THE LAST NOTHING - I GOT GOOD MORNING TIME ILL DANCE THE A STIFF NECK ! B055 CHEEK-TO-CHEEK ALL WHAT GOOD EVENING WITH A BIRD MORNING -DO YOU WHAT - ?? SHORTER THAN SEE? MYSELF! A-E -HAYWARD - 12



The young lady across the way says she's still in some doubt about the sales tax, as it does seem as if the people who buy things ought to share the expense.







