THE ONE UNWANTED

By RUBY AYRES Author of "A Bachelor Husband," etc.

Copyright by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Bally disappointed her family, scho boy, and she was only a Escapades lead to shipping to a Devon farm. Sally is delighted with her new surroundings, and friends, particularly Mark Anderson, a gentleman farmer, who haves her when she falls through the iet, though he is gruff with her for not keeping to safe place as she is told. Then he lightens the febuke was a kiss. Her father visits her. with a kiss. Her father visits her, bringing a hig, good-looking man, in-troduced as Lionel Champion, scho troduced as Lionet Champion, teho seems curt when Mark's name is mentioned. It seems he holds the mortgages on Mark's estates and had enined his father. Mark proposes to sally, and when the farmer's wife hears of it she is much disturbed. sally, and the is much disturbed, heart 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 shocked by waste from Mark stating that he chance. Later Satty is snocked by a note from Mark stating that he loves her but is in no position to marry. When she sees him he says it is best they forget each other. Then

AND HERE IT CONTINUES CHAPTER XXVII

A Clean Break
RRS. ALBERRY was alone in the

She colored in distress as she an-

ewered:

"Yes, Miss Sally, He came to ask
if you were all right. He said he saw
you out in the rain last night, and was afraid you might have taken a chill."
"How kind of him!" I said.
With a reckless hand I put six lumps

of sugar into the ten which I knew she had already sweetened. How dared he me and ask if I was all right? I burned with shame to think how fatally I had given myself away last How I had begged him not to leave me. How much I had let him

"I've got some news for you. Mrs.
Alberry." I said presently, when I had
choked down a mouthful of toast.
She looked up, and her eyes were
full of kindly anxiety. "I'm not cucaged any more. I went on with hard recklessness. It was a mistake, as you told me, so last night I told Mr. nderson I would not marry him after

rushed through the lie anyhow. ie tell you when he was here just I asked fieracly, shook her head. Her lips were

eart I was glad to think that you and him was going to be so happy. Such said, and I haughed.

rally come to see it from the same point that told me he was coming over the of view. I'm sure I hope it'll be for following day to take me back to town. or happiness, miss, that I do, though "I thought he looked this morning gage with its if something had implemed to one I don't kno aloyed of her class

know I wouldn't see him, that's and strapped, struck in shrilly. lan't ever want to see him can keep out of the way. stared at me incredulously, and

color rose in her face.

I burst our laughing. How ironical ir was! When I had loved him and marry him, they had all but he was not a suitable bus Now that I had been dragged round to their way of thinking they were prepared to take up the

laughed till the tears ran down cheeks, and at last Mrs. Alberry went off in high dudgeon, and I was

in the house, wandering round

ould go hand if I had to go through I had done with him. My only anxiety mother such day.

which I had already grown to hate.

un to realize all I had thrown away ome back to London I would be kind eyes wistfully upon me. good as gold, do what she wished, she liked, and drop all my

so what was the use? Let me added in a panic. ne, mother, and I give you my posted the letter myself, so as to for knowing. He that it went. Had Mark told him anything?

re that it went. uld not have to pass Mark's farm, yet—on my way back—I heard and the sound of his step.

CHAPTER XXVIII Champion to the Rescue

dd die as Mark came along the road ity of my mother's house, passed quite close to where I stood. I went to bed carly. There was a

"I'm afraid I'm a bit of a pessimist, flames way, I don't expect my luck to There were no lights in the country toads there, so he could not possibly

What had he meant by that? My heart was beating so hard as my life. slowly on that it seemed to have

got somewhere up in my throat and was choking me; but I kept on tell-ing myself that I did not care—that it was nothing to me any more if I had to pass him twenty times a day—

that all feeling for him had gone. It was a lie, of course? But for the next two days I tried so hard to cheat myself into the belief that it was true that there was never any other thought in my mind. in my mind.

I just lived for an answer from

mother, and it came on the third daythe kindest letter I had ever had from her. She said she was pleased I had asked to be allowed to return and that she would be glad to welcome me.
"I shall soon be losing one of my
girls," she wrote. "So come home and try to make it up to me, Sally."

I wondered if she was thinking of Lionel Champion when she wrote that!
And I laughed as I thought of his
strange proposal to me. Well, he would
never be called upon to keep his share of our contract, anyway. He would never be asked to wipe off the mortgage on Mark's farm on our wedding day. There would never be a wedding day! The stupid tears rushed to my eyes at that thought, but I brushed them angrily away.

I would marry a rich man. Perhaps

even, if Mr. Champion asked me again, would say yes! How Mark would hate it if he heard! Or had it all just been pretense when he had said he was jealous of Mr.

he had sai Champion? I went on reading mother's letter

with misty eyes. "I am writing to Mrs. Alberry by MRS. ALBERRY was alone in the kitchen. She had had her breakfast, she told me, and was keeping some
bet for me. Poor old soul! She avoided
looking at me, and, at last, in sheer
looking at me, and was keeping some
looking at me, and wa "Mr. Anderson has been here, hasn't up, as it appears he has to go to Langton-which is, I believe, quite near you on the Friday."
The color flew to my face. A faint

spark of interest woke in my heart. He liked me at any rate! I hoped passionately that Mark would see him drive through the village. It would show him that I was not quite desolate or unheeded.

That letter came on Wednesday, and for the next two days I went out boldly, not earing whether I met Mr. Anderson or not. I came face to face with Nina once,

and, though I think she would have passed by, I stopped her, "Isn't it a nice morning?" I said. It wasn't, but it was something to say. She agreed with me. "It makes one think of the spring."

ske, said. "You'll love Devonshire in the spring, Miss Slater." It was the opportunity I wanted, "I shou't be here in the soring." I "I'm going home on Saturday, back to London

She looke I astonished. "I thought you were going to stay for ever so long," she said. "So I was," I admitted. "But I'm It's dull after town, so "I'm sure I don't know what to say, I'm going home to have a good time Miss Sally," she answered. "In spite again. There are lots of dances and of what I've said in the past, in ay things on now in London, you know." She looked faintly envious.

"Yes, I suppose so." nice gent continues he is, " " " " There was a little silence: then I bule her good-by. She would tell Mark. f course; which was just exactly what

"I've always thought so," she insisted carnestly. "But, all the sales.
I had a note from Lienel Champion
I knew he was not a fit husband for me
roung lady like you, and if as you have
be said, and believed that my mother

"I shall be there about 10 o'clock, m sure as it'll ge eruel hard for him." and hope it will not be too early for the wined away a tear and herait you." he wrote. "I shall bring the big sly folding her apron into plaits. Our, so we can take most of your bag-I don't know how much luggage he

she went on in the gurrifors' thought I had, or if he was judging my Locked wardrobe by the lavish standard while of been awake all night, and my sisters affected, but all my worldly is ted if he would like to see consessions were contained in one good-

Mrs. Alberry eried most of that day, "And he She section to think that she had see him sailed in her duty as I was leaving so ain, so if he comes here or you know soon, and once or twice I was almost scoming, please tell me first, so that imagined to tell her the truth, so that she need not feel so and about it. "I shall come and stay with you-

often," I said several times. "And I'm sure Mr. Anderson's the the fine weather comes I shall come of as would be forcing his company down and stay a month."
here it wasn't wished for," she said | But I knew I should never come

pnywhere near. CHAPTER XXIX Hours Heavy With Regect

There was a terrible jond on my heart all that last day. I felt like a testless spirit that was being torn from

the only place on earth where it had known happiness; and yet-surely I had known as much of sadness as happi-I sat at the breakfast table wondering I looked out of my winds.

I sat at the breakfast table wondering Mr. Anderson's farm twenty times during the day. The weather seemed to ness since I came to the Gable Farm what to do with myself the whole day. Mr. Anderson's farm twenty times dur-what was I to do with myself for the layer taken a turn for the better, and have taken a turn for the better, and Last night's rain had cleared away, there ectainly was a touch of and the sun shone, but I was afraid to it the air—a faint, indefinable go out for fear I should meet Mark. I thing that made my heart ache, shaved in there ecctainly was a touch of spring the nir-a faint, indefinable some-

I had so looked forward to the spring trying to help Mrs. Alberry, and only and the flowers. It would have been succeeded in getting in her way. Reaven to have been down here in the Succeeded in getting in her way.

I had never been so miserable in my substine with Mark * *

I would not let myself think of it.

I would not let myself think of it.

Then suddenly I made up my mind I now was to forget him.

I had not seen him since that mornall write to mother and ask her if ing when I say him walking down the

I had not much hope that she would near the Alberrys at all. I went all round the farm with Mr. down here in the country. Alberry that afternoon, Though I had traight out if I could come home. I me a feeling of homesickness to be leav-

(untrothfully) that I had just be-to realize all I had thrown away by feelistness, and if she would let forms he would let be been stated once, his

The tears rose in mine. "I hate going," I said " 1 said impulsively, and I took his big, rough hand and And I'm not engaged any more," I gave if a squeeze; "but you won't ever "He hadn't any tell any one I said so, will you?"

"I keep my own counsel-always," he answered stolidly, and for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps ped out and down to the village he knew more than I gave him credit

went the longest way round, so I longed to ask, but was afraid, in the longest way round, so I longed to ask, but was afraid. We had a silent tea, though I made ton my way back—I heard spasmodic attempts at conversing. Mrs. in the darkness coming toward the sound of his step. I tried not to think, I kept telling myself that this was the last time I should ever have tea in the dear old kitchen; that tomorrow I should be at home in stood quite still. I felt as if I all the pomp and grandeur and formal-

passed quite close to where I stood.

I went to bed carly. There was a see was with another man, whom I fire in my room, and I sat down on not know, and I heard him say as the raig in front of it, wrapped in my the story of th dressing-gown, and looked into the

I had fallen in love and suffered a bitter disillusionment. Could I ever really forget it and be happy again? I could never really forseen me, and yet as he passed I get, I was sure of that! With the pesam sure that for the smallest second he simism of youth, I believed that I should never again love any one. But I meant to try to put these weeks behind me and make something out of now." What had because the thet?

CONTINUED TOMORROW





THIS TIME UNCLE BIM 12 BOUNDING ON THE HIGH SEAS -DRAWING NEARER AND WEARER -TO WHAT DEAR READER? TO MARRIED LIFE, HAPPINESS CONTENTMENT OR WHAT?

By Hayward SOMEBODY'S, STENOG-Lots of It on His Hands Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Company THAT'S IT, YOU HEAVENS! THE STREETS ARE GETTING THERE'S A OOP POOR TURTLE-SO CROWDED YOU CAN'T CROSS THEM CHANCE TAKE YOUR OR ANYTHING! WHAT WITH TRUCKS AND CROWDS HOW'S A LADY GOT A CHANCE TO GET TO WORK? OWN TIME LE-HAYWARD-18

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says you really can't blame the poor coal miners for objecting to the check-off system, but they must remember that they're not the only ones who are having their wages reduced since the war.

THE PORTLY PORTER AND THE NEW-FANGLED DUSTPAN-By FONTAINE FOX

GOSH' THEY DON'T SEEN TO

SCHOOL DAYS

KNOW WHAT A FELLER WANTS -WHY DON'T THEY GIVE US A SET OF TOOLS OR A COMBINATION KNIFE OR A L'EATHER VEST OR A PAIR OF FURLINED LEATHER GLOVES WITH A STRAP AND BUCKLE ON EM- OR A JOINTED FISHIN POLE & REEL OR A COMPASS OR

OR A FUR CAP WITH EAR FLAPS OR A PIG SKIN FOOT BALL OR SOME BOXINGLOVES OR A SEARCH LIGHT OR SOME RACIN' SKATES WITH SHOES

OR A BASE BALL MASK

OR HETCHIH GLOVE

OR A BIKE

OR A WIRELESS SET OR ROBINSON THE SUISS FAMILY ROBINSON OR TREASURE ISLAND OR TOM SAWYER HUCK FIRM DAM BEARDS BOOMS

By DWIG



again, as long as Mark Anderson lived PETEY-The Earless Era



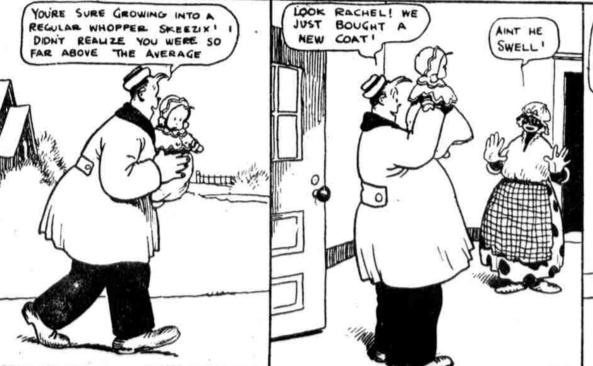
- I VE THOUGHT OF A MILLION THINGS TO GIVE MABEL BUT, I DON'T KHOW WHAT SHE'D LIKE - ALY IDEA!

:





GASOLINE ALLEY—Spilling the Clothier's Beans







By King

By C. A. Voight