

THE ONE UNWANTED

By RUBY AYRES

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

THIS BEGINS THE STORY Daily disappointed her family, who wanted a boy, and she was only a baby. Escapes lead to shipping up off to a Devon farm. Here she meets a young man, a gentleman farmer, who proposes to her and then apparently jilts her, saying that he cannot afford to marry. Lionel Champion, an older man, also appears to her. He has a mortgage on Mark's property, which he promises to cancel if Mark marries her, otherwise she must pay him \$10,000. Sully returns home to London escorted by Champion. Bitterly she determines to plunge into matrimony to forget her loss. She consents to marry Champion, despite the opposition of her old aunt, who had married unhappily. The aunt dies suddenly, leaving Sully a fortune. From Devon she hears Mark ruined financially, which seems to explain his attitude toward her. But she is promised to Champion. Her aunt, she says, gave her money to pay off Mark's mortgage, thinking a legacy from a relative applied the money. Then unexpectedly she is thrown into contact with Mark at a party. There is a clash between Mark and Lionel and Sully admits she loves the former. AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Another Serial

By Ruby Ayres

Starts on this page Friday. Watch for

"The Fortune Hunter"

It is a story of entangled love and mystery written in this favorite author's characteristic style.

humiliation of the fact that once again I had offered myself to him and been coolly refused. "A lie which is half the truth!" What had he meant by those words? Some sort of defense, I suppose, and yet what defense was possible? He had thought less of me than he had done of his farm. Lying awake in the night, my soul writhed at the bitterness of that knowledge. Why did I love him? He was not worth loving! I would not have married so that never again could I run the risk of meeting him; the memory of his eyes haunted me and the little break in his voice when he said before Lionel came, "You look at me as if—as if—you loved me—"

CHAPTER XLII A Lie Which is Half the Truth! SUPPOSE I must have been a pitiable little figure as I stood there between the two men, and I wished I had dropped dead to escape from my embarrassment and the compassion in Lionel's eyes. Mark had never loved me, or if he had it had only been such a poor sort of love that he valued it less than he valued his farm; and yet in spite of the stinging humiliation in my heart I was unable to ask one last question: "Then . . . then . . . why did you pretend—that you cared?" and again it was Lionel who answered for him. He thought you had money; he hoped that you would bring him money when he married you, and when he found his mistake . . .

Mark moved. I heard the harsh tearing of his handkerchief, and his hands clenched into fists, and for a moment I thought he was going to strike Lionel down. He was the more powerful man of the two. Involuntarily I gave a little cry and rushed forward. No—no— His hands fell to his sides. He gazed helplessly at me. "You needn't be afraid—I won't hurt him." He spoke in a little pause between each word as if he found it difficult to form them. "If you will excuse me—I will go." He added hoarsely. The blood rushing to my head in such food that it seemed almost to drive mad, and I broke out passionately: "Yes, you'll go now—now you've seen my heart for the second time!" "I'll go and laugh at me for having been such a fool! Oh, if I could only hurt you . . . I looked up at him in the eyes of fury. The tears were being driven down my face, but they were angry tears or even tears of grief, for they were just forced by the agony of my heart. "I said I loved you just now," I said on. "It was a lie! I said I would ruin you for life if you would. I'd make you miserable for ever and if I had the power. Oh yes, try to stop me—try to stop me from moving toward me because I suppose it hurts your pride to hear such things! But I'll hurt you more . . . I'll hurt you more . . .

"Sally, my poor child," Lionel broke in. He tried to draw me away, but I stood fiercely. Mark alone existed for me at that moment. Mark with his set face and ready eyes, and I stood on in a torrent of passion: "You told me tonight that your luck turned, that somebody had died and you money, and that the money was off the farm! Well—I did that, the money Aunt Allison left me—it was a lie! Ask Mr. Shelter! I know! He arranged it all for me—himself—and he's laughing from behind a foot and with a fierce smile at the depths of my broken heart. I saw the look of terror that crossed his face. He tried to speak, but his words would come out as if they were like a child's and he was white as white. Then he said hoarsely, with the ghost of a smile: "A lie which is half the truth—ah? Well, I think we're almost quits . . . almost!" His eyes wandered over me with a wild sort of excitement, as if he was looking at me for the last time; then, with a broken exclamation, he turned and left us. I stood there quivering from head to foot, the slowly the realization of what had happened came home to me. Lionel did not speak, or attempt to speak to me. I thought that I had never seen him look so old. Through the curtained doorway the light from the next room had shone on me. Take me home—please take me home," I said faintly. He put his arm around me. "I think there is another way into the hall without going through the wing room," he said. He found it took me out that way. He gave in charge of one of the maids to my coat, and he went to explain to Mrs. Fraser. "I don't know what he told her, or what she thought, and I did not care. I went home, and neither of us spoke. Just before the car stopped, Lionel over and touched my hand. "Yes," I opened my eyes. "Are you going to throw me over, are you?" "Throw you over?" I echoed his words apathetically. I had forgotten our wedding day was so near. "Throw you over! When you're the one in the world who cares for me," I said. "Sally," he held out his arms, and I went forward into them, sobbing my heart out. "Never speak to me of what's happened—promise me! Promise me!" I loved him, and I felt his lips on my cheek as he answered: "Never as long as I live—I give you my word of honor." And you'll never tell any one—never say a word? Oh, I think I shall. Nobody shall ever know."

CHAPTER XLIII An Unbearable Hurt thought I had suffered everything possible to suffer before that, and yet the pain I had had when Mark sent me away before was nothing compared with the

He had sounded as if he was glad, and yet—oh, it was all lies—all lies. I felt that I must have been a pitiable little figure as I stood there between the two men, and I wished I had dropped dead to escape from my embarrassment and the compassion in Lionel's eyes. Mark had never loved me, or if he had it had only been such a poor sort of love that he valued it less than he valued his farm; and yet in spite of the stinging humiliation in my heart I was unable to ask one last question: "Then . . . then . . . why did you pretend—that you cared?" and again it was Lionel who answered for him. He thought you had money; he hoped that you would bring him money when he married you, and when he found his mistake . . .

Mark moved. I heard the harsh tearing of his handkerchief, and his hands clenched into fists, and for a moment I thought he was going to strike Lionel down. He was the more powerful man of the two. Involuntarily I gave a little cry and rushed forward. No—no— His hands fell to his sides. He gazed helplessly at me. "You needn't be afraid—I won't hurt him." He spoke in a little pause between each word as if he found it difficult to form them. "If you will excuse me—I will go." He added hoarsely. The blood rushing to my head in such food that it seemed almost to drive mad, and I broke out passionately: "Yes, you'll go now—now you've seen my heart for the second time!" "I'll go and laugh at me for having been such a fool! Oh, if I could only hurt you . . . I looked up at him in the eyes of fury. The tears were being driven down my face, but they were angry tears or even tears of grief, for they were just forced by the agony of my heart. "I said I loved you just now," I said on. "It was a lie! I said I would ruin you for life if you would. I'd make you miserable for ever and if I had the power. Oh yes, try to stop me—try to stop me from moving toward me because I suppose it hurts your pride to hear such things! But I'll hurt you more . . . I'll hurt you more . . .

"Sally, my poor child," Lionel broke in. He tried to draw me away, but I stood fiercely. Mark alone existed for me at that moment. Mark with his set face and ready eyes, and I stood on in a torrent of passion: "You told me tonight that your luck turned, that somebody had died and you money, and that the money was off the farm! Well—I did that, the money Aunt Allison left me—it was a lie! Ask Mr. Shelter! I know! He arranged it all for me—himself—and he's laughing from behind a foot and with a fierce smile at the depths of my broken heart. I saw the look of terror that crossed his face. He tried to speak, but his words would come out as if they were like a child's and he was white as white. Then he said hoarsely, with the ghost of a smile: "A lie which is half the truth—ah? Well, I think we're almost quits . . . almost!" His eyes wandered over me with a wild sort of excitement, as if he was looking at me for the last time; then, with a broken exclamation, he turned and left us. I stood there quivering from head to foot, the slowly the realization of what had happened came home to me. Lionel did not speak, or attempt to speak to me. I thought that I had never seen him look so old. Through the curtained doorway the light from the next room had shone on me. Take me home—please take me home," I said faintly. He put his arm around me. "I think there is another way into the hall without going through the wing room," he said. He found it took me out that way. He gave in charge of one of the maids to my coat, and he went to explain to Mrs. Fraser. "I don't know what he told her, or what she thought, and I did not care. I went home, and neither of us spoke. Just before the car stopped, Lionel over and touched my hand. "Yes," I opened my eyes. "Are you going to throw me over, are you?" "Throw you over?" I echoed his words apathetically. I had forgotten our wedding day was so near. "Throw you over! When you're the one in the world who cares for me," I said. "Sally," he held out his arms, and I went forward into them, sobbing my heart out. "Never speak to me of what's happened—promise me! Promise me!" I loved him, and I felt his lips on my cheek as he answered: "Never as long as I live—I give you my word of honor." And you'll never tell any one—never say a word? Oh, I think I shall. Nobody shall ever know."

CHAPTER XLIII An Unbearable Hurt thought I had suffered everything possible to suffer before that, and yet the pain I had had when Mark sent me away before was nothing compared with the

THE GUMPS—The Morning After the Night Before

By Sidney Smith



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Mary Doodle's a Born Diplomat

By Hayward



The Young Lady Across the Way

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY

By FONTAINE FOX

SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



PETEY—Another Bright Idea

By C. A. Veight



GASOLINE ALLEY—That's Going Back Into History

By King

