

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Betty Bargains With Salvano For His Love On the Terrace

CHAPTER LXXXIV.
Law of Love and Decency.

Betty saw the three from a long way off, but she looked only at Paolo. His dark face was haggard. His eyes glanced about anxiously. He had read the letter.

Callahan, a big-headed, short-necked man, with grizzled, curly hair, made straight for a table whose three tilted chairs indicated that it was reserved. He had a sullen, bulldog air. Betty thought, as if life had gone awry with him, she was trying, without quite knowing how, to make the best of it. He had been very different when he first arrived from the west with Rose, to conquer New York. His blunt-featured face had been fresh-colored. He had worn an almost perpetual grin of self-satisfaction, and pleasure in his possessions—including Rose. He had walked with a swagger, almost a strut, his chin up, glancing about to see if he and his daughter were observed. Now he marched doggedly, his head down.

Even a casual observer might have guessed that the man was morose from some secret disappointment, and Betty more than guessed. She was sure, and she knew what the disappointment was. All that had glittered about Paolo's head was gone. Once Callahan had wanted the prince for a son-in-law. Now he didn't want him. But was Paul his son-in-law? That was the only part about which Betty felt uncertain.

Rose's looks told nothing. The girl was pretty, with the beauty of youth, but her features were blunt like her father's, and already she began to be too full-blown. As the old man strode ahead, the girl had time to throw Salvano a smile, with raised eyebrows. Whether it was a married smile or an engaged smile Betty could not tell.

The three sat down. Rose between the two men, and directly facing Betty. Miss Callahan had never been introduced to Mrs. Miles Sheridan, but they had often seen each other in New York; and father and daughter would at one time have given a good deal to squeeze into Betty Sheridan's set. Later, Rose had doubtless heard of the flirtation between Salvano and the young married woman; or Betty's firm intention to snub had made an impression. At all events, the girl's wistful, admiring glances at the theatre or restaurant had changed to a stony stare; and it was now with graven-image gaze that she regarded the lady from New York.

Betty saw this without looking up; but the ordinary trick that women use to turn their heads and never turn. She saw also that Rose turned to Paolo and spoke. He kept his eyes on Mrs. Sheridan's direction.

Mr. Callahan's head moved and Betty felt his gaze upon her. His little drama just begun meant of misery for her future; but it didn't develop to tragedy yet, and Betty found herself slightly amused. If she were a spectator of the play instead of a leading character, could she be that Salvano would try to brazen it out, or was he working up

the scene to make things easy for himself? She would know soon, because in the note she had warned him that Eustace Nardo was in the office and that they had better have a talk before the latter came to her table.

The tea she had ordered was brought, and as she glanced up, after pouring herself a cup, she met Paolo's eyes. He was deliberately looking at her, as if seeing her for the first moment. She bowed, and he bowed, slightly rising from his chair. Then, with a word of excuse, he walked to her table.

"How do you do, Mrs. Sheridan?" he asked, in a tone audible to everyone near. "This is a surprise. I thought you were in New York."

Betty held out her hand, and Salvano took it in his, pressing it sharply, so that the rings hurt her fingers. In spite of the pain, however, an electric thrill shot through her arm to her heart, for there was hope in that pressure—hope in the one flashing look telegraphed from the Italian's eyes to hers.

"He cares!" she told herself. "I know there's been talk. 'May I sit down and talk for just a moment?' Salvano asked, still in the same 'everybody-can-hear' tone. 'I've promised Miss Callahan and her father to see a moving picture with them after tea, but—'"

"Is she Miss Callahan?" Betty broke in. Her tone was not meant for everyone. It was for Paolo alone.

"You mean—"

"You know what I mean." "I know there's been talk." "Of course, there's been talk! Paolo, you've got to tell me. Are you married to the girl?" "Are you engaged to her?" "Betty—you shoot accusations at me! I've allowed them to think—"

"And everybody else to think! Paolo, what did you take me for—a marble statue? It's to me you're engaged."

"My fear," she soothed her, "you're a married woman. I heard that a good husband wouldn't go in for a divorce, after all. What hope was there? I was desperate, and—these things happen—"

"Listen, Paolo," she cut him short. "don't try any melodrama with me. You know all about Miles and his girl. You can't help it. One's only got to look at old Callahan to see that he doesn't trust you, or like you."

"I realize that you need money, but I'm not poor," she added. "I'll have more even than we thought when we finished things out one day you won't have forgotten. I'm doing you a good turn, taking you away from that girl and that old man who despises you. You won't have to be ashamed of me as your wife—and you would of Rose. Besides, you love me. You can't have changed so much. I've come half across the world to claim you, because by the law of love and decency you're mine."

In Monday's installment *Nardo Suspects Betty of a Trick*. (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Reddy Fox Goes Out To Hunt a Bob White Dinner

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Reddy Fox is one of those who are shrewd enough and smart enough to try to know all that goes on in the hope that they may turn something to their advantage. He had been taking a sun bath on a flat rock in the Old Pasture when the hunter and his dog had found the flock of young Bob Whites, and the hunter had shot twice. Reddy's eyes flew open instantly. He knew the meaning of that sound. He sat up with ears cocked and eyes wide open. He could look across the Green Meadows. In the distance beyond Farmer Brown's land lay a wheat field and in the middle of that he saw the hunter with his terrible gun.

"The hunting season has begun!" exclaimed Reddy. "I thought it was about time. That hunter must have found Bob White and his family. I wonder if he killed any of them. I hope not. Every one killed by a hunter is one less for me to have a chance to catch. But if he wounded some of them it is another matter altogether. I hate hunters with their terrible guns! But just the same they make it possible for me to get many a good meal. It won't do for me to go down there now, but to-night I'll look over the ground down there."

Reddy saw the hunter climb over the fence onto Farmer Brown's land. Then faintly he heard the shout of Farmer Brown's boy and grinned as he watched that hunter hurriedly climb back over the fence off of Farmer Brown's land and go on his way. "Those Bob Whites flew over onto Farmer Brown's land," chuckled Reddy. "That will be the place for me to look tonight." He watched the hunter until the latter disappeared. Then he once more curled up on that flat rock and finished his interrupted nap.

As soon as the Black Shadows had crept down over the Green Meadows that night Reddy trotted down from the Old Pasture and straight over toward that part of the Green Meadows where the hunter had been when Farmer Brown's boy drove him



Reddy saw the hunter climb over the fence into Farmer Brown's land.

away. Then, just as the hunter's dog had done that morning, Reddy began to go carefully over the ground, back and forth so as to cover every bit of it. For a long time he found no trace of the Bob Whites. Then he came to a little clump of weeds and at his keen nose caught the Bob White scent. Slowly, carefully, a step at a time, Reddy crept forward ready to spring at the first sign of movement. As he got nearer his nose told him that the scent was not strong enough to come from a Bob White. It told him that a Bob White had been there very recently, but that there was no longer.

He carefully looked into the clump of weeds, and his eyes and his nose told him just what had happened. "One of those Bob Whites was wounded," said Reddy to himself as he found a little spot of blood. "He was wounded badly and he was hidden in this clump of weeds all day. Now they have gone. They didn't fly because here is their scent. Probably that young Bob White can't fly."

Reddy's eyes brightened at the thought and he began to follow with that wonderful nose of his the scent left by the young Bob White and Mrs. Bob.

The next story: "Reddy Is Fooled for a Few Moments."

"My Heart Would Palpitate, I Had Weak Spells"

Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes:—

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the pit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes. It has done wonders for me and I want to recommend it to everyone."

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BY BILLY DE BECK



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BY BUD FISHER



REG'AR FELLERS

He's a Valuable Dog Now.

BY GENE BYRNES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN.



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE TALROY

On Waste.

He sees things quite differently

Late at night and early

In the morning;

At twenty, and at forty;

And he also thinks differently

About her on Thursday,

To Tuesday—that is,

If he happened to meet

An even more gorgeous

Creature on Wednesday.

Men waste TIME and

MONEY on MANY women,

But, generally speaking,

All that most WOMEN waste

On a man is—WORDS!

Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

DATAR BULL-DAWG BIRD PICKIN' ON ME BUT HE TECHE KOFF DINNAMITE WENHE JACKLED MAN OLE MULES! HEELS DIS MAWNIN'!!!



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Immediate and careful attention. Folder, "Open Seasons For Hunting in Canada, 1923," will also be forwarded.—Advt.

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The House of Orange, the governing family of Holland, is one of the longest reigning dynasties in the world.