

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Betty and Her French Maid Take Possession of the Yacht

CHAPTER LXXXII.

A Display of Temper.

Betty had wired and written in answer to Nazlo's letter sent from Monaco to New York, and they had exchanged several cables before she landed in Algiers. In a telegram sent her at Marseilles, Nazlo suggested a meeting in Algiers, but Betty was all prudence now—in small things, where she felt no great temptation to be reckless—and it seemed wisest not to see any man, with the exception of Salvano, until she had met her husband. She had to see Salvano (of whose presence in Algiers she learned definitely from Nazlo) because upon the result of a talk with Paul, the next step, with Miles depended.

She was determined, however, to give no other handle for gossip if she could help it. Miles might be in a venomous mood, and she wouldn't like him to hear that the shoe king had met her when the yacht was docked. Neither did she want Nazlo to call on board "Silverwood," but when she had picked up her quarters there (to the silent distress of Captain Yale) and learned of Miles' absence from Algiers, she sent a note to Nazlo's hotel.

He was staying at the St. George, and he suggested that, if Mrs. Sheridan thought it would be "conspicuous" to lunch with him she might come and have tea on the terrace alone. Then he could stroll past; and not the most censorious gossip could make mischief out of a chance meeting. Nazlo added, "Speaking of gossip, Prince Paul di Salvano and the Callahans are at the St. George, and quite the center of attraction. Rose poses as 'Miss Callahan,' but every one thinks she's married to Salvano, and that the old man is keeping the prince on probation for a while. Unless there'd been a marriage, old Callahan would be pretty sure to send Salvano packing after all the talk. I had better tell you that there's talk also about your husband, who has friends here counting those who are yours as well. Some think you're certain to divorce him; others think the opposite. But none of them know who the girl in the case really is, or that, if you play your cards well, you hold him in the hollow of your hand."

This letter had been sent by messenger to Betty on board "Silverwood" almost at the moment of her arrival, and hardly two hours after Miles' departure with the girl and Mrs. Harkness for Boussada. It was then that Betty wrote the reply from which Nazlo had cut out a few lines for Terry Desmond's eyes.

Captain Yale's evident reluctance to receive the owner's wife on board was further proof that Nazlo had told the truth about Miles. Not only was he infatuated with the Desmond girl, but Yale was aware of the fact. If Betty had not been in a black mood she must have felt some malicious amusement at the thought of the superior comforts of an Algiers hotel. The yacht was being cleaned, he pointed out, while Mr. Sheridan was away, and the understanding was that no one should be allowed on board. Of course, in the case of Mrs. Sheridan, it was different. If she chose to put up with the inconvenience of "housecleaning," he had nothing to say. Still, he must write

the news that Madame had come on board.

"Tell me where my husband is, and I'll wire," Betty snapped.

But Captain Yale crossed himself. Even to Mrs. Sheridan he couldn't give that information, unless his employer permitted.

"I shall soon know where he's gone, without your telling me," she boasted, confident that she would learn from Nazlo, whose letter mentioned that he was making inquiries.

"Very well, Madame, in that case you can communicate with Mr. Sheridan," returned Yale, whose cool manner covered a certain agitation.

Betty shrugged her shoulders. "I shan't bother, if you're going to telegraph," she said. "My husband will come back when he learns I'm here. And I shall be quite comfortable in this pretty cabin of my own—which I remember quite well. As for my maid, I shall choose a room for her."

There was something like a threat veiled by these words, but Captain Yale could hardly put his employer's wife off the yacht, at all events without definite orders to do so. And if she stayed on board she was owner, in place of her husband.

"As Yale was quick-witted enough to guess, (knowing something of women) Mrs. Sheridan imagined that her cabin could hardly put his employer's wife off the yacht, at all events without definite orders to do so. And if she stayed on board she was owner, in place of her husband."

Betty could no more travel without an efficient maid who was used to her ways, than a Pekinese puppy could walk back to China on foot. She had brought her confidential woman from New York, a Parisienne with every professional talent and no capacity for affection. Estelle knew the secrets which it was convenient to Mrs. Sheridan for her to know, and several others not so convenient. She had a sarcastic sense of humor, and this was tickled as she visited the cabin with Madame.

There was Monsieur's stateroom, containing many articles de toilette, as apparently the occupant intended to be absent only a few days; there were other which had not been tented, and there was one where numerous pretty belongings had been left. It was this last which Betty commanded for her maid.

"Put everything here into Mrs. Harkness' cabin," she directed, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling. Estelle thought with amazement that she had never seen her mistress look so plain, so almost vulgar.

"But, if Madame will pardon me," she ventured, hiding the twinkle in her eyes. "I am not particular about my room. The wardrobe here is so full, and there is this trunk under the bed. The small cabin next to that of Madame Harkness will be good enough for me, and—"

"Do as I tell you," this statement is near mine, and I prefer you to have it."

Tomorrow's installment brings an unexpected thrill.

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Black Pussy the Cat Causes Mrs. Bob White a Big Worry

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

All day the wounded young Bob White crouched in a clump of weeds on the Green Meadows. It was a clear, bright day, but the weeds shaded him from the sun. All day Mrs. Bob White remained with him. Her mother's heart ached for him. He himself felt too ill to think at all, and so he did not worry. But his mother knew what the dangers were, and she grew more and more anxious. She looked forward with dread to the coming of the Black Shadows and night. She knew that during the day there was little to fear down there on the Green Meadows from Reddy Fox or Granny Fox or Old Man Coyote. Hidden as they were under the weeds she was not afraid of being found by any of the Hawk family. But when the coming of the Black Shadows all would be changed. Then Reddy Fox and Granny Fox and Old Man Coyote and Jimmy Skunk might come prowling around at any time. Then, too, Hooty the Owl would be out hunting.

"If only I could get him over to the dear Old Briar patch," Mrs. Bob White kept thinking. Every once in a while she would coax young Bob White to try to walk. But he felt too badly. He felt so badly that he wouldn't even eat. She stole away from him two or three times to get him some food, but he refused the most tempting tid-bits.

Once in the afternoon she discovered Black Pussy the Cat prowling about not far away. She knew that if Black Pussy should discover young Bob it would be the end of him. There would be no escape. So Mrs. Bob White at once flew over and dropped down in the grass just a little way in front of Black Pussy. She pretended not to have seen the cat. Black Pussy began to creep slowly and softly as only Black Pussy can straight toward where she had seen Mrs. Bob White drop down in the grass. Mrs. Bob White began to flutter along the ground as if she were badly hurt, and couldn't fly. Black Pussy became excited. "Yes, sir," she became very much excited. She didn't stop to think that she had seen Mrs. Bob White fly there in the first place.

"That bird is hurt," said Black Pussy to herself. "She can't fly. I Once in the afternoon she discovered Black Pussy the Cat prowling about not far away. She knew that if Black Pussy should discover young Bob it would be the end of him. There would be no escape. So Mrs. Bob White at once flew over and dropped down in the grass just a little way in front of Black Pussy. She pretended not to have seen the cat. Black Pussy began to creep slowly and softly as only Black Pussy can straight toward where she had seen Mrs. Bob White drop down in the grass. Mrs. Bob White began to flutter along the ground as if she were badly hurt, and couldn't fly. Black Pussy became excited. "Yes, sir," she became very much excited. She didn't stop to think that she had seen Mrs. Bob White fly there in the first place."

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CHILDREN CRY FOR

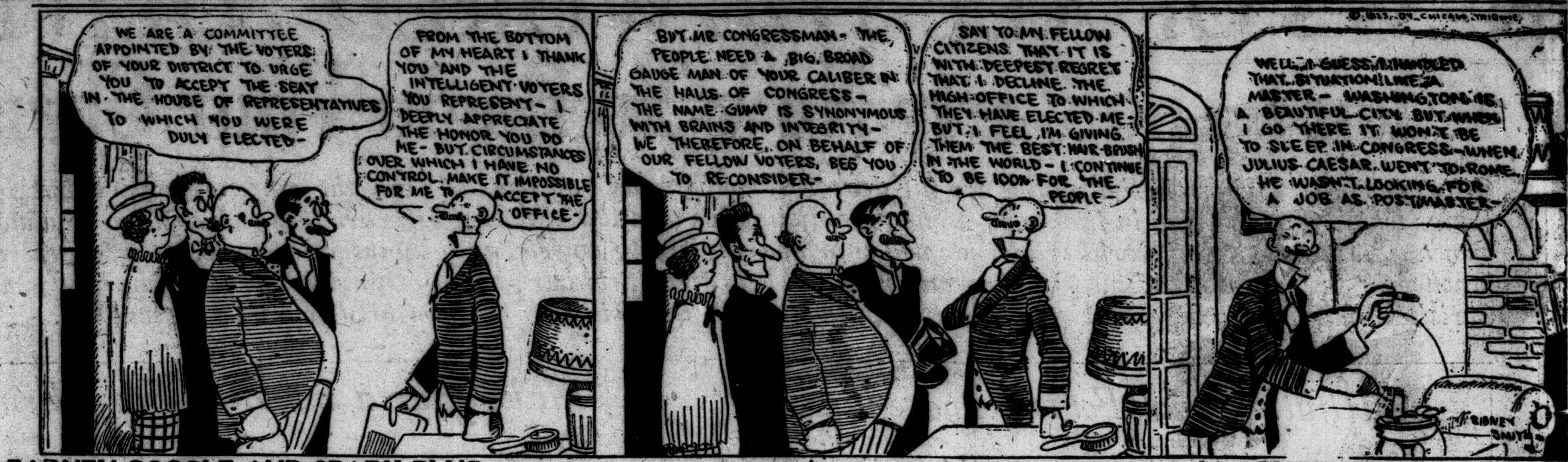
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THE GUMPS—CONGRESS' LOSS IS INDUSTRY'S GAIN



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Contrary to Barney's Opinion, the Judge Did It.

BY BILLY DE BECK



MUTT AND JEFF

Perfectly Logical, My Dear Watson, Perfectly Logical.

BY BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

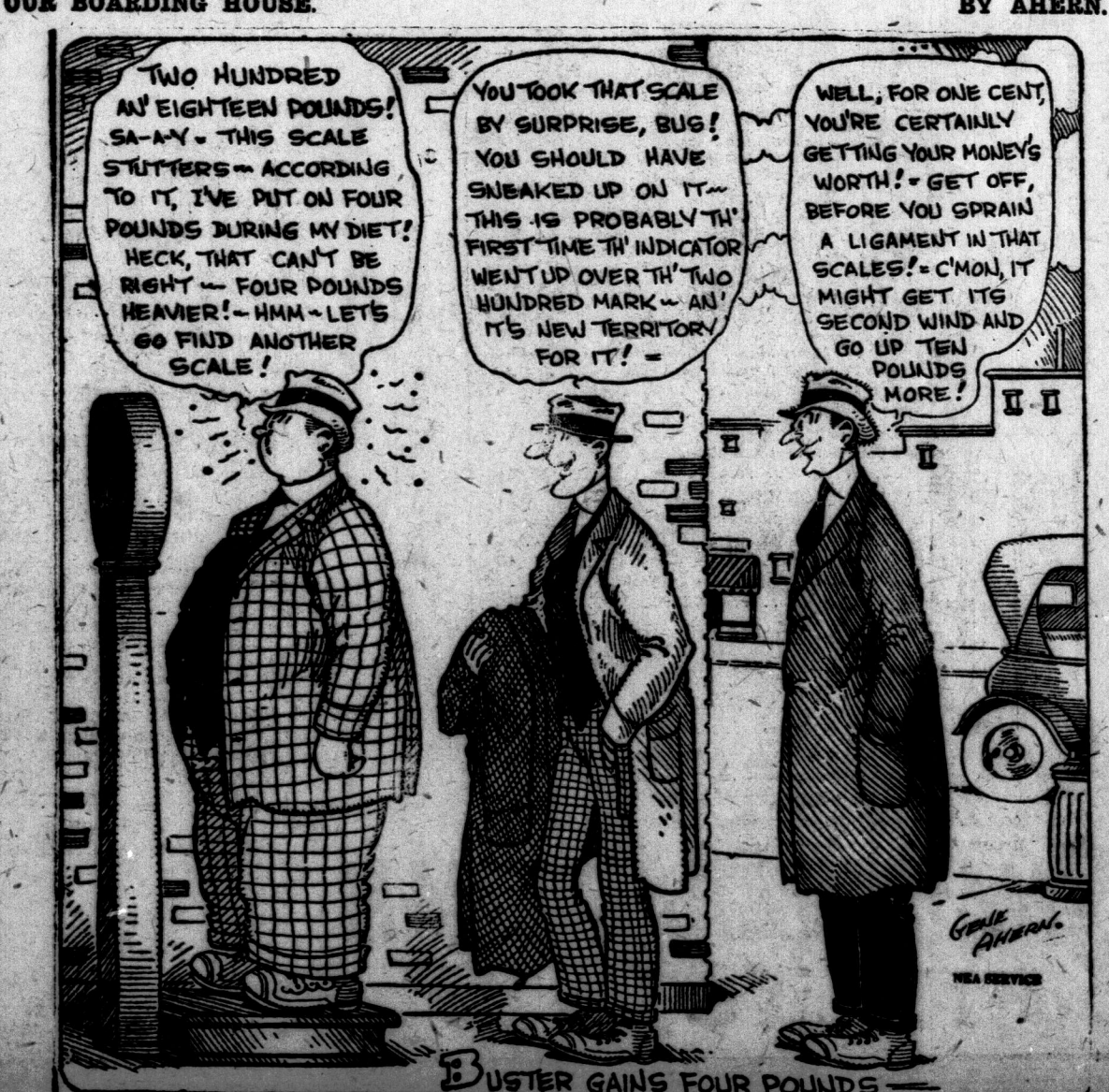
Jimmy Almost Ready to Surrender.

BY GENE BYRNES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN.



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE J'ALROY.

On Weighing Up Love.

WOMEN judge LOVE By its LENGTH— MEN judge it by Its INTENSITY. If a man loves a woman He doesn't want her to Love him FOREVER, He wants her To love him NOW. Men are so child-like. A woman is always "TICKLED to death" At a man's Life-long devotion, but The same thing has, sometimes, BORED a man to death. But a man who has succeeded In making a girl believe She is the "ONE WOMAN" In the world for him, Has greater difficulty, later, In making her believe That she ISN'T. When a YOUNG man Falls in love with a girl He thinks he cannot LIVE WITHOUT her— But what a woman Wants to know is— Can she live WITH him?

Hambone's Meditations

By J. R. Alley.



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