

The Million Dollar Doll

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

About a Fateful Telegram and Miles Arrival at the Yacht

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Sheridan had not been long gone from Bousada, when a telegram arrived for him. It was put out of sight until he should return, but when (after his meeting with Nazlo) he rushed back unexpectedly for an hour, in aliphod, oasis fashion, the telegram was forgotten.

Later, when the landlord chanced to remember the folded slip of paper, he could do nothing save shrug his shoulders. Le monsieur should have asked if there was anything for him. He must not expect busy people to keep his affairs at the top of their brains! Besides, the message was probably unimportant. These rich Americans and English telegraphed to each other about nothing at all, to save the trouble of a letter! And in any case, le monsieur had said at the very last that he expected to come back next day.

The azure oblong would have remained where it was for the night if Madame le patronne, being consulted, had not advised that it be sent to the room of mademoiselle. A knock at the door brought forth the duenna. There was a moment's discussion within. Then the sleepy waiter with the telegram on a tray was bidden to take it away again. Monsieur Sheridan, who had authority to read the message addressed to him.

When Miles reached Algiers at the early dawn, a day and a half had passed since his wife's arrival. She had appeared on board "Silverwood" about noon one day; had lunch, rested, gone out for the afternoon, had come back for dinner; had sent her maid on shore to a charity ball; and had remained up promenading the deck, or sitting in the moonlight till after midnight. She had been seen once or twice moving about in her glittering white dress, and had then vanished into her own quarters. It was natural that after a tiring day and a late night she should sleep through most of the next morning, and Estelle—who had danced till the small hours—knew better than to disturb her mistress unless she rang.

Even when noon passed, and there had been no sign from Mrs. Sheridan's stateroom, Estelle did not go to the door. Madame sometimes teased herself for abjuring the pleasures of morphia, and Estelle was in that secret by taking heron. Only eight grains, because of her heart, which had been weakened by the anti-fat treatment; and with a light dose like that, madame often dropped into her best sleep towards morning.

At luncheon time, however, Estelle became vaguely uneasy. Madame dined herself severely, and with courage, but she was fond of her first defecator, small as it was—rice, and hot, thin, buttered toast. Now, two meals must be combined in one.

Softly, the Frenchwoman tiptoed to the window of madame's bedroom; it was nearly closed, and the silk curtain within hid the room. Estelle listened, and could hear no sound though madame breathed

rather heavily, when she slept, especially these last few months since she had been worried and unwell.

"I will give her half an hour more and then knock," the maid decided. So it was half-way between 1 and 2 o'clock when the telegram went to Bousada, bidding Sheridan to start at once.

Just about the time it was sent, by an odd coincidence, Miles' car was spinning away from the hotel door when Terry stood and waved her hand. If he had gone straight on, he might have reached Algiers at 9 o'clock that night. He would then have gone on board "Silverwood" soon after. But he met Nazlo, who had set forth early in the day, long before Estelle thought of waking him, and consequently long before there was news from the yacht. Sheridan had turned back towards Bousada, as it happened, instead of going on. He did not leave the little oasis town for the second time, until the hour when, otherwise, he would have been already in Algiers.

The rush through the desert in the night of stars was glorious, and the joy of it went to Sheridan's head like champagne. He was exhilarated, rather than tired, by the journey, though his chauffeur looked haggard at the end, till he grinned over his "tip." Again and again Miles had lived through his starting scene with Terry, as a man might order the same reels of a favorite film play to be repeated many times. He had been almost drunk with his own happiness and his memories of the girl—her beauty, her sweetness, her dear innocence—the miracle that she should be his little Cinderella of the past—and that she had forgiven his many sins against her. Betty's figure had been pushed to the far background of his mind. Despite all that Nazlo had said, and though it was certain that she had come to Algiers with some sensational if not sinister purpose, Sheridan did not believe that she, or anyone else, could raise an impassable barrier to his happiness.

It was only when he stepped on board the yacht, and saw Captain Yale hastening to meet him along the deck, his maned face preternaturally solemn, that Betty's importance in his life loomed high and dark once more.

"Well, Yale," Miles hailed the captain. "Here I am, at an unearthly hour! But I couldn't get away from Bousada till 9 o'clock last night." Yale frowned in a puzzled way, as if he didn't quite understand his employer's tone.

"I suppose you received my last wire, sir," he ventured, with an air of doubt.

"I had two wires," said Miles. "The first told me—that Mrs. Sheridan had arrived on board. The second was answer to mine in which I asked—to make certain—whether it was really you who'd sent the other telegram."

Tomorrow's installment brings grief and new happiness to Miles. (Copyright, 1923, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

The Shadow of a Great Fear Lies Over the Forest People

Crisp and clear and beautiful were the October days. Painted in gay colors, and Mother Nature was doing her best to spread joy and contentment everywhere. But there was no joy for the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadow. A shadow lay over them, although jolly and bright Mr. Sun shone day after day. It was the most dreadful of all shadows, the shadow of great fear. Only when the Black Shadows from the Purple Hills brought darkness did that shadow of fear lift. It



Blackie the Crow in passing to and from flew higher than he was in the habit of doing.

The dreadful hunting season was on.

Now as you know, no hunters were allowed on Farmer Brown's land. The little people who lived there knew this. But still the shadow of fear lay over them. It was not just fear for themselves, but fear for their friends who did not live on Farmer Brown's land. And there was some fear for themselves, for they had heard that there were hunters who did not heed signs if they thought there was a chance that they would not be caught.

In all directions the bang, bang of terrible guns could be heard from daylight to dark. With every bang the little people in feathers and fur would shiver, and their hearts would be filled with dread and sadness. Each time they wondered which of their friends they would see no more. Day after day stories of dreadful things were brought to the little people of the Green Meadow and in the were whispered. They were stories that were too dreadful to tell aloud. They were not the stories of those who had been killed that seemed so dreadful. They were the stories of those who had been wounded, but had escaped the hunters only to suffer helplessly. So the beautiful October days were filled with dread. The little people in feathers and fur became so filled with fear that the rustling of a falling leaf would make their hearts jump. They ate because they must eat to live. But they took no joy in their food. They were looking and listening for the approach of a hunter with a terrible gun. Between meals they sought hiding places. Even those who were supposed to be protected by the laws passed by man, shared in this dread. Full fear, for they had learned that there were hunters who would shoot at any living thing. Not even Striped Chipmunk was safe from these hunters.

Peter Rabbit kept close to the dear Old Briar Patch. Only at night did he leave it. Always by the break of day he was back there. Reddy Fox of hiding until the Black Shadows came out had appeared. Longbill the Woodcock kept to the deepest thickets he could find. Blackie the Crow in passing to and from flew higher than Jay was strangely silent. And so the shadow of fear lay over all the beautiful landscape.

The next story: "The Hunter Who Couldn't Shoot."

Holeproof Hosiery

Its beauty and fit endure

Styles for men, women and children

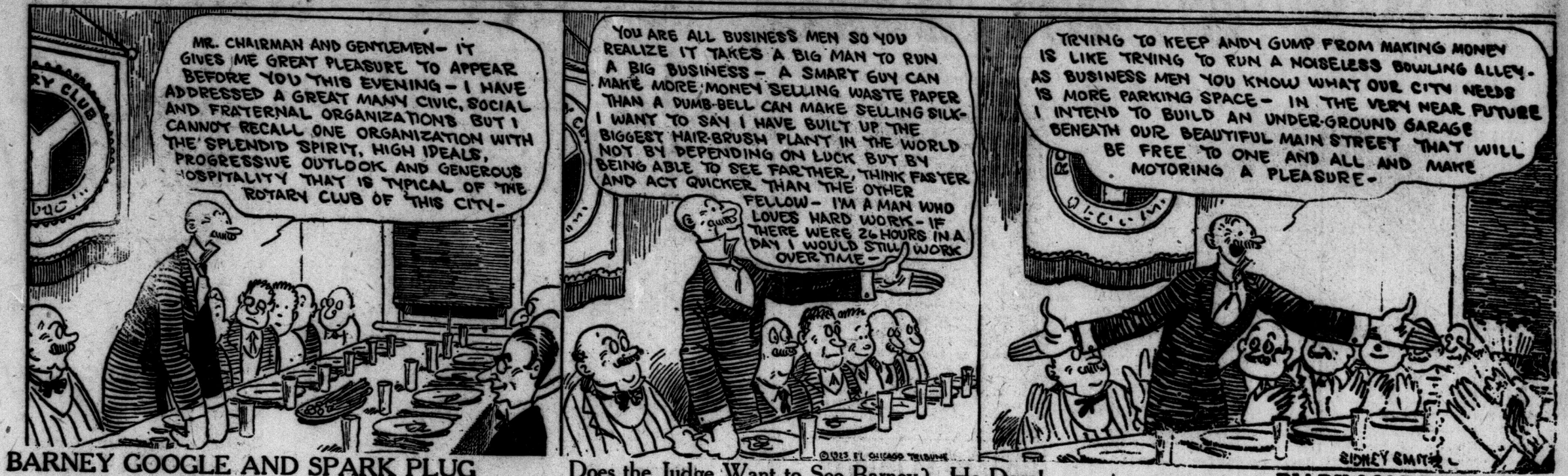
MADE IN CANADA

How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare, and saves you about \$2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine cough syrup is a combination of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup. To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex in a 16-oz. bottle, fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you use 10 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is pure and pleasant—children like it. You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, sore and tight, or may be parched from the formation of mucus. The cause is the same—irritated membranes—and this Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment. Pinex is a highly concentrated extract of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs. Beware of substitutes. Ask your pharmacist for 2½ ounces of Pinex in glass directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give complete satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE GUMPS—THE GUEST OF HONOR



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Does the Judge Want to See Barney? He Does!

BY BILLY DE BECK



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff May Not Be Optimistic, But He's Curious.

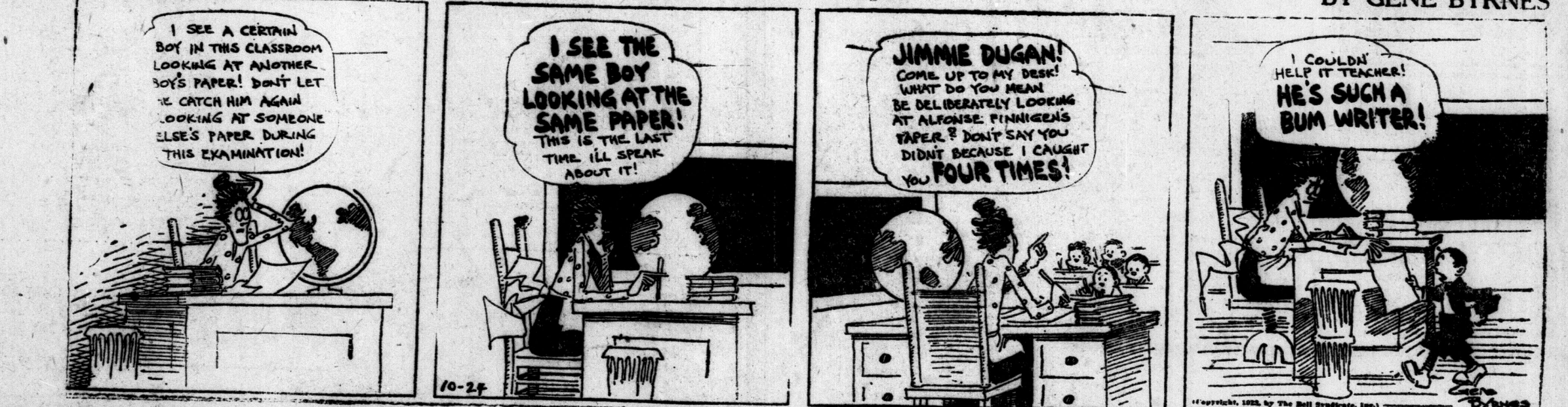
BY BUD FISHER



REG'AR FELLERS

Better Use Iron For This Lad.

BY GENE BYRNES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN.



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY
On "Perennial Love!"

LOVE—
The most cruel thing
In all the world
For the ONE that
The OTHER
HAS CEASED to love:
But, Love is, ALSO,
The most TENDER thing:
Ever created,
When TWO love deeply
AND MUTUALLY.
To GET it—
Give it, BUT—
Be DISCREET;
And should it not

Be wanted, THEN
Bestow it ungrudgingly
On YOURSELF.
For the love of One's-SELF
Is the most devoted,
Unswerving love of all;
It is perennial,
Ever-green
And ever-ready—
IT NEVER dies.
That—and the
Love of LOVING
Are the two kinds of Love
That never fail
To give SATISFACTION.

Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

JES' BOUT DE TIME SOME
FOLKS DONE CLOMB UP
SO HIGH IN DE WORL',
A LIMB BREAKS WID 'EM!!



RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The juicy, flavory leaves of the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY are hardly ten days old when plucked.

Abbey's SALT

Effervescent
Sweetens the Stomach