

The Million Dollar Doll

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Authors of "The Lightning Conductor"

Betty and Salvano Plan a Midnight Meeting on the Yacht

CHAPTER LXXXV.
Two conspirators.
For an instant there was silence after that fierce though whispered outburst. Then Salvano said—always in the same gentle tone: "Of course I love you, Betty. I've always loved you. Someone must have lied to part us. I see that now. I swear to you. I thought everything was changed. And you know as well as I do I was what they call 'on my beam ends.' Your letter says you're staying on your husband's yacht. Where is he?" "Away—mooing—with that girl. He won't be back till tomorrow at earliest, probably not then."

"If he comes, and you stay on the yacht, then we will be condoning—"

"I'll condone nothing, unless I have to send these letters of yours to Callahan."

"I'd like to call on you tonight, and explain several things if you'll let me—"

"Of course I'll let you. I expect you!"

"And if you're sure Sheridan won't come. I don't want—for your sake—to go through a second scene like that in New York. It's my party."

"I'm sure he won't come. What time will you call?"

"I've got to go to the opera with some people—oh, there are others besides the Callahans. It's my party. I invited them, so I can't get out of it. But isn't it better for me to be late, coming to you? Everyone on board the yacht is sure to be a sort of spy for your husband. You know what the law is. If he heard I'd been with you, he might bring in a counter petition. I'm not sure what they call it, but you see what I mean. At 12 o'clock, if you're sitting on deck in the moonlight, can't I get to you without being spied on? Can't you receive me—and send me away—without anyone being the wiser? If you'll do that, I'll make everything right between us again. Is this mistake had never been."

"Perhaps I can manage it," Betty said, slowly. "Let me think what to do. Oh, I might just as well send Estelle on shore to that masked ball for the benefit of the war orphans of Algiers, that they're advertising all over the place."

"I noticed the posters, and I faxed to this hotel. She'd adore to go. I could tell her she needn't be back till 2 o'clock—that I'd do without her help. And I'd give it out on the yacht that she was to return at 12. Then, if you wore a black domino, and the captain or anyone saw you at a distance as you came on board—"

"That would be easy," Salvano agreed. "But going off, that's all! And going off won't be difficult. We're in harbor. The captain doesn't have to be on duty again. By that time of night he'll be in his bunk asleep. I'll go with you to the gangway. I'll wear white. Beside me you'll be only a black shadow."

"You were always ingenious," Salvano praised her. "My beautiful one, I am a new man! You take a load from my heart."

He rose, very tall and handsome, handsomer than he had ever been. Betty thought: "I must go back to the Callahans at once, I'm afraid," he said. "It's best to keep the peace

for today, or something may go wrong again. Besides, here comes Eustace Nazio—making straight for your table."

Betty let Paolo go without a word of objection, giving him her hand again, and a conventional smile for the benefit of the Callahans. He had been with her no more than five minutes, but they had contrived to say a good deal, perhaps all that needed to be said before the full explanation. She did not trust him, but he was in her power, and she meant to use it.

"Am I too early?" he asked, as he accepted Mrs. Sheridan's invitation to sit down.

"No," she assured him pleasantly, though with a wandering mind. "I ordered tea—but you shall have some fresh. What have you found out about my husband—and the girl?"

"They've gone to Bousaada," the Shoe King answered. "It's a motor trip of seven hours at least. They won't have arrived there yet. The chauffeur and car were engaged to be absent from three to four days. I found out at the garage where the auto was hired."

"Good!" said Betty. "I'm much obliged to you for taking all this trouble."

"It was not trouble," the Greek protested. "But—you seem to have changed, Mrs. Sheridan. You're not interested!"

"Oh, yes, I am, awfully interested," she insisted. "Surely you've not altered your mind—in regard to your husband?" There was anxiety in Nazio's tone, and Betty faintly smiled. She knew that what he had done wasn't for love of her blue eyes. He had some design which concerned the girl. Either he wanted revenge or wanted the girl herself. That was the reason why he wished to prevent Miles from being divorced and free.

"I haven't changed in any way," she said. "Isn't this quite a little drama we're playing in, Mr. Nazio? There seem to be so many funny complications! I suppose the next one will be Miles turning up on the yacht—with his pretty lady—and finding me in possession."

"That may happen tomorrow," Nazio agreed. And as Betty kept her opinion of his motives to herself, he kept to himself his next intentions. He had thought of telling her that he meant to start early in the morning by motor for Bousaada; yet something in her manner caused him to decide otherwise.

He could not define that "something," but he connected it with Prince Paul di Salvano. The young woman had the air of being up to some impish trick. She might even hope to persuade Salvano to throw over the Callahan girl and run away with her instead. It would be just as well to let her believe that she had plenty of rope, and then to draw it in, by hurrying Sheridan back from Bousaada or Algiers.

Nazio was still sitting with Betty on the terrace of the St. George when far away at the desert town Miles Sheridan's car drew up before the little hotel whose white facade was painted rose-red by the sunset.

Tomorrow's installment relates the truth about Salvano.

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The Little Wounded Bob White Is Afraid of the Dark Hole

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

When Mrs. Bob White and the wounded Bob White reached the hollow fence post Mrs. Bob White had found the young wounded Bob White felt that he couldn't take another step. Mrs. Bob White let him rest for a while. Then as the Black Shadows grew deeper and deeper she spoke.

"Go in that hollow fence post just as far as you can," said she. "Go clear to the end. No harm can reach you there."

The young Bob White poked his head inside and then drew back. Never in his short life had he been anywhere with a roof over him or walls around him. Always he had lived right out in the open. He had been taught to sleep at night ready to spring into the air and fly at the first sign of approaching danger. He didn't like the idea of being in a place where he could do no more than turn around. So he hung back. His mother understood. She knew just how he felt. "Go in," said she. "It will not be safe for you to stay outside tonight."

"Cannot I stay just outside and then if any danger does come go inside?" asked the young Bob White.

Mrs. Bob White shook her head very decidedly. "No," said she. "The danger might not be discovered until too late. Do as I say and go in and get just as far as you can."

So the young Bob White crept in.



"Go in that hollow fence post just as far as you can," said she.

to the hollow fence post clear to the end of the hollow. The wood in there had rotted and crumbled into a soft mass. This made a really comfortable bed. "Aren't you coming in, too, mother?" he asked plaintively.

"No," replied Mrs. Bob White. "At least I am not coming in at present. I am going to stay right here at the entrance and keep watch."

So Mrs. Bob White snuggled close to the ground on one side and close to the end of the old fence post. She didn't go to sleep. No, indeed. She was too anxious to sleep. So it came about that she heard Reddy Fox approaching, although you or I wouldn't have heard a sound. She knew that he was following the scent. So it came about that she heard Reddy Fox approaching, although you or I wouldn't have heard a sound. She knew that he was following the scent. So it came about that she heard Reddy Fox approaching, although you or I wouldn't have heard a sound. She knew that he was following the scent.

He bounded forward, sure that he would be able to run down that wounded Bob White. From almost under his nose Mrs. Bob White again fluttered up and along just above the ground. She appeared as if she couldn't use one wing at all well. Reddy bounded after her. Several times he just missed catching her and then suddenly he understood. He looked a little sheepish as he stooped short. "That is Mrs. Bob White," said he to himself, "and she isn't wounded at all. She is trying to lead me away." Then he turned and ran swiftly back to pick up that trail with his wonderful nose.

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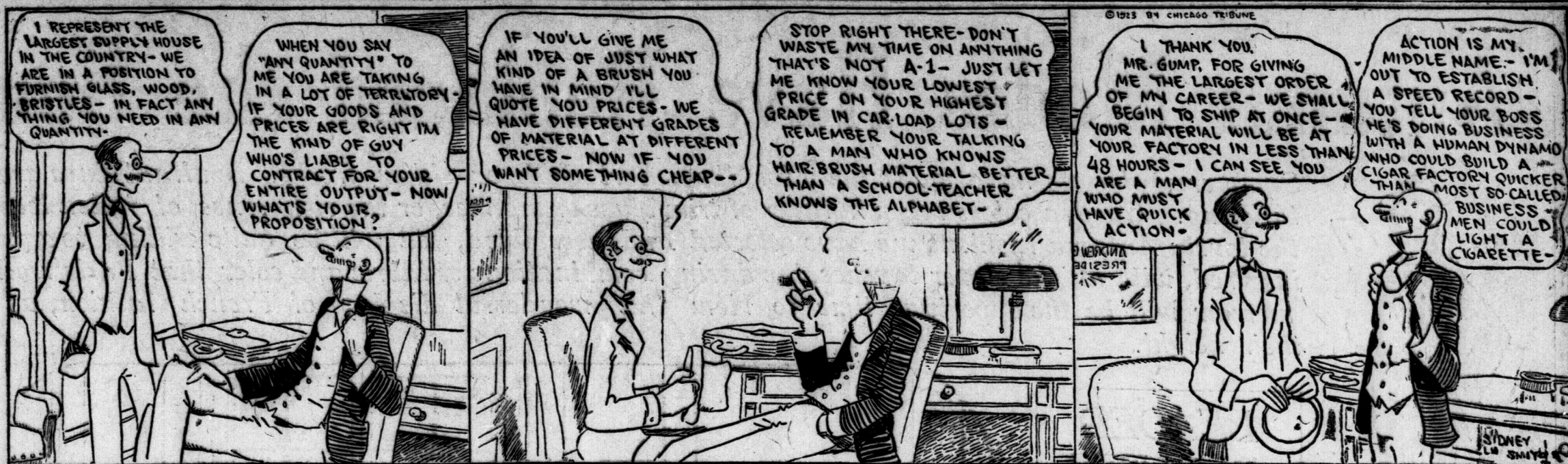
The next story: "Reddy Has to Look Elsewhere for a Dinner."

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BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

The Judge Has Lost None of His Pep.

BY BILLY DE BECK



MUTT AND JEFF

You Can't Expect a Zev or a Papyrus for Seven Dollars.

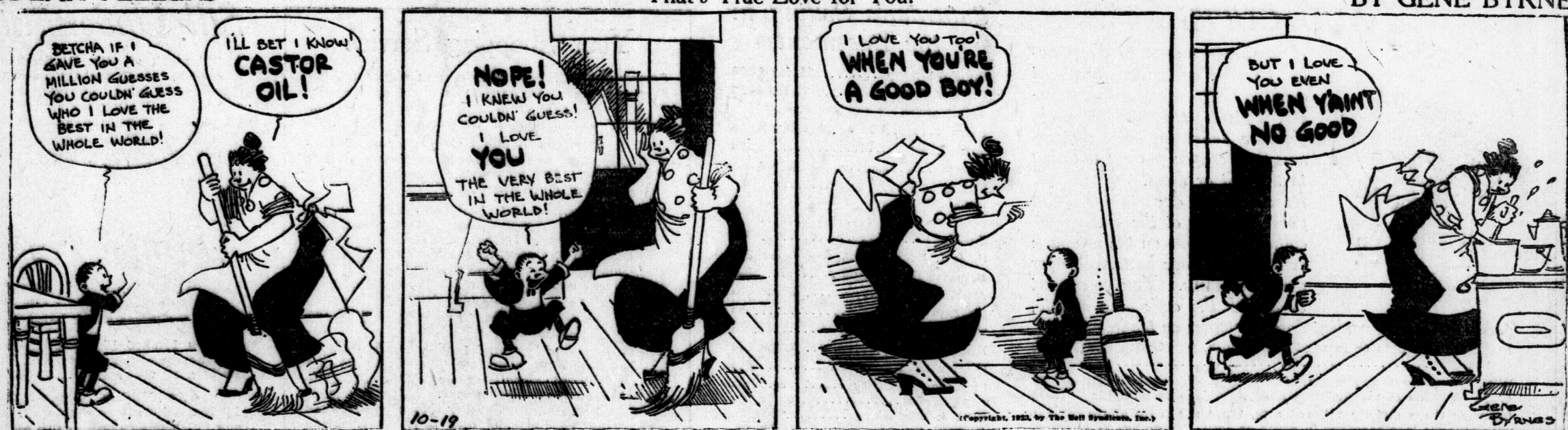
BY BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

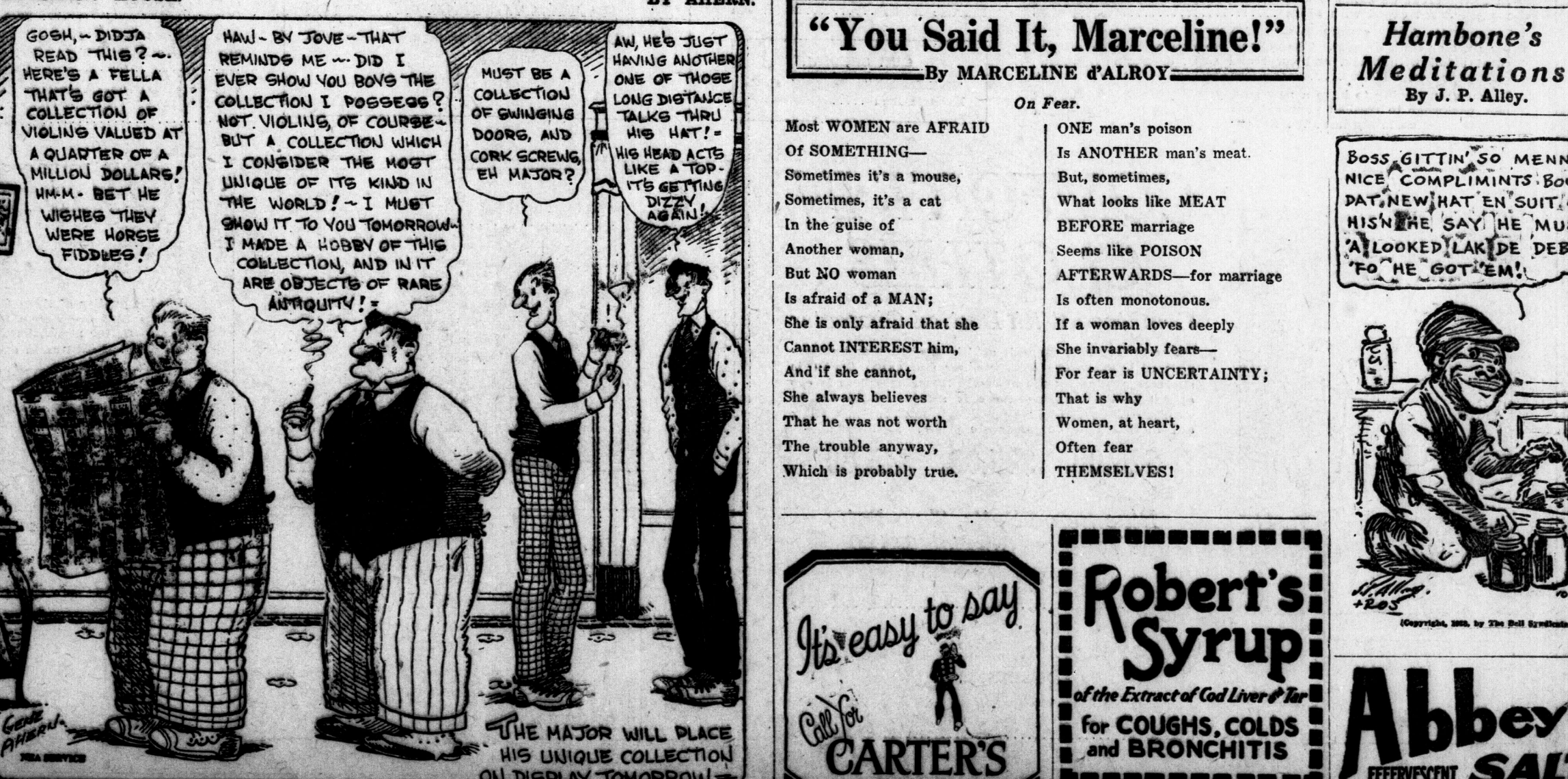
That's True Love for You.

BY GENE BYRNES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN.



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY

On Fear.

Most WOMEN are AFRAID of SOMETHING— Sometimes it's a mouse, Sometimes it's a cat In the guise of Another woman, But NO woman Is afraid of a MAN; She is only afraid that she Cannot INTEREST him, And if she cannot, She always believes That he was not worth The trouble anyway, Which is probably true.

ONE man's poison Is ANOTHER man's meat. But, sometimes, What looks like MEAT BEFORE marriage Seems like POISON AFTERWARDS—for marriage Is often monotonous. If a woman loves deeply She invariably fears— For fear is UNCERTAINTY; That is why Women, at heart, Often fear THEMSELVES!

Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

BOSS, GITTING SO MENNY NICE COMPLIMENTS BOUT DAT NEW HAT EN SUIT, O' HIS NINE, SAY HE MUS' A LOOKED LAR DE DEBIL TO HE GOT 'EM!

