

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Old Harky Is Won Over At Last By Terry's Simplicity

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Teresa Desmond (Terry), lovely and unbelieveably innocent, is impersonating her beautiful half-sister, Juliet Divine, known as the Million Dollar Doll, whose sketchy career is unknown to Terry.

Miles Sheridan, Terry's "Dream Prince," furnished the money for her convent education when she was a child. His wife is making him wretched with her infidelity, and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him, stipulating that he will not "trouble" the girl. This, he knows, will give his wife sufficient grounds for divorce. Juliet is unable to take the trip herself, but working over her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry to go in her place. Terry is an exquisite counterpart of her sister.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is deeply in love with

Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian. Eustace Nardo, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relationship to Juliet, is in love with the younger girl.

Poor little Terry, unaware of her sister's reputation and of how she must appear in the eyes of the world, starts the voyage with Miles, who does not recognize in her the little girl he befriended so long ago. Mrs. Harkness, his old servant, is sternly disapproving of the Million Dollar Doll.

Harky is slowly won over by Terry's sweetness and charm.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Taming of Harky.

The taming of the old lioness had been slow, almost imperceptible at first, and had come about through a series of small shocks, little surprises. She had expected that the spoiled hussy would be exacting of her time and patience, but the creature never asked for any service.

How it managed, Mrs. Harkness couldn't conceive; but it did fasten them. And it never put upon her the expected indignity of lacing or buttoning its shoes.

Instead of leaving its room in a state of utter disorder, its belongings were so tidily disposed that even half a gale couldn't upset them.

Instead of making Harky's head ache with a deluge of rich French perfumes, the expensiveness used to account at all, except the delicate iris sachet in the padding of its dress hangers.

All this made the Irish woman admit to herself that these "vamps" were not quite so offensive in their manner as she had imagined. And the thing seemed such a baby! Its eyes were so big and soft, with the look in them of "oh, please don't be so cross!" Harky could not stiffen herself against that look day after day.

Then came the climax when Miss Divine fell down the three last steps of the companion-way going below to her cabin, and wrenched her ankle.

She made no fuss about the affair at all; that was what touched the old woman's heart.

A gale was blowing, and the girl hadn't minded it, apparently. She went up on deck to walk as usual, while her stateroom was being "done," but the yacht had suddenly dipped, and the girl had been caught by a wave.

Drenched to the skin, she had started below to change, had lost her footing as "Silverwood" gave an unexpected pitch, and had come down with a twisted foot.

Mrs. Harkness had not yet finished the girl's cabin, when the door opened to admit a dripping figure with a very white face.

"A nice mess ye've made of yourself, miss!" reproached the old woman, who was already on easier terms with her charge than at first. "Ye might have gone overboard by the look of you!"

"Oh, it's nothing much," said Terry, though she had need "an good deal startled, and at the moment was feeling sick with the pain in her ankle.

"I'll change my things, and be all right again. But I'm afraid my dress must be dried. I'm sorry to make you trouble."

"You're mighty pale," remarked the Irish woman. "Maybe ye're a bit sea-sick?"

Terry said no, she was not sea-sick. Still Mrs. Harkness lingered, and took the drenched dress as it was peeled off. "My gracious, ye've torn the heel from your shoe!" she exclaimed. "And yer ankle is swelling up. What have ye done to yerself?"

"Twisted my ankle a little, that's all," Terry replied. "I don't think it's going to be very bad."

"I do believe ye'd never have mentioned it if I hadn't seen for myself," said Mrs. Harkness. "Why no, it wouldn't have been worth while," admitted the girl. "I can bathe it if it gets worse."

But having forced help upon the young person for the first time, and got off her clothes (what a child she was to look at in her little kimono!) the relenting woman brought liniment and lint.

"Good thing it's not a broken bone!" she grumbled, "as we've no proper surgeon on board. Though for that matter, the master is what ye'd call a natural bone-setter. He was always that, even as a young boy."

Folks used to bring him dogs with broken legs, and birds with broken wings, and he'd mend 'em as good as new! He might have made a livin' that way if he'd need to make it.

"But he hasn't, more's the pity, not even with the pictures he paints, which they say are so wonderful, after the new style. As for doctorin', I'm not bad, hand at it myself, for simple things."

Terry neither shrank nor winced under the manipulations of the strong old hands. When her ankle had been bandaged she insisted upon dressing again, and would have tried her luck on deck once more if Mrs. Harkness hadn't said that it was no weather for lame people, and the master would be angry if he knew she'd run such a risk.

Terry became docile on hearing this. She imagined that Sheridan would be annoyed if she fell overboard, or hurt herself so seriously that she could not go ashore with him when the time came. The trip would, in that case, have been wasted, and she would have done him no good as yet.

But Mrs. Harkness put it down to sheer, good-child obedience that the girl should submit her will without a struggle. Her gentleness, her courage, her reluctance to make trouble combined with the necessity to act the nurse for her, softened the last hard edge of the old woman's heart.

"She found herself thinking of her charge as 'the child,' instead of 'the creature.' She had to remind herself that the girl was what she seemed, and stroking; and she often had to bite back caressing words that wanted to come."

No, the girl simply could not be what she seemed! And yet—Mrs. Harkness no longer thought of "the young madam" as who had been "footing as 'Silverwood' gave an unexpected pitch, and had come down with a twisted foot."

Mrs. Harkness had not yet finished the girl's cabin, when the door opened to admit a dripping figure with a very white face.

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Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

KUN! BOB LOW HE JES
CAINT TELL DAT YOUNG
LADY HOW MUCH HE LOVE
HER; LAWD, I KNOWS HOW
'TIS--SECH THINGS ALLUZ
MADE ME STUTTER, TOO!!



She burned to tell "Mr. Miles" about the accident, and the way the victim had borne it. Once snubbed, twice shy, however; so Harky held her tongue, but for the first time she resented her idol's attitude toward his guest. Unconsciously she ranged herself against him, on the girl's side.

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"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE D'ALROY.

MAN, THE ORACLE, SPEAKS.

Man, the ORACLE, speaks

And, having spoken,

Says NOTHING

Of much importance,

But OH! HOW THEY TALK!

Men use such BIG words

To express such SMALL ideas.

They DAZZLE us with science.

They DROWN us in technique.

But a woman ALWAYS

Knows the point

LONG before they get to it.

Some men talk well, that is

If you like conversation

T. rned on like a FAUCET.

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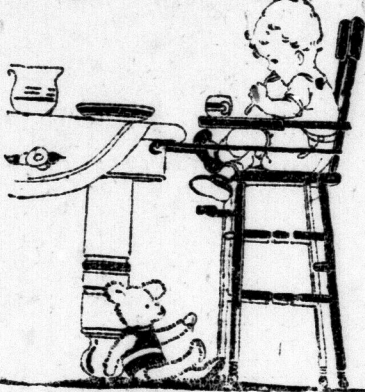
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Mothers and Their Children

By C. L. Funnell.



HOLDING BABY DOWN.

One Mother Says:

The baby, and even children a little

older, like to brace the feet

against the table and tip the high

chair or other special children's

chairs backwards. The baby can't

do this if a wire brace is used. Sim-

ply bend a wire frame around the

chair and turn the ends to slip in

under the feet in the bottom of the

table at baby's place.

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