

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Paolo Salvano Turns Traitor and Betty Is Deceived

CHAPTER LXXXVII.
BETTY IS DECEIVED.
"Yes, go!" declared Rose, delighted with Paolo's criticism. "If you don't, she'll think I'm keeping you away because I'm jealous, and I'm not a bit—never was."
"There was never any cause," said the Prince, while the letters that Betty held over his head as a threat loomed perilous as Damocles' sword. "I'll come back as soon as I can escape from her without being rude."
He was sincerely anxious to get back, for Rose—whom he might lose—had never seemed so attractive, and he actively hated the woman who had the power to ruin him. If a wish could have killed Paolo di Salvano, could have sent an invisible arrow straight into Betty Sheridan's heart.
As he threaded his way between tables, until he reached her, Paolo hastily planned his campaign. By the time he had pressed her hand, gazed into her eyes, and sat down beside her, he had seen a way to save himself. It was a terrible way, but he could think of no other, and he would take it. The thought of what must be done made him slightly sick. But he had not been through the war for nothing.
At midnight Betty was sitting on deck, wearing white, so she had told Paolo what she would do. She had chosen a white evening gown of "shadow lace," sewn all over with little sparkling crystals. There was an under-dress of silver tissue, and her slippers were silver, with big buckles of old paste. A band of brilliant streaked her forehead and pale hair with light, and the cloak hung over the chair-back was of silver brocade lined with ermine. As the moon flooded her figure, she glittered from head to foot, and it seemed to her that she must be very beautiful. She compared herself with New Callahan, shrugging her shoulders, and watching her dress sparkle as she moved towards the rail to watch for Paolo's boat.
It was coming! Betty saw the Arab rover, and the black form in the domino. All the romance in the world seemed to be moving silently towards her across the still waters. She drew in a deep breath, holding the shiny silver of her cloak across her breast, and felt like a woman of medieval days, engaged in a wonderful love intrigue.
Betty was romantic only on the surface. Such depths she had never devoted to love of self, and money to make that self happy and beautiful, but all the romance her pliant self held had been awakened for the first time by Salvano's eyes. He seemed more for him than she had cared for any man. When he looked at her today, she had awakened in her resolve to marry him if he were free—weakened for an irritating, despotic little woman that she could almost laugh at.
Paolo had told her a good deal about Teresa Desmond, and when Betty heard that the girl came from the Blue Moon Inn on Long Island, she had realized with a shock that Miles love was the child of the Silverwood caretakers, whom she had used to be discharged. In the

furiously disgust that her husband should be caught by a brat of the servant class—a little wretch she had dismissed, and sent out of the house in disgrace—she felt a fierce impulse to hold Miles.

A thought had run through her brain that she might remain Mrs. Sheridan, live abroad a good deal, and keep her "friendship" with Paolo, married to Rose. This temptation she hung from her, however, with a spasm of virtue. If she could snatch Paolo from Rose, he must be hers by the law, and in that case she couldn't prevent the Desmond brat from taking her place as Mrs. Miles Sheridan. But she could prevent the new Mrs. Sheridan from finding a place in society.

She would tell everyone that the girl had been a servant; that her sister had been a notorious, and that she father kept a disreputable roadhouse on Long Island. There wouldn't be much of a welcome for the bride in the inner circle after that story had gone round.

Betty turned her mind from Teresa Desmond, as she might have turned off a flicking fly, and focused upon Paolo. He was close now, almost under the side of the yacht, and the oarsman—bribed, of course, to caution—made scarcely a sound as he propelled his small boat through the water. Betty bent over the rail with the live sending out a long ray from the diamond hair band, and ten thousand flashes from the crystals of her cloak. Above the moon was a grotesque silver lamp hanging in a sky of luminous mauve. What a night for lovers!

Five minutes later the black figure in a domino was drawing the white vision into the shadow of the awning. Not far away from the sleeping yacht the little boat waited. Nobody had seen or heard the domino come on board.
"Well," Betty murmured, looking up into a pair of dark eyes, her small fingers half crushed in strong hands that were fever-hot.
"It is well!" Paolo answered. "I have got out of all that tangle, and I'm free to be with you. Betty, I've lived in a nightmare! A woman I trusted told me you didn't care for me any more—you'd been only flung—you had confided in her that you really meant to keep your husband. I mustn't tell you who she was, I swore I wouldn't. Like me, you'd never forgive her. I hardly knew what I was doing after that. I felt deadly ill. I thought of killing you and myself as well. But just when I was most desperate, I was thrown into an engagement. I was too unhappy about you to care much—even when I heard the reports that Rose and I were married. I hoped they'd reach your ears. Yes! I wanted to hurt you."
They did reach her ears. They did hurt her. Betty, of course, told you frankly, Paolo. If he had held Miles in spite of everything if you'd betrayed me—if you were married. But I had seen you first before I decided. I'm so thankful now."
"And I!" said Salvano.
In Tomorrow's installment Paul Ac-

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After Rabbit Is Sorry For the Little Wounded Bob White

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Such a night as the wounded young Bob White, hiding in the fallen, hollow fence post, his mother watching outside, passed! Twice during the night Reddy Fox came back. Once Jimmy Skunk peeped in and vainly tried to get in. Each time the wounded young Bob White was frightened almost to death. Each time Mrs. Bob White, his mother, became aware of the approach of an enemy in time. Tonight, she did little sleeping that night. But the young Bob White slept some. He was so worn out that he had to sleep, which was a good thing.
When at last jolly, round, red Mr. Sun began his daily climb up in the blue sky Mrs. Bob White sighed with relief. At the very first hint of daylight she heard Bob White calling softly. He was trying to find her. She answered at once and he hurried over to join her. The young Bob White was feeling better. They brought him food and he ate it. At once he began to feel stronger. He came out of the hollow fence post.
"I never want to spend another night like this one," sighed Mrs. Bob White as she snuggled over the wounded young Bob White. "Just the same, I am thankful that I found this hollow old fence post. I am so Reddy Fox won't certainly have caught this poor little fellow had it not been for this old fence post. Now the question is, what shall we do?"
"Get to the dear Old Briar Patch!"



"Hello, Bob and Mrs. Bob!" he cried. "Have you come to make me a call?"

is soon as possible," replied Bob White in a most decided tone. "You can't get there too soon. There will be no rest here. Reddy Fox and Jimmy Skunk will be back again tonight."

"I suppose you are right, my dear," sighed Mrs. Bob White. "I can't stand another night like last night." The wounded young Bob White was feeling so much stronger and so much better that he felt sure he could get over to the dear Old Briar Patch, so in the cool, crisp October morning they started out. It took all the morning to get there, for the wounded Bob White had to stoop often. But at last they reached the dear Old Briar Patch.

Now, it happened that Peter Rabbit was at home. Peter and Bob and Mrs. Bob are old friends. Peter saw them as they entered the dear Old Briar Patch. "Hello, Bob and Mrs. Bob!" he cried. "Have you come to make me a call? Then for the first time he noticed the wounded young Bob White and a look of pity crept into Peter's soft eyes. Has this young fellow met with an accident?" he cried.

Bob White told him all that had happened. "I have come over here to the dear Old Briar Patch because it is the safest place we can think of," explained Bob at the end.
"It is the safest place," declared Peter, "and I'm so glad you had sense enough to know it. You are more than welcome. As you know, there are some of the thickest brambles in all the Great World right here in the dear Old Briar Patch. This poor little fellow will be absolutely safe here. Mrs. Peter and I will keep an eye on him when you are away. Just make yourselves right at home."
"Thank you, Peter," said Mrs. Bob White, and led the wounded young Bob White under the thickest bramble tangle in the dear Old Briar Patch. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "What the Young Bob White Had Gained."

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the warmth of the
wool! Beauty and
comfort in
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and-wool styles.

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THE GUMPS—THE BOSS



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

It's Quite Evident the Judge Heard Some Bad News.

BY BILLY DE BECK



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Wanted Something For His Ten Bucks Per Day.

BY BUD FISHER



REG'AR FELLERS

An Egg Spot's Better Than a Cocoa Stain.

BY GENE BYRNES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN.



"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY

On "Flattery."

FLATTERY—
The time-worn WEAPON
OF WOMAN.
The BAIT she uses
To turn
ANY old moment into
THE psychological moment.
But when a MAN uses it—
Beware ALSO!
For flattery is man's greatest
OPEN-SESAME with WOMAN.
No NICE person
Enters another's room
Without a KNOCKING—
Yet FEW women realize

That flattery is the first
Gentle TAPPING
On the door of their hearts.
Sophisticated laughter
Will drive him away;
Mild acquiescence MAY
Keep him knocking
But BELIEF is FATAL.
For it OPENS the door.
Flattery differs from
The genuine compliment,
As LOVE differs
From PASSION.
Therefore, wise women will
Beware of KNOCKERS!

Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

PAHSON GWINE TALK WID
DE OLE OMAN BOUT FUSSIN
AT ME SO MUCH, BUT
HE GWINE HAB BOUT EZ
MUCH SUC-CESS EZ A
BIRD-DAWG HUNTIN' WILD-CATS!



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You'll be especially delighted with the charming fragrance and flavor of the young leaf ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY.

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EFFERVESCENT SALT
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