The Million Dollar Doll

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

Harky, Penitant, Comes To Terry for Her Forgiveness:

Teresa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's innocent half-sister, whom the Doll
sent to masquerade as herself.
Miles is madly in love with Terry
and is eager to divorce his wife,
Betty Sheridan, who is infatuated
with

Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian. Salvano has now deserted Betty

young heiress, traveling in Europe with her father. Betty, learning of Paul's desertion is not anxious to lose her husband also, and goes to Algiers, where Miles' yacht is lying. Eustace Nazlo, a wealthy Greek, long in love with Terry, has almost succeeded in persuading the girl that her only course is to marry him. Miles and Terry are enjoying a brief sojourn at Bousaada with Miles' servant, Mrs. Harkness, as chaperone, Miles is preparing to rejoin his wife

Terry prepares to give up Miles for his own sake.

CHAPTER LXXX.

HARKY MAKES AMENDS.

"My dear, are you in bed?" asked.

Harky's voice outside.

Terry sighed with relief. She'd feared that Nazio had come back!

Still, she did not want to see Mrs.

Harkness.
Not — not yet," she hesitat-"Do let me come in. I have some-

bo let me come in. I have something very particular to say," the old woman pleaded. "I know, you must be tired. But I won't stay long. Seems as if I couldn't wait till the morning!" be tired. But I won't stay long. Seems as if I couldn't wait till the morning!"

Terry opened the door, and the stout, respectable figure came in. Some quality in the old voice had told her that Mrs. Harkness was keeping down strong emotion, and as the light fell upon her face, the girl saw tears.

I though he's married to someone ease, maybe."

"But—" Terry faltered—"then I'm one of those had ones! I would live with Miles without being married, if he couldn't get a divorce. I've just told him so. I told him I'd rather live so, than that he should try and brine his wife—it seemed so horrible to do that.

JEFF, I was Tall Spivis and he meighan many seems as if I couldn't wait till the maybe."

MUTT AND JEFF

struggled up from her breast.

She searched nervously for her handkerchief, and not finding it, flicked tears away with her fingers.

"Why do you speak to me so?" Terry asked, sharply. "You make me afraid!"

"Indeed, I wasn't meanin' to do that," sputtered the woman, her brogue very strong, as it always became when she was in the throes of emotion.

I could be praying for him and loving him.
"No one need know, as they would if we were married. Nobody could say he had done wrong to his wife, and married a girl—a bad girl—like me—or my sister, Julia."

"My good Lord, is Juliet Divine your sister?" the old woman gurgled. Tomorrow's Installment Terry is Relieved.

"What I've heard from Mr. Miles

MHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Miles Sheridan has just learned that the girl with whom he has been taking a yacht trip, under the impression that she was

Juliet Divine, the Million Dollar Doll, a beautiful show-gizl, is, in reality,

Teresa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's innocent half-sister, whom the Doll sent to masquerade as herself.

Miles heridan has just bowled me over, that's what's the matter! To think of the cruel injustice I've been doin' ye in my heart all this time, and you as innocent as a babe unborn! Can 'ye ever forgive me, darlin' child?"

"He told you —" Terry faltered.
"Why, I did hear Mr. Nazlo call you 'Miss Desmond,' but it made no impression whatever on me mind. Mr. Miles has been explainin' how, not only are ye not Miss Juliet Divine, only are ye not Miss Juliet Divine, but not anything like what I've been takin' ye for-what you never once seemed to be at all!"

seemed to be at all!"

The girl caught her by the sleeve.
"What did you take me for?" she
cried. "Do tell me! You must. That's
the one thing I've been needing to
know all along. I need to know now,
more than ever before, oh, far more!
I can't be myself, till I do know."

Mrs. Harkness was embarrassed.
The tears dried on her hot cheeks.
"Why my dear you must under-

"Why, my dear, you must understand what I mean," she hedged.
"You must understand that—that—"
"What? I tell you I don't underwhat: I ten you I don't understand. I know so little. It isn't many months since I was in school—with the nuns. Sometimes it's seemed lately as if I knew nothing at all, worth knowing. But you see, I'm

"Not 18?" the old woman gasped.
"Why, you're a baby! 'And it's a baby you look—if I'd ever let meself belave me own eyes. But that's what I didn't do, and Mr. Miles didn't do it either. He—"

"You haven't told me yet what you took me for."

Mrs. Harkness looked trapped. "I suppose ye know there are bad women in the world?"
"There must be lots."
"But it's a special kind of badness I'm meanin!" The kind of badness where a woman will live with a ness where a woman will live with a man she's not married to, and even though he's married to someone else,

she shrank back a little, hands over her heart. "Oh, what is it?" she faltered. "No more bad news? I can't live through any more tonight."

"You won't have to, my child; you won't have to," Harky choked. A sob struggled up from her breast.

She shrank back a little, hands that.

"I thought, if he had me to love him—because he said he wanted me so much, and wouldn't give me up—he could hide me from people who would talk, and do him harm. He could see me sometimes, and always I could be praying for him and loving him.

Relieved.
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THE GUMPS-EASY MONEY



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Measures the Penalty By Sparky's Pain.



MISTAH GOOGLE - DIS IS SUNSHINE - SPAHK PLUG DONE ET SOME GWEEN APPLES . HE ACTS LAK HE WUZ SICK FO A

BY BILLY DE BECK OT MIH JAIL

At That, Spivis Made a Close Guess.

JEPF, I WAS TALKING TO JOE RIGHTO! AND. HE ALSO SAYS SPIVIS AND HE SAYS THOMAS THAT DOUG FAIRBANKS MEIGHAN MAKES 5000 SEEDS A WEEK IN THE MAKES 10,000 IRON MEN A. WEEK! T MOVIES BOX CAR

> YOUNGERN JIMMIE!





IS TWENTY BUCKS AND YOU KNOW DARN WELL I

The Bob Whites Have Another Exciting Experience With the Hunter.

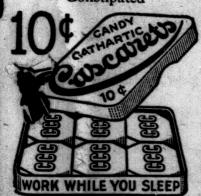
By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

said that on Farmer Brown's land there was nothing to fear from hunters with terrible guns. So none of them gave another thought to that hunter who had found them over in the wheat field next to Farmer Brown's land. One of them was feeling very ill, for shot from that terrible gun had torn his back. Another had lost a few feathers. Mrs. Bob White was mothering and trying to comfort the one with the torn back. Bob himself was counting

Baby's Own Tablets An Excellent Remedy

When the baby is ill—when he is constipated, has indigestion, colds, colic or simple fever, or any of the other many minor ills of little ones—the mother will find Baby's Own Tablets an excellent remedy. They regulate the stomach and bowels, thus hanging the cause of most regulate the stomach and bowels, thus banishing the cause of most of the ills of childhood. Concerning them, Mrs. E. D. Duguay, Thunder River, Que., says: "My babe was a great sufferer from colic, and cried continually. I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets, and the relief was wonderful. I now always been was wonderful. I now always keep a supply of the Tablets in the house."
The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail, at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville. Ont.—Advt.

If Headachy, Bilious, Sick, Constipated



land, then look everywhere to see if REGIL The Bob Whites, being once more united, thought their fright was over for that morning. Were they not on Farmer Brown's land? Bob White had

ing to comfort the one with the torn back. Bob himself was counting bills to make sure that every one was bills, to make sure that every one was there.

So it was that none saw the dogs of the hunter's slip under the fence and begin to hunt on Farmer Brown's land. None saw the hunter with the terrible gun stop at the fence, read the sign on Farmer Brown's land warning all hunters to keep off that

Baby's Own Tablete

vous. Their father had said that the hunter would not come here, but they couldn't help fearing that he might be mistaken.

For a few moments there was no sound. Then they heard heavy footsteps. There was no mistaking them. They had heard them before. That hunter was coming! They shook with fear. Even Bob White looked frightened. He was It wasn't fear for him-



hunter.

self, and for his children. And he didn't know what to make of it. He was tempted to tell those young Bob Whites to fly at once, but he was afraid to. He suspected that that hunter was already near enough to shoot with the terrible gun. He decided the best thing to do was to keep quiet and wait.

Nearer sounded those footsteps. Nearer still. It was dreadful. Still nearer. And then suddenly, way off in the distance, they heard a shout. The sound of those footsteps ceased. Once more came the shout. It seemed to be nearer. Then they heard the footsteps again, but this time they were going away, and going away fast. They heard the hunter call sharply to the dog. They saw the dog regretfully turn away. They didn't know what to make of it. Had they been where they could look across the fields, they would have seen Farmar Brown's Boy running in their direction, and they would have seen that hunter running for the fence, to get off of Farmer Brown's land. Bob White had been right, after all. On that land they were safe.

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AR FELLERS

SO YOU'RE CORKY DAVIS

AND YOU'RE JIMMIE DI COUSIN! WELL WELL!

AND HOW OLD ARE

YOU CORKY ?







OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

BY AHERN.



"You Said It, Marceline!" By MARCELINE CALROY=

A "TRAINED" EVENING GOWN

Many evening GOWNS Are still STRAIGHT and narrow. And many WOMEN Are still that way, also-At least, they LOOK that way. The ideal fashion figure Seems to me To be able to look REVERSIBLE:

For the face and feet Give the ONLY due As to whether a girl Is COMING or GOING. To handle a TRAIN gracefully

But a FLIRT can manage one With great dexterity, For she HANDLES it In the SAME way As she handles a MAN. She knows just when To let him TRAIL behind her, Just when to PICK him UF And let him hang on her arm Just when to DROP him, Toss him out of the way, Or keep him DANGLING Round her WAIST. She KNOWS it all-but

I wonder how did she LEARN?



Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

EVY-THING ROUN' DE CHUCH TRY T' OUT-DO DE PAHSON WEN HE PREACH AT NIGHT--- CHILLUNS ER-CRYIN' EN DAWGS ER-BARKIN'EN MULES ER-BRAYIN' --!



