

Business Directory

OF GLASGOW, MONTANA

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Real Estate Loans
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Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 2)

Her trills had made a serious woman of her, and perhaps this phase was all the more enchanting to him, who had his serious side also. Her young mind was like an Italian garden, always opening new vistas for his admiring gaze.

He went about his work the same as of old, interviewing, playing detective, fattening his pay envelope by specials to the Sunday edition and some of the lighter magazines. Sometimes he had vague dreams of writing a play, a novel, and making a tremendous fortune like that chap Manders, who only a few years ago had been his desk mate. He really began the first chapter of a novel; but that has nothing to do with this history.

All ready, then. The chess are once more on the board, and it is the move of the Black Hundred.

The day was rather cloudy. Jones viewed the sky wearily. He could hear Florence playing rather a cheerless nocturne by Chopin. Fourteen weeks ago this warfare had begun, and all he had accomplished, he and those with him, was the death or incarceration of a few inconsequent members of the Black Hundred. Always they struck and always he had to ward off. He had always been on the defensive; and a defensive fighter may last a long while, but he seldom wins; and the butler knew that they must win or go down in bitter defeat. There was no half way route to the end; there could be no draw. It all reminded

him of thunderbolts; one man knew where they were going to strike.

The telephone rang; at the same moment Florence left the piano. She stopped at the threshold.

"Hello! You? Where have you been? What has happened?"

"Who is it?" asked Florence, stepping forward.

Jones held up a warning hand, and Florence paused.

"Yes, yes; I hear perfectly. O! You've been working out their new quarters? Good, good! But be very careful, sir. One never knows what may happen. They have been quiet for some time now. . . . Ah! You can't work the ceiling this time? . . . Window over the way. Very good, sir. But be careful."

The word "sir" caught Florence's attention. She ran to Jones and seized him by the arm.

"Who was that?" she cried, as he turned away from the telephone.

"Why?"

"You said 'sir.'"

Jones's eyes widened. "I did!"

"Yes, and it's the first time I ever heard you use it over the telephone. Jones, you were talking to my father!"

"Please, Miss Florence, do not ask me any questions. I cannot answer any. I dare not."

"But if I should command, upon the pain of dismissal?" coldly.

"Ah, Miss Florence," and Jones tapped his pocket, "you forget that you cannot dismiss me by word. I am legally in control here. I am sorry that you have made me recall this fact to you."

Florence began to cry softly.

"I am sorry, very sorry," said the butler, torn between the desire to comfort her and the law that he had

that moment it is quite probable that the day would have come to a close as the day before had, monotonously. But the ring came five minutes after Jones had left the house.

"Is this the Hargreave place?"

"Yes," said Florence. "Who is it?"

"This is Miss Hargreave talking?"

"Yes."

"This is Doctor Morse. I am at the Queen hotel. Mr. Norton has been badly hurt, and he wants you and Mr. Jones to come at once. We cannot tell just how serious the injury is. He is just conscious. Shall I tell him you will come immediately?"

"Yes, yes!"

Florence snapped the receiver on the hook. She wanted to fly, fly. He was hurt. How, when, where?

"Susan! Susan!" she called.

"What is it, Florence?" asked Susan, running into the room.

"Jim is badly hurt. He wants me to come at once. O, Susan! I've been dreading something all day long." Florence struck the maid's bell. "My wraps. You will go with me, Susan."

"Where, Miss Florence," asked the maid, alive to her duty.

"Where? What is that to you?" demanded Florence, who did not know that this maid was a detective.

"Why not wait till Mr. Jones returns?" she suggested patiently.

"And let the man I love die?" vehemently.

"At least you will leave word where you are going, Miss Florence."

"The Queen hotel. And if you say another word I'll discharge you. Come Susan."

There happened to be a taxicab conveniently near (as Vroon took care there should be), and Florence at once engaged it. She did not see the man hiding in the bushes. The two young women stepped into the taxicab and were driven off. They had been gone less than five minutes when Jones returned with his purchase, to find the house empty of its most valuable asset. He was furious, not only at the maid, who, he realized, was virtually helpless, but at his own negligence.

In the midst of his violent harangue the bell sounded. In his bones he knew what was going to be found there. It was a letter on the back of which was drawn the fatal black mask. With shaking fingers he tore open the envelope and read the contents:

Florence is now in our power. Only the surrender of the million will save her. Our agent will call in an hour for an answer.

THE BLACK HUNDRED.

As a matter of fact, they had wanted Jones almost as badly as Florence, but her desire for a book—some popular story of the day—had saved him from the net. The letter had been written against this possibility.

Jones became cool, now that he knew just what to face. The Queen hotel meant nothing. Florence would not be taken there. He called up Norton. It took all the butler's patience,

however, as it required seven different calls to locate the reporter.

Meantime the taxicab containing Florence and Susan spun madly toward the water front. Here the two were separated by an effective threat. Florence recognized the man Vroon and knew that to plead for mercy would be a waste of time. She permitted herself to be led to a waiting launch. Always when she disobeyed Jones something like this happened. But this time they had cunningly struck at her heart, and all thought of her personal safety became as nothing. For the present she knew that she was in no actual physical danger. She was merely to be held as a hostage. Would Susan have mentality enough to tell Jones where the taxicab had stopped? She doubted. In an emergency Susan had proved herself a nonentity, a bundle of hysterical thrills.

As a matter of fact, for once Florence's deductions were happily wrong. When the chauffeur peremptorily deposited Susan on the lonely country road, several miles from home, she ran hot-foot to the nearest telephone and sent a very concise message home. Susan was becoming acclimated to this strange, exciting existence.

Norton arrived in due time, and he and Jones were mapping out a plan when Susan's message came.

"Good girl!" said Jones. "She's learning. Can you handle this alone, Norton? They want me out of the house again, for I believe they were after me as well as Florence. Half an hour gone!"

"Trust me!" cried Norton.

And he ran out to his auto. It was a wild ride. Several policemen shouted after him, but he went on unmindful. They could take his license number a hundred times for all he cared. So they had got her? They could wait till their enemy's vigilance slackened and then would strike? But Susan! The next time he saw Susan he was going to take her in his arms and kiss her. It might be a new sensation to kiss Susan, always so prim and offish. Corey street—that had been her direction. They had put Florence in a motor boat at the foot of Corey street. He was perhaps half an hour behind.

(Continued Next Week)

General Kelly-Kenny Dead.
London, Dec. 27.—General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, seventy-five years old, formerly general of the British forces, is dead. His home was at Boughlough Lodge in County Clare, where he had lived since his retirement in 1907.

Five Are Burned to Death.
Winterhaven, Fla., Dec. 29.—Harry Alvey, his wife and three children were burned to death when fire destroyed their home near here.

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COAL

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GLASGOW, Telephone 155 MONTANA

FILIPINOS ARE RESTLESS

Governor General Reports Several Small Uprisings.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Details of native uprisings in the Philippines, beginning Christmas eve, were given in a cablegram received from Governor General Harrison at the war department and made public by Assistant Secretary Breckenridge. The report minimized the extent of the trouble, but stated that small bodies of Filipinos had assembled in Manila and Navotas, Christmas eve, and at Laguna de Bay and attempted to make

trouble. As a result forty men were arrested and one man was shot by a policeman.

ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN DEAD

Veteran Catholic Prelate Succumbs to Pneumonia.

San Francisco, Dec. 29.—Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan, archbishop of the diocese of San Francisco of the Catholic church, died here of pneumonia. He was born in New Brunswick in 1841 and appointed archbishop of the San Francisco diocese in 1888.

Removes the Cause Nature Cures

Fred G. Van De Mark, D. C. S.,
Glasgow, Mont.

Dear Sir:—

I wish to state that for many years I was a constant sufferer from Bronchial Asthma, and had tried a great many remedies without obtaining any relief in fact getting worse as time passed.

After taking Chiropractic Adjustments as administered by you, I soon began to improve having a good appetite and putting on flesh; since receiving the adjustments, I have been free from my complaint.

Very truly yours,

Alvin Landmeier,
Little Falls, Minn.

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Special Appointment by phone.
Phone 162-J Office Over Lewis-Wedum Drug Store



It Was a Letter on the Back of Which Was Drawn the Fatal Black Mask.

laid down for himself. "It is very gloomy today, and perhaps we are a little depressed by it. I am sorry."

"O, I realize, Jones, that all this unending mystery and secrecy have a set purpose at back. Only, it does just seem as if I should go mad sometimes with waiting and wondering."

"And if the truth must be told, it is the same with me. We have to wait for them to strike. Shall I get you something new to read? I am going down to the drug store and they have a circulating library."

"Get me anything you please. But I'd feel better with a little sunshine."

"That's universal," replied Jones, going into the hall for his hat.

Had the telephone rung again at