

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

In Adapted from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

CHAPTER XVI.

Treachery in the Household.

The maid stole into the house, wondering if she had been seen. She wanted to be loyal to this girl, but she was tired of the life; she wanted to be her own mistress, and the small fortune offered her would put her on the way to realize her ambition. What had she not seen and been of life since she joined the great detective force? Lady's maid, cook, ship stewardess, flash woman, actress, clerk, and a dozen other employments. Her pay, until she secured some fat reward, was but twelve hundred a year; and here was five thousand in advance with the promise of five thousand more the minute her work was done. And it was simple work, without any real harm toward Florence as far as she was concerned. The whole thing rested upon one difficulty: would Jones permit the girls to leave the house?

One day Florence found Susan sitting in a chair, her head in her hands.

"Why, Susan, what's the matter?" cried Florence.

"I don't know what is the matter, dear, but I haven't felt well for two or three days. I'm dizzy all the time, I can't read or sew or eat or sleep."

"Why didn't you tell me?" said Florence, reproachfully. She rang for the detective-maid. "Ella, I don't know anything about doctors hereabouts."

"I know a good one, Miss Florence. Shall I send for him?"

"Do, Susan is ill."

Jones was not prepared for treachery in his own household; so when he heard that a doctor had been called to attend Susan he was without the least suspicion that he had been betrayed. More than this, there had been no occasion to summon a doctor in the seven years Mr. Hargreave had lived here. So Jones went about his petty household affairs without more thought upon the matter. The maid had been recommended to him as one of the shrewdest young women in the detective business.

The doctor arrived. He was a real doctor; no doubt of that. He investigated Susan's condition—brought about by a subtle though not dangerous poison—and instantly recommended the seashore. Susan was not used to being confined to the house; she was essentially an out-of-doors little body. The seashore would bring her about in no time. The doctor suggested Atlantic City because of its mildness throughout the year and its nearness to New York.

"I'm afraid she'll have to go alone," said Jones, gravely.

"I shan't stir!" declared Susan. "I shan't leave my girl even if I am sick." Susan caught Florence's hand and pressed it.

"Would you like to go with her, Florence?" asked Jones, with a shy glance at the strange doctor. The shy glance was wasted. The doctor evinced no sign that it mattered one way or the other to him.

"It is nothing very serious now," he volunteered. "But it may turn out serious if it is not taken care of at once."

"What is the trouble?" inquired Jones, who was growing fond of Susan.

"Weak heart. Sunshine and good sea air will strengthen her up again. No, no," as Jones drew forth his wallet. "I'll send in my bill the first of the month. Sunshine and sea air; that's all that's necessary. And now, good-day."

All very businesslike; not the least cause in the world for any one to suspect that a new trap was being set by the snarler. The maid returned to the sewing room, while Florence coddled her companion and made much of her.

Jones was suspicious, but big in his mind as he would he could find no earthly reason for this suspicion save that this attribute was now instinctive, that it was always near the top. If Susan was ill she must be given good care; there was no getting around this fact. Later, he telephoned several prominent physicians. The strange doctor was recommended as a good ordinary practitioner and in good standing; and so Jones dismissed his suspicions as having no look to hang them on.

His hair would have tingled at the roots, however, had he known that this same physician was one of the two who had signed the document which had accredited Florence with insanity and had all but succeeded in making a supposition a fact. Nor was Jones aware of the fact that the telephone wire had been tapped recently. So when he finally concluded to permit Florence to accompany Susan to Atlantic City he telephoned to the detective agency to send up a trusty man, who was shadowed from the moment he entered the Hargreave home till he started for the railway station. He became lost in the shuffle and was not heard from till weeks later, in Havana. The Black Hundred found a good profit in the shanting business.

Susan began to pick up, as they say, the day after the arrival at Atlantic City; she, doubtless, to the cessation of the poison she had been taking surreptitiously. The two young women be-

gan to enjoy life for the first time since they had left Miss Farlow's. They were up with the sun every day and went to bed tired but happy. No one bothered them. If some stray reporter encountered their signatures on the hotel register, he saw nothing to excite his reportorial senses. All this, of course, was due to Norton's policy of keeping the affair out of the papers.

Following Jones' orders, they made friends with none. Those about the hotel—especially the young men—when they made any advances were politely snubbed. Every night Florence would write to her good butter to report what had taken place during the day, and he was left to judge for himself if there was anything to arouse his suspicions. He, of course, believed the two were covertly guarded by the detective he had sent after them.

When Braine called up Olga he found his doctor there.

"Well, what's the news?" he asked.

"I had better run down and inquire how the young lady is progressing," said the doctor, who was really a first rate surgeon and who had performed a number of skilled operations upon various members of the Black Hundred anent their encounters with the police. "I've got Miss Florence where you want her. It's up to you now."

"She ought to be separated from her companion. We have left them alone for a whole week, so Jones will not worry particularly. A mighty curious thing has turned up. Before Hargreave's disappearance not a dozen persons could recollect what Jones looked like. He was rarely ever in sight. What do you suppose that signifies?"

"Don't ask me," shrugged the man of medicine. "I shouldn't worry over Jones."

"But we can't stir the old fool. We can't get him out of that house. I've tried to get that maid to put a little something in his coffee, but she stands off at that. She says that she did as she agreed in regard to Florence, but her agreement ended there."



Encounter With One of the Gang.

"Every word, sir."

"I'll make it ninety days, Jim; and if this story comes in I'll see that you get a corking bonus."

"I'm not looking for bonuses. I'm proud of my work. To get this story is all I want. That'll be enough. Thanks for the extension in time. Good-night."

So Florence received a long night letter in the morning.

And the doctor arrived at about the same time. And called promptly upon his patient.

"Fine!" he said. "The sea air was just the thing. A doctor always likes to find his advice turning out well."

He glanced quickly at Florence, who was the picture of glowing health. Suddenly he frowned anxiously.

"You need not look at me," she laughed. "I never felt better in all my life."

"Are you sure?" he asked gravely.

"Why, what in the world do you mean?"

He did not speak, but stepped forward and took her by the wrist, holding his watch in his other hand. He shook his head. He looked very solemn, indeed.

"What is it?" demanded Susan, with growing terror.

"Go to your own room immediately and remain there for the present," he ordered. "I must see Miss Hargreave alone."

He opened the door and Susan passed out bewildered. He returned to Florence, who was even more bewildered than her companion. The doctor began to ask her questions; how she slept, if she was thirsty, felt pains in her back. She answered all these questions vaguely. Not the slightest suspicion entered her head that she was being hoodwinked. Why should she entertain any suspicion? This doctor, who seemed kindly and benevolent, who had prescribed for Susan and benefited her, why should she doubt him?

"In heaven's name, tell me what is the matter?" she pleaded.

"Stay here for a little while and I'll be back. Under no circumstances leave your room till I return."

He paced out into the hall, to meet the frantic Susan.

"We must see the manager at once," he replied to her queries. "And we must be extremely quiet about it. There must be no excitement. You had better go to your room. You must not go into Miss Hargreave's. Tell me, where have you been? Have you been trying to do any charitable work among the poorer classes?"

"Only once," admitted Susan, now on the verge of tears.

"Only once is sufficient. Come; we'll go and see the manager together."

They arrived at the desk, and the manager was summoned.

"I take it," began the doctor lowly, "that a contagious disease, if it be-

come known among your guests, would create a good deal of disturbance."

"Disturbance! Good heavens, man, it would ruin my business for the whole season!" exclaimed the astounded manager.

"I am sorry, but this young lady's companion has been stricken with smallpox."

The manager fell back against his desk, his jaw fallen. Susan turned as white as the marble top.

"The only way to avoid trouble is to have her conveyed immediately to some place where she can be treated properly. Not a word to any one now; absolute secrecy or a panic."

The manager was glad enough to agree.

"She is not dangerous at present, but it is only a matter of a few hours when the disease will become virulent. If you will place a porter before Miss Hargreave's door till I make arrangements to take her away, that will simplify matters."

Smallpox! Susan wandered aimlessly about, half out of her mind with terror. There was no help against such a dread disease. Her Florence, her pretty girl checked Florence, disfigured for life...

"Miss Susan, where is Florence?"

"O. Mr. Norton!" she gasped.

"What's the trouble?" instantly alert.

"Florence has the smallpox!"

"Impossible! Come with me."

But the porter, having had the strictest orders from the manager, refused to let them into Florence's room.

"Never mind, Susan. Come along." Out of earshot of the porter he said: "My room is directly above Florence's. We'll see what can be done. This smell of the Black Hundred a mile off. Smallpox! Only yesterday she wrote me that she never felt better. Have you wired Jones?"

"I never thought of it!"

"Then I shall. Our old-friends are at work again."

"But it's the same doctor who sent me down here."

Norton frowned.

What followed all appeared in the reporter's story, as written three months later. He and Susan went up to his room, raised the flooring, cut through the ceiling, and with the fire escape rope dropped below. One glance at Florence's tear-stained face was enough for him. Norton's subsequent battle with the doctor and his accomplices made very interesting reading. Their escape from the hotel, their flight, their encounter with one of the gang in the road, and Florence's blunder into the bed of quicksand, gave a succession of thrills to the readers of the Blade.

And all this while the million accumulated dust, layer by layer. Perhaps an occasional hardy roach scrambled over the packets, no doubt attracted by the peculiar odor of the ink.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

RAINFALL RECORD AT DEMING IS BADLY BROKEN

Deming, N. M., Dec. 24.—Nearly two inches of rain has fallen during the present storm in the vicinity of Deming, and it is predicted that there will be more rain. This is the largest rainfall that has ever been reported here at this season in a similar space of time. The Mimbres river and many of the draws are full. The river is so high that it is impossible to ford it with a horse. Ranchers who came to town today report that they had to cross at the bridge and many of them were caught out and had to come to Deming, as they were unable to return to their ranches. Although it is a little hard on cattle to have the wet weather with the cold, cattlemen are all happy, as they are now sure of plenty of grass on the range this spring. Many of them also contemplate building earth dams across some of the arroyos to store up the water for watering places and irrigation.

PROTECT YOUR COMPLEXION

Every woman who spends the summer at the seashore, in the mountains or at some fashionable watering place should take with her a few bottles of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

to improve and beautify her complexion and protect her skin from the burning sun, blushing winds, and damp night air.

The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of its having been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century.

It cannot be surpassed for the relief of sun, pimples, freckles, wrinkles and other blemishes of the complexion.

At Druggists and Department Stores.

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NEW YORK

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mr. Alry, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell. I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good. I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it."

Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly troubles, such as headache, backache, indigestion, sleeplessness, and that everlasting tired feeling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century.

Begin taking Cardui to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Write to: Chatterbox Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chatterbox, Tenn., for Special Instructions. Cardui is in plain wrapper, N.C. 1914.

ROSWELL HAS REAL MYSTERY IN O'BRIEN CASE

Plumber Shot in Head, Rationally But Refuses to Tell Who Shot Him; Wife Held on Suspicion.

(Roswell Record.)

Charles E. O'Brien was shot yesterday at his home at 411 South Main at a few minutes past 4 o'clock. The cause of the shooting and who did it are, so far, a complete mystery. The first person to the O'Brien home, after the trouble, was Dr. E. M. Fisher, who was presumably called by Mrs. O'Brien. When Dr. Fisher arrived he found Mrs. O'Brien walking the floor in a nervous condition. O'Brien was lying on a couch with the blood streaming from a wound in the head. Upon investigation it was found that the bullet had entered the mouth and had ranged upward into the head.

Dr. Fisher placed both Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien in his auto and rushed to the hospital where the wound was probed and dressed. Upon investigation it was found that the bullet was still lodged in the head and so far the doctors have been unable to remove it. O'Brien has been in a rational condition since the shooting, but has refused to make any statement whatsoever. This morning his condition was improved over that of last night and hopes are being entertained for his recovery.

Mrs. O'Brien was at once taken to the county jail where she is still confined. A charge of assault with attempt to kill was placed against her in Judge Bell's court this morning, but so far no arraignment has been made. Mrs. O'Brien has so far refused to make any statement concerning the matter.

So far as is now known there were no witnesses to the shooting. The officers arrived at the scene immediately after it took place, but have not been able to get any details. A bottle of whiskey was found just outside the fence near the O'Brien home yesterday, but so far no gun has been found. The missing gun is one of the mysteries that surrounds the case. It is known that the gun was one of large calibre since it made a large wound.

The O'Briens have been having some trouble lately. Last week Mrs. O'Brien appeared before Judge Kirby and made a complaint against her husband for using abusive and threatening language toward her. He entered a plea of guilty in police court and was given a severe lecture by the court and told not to repeat the offense.

On his return home last night he again began to abuse her and she shot him. No judge being as yet developed in connection with the case to warrant any assumptions whatsoever.

TELLS OF NEW TRAIN TO GALVESTON AND CHICAGO

San Bernardino Paper Announces Service to Go Into Effect Feb. 1; Train Divides at Clovis.

(San Bernardino, Calif., Sun.)

Following the announcement in the Sun yesterday of the preparations of the Santa Fe to place a new through train between San Bernardino and Chicago after the first of the year, interesting plans are disclosed by Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager J. J. Byrne, in a statement in Los Angeles yesterday.

Beginning February 1 the following improvements in service will be inaugurated:

Direct passenger service between Los Angeles and Texas and Gulf points over the new Coleman cut-off with the inauguration of a daily fast train connecting Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Houston and Galveston by direct route.

A new Chicago-Los Angeles train running daily and maintaining a 72-hour schedule, arrived here westbound about 8 a. m.

New all-steel equipment for the "Saint" and the "Angel," overnight passenger trains between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

A new daily train plying between Los Angeles and San Diego.

The new trains, new equipment and new passenger service means the expenditure of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The new all-steel equipment for the "Saint" and the "Angel," which is soon to be delivered here, cost the company approximately \$1,500,000.

The new Chicago and Galveston train will leave San Bernardino on one train at 8:30 p. m. daily after February 1. The train will be parted at Clovis, the Chicago sleepers there being attached to a new engine and taken direct to Chicago via Kansas City.

The new equipment for the San Francisco passenger service and the new San Diego train have been determined upon because of an expectation of a big travel within California next year, particularly between the two exposition cities.

The new time card which has been worked out by Mr. Byrne with the assistance of the superintendents of the coast lines, will be announced within a few days.

GETTING READY FOR FARMERS' WEEK AT THE STATE COLLEGE

Mesilla Park, N. M., Dec. 25.—Elaborate preparations are being made for "Farmers' Week" at the college, which will be the first week in January, beginning January 4. Six prominent lecturers from Washington, D. C., are to be present, besides three agriculture demonstrators of note from the different railroad systems in the state. In addition to these lecturers and demonstrators from a distance, members of the college faculty will give lectures and demonstrations.

NOTICE.

All bills owing the Powell Drug Co. must be paid not later than January 1st, 1915. Otherwise will be placed in hand of attorney for collection.

B. RUPPE, Trustee.

NOTICE.

Powell candy factory for sale. Bids will be received up to January 1, 1915. Inventories \$1,000.00.

B. RUPPE, Trustee.

Herald want. 3 lines—3 times—3 dimes.



"Why, Susan, What's the Matter?"

Cried Florence.

We have given the jade five thousand already and she is clamoring for the balance.

"Have you threatened her?" asked Olga.

Braine smiled a little. "My dear woman, it is fifty-fifty. While I have a hold on her, it is not quite so good as she has on me. We are not dealing with an ordinary servant we could threaten and scare. No, indeed, a shrewd little woman who desperately wanted money. And she will be paid; no getting out of it. She will not move another step, one way or the other, after she receives the balance. Hargreave will have a pretty steep hill to pay when the time comes."

"She has no idea where the million is?"

"If she had, she's quite capable of lugging it off all by herself," said Braine.

The doctor laughed.

"Olga," went on Braine, "you must look at it as I do; that it is still in the middle of the game, and we have neither lost nor won."

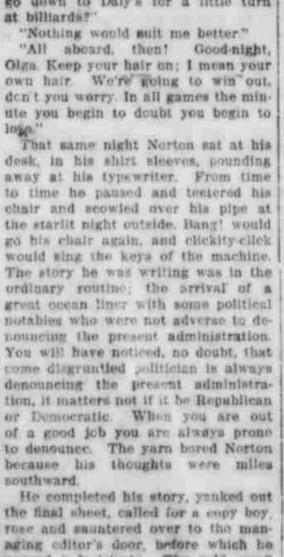
"How do you know that Hargreave may not have at his beck and call an organization quite as capable if not as large as ours?" suggested the physician.

"That is not possible," Braine declared without hesitation.

"Well, it begins to look that way to me. We've never made a move yet that hasn't been blocked."

"Pure luck each time, I tell you; the devil's own luck always at the critical moment, when everything seems to be in our hands. Now, we want Florence, and we've tried a hundred ways to accomplish this fact and failed. The question is, how to get her away from her companion?"

"Simple enough," said the doctor



Had No Suspicion That She Was Being Hoodwinked.

"I came in to ask for three days' leave."

You're your own boss, Jim, for sixty days more. Whadda y' mean counter-fitting?"

"Those now tens and twenties. If I stumble on that right, why, I can turn it over without conflicting with the other story."

"Well, go to it."

"I'm turning in my regular work, day in and day out, and while doing it I've gone through more hairbreadth escapes than you ever heard of. They have been after me. I've dodged falling safes; I've been shanghaied, poisoned; but I haven't said a word."

"Good Lord. Do you mean all

complacently.

"Out with it, if you have an idea."

The doctor leaned forward and whispered a few words.

"Well, I'm hanged!" Braine laughed and slapped the doctor on the shoulder. "The simplest thing in the world. Mad dog wouldn't be in it. I always said that you had gray matter if you cared to exert yourself."

"Thanks," replied the doctor dryly. "I'll drop down there tomorrow, if you say so, ostensibly to see the other patient. It will make a decent of a disturbance."

"Not if you scare the hotel people."

"That is what I propose to do. They will not want such a thing known. It would scare every one away for

the rest of the season. But of course this depends upon whether they are honest or in the hotel business to make money."

Again Braine laughed. "Bring her back to New York alone, Esculapian, and a fat check is yours. Nothing could be simpler than an idea like this. It's a fact; no man can think of everything, and you've just proved it to me. I've tried to do a general's work without aids. Olga, does any one watch me come and go any more?"

"No; I've watched a dozen nights. The man has gone. Either he found out what he wanted or he gave up the job. To my mind he found out what he wanted."

"And what's that?"

"Heaven knows," discouragedly.

"Come, doctor, suppose you and I go down to Daly's for a little turn at billiards?"

"Nothing would suit me better."

"All aboard, then! Good-night, Olga. Keep your hair on; I mean your own hair. We're going to win out, don't you worry. In all games the minute you begin to doubt you begin to lose."

That same night Norton sat at his desk, in his shirt sleeves, pounding away at his typewriter. From time to time he paused and teetered his chair and scowled over his pipe at the starlit night outside. Bang! would go his chair again, and clickety-click would ring the keys of the machine.

The story he was writing was in the ordinary routine; the arrival of a great ocean liner with some political notables who were not adverse to denouncing the present administration. You will have noticed, no doubt, that some disgruntled politician is always denouncing the present administration, it matters not if it be Republican or Democratic. When you are out of a good job you are always prone to denounce. The yarn bored Norton because his thoughts were miles southward.

He completed his story, yanked out the final sheet, called for a copy boy, rose and snatched over to the managing editor's door, before which he paused indecisively. The "old man" had been after him lately regarding the Hargreave story, and he doubted if his errand would prove successful.

However, he boldly opened the door and walked in.

"Humph!" said the "old man," twisting his cigar into the corner of his mouth. "Get that story?"

Norton sat down. "Yes, but I have not got it for print yet. Mr. Blair, when you gave me the Hargreave job you gave me carte blanche."

"I did," grinned. "But on the other hand, I did not give you ten years to clear it up."

"Have I ever fallen down on a good story?" quietly.

"M. can't remember," grudgingly.

"Well, if you'll have patience I'll not fall down on this one. It's the greatest criminal story I ever handled, but it's so big that it's going to take time."

"Gimme an outline."

"I have promised not to," with a grimace equal to the "old man's." "If a line of this story trickles out it will mean that every other paper will be moving around, and in the end will discover enough to spoil my end of it. I'll tell you this much: The most colossal band of thieves this country ever saw is at one end of the stick. And when I say that counter-fitting and politics and millions are involved, you'll understand how big it is. This gang has city protection. We are running them all into a corner, but we want that corner so deep that none of them can wriggle out of it."

"Umhm. Go on."

"I want two months more."

The "old man" beat a tattoo with his fat pencil. "Sixty days, then. And if the yarn isn't on my desk at midnight, you—"

"I get for another job. All right.