

The MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY By HAROLD MAC GRATH

\$10,000 FOR 100 WORDS.

The publication of "The Million Dollar Mystery" begins today. The story will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thanhouser Film company...

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST. The prize of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman, or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery...

Solutions may be sent to the Thanhouser Film corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, Dec. 14. They must bear post-office mark not later than that date.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final.

No. 1—What becomes of the millionaire? No. 2—What becomes of the \$1,000,000? No. 3—Whom does Florence marry? No. 4—What becomes of the Russian countess?

It was a quarter after 10. Miss Susan Farlow had just returned to the reception room from her nightly tour of the upper halls...

idly fingering some papers which lay on the study table. He shrugged at some unpleasant thought, settled his overcoat about his shoulders, took up his hat, and walked from the room...

"The Princess Perigoff, Norton. You're in no hurry, are you?" "Not now," smiled the reporter.

about seas and continents, through valleys and over mountains—for what? For the sight of the face of that man we have just left.

the consequences. Braine, who was Menschikoff in Russia, Schwartz in Germany, Mendosa in Spain, Cartucci in Italy, and Du Bois in France...



THE INTRODUCTIONS WERE MADE. NORTON FELT RATHER CHAGRINED.

CHAPTER I. A CALL IN THE NIGHT.

There are few things darker than a country road at night, particularly if one does not know the lay of the land.

the light from the hall discovered to her the bundle on the steps. She stooped and touched it.

"Without question, sir. It was always so understood." Hargreave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eye became cold. Over the smoke of his cigaret he was looking into the wall mirror.



HE SCRUTINIZED THE SIGN ON ONE OF THE POSTS. THIS WAS THE PLACE.

Then she unwrapped the child. It was about a year old, dimpled and golden haired. A thumb was in its rosebud mouth and its blue eyes looked up trustfully into her own.

Half an hour later he got into a taxicab and directed the man to drive downtown as far as Twenty-third street and back to Columbus circle.

"I don't know," said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us."

tion more terrible than any jewel. She knew him to be a great and daring rogue, cunning, patient, fearless.

There were several excited bankers, who protested against such large withdrawals without the usual formal announcement.

By and by, through the trees, he saw a flicker of light. It might or might not be the destination. He cracked his whip recklessly and the carriage lurched on two wheels.

It was an odd whim. He had not entered a Broadway restaurant in all these years. He was unknown. He belonged to no clubs.

"I'm an old man." "Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."

The ordinary business over, the chief dismissed the men, and he and Braine alone remained.

"Men all about the back yard," whispered Jones down the hall.

The house of Stanley Hargreave, in Riverdale, was the house of no ordinary rich man. Outside it was simple enough, but within you learned what kind of a man Hargreave was.

"Who is it?" she asked. "A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

Hargreave laughed. "Come, then; let us get it over with." The introductions were made. Norton felt rather chagrined.

"There are but few of which one?" "Eighteen years ago, in St. Petersburg." "I remember. The millionaire's son. Did he recognize you?"

"Look!" another cried, startled. "He's shooting off a Roman candle!" They never saw the man-made bird till it alighted upon the roof.

It was the home of a scholar, a dreamer, a wide traveler. In the library stood the master of the house,

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"What is it?" she asked. "The luck of the devil's own," he said. "Child of the Steppes, for years I've flown

"Or in the fortress, which is the same thing. What are your plans?" "I have in mind something like this."

"The old man is dead and the money is at the bottom of the ocean! We punctured her. She's gone!" A thin, inscrutable smile stirred the lips of the man bound in the chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]