THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY MAC GRATH

\$10.000 FOR JNE HUNDRED WORDS.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" story will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement the Thanhouser Film company it ha and possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each week in the various moving picture theaters. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given by the Thanhouser Film corporation. 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, from which the last two reels of motion picture drams will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thanhouser Film corporation at 5 South Wadash avenue, Cnicago, Ill., or Thanhouser Film corporation, 71 West Twenty-third street, New York City N. Y., any time up to midnight, Jan. 14, 1915. This allows several weeks after the last chapter has been published.

A board of three lader with the control of these lader with the several weeks after the last chapter has been published.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judges are to be Harold MacGrath, Lloyd Conergan, and Miss Mac Tinee. The judgment of this

board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mys-tery, will be presented in the theaters having this feature as soon as it is reathe most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theaters having this feature as soon as it is possible to produce the same. The story corresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures as practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the pictures of the voinner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable, in printing papers, so far as practicable, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Har-old MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection

No. 2-What becomes of the \$1,000,0001 -Whom does Florence marry

Nobody connected either directly or in-cirectly with "The Million Dollar Mys-tery" will be considered as a contestant.

Stanley Hargreave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of recluse for eighteen years. Hargrenve accidentally meets Braine, leader of the Black Hundred. Knowing Braine will try to get him, he escapes from his own home by a balloon. Before escaping he is a letter to the girls' school eighteen years before he mys-sly left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. That day Hargrenve also draws \$1,000,000 from Hargreave also draws \$1,000,000 from the bank, but it is reported that this dropped into the sea when the balloon he escaped in was punctured. Florence arrives from the girls' school. Countess Olga, Braine's com-

panion, visits her and claims her as a The Black Hundred then se a means of making Florence a target for their attacks. They are after the \$1,000,000, and Braine, their leader, sets traps for Florence. The Black Hundred, after a number of attempts, fail, due to the wisdom of Jones, the Hargreave butler, and Norton, a newspaper

cealed at the rendezvous of the Black Hundred, a man learns of the recovery of the box from the sea by a

[Copyright: 1914: By Harold MacGrath.] CHAPTER XX.

BRAINE TRIES ANOTHER WEAPON. HAT I want now," said Braine, as he paced the living room of the apartment of the countess, "is revenge. I've been check-Amated enough, Olga; they're playing with

"That is nothing new," she replied, shrugging. "At the beginning I warned you. I never liked this affair after the first two or three failures. But you would have your You wanted: revenge at that early date: but I cannot see that you've gone for-Has it ever occurred to you that the organization may be getting tired, too? Tney depend solely upon your invention, and each time your invention has resulted in touching nothing but zero."

"Thanks!"

"O, I'm not chiding you. I've failed, too." "Are you turning against me?" he demanded hitterly

"Do my actions point that way?" she countered. "No. But the more I view what has passed the more disheartened I grow. It has been a series of blind alleys, and all we have succeeded in doing is knocking our heads. I can see now that all our failures are due to one mistake."

"And what the devil is that?" he asked,

We were in too much of a hurry at the beginning. Hargreave prepared himself for

"And if I had not acted quickly he would have started successfully on one of his world tours again, and that would have been the last of him, and we should never have learned of the girl's existence. So there's

"Perhaps you are right. But for all that we have not played the game with any de-

"Bah!" Braine lit a cigarette and smoked nervously. "I can't even get rid of that meddling reporter. He has been as much to blame for our failures as either Jones or Hargreave. I admit that in his case I judged hastily. I believed him to be just an ordinary newspaper man, and he was clever enough to lull my suspicions. But I'm going to get him, Olga, even if I have to resort to ordinary gunman tricks. If there's any final reckoning, by the Lord Harry, he shan't get a chance in the witness stand."

"And I begin to think that that little chit of a girl has been hoodwinking me all along. By the way, did you find out what that let-

ter said?" she asked after a pause. 'Letter? What letter?'

She sprang from her chair. "Do you mean to say that they have not told you about that?" Olga became greatly excited. "Explain," he said.

"Why, I was at the garden day before yesterday, and a man approached and asked if I was Miss Hargreave. Becoming at once suspicious that something very important was about to happen, I signified that I was Miss Hargreave. The man slipped a paper into my 'nand and burried off. I took a quick glance at it and was dumfounded to find it utterly blank of writing. At first I

with the mystery as an aid to a solution

No. 1-What becomes of the millionaire? No. 4-What becomes of the Russian

sailor and of its subsequent return to the bottom of the sea, and he quickly communicates the fact to Jones. A du-plicate box is planted and later secured by the band, but before its contents are examined the box mysteriously disap-Finding himself checkmated at every

rinding nimself checkmated at every turn, Braine endeavors to enmesh the Hargreave household in the law in order to gain free access to the house. The timely discovery of the plot by Norton sets the police at the heels of the pack and results in a raid on the gang's rendezvous, which, however, proves to be barren of results. The Black Hundred begin to fear Nor-

ton and plan to dispose of him. Again the unnoticed butler shows his hand by rescuing Norton and defeating Braine

Braine and Countess Olga plan dar-ing attempt to capture Florence and Norton at a masked ball given by Princess Parlova. They defeat their own plan by overanxiety.

By chance Florence discovers a cave used by the Black Hundred. Being sur-prised by members of the band, she con-ceals herself and then learns of a mysterious paper which is of vital importance to her father's safety, and at great risk to herself secures the paper

thought some joke had been played on me, then I chanced to remember the invisible ink letters you always wrote me. Understanding that you were to visit the cave in the morning, I had one man at the garden take the

note. And you never got it!" Some one shall pay for this carelessness I'll call up Vroon and Jackson at once. Wait

He went to the telephone, A low muttering conversation took place. Olga could hear little or none of it. When Braine put the receiver back on the hook his face was not

pleasant to see.

"What now?"

'It seems she had been out horseback riding that morning. She had seen one of the boys cross the field and suddenly disappear; and she was curious to learn what had become of him. With her usual luck she stumbled on to the method of opening the door of the cave and went in. She must have been nosing about. She didn't have much time, though, as the boys came up to await me. Evidently she crawled into that old chest and in some inexplicable manner purloined the letter from Jackson's pocket. They left to reconnoiter; and it was then that Jackson discovered his loss. When Florence heard them returning she jumped into the well. And lived through that tunnel! The devil is in it!"

Or out of it, since we consider him our

"And I had her in my hands, note and all!"

"But with all that water there will not be any writing left on the letter."

"Invisible ink is generally indelible and impervious to the action of water; at least the kind I use is. I'd give a thousand for a sight of that letter."

"And it might be worth a million," Olga suggested.

"Not the least doubt of it in my mind. Olga, old girl, it does look as if my star was growing dim. We'll never get our hands on that million. I feel it in my bones. So let's settle down to a campaign of revenge, without any furbelows. I want to twist Hargreave's heart before the game winds

"You wish really to injure her?" "I do not wish to injure her. Far from

it," he replied, smiling evilly. "You want her . . . dead?"

pered Olga, paling. "Exactly, I want her dead. And so if all my efforts here come to nothing, so shall Hargreave's. His millions will become waste paper to him. That's revenge. The Per-

sian peach method." "Poison? You shall not! You shall not

kill 'her!" vehemently.
"Tender hearted?"

"No. If I must in the end go to prison,

so be it; but I refuse to die in the chair." Very well, then. We shan't kill her. but we'll make her wish she was dead. I was only trying to see how far you would go. The basket of peaches is in the hallway. Every peach is poisoned. No man in the country knows more about subtle poisons than I do. Have I not written books on the subject?" ironically.

"And they will trace it back to you in a straight line," she warned. "I will not

"I can go elsewhere," he replied coldly. "You would leave me?" "The moment you cross my will," em-

phatically. It became her turn to pace. Torn between her love of the man and the danger which stared her in the face, she was for the time being distracted. All the time he watched her with malevolent curiosity,

knowing that in the end she would concur

with his evil plans. "Very well," she said finally. "But lis-

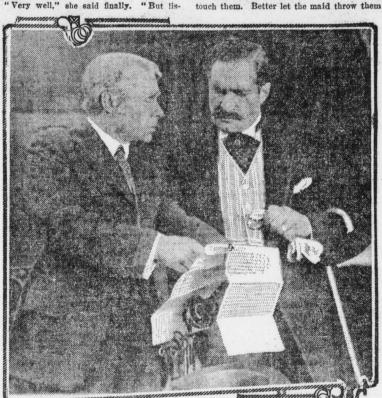
the way up to her room.

. The maid passed on into the library. "What's this?" inquired Florence, as the maid held out the basket. She selected a peach and was about to set her white teeth into it when Jim interposed.
"Wait a moment, dear." Florence low-

ered the peach. Jim turned to the maid. 'Who sent it?"

"I don't know, sir. A messenger brought

it, saying it was for Miss Hargreave." 'Let me see if there is a card." But Jim searched in vain for the card of the donor. At once all his suspicions arose. "Don't



JONES AND HENRI SERVAN, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF POLICE, CONSPIRING TO TRAP BRAINE AND HIS ACCOMPLICES. . .

ten; we shall be found out. Never doubt out. Fruit from unknown persons might not Your revenge will cost us both our lives. I feel it."

"Bah! The law will have no hand in my end. I always carry a pellet; and that ring of yours would suffice a regiment. She will not die. Sne will merely become a kind paralytic; the kind that can move a little but not enough; always wheeled about in a chair. I'll bring in the peaches; rosy One bite, after a given time, will do the trick. If they suspect and throw them out we have lost nothing but the A trusted messenger will carry them to the Hargreave house. And then we'll sit down and wait."

Meantime, in the library of the Hargreave house, Florence and Jim were puzzling over

be the healthiest thing in the world."

"That in all probability it is poisoned. But there's no need trying to prove my theory right or wrong. Ask Jones. He'll tell you to throw them away."

'Horrible!" Florence shuddered. "But they do not want to poison me. I'm too vaiuable. They want me alive."

"Who can say?" returned Jim gloomily. "They may have learned that they cannot beat us, no matter what card they turn up. may be wrong, but take my advice and throw them away. . . . Good Lord, what's that?" startled.

"O, Miss Florence!" exclaimed the maid,

"What do you think?"

Some one cried!



'I'll wager," said Jim, "the water washed all the writing away. The fire does not seem to do any good. We'll turn it over to Jones. Jones'll find a way to solve

'What are you two chattering about?" asked Susan, who was arranging some flowers on the table.

longer, then crossed to the reception room, intending to go upstairs. At that moment the maid was admitting a messenger with a basket of fruit.

"For Miss Hargreave," said he. He gave the basket to the maid, touched his cap awkwardly, and swung on his heel, closing the door behind him. He was in a hurry to deliver another message.

"O, what lovely fruit!" cried Susan, pausing. 'I'm going to steal one," she laughed. She selected a peach and began eating it on

"Miss Susan took a peach from the basket and was eating it on the way to her "Good 'neavens!" gasned Jim "I was

right. The fruit was poisoned."

ist he knew. The specialist arrived about twenty minutes after Susan's first cry. To keen eye it looked like a certain poison which had for its basis the venom of the cobra.

months. Send her to the hospital where I can visit her frequently. And I'll take that peach along for analysis. No police affair?"

ambulance. Keep her quiet. Sne'll have a species of paralysis; but that'll work off under the treatment. A strange business. "So it is," agreed Jim grimly.

Florence knelt beside her friend's bed and cried softly.

"You called me just in time, An hour later, nothing would have saved her. She would have been paralyzed for life."

Jim accompanied the doctor to the door and went in search of Jones. He found the taciturn butler eying the fruit basket, his face gray and drawn, though his eyes blazed

with fury.

"Poison!" "A pretty bad poison, too," said Jim. "We can't do anything. We've just got to sit still. But in the end we'll get them. That

" No, my friend; that he devil. The woman is mad over him and would commit any crime at his bidding. But this is his work. We want him. He wasn't without courage to send this fruit, knowing that I would instantly suspect the sender. no definite proof. I could not hold him in court in law. He will have bought the fruit piece by piece, the basket in a basket He will have injected the poison himself when alone. Poor Susan! That messenger was without doubt some one over whom 'ne holds the threat of the death chair. That's the way he works."

Jim tramped the room while Jones carried the fruit to the kitchen. The butler returned after a while.

"What about that blank sneet of paper?" "It has to be dipped into a solution; after that you can read it by heating. I have already dipped it into the solution. moment the heat leaves the sheet the writing disappears again. The ink is waterproof. show you."

Jones got a candle from the mantle, lit it, and held the sheet of paper very close to the flame. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, letters began to form on the blank sheet. At length the message was complete.

Dear Hargreave-The Russian minister of police is at the Blank hotel under the name of Henri Servan. He is investigating the work of the Black Hundred in this country and can free you from their vengeance if you supply the evidence needed."

"Now, what evidence can he want?" esked Jim. "Such as will prove Braine an unde-

sirable citizen." "And then."

"Quietly pack him off to Russia, where he is badly wanted."

"Who sent this message?" "One of our mysterious friends. We have a few, as you already know. But I'll go and make this man Servan a visit. I have seen the real minister, and if this man is the same one, something of importance may turn up. I shall want you somewhere about. Here, I'll let you have this letter. Remember, heat brings it out and cold air makes it vanish. Now I'll go up for a moment to see how that poor girl is getting along. We are lucky; there's no gainsaying

"You're a clever man, Jones," said Jim. Jones turned upon him, his face grave. The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes. Jones was first to turn aside his glance, as he had something to conceal and Jim had nothing.

When the ambulance took the tortured Susan away, Jones addressed Florence

"I am going out and so is Mr. Norton. Do not leave the house; not even if you have telephone call from me or Norton. Bota of us will return; so don't let anything bother or confuse you."

"I promise," said Florence, struggling with a sob.

Jones went downstairs again, paused by window as if cogitating, and suddenly threw it up and looked abroad. A rustle among the lilacs caused a smile to flit across his face. So they had sent some one to learn the effect of the poison? Or to follow him should 'ne leave the house? He retired to the kitchen and gave some explicit orders to the chef, orders which did not in any way refer to cooking. Then Jones and the reporter left the house, each quite aware that they were being followed. Near the Blank hotel they separated in order to confuse the stalker. He might dodder and follow the wrong man. But it was evident that this time he had been directed to follow Jones; for he entered the hotel a min-

Meantime a second spy, whom Jones had not seen, had observed the transfer of the invisible writing and had immediately informed Braine, who was not far away. That his poisoned fruit had stricken down an outsider troubled him none at all. But that mysterious message he meant to have; it might be a life and death affair, it might be a clew to the treasure, or the whereabouts of Hargreave.

Thus, while only one man followed Jones. several kept a far eye on Jim.

Jones scribbled his name on a blank card and had it taken to the Russian's room The page eyed that card curiously. It was different from anything he had ever seen defore. In one corner were written force or four words which resembled a cross between Hebrew and Greek.

"Humph!" muttered the boy. "Whadda ' know about that? Chicken scratches; but I guess the bell rings Roosian. On your way, Hortense," he cried to the hall maid, who wanted a look at the card. When the boy returned to Jones, he said: "Up t' th' room, sir. He'll see yuh!" The boy kept the silver salver extended expectantly, Jones went past without apparently noticing

The Russian was standing by a window

when Jones knocked and was bidden to enter-

You are not Hargreave." "Neither are you the Russian minister

of police," urbanely. Wao are you?"

"I am Hargreave's confidential man, sir." The two men eyed each other cautiously. "You speak Russian?"

"No. I am able to scribble a few words; that is all."

The Russian lit a cigarette and smoked leisurely. He was in no hurry.

"No, I am not the minister; but I am his accredited agent. I am empowered to bring back to Russia a man who is known here by the name of Braine, another by the name of Vroon, and a woman who calls herself a countess and unfortunately is one. All I desire is some damaging proof against them that they are outlaws in this country. The rest will be simple."

"They have all three taken out naturalfzation papers."

The Russian waved his hand airily. "Once they are in Russia those documents will never come to light. This man Braine, it has been learned, has long been in the pay of Prussia, and has given the general staff of that country many plans of our frontier fortifications. I do not know what any one of the three looks like. That is why I sought

"I will gladly point them out to you," said Jones, rubbing his hands together, a sign that he was greatly pleased.

"That will be very good of you, I'm sure," in a rumbling but perfectly legible

"And suddenly they all three will dis "Suddenly; and you may believe me that from that time on they'll be heard of never

more. "All this sounds extremely agreeable to me. Mr. Hargreave will be happy to hear that his long enforced hiding will soon come

"All you have to do, sir, is to point them out to me."

"It may take a week or ten days." "My government has waited for ten years to gather in this delectable trio. A month.

"The sooner the better. I shall call this evening after dinner. We shall begin with Mr. Braine; and generally where he is is the woman. Vroon will be the most difficult."

"After dinner, then, since you know some of his haunts. There is a reward."

Jones laughed shortly. "Keep it yourself,

sir. Mr. Hargreave would willingly double whatever this reward is to eliminate these despicable creatures from his affairs." Tnanks."

While this conversation was taking place Norton idled about; and feeling the cravings for a cigarette, prepared to roll one, only to find that he hadn't the "makings." fate urged him to step into the nearest tobacconist's. He asked for his favorite brand and passed over the silver.

Braine and his companions saw Norton enter the shop. It agreed with their plans perfectly. The tobacconist happened to be affiliated with the order. So they hurried into the shop. Jim instantly realized that he was in a trap.

"How can I get out of here?" he wais pered to the tobacconist.

The latter smiled. "I have to obey these gentlemen. I don't know what they want you for: but if I made a move to help you should find my own throat cut without

" The devil! " Jim made a dash for the rear door, to find it locked. Even as he fumbled with the key, Braine and his companions flung

themselves upon the reporter and overpow-"Ah, my friend Braine!" he said.

My friend Norton!" jeered the victor. "And waat do you want; some peaches?" "A paper, my friend, a little sheet of paper with invisible writing on it. We promise to give you something in exchange for it.'s "What?" asked Jim with as much non-

chalance as he could assume.

"Search," said Jim. "You won't object to my smoking?" He began to roll a cigarette while they passed over him. He struck a match; the pleasant aroma of tobacco floated

about his head. 'He's got it on him somewhere. I saw him take it. He's got his nerve with him." The cigarette glowed. Jim smoked hur-

riedly. Through every pocket they went. The contents of his wallet lay scattered at his feet; his watch dangled from the chain. The cigarette grew shorter and shorter. Suddenly one of the men stretched out a hand and whisked the cigarette from Jim's lips. He threw it to the floor and stamped out the

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, holding out

the scrap of burnt paper towards Braine The words "Dear Hargreave" were all that remained of the message. With a snarl of rage Braine whipped out his revolver. I will give you one minute to tell me

what that paper contained."

"And after that minute is up?" "A bullet in your stomach." Quick as a flash Jim's hand shot out, caught the loosely held revolver, gave it a

backed toward the front entrance. "Au revoir, till we meet again, gentle-

wrench, and brought it down savagely upon

Braine's head. Then he reversed it and

ITO BE CONTINUED.



the blank sheet of paper.

"Secrets," said Jim, smiling.
"Humph!" Susan puttered about for a few minutes

terror stricken as she recalled Susan's act.

Jim had head enough to send for a special-

"O, yes. But she'll be a wreck for some

"No. We dare not call them in." said "That's your affair. I'll send down the