

# The Million Dollar Mystery

## By Harold MacGrath

### CHAPTER IV.

#### The Flat on the Top Floor.

Braine crawled from his uncomfortable hiding place. His clothes were soiled and damp, his hat gone. By a hair's breadth he had escaped the clever trail laid for him. Hargreave was alive, he had escaped; Braine was as certain of this fact as he was of his own breathing. He now knew how to account for the flickering light in the upper story of the warehouse. His ancient enemy had been watching him all the time. More than this, Hargreave and the meddling reporter were in collusion. In the flare of lights at the end of the gunplay he had caught the profile of the reporter. Here was a dangerous man, who must be watched with the utmost care.

He, Braine, had been lured to commit an overt act, and by the rarest good luck had escaped with nothing more serious than a cold chill and a painful disappointment.

He crawled along the top of the pier, listening, sending his dark-accustomed glance hither and thither. The sky in the east was growing paler and paler. In and out among the bales of wood, bags of coffee, and iron crates he slowly and cautiously worked his way. A watchman patrolled the office side of the warehouse, and Braine found it possible to creep around the other way, thence into the streets. After that he straightened up, sought a second hand shop and purchased a soft hat which he pulled down over his eyes.

He had half a dozen rooms which he always kept in readiness for such adventures as this. He rented them furnished in small hotels which never asked questions of their patrons. To one of these he went as fast as his weary legs could carry him. He always carried the key. Once in his room he dooned fresh wearing apparel, linen, shoes, and shaved. Then he proceeded down stairs, the second hand hat still shading his eyes and the upper part of his face.

At half past 12 Norton entered the Knickerbocker cafe-restaurant, and the first person he noticed was Braine, reading the morning's paper, propped up against the water carafe. Evidently he had just ordered, for there was nothing on his plate. Norton walked over and laid his hand upon Braine's shoulder. The man looked up with mild curiosity.

"Why, Norton, sit down, sit down! Have you had lunch. No? Join me!"

"Thanks. Come in for my breakfast," said Norton, drawing out the chair. Braine was sitting with his back to the wall on the lounge-seat.

"I wonder if you newspaper men ever eat a real, true honest breakfast. I should think the hours you lead would kill you off. Anything new on the Hargreave story?"

"I'm not handling that," the reporter lied cheerfully. "Didn't want to. I knew him rather intimately. I've a horror of dead people, and don't want to be called upon to identify the body when they find it."

"Then you think they will find it?"

"I don't know. It's a strange mix-up. I am not on the story, mind you; but I was in the locality of Duffy's warehouse late last night and fell in to a gunman rumpus."

"Yes, I read about that. What were they after?"

"You've got me there. No one seems to know. Some cock and bull story about there being something valuable. There was."

"What was it?" The report in this paper does not say.

"Ten thousand bags of coffee."

Braine lay back in his chair and

laughed.

"If you want my opinion," said Norton, "I believe the gunmen were out to shoot up another gang, and the police got wind of it."

Don't you think it about time the police called a halt in this gunnammatter.

"O, so long as they pot each other the police look the other way. It saves a long trial and passage up the river. Besides, whenever they are robbed some big politician managers to open the door for them. Great is the American voter."

"Take Mr. Norton's order, Luigi," said Braine.

"A German pancake, buttered toast, and coffee," ordered the reporter.

"Man, eat something!"

"It's enough for me."

"And you will go all the rest of the day on tobacco. I know something of you chaps. I don't see how you manage to do it."

"Food is the least of our troubles. By the way, may I ask you a few questions. Nothing for print, unless you've got a new book coming."

"Fire away."

"What do you know about the Princess Perigoff?"

"Let me see. H'm. Met her first about a year ago at a reception given to Nasimova. A very attractive woman. I see quite a lot of her. Why?"

"Well, she claims to be a sort of aunt to Hargreave's daughter."

"She said something to me about that the other night. You never know where you're at in the world, do you?"

The German pancake, the toast, the coffee disappeared, and the reporter passed his cigars.

"The president visits town today and I'm off to watch the show. I suppose I'll have to interview him about the tariff and all that rot. When you start on a new book let me know and I'll be your press agent."

"That's a bargain."

"Thanks for the breakfast."

Braine picked up his newspaper, smoked and read. He smoked, yes, but he only pretended to read. The young fool was clever, but no man is infallible. He had not the least suspicion; he saw only the newspaper story. Still in some manner he might stumble upon the truth, and it would be just as well to tie the reporter's hands effectually.

The rancor of early morning had been subdued, anger and quick temper never paid in the long run, and no one appreciated this fact better than Braine. To put Norton out of the way temporarily was only a wise precaution; it was not a matter of spite or reprisal.

He paid the reckoning, left the restaurant, and dropped into one of his clubs for a game of billiards. He drew quite a gallery about the table. He won easily, racked his cue, and sought the apartments of the princess.

While a piece of luck was that Olga had really married that old dotard, Perigoff! He had left her a title widow six months after her marriage. But she had had hardly a kopeck to call her own.

Olga, Hargreave is alive. He was there last night. But somehow he anticipated the raid and had the police in waiting. The question is, has he fooled us? Did he take that million or did he hide it? There is one thing left; to get that girl. No matter where Hargreave is hidden, the knowledge that she is in my hands will bring him out into the open."

"No more blind alleys."

"She has never seen her father. She confessed to me that she has not even seen a photograph of him."

There was a long pause.

"Do you understand me?" she asked.

"By the Lord Harry, I do. You've a head on you worth two of mine. The very simplicity of the idea will win out for us. Some one to pose as her father; a message handed in her in secret; dire misfortune if she whispers a word to anyone; that her father's life hangs upon the secrecy; she must confide in no one; least of all Jones, the butler. It all depends upon how the letter gets to her. Bred in the country, she probably sleeps with her window open. A pebble attached I'll trust this to no one; I'll do it myself. With the girl in our control the rest will be easy. If she really does not know where the money is, Hargreave will tell us. Great head, little woman, great head. She does not know her father's handwriting!"

"She has never seen a scrap of it. All that Miss Farlow ever received was money. The original note left on the doorstep with Florence has been lost. Trust me to make all these inquiries."

"Tomorrow night, then, immediately after dinner, a taxicab will await her just around the corner. Grange is the best man I can think of. He's an artist when it comes to playing the old man parts."

"Not too old, remember. Hargreave isn't over 45."

"Another good point. I'm going to stretch out here on the divan and snooze for a while. Had a devil of a time last night. Had a devil of a time last night."

"When shall I wake you?"

"At 6. We'll have an early dinner sent in. I want to keep out of everybody's way. By-by!"

In less than three minutes he was sound asleep. The woman gazed down at him in wonder and envy. If only she could drop to sleep like that! Very softly she pressed her lips to his hair.

At 11 o'clock the following night the hall light in the Hargreave house became dark. A shadow crept through the Hargreave bushes without any more sound than a cat would have made. Florence's window was open as the archconspirator had expected it would be. With a small string and stone as a sling he sent the letter whirling skilfully through the air. It sailed into the girl's room. The man below heard no sound of the stone hitting anything and concluded that it had struck the bed.

He waited patiently. Presently a mild voice of Jones.

"No. I got up to get a drink of water."

She heard his footsteps die away down the corridor. She trusted the letter into the pocket of her dress, which lay neatly folded on the chair at the foot of the bed, then climbed back into the bed itself. She must not tell even Mr. Norton.

Was the child spinning a romance over the first young man she had ever met? In her heart of hearts, the girl did not know.

The father?

She was going to save her father.

All day long Jones went about like an old hound with his nose to the wind. There was something in the air, but he could not tell what it was. Somehow or other, no matter how, Florence went into it, there was Jones within earshot. And she dared not show the least impatience or restiveness. It was a larger order for so young a girl, but she filled it.

She rather expected that the reporter would appear some time during the

conversation lasted scarcely a minute. The door closed and the man ran down the steps, across the lawn, with Braine close at his heels.

"Just a moment, Mr. Hargreave," he called ironically; "just a moment!"

The man he addressed as Hargreave turned with lightning rapidity had struck. The blow caught Braine above the ear, knocking him flat. Then he regained his feet the rumble of a motor told him the rest of the story.

By the dim light of her bedroom candle Florence read the note which had been entrusted so strangely and mysteriously into her room. Her father! He lived! He needed her! Alive but in dread peril, and only she could save him! She longed to fly to him at once, then and there. How could she wait till tomorrow night at 8? Immediately she began to plan how to circumvent the watchful Jones and the cunning Susan. Her father! She slept no more that night.

"My Darling Daughter—I must see you. Come at 8 o'clock tomorrow night to 78 Grove Street, third floor. Confide in no one, or you seal my death warrant."

"Your unhappy father."

What child would refuse to obey a summons like that?

A light tap on the door startled her.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the

maid voice of Jones.

"No. I got up to get a drink of water."

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row, God's y."

Jones hung up the receiver, sank into a chair near by and buried his face in his hands.

"What is it?" cried Susan, terrified by the haggardness of his face.

"She's gone! My God, those wretches have got her! They've got her!"

Florence was whirled away at top speed. Her father! She was actually on the way to her father, whom she had always loved in dreams, yet never seen.

Number 78 Grove street was not an attractive place, but when she arrived she was too highly keyed to take note of its sordidness. She was rather out of breath when she reached the door of the third floor. She knocked timidly. The door was instantly opened by a man who wore a black mask. She would have turned then and there and flown, but for the swift picture she had of a well dressed man on the table. He lay with his head upon his arms.

"Father!" she whispered.

Instead of terror, and extraordinary calm fell upon her.

"Very well father. I will go and get it." Gently she released herself from those horrible arms.

"Wait, my child, till I see" if they will let you go. They may wish to hold you as hostage."

When he was gone she tried the doors. They were locked. Then she crossed over to the window and looked out. A leap from there would kill her. She turned her gaze towards the lamp, wondering.

The false father returned dejectedly.

"Is it as I said. They insist upon sending someone. Write down the directions I gave to you. I am very weak!"

"Write down the directions yourself, father; you know them better than I." Since she saw no escape, she was determined to keep up the tragic farce no longer.

"I am not your father."

"So I see," she replied, still with the amazing calm.

Braine, in the other room, shook his head savagely. Father and daughter; the same steel in the nerves. Could they bend her? Would they have to break her? He did not wish to injure her bodily, but a million was always a million, and there was revenge which was worth itself. He listened, motioning to the others to be silent.

"Write the directions," commanded the secondhand who discarded the broken man's style.

"I know of no hidden money."

"Then your father dies this night. Grange put a whistle to his lips.

"Sign, write!"

"I refuse!"

"Once more. The moment I blow this whistle the men in the other room will understand that your father is to die. Be wise. Money is nothing; life is everything."

"I refuse!" Even as she had known this vile creature to be an impostor, so she knew that he lied, that her father was still free.

Grange blew the whistle. Instantly the room began to fill with masked men. But Florence was ready. She seized the lamp and hurled it to the floor, quite indifferently whether it exploded or went out. Happily for her it was extinguished. At the same moment she cast the lamp she caught hold of a chair, remembering the direction of the window. She was superhumanly strong in this moment. The chair went true. A crash followed.

"She has thrown herself out of the window!" yelled a voice.

Some one groped for the lamp. It lit, and turned in time to see Florence pass out of the room into that from which they had come. The door slammed. The surprised men heard the key click.

She was free. But she was no longer a child.

(Continued next Saturday.)

# THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

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### NERVOUS WOMEN

CAN ONLY FIND RELIEF BY TONING THE NERVES WITH NEW, RICH BLOOD.

The woman who "flies to pieces" over the least noise or excitement soon fades and loses her good looks. Dark rings appear under her eyes, the lines about her mouth and forehead deepen and lengthen, the eyes become sunken, the face drawn and the complexion sallow.

The trouble is nervousness and if the strain is not relieved and the nerves properly nourished, nervous collapse and years of sickness may easily follow.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will save you from this dreadful affliction. These Pills make the new rich blood that nourishes and tones the nerves and banishes every trace of nervousness. Mrs. Margaret Donley, Amherst, N. S., says: "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from the grave. I was taken down with nervous prostration, and for months was unable to walk. I slowly recovered until I was able to go about, but there the improvement ended. I was getting weaker and weaker until I could just get from the bed to a couch. The least noise would set me trembling all over, and often when I went to the table I would leave it hungry and yet unable to eat. Sometimes I was taken with smothering spells and felt as if I was going to die. At other times I would be so nervous that I could not hold any thing in my hands. I was doctoring all the time, but without benefit, and finally I made up my mind I would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were the first medicine that gave me any relief, and I was soon able to take a short walk. I continued using the Pills, gradually gaining new health and strength, until I finally felt as well as ever I did in my life. At the time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me I was living in Sackville, and my illness and cure was known to everyone in that place, and my friends, like myself believe the Pills saved my life."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### An Easy Way to Stop Head Noises

Good Advice For Those Who Fear Deafness

Men and women who are growing hard of hearing and who experience a stuffy feeling of pressure against their ear drums, accompanied by buzzing, rumbling sounds in their head like water falling or steam escaping should take prompt and effective measures to stop this trouble. Headnoises are almost invariably the forerunners of complete or partial deafness and most deaf people suffer from them constantly. Sometimes these noises become so distracting and nerve racking, with their never ceasing "hum" they drive the sufferer nearly frantic and complete nervous breakdown and even violent insanity have been known to result.

Thanks to a remarkable scientific discovery made recently in England it is now possible to almost instantly lessen the severity of these head noises and in a very short time to completely and permanently overcome them. With the disappearing of the head noises, the hearing also greatly improves and very frequently can be restored to normal. This English treatment is known as Parmit and can be easily and safely self administered at home. Leading druggists in Charlottetown and vicinity now have it in stock. Get from your druggist 1 oz. Parmit (Double Strength) and mix it at home with 1-4 pint of hot water and 4 oz. of granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved and then take one tablespoonful four times a day until the noises disappear and hearing improves. Parmit is used double strength in this way not only to reduce, by tonic action, the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian tube and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear and the results it gives are both remarkably quick and effective.

"IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parmit always specify that you want double strength; your druggist has it or he can get it for you; if not, send 75c. to the International Laboratories, 74 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P. Q., who make a specialty of it."

### FREE XMAS GIFTS TO ALL BOYS AND GIRLS

between the ages of Twelve and Sixteen

## One Million Xmas Gifts TO BE GIVEN AWAY

BOYS AND GIRLS

Write to me and learn how to get the present you desire.

As the great European War is likely to deprive many of you of the present you must desire for Xmas, I want you to write and tell me all about yourself and just what present you want for Xmas.

To be quite certain that the present you write for is suitable for you, you must tell me all about your home and whether this present is for yourself or somebody you love very much.

You must write me a very nice letter and get Mother or Father or somebody else to help you. Address your letter to:—

HEADQUARTERS, SANTA CLAUS, TORONTO, ONT.

Dept. H53

### If You Want Results Purchase Printing With a "PUNCH" to it---

Every piece of printing that bears your name is either a good or a bad piece of advertising. There is no such thing in the printing art as a profitable piece of commonplace printing---there is no safe intermediary course.

Don't overlook the fact that your business and yourself are judged by your printing---good or bad. You cannot afford to permit your printing to be a laughing, talking advertisement of your lack of appreciation for the most essential elements to commercial success.

Your printing to be profitable must have character---individuality---must have a "Punch and Snap" to it. If it does not "Stand out" it will be buried in the oblivion of the commonplace.

For five years I have planned systematically---labored methodically with but one object: To eventually have the most up-to-date printing and book-binding plant in Prince Edward Island. I have equipped my plant with labor-saving machinery---with "Type material that talk"---with presses and ruling machines that do the work in a credible manner---with punching and wire stitching machines---and, last but not least, I am now installing a modern style embossing press.

I am in a position to do the highest class of printing, book-binding, and loose-leaf work---at a price that will compare favorably with any printing house in Canada. I charge an honest price---I pay an honest wage to my employees---the more work I get, the more local help I can employ, and with my present facilities, I can handle an almost unlimited quantity of work.

Better call, write, or phone me regarding that job---it will pay you.

### ARCHIBALD IRWIN

King's Printer  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

13 Richmond St.—Phone 201—J.

5561-11-19M6i.

### See These Pictures at The People's Theatre