The publication of "The Million-Dollar Mystery" began Aug. 1 in The Advertiser. The story will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks with the Thanhouser Film Company It has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper, but also to see it each week in the Advertiser district. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given.

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 drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story: weltten by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thanhouser Film Company, either at Chicago or New York, two weeks after the last installment is published in this paper. Advertises would have to submit their solutions on or before January 14.

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. 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 mystery, will be presented in the theatres having this feature as soon as It is prac. corresponding to three motion pic tures will appear in The Advertiser coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practical, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Harold 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 with the mystery as an aid to a solution: No. 1-What becomes of the millionaire?

No. 2-What Becomes of the No. 3-Whom does Florence mar-

No. 4-What becomes of the Russlan countess? Nobobdy connected either directly or indirectly with "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

(Copyright, 1914, By Harold MacGrath.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS cluse for eighteen years. Hargreave one one,

After the meeting, during which neither man apparently recognizes the other, Hargreave hurries to his mag-nificent Riverdale home and lays plans his time. Braine and members of his band sur-round Hargreave's home at night, but paper may have drawn him. He may

\$10,000 FOR 100 WORDS outside see the balloon leave the roof, at seeing himself checkmated. Again, think. Every morning the whole thing may have been worked wrinkle I go to bed with. one announced the balloon had been we can't tell. But we can do what in I've made three moves and failed in punctured and dropped into the sea.

Florence arrives from the girls' school.

Florence arrives from the girls' school. ts her and claims to be a relative. Two before.

> Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Princess Olga also visits the Orient's captain and she easily falls into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abortive through Braine's good luck and only hirelings fall into the hands of the the apartment became dark.

After falling in their first attempt, the She dragged him across the room. "Over Black Hundred trap Florence. They the way, the house with the marble ask her for money, but she escapes, frontage." again foiling them.

ence the next day, once more safe at a cavity takes a box. Pursued by mem- was. "Every night after you leave he get her to go?" bers of the Black Hand who have been appears. watching his movements, he rushes to the water front. A thrilling race in sets fire to the pursuing boat.

[Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath.] CHAPTER VI.

"Did you get the range?" asked the countess, when late that night Braine recounted his adventure. "Range!" he snarled.

haven't I just told you that I had to fight for my life" My boat was in flames. We had to swim for it till we were picked up by a Long Island barge tug. don't know what became of the motorman. He must have headed straight for And I'm glad he did. Otherwise he'd be howling for the price of another boat. Olga, for the first time I've had to let one of the boys have a look at my face. Doesn't know the name; but one of these days he'll stumble across it, and the result will be blackmail, unless I push him off into the dark. It was accidental." The countess leaned forward, her

hands tightly clenched. "But the box! Braine made a gesture of despair.

"Leo, are you using any drug these

"Don't make fun of me. Olga." impatiently. "Did you ever see me drink nore than a pint of wine or smoke more than two cigars in an evening? Poor What! Let my brain go into the wastebasket for the sake of an hour or so of exhilaration? No, and neverwill I. I'm keen about the grey matter I've got, and by the Lord Harry, I'm going to keep it. There's only one done fiend in the Hundred, and he's one of the best decoys we have; so we let him have his coke whenever he really needs it. But this man Felton has seen my Some day he'll see it again, ask questions, and then . . . . "Then what?"

'A burial at sea," he laughed. The laughter died swiftly as it came. "Threw Stanley Hargreave, millionaire, after it into eight hundred feet of water, on a a miraculous escape from the den of the bar where the sands are always shifting: gang of brilliant thieves known as the He'll never find it, even if he took the Hundred, lives the life of a re- range. He could not have got a decent The sun was dropping and the Broadway restaurant and shadows were long. He threw the chest there comes face to face with the gang's into the water and then began pegging during which away at us, cool as you please, and fired our tank.

"It looks to me as if he had wasted for making his escape from the coun-try. He writes a letter to the girls' and the gatepost, I've a sneaking idea school in New Jersey where eighteen years before he had mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. He also pays a visit honestly attempting to find a new hiding honestly attempting to find a new hiding place; the advertisement in the news-

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smooth bits of solid choco-

late--and they're so whole-

some and nourishing too.

which Hargreave was known to have up for our benefit, a blind. But if that's

bogus detectives call, but their plot is Olga caught his hand and drew him folled by Norton, a newspaperman.

By bribing the captain of the Orient bother you tonight, but it may mean something vital." 'What?" alertly.

> to the light button. She pressed it and cigar. "Come over to the window, quick!"

A man emerged, lit a cigarette, and we know about? Norton and the countess call on Flor- walked leisurely down the street. "No!" she cried, as Blaine turned to home. The visitors having gone, Jones make for the door, doubtless with the tle where sometimes people who enter

'Does he follow me?"

"No. And that's what bothered me must have her soon. Sometimes I findmotor-boats ensues. Jones drops the box at first. I believed he was watching myself mightily puzzled over the whole into the sea and with his automatic some apartment above. But regularly thing. If Hargreave is alive, why doesn't when I turn out the light he comes he turn up now that it's practically

"I wish you could rub out the general drawn that day was gone. Then some the case, Jones has us on the hip, for stupidity which is wrinkling my brain. night city editor.

Princess Olga, Braine's companion, vis- to do-watch him just as shrewdly as "Perhaps you've had too many successes. The wheel of chance is always editor. turning around."

"May I smoke?" have some consideration for me. You gunman in town." would smoke whether it was agreeable For reply she rose and walked over or not. But I like the odor of a good And it always helps you to

> Braine lit the cigar and began his customary pacing. At length he paused. "Suppose we have a real old-fashioned coaching party out to the old mansion

"And what shall we do there?" "Make the mansion an enchanted casremoves a section of flooring, and from intention of finding out who this man can't get out. Do you think you could.

> "I can try. "Olga, I must have that girl; and I

"How much do you want?" asked the

"Column and a half." "Off with your glad rags!" "Anything good?" asked the managing

"The lid has been jammed on tight. No wine in any restaurant after 1 "Thanks. At least it proves you still o'clock, There'll be a roundup of every "Good work! Go to it."

It was 1 o'clock when Norton turned in his last sheet of copy and started for home. Just outside the entrance to the building a man with a slouch hat drawn down over his eyes stepped forward.

"Mr Norton?"

"Yes." Norton stepped back suspiclously. The other chuckled, raised and lowered his hat swiftly. 'Good Lord!" murmured the report-

"Will you take a ride with me in a taxi?

"All the way to Syracuse, if you say Well, I'll be tinker damned!" "No names, please!"



IT IS I, JIM. DO NOT SPEAK, OR MAKE, THE LEAST NOISE.

as they enter the house the watchers have thrown the box over in pure rage forth. So there's no doubt that he watches you enter and takes note of our departure." 'But doesn't follow me. That's odd

What the devil is his idea?' "I'd give a good deal to learn." The shadow and the glowing cigarette disappeared around the corner, and the lights in the apartment were turned on

"He's gone. You really think he's "He is watching this apartment, know that much. And even at that moment the watche

"Suspicions!" he murmured tossing the cigarette into the gutter. "They're with the five thousand, picked up at sea? watching me for a change. I'll drop out. I know what I know. It's a great world, that box out in broad daylight? Who is It's fine to be alive and kicking on top took the subway train for downtown. "Is there any way I could get near

the janitor's entrance. I'll keep the lights on till you're outside. Then I'll turn them off and you can follow and learn who he is."

'It's mighty important."

He laughed. "Wrinkles!" She could killed." talk of wrinkles! "They are more important than you

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was watching from his vantage behind his household? I might understand it if didn't know that Hargreave is really What was the reason for Jones carrying the chap watching across the street? Sometimes I believe in my soul-if I have one!-that Hargreave is playing with us, playing! Well," flinging the half-consumed cigar into the grate, "the "Tomorrow night you might leave by Black Hundred always goes forward, win or lose, and never forgets." "We are a fine pair!" said the woman

"We are exactly what fate intended us to be. They wrote you down in the 'Don't scowl. At your age a wrinkle book as a beautiful lady with a crooked of the streets toward the country to is apt to remain if you once get it mind. They wrote me down as the devil. mind. They wrote me down as the devil. doomed to roam earth's top till I'm of the horn. Florence's enjoyment

who dies in bed, surrounded by the ask because she did not care to dispilliards or chess to smooth that wrinkle

as a mighty racket. Midnight always neans pandemonium in the city room of a metropolitan daily. Copy boys were rushing to and fro, messengers and crinters with sticky galleys in their hands; reporters were banging away at their typewriters, and intermingling you could hear the ceaseless clickety click from the telegraph room. The managing editor came out of his

night city editor 'Editorial page gone down?" "Twenty minutes ago," said the night "I wanted a stick on that Panama

'Too late.' 'Where's Jim Norton?" 'At the chamber of commerce bar The major is going to throw a

omb into the enemy's camp. 'Nothing on the Hargreave stuff?' 'No. Guess I'd better put that in the subbyhole. He's dead.' "No will found yet?"

'Not a piece as big as a postage That will leave the girl in a tough place. No will, no birth certificate; and worst of all, no photograph of the old man himself. I don't see why Jim sidestepped this affair. He, the only man in town, who knew anything about Har-

to cover it on his own, turn the yarn over when he's got it, no false alarms." 'Ah! So that's the game? "Yes: and Jim is the sort every paper needs. When the time comes the story turns up, if there is one. Here he is now. Looks like an acter in the fourth

Norten came in through the outer gates. He was in evening clothes, top

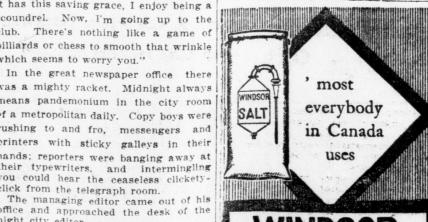
act of a drama. Good-looking chap,

What took place in that taxicab was never generally known. But at 10 o'clock the next morning Norton surprised the elevator boy by going out. Norton proceeded downstairs to the National Bank, where he deposited \$5,000 in bills of large denominations. where he deposited The teller had some difficulty in counting them. They stuck together tained the sodden appearance of money and retained the sodden appearance of noney recently submerged in water.

Florence was delighted at the idea hool girl days she had seen the fashnable coaches go careening along the oad, with the sharp, clear note of the ugle rising above the thunder of hoofs and rattling of wheels. Jones was not his hands by the regular servant. He ithusiastic; neither was he a killjoy. "But you are to go along, too," said

"I, Miss Florence?" "The countess invited you especially. ou will go with a hamper 'Ah, in my capacity as butler; very

good, Miss Florence." To her he gave o sign of his secret satisfaction The hour arrived, and the gay party bowled away. They wound in and out would have been perfect had it not been for the absence of Norton, Why "Why, yes. I'm not the kind of chap hagn't he been invited? She did rot close to the countess her interest in the reporter. They were nearing the



**WINDSOR** TABLE SALT



avoid an automobile in trouble. The look in his eyes. man puttering at the engine 14'sed his head. It was Norton, and Floieare waved her hand vigorously.

"A coaching party," he murmured; "and your Uncle James was not invited! O, very well!" He laughed, and suddenly grew serious. It would not hurt to find out where that coach was going.

He set to work savagely, located the trouble, righted it, and set off for the Hargreave home. He found Susan and to Susan came with the rapidity of rain upon the roof. "So Jones went along?"

"In his capacity of butler only." Norton smiled. "Well I'll take a of the location?"

"Well, good-bye. I'll go as a waiter, since they wouldn't invite me. I'm one of the best little waiters you ever heard of; and all things come to him who

What a pleasant, affable young man he was! thought Susan as she watched him jumped into the car and go flying up the street. Jones was a good deal surprised when Norton turned up at the old Chil-

ton\_maner\_ "What made you come here dressed like this?" the butler demanded "I'm a suspicious duffer; maybe that's the reason "

"Well, no; I can't say that I do. But, hang it, I just had to come out here." "Maybe it's just as well you did," said Jones moodily. "I know this place. The housekeep-

"Do you know anything?

er used to be my nurse, and if she is still on the job she may be of service to us. You don't think they'll question or recognize me?' "Hardly. I'll put in a word for you.

I'll say I sent for you, not knowing if we had enough servants to take care of the luncheon. "And now I'll go and hunt up Meg." Sure enough, his old nurse was still

in charge of the house; and when her

'baby" disclosed his identity she all but fell upon his neck. "But what are you doing here, dressed up as a waiter?" "It's a little secret, Meg. I wasn't invited, and the truth is I'm very des-

perately in love with the young lady in whose honor this coaching party is being given. And . . . maybe she's in danger. "Danger? What about?" "The Lord only knows. But show m about the house. I've not been here in so long I've forgotten the run of it.

that turned. Have they changed them? "No: it is just the same here as it used to be. Come along and I'll show

remember one room with the secret

panel and another with a painting

Norton inspected the rooms carefully, stowing away in his mind every detail. He might be worrying about nothing: but so many strange things had happened that it was better to be on the carelessness. He left the house and ran across Jones carrying a basket of

"Here, Norton; take this to the party. I want to reconneiter." "All right, m'lud! Say, Jones, how much do you think I'd earn at this

"Get along with you, Mr. Norton. It may be the time to laugh, and then it

may not." "I'm going back into the house and hide behind a secret panel. I've got my revolver. You go to the stables and take a try at my car; see if she works smoothly. We may have to do some

hiking. Where is the countess in this?" "Leave that to me, Mr. Norton," said the butler with his grim smile. "Be a coaching party. Often during her off; they are moving back toward the

> So Norton carried the basket around to the lawn, where it was taken from sighed as he saw Florence, laughing and chatting with a man who was a stranger and whom he heard addressed as count. Some friend of the countess, no doubt. Where was all this tangle doing to end? He wished he knew. And what a yarn he was going to write some day! It would be read like one of Gaboriau's tales. He turned away to wander idly about the grounds, when beyond a clump of cedars he saw three or four men conversing lowly. He got as near as possible, for when three or four men put their heads together and whisper animatedly, it usually means a poker game or something worse. He caught a phrase or two as it came down the wind, and then he knew that the vague suspicions that had brought him out here had

been set in motion by fate. He heard "Florence" and "the old drawingroom"; and that was enough. He scurried about for Jones. It was pure luck that he had had old Meg show him through the house, otherwise he would have forgotten all about the secret panel in the wall and the paintng. Jones shrugged resignedly. Were these men of the countess' party? Noron couldn't say.

Norton made his hiding place in safety; and by and by he could hear the guests moving about in the room. Then all sounds ceased for a while. Norton strained his ear against the panel. A door closed sharply.

No; here you must ady." said a man's voice. "What do you mean, sir? demanded the beloved voice.

"It means that no one will return to this room and that you will not be missed until it is too late." The sound of voices stopped abruptly, and something like scuffling ensued. Later Norton heard the back of a chair

strike the panel and some one sat

heavily upon it. He waited perhaps

five minutes; then he gently slid back the panel. Florence sat bound and gagged under his very eyes! It was out the work of a moment to liberate "It is I, Jim. Do not speak or the least noise. Follow me." Greatly astonished, Florence obeyed; and the panel slipped back into place. The room behind the secret panel had

barred windows. To Florence it appeared to be a real prison. "How did you get here?" she breathlessly. "Something told me to follow you. And something is always going to tell

She pressed his hand. It as if one of those book heroes had

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing just now. The idea is to get out of here just as quickly as we can. See this painting?" He touched a spot on the wall and the painting slowly swung out like a door. "Come; we make our escape to the side lawn from here."

At the stable they were confronted jested and laughed with her company with the knowledge that Norton's car who were quite unaware that a drama was out of commission; Jones could do was being enacted right under their nothing with it. Then Norton sug- very noses. The countess, while she bombarded her with questions, which gested that he make an effort to com- acted superbly, tore her handkerchief mandeer the limousine of the countess; into shreds. There was something but they were men about, so the lim- sinister in the way all their plans fel ousine was out of the question.

jaunt out there myself. You are sure dled. How about these people, the this warfare, which gradually deci owners.

"Oh, they are beyond reproach. They have doubtless been imposed upon. But let us get aboard first. There will be front where the picnickers are. There's the shrubbery at the roadside. a lane back of the stable, and a slight detour brings us back into the main you are road.'

The three mounted and chattered

"Do you think so?" with a strange prank. She was beginning to have

such confidence in these two inventive men that she felt as if she was never going to be afraid any more. When the Countess Olga saw the three horses it was an effort not to fly into a rage. But secretly she warned

her people, who presently gave chase

through at the very moment of con-"Horses! whispered Jones. "There summation; and that night she deterare several saddle horses, already sad- mined to ask Braine to withdraw from mated their numbers without getting them anywhere toward the goal.

Jones shouted that the limousine wa tearing down the road. Something mus time to talk later. I'll have to do some be done to stop it. He suggested that explaining, taking these nags off like he drop behind, leave his horse, and this. We won't have to ride out in take a chance at potting a tire from "Keep going. Don't stop, Norton, till ou are back in town. I'll manage t take good care of myself.

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effectually cures green-sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassissue tude in young women, and restores them to phumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my as if one of those book heroes had stepped out of a book; only book heroes had tremendous fortunes and danged hero "The Count Norfeldt. Some one has MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 12 . . . . . WINDOOR, ONTAR O

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