

THE ALMANACE GLEANER.

VOL. XL

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1914

NO. 43

JUST ONE WORD that will do it
Tutt's
It refers to Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills and means their health.

Are you constipated?
Troubled with indigestion?
Stick headache?
Vertigo?
Biliousness?
Insomnia?
Any of these symptoms and many others indicate infection of the LIVER.

You Need Tutt's Pills
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One Block South of Passenger Depot. Newly Furnished, Bath and Steam Heat.

European Plan 50 and 35 cents. American 1.50 and 2.00 per day. Special prices by week or month.

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FREE VEST POCKET BOOKLET OF POLITICAL INFORMATION.

We take pleasure in announcing that any of our readers can secure an instructive vest pocket booklet of political information and calendars for 1915 and 1916 by sending three one-cent stamps to D. Swift & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Booklet states popular vote cast in each State for Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft in 1912, the election results in 1908, the number of Democrats and Republicans elected by each State to the Senate and House in 1912, 1910 and 1908, a synopsis of the life of each President from Washington to Wilson. It also gives household recipes, business laws, patent laws, the population of each State in 1890, 1900 and 1910, the population of about 30 of the largest cities in each State, and contains directions for home-memoranda. This useful and instructive little book would cost 25c at any book store.

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If your hair is gray, streaked with gray, white, brittle, falling out, itching scalp or dandruff, apply Q-Ban hair color restorer to gray hair and scalp. Not a dye, it brings to the hair surface the original color nature gave your hair. Makes gray hair brown, black, auburn or its original color at 11 or 12 years of age. Never falls. Perfectly harmless, delightful to use. Q-Ban makes hair soft, full of life. Beautiful. Stops dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. Complete directions for home-treatment of the hair with each bottle. 50c for a 1 1/2 oz. bottle. Sold by Alamance Pharmacy, Graham, N. C.

Out of town people supplied by mail. 13nov14. adv.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAG GRATH

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

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

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. It is not difficult to traverse a known path; no matter how dark it is, one is able to find the way by the aid of a mental photograph taken in the daytime. But supposing you have never been over the road in the daytime, that you know nothing whatever of its topography, where it dips or rises, where it narrows or forks. You find yourself in the same unhappy state of mind as a blind man suddenly thrust into a strange house.

One black night, along a certain country road in the heart of New Jersey, in the days when the only good roads were city thoroughfares and country highways were routes to limbo, a carriage went forward cautiously. From time to time it crept like a blunt-nosed barge in a beam sea. The wheels and springs voiced their anguish continually; for it was a good carriage, unaccustomed to such ruts and hummocks.

"Faster, faster!" came a muffled voice from the interior.
"Sir, I dare not drive any faster," replied the coachman. "I can't see the horses' heads, sir, let alone the road. I've blown out the lamps, but I can't see the road any better for that."

"Let the horses have their heads; they'll find the way. It can't be much farther. You'll see lights."
The coachman swore in his teeth. All right. This man who was in such a hurry would probably send them all into the ditch. Save for the few stars above, he might have been driving Beelzebub's coach in the bottomless pit. Black velvet, everywhere black velvet. A wind was blowing, and yet the blackness was so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of mild autofication.

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. The man in the carriage balanced himself carefully, so that the bundle in his arms should not be unduly disturbed. His arms ached. He struck his head out of the window.

"That's the place," he said. "And when you drive up make as little noise as you can."
"Yes, sir," called down the driver.
When the carriage drew up at its journey's end the man inside jumped out and hastened toward the gates. He scrutinized the sign on one of the posts. This was the place: MISS FARLOW'S PRIVATE SCHOOL.

The bundle in his arms stirred and he hurried up the path to the door of the house. He seized the ancient knocker and struck several times. He then placed the bundle on the steps and ran back to the waiting carriage, into which he stepped.
"Of which you!"
"That's a good word, sir. Maybe we can make your train."
"Do you think you could find this place again?"
"You couldn't get me on this pike again, sir, for a thousand; not me!"
The door slammed and the unknown sank back against the cushions. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the damp perspiration from his forehead. The big burden was off his mind. Whatever happened in the future, they would never be able to get him through his heart. So much for the folly of his youth.

It was a quarter after ten. Miss Susan Farlow had just returned to the reception room from her nightly tour of the upper halls to see if all her charges were in bed, where the rules of the school confined them after 9:30. It was at this moment that she heard the thunderous knocking at the door. The old maid felt her heart stop beating for a moment. Who could it be, at this time of night? Then the thought came swiftly that perhaps the parent of some one of her charges was ill and this was the summons. Still, her fears, she went resolutely to the door and opened it.

"Who is it?" she called.

"Why, You Cherub!" cried the Old Maid.

"Never mind, aunty," said Florence; "I shall always come back to see you." She meant it, poor child; but how was she to know the terrors which lay beyond the horizon?

The house of Stanley Hargrave, in Riverside, was the house of no ordinary rich man. Outside it was simple enough, but within you learned what kind of a man Hargrave was. There were rare Ispahans and Saruks on the floors and tapestries on the walls, and here and there a fine painting. The library itself represented a fortune. Money had been laid out lavishly but never wastefully. It was the home of a scholar, a dreamer, a wide traveler.

In the library stood the master of the house, idly fingering some papers which lay on the study table. He shrugged at some unpleasant thought, he settled his overcoat about his shoulders, took up his hat, and walked down the room, frowning slightly. The butler, who also acted in the capacity of valet, always within call when his master was about, stepped swiftly to the hall door and opened it.

"I may be out late, Jones," said Hargrave.
"Yes, sir," called down the driver.
Hargrave started into his face keenly, as if trying to pierce the grave face to learn what was going on behind him.
"How long have you been with me?"
"Forteen years, sir."
"Some day I shall need you."
"My life has always been at your disposal, sir, since that night you rescued me."
"Well, I haven't the least doubt that when I ask you will give."
"Without question, sir. It was always so understood."
Hargrave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man. He laughed, but the sound conveyed no sense of mirth; then he turned and went down the steps slowly, like a man burdened with some big thing so understood.

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"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."
He left the table with evident reluctance and approached Hargrave. The two shook hands cordially, for the elder man was rather fond of this medley of information known as Jim Norton.

"Sit down, boy; sit down. You're just the kind of a man I've been wanting to talk to tonight."
"Wouldn't you rather talk to a pretty woman?"
"I'm an old man."
"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff,

No one answered. She cupped her hand to her ear. She could hear the clatter of horses dimly.
"Well," she exclaimed; rather angrily, too.
She was in the act of closing the door when the light from the hall discovered to her the bundle on the steps. She stooped and touched it.
"Good heavens, it's a child!"
She picked the bundle up. A whimper came from it, a tired little whimper of protest. She ran back to the reception room. A foalings! And on her doorstep! It was incredible. What in the world should she do? It would create a scandal and hurt the prestige of the school. Some one had mistaken her select private school for a farmhouse. It was frightful.

Then she unwrapped the child. It was about a year old, dimpled and golden haired. A thumb was in its crooked mouth and its blue eyes looked up trustfully into her own.
"Why, you cherub!" cried the old maid, a strange turmoil in her heart. She caught the child to her breast, and then for the first time noticed the thick envelope pinned to the child's cloak. She put the baby into a chair and broke open the envelope.

"Name the child Florence Gray. I will send annually a liberal sum for her support and reclaim her for her eighteenth birthday. The other half of the enclosed bracelet will identify me. Treat the girl well, for I shall watch over her in secret."

Into the fixed routine of her humdrum life had come a mystery, a tantalizing, fascinating mystery. She had read of foalings left on doorsteps—from paper covered novels that one should be placed upon her own respectable doorstep! Suddenly she smiled down at the child and the child smiled back. And there was nothing more to be done except to wait the decrees of fate. Like all prim old maids, her heart was full of unrequited romance, and here was something she might spend its floods upon without let or hindrance. Already she was hoping that the man or woman who had left it might never come back.

The child grew. Regularly each year, upon a certain date, Miss Farlow received a registered letter with money. These letters came from all parts of the world; always the same sum, always the same line—"I am watching."

Thus seventeen years passed; and to Susan Farlow each year seemed shorter than the one before. For she loved the child with all her heart. She had not trained young girls all these years without becoming adept in the art of reading the true signs of breeding. There was no ordinary blood in Florence; the fact was emphasized by her exquisite face, her small hands and feet, her spirit and gentleness.

And now, at any day, some one with a broken bracelet might come for her. His arms ached, so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of mild autofication.

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"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."
"I do not usually care to meet strangers."
"Make an exception this once," said the reporter, who had seen Braine's eyes change and was curious to know why the appearance of Hargrave in the mirror had brought about that mental gleam. Here were two unique men; he desired to see them face to face.

"This once. My fault; I ought not to be here; I feel out of place. What a life, though, you reporters lead! To meet kings and presidents and great marshals, socialists and anarchists, the whole scale of life, and to slap these people on the back as if they were everyday friends!"
"Now you're making fun of me. For one king there are always twenty thick brogans ready to kick me down the steps; don't forget that."
Hargrave laughed. "Come, then; let us get it over with."
The introductions were made. Norton felt rather chagrined. So far as he could see, the two men were total strangers. Well, it was all in the game. Nine out of ten opportunities for the big story were fake alarms; but he was always willing to risk the labor these nine entailed for the sake of the tenth.

A length Braine glanced at his watch, and the princess nodded. Adieux were said. Inside the taxicab Braine leaned back with a deep, audible sigh.
"What is it?" she asked.
"The luck of the devil's own," he said. "I'm a reporter for years, I've tramped about seas and continents, through valleys and over mountains—for what? For the sight of the face of that man we have just left. At first glance I wasn't sure; but the sound of his voice was enough. Olga, the next time you see that reporter, kiss me for me, and tell him I'm here. What did I tell you? Without Norton's help I would not have been sure. I'm going to leave you at your apartment."
"The man of the Black Hundred?" she whispered.
"The man who deserted and defied the Black Hundred, who broke his parole and never paid a kopeck for the privilege; the man who had been appointed for the supreme work and who ran away. In those days we needed men of his stamp, and to accomplish this end."
"There was a woman," she interrupted, with a touch of bitterness.
"Always the devil's own. And she was as clever and handsome as you are."
"Thank. Sometimes."
"Ah, yes!" ironically. "Sometimes you wish you could settle down, marry and have a family! Your domesticity would last about a month."
She made no retort because she recognized the truth of this statement.

"There's an emerald I know of," he said. "It's quite possible that you may be wearing it with in a few days."
"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."
"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were orientals. Here are your ears. I'll see you later. We might meet again. Good-night!"
She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any jewel. She knew him to be a great and daring rogue, cunning, patient, fearless. Packed away in that mind of his were a thousand and a hundred schemes which had roused fully the police of two continents. Braine! She could have laughed. The very name he had chosen was an insolence directed at society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A flight of stairs carried him into a dimly lighted room. He had a key in his hand. He unlocked the door with a series of light blows; two, then one, then three, and again one. The door opened and he slipped inside. Round a table sat several men, also masked. They were all tried and trusted rogues; but not one of them knew what Braine looked like. He alone remained unknown save to the man designated as the chief, who was only Braine's lieutenant. The mask was the insignia of the Black Hundred, an organization with all the ramifications of the Camorra without their abiding stupidity. For the assassination of a king, down to the robbery of a country post office, nothing was too good or too small for their nets. Their god dwells in the hearts of all men and is called greed.



The Introductions Were Made.

belonged to no club. Two months was the longest time he had ever remained in New York since the disposal of his old home in Madison avenue and his resignation from his club. This once, then, he would break the law he had written down for himself. Boldly he entered the restaurant.

Some time before Hargrave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands which lay clasped upon the table were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested hidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and mutable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

"They were at coffee when she said: 'There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you.'"
The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.
"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 saw the fellow, did you? He came some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"
"Good evening, Mr. Braine," the reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigoff, Norton. You're in no hurry, are you?"
"Not now," smiled the reporter.
"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It meant on the part of Susan Farlow great respect.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked gaily with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was assumed, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thatch of salt and pepper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on poisons and the uses of them, and it was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He lived well, but inconspicuously.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eye became cold. Over the smoke of his cigarette he was looking into the wall mirror. A man had passed behind him and sat down at the next table. Still gazing into the mirror, Braine saw Norton wave his hand; saw also the open water on the reporter's pleasant face.

"Who is your friend, Norton?" Braine asked indifferently, his head still turned.
"Stanley Hargrave. Met him in Hongkong when I was sent over to handle a part of the revolution. War correspondence stuff. First time I ever ran across him on Broadway at night. We've since had some pow-pows over some rare books. Queer old cock; brave as a lion, but as quiet as a mouse."
"Bookish, eh? My kind. Bring him over." Underneath the table Braine maneuvered to touch the foot of the princess.

"I don't know," he said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us. He's a bit of a hermit. I'm surprised to see him here."
"Try," urged the princess. "I like to meet men who are hermits."
"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."
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Hargrave reached home at night. He put the money in the safe and was telephoning when Jones entered and handed his master an unstamped note.
"Where did you get this?"
"At the door, sir. I judge that the house is surrounded."
Hargrave read the note. It stated briefly that all his movements during the day had been noted. It was known that he had collected a million in paper money. If he surrendered this he would be allowed twenty-four hours before the real chase began. Otherwise he should die before midnight. Hargrave crushed the note in his hand.

And the spider wove his web. Hargrave reached home at night. He put the money in the safe and was telephoning when Jones entered and handed his master an unstamped note.
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Mr. Samuel Watkins, one of Henderson's leading merchants, died suddenly at his place of business.
Bids for the construction of the new \$700,000 government-owned postoffice at Winston will be opened in the office of the supervising architect at Washington on January 1.
Engineer Paul Daugherty was instantly killed and three others injured when a logging train wrecked at Pensacola.
Durham has raised over a thousand dollars for the Belgian relief fund.
Fire destroyed the Cerro Gordo lumber mills near Whiteville recently. Loss estimated at \$70,000.
W. H. Eaton and Floyd R. Farnham of the dairying division of the North Carolina experiment station are conducting some experiments in cheese making. The experiments are being made with special reference to the western part of the state.
Superintendent J. Y. Joyner has purchased a farm of 240 acres near Kinston.
"Bud" Fisher, famous Mut and Jeff cartoonist, is hunting in Lenoir county.
Secretary Houston of the department of Agriculture told Representatives Page that he will speak at Aberdeen on the 16th. A meeting of farmers and business men will welcome him there. From Aberdeen Mr. Houston goes to South Carolina and Georgia.
The Baptist state debt on missions is \$5,600. The deficit will be reported at the meeting of the state convention which meets in Raleigh last Tuesday unless the deficit is raised in the meantime.
Former President William H. Taft will deliver three lectures to the students of the University of North Carolina March 17, 18 and 19 of next year, according to an announcement by the university authorities.
Henderson county produced 100,000 bushels of corn this year.
Secretary of state J. Bryan Grimes is spending several days at his home at Grimesland, Pitt county, looking after his extensive farming interests there.
Gaston has organized a juvenile protective society.
DeWitt's Little Early Risers, The Famous Nutty Riders,

had been trapped by a band of brilliant thieves. Kidnapers and assassins for hire; the Black Hundred; flenda from Tophet! For nearly eighteen years he had eluded them, for he knew that directly or indirectly they would never cease to hunt for him; and an idle whim had toppled him into their clutches.
He wrote several letters feverishly. The last was addressed to Miss Susan Farlow and read: "Dear Madam: Send Florence Gray to New York, to arrive here Friday morning. My half of the bracelet will be identification. Inclosed find cash to square accounts." He would get together all his available funds, recover his child, and fly to the ends of the world. He would thank them out. They would find that the peaceful dog was a bad animal to rouse. He rang for the faithful Jones, "Jones, they have found me," he said simply.
"You will need me, then?"
"Quite possible. Please mail these and then we'll talk it over. No doubt some one is watching outside. Be careful."
"Very good, sir,"
Hargrave bowed his head in his

hands. Many times he had journeyed to the school and hung about the gates, straining his eyes toward the merry groups of young girls. Which among them was his heart of his heart, blood of his blood? That she might never be drawn into this abominable tangle, he had resolutely torn her out of his life completely. The happiness of watching the child grow into girlhood had denied him self. She at least would be safe. Only when she was safe in a far country would he dare tell her. He tried in vain to conjure up a picture of her; he always saw the mother whom he had loved and hated with all the ardor of his youth.
Many things happened the next day. There was a visit to the hangar of one William Girt, the aviator, famous for his daredevil exploits. There were two visitors, in fact, and the second visitor was knocked down for his pains. He had tried to bribe Ota.
There were several excited bankers, who protested against such large withdrawals without the usual formal announcement. But a check was a check, and they had to pay.
Hargrave covered a good deal of ground, but during all this time his right hand never left the automatic in his sweater pocket, except at those moments when he was obliged to sign his checks. He would shoot and make inquiries afterward.
Far away a young girl and her companion got on the train which was to carry her to New York, the great dream city she was always longing to see.
And the spider wove his web. Hargrave reached home at night. He put the money in the safe and was telephoning when Jones entered and handed his master an unstamped note.
"Where did you get this?"
"At the door, sir. I judge that the house is surrounded."
Hargrave read the note. It stated briefly that all his movements during the day had been noted. It was known that he had collected a million in paper money. If he surrendered this he would be allowed twenty-four hours before the real chase began. Otherwise he should die before midnight. Hargrave crushed the note in his hand.

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