MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY (continued from first page)

the Black Hundred. Four men were told off, and they drew their chairs up to Vroon's table for instructions. Braine sat at Vroon's elbow. These four men composed the most danger-ous quartet in New York city. They were as daring as they were desper-ate. They were the men who held up bank messengers and got away with thousands. They had learned to swoop down upon their victims as the hawk swoops down upon the heron. The powspapers referred to them as the auto bandits," and the men took a deal of pride in the furore they had

Vroon went over the Hargreave case minutely; he left no detail un-explained Bluntly and frankly, the daughter of Stanley Hargreave must be caught and turned over to the care on the Black Hundred. It must be quick action. Four valuable members were in the Tombs. They might or might not weaken under pressure. For the first time in its American career



Daughter of Hargreave Rode Horseback Every Morning.

the organization stood facing actual peril; and its one possible chance of salvation lay in the fact that no one's face was known to his neighbor. He, Vroon, and the boss alone knew who and what each man was. But the plans, the ramifications of the organization might become public property; and that would mean an end to an exceedingly profitable business.

The daughter of Hargreave rode horseback early every morning. She sought the country road. She was invariably attended by the riding master of a school near by. "You four will make your own

"It she should be injured?"

"Avoid it if possible."
"We have a free hand?" "Absolutely."

"We risk a bad fall from her horse if it's a spirited one."

"Pretend a breakdown in the read,"

interpolated , Eraine. "As they apapapproach, draw and order them to disunt. That method will prevent any

"We'll plan it somehow. It looks

easy."
"Nothing is easy where that girl is concerned. A thousand eyes seem to be watching her slightest move." "We shan't leave anything to chance, How many days will you

How many days will you "Seven. A failure, mind you will prove unhealthy to all concerned," with a menace which made the four

stir uneasily.

for the receiver.

"A man just entered the Hargreave house at the rear. Come at once,"

was the message.
"Is your car outside?" Braine asked.

"We are never without it."
"Then let us be off. No one will stop us for speeding on a side street."
Fourteen minutes by the clock brought the car to a stand at the corb a few houses below the Hargreave home. The men got out. The watch-

er ran up. "He is still inside," he whispered. "Good! Spread out If anyone leaves that house, catch him. If he runs too fast, shoot. We can beat

the police." The man obeyed, and the watcher ran back to his post. He was desperately hoping the affair would ter-minate tonight. He was growing reary of this eternal vigilance; and it was only his fear of the man known as the born that kept him at his post. He wanted a night to carouse in, to be with the boys.

The man for whom the pere lying

in wait was seen presently to creep cartiously round the ide of the house. He lugged a corner and They could see the dim outline of his body. The light in the street back of the grounds almost made a slibouette of him. By and by, as if assured that the coast was clear, he stole down to

a. was. Two shots rang out. The man was seen to stop, stagger, and then go

they had left standing at the curb. He made quick work of the job, but he was not quick enough. Still, they gave chase. They saw the car turn toward the city. But, unfortunately for the success of the chase, several automobiles passed, going into town and leaving it. Checkmate,

Braine was keen enough tonight.
"He is hit; whether badly or not re-

mains to be seen. We can find that out. Drive to the nearest drug store and get a list of hospitals. It's a ten to one shot that we land him some where among the hospitals."

But they searched the hospitals in vain. None of them had that night received a shooting case, por had they heard one reported. The lean had been unmistakably bit. He would not have dared risk the loss of time for a bit of play-acting. Evidently he had kept his head and sought his lodgings. To call up doctors would be utter folly; for it would take a week for a thorough combing. This was the second time the man had got away.

"Perhaps I'm to blame," admitted Braine. "I should have advised Miles to stalk him and pot him if he got the chance. There's a master mind working somewhere back of all this, and it's e I woke up to the fact. But you,' turning to the auto bandits, "you men have your instructions. More than that, you have been given a free rein. See that you make good, or by the Lord Harry! I'll break the four of you like pinestems."

"We haven't had a failure yet," spoke up one of the men, more courageous than his companion:

"You are not holding up a bank mes-senger this trip. Remember that. Drive me as far as Columbus circle. Leave me on the side street, between the lights, so I can take off this mask."

Later Braine sauntered into Pabst and ordered a light supper. This night's work, more than anything else, brought home to him the fact that his luck was changing. For years he had proceeded with his shady occupations without encountering any memorable failure. He moved in the high world, quite unsuspected. He had written books, given lectures, been made a lion of, all the while laughing in his eleeve at the gullibility of human nature. But within the last two weeks he had received serious checks. From now on he must move with the utmost caution. Some one was playing his own game waging warfare unseen. A battle of wits? So be it; but Braine intended to play with rough wite, and he wasn't going to care which way the sword

He hated Stanley Hargreave with all the hatred of his soul; the hatred of a man balked in love. And the man was alive, defying him; alive somewhere in this city this very night, with a bul-let under his skin.

"Is everything satisfactory, sir?" he heard the head watter say.

"Satisfactory?" Braine blankly. "Yes, sir. You struck the table as

hough displeased." "O!" Then Braine laughed relieved.
"If I struck the table, it was done

unconsciously. I was thinking."
"Beg pardon, sir! Anything else

"No. Bring me the check."

"Your master gives riding leasons?" The groom who had led the horse back from Hargreave's eyed his questioner rather superciliously.
"Yes." The groom fondled the ani-

mai's legs.
"How much is it?"
"Twenty dollars for a ticket of five

rides. The master is the fashion u here. He doesn't cater to any but the best families." "Pretty steep. Who was that youn;

lady riding this morning with your master?"
"That's the girl all the newspapers

have been talking about," answered the groom importantly. "Actress?" "Actress! I should say not. That

young woman is the daughter of Stanmillionaire who was lost at sea. And it won't be long before she puts her finger in a pie of four or five millions. If you want any rides, you'll have to talk it over with the boss. He may or may not take any more rides. You'd probably have to ride in the afternoon, anyhow, as "Where's the most popular road?"

"Toward the park; but Miss Har-greave always goes along the river-side road. She doesn't like standers

"O, I see, Well, I'll drop in this afternoon and see your master. They say that riding is good for a torpid afterno

liver. Have a clgar?"
"Thanks." The groom proceeded into the stables and the affable stranger took

himself off.

A free rein; they could work it to suit themselves. There wasn't the There wasn't the least obstacle in the way. On the face of it, it appeared to be the simplest job they had yet unfertaken. To get rid of the siding master in some natural way after he and the

off a log. "Susan," said Violence as she cam into breakfast after her exhibirating ride, "did you hear pistol whom last night?"

"I heard some note, but I was to sleepy I didn't try to figure out what

"Did you, Joi · "Yes, Miss Florence. came from the street. A policy man came running up tatur and said be saw two automobiles on the run. But syldertly there wasn't anybody hart. By the Line the men reached the One has to be careful at night how memor they heard the rumble of a adays. There are profty had men actor. One dashed back to the cay shroad. Did you enloy the ride?"

blood on the walk near the corner." "Blood?" Jones caught the back of chair to steady himself.

"Yes. So some one was hurt. Oh, let's leave this place!" impulsively.
'Let us go back to Miss Farlow's.
You could find a place in the village,
Jones. But if I stay here much longer n this state of uprest I shall lose inith in everything and everybody. Whoever my fathers enemies are, they do not lack persistence. They have made two attempts against my liberty, and sooner or later they will succeed. I keep looking over my shoulder all the time. If I hear a olse I jump."

"Miss Florence, if I thought it wise, you should be packed off to Miss Far-ow's this minute. But not an hour of the day or night passes without tirls house being watched. I seldom see anybody about. I can only sense the presence of a watcher. At Miss Farlow's you would be far more like a prisoner than here. I could not ac-company you. I am forbidden to de-sert this house."

"My father's orders?" Jones signified neither one way nor the other. He merely gazed stolidly

at the rug. "That blood!" She sprang from her chair, horrified. "It was his! He was hiere last night, and they shot

"There, there, Miss Florence! The man was only slightly wounded. He's where they never will look for him." Then Jones continued, as with an effort: "Trust me, Miss Florence, It would not pay to run away. The whole affair would be repeated elsewhere. We might go to the other end of the world, but it would not serve us in the least. It is not a question of oscape, but of who shall vanquish the other. There is nothing to do but re-main here and fight, fight. We have put four of them in the Tombs. nothing of the gunmen. what we must do-put them in a safe place, one by one, till we reach the master. Then only may we breathe in safety. But if they watch, so do we. There is never a moment when help is not within reach, no matfer where, you go. So long as you do not deceive me, no real harm shall befall you. Don't cry. Be your father's daughter, as I am his servant."

"I am very unhappy!" And Flor-ence threw her arms around Susan and laid her head upon her friend's

"Poor child!" Susan, however, recgnized the wisdom of Jones' statements. They were safest here.

The morning rides continued. the girl, who leved the open, it was glorious fun. Those mad gallops along the roads, the smell of earth and sea, the tingle in the blood, were the second best moments of her day. The first? She invariably blushed when the considered what these first best moments were. He was a brave young



"Better Be Sensible," He Said.

man, good to look at, witty, and always cheerful. Why chouldn't she like him? Even Jones liked him-Jones, who didn't seem to like any It did not matter whether he body. was wise or not; a worldly point of view was farthest from her youthful thoughts. It was her own affair; her

Five days later, as she and the riding master were cantering along the road, enjoying every bit of it, they heard the best of hoofs behind. They drew up and turned. A rider was approaching them at a run. It was the head groom. The man stopped his horse in a cloud of dust.

"Sir, the stables are on fire!"

All the riding master's savings were invested in the stables. The fact that he had solemnly promised hever to leave Florence alone, and that he had accepted a generous bossis slipped from his mind at the thought of fire, a terrible word to any horseman. Ho wheeled and started off at breakneck speed, his head groom clattering be-hind him.

Florence naturally wordered which of two courses to pursue: follow there, when she would be perfectly helplass to gift them, or continue the ride and of grimly.

cured a c.r. and went humming out he was doing learned put foward the river read. A trap and around her, only by the cheerest lack and be (To be continued)

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mount slowly. For once the scenery passed unobserved. She was deeply engrosed with thoughts, some of which were happy and some of which were sad. If only her father could be with her she would be the happings girl alive.

She was brought out of her revery by the sight of a man staggering along the road ahead of her. Finally he plunged upon his face in the road Like the tender hearted girl she was, she stopped, dismounted, and ran to the fallen man to give him aid. She suddealy found her wrists classed in two hands like from. The man rose to his feet; smiling evilly. She struggled

wildly but futilely.
"Better be sensible," be said. "I am stronger than you are. And I don't wish to burt you. Walk on shead of me. It will be utterly! useless to tercam or ery out. You can see for yourself that we are in a deserted part of the road. If you will promise to act sensibly I chan't lay a hand on you. Do you see that but youder, near the fork in the read? We'll stop there. Now, march!

"She dropped her handkerchief, later her bracelet, and finally her crop, in hope that these slight clues might bring her help. She knew that Jones would hear of the fire, and, neding that she had not returned with the riding master, would immediately start out in pursuit. She was beginning to grow very fond of Jones, who never spoke unless spoken to, who was always at hand, faithful and loyal.

From afar came the low rumble of a notor. She wondered if her captor heard it. He did, but his care tricked him into believing that it came from unother direction. Eventually they arrived at the but, and Florence was forced to enter. The man looked the deer and waited outside for the auto-mobile which he was expecting. He that it was coming from the city, not going toward it.

It sas Norton. The rideriess borse told him enough; the handkerchief and bracelet and crop led him straight for

The man before the but realized by this time that he had made a mistake. He attempted to re-enter the but and He attempted to re-enter the but and prepare to defend it till his companions have in sight. But Florence, recognizing Norton, held the door with all her strength. The man smarled and termed upon Norton, only to receive a smasking blow on the jaw.

Norton flung open the door. "Into the car, Florence! There's mother car coming up the road. Hurry!"

It was not a long chass. "The car.

It was not a long chase. The car of the auto bandits, looking like an ordinary taxicab, was a high-rower ma-

to aid them, or continue the ride and save at least one horse from the terror of seeing flames. She chose the latter. But she did not ride with the carrier seet. She fall depended. She loved horses, and the thought of them dying in those wooden stables was howritying.

The lire, however, proved to be inciplent. But it was plainly trounding.

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The suddenly leaned hack and fired. It was can't chan for it with the late of surprising Florence. He was going out on normback to fell was carried the covered her over a with her care accorded by the read of was the subhanament into the river.

His spine grew stidiety cold. A tract she car in time to nyold fatality. The car capeened wildly and planged down the subhanament into the river.

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