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The Farmville Enterprise  
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# Farmville Enterprise

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The Enterprise Publishing Co., Publishers.

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G. A. ROUSE, Editor.

VOL. VI

FARMVILLE, PITT COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST 6, 1915

NO. 11

## The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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

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### CHAPTER XX

Braine Tries Another Weapon.  
"What I want now," said Braine as he paced the living room of the apartment of the countess, "is revenge. I've been cheated enough. Olga; they're playing with us."  
"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 way. You wanted revenge at that early date but I cannot see that you've gone forward. Has it ever occurred to you that the organization may be getting tired, too? They depend solely upon your invention, and each time your invention has resulted in trouble, nothing but zero."  
"Thanks!"  
"O, I'm not chiding you. I've failed too."  
"Are you turning against me?" he demanded bitterly.  
"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, irritably.  
"We were in too much of a hurry at the beginning. Hargreave prepared himself for quick action on your part."  
"And if I had not acted quickly I 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 your argument."  
"Perhaps you are right. But for all that we have not played the game with any degree of finesse."  
"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 lure my suspicions. But I'm going to get him, Olga, even if I have to resort to ordinary gun man tricks. If there's any final reckoning, by the L. M. Harry, he shall get a chance in the witness stand."  
"And I begin to think that the bit of the girl has been hoodwinking me all along. By the way, did you find out what that letter 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 party 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. This man slipped a paper into my hand and hurried off. I took a quick glance at it and was dumfounded to find it utterly blank of writing. At first I thought some joke had been played on me. 'Can I change 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 of the garden take the note. And you never got it!"  
"How one shall pay for this carelessness. I'll call up Yvon and Jackson at once. Wait just a moment."  
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.  
"That girl!"  
"What now?"  
"It seems she had been out borrowing that morning. She had suddenly disappeared, and she was curious to learn what had become of him. With her usual lack of attention on the method of opening the door of the cave and went in. She must have been mistaking Braine. She didn't have much time, though, as the boys came up to arrest her. I don't think she escaped into that cave and in some mysterious way, she was back in the city. You know she had the letter."

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 friend."  
"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 fadeless and impervious to the action of water; at least the kind I use in. I'd give a thousand for a sight of the 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 is up."  
"You wish really to injure her?"  
"I do not wish to injure her. Far from it," he replied, smiling evilly.  
"You want her . . . dead?"

### NOTICE

Notice of registration and election upon the proposition to issue Fifty Thousand Dollars worth of Road Bonds by Farmville township, Pitt County, North Carolina.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners of Pitt County in regular session assembled on the 5th day of July, 1915, it being the regular meeting held on the first Monday of July, 1915, ordered an election to be held in Farmville township, Pitt County, North Carolina, on Tuesday the 21st day of September, 1915, at the regular polling place in the town of Farmville for said township on the question or proposition of issuing Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) Dollars worth of Road Bonds, to bear Five per cent interest per annum, payable semi-annually, and to run for a period of Thirty (30) years, the funds received for the same to be used for the purpose of laying out, establishing, repairing, grading, constructing and improving in any way the Public Roads in Farmville township as provided by an Act of the Legislature of North Carolina, Session of 1913, designated as Chapter One Hundred and twenty-two (122) of the Public Laws of North Carolina.

And notice is further hereby given that an entirely new registration for said election was ordered and called and that E. O. Turnage was and is appointed Registrar for said Election, and that the Books for Registration will be opened on Monday, August 16, 1915, and closed at sunset on Saturday, September 11, 1915, that on each Saturday during the said Registration period the Registration Books will be open at the regular Polling place in the town of Farmville, North Carolina, and at all other times during said period will be open at the office of E. O. Turnage in the town of Farmville, North Carolina, and all citizens desiring to vote in said Bond Election to be held on September 21, 1915, will be required to register.

This 5th day of July, 1915,  
G. A. CONGLETON, Chm.  
Board County Commissioners.  
BRASCOE BELL, Clerk.

## FARMVILLE ENJOYING ANOTHER BOOM OF PROSPERITY

Regardless of the howl of depressed conditions all around us Farmville continues to progress along many lines.

During the past few months several new brick business houses have been erected on Wilson street and there are now three more under erection.

Some of the residential sections have put on a new look recently by each property owner having their side walks paved, and entire premises put in a thorough sanitary and neat condition.

Many new and attractive homes have been erected of late and there are four or five now nearing completion, yet not a vacant house is to be found on any street. This shows the great demand for homes by new comers, many of whom are here now boarding, awaiting the opportunity of getting a house later.

At a mass meeting of the citizens recently the Board of Town Commissioners were instructed to issue bonds of \$40,000 to improve our water and light systems and to install sewerage, which matter has received their prompt attention, and there is already a man here from the J. B. McCrary Co., of Atlanta, to install the sewer system; and he states the work will begin in a few days.

Two new large brick tobacco warehouses have been added to the Farmville market this season, which have just been completed by the contractors, and several large and roomy tobacco storage houses have also been recently built.

In fact, something like \$250,000 has been spent in new buildings and town improvements during the past twelve or eighteen months, to say nothing of the rapid strides made here up to that time.

Without fear of contradiction, we dare say that Farmville, though yet small as compared to some towns in the state, is the "Biggest Little Town" of any to be found anywhere, and that we are proud—in particular—of the fact that it is becoming one of the most sanitary towns to be found in this old U. S. A.

whispered Olga, palely.  
"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 Persian peace 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 shall 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 speech is poisoned. No man in the

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And notice is further hereby given that an entirely new registration for said election was ordered and called, and that J. H. Smith was and is appointed Registrar for said Election, and that the Books for Registration will be opened on Monday, August 16, 1915, and closed at sunset on Saturday, September 11th, 1915, that on each Saturday during the said time the said Registration books will be open at the regular polling place in the town of Falkland, and at all other times at the residence of the said J. H. Smith in the said Town of Falkland, North Carolina, and all citizens desiring to vote on said Bond Election to be held on September 21st, 1915, will be required to register.

This 5th day of July, 1915,  
S. A. CONGLETON, Chm.  
Board County Commissioners.

lowered 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 touch them. Better let the maid throw them out. Fruit from unknown persons might not be the healthiest thing in the world."  
"What do you think?"  
"That in all probability they are 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 valuable. 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. I may be wrong, but take my advice and throw them away. . . . Good Lord, what's that?" startled.  
"Some one cried!"  
"O, Miss Florence!" exclaimed the maid, terror stricken as she recalled Susan's act. "Miss Susan took a peach from the basket and was eating it on the way to her room!"  
"Good heavens!" gasped Jim. "I was right. The fruit was poisoned."  
"Jim had had enough to send for a specialist, he knew. The specialist arrived about twenty minutes after Susan's first cry. To his keen eye it looked like a certain poison which had for its basis the venom of the cobra. "Will she live?"  
"O, yes. But she'll be a wreck for some months. Send her to the hospital where I can visit her frequently. And I'll take that peach along for analysis. No police affair!"

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"No. We dare not call them in," said Jim.  
"That's your affair. I'll send down the ambulance. Keep her quiet. She'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 eyeing 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 she devil . . ."  
"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. Yet, I have 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 shop. He will have injected the poison himself when alone. Poor Susan! That messenger was without doubt some one over whom he 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 sheet 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. The moment the heat leaves the sheet the writing disappears again. The ink is waterproof. I'll 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?" asked Jim.  
"Such as will prove Braine an undesirable 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 for a moment to see how that poor girl is getting along. We are lucky; there's no gassing that."  
"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 tottered Susan away, Jones addressed Florence gravely.  
"I am going out and so is Mr. Norton. Do not leave the house; not even if you have a telephone call from me or Norton. Both 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 a 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 he leave the house? He referred 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 order 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 minute after Jones.  
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 he poisoned that 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 clue to the treasure, or the whereabouts of Hargreave.

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