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The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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

CHAPTER XII.

A dippy-chanty, if you please; of salmons in jerseys and tarry caps, of rolling galleys, and of diverse profanity; of cutters, and blunt-nosed schooners, and tramps, canvas and steam, some of them honest, some of them shady, and some of them pirates of the first water who did not find it necessary to aloft hoist the skull and bones. The seas are dotted with them. They remind you of the once prosperous merchant, run down at the heel, who stalks along the side streets, ashamed to meet those he knew in the past. You never hear them mentioned in the maritime news, which is the society column of the ships; you know of their existence only by the bleached bones of them, strewn along the coast.

You who crave adventures on high seas, you purchase a ticket, a steamer chair, and a couple of popular novels, go on board to the glare of a very indifferent brass band, and believe you are adventuring; when, as a matter of fact, you are about to spend a dull week or fortnight on a water hotel, where the most exciting thing is the bugle's call to meals or the discovery of a card sharp in the smoking room. Take a real ship, go as supercargo, to the South seas; take the side streets of the ocean, and learn what it can do with hurricanes, typhoons, blistering calms, and men's souls. There will be adventures enough then. If you are seeking labor you are made strong, or you die.

An honest ship, but run down at the heel, rode at anchor in the sound, a fourth-rater of the hooker breed; that is, her principal line of business was hauling barges up and down the coast. When she could not pick up enough barges to keep it busy, she'd go gallivanting down to Cuba for bales of tobacco or even to the Bermudas for the heaven smelling onion.

Today she was an onion ship; which precludes any idea of adventure. She was about four thousand tons, and her engines were sternward and not amidship. She carried two masts and half dozen hoist booms, and the only visible sign of anything new on her was her bowprit. This was new doubtless because she had poked her nose too far into her last trip.

Her crew was orderly and tractable. There were shore drunks, to be sure, because they were sailors; but they were at work. They moved about briskly, for they were on the point of calling for the Bahamas—perhaps for more onions. Presently the windlass cracked and whirled, and the bloby links, much in need of fair paint, red as fish gills, clattered down into the bow. Sometimes they painted the chain as it came over; but paint was costly, and this was done only when the anchor threatened to stay on the bottom.

There was a sailor among this crew, and he went by the name of Steve Blossom; and he was one of his kind. A grimy dime novel protruded rakishly from his hip pocket, and his right cheek was swollen as with the toothache, due, probably, to a generous "chaw" of Seaman's Delight. He was a real tobacco chewer, for he rarely spat. He was as peaceful as a back-water bay in summer; non-argumentative and passive, he stood his watch in fair weather and foul.

No one gave the anchor any more attention after it came to rest. The great city over the way was fair-like in its business and softened lines. It was the poetry of angles, of shafts and spars of stone; and Steve Blossom, having a moment to himself, leaned against the rail and stared regretfully. He had been generously drunk the night before, and it was a pleasant recollection. Chance led his glance to trail down the outworn, his neck stretched from his collar like a

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He wrinkled his brow in an effort to recall a pirate by this name, but was unsuccessful. No matter. He hugged the box under his coat and made for the gangway, and inadvertently ran into his enemy.

Dunkers caught a bit of the box peeping from under the coat.

"What a yah got there?" he demanded truculently.

"None o' your damn business! You lemme by; bear me!"

"Ain't none o' my business, huh? Where'd yuh git a box like that? Steal it? By cripes, I'm goin' to have a look at that box, my hearty. It don't smell like honest!"

"You lemme by!" breathed Steve, with murder in his heart.

Suddenly the two men closed, surged back and forth, one determined to take and the other to hold this mys-

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The Master Villain and His Adviser.

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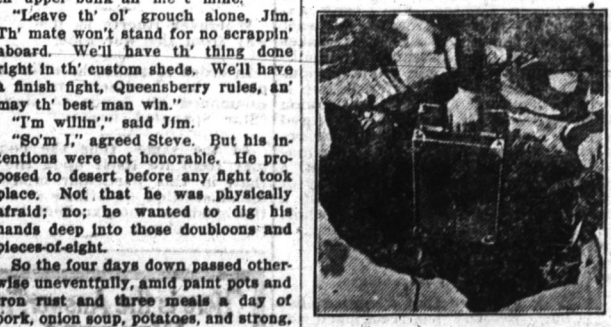
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And That is Why Jones Was Able, Some Weeks Later, to Hide Once More the Original Box.

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FAIR OPENS



AMERICAN STEAMER EVELYN BLOWN UP

CARRYING COTTON FOR BREMEN SHE STRIKES MINE IN THE NORTH SEA.

First Government Insured Vessel Lost—Sensation Results From the News at Washington.

Bremen.—The American steamer Evelyn which sailed from New York January 29 with a cotton cargo for Bremen was sunk by a mine off Borkum Island in the North Sea.

The vessel's captain and 27 of her crew were saved.

The nationality of the mine which destroyed the Evelyn has not been established.

The Evelyn is the first American vessel to meet with disaster as a result of a sea warfare of the European nations. She does not sink within the war zone included in the German admiralty's decree. Borkum Island lies directly off the German coast at the mouth of the Ems River and is German territory.

Maritime records give the complement of the Evelyn at 25 men so that it is probable that all on board the vessel was rescued.

The Evelyn was a single screw, steel steamer and was commanded by Captain Smith. She belonged to Harris, Irby & Voss of New York. She was 252 feet long and 1,185 tons net. She was built in Southampton England in 1882.

Washington.—The United States government was advised officially of the destruction of the first American vessel on the high seas since the outbreak of the European war.

After a conference with President Wilson, Secretary Bryan called Ambassador Page at London and Ambassador Gerard at Berlin to make an extensive inquiry as to the facts, and have Buenos Aires, February 18, The waters of the vicinity are mined for defensive purposes and Germany always has plotted incoming ships through.

GREAT CONVENTION OVER DOES NOT FEAR HUNGER

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY CONVENTION ENDS GREAT THREE-DAYS BIENNIAL SESSION.

Near Four Thousand Delegates Make Charlotte Meeting Greatest in History of Sessions.

Charlotte.—Closing its three days' biennial session in this city, the Laymen's Missionary Convention of the Southern Presbyterian Church East of the Mississippi left the matter of date and place of next meeting with the executive committee. Features of the final session were addresses by Rev. Dr. Ekbert W. Smith, executive secretary of foreign missions, Nashville, on "That Which is Committed to Us"; W. E. Doughty, educational secretary laymen's movement, New York, Intercession, the Highest Form of Service"; J. Campbell White, general secretary of the laymen's movement, New York, "Leaving Your Mark on the World".

The chief thing remarked upon by delegates and officials has been the size of the convention, which, although the Southern Presbyterian church has been divided into West and East of the Mississippi sections, has been attended by over 3,500 delegates, making it double the size of any previous convention.

The afternoon session was given over to a conference on stewardship and an address by George Innes of Philadelphia on "How Can a Man Best Send His Money on Ahead," which opened a discussion of the practical side of financing the work of evangelization. J. Campbell White led the stewardship discussions.

The feature of the morning session was the address on "Efficiency in Business" by George C. Shane of Philadelphia, in which the speaker contrasted the practical methods of business with those of church work, giving as an instance a Philadelphia financier who in a few minutes bought five boats for \$287,000 and borrowed \$300,000 with which to pay for them, but had a Bible class of fifty students that he could not increase by a single member.

SHIP BILL STRIKES SNAG

Progressives And Seven Democratic Insurgents Bolt.

Washington.—Administration Democrats got another setback in their fight for President Wilson's ship bill when they suddenly learned that the bill as it passed the house will not command the support of Senators Keppel, Norris or La Follette, progressive Republicans on whom they evened ever took off a mask in this sinister chamber. But there were voices, and he was going to forget some of them. After the meeting came to an end, he waited an hour after, and then stole down into the street by the aid of the fire escape. Later, he entered a telephone booth and called up Jones' box.

Then, one leather and steel box, dotted with bits of ivory and mother-of-pearl, became two; and the second one was soaked in mud and salt water for two weeks till you could not have told it from the original. And that is why Jones was able, some weeks later, to hide once more the original box.

FLLEE BEFORE GERMANS.

Populous Towns in Eastern War Zone Emptied of People.

Petrograd, via London.—The German advance toward East Prussia into the towns of Kovno and Grodno appears designed to cut the railroad communications to Warsaw, rather than to an effort to take the Russian fortified positions in that territory.

Along the line from Plock to Niemen, about 200 miles in length, there has been intermittent fighting. From all the towns in this district, the civil population is fleeing, thronging the highways and railroads.

The German advance guards are reported to have proceeded from Augustow toward the railroad between Grodno and Bialystok and to have reached within 12 miles of the former place, where they are said to have been checked by the Russians.

The Germans also are reported to be attempting to break through between Kovno and Grodno, taking advantage of the frozen Augustow marshes and Niemen River, and facing the possibility of an early thaw which might leave them at the mercy of the Russians.

The line to the north of Warsaw of Bielonk, Nowo-Gorjiewsk and Beirock, is well defended.

English Steamer Destroyed.

Buenos Aires, Argentina.—It is reported from credible sources that the German steamer Holger was sighted heading for Buenos Aires and having on board the crews of several steamers sent to the bottom by some German warship, probably off the coast of Brazil.

The Holger for some time has been identified with German activities in the South Atlantic. She left Pernambuco secretly early in January, presumably with supplies for German warships.

The State Inter-collegiate Peace Oratorical Contest, held at Meredith College in connection with the third annual convention of the North Carolina Peace Society in progress there, resulted in the first prize going to S. Suddler of Atlantic Christian College and the second prize to Earle Levette of Wake Forest College, the prizes being respectively \$75 and \$50.

Samuel M. Hamrick, ex-postmaster of Hickory, died at his home a few days ago. He was 50 years of age.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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