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"Thanks."

"My friend Norton!" jerred the vic-"And what do you want, some

"A paper, my friend, a little sheet of paper with invisible writing on it. We promised to give you scanething in exchange for it."

"What?" asked Jim with as much onchalance as he could assume. "Life."

head.
"He's got it on him somewhere. I saw him take it. He's got his nerve with him."
The cigarette glowed. Jim smoked

"Au revoir, till we meet again, gen

(To Be Continued.)

LET THE POLLARS GET BUSY

It will pay a plumber what is due

And his, in turn, to the procer, who can hand it over the clothier.

In a week's time a ten dollar bank note may do the work of thousands of dollars.

of dollars.
"Money makes the mare go," but
what is wanted in Columbia now is
what will make money go into cir-

culation.
In other words, the help-you

There is a marvelous amount energy in a ten dollar bank note, it is set in motion.

tlemen!

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By Harold MacGrath

Twenty-Third street, New York City, N. Y., any time up to midnight, Jan. 14, 1915. This allows several weeks

Twenty-Third street, New York City, N. Y., any time up to midnight, Jan. 14, 1915. This allows several weeks after the last chapter has been published in which to submit the solutions.

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 prejented in the theatres having this feature as soon as it is possible to produce the same. The story coresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures is practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the picture of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable in printing the last two reels will be shown the picture of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable in printing the last two reels will be shown the picture of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable in printing the last two reels will be shown the picture of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable in printing the last two reels will be shown the picture of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features of the pictures of the story by Harrold MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successar contestant.

Solutions to the mystery mast 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:

"And what the devil is that?" he

Grath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are suche questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an aid to a solution.

No. 1—What becomes of the millionairs.

Monaire? ... No. 2—What becomes of the \$1,600,-

No. 2—What becomes of 'he \$1,000,000?

No. 3—Whom does Florence marry?
No. 4—What does becomes of the Russian countess?
Nobody connected either directly or indirectly with "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

Stanley Haraceave, millienaire, after a maraculous excape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for 18 years. Hayaceave accidently meets Braine, feater of the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for 18 years. Hayaceave accidently meets Braine, feater of the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for 18 years. Hayaceave accidently meets Braine, feater of the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for 18 years. Hayaceave accidently meets Braine, feater of the Black Hundred, lives the life of a secure for the gang of the property of the gang of the school where eighteen years' before he mysteriously left on the do'rstep his baby daughter. Florence Gray. That day Hargreave also draws 51,000,000 from the hank, but it is removed that this dropped into the cas when the balloon he encaped in was panetured.

Florence arrives from the girls' school, Princess Gira, Braine's companion, visits her and claims to be a relative. Two began detectives call, but their pil't is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man.

relative. Two Boyen detectives call, but their pitt is folded by Norton, a newspaper man.

After felling in their first attempt, the Black Hundred Trap Florence. They ask her for money, but she escapes again, folding them.

Norton and the countess call on French the next day, once more safe at home. The visitors having core, Jones removes a section of floaring and from a cavity takes a box. Pursued by members of the Block Hundred, he rushes to the water front and succeeds in dropping the box into the sea.

Accomplied of Braine succeed in hidmaping Floarice while she in shopping and anary her off to sea. Norten receives a wife was later informing him that the girl and leaped into the sea and been dry stad.

Concealed anyre the readeryous of the Block Aumired, a man learns of the Koron at the bottom of the sea and he Jones. A duplicate box is planted and inter secured by the band, but before its subsequent re-

THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY | tor she is rescaed and returns to her

"The Million Dollar Mystery" will run for twenty-two consecutive, weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thanhouser Film Campany it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each week in the various moving picture tneatres. 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 chilt who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of the motion picture drams will be made and the last two crapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thanhouser Film corporation at 5 South Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., or Thanhouser Film corporation, 71 W. Twenty-Third street, New York City, N. Y., any time up to midnight, Jan.

14, 1915. This allows several weeks

"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

if I have to resort to ordinary gunman tricks. If there's any final reckoning, by the Lord Harry, he shan't get a chance in the witness stand."

"And I begin to think that that
little chit of a girl has been hood-

winking 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. "Dou 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 day be fore yesterday, and a man approach ed and asked if I was Miss Hargreave Becoming at once suspicious something very important was about to happen, I signified that I was Miss Hargreave. The man slipped a paper into my hand and hurried off. I took a quick glance at it and was dumbfounded to find it utterly blank of writing. At first I thought some joke had been played on me, then I chanc-ed to remember the invisible ink leted to remember the invisible ink let-ters you always wrote me. Under-standing that you were to visit the cave in the morning. I had one man at the garden take the note. And you

"Some one shall pay for this care-lessness. I'll call up Vroon and Jack-sch at once. Wait just a moment."

He went to the telephone. A low nuttering conversation took place When Braine put the receiver back on the book his face was not pleas-

int to see.
"That girl!"

"What now?"
It seems she had been out horseseck riding that moraing. She had
seen one of the boys cross the field
and auddenly disappear; and she was
burious to learn what had become of
aim. With her usual luck she stumsled on to the method of opening the
loor of the cave and went in. She
must have been nosing about. She
must have been nosing about. She
she boys came up to await me. Evilearly she crawled into that old chest
and to some inexplicable manner pur-



JONES AND HENRI SERVAN, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF POLICE, CONSDICATE TO TRAP BRANE, AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

loined the letter from Jackson's pocket. They left to reconnoiter; and it
was then that Jackson discovered his
loss. When Florence heard them coming 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."

washed all the writing away. The fire
jumped to do any good. We'll
turn it over to Jones. Jones'll find
a way to solve it. Trust him."

"What are you two chattering
about?" asked Susan, who was arranging some flowers on the table.

"Scoreta," said Jim, smiling.

"Humph!"

"And I' take that peach along for an-

"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 indelible and impervious to the action of wa-ter; at least the kind I use is. I'd give thousand for a sight of that letter."
"And I might be worth a million," Olga suggested.

"Not the least doubt of it in my "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 winds up."

"You wish really to injure her?"
"I do not wish to injure her."
"It wish replied smiling evilly.
"You want her dead?" whispered

Olga, paling.
"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 is revenge. The Persian peach method."

Poison? You shall not! You shall not kill her!" vehemently. "Tender hearted?"
"No if I must in the end go to pris-

on, so be it; but I refuse to die in the chair."
"Very well then. We shar't kill her, but we'll make her wish she was fead. I was only trying to see how far you would go. The basket of peachers in the hallway. Every peach is poi oned. No man in the country knows nore about subtle poisons than I do. Have I not written books on the sub-

"And they will trace it back to you n a straight line," she warned. "I

can go elsewhere," he replied,

"You would leave me?" moment you cross my will. atically.

emphatically.

It became her turn to pace. Torn between her love of the man and the danger which stared her in the face, she was for the time being distracted. All the time he watched her with malevolent curiosity, knowing that in the end she would concur with his evil plans.

"Very well," she said finally. "But itsu; we shall be found out. Never ubt that. Your revenge will cost both our lives. I feel it." "Bah! the law will have no hand in

"Baht the law will have no hand in my end. I always carry a pellet and hat ring of yours would suffice a segment. She will not die. She will nerely become a kind of paralytic; he kind that can move a little but of enough; always wheeled about in chair. I'll bring in the peaches; rosy and downy. One bite after a given me will do the trick. If they suspect sed throw them out we have lost oftling but the peaches. A trusted nessenger will carry them to the largroup house. And then we'll sit own and wait."

Meantime, in the library of the Har-

"I'll wager," said Jim, "the water

Susan puttered about for a few minutes longer, then crossed to the reception room, intending to go up-stairs. At that moment the maid was admitting a messenger with a basket

"For Miss Hargreave," said he. He gave the basket to the maid, touched A strange business." his cap awkwardly, and swung on his heel, closing the door behind him. He was in a hurry to deliver another message

"O, what lovely fruit!" cried St san, pausing. "I'm going to steal one, she laughed. She selected a peach and began cating it on the way up to her room.

The maid passed on into the li-

brary.
"What's this?" inquired Florence, as the maid held out the basket. She selected a peach and was about to set her white teeth into it when Jim in-

terposed.
"Wait a moment, dear." Florence

lowered the peach. Jim turned to the Who sent it?""

"I don't know, sir. A messenger brought it, saying it was for Miss Har

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 "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?"

"Good Lord, what seems one cried!"
"Some one cried!"
"O. Miss. Florence!" exciaimed the maid, terror striken as she recalled maid, terror striken as she recalled maid. Susan's act., "Miss Susan took a seach from the basket and was eatng it on the way to her room."
"Good Heavens!" gasped Jim.
was right. The fruit was poisoned."

Jim had heard enough to send for specialist he knew. The specialist



"O, yes. But she'll be a wreck for some months. Send her to the hospital where I can visit her frequently. And I'l take that peach along for analysis. No police affair?"

"No. We dare not call them in," said

"That's your affair: I'll send down

the ambulance. Keep her quiet. She will have a species of paralysis; but that'll work off under the treatment.

"So it is," agreed Jim.
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 ben paralyzed for life."

Jim accompanied the doctor to the 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 will get them. That she devil.

will 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 court.ge to send this fruit, knowing that I would instantly suspect the sender. Yet, I have no "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?"

"What do you think?"

"What do you think?"

That's the way he works."

"That's the way he works."

That's the way he works."

Jim tamped the room while Jones carried the fruit to the kitchen. The butler returned after a while.
"What about the blank sheet of

paper? "It has to be dipped into a solution; after that you can read it by heating. I have already diped it into the solution. The moment the heat eaves 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 Russia minister of police is at the Blank ho tel under the name of Henri Servi-an. He is investigating the work of the Black Hundred in this country and can free you from their veng eance if you supply the evidence

"Now what evidence can he want? asked Jim.
"Such as will prove Baine an un desirable citizen. "And then."

"And then."

"Quietly pack him off to Russia, where he is badly wanted."

"Who sent this message?"

"One of our mysterious friends. We have few, as you already know. Bet I'll go and make this man Servian 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 up

a moment to see how that poor some of his haunts. There is a relief is getting along. We are lucky ward." girl is getting along. We are lucky there's no gainsaying that." Jones laughed shortly. "Keep that yourself, sir. Mr. Hargreave would willing double whatover this reward is to eliminate these despicable creatures from his affairs." '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 the first to turn aside his glance as he had something to conceal and Jim

"Thanks."

While this conversation was taking place Norton idled about; and feeling the cravings for a cigarette, prepared to roll one, only to find that he hadn't the makings. So fate urged him to step into the nearest tobacconist's He asked for his favorite brand and passed over the silver. when the ambulance took the tor-tured 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."

Braine and his companions saw Norton enter the shop. It agreed with their plans perfectly. The tobaccon-ist happened to be affiliated with the order. So they hurried into the shop. Jim instantly realized that he was in

arew it up and looked caused a smile to fit 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 retired to the kitchen and gave some explicit orders to the chief. 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 and followed. Sear the service of the stalker. He had a sent service of the chief. 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 had a sent service with the key, Braine particular to the shop.

"How can I get out of here?" he whispered to the tobacconist.

The latter smiled. "I have to obey these gentlemen. I don't know what they want you for; but if I made a move to help you I should find my own throat cut without saving yours."

Jim made a dash for the rear door, to find it locked. Even as he family and the key, Braine particular than the was in the property. they were being followed. Near the Blank hotel they separated in order to confuse the stakker. He might dod-der and follow the wrong man. But it was evident that this time he had directed to follow Jones; for he en-tered 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 his poisoned fruit had striken 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. "Search," said Jim, "You won't object to my smoking?" He began to soll a cigarette while they passed that him. He struck a match; the penant offer of tobacco fosted about his ure, or the whereabouts of Hargreave.

Thus, while only one man follow-ed Jones, several kept an eye on Jim. Jones scribbled his name on a blank card and had it taken to the Russian's room. The page eyed that card cur-iously. It was different from any-thing he had ever seen before. In one

The cigarette glowed. Jim smoked hurriedly.

Though every pocket they went:
Through every pocket they went:
The contents of his wallet lay scattered at his feet; his watch dangled from the chain. The cigarette grew shorter. Suddenly one of the men stretched out a hand, and whisked the cigarette from Jim's lips. He threw it to the floor and stamped out the coal.

"I thought so!" he exclaimed, holding out the scrap of burnt paper towards Braine.

The words "Deer Hausreave" were all that remained of the message.

to the room, sir, He'il see yuh!" The boy kept the silver slaver extended expectantly, but Jones went past without apparently noticing the hint. The Russian was standing by a window when Jones knocked and was bidden to enter.

"You are not Hargreave."

"Neither are you the Russian minister of police," urbanely.

"Who are you?"

'I am Hargreave's confidential man, sir."

The two men eyed each other cautilously.

tiously.
"You speak Russian?"

"No, I am able to scribble a few words; that's all." The Russian lit a cigarette smoked leisurely. He was in no hur-

"No, I am not the minister; but I am his accredited agent. I am em-powered to bring back to Russia a powered to bring back to Russia.

man who is known here by the name of Braine, another by the name of him.

And a plumber's debt to the elec Vroon, and a woman who calls her-self a countess and unfortunately is one. Ali I desire is some damaging proof against them that they are out-laws in this country. The rest will be

"They have all three taken out na-turalization papers."

The Russian waved his hand airly.
"Once they are in Russia those docu-

"Once they are in Russia those docu-ments will never come to light. This man Braine, it has been learned, has long been in the pay of Prussia and has given the general staff of that country many plans of our frontier fortifications. I do not know what any one of the three looks like. That is why I sought Hargreave."

"I will sledly melet them out to

In other words, the help-your-neighbor-and-so-help-your-self spirit is the idea behind "Pay Up Week"—from November 27 to December 4.

A ten dollar note lying idle when you owe it may enforce idlesses with the content of the content "I will gladly point them out to you," said Jones, rubbing his hands together, a sign that he was greatly

"That will be very good of you, I'm sure," in a rumbling but perfectly legible English.

"And suddenly they all three will

"And suddenly they all three will disappear?"

"Suddenly; and you may believe me that from that time on they'll be heard of never more."

"All this sounds extremely agreeable to me. Mr. Hargreave will be happy to hear that his long enforced hiding will soon come to an end."

"All you have to do, sir, is to point them out to me."

"It may thake a week or ten days."

"My government has waited for ten years to gather in this delectable trio. A month, if you like."

"The sooner the better. I shall call this evening after dinner. We shall begin with Mr. Baine; and generally where he is is the woman. Vroon will be the most difficult."

"After dinner, thus, since you know."

For Cleaning Timere.

First wech the tin in het cospede and wipe thoroughly dry. Then seem with dry flour, applied with an old

thing to do—it stands in the way of community progress.

Inactive money is lasy money and lasy money means idle men.

When a man has ten dollars and owes his grees or his plumber, he is hoarding other people's money so long as he doesn't pay a bill with it.

There is money enough in South Carolina to keep everybody busy, but it is first necessary to make the money get busy.

The plan is for everybody to bay his bills, or to pay that part of his bills, or to pay that part of his bills that he can pay.

When times are hard, then every man's dollar should work hardest.—The State.