

# The MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By Harold MacGrath

**CHAPTER XXI.**  
**A Packet of Papers.**  
 Jim said nothing at first about his adventure to Jones, whom he met half an hour later.  
 "Was it necessary to keep that invisible letter?" he asked.  
 "No," said Jones.  
 "Would it have given our affairs a serious turn if it had fallen into alien hands?"  
 "Decidedly," answered Jones. "It would mean flight for the Black Hundred or a long time under cover, if our friend Braine learned that Russia was now taking an active interest in the doing of the Black Hundred. And eventually all our work would have to be done over again."  
 "Ah!"  
 "You too ka-bit messed up. Anything happened?" asked the keen-eyed butler.  
 "Nothing much. I made a cigarette out of the letter and smoked it."  
 Jones chuckled. "I see that you have had an adventure of some sort; but it can wait."  
 "It can."  
 "Because I want you to pack off to Washington."  
 "Washington?"  
 "Yes. I want you to interview those officials who are most familiar with the extradition laws."

he disappeared down the subway.  
 "He's a good lad," he murmured, "and a brave lad; and money is only an incident in human affairs after all. I'll be a good angel and let the two be happy, since they love each other and have proved it in a thousand ways."  
 For a long time the leather box across which was inscribed "Stanley Hargrave" lay in peace undisturbed. A busy spider had woven a trap across the handle to the quaint lock. The box was still badly stained from its immersion in the salt water. At a certain time it was quietly withdrawn from its hiding place. It was stealthily opened. A hand reached in and when it withdrew a packet of papers was also withdrawn. The box was again locked and lowered; and presently the spider returned to find that his cunning trap had been totally destroyed. With the infinite patience of his kind he began the weaving of another trap. Perhaps this would be more successful than its predecessor.  
 Later Henri Servan received a telephone call. He was informed that his purpose in America would be realized by his presence at such and such a box that night at the opera. Further information could not be given over the telephone. Servan seemed

for us to fly," said Olga. "We have failed. I have warned you. We have still plenty of money left. It is time we folded our tents and stole away quietly. I tell you I feel it in my bones that there is a pit before us somewhere; and if you force issues we shall all fall into it."  
 "The white feather, my dear?"  
 "There is altogether some difference between the white feather and common sense caution."  
 "I shall never give up. You are free to pack up and go if you wish. As for me, I'm going to fight this out to the bitter end."  
 "And take my word for it, the end will be bitter."  
 "Well?"  
 "O, I shall stay. You know that my future is bound up in yours. In the old days my advice generally appealed to you as sound; and when you followed it you were successful. From the first I advised you not to pursue Hargrave. See what has happened!"  
 "Enough of this chatter. I've got to die some time; it will be with my face toward this man I hate with all my soul. You trust to me; I pull out of this all right. You just fix yourself up stunnily for the opera tonight and leave the rest to me."  
 Olga shrugged. She was something

care of himself."  
 "Tell him to be very careful."  
 "I'll do so, but it will not be necessary," and with this Jones set forth upon what he considered the culminating adventure.  
 The usual brilliant crowd began to pour into the opera. Braine took his stand by the entrance. He waited a long time, but his patience was rewarded. A limousine drove up and out of the door came his man, who looked about with casual interest. He dismissed the limousine, which wheeled slowly round the corner where it could be conveniently parked. Then Servan entered the opera.  
 Braine hurried round to the limousine. The lights, save those demanded by traffic regulations, were out. The chauffeur was huddled in his seat.  
 "My man," said Braine, "would you like to make some money?"  
 "How much?" listlessly. The voice was muffled.  
 "Twenty."  
 "Good night, sir."  
 "Fifty."  
 "Good night and good morning!"  
 "A hundred!"  
 "Now you've got me interested. What kind of a joy ride do you want?"  
 "No joy ride. Listen."  
 Briefly the conspirator outlined his

voice from the seat at the side of the chauffeur. "I'll take those papers!" And the owners of the voice, backed by a cold, sinister looking automatic, reached in and confiscated the spoils of war. "And I shouldn't make any attempt to slip out by the side door."  
 "Thanks, my friend," said Servan, shaking himself free from his captors.  
 "Don't mention it," said Norton amiably. "We thought something like this would happen. Keep perfectly quiet, you chaps. Drive on, chauffeur; drive on!"  
 "Yes, lord! To what particular police station shall I head this omnibus?"  
 "The nearest, Jones; the very nearest you can think of! Some day, when I'm rich, I'll hire you for my chauffeur. But for the present I shall expect at least a box of Partegas out of that hundred."  
 Jones chuckled. "I'll buy you a box out of my own pocket. That hundred goes to charity."  
 "Here we are! Out with you," said Jim to his prisoners. He shouldered them into the police station, to the captain's desk.  
 "What's this?" demanded the captain.  
 "Holdup, men," said Jim. "Entered this man's car and tried to rob him."  
 "Uh-huh! An' who's you?"  
 Jim showed his badge and card.  
 "Oh! Hey, there; I mean you!" said the captain, leveling a finger at Otto. "Lift up that hat, lift it up. Sure, it's Fountain Pen Otto! Well, well; we've been lookin' for you for ten months on the last forgery case. Mr. Norton, my thanks. Take 'em below, sergeant. You'll be here to make the complaint in th' mornin', sire," he added to Servan.  
 "If it is necessary."

## Commerical and Financial

### Stocks and Bonds.

**NEW YORK, Dec. 11.**—Stocks and bonds showed greater firmness today because of the proximity of the reopening of the local exchange for open dealing in stocks. Some shares were 1 to 3 points up and several of the more active bond and note issues manifested corresponding strength.  
 Clearances of stocks through the exchange today were estimated at 60,000 shares. The list of minimum prices issued today for open trading showed that allowance is to be made for dividends declared on listed stocks during the past four months for instance. Reading which closed at 140 in July and sold up to 142 7/8 today was quoted at 136, the parity of its July price, plus two dividends of 2 per cent. This same ruling applied to other dividend issues.  
 The number of \$15 or lower priced stock which are to be offered without restriction tomorrow and the re-also includes some three score railway and industrial issues.  
 A further break was reported in the market for rich marks. Exchange on London was stronger, with cables at a 88 7/8, while francs were steady.  
 Banks were inclined to restrict their offerings of money. The cash loss of banks to the sub-treasury was reported to be about \$17,000,000, but rates for call and time loans were maintained.  
 In the industrial field another advance in copper constituted the chief feature. General trade advices pointed to gradual betterment at leading centers of business.

### Weekly Cotton

**NEW YORK, Dec. 11.**—The government's estimate indicating the largest cotton crop in the history of trade was followed by lower prices in the market this week. The official forecast of 15,966,000 bales, excluding linters, was several hundred thousand bales above average expectations. This falling off in ginning operations had led some to suppose that fully the average per centage of the crop has been gained before the beginning of the government's estimate, unless it is a question of average bale weights, the proportion gained to December 1 this year does not seem to have been over 82 comparing with 85.6, the average for the three preceding years.  
 The talk around the ring has shown a more bearish average of sentiment owing to apprehensions that the big figures would shake the determination of southern holders and lead to increased offerings, while at the same time they would encourage buyers in a policy of procrastination. Trading has been more active in the decline of about \$2.50 to \$3 per bale from the recent high level and while there has been moderate selling of near months the market has received support on a scale down from trade interests and investors.

### Dunn's Review

**NEW YORK, Dec. 11.**—Dunn's Review tomorrow will say:  
 Improvement in trade is made clear in the reports from all parts of the country, though the developing is slow and irregular and the gains already attained inspire confidence in further expansion, with the advent of the New Year. The prevailing optimism is strengthened by easier money and the notable improvement in the financial position; also by the fact that while the present volume of business is much less than last year, the corner has been turned and the trend is now toward better conditions.  
 Bank exchanges for the week were \$2,377,722,159 against \$2,767,437,724 in the same week last year and \$3,265,556,619 in 1912.  
 Failures in the United States during the week numbered 481 against 450 last year; in Canada 79 against 46 last year.

### New York Cotton

**NEW YORK, Dec. 11.**—The selling movement inspired by yesterday's big crop figures was renewed in the cotton market today and prices made new low ground with the close steady at a net decline of 6 to 21 points.  
 Private cables reported considerable calling by spinners in the English market, and Liverpool did not fully meet yesterday's local decline, but after opening steady at a decline of 1 point to an advance of 2 points, prices here quickly weakened. December notes estimated at about 6,000 bales were reported in circulation, and evidently about 4,000 bales were reported in circulation, and fresh selling of the near months presumably against cotton previously held here as an investment, or to be shipped here from the south.  
 The weakness of the near positions helped to unsettle the general list, and trading was more active during the morning than at any previous time since the reopening of the market. At a net loss of about 23 points on December and of 6 to 18 points on later months, the selling became less active, but demand also tapered off and the market was comparatively quiet later in the day. The close was steadied by covering bit within a point or two of the lowest.  
 It is reported that great difficulty is still being experienced in securing enough insurance to cover the risk on both hulls and cargoes in the case of vessels sailing for Germany, and vessels which recently cleared from a southern port for Bremen has put into Boston.  
 Spot cotton quiet; middling uplands 7 25; Gulf 7.50. Sales 200.  
 Futures closed steady.

	Open	High	Low	Close
January	7.02	7.04	6.98	6.99
March	7.16	7.18	7.08	7.09
May	7.38	7.42	7.25	7.27
July	7.62	7.62	7.41	7.42
October	7.77	7.78	7.70	7.70

### New Orleans Cotton

**NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 11.**—Cotton futures lost 6 to 10 points, as the result of today's trading, closing at practically the lowest January sold as low as 6.87. Moderate liquidation of long cotton together with hedges selling and speculative short selling put the market lower in the morning and later the softness of southern spot markets completed the work.  
 A steady influence was the export movement, which for the week was 244,788 bales, the largest week's shipments to foreign countries since the outbreak of the war. Exports thus far this season now amount to 1,740,678.  
 Local spots were quoted easy at 7 cents for middling, a loss of one-eighth, compared with yesterday. The total stock here now is 282,114 bales.  
 Spot cotton easy; sales on the spot 275 bales; to arrive 2,750.  
 Cotton futures closed:  
 January 6.88; March 6.95; May 7.13; July 7.30; October 7.61.

### Cotton Seed Oil

**NEW YORK, Dec. 11.**—Cotton seed oil was higher on scattered covering by those who sold on yesterday's cotton report, together with support from refiners and local buying on the lard firmness. Crude markets on the other hand were a shade easier. Final prices were 5 to 10 points net higher. Sales 12,300 barrels.  
 The markets closed steady. Spot 5.90@5.95; December 5.34@5.38; January 5.90@5.94; February 6.00@6.09; March 6.11@6.14; April 6.20@6.22; May 6.31@6.33; June 6.39@6.44; July 6.51@6.53.

### Liverpool Cotton

**LIVERPOOL, Dec. 11.**—Cotton, spot quiet; prices easier. American middling fair 5.14; good middling 4.54; middling 4.28; low middling 3.84; good ordinary 3.19; ordinary 2.74. Sales 3,636 bales, including 1,500 American and 1,466 for speculation and export. Receipts 1,456 bales, including 1,100 American.

### Dry Goods

**NEW YORK, Dec. 11.**—Wool markets were strong and active today. Wide sheetings were priced on a basis of 22 for 10-4 goods. Yarns were quiet. More business was done in silk messalines.

### Live Stock

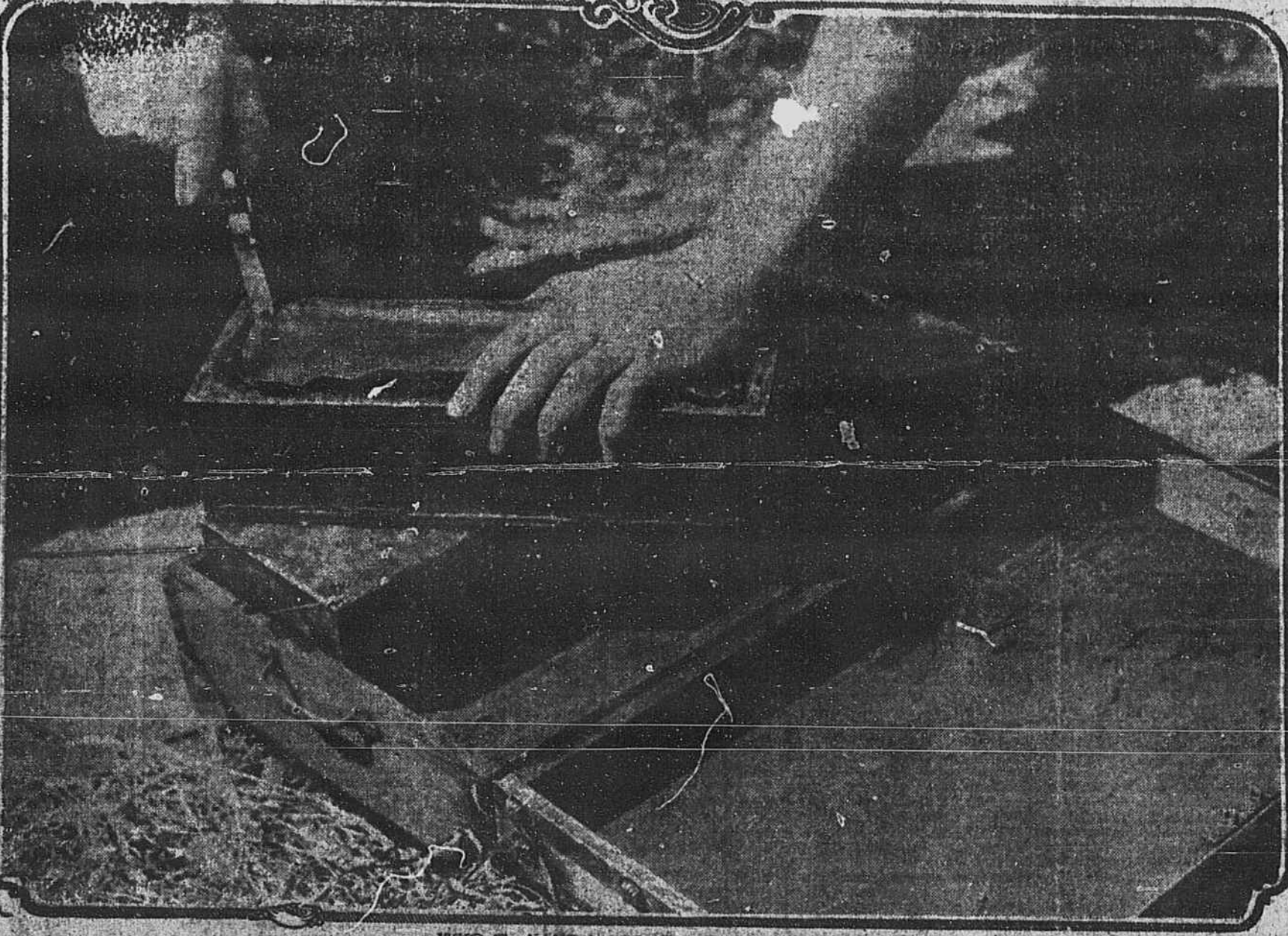
**CHICAGO, Dec. 11.**—Hogs lower. Bulk 6.50@7.15; light 6.00@7.20; mixed 5.70@7.25; heavy 6.65@7.35; rough 6.65@6.80; pigs 5.00@7.15.  
 Cattle steady. Steers 5.70 @11; western 5.25@8.40; cows and heifers 3.25@8.50; calves 6.00@2.25.  
 Sheep firm. Sheep 5.40@6.60; yearlings 6.00@7.80; lambs 6.75@8.75.

### Chicago Grain

**CHICAGO, Dec. 11.**—Misgivings about the effect of cold weather on unprotected fields tended to make wheat higher.  
 There was a good deal of selling on the bulge, however, and the market closed easy at a shade to 1-4 above last night. Corn finished unchanged to a sixteenth up, oats unchanged to 1-4@3-4 advance and provisions dearer by a shade to 5c.  
 Grain and provisions closed:  
 Wheat  
 December ..... 1.16 1-4  
 May ..... 1.20 5-8  
 Corn:  
 December ..... 63 3-4  
 May ..... 69  
 Oats:  
 December ..... 47 1-2  
 May ..... 51 3-8  
 Cash grain: Wheat, No. 2 red, 1 1/4 1-4@2-4; No. 2 hard, 1.16 1-2@1.17.  
 Corn, No. 2 yellow, old, 64@1-2; new 63 1-4@2-4.  
 Oats, standard, 48 1-4@2-4.

### IVA NOTES

Dr. H. R. Wells of Anderson was here several days this week on professional business.  
 Dr. J. C. Wilson went down to Lovelockville Thursday on business.  
 Mr. T. C. Jackson has returned from Charleston, where he went to attend a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Missions.  
 Mrs. J. F. Simpson and children of Anderson are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Sherrard.  
 Rev. J. H. McRee and wife and Mrs. T. C. Jackson went up to Starr Thursday to hear Rev. J. A. Smith, the Presbyterian evangelist, who is conducting a series of meetings there in the Methodist church.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Jones have returned from a few days' stay with friends in Augusta.  
 Rev. J. H. McRee, the newly elected pastor, will preach his first sermon Sunday morning in the Presbyterian church here at 11:15. Everybody is cordially invited to attend his service.  
 Bill of Fair.  
 That Chick's man who married a girl because she could cook probably refers to her as his bill of fair—Richmond Times-Dispatch.



WHOSE HANDS ARE THESE?

"A new kind."  
 "What I wish to learn is this: Can a man, formerly undesirable, take out naturalization paper and hold to the protection of the United States government? That is to say, a pointer, messenger, Siberia, becomes an American citizen. He is abducted and carried back to Russia. Could he look to this government for protection? That is what I want to find out."  
 "That will be easy. When shall I start?"  
 "As soon as you can pack your grip."  
 "That's always packed," replied the reporter. "I'll be ready in ten minutes. I'll be ready for quick action."  
 "The Russian agent wants a thing or two more. He wants a suitcase. I'm going to try to point them out to him. It would satisfy me more anything I know to eliminate this problem in Russian fashion. It's through this man's accomplices, good-bye to the Black Hundred in America. The organization in Russia has still some political significance, but on this side of the water it is merely an aggregation of mercenary thugs."  
 "I'll take the first train out. But you will tell Florence?"  
 "Surely."  
 "And take care of your own heels. You were watched at the hotel."  
 "I know it; but the watcher could have nothing. Henri Servan as a man will suggest nothing to the foot who followed me. Besides, we both were back here. That hotel, you know, still retains the old-fashioned keyholes."  
 "To keep the matter in good humor, I suggest you see Jim. Well, I must be on my way to make that car."  
 The two clock hands and Jim hurried off. The butler watched him till

well satisfied. He dressed carefully that evening, called up the office clerk, and inquired if his box tickets for the opera had arrived. He was informed that they had. He was the spy, who had been to linger about the hotel, overhauling this conversation, determined to notify Braine at once. And at the same time, Norton, in disguise, determined not to lose sight of this man whom he had set himself to watch.  
 The spy left by one entrance, and Jim by another. Jim had learned what he desired; that the Russian agent would be following to the opera, and that it was going to be difficult to find the documents to him. The spy entered a drug store and telephoned Jim waited outside. When the man came out he strode up the street and entered the famous saloon. Jim's eyes were busy.  
 "I've Braine's name in a newspaper who took the news to Braine."  
 "Where have succeeded."  
 "Good!" said Braine.  
 "He will go to the opera. He will have a box. Doubtless they have arranged to deliver the papers there."  
 "And the next thing is to get the number of the box. This Braine had no difficulty in doing. So that's all fixed. He calls himself Servan and registers from Paris. I'll show the fool that he has no Moujik to deal with this time."  
 "And what are these documents?" asked Olga.  
 "Ah, that's what we are so anxious to find out. Some papers are going to be exchanged between this foreign spy and Jones or his agents. That these papers concern a vitally important matter. That is why I am going to get them if there has to be a murder at the opera tonight. Norton has been to Washington. He was seen coming out of the Russian embassy, with a few other officials. I've got to find out just what all this means."  
 "It means that the time has come

of a fatalist. This man of hers, had suddenly gone mad; and one did not reason with mad people."  
 "What shall I wear?" she asked calmly.  
 "Emeralds, they're your good luck stones. You will go to the box before I do. I've got to spend some time at the court to be sure the little Servan plans arrive. And it's quite possible that our friend Jones will come later. If not Jones then Norton. I was a fool not to check him when I had the chance. We could have covered it up without the least difficulty. But I needed the information about that paper. Well, Norton going to Washington and then conferring with the Servan, was not to strike quick. It occurred to me that I might be able to get some idea of cards in his possession. But he had a pocket watch. He attended to his own watch for me. Remember, I want you to write notes or send any phone messages. Be wary of any trap like that to get you outside. Now, I'm off."  
 Jones approached Florence immediately after dinner.  
 "I have important business in the city tonight. Under no circumstances leave the house. I shall probably be followed. And our enemies will have need of you far more tonight than at any previous time. I shall not send you home if written message. You have your revolver. Shoot any strange man who enters. We'll make inquiries after."  
 "We are near the end," whispered Florence.  
 "Very near the end."  
 "And I shall see my father?"  
 Jones bent his head. "If we succeed."  
 "There is danger," thinking of her loss.  
 "There is always danger when I leave this house. So be good," the butler added with a smile.  
 "And Jim?"  
 "He has proved that he can take

needs, and finally the chauffeur nodded. "I've twenties were pressed into his hand and he curled up in his seat again."  
 Servan entered his box. In the box next to his sat a handsomely groomed young woman. He threw her an idle glance, which was repaid in kind. Later, Braine came in and sat down beside Olga.  
 "Everything look like plain sailing," he whispered.  
 Olga shrugged slightly.  
 During the intermission between the first and second acts, Servan took the rear chair of his box, near the curtains. Braine, watching with the eyes of a hawk, suddenly observed the curtains moving. A hand was thrust through. In that hand was a packet of papers. With seeming indifference Servan reached back and took the papers, staring them at him with a nervous smile.  
 Braine crossed at the beginning of the second act.  
 "Where are you going?" asked Olga nervously.  
 "To see Otto."  
 A bold attempt was made to rob Servan while in the box; but the timely arrival of Jim frustrated the plan. So Braine was forced to rely on the chauffeur of the limousine.  
 As Ferrara's last thrilling note died away Braine and Olga rose.  
 "The curtain and come to the apartments just as soon as you can."  
 "I'll be careful," Braine declared earnestly. "You can watch the play if you wish."  
 When Servan entered the limousine he was quietly but forcibly seized by two men who had been lying in wait for him, due to the apparent treachery of the chauffeur. Servan fought valiantly for all that he knew what the end of this exploit was going to be. One of the men succeeded in getting the documents from Servan's pocket.  
 "Done, my boy!" cried the victor. "Give him a crack on the occo and we'll beat it."  
 "Just a minute, gentlemen!" said a

"It may be against Otto's pal. I don't know him."  
 "Very well."  
 And Jones and Norton and Servan trooped out of the station.  
 At last Jones and the reporter entered a cheap lunchroom and ordered coffee and toast.  
 "You're a wonderful man, Jones, even if you are an Englishman," said Jim as he called for the check.  
 "English?" What makes you think I am English?" asked Jones with a curious glimmer in his eyes.  
 "I'll tell you on the night we put the rollers under Braine and company."  
 Jones stared long and intently at his young partner. What did he really know?  
 (To Be Continued.)

**ROLEY CATARACT TABLETS**  
 250 South Street - 1st Floor - South Boston