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OF · MILLIONS

BY · ANNA · KATHARINE · GREEN

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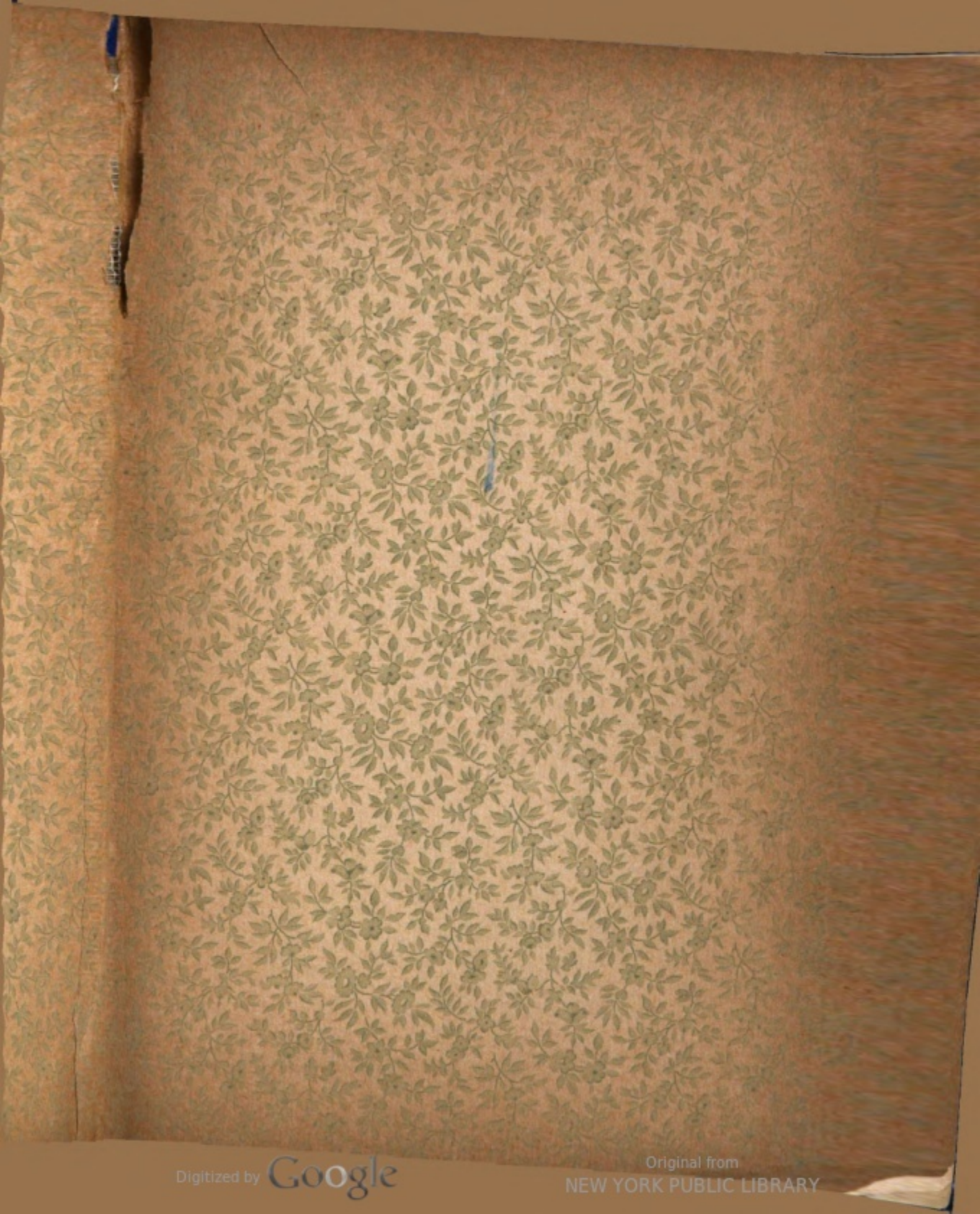
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JENNY ROGERS. *Frontispiece.*

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"LOVE ME AND DROP THIS FELLOW."—*See Page* 187.

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A MATTER OF MILLIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER.

AN old crone stood on the top floor of one of New York's studio buildings. In her hand was a letter. Looking at it, she studied the superscription carefully, and then, with the same intentness, read the name on one of the doors before her. Hamilton Degraw was on the one, Hamilton Degraw was on the other. Satisfied, she gave a quick glance around her, thrust the letter under the door, and quickly fled.

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CHAPTER II.

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

HE number which had been given him was 391 East —— street, and, though he had never been in just the locality indicated by this address, he thought he knew the region and what to expect there. Had he not passed through many of these uptown streets, even to the water's edge, and found them to vary only in the size and pretention of their long and monotonous rows of similarly fashioned brick or stone houses, unless it were by the intrusion of a brewery or a church?

It was, therefore, an agreeable surprise to discover that the especial block in which he was for the moment interested, was not like other blocks, even in this quarter, but was broken up by a stretch of odd-looking houses, which, if somewhat worn and dilapidated, still preserved an air of picturesqueness sadly lacking in most of our third-rate dwellings.

There were four of them, all of a size, all of a

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THE ARTIST, CATCHING HIS BREATH, LISTENED.—*See Page 27.*

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"IT IS A SHORT STORY."—*See Page* 72.

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"OH, WHO ARE YOU?" SHE ASKED.—*See Page* 93.

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He said to the inspector, in relating the story, that he never before felt so foolish. Had she gone through the floor? Had she evaporated into thin air? He stood for a moment baffled; then he tore down the clothes hanging on pegs before him, and, searching the walls, found the evidences of a lock in the back partition. But it was a spring lock; and, as for the partition itself, it was so strong that it scarcely shook under his weight, though he cast himself heavily against it.

Disappointed, but, above all, mortified at what promised to be a complete fiasco, he came from the closet, and, opening the door into the hall, rushed hastily toward the back of the house, in the hope of being able to cut short her escape. But here he was met by a blank wall. On this story of the house the only communication between the front and the rear lay through the closet, and this was effectually closed.

Remembering that the house opened upon an alley-way in the rear, he at once lost heart.

"She is gone," he whispered to himself, and blushed, though there was no one there to see.

And his fears proved true. Neither then, nor for months afterward, did the police succeed in laying hands upon this mysterious woman. She had seen imprisonment in Mr. Gryce's eye, and fled opportunely; and all the satisfaction they got out of the matter was the certainty of her being the woman they sought.

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vidual and alluring. It was in his mind, it was in his heart, but it would not grow from beneath his brush. He had an impulse to make a bonfire of sketch and painting both, and had even half risen to tear them from his easel, when a rude knock was heard at the door, and a messenger-boy came in with a telegram. It was from Byrd, and raised his spirits at once.

"Found; all is well; will see you soon."

He was gazing rapturously at the sketch which now appeared beautiful to him when the young detective came in. He was looking fagged out, but jubilant. It was evidently a great satisfaction to him that he had succeeded in his efforts.

"I am on my way to report at police headquarters," said he, "but I thought it would relieve your mind to know just where the signorina is."

"It will, it will! You are a good fellow, Byrd, and I am sure you merit more than my mere thanks. Where in the city is she? And how does she look; for I take it for granted you have seen her."

"She is not in the city at all. She is with Miss Aspinwall at her country-seat in Great Barrington."

"With Miss Aspinwall! She could not be in

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"NOTHING DELETERIOUS?" HE SAID.—*See Page* 120.

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"YOU KNOW HIM!" WHISPERED MISS ASPINWALL.—*See Page* 148.

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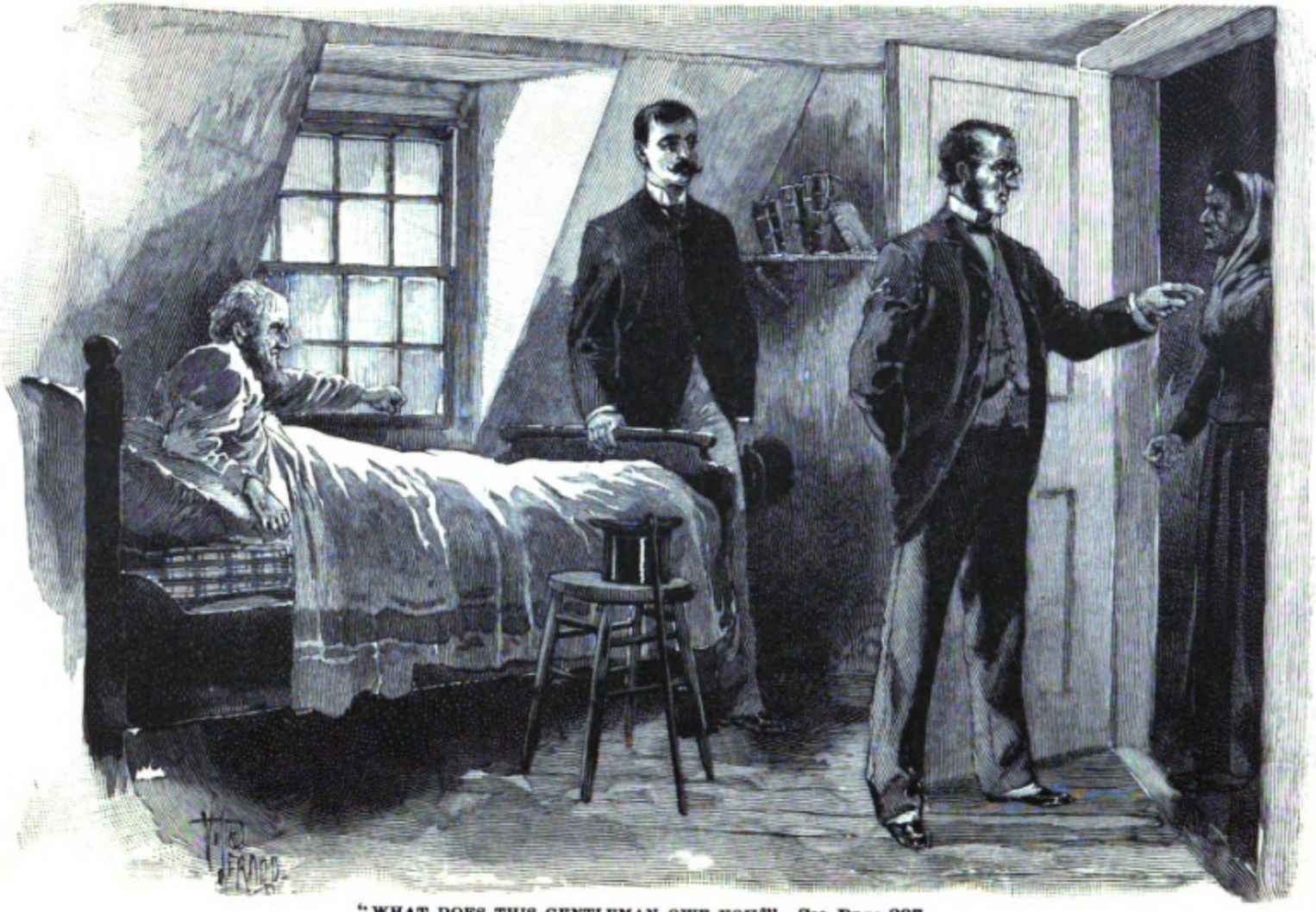

"WHAT DOES THIS GENTLEMAN OWE YOU?"—*See Page* 237.

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