## SYNOPSIS.

Eudora is left an orphan at an early re. Her father is killed in a gold mine. Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Keene, Zudora's mother's brother. Zudora, giving promise of great beauty, reaches the age of eighteen. The uncle, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassam Ali, decides that Zu-dora must die before she can have a dora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to him, the next of kin. Hassain Ali sees an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zudora has taken a fancy, and he commands the girl to put the man out of her mind. Zudora insists that if she cannot marry Storm she will marry no one. "Well, well," says Hassain All, "if you take such a stand I'll compromise. Solve my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fail in a single case and you must renounce him."

him; fail in a single case and you must renounce him."

Zudora, using the knowlodge gained from years of association with her uncle, unravels a baffling mystery and wins her lirst case—a case in which John Storm is saved from being convicted of a murder instigated by Hussam Ali himself.

Zudora and Hassam Ali himself.

Zudora and Hassam Ali himself. Nabok San's house, where sleep overcomes every one whenever Nabok attempts to marry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is made a prisoner. Zudora folls Nabok Shan, restores the princess to her original lover and saves Storm from death.

A maker of diamonds tells Hassam Ali his secret. Storm informs Zudora that his life is being attempted frequently. Storm suspects Hassam Ali. Storm is arrested for stealing the diamond maker's gene, but Zudora discovers the real thieves—a pair of mice.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Secret of the Haunted Hills. ERHAPS a month clapsed without any puzzling case coming

under Hassam Ali's notice. Zudora and Storm had their meetings, always previously arranged by the carrier pigeons, about which Hassam di prefended to know nothing.

Besides, he was busy with numerous clients who wanted to know about their business investments, their own futures and somebody else's past.

And he continued to build his pyra-

mids of phantom gold. The one mistake he had made was to

acquoint Zudora with the knowledge of her immense fortune. The trustees had always addressed

their letters to him, and it would have been an easy matter to have kept her in ignorance. But, evil as he was himself, he had a profound respect for Zudora's word. She had given it, and there was three years' grace.

If in that period of time he could not rid himself of that meddling atstorney he would tear down the black velvet curtains with his own hands and make a bonfire of them.

Storm had urged Zudora a dozen to marry him secretly, but she steadfastly refused to accede to his

Of what use to marry if they could not have a home of their own?

Of what use to burden themselves with their pursuits and hang threateningly over their heads?

More than that, she reasoned, her friends would always look askance at her if, after some months, it became known that she was married and was not living openly with her husband.

would not break it. So John surren-



Zudora.

dered gracefully. But he was always feeling that mysterious cloud which bung lowering over them both.

Many a cight while atone he tried to figure out the basic cause for Hassam Ali's attitude. Some day, when work easied up a bit, he determined to go back over Hassam Ali's past with all the searching fequiry of a first class lawyer.

There was something more than mere physical antagonism. He never confessed this belief to Zudora, how-

It did not look quite fair to her to put doubts into her heart when he had nothing back of these doubts but in-

But there was no getting around the feared him for Zudora's sake.

One day Storm received a letter from his mother, and the contents first amused, then alarmed him. His parents were well to do country folk in the south. Their forbears had been

southerners of wealth and position up Pi ce by piece the fine double inheri-built like most young men? ence to the ordinary comforts of life.

a's birth they had sunk from afhere had been enough money to send he lad to college, to fit him for his.

He was a good son, writing home

whenever there was opportunity. Often he had sent checks home, but invariably these had been returned. They did not need the money; they had enough for their simple wants, and when they died all they had would be

His mother had written that an alarming mystery had confronted them, one that promised to decimate the negro servitors on the various farms and estates. And just now, when all the crops were ripe, it meant ruln in her heart. for a great many whose sole income was derived from their crops.

The negroes were not dying; they were fleeing. This mystery was no idle fancy, no idle rumor. It was a living fact, visible to the eye. and her husband had seen the thing themselves, and they were normal minded people.

Something must be done soon or there would not be a servant left in the county.

The hill back of the Storm place was haunted. Night after night, against the side of the bill, there appeared the heroic skeleton of a human hand with a black spot in the center of the pairs. as if it had been made by an enormous bullet.

No one could get close to it. Inthe real of any living being. This ghastly



Hassam Ali and Jimmy Bolton.

thing waxed and waned, something after the manner of the coal of a man's pipe.

Of course it was plain trickery, but one could not impress the excitable uegro mind with this fact, and, more than this, there were many white people who were quite assured that this skeieton hand presaged the coming of

the end of the world. Something must be done at once with a secret which would interfere. Would her dear son come immediately and see if he could put this mystery where it belonged? He wired back

that he would. Of course there was no doubt in his mind that some one was playing a practical joke of a grewsome sort, but he also realized that it might turn fato No: she had given her word, and she a serious affair if it was permitted to continue.

> He laughed at one moment and swore at the next. Why the perpetrators of the joke had selected the hill back of the Storm place set him think ing deeply.

He decided to go home and lay the ghost, as the saying goes. He packed up, sent a letter to Zudora and left

When Zudora received the letter sin was greatly perturbed. It seemed to her that what appeared as a bit of coarse foolery might have as its base something serious regarding the welfare of her love and his people. Rather diffidently she sought Hassam All's ad

Her uncle shragged, "Some country bumpkin is playing a joke on the more simple minded. Go and solve it if you wish, only you'll have your trouble for your pains."

"But how do you account for the

"Trickery, pure and simple; phosphorescence mayhap. The negro mind -at least the southern negro-is full of kinhs, like his bair. He will take it as a sign that the world is coming to an end.

Some negroes have already deserted. It looks to me something more than an idle feet."

Hassam All gave her a quick, shrewd glance. He wondered what was going on in the girl's mind. Had she any suspicions? It was inherent for her to

speak the truth. "Have you intimated to Storm of the gold?" he asked.

"No." rather scornfully, given by word. You ought to know that I never break it." But often regret giving it?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, my advice is, stay home. There is no reason why you should take any risks on account of Storm's people.

"You said it was probably a bump-

kin's joke." "Yes, but the negroes cannot be plain fact that he feared Hassam Ail- trusted in a case where their imaginstion may get the better of their common sense. Better wait until you bear from this fool of a lover of yours.

"I am better able to judge John Storm than you," coldly. "He is not a

"Hoiry-toity! Hasn't it ever occurred to you that Storm is young, alone and "What do you mean by that?"

"Has he fold you everything about his life before he met you?" "Will you kindly explain?"

"Let him explain," said Hassem All and, having planted this barb of doubt.

once a month and making holiday vis- turned on his heel and retired to his den, rather well satisfied with himself.

But Zudora's love was like a shield. The barb bounded off harmiessly. John Storm was a clean man in thought and in tife. She had not passed through this peculiar schooling of hers without being able to read between the lines. Flie was absolutely certain that love could not blind her to any defects in John. All Hassam Ali accomplished by his innuendo was to enlarge that smoldering suspicion which was ever

A good many of us are nearsighted mentally. It is easier to judge things the distance than close at hand. While the general world knew that Hassam Ali was a miser, Zudora was quite ignorant of the fact. Had she definitely known of his inordinate love of gold, her subsequent miseries might have been avoided to some extent.

Storm went south immediately. The home was simple and comfortable. There were two or three bits of antique forniture which had been saved from the wreek. It was night when he arrived. The country failway station lad, with its usual nondescript crowd of idlers, witnessed his arrival, and the news traveled quickly. He regretted that he had not come secretly and gone about his investigations unob served. But the damage was done and proved conclusively that he was not

cut out for a desective. He was greeted fondly by his parents, and they repeated with elaborations what had been recounted to him in the letter. It was downright serious, no laughing matter. The lielp were de claring that the mystic hand was the warning of the world's end. Not a few of the poorer class of white folk were accepting the hoax as a serious affair. Some of the negroes were even going so far as to kneel down to the hand (from a safe distance) and intone prayers.

"Humph!" muttered Storm. "I want a good look at this thing. And some one is going to get a rattling good kicking before I go back to town. Why the dickens should they pick out our hill for their tomfoolery?"

"Father says it's because some one has a grudge against the family," said "Pitte!"

"An imaginary grievance," she added. "Who could possibly have a grudge Zudora threw a quick, circling glance. against you two, who have done every thing to make life decently worth

while to the belp?" "You never can tell," said old Mr. Storm, digging into his pocket for his

pipe.
"What time does it generally apnear?" 'Oh, any time between sundown and

midnight. "All right. I'll take a shotgun and go hunting for Mr. Ghost this very

night," Storm declared wrathfully, But he wasted his time. Also the night following nothing came of his vigil. The third night he was called to the door in time to see the hand flicker for a moment and then vanish He rushed toward the hill, but found nothing. He began to grov very He admitted, the little time he saw it, that it was grewsome enough. It was eight or ten feet in height, with a shadow in the palm like an embedded bullet. Subconsciously he seemed to recognize something vaguely familiar about the shape of the hand.

He did not go into the village, but prowled around in the vicinity where the hand appeared most frequently There was no evidence of phosphor escence, no footprints except those made by the negroes some two or three hundred yards below the hill. John was puzzled and irritated at the same time. This joke was being perpetrated by some one who had brains Meanwhile the crops lay migathered and were beginning to rot in the fields. Something must be done in a hurry. else he would be compelled to send to the city for emigrants, who would doubtless take to their heels after the same manner as the negroes. telegraphed for Zudora,

And Zudora came.



The Skeleton Hand Appeared on the Side of the Hill,

she appeared in the flesh they had entertained some doubts about this niece of a man whose business they held in supreme contempt. They fell in love with her at once, rather shamefacedly when up to that moment they had been quite positive that she had laid a siren's trap for their boy.

Old man Storm pondered a good deal. It did not seem possible that this siender, handsome, dark eved girl was a detective. It did not match up with Bolton, but, perhaps foolishly, he rethe tales he had read in books. She was just like any other girl, nothing had become reasonably sure that Hasmysfericus whatever.

work, but I haven't gained an inch. I admit that I am totally at sea. I've seen the thing once at a great distance, and I don't wender that the natives are

tiking for other parts. Have you any old time enemies?

she psked "I come back once or twice a year for a day or two. I seldom go into the village. I've been in New York for nearly fourteen years and have quite forgotten how the neighbors look How the dence could I have any ene

"I mean your father. He may hav discharged some one who aims at hav ig revenge," she suggested.

There hasn't been any one discharg ed from this place since i was a kid and you can take it from me that the chap who is playing this game has brain better educated than the run of bely bereabouts."

"I am going to make some investiga tions, and you must let me go my ow No tagging after me when want to go into the village. Some one in the village will know what is going on. No one would come from the out to play a game like this."

"All right. If any one can get to the tion of this muddle it will be your tovely self. Good luck, sweetheart!"

Three or four days passed. Zudora Went about her work systematically. One day she came upon a bit of news that startled her profoundly. It was of such a character that she dured not impart this news to John, ide must be kept in tot: I iznopance. The brain that had instigated this really criminal joke was in New York. It was the tool of this cumning brain she must bring to light and confusion. Her uncle! How the man hated John, to play so despi cable a jest upon his people! The old suspicions returned, stronger than ever She was growing a bit afraid of this uncle of hers; she was beginning to un derstand that Besh and blood did no always count. But why? Why should he wish to harm John Storm? It was unanswerable question. She realized that from now on she must be on her guard. Her uncle must never learn that she entertained the least sus

That night they all received a shock The hand suddenly appeared on the side of the house, and even as they rushed out to look at it it slowly faded.



The Old Man Accused Her, but John

intervened, but there was no spot of light in the distance to confirm her suspicions that 'magie lantern" was being focused against the side of the house. The result of this visitation was the final exodus of the help, with the exception of the housenaid and the boy who did chores about the house. The matter had been fully explained to these two. None the less they were badly fright-

When the spectral hand appeared the next night old man Storm seized his shotgun and started out with blood in his eye. The result of his rage and ex-The Storm family had heard about diement was a hadly lacerated arm for her, you may be assured. But until the housemaid. The old man accused her, but John Intervened. The poor girl had only been curious to see how near she could get to the specter. She was fortunate to have escaped with her

Later John began to show preoccu pation, and when questioned by Zu-dora be admitted that there had been an episode of his younger days that he had all but forgotten. The dark spot in the palm of the hand had finally

brought back the scene vividiy. "I used to come home during college days to hunt a little. There's quail and partridge galore in November. I used to take young Jimmy Bolton along to carry the game. He was only kid. Well, to make a long story short. I was careless in handling the gun, and some of the charge went into Bolton's hand. The best thing we can do, then, is to locate him. He wasn't always quite right in the upper story. But how the dickens he should come to think up such a hoax and spring it

after all these years gets me." Zudora said nothing, There was

nothing for her to say. "So we'll take a look into Jimmy's af-

fairs," concluded John. But Jimmy had not been seen by any one for several weeks. The specter suddenly ceased operations. A week passed, and both Storm and Zudora concluded to return to town, but to return secretly the first time the hand made its appearance again.

Oddly enough Storm also had vague suspicions regarding the brain behind frained from confiding to Zudora. He ratericus wusiever.
"It's resi'y serious, Zudora," said ground. Jimmy Bolton was incapable sam Ali was somewhere in the back-

was determined to put the matter boldly to Hassam Ali.

Amed was not going to admit him at first. Orders were orders. But when Storm declared that he would come back with a policeman Awed concluded to accept the lesser of two evils Storm found biniself in the familiar drawing room. Zudora seemed every where-in the arrangement of the flow ers, the pictures, the music rack.

sir," said a cold voice from behind, this is an honor forced upon



Storm Was Too Quick For Him.

ne. I have forbidden you the hospital ity of this house.

"I am well aware of that," returned Storm, quite as coldly as Hassam All. I have not come for hospitality. What l demand to know is, what the devii to you mean by setting a half witted boy up to such a beastly game as that spectral hand?" Storm shook his fist under Hassam Ali's nose

All the fary against this young man bubbled up in Hassam Ali's heart and ineautiously was permitted to overflow the brite. He wanted John Storm dead, dead at his feet. He suddenly drew back his hand, but Storm was too quick for him. Amed, seeing his master in danger, seized a vase and stole up behind Storm.

But from her boudoir above Zudora had heard the loud voices. She held in her hand only a book. She flung it with more accuracy thun is generally redited to the feminine arm. It hit Amed squarely on the shoulder; and the vase clattered to the floor.

John flung Bassam Ali from him and faced Zudora.

"I am sorry, dear, to have a rumpus like this, but I lost my temper." "And perhaps I lost mine," said Hassam Ali, recognizing the need of a bit of diplomacy. "I had forbidden him the bouse, Zielora. He pushed his

way in with threats of police." "You were wrong, John," said Zu dora, with no small diplomacy berself. "There is nothing to prevent my see ing you when and where I will, but this is my uncie's house. He has a perfeet right to deny you admittance if

John swallowed hard. He was not expecting a retake from such a quarter. He appropried again and left the At his apartments a telegram awaited him. The spector had return ed, and the farmers were patrolling the

he sa wishes."



Zudora Was Suddenly Dragged In and Securely Bound

county with shotguns. A carrier pigeon acquainted Zudora with the fact. The next morning the two left for the the row with Hassam Alf.

"Let me work alone. The sight of you may scare away this boy," she

"All right," he agreed, but with the mental reservation that he would follow her and remain within call. Zudora found Jimmy Botton and Jim-

my Bolton found her, much to her discomfort and alarm. She had gone far opposite to where the specter hand usually appeared, and she discovered and saying, "No, thank you, madame, in a window of a shack on the opposite hill the Cyclopean eye she had for his long walk homeward.-Pear-John. "I've tried my hand at detective of perpetrating a boax of this peculiar | hitherto aunted for in vain. Without son's Weekly.

order without capital. At any rate he the slightest hesitancy she sought the thack, knocked intrepidly and was suddenty dragged in and securely bound. In the dim light she could see that Bolon was not unforched with insanity.

Serie had promised not to follow, ant she never went out at night withna his being somewhere near. He too had seen the flashing eye. A brief tableau of Zudora struggling in the doorway was enough. He was nearly as mad as poor Jimmy Bolton. used the fellow roughly and left himexhausted and thoroughly cowed in a orner and then liberated Zudora.

In the attic of the shack was a giant stereojalcon, capable of throwing a concentrated ray a thousand yards or more. The plate projected was really an X ray exposure of Bolton's laind. John threatened and cajoled and even ffered money to Bohon if he would confess who had set him up to this rick. But Jimmy refused to divulge his secret. He feared the threats of Hassam Ali far more than the threats of his victim.

A week later the crops were being harvested, and Zudora and John returned to the city, each secretly won-dering what the next ordeal would hold for them.

Pro BE CONTINUED.I

## THE MOST FAMOUS SONG.

An Air Familiar to Almost Every Coun-

try in the World. A London paper recently asked the question, "Which is the world's most famous song?" and then proceeded to make an unexpected answer namely. that it is not "Auld Lang Syne," "An-nie Laurie," "Home, Sweet Home," "God Save the King." "America."
"The Watch on the Rhine." "The Marsellaise" or "The Last Rose of Summer," all of which would seem to be probable candidates for the honor What is it, then? The answer is "Malbrook," whose refrains, "We won't go home till morning" and "For he's a jolly good fellow." are equally familiar

in Europe and in America. The air of the song has been sung in Europe since the time of the crusades, when it was carried to the east and so became familiar to Turks and Arabs. The modernization of the song dates from some time after the battle of Malplaquet, when it was first sung by a French muse at Versailles, whence it spread to Paris and throughout France and, as has been said, gave the great Duke of Marlborough more celebrity than all his victories. The words were printed on fans and screeus and were

sung in palaces and on the streets. The still further modernization for the exigencies of roistering melody was the last touch which insured the song universal popularity. Incorporated in opera bouffe by Bizet, sung by Marie Antoinette in the Tulleries, introduced by Beauguarchais in "The darriage of Figaro" and by Beethoven in his symptony and hummed by the great Napoleon whenever he entered a battle, the air of "Malbrook" has literally sung itself into the heart of the

world And Du Maurier anderstood its infinite possibilities when he had Triby transform it into a great lyric tragedy

## A Lucky Imitation.

Marshal Gourko, the famous Russlan general, was a terrible autocrat. On one occasion an impersonator of celebrated men was performing at a theater in Odessa. One evening he received a mysterious message, which read, "Study General Gourko." In Russia it is better not to inquire into matters that one does not understand, and so the artist spent an hour in privately impersonating the autocratic Russian.

Just as the evening performance was about to commence an order of arrest signed by Gourko was presented to the impersonator, and without explanation he was led through the streets to the marshaf's palace and into an apartmout where the terrible man was sant. ed. "They tell me that you impersonate celebrated men." he roared. "Impersonate me!" Giving a hasty look at Gourko, the performer turned to the mirror to "make up." It was an auxious time, for if the marshal should take exception to the representation he had unlimited power to inflict punishment The impersonator dragged himself together and turned to the marshal a copy of his own face and overbearing manner. Gourko burst into a roar of laughter, and the dangerous moment was over.

Whon Paderewski Was Poor. t'ade.ewski's first really important. engagement as a pianist was in Paris: He was engaged to play in the draw

ing room of a lady famous for her maskules, and his fee, which seemed to him enormous, was \$20. He managed to persuade the humane agent to pay in advance, and when Paderewd had redeemed his dress suit from pawn and paid for shoes, gloves, tie and other essentials he had no money left for cab bire, so he was forced to walk to the scene of his engagement. The music loving audience inspired him. He played with feeting, passion and mastery of his instrument as nev-er before. His success was instant and unmistakable. The poor player had suddenly become the lion of the hour, and fame and fortune were assured him. At last, after disengaging bimself from his admirers, he turned to leave, when his hostess, remembering with regret the smallness of the e for se marvelous a performance, offered alm her carriage for his return home. But Paderewski's pride came to the rescue. In his courteous yet reserved way he made a formal bow,