

SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father killed in a gold mine...

As Hassam Ali played with his gold, digging his hands into the cold, silbering metals...



He Beheld Two Old Men, Benevolent Patriarchs.

Zudora, using the knowledge gained from years of association with her uncle, unraveled a baffling mystery...

It was only idle people who gossiped; busy persons always minded their own business...



She Found a Note From Storm Via the Pigeon.

To identify it and partly to exhibit in testimony of his possession. "There is always fire in the stone," said one of the old men...

Zudora began to go over the brief facts. There was no lead anywhere as yet. The metropolitan pawnshops were the only things she could think of...



The Photograph Burst Into Flames.

Should not urge you to try your hand at something that fills you with terror. You are shaking now as you talk."

Storm and Zudora left the house. "What do you propose to do?" John asked rather impatiently.

Zudora shook her head dazedly. She had paid \$20 for that hat, she thought with grim humor.

"I do, girl, only I worry for your safety. In a game like this a woman is given no more chance than a man, and she is handicapped because she is a woman."



Hassam Ali Stole Away From Another Exit.

Immediately to ply her with questions, many of which seemed odd to Storm. No, Zudora admitted that as yet she had not picked up any clew.

Storm and Zudora left the house. "What do you propose to do?" John asked rather impatiently.



A Thousand Thunders Seemed Ringing In Their Ears.

As he knew argument would be of no avail, he gave the old man a five dollar bill. The two young people continued their journey on foot very thoughtfully.

"A close shave, girl. And now I'm going back to interview those two devils with the looks of two St. Peters."

Zudora and Storm were left alone in the house. There were evidently no servants. And now that they had time to suspect the room closely they drew the same conclusion...

mystic. He saw that individual at the head of the stairs and rushed up. When he arrived at the landing Hassam Ali had disappeared as effectively as if he had vanished through the wall.

There was a good vein of stubbornness in Storm's makeup. On the way home he determined to have a reckoning with those lousy old scamps who were working in Hassam Ali's interest.

Hassam Ali Saw That He Must Try Once More.



Hassam Ali Saw That He Must Try Once More.

shook. A thousand thunders seemed ringing in their ears. When they finally turned they saw both house and side of the hill had been totally destroyed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Frightened Dog. "It was a bitter cold night in January," said an old north Pennsylvania woodsman...

That's Why. "What man in history do you like most?" was asked of several hundred Philadelphia school children.



Hassam Ali Dreaming of Gold.

death. That was principally why nothing ever led the trail to his house. There was among the various clues over which he held sway no ordinary crook.