THE TWICE-A-WEEK DISPATCH, FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1915.

SYNOPSIS.

Endora is left an orphan at an early to Her fathar is killed in a gold mine plors and the fortune from the mine Adora and the fortune from the mina Thick grows to be worth \$20,000,600, are eff. in the guardianship of Frank Keena adors's mothers brother. Zudora, giv-ab Dromise of Freat beauty, reaches the Se of sighteen. The uncle who has an se of eightsen. The uncle, who has set Innelf up as a Hindu mystic and is nown as Hassato All, decides that Zu-own must die hefore she can have a dora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her imoney, so that it may be left to him, the next of kin. Hassam All sees an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zu-ders has taken a fancy, and he com-mands the girt to put the man out of her mind. Zudora insists that if she cannot marry Storm she will marry no ons. "Well, well," says Hassam Ali, "If you take such a stand I'll compromise. Solve my next twenty cases and you sum marry him; fall in a single case and you must remounce him."

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my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fail in a single case and you must remounce him." Zudora, using the knowledge gained from years of association with her uncle, unravels a baffing mystery and wins ber waved from being convicted of a murder instigated by Hassam All himsel. Zudora and Hassam All himsel. Zudora and Hassam All visit Nabok Shaa's house, where sleep overcomes ev-ery one whenever Nabok attempts to mar-ry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is male a prisoner. Zudora folls Nabok Shaa's house, where sleep overcomes ev-ery one whenever Nabok attempts to mar-ry a princess. Storm seeking Zudora, is male a prisoner. Zudora folls Nabok Shaa, restores the princess to her original lover and saves Storm from death. A maker of diamonds tells Hassam All his secret. Storm informs Zudora that his life is being attempted frequently. Storm suspects Hassam All. Storm is arrested for stealing the diamond maker's sems, but Zudora discovers the real thieves-a pair of mice. The negro help employed on Storm's father's farim are fleeling because a great skeleton hand appears at night upon a bill near by. Storm is baffied in his in-vestigation, but Zudora learns that her uncle has employed Jimmy Bolton, a half witted man, thus to annoy Storm's par-ents. Zudora finds Bolton operating a big magic iantern and is attacked by Bolton. Storm opportunely appears and saves her from Bolton.

CHAPTER V.

The Case of the Perpetual Glare. TASSAM ALI played with his gold, digging his hands into the cold, slithering metals and

letting them stay submerged for a moment or two. No coin even went into this chest dull. He had a simple little preparation with which he washed each coin until it shone like a fresh minted one. Bankers did not particularly love Hassam All. He was always bringing gold certificates and having them exchanged for the coin-Whenever he had bills to pay immediately from his pocket (dreadful thought) invariably the paper money was redeemable only in silver. Having satisfied his craving to play with his hoard, he closed and locked the chest, secreted it and went into the mystic room.

Touight he saw in his crystal globe only those things that he desired to Suddenly he struck his hands together gleefully. That was it, he mur-

mured, that was it. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Absolutely sure and with less evidence than could be men had departed-and Zudora was found in the path of the lightest wind. Simple as sunshine. He summoned Amed.

"I wish to write and send a note. Arrange the desk. I will be in in a moment."

"Yes, sahib."

they Warman an unisusa ins note he destroyed the blotter and the sheets of paper which had underlain that upon which he had written. This note to recover it. But this time they are at he gave to the servant. He felt no sea. It was really an heirloom, the nu stood as if paralyzed while she watchworry about this note. The man who received it would immediately destroy they have heard of your success and it. To keep it and use it in the aim of blackmail would only tighten the rope about his neck. As has doubtless been surmised by this time, Has-sam All was a master criminal. They say that every man who commits a crime leaves something behind. Hassam All had winnowed down his risks until they were almost negligible. Every man who worked for him did so under the unwritten contract of life for real charity." or death. Nearly every tool Hassam All had stood under the shadow of

sam All, who in turn needed them. Thus they were equals. "You have it still?" inquired flassam

ME "Yes: we have never dared to patent it. We are holding it until some great

war breaks forth." "Listen."

For half an hour conversation was carried on in a monotone. At the end Hassum All sighed, drew out his walfet and gave each man a roll of hanknotes, careful to observe that there were no gold certificates. As the visitors stood up, about to make their departure. Hassam All hade them wait a moment. He summoned Amed and ordered him to bring Zudora down: The expressions of the two old men changed surprisingly. When Zudora entered she beheld two old men, be nevolent patriarchs, who bowed profoundly and smiled upon her benignly.

"A case for you, Zudora

She smiled expectantly. "These two gentlemen are curio collectors. They have lost a remarkable brilliant, one of the most ancient known. Find it and your fifth problem may be relegated to the past." "Was it stolen?"

"They can't quite figure out. It is Yesterday it reposed in a little gone. Florentine casket. The casket remains, but the gem is gone.

"I can make an effort," said the girl. Where do you two gentlemen live?" They named a small suburban town. They lived in a house on the North



She Beheid Two Old Men. Benevolent Patriaccha.

road, which was a continuation of the village main street. When the two old struck by their extraordinary likenes to one another-Hessani Ali rubbed his hands,

"A curious case, my dear. These tw old chaps live very moderately. Every penny they can scrape together goes to purchase some curiosity. This gent has the true wanderbust of diamonds. It has been stolen several tlines, and always they have managed cleus of their collection. In some way believe a clever woman will succeed where a man would fall. Besides, they can't offer much in the way of reward.

I don't think the smallness of the reward will stand in your way. have a trifling income of your owp." lightly. "And heaven only knows how I'll

ever be able to get rid of a tenth part there wasn't a match within a mile?" of this income. Some day I'm going in. "Charity makes the recipient only

the poorer," he commented. "I don't mean that kind," she replied. She was thinking of establishing some

spectfully, but there was nothing serv. ra inquired if the brothers had seen lie in their attitude. They needed Has. any strangers recently. No. Did the village people know anything about their collection? The old men laughed and shook their tousled heads. They know sothing. They think

that we are a couple of foolish old misers. No; in no way can we account for the disappearance." "Can you describe the diamond?"

"We have something better than a description. Here is a photograph of the stone." The producing of this photograph

quieted any doubts Zudora might have had. Collectors were generally slipsliod and careless in all respects extrue collector always wants a photo graph of each of his treasures, partly

She Found a Note From Storm Via the Pigeon.

to identify it and partly to exhibit in estimony of his possession.

"There is always fire in the stone," said one of the old men. "In a room that to you may look dark there will be a speck of light. This stone would always catch it and you could see it flash. Oh, it was a very interesting stone.

"Very interesting," repeated the brother "I think," said Zudora, "that I will

return to the city. A jewel like this will be found in some pawnshop. No one would dare to go to a feweler of repuie. There would be too many uestions." "You see, we have said nothing to the police because we do not want any

newspaper notoriety. We have other trinkets," with a singular smile. "I may take this photograph along?"

"Certainly. We have duplicates." Zudora left the oid house, and the two old men watched her until she disappeared around a turn in the road. Then they laughed quietly and went back into the house.

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. All the while she was thinking she was almlessly picking late flowers. By and by she took out the photograph and eved it curiously. Suddenly her ham becabe warm. 19 ner utter ditp foundment the photograph burst into flames. She dropped it in terror and ed the cardboard shrivel into dall

this happened? When she reached home that night she asked Hassam Al! a good many questions about these two brothers. Each and every one of his answers left nothing to be desired. "But in heaven's name how could

this thing blaze up like that when "I'm in the dark as much as you are. Give up the case if you want to.

It was only idle people who gossined: busy persons always minded their own business. At any rate, the place was ch a short jaunt out of town that they could return each evening.

As John knew little or nothing about chemistry, it was beyond his power to reason out the problem of the burning photograph. The two were on the way to the old helise when the second

phenomenon occurred. "Zudora, your hat."

What's the matter with it? "It's on fire!"

Storm tore the hat from her head and threw it on the ground, stamping on it.

"The be the the dammed!" he explod-d. "Row did that happen? . I wasp't ed. smoking, and even then a spark could not have set fire to a bat like that. My dear girl, my advice is little old New York on the next train. A pholograph starts burning in your hand, your hat flames up on your head. There's some devilment going on that nelther like hor understand. Whe are these old men?"

Zudora shook her head dazedly. She had paid \$30 for that bat, she thought with grim humor "Let us go back home," he urged.

"No. John. I intend to find out what all these strange things mean, can go back if you wish." Yot "Hang it. I'm thinking of you."

"I know that, John. But I do not want any failures to my credit due to lack of spirit. I'm going to see what this means. I have an idea that I shall never find any diamond." "I'm glad you think that," he replied "My dear girl. some one is alming at you, perhaps some friend of that chemist Craig or whatever his name was To tell you the truth, it is for that sort of reason that I did not want you to go into this detective business. There's

always some one filling around the corner with reprisal. But you are determined to go to the end of this? "Absolutely determined."

"I might kidnap you." "If you had kidnaped me months ago, John, I should have been a happy woman." she said sadly. "But now it's too late. I've got to go on, just got to. I am sorry that I cannot explain any more to you. You've got to trust me wholly."

"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 handicanned because she is a woman. She can't fight like a man when she's in a corner. The very clothes on her interfere with her freedom of action. All right, but there's one thing that's got to be settled here and now. "And what is that?" still eying the

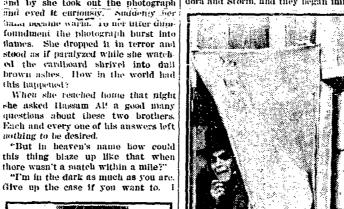
hat. "That I shall always he in on your

cases, somewhere in the background. where I can hear you call when you need me." "I shall be glad of that, John."

"If you'd only marry me and settle the whole business!"

"I will some day. Supposing that we now make that call we started out to inake."

The two old collectors admitted Zudora and Storm, and they began imme-



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

"Find out what agency burned that photograph and one of my best hats." ruefully "Here comes a farmer with a hav

agon. Let's ride into the village. Zudora agreed, with a laugh. John had a singular idea, but he did not coulide it to Zudora. So they stopped the farmer, and be entered into the joke readily enough. City folk were

always wanting to take a joy ride on the hayrack. No sooner did he start on again than flames burst forth from the hay, and it was a dangerous game, the effort to put it out. The farme accused Storm of having dropped his



Thousand Thunders Seemed Ringing In Their Ears.

As he knew argument cigarette. would be of no avail, he gave the old then a five dollar bill.

The two young people continued their journey on foot very thoughtfully.

"A hundred years ago," mused John, "I should have said that the devil was in it."

"Maybe the devil is in it." replied Zudera enigmatically "Mayl" he is," thinking of her uncle

"There's a shack up yonder," she said suddenly. "Suppose we hide there for awhile and watch the house. I want to see if any one comes or gees. "A good idea."

They reached the hut and entered it and looked through the window at the house of the two strange brothers. A quarter of an hour passed without reward. There was no sign of life at that house. By and by John shiffed. "tara las manzed ir i don't smell smoke?

"So do 1"

"Let us hike while hiking's good." They were less than a dozen feet beyond the doorway when the shingles on the roof began to curl into bright. angry flames.

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

It was a stormy interview, but it resulted in the embarrassment of both. They were set upon so swiftly and skillfully that they had no time to struggle. After the two were securely bound Hassam Ali stole away from another exit. It had been a narrow

squeeze for him. and Sto

mystic. He saw that individual at the head of the stairs and rushed up. When he arrived at the landing Hassons Ali had disappeared as effectually, if he had vanished through the wall, which, in fact, though John was not tware of it. was exactly what Hassam Ali, had done. John went downstairs again, swearing under his breath. He was terribly angry, and when he finally departed he left his sweetheart in

tears. There was a good vein of stubbornless in Storm's makeup. On the way home he determined to have a reckoning with those heary old scamps who were working in Hassam Ali's interest. At least they could satisfy his obysical needs, that of bumping their heads together. They were the manipulators of some devil machine which had caused these mysterious fires, al ways in the vicinity of Zudora.

In the morning Zudora telephoned to learn that John had gone out of town. Instinctively she knew just where he had gone, poor, foolish lover, and so she set out after him, distracted. It was quite rethat the twins would be es; John and would be prepared inclusis reception. She therefore made the village about an hour later than John and hired the

only taxical she could find. John found a very queetly made apparatus back of the house on a knoll. He had read about something of the sort, a perpetual ray gathered from light and capable of sending forth a terrific heat, something like a crystal focused under clear sunlight. He could sense a mild warmth as he neared it-a mild warmth because the reflectors had been momentarily deflected, not focused. He knew nothing about the house being mined and ready for his advent. He drew his revolver and began peppering the in-fernal machine. He could at least put it out of business temporarily. Vaguely he heard the rumble of a motor and turned to see Zudora step ou: of a taxicab. He waved his hand, and she came running up the hill. On the way up she saw something that resembled a burning fuse on the ground. Then the horror of the trap dawned upon her. They were to be lured into the house and blown up.

Gasping, she stammered forth her discovery. She caught him by the hand and dragged him down the hill at a run. None too soon. The earth



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.

From the distance Hassam Ali saw that he must try once more. TO BE CONTINUED.

A Frightened Dog.

"It was a bitter cold night in January." said an old north Pennsylvania woodsman, "when I heard one of my

PAGE THREE



Hassam Ali Dreaming of Gold.

sentiemen wished to see him. Amed

death.

environment.

day a community. But until her tongue was free and until she could confide utterly in her lover she must perforce hold this ambition on the leash.

When she returned to her boudoir she found a note from Storm via the pigeon. John stated happily that he was free for a week or ten days and wanted to know if she would not go out and make a visit with him to the old folks. She hated to disappoint him, but she was compelled to write back that she was going to be very busy and that it would be impossible to join him, much as she would have liked to. The next morning a pigeon delivered a note to Hassam Ali, Zudora already having gone upon her new quest. Hassam All destroyed the mes sage. So Storm was given leave to infer that Zudora had ignored his note Zudora went out to the village. The nouse occupied by these two old curio collectors was a ramshackle affair. It looked to Zudora as though some violent hurricane had taken it up miles away and set it down upon the hill haphazardly and indifferently. The sight of it did not create any distrust n her mind. Most collectors were mad persons, who cared little or nothing for the roof over their heads or the That was principally why clothes on their backs so long as they nothing ever led the trail to his house. possessed the wherewithal to pursue There was among the various cliques their idiosyncrasies. She learned that might have acted upon some chemical over which he held sway no ordinary the two old fellows were twins. One crook. The porch climber, the yeggof them met her at the station, and the man, the forger, the pickpocket, had other greeted her at the door of the A quick glance at the interior he standing among these men. They house were all more or less men of scientific of the house convinced her that what attainments in whom the criminal in- enrices they had were securely locked

stincts had been born, not created by away. The first thing she did was to ask the complete history of the missing Storm. At 9 o'clock Amed came into the stone. It had come from India origmystic room and announced that two inally, a part of some loot long years before the mudny. Its real value lay was bidden to bring them in forth- in its eternal fire. There were times with. They were old men, bawk fee when this gleam was discernible even tured, with high foreneads and bril-, in a dark room. They wanted it back liant eyes despite their apparent an. very badly and would be willing to pay tiquity. They greeted Hassam Ali re- as much as \$500 for its return. Zudo-

Contraction of the second s



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." "But it's not fear, uncle; it's the utte incredibility of the thing!" "On my word I've no solution to of fer. except that the heat of your hand in the cardboard." "That's absurd! But I'm going to stick to it. But for the little blister or

my paim I could easily believe that I been dreaming. She retired to her boudoir, and Has sam Ali weat forth into the night. The following day Zudora sough Would he go with her? He certainly would, despite appearances. The word rather amused her. She serenely indifferent as to what her reighbors said or thought of her.

The general run of them eyed her suspiciously, perhaps just because she possessed beauty and attractiveness. TOW.'

Hastam Ali Stole Away From Another Exit.

diately 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. Had she been to the pawnshops? No. Had she shown the photograph to any one yet? She had not shown it to a living soul. And out of the corner of her eye she noted the look of surprise which was exchanged between the two. This glance, swift as it was, gave her a clew, but one which had no significance, so far as the missing diamond

was concerned. She at once determin ed to say nothing about the burning of the photograph or the hat.

"You have lost your hat?" said one. "The wind carried it off just as we were crossing the bridge. We tried to fish for it, but the current was too strong.'

There was no clance between the brothers after this statement. They out," bitterly. "Come, there's no use knew that she was not telling the truth.

"Let us get away from here," whistunity to do so unobserved. "Why?"

"I don't quite like the looks of you ellents." "Very well. Neither do I." She turn-

sd to her hosts. "Tomorrow or the next day at the latest," she said. "I axpect to bring you some news regard- | excuse to harm you."

ing the diamond. A gem like that cannot totally disappear."

"Won't you have some tea?" "No; thanks. Good day until tomor in the house. There were evidently no servants. And now that they had time to juspect the room closely they drew the same conclusion-that the house had been furnished for this special occasion. Storm set himself working as best he could at the stout ropes which bound the girl. Once she was

free she could easily liberate him. It seemed weary hours to them before the cords fell from Zudora's hands She then hunted about for a knife and found one with an edge like a razor.

"Are you satisfied?" John asked ironically. "As to what?"

"That my death and perhaps yours wanted."

"Mine?" "Surely, And I'm going to tell you what's been in my mind for weeks. I'll stake my oath that that precious uncle of yours is back of all this "My uncle! John, that is utterly im-

possible. I am his flesh and blood." "I toll you he has committed a crime of some sort and wants us out of the way before we discover it.

"And what crime could be possibly have committed that he should want

us both out of the way?" "I'd give a year of my life to find

loitering around here. The soouer we

get back to town the better. And when we get to town we'll go right ia pered Storm when he had the oppor- to Uncle Hassam All's study and ask a few questions."

> "John, that would be utter madness." "Well, something definite may result from it. If you will not go with me

I'll talk to him alone." "And come to blows, as you did the other time, and give him a good legal

the second s

"I've made up my mind." doggedly.

"Then I don't suprose it would do any good to argue with you."

Indeed, Storm did waste bis time on Uncle Hassam, as he now called the delphia Ledger.

hounds yelling around the outside of the house as though something were chasing it. I jumped from my bed and looked out of the window. It was clear moonlight, and I saw two wolves chasing my dog around the house as fast as they could leg it, but the hound was swifter of foot and managed to keep a few yards ahead at each turn. I had two loaded guns in the house, and I placed one of them in the corner by the door, cocked the other and opened the door a few inches to get a shot at the wolves as they came past. The frightened hound saw the crack in the door, dashed into it, threw the door wide open and knocked me off my feet. Both wolves rushed in, and the dog leaped upon the bed that stood in a recess. I sout the door in a hurry and banged away at one of the wolves, killing it instantly. Then I grabbed the other musket, and the second wolf made a spring at the window, breakng three panes of glass. But it didn't break the sash, and as it fell backward I bored a hole through its heart. The hound hadn't been hurt at all, but f was so seared that it never was worth a copper for hunting after that night." -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That's Why.

"What man in history do you like most?" was asked or several hundred Philadelphia school cuildren. These were some of the answers:

"Columbus, if it hadn't been for him there wouldn't be anybody else here.' "Monroe, for doctrine the people and not charging for it."

"De Soto, for waden in the Mississip pi to his elbows and finden his grave." "Paul Jones, because he said, 'Th beat them British or bust.' and then done it."

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"Andrew Jackson, for licken the British with an old bickory."-Phila-