



A Great Mystic Story by Harold McGrath

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CHAPTER L

The Mystery of the Spotted Collar. N the side of a rugged mountain a black velvet hole yawned. Rubble lay strewn all about the ledges. To a layman this

rubble would have explained nothing; to a miner it would instantly have explained the nature of the hole. Presently a burly man emerged from the hole, squinting. He eyed the lump of quarts in his hand-always a little, but you want with her?" never quite enough gold to make it worth while. The prospector flung the rubble and leaned disheartenedly from him?" against the log support to the entrance of the mine. His grubstake was fast wife." dwindling, and in another four days he would have to hike some thirty-two miles to the nearest town for supplies.

Done! He had paid \$500, every one of them earned at the risk of his neck, for this damnable hole in the ground, He filled and lit his pipe and fell to dreaming what he would do when he

struck it rich. By and by the dreams faded and the bitter realities returned. He rose amely and carefully picked his way down to the Irishman's shanty. The two of them shared their noon meals on pleasant days.

"How's she comin'?" "Same old story," answered Trainor, erstwhile strong man of the Eclipse

"Well, well; it's peggin' away that brings it. I got a lump t'day that don't look so bad. I should say that she'll run fifteen th' ton. I guess them wildcatters are th' chaps that make th' real spondulix-widders an' clerks an'

In Trainor's life there had been but triffing monotonies. He had been a sailor in the south seas, a lumberjack in the north, a cowpuncher, a fireman on a north Atlantic liner. He had come from a poor but respectable Ohio family. His father nor his grandfather had ever stepped over the state boundary lines. But in him there was a reversion to the type of ploneer who had established the Trainor family when Ohio was a wilderness. He could not settle down; he must be on the move continually, and when at

he hesitated not an instant. unyielding rocks for eight town as were necessary for food. Perhaps the rubble extracted represented a thousand dollars, perhaps less. He

and money in his purse. When the

was discouraged. One day he staggered out into the brilliant sunshine. A lump of quartz was clutched tightly in his hand. When he grew accustomed to the dazsling light he turned the stone over and over, his heart beating as it had never beaten before. There were veins in it-broad flakes of it-gold, gold,

"Donovan!" he cried. The old Irish prospector came out of his hole, blinking.

"I've got it! I've got it!"

fully, but philosophically.

Donovan snatched the quartz from the hand of his friend.

"Holy Virgin! Ye've struck it! If it's all like that ye're a rich man. Man, man, there's a hundred dollars in that lump alone!"

Trainer collapsed on a pile of worthless rubble and laid his head on his arms. He had done it all in these few months. He was rich, rich! And all his dreams were going to come true! The Irishman gazed down at him rue-

"An' me that's been prospectin' twenty years an' ain't hit my pile yet! Well, God bless ye, man. I'm glad ye got it. An' now let's go take a look." Like all men who suddenly stumble upon a virgin fortune, Trainor instantly began to plan how to protect it. He had some bank attorneys draw up papers leaving the mine to his wife, in case of her death to his child, to her husband. It was subtly understood that the brother-in-law, Keene, should never be able to touch it. These western bank attorneys were simple and

Before he had time to write to his wife Trainer was killed by a prema-ture explanate. He was buried under the rubble his own hands had torn played detective with more or less sucfrom the mountain's side, and the kindly Donovan started out to find the

The caravan was at that time 290 fles to the south, about to turn in for the winter. But Donovan found it. By mistake he ambled into the for a suitable reward. Keene eventu-men's dressing tent. A young man ally became known to the cult as Has-

his hand on Donovan's shoulder.

"How'd you get in here?" "Why, I walked in," said Donovan

amiably. "Suppose you walk out again?" "Keep yer hair on, bub. I'm here on business. I'm lookin' for Mimi La Frang, 's they call her outside. She

walks tight rope." "Well, I'm her brother. What do

"So ye'er Trainor's brother-in-law?" "Trainor?" said the young man, a quarts savagely upon the accumulating fire lighting his eyes. "Do you come

"Yes. An' my message is to his

"Oh! That's his kid there." "Y' don't say so! Well, kind o' looks like him."

"Here's my sister now." Donovan saw a slight woman of pretty figure and comely features. She



A Huge Crystal Globe In Which Has-

length he joined the circus he found came through the flap which separated that roaming, uncertain life much to the women's dressing tent from the his fancy, There he had met Mimi men's. She looked a bit tired and care-Keene, known on the handbills (for worn. The old miner, having had but lithographs were far beyond the reach little to do with women folk, was not of this circus) as Mimi La France, able to discern under the richly yellow world renowned tight rope walker, glare of the lamps the air of distincnarkable as it might seem, these tion which marked Mimi Trainor as two loved each other fondly, and one different from her kind. The Keene day the lust to wander died in the family had come from good stock, but man's heart, and he wanted a roof had fallen in evil days. She ran inover his head, children about his knee stantly to the baby.

"Here's a man from John, Mimi," opportunity to go bunting for gold paid the brother carelessly.

The young woman rushed over to He had been hammering away at the Donovan and began shaking his hands. How was her man? Had he struck it months, making only such trips to rich? Did he want her to quit and go to him?

Donovan began to swallow with difficulty. How was he going to tell her? He wanted to run away. He could now readily understand why Trainor had always talked of Mimi, Mimi, Mimi, until his Celtic ears had tired of the name. She was a good wife and a good mother for all that she was a circus performer. And here he was, aiming to break her heart! Still, there was a bit of cynicism in his makeup.

The new fortune might console her. But it did not. On the contrary, when, half an hour after learning of the death of the man she loved, she mounted the wire, a vertigo selzed her, she lost her balance and fell, and by the time the men had laid away the big top she was dead.

For the first time in his wandering. futile life Frank Keene felt his thront contract and unbidden moisture flil his eyes. After a fashion he had loved his clean minded, loyal little sister, and now she was gone, leaving him with a baby on his hands, more adept in dealing from the bottom of the deck than

"How much is the mine worth?" he asked when the simple funeral was

"Lord knows," said Donovan. "But it's th' biggest strike in twenty years. But it's goin' to be tied up till this little chick's eighteen. Don't you worry, though. Th' lawyers 'll see to it that ye git enough t' take care o' th' child.

eddicate it, an' all that." "What's the name of the mine?" "Same as the kiddle's-Zudora." The two separated, never to meet

The years passed. Keene dabbled in all manner of shady trades and finally set up as a Hindu mystic, a swami. He told fortunes, did crystal gazing. resurrected souls and as a byproduct cess. He rarely practiced this latter game except among his favored gulls. It was a simple matter to instruct some of his confederates to rob certain of his clients. It was equally a simple matter to recover the stolen objects-

twist to the corner of his lips laid grew. The checks from the Zudora were now applied wholly to the welfare of his ntece.

The child grew. Her education began. She gave promise of great beauty, even in the lank and gawky age. Hassam All had begun to love gold, the bright, shining metal-not in the abstract, but in the concrete. To touch it with his fingers was transport. No symphony of Bach's was half so fine as the chink-chink of the coins, the engle and the double engle as they fell upon each other, slipping from his hands.

From her fifteenth birthday up to her eighteenth Zudora noted a subtle change in the manner of her uncle. He became coldly aloof, rarely touched her affectionately, was moody and tacitura. Familiar as she was with all the paraphernalia of the mystic, she still retained unbounded faith in her uncle's powers. Indeed, he was a hypnotist of unusual power and was roughly skilled in the science of medicines. Zudora had practiced the former art until she was almost as proficient as her master. It never occurred to her that her uncle's means of exist ence were unethical and generally those of a cheat. Famous actresses and society women visited him, and not a few notable bankers and financiers came to him for advice. But the general public held Hassam Ali in tolerant contempt and the police with no little suspicion.

The inner shrine of this equivocal temple was draped with black velvet, and there were secret doors about which even Zudora knew nothing. There was the inevitable dais and before this a huge crystal globe in which Hassam All saw the past and the future as revealed by his victim. It was easy to draw the past, and it was not difficult to draw the future. The future in this globe was nearly always what the victim wished; hence the popularity of Hassam Ali, late of the Eclipse circus, faker and card sharp, chief of a band of most clever and ingenious criminals. And Zudora wandered in and out of this iniquitous maze as a wild dove might have flown over pestilential swamp, untouched and unknown.

As the miser grew stronger in Hassam All the evil thought previously referred to became more and more insistent. Zudora must die. When he faced this inevitability for the first time he was genuinely horrified. He was her uncle; her mother had been his sister; the girl was his flesh and blood. But the constant recurrence of an evil desire gradually lessens the abhorrence of it. Today in Hassam Ali's mind there remained no shreds of compunction, only a desire to accomplish the deed without in any manner directing suspicion toward him. So to this one object he now turned the brilliant powers of his at normaly evil mind. Zudora must die. But how?

In a few days she would be eighteen. On that day she would become enor mously rich. He must rid himself of her before she had time to appreciate what the power of money meant. But how? In what subtle, cunning man-



Striking the German Across the Face.

ner that would make it impossible for the law to trace the deed to him? And there was another obstacle rising slowly, but surely and formidably, over the horizon-love. Youth and the necessity of love, these menaced the plans of Hassam All. He had tolerated this keen eyed, clean lived young lawyer, John Storm, because he had in a way relieved him of the trial of finding enpertainment for Zudora. The time had come for Storm to be sent about his

One night while he was dreaming over the past, marveling over the strange crust of cynicism which overlay his sense of moral obligation, Hassam saw his way. Zudora was interwith shrewd dark eyes and a sinister sam Ali, and under that name his fame ested in detective work and had often

of logical deduction. Zudora should tent, and if she met with some terrible accident who would be the wiser? Twenty millions in gold!

His hands opened and shut spasmodically. Indistinctly he heard a rustle before the noon recess. Bienreith stub of pencil. . . And then, as of petticents. He opened his eyes to threw discretion to the winds and hurl- if the whole world had suddenly lightfind his niece at his feet.

"Uncle, don't you know what day this is?" she asked. "Why, it is Wednesday."

"Have you forgotten that this is my eighteenth birthday?" "Eighteenth birthday! Good heav-

ens, so it is, so it is!" but he did not look down into the

ward his own. His fingers unconsciously crept into the girl's hair, a trifle too strongly for an affectionate gesture. "What is it?" she asked, drawing her

head away quickly. "A touch of rheumatism in my arm." he said intuitively. "You know it gives me a twinge once in so often. So you

are eighteen years old?" "And you said that on this day I was to come into a fortune." "That is true. How much do you

think it is?" "Oh, perhaps \$50,000."

"Is it-lost?" she asked. "No, my child. It is the terrible re-

sponsibility which is about to rest upon your young shoulders that makes me sad. Tomorrow morning your lawyers will inform you that you are one of the richest helresses in America."

"Uncle, don't make fun of me!" "I am teiling you the truth. To date Zudora has turned out something like \$20,000,000. It was the express will of your father to have this kept quiet, so that you would not be bothered with fortune hunters. Girl, you will marry a duke or a prince. You will become a famous beauty. But my advice is this: That until my guardianship ceases-you will be twenty-one thenyou will say nothing to any one about this fortune. It would make life un bearable for us both."

"I'll gladly agree to that," she said

"Whenever you require a large sum of money you will write the attorneys, and they will send it. Think of the notoriety, the busy reporters, the broken down nobles, indigent society folk!" She laughed at the picture. He was right. If she desired peace and com-

fort she must keep this fortune away from the public eye. "Zudora, there is one pleasant fancy you must henceforth put entirely out

of your mind." "And what is that?"

"This fancy for John Storm. For all that you have inherited this vast sum of money, you are still under my guardianship for three years."

What Zudora would have replied to this half veited demand will never be known. The bell rang, and shortly after that John Storm himself was ushered into the room. Hassam All nodded coldly, but the girl sprang to greet her lover.

"How's the case going?" she asked. "Pretty well. I think I shall win out against Bienreith." "He hates you."

"No doubt of it. He'd like nothing better than to stick a knife in my back."

Hassam All's eyes narrowed. An idea had come to him.

"Mr. Keene," said Storm suddenly, I know I have my way to make, but I can assure you that I can give Zudora all the material comforts she has known. I want Zudora for my wife." "It is impossible," replied Hascam

"Impossible!" echoed the two young people.

"Absolutely," with growing coldness "In the first place I am Zudora's guardian until she is twenty-one. Therefore I do not propose that she shall throw herself away on an ordinary lawyer,"

"Sir," said Storm, "I do not quite like the tone you use."

"Indeed! Young man, I am not only her guardian, but I am also her flesh and blood uncle, and I do not propose that she shall bungle her future by a marriage to you."

Not a word about the millions, Zudora thought hard for a moment and concluded it might be wise to say nothing to her lover until she had this fortune under her hand.

"What if I promise never to marry any one else?" she said.

Hassam All shrugged. "Come, come be sensible. Until you both get over this foolish idea I must request that Mr. Storm cease calling here."

"Very well, sir," said Storm angrily. "But I warn you that I shall see Zudora outside as often as she is kind enough to permit me. Good evening." Storm sent Zudora a reassuring smile as he left the room.

"What in the world have you against John?" erled Zudora bewilderedly.

"I do not propose to see you support a fortune hunter," rather lamely, "That's nonsense," she declared with spirit. "John tells the truth when he says he is able to take care of me." "Still I forbid it, and legally it is my

"But I love him. I would not trade him for the greatest prince in Christendom, and if I cannot marry him I'll marry no one,' "Well, well," said Hassam All, ap-

parently relenting; "If you take such a stand I'll compromise." She gazed at him eagerly. "Solve my next twenty cases and you

can marry him; fail in any single case and you must renounce him." Zudora agreed instantly, even joyously. For a long time she had been fair constructed something after the seized with the desire to play the de manner of a pin wheel. It consisted

ly retaliated by striking the German Bienreith had come to his death. across the face with the brief he held

in his hand, He laid his hand upon her dark head. He had been in America but a few and the man Burns watched the pro youthful and beautiful face raised to view regarding a blow in the face, normal interest. When the jury final-He hastily scribbled a note, which he



Zudora Ran Over to the Dead Man.

shoved toward Storm. The latter read it, shrugged and nodded affirmatively. All might have gone well but for that the man's name now?" he asked. fact that an enterprising reporter found the discarded note and made a had challenged Storm to a duel, and the fact that he knew nothing of two will come secretly to my house, swords and was a very indifferent pistol shot.

And Hassam All found a way to dispose of John Storm.

And Zudora thought she had found a way to save him. She found him in the cellar, bravely trying to hit a bulls- evidence." eye target. It would have been laughable under any other circumstance. He was not to be swerved, however. And when she threatened him with the nolice he laughed. He knew the police of old. They would refuse to take the affair seriously. Storm laid down his revolver and took a drink of water. Then he picked up the revolver and to tell." began pegging away. Unobserved, she drugged the drinking water. There would be no duel that night.

The next morning Bienreith was found deed in his library, strangled, and John Storm, in a dazed condition. disheveled, was arrested on the street. charged with murder

Hassam Ali, in his capacity of crimof the crime.

"Well, my child," said he, "here Is your first case. Let us see if you can handle it." Zudora, having a double some small change, and she noticed up the pencil. that his collar bung by the rear button. She hurrledly wrapped these three articles in her handkerchief. The peculfar green spots on this collar had aroused her curiosity.

She was very unhappy. The drug she had given her lover had not put him to sleep. It had merely sent him wandering about the streets throughout the night in a blank state of mind. He would not be able to account for his time, and she might plead in vain that she had given him a sleeping potion to keep him in his house until all chance to fight Blenreith was gone.

Several days passed. Storm moned in his cell. Truth to tell, he wasn't sure that he hadn't killed his enemy. From the moment Zudora left him until he found himself in jail he could remember nothing. When she told him what she had done he smiled and forgave her.

"But you got me into a pretty pickle, little girl, and you'll have to get me out of it."

The marks on the collar were pencli marks, and they bothered her. Often she flung the collar vehemently from her, but she always went back to it. One day she found something on the floor in the library. At that moment she attached no significance to the

Zigzag pencil lines on the colinrhow had they come there? Before the crime? That was not quite possible. The German had been scrupulously neat in his attire. She invariably sought what was known as the mystic room when confronted by any serious problem. No sound ever reached there. A green parrot swung on a perch. He was very old and was doubtless the repository of many a strange secret. Once he muttered, "Let's get him!" Zudora thought this rather odd and began quizzing the old bird. But he refused to speak further.

Near the dals stood a mechanical aftective, and her uncle had often ad- of two tubes of glass, which revolved significant fact remained that John mitted that her powers of logical de in opposite directions, filled with a fuction were remarkable in a woman brilliant, diffusing violet light. This who, philosophers claimed, was with little invention was Hassam Aif's own.

begged to be allowed to use her powers out the faculty of sustained reasoning. Today Zudora tried it on the green There was little love lost between parrot, but the whirling lights simply play the detective to her heart's con- Storm and Bienreith. They had clash- tumbled the bird off his perch. She ed a dozen times during the past year, picked him up and revived him and and once or twice they had almost soon forgot all about him in the recome to blows. On the last day they newed interest in the spotted collar. came together in the courtroom just Idly she imitated the marks with the ed a low epithet at his rival, who swift- ed up, Zudora at last understood how

When the trial began it looked very bad for John Storm. The altercation A tremendous confusion ensued, and with the decedent in court was reviewfrom her seat in the gallery Zudorn ed, the dueling challenge, their previewed the scene with alarm. This vious enmity, the twelve unaccountaman Bienreith was an athletic bully, ble hours. In the balcony Hassam All years, and be still held to the German ceedings with something more than ly received the judge's instructions every one conceded that John Storm was a lost man; nothing could save him from the chair.

Suddenly up the aisle toward the judge's desk came a veiled woman. "Stop!" she cried. "It was I-I!"

Then she fainted. The judge, the attorneys, the reporters, the spectators, all rose in their amazement. A woman! -After the tableau came confusion and chaos. The judge signed to the jury to return to their chairs.

Storm, despite the deputy sheriffs pushed his way to the woman's side and swiftly raised the vell.

"Zudora?" He turned resolutely to the judge. "Your honor, there is some mistake. This young woman has had nothing to do with the death of Bienreith. It is utterly impossible."

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Storm Return to the docket if you please!"

"But she is innocent!" "Deputies!" called the judge sternly. He was sorry for Storm, but duty was duty none the less.

The court was eventually cleared Storm was taken back to his cell. Hassam All and Burns went away together. Immediately Zudora sought the office of the district attorney, whom she found haranguing with the counsel for the defense.

"If I can convince you two gentle men, will that be sufficient?" she asked. "It will," affirmed the district attorney. "But why can't you give us

"To tell his name now would spot! everything," declared Zudora. "I have great scoop for his paper. Bienreith no evidence at this moment that would hold in law, but I'll guarantee to place the latter had hotly agreed, despite it in your hands before midnight. You and I will secrete you behind some curtains, and there you will hear the evidence from the man's own lips."

"Very well," said the district attorney. "But I warn you that any kind of oriental mummery will not pass as

"Do you see this pencil?" she asked, exhibiting a stub.

"Yes." "It is the one. It is green, indelible not a common, everyday pencil. The criminal held this stub in his hand not a common, everyday pencil. The while strangling Bienrelth. Why none of us shall know unless he can be made

At 9 o'clock a man entered the mystic room. He looked puzzled. "You wished to see me?" he said to

Zudora "Yes. Please sit down, Mr. Burns." Above, unbeknown to either, the deep lined face of Hassam Ali appeared. In his hand he held a revolver with a Maxim silencer. As has been inal investigator, accompanied by Zu- said, the mystic room possessed a dozdora, entered with the police the scene en secret exits. From this upper one it was Hassam Ali's habit to take stock of his victims before meeting them

personally. He waited. Zudora began to ask nimless quesincentive, ran over to the dead man, tions. Burns eyed her restlessly. Sud-On the floor she found a scarfpin, dealy she sprang the trap. She held

"This is yours. I saw you writing with it. It fell to the floor, where I found it. It is the same pencil that marked the collar of Bienreith in his death struggles."

Burns jumped to his feet. Zudora did likewise, throwing on the power



"Yes, I killed him, but another"-

which set the god Hypnos in motion. Burns tried to look away, but could not. Suddenly he screamed and began to grovel.

"Yes, I killed him! But another"-He stopped, choked, made a spring for the violet light and received the full charge of electricity. There was a terriffic flash, and Burns stumbled and fell at Zudora's feet. The attorneys rushed in from behind the curtains. But Burns was dead.

Hassam All withdrew his head like a cobra that had concluded not to wrike. He had lost a tool who, per-Storm was still in his way.

And Zudora had won her first case. [To be continued.]

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By virtue of the assessment of Moseley Creek Drainage District, of Craven county, in my hands for collection for the year of 1914, and in default in the payment, according to the provisions of the existing law, I have levied on the lands of the following named persons, in said Moseley Creek Drainage District, and will sell the same at the Courthouse door in Kinston, N. C., at 12 o'clock M., Monday, the 1st day of February, 1915. to satisfy said assessment and costs on same. R. B. LANE.

Sheriff Craven County. This 1st day of January, 1915. J. H. Barwick, 29 acres, \$22.79. Stephen Cobb, 58-acres, \$79.97. Lesa Dunn, 4 acres, \$5.34. Daniel Frazier, 30 acres, \$33.93. Joe Hargett, 8 acres, \$8.13. Joe King, 2 acres, \$3.94. Joe Lovick, 90 acres, \$128.10. P. T. Nobles, 48 acres, \$84.86. W. H. Smith, 50 acres, \$68.72. Moses Spivey, 305 acres, \$445.45. Joe Tilghman,, 70 acres, \$128.10. Alex. Tilghman, 15 acres, \$13.01.

\$3,537,32. Timber holders of Seth West, Estate, \$1,992.52. 1-1-30t-Dly

Seth West, Estate, 2,624 acres

Premier Carrier of the South Train No. 21. Leaves Goldsboro 6:45 a. m., for Raleigh, Durham, Greensboro, Asheville and Waynesville. Through_ train_ to Asheville, handles chair car to Waynesville. Makes connections at Greensboro for all points north and east, and at Asheville with Carolina Special for Cincinnati, Chicago and all western

points. Train No. 139. Leaves Goldsboro 2:05 p. m., for Raleigh and Durham, and Greensboro. Handles through Pullman sleeping car from Paleigh to Atlanta, arrives Atlanta 5:25 a. m., tanking connection for New Orleans, Texas, California and all western points, also connects at Greensboro with through trains for all northern and eastern points.

Train No. 111. Leaves Goldsboro

10:45 p. m., for Raleigh, Durham and

Greensboro. Handles Pullman sieeping car Raleigh to Winston-Salem. Makes connection at Greensboro with through train for Atlanta and New Orleans, also makes connection for Asheville, Chattanooga, St. Louis, Memphis, Birmingham and all western points. H. F. CARY, Gen. Pas'g. Agt., Wesnington, D. C.

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