

Zudora

SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine. Zudora and the fortune from the mine which grows to be worth \$200,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Green, Zudora's mother's brother, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassan Ali. He decides that Zudora 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. Hassan Ali sees an obstacle in his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zudora has taken a fancy, and he contrives 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 Hassan Ali, "solve my little mystery and you can marry him. If in a single case and you must marry a man."

Zudora unravels a mystery and wins her first case—a case in which John Storm is saved from being convicted of a murder committed by Hassan Ali himself.

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

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

The negro help employed on Storm's father's farm are fleeing because a great skeleton hand appears at night upon a hill near by. Storm is baffled in his investigation, but Zudora, from the mine, sends an employed Jimmy Bolton, a half-witted man, thus to annoy Storm's parents. Zudora finds Bolton operating a big magic lantern and is attacked by him. Storm appears and saves her.

Hassan Ali asks Zudora to find a gem lost by two mysterious old men. Zudora gets a photograph of the gem and it turns in her hand. An old house is mined by Hassan Ali and the old men. Storm and Zudora are lured there and narrowly escape destruction when the house blows up. John McWinter, endeavoring to trap and kill George Smith, is killed himself, and Smith is charged with murder. Hassan Ali conspires to have John Storm meet the same fate as McWinter, and he and Storm are overcome by powerful fumes. Zudora saves them, proves that McWinter's own dog tripped and killed him and saves Smith from a band of lynchers.

An inventor blows up a submarine with a powerful heat ray which he sends through water. Zudora goes to a photographer directly beneath the inventor's laboratory and orders the inventor to kill her. Zudora gets a warning, and her life is saved. The heat ray machine is destroyed, and the photographer, after a quarrel with Hassan Ali, is found dead in the river.

Wu Chang prevents Zudora's elopement with John Storm by hypnotizing her, and he and Hassan Ali attempt to smuggle her out of the country. This plot is frustrated by Storm.

Baird, Hassan Ali's double, falls in love with Zudora. Baird and Mme. Du Val kidnap Zudora, and the Van Wick child, Storm rescues them, and Hassan Ali dies.

With Hassan Ali dead Zudora is released of her pledge to solve twenty cases. She confronts, however, the greatest mystery of all, which is the mystery of her own life, and the ambition to secure the vast fortune of \$200,000 left to her. This great photo serial is being shown in the leading moving picture theaters by the Thanhouser Film Corporation. Among those participating are Marguerite Snow, Mary Elizabeth Forbes, James Crane, the new role of reporter-hero, Sidney Bracey and Frank Parrington.

On a ship through her uncle's papers Zudora finds that her father left her an interest in a diamond mine, and Storm and Baird both lend assistance in trying to reach for her possession of this estate which is being appropriated by rogues under the leadership of Mrs. Du Val. They plan to frighten Zudora so that she will run away.

sweetheart will be rich one of these days, Storm. Did you know that every penny of the western gold mine has gone to the Orient with absconding trustees?"

"What are you talking about?" demanded John.

"Why, the Zudora gold mine, rated among the richest in the world, kept hidden from Zudora by her uncle for years!"

Storm was dumfounded. "And she never told me the slightest word about it?"

"For fear old Hassan Ali would stick a knife into your back, my boy." "I understand now! That devil was giving Zudora these cases to lure her to her death. Good heavens! And that girl kept her secret! But who controls this diamond mine? It is illegally done. How are we to get at it?"

"Cable the superintendent that you are the attorney for the rightful owner of the mine and demand a full inventory of the property and its output."

"A bully idea! And now I'll take this whopping good news to the girl herself. She's all the time talking about the evil star, but this looks as if it were on the wane. Luck! I should rather say it was luck!"

Zudora was overjoyed when she learned that the mine itself had been discovered. Gently Storm chided her in regard to the gold.

"I did not tell you because I did not want you involved, John. And, more than that, I was afraid I might lose you."

"Lose me?"

"Yes, I was afraid that so much money would frighten you away."

Storm laughed. "The only way you can frighten me is to tell me that you don't love me."

"Well, then, I shall never be able to frighten you," she smiled back at him.

"And now," said Storm, "I'm off to send that cable before those crooks can get the benefit of the find. Oh, we'll come out on top. You wait."

"I'm going to, John. I'm going to wait until there are no more clouds anywhere. Then I'll marry you."

"That's a bargain!"

"A real bargain. Goodbye, and may your cable bring good luck to us all."

There appeared a story in one of the Sunday newspapers about the Zudora



Mme. Du Val Simply Tolerated Him.

find. The mine had been paying, but not largely. The description of the mine was well done. One saw the Kafirs in breech cloths digging in the bluish clay, the white men on guard to make sure that none of the natives hid a stone. Suddenly one blaring hot afternoon one of the Kafirs came running over to the nearest watcher. He exhibited a stone of several carats, a real find. The watcher placed it in a bag suspended from his neck and gave the signal to quit work for the day. The Kafirs dropped their tools and fled away under escort of the watchers. There followed a little sketch of how a crooked Kafir was caught with a gem hidden in his ear. The African was promptly arrested and marched off to jail.

Henry Howard, the superintendent, was seated at his desk when the head watcher came in with the find. It weighed three carats and was of the purest white. A stone of this quality meant more. Howard immediately cabled the supposed owners. The next day the strike traveled up and down the region.

Bruce, the smuggler himself, received the cable, and he hastened away to acquaint Mme. Du Val with what had happened. Mme. Du Val and several others were in the Grecian salon when he arrived through the secret passage. He was greeted effusively. Mme. Du Val looked extremely beautiful to him at that moment. There were times when he wished his friend Radcliffe in the nether regions. The woman puzzled him. She was rich. Her home was one of the most beautiful in or about New York, yet she played a crooked game. She was evidently one of those women who played the game for the sport of it, for the blind hazards, the excitement. The morals of her engagements never bothered her. He had watched Radcliffe for some time and gathered no little satisfaction from the fact that Mme. Du Val simply tolerated him because he was a redoubtable schemer, brave and shrewd.

"Well, what's to be done?" inquired Radcliffe.

"Send for Howard to bring the diamonds here. We will have to see that man personally. That story in the

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A Great Mystic Story

By Harold McGrath

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newspapers is the devil to pay. The girl is sure to see. If not she, Storm, it's going to be a big game now, instead of a little one," Bruce declared.

"All the more excitement in pulling the wool over the eyes of the law. This man Howard may be an honest man," said madame.

"In that case, good night to Mr. Howard, and well put a man in his place who will not bother us with questions so long as he gets his rake-off," said the girl.

When Harry Howard received the cable directing him to bring the mouth's find to New York he frowned. There



Baird Neatly Fished the Vaise From Under the Table.

was another cable at hand, and this one astonished him greatly upon its arrival. For years he had been sending the small but valuable outfit to those he believed the rightful owner, and here was a contestant, and this contestant seemed to be a legitimate one. It was a mixup that disturbed him greatly.

There had always been something mysterious about the present owners. He had never seen any one of them, only their accredited agent, who invariably presented a lettered heart when he came to claim the diamonds. And now they wanted him in New York. Was there any sinister purpose behind this command? Henry Howard was an honest man, and before many weeks he was going to pay for his honesty.

He sent two telegrams, one to the present company and one to John Storm. The first read, "Will come to New York." The second read, "Arrive New York 10th. Will give accounting of Zudora mine." Then he looked his passage and sailed from Cape Town to Liverpool.

Storm was elated over his cable. He informed Zudora, and they visited Detective Hunt. And while they and Hunt were talking over the affair, Baird came in, looking rather dejected and carrying a mine. At first he had had some difficulty in looking Storm or Zudora in the eyes, but the real Hassan Ali had attempted the young lawyer's life. But these days he was able to look with security into the eyes of all mankind.

"Hello, Baird," cried Hunt. "You're just the man I want for a stunt." "I'm always ready for that."

Zudora looked at him gratefully. Somehow his eyes always puzzled her. It always seemed that somewhere she and he knew those eyes intimately. The four of them left the office together and after separated in front of a florist's shop.

"Now," said Hunt, "a little work for you, friend Baird."

"I'm with you. If there's any excitement in it."

"There'll be some. I want to keep a watch on that garage old junk shop where they neatly got you that night, something strange about that junk shop. People go in there and don't come out again. There's some kind of a tunnel, and between you and me and the gate post this tunnel leads to the marble home of Mme. Du Val."

"I never heard anything about a tunnel," said Baird honestly.

"Or you saw but one of the friends of this clever diamond woman. In fact, they were using her completely she did not tell you any of her secrets. Now you watch the junk shop, and I'll watch the marble palace, and we will compare notes as to whom we see enter or leave the hut and the palace."

But when they compared notes they had nothing that was important. About four weeks later, however, they were rewarded. Baird saw Bruce enter the hut and disappear, and Detective Hunt saw Bruce come out of the villa without apparently having entered it. Hunt proceeded to follow his man back to town. Bruce had an office in one of the downtown skyscrapers. The door had no business announcement, such as is usually found upon office doors. There was merely a number, and below that in small letters the word "private." Private, Hunt was sure this office was the hang-out in the shadowy mill Bruce left, when he set about calmly to pick the lock. He was rather curious to see what kind of an office this was. He found many interesting documents, but nothing incriminating. The smuggler was a shrewd fox.

Suddenly Hunt heard footsteps. He heard a key in the lock. Bruce had returned! Hunt made a quick scramble out of the window, where he crouched to the iron shutter. The effort was worth his while. The man who accompanied Bruce was none other than Howard, the superintendent of the Zudora dia-

mond mines. This conversation was going to be interesting. Bruce had put one over. Evidently Howard's boat had been a day from the trip, as he had been scheduled to arrive the following morning.

"You love the gems?" asked Bruce.

"I love 'em."

"You pulled them through the customs?"

"I did. But that does not mean that I intended to keep their arrival a secret from the United States government."

"Oh! was the noncommittal utterance of Bruce.

"Now, Mr. Bruce, went on Howard, there is another diamond in this mine."

"And with not a foot to stand on," said Bruce triumphantly.

"Well, that remains to be seen."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that this middle has got to be thrashed out. I'm honest, Mr. Bruce."

Detective Hunt glanced from behind his shutter.

"Nobody accused you of not being honest," said Bruce indignantly. "We'll go right now and get the facts as our side know them, and you'll realize that it will take a long siege in court to pry this mine out of our hands. Come along. Are the gems in that valise?"

"In a false bottom."

"Ah!"

Detective Hunt did not like the sound of that ejaculation. He was mighty glad that he had detailed Baird to keep an eye on the garage. Bruce meant to play some trick on Howard. There was nothing for Hunt to do but trust to Baird's watchfulness.

Sure enough, half an hour later, Baird saw Bruce and the stranger enter the hut, and almost immediately two rough looking men and another whom Baird recognized as Gyp the gun him came into view. Baird remained in his hiding place. It was going to be a long wait, and he wanted the men to depart before he left. He wanted Gyp's status in this affair.

Meantime Bruce and Howard arrived at Mme. Du Val's through the tunnel. This tunnel did not particularly reassure the superintendent of the Zudora diamond mine. Why all this bother to enter his employer's house? Were they smuggling the gems, then, and this tunnel was for madame's go-between? He did not like the business at all. He was more than ever inclined to the opinion that he had been long the dupe of these people.

But Mme. Du Val impressed him. The beauty of her home and its luxurious furnishings rather upset his preconceived bias. This woman was al-



There Lay a Handful of Uncut Diamonds.

ready rich. Why all this mummering? He took a dislike to Radcliffe immediately. The other individuals he met he rather ignored. But he is duty bound to turn over his present conviction of diamonds. The other claimant must establish proofs. That was all there was to it.

While madame engaged his attention Bruce signaled to Radcliffe, and they strolled out into the conservatory.

"That man," whispered Bruce, "is thinking of going to the other side. Hassan Ali's niece has tumbled to the fact that this mine is really hers. You already know that she held that gold mine in Montana, worth a king's ransom. Well, I've faked stuff to make her believe that a landslide has destroyed the mine and that the trustees have absconded with the funds. This was done with the idea of making Zudora and Storm hike out to Montana to investigate. Once there there was a mighty slim chance of their ever coming back. But, oddly enough, they have accepted the fake as truth and have made no effort to go out there. I'll write another anonymous note advising them that it would pay to investigate the report. But meantime there's this man Howard to take care of. We'll warn him, and if he does not fall in with us, why, he must be pushed off the board."

"I'll take care of that end of it," agreed Radcliffe. "We're running too smoothly to let a fool egg us up. Trust me."

They returned to the salon, and a quarter of an hour later Bruce and Howard departed.

Gyp and his two companions then entered the salon and were given a small bag with the best of the gems. They were to be out at once in case Howard jumped the traces. Gyp and his companions returned to the old garage or junk hut. The moment they left the hut for the street Baird followed. He had on faking that they were going to the diamond cutters with the Howard collection, and he

CHAPTER XII.

Bag of Diamonds.

TRoubles never come singly, be a saying as old as the hills. One morning came the bolt from the blue. The gold mine, with its millions, was no more. A terrific landslide had wiped it out of existence at the least, buried it under thousands of feet of rock and rubble on top of this figuratively the trustees had absconded with the reserve, and Zudora was at the beginning of things again. There was, then, nothing but this diamond mine, of which she knew nothing except that it existed and that some one else was profiting by its output.

Detective Hunt had agencies throughout the world on the lookout for a mine registered under the name of



"I was afraid I might lose you."

Trainer, but as yet nothing had turned up. Hunt was in his office one day busy with clippings about his eye. "A rich strike at the Zudora in South Africa. Owners are highly enthusiastic." Hunt snatched up his hat and hurried off to John Storm's office. Here was something tangible.

"That's Trainer's mine, I'll wager my hat," said the detective jubilantly. "Ever see such luck? If I hadn't been bling, looking over the news of the day on diamonds just to see what might be tried in the smuggling line we might have gone on until the end of time before we'd have landed with a thousand miles of the place. Your