

ZUDORA

In the Twenty Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MACGRATH

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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 \$2,000,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Keen, 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 text of his. Hassan 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 Hassan Ali, "I've seen you in twenty cases and you can marry him; but in a single case and you must recognize him."

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

Zudora and Hassan Ali visit Nabok Shan's house, where she 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 mass 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. At Zudora's discovery the real thieves—a pair of mice.

The gro 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 learns that her uncle has 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 P. Winter, endeavoring to trap, and Bill George Smith, is killed himself, and Smith is charged with murder. He is found all comrades 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 dog trapped 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. Hassan Ali sends Zudora 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 cruel war 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 smother her out of the country. This plot is frustrated by Storm.

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

With Hassan Ali dead Zudora is released from 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 \$2,000,000 left to her. This great plot serial is being shown in the leading moving picture theaters by the Mutual Film Company. The story, which has been made into a feature, has the following participating: Margaretta Snow, Mary Elizabeth Forbes, James Cruze, in the new role of reporter-hero, Sidney Bracey and Frank Farrington.

On looking 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 regain for her possession of this estate which is being appropriated by rogues under the leadership of Mimi Du Val. They plan to frighten Zudora so that she will run away. Failing, they kidnap Zudora and Howard, the mine superintendent, and put them in a private insane asylum. Howard dies, but Zudora, nearly famished, is rescued by Storm and his friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Missing Millions.

It took a fortnight for Zudora to become herself again. The treatment she had received in the sanitarium would have driven insane any woman with less mental balance and physical stamina. She had been ill fed, ill clothed, roughly handled, threatened. She had shut her teeth together and endured.

The death of the mine superintendent did not clear away any clouds. The diamond mine was as far away from Zudora as ever. Storm and Hunt agreed that some one had got into Hassan Ali's papers, and these papers made the ownership of the diamond mines unassailable.

Hunt questioned Baird in private, but the latter swore on his oath that he had never been able to put his hand on Hassan Ali's money or on his private papers. The Hindu servant had known where these things were, and there was no doubt in Baird's mind that the brown man had taken both gold and papers, the latter being turned over to those who now possessed them.

"There's one thing I'm curious about," said Baird.

"And what's that?"

"That gold mine. Zudora had quite a few thousands at the start. I know she received them. I know she was heavily indebted to them. Gold mines do not vanish off the earth in the fashion this one has. How did they get there?"

"You've soon found out. Your idea is a good one, and, more than that, it's my opinion that those who are mining the diamond mine are digging it to

er Howard, good night to Zudora and company. Brown will make an effort to get to Yindor safe where doubtless some good documents are in existence relative to the mine. Once we can destroy these—Europe, Monte Carlo or the inner palace at Peking if you say so."

"It's not the money with me, Radcliffe. It's the sport of the game. I like to beat the law, to confuse it, to make it impotent. It twisted me once.



"This bunch of rogues is going to pay the piper for their fox trot."

But for an old man's folly they would have me still. I was pretty, Du Val had influence, and here I am, mistress of my fortune. It's the game with me."

"And it's the cold lure, if you want my side of it. I like good things to wear, to eat. I like to spend money for the mere sake of spending it. I'd like to sit in a game of poker without feeling the necessity of slipping an ace from my sleeve." Radcliffe laughed.

"And because I fancied an ace once upon a time—oh, well, the past is the past, and a hand once played can't be played again. I suppose we'll have to put Villiers out of the way. Storm has written him, but Brown intercepted the letter. On my side, as Storm, I've requested him to bring east all his documents. And there's the real game—to get our hands upon those. But I would like to know where our pretty Zudora hid those diamonds. The loot was worth at least fifty thousand."

"Who is this man Baird?"

"Why, I thought you knew all about him."

"I thought I did. Either he has turned over for keeps or he is playing a deeper game than we are." Madame mused for a moment. "I never could tell when it was Baird or the real Hassan. He was the cleverest make-up man I ever saw."

"And you were just a little bit smitten with him, eh?"

"Well, maybe I was. But I've got over it."

"There's one thing we may be sure he didn't get into Hassan Ali's trunk. That Hindu was a godsend to us. I suppose by this time he is back in India, with trained elephants to fight for him and slave girls to wait upon him. He got Hassan's hoarded gold, all right. The old boy was the shrewdest

"What is it?"

"Munn committed suicide in the Toms this morning, and the Howard case goes off the calendar with him. Sooner or later he'd have blown the game, and we'd have had to hike."

"Munn dead? What a weight off my shoulders! I've been waiting for the police every day since he went to the Toms. He overdid the Howard business. Of course he had only verbal evidence against us. But if he had broken down under the triple degree it would have put us into hot water. More, it would have started the hawks looking me up. And then by—by. We must pony a finer hand. No rough stuff from our side except in the case of Hunt. We'll ship Villiers to a spot he can't get back from. If we give him no chance to see the real Zudora it will be plain sailing. Once we have his papers in our possession we can laugh at him."

"You're a wonder. Are you ever going to marry me?"

"Marry you? Not the best man that ever lived! We'd tire of each other in a week. You know it, and I know it. Let us keep to the platonic scheme if you please, captain."

Now, when Detective Hunt received the wire which was to lure him west he had an idea that it was a lure, but if he had intended to play into the hands of the enemy he would be likely at least to locate the exact spot the mine lay in. He had found the diamond mine under circumstances far more difficult. With the exact locations of the two properties, he would have gained half the fight. He was all ready to leave his office when Baird came in.

"Where now?"

"Hunt showed him the wire.

"Do you get any faith in it?"

Hunt shrugged. "I want to find where that mine is. I don't care a hang whether this wire is a plant or not."

"Would you like company?" suggested Baird.

"I should say yes! Will you go?"

"What kind of a yarn will I tell the office?"

"Tell them you've got the mate to the South African story. Add, your expenses will be taken care of by the Trainor estate."

Baird sat down to the telephone. Two minutes later he jumped up with a whoop.

"All O. K. I'll meet you at the Grand Central in one hour. I'm aching for a shindy."

"You'll get it, I'm thinking, if you come with me," said Hunt grimly.

Marcus Villiers was the son of John



Brown Arrived, but at the Point of Baird's Gun.

would. Instantly he stopped the car and whirled in his seat. When Hunt and Baird looked at him again they found themselves also looking into the barrels of two ugly, secret automatics. At the same time Radcliffe and Brown, both made up for the occasion, dashed around the bend in the road.

"Quick as light Hunt's flame flashed through the air, striking the chauffeur on the wrist and sending one of the guns whirling down the avenue. Before the chauffeur recovered Hunt was upon him for the possession of the remaining weapon. But this did not go very well with Baird. Radcliffe and Brown got him foul, and he had his hands full.

Hunt fought furiously and succeeded in getting the chauffeur at a disadvantage. He snatched the gun from his grasp and cracked him over the head with the butt, and like the miner in Bret Harrie's poem, "the eloquent proceedings interested him no more."

The detective threw on the power and sent the car whizzing ahead without realizing what had happened to Baird. They had succeeded in pulling him out of the car and knocking him senseless. The moment the car started Radcliffe jumped and caught hold of the side, managing with no small difficulty to crawl into the house. And then Hunt's brave dash came to an abrupt end.

Baird saved half the day by keeping still until he had recovered his breath. Then he reached for Brown's leg and threw him neatly. And that was the end of Brown's part for the present.

Meantime Radcliffe got Hunt to a deserted wayside inn. The detective was not in an amiable frame of mind. Here he was nicely caught and Baird no one knew where. But all this while the reporter was forcing Brown ahead of him along the tire tracks. Within a quarter of an hour he came within sight of the inn. Radcliffe and the chauffeur were talking things easy.

Villiers, the banker to whom Trainor had entrusted his life originally. He was a lively individual, a shrewd business man, but something of a fop. He possessed the only valet in that part of the country, and he kept that valet, not because he needed help, but because it took courage to do so in face of the old timers who held all men-servants in contempt.

Brown, the superintendent, after having read Storm's letter, doctored it so as to lure Villiers east, then reminded it. And Villiers was glad to get a good excuse to go east and show the effete metropolitans that he knew how to handle valets with the best of them.

The day previous to Hunt and Baird's departure it was agreed that Captain Radcliffe himself should go west to see that Hunt was properly taken care of. He was three days later met at the little mining town station by two trusted men of Brown's. The trio went directly to the mine, and in the office, together with Brown, they mapped out the campaign against Detective Hunt, who was due to arrive on the morrow.

When Hunt and Baird arrived it was natural that they should select the one automobile in sight. The chauffeur, who was the same man who had driven Radcliffe to the mine office the day before, asked the new arrivals where they wanted to go.

"To the Zudora mine," said Hunt, studying the man closely.

But the chauffeur knew that he would have to stand sharp scrutiny. So his bland countenance partly reassured the detective.

"To the Zudora mine it is, sir. It's a bit rough going and about half an hour's ride."

"Hit her up," said Baird jovially,

"and see how near you can come to dumping us over the cliff without losing the car."

The chauffeur bent suddenly to his magnet to hide the surprise on his face. One of these men was Hunt, all right, but this other chap might force them to rearrange plans. However, he was under orders to take Hunt past a certain break in the mountain road, and so he forged ahead at a good clip.

"What do you think?" whispered Baird.

"In a game like this you've got to wait for the other man to move," returned Hunt, with his eye on the chauffeur's neck.

The chauffeur turned. "See that ledge around the bend there? That's the mine."

In their interest Hunt and Baird forgot the chauffeur, as he trusted they



Brown Arrived, but at the Point of Baird's Gun.

"What a Partner He Was!"

A man died the other day, and about the sincerest mourner was his partner, who said:

"He was a great fellow. He was my partner. He stood by me in all my business deals. He helped me get the money. He shared the risks. He was a great man to talk things over and help with a word or two of timely advice. He was partner and I was business manager, and so he never deserted to me, but he was a great help to have him around and get his opinion on things. Sometimes we made money, and then he was glad as well as I, and sometimes we lost in a deal, and then what a partner he was! He never put on a sour face or suggested that I ought to have done differently. He took his share of the loss and his share of the blame as well, even though the fault was all mine. We made money, he and I together. A man could not help it with such a partner as he."

There—how would you like to have that said about you when you are dead? It sounds better than any sermon, does it not?—Breder's Gazette.

W. R. DeLoatch
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Notary Public

at the FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Roanoke Rapids, N. Carolina

Notice of Dissolution of Co-partnership

To whom it may concern. Take notice that on the ninth day of February, 1915, I sold all of my share and interest in the co-partnership known as H. W. Cherry & Bros., Roanoke Rapids, N. C. The said co-partnership will be continued under the name of Cherry Bros., and all indebtedness owed by and owing to the said H. W. Cherry & Bros., is due and payable by and to the co-partnership of Cherry Bros.

This ninth day of February, 1915.
H. W. Cherry,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Advt. 2-26-15-41.

Watches Aboard Ship.

What is a watch on a vessel? How long does a watch last? How many are there in a day? These are questions often asked by those not familiar with procedure aboard a vessel. A watch is that part of a ship's company which works her for an allotted time. The crew is generally divided into starboard and port watches, though on large vessels there is also a third, or foremen's watch. Watches are "set" at 8 o'clock each evening, the "first watch" lasting from 8 o'clock until midnight, the "middle watch" from midnight until 4 a. m., the "morning watch" from 4 till 8, the "forenoon watch" from 8 till 12, the "afternoon watch" from 12 to 4, the "first dog watch" from 4 till 6, and the "second dog" from 6 till 8. The "dogwatches" are necessary for shifting the two watches in order to give each eight hours below at night.

The Welland Canal.

The Welland canal, the history of which dates back to the early years of the nineteenth century, is one of the best and most important of the artificial waterways of Canada. It has been of great service as a channel of communication between Lakes Erie and Ontario and in the regulation of the way freight rates. It is west of the Niagara river, in Ontario, and follows a line from the village of Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, to Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, a distance of twenty-five miles.

Mme. Du Val as Zudora Proved Entering to the West.

There was another set-to in which Hunt and Baird succeeded in getting free and in the open.

"They evidently don't care to see me out here," said Hunt dryly as he worked his hands out of the handcuffs which Radcliffe had snapped on his wrists.

"No; our room is better than our company, and just now the more room the better. I'm not dead sure, but I've seen one of those chaps back in New York."

"I've the same idea. Suppose we look around for a bite to eat and for some habitation where they won't take pot shots at us. Baird, this is going to be interesting."

"Think."

When Villiers arrived in New York he went straight to a hotel instead of notifying Storm of his arrival. He had received on the train a wire from Zudora Trainor saying where to come for dinner that night. She was giving an informal dinner, and it would not be complete without the son of her father's old friend. Villiers stuffed his copied documents into his pocket and sailed forth.

Mme. Du Val as Zudora proved entering to the westerner, but when, eventually, he missed his documents, he smiled a little.

It seems that Mme. Du Val had prepared two ends of the game. At the moment she received Villiers, Zudora was the recipient of a message purporting to come from Villiers in which he declared that he had the documents she required, but that he was a prisoner at 121 Riggs street. A street urchin had brought the message.

So Zudora and Storm set out for 121 Riggs street, and they were followed by two old friends, Hunt and Baird, who had returned upon the heels of Villiers. No. 121 Riggs street appeared other familiar to Zudora's eyes. Storm remarked that he had seen this place before. The door was locked. As they turned a corner to seek a window two men sprang out upon them. And but for the timely arrival of Hunt and Baird, Mme. Du Val would have won at least one trick. It was a case of stalemate all around.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Spartanburg, N. C.
W. L. LALING
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

J. A. WORRELL
Jackson, N. C.

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Attorneys at Law
Office: Roanoke Rapids, N. C., and
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