Monday, February 4, 1915



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This story is being shown every Sunday and Monday evening in photo-play at the Vining. One chapter will be printed each week in the future and then be followed in the photo reels.

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, left in the guardianship of Frank Keene, Zudora's mother's broiner. Zudora, giv-ing promise of great beauty, reaches the him of eighteen. The uncle, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassam All, decides that Zudora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of money, 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 Zudora has taken a fancy, and he commands the girl to put the man out of her minds the girl to put the man out of her mind. Zudora insists that if she cannot marry Storm ahe will marry ho one. "Well, well," says Hassam All, "if you take such a stand I'll compromise. Solve

my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you must renounce him."

Zudora, using the knowledge gained from years of association with her uncle, unravels a baffling mystery and wins her first case-a case in which John Storm is saved from being convicted of a murder instigated by Hassam Ali himself. Zudora and Hassam Ali visit Nabok

Shan's house, where sleep overcomes ev-ery one whenever Nabok attempts to marry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is made a prisoner. Zudora foils Nabok Shan, restores the princess to her original lover and saves Storm from death.

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

CHAPTER IV.

The Secret of the Haunted Hills.

ERHAPS a month elapsed without any puzzling case coming under Hassam Ali's notice. Zudora and Storm had their meetings, always previously arranged by the carrier pigeons, about which Hassam All pretended to know nothing.

Besides, he was busy with numerous clients who wanted to know about their business investments, their own futures and somebody else's past.

And he continued to build his pyramids of phantom gold.

The one mistake he had made was to acquaint Zudora with the knowledge of her immense fortune.

their letters to him, and it would have the end of the world. been an easy matter to have kept her in ignorance. But, evil as he was there was three years' grace.

If in that period of time be could and make a bonfire of them. Storm had urged Zudora a dozen times to marry him secretly, but she steadfastly refused to accede to his wishes.

The negroes were not dying; they were fleeing. This mystery was no idle fancy, no idle rumor. It was a living fact, visible to the eye. She which grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are and her husband had seen the thing themselves, and they were normal minded people.

Something must be done soon or there would not be a servant left in the county.

The hill back of the Storm place was haunted. Night after night, against the side of the hill, there appeared the heroic skeleton of a human hand with a black spot in the center of the paim, as if it had been made by an enormous bullet.

No one could get close to it. Invariably it vanished at the approach of any living being. This ghastly



Hassam Ali and Jimmy Bolton.

thing waxed and waned, something after the manner of the coal of a man's pipe.

Of course it was plain trickery, but one could not impress the excitable negro mind with this fact, and, more than this, there were many white people who were quite assured that this The trustees had always addressed skeleton hand presaged the coming of

Something must be done at once. Would her dear son come immediately himself, he had a profound respect for and see if he could put this mystery Zudora's word. She had given it, and where it belonged? He wired back that he would,

Of course there was no doubt in not rid himself of that meddling at his mind that some one was playing a angry. He admitted, the little time he torney he would tear down the black practical joke of a grewsome sort, but velvet curtains with his own hands he also realized that it might turn into It was eight or ten feet in height, with a serious affair if it was permitted to continue.

ASHLAND TIDINGS.

turned on his heel and retired to his den, rather well satisfied with himself. But Zudora's love was like a shield. The barb bounded off harmlessly. John Storm was a clean man in thought and in life. She had not passed through this peculiar schooling of hers without She was absolutely certain that love could not blind her to any defects in John, All Hassam Ali accomplished by his innuendo was to enlarge that smoldering suspicion which was ever in her heart.

A good many of us are nearsighted mentally. It is easier to judge things in the distance than close at hand. While the general world knew that Hassam Ali was a miser, Zudora was quite ignorant of the fact. Had she definitely known of his inordinate love of gold, her subsequent miseries might have been avoided to some extent.

Storm went south immediately. The home was simple and comfortable. There were two or three bits of antique furniture which had been saved from the wreck. It was night when he arrived. The country railway station had, with its usual nondescript crowd of idlers, witnessed his arrival, and the news traveled quickly. He regretted that he had not come secretly and gone about his investigations unobserved. But the damage was done and proved conclusively that he was not cut out for a detective.

He was greeted fondly by his parents, and they repeated with elaborations what had been recounted to him in the letter. It was downright serious, no laughing matter. The help were declaring that the mystic hand was the warning of the world's end. Not a few of the poorer class of white folk were accepting the hoax as a serious affair. Some of the negroes were even going so far as to kneel down to the hand (from a safe distance) and intone prayers.

"Humph!" muttered Storm. "I want a good look at this thing. And some one is going to get a rattling good kicking before I go back to town. Why the dickens should they pick out our hill for their tomfoolery?"

"Father says it's because some one has a grudge against the family," said his mother.

"Piffie!" "An imaginary grievance," she added. "Who could possibly have a grudge against you two, who have done everything to make life decently worth while to the help?"

"You never can tell," said old Mr. Storm, digging into his pocket for his pipe

"What time does it generally appear?"

"Oh, any time between sundown and midnight."

"All right. I'll take a shotgun and go hunting for Mr. Ghost this very night," Storm declared wrathfully.

But he wasted his time. Also the night following nothing came of his vigil. The third night he was called to the door in time to see the hand flicker for a moment and then vanish. He rushed toward the hill, but found nothing. He began to grow very

admit that I am totally at sea. I've seen the thing once at a great distance, |13 to Hassam All. and I don't wonder that the natives are hiking for other parts."

"Have you any old time enemies?" she asked.

"I come back once or twice a year for a day or two. I seldom go into the village. I've been in New York for drawing room. Zudora seemed everynearly fourteen years and have quite | where-in the arrangement of the flowforgotten how the neighbors look. How the deuce could 1 have any enemies?"

"I mean your father. He may have discharged some one who aims at having revenge," she suggested.

"There hasn't been any one discharged from this place since I was a kid. and you can take it from me that the chap who is playing this game has a brain better educated than the run of help hereabouts."

"I am going to make some investigations, and you must let me go my own way. No tagging after me when I want to go into the village. Some one in the village will know what is going on. No one would come from the outside to play a game like this."

"All right. If any one can get to the bottom of this muddle it will be your lovely self. Good luck, sweetheart!" Three or four days passed. Zudora went about her work systematically.

One day she came upon a bit of news that startled her profoundly. It was of such a character that she dared not impart this news to John. He must be kept in total ignorance. The brain that had instigated this really criminal joke was in New York. It was the tool of this cunning brain she must bring to light and confusion. Her uncle! How the man hated John, to play so despicable a jest upon his people! The old suspicions returned, stronger than ever. She was growing a bit afraid of this uncle of hers; she was beginning to understand that flesh and blood did not always count. But why? Why should he wish to harm John Storm? It was an unanswerable question. She realized that from now on she must be on her guard. Her uncle must never learn that she entertained the least sus-

picion. That night they all received a shock. The hand suddenly appeared on the side of the house, and even as they rushed out to look at it it slowly faded. Zudora threw a quick, circling glance.

work, but I haven't gained an inch. I order without capital. At any rate he the slightest besitancy she sought the was determined to put the matter bold-

Amed was not going to admit him at first. Orders were orders. But when Storm declared that he would come

back with a pollceman Amed concluded to accept the lesser of two evils. Storm found himself in the familiar ers, the pictures, the music rack.

"Well, sir," said a cold voice from behind, "this is an honor forced upon

He Suddenly Drew Back His Hand, but Storm Was Too Quick For Him. me, I have forbidden you the hospital-

ity of this house."

"I am well aware of that," returned Storm, quite as coldly as Hassam All. "I have not come for hospitality. What I demand to know is, what the devil do you mean by setting a half witted boy up to such a beastly game as that spectral hand?" Storm shook his fist under Hassam All's nose.

All the fury against this young man bubbled up in Hassam Ali's heart and incautiously was permitted to overflow the brim. He wanted John Storm dead, dead at his feet. He suddenly drew back his hand, but Storm was too quick for him. Amed, seeing his master in danger, seized a vase and stole up behind Storm.

But from her boudoir above Zudora had heard the loud voices. She held in her hand only a book. She flung it with more accuracy than is generally credited to the feminine arm. It hit Amed squarely on the shoulder; and the vase clattered to the floor. John flung Hassam All from him and

faced Zudora. "I am sorry, dear, to have a rumpus like this, but I lost my temper." "And perhaps I lost mine." said Hassam Ali, recognizing the need of a bit of diplomacy. "I had forbidden him the house, Zudora. He pushed his way in with threats of police."

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shack, knocked intrepidly and was suddenly dragged in and securely bound. In the dim light she could see that Bolton was not untouched with insanity.

Storm had promised not to follow. but she never went out at night without his being somewhere near. He too had seen the flashing eye. A brief tableau of Zudora struggling in the doorway was enough. He was nearly as mad as poor Jimmy Bolton. He used the fellow roughly and left him exhausted and thoroughly cowed in a corner and then liberated Zudora.

In the attic of the shack was a giant stereopticon, capable of throwing a concentrated ray a thousand yards or more. The plate projected was really an X ray exposure of Bolton's hand. John threatened and caloled and even offered money to Bolton if he would confess who had set him up to this trick. But Jimmy refused to divaige his secret. He feared the threats of Hassam All far more than the threats of his victim.

A week later the crops were being harvested, and Zudora and John returned to the city, each secretly wondering what the next ordeal would hold for them,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MOST FAMOUS SONG.

An Air Familiar to Almost Every Country in the World.

A London paper recently asked the question, "Which is the world's most famous song?" and then proceeded to make an unexpected answer-namely, that it is not "Auld Lang Syne," "Annie Laurie," "Home, Sweet Home," "God Save the King," "America," "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Marseillaise" or "The Last Rose of Summer," all of which would seem to be probable candidates for the booor. What is it, then? The answer is "Maibrook," whose refrains, "We won't go home till morning" and "For he's a jolly good fellow," are equally familiar in Europe and In America.

The air of the song has been sung in Europe since the time of the crusades, when it was carried to the east and so became familiar to Turks and Arabs. The modernization of the song dates from some time after the battle of Maiplaquet, when it was first sung by a French muse at Versailles, whence it spread to Paris and throughout France and, as has been said, gave the great Duke of Mariborough more celebrity than all his victories. The words were printed on fans and screens and were sung in palaces and on the streets.

The still further modernization for the exigencies of rolstering melody was the last touch which insured the song universal popularity incorporated in opera bouffe by Bizet, sung by Marie Antoinette in the Tuileries, introduced by Beaumarchais in "The Marriage of Figaro" and by Beethoven in his symphony and hummed by the great Napoleon whenever he entered a battle, the air of "Malbrook" has literally sung itself into the heart of the

world. And Du Maurier understood its infinite possibilities when he had Trilby transform it into a great lyric tragedy.



Of what use to marry if they could not have a home of their own?

Of what use to burden themselves with their pursults and hang threateningly over their heads?

More than that, she reasoned, her friends would always look askance at her if, after some months, it became known that she was married and was not living openly with her husband.

No; she had given her word, and she would not break it. So John surren-

dered gracefully. But he was always feeling that mysterious cloud which hung lowering over them both.

Many a night while alone he tried to figure out the basic cause for Hassam All's attitude. Some day, when work easied up a bit, he determined to go back over Hassam Ali's past with all the searching inquiry of a first class lawyer.

There was something more than mere physical antagonism. He never confessed this belief to Zudora, however.

It did not look quite fair to her to put doubts into her heart when he had nothing back of these doubts but instinct.

But there was no getting around the plain fact that he feared Hassam Allfeared him for Zudora's sake.

One day Storm received a letter from his mother, and the contents first amused, then alarmed him. His parents were well to do country folk in the south. Their forbears had been southerners of wealth and position up to wartimes.

Piece by piece the fine double inheritance had vanished; and at the time of John's birth they had sunk from affluence to the ordinary comforts of life. There had been enough money to send the lad to college, to fit him for his ewn battle in life.

He was a good son, writing home once a month and making holiday visits whenever there was opportunity.

Often he had sent checks home, but invariably these had been returned. They did not need the money; they had enough for their simple wants, and when they died all they had would be his.

His mother had written that an alarming mystery had confronted them, one that promised to decimate the negro servitors on the various farms and estates. And just now, when all the crops were ripe, it meant rule for a great many whose sole income was derived from their crops.

He laughed at one moment and swore at the next. Why the perpetrators of the joke had selected the hill back of the Storm place set him thinking deepty.

He decided to go home and lay the with a secret which would interfere ghost, as the saying goes. He packed up, sent a letter to Zudora and left town.

> When Zudora received the letter she was greatly perturbed. It seemed to her that what appeared as a bit of coarse foolery might have as its base something serious regarding the welfare of her love and his people. Rather diffidently she sought Hassam All's advice.

Her uncle shrugged. "Some country bumpkin is playing a joke on the more simple minded. Go and solve it if you | telegraphed for Zudora, wish, only you'll have your trouble for your pains."

"But how do you account for the her, you may be assured. But until band ?"

"Trickery, pure and simple; phosphorescence mayhap. The negro mind -at least the southern negro-is full of kinks, like his hair. He will take it as a sign that the world is coming to an end."

"Some negroes have already deserted. It looks to me something more than an idle jest."

Hassam Ali gave her a quick, shrewd giance. He wondered what was going on in the giri's mind. Had she any suspicions? It was inherent for her to speak the truth.

"Have you intimated to Storm of the gold?" he asked.

"No," rather scornfully. "I have given my word. You ought to know that I never break it." "But often regret giving it?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, my advice is, stay home. There is no reason why you should take any risks on account of Storm's people."

"You said it was probably a bumpkin's loke."

"Yes, but the negroes cannot be trusted in a case where their imagina tion may get the better of their common sense. Better wait until you hear from this fool of a lover of yours."

"I am better able to judge John Storm than you," coldly. "He is not a foot"

"Hoity-toity! Hasn't it ever occurred to you that Storm is young, alone and built like most young men?" "What do you mean by that?"

"Has he told you everything about his life before he met you?" "Will you kindly explain?"

"Let him explain," said Hassam All and, having planted this barb of doubt,

saw it, that it was grewsome enough a shadow in the palm like an embedded bullet. Subconsciously he seemed to recognize something vaguely famil-

iar about the shape of the hand. He did not go into the village, but prowled around in the vicinity where the hand appeared most frequently. There was no evidence of phosphorescence, no footprints except those made by the negroes some two or three hundred yards below the hill. John was puzzled and irritated at the same time. This joke was being perpetrated by some one who had brains. Meanwhile the crops lay ungathered and were beginning to rot in the fields. Something must be done in a hurry, else he would be compelled to send to the city for emigrants, who would doubtless take to their heels after the same manner as the negroes. So he

And Zudora came. The Storm family had heard about

The Skeleton Hand Appeared on the Side of the Hill.

she appeared in the flesh they had en tertained some doubts about this niece of a man whose business they held in supreme contempt. They fell in love with her at once, rather shamefacedly when up to that moment they had been quite positive that she had laid a siren's trap for their boy.

Old man Storm pondered a good deal It did not seem possible that this sleu der, handsome, dark eyed girl was a detective. It did not match up with the tales he had read in books. She was just like any other girl, nothing mysterious whatever.

"It's really serious, Zudora," said

The Old Man Accused Her, but John Intervened.

but there was no spot of light in the distance to confirm her suspicions that a "magic lantern" was being focused against the side of the house. The result of this visitation was the final exodus of the help, with the exception of the housemaid and the boy who did chores about the house. The matter had been fully explained to these two. None the less they were badly frightened.

When the spectral hand appeared the next night old man Storm seized his shotgun and started out with blood in his eye. The result of his rage and excitement was a badly lacerated arm for the housemaid. The old man accused her, but John intervened. The poor girl had only been curious to see how near she could get to the specter. She was fortunate to have escaped with her life.

Later John began to show preoccapation, and when questioned by Zudora he admitted that there had been an episode of his younger days that he had all but forgotten. The dark spot in the paim of the hand had finally brought back the scene vividly.

"I used to come home during college days to hunt a little. There's quail and partridge galore in November. J used to take young Jimmy Bolton along to carry the game. He was only a kid. Well, to make a long story short, I was careless in handling the gun, and some of the charge went into Bolton's hand. 'The best thing we can do, then, is to locate him. He wasn't always quite right in the upper story. But how the dickens he should come to think up such a hoax and spring it

Zudorn said nothing. There was "So we'll take a look into Jimmy's af-

But Jimmy had not been seen by any one for several weeks. The specter

suddenly censed operations. A week passed, and both Storm and Zudorn concluded to return to town, but to return secretly the first time the hand made its appearance again.

Oddly enough Storm also had vague suspicions regarding the brain behind Bolton, but, perhaps foolishly, he refrained from confiding to Zudora. He had become reasonably sure that Hassam All was somewhere in the back-

ground. Jimmy Bolton was incapable John. "I've tried my hand at detective of perpetrating a hoax of this peculiar

"You were wrong, John," said Zu dora, with no small diplomacy herself. "There is nothing to prevent my seeing you when and where I will, but this is my uncle's house. He has a perfect right to deny you admittance if he so wishes."

John swallowed hard. He was not expecting a rebuke from such a quarter. He apologized again and left the house. At his apartments a telegram awaited him. The specter had returned, and the farmers were patrolling the



Zudora Was Suddenly Dragged In and Securely Bound.

county with shotguns. A carrier pigeon acquainted Zudora with the fact. The next morning the two left for the south. Zudora nor John referred to the row with Hassam AlL "Let me work alone. The sight of

you may scare away this boy," she suid.

"All right," he agreed, but with the mental reservation that he would for low her and remain within call.

Zudora found Jimmy Boiton and Jim my Bolton found her, much to her dis comfort and alarm. She had gone far opposite to where the specter hand usually appeared, and she discovered and, saying, "No, thank you, madame; in a window of a shack on the opposite hill the Cyclopean eye she had for his long walk homeward .- Pearhitherto hunted for in vain. Without | son's Weekly,

A Lucky Imitation.

Marshal Gourko, the famous Russian general, was a terrible autocrat. On one occasion an impersonator of celebrated men was performing at a theater in Odessa. One evening he received a mysterious message, which read, "Study General Gourko." In Russia it is better not to inquire into matters that one does not understand, and so the artist spent an hour in privately impersonating the autocratic Russian. Just as the evening performance was about to commence an order of arrest signed by Gourko was presented to the impersonator, and without explanation he was led through the streets to the marshal's palace and into an apartment where the terrible man was sented. "They tell me that you impersonate celebrated men," he roared. "Impersonate me!" Giving a hasty took at Gourko, the performer turned to the mirror to "make up." It was an anxious time, for if the marshal should take exception to the representation he had unlimited power to inflict punishment. The impersonator dragged himself together and turned to the marshal a copy of his own face and . overbearing manner. Gourko burst into a roar of laughter, and the dangerous moment was over.

When Paderewski Was Poor.

Paderewski's first ready important engagement as a planist was in Paris. He was engaged to play in the drawing room of a lady famous for her musicales, and his fee, which seemed to him enormous, was \$20. He managed to persuade the humane agent to pay him in advance, and when Paderewski had redeemed his dress suit from pawn and paid for shoes, gloves, the and other essentials he had no money left for cab bire, so be was forced to walk to the scene of his engagement. The music loving audience inspired him. He played with feeling, passion and mastery of his instrument as never before. His success was instant and onmistakable. The poor player had suddenly become the lion of the hour, and fame and fortune were assured him. At last, after disengaging himself from his admirers, he turned to leave, when his hostess, remember ing with regret the smallness of the fee for so marvelous a performance, offered him her carriage for his return home. But Paderewski's pride came to the rescue. In his courteous yet reserved way he made a formal bow. my own is waiting," he stepped out

after all these years gots me," nothing for her to say. fairs," concluded John.