

# ZUDORA

A Great Mystic Story by Harold McGrath.

### SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine, and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$100,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Kessie, 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 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, wait," says Hassan Ali, "I have my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you must renounce him."

Zudora analyzes 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.

Hassan Ali visits Nabob Khan's home, where sleep overcomes every one whenever Nabob attempts to marry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is made a prisoner. Zudora, aided by Nabob Khan, rescues the princess to her original lover and saves Storm from death.

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

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 learns that her uncle has employed Jimmy Bolton, a half-witted man, to annoy Storm's parents. Zudora finds Bolton operating a big magic lantern and is attracted to 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 burns 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 McWitter, 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 McWitter, and he and Storm are overcome by powerful fumes. Zudora saves them, proves that McWitter's own dog trapped and killed him and saves Smith from a band of lynchers.

An invader blows up a submarine with a powerful boat 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 boat 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 plan is frustrated by Storm.

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

With Hassan Ali dead Zudora is released of her pledge to solve twenty cases. The conflicts, however, the greatest mystery of all, which is the mystery of her own life, and the ambition to secure the vast fortune of \$1,000,000 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, in the new roles of reporter-hers, Sidney Weaver and Frank Forrester.

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 cunning under the leadership of Miss Du Val. They plan to lighen Zudora so that she will run away.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### Bag of Diamonds.

TROUBLES never come singly. In 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 out-

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PHIL. 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."

Trusting, but as yet nothing had turned up. Hunt was in his office one day busy with clippings about diamond news when a letter struck 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 Trotter's mine, I'll wager my hat," said the detective jubilantly. "Ever see such luck? If I hadn't been killing, 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 within a thousand miles of the place. Your



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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 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 lolly 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. Lark! 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. Goodby, and may your cable bring good luck to us all."

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

mine. The mine had been paying, but not largely. The description of the mine was well done. One saw the Kaffirs in breach of their duty in the bush, the white men on guard to make sure that none of the natives hid a stone. Suddenly one hiding his afternoon one of the Kaffirs came tumbling 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 Kaffirs dropped their tools and fled away under escort of the watchers. There followed a little sketch of how a crooked Kaffir was caught with a gem hidden in his eye. 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 called the supposed owners. The next day the strike traveled up and down the region.

Bruce, the smugger himself, received the cable, and he hurried away to acquaint Miss Du Val with what had happened. Miss Du Val and several others were in the Georgian salon when he arrived through the secret passage. He was greeted effusively. Miss Du Val looked extremely beautiful to him at that moment. There were times when he wished he found Radcliffe in the other 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 hazard, 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 Miss 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

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 Radcliffe.

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

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



Baird Neatly Fished the Valies 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 output 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 cablegrams, 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 locked his passport 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 cane. At first he had had some difficulty in looking Storm or Zudora in the eyes, remembering how at the instigation of the real Hassan Ali he had attempted the young lawyer's life. But these days he was able to look with serenity 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 had known those eyes intimately. The four of them left the office together and later 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 and junk shop where they meet 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 house of Miss Du Val."

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

"You saw but one of the facets of this clever-stained woman. In that day you were using her; consequently she did not tell you any of her secrets. Now you watch the hut and I'll watch the marble palace, and then we'll 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 mine 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.

He hung about in the shadow until 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 smugger 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 clung 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-

(Continued on page seven.)

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