

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. Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Keene, Zudora's mother's brother. Zudora, giving promise of great beauty, reaches the age of eighteen. The uncle, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassam Ali, decides that Zuchance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to him, the next of kin. Hassam 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 com-mands 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 Hassam All, "if you take such a stand I'll compromise. Solve my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fail in a single case and you must

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.

CHAPTER III. The Mystery of the Cheesemaker.

N a kind of cellar, under a window, a man sat, bent over a peculiarly constructed machine of small wheels that spun with lightning

rapidity. Every now and then he paused and scrutinized the minute object he held in his tingers. At length he seemed satisfied, rose, stopped the machipe and shuffled over to a cupboard. Then he sat down on a cot and began to figure in a small notebook. The result of his mathematics evidently pieused him. In a corner behind curtains stood a

furnace, a crucible, with powerful bellows and chimney. It looked adaptable to tremendous heat pressure. The machine previously referred to was an unfamiliar one to any but the eyes of those who have watched similar machines in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in Holland. It was a diamond cutting and polishing machine. What the unusual crucible brought forth remained The diamond cutter rose again and

once more approached the cupboard



The Diamond Cutter

and gloated over his treasure, which consisted of half a dozen perfect gems perfectly cut and polished, but small. "I shall be rich some day."

Then came sudden transition from joy to gloom. He dared not go forth openly to sell these gems, for he feared that he would be looked upd as a thief. The fact that these diamonds were not registered would act against him. The least they would do would be to hale him before the customs officials as a smuggler. And if he told the truth his wonderful discovery would become public property, and he would be ruined.

"I am unlucky," he groaned. "I see how it is. I must divide with some one in order to get anything. I will

sound Hassam All." He had disposed of several gems among pawnbrokers who were known not to ask questions, but in these transactions he had received but a fourth of what the gems were worth. These things contributed to his sudden rise and fall of spirits. He was also some-

thing of a madman. Presently he sniffed. There was a faint odor of curds in the air. Beyond the wall was a cheesemaker's shop. and there one could buy anything from a Camembert to what is known as a Dutch cheese. The diamond cutter discovered that he was hungry. So he left his den, bought some cheese and rye bread and returned, soon to begin his labors again. During certain intervals of silence he heard without apparent notice slight scratching sounds. The furnace began to glow, throwing weird lights upon his lined and ecstat-

ic countenance. When night came he went again to his treasure and gave a cry of anguish. A gem was gone! He searched thoroughly, but could not find it. It could not be possible that he had made a mistake in the original counting. He would go and have his friend Hassam All look into his crystal. There were wonderful revelations made there, and Hassam Ali reassured him that the gem would be found.

The next day, after Zudora had gone forth-to meet her lover, Hassam Ali was assured-Hassam All retired to the mystic room. He was curious to see how long his sister's face would

keep forming in the heart of the crys tal. He was intensely superstitious without realizing the fact. Yet again he saw the face, the same appeal in it. His heart swelled with fury and

hate. He was beginning to hate his niece, for we invariably hate those we have wronged or intend to wrong. Whenever he saw her slender white throat a borrible, almost irresistible, desire laid hold of him to take that white throat within his fingers and crush the life out of it. At the same time he became vaguely alarmed lest at some time or other he should surrender to this mad desire. No, no!



Hassam Ali Was an Adept at Disguising Himself.

A thousand times no! He must follow without deviation the plans he had mapped out. Sooner or later he would gain his ends without incriminating himself. She suspected nothing. One side of her was all keenness and insight, but the other side of her was as galleless as a child, and to this side he always played. He must wait. tedious as waiting might be. Gold. gold, yellow gold, the most beautiful thing in the world; millions of shining disks, all his. He suddenly shook him self. He must smother these thoughts, this ramount desire or he might over step. Misers are full of strange cun-

Unders had given her word to say nothing about her great inheritance. and her lovally to her word was as strong as hoops of steel.

Hassam Ali was an adept at disguising binself, making bimself unrecognizable. A half dozen touches of the brush, a muttler about his chin, and even Zudora would fail to recognize him at first glance. He sailied forth. He was eager to learn what Storm was doing. For the present Storm was the main obstacle in his way. If he became Zudora's husband, goodby to the Trainor millions, whether Zudora lived or not. If Zudora married Storm clandestinely he was determined upon that knowledge to kill them both. Once a week he made

inquiries at the bureau of licenses. Zudora met Storm in the park, and they idled away an hour or two baild ing castles in Spain. The will of Ja son Olds having been probated, Storm was the recipient of a hundred thou sand, which he immediately divided between several hospitals. He wanted it known that, aside from his business relations, he wanted nothing of Olds. living or dead. His gift reacted fa-

Storm became suddenly serious. "My dear," he said, "I want to ask you some really vital questions."

"Go ahead." "Do you love your uncle?" She did not answer at once because the question was totally unexpected.

She began to think. "Why, John, that's an odd question." "I know it, but I just simply had to

"I respect him." she said, "for he is a man of extraordinary attainments,



Zudora Met Storm In the Park

for all that you sometimes smile at his occupations.'

"It is precisely because he plays at this mummery and is at the same time an extraordinary man that I ask you

if you love him." "Love is a strange thing," she re plied evasively. She felt strangely stirred over the trend of conversation.

"You don't answer me directly." He was an attorney and had something of the bulldog's grip. There were many unhappy witnesses who would testify "Well, no; I can't say honestly that

"Nor can you say homestly that he loves you. My dear girl, I might as well admit to you that some one is in terested in putting me out of the way I've been shot at in the dark on three to wrest from nature one of her great different occasions, I have received anonymous letters purporting to come | fourth of what each diamond is worth from some discrunted postician. I But I must have a bigger furnace. think the best thing you can do is to

"Not until every letter of my agree ment is complete." "I suppose you've made up your

mind?

"Yes. Just as firmly as I have made up my mind that you're my man and that I wouldn't exchange you for the

greatest kingdom on earth." He laughed and pressed her hand. He had been on the point of telling her his innermost suspicions. He saw now that she was going to have trouble enough without his adding to it. Brave little girl! Because she loved him she had assumed almost three times the tasks of Hercules. He became more and more determined to follow her and stand guard over her in every case she had-that is, if they left him alone. From the bottom of his soul he dis trusted Keene, Hassam Ali, so called It did not require an unusually sharp intuition to feet the sense of hatred directed against him whenever he came nto the presence of the mystic. But he possessed no defined theory as to what had caused this activity of passion. It was born of no tender sentiment for the niece. Nor could it be due to the fact that he. Storm, looked with contempt upon Keene's work. He knew Keene to be absolutely indifferent to what the public thought of his affairs. In this Storm was compelled to admit of a secret admiration for the man. Think deeply and constantly as he might, however, he could not bring to the surface any legitimate cause for Keene's bitter antagonism. Storm's mistake was that he did not reveal to Zudora what his real suspi-

cions were-that it was Hassam Ali who wanted him out of the way. They both in that event would have escaped a good deal of trouble, being mutually prepared for it.

fact that he was being shadowed. But he did not recognize his shadower. Storm usually worked late at night need of a bite before turning in. This to the inventor. midnight lunch consisted of cheese and "It's a white diamond, worth about



He Would Drop Into Altmann's Cheese

ter, and then leave with his regular

Now it happened that Hassam All's midnight appetite was similar to that of Storm's, except that Hassam Ali never touched alcoholic beverages of any sort. Moreover, he was friend to both cheesemaker and diamond cutter. There was more to the latter than most people suspected. When the mystic saw Storm enter the cheesemaker's his first inspiration was to learn what sort of cheese he generally purchased and eventually substitute a poisoned one. It was immaterial to him whether Altmann paid for the deed or not.

As Storm entered one door the diamond cutter came out of the other. Hassam Ali made a sign, which the latter answered. Together they re entered the building. Hassam All had no desire to run into Storm.

"I did not recognize you, master." said the diamond cutter.

"And never recognize me unless you see me make the sign. Well, have you made up your mind?"

"I am going to trust you." "Why not? I may be able to help you a great deal," said Hassam Ali. secretly pleased that he had won his point. "I am like a physician or a priest. Whatever you may tell me will be buried in my breast," his strong. magnetic eyes boring into the other's The diamond cutter was always in

such a mental state as to lend himself

readily to hypnotism, and without be-

ing aware of it he fell under the spell

immediately Hassam Ali spoke to him. "Lead on." The diamond cutter led the way to his cell-like shop and threw back the curtains, revealing the furnace and crucible. Deftly he placed a piece of carbon in the receptacle and turned a switch. There came a blinding flash.

and the heat of it drove Hassam All morrow, and together we'll examine

backward toward the wall. "We must wait a few moments Sometimes the heat is too small, sometimes too hot. The secret is the melium heat."

"About what?"

be famous, but rich. Still, you know

what a sensitive thing a diamond is.

It would be wise to keep your secret

I made diamonds at a profit, however

The Trap Was Neatly Arranged and

small, the diamond market would go

Seals were applied to the cupboard

The moment he was gone the dia

mond cutter berated himself furiously

What had possessed him to take Has-

sam Ali so utterly into his confidence?

And there was a thief about: How

could any one have known that he had

diamonds? And more puzzling than

all else, why hadn't the thief taken

them ail? He did not sleep well that

When he and Hassam Ali broke the

seals in the morning there were but

"Altmann!" cried the diamond cut-

"Be still!" said Hassam Ali sternly,

seizing the man and shaking him vio

goodby to your gems. We'll put a dic-

tograph in and find out what the

cheesemaker and his family talk about.

You needn't worry about the expense.

I'll see to that. And we'll go to work

The Cry Had Been a Practical Joke.

and a bear trap in front of the cup-

board, and we'll soon know who the

The dictograph was promptly install-

ed, and the trap was neatly arranged

and laid. But the conversation record-

ed was useless, and nobody stepped

"Listen," said Hassam Ali. "I'll rush

out yelling 'Fire! Fire!' That will

clear the cheese shop and give me a

"I leave everything to you," said the

half demented inventor. He was pant-

heart "It is making me ill. My heart

Things fell out as Hassam Ali pre-

licted. Only he had not expected John

Storm in the cheese shop. At the cry

of fire Storm ran out with the others

and accidentally dropped his purchase.

Hassam Ali saw the package fall, and,

instead of entering the shop, he ran to

the package and picked it up, on the

principle that anything belonging to

John Storm might eventually prove

useful. He thrust it into his pocket

gations, but it was now too late. The

anywhere, had returned to his shop.

So Hassam All made his way back to

the diamond cutter's. When he open-

ed the package and found some cheese

chance to make an investigation."

into the bear trap. Two more dia-

culprit is."

monds were gone!

ter. "He has some hole in the wall.

and Hassam Ali went away.

to smash."

six stones left.

I'll kill him!"

"I'm no fool. If it got about that

until you have made your fortune."

"The stones."

tood immovable for the space of four tinutes, then delicately picked out a dack lump. This he skillifully broke with a small hammer. Presently be eld out his palm. A crystal a little larger than a pinhead lay upon it "What is it?" asked Hassam All.

"A diamond of the purest water," was the exuitant answer. "The main obstacle in producing diamonds artidefally has been the great expense for each experiment. It was not practical diamond making. There was no compensation in the result. It sum med up, just a man of science striving est secrets. It costs me about one more power. I have figured out the relative degrees of heat."

"Will you let me take this crystal to a jeweler?" asked Hassam Ali, tremendously interested.

"Certainly. I have sold many to pawnbrokers, but I have been afraid to come out into the open."

"Trust me," said Hassam Ali. So he took the diamond away. He was still a bit skeptical. It might be that this diamond cutter was not such a fool as he looked. In some scientific manner the crystal might have been previously confined in the carbon. If the man offered to sell his invention Hassam All would feel assured that there was bamboozlement somewhere



"A diamond of the purest water."

in the background. He was himself When they at last separated Storm too old a bird to be caught at such a went downtown, quite aware of the game. But if this was honestly done! He was informed at the leweler's lently. "If he is guilty and hears you, that the crystal was an uncut diamond, perfectly white, and worth about \$40. in his study, and he generally felt the So far so good. Hassam Ali returned

crackers and a pint of ale. He was \$40. Now, before we go any further, at once. A dictograph down the wall seldom troubled with insomnia. Every let me see a piece of carbon.

other day he would drop into Alt The inventor exhibited his stock and mann's cheese shop, that awhile with invited Hassam Ali to make his selecthe cheesemaker, his wife and daugh tion. To Hassam's mind, had each piece contained a diamond the inventor already possessed a small fortune He was beginning to feel reassured. Soon another diamond came to life. as it were. Hassam Ali was convinced There was no charlatanism in him. The man had discovered one of the greatest secrets in the world.

"Oh, I have failures. Sometimes the carbon is not right. Again, the power is not strong enough. But I will show you some of the gems I have already

made." He went to the cupboard and produced his little hoard. He poured them into Hassam Ali's hands. The gems were all exquisitely cut and polished. The largest was about the size of an ordinary parior match head. "How many here?" inquired the visitor, now genuinely astonished.

Hassam Ali counted them. He

shook his head. "Only eight." "Impossible!"

"Count them yourself." The inventor did so. He ran to the suppoard and searched every nook. "I have been robbed!" "Sh; not so loud!" warned Hassam

Ali. "You say you but ten stones in



The Crystal Was an Uncut Diamond.

there. Here are but eight. In other words, some one has been rifling the cupboard. My advice is to catch the and started back to make his investithief without drawing the police in. Put seals on the door and the lock, I cheesemaker, seeing no signs of fire notice that the wall is very thin."

"Bah! Altmann is an old fool. He thinks I am a locksmith," contemptu-

"You never can tell. I will come to be swore and flung it from him save

agely. Then he picked it up and broke it. It was a good cheese, and it would The Storing of the seals." "But what do you think?" be shameful to waste it.

"Look!" he cried suddenly. From

the cheese he ptucked a small dia-"Oh, I am quite certain that in the mond event of your being able to make the

"I knew it!" exclaimed the unhappy stones in carat sizes you will not only diamond cutter. "It's Altmann, after

> aleantime Storm, having lost his cheese in the small riot and learning that the cry had been a practical joke or the clever scheme of a petty thief, returned to the shop, somewhat ruffled in spirit, to purchase another cheese. He had scarcely taken it into his hand when the diamond cutter, followed by two policemen, came rushing in and demanded the arrest of every one in the shop that is to say, Storm, the not take his daughter, who remained behind weeping

Storm was permitted to telephone Zudora.

"What is the matter?" she de

manded. "It seems that I've been arrested as in accomplice of Altmann, the cheese maker, on the charge of stealing dia monds from a diamond cutter living next door. The diamonds were found in a cheese I bought. As a matter of fact, I think it's a practical joke of some sort. You know where Altmann's is. Nothing serious can possibly come of it, but I'll have to do a lot of buying when I leave the police station. The laugh is on me somewhere." "I'll have you out before midnight."

she declared. But she nearly lost her life in the furnace room. The diamond cutter ran amuck when he saw her enter his chamber of secrets, and he flew at her like an enraged tiger. She eluded him and picked up a hammer, with which to defend herself. The hammer was nothing to the madman. He reached out to clutch her when he gave a



He Reached Out to Clutch Her. into the furnace mouth. His heart

had given out. And so Hassam Ali would never be

able to add diamonds to his pyramids of shining gold. But the death of the diamond cutter complicated matters, and, despite the protestations of innocence on the part

of the victims, they were held. When the truth did come out finally the whole city laughed quietly. Zudora discovered the thieves-a pair of bright eyed mice who had decided to go house building with diamonds as a cornerstone!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Presence of Death.

Some years ago a Swansea vessel was caught in a terrible gale. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising be told her to go down below and sleep, for all was well. He remained on the bridge till the mate came up and said: 'We've done all we can. Hadn't you better tell the chaps to get out the

"Yes, yes, my lad, if you think so." said the captain, who knew the only choice left was whether to go down with the ship or in a small boat, which couldn't live ten seconds in that sea. The engineers came up with the news that the fires were all out.

"Very well, my lads," said the captain quietly. "Save yourselves if you can. "Won't you fetch the wife on deck.

sir?" asked one of the men. "No." was the calm reply. "Let her sleep, poor girl! I am going down to have a smoke." And, smoking by the bedside of his sleeping wife, he went down with the ship.

Didn't Recognize Her.

She was of a somewhat haughty nature and, being on a shopping expedition with a friend, happened to catch a glimpse of an acquaintance she did ing and holding his hand over his not wish to recognize. "Let us go this way past the silk [

counter I just saw some one I don't care to meet." "Who is he?" asked her friend, who did not see any one near them.

"Oh, some horrid woman with a smirk on her face. Of course I have only a bowing acquaintance with her. and, although her face is familiar, I cannot remember her name."

They finished their shopping, and the two women found themselves at the same point where one of them had seen ber disagreeable acquaintance. "There she is again. Why, I do be-Here she's been here all the time!" she

said, pointing to the person in ques-

"That woman? Goodness sakes; that's yourself you see in the mirror there!"-Kansas City Star.

Seed Corn

After the Seed Corn is selected the next important factor is storing the seed. The North Dakota farmers who attended the Corn and Clover Convention at Grand Forks this month, all agreed that great loss in seed corn comes of improper storing after the seed is

selected. The corn selected for seed should be hung or placed beyond he reach of rats, mice or fowls. cheesemaker and his wife. They did One simple and inexpensive ways is to take a piece of binding twin'e 24 to 30 feet in length and tie the ends together. Holding a hand on each side of the loop lay an ear of corn in the middle at the bottom. Cross one loop through the other over the ear, place another ear on the crossed twine and loop through as before and continue until the top ends of the loops are reached.

Corn should not be placed against the south side of a building where the sun's rays may become hot, as the vitality of the seed may be lessened on the side of the ear turned toward the sun. A good place to hang the corn for three weeks or so after gathering, is beneath the roof of a building where the air circulates freely. While drying, the ears should not be permitted to touch oneanothes for where they touch mold is apt to occur. Then too, if an ear becomes moldy and is in contact with others the mold, may spread to ears that otherwise would have been free from it. If the weather is damp and cloudy artificial drying may be necessary. If this is done do not subject the corn to a temprature above 70 degrees-summer heat.

See-

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