JOHN ERLEIGH CHOOLMASTE A Gripping Story of Love Mystery and Kidnapping

By CLAVER MORRIS

Author, or Tohn Braden, Solicitor,

John Eviletch, headmoster of Harptree Behoot has bersuided Lady Asses Wimber-ley to send his before the late of the his his to inherit the sendon, thus the bins, is to inherit the sendon, thus the bins, is to inherit the sendon wimbering estate, and as his until, loved string there, explaints to Demyth, there are many relatives who would like to see the boy any out of the level, so that they wight inherit the expects.

Lord Arthur these explains that ein attempt has aircredy been made to Kidson the high the different and William Meriet, of having incentions in the hery wife Let it. It is agreed to both after him, a few days later, he unstraines to Ledy aim that he laws here she talls him she loven him. SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER III-(Centinued)

It was nearly 6 o'clock when John Erfeigh left, Monksilver and set out on his long walk back to Harptree. He trod as a man might tread on air. Years seemed to have failen from his shoulders. He was 40-in the prime of his life-but now he seemed a boy again, in the first flush of youth and love. His eyes sparkled. and he whistled as he walked along the country lanes. If it had been term time and any of the Harptree boys had met him, they'd have said:

"Hello, the old 'early bird' must have eaught a fine fat worm

He reached the schoolhouse at a few minutes past 8 and was told that a Mr. Vertigan had called to see him and was waiting in the study.

"Great Scott," he said to himself, "I'd forgotten all about the fellow."

The post of science and chemistry master of Harptree was vacant, and Vertigan had applied for the job. He had sent in excellent references from a big public school in the north of England, and Er-leigh had made an appointment to see him that evening at 7:30 o'clock. That Erleigh had forgotten all about the mat-ter was not to be wondered at under the circumstances, but he was annoyed with himself. He prided himself on punctual-

ity and accuracy in all his affairs.
"I'm awfully scrry to have kept you waiting," he said, as he entered the study. "I can't make any excuse for myself, except that my mind has been full of

A small, thin mgn with an iron-gray beard and thick gray hair came forward from the window, where he had been standing. The light was dim in the room and the headmaster could not see him very clearly.

"We'll have some food first", said other matters

We'll have some food first," said Erleigh, and then we can talk things over quietly afterward. You'll stay here he night, won't you?"
He switched on the electric light and

looked at Vertigan. Then he suddenly closed the door bahind him.
"You, Barrett?" he said in a low voice.
"You?"

Yes," the man replied. "I wonder you didn't recognize my writing. What are you doing here? What do you want?"
"You read my letters-my testimonials."

"Why do you call yourself Vertigan?"

"Hecause it's my name."
The two men looked at each other in allerde for nearly half a minute.
"Well, you'd better clear out," said Erisigh in a hard, even voice. "I'm not likely to give you the job."
"Wity not?"

"Because you're not a fit man to take charge of my toya." Vertigan laughed. "Perhaps I'm not."

vertigan laughed. "Perhaps I'm not," he said quietly; "but, for the matter of that—are you?"

Not a muscle of John Erleigh's face moved as the question was fung at him. Only the expression of his eyes changed—the light in them seemed to quiver and go out, leaving them dull and hard. "Are you any better than I am?" said Verligan after a hanse.

Verifigan after a pause. Erfeigh made no reply "You know nothing about me." Verti-"You thought I was dead -I dare say you were glad when you heard I was dead. There was not much to choose between you and me. Erieigh20 years ago. You thried over a new

"that you are very much the same as you

necklace somebody was watching them

tle brown and white squirrel who lived

in the tree near by! He saw some-

thing was up, but, of course, he didn't

guess how important a comething it

was, for squirrels know nothing about

But he saw something out of the

ordinary was happening. "They surely

necklaces and such things.

auppose it was?

Vertigan laughed. "Come, come," he sald. "You've read my testimonials?" "Y 68.

"They are good."

"They are very good," "Perhaps you think I forged them?"

No-I do not think that." "You think, perhaps, that I could not

change." "I think," said Ericigh slowly, "that you have not changed. Perhaps I may wrong you, but I generally find that my wrong you, but I generally find that my first impressions of a man are correct. Why have you changed your name?"
"An aunt left ms a little money and I had to take her name. Well, we needn't stand here, fencing with each other. Let us sit down and talk things over quietly."

"My satary."
"I don't intend to employ you."
"I think you will. You won't find a

What is there to talk about?"

better man. "I shall try," said Erleigh dryly. "Well, I suppose I must ask you to stay

"Thank you, I'm glad to see that you'll it down at the same table with me." John Erleigh flushed. "I's suppose you ave come to blackmail me," he said

"Nothing of the sort. You advertised for a science master; I answered the advertisement. I am quite competent to do the work. I have an excellent character. I'm a man in a thousand. The head master of Chesilton said that in his letter, didn't he? He officed me another 50 pounds a year to keep me-300 in all. That's more than you, can afford here."
"Why did you leave Chesilton" queried Erleigh.

Erleigh. "Because I want to come South, It's too cool up there. I'm rather delicate.
And then I've heard a good deal about you and your work. I thought I'd like to help you on with it."

"I don't believe you." said Erleigh

coldly. "You think you've got me in your power, and you've come here to put the screw on-to squeeze money out of me." Vertigan laughed good humoredly. "Well, what about this food?" he said.

"Well, what about this food." he said.
"I'm hungry, and one can always talk things over better after a meal."

Erleigh smiled and led the way into the dining room. The supper was frugal enough, but Vertigan seemed to enjoy every mouthful of it. Erleigh ate sparingly, and was very silent and preoccupled. Vertigan, on the other hand, chaited presently about his work in the north. ncessantly about his work in the north. He seemed anxious to impress Erleigh with his capacity for teaching boys and keeping them in order.

When the meal was over the two men returned to the study. Erleigh lit his pipe and owered his guest a cigar. They seated themselves in chairs on either side of the freplace. For all the world they might have been two old friends who had not met for a long time, and intended to revive memories of the past. Frieigh was calm and thoughtful: Vertigan seemed

very well pleased with himself.
"Talbot is dead," said the latter after a minute of silence. Erleigh drew in his breath sharply, but

made no reply.
"He died a fortnight ago." Vertigan continued. "He'd gone right under-never held up his bead after those five years in jail. I suppose you've never seen him all these years?"

these years?"
"Never."
"Well, he was a bad lot, and would have come to grief sooner or later."
Again there was a long silence, Erleigh's face was very white as his mind went back into the past. The plainly furnished study had vanished; a mist had covered it, hiding everything save Vertigan's face. That seemed to float in midair. The years had fallen from the features and they were smooth and cleanshaven—ugiler than they were now with a grimping mouth and evil eyes. And, as he stared at them, the mist resolved itself into a mass of green leaves. Vertigan's head was ihrust out from a clump of hushes and the evil eyes were looking at something that lay on the ground—something that did not move as it lay at the feet of John Erleigh.

feet of John Erleigh. "You didn't mean to kill Bob Roch-ford," said Vertigan after a pause, "You hit him hard, and you were strong in those days. I dare say you are now. those days. I dare say you are now. You look pretty fit. He was a brute, but, unfortunately, that could only have been af. How do you know that I have not much the same? You shrank from the proof of it-for your slater's sake. But you should have come forward and hat you are very much the same as you told the truth. You could have, invented any ite about the quarrel. You need not



WILLIAM FARNUM Star of the feature movies.

have dragged, your slater's name into the matter. Erieigh laughed bitterly, "I think," he said quietly, "that it was you who persuaded me to keep my mouth shut." "Well, perhaps i did. I was a fool in those days."

"On the contrary, you were a rogue, You knew Talbot and Rochford had quarrelled that morning, and that they hated each other like poison. You had an old score to settle with Talbot. You persuaded me to keep my mouth but, but you were no root."

Vertigan laughed pleasantly. "My dear Erleigh," he said, "It is the easiest thing in the world to shift the blame from one's own shoulders to those of another. But the simple fact remains, You killed Rochford and allowed another man to be pun-

ford and allowed another man to be punished for the crime."
"It was no crime," said Erleign flercely.

'Unfortimately in the eyes of the Inv

You know I could not tell the truth." "You were a coward," Erleigh covered his face with his hands Erfelgh covered his face with his bands and shuddered. These accusations were true enough. For one brief moment he had been a coward, and, that moment over, there was no going back, Vertigan had seen to that. Vertigan had weven the web that had bound him hand and foot. Vertigan hind played the part of the tempter—to serve his own ends. He, take the part of the tempter—to serve his own ends. He, take the part of the tempter—to serve his own ends. the tempter-to serve his own ends. He, John Erieigh, had not known that at the time, had not known that at the time, had not known it until it was too late to escape from the web. But nothing did away with the fact that the thought of his sister's sname had made a coward of him. He had done nothing hat keep silence. He had not been brought into the matter at all. He had not even been summoned to the inquest. "You were a coward." Verligen repeated sternly. "You could have comporated and given some other reason for striking Rochford. But you were afraid to go into court and tell a lie."

(Capyright, 1014, by the Associated News-

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"What's Doing Tonight?"

eld Fish Fanciers' Society, 864 Girard ave e. S.o. clock. Made-in-America' bazzar, Horticultura Suner to Covernor-clera Brumbaigh by edu-local organizations, Hellevine-Stratfor 1; ture by William B. Parsons, "An Amer Engineer in China," Franklin Institute

Lecture on the growth of religious Tolera-ch, in the United States, by Dr. John G., yie. Pousstoi Fall, University of Pennsyl-lis, Powe. Jamus Stellend Society, Callege of Phys-lans, 22d and Ludlow streets.

PHOTO PLAYS TOWNERT DY

In every great crisis in human events some man comes to the fore to save the attestion, or words to that effect. And Chicago is not an exception to this rule, We have all heard of the wickedness of the Windy City; of crime stalking rampant there; of the horrors of the stockyards district—not to forget Hinky Dink and Bath House John.

But Chicago has redeemed herself. Her photoplay concerns, taking their lives into their collective hands—braving possible shame and ignorally—the ridicule of their fellow-beluxs and the denunciation of

fellow-beings and the demunciation of posterity—these heroic censors have—but read for yourself from the columns of the Chicago Tribune:

"Animuted Weekly No. 141" (Universal), two scenes showing nurses bathing babies. Which recalls the historic question:

REALISM RUN RIOT.

Unlooked-for realism, unfortunate to the actress, but giving a crowning thrill to the film, is shown in the big fire scane of the "Lesson of the Flames," one of of the "Lesson of the Fismes," one of the "Olive's Opportunities," Edison, in which Mabel Trunnelle is featured, when her hair catches fire while she is being carried down the rope through the flames. The picture plainly shows the hair ablaze and the desperate attempt of Miss Trunnelle, three stories up, and her resever. Edwin Paris to mit out the blar rescuer, Edwin Earle, to put out the blazing hair. The accident is bound to get a "rise" out of any house. Fortunately the burning hair was quickly put out, but Miss Trunnelle lost considerable hair from the top of her head, and was burnt under the chin, while Edwin Earle burnt his hand.

The Edison Company has acquired James W. Castle as a director. That James W. Castle as a director. That is not, however, Mr. Castle's first appearance in directing motion pictures, as he spent some time as director for the Vitagraph. In his own productions, in partnership with George D. Baker, he directed such well-known successes as "Graustark," Harold McGrath's "Goose Girl" and "The Bishop's Carriage," the rights of which he bought from Liebler.

Officials of the Lubin Manufacturing Gates as associate e said of the Navy Department of th ested in the petition forwarded to Secre-tary of the Navy Daniels by the sailors of the New York Navy Yard, objecting to the way sailors are portrayed in moving pictures. In their petition the sallors said that moving picture sailors usually are shown as rough, uncouth creatures whose life is one of debauch, and as regult of this the public gets the idea that sailors are disreputable characters. "If sailors have been libeled on the croen," said Siegmund Lubin, "I do not lame them for making a strong protest. blame them for making a strong protest. We have made a great many mayal stories, but in not one of them has a United States sailor been held up to ridicule. The Making of Him, a two-reel awal play, which has just been released by us, will illustrate what I mean by instructive naval stories. This picture was made in Newport, R. I., last summer and shows how the United States Government receives all types of boys at its training station there and makes real men and sailors of them, in The ar its training station there and makes real men and sallors of them. In "The Making of Him' one of our juvenile actors 'collated' and the training station officials put him through a course that will illustrate the work they are doing there. Incidentally we showed every phase of life at the training station."

News were whose a court is sent to the control of the

Navai men who have seen these pictures say they are the best ever taken and they will do much to knock to pieces the silly idea that the men of the United States Navy are disreputable characters. PERSONALITIES.

William A. Williams, of the Excelsion Feature Film Company, in the next re-lease of that company, through the Alli-ance program, englied "In the Shadow,"



'Give My Regards

most rerious dramatists.

sang "Give My Regards to Broadway"

in "Little Johnny Jones." The announce-

Man," is coming to the Garrick January

For the man who began with Fourth-

the novel, 'the airacle Man,' lis more than ordinarily serious. It is mystic, a sort of Broadway version of William Vaughan Moody's "Faith Healer." As the view New York has had of it shows,

it is a very carnest attempt to present the conversion of a band of confidence men by the influence of a "healer," whom they try to exploit. The tang of Mr.

was suddenly taken ill. The company to be seen here will include Mr. Nash himself, Miss Gail Kaine as the woman companion, and W. H. Thompson as the

The knitting women weren't at all dis-

turbed by the play "Driven," which Mr.

Frohman presented on Broadway the

other night. The work for the Belgians

went peacefully onward. A play with what might have seemed a rather heetle

plot failed to strike fire from the nicely turned lines of its novelist-author, E. Temple Thurston. The Verdict of the critics was bardly favorable. The hetcine of "Driven" is one of

More Matrimonial Difficulties

GEORGE NASH Coming to the Garrick in "The Miracle Man."

swift and turbulent waters of the liver

swift and turbulent waters of the liver below.
Dorothy Gish, the star of the Mutual Film Corporation, was run down by an automobile last week and is in one of the Los Angeles hospitals at the present time. Her left side was badly torn and her foot injured. It is expected that it will be at least a month before she is able to leave the Rospital.

Ill fortune appears to be following the "Hasards of Helen" company at the Kalem California stidio. First Helen Holmes, the heroine, was taken ill and for a time was threatened with double pneumonia. Just after she was declared out of danger J. P. McGowan, the director, fell from a telegraph pole and was painfully injured. It is thought it will be at least three months before he is able to return to work.

E. S. Doman, recently with Philip Mindil, and before that on the staff of the Mutual Film Corporation's house organs, has joined Paul Gullek in the Universal press department, succeeding Harvey Gates as associate editor of the Universal weekly. Cohan's very American treatment of American types runs through the play and does much to keep it from becoming mawkish. As to the cast to be seen at the Gar-rick, if George Nash, who plays the leading crook, had waited a month more teading crook, had waited a month more to come down with a threatened attack of fever, Philadelphia might have seen George Cohan himself in the leading part. Only last week when the play was finishing its New York run, Mr. Cohan, as the only man knowing Mr. Nash's part, had to step into it when the latter was suddenly taken iii. The company

THE KID'S CHRONICLE

RISSMUS is the time wen there is A peece awn erth good will to men for

those that get prezents.

It is moar blessld to give prezents than to reseeve them, but it is most fun to

reseave them,

Krissmus must be a fearse time for Terks and Mormons, awn akkount of it a man has 10 wives and about 100 childrin and they awl impackt presents. I gess he wishes Krissmus was Noo Yeers or any time to the terms of the terms of the terms of the terms of the terms. sum utbir holliday, ware neepll are Expeckted to injoy themselves without ixpeckting everyboddy to give their sumthing. I gess Terks and Mormons try to keep there childrin frum bleeving in-Santer Klaws insted of trying to make them bleeve in him, the way reguler peepil do.

Everyboddy ixpeckis to get moar than they give at Krissmus, proving that most peopli don't care weathir they are blessid r not, perviding sumboddy clus is blessid or there sake. It is bettir to ask for wat you wunt

and not get it, than to not ask for it and not get it enyway and think maybe you wood of get it if you had of seked for it. Evvryhoddy, even kids, can have as mutch plum pudding and diffrent kinds of dizzert as they wunt awn Krissmus, proving that even if they get sick its in good cause. I rote the following pome about

Krissmus Krisemus kums but wunts a yeer

As everyboddy noz, Krissmus kums but wunts a yeer And wunts a yeer it gos.

Pop ses the opposite to Krissmas Is
Thankagiving Day.

PHOTOPLAYS.

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K SICKERBOCKE ROUNTH EPISODE OF ZUDORA

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noing to clope with her lover.

The "Grama" is supposed to arise from the rebellion of the young capiain at learning of the death sentence on his be-Shaw once said-when George M. Cohan loved, and realizing that he is giving up his reputation and career for a short-term paradise. The lady on the other hand, retels as violently from this listen when she learns that she has been quietly ment that his newest play, "The Miracle Il suggests that if Mr. Cohan were to begin giving his regards to any one and unobtrusively cured. She doesn't care for a lifetime of the sort of happings the was after. So there is nothing left to make the plot work out but a return. nowadays it would be one of America's of-July musical comedica, a combination to the loving arms of the parliamentary or flag-flapping and cock-peoping, has moved up pretty stendilly through gendine character picturings, such as "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and "Broadway Jones," to an attempt this year at serious drama. The play that he made from the novel, 'The Miracle Man," is more than ordinarily serious.

'Driven," as the New York papers thus describe it, is very English, after the Haddon Chambers-H. H. Davies fassion, and, in spite of excellent acting by Alexandra Carlisle, Charles Bryant and Lumsden Hare, rather a bore

Speaking of Press Agents The Sunday advertising of John Gals-

orthy's grim and powerful "Silver Box" at the Little Theatre: "A Drama of Law and Levity" suggests tremendous possibilities for Shakespeare's press bureau. To mention

only one: "Romeo and Juliet" A Piny of Love and Laughter.

THEATRICAL BAEDEKER

DELOHI Today," with Edmund Bresse an Ethel Valentine George Broadhurst an Arminam Schomers alow moving drams about a wife fundelity ending with a vision plug seene in which the husband choice, last week.

her, Last week,

BROALD—"Diplomacy," with William Giffette,
Blanche Hates, Marie Doro and a atrong
cast, Sardou's famous did pisy "modernises"
by Mr. Giffette, and a good deal lengthened
and dilutes, good acting compensating.

CIRILEST—"Finafore." The good off Gifbert
& Sullivan chassic produced a la Hippodrums
with real water. Just as delightful as ever
Last week.

JARRICK,—"Potush and Perimutter," Mon-tague Gloss' populas stories of the clothing trade made over into the season's must heartly amusing comedy. KEITH & Eva Tanguay, Bert Fitzgibbon, "A Telephone Tangie," and a diversified and agcolumn bil.

jiTiLk THEATRE—"The Sliver Box." John Galaworth's powerful and moving drams, contrasting the unemployed at both ends of the Social scule. Excellently acted. Last

week.
LYRIC-"High Jime" With Stella Mayhee and a good cast, Rudolph Friml's ripping muste borne on an amusing atory of a gloom-dispelling pertune. Last week.
WALNUT- The Traffic, by Rachel Maraball.
Austber white slave play of the tamiliar

The heroine of "Driven" is one of those ladies who haven't the intelligent interest in their fellows to concern themselves in the public work of parliamentary husbands. Hence they are supposed to be "neglected." This one had the added complication of an incurable discusse fatal in 18 months. So, when she overheard the sentence, she decided to improve the situation by having a devil of a good time while she lived. A young a good time while she lived. A young

This afternoon or tonight go to see ZUDORA. The Evening Ledger's Photoplay columns tell you what theatres are showing this big feature.



Girl of Mystery

By Harold MacGrath, author of "Kathlyn," "Million Dollar Mystery" and "The Man On the Box," is published in daily chapters by the Evening Ledger. Don't miss this great detective story. Remember, you'll find it only in the

Evening & Ledger

One Cent

FIVE COLUMNS OF MUSICAL COMEDY-"TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO"





soom to be looking for something," he said to himself thoughtfully. "I guesa I'd better wait around and see if it's anything I ought to find for my famlly." You see, Mr. Bushy White had best unusually late with his housekeepion in the spring, and his family, us a consequence, was still peeding his help getting food. So he was always ging for new things to take to them. His woited around and watched. But so daroful was he to keep bushed from

and stumps that the girls sever even suspected like acceptance Mi saw most loss the leaves billion and got. He have there exects through

A friends were hunting for the lost proceeding.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Lost Necklace LL the time Ruth and her little | bit of sense could be make of the whole

"They surely act as if they were crany," thought Mr. Bushy White to with bright black eyes. Who do you himself. "I believe I better get down there and see what is making all that

Mr. Bushy White, the handsome lit- fuss." So he watched his chance and slipped down the tree on which he had been sitting, down the tree and over

into the piled-up leaves. He noved around a minute, keeping

his weather eye out for the girls. "Hump!" he squeaked, "nothing here to make such a fuss about! Not a thing out of the ordinary!" Then his nose struck something cold. "What's this? Funny thing, I never saw the like before! I wonder what it can be?"

And would you believe it? It was Ruth's necklace he had found! He laid very still till the girls had gone around on the other side of the tree to hunt where they had found their nuts; then he caught the neckiace in his teeth and pulled it daintily from

underneath the piled-up leaves. "That's a most curious thing." be said as he regarded it thoughtfully. "I have never seen the like before. Maybe my little folks would like to play with it. I better take it home with

He hid it carefully behind him till he was sure of safety, then he stuffed it in his mouth and started for his ome. Wouldn't you like to have agen him, his mouth full of necktace and his eyes on the searching girls. He reached his flome safetly, and the

HELLO!

little squirrels played with the neck-

Did YOU ever help Santa Claus? Would you like to? Of course, yes would?

Come to his storchouse, 60s Chestnot atrest! Bring a fay-ar a jolly little five-

cont piece-to make some other got or bay happy:

lace for many a day!



A GREAT MYSTIC STORY BY HAROLD SYNOPSIS. except that Hassam All never

Endara is left an arphan at an early upe. Her father is killed in a gold onne he has discovered. Half an hour after learning of the death of her husband fudoreds mather—a tight rope indiscovers mather later with a sirela—to sained with vertigo, fulls, and is killed.

Zudora and the fortuse from the mine, thich srows to be warth \$25,000.000, are left in the guardianthin of Frank Keene, a left in the guardianthin of Frank Keene, a left in the guardianthin of Frank Reene, a left in the guardianthin of the sunce who has set himself up an a Hindu mather and the frown as Hazaum All, decides in his greed that Endara must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to tim, the next of kin, and he prevails upon the girl to leave her money in his hands three years longer and say nothing to any oile about the fortuse. Hasaum All sees an obstance to his achieme in the person of John Storm, a young langue, and he commands the girl to put the man out of her mind. Storm cowes to ask Hasaum All for the hand of his nices. It fars the crystologier will not listen to the proposal, but Hudorn invisits that if the man of their line of the mind. Storm cowes to ask Hasaum All, "If you have the language and the constant mary Norms she will marry no one." Well, well," says Hussaum All, "If you have the language and the language pointed from year of association with her under, Freen years of association with her under, Freen years of association with her under, from years of association with her under,

him; fait is a single case and you must renounce him."

Endow, where the knowldege gained from wears of association with her under margoris two building mysterics and mose her first two cases.

An accel scientist has discovered a way to make dismonds. His workshop is directly behind that of a chessenaker. One of his gents, which he kept hidden in a capbourd, disappears. He decides to conduct thesame At.

Storm Irise to presende Ludora to marry him, but he refuses because of her agreement with Hockey At. Storm for the balls her be has the sale of the first on three life for the dark on three liferent occubions.

CHAPTER III-(Continued) STORM usually worked late at night bin his study, and he generally felt the need of a bite before turning in. This midnight lunch consisted of cheese and crackers and a pint of ale. He was seldom troubled with insomnia. Every other day he would drop into Altmann's cheese shop, chat a while with the chaese maker, his wife and daughter, and then leave

Now it happened that Hassam All's

midnight appetite was similar to that of

with his regular purchase.

he generally purchased and eventually substitute a poisoned one. It was froma-terial to him whether Alimana paid for the deed or not.

As Storm entered one door the diamone run into Storm.

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

meat."

The speaker threw off the power, atood immovable for the space of four minutes, then delicately picked out a black lump. This he skilffully broke with a small nammer. Presently he held out his pain. A crystal a little larger than a pinhead lay upon it.

(Copyright: 1914; by Haruid MacGrath.)

touched alcoholic beverages of any sort. Moreover, he was friend to both cheese maker and diamond cutter. There was more to the latter than most people surpected. When the mystic saw Storm enter the cheese maker's his first inspi-ration was to learn what sort of cheese

(Continued Tomerrow.)

cutter came out of the other. Hassam All made a sign which the latter an-awered. Together they re-entered the building. Hassam Ali had no desire to "I did not recognize you, master," said the diamond cutter,

see me make the sign. Welft 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 All, 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 sutter was always in such a mental state as to lend himself readily to hypnotiam, and, without being awars of it, he fell under the spell immediately Hassam All speke to him. "Lead on."

The diamond cutter led the way to his cell-like shop and threw back the curtains, revesling the furnace and crucible. Defly he placed a piece of carbon in the recentacle and turned a switch. There came a blinding flash, and the heat of it drove Hassam All backward toward the wall.

"We must wait a few moments Sometimes the heat is too small, sometimes too great. The secret is the medium heat."

The speaker threw off the power, stood transcale for three words.