

# THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Night Rider.

**T**HE light in the bungalow on the hill across the valley winked as some one passed beneath it and the window.

"I can see clearly enough," said Wilkerson, "that there is a girl mixed up in this affair. Tom Gallon never walked like that."

He rode slowly down the steep hill till he reached the pumping engine. Bill Tubbs, the bulky, sodden faced engineer, came to the doorway.

"Is this 'The Master Key?'" demanded Wilkerson.

"It certainly is," was the response. "And—old Tom Gallon runs it?"

Wilkerson pulled out a flask, divining Bill Tubbs' ruling vice, and the engineer, after a long drink, wiped his mouth with the back of his oily hands.

"So you are looking for Thomas Gallon, are you? Well, he owns this mine, but it's mostly run by a young girl there in that bungalow on the hill. You see, Tom ain't up to what he used to be. The ore is getting worse every day and the old man's sick up there in his house."

"I'm going up to see him now," said Wilkerson. He rode on a few yards and surveyed the snug houses, stamp mill and all the apparatus of the growing mine and snarled: "So this is what he wanted for himself!"

The man he was seeking lay propped up in bed. To Ruth he gave everything—silks and down and all the soft things of this life. Himself he still slept on a hard cot with a straw pillow under his head—that is, he had slept. It seemed to him that sleep had forever fled, and he was now looking up into Ruth's face almost pleadingly, trying to keep his grim old lips from asking sympathy. There was reason in his mind that he should accept no tender ministrations from the lovely girl who stood beside him. His sacrifice must be complete; so when his daughter bent over him and asked him if he felt all right he mustered a smile.

"There's nothing the matter with me, Ruth," he was saying, and his glance sought that of John Dorr, who stood at the foot of the bed. The eyes of the two men met, and Dorr imperceptibly nodded his head in token that he would not tell. Not that he yet knew the secret of "The Master Key," but he recognized the fact that sooner or later he was to know.

Ruth stooped over and said: "Papa, I don't believe you do feel well. I'm going to make you something hot to drink. I'll bring you a toddy." And she went into the kitchen and shut the door.

When she was gone John nodded a pleasant "Good night," and also left. Then old Thomas Gallon rose and went to his worn desk and got his well thumbed diary.

"I am haunted," he wrote slowly, "always haunted. Am I to die without knowing whether Wilkerson is alive and that Ruth is safe?"

At that moment he glanced up and thought he saw the sinister face of his former partner at the window. By the strongest effort of will he managed to control himself and went on writing:

"Wilkerson still alive by night! When will he come out into the day? He shall never have the key that would unlock the secret to my little girl's happiness. I will trust John."

Fancy to yourself scenes that must have fled like swift films before the old man's eyes as he put the diary away. The desert and its mortal thirst; Wilkerson, ever drinking greedily of precious water; gold; murder; his escape with the plans, their loss in the chest when the vessel went down in a cauldron of flame; the image of his dying wife; the picture of the babe he had lifted from her child breast—Ruth, for whom he had suffered. He bowed his head on his folded arms.

Such is the bitterness that the night brings upon those who are alone.

When Ruth came in with the steaming glass of toddy she quietly set the glass down and went out on the porch to look at the light across the gulch which marked John Dorr's window. Youth was calling to youth.

It was no apparition that Gallon had seen at the window this time. It was really Wilkerson, who, after one satisfied glance, rode swiftly away.

It was midnight when he rapped at the door of the Valle Vista railroad station and called the sleepy agent.

"I want to get a telegram through right away," he said brusquely. "There is an extra dollar in your pocket if you can rush it."

The slender boy who represented the Rocky Mountain Southern railroad silently led the way in, turned up the wick of the lamp and shoved blanks and pencil across the counter.

"You look half asleep to me," Wilkerson growled as he picked up the pencil.

The boy scanned the stranger quietly and opened the drawer of his telegraph desk and faced his visitor again. Wilkerson caught the glint of the steel barrel of a revolver in that drawer.

"You must have some money in the safe," he snarled.

The boy looked at him with steely blue eyes and stated in a perfectly matter of fact tone, "I merely wanted to show you that I am awake." Their glances met. It was Wilkerson's eyes that fell.

He grasped the pencil and wrote on the yellow blank:

Valle Vista, Cal., March 11.

Jean Darnell, Astor House, New York City, N. Y.: Have found Gallon at last. Address "Master Key" mine tomorrow.

WILKERSON.

He shoved the paper across to the operator and said roughly: "Now, earn that extra dollar!" He banged two silver coins on the counter.

The operator scanned the message, took another look at his customer and shoved one of the coins back.

"The charge to New York is \$1," he said mildly.

Wilkerson scowled. "Well, rush that anyway!" He strode out of the little office and mounted his horse. The weary animal tried to turn in toward its accustomed corral, but its rider reined it sharply back into the road toward "The Master Key" mine.

"I think Gallon will recognize me," he muttered to himself.

Tom Kane, who since the beginning of the camp had been the open handed but close mouthed cook, sounded his triangle.

Immediately poured out from the quarters of the unmarried men a stream of miners. As he had done for many years, Thomas Gallon went to the window to watch this morning ceremony. He saw that the men greeted John Dorr respectfully, yet generally.

"It was a lucky day when John Dorr came," he muttered to himself. Then his eye caught the figure of a horseman riding leisurely down the street, apparently careless of the scowls from the men against whom he brushed roughly.

The old man rubbed his eyes feebly and looked again. Yes, it was true. He could never mistake that figure or that saturnine visage. God! Why had his bullet not gone through that face? He reached for his gun with somewhat of the vigor of youth; he was safe now. One shot out of that window and that figure that had haunted him for years would tumble and fall and forever disappear from his life. He could do it.

He put the gun down quietly and dropped his chin on his breast. He realized that his years of struggle had broken down the indomitable spirit of his youth and his pride. He was an old man; he could not keep Wilkerson from coming back.

Harry Wilkerson saw that face at the window, and his smile hardened. He thought he would take Gallon by surprise possibly, but before he rapped

at the door he saw the figure of a man in a checkered shirt and dark trousers standing in the doorway.

"Still partners in 'The Master Key,'" he murmured.

On the redwood door Gallon had had time to clutch the key—"The Master Key" to the riches in San Jacinto mine—and hurriedly thrust it into a drawer in the desk and shut it from sight.

As the door swung open the two men looked at each other. Then the younger man said softly, "Partner?"

"Partner?" said Gallon, as if incredulous. He called to his aid all his frail physical strength to face the final catastrophe.

"Still partners," said Wilkerson, stepping on in and closing the door; "still partners in 'The Master Key!'"

Involuntarily Gallon clutched at his throat, where that golden key hung so long. Could he live to fight this thing through? The agony in his chest was unbearable. "What do you want?" he asked hoarsely.

Wilkerson flung his riding quirt on the table and pulled off his gaiters.

"Well," he drawled, "partner, I guess there are several things I want." He fixed his dark eyes on the old man.

"And there's one thing I'm going to have, and that's my share of 'The Master Key.'"

"Your share?" parried Gallon.

"My share?" said Wilkerson, realizing that he controlled the situation. "I have returned for my just due!"

"Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked duly.

"Why haven't you been here before?"

"None of your business," snarled Wilkerson. "All I've got to say is that I managed to get to New York. Now I'm back after finding out that you made a strike, the find you made when we were partners. How did you get back here?"

"I have returned for my just due!"

"Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked duly.

"Why haven't you been here before?"

"None of your business," snarled Wilkerson. "All I've got to say is that I managed to get to New York. Now I'm back after finding out that you made a strike, the find you made when we were partners. How did you get back here?"

"I have returned for my just due!"

"Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked duly.

"Why haven't you been here before?"

"None of your business," snarled Wilkerson. "All I've got to say is that I managed to get to New York. Now I'm back after finding out that you made a strike, the find you made when we were partners. How did you get back here?"

"I have returned for my just due!"

"Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked duly.

"Why haven't you been here before?"

"None of your business," snarled Wilkerson. "All I've got to say is that I managed to get to New York. Now I'm back after finding out that you made a strike, the find you made when we were partners. How did you get back here?"

"I have returned for my just due!"

"Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked duly.

"Why haven't you been here before?"

"None of your business," snarled Wilkerson. "All I've got to say is that I managed to get to New York. Now I'm back after finding out that you made a strike, the find you made when we were partners. How did you get back here?"

"I have returned for my just due!"

"Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked duly.

"Why haven't you been here before?"

"None of your business," snarled Wilkerson. "All I've got to say is that I managed to get to New York. Now I'm back after finding out that you made a strike, the find you made when we were partners. How did you get back here?"

"I have returned for my just due!"

"Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked duly.

"Why haven't you been here before?"

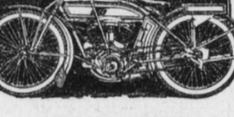
**HAMILTON WATCH**  
The Railroad Timekeeper of America  
Sold by  
**DIENER, The Jeweler**  
408 Market Street

No More Night and Sunday Work  
Poring Over Books if You Use  
**The McCaskey SYSTEM**  
  
FIRST AND STILL THE BEST!  
**C. L. SAWTELLE**  
SALES AGENT  
6 North Thirteenth Street  
Harrisburg, Pa.  
Bell Phone 2429  
Also handle Sales Books in every known variety.

**Corset and Hosiery Shop**  
107A North Second Street  
Exclusive City Agency  
**Gossard Corsets**  
(They Lace in Front)  
**M. and R. KEEFE**  
107A North Second Street

"The Typewriter of Triple Service"  
  
It Writes, Types Cards and Bills. No extra attachment. Price \$100. For demonstration, see.  
**Harrisburg Typewriter and Supply Co.**  
40 North Court Street  
Harrisburg, Pa.

WHERE TO FIND  
**NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS**  
The World's Best Merchandise  
In and Near  
**HARRISBURG, PA.**  
Merchandise that will bear national advertising has to have exceptional merit. else the manufacturer could not afford to spend large sums of money for the advertising, and to attach his name and reputation to an article that was not extraordinarily meritorious, for it is the repeat sales that he depends on. It is therefore quite evident that when an article is nationally advertised and nationally sold, year in and year out, year after year, it is exceptionally good goods to stand the test and prove worthy of continued sales and growth. It is conceded by experts that when an article is advertised generally—nationally—it is the best possible product. The wise always, in consequence, prefer nationally known goods and ask for what they want by name. Read the magazines and keep posted on nationally advertised goods.  
**IF IT'S ON THIS PAGE IT'S WORTH WHILE**

  
**THOR Motorcycles**  
RELIABILITY POWER QUALITY  
One and two cylinder models at \$200, \$225, \$250 and \$275. Two-speed equipment \$40 additional.  
**C. H. UHLER**  
1317 DERRY STREET

We are sole agents for Harrisburg and vicinity for the celebrated  
**Dr. Reed**  
**CUSHION SOLE SHOE**  
For Men and Women.  
**JERAULD SHOE CO.**  
310 Market Street

**Christmas Suggestions**  
The useful kind of gifts, such as gloves, underwear and hosiery of the better sort are here.  
Knayser, Silk and Trifoune Kid Gloves. Merode underwear, Onyx silk and lisle hosiery. Also orders taken for handpainted china. Fancy novelties, handmade, always appropriate.  
**Bessie E. Poorman**  
Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear  
Ladies' Goods Only  
222 LOCUST STREET

THESE NATIONALLY KNOWN ARTICLES OF MERCHANDISE MAY BE FOUND WITH  
**M. A. HOFF**  
Whittall Rugs, Royal Arm Chairs, Greencastle Kitchen Cabinets, Notaseme Refrigerators, Macey Bookcases, Congoleum Floor Coverings, Torrington Sweepers, Whiteidge Bed Springs, Ross Cedar Chest.  
**New Cumberland, Penna.**  
FOURTH AND BRIDGE STS.

**Century Edition**  
of  
**10c Sheet Music**  
Your Money's Worth  
**P. M. OYLER**  
14 SOUTH FOURTH STREET

**THE TOLEDO**  
Heavy Capacity and Counter Scales  
  
700 Used by the U. S. Parcel Post  
**Toledo Scale Co.**  
"Makers of Honest Scales"  
313 Telegraph Bldg.  
Bell Phone 845  
B. F. REYNOLDS, Sales Agent

**Thermite**  
Will Not Evaporate  
Will Not Freeze  
Will not injure cooling system.  
1 Gallon costs \$1.25 and is sufficient to keep radiator safe all winter.  
Front-Market Motor Supply

The **Stieff Pianos**  
are known the world over for their sweet and durable tone. Sold direct from factory to home.  
**CHAS. M. STIEFF**  
24 North Second Street  
HARRISBURG, PA.

**Bowser**  
OIL STORAGE SYSTEMS  
For All Purposes  
**S. F. Bowser & Co., Inc.**  
Telegraph Building  
HARRISBURG, PA.

  
This museum starts for all you can see in a motor car  
**Chalmers**  
AND THE **Saxon**  
Motor Cars May be Seen at the  
**Keystone Motor Car Co.**  
1019-1025 MARKET ST.  
Robert L. Morton, Manager.

### PARTY FOR MRS. SHUMAKER

Special to The Telegraph  
New Germantown, Pa., Nov. 30.—A pleasant birthday party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Shumaker on Thursday. A fifty years ago Mrs. Shumaker was born in the same house in which she celebrated her fiftieth natal day. The day was pleasantly spent in games and music. A plentiful repast was spread at the noon hour, to which all did ample justice. Mrs. Shumaker received many handsome and useful presents from her guests. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Shumaker, Mesdames Sarah Shumaker, Rachel McConnell, Lizzie Bistline, Laura E. Rhea, Mary Gring, Annie Showvaaker, Lizzie Noel, Annie McConnell, Sallie Stokes, Ida C. College, Grace Wilson, Susan Stitzel, Tirza Rhinesmith, Margaret Hollenbaugh, Viola Finley, Mary Kesler, Lillie M. Finkenbinder, Mary Minnick, Rhettale, Gutshall, Sarah Burkett, Edythe Shumaker, Delliah Anderson, Ella Gutshall; Misses Dolly Watt, Goldie Gutshall, Mary Wilson, Mary Morrison, Tillie N. Morrison, Helen Gutshall, Caroline Sheibley and Bessie Shumaker; Masters Deane Minnick, Scott Minnick, Mervin Stitzel, Harold Stokes, David Shumaker, Calvin Shumaker; Harry Shumaker and Mr. and Mrs. Niles Keck.

### DISPUTE OVER DEER

Summerdale Man Shoots Buck, but Other Hunters Take It  
Special to The Telegraph  
New Germantown, Pa., Nov. 30.—Maurice Sanderson, of Summerdale, a former resident of this place, along with some other men, were hunting deer in Tobyone township this week, and on Wednesday, the last day of the season, opened the hunters from Summerdale, shot a four-pronged buck on the Shultz ridge. A few minutes after the deer was shot seven other hunters appeared on the scene and demanded the deer, claiming they had shot it. The Summerdale hunter denied this but offered to give half of the deer if two bullet holes could be found in the dead animal. The seven hunters would not do this, but to settle the matter took the deer. The State Police are now on the hunt for the hunters, but up to this time have failed to find them.

### FUNERAL OF MRS. SAMUEL HESS

Special to The Telegraph  
Mechanicsburg, Pa., Nov. 30.—Mrs. Samuel Hess, who was taken to the Harrisburg Hospital on Monday, died at that institution on Thursday afternoon after undergoing an operation for a complication of diseases. She was 26 years old. She is survived by her husband. The funeral service was held yesterday afternoon in the Methodist Episcopal Church by the pastor, the Rev. J. J. Reish.

### SURPRISE FOR NEWLYWEDS

Blain Pastor and His Bride Given Reception  
Special to The Telegraph  
Blain, Pa., Nov. 30.—A reception and donation were tendered the Rev. J. W. Keener, at the Reformed parsonage, Friday evening, on his return home with his bride from Dayton, Ohio. Preceding the from Dayton, Ohio, completely arranged, the callthumpians gave a serenade and then the members and friends rushed in on the newlyweds, showering them with an abundance of good things to fill their larder. The Rev. Mr. Keener made a brief speech in which he heartily expressed many thanks to all for their generosity. Professor Newton Kerstetter also gave a neat little speech.

### R. T. A. CLUB ENTERTAINED

Blain, Pa., Nov. 30.—R. T. A. Club was entertained by Miss Lee Dromgold at her home. Refreshments were served. Those present were Misses Hazel G. Hench, Ida Kline, Lee Dromgold, Golda and Frankie Dimm and Mrs. E. M. Woods. The next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday evening with Mrs. S. M. Woods.

### Hurrah! Dance All Day! My Corps All Gone!

It's a corker, the best wrinkle ever devised, and one that's safe, sure, dependable and painless.  
Corn troubles are over, foot lumps fade away fast, you get just what you need once you paint the sore spots with old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor.  
Substitutors have endeavored to penetrate its secret of marvelous curative power, but after nearly 50 years it's still by far the best of all corn remedies. See no other, sold everywhere in 25c bottles and by C. M. Forney.—Advertisement.

**ASTHMA COUGHS**  
WHOOPIING COUGH SPASMODIC CROUP BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS  
**Vapo-Cresolene**  
Est. 1879  
A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Used with success for 35 years. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, labeled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma. Send us postal for descriptive booklet.  
SOLE BY DRUGGISTS  
VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

### SHOT BIG GRAY EAGLE

Special to The Telegraph  
Lewistown, Pa., Nov. 30.—William Peffer, a resident of Granville, four miles west of here, while hunting on the mountains near his home, saw a large bird sailing high in the air. The bird had its eye on a small animal below and paid no attention to the hunter. Peffer awaited the descent of the bird nearer to the earth and at a distance of about 150 yards he fired. The bullet hit the huge bird in one side at the base of the leg, making a big wound, and it was dead when the hunter reached it. It proved to be a gray eagle measuring over seven feet from tip to tip of wings.

### HERD OF CATTLE CONDEMNED

Special to The Telegraph  
Lewistown, Pa., Nov. 30.—State inspectors summoned to Millin county by the appearance of the foot and mouth disease on the Knepp farm, oc-

cupied by Oliver Harpster, near this place, have confirmed the diagnosis by Veterinary Hendren, and the entire herd of twenty-five fine cattle will be killed, together with thirteen sheep.

**Remember**  
It is wise to get rid quickly of ailments of the organs of digestion—of headache, languor, depression of spirits—the troubles for which the best corrective is  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

**Mixed Pea Coal**  
**\$5.35**  
Sometimes Nut Coal is too large for your range.  
It makes no difference how you have it mixed the stove don't want to keep a good regular fire. One time it is too hot and the next time you have no fire at all.  
Before you condemn the stove try some of our Mixed Pea Coal at \$5.35.  
We make this mixture out of one-half Wilkes-Barre Pea and one-half Lykens Valley Pea.  
Remember every dealer's coal is not alike and if the smaller size is just the kind of coal your stove requires.  
Remember every dealer's coal is not alike and if you want good results we advise you to send us your order.

**United Ice & Coal Co.**  
Forster and Cowden Third and Ross  
15th and Chestnut Hummel and Mulberry  
Also STEELTON, PA.

**GENL HARTRANET**  
5 5  
**CIGAR**  
MFGD. BY C. E. BAIR & SONS  
Merchants & Miners Trans. Co.  
**FLORIDA TRIPS**  
"BY SEA"  
BALTIMORE TO  
JACKSONVILLE and return \$33.50  
SAVANNAH and return \$25.00  
Including meals and stateroom accommodations. Through tickets to all points. Fine steamers. Best service. Staterooms de luxe. Baths. Wireless telegraph. Automobiles carried. Steamers Tuesday and Friday. Send for booklet.  
W. P. TURNER, G. P. A., Baltimore, Md.

**Cumberland Valley Railroad**  
**TIME TABLE**  
In Effect May 24, 1914.  
TRAINS leave Harrisburg  
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:03, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.  
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:03, 7:50, 11:53 a. m., 3:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.  
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:30 a. m.  
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.  
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.  
H. A. RIDDLER  
J. H. TONGE G. P. A.

**CREME LILAS**  
Non-greasy Toilet Cream — keeps the skin soft and velvety. An exquisite toilet preparation. 25c.  
GORGAS DRUG STORES  
16 N. Third St., and P. R. R. Station  
**CHAS. H. MAUK**  
THE UNDERTAKER  
Sixth and Koller Streets  
Largest establishment. Best facilities. Near to you as your phone. Will do anywhere at your call. Motor service. No funeral too small. None too expensive. Chapels, rooms, vault, etc., used with out charge.

[To Be Continued Wednesday]