

# 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.

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"Good in a pawnshop," he chuckled. "Thus once more the plans of the mother lode of the 'Master Key' mine escaped from Wilkerson's flogging fingers."

When the launch put into San Pedro Mrs. Darnell did not wait for Wilkerson.

"I'm going to Los Angeles," she said. "You'll find me at the hotel—if you think it worth your while."

He looked up from his business of settling with the divers and made a gesture to detain her. He seemed to call out some inarticulate plea.

She merely smiled again and left. She paid no attention to one of the sailors who brushed by her, clutching a concealed object beneath his jacket.

This individual, once clear of the water front, quickly made his way to a pawnbroker's shop, and the lode changed hands for a small sum after much haggling.

Before Wilkerson had settled with the diver John Dorr's launch also made its landing, and the two enemies would have met except that Wilkerson had to go to bank to cash a draft.

As he slipped away he saw the other boat and laughed bitterly. Dorr was welcome to what there was in the old chest.

"There is just one thing to do," John told the broken hearted Ruth, "and



"I'm going to Los Angeles," she said. that is to find out what Wilkerson did with what he got from your father's chest."

The captain of the other boat received them with a good humored grin and in answer to their inquiries pointed to the open box and the articles scattered on the deck.

"So far as I could make out," he went on, "there wasn't anything in the old chest worth the trouble of going after. At any rate Mr. Wilkerson and the lady seemed disappointed and put out."

"Didn't they take anything?" demanded Ruth, peering curiously at the moldy sea chest.

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cover," was the reply. "In fact, I heard the two of them kind of quarreling, and the lady went off by her self."

The three of them stared down at the mementos of the long past tragedy, and then the captain suddenly ejaculated, "Yes, there is one thing missing."

"What is that?" demanded John. "An old idol. But I'm sure neither of them took it."

"But what became of it?" John continued, trying to conceal his anxiety. "Maybe one of the men picked it up for a curio," the skipper said apologetically. "Everybody seemed to think the old thing was worthless, and you know a sailor will grab at just that kind of thing. Better ask some of the crew."

A few moments later Dorr had learned that one of the sailors had indeed taken the image and gone uptown with it, apparently to sell it.

John thanked the captain, and when he and Ruth were out of earshot he said, "That idol is what we are after, Ruth."

"But where can we find it?" she mourned. "We must trace the sailor. Ten to one he'll try to sell it to a secondhand man. Our best plan is to look into the pawnshops, I think, Ruth," he answered.

The first places they visited gave up no information of value. The third pawnbroker looked at Dorr curiously when he asked whether a man had been in to dispose of an idol.

"That thing seems to be wanted pretty much," he remarked. "But I bought it in good faith and sold it to a Hindu a little while after for a rug. Maybe you would like to buy a rug?"

They made it plain that rugs did not interest them and departed with the poor satisfaction of knowing that the object of their search was in the hands of an unknown wandering peddler of rugs, who was presumably an East Indian.

"We can't do any more just now," John told Ruth. "No," was the response. "But I am going to keep an eye out for a Hindu rug seller. I don't imagine there are very many of them here, so it ought to be an easy matter to pick him up."

As they walked back to the hotel Ruth grew more cheerful. "At any rate, Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell missed it," she remarked.

"I never understood just why that woman mixed herself up in this," John

said thoughtfully. "You must have got some notion, Ruth. You were with her some time."

"Yes, I have an idea," she responded. "I'm not sure of all the details, but it seems Mrs. Darnell knew both father and Harry Wilkerson in the old days and—and—"

"And what?" "Well," she went on, blushing divinely, "father didn't like Jean and wouldn't have anything to do with her nor allow me to either. She always hated father after that."

"Wilkerson is certainly in love with her," John said presently. "I think he is," Ruth asserted. "But she doesn't care anything about him. I'm sure. All she is after is money."

Later in the evening as they discussed the events of the day John brought up the subject of Wilkerson's anxiety for the papers again and recalled the fact that old Tom Gallon had always insisted on Wilkerson's knowledge of something.

"I wonder just what it was," he went on. "If he knows just where that rich lode is he's concealed his knowledge pretty well, and the eagerness he is showing to get hold of the plans is proof that he isn't sure."

"He is spending lots of money," she sighed. "How much longer can we keep this up, John? Surely we are broke again?"

"Not so long as good old Everett sticks by us," was the response.

[To Be Continued.]



"All she is after is money."

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Harvard, ebony	\$400	\$110
Bollerman, ebony	\$400	\$125
Haynes, mahogany	\$350	\$145
Huntington, mahogany	\$325	\$150
Schubert, mahogany	\$400	\$155
Lockhart, mahogany	\$325	\$160
Bennett & Bretz, mahogany	\$275	\$165
Farley & Williams, oak	\$400	\$170
Weser Bros., mahogany	\$300	\$185
Hensel, oak	\$300	\$190
Foster, mahogany	\$350	\$210
J. H. Troup, mahogany	\$350	\$215
Merrill, mahogany	\$350	\$220
Kimball, mahogany	\$350	\$235



### As an Example We Mention the Following:

USED UPRIGHT PIANOS

	WAS	NOW
Story & Clark, mahogany	\$400	\$260
Bush & Lane, mahogany	\$450	\$300

RETURNED RENTALS AND WARE-ROOM SAMPLES

	WAS	NOW
Lockhart, mahogany	\$325	\$175
Frances Bacon, mahogany	\$325	\$185
Hinzie, walnut	\$250	\$190
Harrington, mahogany	\$325	\$200
Cable-Nelson, mahogany	\$350	\$215
Whitney, mahogany	\$325	\$235
Whitney, walnut	\$325	\$235
Kimball, mahogany	\$350	\$250
Shoninger, mahogany	\$400	\$285
Poole, mahogany	\$360	\$290

NEW AND USED 88-NOTE PLAYERS

	WAS	NOW
Weser Bros. (used)	\$550	\$350
Playotone (used)	\$550	\$365
Autotone (used)	\$650	\$375
Sterling (used)	\$650	\$375
Hinzie (new)	\$500	\$385
Autotone (used)	\$650	\$400
Norris & Hyde (used)	\$700	\$425
Angelus (used)	\$700	\$450
Behning (new)	\$750	\$485
Marshall & Wendell (new)	\$650	\$500
Lindeman-Angelus (new)	\$675	\$550

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Meyer	\$15
Pease	\$20
Stieff	\$25
Schoemacker	\$30
Steinway	\$35

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### Doors Open 8.30 A.M.      Extra Salespeople      3 Delivery Trucks

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### Wedding Ceremonies in Central Pennsylvania

Marietta. — Miss Mary A. Katz was married yesterday to Leonard D. Schoenberger, of Lancaster, by the Rev. Dr. C. E. Haupt, pastor of the

Grace Lutheran Church. They were unattended.

Mountville. — Miss Rachael Wickersham was married yesterday to Benjamin R. Barr, of Lancaster, at the parsonage of the Faith Reformed Church by the Rev. W. Stuart Cramer.

Annville, Pa., Feb. 5.—Under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of Lebanon Valley College,

Eltnor, of Neffsville, at the parsonage of the United Brethren Church, the Rev. Norman L. Landis, officiating.

BOY SCOUT CAMPAIGN  
A local Boy Scout campaign has been started. At a recent meeting of the organizers with Prof. C. C. Dotter of the Annville High school, David B. Bashore, a student at the college, who has been closely identified with boy's work, was appointed scout master. Two patrols have been organized and by April a full troop will be formed.

### BOY'S LEG BROKEN

Special to The Telegraph  
Dillsburg, Pa., Feb. 5.—While sliding on the icy pavement at the school building yesterday, Chester Wagner, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wagner, fell, fracturing his left leg near the ankle.