

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drams of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Illustrated With Photographs From the Picture Production,

GHAPTER L In Search of Gold.

STRANGE things breed in the -some of them beautiful, some of them symbolic of endless and terrible thirst.

There are three thirsts in this world: That for wealth; the one for life; greatest of all, the thirst for love.

The first and the last expression of our civilization is the locked door, and from the time the primal carpenter laid down his tools and went within his rude house the door has stood for all time a defense and an opportunity. In the long vista of life we find many locked doors and gates-doors to happiness, to life and to love.

Fancy to yourselves thirsty men knocking with seared knuckles on these doors. Then realize that sooper or later experience tells them that they cannot enter without a key. holds the 'master key' to all these locked doors?" we cry.

This was the silent question in the hearts of two men, wearily struggling through the sage brush toward the sharp ridges of the San Jacinto mountains in southern California,

"I wonder," said Thomas Gallon, fingering his prospector's guide, "whether we will find that gold-the gold the Indians told us about. Yes, I must find that gold."

"You don't seem to realize that you have a partner," snarled Wilkerson "You are always talking about I-I-I. Haven't I got a share in this? Haven't I dug up money? And yet you don't seem to think that I've any concern in this matter."

"Excuse me, partner," said the other man, fixing his dim gaze on the mountain. "I'm always thinking of that girl of mine. You know she's in school, and she's got to have a good education, and I've got to work to pay for it. Excuse me, partner; you know I did not mean It that way, but when I remember her mother"- He broke off abruptly, and both men stopped.

"Her mother?" asked Wilkerson. "Yes, her mother," choked Gallon.

"The girl deserves the best there is in this world. I'm all she's got, and, by heavens"-he shook his fist toward the distant blue bills-"she shall have It if I have to tear that mountain apart | He Pulled Out His Revolver and Fired with my finger nails."

"Well," said Wilkerson impatiently, "let's camp I'm thirsty."

They stopped in the shade of the fallow plume of the Yucca and made their little fire for coffee, but before the blaze was well started Wilkerson picked up the water bag and took a long drink. His companion suddenly flashed in anger

"Say, partner," he said sternly, "that water has to last us clear to the mountains."

Wilkerson flung his head back and laughed. "Why worry? Don't you see the snow there on San Jacinto peak? That means creeks down every ravine fee." and gulch."

Instantly Gallon's eyes dulled. He seemed to once more subside into a

"There's where they said the gold was," he muttered "In one of them guiches up there. Gold! Say. more going to sleep, but his eyes were Far away he saw a light. Gathering Wilkerson, we'll get that gold, but we lopen, and be saw Gallen marking all his strength, he started toward it. must save the water. I didn't mean down some notes on a piece of paper. any harm, partner, for calling you "Did you say the Indians did not belp for his physical injury, and as he down for drinking that water, but I've give you the right hunch?" Wilkerson fingered his revolver he feverishly

got to get that gold." water and took a long draft.

"I guess this will last till we reach tell me Are we partners or not?" those foothills," he said. But his companion paid no attention to him, stolidly preparing their slender meal of coffee and beans.

the camp and then sliently started up notice you kind of keep that dirt in and in the midst of this firmament, as "I was going to save all I had." the gulch "I never heard of finding gold by

poonlight," his partner muttered to himself. "Let the old man dig around if he wants to." And immediately once more he yielded to his physical desires. this time for sleep.

Gallon steadily trudged around the bluff, following the stream as best he could until he knew that he was abso- the same stub pencil.

lutely alone. Chance, the master of us all, delights in strange freaks. Now at this moment, when he felt hatred in his heart for his partner, when he knew that he had come on his final quest with a weakling to coddle along, Mistress Chance laid her quick finger on him and whispered, "Here!"

He heard that light whisper and dropped his gaze to the ground. A moment later he was furiously hammering at the outcropping of rock that threw its sharp shadow down the bill. Wilkerson turned sluggishly in his

"I wonder where the old man is," muttered to himself. "He's always prowling round o' nights." What was that figure slinking around

the bluff? Something in his partner's attitude as he stopped directly in the full sheen of the moonlight made him "He's got something," he thought.



at the Man.

camp? I think I'll see." So be wrapped himself in his blanket again, but his eyes were open and turned on his

A few moments later Gallon came to camp, heavy footed, as if balf asleep. dropped his hammer and kicked the queer tenderness his former partner fire to a blaze.

"If I had a proper partner there would be coffee for me," he said in to tone loud enough to reach the sleeper. "What's the matter, old pai?" asked Wilkerson, apparently drowsy.

"Oh, nothing," said Gallon. "I just thought you might have left some cof-

"Did not find anything, did you, partner?" asked Wilkerson.

Wilkerson turned over as if once peered across the mist veiled valley. asked suddenly "How often have I

Wilkerson once more reached for the got to tell you we're partners I believe if you got a strike you wouldn't "Yes; we're partners all right.

haven't four anything." "What was that stuff you had in down upon his path, did not appear to answer Then he recovered himself your hand asked Wilkerson drow-When they had eaten Gallon brusque- sily "You're always bringing in a only the little pin points of stars in paused a moment and looked straight ly motioned to Wilkerson to clean up lot of dirt and looking it over, but I the purple black sky that he discerned into the eyes of the man opposite him

your hand." Wilkerson once more yielded to his physical desire for sleep, but was awakened by the barking of a covote on the bill. He suddenly raised himself and let out a curse against the destroyer of his sleep. Then he swiftly realized that Gallon was still awake.

sitting by the fireside, writing with

"That's my pencil," he thought dully. "There is not another pencil in this desert. How can I write to Dolores if Old Man Gallon walks off?"

He took out of his pocket a wor leather wallet and drew out the picture of a woman, whose calm, cold features, unadorned by the photographer's art, were appealing to the man of his

He looked at this a moment, and then all the morbid fire in his blood flamed toward his heart. Love, life and happiness depended upon the possession of gold. Therefore, with this fire in his heart, Wilkerson suddenly got that absolute thirst for gold which traverses deserts, which has killed more people than the armies of Eu-

And in his sudden access of physical desire for gold in order to attain this woman he rose to his feet, and there came upon his face a swift expression, stealthy but determined.

He put the photograph away and, pantherlike, stole into the shadow under the hill and toward the man who had been his partner, but whom he was resolved to kill. He crept along. taking all precautions against disturbing a single pebble, until he stood over Gallon, and in the full moonlight he saw that Gallon was drawing the plans and marking the locations of a mine. "How far," he thought forcefully to

himself, "has the old man gone What guich is this? What place is this? He has found the gold, and I'm going to have it!" He still watched the pencil and saw him trace in rude letters: "This will make you happy."

That moment Gallon saw Wilkerson

smiling at him Smiles and tears, sorrow and laughter have made this world what it is, and the smile on the saturnine visage of Wilkerson stirred Gallon to his depths. Did Wilkerson know? Had Wilkerson seen? Was Ruth to lose the uty "Get the sheriff. They have got gold that he had found after all these this fellow's partner." Then be turned years? Wilkerson had peered over his to Gallon authoritatively and said shoulder. Wilkerson! Wilkerson! Wilkerson! There must be no Wilkerson! He pulled out his revolver and fired at the man smiling at him from the

shadow. Wilkerson emptied his revolver at the old man. But Gallon's trained eye. backed up by his overmastering passion, had directed his weapon too surely. Wilkerson realized that his enemy's bullet had gone home.

Still with the blood lust in his heart. Gallon pulled out the picture of a little girl and passionately kissed it.

"You look like your mother, Ruth," he whispered.

But while he was yielding to this was struggling to his feet-dizzy with pain, absolutely cowed by the shock of finding himself physically belpless, yet driven by instinct to find other human beings. Where were they? There was no sound on the desert except the rustling of the dry leaves of the yuccas and the murmur of the cactus as it died of drought. He was really of two minds. One desire was to find the location of the gold. The other was to "Nopey; nothing doing Guess those save his own life and assuage the bit Indians did not give me the right ter fast which he knew meant death.

At last he stumbled to his feet and for it held out to him the prospect of dreamed of finding Gallon and so

avenging himself. Under the stars he tramped on. As men see their real world in miniature and their ideal world magnified, as we all do, the moon, flooding its light within his range of vision. It was and said quietly, "I was going to"- He if borizons had been obliterated, he "If that's all you had Matias did not saw a solitary twinkling light, which meant a human habitation

"I'll get him yet," he muttered thick ly. The mere act of articulate speech died in his throat. He realized that be had no water, and the overpowering thirst burned in his very marrow.

"I can't make it." be thought to him

illon has got the best of He found that pance and made the plan and footed me. He painfully liftled his ciluched hands toward beaven and cursed vehemently until bis curses faded into a perfect delirium

of mad dreams. Far away on the hill the covotes barked dismally. No longer stealthily like a man sessed, but with one desire, he strug gled down the hill and out upon the Yet there was still in his eyes all the innumerable stars, and he could not fix his direction in his mind, for to his accentuated sight they all appeared brilliant and peculiar Thus be

At times, in moments when the dead ly thirst which parched his throat allowed him to drink, he saw the one glimmering light, which marked the place where he knew Gallon had gone Miles and hours became to him as nothing, yet finally through his sharp ened senses he smelled water, and as the sun was rising over San Jacinto mountains he fell face downward in's a stream. Some instinct told him the towns were built on bills; that conse quently to find the town he should zo upstream So he struggled, stemming the current, dragging his feet, his wift hand elinched into the folds of his shirt over the wound In his heart was still smoldering the flame which in the fulness of his physical strength had been hatred of his partner. "I'll get him yet," he muttered.

CHAPTER II.

"You are under arrest."

AR away on the same dimiy desert another man was seek ing the same light. Thomas Gallon had realized that be was a murderer. What would happen to Buth if he were convicted of killing his partner? This was the thought which drove him on-onward toward the little speck across the mesa. Careless of the cactus, of the sagebrush, absolutely unmindful of the little gullies made by last year's rains, be tramped steadily onward, and as he did so there was formulated in his mind a plan not only to save the gold for his daughter, but to save her

It is true of lights and ideals that the farther you follow them the fainter they grow, and it was with astonish ment that Thomas Gallon suddenly found himself in the street of Valle

There is a lot of stient influence in the mere sight of closed doors. Gallon looked down the street, and every door was closed except one. No hospitality One single sign showed that law and order, always vigilant, held their sway He staggered on toward the green light which marked the sheriff's office In there he found an siert deputy. "Who are you?"

"I am Gallon," be said firmly. "The outlaws have got my partner and near

The deputy looked at him shrewdly a moment and seemed satisfied. An in stant later he was on his feet, buckling on his belt and revolver, and in a secand instant be had brushed his way past the old miner and was bawting out into what apparently was a vacant street Gailon dimly heard his call His one thought was to play his part to the end Would these men find by accident his gold? A moment later curtain on the saloon scross the street was lowered and the door opened. "What's the matter?" yelled a hall

drunken fellow, reeling out. "Matins is out again!" cried the dep-

"How much did you have?" "Nothing," said Gallon. "We did not strike anything, but they thought we

But with a quick gesture the deput grasped Gallon's wrist and opened his hand, disclosing a nugget. "Where did you get this?" he asked.

The old man stared down stupidly at that warm bit of gold. He had carried



"Get your horees, boys."

it clear across the mesa, emblem of his thirst, symbol of his undying desire For the moment he did not know what

get much, and he is considered a pret ty smart fellow," was the curt re sponse. "Here comes the sheriff."

In the west their ordinary speech in deeds, not words. Appeared other men and then the bulky figure of the sher iff. This man wasted no time in preliminaries, but quickly roured, "Which

"At the foot of San Jacinto mous tain on the upper level," Gallon stam

extra horse, was seampering through the streets toward the mountains, now absolutely dark, as the moon had set. as they crossed a wash a panting grouning man was crawling on his belly toward the solitars light which marked Valle Vista, Nor did Gallon dumbly riding toward the darkness which hid the scene of his crime, realtre that Wilkerson was within ten yards of him as they splashed through

Then suddenly appeared in the sky a spot of white, which spread until the murk of the night had turned to dusk. "Well, thank God it's daylight," said

the sheriff to Gallon "I guess we can get your partner all right now." And even as he spoke the dusk suddenly became enriched by the light of the sun rising in the east. The moment it struck the brass on his pony's bridle Gallon involuntarily reiped in. Through his blistered lips be muttered: "Gold:

Inquiring eyes were turned on him The sheriff shoved his horse over and asked, "What gold?"

At the same instant came the deputy on the other side of him. "Say, chief, be says there wa

A sinewy arm reached out and took Gallon's gun away from him. "I think I better keep this," said the sheriff, his dark countenance growing stern. So this cavalcade made its way

through the fresh California dawn until there was a sudden break in the mess. The deputy threw out his hand "There are a hundred gulches in these mountains. Which one is it, phroner?" At the word "pardner" Gallon pulled himself together. The glitter of the brass on the borse's headstall and that word. Should be tell them the location. of that gulch? The stroke of one

borse's hoof might disclose the mother lode, and yet he had told them the outlaws had killed Wilkerson. His borse stumbled and threw him When he got up he gropingly pointed his hands toward the bills and mut tered, "That way, boys-that's where

they got him." Half an hour later the posse was grouped about the dead fire, and the sheriff was staring at a blood stained

"There has been trouble," he said abruptly. Then he turned on Gallon. "Why is this coffee bot?" be said. lifting up the pot. The brusque tones of the sheriff cut the silence that foilowed.

"I don't see your man. I don't under stafid this. You are under arrest-for the murder of"- He looked at Gallon. and the old man involuntarily said "Wilkerson."

All day the sheriff, with Gallon, his arms pinioned behind him, searched the gullies and gulches for the man whose blood stained blanket they had found. The old man, tacfturn as ever

merely said, as if repeating by rote "The outlaws got him." When the full moon had risen and the night life of the desert had begun grotesque life, built of fleeting forms and bizarre shadows, the sheriff called

a balt up the canyon. On one side of the gulley on which they were camped the sheriff's men had built a fire. It was against a rock which rose whitely under the moon Gallon saw his chance. He worked his way to the fire and in spite of the pain held his hands out over the blaze scratching the numbers on its soft sur until he felt the strands of the rope face

weaken and finally part. A moment later he was making his way to where the horses were tied He leaped upon the nearest one and within's second was on his way down the hill into the mist which filled the

But the poise of his horse's hoofs on the rough shale of the hillside awak ened the guard.

"I think I will have a cup of coffee." he said to himself sleepily and slug gishly stretched himself. A moment later he flung the empty coffeepot into the darkness "Sheriff," he cried, "he's

The sheriff lifted his lanky form as if by a single movement. "Who's gone?" he yelled.

"That man, Gallon." replied th "We must get him, boys!" the sheri

said. They rode to the edge of the hill and looked down into an iridescent sea of mist, a mere pool of curdling moon "He's got away from us, boys." said

the sheriff "We'll pever find him Gallon rode quickly on, no longer

seeking for a light, but for darkness. and yet as he felt the pony quiver un der him he himself felt a strange trem or-Wilkerson was still alive-some the reply where behind that veil was his enemy and the man who knew the location of the richest mine in all golden Califor Mission Street pier marks the point

on the San Francisco water front where sooper or inter every one in this world passes, and among the multitudes strange, subdued and unsubdued by "The Master Key" the tremendous forces which make our civilization. Gallon found himself absolutely unobserved in this throng-he new mining engineer" was as he hoped to be. Berthed at ters at the gangway, and a sign bung When he reached his cabin Gallon

stealthily took out from his pocket folded paper and looked at it He laid it on the white covering of the bunk and once more dipped into his jacket. This time it was the picture of a girl "I will save it for you." he murmur

ed to himself The hare room beld

but one movatile art to or furnito a chest of strange workmanship and redolent of alien lands. Gallon stoo, pen to his touch, and he saw then dol lay there, inanimate, but impotent. He picked it up, and as he did

one of its coral eyes fell out. To him it was a sinister omen, and he stared for a moment, clutching at his breast. Then be gave way to the hysteria of the hunted and the haunted.

"I don't know whose god you are," be muttered, "but if you must have it -take it." And into the open socket be thrust the paper that held the se-

That sleep which is like a shot in the heart overtook Gallon before the Santa Clara was well to ses. He was awakened from it by the sound of an alter-

"You've got to put back to port,

said a voice in an ugly tone. There was a fusilade of shots, and then the deck beneath him tilted slowly. The chest slid down the deck toward shore. Gallon locked the chest. dragged it across the sill and then looked back to see an enormous wall of water. This wall crumpled, faded,



yet left him breathless. What was the matter? Then he saw huge columns of smoke pouring out from the after part of the ship. It was not the inexorable and avenging sea, but fire. He saw the boats go over the side. He saw two men struggling in the topsyet it was a dream. His consciousness held but two facts one the chest that contained the secret of his mine, the other the key that had locked within that strange and allen depository the picture of a little girl.

Six hours later a heavy sea drove a piece of wreckage up the crumbling beach beneath a cliff on the Oregon shore. On it was a man-brine drenched, almost unconscious, but still able to crawl beyond the reach of the fingering brenkers, clutching a key. It was Thomas Gallon.

He sat down and stared at the burning ship be had left. Dimly be remembered those strange numbers that marked the position of that vessel finming to destruction far out on the

horizon. 137, 23 west; 31, 27 north But how to remember them? How to keep this precious information in tis bead. His groping fingers found the key. A moment later he was

"This." he said through his sait parched lips, "is the master key." He stared up at the blue sky, and then bowed his head in utter weakness.

"If Wilkerson is alive be knows. Every day is the same. When can i find the secret of 'The Master Key?" Thomas Gallon then picked up his letter tile and dully looked over its

"Funny," he thought to himself, "that that engineer that I wrote to Drake about has not turned up." He fumbled the letter uncertainly, but the name caught his eye-John Dorr.

At that very moment the motor stage chugged slowly into camp, and a fail, heavily built man swung down into the street, suit case in hand. He looked about nim with a trained eye. He saw the opening of a mine upon the bill-the trestle crawling toward the dump, the pump house-all the paraphernalia of an active mine, but he also perceived that the stamp mill was

"I'll bet they've lost the lode!" be thought to nimself He turned to a miner who was passing and asked, "Where is Alt. Gallon ?"

"Up there in that bungalow," was

John Dorr straightened bimself up and went quietly up the acclivity, until he finally arrived before a typical Califormia house To his great astonishment a stender, fair haired girl confronted nim, instead of the brusque. rude miner be had been led to expect be would meet on his arrival at

"I'm John Dort," he said awkwardly "I came to see Mr. Gallon I am the

Ruth looked at him critically. He the pier was a steamship, quartermas was nothing like the men she was used to His clothes were good. He on the rail saying. "We sail at 9:45 fairly breathed soap and water, and his very apparent strength glowed be peath a clear, smooth skin and well proportioned limbs. Then she met his eyes in frank admiration.

"I'll call father," she said, but she still hesitated. That gentle pause brought the blood to John Dorr's face. He realized that this was a moment be would always remember,

Continued next week

Special Feat Vau

Stock Cor Sature

Also Alice

Monda

The Cope French and Em Monograms & 1

Edna Stu Massage an by the Tel. 422-J

Paper Hanging 217 W. Centaul Avenue DR. DENT

45 St. Johns Ave.

PAIN

School of I Green Bay R

For terms

SISTERS of

Chas. E.

Surveying and Engi graphy Landscape tion Work. 20 year ing, Surveying an





daof russet or tan shoes, PUICE WRITE" (in figure) "ALBO" cleant and with UEDE, and CANVAS SHOES. cked in gine boxes, with If your dealer does not keep to the price in ctampe for full all

20-26 Albert Street, The Oldest and Larger Shoe Polishes ve