THE MASTER KEY CHAPTER IX.

Master of the "Master Key" Mine. HEN Ruth Gallon did not call upon him and he found himself unable to locate ber Charles Everett was at a loss what to do. He had wired Dorr of his anxiety about her and had received word in reply that the young engineer

had received conflicting messages. Unhappily for the girl, Everett was called out of town. And so when he found himself forced to make a hurried trip to San Francisco her predicament became the more pronounced.

The false Everett. George Drake, took it upon himself to call at the Ritz for her mail, and, returning with word that there was none for her. Ruth felt a strange premonition that matters were not progressing as they should.

Mrs. Darnell found her gazing out of the drawing room window, huddled in a pathetic little heap, dejection stamped on features and form.

"Dearie," purred the hostess, "you look as if you had lost your lest friend on earth. Do cheer up. What is the trouble?"

kuth turned her head, but remained in the same queer little attitude, replying in a plaintive voice:

"I do not understand why Mr. Dorr has not written or wired me. Really, Mrs. Darnell, I am beginning to fear that something has happened to him." Mrs. Darnell looked at her searchingly, but recovered quickly under the

questioning return gaze. "Do not worry, Ruth. Everything will come out all right. Supposing we take a drive. The air and sunshine

will do you a world of good."

Every minute was one of delight to the unsophisticated girl, and each new sight and vista opened a new world to her inexperienced mind. After a stop at Grant's tomb they speeded downtown, reaching Columbus circle after a run through Central park A blowout of one of the tires caused a delay. Ruth tired of sitting in the car, and, jumping out, she spied a florist's window. Before Mrs. Darnell could think of the possibility of a mis carriage of her well laid plans the girl was inside. She purchased violets for both and was on her way out when she saw a telephone. Intuitively, rather than from any other motive, she hastily called up Mr. Everett's office. To her amazement she learned that be had gone west.

Her news was even more startling to Mrs. Darnell than it had been to Ruth. Quick action was needed, and. leaving Ruth in the car with a prevariented excuse, the older women was soon phoning to Drake, telling him to go west at once and instructing him to meet them in San Francisco, where he was to pose as Everett and continue carrying out the plot to secure possession of Ruth's mining property.

And thus it came about that five days later found them in the metropolis of the Pacific coast, where they were met by Drake, still posing as Ev-

The greatest difficulty lay in reconciling Ruth's mind to the mystery of Everett's sudden departure after she had seen bim at Mrs. Darnell's the night before. But the cleverness of



Ruth Spied a Florist's Window

the schemer counterbalanced all doubts. and the girl was therefore persuaded to hasten to San Francisco to carry out her plans

Accordingly she wired Dorr, but again "the wires crossed," for, although he learned that she was going to the western city, he again learned that Everett had falled to connect

Ruth had been gone many days when John Dorr received another tele gram from Everett that made his heart stop its regular beat. Alone in his cable he pored over it as if there must be some hidden meaning beneath the words It was unbelievable. Aft er all his pain and his very careful forethought for her comfort and safe ty something had gone wrong. Everett was brief:

San Francisco, April 2 ohn Dorr, Silent Valley, Cal.: Have been unable to find Miss Gallon EVERETT.

For awhile his mind refused to work logically. All that he could think of was little Ruth Gallon, she of the slender hands and pure eyes, lost in the great city and piteously seeking a familiar face. But he pulled himself vigcrously together and called up the was none for blood, but he nerved him agent at the station.

"Bill," he said over the telephone. "This is Dorr. I want to get a wire stating that he was going across the through to San Francisco."

"All right, John; what is it?" John thought a moment and then dictated this message:

Charles Everett, Call Building, San Fran-Miss Gallon was to have gone to the St Francis, as I wired you before. DORR.

After moiling over the problem felt that he must confide in some one Of all the men in the mine he trusted only Tom Kane. He strode down the hill to the cook shanty and found the old man engaged in his task of prepar ing the noonday meal.

"Look here, Tom." John said ab ruptly, holding out the telegram. haven't said anything before, but Ruth is lost in San Francisco. I've wired Everett before. He can't find her." Without a word the cook reached for the ye'low slip and read it slowly

He glanced up and said with the utmost simplicity. "I reckon you'd better catch this evening's express." "But my work here-somebody has got to look after the mine and Wilker-

Tom Kane glanced at him and then at the bit of paper. "I know how you feel," he muttered, "but I've cooked rears enough to know that if you leave



Something Had Gone Wrong.

things on the fire they'll burn. This business won't wait." He smiled magnificently. "And you just leave this to me. I've been here since the mine started, and I guess I can attend to it from cook shanty to Wilkerson. The main thing is to find Ruth. I know she's safe, for nobody would hurt that little girl. But you've got to go to Frisco and help her. Likely she's found berself pretty much a stranger. I got lost in New Orleans once, and reckon Frisco is bigger."

"I'll go," said Dorr promptly. leave my papers and my new plans in your charge, Tom."

The old man laid his warm hand on John's arm. "New plans?" he whispered. "Have you found the mother lode? Don't say anything to Wliker-

"But he is the superintendent?" "Not of this shanty. I never trust an egg until I've broken it.'

that all was well and that she would have news for him in a few days. This meant that she and George Drake had ed and went on. done their part. But he wondered why said be. it was that John Dorr, who must certainly be anxiously awaiting word blue light through a high Pacific fog from Ruth, neither said anything nor when John Dorr came to his senses. displayed a sign of impatience.

quietly, "What's the news from San of the evening, stopped his burros at Francisco? Has Ruth wired?"

John had been expecting this perfactly natural question and was ready | bridge was gone. This might be due with his answer:

"Everything seems to be all right." "Good!" said the superintend at dry ty. ".'d !-e to get started on that new lend pretty soon." He could not repress a sour smile "Since the old rate of wages has been restored I guess you end I may have to do with out our sciaries for awhile."

John Loked up and caught himself He was in no position to quarret with this run "Pay the men first, of course," he said He proceeded to get The cook peered around and then once into a package of blueprints and mem

"Going to move?" suggested Wilker

"I'm going for a trip, and I thought I'd look over my notes in the ment while," was the response.

Wilkerson said no more. He went on the alert From Bill Tubbs he learned that Dorr was going to run into either Valle Vista or Silent Valley with the

Key" belonged to the type that is catlike in its quickness of action, based intuition rather than on reason. While Ruth Gallon was carefully con cealed, it was more than possible that Dorr would so stir things up with the aid of Everett that all plans to seize control of the mine's stock would be futile. He must not be allowed to go

to-San Francisco But how to prevent him? Wilker son pondered this problem till his dark face was suffused with angry blood There was no way but the way of violence. Among his sensuous appetites self to his task and shortly after midday called for his horse and rode out. divide to see about a fresh supply of wood. In the saddle scabbard be car ried a short saw

Spanning an arroyo betwen two hills halfway to Silent Valley was a short

minutes later he climbed up to the road, broke the saw in two, flung the pieces into the brush and rode away. He did not go far.

up the hill be waited. The hour that ings Then be leaped from the bed elapsed before be heard the coughing "All my money is in it!" of the motor seemed an endless succession of deadly seconds, each marked him, dish towel in hand, as a sort of by a stabbing breath. Then he saw emblem of authority, and demanded in the truck emerge from the cut and com. his careful tones, "There wasn't any mence to rumble heavily down the thing else in the coat, John?" He bent slope. John Dorr was driving. With his white head as if to catch a whisbim was one of the hands.

The heavy truck bumped upon the shout: bridge, and in the desert silence the man on the hill saw it quietly sway to one side and then plunge downward to the rocks below. Before the sound of that crash could reach his listening ears he saw a sudden burst of flame shoot up a dense swirl of smoke. Then, like the faraway crackling of a fire, came the noise of the yielding timbers. followed by a dull boom.

"My God!" whispered Wilkerson to himself. "The gasoline tank exploded and the car is on fire!" He crouched in the brush, waiting to see whether any one emerged from the gulch. No one did. The bridge burned flercely. At least no one would ever know the cause of this catastrophe, and John Dorr would not go to San Francisco. Instinct told him to flee the scene.

But a stronger passion overcame him: he must see for himself what had happened. He mounted his horse and rode swiftly down the slope.

The truck had turned completely over and lay broken and smoldering across the waterworn bowlders. kerson could not see two forms; all be discerned through the eddying smoke was the body of John Dorr. fring some distance from the truck his pallid face turned to the blazing

"Dead!" muttered Wilkerson, chilled with the horror of the thing he had done. It bit into his very soul, that scene, until be could not stand it longer and rode furiously away toward the other side of the divide. He must go on his supposed errand about the wood and know nothing of this. On the crest of the mountain he halt-

ed and looked back. Far below him thin curl of gray smoke marked the site of the murder. Knowing that he was safe. Wilkerson experienced a tremendous reaction. He raised himself exultantly in his

stirrups. He was now master of the "Master Key" mine.

CHAPTER X.

In the Heart of Chinatown. ITH quick decision Wilkerson turned his horse toward Valle Vista. He felt in his pockets to see how much money he In Harry Wilkerson's dark heart had. He discovered that through an there was what he might in his twist- oversight he had put into his pocket ed vocabulary have termed happiness | before leaving the office the last San His plans were working out to perfect Francisco mint check for something tion. Jean Darnell had wired again like \$3,000. There was besides this a couple of hundred dollars.

> He pulled this out, stared at it, laugh-"Frisco for mine."

The evening sun was pouring a pale

Twenty feet away the machine was It did not escape him that Tom Kane smoldering and the smell of oil and and the young engineer were in con varnish lay like a miasma in the guich. sultation several times. What were He could hardly breathe. He strugthey planning? He determined to gled painfully up the slope toward the probe boldly. When Dorr came into road and then lost consciousness again. the office in the afternoon and began to It was only for a moment, for Tom clear up his desk Wilkerson asked Kane, desert wise, traveling in the cool the top of the declivity, wondering what the fire was. He saw that the to tramps camped in the dry bed of the creek, not attending to their blaze He led the burros off the road and down the slope, only to stop with an exclumation such as he had not used in years. John Dorr lay there with his fingers clutched into the gray

He stooped over and saw that the body, bulking heavily in the misty light, still beld its vital spark,

"Where is Hickman, the driver?" more bent over the motionless form of the young engineer With great exertion he managed to lift him up and place him across one of the pack sad dles John's arm automatically clasp ing the little animal's neck. Seeing him secure, and coming to his senses, Kane went down to the smoldering remains of the machine to search for his companion. One glance was suffi cient. He quietly went back and started his journey toward the mine. His The superintendent of the "Master old hands, seared by years of cooking. patted the almost inanimate form of

They were almost to the "Master Ker" mine when Dorr came to himself slipped off the pack saddle and stood

"What happened?" he muttered. "Nothing much," said Kane, putting his arm about him. "You had a bad fall. That bridge never was any too strong "

"Bridge!" said Dorr "The bridge is

"Sure," said old Tom Kane easily. just come along with me."

The cook looked at him, with swift understanding. His coat had been in the seat of the machine and was burned. "I'll get you another coat when we get back to camp," he said comfortingly. So they progressed the long and dusty road back to the "Master Key." It was dark when they ar-

bridge of considerable height. It was rived, and Kane was able to take his midafternoon when Harry Wilkerson dazed and much binised charge into threw the bridle rein over his pohy's the cook shanty without being observ head and climbed down the bill slope | ed by any of the miners Dorr was till he was directly under the bridge, still but half conscious and willingly Then be pulled the little saw out of his submitted to being put to bed, though shirt bosom and began work. Fifteen he still protested that he wanted his

demanded Kape.

John opened his eyes widely, for the From his place of vantage halfway first time cognizant of his surround Tom Kane sat on the chair besid

per Instead Dorr gave a rancous

"There was that check from the

"I saw you myself give that check to Wilkerson," said the cook southingly "But that doesn't change matters any You've got to get to San Francisco and you're busted." Tom Kane put out an old deerskin poke and from spilled on the table a few hundred dist

"Just as soon as you get able. Jo'm. be said buskily, "you take this mon " and get to Frisco. Find Ruth. That's all that matters-find that little girl "Hurry!" he whispered "Wilkerson gone. He's been gone since mid

"But I am badly hurt," said John Dorr stupidly. Then Kane under stood that he must take desperate

Fifteen minutes later Dorr pounding down the road toward Silent Valley. His head was roughly band aged, his chest had been tightly strap ped with the ripped woolen blanket. and in his nostrils was the pungent awake and knew that in his pocket was a thousand dollars in gold hour later he boarded the Sunset ex press and automatically paid his fare bought his Pullman ticket and, not withstanding the porter's earnest in quiry as to his injuries, went to bed as silently as he arrived in San Francisco a day later.

Exultant in his triumph, Wilkerson stifled the small voice of his conscience and strode on. One thought now mas tered his every action-he must reach San Francisco and Jean Darnell.

Jean Darnell! The woman who stir red him to the depths of his innermos

Jean Darnell and the "Master Key!" Arrived at the station he sent her wire telling of his coming. Two min utes later he was aboard the train. As he gazed backward a bend of the ratis drew a curtain to his musings, and be turned and entered the car.

Upon their arrival in San Francisco Mrs. Darnell acted upon her decision made during the journey-that they would stop at a less pretentious hotel than the St. Francis, where the chances of her plans being spoiled by chance meetings with the real Everett or per haps John Dorr were too great And so they took a taxi to the Manx

A word with Drake and the older woman stepped to the desk and in firm, bold hand wrote: "Mrs Darnell and daughter, New

Quickly she turned to Ruth and, for lowing the lead of the bellboy, escurt

ed her toward the elevators. No sooner had they removed then



"The girl is sick, and we must hurry her to a hospital!"

wraps in the luxurious apartments than a rap at the door interrupted their talk "See who it is," commanded Mrs Darnell to her maid

The latter returned with a telegram from Harry Wilkerson saying that he was on his way and would join them

Wenried by the long trip across the continent. Ruth was glad to retire ear ly, and shortly after the dinner hour she was tucked in her bed and sleeping

Wilkerson, driving him to the Manx with all haste "I'm awfully glad to see you. Har ry," was the effusive greeting he re

ceived from Jenn. His heart pounded with the joy of it! After all his scheming and plotting

Continued on Page 7

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A WELL AND A POET.

And an Unanswerzble Argument in a Suit at Law

Among the many anecdotes told of Joseph Viktor von Scheffel, the German poet and novelist, the following Tel. 422-J from Tagliche Rundschau is one of the most amusing:

In a place where Scheffel once lived there was a lack of good drinking water. One day a well driver in the neighborhood proposed that the poet allow him to drive a deep well for Scheffel accepted his offer, but only on the condition that after the water had been drawn it be found drinkable. The well driver completed his work, but all that the pump would odor of ammonia. He was at last deliver was a thick yellow liquid, so the poet refused to pay for the work.

Finally the matter was brought before the court, and the poet and well driver stood side by side before the judge to present their respective cases. Both argued their sides so well that the magistrate was plainly puzzled to know which was actually right in the At length, weary of the affair, Schef-

fel said; "Well, I'll give in and pay for the well and the court expenses, too, but on one condition. My opponent shall, before our eyes, take a drink of the water from the well in question." The poet then drew from his hip pocket a flask of dirty yellow water and, after extracting the cork, passed it over to the well driver. One glance was enough. He thrust the bottle aside with a disgusted look and strode out of the courtroom with an angry growl,

HORSEBACK RIDING.

It is a Sport and an Exercise in a Class by Itself.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes proclaimed the trotter the coming horse and the steed of democratic usefulness, he did not foresee the invention of the automobile. Small blame to him. No one else dreamed of it for some scores of years thereafter, but the motor driven carriage has caused the learned doctor's plausible prophecy to go askew. By all present signs the coming horse, or, rather, the lasting horse, the one which will survive any amount of mechanical aids to locomo-

tion, is the good saddle animal. Horseback riding is at once a sport and an exercise, which is without a relative or a competitor. It is like nothing else, and for one who loves it. it can be replaced by nothing else. It is one of the finest aids to digestion ever known. The dictum of the old English physician. "The outside of a horse is the best thing for the insides of a man," remains true.

With all these advantages the saddle horse is likely to last till we degenerate into a nation of button pushers. When that degradation is accomplished i won't matter greatly whether we have any desirable animal companionship or not.-Chicago Journal.

The Musical Gamut.

Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in Tus cany, in 1000 A; D. was the inventor of the gamma "ut." or gamut, and the six notes "ut," "re," "mi," "fa," "sol, "la." These syllables taken from the first three verses of the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Ut queent laxis," etc. Without the use of the gamut a person could not in a lit tle time become perfect master of plain song, Guido says in a letter which he wrote, "I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master of singing in a year or two, whereas till now a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years," The gamut is the first note. but oftener taken as signifying the whole scale of music or series of sounds, rising or falling toward acuteness or gravity from any given pitch or tone.

Home of the Huns. The Huns have probably their near est actual European descendants in the Bulgarians. It is a mistake to look for them in Hungary. The Ogre or Ungri, better known as the Magyars, have very little to do with the Huns. But one conjectured derivation of the word "ogre" is from the Ugri, through confusion of them with the Huns. It seems more probable however, that "ogre" should be traced through Spanish and Italian to the Drake hastened to the depot and met | Latin Orcus-at first the god of the dead, and afterward in Romanesque folklere a shaggy, man eating monster of the woods,-London Chronicle.

> What is not necessary is dear at a penny -- Cato.

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