

See The Motion Pictures of This Story At The IDEAL THEATRE, on Wednesdays and Thursdays

CHAPTER VII. Wilkerson the Platter. WILKERSON had thoroughly learned his lesson. Wilkerson could not get into the matter of the letter he had received from John Dorr...



"Look here, Wilkerson, maybe both of us have made a mistake."

The present idea, painstakingly told in figuring out the trend of the various veins, would lead to that particular spot of gold which had been at the end of Gallon's youthful rainbow of hopes...

"I think I know where we can strike first class stuff," Dorr returned. "There is sure pay rock if we travel south from that main tunnel. We may have to go a couple of hundred feet."

"If the mine is not paying it's up to us to make it pay," he remarked. When Wilkerson entered the bungalow Ruth perceived a great change in his attitude...

Wilkerson flushed. "Miss Gallon, I hope that you don't think that I'm not doing my best. I am. John Dorr and I have gone over this matter together. He agrees with me that we have absolutely lost the vein and that 'The Master Key' is to pay anything more we must find it again."

Ruth's expression softened at the mention of John Dorr's name. "What does he think?" she demanded. "What is the chance of finding it again?"

"I can't see it," she said. "I don't think it is worth the trouble. It is a waste of money. It is a waste of time. It is a waste of life."

Wilkerson added and said: "I'll put the men to work tomorrow morn. Better have your plans ready." He stamped out.

"John, are we broke?" Wilkerson asked. "I'll put the men to work tomorrow morn. Better have your plans ready."

to be filled with sunshine and a familiar seat of scurrying over dry California on half broken horseback. "All right, we'll ride," he said.

"You're always doing things for me, John," she said simply. "Some day I'll do something for you." She slipped away without a backward glance.

George Everett—When a young, slender, brown-eyed, golden haired girl walks into your office and says, "I'm Ruth Gallon," and hands you the papers that she will have in her little hand bag, please see that she gets \$10,000.

George Everett, 11 Broadway, New York City. Miss Ruth Gallon leaves tonight to see you about "Master Key" stock. Meet her and write me on her arrival. Take good care of her or I'll take care of you.

George Everett, 11 Broadway, New York City. Miss Ruth Gallon leaves tonight to see you about "Master Key" stock. Meet her and write me on her arrival.

CHAPTER VIII. Jean Darnell's Rose. THIS must be Miss Gallon," said a pleasant voice.

"Yes, I live in New York. I happened to be in Chicago, and through Mr. Everett I heard from John."

When Ruth ended up with a gentle "And so I told John I'd come and see what I could do," the elder woman smiled gently.

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buy broker and, being thoroughly and temperamentally an actor, felt the chill of this lack of interest and would certainly have fallen down on his part had he not been prompted by Mrs. Darnell.

The real George Everett got out of his limousine on the corner of Vanderbilt avenue and hurried through the revolving doors; brisk, debonaire, sleek, decided; with that happy style which denies foppish and avoids surveillance.

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Darnell lunged herself into her evil passion with all the abandon of the tragedian, only her voice was almost inaudible; "Tom Gallon, Tom Gallon, dead though you are, I'll have revenge!"

When her hostess was gone she stood by the window trying to think more calmly of all that had happened since she had left "The Master Key" mine, but one thought was prominent:

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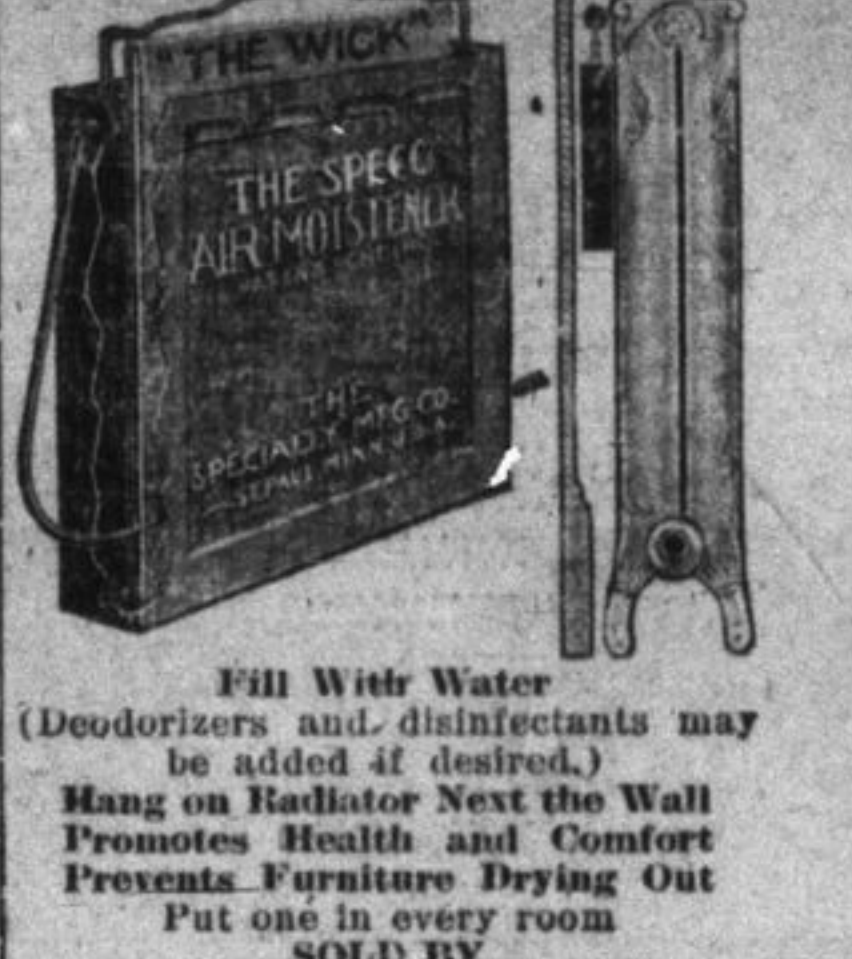
When Ruth ended up with a gentle "And so I told John I'd come and see what I could do," the elder woman smiled gently.



Every mother should realize that the skin of her baby is so tender that the secretions of the body often lead to rashes, eruptions, etc., all of which may be removed by Zam-Buk.



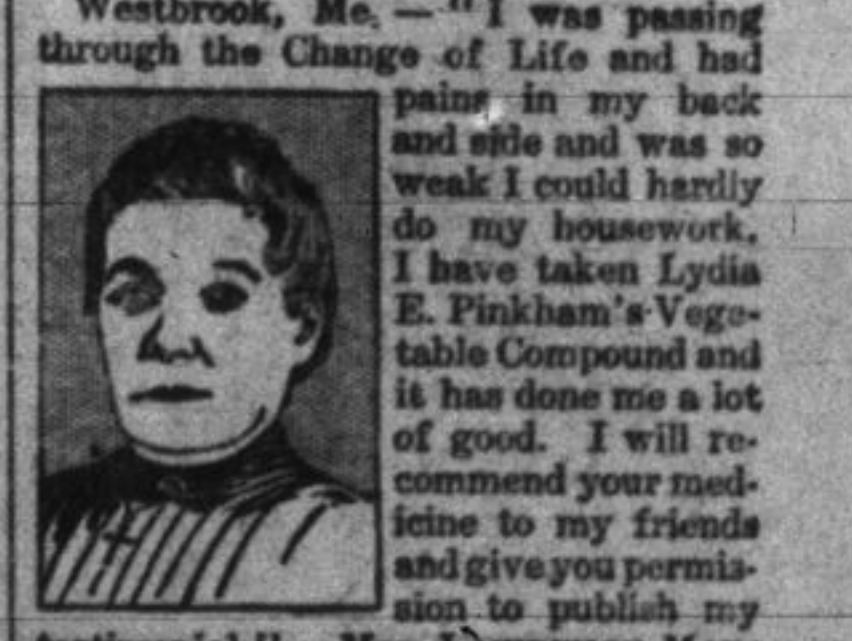
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David Hall. Phones 335, 356. 68 Brock St.

WOMEN FROM 45 TO 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.



Westbrook, Me.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework."

(Continued Next Saturday)