MONDAY EVENING,

HARRISBURG

JANUARY 4, 1915.

THE MASTER KEY By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the stallments 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 after ward to see moving pictures of our story

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I daren't shoot for fear of hitting the So they stood hesitant for a few seconds. A panel slipped open in the girl. wall and a woman's face appeared for Job an instant. Swift as the Chinawoman was, the police officer was quicker and he plunged through the shallow panel, with Dorr at his shoulder.

Once through they paused in the semidarkness to orientate themselves. Finally the lieutenant stepped forward. "This way," he said. "I hear volces." At that very moment there came up to them an uncertain semicontext of the second seco

to them an unearthly scream, a shrick of pure terror.

"Ruth!" John yelled, and he and the officer both plunged forward. Instead of the firm footing they ex-pected empty air received them. Twen-

ty feet below they struck the water. Spluttering and swearing, the police-man helped Dorr to a little ledge that

ran alongside the tunnel. "The miserable Chink dropped us into the big sewer," he gasped. "It runs into the bay just a little ways on. We'll have to swim for it, part-ner."

Dorr looked down at his arm and shook his head. "Isn't that a boat over there?" he demanded, pointing into the shadow.

"Blamed if it ain't," said the lleuten-ant, much relieved. "We'll soon be out of here."

In spite of his wound Dorr insisted on rowing, and the officer philosophically allowed him to, seating himself gingerly in the stern of the little craft and fending it off the brick walls of the tunnel with his hands as the swift current drew them onward.

To John the whole affair seemed like a dream. He saw the great dripping arches sliding past overhead to join the long vista of arches that bridged the glimmering water which splashed gently along to the call of the tide; be saw the dark bulk of the lieutenant in the stern; he felt the pain of his wound: he still heard Ruth's wild call for help. But it was all unrelated, as if each were a fact by itself, isolated. He struggled to gather his senses together.

"Look out!" shouted the policeman suddenly as the great half cylinder curved sharply and a blast of fresh air struck them. "We'll be swept out into the bay! Keep the boat trim!"

Awakened by this warning, John de voted himself to his oars and a half moment later steered their little craft

out under the piles of a wharf. "Where to now?" he demanded dully. The lieutenant pointed a thick forefinger toward another small boat a few rods away. "There is Sing Wah now, by smoke!" he exclaimed.

John Dorr glanced around. He first saw the impassive visage of the Chinese and then the figure crouched in the stern sheets. It was Ruth! He raised his voice in a triumphant yell. Hearing that call from her mate, the girl roused herself and cried back

across the water: "John! John!" At this point the police officer took part with a stern order to Sing Wah to stop rowing and surrender. He emphasized this command by covering the Chinese with his revolver. Sing Wah was of no mind to be

caught in this way. With a dexterous sweep of the oars he swirled his little skiff around so that Buth was between him and the other boat, and he never

"You've got to row, son." said the lieutenant grimly. "Mr. Sing Wah doesn't intend to be caught so easily.



John saw the reasonableness of this and bent to his oars without regard to his wound. The boat surged through the water after the other. With a good lead of a hundred yards Sing Wah stood a fair show of gaining his object-a landing under some his

wharf and a quiet escape. He knew that if he were to fall into the hands of the police under the present circumstances he would be treated mer-cllessly. He rowed furiously. But the Chinese had long since ceas-ed active life, and his muscles were soft. John Dorr steadily gained on

him. Slowly he crept up, foot by foot, inch by inch, his eyes fixed on the steady figure of the officer in the stern. At last he caught encouragement from the policeman's face. He heaved the skiff fairly out of the water, grasped the stern of the other boat and be fore the Chin - could clear himself for a leap overboard was upon him. Now, Sing With was a true oriental. It showed in his swift drawing of a

knife and a swifter slash at John Dorr's arm. But he was too late. With an inarticulate roar of rage John flung the knife overboard and then flung its owner after it.

Sing Wah gone and swimming away toward the shelter of a nearby wharf, John strode back to where Ruth lay half inanimate and picked her up in his arms.

"Honey! Honey!" he murmured. You're safe with me!"

Very slowly she opened her eyes and gazed long and searchingly into his face. It was indeed true that she was safe. She laid her head on his shoulder in perfect confidence that all was The police lieutenant stepped well. into the boat and took the oars.

"It's not like Sing Wah to be doing such tricks," he argued to himself. "I believe that Harry Wilkerson is back of this. I'll just keep an eye out for Mr. Wilkerson."

The lieutenant contemplated his drip ping uniform with a frown, which softened when he looked up at the two lovers. He pulled more strongly for the landing. CHAPTER XIII.

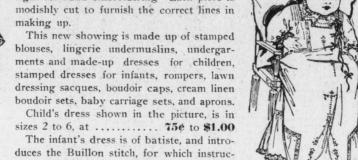
The Second Story Man. EAN DAF.NELL paced back and forth in the miserable room where Harry Wilker-son had lodged her and her maid pending the outcome of his wild plotting to get possession of Ruth Gallon's precious papers. Her handsome and cruel face was clouded with slow wrath, and she clinched her hands now and again till the knuckles were white.

For one thing, Mrs. Darnell loved the plush of life. Physical luxury was her highest wish, the goal of her loftiest ambition, the one price she had set on her soul. The dull surroundings she had been forced to accept nauseated her. She hated Wilkerson for mak-ing her uncomfortable.

So when he came in, walking very slowly and quietly, she turned on him like a wildcat.

"Take me out of bere!" she panted "I won't stay here another hour, Ruth or no Ruth!"

Wilkerson flinched. "I'm sorry," he rasped, "but Drake made a mess the whole affair, the police are after Sing Wah and that girl got away.



January Clearance of Colored and **Black Dress Fabrics**

Our annual clean-up of colored and black dress goods opens to-morrow with many choice styles at half price and less. In the sale are leading weaves of the season.

50c all-over Panama, 36 inches wide. January Clearance price, yard 25c 59c Batiste, 50 inches wide; navy and Rus-sian green. January Clearance price, yard... ...25c \$1.00 to \$1.50 fabrics in odd pieces. January Clearance price, yard39c 75c Shepherd Checks, 54 inches wide. January Clearance price, yard 59c

\$1.00 Roman Stripes, 54 inches wide, three styles. January Clearance price, yard 59c

Black Dress Goods at Clearance Prices

200 yards of 50c black Panama, 36 inches wide. January Clearance price, yard, 25c.

69c 89c 89c \$1.25 black Silk Poplin, 40 inches wide. January Clearance price, yard 95c

Dives, Pomeroy &

Stylish Coat and Dress Silks



Introductory Sale of a New Corset

Nemo "Invisible" Self-Reducing With the New "Visible" Nemo "Bridge'

You don't see the new kind of Nemo Self-Reducing Straps; but they are there, and give the most comfortable support with wonderful figure-reduction.

Dives. Pomeroy & Stewart

at the highest point of the abdomen-corset goes in at the bottom and out at the top. That means plenty of room for breath-L ing, no over-pressure on the digestive region -sound health and solid comfort, and perfect style.

No. 341—for stout full figures, \$3.00 No. 342—for tall full figures,

Note the long graceful skirt, the faint 'nip" at the waist-in accordance with fashion's behest. The back is high and full enough to contain the flesh around the shoulder blades. Material is a fine white coutil. Sizes 21 to 36.

For some types of the full figure this is the best corset ever made, and it's a very great value at \$3.00.

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A maker's entire stock brings these exceptional values right in the midst of Winter.

Boys' \$5.00 mackinaw coats, | Men's \$7.50 mackinaw coats; in plaid patterns, of grey, sizes 34 to 46. Special at brown and wine; sizes 6 to 16 years. Special at \$3.98 Boys' \$6.50 mackinaw coats \$5.98

Men's \$10.00 heavy weight in sizes 6 to 18 years, and in mackinaw coats, in small green sizes to fit young men. Spechecks, plaids and grey, brown inaw coats in a complete size Special at \$7.50 range. Special at \$5.00 D., P. & S., Men's Store

1	\$1.50 black alligator cloth, 44 inches wide. January Clearance price, yard	95c
	\$1.50 black coating, 54 inches. Janu- Ty Clearance price, yard	.00
	\$2.00 black coating, 54 inches. Janu- ary Clearance price, yard	1.19
		1.19
		1.69
Ste	art-Street Floor	

\$2.00 brown Duvetyne Coating, 54 inches. January Clearance price, yard......\$1.19

 \$1.50 Broadcloth in shades of Copenhagen, gar-net, brown and plum. January Clearance price, yard
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 \$2.00 Plaids and Roman Stripes for skirts.
 \$1.49

 \$2.00 Colorings. 54 inches wide. January Clearance price, yard
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\$1.25 Silk Poplin, 40 inches wide, newest shades January Clearance price, yard

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There is a kind of coal for every purpose and we can give you the kind that will suit you.

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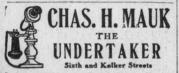


If you, too, are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly com-plexion, nine chances out of ten

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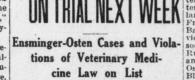
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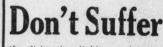
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