The Girl of Mystery

By the "MASTER PEN"

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SYNOPSIS

Valuable governmental papers are stole by Thompson, follower of Loubeque, in ternational spy, from General Love, whor Loubeque hates, in Manila. Love's daugh ter Lucille flies to a steamer to recove the papers in order to clear the name of Lieutenant Gibson, whom she loves.

Loubeque, tampering with the wireless in the steamer, is hurt. Lucille nurses im in an attempt to recover the papers. Lucille gets the papers, but the ship is wrecked. She is cast ashore on a Pacific sland and is taken by a native chief to als hut to nurse his sick child.

The native child is restored to health, and the grateful natives idolise Lucilles Loubeque, also cast ashore, tries various plans to recover the papers, but in vain.

A Chief Borrows From a Chief.

N going into the little street the noticed the chief in earnest conference with his daughter and an old native tion of seeing about the village before And she but known this was but another servile tool of Hugo Loubeque's what future dangers she might have been saved! Coming closer, she knew that it was a stranger. Moreover, from the light upon the crone's wrinkled countenance and the furious gesticulashe was the object of controversy. And the daughter of the old chief seemed adding her pleas to those of the old woman with effect.

Lucille stood a little apart, watching the conference as it disbanded. She had picked up enough of the language to make out an occasional word, but the gestures of the three had been unthe trio approached her, feeling that in some way the problem that had without further worry on her part. She smiled at the chief's efforts to

make her understand what he desired of her, smiled and shook her head as the withered old woman made an equally unsuccessful attempt. But the ittle girl took the situation in hand.

Without much difficulty Lucille made out from the child that the old woman came from a chief greater than her father, who lived in a village not far distant; that the wonder of her curative ability had reached his ears, and he earnestly prayed the white woman be loaned his own wife for a nurse, that she might be cured of an illness which seemed certain to be fatal.

Lucille saw from the glum expreson on the old chief's face that, even though it might bring him into trouble with his neighbor chief, he was more than loath to part with her. She also saw that the child, with the remembrance of her own fliness fresh upor her, had allowed her beart to go out had persuaded her father to permit the

Her heart gave a great throb of delight at this unexpected answer to her prayer. She had known there would be trouble getting away with the pa pers just as she had determined that she must leave. There was no possible chance of regaining civilization from here. There might be no chance nother place, but there was bope, and, while it was meager sustenance, anything was better than the strain of knowing impossibility. Anything ap-pealed to her so long as it embraced a change, for change spelled renewed hope. Then, too, Hugo Loubeque hope. Then, too, Hugo Loubeque would be temporarily at least thrown off the trail.

In an hour she had mounted the chief's own borse, her very soul re-joicing at the familiar feel of an easy canter. Beside her rode the old woman, mumbling continually to herself as though she were keeping track of the devious turns in the wilderness of vegetation through which their way led.

Once Lucille was conscious of a ed back at the squat figure of the old woman ambling along stolidly as some beathen idol, only her ratilke eyes emitting flashes of fire from between the layers of wrinkled, brown, droop-

Faster, faster she urged her horse as she saw a clear stretch of trail open-ing before her, her hand continually reaching up and feeling the precious burden about her neck. Then she looked back for her escort, when the ground seemed to grow soft, to slip op from under her mount's hoofs and send her burtling down-down-down -she knew not where nor why-down into blackness at which her hands clutched vainly, clutching nothing from the dark-down into a blackness that seemed stiffing her until it reached up and mercifully compassed her con

Hugo Loubeque curtly dismissed the withered crone who handed him the sack containing the documents Lucille had worn about her neck. In his eyes glowed no light of triumph. First they had lighted with a strange relief, but now they seemed fastened upon a memory filled with vague regret as he visualized the girl, lying helpless at initiom of the pit be had caused

his native to dig across the trail. Suddenly be sprang to his feet, once more the man of action. Pity this girl, daughter of the woman he loved, he might, but she was not the sort to He supine while he made away with the papers for which she had gone through so much already. Suddenly he tore open the bag, dumping the contents out before him and running through them nervously. When he looked up the light of disappointment, almost fear, was upon his face.

The amulet, the sacred amulet which had served her so well, would continue to serve her so well as long as she continued in this land, was still in her possession. He had failed to tell the crone to steal that siso. And the old woman had reported that she was merely stunned. The sacred amulet which would make her revered by any

albie reitef, for so long as he remained here Lucille had every one for friend and assistant, while he had only those he might gain through fear.

Lucille stirred, opened her eyes in bevilderment, unable to piece together any connection between the black hole in which she found berself and the narrow trail through the jungle along which she had urged ber borse. Gradually it all came back to ber. Her hands sought her bosom, and, with a little groan of utter minery, she gave way to uncontrollable sobs.

The reaction did her good, worked conders with her. In that spell of self pity father, home, aweetheart, everything, was forgotten before the error of her own predicament. labed with it, she gathered every faculty, mental and physical, and scrambled to her feet. Above her as she lifted her eyes she made out a streak of light. threaded between atsles of dense leadness-the sun piercing home into the Jungle. She moved forward, her hands before her, groping. Something soft and motionless and so still it caused her to shudder met the toe of her boot. She drew back in swift alarm, knowing it to be the body of the horse she had ridden, a great feeling of grateful ness at her own escape from a similar fate warming her through and through. Mastering the innate repulsion within

er, she stepped upon the corpse, bet hands reaching up and finding the smooth edge of the hole that had been dug across the roadway to entrap her. Her dingers found the roots of a tree, roots so stout they bore her weight. For a moment she waited, gathering her falling strength for the supre effort. Then she sprang up, gathering her knees under her, relaxing slightly her strength and drawing herself to

the warm surface of the road. About her on every side the jungle breathed, loathsome, fetid, horrible. Like some glant monster it seemed to spread its myriad tentacles in every direction, barring egresa, fastening upon the one who chanced to stray within it, sucking at one's very vitals shricks of birds filled the sir.

But no odds how bleak the prosp how foriorn the hope, one always feel glimpsed a greater danger and averted it Lucille had known within the quar ter hour the horror of blindness, and ber beart leaped high with joy at being able to see these things. In this same jungle with ber, in quite as bad a predicament, was Hugo Loubeque and with Hugo Lobeque were the pa pers she had fought so hard to recover spoke aloud, her voice triting s note so foreign to this black abode that even the animal life was sliepced amaze. "He shall not keep the pa pers long!" were her words.

The thought braced her as would before ber and behind was naught but jungle. Which way should she turn to come across the international spy? She felt the amulet about her neck with nervous, plucking fingers, as though seeking to read the answer there. Safety lay behind, back along the trall in the village of the chief who had so reluctantly permitted her to answer the trumped up message from his neighbor. But she did not wish safety. She wanted the papers and civilization. In which direction to she must leave to the power that had guided her steps so far, but she knew she must make quick choice.

As though her question was to be answered for her, she noticed the chatter of the monkeys suddenly changing. observed a wild alarm to their voices, and, looking up, saw a host, an army of them, huddled close together, then slipping swiftly in wild disorder from tree to tree. Lucille feit a thrill of something more than unensiness com ing upon her as she stared into the blackness to make out the reason for their alarm. Swiftly she shrank back before the blaxing balls of fire that were fastened upon her from the

heavy wall of vines and creepers. Again that crackling of twigs, this time in greater volume, and where before but one pair of wild eyes had stared at her there were now many eyes. She recollected the fires her sav-age friends had built of nights that the ngle beasts might not disturb them. But she had no means of lighting a She was alone, with nothing to retreated slowly, fear hanging upon her feet, holding her back even as low bserved and would probably be taken

for a sign of fear. At the sound the trees were shaken riolently by another rush of the little tree men. It gave ber an idea instantly. Even as the even grew miracu ously into long, graceful bodies Lo cille reached up and grasped the thick walls of creepers dangling from a glant trunked tree. Came a rush so ellent and sure footed she could hear but the faint pat, pat of the leopard's feet, fol-lowed by a neavy click of jaws. intinctively she drew her feet up under her and, fear lending impetus to her movements, clambered swiftly up the vines until the welcome crotch of the

Higher and higher she climbed until the terrifying sight of the leopards encircling the tree was shut from her eyes by the heavy follage beneath igabed until her muscles sched, climbof until even the crunching of twigs eneath falled to reach up to her. Beneath per swayed the jungle.



Lucille at the Ocor of Her Hut.

Above her flickered a myriad of stars. epholes in some great theater they were through which the master player might watch what was going on in his world. They thrilled Lucille with their familiarity. So long she had been here in this jungle she savage she chanced to meet was still hers, while he, Hugo Loubeque, would find every hand against him.

He moved swiftly now, preparing for his long journey through the image.

oon her now were looking down upon Manila, upon her father, upon her sweet heart. These same stars were candles of truth that would not, could not, unblushingly look upon such a disaster as threatened her being consummated.

And then her eyes were builted, stay ed in their review of the stars by the eight of a long, thin spiral of smoke rising and reaching up toward the stars to wispy tragility. from miles to the westward. But Le-cille knew that smoke for fire and the fire to be that lighted by human bands

CHAPTER VIII. Loubeque Fights Down a Emotion.

OUBEQUE could not have explain ed why had he tried, but the thought that Lucille still possessed the mystic amulet given her by the savage chief for saving his daughter's life and which had served in such good stead against his machinations werried him more than a little. True, his plot bad succeeded, the his servant dug across the trail bad swallowed her up and the old native crone had brought bim the pro papers. But he was worried. He felt nself at times almost wishing to be rid of the qualms which had forbade his serving her with a death sentence

She had the mystic amulet still and always plotting in advance those things he wished done, it bothered him not to know exactly how great the power of that amulet was. Together with the uncertainty of his

position, with realization of the inthe language of any people be chance to meet, the international apy fought his way through the jungle in experienced before. Nights, when be would build fires to fend off wild censts that gathered in a circle and stared with their biazing eyes from out the blackness, he would find her face emerging from the flames.

"Is it possible that I love ! loved her mother?" he asked himself. But he fought against the thought. Forcing his marches in mad desire to weary his body so at night his brain

would succumb to the utter weariness that gripped him, Hugo Loubeque tried struggling to take place within his He noticed a growing sullenness of the part of his servant, a solky ob

ence which came only grudgingly after rage had tipped his master's tones with menacing decisiveness. He de cided to watch the fellow more carefully, though at the same time laugh ing at himself for the nervousness which was growing apon him.

he finally saw to the fire his servant bad prepared and stretched out, sinking almost instantly into profound slumber. He had fought against heavy sleep, for the actions of the native had been unusually furtive and restless all day. The wakening was of

the most abrupt.
He started bolt upright, looking instinctively toward the place where his servant should have been. But the man was gone, and the fire was ecab tering wildly about, as though some one had intentionally disturbed it that the jungle beasts might lose their fear of this man and pounce upon him. He heard the crackling of twige under feet too swift to be other than thos of man in terrot, caught a glimpee of a wavering, finshing flare of torch-light, heard the piercing wall of a a wavering, finshing flare of to man's voice

Grasping his revolver, Loubeque sprang to his feet, instantly wide swake. For just a second he waited

"Don't shoot! It's a Hop"-Loubeque allowed the revolver to drop to his side. Suddenly the wonder of her being at his camp site struck him, and simultaneously his band sought the eack about his neck

was gone. madly against the black tangle of veg-etation that barred his way, he was withheld by some feeling within from fring the revolver at that torch. He could hear the low growls of a wild animal, caught a stray glimpse of Lu-cille standing over a dark, shapeless figure of a man beside the bank of a little stream, while, before the waving orch she had snatched from the camp ire of her enemy, a great flop wa diently retreating

Loubeque caught a glimpee of this; then in his efforts to reach her side he was shut from sight completely. He tried to stumble back to her when he ground seemed to kick up its beels and slide backward. He clutched valuhe arm of a man. Cold water clo apon him, and, still clutching the arm, se allowed himself to float down the dream for a way. Then, to a turn, he managed to secure footing and drag the body of his dead servant, borribly mutilated by the claws of the iton, to shore lint, search though be would, the little bag that contained the papers

was not to be found. Louiseque fought his way back to the spot where he had made his fire, resd-ily locating the spot where Lucille had friven away the ilon from his prey. for Lacille and disappeared, van completely as though the earth had wallowed her up The international apy stood a long time in stience beside the place where he had seen the And there was that in the eyes that looked down at the revolver in his band which told that next time

would not besitate to use it. For three days Lucille kept very near that campfire light, furtive as any of the animals that prowled about, guarding herself against them by the same fire that protected her enemy. At times only the watchfulness of Loubeque. his catilite slumber, prevented her car-rying out her audacious plot to steal the little bag in which he still carried

the papers. It was the night of the fourth day that she decided to take a desperate chance, the same night that creeping close upon the camp she saw some-thing about the actions of the native that made her keep very still. She caught her breath with a little gasp as she saw the man creep nois toward his master and purion from about his meet the precious hag which carried the papers she had come so far to rescue

As he crept away from his victim Lucilie slowly rested her feet, her whole soul quivering with delight, for there would be no difficulty with this native compared to the coping of wits and resources with the powerful brain and body of Loubeque. Lucille's trailing of the native was halted abruptly by a wild cry of alarm, followed by a loud acreech of pain, the thud of bodies falling heavily, a horrid, ripping sound. Dimly she glimpsed the shadowy outlines of a magnificent ilon, head lifted as



Loubeque Kept a Careful Watch. though he astened for some one, his paw maching out and resting upon hapeless, grouning mass she knew for of consequence, with nothing save the primal urge of saving life, she leaped icross the narrow space that separated her from the spy's campfire, kicking the embers right and left, grasping hardiest flamed knot of them all and, darting toward the flon, waved

the torch fearlessly.

The animal uttered a low growi, stood his ground for a moment before this menace that darted at him, then tucked his tall between his legs and slunk back into the jungle from which be bad appeared so unexpectedly. Lucille bent over the wounded man, ut tering a low cry of sympathy as she turned away in terror from the horriwounded torso. Gradually it dawned upon her that the man was dead, quite dead. She could not realise it instantly; then the voice of Loubeque's revolver spoke, and she utter-ed ber warning cry.

(To be continued next week.)

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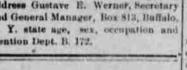
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United States Land Oppics, Burns, Oregon, October 7, 1914 |
Notice is herein siven that James A. Camoron, of Wavely, Oregon, who, on May Il, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 05488, for all section 1, Township 27 South, Range 3s E. Whiamette Meridian, bas filed notice of intention to make final three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Euras, Oregon, on the 18th day of November, 1914 |
United and Receiver, at Euras, Oregon, on the 18th day of November, 1914 |
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United and Receiver, at Euras, Oregon, on the 18th day of November, 1914 |
United and Receiver, at Euras, Oregon, Oregon, Way, Farre, Register, Way, Farre, Register,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office,
Burns, Oregon, October 7, 1914.
Notice is hereby given that James Cameron, guardian of Anna Cameron, insance, widow of Ren Cameron, Deceased, of Wayerly, Oregon, who, on May Blat and November 21, 1911, respectively, made Homestead Entries, No. 0848-06714.
for NW14, NW4NEM, See. Is and SW40225, section 19, Township 27 S., Rangs 24 K., Wilson etc Meridian, has filed notice of intention to us & a final three-year Front to establish claim to the land above described, helper Register and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon, on the 16th day of November, 1914.
Chainant names as witnesses:

b F. Stevic, A. B. Bennest, D. Quier, K. Horstman, all of Waverly, Oregon.

Ww. Farrn, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Burns, Oregon, October 18, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Bertha Schaper, of Diamond, Oregon, whe, on september 10, 1918, make Homestand Entry, No. 69975, for 1918, make Homestand Entry, No. 69975, for 1918, Manuel Homestand Entry, No. 69975, for 1918, Manuel Schaper, New 1917, 1918, Range 25 K. Willamette Meridian, has field notice of intended to the Mariellan, has field notice of intended to the Indian to the land above described, before loni to make final Communitation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Burns, Oregon, on the 1918 day of November, 1918.

Unimant tames as witnesses:

Ernest Schaper, Christian Schaper, Dean Burlon and Robert Reed all of Diamond, Oregon

WM. FARRE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
Burns, Oregon, October 12, 934.
Notice is hereby given that Benjamin A.
Riddle, of Diamond, Oregon, who, on October
1, 194, made Homesteed Entry serial No. 07773,
or stysWig, NW 128Wig, Sec. 22 and NEGERS,
vection 11, Township 12 south, Range 297, Fast,
Vilamette Meridian, has filed notice of Intention to make final five-year Front, to establish
lain to the land shove described, before Regsite and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon, on the
8th day of November, 1914.
Clafinski names for witnesses:
E. H. Brown, Charles A. Wells and John
Neaver, all all of Diamond, Oregon. Clifford
irousbeck, of Narrowa, Oregon.
Ws. Farrax, Register

Notice of Sale of State Lands.

Notice is hereby given that the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will receive scaled bids until 10:00 o'clock A. M., December 22, 1914 for the following described lands, to-wit:

The W16 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, of Sec. 36 T. 324 S. R. 33 E. Sections 16 and 36, T. 38 S. R. 321/4 E Sections 16 and 36, T. 33 S. R. 32% E Section 16, W1/4 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec

36, T. 33 S. R. 33 E. The \$E14, E1/2 of W1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3 4 of Section 16, T. 33 S. R. 34 R. The N1/2 and N1/2 of S1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3 4 of Section 16, and all of Section 36

T. 84 H. R. 32 E. Sections 16 and 36, T. 34 S. R. 321/2 B. Sections 16 and 36, T. 34 S. R. 32% E. U. S. Canada or Europe. Old reliable All of Section 16, W16 and Lots 1, 2. 3, 4 of Section 36, T. 34 S. R. 33 E.

All of Section 16, N/6, N/6 of S/6 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of Section 36, T. 35 S. R. 3214 E. All of Sections 16 and 36, T. 35 S. R. 32% E

All bids must be accompanied by a regularly executed application to purme-fifth of the amount of the bid The right to reject any and all bids is

applications and bids should be admed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State and Board, Salem, Oregon, and mark-l "Application and bid to purchase

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