

LUCILLE LOVE

The Girl of Mystery

By the
"MASTER PEN"

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SYNOPSIS

Valuable governmental papers are stolen by Thompson, fellow of the cubanque, international spy, from General Love, who Loubeque hates, in Manila. Love's daughter Lucille flies to a steamer to recover the papers in order to clear the name of Lieutenant Gibson, whom she loves.

Loubeque, tampering with the wireless on the steamer, is hurt. Lucille nurses him in an attempt to recover the papers.

Lucille gets the papers, but the ship is wrecked. She is cast ashore on a Pacific island and is taken by a native chief to his hut to nurse his sick child.

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

Loubeque, jammed, forges a message from a neighboring chief to Loubeque, a pitfall, losing the documents.

CHAPTER VIII (Continued)

The shot brought everything back to her. She was here, not to sympathize even with one wounded to death, but to save her sweetheart's honor. She found the sack and looked back to where she could see Loubeque advancing.

For just a second she pained. Then, some impulse governing her, she threw the burning knot of wood between the intricacies of a nearby latticework of vines and slunk stealthily to the right, knowing the spy would follow the light instead of herself. Even as she watched his movements, glorying in the success of her strategy, her hand pressed against something cold and damp. She looked swiftly down at the stone ruins beside her, along which she had been walking, ruins covered with thick tropical vegetation. She passed her fingers over the stone she had first encountered, rubbing away the mud and creepers that covered it so completely.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, she saw the ground moving, moving restlessly as it would move had some monster mole been burrowing beneath its surface. It was moving, moving directly under Loubeque. She started back, wide eyed at the spectacle of a great stone door suddenly springing wide and hurling the man who had stood upon it to one side completely out of her sight. She advanced timidly, staring about for sign of the spy, but he was not to be seen. She peered down the black hole that had opened, wondering, half convinced to believe herself in a trance, for a flight of stone steps reached up to her, reached up from the blackness, a blackness which her eyes could not pierce, try though they would.

A bit terrified, yet with curious irresistible, Lucille timidly put a foot upon the first step, then halted. She waited a moment, then followed her right foot with the left. As though some giant hand urged her down, her reluctant feet moved slowly, step by step, down the long flight. And always would she stare in nameless terror lest the door be suddenly closed and her means of exit barred. And even as she looked her premonition of evil was verified.

Slowly, very slowly, the stray light that opened down to her through the passage narrowed, disappeared. To her ears came the sound of feet, swift, sure. About her was such blackness as she had never even imagined before.

Slowly she groped her way back to the steps, finding the last one and feeling about for some means of throwing back the opening. The steps beneath her feet were slippery, worn as though the feet of thousands and hundreds of thousands had passed that way for as many years. And always about her, yet never so close as to come in contact with her, were the owners of the feet that slipped and glided so footedly upon the steps. Above her that solid wall beneath her steps that led down into the bowels of the earth; about her human beings whom she could not see.

Curiously clawlike hands, but human hands, sought out her wrists, drawing her down the steps, slowly, with an undeviating purpose, but never harshly. Realizing the futility of resistance, her feet slipped, and she fell. The solid wall behind her seemed to follow her down the long flight. A veritable army seemed to swarm before and about her, judging from the footfalls. The hands upon her wrists were cold, unhealthy, hairy, yet the sounds of the voices of her captors were harsh guttural, incomprehensible, yet human.

"This is the end of all for me!" she said in her terror.

CHAPTER IX.

Riches From a Weird Source.

HER knees jolted from under her as she reached out and found no downward step. Round black passages through rock vaulted sides, some so close the sides brushed against her, she was hustled. She had given herself completely up to her guides. She knew with a heavy despair that only accident could enable her to find her way back to the steps through all the turns they had made. Quite abruptly she felt her eyes blinded as the mantle of blackness was flung aside. For a moment she could not see; then, becoming accustomed to the transition from darkness to comparative light, she looked with a shudder of terror upon the hairy, dwarfed, misshapen creatures who surrounded her—creatures who chattered in the guttural of mutes, creatures whom the perpetual darkness had paled to a ghastly pallor, creatures whose hydrocephalic heads were always bent far forward as though the sense of hearing had been given them in treble value because of the blindness with which the subterranean life had afflicted them.

Sick with the unwholesomeness of the night, Lucille lifted her eyes at a shrill, chattering note in the guttural—a note that was strangely familiar, even welcome. She stared wonderingly at the enormous carved statue of a malignant face—a man—a man with mighty torso and gigantic arms, a man whose head towered far above her and whose forehead and neck and arms

were loaded with blazing rifles. The alien sound that drove the mutes crouching back came from the gigantic statue. And then Lucille saw that a huge orang-utang squatted complacently in the palms of the idol, his wrinkled, old man's face puckered curiously.

As though their fear had subsided the underground creatures came more closed in upon Lucille. Some impulse made her dart toward the orang as though for protection. The foul creatures were about her, clawing at her with their horrible, uncertain paws, like giant bats. The monkey seemed suddenly to wake to the situation.

With a shrill note of rage he leaped from his squatting posture and snatched the necklace of rubies from about the idol's neck, flinging it squarely into the center of the mob. It had the effect of drawing them back for a moment. With shrill squeals the orang's hairy paw plucked jewel after jewel from the idol, hurling them at the creatures with the speed of bullets. Again and again he drove them back from his grasp, and he constantly fought her way closer to this strange protector.

Her heart sank as she saw the creature had no more missiles. She caught a flash of hairy arms and body as he leaped toward her, his huge, round arms flailing about him, dropping the subterranean inhabitants at every swing. Lucille, guided by some impulse, stooped and picked up the blazing necklace, extending it to the orang. He snatched it eagerly. With a shrill he thrashed about the creatures dropping like ninetins. Backward, ever backward, Lucille felt her way, edging through the mob as her protector cleared a passage. The rock ribbed vault echoed and re-echoed hideously with the shrill squeals of rage from the orang, the guttural of terror and pain from her assailants. Now they were fighting among themselves, tumbling about in a wild chaos of arms and legs and bodies.

She closed her eyes against the terrible sight. Suddenly Lucille felt her feet slipping from under her; felt herself going down toward a rippling, musical sound; gently falling through the blackness as though she sank within a soft mattress of feathers.

Cold water ran up and broke her fall, closing about her and edging her gently to and fro. Instinctively she reached out, her hands closing about a narrow strip of wood. With every atom of strength in her frail body she caught, making out finally that the object was a canoe. Slowly she slipped down the current until a flicker of narrow light glowed far ahead.

The light inspired her with fresh energy. She drew herself up, carefully balanced the canoe against her weight, then slipped into the bottom and lay there exhausted. She groped about as the sides of the subterranean cavern expanded. The light grew broader. A paddle encountered her fingers, and she thrust it out into the water. Came a crunching of wood as it ripped against the rocky sides of the shallow ravine, and she stared in dismay at the useless handle that alone remained to her. Gently, lazily the canoe floated down toward the ever expanding wedge of light. Slowly, very slowly, the fresh air of the jungle met her quivering nostrils. And even as she opened her mouth, laying her head back, the intoxicating odor that had been so repulsive to her before, the canoe was lifted up, snatched up and whirled about in a gigantic whirling circle.

Lucille instinctively thrust the broken shaft of paddle into the water, finding it useless. She crouched low, round and round in ever narrowing circles she whirled, the black water white now as it lashed itself into raging circles from the exact center of which rose a jagged toothed rock—a rock that impetuously, cruelly waited this dainty morsel being brought him.

Faster, faster, in ever shortening circles the creamy foam of savage waters drew the frail craft toward the ugly, black rock that rose from out its center.

Round and round in the circles of waters the frail craft sped. Then for a brief fraction of a second the circular progress was balked, the canoe being held steady, quivering as another force seized it and whirled against the whirlpool. Lucille held her breath, measuring the length of time a new hope arrived in hours instead of the seconds it really was. Then the craft shot out of the current and continued upon its wild chase toward the rock.

It was now a matter of but two revolutions at best before the end. Lucille saw this with eyes that flashed not, yet that refused to hold any dread. Something flashed against her cheek, and her hands instinctively reached up, clutching, grasping, clinging to a thick tangle of creepers.

The canoe whirled out from under her while she clung there, the savage water leaping, snapping at her feet.

Desperation loaned her strength. For just a second she rested, then bravely reached out and clambered along the thick vine until she saw the earth beneath, then dropped and lay panting upon the ground, shaking with a nervous chill as the rocking ceased her.

Low voices speaking in English tones awakened her from the state of self pity which followed the chill. She looked up swiftly, now that the dense fastnesses encircling her were really pregnable, fearing a new enemy.

Fists had been so kind to her and she was so unkind that she realized her chief danger simultaneously with the realization of what she had to guard. She clutched at the little sack, thrilling at the rustle of the papers she had fought so hard to gain, at thought of what they meant to her sweetheart in Manila. The diary told her that Hugo Loubeque had thousands of men working to do his will.

The shrill protesting creak of oarlocks drove away her fear, supplanting it with one of wild alarm. The men were going away were leaving her alone here. Of the millions of inhabitants of the globe, why should she think every man a worker of the spy? She swung herself wildly through the tangle of thick vegetation that barred her way from the sound, crying aloud at the top of her voice for assistance even though she knew no sound could carry to the men. She found herself standing upon a pebbly little beach that snatched a serene crescent of water from the ocean. Straining her eyes, she could dimly see a large rowing boat at the tip of the crescent. Its objective point being obviously a beautifully slender yacht anchored well out.

Lucille waved her arms in the air wildly, running up and down the beach in desperation as she saw her opportunity for escape from the terrible jungle receding. Her throat was racked from the dry sobs which escaped her, sobs of rage and chagrin at her own cowardices and folly.

Suddenly she stopped dead in her tracks, her fists tightly clenched as she pressed them against her breast. "It is coming back!" she gasped, for she made out that the boat had stopped.

CHAPTER X.

Mutiny!

IT was the sixth day out that for the first time she saw the man upon the deck in daytime. Captain Wetherell was scanning the sky, his brow clouded and his heavy jaw thrust forward like an angry bulldog.

Lucille was standing beside the old boatwain, questioning him and whirling away the long salty day by listening to the stories he loved to tell her. She started toward her cabin. She heard a swift step across the deck and hurried the faster, only pausing to look back when she reached her door.

A little cry of pity and rage came from her lips when, with an ugly oath, Wetherell lifted his great fist and floorboarded her door. Every womanly impulse rose up within her at the outrageous, uncalled for attack. Forgetful of her own precarious position, forgetful of everything save the pain of the old man upon the deck, she started to his assistance, when the door of the Chinaman's stateroom slipped open, and the occupant strode across the deck toward Wetherell and spoke with Wetherell in low tones of suppressed passion.

The captain eyed the man angrily for a moment, then turned and slipped away, his very back dropping like that of a whipped cur. Lucille turned to enter her cabin, but something caused her to stop. She felt an instant's hesitation for aid, but amazement at recognition of the man who stepped into the cabin behind her, softly closing the door, held her dumb. For, under the yellow coloring, the made up slanting eyes, the Mongolian nose he had so cunningly assumed, she recognized Hugo Loubeque, and instinctively both hands clasped at the little bag about her neck which held the precious papers. The spy smiled at the impulsive gesture.

"You have guessed the reason for this intrusion, Miss Love," he murmured gravely. "The papers, if you please."

The terror, widened eyes of the girl narrowed slowly as her gaze traveled from the indomitable face to the outstretched hand. Her lips parted in a smile as she moved toward the door and held it open for him to leave.

"Miss Lucille," he continued, his tone forbearing toward her, "I cannot continue forever. Undoubtedly you know my power. Does it not startle you to find me in a position of authority upon this yacht? It is always so. Everywhere I find my assistants. Forty years of my life have been spent in ordering events so that such obstacles as you have encountered would be at my command. The papers, if you please."

She quailed before the lightning that darted from his somber eyes. Common sense, the instinct for self preservation, everything urged her to obey. Yet when her hands sought her bosom the feel of the precious little bag renewed her courage, gave her strength to meet his eyes with a courage greater even than his own assurance.

Her eyes held to his with an effect of frightened fascination. It was the change in his tone, the difference in his wording of the demand that told Hugo Loubeque's confidence had been finally frayed to the breaking point, that craft and diplomacy would be things of the past did she not relinquish the papers to him now. Yet duty, love—twinned shadows, wraithlike, yet of iron strength—held her back from obedience.

"Think, Miss Love, think of our position. I am a man of strength, brute strength, against your own; measure the strength of any one of the thousands who implicitly obey me. Those waters tell no tales, give up no ghastrly secrets. Think of that, Miss Love, I beg of you, then give me the little bag you wear about your neck."

His voice was full of pleading, yet his eyes held a death message which made her shudder.

"You seek to save the ones dear to

you, child. You think me wicked, cruel, relentless, and I am all of these things. Forty years ago I might have done as you do now, but all the impulses of that time are dead, killed by your father; all the love I ever had, the only love, has been dead for forty years, killed by your father; all the ambition of that time of youth, the happiness of hope, the pride of fatherland, is dead, has been dead for forty years, killed by your father. General Sumpter Love. And you—you think that I would stop at violence to prevent your thwarting me; you think I would trade those forty years of hate for the faint splash of a girl's body on the waters of this great waste?"

The while his tones grew lower, they carried a vibrant thrill that struck at her very heart. His face was flinty as with passionate pleading, she lifted her eyes to his. Instinctively she recoiled as a shadow fell between them. Loubeque frowned as Captain Wetherell joined them, his eyes flashing a questioning glance at the pallid face of the girl. Then the spy bowed gravely and stepped on the deck, followed closely by the captain of the yacht.

Whisper of the men growing louder came to her until she could distinguish the angry voice of Wetherell, lifted now in surly rebellion. Lucille shrank back against the wall vaulting from the man's tones and the expression on his face. A greater horror than the waves came leaping to her mind. Hugo Loubeque was her protection from this brute. She knew it was true. And then Captain Wetherell stepped inside her cabin, without the formality of knocking, closing the door cautiously behind him, his every movement furtive, his face wearing a sheepishly leer of expression.

"What—what do you want?"

Immediately the question passed her lips she realized she had made a mistake. That her tones showed fright.

"Don't be alarmed," he said softly. "I have settled with Mr. Loubeque. You need have no further fear of him, my dear."

Fear! Lucille felt a great yearning for the spy, a need of his protection even as a moment before she had thought it impossible to be in such mortal terror of any one as she had been of Hugo Loubeque and his crafty manner.

(To be continued next week.)

Combination sick, injury, accident and death benefit protection at minimum cost. \$2,000.00 death benefit; \$1,000.00 for loss of limb or eyesight; from \$5.00 to \$15.00 weekly sick or accident benefit; \$1,000.00 emergency relief benefit. Cost is \$6.00 per year; no other dues or assessments. In this insurance all men and women are placed on an equal basis, regardless of occupation. Every person makes the same form of application, pays the same amount of premium and receives the same amount of benefit. Men and women between the ages of 16 and 65 are accepted. No restrictions as to occupation, only Railroad men employed on track, train or round house, can not be accepted. Claims are paid within sixty days anywhere in the U. S. Canada or Europe. Old reliable Insurance Company. \$100,000.00 on State deposit as a protection for policy holders and to guarantee the payment of claims. For further information address Gustave E. Werner, Secretary and General Manager, Box 813, Buffalo, N. Y. state age, sex, occupation and mention Dept. B. 172.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
Burns, Oregon, October 27, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that David F. Nutter, of Diamond, Oregon, who, on April 15, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 2007, for Lot 4, Township 31 South, Range 21 S., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Burns, Oregon, on the 26th day of December, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: William McKinnis, Nelson E. Farlee, Albert Ward, Otto L. Granch, all of Diamond, Oregon, and Ed Comery, all of Burns, Oregon.

W. F. FARNS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
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Notice is hereby given that Frank Short, of Burns, Oregon, who, on April 2, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 6072, for N 1/4, Section 11, Township 31 S., Range 21 S., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Burns, Oregon, on the 26th day of December, 1914.

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Claimant names as witnesses: C. W. Brown, G. B. Adams, S. H. Curry all of Harrihan, Oregon. Rhoda E. Gray of Burns, Oregon.

W. F. FARNS, Register.

Notice of Sale of State Lands.

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

The W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, of Sec. 36, T. 32 1/2 S. R. 33 E.

Sections 16 and 36, T. 33 S. R. 32 1/2 E.

Sections 16 and 36, T. 33 S. R. 32 1/2 E.

Section 16, W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec. 36, T. 33 S. R. 33 E.

The N 1/4, E 1/2 of W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of Section 16, T. 33 S. R. 34 E.

The N 1/2 and N 1/4 of S 1/4 and Lots 1, 3, 4 of Section 16, and all of Section 36, T. 34 S. R. 32 E.

Sections 16 and 36, T. 34 S. R. 32 1/2 E.

Sections 16 and 36, T. 34 S. R. 32 1/2 E.

All of Section 16, W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of Section 36, T. 34 S. R. 33 E.

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

All of Sections 16 and 36, T. 35 S. R. 32 1/2 E.

All bids must be accompanied by a regularly executed application to purchase and check or draft for at least one-fifth of the amount of the bid.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase state lands."

G. G. BROWN,
Clerk State Land Board.
Dated October 26, 1914.

Sumpter Valley Railway Co.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

Departs	No. 2, Prairie	10:15 A. M.
	Sumpter	2:35 P. M.
Arrives	Baker	4:00 P. M.

Departs	No. 1, Baker	8:30 A. M.
	Sumpter	10:05 A. M.
Arrives	Prairie	2:10 P. M.

No. 1 Makes good connection with O. W. R. & N. No. 10 leaving Portland 7:00 P. M. and No. 17 from east arriving Baker 6:50 A. M.

No. 2 Connects with La Grande local 7:00 to La Grande, and No. 9 (fast Mail) picks up sleeper there arriving in Portland 7:00 A. M. Also with No. 18 at 10:45 P. M. for points East.

RODNEY DAVIS

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and Decorating
Calcining
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Fresco Painting

Estimates furnished on application. Samples shown. GIVE HIM A CHANCE

THE MOST ACCURATE 22 CALIBER Repeating Rifle in the World.

Made in two models: one for .22 Short R. F. cartridges, the other for .22 Long Rifle R. F.

STEVENS "VISIBLE LOADING" RIFLE NO. 70.

Handles 16—22 Short and 19—22 long rifle cartridges. Send for handsomely illustrated Rifle Catalog and "How to Shoot Well."

Order Stevens Rifles—Pistols and Shotguns from your Dealer.

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CHICOPPE FALLS, MASS.

Roller barley, wheat and oats for sale at market prices.—W. A. Goodman's feed yard.

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Burns, Oregon, October 27, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph L. Kellogg, of Harrihan, Oregon, who, on April 2, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 5453, for N 1/4, Section 11, Township 31 S., Range 21 S., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Burns, Oregon, on the 26th day of December, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. W. Brown, G. B. Adams, S. H. Curry all of Harrihan, Oregon. Rhoda E. Gray of Burns, Oregon.

W. F. FARNS, Register.

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UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
Burns, Oregon, October 27, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that David F. Nutter, of Diamond, Oregon, who, on April 15, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 2007, for Lot 4, Township 31 South, Range 21 S., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Burns, Oregon, on the 26th day of December, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: William McKinnis, Nelson E. Farlee, Albert Ward, Otto L. Granch, all of Diamond, Oregon, and Ed Comery, all of Burns, Oregon.

W. F. FARNS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
Burns, Oregon, October 27, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Frank Short, of Burns, Oregon, who, on April 2, 1914, made Homestead Entry No. 6072, for N 1/4, Section 11, Township 31 S., Range 21 S., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Burns, Oregon, on the 26th day of December, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: William McKinnis, Nelson E. Farlee, Albert Ward, Otto L. Granch, all of Diamond, Oregon, and Ed Comery, all of Burns, Oregon.

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