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## SYNOP515

Thempson, follower of Loubeque, in-mational spy, from General Love, whom abeque hates, in Manila, Love's daugh-Lucille files to a steamer to recover papers in order to clear the name of utenant Gibson, whom she loves. Valuable govern

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 natives idoltse Lucille. Loubeque, also cast ashore, tries various plans to recover the papers, but in vals.

Loubeque, anned, forme a message from a neighboring chief to hure Lucille away from her friends. She falls into a pitfall, losing the documents.

Loubeque's native aid steals the payers from his master, and Lucille takes them from the native after he is killed by a lion. She finds and follows an under-ground passage in the jungle.

Lucille falls into the hands of a tribe of age men, whose leader drops a neck-ince of priceless rubles, which she takes. She and Loubeque are reacued from the island by a yacht commanded by Captain Wetherell

(CHAPTER X Continued)

"He understands who is master o this boat now. He attempts to give me orders, to bribe me to force you to

as she spoke a thrill of conscious tri umph surcharged her as she realized the tremble had left her voice.

Wetherell halted uncertainly, held back by her charge. Then her helpnessness gave him courage and he moved closer.

"Want?" he repeated, then with a abort, barking laugh, "I want the papers and I want you."

leaped forward, clasping her about the waist with his great arms, the right hand moving toward her mouth, closing over the delicate lips and smothering her cry of wild alarm. He sprang back with a low toned oath of surprised incredulity even as her brittle laugh echoed through the cabin. Slowly, a step at a time, inch by inch, Lucille forced the man toward the door. In smothering her screams he had freed her right arm and her tiny fist, fighting against his, beating at his body, had encountered his revolver, which she deftiy ab-stracted and had pressed against his

Of them all he alone knew the post-"The papers are quite safe where tion of the yacht, the fine points of they are," she murmured sweetly, the navigation, the crooks and turns of the glint in her eyes belying the tones. ocean in this vicinity. Wetherell straightened as another them ferocionsity, as though it consume those hardy intruders. "Come, captain; let's see how the men builled like the sight of you

ping, ferocious, A\*faint pooming sound reached out to them across the waters, distracting their attention. Something dark and round described a parabola from the speck of a ship and leaped through the sir toward them; came a splash of water not 100 yards away, a aplash followed by a cry of alarm. "They're firing on us."

Wetherell, heedless of the pointing revolver in the hands of the girl, sprang forward, facing the puzzled, frightened men Mutiny!" his great voice rose in

derision. "Mutiny now when you hear a girl lying to you! Mutiny now when against this one who would wreck those she held most dear.

affirmative. my diary. You know what I have

She Was Lowered Into the Boat.

we have a cargo of arms and ammunition in the hold for the Chinese rebels and a government warship is pursuing us! Mutiny now and put the man and woman in command who bired me to

carry this cargo!" "It's a lie!" Lucille's voice was shrill now.

on their knees, for him to take com-

mand and avert the disaster that was

upon them.

cask of water.

up and thrust it in his pocket.

kindly toward the spy.

CHAPTER XI.

in an Open Boat.

"Lie, is it? Very well. Where did I pick you and Loubeque up? On the same bit of land, as the men know. If he is your enemy, how did you two happen to be at the place where I picked up the cargo? Tell them what the Chinese government does to a sall-or on a bost carrying arms and ammunition which cannot be accounted for. My brave men, let this girl get you out of the noose you are running your heads into, but don't bother me any more"-

the ruby necklace meeting ner fingers spoke again as though to bimself: "Yes, child, perhaps it is better so. and putiling her for a moment before it started a chaotic chain of recollec-It is so much simpler to fight against ons that finally marshaled themselves in semblance of order.

Out of the delirium of fever she ing, in his tones that made her lips tremble in sympathy for the man who fought remembrance of all that had happened since Hugo Loubeque drag-red her back in the boat, recalled vivhad so splendidly guisjudged the life that had been given him, had so misidly from the subconscious brain that had attained ascendancy during that used the marvelons brain. Again came that feminine instinct to proselyte, and harrowing period, his tender nursing of her, his denial, his stern self managain did a giance at his deter face make her dealst. She would fight and fight and die fighting to prevent him accomplishing his alm, but, to of her, his denial, his stern solt indu-tery when the blazing sun, the thirst, the hopelessness would otherwise have compelled him to give up the fight; and then the fishing boat, the blessed relief of water, the breaking of the fever and maye hor, she could feel no hatred

consequent repairing of burned out nerve tissues, the arrival in this house "You still have hope," she murmur ed, anxious to hear him answer in the and the sny's leave taking.

A cat and mouse game she played "Hope!" he laughed aloud. "Child, for two days with the silent Chinese it is written in the stars that I shall woman nursing her. The woman had not fail, cannot fail. You have read discovered the necklace, and Lucille knew she was constantly after it. Short periods of time there were when the nurse would sleep lustly and done to accomplish my ends. I have overthrown autions, have thousands at my feet. And all for what? That then Lucilie walked warily up and down the floor, gradually regaining perfect power of locomotion. That when I struck at the man I bated there should be no chance for failure. And now the last chance has been overthrown. I faltered, Lucille, I falneckince meant everything to her in this strange country. It meant the shillty to travel, to do anything she pleased in her fight to regain the preclous papers that meant honor and lib-erty to her faisely accused sweetheart. And with the return of strongth came a terrible uneasiness, a great fear. Hugo Loubeque, tender though his care of her had been, had left immedi-

ately she was out of danger, and she knew his motive was to seek the pa-36, T. 33 S. R. 33 E. pers that Captain Wetherell had stolen It was dawn of the third day that the nurse slipped from the foom, slip 4 of Section 16, T. 33 S. R. 34 E. ped out with a stealthiness that some made her sit bolt upright in the bed, T. 84 S. R. 82 E. then, as the door closed, spring toward the chair beside the door. The soft patter of slippered feet upon the floor without made her stiffen with resolu tion as she hid berself so that the opened door would secure her from sight. Then the door opened an inch R. 3216 E.

at a time, silently, cautiously, while the woman slipped inside the room, 32% E. looked at the blanket upon the couch where Lucille should have been, then beckoned to a slender, yellow robed young Chinaman, who entered even

ore noiselessly than the nurse had done. The girl in hiding shuddered at sight of the victous knife the young eserved. Chinaman passed to the woman. man muttered a guttural deep in his irensed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State throat as he croucaed. Evidently the and Board, Salem, Oregon, and markrevolver he carried bothered him, for ed "Application and bid to purchase he placed it upon the chair. Lucilie's state lands." fingers darted out, closing upon the welcome butt just as the woman leap-

ed across the distance that separated her from the couch upon which the Dated October 26, 1914. blanket buiged deceptively, driving the ugly knife down with a force that sent her off her balance. Lucille knew she could hide no longer and stepped from Combination sick, injuty, accident behind the door, the revolver leveled and death benefit protection at miniupon the pair, her volce shaking de

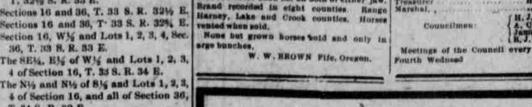
mum cost. \$2,0.0.00 death benefit; \$1,000.00 for loss of limb or eyesight; "Bands up!" she cried. faom \$5.00 to \$15.00 weekly sick or se-

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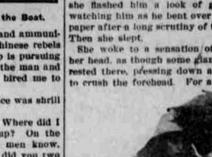
"There is no water." he said cently, she did not realize where she was stared about her perplexedly, tried to dentify the gentle, undulating motion of the boat, the soft sweeping sou of the waters. Then her eyes met the mehancholy ones of Hugo Loubeque. The sun was beating down upon

them ferocionsity, as though it would Her

tered when I should have put you out of my path forever; when I should have made an end to your interference. Destiny has intervened, Lucille, know it, feel it-in my beart." She watched him, fascinated, as he coolly rose and examined the provisions apportioned them, counting each biscult, testing the water keg. "By stinting there is enough for three days," he said quietly. "I think it would be better to wait till mora-

" He drew his cont off and passed it to her, frowning down her remonstrances at the deprivation. The

warmth of it made her realize for the first time that she had been chilled through by the cold night air and ahe flashed him a look of gratitude. watching him as he bent over a slip of paper after a long scrutiny of the stars. Then she slept. She woke to a sensation of pain in her head, as though some giant weight rested there, pressing down as the to crush the forehead. For a moment



Again the fatal booming sound from the warship whose outlines were growing more and more distinct each moment; again that splash, followed

Wetherell opened his lips to curse, but there was an expression of icy de- the girl. termination on the girl's face, in the tense lines of her figure, in the tremorless feel of the gun against him that made him do her bidding. Only when if we are captured. Lower a lifeboat he felt the cabin threshold beneath his feet and knew another step would with provisions for three days and a bring him in sight of the crew did he

It was a scant fifteen seconds the man and girl stood there, their eyes challenging. But the eyes of Lucille were steady, determined; those of the captain were truculent, deflant. Wetherell flinched and dropped his murderous expression. Then he march-ed across the threshold and upon the deck before his men, while Lucille felt the joy of such a triumph as she had never known before.

As the sailors looked up and saw Captain Wetherell sullenly marching under the impetus of the revolver in Lucille's hand they straightened and stared, open mouthed, unable to be lieve the evidence of their own eyes. Gradually it dawned upon them that the tyrant, the brutalizer, the man they all hated and feared, had been subjugated, cowed by this slip of a girl. Whispers grew louder, louder, and she caught the approval in the eyes that constantly drew closer to her own until she was surrounded by a cordon of

Only through winning the crew to her side could she maintain her posttion. Backing away, but still holding the revolver level upon the captain, she cast an appealing glance about upon

"Friends," she whispered, then, surprised at finding how low her voice vas, swallowed the lump in her throat and continued bravely: "Friends, I am just a weak girl, and I need your help. I have two enemies upon this ship. One of them I was more afraid of than anything or anybody in the world until short half hour ago. He will do anything to steal from me some papers I have rescued from him after he stole them from my father. My sweetheart, the man to whom I am engaged, was accused of the theft and arrested. And I have fought so hard to keep thesa!" Her voice broke a trifle, but she straightened bravely, tears still glisten-ing on her lashes. "I'm so tired-so ing on her lashes. tired of fighting."

The murmur of sympathy from the men died down before a still more menacing silence, a silence that broke before a shout from one on the out-skirts of the crowd. All eyes were turned in the direction of his pointing finger, and from out two great smoke spirals that seemed to come from the other side of the ocean rose slowly, majestically, the thin outlines of a The girl, scenting disaster from that sight, read it on the sneering face of her victim.

But I am more afraid of your captain, men." she cried, her voice thrill-ingly vibrant. "He came to me in my cabin and demanded the papers. He threatened me, seized me in his arms and tried to make love to me. He did this to a weak girl, men. He would treat me as he has treated you. I as

and ached, when she would have the yacht. His voice rose stentorial as he whirled, pointing a finger toward spoken, she found her tongue swollen, er voice thick, her lips parched. "Take that passenger's revolver from

"Water - please," she stam her. Bring the Chinese passenger on deck. They must not be found aboard then glared in horror at the Internaloual spy's downcast face. Loubeque noved carefully to her side, pincing from the davits and set them adrift is hands upon her arm. "There is no water," he said gently,

In their hurry they put an empty keg Lucifie felt arms about ber, the pis n the boat. It is the test of fate, my tol whirling from her grasp and rico-chetting toward Captain Wetherell, Try not to think of it-try" He did not finish for the pity within who, with a malicious smile, picked im at her brave struggle not to show her fear, her pain. Her lips tremble as she tried bravely to smile, then She did not protest-there seemed no use for protest, for anything. In a with a determined effort, she sat up right. Her head ached maddeningly haze she found herself in the tiny boat and the sun seemed to fairly sizal wn upon her.

that was being lowered. As through a thicker haze she glimpsed the face of Hugo Loubeque, facing her. The creaking of the davits ceased, and the "Last night when I discovered the reg was empty," Loubeque said reas-uringly, "I started working out our tiny craft bobbed about on the bosom of the waters. She did not move, It We are well within the semed a dream, a nightmare. Hugo shing zone of the coast. There is al-Loubeque silently, grimly, seized an oar, motioning her toward the second. ways a chance of being picked up Don't fear, Lucille."

"We must get out of the firing zone." She smilled bravely, the effort only he said quietly, reassuringly, almost gently. Singularly enough, as she tug-ged at the great oar she almost felt making her realize that the heat was paralyzing her facial muscles, After that she sat quite still, enduring in si-lence the maddening heat, the worse thirst. At times she thought she would be unable to stand it longer, that she must reach into this endless expanse of ocean and drink-drink; that she must plunge over the boat's side and

flash of sanity came the horrified

ace of the man who was dragging he

ack into the boat. Darkness, blank

mpenetrable-slumber, goblin haunte

Instinct forced her finally from the

aun and desert with mirages of water

HE great copper ball of sun squatted comfortably upon the horizon's rim, flattening into allow the sait water to be absorbed by her body. itself and surveying with tol-Night came and the stars, but night rant contempt the tiny bobbing craft and stars from which all kindliness in which were Hugo Loubeque and had fied. She knew it would be impos Lucille. The tiny yacht was showing its heels in grand shape to the battledble to endure the strain longer. Louque's slient figure was motion ship, and the guns from the great boat ae long, gliding motion she hal were roaring in real earnest now, as se, then dropped swiftly from the at, the water encircling her, cooling it was evident that the fillbuster had no intention of obeying the signal to her, lapping at her ears in soothing re frain that fulled her senses to a glori ous sleep, visionless, profound. The

taut in The pair who had fought one another so cordially stared at the scene until both boats melted into the sun, below the sun, then dropped beyond the hori-

Hugo Loubeque was watching Lu-cille narrowly. Their predicament seemed uot to worry him. The fact that the captain of the filbusters had consigned himself and his enemy to such a fate was of little account. Life to him had been a succession of dan-gers equally appalling, and he was still ally that receded hefore her lips-In her delirium Hugo fambeque was constantly ministering unto her alight-est want, soothing her with tender words, a veritable Goliath in fightin

"The papers, Miss Lucille," Loubeque said quietly, "will you kindly give me the papers to take care of?" The papers! Then the spy did not know that Captain Wetherell had poshimself of the precious bag be-

fore having her placed in the open boat. Instinctively her hands flew to her bosom, the harsh feel of the ruby neckince which she had taken from which she had not the strength to com-pletely recall, a look so transitery that when she fought her eyes wide open he was gone, and she was conscious of bethe underground cavern with her meetthe underground cavern with her meet-ing her clutch. Rubles of untold, of fabulous values she had, and the thought of power, of money-should she ever come safely out of this-gave her a sweeping sensation of elation. "Captain Wetherell took the papers," she answered quiety, studying the apy's face to see what offect the an-posterer of the set of the set of the set. ing in a stronge place, a black figure rising from the corner, then sh once again.

Instituct forced for many from the iethargic slumber, the instituct common to all higher forms of animals of pro-tecting one's treasure. Her hands groped at her neck, where a slight tug had wakened her. Something brushed increas her hand when she forced ber

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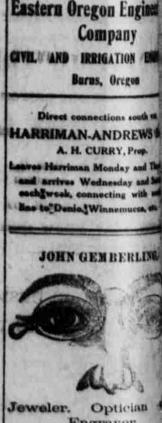
swathed her, southing her to untrou-bled alumber, a simular disturbed but once and that when Loubeque stood before her looking down at her with a light of mingled happiness and tri-umph in his eyes-a look that brought dimly back to her the memory of cer-tain things yet to be accomplished, but which she had not the strength to com-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.

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