By the "MASTER PEN"

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## SYNOPSIS

Valuable governmental papers are stolen by Thompson, follower of Loubeque, in-ternational spy, from General Love, whom Loubeque hates, in Manila. Love's daugh-ter Lucille files 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 Facific 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 idolize Lucille. Loubeque, also cast ashore, tries various plans to recover the papers, but in vain. Loubeque, affied forg. a message from a neighboring chief to ture Lucille away from her friends. She falls into a pitfall, losing the documents.

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

Lucille falls into the hands of a tribe of any men, whose leader drops a neck-ace of priceless rubies, which she takes, she and Loubeque are rescued from the sland by a yacht commanded by Captain

The girl and Loubeque are set abrift in an open boat by Wetherell after she re-pulses the captain's advances, and he takes the papers.

saved by fishermen, Lucille and Lou-beque are in China. As she passes a house Loubeque's diary is thrown to her mysteriously. She tries to board a vessel bound for America. Loubeque recovers the papers from Wetherell. (OHAPTER XIII Continued)

Her fear of being caught had completethe papers. From place to place, careful as any French detective, thorough and keen as though she had been a thief all her life, Lucille worked. As she went through the last of the spy's personal belongings, a little sob of disappointment and chagrin broke from the very heart of her and halted at knob, turning it slowly, slowly.

child, did you wait so long to pay a den from sight. The policemen were visit to such an old acquaintance? Why such disregard for the ordinary amount

Slowly, without removing the cignr from his mouth, he moved toward her, the bateful smile still upon his lips. He seated bimself and studied her carefully, speculatively.
"Lucille." he said slowly, "I saw

you on the deck, saw you go into the old, saw you when the captain came to you, have watched you all the time. Do you know why I did not give you time, because I wanted the feel of my finger upon you. I have waited for you in the open boat. It is no quarter from now on. I shall have no mercy crowd of men. bereafter. I will know that you are only safe when you are dead." He rose and motioned to the chair

isness in word and gesture which compelled obedience. Fascinated, panic stricken, she obeyed, while from his pocket he drew a long loop of fine cord which he bound about her wrists and ankles, then strapped her securely in the chair. He stood off a moment, regarding his handiwork, then moved toward the door. "You see I have been prepared for the visit," he murmured. "I will just be a little while, so don't be worried-this time." The door closed behind him.

A scant quarter of an bour that to her was interminable and the spy returned, the smile still playing about the corners of his mouth, a smile that matched poorly the agate expresaton of his cold eyes. He untied the cords that had bound her, watching her curjously as she chafed the blood back

"Yes," he answered her unspoken question, "you may go now. I do not care any more whether you heed my warning or not. You have chosen to continue the war. I merely wish you to know what it means to you. I have made arrangements that will look to your being cared for in San Francisco, so the end of this trip means nothing to you. Good night, Miss Lucille Love."

It was as though his mockery, his gibing tones, were giant hands against her chest, pushing her through the door and upon the deck. His threat of looking after her at the

end of the voyage—his mockery—she must appeal to strong bands now.

She could not imagine how, in a free country, he could do anything. Still, she knew Hugo Loubeque and the knowledge terrified her. She decided to rely much has women's freedility to to rely upon her women's fragility to gain the master's sympathy. She had reached this conclusion as the aston-ished captain looked at her wan, miserable face when he answered her

knocking Swiftly, the words tumbling over one another in the nerve racking strain of trying to convince the man of the unbelievable things she had gone through at the spy's hands, she poured out her whole story. Slowly, under the spell of an obvious sincerity, she saw he was convinced.

> CHAPTER XIV. Lucille Finds a Friend.

E summoned a steward and dis-patched him for Loubeque, de-manding an answer. Evidently the spy had been waiting some such thing, for he appeared quite promptly, his face worn and harried. He started violently at seeing Lucille, then took both ber hands in his own and patted them soothingly, his voice the cajoling one with which one soothes child. The captain's stern countenance had fallen, and the good man looked rather foolish.

"Mr. Loubeque," he began abruptly,

"this young lady has made complaint to me that you have threatened her with death. Have you anything to

"Certainly, I shall be more than denned to look after her if the poor child has escaped the surveillance of her relatives. No friend could do less," the spy answered suavely, and he touched his hand lightly to his head.

The captain nodded, and Lucille, seeing now the maddeningly unbelievable quality of the story she had told regarding her adventures, felt hot rage fairly burning her up. She aprang at the captain, taking his cost in her bands and shaking him flercely.

"I am not insane—it's the truth— every word"—she sobbed, then lifting eyes in which the clear light of sanity glowed unmistakably. "Captain, I swear to you that every word is true." The captain turned from one to the

other in the very extremity of perplex-ity. Finally he nodded to Loubeque that he might leave, and, with a slow smile, the spy turned away.

"Young lady," the captain said, "you will resume your duties for tonight, and in the morning I will see that you are properly clothed. I will immediate stely send a wireless to the authorities in San Francisco and see that you are met by them at the pier. No harm can come to you from this man. You understand why I am unable to do

more for you, I"Lucille extended her hand, grasping his firmly and meeting the troubled eyes of the man with her own—her own eyes, in which glowed gratitude and confidence and truth. And in that hand clasp the pair cemented a common union against any enemy.

Hugo Loubeque stood a little apart from the eager passengers gathered at the rail watching the giant harbor of the Golden Gate creeping about them, encircling them.

To others the sight meant home, but to Loubeque it meant bitterness, gall.
It meant the country that had been his, but which had cast him forth an unworthy son untit to be its citizen. His eyes fastened morosely upon the slender, pretty slip of a girl clinging to the dock, black with eager friends and

relatives, coming closer, closer.

Then a slow crunching as the great ship swung loto ber moorings. Hugo Loubeque slowly lifted the cigar from his mouth and waved it in a deliberate circle that ended with its tip pointing toward the siender girl. He caught her eyes and smiled at the expression

she had marked his gesture. Came a crowding forward in the center of the throng upon the deck. The gangplank thrust its nose out, out, un-til it rested upon the dock. Some of the passengers looked about in surprise at sound of a guttural oath. They faded before the urge of finding saw a tall, somber, saturaine passenger smoking a cigar, his eyes fastened upon a squad of bluecoated policemen edging their way from the rear of the throng into the exact center. They

Once more the man who had uttered the oath lifted his cigar. Came a quick her lips. For a hand was rutiling the upheaval in the throng. The spy smitnob, turning it slowly, slowly.

"Ab." murmured Loubeque slikily, "I phink. He looked down upon the crowd. thought I could not be mistaken in our of men surrounding the slip of a girl. steward: But why, my dear surrounding her so closely she was hidscream in a woman's voice. Loubeque bent forward, his knuckles showing a blue whiteness from the flerceness of

"Help, help! Cap"— The officers whirled in the direction of the girl's voice. The crowd of men jammed closer, resisting, without the appearance of resistance, the aboulders of the law. From outside the jam darted a woman clad in deep mourn-Do you know why I did not give you ing. Easily the throng of men gave away? It was because I wanted to know exactly where you were all the neck of the girl who had acreamed.

"My poor, dear sister?" she sobbed uncontrollably, her arms about Lu-cille's waist, bearing her through the

The captain stood at Loubeque's el-bow, his face troubled. The policemen fought their way to the center of the group to find no woman there. Their leader, a sergeant, stepped toward the

"You sent a wireless, sir, regarding a young woman" The captain turned to Loubeque, his

"The girl," he demanded, "What has

Hugo Loubeque laxily pointed his cigar toward a black, high powered motorcar leaping out into the city's

"The insane giri?" he smiled. "I believe I saw her step into that machine. esptain. The sergeant waited curiously. Knowing there was something between

the two men, scenting the atmosphere of hatred, he waited. "No use now, sergeant," sighed Lucille's friend.

Something told Lucille as she stood at the ship's rail that trouble awaited her once her feet were set upon the wharf. And her hand closed about the diary hidden in the bosom of her dress, the diary she had read so many times she knew it well nigh by heart, the diary with its tale of gigantic power and unscrupulousness in the accomplishment of one purpose, the destruction of her father. What chance did the honest, simple minded captain have, what chance did the officers of a mere municipality have when they opposed themselves to one who over-threw nations and their rulers by the lifting of his hand?

Her steps were laggard as she march-ed down the plank. Almost imme-diately she felt a pressing forward in the fore ranks of the crowd, a pressing forward that tended in her direction. She looked about her and found a Sile looked about her and found a man's face staring into hers from every direction. There was no enmity on those faces. They were not brutal, not even evil. But there was a fixed purposefulness about them, a grim regard of her that told her instinctively they were the minions of Hugo Loubeque. Yet not a hand was laid upon her, not a voice lifted. She tried to force her way forward, but a steady resistance met her. Then just as a heavily veiled woman pressed toward her, with eyes that glittered a menace matching poorly the affectionate pose of her form, Lucille lifted her voice only to have her appeal amothered by the fierce embrace of the woman, who continually referred to Lucille as "her poor slater."

She did not know how it was worked, but the crowd of men opened read-ily for the escort and herself—not only opened, but assisted them along their way. The door of a great limousine stood open before her. Swiftly she was bustled into the car, and before her companion had closed the door the car shot forward, gaining speed with every rod

tain sites and gain some idea thereby Lucille studied her captor from under cover of her hunvy lashes. She could see but little of the face for the heavy mourning vell swathing it, She only disinterested, now her poption of the work assigned to her had been carried attitude of all who worked for the man. They were but cogs in a vast machine, responsive to the master's

Only at the end of their drive, when the chauffeur opened the door, did the

"Any attempt to escape would be quite useless," she said in a dull, mechanical tone of voice, "If you are wise you will not make the situation any more difficult for yourself by being

As the motorcar ceased purring at the curb, the woman pressed the door, bell. Came a scuilling along the hall, a shadow fluttered there a second, then the door awang open. Lucille stepped across the threshold with her captor, surprised to see no one in sight. Ap-parently the door had opened of its swn volition. Refere her was a straight stairway, appearing to end at the sec ond flight. To her left was a living room into which she was ushered. Again the woman pressed a bell.

"You will want some ten and cakes, she said quietly. china. She had heard no one enter the room, yet, in the shadows, she saw an ttentive butler holding the ten tray while the mysterious velled woman poured. The man moved toward her, noved silently, swiftly, surely. There was something about his manner, his

ome one she had seen before. "Thompson!" she gasped. "Thomp-son! You here! What are you doing

"Yes, Miss Love! Thank you! I am employed by Mr. Loubeque, Miss Love! Thank you!" And then gradually she understood knew who had stolen the papers from



Thompson

ber father's safe, realized how completely they had all been fooled by this inning servant.

"Go away! I can't bear to look at

"Yes, miss. Thank you!" When she looked up he had dimp-

Swiftly she gathered herself together. Such childish tricks must not be permitted to shatter her courage for even an instant. She slipped steaithly to the door through which she had enter ed the house. In the hall she looked cautiously about, then put her foot pon the stairs and proceeded to move to the first flight. Midway, she was paralyzed into inactivity by finding the stairs to be in motion.

Horror seized her. Then once mo she braced herself. Only another trick Loubeque's it was. The stairs seemed to fold up within themselves like a miniature escalio. They grew steady once more, and the girl looked about an unfurnished room of stone walls. But she did not see these walls did not mark the lack of decoration or furniture in the room, for a comher, one tail figure—that of Loubeque standing apart from the rest, is

ble, silent. The solitary figure lifted ble band Then, frozen with terror though she was, Lucille saw that each figure was wathed in a black robe and that a lain silk mask of black covered every ace. Masks through which threaten ing eyes glared out upon her, masks so light they flattened against the wearer's features with hideous significance. Slowly the company passed pausing before her to peer narrowly into her face, as though impressing her every feature indelibly upon their minds. When she regained her powers the line had passed, Slowly the company passed her, of observation the line had peas had paused and disappeared. She look ed about her.

CHAPTER XV. Correspondence Under Difficulties WO days and never a sign more of Loubeque. Lucille had fear-ed and dreaded that first mest-

The room assigned her was to otward seeming a daintily furnis bedchamber; but, trying the large windown, she found they only could be let down from the top and were there covered by a thin netting of a metal that resisted every attempt at prying apart. Looking more carefully, she saw this same filament of wire was interwoven with the glass so they could not be completely smashed. The only means of escape lay by the door, and to get out that way involved a flight of steps which passed many

But she must escape. The thought of what Loubeque might be doing un-impeded drove her brain tyrannically against a worn out body. She had the man's diary, wherein was evidence against him of such crimes as wo have appailed the most harder courts, would have set nations at one another's throats, entailed countless deaths. The thing was so deadly that, The futility of further resistance made her sink back against the cushtons, sick with apprehension of what was to come, a duli spathy gradually closing about her and soothing her tired eyes. After all, she had known that Hugo Loubeque would be able to do as he said.

The car leaped like a living thing through the streets of the city and then doubled upon its tracks so that

blood that had been shed through the lure of its mocking light.

Apparently she wassfree to come and go shout the piace as she pleased, but the very mockery of such a freedom made her real situation pall the more. Absorbed in the hopeless task of finding some means of escape she took to having her means served in her room. eating scarcely anything, so engrouse

On the fourth day, as she sat beside the window, dejectedly looking out upon the well nigh deserted street, she was suddenly aware of a shadow falling upon the glass. She sprang to her feet, turned to face Loubeque. The was not smiling now. Instead e was a tender expression on his face, a look of sympathy. In his hands be held a newspaper and instantly she divined it held something that would hurt her. She nodded slowly, catching her breath with au effort, fighting back her namels terror.

her nameless terror.

"Lucille"— The spy's eyes fell before the fear in the steady ones that
met bis own. "Lucille, you are too roung yet to know that is the comple-tion of any great work always there are those who must suffer." He stop-ped, evidently finding it hard to con-

would not harm you, Lucille. would not cause you one moment's grief or misery, physical or mental, for snything in the world. But I would allow not even the—yes, the love I bear you because of your likeness to your mother to stand in the way of destroying you utterly should you attempt to get in my path. And so I am very happy today—very happy for myself, while I am at the same time very unhappy because of your distress. ing I only wish you to know that you have stolen the fruits, the sweets of my victory."

"Victory?" She whispered the word perfection, strikingly reminiscent of

Stiently be put the newspaper in ber outstretched hand. She took it numb-y, staring at the black, leaded type heading the column, staring at the fa-millar, the beloved name of her sweetheart there. When she looked up Hugo Loubeque was gone, had disap-peaced. But that did not matter to her now. The nature of his disappearance did not even impress her. Nothing mattered. The apy's victory was ap-proaching completion.

(To be continued next week.)

Burns List No. 117 NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Univer Status Land Greice Burns, Oregon, Sciober, M. 1914. Notice is hereby given that the Northernesse Relieve Company, whose post office dress is St. Faul, Minnesota, has the 28th of October, 1914 Sledie this office it amplification to select under the provisions of the accompress, approved July 1, 1808-30 Stat 507

NOTICE FOR PUBLIBATION.

United States Land Office. | Burns, Oregon, November 4, 1914. |
Notice is hereby given that the Northern seide Railway Company, whose post office advises is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 4th day of togenher 1914 filed in this office its application office tudier the previsions of the act of Company, approved July 1, 1808 (20 Stat. 1877, 201).
SEX, Sec. 30, 7, 18, 8, 2025, E., W. M. 190 (5).
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Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other spaces, to the disposal to applicant, about file their affidavils of protest in this office, or or before the zills day of December,

Burns List No. 121 NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Burns, Oregon, November 29, 1914

Notice is hereby given that the Northe-basific Railway Company, whose poet off ddress is fit. rani, Minnesota, has this 20 ay of November 1214, file in this office its a silention to select under the provisions of it at the Congress, approved July 1, ison so that NWMWWI, Ser. 22, Township 28 South, Rang

Serial No. 07849 Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desirined to object because of the Mineral character of the land, or any other reason, to the dapocal to applicant should she their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the lith day of January.

WR. PARSE, Register.

(1562) Burns 119 List No. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE Burns, Oregon, November 6, 1914.

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