

LUCILLE LOVE

The Girl of Mystery

By the
"MASTER PEN"

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SYNOPSIS

Valuable governmental papers are stolen by Thompson, follower of Loubeque, international spy, now General Love, whom 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 chief is restored to health, and the grateful natives idolize Lucille. Loubeque, also cast ashore, vows to recover the papers, but in vain.

Loubeque, aided by a messenger from a neighboring chief to lure Lucille away from her friends, falls into a pitfall losing the documents.

Loubeque's native ally steals the papers from his master, and Lucille takes them from the native ally. She finds and follows an underground passage in the jungle.

Lucille falls into the hands of a tribe of evil men, whose leader drops a necklace of precious cubes, which she takes. She and Loubeque are rescued from the island by a yacht commanded by Captain Wetherell.

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

Saved by fishermen, Lucille and Loubeque are in China. As she passes a house Loubeque's diary is thrown to her mysteriously. She tries to escape but is bound for America. Loubeque recovers the papers from Wetherell.

Lucille stows away, is caught and crosses in a cabin by the side of the captain of the steamer in order to search Loubeque's stateroom for the papers. He catches her at work.

Loubeque takes the papers from Lucille. Landing at San Francisco she is kidnapped by the spy and held a prisoner in Loubeque's house by Thompson.

(CHAPTER XV Continued)

Lucille looked about her wildly. She felt her feet against the window. Then she stopped at the utter futility of it. She looked down, and her eyes stung with the thought of a possible means of escape. It was the captain of the ship who had been her friend. She would have known, knowing from his expression that he recognized her, that he had been hunting her. He made a motion as if writing, and she nodded swiftly, then darted toward the little dressing table.

And there she sat, dumb with misery. In the delirium of seeing a friend's face at the psychological moment, when her despair, her misery, her desperation, was at its height, she had not thought a simple thing like a pencil, a pen, ink, paper, might be necessary. In despair Lucille looked about her. Paper she had. She tore the blank strip off the top of the newspaper page, tore it so that the headline regarding Lieutenant Gibson appeared beneath it. She stared helplessly in the mirror, her teeth fastened viciously in her lower lip, so viciously that when she withdrew them a tiny drop of red blood appeared upon the delicate skin. If only she had a pencil or pen, something to write with!

The blood drop fell upon the paper. "Prisoner of Loubeque—Here—Help—Head—"

She swayed slightly. She could endure the torture no longer. It was sufficient. He could piece together what he read, what she had told him aboard the ship. But how to reach him with the fragmentary strip of paper? Tearing the necktie from about her throat she detached a jewel swiftly and wrapped the strip of paper about it. In one leap she had reached the window. The captain was still there.

For a moment Lucille hesitated. She must break the window pane. Swiftly she took a slipper from her foot, drew back and brought the tiny heel crashing against the glass. At the sound of smashing glass she heard a rustling without her door. The captain looked up at her, and simultaneously she flipped the round missile toward him, watched him angrily as he stooped to pick it up and then thrust it hurriedly in his pocket, passing on. She saw Thompson, the butler, slip hurriedly out of the door and take after him. Then a slight creaking, as of rusty hinges, and she stared about her in mute horror. She was moving down and walls were advancing forward. She was moving down and the room was moving with her.

Came a little green, a tremor running through the walls of the room. Looking up she could see solid steel walls passing into place where the room she was in had been. Merely a cage-an elevator had been the boudoir where she was confined. The machinery stopped working abruptly. She peered over the edge of the room, for she was merely standing on a flat surface so far as one side was concerned. To her ears came the faintest ringing of a bell. A huddled, black mass showed almost beneath her. Crouching upon the floor she leaned over and gingerly groped at it with her fingers, drawing them sharply back as they encountered human flesh.

For just a second she faltered before investigating her discovery. Loubeque must have come from her room in this fashion. It might be that in some way Loubeque had fallen and injured the machinery. To stoop down, take the papers from his pocket and hide them between the crack of the floor of the room and the bottom of the elevator was the work of an instant.

As the room glided gently into place without so much as a tremor she leaped down and lifted the grating man's head to her lap. She had come barely in time, for the spy was struggling feebly to get to his feet. He smiled ruefully as he lit a match and scanned the features of his companion. For a second he appeared dazed, then swift comprehension crossed his face, as

his hand shot toward the place where he had placed the stolen papers. "Come, he said quietly, his tones silky, yet dry and cold and hard, 'young lady. Of course you understand the papers will be found, and this is merely delaying the inevitable.' He did not wait for her to speak, merely touched her arm and assisted her to the platform. He stirred slightly. Came the whirl of machinery, almost immediately shut out. Once more the room was in motion, going upward this time. She closed her eyes instinctively before the mystery of it all. When she opened them once more she was in the place she had left. Everything was as it had been save for a broken window pane and the presence of Loubeque.

He regarded her narrowly, still smoking silently. He opened his lips as though to speak, then closed them sharply and stepped to the door, listening a moment, then ringing a bell, which was almost immediately answered by the butler and the woman who had first captured the girl. Hurriedly Thompson explained what had happened—the pebble wrapped strip of white paper which the man outside the door had thrown at him in which he had mysteriously disappeared, eluding the butler's pursuit, the admission of policemen to the house and the throwing of the spring that lowered the girl's room to the basement.

"And he got out of the way, eh?" Loubeque frowned thoughtfully, then laughed a dry, barking laugh as he turned to the girl. "And with all this talk of working for you, Miss Lucille, you see how impossible it is to escape. Now I shall leave you alone to reflect upon the advisability of restoring the packet to me. Until then you will not be disturbed even by a servant. You may recall, my child, that thirst is a very unpleasant torturing."

He closed the door behind him very softly. Not a sound came from without. Hunger, thirst, solitude—all three in this prison, this prison so much unlike a prison that it was rendered only the more hideous thereby. And even though outsiders knew she was being detained here they could not find her, could not even secure adequate evidence that she was here did they make an examination. She flung herself upon the bed, burying her face in her hands and giving way to sobs.

She straightened, started by a faint rattle against the window pane. Swiftly she approached the window. Upon the street no one was in sight. She looked up and espied the face of the captain peering cautiously from over the ledge, while she herself was being feverishly ripped at the netting which had been within the glass before she broke it. Carefully she drew the glass inside and laid it upon the floor. The netting gave slightly. She tore her hands opening the space until she could get her shoulders through. Slowly, round and round, she worked the opening. It was finally wide enough. She looked up. The captain nodded briefly, then disappeared.

In a moment he reappeared, slowly dangling a heavy rope from which he had made a looped chair. Lucille edged her way slowly through the opening. She stood upon the heavy sill outside, hanging to the netting with one hand while she reached for the rope with the other. The second time her fingers closed about it. Swiftly she tucked it about her skirts, then drew taut. Her feet swung clear of the ledge. Then she felt herself being slowly lifted, lifted in little spasmodic jerks.

Her finger tips brushed the roof. Another pull and she had a firm hold and was drawing herself over. Her hands closed about her wrists, when from below came a shout that told she had been discovered.

With an oath the captain yanked her to the roof, jerked her there so violently she toppled and fell against him, straightened and caught his arm to support herself.

From beneath them came sounds of pursuit, hurrying footsteps upon stairs, loud voices. Lucille seemed to have all the initiative now. She grasped the man's arm and hurried him toward the closest chimney just as a skylight door swung open where they had stood.

"He drew a revolver and held it steadily toward the place. A chip of plaster cracked at their feet. Lucille looked down at a fattened lead bullet. Yet there had been no shot fired. She stared incredulously at the man.

"A silencer—Maxim silencer," he whispered.

She nodded understanding. Together they crept in the shadow of the chimney toward the thin brick dividing wall, the sanded roof scratching their hands terribly. Again that butler of chips. The captain turned and fairly buried a shot from his revolver at the figures so cautiously approaching. A cry of pain followed the report and in the confusion, the pair made a short run.

The pursuit grew bold now. Here the voice of Loubeque, cold, steady, terrible.

"Don't waste shots. Get the man with lead. Catch the girl."

The captain's grip tightened reassuringly on her wrist.

"If they get me," he said quietly, "take the gun and make them work."

In the excitement he became separated from Lucille. She looked about, then uttered a cry of warning. He took a step backward, then instinctively lifted his elbow as though to avert a bullet. The movement overbalanced him and he disappeared over the edge, a groping, tumbling thing.

From every direction came the pursuit. Lucille suddenly noticed there was no attempt made to close in upon her, but that she was being driven in a certain direction. A bullet dashed a spray of sand into her face, and she darted aside—darted into a yawning blackness.

When she opened her eyes she was surprised to find that there had been no fall worth mentioning, that she had merely been driven toward a trap door and caught as she toppled down. Loubeque was watching her, a curiously twisted smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

"You have too many friends, Lucille," he said.

"Yes," he murmured, after a moment's silence, "you are altogether too slippery, too nerve racking a prisoner. I think, while the search for the packet is going on it would save wear and tear on our constitutions to move you to my ranch—my ranch in Mexico. A beautiful spot," he smiled. "If that you will enjoy it as much as I have."

Lucille looked at him steadily. In the eyes of both glowed an indomitable purpose, a hard resolve, a mutual admiration. Loubeque smiled once more, this time grimly.

"Honors have been too evil for you. I fancy the ranch will settle the rubber and satisfy—at any rate, satisfactorily to me."

As Thompson, the butler-thief, swiftly descended to the ground floor and cut into the court and knelt over the body of the man who had fallen from the roof top, his hands fluttered over the man like tiny, white birds. Through the pockets he went, rifling them completely and rejecting those things which would be of no value to him. He stopped as he unwrapped the papers. Lucille had written on the scrap of paper and read about the ruby. Incredibly, avarice and pushed delight fought for mastery upon his face, in his eyes. Secretly the ruby in his pocket, he carefully lifted his burden and carried it to the basement of the house. Then he took one last, loving look at his find and started in search of his master. Already a plan had entered his cunning brain to gain the rest of the necklace, a plan whereby Loubeque was to be no gainer.

CHAPTER XVI.
A Thief Is Rudely Feiled.

QUIETLY Lucille allowed herself to be conducted back to the room from which she had just made her escape. Her heart was so heavy over the death of the captain she did not care what happened.

She had tried her best, but still failure dogged her footsteps. Her sweetheart had resigned from the army under such a cloud as must have broken his spirit completely. His heart she knew was already broken by her seeming disbelief in him. Her father was entangled in the same net with his aid, and she held the key to the situation—a key with no lock to it. She alone knew where the papers that would clear up the entire mystery were located, and she was a prisoner.

"Mr. Loubeque's compliments, Miss Lucille," murmured the butler as he noiselessly approached with a tiny glass of liquor, "and he thought a tiny slip might prove beneficial to the nerves."

"Thank you, Thompson," she murmured sweetly. "Tell your present employer I shall gladly do so. But," she added, her eyes flashing maliciously, "I forgot Mr. Loubeque has his own employer right along."

"Quite so, Miss Lucille. Thank you." Before his perfect aplomb Lucille stood undecided. Her nerves were shattered, and the drink she knew would do her good. But there had been that look in the man's eyes. She could not be mistaken in it. She touched her tongue to the delicious, fiery stuff and waited. A sensation of comfort slowly approached her weary spirit—a feeling of languor. She fought the sensation away.

Pouring out the doctored liquor carefully, he lay against the pillows in a posture of dreamless sleep. It was half an hour before her patience was rewarded. Then Thompson slipped stealthily into the room. Lucille seized herself—a steel spring wound to its last notch.

Thompson approached swiftly, stealthily. He was beside her, leaning over her, his hand groping at her throat; a little exclamation of triumph as his finger pads touched the necklace. It was in his hands, and then the steel spring uncoiled with tremendous suddenness.

Taken by surprise before the vicious fury of the girl's attack the butler staggered back. Before he could recover she was upon him, driving him toward the door. He lifted his hands to fend his face, then stopped abruptly as he staggered into his master, just entering the room.

Hugo Loubeque waited, watching the furious girl and the ruffed butler curiously. A smile curved his lips as he turned toward her.

"You object to the draft, I presume. I assure you it has no ill effects and will make the journey one of pleasure instead of weariness." Then he whittled upon the butler, his face hard as granite, his teeth clipping off each word like steel particles.

"What are you doing here?" "I came to see if the draft had taken effect," stulkily murmured the butler.

"By what authority?" "Asking your pardon, sir, but I suggested it and was afraid it might have a bad effect. I grew to take an interest in Miss Lucille in Manila, sir, and did not wish—"

Loubeque frowned heavily, but cut him short with an impatient wave of his hand. Lucille felt a sudden impulse to tell him the truth, but conquered it swiftly. She could fight Thompson much easier than this man. She must keep her own counsel. The spy turned to her again.

"No?" "I assure you on my word as a gentleman that it will cause you no inconvenience. Further, I hoped not to be obliged to tell you that if you do not take it willingly you will be compelled to get it down."

She bent her head dolefully. Resistance was out of the question, and, after all, she must save her strength to fight the big things. After a moment's hesitation, at a shudder at the evil colors shed from the stuff, she drained the glass.

Languor, comfort, peace. She gave herself up to the drug with a prayer, a prayer she felt so certain would be heeded, that in her slumber a smile parted her lips, played about her countenance. And when she awoke she was at Loubeque's Mexican ranch.

Low, rambling houses of Spanish architecture dotted the great area which the curiously fantastic, wholly artistic fence enclosed. The grounds were laid out in orderly fashion, blooming like the garden of Eden with a riotous profusion of flowers and plants. This was a new Loubeque she met there. Always had she associated him with the manner of her knowing him. Times had he had tender, other those he had been cruel, always was he crafty, cunning, courageous, a one sided fighter.

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chance to count me a friend. I am waiting." She did not answer. Their eyes met and held, both filled with an unvoiced purpose. Then Loubeque, without a word, left the room.

Nor did she see him again. That he had gone she knew from the janitor about the household among his servants. It gave her food for hope. She must escape—she must. She must escape before the iron grip of dreary languor about the place became unbreakable.

But always when she wandered about she would encounter one of Loubeque's aids, always unmasked, always casually apprised at coming upon her, always subtle and polite, yet instant upon turning her in an opposite direction. It got upon her nerves to such an extent that she finally took to the house and remained there. Every room was grated, and, though she knew they were not here for the purpose, they served it admirably.

Thompson seemed upon his master's departure to have lost poles as thoughts of the ruby necklace his fingers had touched seared itself upon his brain.

She recalled how he had served in her father's house so long with never a suspicion from any one that he was other than the perfect butler with a thought outside of his work. And then she recalled the incident of the necklace, always would she shudder at the recollection, then deliberately drive it from her mind.

It was the fourth day since the departure of the master of the place that, standing beside her iron barred window, she saw the figure of a man tapping a rise in the distance and drawing swiftly nearer. There was something strangely familiar about him, something she seemed to recall. In a dazed, dazed, tight trousers and gold braided sash, his long hair waving gracefully to his shoulders, the man made an impressive figure as he fastened steadily, undeviating eyes upon her window until she was positive he was looking at her for a purpose. Low voices hummed in conversation, then the man appeared before her, offering his arm.

"Senior Loubeque sent me that I might escort you about the grounds, might place myself at your disposal," he murmured.

(To be continued next week.)

Burns List No. 117
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Burns, Oregon, November 20, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose post office address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 20th day of November 1914 filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved July 1, 1893 (28 Stat. 507, 508), Sec. 2, Twp. 24 S., R. 24 E., W. M. 100-50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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