...ure ...Universal Film ...Company, which is ...exhibiting this production in leading theaters. Infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

SYNOPSIS

Valuable governmental papers are stolen by Thompson, follower of Loubeque, international spy, from 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 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, baffled, forges a message from a neighboring chief to lure 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 underground passage in the jungle.

Lucille falls into the hands of a tribe of ape men, whose leader drops a necklace of priceless rubies, 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 repulses 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 board a vessel bound for America. Loubeque recovers the papers from Wetherell.

Lucille stows away, is caught and dresses as a cabin boy with the aid 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 kidnaped by the spy and held a prisoner in Loubeque's house by Thompson.

She throws a message from her window to the captain of the boat, who passes the house, and a fight follows, which Loubeque wins. He is hurt, and she takes and hides the papers. Thompson tries to steal the rubies.

(CHAPTER XVI Continued)

Lucille drew away from him at mention of his master, but something in the meaning eyes behind the mask reassured her and she moved out into the patio. Here they passed Thompson, whose eyes darted a message of suspicion at them.

"He thinks all is not right," said the man quietly when they were out of sight. "Well," he added, with a low sigh, "he is right in his suspicion. I could not hope to fool that man. Only a little less wise is he than Hugo himself."

"Not right! Then you have come to help me"—

"I have come," he answered quietly, "because I could not help coming. I have come because since first I looked upon you—you will forgive me—there in the city home of Hugo, when I looked upon your face I have seen no other. I have come because I could not stay away. I have come against the will of the man to whom I owe everything, the man I love, because you called me, because"—

She touched his arm lightly with her fingers in mute appeal. Her woman's instinct told her that such a love as this might be turned to account.

Slowly they wandered through the beautiful gardens, speaking of what they saw, yet never touching upon the

Slowly They Wandered Through the Gardens.

subject nearest both their hearts. Suddenly the man seemed unable to stand the strain longer, and she touched his arm sympathetically, but he drew away with a little cry of near pain.

"Come with me to the crystal ball," he cried, "and see the vision that has haunted my eyes so long a time. Come with me to the crystal and see the face that has made me forget my vows; forget the one I love and fear; forget everything save the desire for life that I may lay down to bring a smile to it. Come with me, lady of my heart."

Before the tempestuousness of his voice Lucille followed his lead. Gone from her was every thought of immediate escape. She saw that the man could not be handled easily; that she could not escape from him any more than she could from the other [illegible] of the spy without the [illegible] craft, and yet she felt a curious sympathy for him, pain that she must harm him.

Before the great crystal ball that was set upon the flagging beside the patio fountain, beside which stood the monstrous, hoary, gray palm tree, he halted, staring through the slits of his mask into its clear depths. She trembled as she looked upon the flaming eyes so close to the reflection of her own face. Suddenly he tore the mask from him and tossed it to one side, closing his arm fiercely about her waist and drawing her soft cheek against his swarthy one. Together they stared into the ball, his eyes luminous with a wild love, hers moist with mingled sympathy and fear. Gently she disentangled his fingers, surprised at the numbness of them, the ease with which they responded to her will.

...murmured ...of such ...softly, ...y. "I ...different ...you see. ...see Manila—...oved ones—loved ones grieving ...girl they think is lost to them ...ever. I see a man, the handsomest, bravest, truest man in the world—the man I love. He is disgraced. He is heartbroken. He is giving up the sword he loved, the sword he swore to never lift save in defense of his country's honor and the honor of a woman. He is giving up all that life holds dear to him. Just as he has long since been bereft of all he cared to have from life—because I am imprisoned here.

"And I do not care for anything except his happiness. He is my whole world. I would sacrifice everything for him and for his honor." She turned swiftly, her hands reaching toward her neck and unfastening the ruby necklace. "Here, my friend, take this. It is all I have to give except my gratitude. Take it and help me to the man I love."

He took the necklace, turning it idly about in his hands, then hungrily lifted his eyes to her face, as though inanimate beauty was a thing of no account in comparison. He took her arm again and thoughtfully led her around devious paths to a deep, sunken well, before which he paused, a curious smile upon his lips.

"It is the 'wishing well,'" he murmured, "the wishing well before which all who have looked into the crystal ball and seen that their heart most desires must kneel and make request. It is the legend; but, ah!"— He turned away to hide the swift contortion of jealousy and pain that suffused his face.

She knelt beside the well, almost fearful of the magic powers he ascribed to it.

"Oh, wishing well, let me but hold in my hands the honor of my sweetheart that I may give it back to him! Let me but serve his happiness and I shall ask for nothing more. Do with me as you desire, but grant my only wish."

He touched her lightly upon the arm, and she rose obediently, her eyes glowing like jewels. Lightly he placed the ruby necklace about her neck.

"One look in your eyes," he said softly, his mellow voice breaking under the torment of what he knew to be a hopeless love, "is more beautiful, more rare, more precious to me than any jewel. Come!"

Slowly, silently, yet in perfect understanding, they moved back to the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Girl With One Idea.

IT was the following day that, leaning against the window grating of iron, she was astonished to find it bending before her. She looked more closely and was astonished to find that one bar had been cut cleanly through. She examined the remainder of the bars. They appeared absolutely untouched, but when she pulled harshly at them every one gave way. Ready made was her means of escape.

That night, fully dressed, she stood beside the window looking out over the moon splashed patio. A furtive figure detached itself from the shadows and crept toward her. Strangely enough it did not frighten her to recognize the butler.

She crouched in the opposite side of the room listening to the faint tinkle of snapping iron bars as the man detached the ends from their sockets. His head and shoulders appeared in the opening.

Breathlessly she watched his approach. There was nothing undecided about his movements. He was swift; he was certain; he was sure. Not a motion, not a step was wasted. He was almost over the bed when Lucille sprang from her hiding place behind the door.

Instantly he turned, his head darting from side to side like that of a giant reptile. He did not speak. Slowly his hands opened and closed, while a grin crossed his face, widened his mouth—a hideously inhuman grin. She tried to cry out, but her lips were frozen shut.

He had almost reached her side. With a gasp Lucille grasped a native vase that stood near and brought it down on his head with crushing force. As he sank to the floor with a moan there was a sound outside, and her mysterious friend, the lover who had promised his assistance, leaped lightly into the room. Reading his thoughts, yet hearing nothing, she moved toward the window and lifted her tiny foot as though to mount a horse. His hands cupped about it. She vaulted to the casement and in a second had scrambled through.

By her side stood the man. For a moment he waited, then urged her forward. She was free, free, free! Of course there were pickets to be passed, but she had made one providential escape tonight, why not another?

Out of sight of the building she paused and looked about her. How calm and peaceful and friendly appeared the night! The moon was full, the stars winked merrily at her, urg-

Brought It [illegible] His Head With Crushing Force.

ing her on her way. The touch of a timid finger upon her [illegible] brought her from her reveries.

"The horses wait, my lady."

Came a swift flashing of lights from the house they had [illegible], a scurry of feet, the [illegible], loud,

shrill, insistent. The Mexican seized her arm fiercely and half dragged her from off the court to a clump of bushes, where two horses stood saddled and bridled. In a second she was in the saddle, the man beside her.

The clatter of hoofs rang out upon the silence. Looking back, she caught glimpses of dark figures silhouetted against the tropical vegetation in the patio. A spurt of fire leaped out at them like a living thing. The Mexican muttered a guttural oath and urged his horse to more speed. Lucille bent over her horse's head, bent low, for the whine of bullets was in the air about them.

Suddenly the Mexican grunted loudly. His hands shot high in the air; then the horse fairly ran from under him. Upon the ground he swayed a second; then leaped against the shadow of a giant fingered cactus plant. Lucille sprang from her saddle and sought his side.

Red, warm blood gushed from the wound in his chest. His eyes were glazing when she stooped and brushed her lips across his forehead.

"Go!" he muttered. "Go!" Then his voice took on the resonant tone of a scant day or less before. "It is the ripple of the wishing well, my lady. Go! Ride—to the one—your—heart—desires."

He stiffened suddenly and a spurt of tears came from her eyes. Louder grew the shouts, the voices. The air was alive with long, darting flames. Loubeque's hive was swarming.

She leaped into the saddle once more and dug her heels into the horse's sides. Through the night she rode with the ripple of the wishing well in her ears.

Behind her, Lucille could hear the pursuit. Not a second could she spare for thought of regret.

Times, above the ringing of her horse's hoofs, she would hear the shouts of those behind her. Now and then a message of lead would whine its dreadful tale into her ears, but all these were growing fainter, less distinct with every leap of the animal she bestrode.

Hours, it seemed, she rode, with never the slightest slackening of the mad pace to which she originally set her mount. He was lathered with foam, but she had no pity on him. Her brain was fiercely chaotic, wild with the bloody memories of the night.

From now on she had every advantage. She was free and she knew where the stolen papers and documents were secreted in the mysterious house of inexplicable disappearing rooms and stairs. She had the diary of Hugo Loubeque in her possession, and she had the ruby necklace which was equivalent to vast wealth. She had the outward seeming of guilelessness, was girlish and delightfully effeminate, but she knew the power of the claws she had, and her eyes rested fondly on the revolver which she found in a holster attached to the Mexican's saddle, even as she urged her horse to greater speed.

Across the trackless plain she rode with only the moon and stars looking down upon her, a wild, eerie figure of a bareheaded girl. Behind the pursuit had died away and before there was nothing save a slender ribbon of water that the moon buried its face in contentedly.

She heard voices, low pitched, yet carrying far in the silence of the night. Instantly she drew rein and flung herself to the ground, listening intently. Creeping cautiously to a slight rise, she looked down upon an adobe shack, before which a little squad of barefooted Mexicans loafed idly, their brown hands lazily supporting old fashioned Springfield rifles, such as she recalled the soldiers of Uncle Sam to have carried in the old days.

From where she watched she suddenly noticed a stir among the men. From the interior of the shack stepped a gaudily dressed little Mexican, evidently an officer from the awkward salutes accorded him by the tatterdemalions gathered before the house. For some reason she could not analyze, Lucille listened eagerly, her breath coming in quick, eager gasps as she overheard their daring plot to cross the river and stampede the corral of an American ranchman. A little cry of delight came from her lips as she heard their allusions to the United States cavalry they must sift through before hoping for success.

Her eyes were glittering with excitement when she stole cautiously to the adobe shack, peering inside slowly and carefully before entering. She knew all their plans, and her blood was boiling; but she also knew from what they had said that they, too, would be on the lookout for any upset to the well laid plot.

From a chest in the corner, which she hurriedly overhauled, she drew a similar suit to the one the little leader had worn. It would just about fit her, and she must take no chances of trying to cross the Rio Grande attired as she was.

Swiftly she changed, for every moment now was precious to others as well as to herself. Daughter of General Sumpter Love, she was afire with rage at the way the Mexicans had spoken of the border patrol of her country, the presumption of the plan she had heard outlined. The gaudy costume fitted her beautifully, and the broad straw sombrero, with its weight of silver cording and tassels, made it easy for her feminine features to be unrecognizable even as it concealed her long hair.

She was well pleased with herself when again she mounted her horse. The beast had been ready to drop in his tracks any moment, and she had killed two birds with one stone while changing her costume. Cautiously toward the glittering ribbon of river she rode, her eyes always alert for any sign of the Mexican foraging party.

The horse hesitated at the bank of the stream, but Lucille boldly urged him forward.

"Hurrah! We're across!" she said to herself, as, dripping and disheveled, she stood upon the "right side of the Rio." Up and down the bank she looked for signs of the border patrol, but none was in sight. But in the distance she could make out a tiny speck.

The chances were it was one of the Mexicans. But something must be done if the ranchman was to be saved from the plot she had overheard. Fiercely she urged her mount toward the speck in the distance until her heart sank as she recognized the man for one of the plotters.

Hours it seemed to her she pursued the slinking figure until it joined with two others. Gradually, after a few miles journeying, a great blaze shot high in the air, a blaze punctuated by shots and wild cries.

The three men cruelly dashed their spurs into the sides of their horses. Came a thunder of sound as a great bunch of cattle from the remuda of the American were driven toward her by the fiendish Mexicans. Lucille saw the danger she was in of being trampled underfoot by that wild herd, driven to frenzy by the flames and popping

The Costume Fitted Her Beautifully.

revolvers from behind them. She urged her own horse to the right, escaping just as the cattle whizzed by her in a wild riot of sound. Here and there the Mexicans had assembled themselves, always alert, marvelous horsemen all, keeping the frightened beasts together while they drove them in a direct line for the river.

Lucille felt a shot slash through the sleeve of her jacket. She reined in her horse instantly, for she knew the Mexicans had passed. As she turned she almost collided with a long mustached, grizzled man, driving bullet after bullet after the marauders. She did not speak, did not even rein in, but urged her own horse beside his, drawing her own revolver.

The ranchman uttered a bewildered ejaculation as he saw she was of his own blood.

"I was trying to get there in time to warn you," she gasped. "There's a chance of driving them into the patrol if you know where it is."

Without another word, as though complete understanding had been established, he waved to the right; came a sudden abrupt wheeling of the stampede; came a rifle shot, more like a cloth being ripped it was than anything else. Lucille heard the sharp voice of the sentry; saw the hesitancy of the Mexicans even as they huddled close together, facing that solitary figure in olive khaki, bestriding his mount as though carved from granite.

They looked hesitatingly behind them. The ranchman's revolver sounded, and their leader threw his hands in the air and flopped over upon his horse's neck. The soldier's voice rang out to them, and the frightened bandits threw down their short carbines in token of surrender. The sentry waited until Lucille and the ranchman came up, then listened to their story, at the end demanding their presence before his commanding officer.

(To be continued next week.)

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Burns List No. 118

NOTICE FOR PUBLIBATION.

United States Land Office, Burns, Oregon, November 4, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose post office address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has this 4th day of November 1914 filed in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898 (30 Stat. 597, 620), SE¼, Sec. 20, T. 24 S, R 32½ E., W. M. 160 00.

Serial No. 07815

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 reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 28th day of December, 1914.

Wm. Farre, Register.

Burns List No. 121

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, file in this office its application to select under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved July 1, 1898 (30 Stat., 597, 620).

NW¼SW¼, Sec. 22, Township 28 South, Range 36 East, W. M. 40.00.

Serial No. 07849

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the Mineral character of the land, or any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 11th day of January, 1915.

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