The Girl of Mystery

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 Pacific stand and is taken by a native chief to als hut to nurse his sick child.

The native child is restored to health and the grateful natives idolize Lacille Loubeque, also cast ashore, tries vario plans to recover the papers, but in vain Loubeque, affled, forme a message from a neighboring chief to lure Lucille away from her friends. She falls into a pitfall, losing the documents.

Loubeques native aid steals the papers from his master, and Lucille takes them from the native after he is killed by a lion 8be finds and follows an under-ground passage in the jungle.

Lucille falls into the hands of a tribe of ape men, whose leader drops a neck-lace of priceless rubles, which she takes the and Loubeque are rescued from the island by a yacht commanded by Capusin

The sirl and Loubeque are set scrift 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.

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 pa-pers. He catches her at work.

Loubeque takes the papers from Lucilis Landing at San Francisco she is kid-naped by the soy 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 Louseque wins. He is hurt, and she takes and hides the papers. Thompson tries to steal the rubies. At Loubeque's ranch in Mexico, which Loubeque takes Lucille, the girl

befriended by a mysterious Mexican, while helps her to escape after she strikes down

Lucille fle-s across the border and meets Lieutenant Carmody, an army friend. He puts her on a train for San Prancisco. On the train is Thompson,

(CHAPTER XIX Continued)

Came back to him the girl be had loved and whom he still loved as fondly as in the old days of Flirtation walk at the Point, from which he had been expelled. Swiftly she came to his side, placing her hand upon his shoulder, her voice low and tender again like the sighing of an April breeze through the greening baby leaves.

"You think you are working for hate and all the time you are working for the same reason that I am-you are working because of love. Can you not see what a perversion of love is this thing you constantly seek to do? Can you not"-

Lucille could feet the man's shoulmendous effort he made at self con-She was almost ready to plead with him for a return of the papers, to give up his entire life work and count it failure, confident that he was well along the road to doing so, when a rap sounded on the door.

For some reason which she could not define a shudder ran through her at the sound. She seemed to recognize a sinister presence close by. She glanced at Loubeque, and her heart sank as she saw the wave of emotion she had bred within him had passed, that he was again the lcy, indefatigable inter-

"Come in," he called briskly. Slowly, cautiously, yet with not the slightest uncertainty, the door pushed open. Before the visitor appeared on the threshold Lucille knew who it

For a moment she was taken aback by Thompson's perfect aplomb. She knew he had been the one who robbed her of her necklace, that he had sprayed her with ether and taken it from about her throat while she slept. And yet not so much as by the quiver of an eyelash did he show any sign of surprise or fear.

"I was delayed, sir," the butler began apologetically, when Loubeque lifted his hand imperatively. "You were delayed," coldly repeated

room, filling it completely. Loubeque the spy, separating every syllable and swiftly glanced about at the anxious meting it out as though it were a death faces, then nodded. judgment. "It is perhaps better that "The tunnel!" he cried sharply. you were delayed, Thompson. I have Suddenly Lacille became aware that just received a letter from a man with whom you are acquainted. In this letter, Thompson, he informs me he the room was shooting downward like intends turning traitor to my interests, faces so close to her own in the narthat he intends assisting Miss Love to row confines. A breath of rank cool sir fanned her cheek from out the make her escape." "Quite so, sir," murmured the butlerdarkness. Loubeque's hand was upon

"I am informed by him that he spied upon you while you cut through the bars of Miss Love's window."

Thompson did not stir, but Lucille anw the scar go a sickly white

"The man lied, sir." "Men do not lie at such moments." For just a moment Thompson was si lent. The hush upon the room was so profound as to make the ticking of Loubeque's watch strike upon the ears like mallet strokes. Slowly the butler's, index finger moved to the scar upon

"The man you speak of evidently did the work in the hope of releasing Miss Love. I gained this scar while trying

to prevent the flight, sir." "It's a lie!" Lucille burst forth passionately. "That man tried to rob me here in this very house. That was why I insisted upon a maid to serve when I took the drug you put in

me when the drink," "Why did you not mention it at that time?" The spy's tones were dubious.
"Because I did not wish you to know

I had anything of such value about "Value? You had no money when ed out

you left Manila." "No, but I obtained possession of a wonderful ruby necklace in the cave of the jungle just before I was coed by the fillbuster. Three me ago when I boarded the train for

and stole the necklace from about my throat. Then he dropped out of the window of his compartment. That is

Loubeque fastened his cold eyes upor the butler. The man had nerves as steady as a rock. Lucille studied the Judge and on p it carnestly. She could see that Thompson was beating down the spy's bedef in her story. Swift as a flash, without a second's thought, she darted toward the thief. She had noticed his fingers involuntarily seek the right hand breast pocket of his coat

when she made her charge. In one

neckince to be.

aby necklace.

ag pressing-

orced the struggling figure into limp-

ess, then cast him from him without

apparently making the slightest effort.

rubbing his palms slowly together as though the touch had defiled them.

Lucille was chilled with horror as

gaining its color. Thompson was

CHAPTER XX.

When the Owl Hoots.

love and dishelfer, and then she open-

the name of the man she loved, the

man she had worked so hard for the

man who stood in the street below,

staring up at the very window at which

she stood. But all that came from her

pitiful; the whisper of his name.

ips was the faintest sound, tremulous,

Before she could regain control of

herself, even realize that she really

was seeing her sweetheart here in

flesh and blood, the hand of Loubeque

was about her walst, drawing her

gently, but firmly, away from the win-

appear drew Gibson's own eyes to that

Loubeque restrained her firmly. The

clanging of the bells throughout the

ionse ceased instantly just as a loud

hammering on the door below rose.

Came a flying rush of men within the

her wrist, his vol. e softly advising her

to follow him. Far in the distance a

little speck of light reached out toward

For what seemed an endless distance

she was led by the spy, with always that rush of feet behind. The light

was grawing too der, brighter. Lou-

beque released his hold upon her. She

could see him reach and press barshly

against something a door evidently,

for the light slowly longthened and

broadened. Daylight and a foreign

A bitter sob broke from her lips as

she looked at Loubeque and realized

the man she loved.

with merchess small

savagely at time

Days upon the desert-bl

low intinitely far away she was from

But even as the casement shut

house punctuated the slience, a

T came even before he expected.

It was the eighth day he ran into a foraging party sent out by Villa in advance of his main army. Much as she knew of the mysterious apy, Lucille was still surprised to mark the respect and deference puld him by the dark skinned rebeis. Consequently several days later, days of tireless travel, she was not surprised on reaching the main body of the army to find herself being treated with the greatest respect, while Loubeque was in constant cor sultation with the rebel leader.

Day after day she felt the growing relplessness of her position. Loubeque seemed omnipotent in the opinion of these men upon whom he appeared to

Still she would not permit hope to die. The justice of her cause, the growing humanity of the international spy, her very youth and the power of

Through the very engerness and desperation of this feeling she slowly became aware of the attitude toward his master of Thompson. She was aware of the subtle atmosphere of hatred which the slick scoundrel's mask of servitude concented so well. In theu of anything to do on her own account she took to watching the man, following his every move, his every change of expression.

wift movement she had ripped open Enmity toward the master be had With the other hand she served so well and who had mistrented inged toward the place she knew him mingled with hatred for the girl be had so litterly wronged and who At first Thompson was taken off his had brought his punishment about. nard. Then he sprang back with a Consequently Lucille was surprised to arse cry of rage and plarm, forgetful come across a briefly scribbled note on everything. The girl clung to her a bit of rice paper such as she had haid like a tigress. He grasped her wrist roughly and thrust her, reeling. often noticed the butler using in rolling cigarettes. It was pressed tightly against one of the partially cut slices ross the room, his eyes glaring as, with elinched fists, be stared at her, of bread when Thompson served his while, dazed though she was by the master and Lucille with their dinner She detached the fragment of bread, delence of him, she held triumphantly her hand the gorgeously dazzling dropping it to the floor and securing the fragment of paper as she picked it Hugo Loubeque did not utter a up, concealing it in the naim of her

For what seemed countless hours sh bravely attempted to eat the food be fore her, tried to endure the heartbreaking period during which Louwas with a sigh of relief so obvious the spy was obliged to smile that she made half hearted protest at his retirement No sooner had his figure ceased to darken the doorway than she started

Merely that, but the delphic words

Hours trod upon one another's heels the watched the spy resent himself, of her waiting. Vague forebodings his face calm and emotionless. Ap- which she could not analyze oppress parently he had quite forgotten the ed her despite the fires of hope that huddled, silent figure upon the floor, had been kindled within her drooping whose blackened face was slowly re- spirit. There had been something deadly about Thompson's manner, ungroaning when Loubeque impatiently der the scrutiny of the man she knew pressed a button and waited for an an- be bated so venomensly, which made her shudder and form a half resolution to acquaint Loubeque with his servant's treachery. She had half rises to her feet, still fighting against the fudicrous impulse when the shrill hoot loud clanging of bells through the of an owl reached from out the mighty Will yes:

clanging that plerced through the treble sound of the doorbell, Hugo And now the very seconds lagged Loubeque sprang to his feet swiftly. Every nerve, every muscle, flexed, for The mask of his face dropped and she knew not what. Lucille waited, showing that face keen, eager, a bit her ear against the wall, her eyes pools

The clanging sound was augmented by the rushing of feet. She had nev- age came again the sound. Unable er dreamed there could be so many in this time to endure the long intermis the house. More like a warren it was slon she was charged to undergo, she than anything else. Whispers sounded from the hads. But she gave them over the sleeping city that the rebei all no beed. She was swaying gently chieftain had flong up at a mere comto and fro, her body fighting against the faintness that was causing her abode she made out the less pretenknees to refuse support, her eyes tious shack of the international spy. wide with delighted recognition and A dim light from the partially opened ed her lips, trying to cry out aloud Far more significant of slumber than

A tiny droning sound reached her ears. By main force piercing the thick veit of night Lucille made out the shadowy outlines of a lean motorcar dimiy silhouetted against a pile of lava dust. Something shapeless and dark and furtive of movement crept ncross the space that intervened i tween it and the light cleavage of Loubeque's quarters. Lucille could not resist the impulse that forced her from

the door into the open. Something tugged at her feet, fairly out her view of him she caught the drawing her away from the scene. lightning thish of recognition as her Then a strange wave of pity for the unsuspecting one against whom this window, and she knew he had seen furtive attack was being made urged her forward. As the dark figure slipped through the door Lucille thrust her head enutionaly within. Upon the got lay the long figure of the laternational spy, his face turned toward the silent, motionless figure that stood in the center of the room staring at him. The eyes were tightly closed, but the girl knew that the man merely feigned alumber.

Thompson turned toward the table upon which the lamp dimly burned.



never slept. Lucille anw he had steet ed himself against her vow, that never

Close at hand was the hour for him to strike, ready at hand were the means. What was his object in seeking Mexico and the Constitutionalis leader she had no means of knowing? That there was a great object, one which she must defeat at any and all costs, she knew.

her love forbade this.

sound; did not change expressions for

Slowly, with all the leisurely grace of some giant animal, he rose and stepped toward his minion. The cold expression in his eyes had turned to one of grim ferocity, such beque smoked silently at his eigar. It in expression as made Lucille shudder. s she saw his fingers reach out and grip Thompson about the throat, press-Not hurriedly, but with cold, definite, urderous purpose, the spy slowly

eagerly to examine the message.
"At the third hoot of the owl leave." seemed pregnant with wondrous mean

After what seemed an interminable over the sleeping city that the rebel mand. Immediately before her own door cut a segment from the darkness. complete darkness was that light.

a giant elevator. She glanced about Lucille allowed her eyes to wander for her, sick with apprehension, upon the



sands as be tiproed toward them Not a sound disturbed the silence, out something caused her to dart a

awift glance at the sleeper. His eyes were narrowed, but open; lights of amused malice in them she had never suspected could show in mortal eyes, lights so malignant she shuddered even as she would have opened her lips to cry a warning. The butler-thief drew closer to the prize he had worked so hard to gain. His thief's fingers were outstretched to grasp the necklace, when, with a crash, the lamp darted toward bim, smashing upon the floor nd leaving utter blackness in its

came a chuckling laugh from Loubeque, a laugh that matched the evil that had glowed from his eyes so scant before. Came a gurgled oath, the heavy breathing of strong men in

Lucille furned as though to run There came a swift vision before her, one that made her step swiftly within the wall of mantled darkness. Eyes met her own eyes, eyes that seemed to force their way through the dark interior and cause her to forget everything that had intervened, eyes that mirrored a message of love and faith and hope to her as she looked down from the window of the mysterious nouse in San Francisco into the eyes of her lover, the man whose happines could not be insured without those papers so short a space before her.

With the thought she sprang into the room. She bounded high, clearing the bodies of the two men and landing squarely against the table. Groping, groping, her hands encountered the cold rubles. She thrust them swiftly into her bodice, her left hand continning the search. Papers rustled under her fingers. An iron hand was upon her shoulder, but she wrenched herself

ose and lesped back. Along the wall she moved until her ody encountered the swaying door. Even as Loubeque sprang at her she slapped the door shut. There came a cry of pain and rage, the stumble of feet backward.

Lucille fled through the night, fled toward where she had seen the motor car from which Thompson had come to this place. It was a chance, no odds what orders the man had been

What commands had be been given? She stopped a second. She had been warned to wait for three hoots of the owl, and but two had been given. pulse directing her, she lifted her hands to her mouth. First no sound came. A second time she made the at-Feeble it was at best, but the startled silence took it up and buried back this offender against restfulness.

To her right came the pur of the notor. From behind sounded a shot. She lunged toward the first sound and entered the tonneau. A dark figure leaned from the seat and drew her beside him. Lucille clung to the man sobbing from nervous reaction even as the car shot through the night.

head, another and yet again another She dared not look back. The papers warmed through the flesh against which they pressed, warmed through her body and to her very heart itself. But Hugo Loubeque knew the method of her departure, knew what she carded with ber. And already she knew Hugo Loubeque was working to over

Low to the sent beside the driver crouched Lucille with the precious papers and rubles in the waiting auto mobile the butler had arranged for

Suddenly she leaned forward, beat ng her little fists together, urging the Mexican chauffeur to accelerate his speed. The man smiled down at her, chaking his head to signify be did no understand the words, even as he stepped on the clutch and shot the car forward like a huge arrow newly released from the bow, and behind some where upon the same road there was another machine with a determined man in it, a man who had never yet allowed muchine or man or even the

elements to thwart him Then came the dull crunching sound from before her. The car swerved victously, swung in such an abrupt circle she clung to the side of her sea to avoid being hurled out. The driver righted his machine swiftly, dexter ously, and she started to heave a huge sigh of relief.

But only started to, for the front wheels suddenly slipped, seemed smoothly to be gliding upon a surface of nothingness, clawing for a foothold. The chauffeur reversed heavily, fought with his wheel, but vainly,

Then the heavy car lost balance, tilted heavily and rolled down, down,

Lucille felt no fear. It was all too deadly for that. She was only conscious, even as her tiny hands clutched the edge of her seat, of a droning sound from behind that was growing into the rhythmic hum of a motorcar.

Came a long period of delicious innguor, of sinking, much as though she doated upon ether; a harsh, crunching jolt and blackness-merciful unconsciousness that closed black shutters eross the mental vision of her and prought a sweet smile to the lips that had been tightened so long. Sleep-.

Lucille pieced together happenings raguely after that; then dismissed bem as of no account. Nothing appeared to matter. She was comfortble and partially content. She recolected for a fractional space of time lifted and carried away by strong, friendly, pitying arms. The nemory passed immediately with the coming of an impression of swift travel in a motorcar, which, in turn, gave way to the more sharply etched impression of being wheeled aboard a train in an invalid's chair. Then came vision of the lean, powerful face of hisper of his voice close to her ear, alling her name over and over again, while, matching the suffering in his were the deeply carved lines of agony upon his face. Over and over again the man called to her, and yet new it was not to her he called, but to the mother whom she re-

She felt all her sympathy going out this man who had proved such a nemy, who had brought such he upon her and her's and id again prove so relentless

cure. With the precious papers she could do anything. Simultaneously with the thought came one of terror. Vague at first, it spread over her spirit

As though forcing herself against ber will, she closed her eyes and drew forth the bundle and necklace. Yes, there could be no doubting the gen-ulneness of the rubles. Their scintil-lant luster was fairly blinding. But she paid them little heed. Her fingers groped at the papers even as her eyes snapped open. Then a little cry of rage and chagrin came from her lips. The packet upon the table had evi-dently been nothing but a blind. Hugo

Loubeque had taken no chances with the stolen papers even while awake. She had stolen a sheaf of worthless waste paper. The international apy She clinched her pretty teeth tightly

together even as she kept repeating to herself over and over again the quas-tion of why-why had he bothered to pursue her when he knew how she had been misled; why had he not allowed her to go her way and leave him safe to transact the last act in his plan of revenge? Why-why-why had be taken to himself so dangerous an enof her in the same way her own father was, but what of that? Alone, with

the ruby necklace, she bad sufficient means to do as she pleased and be per fectly safe from any danger. But was she safe from any danger? Had she not been in danger before? Yes, on the train. And the reason was because Thompson knew she held the uby necklace. Thempson was one to

e feared and respected. Softly she slipped down the vesti-buled alsie. She had reasoned out the answer. Thompson had escaped Lou-beque and, foiled in his attempt to gain the neckiace, was still in the pur-

Swiftly she stepped down the siste through car after car, until she halted abruptly and moved back again, for, lozing against a pillow in the tourist car, a long gash over his eye render-ing him a bit villatnous looking, was the butler-thief.

Lucille sought her compartment, her orain awhiri. It was a three cornered ight now-Loubeque to retain the papers and to protect her in her wealth: Thompson to gain the ruby necklace ind revenge bimself upon his master, but she-Lucille only sought the papers. Nothing else counted as against that. And Loubeque held the papers.

(To be continued next week.)

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