### By the "MASTER PEN"

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#### SYNOPSIS

Valuable govern by Thompson, follower of Loubeque, it ternational spy, from General Love, while Loubeque hates, in Manila. Love's datast ter 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 Luville 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 but to nurse his sick child.

The native child is restored to health, and the grateful natives idolize Luc Loubeque, also cast ashere, tries various plans to recover the papers, but in vain Loubeque, affied, forges a message from a neighboring chief to lure Lucille away from her friends. She fails into a pitfail losing the documents.

Loubeque's native aid steals the payers

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

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

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 Lucilie Loubeque takes the papers from Lucilia.

Landing at San Francisco she is kidnaped by the spy and held a prisoner in
Loupeque'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
steel the rubies.

At Loubeque's ranch in Mexico, to which Loubeque takes Lucille, the girl is

befriended by a mysterious Mexican, who belps her to escape after she strikes down Lucille flows across the border and meets Lieutenant Carmody, an army friend. He puts her on a train for San Francisco. On the train is Thompson.

Thompson steams the necklace from Lu-cille, and Loubeque takes the papers from her after she enters his house to recover them. Loubeque accuses Thompson of being a traitor to him.

Loubeque chokes Thompson into sul mission. He takes the girl again to Mex-leo, but she flees again with the said of her mysterious friend, taking with her the papers and the rubles.

### CHAPTER XXI

Lucille Indulges a Feminine Instinct. UCILLE thrilled with inexpressible delight when she found herself once more in Sau Francisco, the place where just she had seen her sweetheart. She imagined him roving the city, using every means in his power to find her. She knew he had led the assault upon that house, and that not even the secret exit made by the occupants on a divert him from his purpose of her. But she had a far better mance than he with Loubeque. She only caught berself boping that the international spy would return to his

Not for the cunning brain of such a one as the spy to go back to a place from which he had been driven and which he had every reason to believe would be under surveillance. Instead of doing this he promptly took a motor to the St. Francis, relying upon the very audacity of his move to pro-

Lucille followed him quietly, almost They had but little to say to each other. Both knew the other's thoughts too well to waste time in words; both knew the other's releatlessness of purpose. And, more than anything and everything else, both knew that the fight between them must be settled very shortly, that any move must be made quickly.

Lucille slipped out of the hotel the second day, undecided as to what to do and caring little to plan or plot. For always there was to be reckoned with Thompson, who had turned against his former master. Thompson was the man upon whom she convinced herself with feminine intuition she must depend. Thompson would lay open a way. And the hate of Thompson would turn itself against the hate of Loubeque and then her own great love would have its innings.

And in this mood, for the first time since leaving Manila so abruptly in the aeroplane of Harley, her thought turned from the sweetheart she felt was in the city to the thought of meet-

She stopped short, the song upon her lips frozen there as she looked down at berself. For the first time in months an idea recurred to her, an idea that seemed to have formed a major portion of her ideas in life before that time-clothes.

Ciothes! She fairly blushed as she looked upon the benutifully dressed women upon the street. Clothes! Why, she looked a perfect ragamuffin. She had become frightfully self conscious, ascribing the giances of admiration bestowed upon her from pedestrians to her shabbiness. Unconsciously her

hands sought the precious necklace. She speeded swiftly and furtively down the street. Self reliance had be come a part of her from her experiences, but the thought of obtaining money was something that appalled She had never known anything

of money in her life. Resolutely she bit her lips and forced her way through the doors of a Jewelry establishment, fighting her resolution to the point of approaching the bespectacled, important looking man

behind the counter.
"I wish to sell," she murmured bash-

The salesman stared from her to the neckiace, his eyes growing wider and wider with bewilderment as he looked upon such stones as he had never seen before in bis life.

"The proof stor" - he whispered, Lucille followed the direction of his inted finger, on the verge of burstfirst into lang' ter at the change in his demeanor. With added confidence she pushed open the ground glass door, upon which was marked a caution for all outsiders to keep out.

A keen eyed little man turned upor her abruptly, his lips half open for a protest against the intrusion, when his eyes fell upon the neckince she carried loosely in her hands. "I wished some ready money," Lu-

ellie quickly explained, blushing at ber own temerity as she placed the preclons neckiace upon the desk, The man drew a Jeweler's glass fron his drawer and stooped to examine

each stone, his lips pursing to vent a little whistle of awe and admiration very few moments. "Where did you get this neckiace,

miss? I presume you realize something of its value?" "I-I really don't know exactly It was on a savage Island.

els ht days out of Manila." "A savage island-from Manila"bit of the incredulity had left his man- self disgust divided itself per already. Once more he stooped to examine the necklace. "Yes," he mutlevel; "the cutting of the stones is different from any I have ever enntered-old Asiatic undoubtedly. Again he turned to her, "How long ago was this, miss? What is this

recollect any wrecks"-The Empress," Lucille quickly ex-

of being cast away? I do not

Well, well, well"-he rubbed his timuls together in frank amazement-"to think that any one escaped from the wreck of the Empress!" Once more his lips pursed. "But why have you not reached friends?"

i am Lucille Love," she said quiet "I cannot go back"-

Lucille Love, daughter of General He studied her keenly, nod ding his head from side to side. vest your father and I were quite well the Presidio here, and you will not go back because of the disgrace that caused you to leave when the orders from Washington were stolen?"

"There was no disgrace," Lucille sail, her tones fairly chilling. er- were stolen by an outsider, sir That was why I boarded the Empress That is why I am here. That is why money; why I am still search

But my dear Miss Love," he smil-"you must realize that there is not ev enough in the establishment to purchase such a wonderful necklace as sility, or," he added as an afterthought, "I might purchase an option on the kince for, say, as much of a rea so table sum as you desire at present

Lucille's face showed her rellef. "I will give you \$10,000 for an option to sell the necklace within six months," the man continued quickly. Meanwhile I will keep it here and

eyes were wide in wonderment. It was not ten minutes later, with a mutest promise to say nothing of the transaction, that she left the shop with a certified check for the sum mentioned in her tightly clinched fist, accompanted by a clerk.

A strange shadow seemed to have fallen upon her, one which took a large the game. The dress ain't quite the part of the amusement she anticipated retting from her shopping away. She ould only ascribe it to meeting with ne who had known her father, who inwittingly showed her what the adament of the world had been in regard to the missing orders, the ne-

As she left the bank with the roll of be thought no longer of adorning herelf, had forgotten her shabbiness and fear of meeting her sweetheart. Her thoughts were still upon clothes, he most gorgeous clothes. And her houghts were also upon Hugo Lou-brilliantly playing "La Paloma." reque, the international spy, the man who stood between her and the frution of all her hopes, the man-and a earm flush suffused her cheeks, which she fought down swiftly-who was constantly proving himself but a mere

woman's charms. Her hend was high, her cheeks parkling as she entered the first fash- gasp of surprise followed her appearonable shop she came to; her manner such that the crowding, jostling women made way for her as for a queen in regal attire instead of a young giri with habiliments forn and disheveled. And always, alongside the doors of

all the establishments she entered, waiting-patiently waiting, furtively waiting a rather servile appearing man stood, respectful, quiet, contained. Lucille's return to her apartment at the hotel was greefed with an apparent respect that spoke pluisly of the arrival of the flood of packages she had ordered sent immediately that she might prepare herself for the conquest

It was several hours later that she looked at herself in the long cheval glass, frank admiration and wonder tingling within her, mantling her cheeks with roses that no ruby necklaces could have purchased. For the first time she redized that she was vonderfully beautiful. And even as the stood there came a clear tapping mon the door. With a smile upon ing it to open the slightest fraction at



Her Hands Bought the Precious Nack

Hugo Loubeque stepped within, im-naculate in his evening clothes, and bowed gravely, his eyes taking bet in from head to toe, frank admiration "You will dine with me?" His man-

lost between them, some of the strands which bound them together slackened. dropped apart never to be put togethe again Lucille merely nodded. Her heart was growing larger and larger, and she found herself frightened. She rest-ed her hand upon his sleeve and ai-

lowed him to escort her to the dining In the dining room she gave berself over to a mood effervescent as the champague that bubbled in the glass before her. Loubeque had not proven adamant against the frank admiration which went the length of the room at

the appearance of Lucille. She was playing a part she had never sight of her beautiful reflection mirro ed back at her from the long glass in where I was cast away-an Island just her apartment. And a great shame was upon her, even as her growing shame at seeing the great Loub

falling into the net she was deftly weaving for him. She watched him narrowly, marking the constantly growing boidness of his frank admira-A rather pretty girl whirled into the

center of the big dining room and with-out waiting for the faint murmur of applause that greeted her appearance to subside, began to dance. Lucille no-ticed that Loubeque had so far given himself over to the spirit of reverle that his dishes went untouched as he watched the indifferent dancing. inspiration came to Lucille. She saw the weak spot in Hugo Loubeque's saw a method of reaching it. Quietly she excused berself and left the room. Once at the end of the room her

girl regarded her suspiciously.
"Five hundred dollars!" Wonderment

linted in the eyes upon her. do you want-to get chance at caba ret work?" "No-no, I can dance, but I merely

wish to do it once. There is a reason I cannot explain now. But it means everything to me. Please-please"-Tears glistened in eyes filled to overflowing with such honest pleading that the girl quickly nodded. "Let's see your work," she demand "What line, miss?"

Lucille slowly recalled an old Span ish dance she had learned years before one she had danced in private theatri cals. The cubaret dancer whispered to a young man in the corner who took his guitar from its case and e you a receipt for it in order that thrummed lightly until Lucille nodded. I may show it to possible customers."

"You'll do." the girl said five minutes
"Ten thousand dollars!" Lucille's later, then, with a tinge of envy in her voice and eyes, "dead sure you ain't after me job?"

Lucille pressed the money upon her warmly assuring her over and over again that such was not ber intention "All right then. You're due in half an hour. I'll fix it with the manager and put the orchestra leader wise to stuff fer"-

Lucille nodded gayly. Hurriedly she scribbled a note to Loubeque, reassuring him as to her delay and beg ging him to wait a short time until she came. Then she darted to her suit, fairly tearing her gown from her is her haste. She did not know what odd whimsy had induced her to pur chase the little coquettish fuff of a bunknotes in her hand and a warning dancing gown that fitted the part she intended playing so perfectly

A bit breathless she returned to the cubaret. The girl gave her a shove forward and she found berself stand ing in the hig room, heard, as from a long way off, the stringed orchestra

"G'wan! Reat it!" It was the voice of the calmret dancer.

Lucille knew then that she must go through with what she had started Taking a long breath, her body swayed man, after all: n man susceptible to to the strains. Slowly, gracefully she glided into the room, her face partially concealed by the mantilla. ance, men and women leaned forward, forgetful of their dinner, lured by her infectious grace and charm. But she had eyes for but one man, the international spy, who, a surprised, puszled expression on his face, leaned far forward in his chair, watching this

woman who danced so wonderfully. Then suddenly the music changed Lucille flashed a glance at Loubeque and from that moment danced to him and him alone. It was perfectly obvious to every one in the room. The spy sank back in his chair, a bit embarrassed but quite aglow with delight. The music was growing slower. slower, and, with a trickling laugh of mpish merriment, Lucille flung wide her mantilla and bowed mockingly to

the arch-spy. For just a second his spleadid mouth gaped, then, with eyes that shot strange fires at her, his palms crackled vigorously together as he led off the whiriwind of applause that set the glasses and cutlery dancing. The orchestral leader waved his baton toward Lucille for an encore, and from her chair opposite Loubeque, into which she had sunk, she half rose to re-

spond with a bow.
"My God!" The voice was hourse, terrifying in its bitterness, its scorn. Lucille turned, startled; then, involuntarily, her hands reached out toward the man who was standing, tense, a horrified expression of disgust and unbelief upon his coun-

"Dick!" she quavered. Lieutenant Gibson moved away as her slender figure swayed toward him. Her hands were upon his wrists. He looked at them a second then slowly detached them and turned away, leaving the great room, leaving behind the woman who had dared everything for

And Lucille, the radiant face of a moment before gone into a mask, a frigid, icy mask, watched him as, without turning, he left her alone to fight the battle for him. Loubeque touched her shoulder sympathetically.

"Poor child, Lucille!" he murmured. "It was Gibson. After all you might have believed of him, to have him turn that way instantly"-"Dick is a man," she smiled sadiy.
"Man is full of suspicion. But when

a woman loves she does not ask for

CHAPTER XXII.

UCILLE awoke to a numbed sense of failure, defeat, of loss irrepar-able. For a few moments she allowed ber head to rest against the pillows, perfectly passive, retrac-ing the course of her efforts in the fight with Loubeque for recovery of ner was courteous as ever, yet there was a change. Something already was

the papers up to this disastrous con-She dressed leisurely and for time was seated at her window scattering crumbs on the ledge for stray birds. As she crossed the room a mo later a metallic sound struck gainst ber ears again and again beore she was even conscious of it. She ooked about the room, then made out he sound coming from the window edge. Curiously she regarded the pireon strutting about there eagerly de ouring the crumbs. Upon his leg she

saw a tiny brass cylinder, tap, tap, tapping with his every step. Her heart gave her a warning. humping violently even as she recogaised the pretty creature for a carrier bird. Stepping quietly to the window of her bedroom, she stared about her, a smile crossing her face as by careful count she made out the crumbs upon the eighth window ledge from hers. That would be Hugo Loubeque's apartment.

Swiftly, softly, tremulously, for fear the bird might have fled, Lucille reached the ledge, her voice low and caress ng as she reached and clasped him armly. In a second she bad detached the cylinder, taking the they tissue paper note from it:

Arrangements complete. Deliver papers of Ensign Howell, U. S. ship Terror, with affidit as to sale by General Sumpter Love, now under trial, Washington, D. C. At your residence; 5:30. Lucille gasped as she took in the

moment she sat staring dully shead of ber, dismay and terror frozen in her well nigh perfect armor, thought she eyes. At 5:30 the international spy's work would be completed and her father ruined. She clinched ber fists tightly togeth-

manner changed. Swiftly she turned, er, pacing up and down the floor of her taking the direction she had seen the suit, her pretty teeth fastened upon fancer leave and coming into a small her under lip, her very being vibrant room where the entertainers sat. She with protest at the horrible injustice approached the girl, drawing her to one side.

"If I pay you well," she whispered not be. Calmly she crossed to the eagerly, "would you let me dance in your place the next time—pay you—pay you \$100-\$500?" she added as the pay you \$100-\$500? result of her labors with knitted brows

She loosed the pigeon, pointing him toward a window which was open She knew Loubeque was growing impatient from that sign. Furtively she watched the eager hands clutch the bird and draw him from view. The window slapped shut once more.

His residence she knew must mean the bouse of mystery, the weird place of borrors, of sliding staircases and folding rooms. That Loubeque should choose such a rendezvous showed how the game of his life played, how .b solutely assured he now was of absolute and final success. At 5:30 Ensign Howell would be at that house. She had three hours wherein to work. losing it softly behind her. For a mo-



"My God!" said Lieutenant Gibson. ment ahe besitated in the ball, then stepped boldly to the suit of the spy.

. . . . . . Hugo Loubeque, master of men and nations, whose power was so great the course of empires halted at his spoken word of command, moodily stared out his window after the car rier pigeou he had just released. For forty years he had bent every energy of his life for this day. And now that it had come, somehow the sweet had turned bitter upon his palate.

Strangely enough, a tender smile played about the corners of his hard mouth as he thought of the girl upon the same floor with him, the girl who was the image of the Lucille of forty

Lucille! He murmured the name over tenderly, even as his fingers plucked the precious picture of the dri's mother from his breast pocket. He bad treasured that picture above all other possessions these forty years, yet now he found bimself regarding it merely as the likeness of the daugh-ter. Lucilie, the daughter of that other Lucille of the long ago-

He rose impatiently, ashamed of the mellow mood that was upon him, and moved across the floor. The slight swaying of the curtains that connected with the bedroom caught his eye. He did not pause, did not even hesitate, but a hard look crept into his eyes. A tapping on the door made him frown impatiently, then answer it, smiling to find Lucille, dressed for the street, confronting him.

"Since the mountain won't come to Mohamet. Mohamet must go to the mountain," she quoted with a light laugh, a laugh that belled the worn "The mountain certainly knew of no

-laughed the spy, frank pleasure on his countenance. "Is it a walk "An invitation to luncheon," she re-

turned, "and I wonder if it would

too much to ask of you to see that they give me a good machine for the "I'll phone," he responded, hardening instantly at the shadow of displeasure that crossed her face. Evidently she wished to be rid of him. He smiled to think of how close the game was to being finished. Somehow, he could not get any acute pleasure out of it now he looked at this smiling girl and realized that precious

ing of such things? He bowed an repeated the hour of their engage as she tripped down the hall, then re-

sumed his sent at the table. From a drawer there he took a small thin mirror which be slipped swiftly into the flap of his glove, then placed the glove upon his hand. A grim expression was on his face as he leaned back in his chair once more, his eyes fastened upon the entrance to the bedroom as revealed to him in the mirror, an automatic pistol gripped in

Hour dragged upon the beel of hour. Slowly the gray head of the man swayed from side to side. He caught himself abruptly. Again his head sank toward his chest, this time to remain there. Apparently Loubeque slept as he did everything else, soundly, yet with the least possible amount

The portieres swayed more and more heavily. Grew the outlines of a human face against the smooth velvet.



urtive eyes. Slowly, slowly, the face f Thompson showed He did not other to look at the slumberer. Before revealing bimself be had made are that his old master slept soundly. wift, certain, sure, he moved beyond

dvanced. The fate had left his eyes. for there was no time for hate when ent on business. Almost close longh to reach out and rest a hand apon Loubeque's shoulder be was then he hatted, his mouth dropping utlerously open, his feet apparently commed to the carpet, his fingers twitching uncertainty, his eyes fastened in amaze at his own face as it stared back at him from the tiny mir-

As he recovered, his hand darting swiftly toward his pocket, the sinister laughter of his master broke the si-"Keep the hand in the pocket,

Thompson. Keep it there or I shall be obliged to shoot and moss the niace." (To be continued next week.) For rent-200 acres, 80 on flat

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