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, 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.

At Loubeque's ranch in Mexico, to which Loubeque takes Lucille, the girl is befriended by a mysterious Mexican, who helps her to escape after she strikes down Thompson.

Lucille flees across the border and meets Lieutenant Carmody, an army friend. He puts her on a train for San Francisco. On the train is Thompson, watching her.

Thompson steals the necklace from Lucille, 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 submission. He takes the girl again to Mexico, but she flees again with the aid of her mysterious friend, taking with her the papers and the rubies.

Lucille, stunned in an accident to her strange friend's automobile, is recaptured by Loubeque. In San Francisco she escapes again and pledges the rubies for $10,000.

To win Loubeque's admiration Lucille dances as a cabaret performer in a hotel, shocking Lieutenant Gibson. She intercepts a message telling Loubeque to deliver the papers to an officer of the U. S. S. Terror. Thompson tries to take his master by surprise.

Thompson is killed by Loubeque, who tries to make the killing look like suicide. A little later Lucille enters Loubeque's house, takes the papers and flees in a taxicab, pursued by Loubeque.

The papers are delivered by Lucille to the captain of the Terror. Gibson, searching for Lucille, encounters Loubeque in the spy's house and crosses broadswords with him, but is disarmed.

Loubeque gives a box to Gibson for Lucille. The lieutenant delivers it in Washington. It contains the rubies and a page of Loubeque's diary exonerating General Love. Lucille, her father and Gibson are reunited.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Exit Hugo Loubeque.

SERGEANT DALY, plain clothes man of the San Francisco police department, showed scarcely a sign of interest as he was assigned to the mysterious case at the St. Francis.

Swiftly he took in the salient details of the house detective, the discovery of a man's dead body in the suit of a young woman who had registered there under the name of Lucille Love. Then he went immediately to the room and examined the corpse.

Thompson had not been touched. He lay as he had been when Hugo Loubeque looked back at him from the doorway, his body twisted a bit from the struggle with the spy, his right hand tightly clinching the revolver in his mouth. Daly bent over him, uttering a little ejaculation of surprise which whetted the curiosity of the manager instantly. After a long interval he rose to his feet, holding a soiled linen label in his hand.

"Frank Thompson," he smiled quietly. "Here is the name of the tailor who made the suit he wears. I wonder how he ever came to go to Manila."

"Manila?" Frankly curious was the manager.

"Yes—Manila. No wonder that crook hasn't been active in the states for the last couple of years. Wonder whatever pulled Chicago Tom that far away from State street."

"Then he was a crook?"

"It's my turn to ask questions," the sergeant interrupted sharply. "You say this suit was assigned to Lucille Love"—

"A young woman who was arrested yesterday, sergeant, when she was caught in Mr. Loubeque's suit. She came here with Mr. Loubeque and he registered her. Her first night here she created a sensation by paying one of the cabaret to allow her to dance in her place. Yesterday a call came to the office from Loubeque's suit that a hotel sneak thief was in his apartment. When the detectives arrived the place was vacant, but the young woman was caught on the fire escape and arrested, paroled in the custody of Mr. Roller, the big jeweler. It is a case of suicide, sergeant?"

Daly shook his head.

"Suicide! I should rather guess not. Look at the man's gums. The gun was forced into his mouth and the gums badly bruised in the doing of it. Where can I find this Lucille Love or Loubeque?"

Before the manager could answer the telephone bell tinkled. He turned to the detective excitedly, his hand pressed over the phone mouthpiece.

"A Lieutenant Gibson calling on Miss Love," he explained.

"Tell him to wait."

Richard Gibson was little inclined for cross examination when first the two men approached him. Shamed of his unreasoning jealousy of the girl he loved, he had fought the battle out with himself, coming to the conclusion that there must be a reasonable explanation for her conduct. Sergeant Daly regarded him steadily a moment, then told him the reason for his wishing to know everything. Gibson whirled upon the manager, his face livid with rage, fists clinched.

"And you had her arrested—you had her"— Daly held the arm that was about to strike, soothing him with quieting words.

Gibson flung upon his heel and left the hotel, black hatred, suspicion, fear, a thousand and one emotions in his heart. At the jeweler's his tale caused the proprietor to almost have a stroke of apoplexy.

"A murdered man in her suit while she was in the station house!" he gasped. "Then she won't"— He fairly wept in the depths of his emotions. "Then the necklace I sold must have been stolen?" he finally cried, his eyes flashing vindictively.

"Sold—this necklace sold—who bought it?"

"A Hugo Loubeque—never heard of a millionaire by such a name, but he had the two hundred thousand to buy it, and I let it go."

"Hugo Loubeque!" Gibson grasped the amazed man by the shoulders and fairly shook answers from him.

Dick Gibson rushed from the establishment finally, an idea in his head which he cursed himself for not having thought of before—the house where he had last seen Lucille. Might not, was not, this mysterious Loubeque the one whose hand he had seen dragging her from the window?

Breathlessly he darted up to the door and, finding the lock still unrepaired, dashed inside and up the stairs.

Suddenly he stopped, halted abruptly. He could hear no sound, yet was positive some one was close to him, that he was being watched.

"You wished to see me, sir?"

Silent and suave, his great, brooding eyes holding a light of melancholy and sorrow such as the young officer had never witnessed before, appearing as if by magic and now facing him, was Hugo Loubeque.

"Loubeque"— he stammered.

The international spy bowed gravely, his eyes still fastened upon the young man before him.

And as his eyes sought the carpet, away from the magnetic power of the man, all the rage returned to the young officer. This man was the one who had taken his sweetheart. His eyes roved the room, lighting upon a pair of broadswords crossed upon the wall. He caught the smile on the spy's face when he looked again at him and knew his thoughts had been read.

"What have you done with Lucille Love?" he cried.

"Miss Love," murmured Loubeque, his voice taking on a sighing note that fairly tortured the listener's ears—"Miss Love is on a warship bound for Washington, I believe."

"You know a man was murdered in her suit—that she was arrested as a hotel sneak thief?"

"Miss Love has been through many more trying situations than that," answered Loubeque slowly, "since she pitted herself against me."

"Pitted herself against you! Then it was you who stole the papers"—

"Quite so." Hugo Loubeque turned upon his heel, but the iron grip of the officer was upon his shoulder, whirling him about so that their faces met.

Like a panther Gibson leaped across the floor, seizing the broadswords.

Easily, by wrist alone, Loubeque played with the man. His eye held no expression save that of one looking very far away, sad, mournful, distant. That look of indifference only served to madden Gibson doubly.

Furiously he lunged, when suddenly the blade of his adversary whirled, sending out scores of scintillating lights as it danced in the air above his head. He fell back as from a blow, his wrist numbed and deadened by the wrench that had carried the handle of the heavy sword from his grasp. Hugo Loubeque had dropped his own blade to the floor and was studying him quietly, no glimmer in his eyes. Gibson glared over his head. The sword was still swaying from side to side from the fury with which it had been driven into the low hanging wooden beam overhead. Instinctively his hand reached to recover his weapon when Loubeque laid a hand of iron upon his shoulder.

"That will do," he cried sternly. "Be a man, sir." Again that mellowed light drove the light of anger from his eyes. His lips opened and the voice of him was little more than a sigh: "such a man as Miss Lucille Love deserves."

Gibson looked at him, startled, aghast. Once more Loubeque would have spoken when, from below stairs, came the shrill screech of a policeman's whistle, followed almost instantly by a rush of feet upon the stairs.

The spy's right hand moved along the desk, picking up a small ivory box, exquisitely carved, which he handed to Gibson.

"You will kindly give this to—Lucille—with my compliments and felicitations," he murmured.

Gibson stared at him, wondering at the lack of emotion on his face in this moment of peril. Slowly, steadily Loubeque stepped backward. Then suddenly a yawning panel stood beside him. He stood in the cavity a second, smiling as the door burst open, and Sergeant Daly, followed by a squad of officers, lurched into the room.

"That's him!" Daly's shout turned into a wild yelp of terror, as the room shot from under the feet of the occupants and they found themselves precipitated into the very bowels of the house.

It was half an hour before they managed to find their way out; half an hour which swallowed up the international spy completely as though it had been the grave.

* * * * * * *

Desperately, Lucille finished her dressing and turned to look out the hotel window over Pennsylvania avenue. She was stone in Washington.

When the captain of the Terror had spoken of the court of inquiry before which General Sumpter Love was being tried for selling the papers he had received from Washington, she had conjured up visions of him behind bars. But when she realized on reaching the city that he was at a hotel, living quite the same as she herself was allowed to live, her joy had submerged almost every other feeling. It had been four days now, however, and still she had not called up sufficient courage to see him.

All night she had been awake trying to scheme up some method of aiding him. The papers she had recovered, and it seemed that instead of helping she had placed in the hands of the government exactly what they wanted to convict. She determined to appeal to the secretary of war. Surely there might be some chance in an appeal to him. And so this morning, after a long, timorous glance up and down the long avenue, she had started for the army and navy building.

"Miss Lucille Love—Lucille Love"—The secretary turned the card over and over in his hands while regarding her narrowly the while. "I have heard of you, Miss Love, and of the papers. You may rest assured your story will receive every attention in the conduct of the trial of your father. Certainly you know the nation can ill afford to lose such a man just at this time."

"But you can investigate—my story is strange, unbelievable," she pleaded

He Placed the Ivory Box in Her Hands.

impulsively. "I know that. But if you would only investigate you would find that I tell the truth."

"All details of your story have been proved, Miss Love," gravely, sadly, answered the cabinet minister, "but there is no evidence in your father's favor. What would be the motive for Hugo Loubeque"—

"Revenge," she answered quickly. "Can't you see"—

"If it could be proved"—

He was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk with a card. The secretary frowned, then listened to the whispered explanation of the man, a slight smile upon his face.

"Mr. Gibson—formerly Lieutenant Gibson"—

Lucille sprang to her feet, all confusion. The last time she had seen her sweetheart he had repulsed her.

Gibson entered quickly, halted abruptly at sight of the woman he loved standing there, with the gentle love light in her eyes and the reproach of a maid offended in her form. Slowly, very slowly, he placed the little ivory box in her hands, the box which Hugo Loubeque had given to him. She looked at him inquiringly and his lips parted:

"From Hugo Loubeque with hopes for forgiveness and felicitation."

With trembling fingers she pried open the delicate lid, then gave a sharp cry of disappointment that was echoed by one of mute admiration and amazement from the others as, turning the box upside down, the wonderful ruby necklace fell upon the floor, every blood red facet darting a thousand threats at them. But Lucille's eyes paid the necklace no heed. Instead they fastened upon a little slip of paper in the bottom of the box:

"Page from diary of Hugo Loubeque.

"In account with General Sumpter Love for dismissal from West Point and robbing me of Lucille—

"Theft committed"—

She read no farther, but, sobbing with the abandonment of a child, placed the page from the diary in the hands of the secretary of war.

"I see," he murmured quietly. "You say, Mr. Gibson, Hugo Loubeque gave this to you to hand to Miss Love?"

"Yes sir."

"If you do not object, Miss Love," he said to the girl, with a little knowing smile in the direction of her sweetheart, "I shall take this immediately before the board of inquiry. I think, with your story and the verifications I have gathered of its details, it will not only clear your father, but also return to the army a young lieutenant who had been named captain at the time this unfortunate incident occurred."

Evidently, important cabinet officer though he was, the secretary expected no answer, for he did not even glance back at the couple, who were so forgetful of etiquette as to ignore him. But Lucille had her arms close, close about the neck of Richard Gibson, and that young man was only mindful of his burden at the moment.

* * * * * * *

At his desk General Sumpter Love smiled as the murmur of two voices came to him. His eyes closed wearily and his head sank forward upon his chest, a victim of dreams—dreams of the long ago. It had been hard, giving up to another this daughter whom he had only just regained. And yet—and yet—there was another Lucille—

"Lucille!"

"You called, father?"

Lucille's arms were about his neck, just as they had been about his neck that other time in Manila when she coaxed his consent to her marriage to Gibson. And Gibson, with the straps of a captain, was standing once more in the doorway.

His hand rose to pat the rose petal cheek of her. Then his fingers encountered the necklace about her throat. As though he had struck a snake, his hand recoiled.

"Loubeque's necklace!" he muttered.

The arms about his neck tightened. The cheek was pressed against his own.

"Poor, poor Hugo," she murmured. "Poor, poor man who did not know there was no room for hate in a world that might be filled with love. Poor, poor man."

The three were silent. There was no room for words. Ghosts were all about—whispering, soothing ghosts that murmured over and over again—

"Lucille—Lucille"—

Ghosts that had an echo from the lips of a world weary man directly under the earth from them—Hugo Loubeque, alone with his ghosts that murmured always—

"Lucille—Lucille"—

THE END.

Work as they work who are ambitious.—Hindu Sayings.

THEY LIKE PRISON LIFE.

A Class of Persons in Japan Who Try to Break Into Jail.

In Japan there are people who make sham confessions in order to obtain a period of the comparative warmth and comfort of a Japanese prison. The Japan Mail says: "The police slang of the capital has words to describe and distinguish these persons. 'Meshikui,' or the rice criminal, will steal some small article from a shop front in such a way as to be seen doing it. He then makes a bolt of it, pursued by the master of the shop, or some faithful kozo, but presently allows himself to be caught and handed to the police. He has to 'do time' for his pretended theft, but his rice is secured for a period, and when that period has elapsed he will allow himself to be caught again.

"The 'unandon,' or 'eel-bowl' criminal, is wilier than the one just mentioned. He does not actually commit a crime, such as will put him into the convict side of the prison, but allows himself to be found looking in suspicious places, underneath the broad verandas of a temple, or in the garden of a private house. He gets into prison all right, but he secures the more generous treatment of the house of detention, which is to the fare of the convict jail what a dish of eels is to a bowl of plain rice.

"The 'kurumu' is a criminal who makes a sham confession in order to get a free railway ride. Recently a man gave himself up to the police in Sendai as the perpetrator of the crime. He was brought to Tokyo and his story investigated. It was found to be a pure fabrication."

HOW WOUNDS HEAL.

Nature's Processes Play a Large Part in the Operation.

Few people have any idea of the wonderful process by which wounds heal. Stitching, dressing, etc., are important operations, but none of them can make good the damage or replace the loss of tissue in a wound. This is the work of our good friends in the blood, the white corpuscles, the "scavengers," so called because they destroy disease germs.

When a wound is made, a bone broken, a nerve torn, etc., it is chiefly by these corpuscles finding their way out of the blood vessels into the surrounding tissues that the injuries by bullet or bayonet are repaired. The union of broken bones, nerves, skin etc., is effected by the corpuscles finding their way into the congulated blood which surrounds the injured parts.

They throw out what are called "processes," become fixed and join each other. A new tissue is thus formed, which becomes endowed with blood vessels. Fibers follow, and these serve to keep the torn tissues of the wound in what is surgically called "opposition."

In this tissue, in the case of a broken bone, bone salts are deposited; where nerves have been torn by a bullet nerve fibers grow, and so on. These fibers in the course of healing contract, and it is by that power of contraction that the edges of a wound are brought together and united.—Pearson's Weekly.

Boys as They Eat.

Jerome K. Jerome in one of his unconsciously sentimental but consciously clever essays remarks:

It is amusing to see boys eat, when you have not got to pay for it. Their idea of a square meal is a pound and a half of roast beef with five or six good sized potatoes (soapy ones preferred, as being more substantial), plenty of greens, and four thick slices of Yorkshire pudding, followed by a couple of currant dumplings, a few green apples, a pen'orth of nuts, half a dozen jumbles and a bottle of ginger beer. After that they play at horses. How they must despise us men, who require to sit quiet for a couple of hours after dining off a spoonful of clear soup and the wing of a chicken!

An Explanation.

The chairman of the program committee was embarrassed. After much choking he said:

"I am very sorry, ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry indeed, gentlemen and ladies—it gives me deep regret, ladies and gentlemen, to be compelled, gentlemen and ladies, to come before you with an excusion; but, ladies and gentlemen, the lady who will sing next is not here. We suppose, gentlemen and ladies, that she has been providentially detained." — New York Post.

Details of Elegance.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Corntossel at the dinner party, "the table decorations were elegant, weren't they?"

"Yes," replied her husband as he pushed his finger bowl away. "There's only one little thing they forgot."

"What's that?"

"They didn't put any goldfish in the little aquariums."—Washington Star.

Effects of Love.

Willie—Paw, does love make the world go round? Paw—I guess it does my son. I had a touch of the disease just before I got married and I have been seasick ever since. Maw—Willie, you go up in the attic and stay there until I call you.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

On the Safe Side.

Willie—When will the world come to an end, mamma? Mother — Nobody knows, dear. Willie—Hadn't I best eat my candy cane at once and be on the safe side?—Chicago News.

No success is attained by a leap and a bound, but by patient plodding and many resolves.

Queer Pronunciations.

There are many names of places in England that puzzle the stranger. Happisburgh, in Norfolk, for instance, is pronounced "Hazeboro," Abergavenny simply drops a syllable and becomes "Abergenny," and it is alleged that St. Neots sounds more like "Snoots" than anything else. Cirencester seems to vary from "Sister" to "Sizeter." In Suffolk Waldringfield is "Wunnerful" and Chelmondiston "Chimston," while in the adjoining county of Norfolk Hunstanton is "Hunston," and in the west country Badgeworthy is "Badgery" and Cornwood "Kernood." Huntingdonshire claims the purest English, but they call Papworth "Parpor." And not far from there a motorist turned upon a rough road and asked the intelligent laborers where it would take him. "That road," said the honest countryman, wiping his brow, "will take you to 'Ell, sir." The courageous motorist went on and found Ellsworth, which is pronounced "Elser."—Manchester Guardian.

In the day of your prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider.

A FAMOUS DETECTIVE.

Vidocq Was a Notorious Thief Before He Joined the Police.

Modern detectives, as a rule, are fitted for their work by a long course of police training. But not so Vidocq, the great French detective, who was born in Arras in 1775. He began life as a baker and early became the terror of his companions by his athletic frame and violent disposition. At the same time he was a notorious thief, and after many disgraceful adventures he enlisted in the army.

In 1796 he returned to Paris with some money, which, however, he soon squandered. Next he was sentenced at Lille to eight years' hard labor for forgery, but repeatedly escaped, and in 1808 he became connected with the Paris police as a detective.

His previous career enabled him to render important services, and he was appointed chief of the safety brigade, chiefly composed of reprieved convicts, which purged Paris of the many dangerous classes. In 1818 he received a full pardon, and his connection with this service lasted until about 1828, when he settled at St. Mande as a paper manufacturer.

Soon after the revolution of 1830 he became a political detective, but with little success. In 1848 he was again employed under the republican government, but he died penniless in 1857.—London Standard.

In conversation confidence has a greater share than wit.—Rochefoucauld.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

ISOLATED TRACT. PUBLIC LAND SALE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Burns, Oregon, January 14, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, (34 Stats., 517), pursuant to the application of Charles Moore, Serial No. 07589, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than $2.00 per acre, at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 16th day of March, 1915, at this office, the following tract of land:

E½NE¼, Sec 24, T. 30 S., R. 34 E., W. M.

"This tract is ordered into the market on a showing that the greater portion thereof is mountainous or too rough for cultivation.

Any person claiming adversely the above described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

WM FARRE, Register.
SAM MOTHERSHEAD, Receiver.

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