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& LOVE  
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ments will be vigorously prosecuted.



Perhaps it was the shock from her  
encounter with the strange native that  
made her slumber light, for the sound  
was very faint that awakened Lucille  
from the doze into which she finally  
had fallen. Like the rippling of a  
breeze through the leaves it was, and  
yet something ominous about it brought  
her bolt upright in bed, her every fac-  
ulty alert.  
Gradually she made out that it came  
from immediately over her head. The  
noise ceased abruptly. Started at the  
suddenness of it, she looked at the spot  
from which the last noise had come;  
then, with a shriek of horror, her eyes  
followed the stealthy, graceful reptile  
that seemed to grow from out the very  
roof of the thatched hut, its body wav-  
ering longer and longer before her hor-  
ror stricken eyes, its flat head moving  
in all directions, two little threads con-  
tinually flickering from out its hideous  
mouth.  
With a wild scream of terror she  
darted through the hut opening, heav-  
ing a sigh of relief at feeling the warm,  
clean air of the out of doors upon her  
cheek after the fetid atmosphere which  
the snake intruder had seemed to bring  
with him.

There at the outskirts of the village  
she fought against her terror.  
Fighting against herself, against every-  
thing feminine in her nature, she  
forced herself back to the hut. And  
then a great feeling of relief engulfed  
her, for the snake was gone. But the  
hut was in wild disorder. Everything



Loubeque and His Savage Aid intro-  
duce Snakes into Lucille's Hut.

Inside it had been torn apart. Not an  
inch of its surface but had been cov-  
ered carefully in the disruption. No  
snake had brought about this confu-  
sion.  
Lucille smiled to herself. Hugo Lou-  
beque was the man who had fright-  
ened her so awfully. But she still had  
the papers.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
Loubeque Watches a Tiny Flame.  
HUGO LOUBEQUE sat in the  
hut which his native had  
thrown up for him, his eyes  
filled with a somber light.  
Now and then they would shift toward  
the squatting, evil faced native in the  
corner.  
Loubeque's thoughts were upon the  
girl, Lucille, who had thwarted him so  
many times. He was only just begin-  
ning to realize that destiny was work-  
ing in her behalf, protecting her from  
him, urging her on to the desperate  
chances she had already taken, giving  
her courage and confidence to go even  
further than she had already.  
Was it possible that he could fail,  
could be beaten by this pretty slip of a  
girl, no more than out of her teens; he,  
who, judging nations to be no stronger  
than the weakest individual, had  
brought about the wreck of nations;  
he, who had worked through the civil-  
ized and uncivilized world to prepare  
himself for his great act of vengeance  
and always worked successfully, should  
finally deal the culminating blow  
against his enemy only to find this  
fragile Lucille more than counteracting  
his stoutest efforts?  
"I shall regain the papers from her,"  
he told himself. "But how?" At  
times in pondering the question he  
would grow so enraged that he thought  
of taking them from her by sheer  
force. But always there was her face,  
the face of her mother whom he had  
loved, still loved in memory, to rise up  
and deter him. No, she must be trick-

ed into disclosure of the precious docu-  
ments herself.

That she carried them upon her per-  
son he knew. The scheme he had  
worked out through the evil eyed na-  
tive he had picked up in the jungle  
and frightened into superstitious awe  
and implicit obedience had shown him  
that much. The big snake working  
his sinister length through the thatched  
roof of her hut had frightened her  
away a sufficiently long time for him  
to make such a search as permitted of  
no hiding place for them.

His native had brought him word of  
the way Lucille had saved the chief's  
daughter from death and in conse-  
quence been presented with the sacred  
amulet of the country. He realized  
that the ignorant savages regarded her  
as something in the nature of a deity.  
They would permit no harm to befall  
her so long as she remained with them.

Night had long since fallen when he  
stirred from his motionless position,  
before the somber light was burned  
from his eyes by the kindling flame of  
action. While no visible symbol bet-  
rayed exultation, there was a stealthy  
sureness to his stride that showed he  
was about to work, that the time for  
reflection was past.

"Get up!" he told his savage follower.  
The native swiftly rose and waited  
his commands. Fear still lay heavily  
upon him because of his two failures,  
and he was willing to dare anything  
now, risk even the profanation of the  
sacred amulet, rather than face again  
the flame of this man's wrath, this  
man he had stumbled across upon the  
beach and who, though helpless, had  
spat at him farther than his blow pipe  
could carry and shivered the spear as  
he held it uplifted in his hand, ad-  
vancing with murderous design upon  
the man. A small glittering thing of  
metal was the weapon of this man,  
yet he had seen a giant lion drop dead  
when his master raised it and threw  
its barking voice of orange flame  
through it.

Swiftly Loubeque strode through the  
inky blackness of the jungle that hem-  
med them in until he came to a scarce-  
ly penetrable wall of creepers, swung  
like giant hammocks between the trees,  
twisting and writhing about them-  
selves in hopeless confusion, all de-  
riving sustenance from the stunted  
trunks to which they clung. More like  
great ropes of corded hemp they were  
than anything else, their thick surface  
covered with fuzzy hairs. It was the  
creeper Loubeque had noticed the na-  
tive using when he wished to start the  
night's fire, twisting about a hard,  
sharp pointed stick against the un-  
yielding surface of the creeper till the  
friction started flame. Now he point-  
ed to the wall of creepers, indicating  
how much he wished.

But half an hour sufficed to satisfy  
the spy, and, without more than a nod,  
he turned and moved swiftly back to  
the hut. There he superintended the  
splicing of the sections of creepers and  
binding together in such fashion they  
should make a rope fully 100 feet long.  
The last fragment of the material was  
used, and he stared at the giant coil  
speculatively. At a curt word of com-  
mand, "Go!" the native glided noise-  
lessly from the hut, one end of the  
rope in his hand.

Foot by foot, a coil at a time, the pile  
of creeper before the international spy  
unfolded itself, the while he prevent-  
ed any knotting. The heap upon the  
hut floor had almost disappeared be-  
fore the constant vibrations ceased and  
he knew the savage had finished his  
part of the work. He was still smiling,  
grimly now, when the native returned,  
and he commanded him to fire the end  
that was within the hut. Then Hugo  
Loubeque stepped swiftly into the open-  
ing and strode along the line of creep-  
er rope that would like some unbel-  
ievable monstrous serpent through the  
lush grass and shrubbery until he came  
within a few yards of Lucille's hut.  
He halted, screening himself from the  
chance observation of some prowling  
native by hiding in the shadow of a  
great tree that faced her abode.

From far away, back in the direction  
from which he had just come there in  
the blackness of the jungle tip, a  
strange winking star seemed suddenly  
to twinkle upon the ground, fade for  
a moment, then dance swiftly forward  
toward him. At times the flame would  
appear to waver, to be extinguished,  
but always it would reappear again,  
having made brave progress during  
the time of its apparent extinction.  
Hugo Loubeque suddenly stirred to an-  
ticipation.

Noiseless as any cat despite his bulk,  
he moved toward the girl's hut, secur-  
ing the end of the creeper and tossing  
it upon the thatched roof. Then once  
more he took up his position in the  
shadow of the adjacent tree. He wait-  
ed, flexed in every nerve and sinew

of his frame, for the result of his strat-  
agem. And always the flame crept  
closer, coming more swiftly now.

One arm thrown carelessly over her  
head, with slightly parted lips, Lu-  
cille slept upon her bed of rushes. She  
dreamed of her lover, Lieutenant Gib-  
son, and of the happy time when she  
should clear him of the charge against  
him.

Some premonition of evil awakened  
her, caused her to start bolt upright  
upon the rushes, her every sense alert,  
her ears fairly peaked with the tense-  
ness of her listening. Her first thought  
was for the little sack in which she  
carried the stolen papers and orders  
as well as the photograph of her moth-  
er and the diary which Hugo Lou-  
beque had secreted in the oiled belt.  
Hurriedly she clutched the bag, slip-  
ping to the floor and listening.

This time a rustling, rushing sound  
came from directly above her. A leer-  
ing roof of yellowish flame glowered  
at her from the place where the  
thatched roof had been. For the frac-  
tion of a second she could not stir be-  
fore the awful menace. Then as a  
long tongue of flame reached out to-  
ward the wall and embraced it, feed-  
ing there a second before another  
flame joined it and in seeming quarrel  
reached at the same spot, her brain  
dominated the situation.

With a wild shriek for assistance  
she darted toward the opening, feeling  
the hot breath of the flames nigh  
surrounding her as she left it behind.  
From every hut poured the natives,  
stopping to stare about them for a se-  
cond before darting toward the hut  
which had developed into a conelike  
burst of flame, roaring menacingly,  
furiously.

Lucille was unconscious of every-  
thing for a moment save that she had  
escaped the flames. Then something  
caused her to return. From behind a  
great tree she saw the figure of a man  
moving swiftly toward her. He made  
no sound as he approached; neither  
could she see his face for the back-



"Go!" he told the native.

ground of thick shadow behind him.  
But there was an ominousness of pur-  
pose about his very movement, about  
the long, gliding shadow of him, that  
told her instinctively who it was.

Simultaneously with the knowledge  
she became aware of the precious sack  
in her hand. She made as though to flee,  
but something horrible about the ad-  
vancing man deterred her, made her  
hesitate. She felt herself yielding  
finally to the inevitable. There could  
be no possible thwarting of such a one  
as Hugo Loubeque, no chance for her,  
a frail, weak girl, to thwart this man.

With a little cry of despair she start-  
ed to flee. He was almost upon her  
when a tall, half naked figure darted  
to her side. She reached out instinc-  
tively and clutched the friendly bare  
arm. And then she hugged the sack  
with the papers and diary to her bosom  
and her lips moved silently.

Hugo Loubeque had disappeared—  
disappeared as silently, as mysteriously,  
as ominously as he had appeared.  
But, thwarted, the man only seemed  
to exercise more cunning, more desper-  
ate remedies. The proofs of her  
sweetheart's innocence had been close  
to being taken from her this time. She  
must not risk such a chance again.  
She must leave this place, must trust  
no longer to these people for protec-  
tion, must trust herself no longer to  
the fate that seemed so constantly to  
look after her. She must hide herself  
away from the master eye of the spy.  
Where? It made no difference. She  
must hide herself—away. That was  
all.

All through the remainder of the  
night Lucille clung to the child she  
had nursed through her illness. And  
now the situation between the pair was  
reversed and she, the competent white  
woman, became the child, while the  
little brown savage sat beside her sil-  
ently all through the night, her hand  
claspings the trembling one.

Sleep was out of the question. There  
could be no sleep while the mighty  
spy dogged her steps, knew where she  
was. Morning came and passed, the  
sun striking obliquely down upon the  
village before she dared even stir out-  
side the hut, the little daughter of the  
chief at her side, silent and shy, but al-  
ways comforting by her presence.

Lucille felt a great desolation upon  
her, a sense of fighting a useless bat-

Continued on page 7.

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