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LUCILLE & LOVE
THE GIRL OF MYSTERY

BY THE
"MASTER PEN"

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Lucille was suddenly made conscious of the fact that she was very weak. Nervously she fingered the ruby necklace about her throat, trying to think of some way another of the precious stones might be made to work its magic influence. She could buy a passage with it, could bribe many aboard the boat, but she must not be seen by Hugo Loubeque.

Fiercely she fastened her little teeth in her lower lip. Hugo Loubeque had the precious papers in his possession else he would never have smiled so serenely to himself as he boarded the boat. She had his diary, but it could not be used against him now. There would come a time when it would

further and further away from the voices that reached but dimly to her now, hiding away at every slightest sound.

CHAPTER XIII.
A Pretty Stowaway.

CAME the chugging of the engines, the quaking of every part of the great leviathan, lesser sounds from above, the terrible creaking of the cargo as the vibrations straightened it into place. Then Lucille was suddenly aware that they were under way; that she was alone here in the bowels of the boat.

Terror beset her on every side. Rats scampered about, their paws making a dreadful scraping sound like sandpaper being run over a smooth surface of boarding.

But always, when her courage had fairly ebbed, would come another picture. It was as though her horror popping eyeballs had forced poignantly home to her the vision of Manila; of her father, grieving himself to death at her absence; of the shipwreck; her sweetheart, imprisoned, with every hand turned against him, with the girl he loved away. She must bring back the papers which Loubeque carried; she must clear her lover.

Day and night—night and day—there was no difference between the two in this black hole. It seemed to her that they must be near the end of their journey, judging by the torments she had been through, when a swaying light directly over her head made her dart hastily back and strive to hide behind a looming bale. The exclamation of surprised incredulity which sounded in her ears told that she had been discovered. In an instinctive effort to hide she struck against a bale that had partially dislodged itself and sent it thundering against a second stack. In a moment the hold was filled with tumbling boxes and bales, toppling, reeling, thrashing, thundering in every direction. Lucille saw plainly above her a face that framed popping eyes and widened lips.

Swiftly she leaped upon a box that had formed the foundation for a pyramid. As though by instinct the sailor flung the lantern from him and reached down his hands. Lucille felt his fingers clutching at her wrists. Then slowly, so slowly it seemed she would never succeed in getting through that trap, she was lifted up, up to the deck where she lay panting and breathless, the man beside her fairly whistling from the exertion of once more breathing freely.

Slowly a smile spread over his weather-beaten face as he scanned the silken suit in which she was arrayed. Lucille saw that she had made a friend already and immediately pressed her advantage.

"Nobody must know you found me there," she began hurriedly, then, as he started to protest, "No, no. Please listen."

Again the sailor shook his head, a troubled expression in his eyes. Lucille knew that she had lost and, instead of pleading, took the next best course that seemed open to her.

"Then, if you must, bring the captain to me instead of parading me before every one. I would not ask you this, but I have an enemy aboard and—oh, I can"—she closed her lips quickly, as the hint of a gleam of avarice showed in the man's eyes. After a second's thought he nodded briefly and moved hurriedly away.

Lucille had no time for regret at her discovery. She had felt all along that it was inevitable, but had refrained till now from figuring on what explanation she could make in such event. That expression, the swift change on the sailor's face, as he thought her on the point of mentioning money, verified her instinctive knowledge that she must keep her ownership of the magnificent ruby necklace secret. She knew that the best of men would be tempted by such a king's ransom as the marvelous jewels represented. Likewise she felt that it would be unwise, under any circumstances, to entrust any one with the knowledge that she possessed the international spy's diary. This much she had concluded when the captain stamped heavily across to her, followed by the sailor, his face frowning blackly, but with a curious twinkle in his eyes the girl was quick to discern.

"And so the young lady with murderous tendencies was on board my boat all along. Of course you understand that I must put you in irons and turn you over to the authorities at San Francisco."

Some impulse impelled her, an impulse to put on a manner altogether at variance with her nature. She drew herself saucily erect, meeting his eyes with laughter lurking in her own. "Of course, you don't intend doing any such thing," she retorted boldly. "I was sick and the woman they

left to nurse me sneaked in the room late at night and tried to stab me. I saw her slip out and was suspicious of her, so I slipped behind the door and grabbed the man's gun when he put it on a chair. Anybody would have done exactly the same thing and I know, anyway, that you would never turn an American girl over to those horrible Chinamen."

The captain's frown disappeared. "Well, I guess that's about true," he admitted. "But why didn't you come to me in the first place; why didn't you want to come to me when you were caught; what do you expect is to be done with you?"

"I didn't come to you because the man who acted as interpreter is an enemy of mine who would do anything on earth to be rid of me—I mean Hugo Loubeque, the one who spoke with the Chinese officer when they searched the boat. They frightened me so I crept into the hold. I don't want him to know I am on board—he mustn't know." She looked up into his face with confidence.

"I can pay for my passage when we land," she added quickly.

"But I have no cabin vacant, young lady."

"Couldn't I do some work, be a cabin boy or something like that?" she suggested vaguely, as the ship's master threw back his head and gave vent to such laughter that tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

"That's a good one," he roared. "By George, I believe that would straighten the whole mess out and make me the master of the first boat that has had a cabin boy since the old sailing days. Young man," he added with mock gravity, "I'll take you to my cabin now, where your enemy will have no chance of seeing you. The steward will be the only one in our secret. He can outfit you and pass his instructions regarding your duties at night."

Lucille clasped her hands delightedly, her eyes twin stars of delight at the perfect working out of her difficulties. Working at night there could be but scant chance for Loubeque's recognizing her, if he retained his secretive habits, and it was usually at nighttime that he paced the deck and left his cabin alone. No position could more adequately have given her an opportunity to search the man's cabin for the stolen documents and papers.

The thought of it fairly took away her breath, was still all dominant in her mind while she listened to the steward's instructions. She saw immediately that her position aboard was little more than a jest of the ship's master, for she had little to do save a bit of dusting about the saloons, and, in the event of storms keeping the captain on the bridge for protracted stretches, fetching him hot tea. She laughed with him at her position when she showed herself before him in a natty white duck suit, which made her slender fragility more apparent and more appealing than ever.

That very evening she found the suit occupied by the international spy. Loubeque showed himself at night, not long after the middle watch, his tall form smothered in a long ulster, the upturned collar of which concealed most of his features from sight. She noticed the bulldog grip with which he held the cigar between his teeth, its glowing end revealing the flame in his deep set eyes. She knew the tension under which he labored was probably due to the disquieting news he had received at the last moment regarding her escape.

Every night at exactly the same time he came out upon the deck, and for two nights Lucille tried to bolster up her courage sufficiently to enter the stateroom, but always the sound of that ominous, steady step on the deck dissuaded her. On the fourth night she felt herself trembling with subconscious knowledge that tonight was to be the time when she made her attempt. Consciously, she was positive she could not force herself to do it, but something from within impelled her feet in the opposite direction from that taken by the spy. At the door of the stateroom she halted. Loubeque was moving toward her, silent, imperturbable, grim, a fearsome figure. Two bells sounded. Lucille watched the spy. His habits were remarkably regular in their very irregularity. For another bell he would not return to his stateroom.

She turned the knob and entered, closing the door softly. It would be a simple place to search, the furniture being scanty and Loubeque traveling without much luggage.

Swiftly she worked, turning everything upside down and carefully laying all signs of her search afterward.

Her fear of being caught had completely faded before the urge of finding the papers. From place to place, careful as any French detective, thorough and keen as though she had been a thief all her life, Lucille worked. As she went through the last of the spy's personal belongings, a little sob of disappointment and chagrin broke from the very heart of her and halted at her lips. For a hand was rattling the knob, turning it slowly, slowly.

"Ah!" murmured Loubeque slyly. "I thought I could not be mistaken in our little stowaway! But why, my dear child, did you wait so long to pay a visit to such an old acquaintance? Why such disregard for the ordinary amount of friendship?"

Slowly, without removing the cigar from his mouth, he moved toward her, the hateful smile still upon his lips. He seated himself and studied her carefully, speculatively.

"Lucille," he said slowly, "I saw you on the deck, saw you go into the hold, saw you when the captain came to you, have watched you all the time. Do you know why I did not give you away? It was because I wanted to

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BENTINCK COUNCIL.
Council met at Lamplash, November 17, pursuant to adjournment.
Turnbull—Shewell—That Jas. Warren be paid \$58 for drawing plans and specifications for Allan Park bridge.—Carried.
Shewell—Turnbull—That Hugh Watt be paid \$52.45, being balance due on abatements, and \$158.24 for flooring of Allan Park bridge.—Carried.
Lunney—Schmidt—That receive bridge timber.—Carried.
Shewell—Lunney—That receive \$2 for selecting jurors.—Carried.
Schmidt—Turnbull—That Roy Vickers be paid \$2.60 for repairing Silver Creek bridge.—Carried.
Schmidt—Shewell—That D. E. V. Schmidt be paid \$1.90 for repairing E. V. D. bridge.—Carried.
Schmidt—Lunney—That Brant treasurer be paid \$45.52 for expense incurred by Brant Council in raising debentures for Elmwood school.—Carried.
Schmidt—Lunney—That Council do not grant claim of John Sanderson for damages to auto.—Carried.
Lunney—Schmidt—That R. Ledingham be refunded \$2.80, being error in taxes.—Carried.
Schmidt—Turnbull—That council

allow collector to cancel on roll taxes of Mrs. Lloyd and Thos. Richards of Elmwood.—Carried.
Lunney—Schmidt—That By-law No. 10, allowing Council to purchase the Currie property for use of hall, receive first reading.—Carried.
Lunney—Schmidt—That request of Mayor Withn of Hanover volunteers be left till next meeting.—Carried.
Deport of Division No. 1:
G. Shene, team, 10 hours..... \$3.00
G. Alexander, team, 10 hours..... 3.00
W. Smith, team..... 2.50
D. McGillivray, shovelling..... 1.50
N. Wilson, shovelling..... 1.50
B. Dargavel, shovelling..... 1.50
B. Dargavel, gravel..... 2.45
F. Shewell, 1 day..... 2.00
J. McGillivray, underbrushing..... 75
J. Ledingham underbrushing..... 50
H. McCormick, gravel..... 2.00
H. Gonder, gravel..... 2.00
R. McCaslin, gravel..... 1.20
H. R. Riddell, work..... 1.20
D. Wilkie, gravel..... 2.00
F. Shewell, 2 1/2 days..... 5.00
F. Brown, rep bridge..... 10.00
Schmidt—Lunney—That Council do now adjourn, to meet at Lamplash on Tuesday, December 15 next, for transaction of general business.—J. H. Chittick, Clerk.