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LUCILLE & LOVE
THE GIRL OF MYSTERY

BY THE
"MASTER PEN"

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

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 sweet heart, "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.

DARKIES' CORNERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jaques, and Miss Edna M. Ritchie, spent Monday evening at Mr. Andv Watson's. McWilliams.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan. McQueen of Stayner spent part of last week at Mr. Neil McCannell's.

The annual school meeting passed off as usual. Mr. Robert Lindsay supplies the wood, while Mr. John McGirr looks after the cedar.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lawrence spent New Year's with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Patterson, Egremont. Mrs. Thos. McGirr and Mr. E. McGirr attended the Stevenson-Binnie wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil McCannell visited around Top Cliff on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindsay entertained a number of Bentinck friends on New Year's day.

Miss Agnes McGirr returned to her former school, while Miss Annie takes a new one near Galt. Miss Nina Noble, Hutton Hill and her cousin from Toronto visited with Mr. and Mrs. John McGirr last week.

Mr. Wm. Jaques sold a fine bunch of sheep to W. R. Watson. Mr. Robt. Lindsay resigned his position as Councilman in favor of Mr. Tom Turnbull, north of Durham.

Misses Margaret and Annie, and Mr. Ernest McGirr, attended the party at Mr. Wm. Allan's. Egremont.

Miss Minnie Andrews returned to her school. Mr. Wm. Hargrave is at present engaged with Mr. Ed. Hartford making timber.

Mrs. C. Ritchie and daughter spent Sunday in town.

Mr. A. M. Bell returned to his school near Holstein. Miss Margaret J. McGirr spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo. Wilson, in town.

FERTILIZING OLD MEADOWS.

On an old meadow which has not been properly fertilized a top dressing of nitrate of soda is almost certain to show very marked results. The farmer is likely to be so enthusiastic over the showing made that he at once concludes that nitrogen is the one factor needed to make his hay crop a profitable one. Right here lies the danger. While the first application of nitrate of soda may show these marked results, it is not by any means safe to conclude that nitrogen is the only element of fertility needed. Repeated applications of nitrate of soda may soon result in no apparent benefit and even result in a final condition worse than the original condition. The first application of nitrate of soda shows such marked results because there is a marked deficiency of nitrogen in the soil, but there is sufficient of the other fertilizing elements, particularly phosphorus and potassium, to balance the nitrogen used. The increased crop yields from the use of nitrate of soda make an increased drain upon the available phosphorus and potassium of the soil. No effort being made to replace these elements thus removed, the time very soon comes when no response is received from the application of nitrate of soda because the phosphoric acid and potash have been depleted or, in other words, are the limiting factors. As a rule, where nitrate of soda is used as a fertilizer it is a safe principle to use in connection with it some form of phosphorus and potassium, having in mind permanent results rather than a temporary increase due to the nitrate of soda.—From Bulletin of United States Department of Agriculture.

TOBACCO STEMS AND STALKS

These Can Be Used as Valuable Fertilizers by Tobacco Growers.

According to the United States department of agriculture, should the demand of Europe for American tobacco stems cease these stems, which contain large quantities of plant food, especially potash, may be used to good advantage by the American grower of tobacco as fertilizer. Soil fertilized by these stems secured from the cigar and tobacco factories and stemmeries will produce leaf tobacco of better burning qualities and texture.

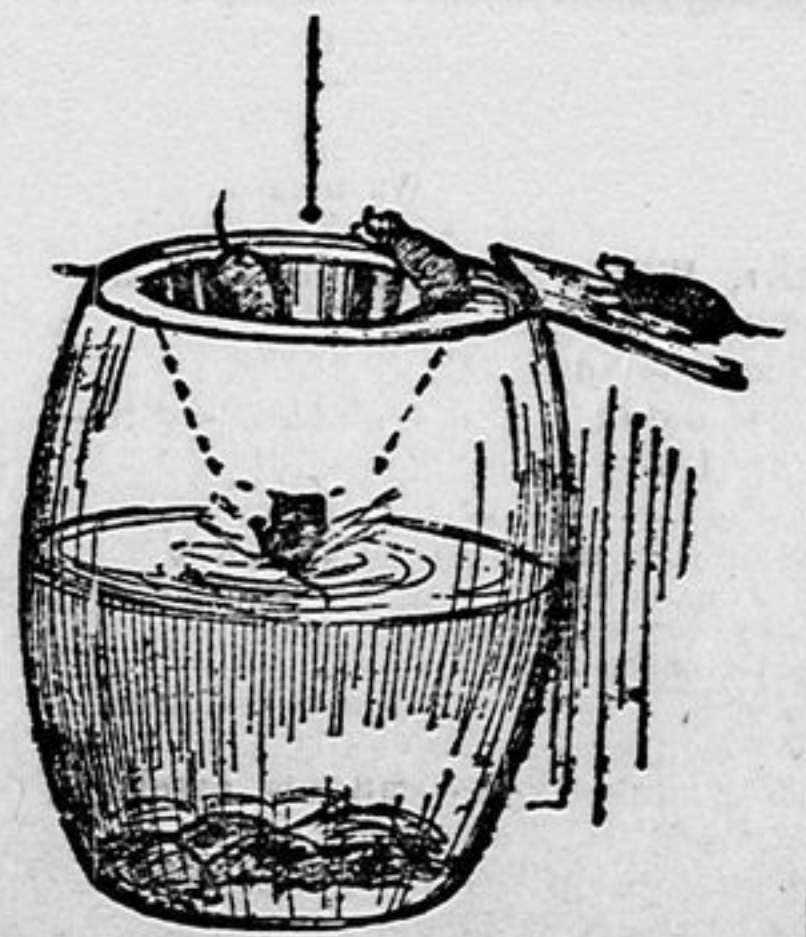
Tobacco stems as fertilizer should be applied in smaller quantities than manure, because they contain larger quantities of the constituents which feed the plant, according to the department's tobacco specialists. Two tons per acre of "seed stems" (stems from cigar factories) or two and one-half tons of "Kentucky stems" (stems from the tobacco factories and stemmeries) are known to give good results in New England, and so far as available these stems will undoubtedly furnish a very satisfactory source of potash, as well as other plant foods, in other tobacco sections.

Considerable quantities of tobacco stems have long been exported to Germany and other parts of Europe, where they are often used in the manufacture of low grade smoking tobacco and as a source of nicotine.

Tobacco stalks which are not removed from the farm under prevailing methods are not always used to the best advantage as a fertilizer. Like the stems, they contain considerable quantities of valuable plant food (though not so much) and may be used freely as a fertilizer for tobacco and other crops. They may be profitably used to improve the hay lot by simply spreading the stalks over the land in the fall, or they may be plowed under at the same season for cultivated crops, such as cotton, corn, tobacco, etc. The practice of piling tobacco stalks in heaps and leaving them exposed to the weather means a waste of valuable material that might be returned to the soil.

An Efficient Rat Catcher.

Take a good barrel with one head out and make a steep tin funnel to fit tightly over the top of the barrel, writes a contributor to the Farm and Fireside. Make a hole five inches across



in the center of the funnel. Now take a string, tie it to something above the barrel and let it hang down to the middle of the funnel about three inches above the hole. Tie some cheese on the end. Put a few boards from the top of the barrel to the ground so rats can climb up. In trying to get the cheese the rats will slide down the funnel into the barrel. Have the barrel half full of water and they will drown as they fall in.

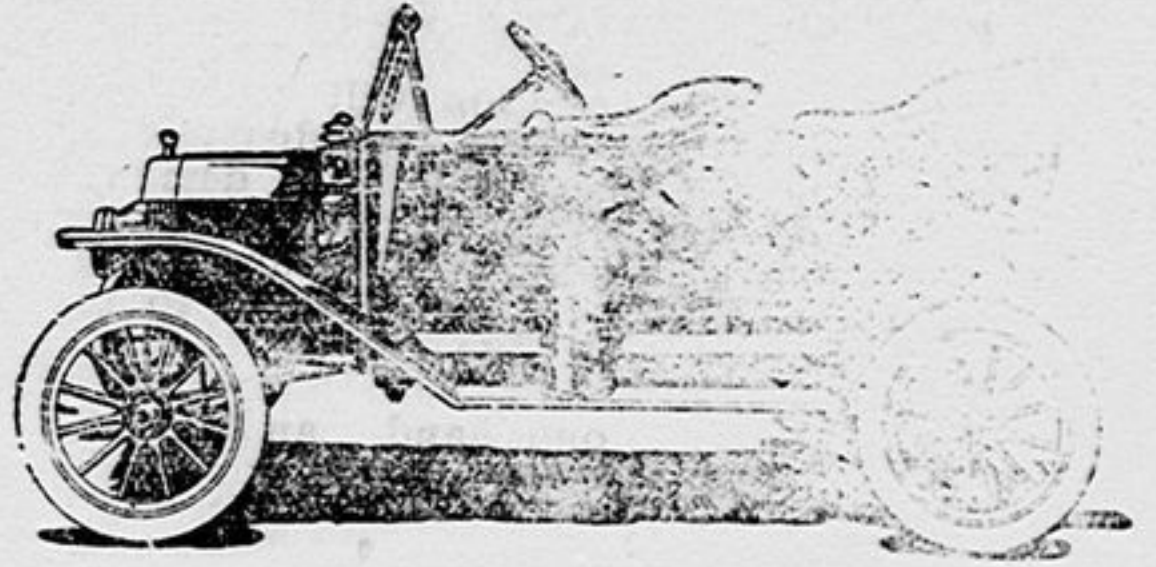
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