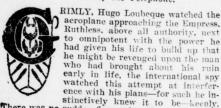
LUCILLE LOVE, The Girl of Mystery A Soul Thrilling Story of Love, Devotion, Danger and Intrigue By the "MASTER PEN"

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SYNOPSIS OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

While students together at West Point, and In love with the same girl, Sumpter Love proves Hugo Loubeque a thief, and Loubeque is dishonorably discharged. Love wins the girl. The enmity thus begun finds outlet in later years at Manila, when a butler thief in the employ of Loubeque, now an international spv. steeds valuable gapers now an international spy, steals valuable pa from the Government safe of General Love beque sails with them on the steamship Empress and General Love accuses Lieut. Gibson, his aide and the sweetheart of his daughter Lucille, of the crime. Loubeque sends a wireless message cleverly instinuating that General Love had sold the pages. the papers to a foreign power. To save the honor of the man she loved and to erase the stigma from her father's name, Lucille prevails upon Harley, a Government aviator, to take her out to the ship, in his aeroplane.

"The Voice of the Telephone."



RIMLY, Hugo Loubeque watched the aeroplane approaching the Empress. Rimleys, above all authority, next to omnipotent with the power he had given his life to build up that the might be revenged upon the man who had brought about his ruin early in life, the international spy watched this attempt at interference with his plans—for such he instinctively knew it to be—keenly. There was no sudden flame of malice in his heart, only a cold, deadly purpose. Anything and everything that stood in his way must be swept aside or crushed—that was all.

Aloof from the excited passengers and officers who had been brought to the deck by the thunder of the aeroplane's motor, he watched. Cheers rose at the masterly manipulation of the plane. Then the aviator's purpose of landing on the liner's deck became clear. It seemed impossible, yet so big a feat was it that already bets were being made on the success of the attempt. The air-man was circling now, looking down through his powerful glasses to gauge the distance. Hugo Loubeque stood motionless, impassive, imperturbed. The explosions of the motor died out so abruptly as to make the succeeding silence fairly thunderous in its contrast. Then the plane swooped down toward the deck, nose-on, righted itself and glided to a perfect landing.

Lucille separated herself quickly from the passengers. She was beginning to think again, to realize what a task lay before her. The orders and papers of her father were upon the boat but who carried them she did not know. Of all these hundreds anyone might be the thief. It had seemed so simple before that the contrast between the resolve and its execution appalled her. Harley interrupted her mood of black depression, taking her hand and wishing her luck.

"Everything is arranged with the Captain," he reported. "And, Miss Love," he added earnestly, "I don't know what there is to be done but you cannot help succeeding when you start with such spirit."

The encouragement filmed her eyes, blinding out the sight of the aviator as he started his en-

The encouragement filmed her eyes, blinding out the sight of the aviator as he started his engine once more and, with one short glide, rose toward the element he loved. Only the drumming of the motor came back to her and its monotone seemed to shape itself into words, words of cheer and hope. Yes, she must win. She could not lose. Her slender figure straightened as she turned from the rail, her head uplifted itself courageously, almost defiantly.

ously, almost defiantly.

The sound of her own name, repeated twice
in a hoarse whisper of incredulity brought her
out of her abstraction. She looked wonderingly
in the man who had called her by name, amazed
at the emotions twitching his powerful face,
frightened at the expression in his luminous eyes,
eyes that stared at her as though she were a

ghost.

Hugo Loubeque mastered himself with an effort. He had never seen the General's daughter before, this girl with the face and form of her mother, and this apparent resurrection of what had been a living memory so long had stunned him out of his usual composure. It irritated him that his senses should be tricked, that he should lose control of himself under any circumstance and he drew aside quickly.

and he drew aside quickly.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured as she passed him. "I thought I recognized—" He stopped abruptly, amazed at the expression of delight, and craft, and joy and guile which mingled on her face as she stopped and stared into his face. And in the clash of eyes the man knew that this slip of a girl recognized him far face. And in the clash of eyes the man knew that this slip of a girl recognized him for her enemy, the man she would be obliged to battle with; knew it just as he knew the purpose urging her on was no whit less strong than his own.

Lucille stared after his retreating figure, her

Lucille stared after his retreating figure, ner lips parted, her eyes twin stars for the hope that had been kindled there. "The voice on the telephone," she whispered over and over to herself.

And her eyes turned toward the land, the land where her sweetheart was; her eyes turned shorewards even as her heart flashed messages of hope to him.

CHAPTER VI

In the Wireless Room

THE international spy paced up and down the floor of his suite, for the first time in years a prey to emotions that threatened to overwhelm him. Early he had learned Life's lesson that self-mastery is identical with the mastery of others. It had become a religion, a fetish to the man and now that he realized his blunder it stirred a rage within him he had thought it impressible to feel

within him he had thought it impossible to feel.

The message in her eyes had been clear. This girl knew that the papers his underling had stolen from the General's safe were in his possession. She was his enemy, determined to go appalling lengths to thwart him, just as he must forget the instinctive love he had felt for her, this girl who came from the sky and stined we this girl who came from the sky and stirred up visions of days when he had known such a thing

visions of days when he had known that as happiness.

Already he had crushed down this feeling. But still questions ticked at his brain. How had she known? How was it possible she could find out? And what manner of girl was this who took such risks; what motive could induce one so womanly to go to such lengths? He settled himself in a chair, closing his eyes while he rearranged all he knew of the General's household.

Arabatally, under the urge of his tense contradually, under the urge of his tense contradually.

time. Undoubtedly—backed one by the strange light he had read in her eyes—the General's aide, with whom she was in love, had been charged with the theft. It had all cleared up easily when he mastered his emotions.

His sembra area cleared

he mastered his emotions.

His sombre eyes glowed at the completeness of the havoc he had wrought. Not alone had General Love been struck, but his entire household. His aide in prison, accused of stealing and selling correspondence of the government he was pledged to serve; the General's daughter valiantly follow-



The spy studied the pattern on the floor, his

The spy studied the pattern on the floor, his brows knitting as he tried to formulate something that would strike directly at the old man. It was an hour before he rose and moved toward the door, an expression in his eyes which told the problem had worked itself out.

In the wireless room he wrote out his message, waiting idly while he watched the operator adjust his helmet and send the message hurtling back to Manila. Hugo Loubeque smiled grimly as he imagined the consternation these streaks of electricity snatched from the sky would create upon arrival. He wondered at the indifference of the wireless man to the import of the message.

the wireless man to the import of the message.

"Not the aide. General Love sold me papers."

The operator turned indifferently.

"Signature?" he queried.

The international spy shook his head, smiling at the expression of interest kindled in the young man's eyes. He must, for once, do work of the most difficult sort and do it himself instead of trusting it to a subordinate. To do this he must. trusting it to a subordinate. To do this he must ingratiate himself with this man, become so well acquainted he might have leisure to carry out his

Versed in humanity as he was, it was simple enough for the spy to throw off his accustomed taciturnity and interest the lonely operator, who evidently thought him a special agent of the government. That accusatory message must not be answered. Undoubtedly upon its receipt at Manila, an investigation would be started which would open with finding the source of the original charge. To obviate this, the wireless must be put out of order, must be wrecked so thoroughly it would be impossible to repair it until the Empress was out of the zone of communication.

cation. It was a matter of hours before he got his opportunity, the operator leaving his board and going to the saloon. Hugo Loubeque wasted not a second. The sound of the man's boots had not ceased to sound before the box lay open before the spy. His hands moved like lightning, carrying out the plan he had conceived as safest and most effective from the instructions of the operator. In and out his fingers moved, loosening a screw here, a wire there. Within five minutes he carefully closed the wooden guard and leaned fully closed the wooden guard and leaned against the window, waiting the operator's

CHAPTER VII.

A Second Accusation.

GENERAL LOVE sat at his desk, trying vainly to figure out what motive there could have been for his trusted aide's taking the desperate chance of which he had accused him. Cold reachance of which he had accused him. Cold rea-son made him believe the man was either a luna-tic or fool, or honest. The first he brushed im-patiently aside. He had been provided with many aides in his long service of thirty-nine years and no one of them had equalled Lieutenant Gibson in point of efficiency. Fool he might be, for the old soldier knew how a man's brains were stolen from him by love. But the influence of Lucille, born and bred to the sacred traditions of the service, was the sort to make a man go in any di-rection save that of trading with his country's tion save that of trading with his country's or. Honest—
No matter in which direction he turned, the

As matter in which direction he turned, the General was unable to see how the young officer could be honest. Where had he received the money so unexpectedly that led him to believe he might be married before his promotion was confirmed? Why had he done such a foolish thing with the safe combination as to leave it in his room? Why had he been so embarrassed? A hundred and one questions all remained unanswered dred and one questions all remained unanswered and all pointed toward the man's guilt. Only two men could have gone in the safe—the General himself and his aide. And yet—always there was that "yet" to contend with. He knew the boy, knew him so well he had been willing to entrust his daughter's life to him, and he could no lieve that Gibson was guilty of the charge. It mattered more to him than the po

It mattered more to him than the possible contents of the papers themselves. He knew his work, knew the correspondence might be of the utmost importance, still one does not think of such things when personal calamity strikes directly home, strikes at one's own family.

He was roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the entrance of the aviator. The man was obviously nervous, a bit hewildered by

man was obviously nervous, a bit bewildered by the rapid succession of startling incidents which

had followed the ball. Briefly he told of his trip to the Empress with Lucille, the earnestness of her pleadings, the final words that had won his consent.

"For the honor of the man I love."
Over and over again he repeated the words, trying to make something of them. Of course she meant Gibson, but what could she find out on the Empress relating to the robbery of the safe in this office? Still; she was not a foolish, hys-terical girl, wandering off on such errands at tangents. There must be something she knew or had found out which she believed would clear her

sweetheart of the innue do against him. But how could he find out what it was?

It was shortly after the thought came to him It was shortly after the thought came to him that the prisoner himself might be able to shed light on this mystery and he ordered his aide brought before him. Cold logician that he was, master of thousands of men that he had proven master of thousands of men that he had proven himself to be, there was something more than mere innocence about the young officer that the General could not deny, even to himself. More— there was a certain suspicion, an air of contempt in the very figure of the man that told the sup-

BOTH RECOGNIZED THE ENMITY THAT MUST EXIST BETWEEN THEM erior he himself was under another's suspicion. erior he himself was under another's suspicion. For a long time he studied the face he knew so well, trying vainly to see some sign of guile upon the handsome, stern young countenance. It was more than puzzling, more than baffling—that accurately rain of frank grey cars.

more than puzzling, more than baffling—that accusatory pair of frank grey eyes.

"Lieutenant," he began slowly, "I have tried to think of some solution to this affair that will not involve you. You must realize how greatly I desire this. But I have thought for hours and there seems no other explanation of the disappearance of the papers I turned over to you. Can you suggest some other person that might possibly have an interest in their disappearance?

"I can, sir," steadily answered the aide, his eyes holding those of the older man. "I am not, however, insubordinate nor insolent to my superior officer."

The smouldering flame in General Love's eyes leaped high as he grasped the semi-accusation. By an effort he mastered himself, forcing his voice to

steadness.

"Harley, the aviator, has just reported that Lucille came to him this evening and persuaded him to take her to the Empress. She evidently felt she possessed information that would clear you of this charge and that the Empress was carrying the guilty party. Can you tell me anything of such knowledge?"

Gibson stared incredulously at his superior.

His lips opened to repeat the name of the ship as though what he heard was unbelievable to him. He felt the General's eyes upon him, piercing him, searching into the very depths of his soul. Could it be possible that this old man was willing to make his daughter a scapegoat for his crime? No, it was all too unbelievable. And yet the General must have sold the papers, He could see no other explanation. But what was this tale of landing about the Furness in an accordance. He suddenly felt a rush of blood to his head, a mad fury, a determination to get the truth of this whole thing even though obliged to wring it from the old man's throat. Unconsciously he took a step closer the desk when the orderly again entered, silently passing a Marconigram across the desk.

Gibson stared wonderingly at his chief, wondering at the purpling of his already florid face, the rage that shot streaks of blood across his the rage that shot streaks of blood across his eyes as he read and re-read the message. Suddenly with a choking laugh the old man tossed the wireless to his aide, the last blow of Hugo Loubeque: "Not the aide. General Love sold memapers."

papers."

The lieutenant felt a warm throb of pity for the old man. He seemed suddenly to have aged, to be on the verge of collapse under this mysterious charge. The General straightened slowly, rising from his chair.

"Somewhere, somehow there is an explana-tion," he muttered. "And Lucille is all that stands between us and disgrace. You will come with me, Lieutenant.'

"Yes, sir. You have some idea—"
"To the provisional governor," curtly answered the old soldier, "until this charge can be sifted. Meanwhile, we will wait until there is word from Lucille in answer to the message I

"A message? You did not mention that."
"Certainly I sent a message immediately
Harley told his story. We can drop in there on
the way to the Governor's mansion."
Gibson nodded shortly. He was in a haze
still, feeling that his suspicions of the old officer
had been unfounded, knowing that some evil
brain was conniving at their destruction.
Pity for the General took the place of the
bitterness which had been his during his con-

Pity for the General took the place of the bitterness which had been his during his confinement. He felt himself wondering whether the old man could clear himself of the charge against him, felt himself unconsciously supporting the man as they walked toward the wireless station. He did not notice the General's orderly hurrying toward them until the man halted in the parade grounds, the moon calute there on the parade grounds, the moon salute there on the parade grounds, the moon casting an eerie shadow across his olive khaki.

"Sir," he reported, "the operator has tried to reach the Empress but there is no response. Her wireless must be disabled."

General Love stared at his aide. Fear gleamed in the eyes of both men, a mutual fear for a mutual object. Who was this unseen enemy who struck such flerce blows from out of the dark? And Lucille sweetheart and daughter. And Lucille, sweetheart and daughter,

Lucille, the pampered, dainty, fragile Lucille was

ndoubtedly near this one who even commanded the lightnings to do his will

CHAPTER VIII.

An Armed Neutrality.

CURIOUSLY Hugo Loubeque watched the operator as he settled back in his chair, almost immediately receiving the flash that a message was on the way to him from some unseen, unknown source. The brief fraction of a second etched every incident that followed clearly upon his brain. his brain.

Came a long sliver of light that seemed to

Came a long sliver of light that seemed to sudge the switchboard violently from its fastenings, a shaft that reached out and pierced him through and through, blinding him with its bursting light-vapor. Then Loubeque felt himself falling, falling into a pit that seemed to have no bottom. He was vaguely conscious of cries, pitying hands, being lifted and carried somewhere, of low murmuring voices purposely hushed, then a heavy, black silence.

It was hours before he could piece together what had happened, how he chanced to be in bed, what the cause of the terrible throbbing pains upon his arms and torso was. Then the wonder of Lucille's being with him, ministering to him, drove every pain away and he watched her from under cover of his heavy lashes as she moved about the stateroom, quiet, cool, sympathetic. It had seemed impossible that Lucille should ever be near him, that she should come back to him after all the years, that the days at West. Point with the culminating horror of

should ever be near him, that she should come back to him after all the years, that the days at West Point with the culminating horror of that dismissal should be forgotten—

He straightened in bed so abruptly as to bring a moan of anguish from his lips. In the lassitude induced by his burns and the shock of the wireless room explosion he had concentrated the forty years that were past into the living presence of the daughter of the woman he had loved at that time. And this was no more girl, but a woman, with all the capacity for love and hate that ever woman had. And she was his enemy.

but a woman, with all the capacity for love and hate that ever' woman had. And she was his enemy.

The impulse to speak with her, to order her away, was strong upon him, but he conquered it, the habit of carefully planning before doing anything coming to the fore again despite his pain. He must not show resentment of her kindly interest, must not betray the fact that he had papers for which she was looking. He must be very certain of his ground with this girl for a definite purpose was behind her strange boarding of the liner; the coincidence of her tending him was too strange to be unpremeditated.

"You are very kind," he smiled as, seeing he had returned to consciousness, she softly crossed the floor, balancing herself against the motion of the liner as though she were a part of the boat. "There was an explosion in the wireless room, was there not?"

"You must not talk till the surgeon comes," she smiled. "I must obey orders, you know, because I am only a volunteer."

"A volunteer! You volunteered to help a stranger!"

"But you are not a stranger." She smiled

stranger!"
"But you are not a stranger." She smiled "But you are not a stranger." She smiled curiously, wrinkling her nose in a delightful way he remembered her mother to have had. "You knew my name and that made me feel really acquainted when you were hurt." There really acquainted when you were hurt." There was something penetrating in the eyes fastened upon his own, something guileful about the suggestive expression of her tones that put him instantly on guard. He closed his eyes again and simulated slumber, now and then stealing a glance at her as she sat opposite him, her pretty brows bent in thought.

Day followed day with ever his faculties assemed on the processity for continual Apprison.

Day followed day with ever his faculties fastened on the necessity for caution. A curious sort of friendship sprang up between them, a friendship partaking more of an armed neutrality without the formality of a flag of truce than anything else he could imagine. Without menanthing else anything else he could imagine. Without mentioning their mutual attitude both recognized the enmity that must exist between them, both new the other was conscious of the other's

Times there were when Lucille would find herself wandering in memory fields, back to the days at Manila. And times there were when she would have to conquer the impulse to take this powerful, sardonic, silent man she nursed and powerful, sardonic, silent man she nursed and shake the secret of the papers from him. Then again she would be all compassion, her very heart crying out in its innocence against the bitterness that poisoned her patient's heart and soul. Something within her told her of the times when his green would set the same and the same secret with the same sould set the same sould set the same secret with the same secret within his green would set the same secret within his green within his green within his same secret within his green wi when his eyes would soften and the natural af-fection within him would attempt to steal through the shell with which his hate had en-crusted him. And then she would fight down with an effort the impulse to throw herself upon the better nature she knew he was making such an effort to hide, to plead with him for the happiness he had stolen from her, for the honor of the man she loved.

of the man she loved.

Nature weakens the body that it may nourish the soul. But with the alleviation of Hugo Loubeque's sufferings the old animosity and purpose flourished with redoubled vigor. This girl had undoubtedly sought the opportunity of nursing him that she might defeat his purpose. She was the daughter of the man he had spent his life in working out a complete degradation for life in working out a complete degradation for. He must fight down the weakness which assailed him when her resemblance to the Lucille of forty years ago surged strong within him; he must fight against her as he would fight against anyone else, as he had fought against the

And Lucille felt the change, felt it and re-And Lucille left the change, left it and redoubled her effort to get the secret of the stolen papers. The spirit of the game was in her and she yielded a grudging admiration for the cunning of the man who, even in his most acute suffering, managed to conceal everything from her. Even in delirium his powerful brain resisted her brites.

her. Even in delirium his powerful brain resisted her suggestions, her hints.

Detective stories she had read and she tried now to bring the methods of those sleuths of fiction to her aid. Strangely enough, though she recalled their exploits well, these heroes seemed febrile puppets when compared to the man she nursed. One story alone had impressed itself upon her and she knew there was no chance to use the ingenious method of that one who had

discovered the hiding place of certain important documents by tossing a bomb in the living room of a blackmailer.

The international spy was able to walk about his room now, his eyes showing the satisfaction he felt at thwarting her. They played chess together, dined together, with always the armed deference between them, a state of mind so obvious as to have been ludicrous had they not both been so conscious of it. Many times she thought the strain was more than she could bear, when she doubted the wisdom of this trip. And always would come morbid pictures of her sweetheart to sustain her in her determination to clear him of the charge under which he rested. It was on the eighth day out that the spy suddenly sprang to his feet, darting swiftly to the door of the stateroom. She stared at him in astonishment, amazed at the change which had come over him. His life must have made him more than unusually sensitive to impressions for a full quarter hour elapsed after he had resumed his seat before a barely perceptible thudding sound came from beneath the deck.

Perhaps it may have been the premonition of the silent man, perhaps foreboding of disaster.

Perhaps it may have been the premonition Perhaps it may have been the premonition of the silent man, perhaps foreboding of disaster on her own part that took her to the deck. The Captain had quit the bridge and stood at the door of the engine room, his face betraying the anxiety he tried to conceal from his passengers. Louder, louder grew the thudding sound, following now by a retching like the ripping of a rotten cloth.

Louder, louder grew the thudding sound, following now by a retching like the ripping of a rotten cloth.

"A boiler in the engine room," Loubeque said quietly when she returned to his suite.

She stared at the spy incredulously. He was seated in the great chair as though such a thing was of the slightest possible consequence to him. His impussive countenance was more sombre than ever and she realized, with sinking heart, that her impulse to appeal to him in this hour of deadliest peril would be of no avail.

Came another thought with that of help-lessness, a thought of which she felt ashamed for the second. If worst came to the worst this man would attempt to save, to take with him his most priceless possession. If only she could find out where the stolen papers were concealed she would get them. It was not wrong to take advantage of the weakness of a physical invalid who possessed such giant mental strength.

Mingling with the horrid retching sound came a long hiss. The spy sprang to his feet again and opened the door. Passengers were rushing wildly about the decks, their faces betraying the abject terror they felt. At the rail stood the Captain and Second Mate supervising the lowering of the life boats. A white faced steward banged against the door, thrusting his head inside.

"Fire," he whispered, then, as though ashamed for the fear which had robbed him of his voice. "It's fire—to the boats—"

Lucille turned away, a sickening feeling clutching at her heart. Fire! Fire out here on

his voice. "It's fire—to the boats—"

Lucille turned away, a sickening feeling clutching at her heart. Fire! Fire out here on the broad ocean and never a sight of land since Manila! What could she do? She suddenly was conscious of Hugo Loubeque's swift motions. The spy darted across the room and drew from the true drawer of his deek, prelage of papers. The spy darted across the room and drew from the top drawer of his desk a package of papers which he hurriedly replaced as she turned. There was something on his countenance which told her the truth, told her that he had re-

told her the truth, told her that he had revealed the secret of the stolen papers. He slapped the drawer shut, reassuming his aspect of indifference as he brushed her away from the door.

Quick as the spring of a cat she had secured the papers while he stepped to the deck, apparently to study the situation. When he returned she was moving carelessly about the room, wears o innocent an expression that he studied her so innocent an expression that he studied her suspiciously a second. Their eyes met and he sprang to the desk, slapping open the drawer so violently its contents fell upon the floor. As he whirled upon her she saw in his face that the truce was at an end, that he knew of his loss and would stop at nothing to regain his secret. Swiftly she sprang through the open door, losing herself in the mass of passengers huddled against the rail. Looking back, she caught a glimpse of the white faced coolies and Chinese, staring in sullen despair at the passengers whose turn it was to enter the life boats while they must wait, under threat of the revolvers in the so innocent an expression that he studied her

must wait, under threat of the revolvers in the hands of the officers. Behind them little cork-screw spirals of steam reached out caressing fingers, twining about them and then innocently losing themselves about the funnels. And always, always sounded that horrible hissing sound from below, the sound of unbridled fire.

Lucille felt an overmastering impulse with-

in her to remain with this terror, anything save the great, threatening ocean that looked so monstrous now, waiting the tiny crafts that creaked down from the davits. Then powerful arms were about her. She felt herself being lifted and hurtled forward, huddling down in the crowded boat that was being lowered to the

She would have thought the ocean calm ordinarily, but as the boat splashed upon its bosom, the sailors striking easily into rythmical swing, she realized the power of this mighty body of water that invited the frail boat to become a part of itself instead of striving bat it with such a meagre thickness of rounded

A hand reached out and rested upon her A hand reached out and rested upon her shoulder. For a second she was unconscious of it, then something steadying, indomitable about the clutch of finger tips made her turn. Hugo Loubeque smiled into her eyes, smiled with the pitying expression of an invincible one who grieves for the weakling that dashes against him. Her eyes upraised toward the boat, a mass of whitish smoke now through which leaped larger.

of whitish smoke now through which leaped playful reddish flames. Now and then a figure would dart toward the rail and lunge overboard, the bodies striking the water in great circles that lost themselves in one another. And for a second the thought came to her that even that inferno of a ship was preferable to this man be

Well played, Miss Love," the spy murmured silkily. "But I fear you must return the—," A piercing shriek made him turn swiftly, a shriek that lost itself in the heavy crunching of wooden oars against wood. Came a horrid bumping that seemed more like the crunching of a wild beast upon bones than anything she had ever heard. Heat, intense, steaming, beat upon

her cheeks. She looked up and only the dark hulk of the Empress loomed above her, only a lurid flame illumined the heavens. She was conscious of her heavy clothing, sodden now with water; was conscious of the lack of support. Something long and wooden tilted against her and instinctively her fingers clutched the oar which had floated out to her from their boat which had been tossed and crushed against the burning liner's side. Again

crushed against the burning liner's side. Again she looked up.

The Empress was a mass of white flames now, flames that seemed to carry it down, down, down like some boat of fabled ages. The soft breeze caressed her cheeks, its very tenderness a mockery. Replacing the massed flame of mancreated fire glowed a million constellations, the luminous magnificence of the Southern Cross. And within her soul flickered the spark of compat which Youth will not allow to die even though the battle be unequal as the war of the firefly against the dark.

(Continued Next Week.)