said Welcher; "but if you want to

child, and you must help us get it.

Hernandes pointed toward the door

'Annapolis," he said "then report to

Before Welcher was able to report

to Hernandez or to Inez Castro at

us at Newport in due course."

little crowd toward the street car.

Inez Castro called after

ed. "This is our vehicle. Pile in."

It was a huge gray motor car.

pleased. Neal and Annette immediate

ly left the pleasing but unnecessary

society of the others and wandered

Annette started suddenly. "Look,

Neal looked. Fifteen paces to his

leter, forbidding. Without a word Neal leaped in the direction of the

look. Quick!" she commanded.

"Yours?" queried Annette.

"One of mine," she said.

nodded.

ing to join the navy."

Understand ?"

things happened.

COUNTY COURT

EXPENDITURES FOR MONTH OF OCTOBER

DISTRICT NO. 1-Warren E. Dan. iels, \$2.00; E. C. Warren, \$57.60; A. Mather, \$5.00; W. H. Counsell, \$68.40; Joe Peters, \$83.00; John Davis, \$85.00 M. E. Hayman, \$85.00; Geo. Wilson, \$85.00; Wm. Strange, \$85.00; Earl Atwood, \$82.50; R. Gibson, \$85.00; Dan Gaffney, \$90.00; Joe Counsell, \$10.00; Fred Mack, \$10.00; E. C. Warren, \$15.00; O. J. McKenney, \$30.95; John Kaye, \$40.50; Frank Frossard, \$40.50; Carl Parry, \$39.37; H. M. Hyerstay, \$13.50; Sam Dreffs, \$11.25; W.

00; Herman Seibert, \$49.00; Earl. Tong, \$19.50; Joe Pillster, \$19.00; John Wymere, \$23.75; G. De Young, THE TATTERED PARCHMENT Haugen, \$23.75; W. W. Cooke, \$18.00; Henry Bock, \$16.00; J. M. Norton, \$18.00; G. Yacht, \$6.00.

DISTRICT NO. 4-J. P. Forrester, Port. Ry. L. & P. Co., \$129.50; Esta. Hardin cottage at Seaport-Annette cada Tel. & Tel. Co., \$2.49; C. W. saved something. She saved the links Schuld & Sons, \$164.50; J. A. Kitch-the identifying objects that made her ing, \$82.25; Dan Matson, \$15.00; J. R. one with the little child who had been Hughes, \$4.50; H. S. Jones, \$11.00; saved years before from the ruin of G. B. Linn, \$1.00; L. F. Hale, \$5.00; St. Pierre. \$6.00; J. T. Dourty, \$2.00; E. E. Erick- before." son, \$20.00; L. Hale, \$21.00; G. T. Kitching, \$6.00; P. E. Lovall, \$34.00; their temporary place of abode. J. C. Kitching, \$12.00; H. Kitching, \$5.00; Geo. Walter, \$5.50; Jake Moss, queried. "How did I get out of the \$12.00; G. C. Heiple, \$3.00; J. B. Linn house at all; who did that? \$15.00; G. F. Boyer, \$14.00; H. Githens, \$3.50; M. E. Linn, \$10.50; H. CaShe III a small alcohol lawn under hill, \$2.50; Emil Ellers, \$4.00; R. S. neath a tiny tea kettle. "Watch it, Coop, \$7.00; A. H. Erickson, \$8.50; Annette," she said, "it's so small it C. A. Looney, \$13.50; J. K. Eley, \$5.50 may boll over." M. R. Shankland, \$2.00; E. E. Sailing. \$28.00; M. S. Sarver, \$20.00; S. E. culiar consequences. Mrs. Hardin Heiple, \$11.00; C. E. Dockendorff, measured out a quantity of Ceylon tea,

\$26.00; Chas. Wheeler, \$18.00; J. A. top was this inscription: Imel, \$20.00; Carl Paulsen, \$18.00; C. Z. Lake, \$10.00.

DISTRICT NO. 6-Chas. Krebs, island." \$6.85; Gust Finzer, \$5.50; John Suck-Henry Guldenzopp, \$11.00; Ed Sitz, nothing but an ore." \$11.00; Chas. Krebs, Jr., \$11.00; Will The older woman continued her at Newport, as you had your little the door and flung himself inside, giv- the third-story room. Bell, \$11.00; John Burmeister, \$5.00; scrutiny. "Here's the mine marked cottage at Seaport. And you shall H. Bronner, \$4.00; Theo. Fisher, \$10.50; Will Widmer, \$8.00; A. C.

(Continued on page 7)

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Jacob Haas et ux to W. H. Ross, lot

der's addition to Milwaukie; \$1.

of the Shave place; \$10.

range I east, W. M.; \$75.

less, lot 5, block 16. Shave subdivisoin

Milton Smith et ux. to E. C. Latour-

Alice C. Roth to Anne E. Roberts,

Real estate transfers were filed

with County Recorder Dedman Friday

E. F. Gannon et ux. to Merchants National bank of Portland, 20 acres in section 16, township 2 south, range 5,

east of Willamette meridian; \$1.00.

east of Willamette meridian; \$100.

tract in section 33, township 3 south,

ette, tract in the Ezra Fischer D. L.

as follows:

M.: \$10.

us follows:

Baumback, \$13.30 DISTRICT NO. 7-Henry Perrett, \$19.05; J. I. Case Threshing Mach. Co. words 'Stone castle,' nothing else."

\$3.00; Sandy Merc. Co., \$13.50; Sandy- The girl sprang to her side. "Yes," Lmbre, Co., \$42.82; T. Hagen, \$24.75; said the girl, "these two other words such a thing until that instant. Her B. Winters, \$27.00; G. Gibbons, \$18.

She placed her finger upon them. air. 00; H. Moulton, \$22.50; J. Cocklereese They were two small words near the \$18.00; Wm. Ganger, \$20.25; A. W. lower left-hand corner of the map:

F. Gibbons, \$4.50; G. Odell, \$20,25; Longitude. R. J. Mabry, \$19.40; L. C. Lowe, \$20.-50; D. W. Douglass, \$39.00; P. Shipwhat latitude and what longitude?" lev. \$58.50; M. Thomas, \$22.50; C. M. Davis, \$22.50; J. Fegles, \$22.50; R. Akins, \$18.00; Wm. Beechill, \$18.00. fear.

DISTRICT NO. 8-John Buchholz, \$1.55; Howard-Cooper Corp., \$48.00; map flatly upon the table, and examing place-Lonesome Cove inn, three Fred Beechill, \$4.50; H. H. Watkins, ined every nook and corner of it. miles south of Seaport. DISTRICT NO. 9-Fred Lins, \$45.00; Otto Jansen, \$20.00; A. M.

Jansen, \$14.00; Frank Ochs, \$30.00; She placed her hand upon the han- forward and caught her in his arms. Harold Joyner, \$28.00; Henry Klink- dle of the little tea pot. She drew er, \$16.00; A. Stienke, \$24.00; Edd it away suddenly, for it was unusually Grafenhain, \$22.00: Peter Ruhl, hot. Her hasty movement dislodged \$28.50; Carl Lins, \$16.00; A. H. Milmap away and wiped it with her ker- obey. If I fail-" chief. Then she handed the map to She looked up. She rose. The door Real estate transfers were filed with County Recorder Dedman Wednesday Annette, "Get it out of my sight be was still shut, but within the room, fore I scour the whole thing off the crouching behind Welcher, were three Bertha M. Leach et vir. to Carra face of the earth," she said. Then interlopers-Hernandez and his two Stratton, 15.86 acres in section 10, she stopped. "Annette," she went on. companions. Ponto and the brute. township 3 south, range 1 east, W.

sharply, "what's the matter?" "Look! look!" she cried.

26, First subdivision of Oak Grove; Well might she exclaim, for there, spon the yellow surface of the parch- friend Welcher," said Hernandez. "but R. F. Wilson et ux. to B. M. Fich, ment where only half a dozen words this time you merely turned the key part of tract "B" Kelly and Schlinhad appeared before, there now ap -a key which doesn't lock. I have peared a multitude. Pearl M. Wheeler et al to B. F. Har-

north; longitude 123 degrees, 40 min- inquire of my fair wife," he proceeded original grant being in possession of

utes west. Granted to Hington, Span- suavely, "what the heiress, Annette ish-American explorer, for distin- Hington, intends to do?" guished service by Joseph Bonaparte, "None of your business," snapped king of Spain, in the year 1809; the Joe Welcher, in return. the fathers of the Santa Maria mis- went on Hernandez, "what you intend sion in Lower California, to be sur- to do?

"May I inquire of you, sir, then,

SW WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW, OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE.

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SYNOPSIS.

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE."

BLUE BUCKLE"ETC.

Barnes, \$9.00; E. P. Green, \$20.25; Harry Wilson, \$9.00; J. R. Strange, \$9.00; M. E. Gaffney, \$29.25; J. Henderson, \$40.55; S. L. Mullan, \$52.50; DISTRICT NO. 2—T. A. Roots, \$55.00; Walter Roots, \$64.00; R. Johnson, \$40.00; Sol. Imel. \$35.00; Alex Robinson, \$40.00; Sol. Imel. \$35.00; Alex Robinson, \$40.00; W. Jones, \$55.00; J. Umaker, \$80.00; W. Jones, \$85.00; J. Umaker, \$80.00; E. Curry, \$10.00; P. Arnold, \$21.25; H. Klinkie, \$27.50.

DISTRICT NO. 2—C. Wolfhagen, \$1.80; J. C. Elliott & Co., \$55.94; W. F. Haberlach, \$2.00; John Moore, \$34.00; Harry Roach, \$30.00; W. R. Dallas, \$8.00; F. H. Allen, \$20.00; W. R. Schwartz, \$20.00; W. Hall, \$20.00; W. R. Thebo, \$16.00; A. H. Ritzau, \$81.00; Herman Seibert, \$49.00; Earl

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XVII

The Return of Inez Castro. Out of that holocaust-the useless \$3.25; Port. Ry. L. & P. Co., \$35.00; conflagration that destroyed the old

L. Y. Congdon, \$3.00; R. O. Morrison "Whatever they mean," she told her \$10.50; D. E. Walter, \$2.50; R. H. foster mother, "they'll help me find my Currin, \$7.00; G. B. Linn, \$7.00; M. father; they'll help me find Loet Isle. Bauernfiend, \$20.00; M. T. Yount, that I'll find him at Lost Isle and not

They were seated, these two, in

"Who rescued me that night?" she

Her foster mother shook her head. She lit a small alcohol lamp under-

Boll over it did later, and with peand then held out her hand.

"Let me see the map of Lost Isle DISTRICT NO. 5-Port. Ry. L. & again, Annette," she said. "It seems P. Co., \$159.60; C. W. Schuld & Sons a shame we can make nothing of it. \$187.60; M. H. Wheeler, \$35.00; Chas. It was strange, for at first glance the Lekberg, \$36.00; Wm. E. Wheeler, map seemed quite worth while. It \$46.00; Geo. A. Tacheron, \$35.00; was traced upon an ancient piece of Peter Larsen, \$20.00; Paul Stone, parchment, old and yellow. At the

> "LOST ISLE OF CINNABAR" "Cinnabar," repeated Mrs. Hardin. Seems to me I've heard of such an

Annette shook her head. "I've looked ow, \$5.50; Wm. Guldenzopp, \$5.50; it up. Cinnabar is not a place, it's arm of coincidence," she cried; "my

> on the island with a cro of a mine-what's cinnabar?" "Quicksilver ore," returned the girl. at my villa, in Newport. Good."

"It must be a quicksilver mine." "Nothing else upon it, except the

Klingler, \$13.50; E. TenEyck, \$9.00; Latitude.

> "Yes," went on Mrs. Hardin, "but Annette smiled. "That's the point. it doesn't say. That's what I've got he was anxious to peruse. He went to find out, but I'll find out, never below to read it. It was another little

> Mrs. Hardin lit a lamp, placed the to meet her once again at their trystshe said at length, "I've head nor tail of it, so we'll have some hostelry.

tea.

rendered to the heirs of flington upon

you fall us again we will have you broken. We want that map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar-we want every identifying thing that came aboard the

MYC.

proof of identity and presentation of this map.

Annette stared at it. "Jove!" she finally exclaimed. "Lost liste is Lost Isle no more, thanks to a tea kettle full of boiling water; but, look, look, it fades again."

"Fades as it cools," said Mrs. Har-

din. The door opened stealthily. Joe Welcher entered. "Joey," cried Annotte thoughtlessly, "tell us-where's You can pass 18 degrees latitude. examinations. And 123 degrees longitude. Right off the reel,"

Joe Welcher mistook the inquiry for mere airy perfiffage. He failed entirely to connect it with the map. He strode to the table. The map still lay there but now upon its face appeared none of the recently revealed inscriptions, it was as blank as it had been before. Welcher's fingers itched to get hold of the map. He needed it in his busine s, for his business just now was keeping out of trouble. He stretched forth a hand to take it.

"You and your old map," he said, with an attempt at jocularity, "it's like the house. a game of solitaire. Let me look at it again."

Annette folded it up and thrust it into her bosom. "Not so, Joey," she right there was a clump of bushes, returned. "It's never going to leave and peering from this clump of my possession again. It's precious bushes there was a human face, sinto me now."

A sudden light broke in upon Joe's understanding. He peered at her cun- face and dodged around the bushes. "What's that you were sayningly. ing about latitude and longitude?" he against the pursuer. A taxicab came queried.

"Never you mind, Joey," laughed Annette, "all in good time you'li know. What's on your mind?"

"How did you know anything was on my mind," replied Welcher. "Well. you're right. There's an old friend of yours downstairs, just come over from New York-Miss Irene Courtier. "We'll tidy up, then you can show

her up," said his foster mother. She swept Annette's belongings into a huge old-fashioned value. She had no sooner finished than Inez Castro entered the arena of events. "I read about it, just a line in the

shore notes of a New York paperthe fire. And you were utterly destroyed; you saved nothing, as I understand? "Nothing but Annette's valuables,"

returned Mrs. Hardin. "What next do you do-where now do you go " inquired Inez.

Mrs. Hardin's eyes glowed. "I-we shall go to Neal; for the present anyway, we have no other plans. We can live near him for a little while at

"And Neal is-?" queried Inez. Mrs. Hardin told her-at the Naval Training school at Newport.

Inez clapped her hands. "The long visit me, as I visited you. You shall visit me-and you Annette Hington-

It is to be said of Inez Castro that she was universally resourceful. She had no father. And as for a villa at Newport-she had never thought of villa at Newport was a castle in the

CHAPTER XVIII.

Scar Face.

Welcher, upon the advent of Inez Castro, had left the room. Inez had handed him a slip of paper-one that seductive note from her, asking him

Fortified with proper stimulants. scoured the map and I can't make Welcher made his way at once to that

At last she came. Welcher sprang "You've got to let me see you often often, do you understand," he said.

"Let me tell you, charming one," it from its moorings and the boiling said Inez, "that what happens cannot water spouted out over the table, be helped by me. I have a husband, Most of the boiling water spouted on have I not? A hard master, this Herthe map. Mrs. Hardin snatched the nandez. When he commands, I must

"What are you doing here?" cried Annette was pointing to the map. Weicher, stepping back. "I thought I locked the door.

"You are fond of locking doors. rights here, I imagine. Since my wife-"Latitude 18 degrees, 30 minutes sees fit to enter, I enter also. May I

Inez gave a signal and the launch know, I'm going to Annapolis. I'm goplunged her noze into the sea. For half an hour or so everything went well. "Listen, friend Welcher," said Her-

nander, "you have failed us once. If But suddenly above the chugging of the exhaust Annette heard a grean at her side. Incz was hanging limp over the arm of her wicker chair. "What is the ""ttar?" cried An-Princess with Annette Ilington, the

nette, alarmed. "I am ill, so ill," groaned inez. "I was a fool to come out in a sea like

"We'll go back," said Annette. "No," said Inez. "We must land. Another half hour of this I think would kill me."

Courtier villa, in Newport, other In a moment they were gliding through the quiet waters, and in two A week later Neal Hardin, in his moments more had reached the dock apprenticeship seaman uniform, hurat the head of the inlet. Above them ried from his training ship to the railtowered a huge, crooked granite road station in Newport, and waited shaft, and nestling against it like anhalf an hour for a belated train. He other shaft was the Crooked Crag howas unprepared for the sight that met

his eyes when the train pulled in. must rest," groaned Incs. Annette was more than a dream she must lie down-I am ill, terribly ill." was superb. Neal seized as many suit-Annette rapidly leaped from the cases as he could manage, motioned to motor boat, tripped up to the little a porter to bring the rest, and led his dock and nimbly ascended the rustic steps that led to the hotel. She was met half way by the proprietor, Sol-Where are you going?" she demandinger himself.

Yes, miss," he called to her; "something urgent, I perceive." "My friend, Miss Courtier, is ill," Notwithstanding the fact that Ines. said Annette. "She is in the launch

had never seen the car before, she below. Can you help me?" "With pleasure, miss," said the proprietor. With him at her side, Annette re-

At the villa Inez turned her guests loose and bade them do as they traced her steps. The proprietor entered the motor boat and bent over Inez. He nodded to himself, as though recalling a description. through the rose-lined paths behind With an easy swing they carried

lnex out of the boat, along the dock and up the rustic steps. "Have you a physician in the

house?" "We have everything—everything at Crooked Crag." returned the proprie-

tor, with an insinuating smile. He summoned other servitors and nodded to Annette. "It is two flights up, miss," he said

Luck favored the pursued and was to Annette. Giving innumerable directions and whirling around a corner, and the inclimbing at the head of the little



Hernandez Tore Open Annette's Walst.

quested."

pocket.

escaped again.

proprietor, with a low how

"Come in," said Annette.

There was a knock upon the door.

Two men entered, one of whom, a

man with a neatly-trimmed Van Dyke

beard, drew Annette to the window,

inquiring gravely about the case.

While her attention was thus occupied

the other man seized the recumbent

figure upon the bed and bore it from

the room. Annette caught a glimpse

What is he doing?" she demanded.

The other man bowed. "To a phy-

He crossed the room and deftly

"But you are a physician," ex-

He tore from either side of his face

a thin strip of hair, leaving beneath it

smooth shaven jowels. He still wore a

mustache and goatee. Then he turned

to her, and his face was the face of

the man in the shrubbery at the New-

port villa, the face of the smuggler

of cocaine, captured at Seaport and

"I am not a physician," he conceded.

claimed Annette, alarmed.

locked the door, putting the key in his

sician," he returned, "as you re-

father and I, we have our little villa terloper leaped upon its step, opened group behind him, he finally reached

ing a quick order to the driver. Neal retraced his steps and Annette handed him a scrap of paper that the man had dropped during the struggle. It was a crumpled bit of letter, and what there was of it read like this:

. . note you are now located at the "Crooked Crag" . . . and that the place is safe. Ten pounds heroin shipped today. The consignment of cocaine follows Immediately.

"Did you recognize that man?" said Neal, breathlessly, "He was the smuggler that got away that night in Seaport. I remember him particularly by the scar upon his face.'

of his huge shoulders just as he dis-Annette started. "I had forgotten," appeared. she returned. "The scar upon his "Where is he taking her to?"

CHAPTER XIX.

At Crooked Crag-

Hernandez, the gentleman adventurer, the clever smuggler of cocaine and heroin, established his headquarters at the Crooked Crag. The proprietor recognized him for what he was; there was a secret compact, unspoken, but well understood, between

Hernandez had located himself in the secret, sound-proof room at Crooked Crag. He was talking over the telephone.

"It was a false move," he conceded. "I should have steered clear of your Newport villa. If it hadn't been for the apprentice seaman, I might have turned a trick. As it is, I am afraid to show myself. I think we will have to wait for our yellow-blooded friend to return from his failure at Annapo-

With the scrap of paper in his possession Neal had excused himself to Inez, and had started back to his demanded. training station with a definite purhanded the crumpled slip of paper to a partner of your father's." the officer in command and told his

But all this went on unknown to Hernandez. He had not missed the "Dead these many years; God rest his scrap of paper.

"No," she answered, retreating to a He laughed. "I am a man with a saber cut upon my face," he said, pointing to it. "You were to look out

"Do you know who I am?"

for me. Here I am. Look out." "What do you want of me?" she Hernandez lit a cigarette. "Noth-

pose in view. Once arrived there, he ing that is not mine," he said. "I was She started. "Where is my father?" she demanded.

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. soul," he said. "I was his surviving Half an hour later on a wharf in partner and to me belongs the assets Newport there drew up a very capable of the firm. One of those assets you little motor bout linez and her young carry on your person next your heart, friend, Annette llington, boarded her. the map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar.

I know you have it. I tracked you and your friend here just to get it. You will hand it now to me."

minutes to make up your mind. I

and of five minutes you have failed,

Inex Castro's handbag was lying on

a dressing table; to her it was the

opened it and drew forth a card en-

graved with the latter name, together

with a little silver pencil. She wrote

"I am Annette Hington. I am con-

fined in a second-story room in the

rear of this building-the barred room

where you see the handkerchief. Look

She thrust the card between the

bars and dropped it. It fluttered down

beyond her sight. Then she tied her

handkerchief to the lower end of one

of the bars. As she finished she heard

a rattle at the lock of the door and

CHAPTER XX.

The ensign in the bow of the naval

"This Crooked Cres botel is an un-

launch scanned the coast line with

canny place," he said. "They've prob-

ably got lookouts posted everywhere.

We'd better land half a mile away and

His brother ensign grunted. "Dol-

lars to doughnuts we're on a wild

goose chase," he said. "If there's any

place that covers up its tracks it's

Crooked Crag. You're right though,

They landed half a mile up shore

we'll take them from the rear."

take them from the rear."

Hernandez entered the room.

care.

you must take the consequence.

hand bag of Irene Courtier.

hastily upon the card:

the rear. "I will do nothing of the kind," said str," exclaimed the seaman, "and I feel Annette. She drew a long breath and screamed about.

aure that we can locate the room. "Uncloss," he said, "There is no one within range of your beautiful soft voice." He took out his watch. dors, str?" he cried. "Let me remind you, senorits," he re-

The ensign read the card and handed it to Neal. Neal touched his hat: "May I-do I have to walt for or-"No." roared the ensign. marked. 'that my ancestors were of

the room with the barred windows in

"The handkerchief is tied there,

They reached the third floor corrithe inquisition. I will give you five dor and darted into an open room and thrust heads out of an unbarred winshall feave you alone, you may make dow. The sailor plucked Neal by the up your mind by yourself. If at the gleeve. "There," he whispered. "It's next

door to this. The two windows, the bars and the handkerchief tied on.

They duried out once more into the corridor. There was no door, no opening; but this mattered not to Neal He stepped to the far end of the hall and selzed a fire ax, which hung



Newport."

and as quietly as possible tramped for a mile through underbrush in the "Neal," cried Annette's voice within, general direction of the granite rock and it was the voice of a girl beside which stood out clear above the tree herself with agony and fear. "Neal, tops. They halted on the edge of the it is I-Annette. Come, for God's sake, clearing, from the center of which come.

rose the hotel itself. "Form a circle," said the ensign. surround the place, and all close in at once. No matter what happens, don't let anybody get away.

One of the ensigns beckened to Neal, "Come with me," he said, "you know the man we're after and can describe him. I'll need you and about three more besides." With rhythmic, ringing steps, the Bt-

tle squad crossed the clearing, darted up the rustic staircase and tramped across the veranda of the hotel. Solinger met them at the door. "Yes," gentlemen," he said, bowing,

"what can I serve you?" ing to get him."

Meantime Hernandez had entered the room where he had confined Annette. Once more he locked the door behind him and without a word crossed ons and she had a woman's weapona hat pin.

She waited until Hernandez was my father's map." within three feet of her, then she "If the doctor is about, will you into his outstretched arm.

send him?" said Annette, bowing the proprietor and his two men from the "At once, mademoiselle," said the she was, her every muscle was well trained. With one strong sweep of her arm, she threw him off and then plunged into a fight, the fight of a wildcat against a wolf. She tore at his face and head, clutching for his eyes, trying for a hold upon his ears. Time and again she repulsed him. then with one wild clutch she caught him by the hair and held him with a strong grip of her right hand while she pummeled his face with a small but energetic left.

Hernandez retreated to the door, untle. His whistle was immediately andragging with him the huge brute. "Seize her." he demanded of the

brute. The girl stared at this huge figure

with terror in her eyes. The brute started across the floor, and then whimpering, with hands hanging at his sides, turned away from her. Hernandez nodded to his assistant, Ponto, Ponto drew his everready whip and lashed the brute into obedience. The huge man, still whimpering, caught the girl in his arms and held her.

Hernandez, without the slightest compunction, tore open Annette's waist.

"You vixen," said Hernandez between his teeth, "I will get that map if I have to flay you." Meantime, one by one, on the lower

floor, the ensign's cohorts had struggled in. Each saluted as he came. "It's no use," they whispered to the ensign, "Solinger's got us beat. We

can't find anything." Neal was the last to come. He had made a thorough search.

A seaman ran lightly up the steps into the office and saluted. "Beg your pardon, sir," he said.

found this in a crevice in a rock be hind the house. It looks bad, sir," He handed over the message which Aunette had serawled upon the card of Irene Courtier-the message that she was confined in an upper room.

"You Shall Visit Me at My Villa at there in a rack. Then he darted back and with ringing strokes began his assault upon the wall. Suddenly from within he heard a woman's shrick.

Neal delivered one more crashing blow, then he motioned to his fellows. "Come, boys," he said, "there's not a second to lose. This thing has get

The corridor was fairly broad. The little squad of sailors withdrew and huddled against the opposite wall. Then as one man this human battering ram lunged and lurched across the hall and propelled itself against the already splintered partition.

With a crash the secret door went down, and with a bound Neal was in the room. Annette, her dress torn, her hair disheveled, struggled with the brute in one corner of the room. "Serve us nothing," said the ensign Ponto had released her. With a bound aternly. "We are looking for a smug- he crossed the room and jerked aside gler that you have not. He is here, the fireplace, disclosing a secret exit. We know he is here and we are go- He crawled through the aperture and disappeared.

Hernandez, stupefied with astonish ment, yet had an expression of triumph and giee upon his face. He was thrusting a yellow parchment into his the floor toward her. Annette had pocket. Annette with a final struggle made up her mind just what to do. slipped from the brute's grasp and She must fight with a woman's weap- darted toward Hernandez, calling to Neal.

"Neal, Neal," she cried, "he's got

With one spring Neal was upon Herraised the weapon and sunk it deep nandez. He snatched back the hand with which Hernandez was pushing His face white with anger, Hernan- the map into his pocket. The map dez caught her roughly by the throat. came out torn and crumpled. An-But he had forgotten something-for nette, beside herself, snatched at it gotten that she had inherited tremen- with both hands. Neal grabbed at it. dous strength. Young and graceful as and also got a hold. Hernandez still

held it in his iron clutch. All this took place in an instant. In another instant the three had fallen back, each in a separate direction. The map had parted and each clutched a piece of it.

Hernandez, with an oath, turned and dived into the secret passageway. Five minutes later the fastest boat along the shore—the boat which Inex Castro called her own-was churchugging out to sea with three figures huddled in her bottom-the bruteand Ponto and their chief, Hernandez. locked it and gave vent to a low whis- They had wriggled somehow through the surrounding circle, had zig-zagged swered. Ponto entered the room. in and out of shots-had made good their escape.

When the chase was over Neal returned and half apologized to Inez.

"Sorry, Miss Courtier," he said, "but they've made away with your fast motorboat. We couldn't get to ours in time. We landed half a mile or so just up the shore. How do you feel?" "Better," exclaimed Inez. "It's the excitement, the noise, the pistol shots.

they have made me well again." Neal thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled forth a crumpled piece of parchment. "What did you get, Annette?" he in-

quired. Annette thrust her hand into her dress and pulled forth her own tattered portion. Inex, watching, bent her head to listen. Neal and Annette spread their two pieces of the map out upon the little stand. Between them they had the bulk of the lower portion of the map. It was a blank surface, save for three things-a little tail of the island sticking down and the words "longitude" and "latitude," and nothing else. Annette laughed in glee. "We've got everything we want,"

she said to Neal. "What is here is important. What the man with the saber cut upon his face has got is of no use to him or us. We beat him to it, Neal, we beat him to it." Over on the bed Inez, in her crouch-

ing attitude, still listened, wondering (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Lat a name of your business, too," THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

Forrest S. Fisher to Merchants Na. kie, \$200.

section 16, township 2 south, range 5 80 acres in section 29, township 1 south, range 4, east of Willamette me- lot 6, in Elk Rock Villes; \$100. Henry Barth to Sylvia Barth, 40 ridian, patent. were as follows: John W. Meldrum to Georgia P. Mel-

drum, .91 of an acre in section 23, Guttridge, west half of claim 39, in township 3 south, range 8 cast of Wil- sections 4, 5, 8 and 9, township 4 Chase to Gernie Mattux, south 1-3 of Kissling et al, 7% acres in the George Claude P. Davis et ux. to J. W. ridian; \$1.

10, in the Quinck addition to Milwau- G. Jones, south 1/2 of southwest 1/4 of County Recorder Dedman, Monday, a section 16, township 3 south, range 1 follows: forrest S. Fisher to Millamette Williamette Meridian; \$276.35. H. Grebe et us, to W. E. Lowell, 1: 34, page 340, of Clackamas county rec. donation land claim; \$10. A. C. Sloan to J. H. William, all of acres in the James Officer donation ords; 1,

section 16, township 2 south, range 1 section 19, township 4 south, range 2 James W. Guttridge to George W. west of Willamette meridian; \$1 . east of the Willamette meridian; \$10. Deliah M. Chase and James W. 1 west of Willamette meridian; \$5. Frutchey et uz, lots 12 and 13, block; Jane M. Ga'breth et vir, to Elmer Real estate transfers filed with Christ Naegli et uz, to Lawrence certain righ of way.

land claim; also lot 3, section 19, town W. W. Graham et ux to E. G. Jones, ship 4 south, range 2 east of the Wil Wilhelmina Pfenninger to Caroline deed; \$1.

Oman et ux. certain strip of proper- Alvah Morley et uxx. to Lawrence

acres in the Jerimiale Jack donation | Real estate transfers filed Saturday the south to of the southwest 14 of lamette meridian; also 124 acres in the George Crown donation land claim partion deed: \$1.

Aldana Balley Hand, guardian, et | 43 and 44, in block 42; lots 31 and 41 ir, to Andrew Flaherty, water from 70, lots 8 and 9, in block 70; lots 4. a certain spring on 40 acres in section inclusive, block 39; lots 19 to 24, insouth, range 4 east of Willamette me- section 23, township 2 south, range Crown donation land claim, partition 23, township 2 south, range 2 east of clusive, block 65, Minthorn's addition Willamette meridian, consideration a to Portland, \$1.

Charity A. Peck et vir to C. E. Mack

Caroline Kisaling et vir. et al to lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 16, 17 Wilhelmina Pfenninger. 141/2 acres in 18 and 19 in block 11, Nob Hill; \$10. Joseph F. Slocum et al to Hannah F. McGrath, lots 32, 33 and 34, block

H. W. Trembath et al to W. C. Buck-

ner, lots 3 and 4, in block 4, Pleasant ty 20 feet wide, described in volume Oman, 13 acres in the Robert Cauffeld Place addition to Oregon City, \$10. United States to Mary D. West, 160

acres in section 41, township 7 south,

range 2 east of Willamette meridian; Flora Daniel et vir. to J. J. Guyer, lot 9, Clackamas park: \$1. George E. Griffith et ux. to Charles N. Griffith, lots 5, 10, 4 and 11, in

block 98, Gladstone; \$10.

Charles N. Griffith et ux, to Henry Krebs, lots 5, 10, 4 and 11, block 98, Gladstone; \$10.

land claim, \$100.