

THE OLD MAPLE

(By Annie B. Tuffa.) Painted by Autumn sun, washed in the rain. Old tree, thy leaves are drifting down again; And still deep they lie, fragrant and sweet. Luxurious carpet for the passing feet. Wooded by the western winds, still fluttering down. Come silent tokens from thy glorious crown. That crown of Oregon gold, and emerald green. (My crown is faded to a silvery sheen.) Maple, when all these leaves were tender-sweet. They formed an ample screen, a safe retreat. For brooding bird; whose ever anxious eye Peered through the foliage at the passerby. Mornings in May, when dawn wore pearls of dew. 'Twas from that bough our favorite robin flew. And to the garden came, dear heart, and chose The best from berries in the crimson rows. I've walked this way in Summer, many times. And listened to a choir with heavenly rhymes. From feathered throats. The river ran below. Laughing to greet the early morning glow. Beyond the meadows, and above the hills. The day-god flashed his gleaming chariot wheels. And, as his glory to the valley rolled, Transformed St. Agnes' spire to glittering gold.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE. AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC. COPYRIGHT 1915 BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

SYNOPSIS. On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelée, Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Pelican rescued five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companion. Ilington is assumed by her father's enemies, which Ilington has managed to avoid aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to admit to the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become blank. Thirteen years elapsed. Hernandez, now an ambitious adventurer, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the maddest brute that ever was Ilington, come to Esneport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joe Weicher is defeated by Inez. Inez was a trap for Joe and the conspirators get him in their power. He agrees to steal the papers for them but accidentally sets fire to the Hardin home and the papers from the Panama. Annette discovers that Neal applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Ilington is a struggle for its possession. The map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each acquire a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew, crazed by cocaine smuggled aboard by Hernandez, mutiny, and are overthrown by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smugglers' cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT THE GUN RUNNERS

CHAPTER XXIX. Identification. Senorita Inez Castro—known to her immediate audience by the pseudonym of Irene Courtier—drew back in alarm and a fright. "But, charming friend Annette," she cried, "you have been snatched literally from the jaws of death. She wrung her hands in despair. She turned to Neal and laid her hand upon his arm. "What are we to do?" she cried. "We are but a handful of women—championed by our solitary sailor boy. We are no match for these adventurers. Why not give it up?" Annette sprang to her feet. "Never," she cried. "Never will I give it up. The lost-leaf is mine. It is my father's, too. I am fighting for him, Irene, and he is fighting in me. His blood is in my blood."

There was a knock upon the door. "Come in," said Mrs. Hardin. The door opened and a man in the uniform of a common seaman entered. "Hardin," he said, "been looking for you everywhere. The commander wants you to report to him at once." He grinned a bit sheepishly. "Beside that," he added, "he told me I might hand you this."

He passed to Neal a folded sheet of paper. Neal opened it and read it. A flush crept into his face and his eyes sparkled. "Godfrey," he exclaimed, "I never thought—"

He handed the paper to his mother. "Annette—Irene," he said. "I have been promoted—promoted from seaman on the Jackson to gunner on the cruiser Albany."

The bearer of the note saluted once more. "Rank—chief petty officer," he explained, "and the cruiser Albany is due hereabouts this week."

Ten minutes later when the excitement in that hotel suite at Martinique had subsided—at least to some extent, Irene Courtier leaned forward toward Annette. "Charming friend," she began, "let us get down to cases—let us look things in the face. What is the situation now?"

He stiffened once again. He bent forward in a listening attitude. He lowered his voice. "There is someone just outside the door," he said. Hernandez strode to the door, drew back the bolts and opened. A woman entered—Inez Castro. "Senor," said Hernandez to the insurrecto agent, "this is Senorita Inez Castro. She is one of us."

Inez nodded to the agent a bit curtly. "You bring news?" said Hernandez. "Good news," said Inez. "I have dispatched a letter to the father of the Santa Maria mission in lower California. "You have been discreet, I trust," said Hernandez.

"I have been more than that," returned Inez. "The governor of Martinique himself has identified my photograph as the heiress of Lost Isle." Hernandez was plainly puzzled. "Who induced him to put his name—to place his seal upon this photograph?" he inquired.

"Annette Ilington and I—" she began. Hernandez started back. "Annette Ilington and you," he faltered. "Oh, I forgot," said Inez. "I have been getting messages from you, but I could get none to you. She still lives, this Annette Ilington."

"Incredible," exclaimed Hernandez. "And what of her companion—what of this sailor boy?" "He lives, too," said Inez. "He will be a runner or a gunner's mate on the cruiser Albany," she said. "Good," exclaimed Hernandez. "Then he returns to the United States."

Inez shook her head. "Returns—not," she answered. "The cruiser Albany comes to him—comes here." The insurrecto agent stepped back a pace. "Come here," he said. He glanced at Hernandez significantly. "Senor," he added, "we have no time to lose."

"We shall lose no time," said Hernandez. "Leave that to me." He turned to Inez. "What of this girl Annette?" he queried. "Has she given up the chase?" Inez shook her head. "The day after tomorrow," she returned, "we sail for the Panama canal."

Two days later the Rio Grande left port for the Panama canal. When she was fairly out of sight another and quite a different looking vessel hove into view and entered port. This latter vessel was the cruiser Albany, seeking for something that she had not found—as yet. That day Chief Petty Officer Neal Hardin took his station on her as chief gunner's mate.

CHAPTER XXXI. Forbidden Fruit. The captain of the Rio Grande found—just at the time when he was off the coast of Dolores—that his engine had uncompromisingly broken down, and that he must put into the nearest port for repairs.

"While I'm about it," he said to Hernandez, his secret passenger, "you can land your oil stoves for the insurrectos." Hernandez nodded. "Your legitimate passengers—some of your crew," he said, "you'd best get them out of the way first—we don't want too many witnesses—the rifle cases might break open."

"It's all right," said the captain, "simple enough. I'll land 'em in the daytime. We'll land your cargo in the night." He glanced toward shore. Suddenly he caught Hernandez by the arm. "Yonder, senor," he exclaimed, "look—the flag of the insurrectos—it is their camp."



The Americans—the Americanos—Flee!

must lie the other way—past the plantation down below. The leader pondered. "I was bound the other way," he said. "The marines'll cut you off," returned Hernandez, "they're after us. You'll have to go this way."

"You are quite right, senor," he conceded. Hernandez beckoned him to one side. "Listen, general," he whispered, "I understand mine host of the plantation is very rich. Am I right?"

The leader nodded. "He has much gold somewhere hidden," he returned, "although we have tried in vain—by peaceful means—to get it."

"He has," went on Hernandez, "some woman guests—Americans. If you find the gold, senor, you keep it. If I find it, I'll divide with you. But the American women—they belong to me."

Early next morning mine host of the plantation approached his guests. "Come with me to the wharf," he said. "I have marine glasses. We shall see what we can see."

Once there he handed the glasses to Mrs. Hardin. "Senora," he exclaimed, "tell us what you perceive in the dim distance."

Mrs. Hardin took one look and then turned a radiant face upon Annette. "It's the Albany—Neal's cruiser," she exclaimed. Annette seized the glasses. "The Albany!" she exclaimed, incredulously. "What is the Albany doing here—the last time we heard of her she was approaching Martinique."

The planter beckoned to a servant. "Horses for the party," he exclaimed. "We'll drive along the shore and visit them. I am partial to Americans—I get along with them."



The Captives Were Led Through Dark Passageways.

STATUTE EXPLAINED BY TAX COMMISSION

SHERIFF WILSON RECEIVES LETTER DESCRIBING LEGAL PROCEDURE. Sheriff Wilson has received a letter from the state tax commission which explains the publication of delinquent lists and the issuance of certificates of delinquency for unpaid taxes of the year 1914. The letter follows: "Mr. Sheriff and Tax Collector: In the matter of the publication of delinquent lists and the issuance of certificates of delinquency for unpaid taxes of the year 1914: Section 3692, Lord's Oregon Laws, as amended by section 27 of chapter 184, Laws of 1913, provides in part: "After the expiration of four months from the date of delinquency when any property remains on the tax rolls for which no certificate of delinquency has been issued, the sheriff shall proceed to issue certificates of delinquency on said property to the county, and shall file said certificates when completed with the county clerk."

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

"Four months after the date when taxes charged against real property are delinquent, the tax collector shall cause to be published once each week for four successive weeks in the newspaper or newspapers, selected by the county court to publish county court proceedings, a notice stating a description of the several parcels of real property upon which taxes are delinquent, the amount of taxes and the name of the owner, if shown upon the tax roll, and a statement that six months after such taxes are delinquent a tax certificate of delinquency will issue therein, as provided by law." "Said chapter 184 was filed with the secretary of state February 26, 1913. It is a part of the general tax code which, among other provisions, sets out the procedure for the issuance of certificates of delinquency and collection of delinquent taxes, but does not provide for publication of notice of delinquency." "Said chapter 301, which was filed with the secretary of state, February 27, 1913, supplements the general tax code with the requirement that such notice shall be published for a definite period and, further, that the notice itself shall contain a statement to the effect that certificates of delinquency will not be issued until six months after the taxes became delinquent."