OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1915

is for her that we sook refuge."

"Neal, Neal," she cried.

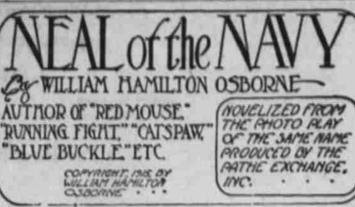
uniforma.

Ines

eacorts

and saluted. He gianced doubtfully

at the haif-dozen insurrectos wearing



more bodies of victims of the Santa Clara wreck have been recovered. Through the four passengers reported missing have not yet been heard from. It is the general belief on the bay that they are safe. Indications are that the Santa Clara,

MORE SANTA CLARA

VICTIMS NOT FOUND

FOUR WHO ARE MISSING ARE BE

LIEVED SAFE - MEMORIAL

SERVICE PLANNED.

MARSHPIELD, Ore., Nov. 5 .- No.

X

the Northern Pacific Steamship com-<text><text><text><text><text><text> pany's passenger boat, that went

Multnomah Mohair Mills to Portland tured. & Oregon City Rallway company, right of way in sections 24 and 25, township I south, range I east of Willamette mcridian; \$1750.

Fred T. Reece et ux to Charles F. Terrill, tract of land in Ezra Fisher D. L. C., south of Rebecca and west of Georgian street of Nob Hill; \$1.

Security Savings & Trust company to D. W. L. MacGregor, lot 13, block 4 of Garthwick; \$10.

J. A. Senske et ux to Mark Senske 20 scres, east 14, southwest of section 16, township 2 south, range 4 cast of Willamette meridian; \$60. Margaret Baker et vir to P. W.

Baker, tract 127 in Gladstone; \$350.

F. M. Howell et ux to Bertha M. Hos ford, tract of land commencing on Clackamas river at northwest corner then Neal heard another screamof tract deeded by J. C. Hackett to Peter Taylor, running thence east 80 rods, thence north to section line, thence east and west through section the rattling of a heavy chain and what 14 of township 2 south, range 2 east seemed to be the unlocking of a door. of Willamette meridian; and east to There was another shrick, then sipoint 369.4 feet west of section corner lunce. between sections 13 and 14 of said township, thence north 80 rods, thence west to Clackamas and south to place of beginning: also 53% acres in tracts

1, 14 and 15 of Outlook; \$10. Chester G. Stryker to Alfred Woolsie, lot 1, block 3, Estacada; \$10.

Herman W. Kanne et ux to Samuel ment. A door clanged to behind him deed made out in error, no township and was locked and bolted. A voice G. Lennon et ux. 5 acres in section 26,

or range given; \$100. Anna B. Long et ux to Charles H. "ahill, lots 38, 39 and 40 in block 92. approach me." Minthorn's addition to Portland, and lots 1 and 2, block 3, and lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, block 3, Pleasant rection of the voice. A hand swung Little Homes: \$10. him about. Upon his head and wrists

Oregon Iron & Construction company to Harry Telford et ux, block 104, back of a sheath knife. His bonds Lake View Villas; \$10. Simeon C. Barton et ux to Fred H. Barton 5 acres in township 3 south,

The lirute, cringing in his turn, half fell, half shuffed out of the cell, foi-On the day of the cruption of Mount Price Capt. John Mardin of the steamer Princess resears five-year-aid Annetiv lington from an open best, but is forced to isave behind her father and his com-panions. Hington is assaulted by Herlowed by Hernandez raining blows upon his back

SYNOPSIS.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

THE SUN WORSHIPERS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Jungle Trall.

path.

he heard her scream.

"Neal! Neal!"

Hours passed. Suddenly an omi nous whisper spread through the fort -a whisper of apprehension. There was much bustle.

During an interval of comparative quiet there was wafted into the range of Neal's hearing the one word-"Americanos." Then with two suocessive clangs the cell doors. Nesis and Annette's, were flung back.

They were bound and once more blindfolded. Then, each in the center of an ample escort, they stumbled, plunged and staggered once more through the jungle trail.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sanctuary.

Outside the fort there was camped a gang of about fifty insurrectos. Many were wounded; all seemed to be in tatters. They had with them three Ameri-

canos. One was Joe Welcher, who subject of considerable discussion, for

nander. "I will send her back down the trail with Senorita Castro and Weicher."

Bliadfolded and stumbling. Neal was A quarter of a mile away on the led for miles over an almost untrod top of a jagged rock that thrust its head above the surrounding foliage there crouched a native scout. He As he went he listened, and twice he could have sworn he heard a womwatched a cruiser slowly steaming an's voice, a voice that he knew well

up the coast. He watched the shore--the voice of Annette Ilington. Once and the trails leading from the shore. Suddenly he started-he had seen Suddenly there was a halt. There something ominous. He clung to his was much whispering and the low perch for one instant peering down to toned chattering of many people. And make quite certain. Then he scram-

bled to the ground and then crawled. leaped, staggered through the brush. There was the trampling of a heavy He reached the insurrectos' camp body through the underbrush and then and clutched his leader's arm.

> "Americanos, capitan," he panted breathlessly. "They come." "From whence?" queried the leader. The insurrecto scout indicated the

Finally without warning Neal was direction. Fear spread itself over the selzed in a gigantic pair of arms, countenance of the leader. tossed lightly over a huge shoulder Hernandez grunted. "We must vaand was carried rapidly along. Anmoose. Senorita Castro," he said to other door was opened and Neal felt Inez, "you and the two Americans himself flung-a bit too violentlyshall go thither-east." He nodded



intelligible jargon. Hernandes turned Who are your he demanded of to Ponta "These," said ines, with a wave of "What does this old davil say?" he

her hand, "are Dolores regulars who demanded. Ponto was panting with terror. have befriended us, and we are three Americans, and one of us is sick. It "He says," said Ponto, "that he

dering

wants in talk to you. He strode swiftly to the side of Mrs. Hernandes pondered for a moment Hardin. She was swaying helplessly and toyed with the weapon in his hand

from side to side in the saddle of her Then he crossed the clearing and donkey, supported by two insurrecto faced the high priest. Ponto from his vantage point, of comparative safety

Wide With Terror,

Ines dismounted and approached the translated in thin high-strung tones. "You are interiopers," said the officer. "like has the fever." she expriest angrily, his cruel eyes watching claimed, "and she raves in her speech

all the time, Heutenant; she makes up names-all kinds of names." "There are other Americans in the

mountains?" he queried. ines opened wide her eyes and shook her head.' "We saw none, sir," she said.

The ensign pondered. "This woman needs immediate attention. Take her to the launch and thence to the Al bany." He bowed to Inez and beckoned to Joe Welcher. "You two must go along." he said soberly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Corazon del Sol. After a march of hours in the very thickest of the jungle, Hernandez halted his band of insurrectos. The respite was welcomed. Exhaustion reigned sugreme. Hernandes picked out two of the aleeker looking revolutionists.

"This trail," he said to them, "has been lately traveled. See where it leads."

Hernandez went back to his cap tives. He carried with him thick pieces of bread. He unloosed the bandages from their eyes. "Mine hostages," he said lightly.

'eat, drink and be merry. the terror he inspired, "and you shall Three miles further on there was a clearing in the jungle. Across this clearing was an ancient gateway and a crumbling stone wall, older than historic man himself. Two unprepossessing stolid stone figures guarded this and yours. Go, and go at once." gateway. A third guard now entered the foreground and passed through the

He was a living guard, but of a dead race. He was an Artec. He had heard means death." noises and he had come out to see as well as to hear.

ders. "Follow me," he said. And suddenly he saw and was seen in turn. Wriggling through the portions of the edge of the clearing sudthe gate. denly appeared the two scouts sent forward by Hernandes. They crouched there, staring speechlessly at the Aztec warrior. He in his turn stared the village.

But they had seen more than he had.

"Corazon del Sol," they cried, their faces twisted with terror.

Ponto heard them. His eyes gleamed the air.

"Corazon del Sol," repeated Hernanwatched. In a few moments it was a seething, roaring furnace. Ponto nodded again. "The Heart of

Hernandez stood with folded arms the Sun," he repeated, The high priest swooped down upon him and denounced him in withering jargon.

groups faced each other, tense, wonout quivering hands toward Annette. "Give her to them," cried the priest. The high priest spoke-uttering un "Give her to them," commanded Hernandez.

tlut the brute, his feet planted wide apart, stood his ground. Hornandes sprang toward him, an-

grily asized the ever-ready whip from Ponto's hand and lashed the brute Barcely. He nodded to the four crimson-clad men and they tore Aunsite roughly away and dragged her to the temple. Neal hurled himself at the tour acolytes, but Hernandes dragged

him back. Neal was then thrust into a dungeon and its door was locked.

Meantime within the temple things

were happening. Annette found hersolt in an apartment gorgeously furnished with Astec tapestries. Two old women-toothless, ugly-women with beards, attended Annette, chuckling and mumbling to themselves in They produced from the reglos. cosses of the temple a dress, gorgeous, bizarre. They draped it upon Annette's slender form. . They hung her head, neck and arms with glitzering ornsments, and then they beckoned to her and led her to a window, and pointed, chuckling, through it. Annette knew not what they said.

ut Ponto without distinguished easily the meaning of the high shrill tones. "The sun god walts-is waiting for his bride."

Annette's giance traveled past the sun god. She started back in horror, into that seething pit beyond the acolytes were casting huge quantities of fuel-pouring the contents of huge jars of oil upon the flames. Her glance traveled still beyond, and across an intervening space she saw a dungeon window and the white face of Neal He waved his hand. And then strong hands were placed upon her shoulders Annette Was Watching With Eyes and she was lifted from her feet and half dragged, half carried out of the temple into the center of the clear space before the sun god. The cere

be destroyed. Behind me is fire, sudony had begun den death. We have many thousand Neal tore his glance for a moment warriors. We have an insatiable god from this scene and examined his cell. We brook no strangers-we tolerate There was a window at his backno enemies. You are an enemy, you a heavily barred window. He setzed

the bars in desperation and found to "We are not enemies," returned Herhis surprise that they were loose. nandez. "We are travelers-weary With a superhuman effort, he thrust travelers. We have lost our way. We the bars outward, leaped through the need reat and food. To turn back now aperture and darted swiftly into the jungle; then he looked about him for a tree and found the one he wanted. The high priest shrugged his shoul-

It was a high tree, very high. He He turned and passed between the climbed it swiftly-climbed it to its divided group of warriors and entered topmost branches. Cruising slowly off the shore-and the shore was not Hernandez followed, entering the very far away-was his cruiser Al-

walls three paces behind the priest, | bany. He braced himself among the He led Hernandez to the center of branches with his feet, ripped off With a long, lean, skinny finger, the his shirt, tied it by the arms about high priest pointed to the sun god. a broken branch and signaled to the

He prostrated himself, then rose and ship. Within the walls Ponto, still terror gave a sharp command. Two Astecs, clad in scarlet robes, darted forward. stricken with the sun god's anger. each with a burning brand raised high | turned his back for a moment upon above his head. Before Hernandez that delty and upon that delty's high was a pit sunk into the ground. It priest. Then suddenly he saw somewas piled high with fuel and from this thing. In the top of a high tree without pit there rose quite a familiar odor- the walls there was a white rag flutthe odor of petroleum. In went the tering to and fro-and something

burning brands and in the twinkling more. A man. Ponto gripped Hernandez's arm and of an eye the fuel caught fire and a pointed upward. The face of Hernanleaping, twisting flame sprang into dez froze. He darted toward the Hernandez drew back. The fame dungeon, saw that it was empty, then beckoning Ponto and the brute he wan hot. It grew hotter as he darted to the stone wall and with their

aid clambered over it.

Ponto, with considerably less agility and with the assistance of the brute, followed his companion over, and Hernandez know what it the brute in turn, his head and shoulmeant. It meant that they were to go. ders lashed with Ponto's whip wielded over the top of the wall, swung himself over and followed them. Annette noticed the confusion-was the first to see it. Suddenly striking an attitude she raised her hand and arm and pointed toward the white flag fluttering from the tree top. The high priest stopped his droning and followed the direction of her hand with his glance. His acolytes stopped and stared-so did everybody else. Annette saw her opportunity, Upon

ing red robes duried forward and held the edge and toppled into the depthe

As she did so there was a scream a woman's acream-Annette's. Hersandes heard it; so did Ponto; but they could not locate it. Out of their sight, somewhere along that cliff, Annotte was crouching watching with eyes wide with terror. She saw the tree bend slowly outward, though she did not know the cause

Then her Reart leaped within her, for the tree had dropped, toppling head over heels, so to speak, but by some great chance it had brushed Neal lightly, not heavily, against the cliff, and then had plunged down to its own doom leaving him grappling for his life with a clump of bushes on a narrow iedge below.

fibe saw all this and so did Hernan dea and his partner, Ponto. Ponto smote the brute upon the shoulder. He pointed to a huge stone at his feet. "Finish him," he commanded. "Go

down and finish him." The brute seized the stone and crept warily down a narrow path and reached the ledge upon which clung Neal

The brute slowly raised the rock above his head. As he did so a small firm hand clutched him by the shoulder-a woman's hand. He turned and looked into the eyes of Annette flington. As though hypnotized he dropped the rock.

"Help him," commanded Annette, "help him. Do as I say."

Hernandes, white with rage, thrust Ponto behind him and leaned far over the edge of the cliff shaking his clenched hand impotently at the brute. "Do as I say," he commanded. "I will flay you if you don't."

He leaned too far, not for his own safely, but for the safety of some of his belongings. A paper packet wriggled easily and joyously out of his breast pocket and slipped easily and joyously down the cliff, landing almost at Annette's feet.

The brute turned suddenly, darted forward, stretched forth a huge hand and jerked Neal from his precarlous position up to the ledge-up to safety. The three stood there clinging to

the side of the cliff; the brute panting with wonder, Neal and Annette panting with relief. Suddenly Annette stooped and picked up a packet that lay at her feet. She uttered a little cry of recognition-and with good cause.

It was the identifying map-part of the evidence that linked her with the lost Isle of Cinnabar.

Ten minutes later Neal fung up his hands and cheered-and with good cause. Over the brow of a hill, clambering like mad, there swarmed up through the jungle a crowd of United States marines.

Hernandes and Ponto saw them from above and with wild oaths turned and incontinently fied. The brute, obeying a sudden impulse, crept swiftly along the ledge and followed his retreating masters.

Neal and Annette ascended more cautiously and carefully. They met



ancient ruined gateway.

speechlessly at them.

They had caught a glimpse through that gateway of a mass of leaping. twisting flame, and they knew it for the thing it was.

An hour later, panting, breathless, with their tongues hanging out and their eyes still wide with terror, they crept up to Hernandez and clutched him by the arms.

with sudden interest. He waddled to the side of Hernandez and nodded understandingly.

dez. "The Heart of the Sun."

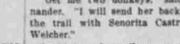
"Well, what of it?" asked Hernandez. "The lost tribe," whispered the

Allech cried, "we have no time to lose. They will be upon us. Fly."

Meantime things had happened.

sat sullenly upon the ground smoking a cigarette. Inez Castro was also in evidence. The third Americano was Neal Hardin's mother. She was the

she was EL "Get me two donkeys," said Her-



range 1 east, W. M.; \$1. J. H. Tracy et ux to Nellie Kinney. lots I and 2, block 19, Zobrists addltion to city of Estacada; \$500.

F. C. Harlow et ux to George Algeler, lots 18 and 19, block 8, Quincy addition to Milwaukie; \$550.

Sadie Banick Thurston et vir to Mary Jane Storey, 7,50 acres in Albert H. Fisher donation land claim, section 30, township 4 south, range 1 east, Willamette meridian; \$1200.

I. S. McArthur et vir to Fred C. Chinn et ux, 40 acres in F. X. Paquet donation land claim, section 13, township 3 south, range 1 east, Willamette meridina: \$2000.

Francis A. Welch and Sarah J. tween the stones. Welch to Samuel S. Wilson, 3 acres of There was a rattle at the door of sections 10, 11, 15 and 16, township 2 Neal's cell. A native insurrecto south, range 3 east, Willamette merid- opened the door and set upon the floor ian: \$20.

Murry et ux., 4.71 acres of section 23, same time there was a rattle at the a little squad of 25 men, were begintownship 2 south, range 3 east, Wil- door of Annette's dungeon cell. She ning to realize this fact. For an hour ceased her tapping suddenly and lamette meridian: \$800. turned. The brute was entering-also

Frank Johnson to W. J. Daughterty, 10 acres of the southeast 1/4 of the northeast 1/4 of the southwest 1/4 of section 36, township 2 south, range 7 east, Willamette meridian; \$440. Harry U. Myers et ux to John Ander- to her with a strange gleam in his

son et ux, lots 1 and 2 in block 29, eyes. She took the food and drink and small stones spattered on his head. Gladstone: \$2500. laid them down upon the bench. star-Frederick Linden et ux to Christofer

Modin et ux. 8 acres in section 36, township 1 south, range 3 east of Wil- He shambled closer toward her, never | ledge-a mountain pass. The officer lamette meridian; \$1925.

Thornton and Joe J. Thornton, lot 2, out warning he thrust forth a hand sight of a donkey's tail swishing out block A, of Wilsonville; \$10.

Chas, B. Moores et ux to Arthur Needham, lots 38 and 50, in Sellwood Gardens: \$10.

John H. Gibson et ux to T. S. Mullan, the east half of the south half of tract 1 and 13, and 480 feet of tracts 1 and 2 of the Logus tracts; \$400.

Earl Jones et ux to Dollie L. Davis, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, in block 18, Zorbrists addition to Estacada; \$1.

the cell. Viola B. Roley et vir to Julius Reichle et ux, lots 9 and 10 of section 16, township 4 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian, containing

41.92 acres: \$10. W. J. Wilson, sheriff, to Dr. M. Giesy part of lots 5 and 11, block 15, Falls View addition to Oregon City; \$491.19.

Fred Harlen et ux to Robert Wilson et al, lot 11, block 2, of Karlen's first addition to Milwaukie; \$400.

The Sandy Land company to Pete Swan, lots 3 and 4, block 4, in the second addition to the town of Sandy, Oregon: \$1.

Harry Young et ux to William Feitelson et ux, lots 1 and 2, block 1, of Wind- ette meridin; \$10. SOT: \$10.

S. A. Ross to Mina S. Sichel, lot 4, block 7, Estacada; \$10.

60 acres in section 10, township 2 south

fell at his feet. He swung about. stretched his arms and looked. Grinning sardonically at him through the bars was the face of Hernandez and behind Hernandez with blinking eyes stood the ever-present brute.

and stroked her hair.

"We keep you merely for safety, senor." said Hernandez.

He swung on his heel, thrust the brute out of sight and disappeared.

Neal noted now that he was confined in a stone cell-dingy, dirty, miserable. He jumped at once to the correct conclusion. This was a fort. He examined his cell critically. The mortar was disintegrating. The fort was very old. He took out his knife

There Was Something Struggling for -they had still left him that-and Expression in Those Strange Eyes. stabbed viciously at the space in be-

> to the leader. "We go west at onceand with our prisoners."

It takes the trained eve of a native to know a trail when he meets one a jug of water and a loaf of disreput- in the well-nigh impossible jungles of H. F. Gibson et ux to Clyde S. Mc- able looking bread. Almost at the Dolores. The United States marines, they followed blind trail after blind trail, only to retrace their steps to a with refreshments, such as they were. | given starting point. Instead of disposing of these at ,

"Never mind," said their officer. once, he strode forward, his huge body "They're up there and we'll get them, towering above her, and held them out | and then-

He stopped. A shower of dirt and The officer looked up. Above him ing at the brute the while. The huge towered a cliff, and half way to the anomaly took this as an invitation. top of this cliff there ran a narrow once removing his giance from her up ducked, for there was another shower Mary E. Inghram et vir to J. W. turned wondering face. Then with- of dirt and gravel. Then he caught

over the precipice. "I've got the trail," he said, "and a

He was quite right. Some threespot now deserted.

There was a quick step behind the Suddenly twenty-five American mabrute and Hernandez entered. An- rines with drawn bayonets sprang nette shrank back into a corner of from the jungle as by magic and surrounded them.

The brute gazed at him, but still inez, excellent actress, breathed an stood his ground. Hernandez in a audible sigh of relief. "At last," she rage struck him sharply on the shoul- taid, "we have found you."

Hernandez gripped each man by the wrist. "Speak, Ponto," he demanded. Ponto tapped himself upon his chest. "I am of Astec blood myself," he said. "I have heard of this lost tribe. I have heard of this city of Corazon del Sol. Many assume it to be a myth, senor,

but it is no myth." Hernandez nodded. "How many inhabitants of Corazon del Sol?" he queried

"Tradition has it." said Ponto, "that it is a town surrounded by a wall and that its population never increases." He smiled grimly. "What human beings it does not need, it feeds to the Heart of the Sun-the flame.'

"It will feed all of us to the flame, cried the scouts. "We must go backback."

Hernandez leered. "Ponto," he said, "in front of us, according to these in surrectos, is a fiery furnace with a million foes. Behind us, camping on our trail somewhere, is a handful of American marines. Which do you choose?" "Forward," said Ponto, "to the flery

furnace. Deliver me from a handful of marines."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Anger of a God.

Within the walls of Corazon del Sol there lived a god. He didn't know he lived-he was quite ignorant of his own existence. If he had ever lived he would have died from ugliness. But there were those who knew he lived. They were the inhabitants of this ancient Aztec village-Corazon del Sol, the Heart of the Sun. They knew he lived, because periodically and quite persistently he demanded flesh.

Just now he stared straight before him through the gates of the crum-

bling walls. The high priest followed his glance. Suddenly the high priest started and held high his hand. A group of Aztec warriors answered the summons. In crude uneven order this crowd rushed

through the gates and stood at bay. Across the clearing was another group -Hernandez and his crowd. The two the brute. The four Aztecs in flam-

"Ponto," he cried, "come here." Ponto, quivering, crept through the double line of Aztec warriors and through the gate. Hernandes jerked his head toward the priest.

"Tell him," said Herandez, "that he must take us in." Ponto obeyed. He began to plead in his officst accents. The high priest was firm. Once again he held up his hand and from every hut in the inclosure there sprang forth another

group of warriors. "Run, partner," cried Ponto, "run for your life."

But Hernandez did not run, for suddenly the countenance of the high priest had changed. A crafty smile spread over his leathery old face. Ponto followed his glance. At the other end of the clearing with a ray of sunshine full upon her crouched Annette

Ilington. Without removing his glance from the girl the high priest touched Hernandez on the arm and spoke in high shrill accents.

"What does he say?" demanded Hernandez of Ponto.

Ponto shivered. "He says," returned Ponto, "the sun god is angry, That he has commanded his people to destroy you all. That he will smite you hip and thigh unless-"

"Unless what?" queried Hernander. and the rest of you can get food and

succor within the walls-the white girl for the god." CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Bride's Revolt.

Hernandez pondered once again. Then he nodded. "We'll do it," he returned. "Tell

white girl in." Ponto turned and ran waddling out-

side the gates. He gave a brief command to the brute and at the word the brute seized Annette and held her high upon his shoulder. At another

toward the gate and entered it. The high priest stood quivering, watching the approach of Annette and

a standard by her side lay a heavy copper scepter. She selzed it. Lithe as her body was she had inherited great strength-wonderful agility. Without a moment's hesitation she swung the scepter viciously about her head, dashing the high priest and his acolytes to the ground, knocking the Aztec warriors to right and left. Like a whirlwind she fought her way toward the gate, slammed it behind her

CHAPTER XXXIX.

and sped away.

By His Evelids.

Hernandez and his two companions reached the tree. They reconnoitered. Above him in the swaying branches, all ignorant of the group below, Neal wigwagged his signals toward the Albany. His heart leaped within him, for the Albany wigwagged in return. "You give the white girl to the god She was doing more-she was sending off her fastest launch shoreward. crowded to the gunwale with marines -marines who knew their business. Below Hernandez smiled a diabolical smile. He was watching, not Neal,

> but the swaying of the tree. "Look." he said to Ponto. "see how these roots tug at this scant earthen

covering. She is a tree growing on a rock. She totters. And she is more that beast out there to bring the than a tree growing on a rock-she | cried. "Wait. Look-look-look." grows on the edge of a cliff. Beast, come here. Tell him, Ponto, what to

do." Ponto told him, emphasizing his The brute obeyed. He set his shoulwork of command the brute marched ders to the tree trunk and began steadily, tirelessly, persistently to push. "Now, now," cried Hernandez, in a

frenzy of excitement. "On, on." The tree crashed desperately over The Brute Slowly Raised the Reck Above His Head.

the little squad of marines on the top of the cliff and joined them in the double quick toward the Aztec stronghold. They reached the clearing. The gates of the walled city were open and the walls bristled with armored Astec warriors. The marines fixed their bayonets and made ready for a charge.

Suddenly, however, Neal held up his hands," "Listen," he exclaimed. From the unseen waters beyond there was the boom of a gun.

"ilt's my gun," said Neal. "I know her when she speaks-my six-inch gun."

The officer in charge of the squad held up his hand. "Halt," he commanded

His squad halted. It was well they did. Through the open gate they could see the sun god's demoniacal countenance twisting and mounting in the red glare of the altar's flames. Across the strip of jungle they could hear the boom boom of the gun.

Neal slapped his thigh with joy. "He's got the range already, boys," he

With a mighty shout of triumph the marines leaped into the air yelling like demons themselves. They had good cause, for the gunner on the Albany commands with the ever-ready whip. had more than found the range-he had planted an exploding shell in the very middle of the sun god-and the sun god and his temple, amid shricks from a hundred throats-burst into a thousand pieces-and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

meridian; also 20 acres in section 3. ian: \$10. et ux, all of the southwest ¼ of the lan; \$1, tion, Clackamas county; \$10. Weed's addition to Canby: \$2000. C. Clausen to trustees of German northwest ¼ of section 36, township 1 Ernest Hogland et ux to Bert Olsen Eva Leighton et ux and Ida E. Sullitownship 7 south, range 2 east of Wil-Real estate transfers filed with Counlamette meridin; \$3300. van et ux to J. W. Reed, lots 15 and 16, ty Recorder Dedman are as follows: Verein of Macksburg, 256 acres in soc. south, range 4 east of Willamette me. lot 5, block 1, Willow Park; \$10. Samuel to Chris Henriksen et ux, block 6, Estacada; \$500. H. B. Stout et ux to William Hansen, tion 23, township 4 south, range 1 east ridian; \$3000. L N. G. Hedin et ux to Alice Hedin. E. T. Jackson et ux to directors of 15.59 acres in the Jas, Shirley and wife 40 acres in section 35, township 1 south W. A. Proctor et ux to George E. east % of northeast of section 11, of Willamette meridina; \$1. Sandy Land company to Percy T. School District No. 14 and their sue- donation land claim in township 4 range 4 east of the Willamette merid-Proctor, 5 acres in section 26, township | township 2 south, range 3 east of Wil-Shelly, a tract of land in section 13, cessors in office, 4 acre in Able Mat. south, range I east of Willamette me lian; also 40 acres in section 25, town-1 south, range 4 east of the Willam- inmette meridian; \$10. ship 1 south, range 4 east of Willam-William E. Walch et ux to E. F. township 2 south, range 2 east of Wil- toon donation land claim No. 50, town- ridian; \$2500. ship 3 south, range 3 east Willamette Samuel Wolfer to Charles S. Wolfer, ette meridian; \$1. Louis Johnson et ux to L. Edgar Munch et ux, lots 5 and 8 in block 10, lamette meridian; \$1. J. Richmond et ux to George W. meridian; \$100. tots 7 ,8, 9 and 10, block 3, Weed's ad-Ell M. Platt to J. M. Platt, lot 16, May, 5 acres in sections 13 and 14, Deer Park in section 9 ,township 3 F. W. Bath et ux Mike Walch, Char- dition to Canby; \$1. block 26, of Oregon Iron & Steel comtownship 3 south, range east of the south, range 7 east of Willamette me- Downs, 10 scres in section 14, town-A. W. Osburn et ux to Phillip Katz, Willamette meridian; \$1. , ship 2 south, range 3 east of William- les Harnack et ux to C. Clausen, 21/2 W. L. Buckner et ux to Walter R. pany, first addition to Oswego; \$10, ridian; \$10. Henry Endres to Herman Schrader Chris Henriksen et ux to Samuel ette meridian; \$10. acres in section 23, township 4 south Adams, 8 acres in section 4, township E. M. Platt to Marion and Sophia range 3 east of the Willamette merid- et ux, lots 4, block 20, in Windsor addi- Wolfer, lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, in block 3, Eliza Dickenson to William Caldo of range 1 east of Willamette merid- 7 south, range 2 east of Willamette Platt, lot 15, in block 26, Oswego; \$10.

ler and thrust him toward the door. The ensign advanced toward her

Annette was startled. Yet there was so much docility in the expression of good trail it is, for it leads here-here this half man, half animal, that she to our very feet." instinctively submitted to his touch. And there was something else-some quarters of an hour later Inez and her 18, Gibson's subdivision of tracts 10, 11. thing struggling for expression in small party passed that very spot-a those strange, wide open eyes.