

MORE SANTA CLARA VICTIMS NOT FOUND

FOUR WHO ARE MISSING ARE BELIEVED SAFE — MEMORIAL SERVICE PLANNED.

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Nov. 8.—No more bodies of victims of the Santa Clara wreck have been recovered.

Indications are that the Santa Clara, the Northern Pacific Steamship company's passenger boat, that went aground on south spit Tuesday afternoon, will soon go to pieces.

No one seems to have authority to order an inspection of the vessel or a disposition of her freight, though business firms having goods aboard have petitioned the insurance companies to allow them to form a salvage company and go aboard to take off the merchandise.

Mayor Allen announces a joint memorial service for the dead at a Marshfield church Sunday night.

Word has been received from President Doe of the North Pacific company, that another boat, name and schedule to be announced tomorrow, will be sent to replace the Santa Clara on the Portland-San Francisco run.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Multnomah Mohair Mills to Portland & Oregon City Railway company, right of way in sections 24 and 25, township 1 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1750.

Fred T. Reese 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 acres, east 1/4, southwest of section 26, township 2 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$60.

Margaret Baker et vir to F. W. Baker, tract 127 in Gladstone; \$350.

F. M. Howell et ux to Bertha M. Hooford, tract of land commencing on Clackamas river at northwest corner of tract decided by J. C. Hackett to Peter Taylor, running thence east 80 rods, thence north to section line, thence east and west through section 14 of township 2 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; and east to point 368.4 feet west of section corner between sections 13 and 14 of said township, thence north 80 rods, thence west to Clackamas and south to place of beginning; also 32 1/2 acres in tracts 1, 14 and 15 of Outlook; \$10.

Chester G. Stryker to Alfred Woolie, lot 1, block 3, Estacada; \$10.

Herman W. Kanne et ux to Samuel G. Lennon et ux, 5 acres in section 26, deed made out in error, no township or range given; \$100.

Anna B. Long et ux to Charles H. Jabill, lots 38, 39 and 40 in block 3, 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 Little Homes; \$10.

Oregon Iron & Construction company to Harry Telford et ux, block 104, Lake View Villas; \$10.

Simoon C. Barton et ux to Fred H. Barton 5 acres in township 3 south, range 1 east, W. M.; \$1.

J. H. Tracy et ux to Nellie Kinney, lots 1 and 2, block 19, Zobrists addition to city of Estacada; \$500.

F. C. Harlow et ux to George Algeier, 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 meridian; \$200.

Francis A. Welch and Sarah J. Welch to Samuel S. Wilson, 3 acres of sections 10, 11, 15 and 16, township 2 south, range 2 east, Willamette meridian; \$20.

H. P. Gibson et ux to Clyde S. McMurry et ux, 4.71 acres of section 23, township 2 south, range 3 east, Willamette meridian; \$500.

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 26, township 2 south, range 7 east, Willamette meridian; \$440.

Harry U. Myers et ux to John Anderson et ux, lots 1 and 2 in block 29, Gladstone; \$2500.

Frederick Linden et ux to Christopher Modin et ux, 8 acres in section 35, township 1 south, range 3 east of Willamette meridian; \$1925.

Mary E. Ingram et vir to J. W. Thornton and Joe J. Thornton, lot 2, 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 18, Gibson's subdivision of tracts 10, 11, 1 and 13, and 480 feet of tracts 1 and 2 of the Logus tracts; \$400.

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

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.

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.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelée Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess reneges five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mad brute that once was Ilington, comes to Newport, 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 Joe and Inez. Neal enters in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joe and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that Neal applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession, the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Corazon del Sol in search of her father. The crew, created 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 smuggler's cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a Spanish diver. Inez forces identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT THE SUN WORSHIPERS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Jungle Trail. Blatfolded and stumbling, Neal was led for miles over an almost untrod path. As he went he listened, and twice he could have sworn he heard a woman's voice, a voice that he knew well—the voice of Annette Ilington. Once he heard her scream.

Suddenly there was a halt. There was much whispering and the low-toned chattering of many people. And then Neal heard another scream—"Neal! Neal!"

There was the tramping of a heavy body through the underbrush and then the rattling of a heavy chain and what seemed to be the unlocking of a door. There was another shriek, then silence.

Finally without warning Neal was seized in a gigantic pair of arms, tossed lightly over a huge shoulder and was carried rapidly along. Another door was opened and Neal felt himself flung—a bit too violently—into the corner of a stone-walled apartment. A door clanged to behind him and was locked and bolted. A voice called his ears.

"Senor," said this voice, "if you would be relieved of bonds and blinds, approach me."

Neal—not without apprehension—started up and staggered in the direction of the voice. A hand swung him about. Upon his head and wrists he felt the pressure of cold steel—the back of a sheath knife. His bonds 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.

"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—they had still left him that—and stabbed viciously at the space in between the stones.

There was a rattle at the door of Neal's cell. A native insurrecto opened the door and set upon the floor a jug of water and a loaf of disreputable looking bread. Almost at the same time there was a rattle at the door of Annette's dungeon cell. She ceased her tapping suddenly and turned. The brute was entering—also with refreshments, such as they were.

Instead of disposing of these at once, he strode forward, his huge body towering above her, and held them out to her with a strange gleam in his eyes. She took the food and drink and laid them down upon the bench, staring at the brute like a white. The huge anomaly took this as an invitation. He ambled closer toward her, never once removing his glance from her upturned wondering face. Then with out warning he thrust forth a hand and stroked her hair.

Annette was startled. Yet there was so much docility in the expression of this half man, half animal, that she instinctively submitted to his touch. And there was something else—something struggling for expression in those strange, wide open eyes.

The brute, cowering in his turn, half fell, half shuffled out of the cell, followed by Hernandez raising blows upon his back.

Hours passed. Suddenly an ominous whisper spread through the fort—a whisper of apprehension. There was much bustle.

During an interval of comparative quiet there was waited into the range of Neal's hearing the one word—"Americano." Then with two successive clangs the cell doors, Neal 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. Meantime things had happened. 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 Americans. One was Joe Weicher, who sat sullenly upon the ground smoking a cigarette. Inez Castro was also in evidence. The third American was Neal Hardin's mother. She was the subject of considerable discussion, for she was EL.

"Get me two donkeys," said Hernandez. "I will send her back down the trail with Senorita Castro and Weicher."

A quarter of a mile away on the top of a jagged rock that thrust its head above the surrounding foliage there crouched a native scout. He watched a cruiser slowly steaming up the coast. He watched the shore—and the trails leading from the shore.

Suddenly he started—he had seen something ominous. He clung to his perch for one instant peering down to make quite certain. Then he scrambled to the ground and then crawled, leaped, staggered through the brush. He reached the insurrectos' camp and clutched his leader's arm.

"Americano, capitan," he panted breathlessly. "They come." "From whence?" queried the leader. The insurrecto scout indicated the direction. Fear spread itself over the countenance of the leader.

Hernandez grunted. "We must vamoose. Senorita Castro," he said to Inez, "you and the two Americans shall go thither—east." He nodded to the leader.

"We go west at once—and with our prisoners." It takes the trained eye of a native to know a trail when he meets one in the well-nigh impossible jungles of Dolorea. The United States marines, a little squad of 25 men, were beginning to realize this fact. For an hour they followed blind trail after blind trail, only to retrace their steps to a given starting point.

"Never mind," said their officer. "They're up there and we'll get them, and then—"

He stopped. A shower of dirt and small stones spattered on his head. The officer looked up. Above him towered a cliff, and half way to the top of this cliff there ran a narrow ledge—a mountain pass. The officer ducked, for there was another shower of dirt and gravel. Then he caught sight of a donkey's tail swishing out over the precipice.

Neal, who had been watching the clearing and faced the high priest. Ponto from his vantage point, of comparative safety translated in this high-strung tones.

"You are interlopers," said the priest angrily, his cruel eyes watching the high priest.

The high priest spoke—uttering unintelligible jargon. Hernandez turned to Ponto.

"What does this old devil say?" he demanded. Ponto was panting with terror.

"He says," said Ponto, "that he wants to talk to you." Hernandez pondered for a moment and toyed with the weapon in his hand.

Then he crossed the clearing and faced the high priest. Ponto from his vantage point, of comparative safety translated in this high-strung tones.

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ing red robes darted forward and held out quivering hands toward Annette. "Give her to them," cried the priest.

"Give her to them," commanded Hernandez. But the brute, his feet planted wide apart, stood his ground.

Hernandez sprang toward him, angrily seized the ever-ready whip from Ponto's hand and lashed the brute furiously. He nodded to the four crimson-clad men and they tore Annette roughly away and dragged her to the temple.

Neal hurled himself at the four acolytes, but Hernandez dragged him back. Neal was then thrust into a dungeon and its door was locked.

Meantime within the temple things were happening. Annette found herself in an apartment gorgeously furnished with Aztec tapestries. Two old women—toothless, ugly—women with beards, attended Annette, chuckling and mumbling to themselves in glee.

They produced from the recesses of the temple a dress, gorgeous, bizarre. They draped it upon Annette's slender form. They hung her head-neck and arms with glittering ornaments, and then they beckoned to her and led her to a window, and pointed, chuckling, through it.

Annette knew not what they said, but Ponto without distinguished easily the meaning of the high shrill tones. "The sun god waits—is waiting for his bride."

Annette's glance traveled past the sun god. She started back in horror. Into that nothing 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 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 ceremony had begun.

Neal tore his glance for a moment from this scene and examined his cell. There was a window at his back—a heavily barred window. He seized the bars in desperation and found to his surprise that they were loose. With a supple effort, he thrust the bars outward, leaped through the aperture and darted swiftly into the jungle; then he looked about him for a tree and found the one he wanted.

It was a high tree, very high. He climbed it swiftly—climbed it to its topmost branches. Cruising slowly off the shore—and the shore was not very far away—was his cruiser Albany.

He braced himself among the branches with his feet, ripped off his shirt, tied it by the arms about a broken branch and signaled to the ship.

Within the walls Ponto, still terror-stricken with the sun god's anger, turned his back for a moment upon that deity and upon that deity's high priest. Then suddenly he saw something. In the top of a high tree without the walls there was a white rag fluttering to and fro—and something more. A man.

Ponto gripped Hernandez's arm and pointed upward. The face of Hernandez froze. He darted toward the dungeon, saw that it was empty, then beckoning Ponto and the brute 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 the brute in turn, his head and shoulders lashed with Ponto's whip, 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 a standard by her side lay a heavy copper scepter. She seized 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 and sped away.

CHAPTER XXXIX. By His Eyelids. Hernandez and his two companions reached the tree. They reconnoitered. Above him in the swaying branches, all ignorant of the group below, Neal viggwagged his signals toward the Albany. His heart leaped within him, for the Albany viggwagged in return. 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 than a tree growing on a rock—she grows on the edge of a cliff. Beast come here. Tell him, Ponto, what to do."

Ponto told him, emphasizing his commands with the ever-ready whip. The brute obeyed. He set his shoulders 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 edge and toppled into the depths beneath. As she did so there was a scream—a woman's scream—Annette's. Hernandez heard it; so did Ponto; but they could not locate it. Out of their sight, somewhere along that cliff, Annette was crouching watching with eyes wide with terror. She saw the tree bend slowly outward, though she did not know the cause.

Then her heart leaped within her, for the tree had dropped, toppling head over heels, so to speak, out 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 crouching for his life with a clump of bushes on a narrow ledge below.

She saw all this and so did Hernandez 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 reached down a narrow path and reached the ledge upon which croug 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 Ilington. As though hypnotized he dropped the rock.

"Help him," commanded Annette. "help him. Do as I say." Hernandez, white with rage, thrust Ponto behind him and leaped far over the edge of the cliff shaking his clenched hand impatiently at the brute.

"Do as I say," he commanded. "I will stay you if you don't." He leaned too far, not for his own safety, 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 precarious 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 smiling with relief. Suddenly Annette stopped 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 island 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.

Hernandez and Ponto saw them from above and with wild oaths turned and inconspicuously fled. 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 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 Aztec 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. "It'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 domical 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.



Annette Was Watching With Eyes Wide With Terror.



There Was Something Struggling for Expression in Those Strange Eyes.



The Brute Slowly Raised the Rock Above His Head.

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

lan; \$10. Eva Leighton et ux and Ida E. Sullivan et ux to J. W. Reed, lots 15 and 16, block 6, Estacada; \$500. W. A. Proctor et ux to George E. Proctor, 5 acres in section 26, township 1 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10. Louis Johnson et ux to L. Edgar May, 5 acres in sections 13 and 14, township 3 south, range east of the Willamette meridian; \$1. Henry Endres to Herman Schrader, lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, in block 3, Weed's addition to Canby; \$2000. C. Clausen to trustees of German Verein of Mackburg, 2 1/2 acres in section 23, township 4 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1. Sandy Land company to Percy T. Sholly, a tract of land in section 13, township 2 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$1. J. Richmond et ux to George W. Downs, 16 acres in section 14, township 2 south, range 3 east of Willamette meridian; \$10. Chris Henriksen et ux to Samuel Wolfer, lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, in block 3, et ux, all of the southwest 1/4 of the northwest 1/4 of section 36, township 1 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$3000. E. T. Jackson et ux to directors of School District No. 14 and their successors in office, 4 acres in Able Mattson donation land claim No. 59, township 3 south, range 3 east Willamette meridian; \$100. F. W. Bath et ux Mike Welch, Charles Harnack et ux to C. Clausen, 2 1/2 acres in section 23, township 4 south of range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$1. Ernest Hogland et ux to Bert Olsen lot 5, block 1, Willow Park; \$10. Samuel to Chris Henriksen et ux, 15.59 acres in the Jas. Shirley and wife donation land claim in township 4 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$2500. Samuel Wolfer to Charles S. Wolfer, lots 7, 8, 9 and 10, block 3, Weed's addition to Canby; \$1. W. L. Bockner et ux to Walter R. Adams, 5 acres in section 4, township 7 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; also 20 acres in section 3, township 7 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$3300. I. N. G. Hedlin et ux to Alice Hedlin, 40 acres in section 35, township 1 south range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; also 40 acres in section 35, township 1 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$1. Eli M. Platt to J. M. Platt, lot 16, block 26, of Oregon Iron & Steel company, first addition to Oswego; \$10. E. M. Platt to Marion and Sophia Platt, lot 15, in block 26, Oswego; \$10.