



CHAPTER VI.—Barclay sets Lindsay ashore on Jamaica Island, after telling him to seek out Shively, manager of McAllister's plantation, introduce himself as Robert, and out all he can about his "uncle's" house, and its defenses, and report to Barclay in two weeks. On his way to the town Lindsay is a witness to the kidnapping and tying up of a colored man, whom he sees. The man tells him he is Quashy, well known jockey, and the kidnapping was to keep him from riding in a match race the next day. Quashy sends Lindsay to his employer, Colonel Singleton, to explain the matter. He does so, and next day Singleton's horse, with Quashy up, wins the race.

CHAPTER VII.—Lindsay has made the acquaintance of a young man, George Lewis, whom he admires. While watching a card game in which Lewis is engaged, Lindsay detects a player cheating. He denounces the cheater, and a duel follows. Lindsay wounds his opponent, but grants him his life on his admitting the truth of Lindsay's accusation.

Shively, with perfect calmness, turned to his subordinate. "What did he say, Evans?" he queried. "You know their lingo better than I do. He wasn't exactly wishing me luck, was he?"

He spoke in grim pleasantry, but there was nothing of pleasantry in the bookkeeper's reply. "He was an old man, their chief magician, and the husband of the woman you dogged. He curses you and yours through life and death. And he will come back from the grave, he says, to haunt you."

Shively grinned. "We'll see about that," he answered lightly enough. "I've never been bothered with ghosts yet." Then added, "Get back now, boys, and keep those swine well under. At any sign of an excuse, bear down on 'em; sweat 'em till they drop. If that man was an old man, as you say, there may be some grumbling. But by G—d, we'll show 'em who runs this plantation."

I sickened at him; my one desire was to get away as soon as possible, and as civilly as I could I asked him when he could ferry me over to the island. He answered, with what I imagined to be irony, that he would be delighted to row me across at once, and led the way to a landing stage where a number of boats were made fast. "Can you pull an oar?" he asked with a disparaging glance, as if he felt that such a faint-hearted youth could do little in the way of manly exercise.

"I can," I responded with equal brevity, and he accordingly selected a light skiff and seated himself on the after rowing seat. I should, as a matter of fact, have enjoyed pulling stroke myself, for I think I might have been able to set a pace that would have made him gasp before we reached the island; but as it was there was nothing for me to do but slip into the forward seat and adjust myself to his leisurely stroke, which sent us skimming, at a good rate, across the placid water of the lagoon.

CHAPTER IX

Calm and Storm.

From a jetty on the easterly side of the island, where a dozen boats lay moored, a wizened, untidy-looking man peered down at us. I knew, of course, that this must be McAllister, even before Shively greeted him by name; yet as I stepped ashore and shook his hand, it was hard to realize that this little man, with bowed shoulders and sidelong glance, had ever been a gentleman of fortune and a ruler of the sea. There are those, however, who rule by craft alone, leaving the actual fighting to their followers, and such a leader, I reasoned, McAllister must have been. He now inquired anxiously as to the disturbance on the shore, and Shively seemed to take malicious delight in recounting the incident and in repeating with emphasis the curses which the old man had called down on his slayer and on all connected with him. McAllister was clearly both annoyed and alarmed. "Man, man, I'm always telling ye," he complained, "that you're too forth-putting by t-r. Peace and quietness—that's the bonny way to live."

At these words Shively, who did not appear to be at all in awe of his chief, threw back his ugly head and laughed long and heartily, thinking, I dare say, of the old days on the Caribbean, and of the lonely islet in the Antilles where they had shot down their allies from behind. "Peace and quietness" surely came oddly from the mouth of Andrew McAllister.

As the overseer pulled leisurely away for the shore, McAllister conducted me toward the house. To my surprise, he scarcely noticed me at all, apparently much disturbed by Shively's news. Thus I had an excellent opportunity, with an occasional side-glance, to examine him more

closely. A little unkempt man, with straggling sandy hair and mustache, curiously bent in the shoulders and with eyes for the most part looking at the ground and seldom raised to your face. And at once I decided that Captain Barclay again had spoken truth, and that here was a man with an evil conscience who was living in a state of perpetual dread.

As we neared the house, I examined it with interest. Evidently it had been built with an eye to defense, for the whole lower story was of stone, with narrow loop-holes in place of windows. Presently, as we drew nearer, I could perceive three or four swarthy-looking men lounging under a tree, and noticed at once that they did not at all resemble ordinary slaves, but were much fiercer in appearance and far more self-possessed in their bearing. Again I recalled the captain's description of the island and its occupants and correctly enough surmised that these men were a portion of McAllister's bodyguard, specially hired to protect his wizened carcass from harm.

A moment later and I had entered the house, never dreaming that across its threshold lay the first romantic adventure of my life. Yet so it was. One instant in the open air, thinking somewhat morosely, that the world was filled with cruel and treacherous and generally unpleasant people, the next inside the entrance, to be greeted, in the cool, dim light, by the loveliest girl that I had ever seen. Even McAllister, at sight of her, displayed for the first time, a trace of courtesy explaining, with an air which for him was almost genial, "Helen, my nephew Robert, Robert, this is my adopted daughter. You two must be company for each other."

"Company for each other!" I could have asked no better fate. For I had known, up to the present, only one Stralmsmouth lassie, healthy buxom girls, and many of them, indeed, good looking in their way, but now—this vision of slender grace, clad all in white, dark-haired, dark-eyed, and with a face and form so utterly bewitching that I could have sworn she was not flesh and blood, but an angel descended from the skies.

Angel, I say; and that was truly my first impression, though later I was to change it, for though no angel could have been more lovely to the eye, yet her temper was more like that of some mischievous elf. For the first hour of our acquaintance, indeed she played the kindly hostess to perfection, showing me to my room, a pleasant airy chamber at the top of the house, and so fascinating me that later, at luncheon, I could hardly keep my eyes from her face. But presently as we became better acquainted, and as she perceived the conquest she had made, I was to discover, to my sorrow, that she had as many moods as an April day. That afternoon she took me on a tour of the island, and in that time she managed to exalt me to the mountain tops and then to plunge me into despair, first talking to me so gently and gazing at me so sweetly that I fancied she adored me, then without warning treating me coldly and with actual disdain, and then quarrelling with me fiercely, wilfully distorting whatever I strove to say, and nearly driving me crazy in my attempts to regain her favor. So hopeless, indeed, was my infatuation that when it came time to retire, I could not sleep, and knowing that the huge door was locked and barred, I knotted a piece of rope, tied one end to my bedstead, and thus slipped to the ground and paced the sands in an actual fever, with her lovely image before my eyes.

In the morning, however, I remembered, though reluctantly enough, that life for me was not a romantic, rose-tinted dream, but a gray and sober reality; and that I had not come to the island to carry on a courtship, however delightful, but to gain what knowledge I could regarding McAllister and his household, his means of defense and his supposed horde of treasure.

It was evident that the house could not be easily taken, for the lower story, as I have said, was strongly built of stone, and the only entrance was a massive door, swinging on ponderous hinges, and always, after dark, carefully locked and barred.

The garrison, too, was equally impressive, consisting, as it did, of a dozen swarthy maroons, those fierce descendants of the slaves who had fled to the woods when English ruffians supplanted that of Spain upon the island. Chief among them were Cudjo, their leader, who kept the best of discipline, Caesar, his second in command, Big Bill, huge giant, six feet and a half in height, and Quamino, only an inch or two shorter than Big Bill. Altogether, it was clear enough that

(To Be Continued Next Week)

TUALATIN.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Verdin, of Grants Pass, Mrs. Samuel McConnell and son, Samuel, of Roseburg, were all guests of their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, during the Rose Festival.

Miss Maude Johnson, sister of Chas. Wilson, is at home from Vancouver, Washington, where she has been for some time. She spent the week-end at Salem.

Miss Trixie Johnson went to the Columbia Gorge hotel Saturday, where she will be located until she returns to the State University in the fall.

Miss Nancy Howard was at home from Hillsboro, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Livermore, of Hillsboro, visited the Fred Wildgrub home briefly, Friday.

Vella Casteel has gone to Monmouth to attend the summer school.

Mrs. Charles Roberts is at home from the hospital.

Berry pickers are many this season. Berry patches were alive with pickers from Portland and other points, Sunday. On the highway the price was raised to 4 boxes for a quarter. 50 cents per crate in the patch is the going price.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Richardson attended the pageant Rosaria, Friday night. It was a gorgeous spectacle and the costuming couldn't have been excelled anywhere in the United States. It was easily the greatest event ever staged in the City of Roses and one never to be forgotten by those attending.

DURHAM.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Schmidt were Wilsonville visitors Sunday.

Little Arthur Schmidt got his hand caught in the electric wringer and tore the nails from two fingers and mashed the flesh quite badly.

Mrs. Frank Scheckla entertained the Social Club at her home Wednesday.

The many friends of Mrs. J. S. Thomas will be sorry to know she is not improving very fast.

Durham Community Club will have their picnic, July 10, in Durham Park.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Johnson went to Salem Saturday to get Hazel, as she has been visiting her brother for two weeks.

Mrs. Paul Regling attended the Rose Carnival on Thursday, enjoying the Floral parade.

Darcy and Bobbie Dobson have been spending the week with their aunt, Mrs. Arnold Clutter, of Mulloy.

Mrs. Roy Greer and children were at Mulloy Sunday, picking strawberries.

Mr. and Mrs. David Beaudoin celebrated their 11th wedding anniversary Thursday evening. A few friends were in and "500" was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Tappert and children of Forest Grove, and Mr. W. Weber and son, Herbert, of Cornado, California, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Koch.

LeRoy Hartley, of Portland, spent the week with his grandmother, Mrs. C. W. Ellison.

Frank Reener is home from Seaside, where he spent 10 days.

THE TRAILER IDEA

Imagine a pilot airplane pulling a long string of "trailers" or gliders, similar to a locomotive pulling a train of cars. This will happen if a German inventor has his way. It sounds logical, as it is an established principal in mechanics that a given power can pull several times more than it can "lift." So it comes from the concerns that sell automobile trailers. It may yet be possible to fly or ride to Europe on an air "caboose."

During a scarlet fever epidemic in a middle western farming community, the local Boys' and Girls' Golf Club held a meeting by telephone, the leader receiving a telephone report from each member.

More than 800,000 people have invested their money in the 9,600 telephone companies that serve the people of the United States.

Forty-nine of the original 241 subscribers to telephone service in New York City forty-eight years ago are still listed in the New York telephone directory.

A continuous day and night telephone service has been established between Berlin and Paris.

World peace is far less likely to be achieved by means of statesmen and diplomats than through the greater neighborliness so powerfully fostered by the telephone.—Dr. Frank Crane.

WORLD WAR VETERANS TAKE NOTICE

Urging World War veterans of this community and state to avoid the inevitable last-minute rush of war-risk insurance reinstatement, Kenneth L. Cooper, Portland, Regional Manager of the U. S. Veterans' Bureau is giving last minute warning that July 2 of this year is the last day that government insurance will be available. He asks that those intitled to government policies, by reason of having had war insurance, take action in this matter at the earliest possible moment in order that every applicant may be taken care of.

"There are hundreds of ex-service men in this state who intend to take advantage of this government benefit before July, as shown by request for blanks and forms. Action should not be delayed until the last minute. There is bound to be a rush of applications during the last two or three days. Therefore, it is urged that action on this matter be taken now."

"The privilege of converting term insurance, now held by thousands of veterans throughout the country, into the five-year level-premium or one of the permanent government policies is also limited to July 2. Six forms of endowment and life policies are available. The fact the private insurance companies highly endorse these policies show their value. Veterans who are hesitating to reinstate because of financial reasons should consider the five-year policy which allows conversion to a permanent policy at a later date."

Application blanks and instructions may be secured from the local Red Cross Chapter, American Legion post or by letter from the Regional Office of the Veterans' Bureau, Wood-Lark Building, Portland, Ore.

The grand jury Tuesday, made a presentment of 31 true and three not true bills, among the former being a charge of manslaughter returned against U. B. Willis, Tillamook automobile man, who drove a car into a car driven by J. E. Duffy of Portland, on May 21, on the west side highway near the Tualatin bridge. In the crash, John S. Duffy, 76, father of J. E. Duffy, was thrown from the car and received injuries which caused his death a few hours later. Willis was first arrested by the constable of the Sherwood district, and was fined by the Sherwood Justice on a traffic charge. After Duffy's death he was arrested by county officers and locked up and later released on \$10,000 bail.

What's Worrying You? What Can You Really Worry About, Except—

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3. To Need Money,
4. To Die,
5. Or To Be Poor In Old Age?

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