

SYNOPSIS

George McAusland was 38 years old when he sailed from America to under-take his post as a missionary in the Fiji Islands. A crime he had committed in a fit of excitement had shattered all his confidence in himself. He felt forced to avoid pretty Mary Doncaster, who boarded the ship at Honolulu. She was en route to visit her parents, who were missionaries on Gilead Island. Mary was attracted by George's attempts to avoid her. One day George accidentally fell overboard. Mary unhesitatingly dove into the sea to rescue George, who falls in love with her. When the boat approached her home on Gilead Island, they learned that Mary's parents had both died. George volunteered to take charge of the mission. Faced with the both died. George volunteered to take charge of the mission. Faced with the necessity of losing Mary if he left her now, George forced himself to ask her to be his wife. Mary accepted his clumsy proposal, and they left the ship to live in her former home on the island. The scanty dress of the natives shocked George at first, but he soon became reconciled to their customs. Mary discovered that Corkran, a sailor friend of George's, had deserted ship to live on the island. He had come there to help George and Mary if they needed him. Their peaceful life was interrupted one day when a ship stopped in the harbor in search of pearls. They see the pearl divers attacked and their schooner sunk by a pirate ship. The pirates head their by a pirate ship. The pirates head their boat toward the bay near their village. George sends Mary inland for safety and walks down to the beach, alone and de-fenseless, to meet the unwelcome vis-itors. Natives carry him back to Mary hours later, shot through the shoulder.

CHAPTER VI-Continued -7-

Mary asked one of the young men for Jarambo; but he shook his head, not looking at her. If George had not filled her thoughts, excluding all else, she must have seen a tautness in these young men, as though they were waiting, listening. But she thought only of her husband; and when in midafternoon he opened his eyes and looked at her, she spoke in a quick tenderness, close beside

"Quiet, my dear," she said. "You're all right. We're safe. Quiet. Rest, my dear."

He stared past her, stared straight up at the thatch above them. She thought he did not know he spoke. He said: "They were angry because no canoes met them. They smashed their boat against the rocks getting ashore, and that made them more angry. One was a red-headed man with a red beard and red hair all over his chest. They all had guns. I told them we didn't want them here, and the red-headed man put his hand against me and pushed me over backward. One of the others shot me before I could get up." He looked at her with a deep shame at his own weakness. "I fainted, Mary, like a woman."

"You couldn't do anything against their guns, George. Now rest, dear." His eyes closed. "Like a woman," he muttered again, and sighed, and slept.

In the morning George was stronger, able to sit up with Mary to support him, her arms around him, his ulders leaning against her breast. Mary saw a red gleam in their hers. She wondered, and her heart that in some strange way she was terrified by something already past; but she decided this was merely the day, now eased, and put the fear

"What has happened?" she asked. His eyes flickered with something curiously like dismay; and he looked at his companion, then at Mary again, without replying. She insisted: "Is the ship still there?"

She realized that he was confused her pulse pounded in her wrist. She looked back at George. He was asleep, so for the moment he no longer needed her. She said firmly to the young men:

Jarambo to me."

After a moment, one of them tain, summoning Jarambo.

Soon Jarambo spoke at her elbow and she turned.

The old man met her eyes and waited. She had never been afraid Nevertheless he was drunk with was never here." something. She looked at him in-She said:

"Jarambo, tell me."

He said, under his breath: "Long time we were men."

She waited. He spoke explicitly, from the beginning. When the schooner anchored, George's insistence kept the canoes ashore; but presently a boat ready. In the house she saw that put off from the vessel with three rough hands had been here rummagwhite men in it. Those white men ing; saw her own garments pulled ter: did not know the landing place, and out and strewn around; saw all her they went toward the beach, but possessions in disorder. they saw that the surf there was | She had come swiftly down the the jungle to the landing place, and a half delirium, was brought home.

arm across his knee.

screaming, and the people were an-

CHAPTER VII

Jarambo sent young men to carry George away and that was done; her commands. She bade him watch so when the white men returned to and tell her when the Venturer anthe landing, he had been borne to chored.

and the other old men decided what was rowing toward the mouth of the to do to these white men who had bay. It would be night, Jarambo hurt the child. So by and by many said, before the whaleboat came into of the strongest girls swam off to the the roads; and she told him to build schooner, with flowers in their hair, a fire on the shore for a beacon laughing.

"And it was night," Jarambo told | them at the landing. Mary, squatting at her feet. "In the dark, many canoes went quietly on the water, and many young men. busy with our girls; and then we came aboard in the dark, the girls held them lovingly while our war clubs cracked their skulls."

"That was a bad thing, Jarambo," Mary said.

He answered, "It is done." He said slowly, intoning an ancient tale: "The white men came it old times and killed my woman, and my mother, and my father, and my two sons. Also they took my daughter. Before that, I was a man. Now I am and she pressed back, peering up a man again." When she could speak, her senses

clearing, she asked: "Jarambo, did the white man with the talking bird help you kill those men?'

He answered, with a shrewd glint in his eyes: "No one knows what a white man will do about killing white men. That white man with the bird which talks was given sleep to drink, and she asked, trying to see in the and he sleeps now. He did not see the ship come. He will not see it go. Soon it was never here."

His eyes as he spoke looked down at the schooner in the roads; and Tommy, how you've grown!" She Mary saw that some sort of sail was set on her, and that she now moved slowly toward the sea.

When the schooner was now outhatch. It became a black and growing cloud.

She whispered: "They're burning

Jarambo brushed his hand, flat, the palm down, across a rock. He said again as he had said before: "That ship was never here!"

The pillar of smoke rose slowly The young men were gone when she above the schooner. Mary watched woke; but later they returned, and it rise higher and higher between her and the blue saucer of the sea, eyes, and their eyes would not meet her eyes following the tip of that black cloud till like a pointing finger began to beat hard with a sort of it reached the saucer's rim, the horipremonition, but she was not afraid | zon there, where the smoke-finger of what would happen. She thought pointed, the square topgallant sails had come in with Peter and Tomof a full-rigged ship, the rest of her still below the horizon.

The canvas of those sails was reaction from her alarm of yester- dark, blackened by 'he soot of many fires. She was a whaler! The Venturer, so long expected, was he did not look at Tommy, seemed coming at last to Gilead.

Somewhere along the mountain far away a voice sounded in a long cry, and nearer another, and then others. The sound spread like ripples in a pond, flowing down the mountainside, reaching them and going on. by some strange sense of guilt; and Jarambo at her feet looked up and

"Your man wakes," he said, and watched her warily. "He calls you." She turned to go to George, but she paused again and said, after a "Take me to Jarambo. Or bring moment, in careful explanation: 'Jarambo, the ship that comes there is my father's." She could not returned and darted off through the member the native word for "unforest. The other spoke, bidding cle" if there was one. "My man her come. Presently ahead of her and I will go away in her." She she heard a call go down the moun- looked down at him and saw his eyes waver. "Better we go," she said gently. "My man will die here.

He muttered: "Ship sees smoke." She understood that he was sullen of him, but she was afraid of Ja- with fear that the ship now aprambo now. There was that in his proaching would punish the Islandeyes she had never seen there, a ers for the killing done last night, blaze like a leaping fire, a drunk and she told him, reassuringly, fury, a reckless intoxication. But pointing to the burning schooner, this was not the drunkenness of rum. using his own words: "That ship

Mary told Jarambo: "My man tently; and suddenly her head rose. must be carried to the house. We go to him now."

When they came to the lodge deep in the forest where they had hidden George, she found that he had waked fretful and hot with fever. She spoke quickly to old Itaui.

'We shall take him home." Mary went ahead, to make his bed

impracticable, so they came along trail, and she had time to remove to bed, why don't you? I'll keep an the shore and they shouted, and the more obvious traces of their in- eye on him." some of the children went out of vasion before George, muttering in then some of the girls. When the On his own bed, he sighed and her own room in the other end of white men saw the girls they tried seemed to sink and grow small and the house, came back with a lamp to land, and their boat was broken weak and helpless; and he slept. to light it from the burning wick against the ledge; but they climbed Mary covered him, and Jarambo here. Tommy had disappeared. She ashore. They were angry because of came to her side. She thought the asked: "Where's Tommy?" the loss of the boat, and when old man clung to her as though for George came down the path and protection from the punishment of briefly. spoke to them, one of the men his sins; but no one else came near.

struck him down and then shot him, 1. Mary knew that a man afraid is and he lay like a dead man. But dangerous. The people on the Isone of the children, a little boy who land were strung tight with terror loved George, bit the hand of the at seeing the Venturer approach so man who had shot. That man caught soon after the massacre. They had the boy, and he broke the child's drugged Corkran to keep him ignorant of what was to happen; but The white men could not even now here came many white men. catch the girls; so they came to Mary thought any small incitement Mary's father's house and profaned might touch them into bloody madit, shouting and breaking things. The ness again; bring the war clubs out child with the broken arm was of hiding, set them swinging. It would be important, when the Venturer came in, to warn Richard and the others against asking questions.

All the others had disappeared; but Jarambo stayed with Mary, squatting on the platform, waiting

In the late afternoon Jarambo re-When they were gone, Jarambo ported that a boat from the Venturer at the landing place, and to help

When sudden dark descended, Mary brought one of the whale oil lamps and lighted the wick and set The white men on the ship were it here by George's bed. Jarambo went to tend the beacon fire, and she was alone.

She heard shod feet come up the path toward the house; and she rose and went from her husband's side through the big central room to the door. In darkness there she met a man, and thought him her uncle, and cried: "Uncle Tom!" and went into his arms, clinging to him. But she knew as she kissed him and felt his lips that this was not her uncle, at him.

"It's all right, Mary. Don't you know me? I'm Peter Corr." Before she could free herself, he kissed her again, his beard rough against her cheek and chin.

"Peter?" she cried. "Oh, I'm glad you've come!" Then she saw someone behind him, tall and slender, half light: "Who is it?" Then, seeing more clearly: "Why, it's Tommy!" Her voice broke, her eyes filled with happy weeping. "Why. caught him, and he clung to her, young arms tight around her neck, hugging her hard. He did not speak, and she smiled to herself, thinking: side the bay, a little skein of blue He's so glad to see me that he's smoke had begun to rise from her crying, doesn't dare try to talk for fear we'll know. She asked: "How's Uncle Tom, Tommy?"

But Tommy, without answering, only held her harder, and Peter asked urgently: "Mary, where's your father?"

"Father's dead, Peter. He and Mother died before we got here." Then, in the doorway: Inis is my husband, George McAusland."

Peter stood by George's bed. "Husband?" he muttered.

"He's sick," she said. "He sure looks like it!"

"And-he's been hurt," she admitted, looking back to see if Jarambo my, wondering how much just now to tell Peter. She asked again: "Where's Uncle Tom?"

Peter said slowly: "Your uncle's dead, too, Mary." She noticed that careful not to.

She was curiously not moved by this intelligence, as though she were immune just now to grief. She only said: "Dead?"

Peter wiped his brow with his hand, looking down at George. He said: "Yes. And my father's sick aboard the Venturer, Mary. I think he's going to die. Dick said your father knew something about doctoring. He asked, in a curiously boyish perplexity: "What are we going to do?"

She said: "We haven't any medicines here. We've had a lot of people sick and dying on the island." "I'll go send the boat back, send them word your father's dead," Pe-

She nodded, and his footsteps departed toward the landing. She turned to the boy. Him at least she could help, just by loving him. "My. I'm glad to see you, Tommy! I'm so sorry about Uncle Tom." She

Tommy spoke carefully, knuckling his eyes. "I haven't cried before, Mary, till I saw you."

kissed him again.

"I know, dear. But it helps, doesn't it? You'll feel better now.' She asked, groping to find a need in him which she could fill: "Do you want to talk about it?"

"I saw it happen," he said. was in the crosstrees with a glass." His tone puzzled her, stiff and restrained. "Peter's boat was right there . . ." They heard Peter returning, and the boy stopped, bit off the word, watching the door where after a moment Peter appeared. Mary wondered why. She asked Pe-

"Will you and Tommy stay with George while I change my clothes?" "Sure. You look pretty tired. Go

"Oh, I'm not sleepy!" She left them in George's room, crossed to

"Outside somewhere," Peter said

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THE LAST PAIR Scene: Some desolate spot on this

earth.

that time!

Gharacters: The last two survivors of a world war, a pair named Stoopey and Droopey.

Stoopey (as a hand grenade goes over his head)-Hah! You missed

Droopey-I got the fellow behind Stoopey-There's nobody behind

me. Or behind you either. They've all been killed off. Droopey-Gosh! has it got down

to that? Are we really the only two

Stoopey-Yep. Droopey-Well, who won? Stoopey (sadly)-It's still a tie. I guess you and I'll have to fight it

Droopey-Hold on a minute . we oughta think that over. If I win you're left all alone. If you win I'm all left all alone. There wouldn't be any fun in that.

Stoopey-It might be an excellent idea. That makes everything a total loss. The complete end of a



total war, see? No more arguments, no more back talk, no more alliances, no more trouble with any-

Droopey-That would be terrible. Stoopey-But it would be what we have been working toward all along!

Droopey-No; the winner would still have his hate left. What would he do with that?

Stoopey (thoughtfully-That's the hard part. A man would have to hate somebody. It would be part of his nature after all these years. Droopey-Yeah. But there'd be

notedy he could hate, except himself. You couldn't hate yourself. Stoopey-There would be nothing else to do. And at this stage of hatreds it would be easy.

Droopey-There must be some way out. Let's compromise. Let's call it off. You and I as the last two survivors can then hate each other and be quite happy about it. Stoopey (suspiciously)-How do I know I could trust you? The first

thing I know you might soften up and want to be friendly. Droopey-There was a time when you wouldn't have thought that a

bad idea. Stoopey-I know, but this hate business has gone on so long it's become a habit. I'm an addict.

So are you. Droopey-Maybe you're right. O. K.! Stop worrying. If I give you my word to keep hating you 100 per cent I'll keep it. And I'll expect as much from you. (Wearily) Say, what was everybody fighting for.

anyhow? I forget. Stoopey-A better world. Everybody was determined to get it if it took the last man.

Droopey-And it damned near did!

Stoopey (looking around)-Well, anyhow, we're near that new order, that new setup.

Droopey-Boy, you can have it! Capital gone, the economic system's gone, the bankers are gone, the critics are gone, barriers are gone, frontiers are gone . . . everything.

Stoopey (his eyes falling on something in the wreckage) - Look. There's part of a broadcasting set over there. With just you and I left it's going to be awfully lonesome. We could put it together and still have the radio.

Droopey-What! and listen to EACH OTHER! (He shoots Stoopey, who doesn't seem to care much.)

IS THERE NO LIMIT

"God Bless America" is a pretty fine patriotic number, and it has become the American song of the crisis, but something should be done to protect it in the clinches. Night club comics sing it immediately following pretty raw interludes, masters of ceremony call for it after their most risque moments, and, believe it or not, in one Broadway picture and vaudeville house a fat, coarse, faded female blues shouter swings into it with a comedian, after they have both been giving a clubsmoker atmosphere to the proceedings. And with an enormous American flag as their backdrop! It may be too much to expect them to see anything wrong about it, but isn't it time the audience started throwing things?

WITHOUT GAS MASKS "Hitler and Molotov Talk for Three Hours."-Headline.

And they promised there would be no gas warfare this time!

Elmer Twitchell saw a friend of his going downtown the other night with his wife, his wife's mother and his wife's two sisters. "Under convoy," he muttered.

Mr. Green and Mr. Lewis want a labor peace no matter who gets hurt at it.

LOSS BY FIRES GREAT ON FARMS

Fires Are Preventable, Expert Asserts.

By PROF. J. B. RODGERS

(Agricultural Engineering Department, University of Idaho.)

Loss from rural fires averages \$400 every minute of the day, a loss the village home owner or farmer might reduce by his own efforts.

The farmer in particular, he points out, must be his own building inspector, zoning officer and in an emergency his own fireman and fire chief. If he does a good job in each case, he can do much toward reducing an annual rural fire loss of about \$225,000,000

When possible, farm buildings should be in line at right angles to prevailing winds. With this arrangement there is less danger of sparks being carried from one building to another. Roofs of major buildings should be of fire resistant material. Chimneys may be cleaned of soot using a few bricks or rocks in a sack at the end of a long rope. Furnaces, stoves, and stove pipes properly installed and inspected regularly reduce a common cause of fire.

A system of grounded conductors gives protection against lightning. Carelessness in handling lamps and lanterns, in disposing of ashes, in storing and handling gasoline and kerosene and in allowing rubbish to accumulate where it becomes a fire hazard accounts for many farm

The U. S. Engineers report that many serious rural fires have been avoided because ladders were at hand and water or fire extinguishers were readily available. This is a safety measure that is always highly

Overcrowding Has Effect On Poultry Cannibalism

While feather picking, cannibalism, and egg eating are in part the result of dietary deficiencies, overcrowding is important among the causes, according to H. W. Titus of the federal bureau of poultry nutrition. It has been found that feather picking is less likely to occur if the diet contains about 20 per cent of barley or oats.

"Cannibalism" is a term used by some poultrymen in referring to the habit sometimes developed by chickens of picking one another's toes, combs, vents, feathers, and other parts of the body. Used in this sense, the term also includes feather picking; it is however, more common to restrict its use to those cases where blood is drawn.

Cannibalism is of most frequent occurrence in overcrowded flocks, but it may be due to some as yet unwn deficiency of the diet because the feeding of oats and barley appears to be of some value in prevention. The use of ruby-colored window panes and ruby-colored electric lamps in the poultry house is often a simpler means of preventing cannibalism.

Egg eating is also likely to develop as a result of overcrowding; however, the tendency to eat eggs is markedly stimulated by a deficiency of calcium in the diet.

Worm-Free Chicks

Safer From Colds

Danger of colds in the poultry flock will be lessened by keeping the birds free from worms. Colds and worms often run hand in hand, since worms lower body resistance.

Watch the droppings and examine the intestinal tract of birds. dressed for eating. If worms are found, treat the flock with individual worm capsules. A number of satisfactory worm expellers are now available on the market.

After treatment, thoroughly cleanse and disinfect the poultry house. Remove and burn all droppings or scatter them in a far away field. Also keep the birds confined for 36 hours.

Birds with colds should be protected against drafts and overcrowding, and fed a balanced ration.

Sale of Fruit, Vegetables Doubles in Twenty Years

Average per capita consumption of fruits and vegetables in America is at least two to three times greater than 20 years ago, and maybe six to ten times that of 40 years ago, according to officials of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea company. This greater domestic consumption is attributed to modern refrigeration and improved transportation.

Burn Out Stumps

Old stumps can be burned out with the use of saltpeter. First, put a hole two inches in diameter deep into the stump with a drill or hot iron. Drop two ounces of saltpeter into this hole and fill to the top with water. Plug up the hole entrance and leave until the liquid has been absorbed into the wood. Then fill the hole with paraffin or fuel oil and set on fire. If enough of the chemical has been used, the fire should burn until the stump is consumed.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

PIANOS

ORDER YOUR PIANO BY MAIL We ship anywhere—Freight prepaid. You may purchase on our easy pay-ment plan. Write for catalogs and particulars.

COLLINS & ERWIN PIANO CO. 2nd Ploor, Alderway Bldg., Portland, Oregon

GRASS SEED

CLEAN TESTED MICHELS GRASS from certified seed, 6c pound.

Early Dawn Dairy, Veradale, Washington, Wal. 2444.

DENTAL PLATE REPAIR HOUR SERVICE in Most Cases Bring or Mail Your Plates for Repair - CREDIT Extended

Dr. Harry Semler, Dentist ALISHY BLDG. - 349 & MORRISON > PORTLAND. ON

And No Antidote

Bobby-What is the deadliest poison known to man? Andy-I dunno; what do you

think? Bobby-Aviation: One drop will kill any ordinary human being.

Our Existence

Existence is not to be measured, by mere duration. An oak lives in centuries, generation after generation of mortals the meanwhile passing away; but who would exchange for the life of a plant, though protracted for ages, a single day of the existence of a living, conscious, thinking man?-

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly be-cause it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, in-flamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Love Is Sight

Love is not blind. It is an extra eye which shows us what is most worthy of regard .- J. M. Barrie.



Thousands of young girls entering wom-anhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound to help them go "smiling thru" restless, moody, nervous spells, and relieve cramps, headache, backache and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over years, WORTH TRYING!

Clear Vision Soundness of intellect is clearness of vision.



You'll like the way it snaps you back to the cleanliness. Not a miracle worker, but if temporary constipation is causing indiges-tion, headaches, listlessness, Garfield Tea 10c - 25c at drugstores Headaches GARFIELD CARFIELD TEA CO,, Inc.

See doctor if headaches persist

HEADACHE POWDER

10c - 25c

Makes for Interest Uncertainty is what gives life its interest.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered **Kidney Action**

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!