

# Red Hair AND Blue Sea

By STANLEY P. OSBORN

### WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Palmyra Tree and her parents, with Palmyra's two suitors, Van Buren Rutger and John Thurston and some other friends, are cruising on the Yacht Rainbow.

Palmyra's startled by seeing a hand thrust in through the port of her cabin, makes a secret investigation and discovers a stowaway—a man so mild in appearance that she is disappointed—and tells him so. He commands her to glance at the door. She obeys and sees a huge, fierce, copper-hued man—with a ten inch knife held between grinning lips! Burke, the stowaway, explains that it is a joke. But Palmyra is shaken. Next day, Burke and the brown man go up on deck. The stowaway entertains them with wild tales of an adventuresome life—which his listeners refuse to believe!

Palmyra spends more and more time with the stowaways to avoid Van and John, but when the stowaways are put ashore at Honolulu she decides she loves Van. The night the engagement is announced the Rainbow hits a reef. In the excitement which follows John rescues both Van and Palmyra—but Palmyra thinks it is Van who saved her.

Now read on: —

### CHAPTER IV

Daylight made clear two facts: the Rainbow had struck in such a way that it would be impossible to get her off; the island was uninhabited.

As the exploratory boat rounded a spur of reef that covered the passage into the lagoon, opened out the largest island from the sea, Palmyra burst into an exclamation of delight.

She turned to John and Van. "It is pretty," she said, "but—cruel." She felt a first little shiver of realization. "There's nothing upon it. No shelter, no food."

Van gave her a haggard look. "And," he said, "there's not one drop of water. When we've used what we bring ashore. . . ."

Thurston whirled upon him. "Don't!" he cried. "Don't dare tell them that. We'll filter salt water through this sand or rig a condenser with junk from the wreck."

Palmyra had not, been consciously aware of Thurston's leadership until hours after the catastrophe, her attitude was typical to them all, perhaps even of Thurston himself. There had been something to do; the stronger nature had asserted itself. And the ship's company, acquiescing thus automatically, with scarcely any registered sense of change, paid him its highest compliment.

She had not thought to wonder why Thurston, rather than her fiancé, had been chosen. He had a reputation

for efficiency in handling men. Van had had neither occasion nor opportunity.

Here spoke her good common sense.

And, being unaware of Mrs. Crawford's original plot, she could hardly be expected to note that the wreck had reversed the situation; that where, before, John had been put to disadvantage, now Van had been

As the schooner bore down upon them she broke out the American colors. When she was abreast of their position she came about and then hove to in lee of the reef. A boat was lowered.

Palmyra, through her glasses, saw that three men got into this boat. Two of them were undoubtedly native seamen. The third who had been reconnoitering from the cross-trees



"You — you brute!" she cried. "Turn — this — vessel — back. Turn it back instantly!"

given the role he could not play.

The inevitable had occurred between these men. As Thurston had risen to leadership, so Van—had sunk to his place as a private in the ranks. Palmyra did not see, suspect.

They were easily cheered that first day. True, the island bore no sign of native visitation. But with their launch they could easily reach the nearest inhabited lagoon, or they could even build a sea-worthy craft from material of the wreck, were they not certain some passing sail would soon take them off.

Thus the first day. But when the second came and went and the third dawned upon an empty ocean, they began to despond. At night a beacon fire had blazed forth its appeal—they must soon turn to the Rainbow for fuel—and by day the launch waited to overhaul any passerby. But of what avail these upon a sea where no one seemed to venture.

And then, at midday, from the wreck across the lagoon, there boomed out a signal gun. A sail!—a sail!—a sail!!!

Rapidly the deliverer rose from the sea. A vessel of no great tonnage, she sailed with noticeable speed.

appeared to be a white man.

She watched them as they pulled rapidly through the passage and across the lagoon. Then in astonishment, she lowered the binoculars to stare at Van Buren Rutger.

He was now dancing over the coral clinkers like a musical comedy buffoon.

"By the Great God Cash!" he cried. "It isn't I! I old Pirate Burke."

Almost from the moment Ponspe Burke came rattling up the sands Palmyra perceived a difference.

Was it that the ridiculous habits of the Rainbow had given way to the starched white of the tropical skipper's master?

Or was it that she missed the ob-

strusive humility? No longer a stowaway, he spoke to Mrs. Crawford as one master of craft to another, a full note of equality.

Perhaps, after all, the fact might be no more than a juvenile sort of vanity in himself as master of that swift sail; a vanity bubbling over at unexpectedly finding its audience.

And he must have had some vague hope of such a reunion as this. For he was saying now that, on the Rain-

bow, he'd withheld the fact he had a vessel of his own lying up at Honolulu; withheld it on the chance of "surprising 'em somewhere out here." There could be no question of his pride in that fast craft. And had they seen.

He interrupted himself with that oddly un-adult mirth of his.

Had they seen her name? O, they'd laugh when they did see. They'd never guess in a thousand years. Pigeon of Noah.

Van seized his hand with impulsive warmth. "Why then this must be. Why, Mr. Noah, I didn't recognize you now you've shaved."

Burke guffawed delightedly. "I sure will feel like Noah," he said, "a-taking you all on to the Ark, two by two."

He turned, presently, to the pile of salvaged stores and gear. The Pigeon, as was evident, could stow only the more valuable part. The rest must be left under canvas and sent for.

Details were arranged. Burke would get back aboard at once to take charge of the schooner. The yacht's launch, with three of her own men, would tow Burke's boat out, both loaded with stores. While these were unloading at the Lupe-a-Noa, Thurston would get his other boats into the water, sort over the supplies.

"We'll stow the very best first," said Burke in conclusion, "and then see what space we got left for second rate cargo."

The launch hove a line to the Pigeon's boat and one of the native boys stood ready to carry his master out.

Now, however, Palmyra, unable to satisfy a youthful poignant curiosity

at long distance through her binoculars, spoke up eagerly. "Oh, Captain Burke, do please take me with you! I'd just love to be first aboard."

"Me, too," cried Constance.

The man was pleased, flattered.

"But—" he hesitated awkwardly—

"the boat's heavy loaded and there won't be no room aboard while we're taking cargo. So I better invite only one this trip." He winked at Thurston. "And Miss Tree she asked first, and seeing as how she was the best" (Continued on Page 8)

## Do Husbands Really Trust Their Wives?

HERBERT: (to Betty, his wife) I'm sorry, but you'll have to stop going to Guido Petti's studio. His affairs with women are the talk of the town.

Betty: That's silly. No matter what Guido's relations with other women may be, he is a perfect gentleman— with me. I shall continue my studies with him.

Weeks pass. Guido Petti and Betty are in the studio alone.

Guido: (drawing her to him) So beautiful you are. Soon we shall go abroad—just you and I.

Betty: But—my husband—

Guido: Bah! What does he know of your desires? So young you are—so lovely—

Suddenly he clasps her in his arms—kissing her with a fierce passion she is powerless to resist. Unheard by either, the door opens— someone

starts to enter—then retreats, closing the door softly.

Two hours later Herbert bitterly accuses his wife.

Betty: Stop, Herbert! You don't know what you are saying. I swear to you—

Herbert: (flinging her aside) I'm through with you. I should have killed you as you lay in your lover's arms. Take what you want and get out.

What happens to Betty after she is driven from home by her husband completes one of the most pathetic dramas ever enacted in real life. Don't miss "First in a Woman's Heart," in May True Story Magazine.

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