

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.

After three days spent on the uninhabited island, a sail is sighted. It proves to be Ponape Burke! Burke contrives to get Palmyra on board his boat alone—and the boat is under way before anything can be done! Thurston is frantic and plans to save Palmyra, although there seems no possible way. Meanwhile Ponape tells Palmyra he is going to the Isle of Tauna with her.

Burke has to put her ashore on an island, as a Japanese man-of-war is sighted and it would be dangerous to have her aboard. Olive swims to the island and joins Palmyra. She is in fear of the brown man.

Now Read On—

CHAPTER VII.

At snapping tension Palmyra started to catch the sound again. Her eyes sought to weather and to lee. And then her gaze became fixed. For there on the crossbar where Olive had fastened the fish, sat a large bird.

It was the sound of the birds' alighting that Palmyra had caught. The roost was now swaying under the impact, the newcomer shooting in and out its neck in as somewhat serpentine concordance. The creature was black, its feet disproportionately small and the beak, strongly hooked at the end, a good five inches long.

The bird gazed back at the girl with some defiance of manner, as if it thought she might claim the fish. Then it lumbered along the pole and seized the victim, which managed a final flop.

Could it be that Olive had known he could attract a bird down by baiting such a lighting place?

News of the arrival had, in some manner, communicated itself to the sleeper.

From his countenance she could not guess whether he had expected to find a bird on the cross-bar, or whether he was pleased. Nor were his actions illuminating. With the leisurely velocity that was so disturbing an attribute he first cut from a small cane-like growth a section the length of a finger. Then he shaved another piece down to a point. She thought he might intend pinning something with it. But he turned to her stores and tore out some thin package paper. This he laid on a box. With the knife he pricked his left forearm so that the blood came. Then with the blood and the skewer he began to write, presumably to make some sort of hieroglyphics.

While Olive finished his composition the girl watched in a paralyzing anxiety. What did he write? What was in this message that meant more than life and death to her? She sprang up once to demand a sight, then remembered she could not have understood.

The savage now folded his paper small, worked it into the hollow section of cane, closed the opening with a wad of leaf. He went to the bird, which seemed not object, and tied the missile under one of its wings. Then he lifted it from the roost and tossed it into the air. Instantly astonishing pinions flashed out, a spread of six or eight feet.

Burke had said this strange being's purpose was to demonstrate to all, by his courage, that he could live down the effeminate name of Olive.

In despoiling Burke of the red-haired goddess, Olive had reached the climax of his demonstration. He had chosen the one thing that would most enrage the white man; was, therefore, the most dangerous to attempt—and the most convincing.

All too plainly the message the man-of-war bird carried could have but one destination; Olive proclaimed

his daring; demanded that his clansmen come to his aid.

The brown man was unaware of, or unmoved by, Palmyra's misery. As soon as he had launched the bird, he pulled down its perch. Then, with one of the uprights, he marched to the lee beach and began marking on the tidal sands.

The girl watched tragically. Until now there had seemed hardly a choice as to her fate. If she had, with the knife, succeeded in eliminating Olive, Burke would have returned to possess her. Or if disaster had eliminated Burke, then terrible solitude, with death from thirst.

But now, that messenger a mere speck in the sky, the highest thing as it seemed in the world, instinct within her had taken a stand. Beast that Burke was, he was at least better than this savage. A man of her own race, there was always the chance some appeal might reach through.

When Olive, having finished his work, turned toward her, she gathered herself for flight. But he stopped, safely distant, and she divined that he meant to attempt an exchange of ideas.

First, he pointed in the direction the Lupe-a-Noa had gone. When Palmyra did not understand, he picked up a piece of the fabric, buckram-like, with which nature binds fast her plant leaves. He folded it into a form roughly triangular and smaller end up. He held it out, blew at it, moved it slowly from him as he did so. He represented a sail; he referred to the schooner itself.

Next, Olive, grinning successfully at her perception, marked a semicircle on his forehead. She was puzzled until she recalled the scar on Burke's forehead. Again she nodded.

Once more Olive pointed to the scar to indicate that the white man was now the actor. As Burke, he yawned drowsily, lay down and began to snore. The girl took it that Ponape had gone to sleep for the night. The islander next got up, pointed to the place he had lain as the white man, and then to six other places in a row, snoring reinforcingly as he made an inclusive gesture. All she saw, had been asleep.

Olive now indicated himself as the actor, by tapping his breast with a square forefinger. Cautiously, peering to this side and that, pausing to look back and listen, he tiptoed away. With a final furtive glance he raised himself jumped as one going over the vessel's side into the water, simulated the movements of a swimmer. Palmyra read that, as soon as Burke and the crew had turned in last night, Olive had eluded the vigilance of the man on duty, dropped overboard and swum back to her.

He went on with the drama. Making again the sign of the scar, he pretended to awake. He looked around, said, "Olive?"; depicted surprise, anger. Drawing his knife ferociously, he kicked the imaginary sleepers into life, bellowed an order. He blew into his cupped hand, which was now sufficient to indicate the sail, performed the evolution of coming about; walked toward the girl, blowing into his hand and brandishing the knife.

She held her ground, understanding that the enraged pursuit returned to her. Olive stopped, pointed to the sun and then to a spot somewhat further along the luminary's course. A sweeping gesture, a grimace, a stamping of the foot upon the sand; and he had said, as plain as words, that here Burke would step within an interval appallingly brief.

A Burke, far away and beyond call, might seem the lesser of two evils. But a Burke, rising over the horizon, as fast as a storm, regained all his vile significance.

This much was plain; here stood Olive and here, within two hours, would stand Burke. And that being so, what about the bird and its message.

Again, all was inexplicable. With the white brute hot upon the heels of the brown brute, there could be no such waiting as she had assumed, while a bird irresponsibly delivered its summons and rescuing tribesmen came across the sea. Then, why the message at all?

He had sent that message as a forlorn hope. Yet he was showing none of the strain which should have gone with so desperate a race. Indeed, his very calm frightened her. It was unnatural. He must expect, with a knife, to fight for her possession against Burke, with the deadly revolvers, and backed by the crew. Facing such terrible odds, no white man could have been so unemotional.

Could it be that he had come here to await Burke's arrival and then, almost within Ponape's grasp, to plunge the knife into her breast—and himself die? Was there that in his dark beliefs, traditions, to make such an

act exquisitely worth the sacrifice; a supreme manifestation, say, of hate for his tyrant; a degradation in this island world eternally to make the white man a mock?

Olive thrust out the square forefinger toward the quarter whence the Pigeon of Noah would descend upon them, and then toward the sun to indicate the flight to time. Following which he crossed to the lee beach and stood in the brine. He beckoned to her. He pointed to himself and to her, and then off across the water, with the motions of one who swims. The girl stared. For the first time she was utterly at fault. By his indication he and she were to swim away together into the thousand miles of ocean. That, however, could not be. He must have some other meaning.

But the savage made plain he did mean just that. He held out his hand toward her invitingly. He waved her—at once an appeal and a command—into the sea.

Palmyra cowered before Olive. His meaning was plain, all too plain. But his purpose? There lay the terror.

"I tell you I can't swim," she cried out at last. "I can't swim. Don't you understand? I can't swim!"

For the first time his features offered a readable significance. He was perplexed. He fetched his coccinatus. He sat down before her, indicated that she was the object of the play. He bound two of the dry nuts by their thong of husk to his ankle. Also others, as he showed, about his waist. And then, then she understood.

The girl saw that Olive thus was saying "life preserver." He meant to make her into a sort of raft.

Her agitation diminished. This bespoke life, not death. The fanatic, about to drown one, did not provide a float.

With six of the nuts he bouyed her hips and with four her shoulders. With a length of fibre he wound her skirt tight around her knees. Then he fastened his knife, securely but immediately at hand, in the thong that bound her waist.

For an interval she left her, lying with upturned face, her eyes closed against the glare. He threw into the sea, so it would drift clear or sink, the food and cask of water, the severed leaves, the opened nuts; everything that spoke of his activity. Then, pausing for a last careful inspection, his glance lighted on the pink silk parasol. He examined it thoughtfully, raised it; offered it, with pleased look, to the tug of the wind. Olive had a sail.

Thus did they depart into the thousand miles of empty ocean.

Olive swam briskly forward with her now. Exulting, she discovered that the sound which had mocked her, this time at least, was no cruel deception. It was the trample of surf upon a reef.

One sharp struggle and those splendid muscles had carried them, buffeted and breathless, through a cauldron of a cleft in the outer barrier. They came to rest in a shallow of spent surf on the reef between its higher rim and the nearby shore.

At first Palmyra was aware of nothing beyond the fact that she was once more on land. That was all-sufficing. The island, by reason of her hours in the water, seemed to rise and fall as giddily as the sea itself. But she could cling to a pandanus and feel safe.

How many, many miles had they come? She recollected men had tried to swim the English channel. Was the channel twelve or twenty miles across? Something like that. But it was cold northern water and the swimmers merely European. Olive must have brought her infinitely further.

The island, plainly, was inhabited. As Olive had written, why could not she?

But—what of paper? She paused, confronted by the stonewall of circumstance. No need to cut her hand as the brown man had done, for bright drops of the pirate gore were already available. As she sat, the mosquitoes had been swarming round her.

While she puzzled, she felt reconnoitering for the hostile foliage. It proved to be a stiff sword-like leaf that thrust at her from the shadows. The leaf, she found, was surfaced by a thin transparent film.

The appeal grew with tragic slowness. The pin work could not be hurried, the condensation of wording took thought.

But, readably, the leaf said: Help! Abducted by Ponape, Lupe-a-Noa, from wrecked yacht Rainbow, 4 days sail. His man Olive now steals me. Whichever gets me—death or worse.

Miss Palmyra Tree, Boston, U. S. A.

She must make the leaf noticeable. Nothing else at hand, she drew off one of her wet stockings. She smiled

dreadfully. Silken hosiery where hosiery was unknown. That should attract attention.

With the stocking she bound a fragment of coral to the leaf. Then, gazing apprehensively about, she began to crawl forward. She must not try to go too far. And at the slightest sound she must drop the missile before Olive could see.

Within five or six yards the cover ended. Beyond in the moonlight lay barren sand, foot trampled, a place in frequent visitation. She would have liked to go further. But the danger was tremendous, the gain uncertain. She paused breathlessly to listen. Then she flung the weighted leaf.

From out there a clink of sound reached back, brazen loud to her straining senses as a gong. It seemed impossible that Olive should not hear; should not spring grinning from the thicket; should not, unerringly as a dog, nose up, snatch that precious message, her only hope.

For an interval she hung on, waiting. Then in the unexpected silence, body and mind collapsed. She dragged herself back to the waiting place, but she was unaware of it. The sand warmed her, the earth rocked her as in a cradle, but—she was asleep.

For ages she must have laid in torpor. Then, suddenly, she awoke with a cry. She was clasped tight in a pair of great arms; held close against a naked breast. No need for her to see that grinning face. It was the best!

Desperately she put all her strength into a lunge. So unexpected this effort to get free that success was hers. Surprisingly, indeed, she flung herself quite clear of those arms—and fell, with a strangling gasp, into water that rose above her head.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUMMER SCHOOL DRAWS MAY LOCAL STUDENTS

Springfield, which was represented by four students at the University of Oregon summer sessions last year, will send an even larger number to the summer session in Eugene or in Portland this year, according to preliminary interest shown by teachers, students and others. Those who attended from Springfield last summer are Genevieve Beaman, Ava R. Hemenway, Ruth Kercher, and Thelma E. Sweeney.

Among the distinguished visiting instructors will be Dr. Henry Suzzalo, former president of the University of Washington; Dr. T. T. Lew, noted Chinese educator; Dr. William J.

Cooper, superintendent of public instruction, California; Dr. David Snedden, Columbia University; Dr. J.

Duncan Spaeth, Princeton University; and Dr. James P. Lichtenberger, University of Pennsylvania.

ALTA KING
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
For
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
LANE COUNTY
PRIMARIES, MAY 18, 1928

Am dry and favor impartial, fair prohibition law enforcement. Will give all business careful consideration and extend equal courtesy to all.
(Paid Advertisement by Alta King, Eugene, Oregon.)

Time cut again

to California on and after May 6

The "Cascade" saves another hour to San Francisco over the scenic SHASTA ROUTE.

From Portland to San Francisco in 22 hours. The third cut in time in 2 years—a total saving of 5 hours. Thus the swift "Cascade," one of the nation's fine trains, sets a new mark in speed.

"Special Coach Train"

\$15 to San Francisco—Every Day

The special all-coach train, from Portland, Eugene and intermediate points, now so popular as to demand a daily schedule. Individual reclining chairs, all-day lunch car, or delicious meals at moderate prices in the diner. 50 lbs. free baggage.

Five fast trains to California. Go east this way, it costs but little more, and you have your choice of 3 great routes east. Go one way, return another. Ask your agent for details.

Southern Pacific



CARL OLSON, Agent

Williams Self Service Store

77 EAST BROADWAY

EUGENE, OREGON

Selling Out The

Newland Stock

IN OUR BASEMENT SALESROOM

WOOLENS

SILKS AND

COTTON GOODS

All Go Below Wholesale Cost

Come to Eugene and Save

SERVE YOURSELF AND SAVE