

# Red Hair AND Blue Sea

By STANLEY P. OSBORN

CHAPTER XIII.

Burke had spoken of the brown man's arrest. Meanwhile, Olive had tired of his enforced bath.

Slowly Olive began to move down stream. Scarcely did the leaves that hid his head seem to stir as they skirted the bank, blending with the leaves of the background. Past Sentry Number One, past Number Two. Finally a friendly turn of the course and he could rise, dripping, and run for the suspected mangrove trail.

Trotting through the mud, he had neared the outlander village. Then, hearing his name, he stopped, whirled around, encountered one Taruk, a member of Ponape Burke's crew. Taruk, smiling affably, emerged from the thicket and the two shook hands. Olive slipped into that house third from the land's end. He crouched, the central support hiding his face. A glance showed the tide was moving out. He could not await reinforcements.

Opposite, Palmyra still leaned against the post, Martin behind her, the seated natives in front.

Then Olive, staking all on Burke's absorption, strolled out from shelter, grinned lazily into the eyes of the startled sentry, entered that side of the prison house where the natives grouped. Unobtrusively, he dropped among them.

Neither the girl nor her guard noted his coming. A native more or less meant nothing.

But as Palmyra waited, with downcast gaze, her fingers working aimlessly at the hat and veil the old women had brought along, she became gradually aware that, of the brown hands on the mats before her, one wore a mitten of tattoo. Her eyes focussed into interest. And then, astonishing, she beheld on the brown forearm a name of five letters.

A glad cry rose on her lips. But she suppressed it, drove from her face the exultation forming there. Her own salvation, this man's life, depended on her caution.

The brown man opened his mouth and spoke aloud in the native tongue—direct to Martin.

Olive's expression was that of formal politeness. But, though he had seemed to address the white man he had not done so. What he had said was this:

"Men of the village of Tanapat, listen here unto me. The high lady Palmtree shall be saved. I speak the way."

Olive was continuing in the tones of courtesy, looking at Martin but speaking direct to the villagers. In a sentence he appealed to their cupidity, to their fear of the Japanese. Then, without alteration of voice or manner, he added for the interpreter, "Make words unto him. Any thing that shall mean nothing and have a pleasant sound."

The interpreter had got the idea. Out came a flood of compliment to which the white man made crude response, condescendingly amiable.

And so under the very nose of the unsuspecting Martin, almost within hearing of Burke, Olive worked out his attack.

And Ponape Burke himself gave the signal. Springing up now, he hawled across to his mate: "Ahoi,—ahoy there! Haven't them dam' kanakas got the Pigeon out yet? Give a hail the moment y'sight her. These Japs is maybe up t'something."

He leveled his binoculars again upon the gunboat. Martin reached for his own, bent them upon that spot where the Lupe-a-Noa's top-masts must emerge from behind the taller trees.

For perhaps forty seconds both men were absorbed.

Then Martin, still seated, his

shoulder against the girl's support, lowered his glasses, turned his head to speak to her.

But Palmyra was gone!

At Burke's order the crew, loading rifles, began to go through the thatches. Fortunately for Olive, Ponape remained by the open, bawling out commands and imprecations. The search, unsystematic, was still in care, for, though some of the brown seamen grinned behind the white men's backs, none would have dared pass the girl by. Yet the quest covered the islet without result.

It was when Ponape Burke had stopped, completely at a loss, that a messenger came running from the Lupe-a-Noa. The schooner could not be got out. Diving, the natives had found under the nose two of the long hexagonal rocks from the ancient wall.

He would have been aghast to know that John Thurston had discovered the vessel; had reached her before the working party and while her watchman was irresponsibly absent; had, in the brief interval of forced, made good use of his engineering skill. With a block and tackle and a light spar from the schooner, Thurston, in a few minutes, had undone a labor at which slaves must have sweated for days. He had tumbled two of the stones off the wall into the canal. The Pigeon would not fly again until the month's highest tides came to lift her over.

A figure broke from among the men, went bounding along the path toward the outer point, carrying in its arms a heavy burden. Burke uttered a cackle of triumph. For, as this figure ran, there was visible over the shoulder a white straw hat, a blue veil fluttered into view and, below, Ponape saw the folds of a plaid raincoat.

As he ran, however, he struck his foot against a tree root, staggered; the burden was hurled from his arms to the ground. But he did not pause. Two of the sailors, flanking along the beach, sprang upon him. Others joined in. A struggle and he was held. Ponape Burke had remained at his post, an amused spectator. Now, however, when the girl on the ground did not stir after her fall, he ran toward her.

"Palm, he called; "Palma, are y'hurt?"

Another hundred feet and he stopped. Bewilderment turned into rage. For lying there in the hat, veil and raincoat was no Palmyra Tree. It was a big roast pig.

Ponape Burke turned a savage face from this greasy pork to the man who had tricked him—his prisoner. Then an oath and a frown struggled for simultaneous expression. For there, bloody, desperate, stood the brown man Olive.

The white man's features were contorted. "Where is she?" he demanded. Olive clamped his lips shut.

It had been Burke's sudden descent upon the four houses which precipitated catastrophe. The villagers, grown overconfident, had thought he would not look there again. Olive, having seen the messenger from the Pigeon of Noah, had assumed erroneously that the schooner was ready; that Ponape, seizing the girl now, could sail at once. In desperation the brown man had snatched up the hat, veil and raincoat; thrown these about the pig—cooked to send to the feast down the coast.

Running toward the outer end of the islet he had hoped to draw off Burke and the crew, so the villagers could rush Palmyra shoreward to safety. He would hold the pursuit by carrying the pig into the sea; perhaps himself escape if Ponape feared the sound of firing. But, one misstep, and he had been caught before there was time to get the girl away.

Hence it was that she herself, peering tensely out, saw Olive led to the mat tree, his wrists bound behind him. She saw the master in vehement demand for her surrender; Olive shake his head in defiance.

The villagers, crowding round Burke's guards, waited in consternation.

Ponape turned to them. "If you would save this man's life—speak." But Olive, pale yet unflinching, besought their silence.

They would have been glad to have this white woman off their hands and Olive free. The Japanese could not punish their yielding to force. They wished to yield—but the will of this one being held them fast.

Unnoticed, a boy had wormed into the crowd, a bit of paper folded small in his hand. His purpose was to toss the note so Ponape should get it, yet not know whence it came. But the urchin blundered. As the message left his fingers, Burke saw. The white man snatched up the paper, unfolded it,

"Your sacred word to free Olive unharmed (also the others), and I give myself up. He shall not die for me. If you promise, call loudly—yes."

Burke uttered a cry of victory. Whirling toward that point from which he conceived the note to have come, he put his hands to his mouth and shouted: "No, no, NO!!"

Then he clutched the boy by the wrist. "Show me where."

His revolver menaced; the messenger began to cry.

Under the muzzle of the big weapon the urchin quailed. He was appalled at Burke's anger. And he saw that his own people wavered. At last therefore, he raised a trembling finger, pointed toward a group of thatches.

The boy haltingly brought Ponape Burke to a hut. "In there," he whimpered.

Burke sprang under, dragged his guide with him. The house had been searched before. It was empty now.

The man's scrutiny took in every detail. Then he turned and the boy was in real danger. Savage irritation had all but overborne any sense of consequence.

Suddenly Burke's eyes opened wide, he leaped to the center of the house, stared up at the bundles of stiff bark cloth, gave one a prod with the revolver.

From within there came a gasp of pain.

Palmyra tree had lost the bitter fight. Ponape Burke at last had won. "Y'shall see Olive hanged," he said. "And then, whether or no, y'shall go 'Tanna."

He dragged her toward the tree, the native following, tongues a-click against teeth; the traitorous boy ahead, self-important, unscourged by any sense of guilt.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## TWO CHURCHES WILL HEAR PROHI. ADDRESS; OTHER SERVICES SET

Congregations of the Baptist and Methodist churches will unite Sunday evening to hear an illustrated lecture by R. E. Close, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Oregon. The lecture, which is to be illustrated with a moving picture, will begin at 8 o'clock and will take the whole evening service.

In the absence of Rev. C. H. Blom, pastor, Prof. Oscar Gladdish will speak at the morning service at the Baptist church. Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. will be held as usual. Plans are being made for a daily vacation Bible school from June 18 to 29. This school will be for all children from primary to intermediate ages.

At the Methodist church Sunday school is at 9:45 o'clock and Epworth League at 7 o'clock. "The Confidence of Jesus in Christian Love" is the subject of the morning sermon to be delivered by the pastor, Rev. Gabriel Sykes.

Regular services will be held at the Bible Standard mission and in the Springfield Catholic church. Mrs. Pat Hagan is pastor of the former church and Rev. D. P. Curley is pastor of the Catholic church.

Services will open at the Christian church at 9:45 o'clock with a solo by Wilma Haack. At 11 o'clock, Claud Neely of Eugene will deliver the sermon. Jack Danner is the leader for Christian Endeavor which is at 7 o'clock. At the evening church service at 8 o'clock, the church orchestra, directed by E. E. Morrison, will play several selections. The choir will sing "The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away." Rev. Mr. Neely will preach. Rev. S. E. Childers, pastor, is in southern California, enjoying a vacation.

## GROWERS WILL TALK TURKEY AT MEETING

Marketing of turkeys will be discussed at a special meeting of turkey growers of Lane County which will be held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms of Eugene at 2 P. M. on Tuesday, June 12 according to O. S. Fletcher, county agent, who has arranged for the meeting. L. R. Breithaupt, extension specialist in agricultural economics of the Oregon Agricultural college, will be the principal speaker and will discuss marketing plans used by cooperative associations of turkey growers in eastern Oregon, Idaho and elsewhere.

## HAROLD POOLE NAMED COMMANDER OF LODGE

Harold Poole is new council commander of the Woodmen of the World lodge here as the result of the semi-annual election held at the meeting Tuesday evening. He has been an active member of the lodge here since coming from Lebanon early this year. Other officers named are: James Trotter, advisory lieutenant; William Cox, escort; F. Brown, watchman; W. K. Barnell, sentry; M. A. Neet, re-elected manager. Other officers hold their offices during the entire year.

Mr. Rice in South—M. A. Rice is spending a few days in Medford attending to business matters.

## FIRE CHIEF ATTENDING MEETING AT MARSHFIELD

Springfield is represented at the state convention of fire chiefs in session at Marshfield this week. Jess Smitson, local chief, was sent Wednesday to take part in the conference.

Problems of handling fire and fire hazards are discussed when chiefs from every section of the state get together with representatives of the state fire marshal's office.

Mr. Smitson has been a delegate to the conferences during the past three years that he has been chief here.

## Church Night Friday

The Bible study class of the Christian church will have charge of the church night program to be held in the church parlors Friday evening at 8 o'clock. This will be the last church night until fall. Members of the Loyal Women's class will serve refreshments.

## MISS THELMA LAWSON IS WED TO WAYNE ELLIOTT

Miss Thelma Lawson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Lawson of this city, was married to Wayne Elliott of Jasper last Thursday evening. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Gabriel Sykes, pastor of the Methodist church, at the home of the bride's parents.

Following the ceremony a buffet supper was served.

The couple left immediately for an automobile trip to southern Oregon. They will make their home at Jasper where Mr. Elliott has a farm.

## MISSIONAR BIG AUDIE CHURCH

A missionary play, "A Willing Fugitive in Japan," was presented before a large audience at the Baptist church Sunday evening. The play was sponsored by the members of the World Wide Guild of the church and was directed by Mrs. Chester Chase.

Members of the cast were: Ina Hubbard, Vernice Hawke, Ruth Carlton, Miriam Rice, Lilla Zachry, Esther Frost, Hazel Coffelt, Dorothy Oakes, Violet Oakes, Dorothea Seavey, Marie Coffelt, Dalton Horton and a number of small children.

## Aid Luncheon Held

Thirty members of the central division and 21 members of the north division of the Ladies Aid of the Central Presbyterian church of Eugene were entertained at the home of Mrs. C. O. Wilson Emerald Heights Tuesday afternoon. The former division acted as host to the other group. A regular meeting and social time followed at 1 o'clock luncheon.

Fredericks Buy House—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Frederick are remodeling a dwelling house at 730 B street which they recently purchased. The interior is being repainted and papered this week. They will move to the residence as soon as the remodeling work is completed.

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