

RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA



by **STANLEY R. OSBORN**
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WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Palmyra Tree, aboard the yacht Rainbow, discovers a stowaway. She is disappointed in his mild appearance and tells him so. Obeying his command to glance at the door, she sees a huge, fierce, copper-headed man with a ten inch knife between his lips. The stowaway, Burke, and the brown man, Olive, go up on deck and tell stories of adventure which are not believed.

Palmyra decides she loves Van. The night the engagement is announced the Rainbow hits a reef. John Thurston rescues both Van and Palmyra—but Palmyra thinks Van saved her.

A sail is sighted after three days on an island. It is Ponape Burke, the stowaway! Burke abducts Palmyra. 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—

Olive and Palmyra swim to another island, from which Palmyra secretly sends a note for aid. Burke's ship approaches the island.

Palmyra and Olive sail in a canoe, evading both Ponape's ship and the Japanese Gunboat Okayama, which has her friends on it. Olive risks his life to get water for Palmyra. Now read on—

CHAPTER X

He divined her meaning, grimaced back reassuringly. A moment later he was once more crouched, holding to the lava floor.

For an interval the bubbles came flying up. Then the man followed. He placed the shell in the canoe, lifted himself aboard, scarcely lifted the frail craft from an even keel.

The girl, still dizzy with shock, sat and stared at the coconut bottle that had brought tragedy so near Olive, amused, presently picked it up and offered it. When she did not respond, he raised the shell above his mouth, tilted it until the contents spurted out—and drank.

Palmyra laughed hysterically. He had filled the thing at the bottom of the ocean a hundred feet from land. Yet now he drank.

She took the spine when he offered it again and tasted experimentally; sweet, fresh water; clear, cold as from a spring.

The girl drank deeply. Then, holding the shell upon her knees, she sat for a long time, looking covertly at this brown being.

He had all but given his life itself that she might have the water she craved.

And he would have given life itself had she taken his knife and not granted her own.

He would be dead.

The brown man pointed to the sand in the canoe—an island. Then he extended his arm; the island was located there; ahead and somewhere, unseen, to starboard. Then he flattened out his palm horizontally, laid his cheek upon it, attempted an extension of his arms, closed his eyes and began to snore.

Soon would this nightmare of wind and sea be ended. Soon would she be liberated from this rack of torture. She could throw herself down in never-waking slumber.

Her hand stole toward the opening of her dress and her fingers closed, caressingly, over the handle of the knife hidden there. For Olive had given it back.

The topmasts of the Pigeon of Noah appeared. Olive snatched down sail and mast. He lashed them flat. With a glance he assured himself everything aboard was secure. Then, paddle in hand, he kept their craft to the hollow of the seas.

But on, on came the topmasts, the hulls, rising against the sky. The girl gasped in terror. On came the sails, on and on, nearer and nearer, taller and more definite—more greatly to be dreaded.

And then, in this awful moment, without word of warning, Olive sprang overboard. Palmyra uttered a wall. After all he had braved, to forsake her now? To seek his own safety in flight? No! It was unthinkable!

And scarcely the unworthy thought, than the brown man's hand shot up, seized the outrigger, gave one twist. The next second Palmyra was floundering in the water, the canoe capsize.

With a stroke the savage reached out and caught her by the hair. As a kitten held in its mother's teeth, she ceased to struggle. With another stroke he recaptured the canoe, bottom up. He put his foot on the outrigger, tilted the hull so the imprisoned air escaped. With one arm he bore down upon the canoe, their combined weight, to sink it and control its motion. The other arm held the girl, submerged, so that she choked and fought for breath.

On, on the Lupe-a-Noa indeed had come, nearer and nearer—but not too near. Careening under its spread of sail it had been unbelievably close and then, all unknowingly, had flown away. Ponape Burke, with his binoculars, had glared straight over them in his scrutiny of the more distant sea.

He placed the girl's hands on the now buoyant canoe, returned its gear, lifted himself up and in. He had stooped for the more difficult feat of hauling Palmyra aboard when, startlingly, he let go his hold with a guttural cry.

She turned frightened eyes over her shoulder, then screamed. For there, cutting the surface, a little jet of spray rising from its edge, was another sail—the dreadful lateen of a shark!

The man-eater was almost upon her. Frantic, she turned her eyes to Olive. There he stood, for the first time at fault. His hand, with lightning instinct, had flown to the sheath of his belt, found it empty. The girl saw that, in throwing his

knife away, she had made her own death certain.

But, instantly now, the savage rallied. Only for a second did paralyzing discovery unnerve him. The shark had all but seized its victim. A moment and action would be too late. But in that flash of time the man leaped, landed with his feet upon the shark's back. The impact threw the monster into brief panic.

She tore at her dress; thrust out the knife. He snatched it, dived. Just as the man-eater made to seize its prey, Olive dropped below the surface. The heavy fish had no chance to stop. As it swept over his head the savage thrust upward with the knife in a lunge that reached the heart.

Olive did not waste time over the adventure of the shark. He had killed sharks before.

Throwing the canoe into its course, he sailed on for the island. For an interval they went on, before it became evident that Ponape Burke had made them out.

Presently the schooner was so close Palmyra could make out Ponape Burke on its deck, covering them with his glasses.

The reef wall was now so immediately at hand she could see that this rim, by reason of the coral broken off and packed down by the trample of the surf, was higher than the rest of the reef behind, the surface on the reef-table, which outstretched inland to the beach. The barrier was armored in brown knobs of living coral, with their toothed faces like a giant nutmeg grater against which the sea could grind the canoe into splinters.

And now, as the girl looked, Olive dug his paddle in, put all his weight upon it. The craft veered and took a new course—straight for the reef. Palmyra sat stunned. She had hoped against hope that she was wrong—that he still saw a way. But here was surrender. Even for such a one there could be no further shift.

Scarcely had the canoe changed course than the Pigeon of Noah also swung in toward the reef. Palmyra could see Ponape Burke waving his arms, shouting orders. She gave one shuddering glance at the cauldron ahead, then back to the white man. The race was run.

And even now, in confirmation, Olive sprang up, let go the sheet, slashed the cords that held the mast; whipped the whole gear overboard.

But immediately, to her bewilderment, he seized the paddle again, plunged it into the water, began to speed toward the barrier.

The roar of the surf—most frightful of sounds—defended her. But as she clung desperately to her place, staring ahead into the tumult of waters—she could smile. If Olive chose death to defeat, so could she. But, such her faith, she felt that, impossible as it seemed, he must still think to escape.

Now, as her navigator began to calculate the seas, to hold the canoe back at times, Palmyra saw there was a slight recession shoreward in the line of the reef. It swung in at this point just sufficiently to create a lee. The surf did not burst upon it with the direct drive of the wind, and, protected through most of the year from the sweep of the trades, not so much broken coral had been packed down here and the rim was lower. In a flash she perceived that he must have had this place in mind from the first; that, the tide in their favor, it might be possible, in sufficiently skilled hands, to hurdle the reef.

There was just one phase in the rhythm of the surf when he could succeed. He must catch the moment when the wave had crashed down upon the coral teeth; when the vio-

lence of the impact had abated, but not one second of the precious after-inrush had been lost. For, if that had not carried him far enough, he would be caught by the recoil to follow, when the water flung upon the reef poured back into the sea.

Olive paddled furiously to get far enough in so that the back-sweep could not grip them, drag them down to destruction. Nearly he had succeeded. But, the recoil having rained the coral almost bare, the outrigger struck a knob of the limestone, broke from the canoe.

Instantly, the man leaped out, caught the girl up in his arms. He sprang upon a coral boulder that raised them above the sliding water. The canoe sucked back over the brink, but Olive held.

The moment the downrush ended, he raced with his burden, bounding over the rough coral, until he had reached another knob rising above the level, perhaps fifty feet in from the edge. Here they weathered the next sea and its subsequent retreat.

Another dash across the shallows and they were safe from the ocean. But not as yet from Ponape Burke. As the brown man carried Pal-

myra, her face, over his shoulder, was turned toward the Lupe-a-Noa. The girl saw that the schooner, beaten at last, had gone about and was working back out of danger. She saw that the white man had clambered part way up the rigging. And then she gave a warning cry as, from the shrouds, there flashed out a spurt of flame.

Instantly, Olive, understanding, threw himself flat into the three-foot water. A bullet came cutting along the surface almost where they had stood.

Olive, leaping up, sprang with the girl behind another boulder in time to escape a second bullet.

Several shots Ponape Burke fired in his jealous rage, though now he had no target. Then, the Pigeon of Noah gaining way, drew off, and the pursuit, in this phase at any rate, was ended.

(Continued next week.)

Hints for the Home

by Nancy Hart

Don't Miss This!

When brewing tea, put a lump of sugar in the teapot. Then if the tea is spilled on table, it won't stain the cloth.

Eggless, Mildness, Butterless Cake
Boil one cup brown sugar with 1½ cups water, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 ounces sliced citron, 1-3 cup lard, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

about three minutes.
Cool, add 2 cups flour sifted with 5 teaspoons baking powder and beat well. Bake in a greased loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Cover with white frosting.

How to Boil Cracked Eggs
You can cook cracked eggs without losing any of their whites if you add a teaspoon of salt to the water in which you boil them.

Enameled Pans
Enameled pans can be cleaned by scouring with crushed eggshells and soapy water.

Keeps Vegetables Green When Cooking
A lump of sugar added when boiling green vegetables helps them to retain their color and is just as effective as the use of soda.

To Keep Fruit
In keeping fruit, let it be spread out in a light, airy place, no two pieces touching. If piled together,

or if stored in a damp, dark place, it will decompose quickly.

To Clean Grimy Furniture
Dirt and spots that have become firmly fixed on polished or painted furniture yield easily when rubbed with a cloth wrung out of warm (not hot) water and soaped well with yellow naphtha soap. Dry quickly, rub with soft flannel—and see how clean and new the furniture looks.

Removes Scorch Stains
In most cases scorched spots will disappear from the cloth if the spot is rubbed with fresh bread crumbs.

Takes Ink Stains from Hands
When the fountain pen leaks—don't worry. Rub the stained fingers with a sulphur match, then wash with soap and the stains will disappear.

To Brighten and Protect Rugs
To bring out the color of rugs and carpets, brush them up with a cup of vinegar to a gallon of water.

For general sweeping, dry malt scattered on the carpet also helps to preserve colors and to check the ravage of moths.

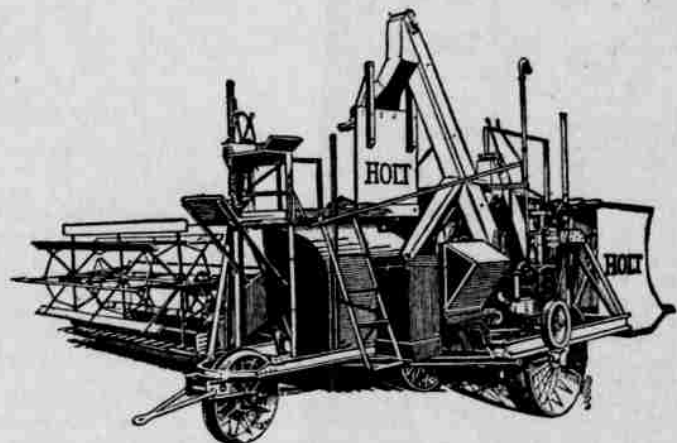
To Remove Mud Stains
When fabric has been splashed with mud, allow the spots to dry thoroughly, then brush off as much mud as possible. Cover with a mixture of salt and flour and keep in a warm dry place for a day or so. Shake and brush carefully.

A Prize Winner
Real money was paid for this helpful hint: "A good way to know that you are at the bottom of your cellar steps is to paint the last step white." Clever, isn't it?

There was a young maid at Bryn Mawr,
Who longed like the deuce for a caw;
She'd pull out her hair,
Grip the back of a chair,
And hitch her good luck to a staw.
Soap: "What do you expect to be when you become of age?"
Suds: "Twenty-one."

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HOOD RIVER
3:35 p.m. 4:00 p.m.
MULTNOMAH FALLS
4:05 p.m. 5:30 p.m.
PORTLAND
5:45 p.m. 7:10 p.m.

EASTBOUND
Lv. Arlington 1:30 p.m. 8:50 p.m.
Arrival Time These Points:
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4:30 p.m. 11:50 p.m.

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