

# RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA



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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.

Ponape Burke makes desperate pursuit of Olive and Palmyra, even opening fire on them.

Olive proves a friend. He brings Palmyra back among her people on an island. But there she soon falls into the hands of Burke's accomplices, and Thurston and Van are seeking her. Now read on—

### CHAPTER XII

Thurston thrust Van aside impatiently. "The Puelliko, you say?" he demanded of the man Martin.

Across the road a horse stood saddled. Thurston ran to it, jerked the reins free, jumped into the saddle.

The girl's father returning at this moment, came running up.

"Rouse the beach," cried Thurston. "You, Van—the gunboat. Martin—the police. Tree—you to the mission. I'm for the Puelliko."

He whirled his horse.

"Wait, wait, Thurston," implored the father. "Here, take my revolver."

"Rouse the beach and follow," came the answer, above the ring of hoofs.

For a moment the three stood, petrified, staring after him. Then they ran, in different directions, to carry out his orders.

Scarcely had they gone than two native men burst from the narrow footway and crossed to the thatch. A few seconds later, with the old women, they had rushed Palmyra over the road and into the lane between the high blind wall and the salt-water marsh, where there were no eyes to see save those of the crabs that ran back and forth across the slime.

Van Buren Rutger ran down the wharf, jumped into Thurston's boat and was pulled to the Okayama.

Commander Sakamoto turned, to Van. "But my dear Mister," he said, "something is—wrong. How can O-lee-vay have taken the young lady when O-lee-vay is locked up here safe aboard? But he—sat-sily me he is only afraid for young lady. He means good. So I let him go, unless you . . ."

Van was aghast. "Absolutely no!" he cried.

Sakamoto shrugged. "As you say," he conceded.

He gave an order and shortly the brown man appeared on deck.

Olive must have divined on whose demand he was held.

At sight of him Van's animosity flamed up. The white man sprang forward. "What have you done with her?" he demanded. Then, turning to the interpreter: "What has he done with her?"

Olive seemed at a loss.

He shot forth a question, received his answer, burst into a flood of entreaty.

"He say," repeated the interpreter, "he say turn him loose. He savvy too much. Go look see. Find girl dam' too much quick."

The Japanese turned questioning-ly to Van.

"No!" cried the white man passionately. "No!"

The officer shrugged again.

If Palmyra herself had been there, she would have marveled that Van could remain blind to the sincerity of Olive's purpose.

As for the islander, he must have adjudged the situation hopeless. With a final look of dumb pleading, he whirled, ducked past his unready guards and the clutching fingers of the others, and sprang over the starboard rail, foot first into the sea.

As Olive struck the brine Sakamoto leaped for the gangway and into his cutter, which happened to be alongside.

Olive made a judicious feint, dived back under the vicious thrust of the port oars, and splashed ashore. The sailors floundered close in wake.

Inland, the main road from the beach was crowding in against the river. Soon the fugitive met cross one or the other in the open. He would be seen. He would be caught.

But . . .

Olive did not cross the road. He did not cross the river. Nor was he caught. Merely—he disappeared.

He had lain all the while, in the river, down among the crowding water plants, only his nose up for air.

Normally the water, clear as dew, would have revealed him. But rain in the mountains, tropically copious, had raised the stream out of its banks, stained it earthy brown, dotted its surface with moving leaf and branch.

Meanwhile, John Thurston, putting his horse to a run, had soon neared the Puelliko Rocks.

A shoulder of basalt blocked the view ahead. He clambered up, had

almost reached the top. Then, startlingly, the whistle of a bullet. Thurston ducked behind a rock. "Meaning me?" he questioned.

He raised his head cautiously. Bang! A leaf cluster came fluttering, like a wounded bird, to his feet.

Across the road opposite, a great alo tree dominated the bush behind it. From among its many trunks a wisp of white smoke had floated out.

John, in his effort to locate the enemy, risked standing up. A third bullet flattened itself against the rock.

"Seems they are here, after all," he conceded.

Regaining his horse he had galloped back to the road, with this turning movement in view, when he encountered the girl's father and seven other men. These were an advance guard. Sailors from the gunboat were following in to scour the bush.

"The lava caves," the father cried excitedly. "High in the mountains Thurston, inland of here. Unexplored, inaccessible; a terrible hiding place. My God, John, we've got to head 'em off from the caves."

Thurston told of the shooting.

Thurston found what he sought—footprints.

Native men almost never wore shoes; then only shoes of cloth and rubber. But here, in the damp mould, someone had ascended toward the alo tree, descended—wearing leather.

Thurston examined the prints at length. Then, "If I'm any sort of Indian at all," he commented, "this was—Ponape Burke."

For a distance Thurston was able to ride. Then lava, clean washed, a stream, and three paths intersecting at the water.

It was well for Palmyra that she could not know what difficulties her lover had now to meet.

The bed of this stream, cast solid in one piece from nature's furnace, would have provided a test for the North Woods skill of any man. And in addition, Ponape Burke—if it were he—had taken pains to leave no mark.

Later, he found footprints again—shod and bare. Ahead large trees told of dry land.

Thurston advanced stealthily, rifle ready. The elevation took on an unusual form. He recognized it, to his surprise, as an artificial island; one of these ruined fortresses or tombs built by prehistoric conquerors on such islands as Kusaa and Ponape.

Could the girl be imprisoned here?

Opposite, there rose a twenty-foot wall of basaltic columnar blocks.

But it was not at this wall that John Thurston looked.

Lying under it, in what had been either the canal by which these long stones were floated in, or a dock for the praus or junks of the conquerors, was the schooner Lupe-a-Noa.

When Palmyra's captors hurried her into the footway they did not long continue in the dangerous direction of the Puelliko. Shortly they turned into a path that branched out among the mangroves. This path would bring them circuitously back to the sea at a point just outside the harbor entrance.

As the two men urged her along she knew that she must soon confront Ponape Burke. Yet it was with a gasp that, at a turning, she saw the leaf wall move and the man's face come leering out.

"Well, Palmie," he tittered, "I come back 'get my kiss."

Her guards now for the first time releasing her hands, the girl snatched forth her pistol and levelled it at him.

He was dressed, absurdly, in the gala attire of the Rainbow, ever to the cane. She had not ordered, "Hands up!" he he had obeyed that formula, stood thus grinning at her. Now, however, so suddenly she could not pull the trigger, he brought the flexible stick down on her hand. The fingers, paralyzed, dropped the weapon.

An ugly light flashed into his eyes. "I ain't a-taking no chances this time," he explained.

As they moved forward again Ponape Burke became informative. Had been lying low there waiting an opportunity. This village was a good sort; not like the rest of the island—so dam' pious a kanaka wasn't supposed even to smoke. And from the point, a man could watch the Okayama at anchor or get away, quickly and unseen, to the hidden Lupe-a-Noa.

The one obstacle had been Olive. But they had discovered Van's anti-pathy; planned to get the islander out of the way through him. Graciously, Van had acted of his own accord.

For this work the man Martin had been useful, being new to the beach, unknown.

At the sea front the native men lifted Palmyra and Ponape Burke and waded with them through the thigh-deep water to the islet.

At the end of the islet furthest from shore, Ponape Burke ordered his prisoner into the last thatch. She hesitated, gave the natives one despairing glance. She hated them for their curiosity, their complaisance.

She stooped, entered the house, sat upon a mat on the pebble floor, her back against one of the posts in the circle that upheld the eaves. Burke hurried away. The brown men were crowding into the opposite side of the hut. They dropped to stare, cross legged, knee to knee, silent or whispering, those behind craning to look.

Martin came to take up the watch.

(Continued next week.)

## Hints for the Home

by Nancy Hart

When putting away the woollens, let us not forget that modern science teaches us several interesting things about moths.

First, that contrary to old beliefs—FLYING MOTHS DO NOT EAT WOOL. It is the tiny worms hatched from their eggs that do the damage.

Killing flying moths, then doesn't guarantee protection, for invariably, when seen flying, they have already deposited the eggs on woollens somewhere about the house.

Moth balls, cedar chests and other "smelly" compounds have no effect on the hatching of moth eggs. So the only sure way to combat them is to mothproof fabrics themselves.

This may be done by immersion in gasoline; by spraying with an odorless, colorless moth-proofing solution, or by washing in water containing an odorless moth-proofing powder that gives the same result. This treatment makes fabrics so distasteful to moth worms that they will starve rather than feed on them.

"Making Their Own" Now and then let the children make their own candy—like we

used to do. Show them how to measure and prepare this simple recipe which makes two pans of pure, delicious candy, and keeps them interested, too:

2 cups granulated sugar (beet or cane), a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoons corn syrup, water to moisten. Let come to a boil; add 1-4 teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons sharp vinegar and a big lump of butter. Cook until a firm ball forms in cold water; flavor—and PULL.

Three Shortenings for Cake. Many modern recipes give us the

alternative of using either butter, margarine or whipped cream in making cakes. When margarine is used for shortening, a little less is required, for it contains less water and more fat than butter. One and a half cups of whipped cream, equal a half cup of butter for use in cakes.

Keeps Cut Ham Fresh In slicing from a large ham, rub the cut side and bone with salt. This will keep the ham wholesome.

The young woman in the stern of

the little boat had whispered softly the word "yes." "But stay right where you are, Jack," she said hastily. "If you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat!"

"How do you know!" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion already taken possession of him.

The lamp goes out every night, but doesn't smoke nor drink a drop. Who would want to be a lamp?

He: "I haven't the cheek to kiss you."

She: "Use mine."

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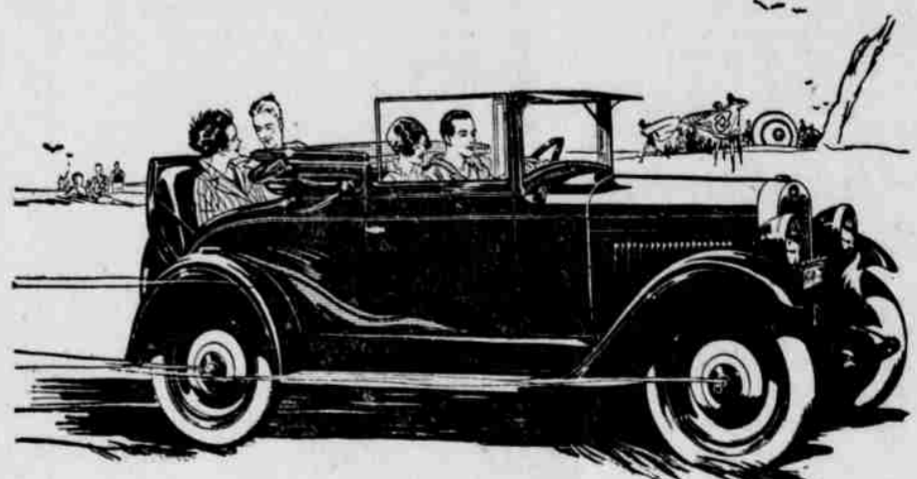
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