

# RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA



by **STANLEY R. OSBORN**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY JAY LEE  
COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

CHAPTER XII

Thurston thrust Van aside impatiently. "The Pueliko, 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 Pueliko."

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 Vuren Rutger ran down the wharf, jumped into Thurston's boat and was pulling 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-isfy 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 to Van.

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

The officer shrugged again.

If Palmyra herself had been there, she would have marvelled 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 spring 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.

"Jab him with an oar," ordered the commander. But it is not so easy to jab with a long oar.

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 must 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 earthly brown, dotted its surface with moving leaf and branch.

Meanwhile, John Thurston, put-

ting his horse to a run, had soon neared the Pueliko 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 aio 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 aio 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 Kusaie 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 Pueliko. 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 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 t'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, even to the cane. She had not ordered, "Hands up!" but 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 with whip-like cut across the back of 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 here 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 antipathy; 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 edge 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, knees to knee, silent or whispering, those behind craning to look.

Martin came to take up the watch.

(To be continued)

### W. C. HIGHTOWER DECLARED NOMINEE FOR CORONER

After being nominated as coroner on the Democratic ticket June 2nd, over two other opponents, Dr. J. C. Twitty announced last week that he could not accept the nomination. The state laws forbid a person holding two offices at one time, and as Dr. Twitty is County Health officer he cannot hold office as coroner and health officer.

Mr. C. C. Kiser the present incumbent, was notified that he might ask for a second primary between himself and Mr. W. C. Hightower, but he did not definitely decide until it was too late to file for the second primary. Mr. Hightower has been declared the nominee of the party.

According to reports received from most of the county agents of North Carolina, the state has an incubator capacity of over two million chicks each three weeks. Forsyth County leads with a capacity of 123,000 eggs.

Lime and cement. Best in quality, lowest in price. Get it from the Farmers Hardware Co.

### ORGANIZE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY

Rutherfordton, June 18.—The women of Rutherfordton gathered at the Iso-Thermal hotel here recently and organized an American Legion Auxiliary. The officers elected were Mrs. F. W. H. Logan, president; Mrs. K. E. Simpson, first vice-president; Mrs. John Carnegie, second vice-president; Miss Venetia Waters, secretary; Mrs. F. P. Stratford, treasurer; and Miss Jennie Carpenter, chaplain.

### W. L. STALLINGS JEWELER

Jewelry and Watch Repairing A Specialty

Graduate St. Louis Watchmaking School

Cherry Mt. St. Forest City, N. C.

C. E. HUNTLEY M. J. HARRILL J. A. WILKIE  
G. C. KING B. H. WILKINS  
Mrs. Jannie H. Stainback, Notary Public, Public Stenographer

### ONE AUCTION COMPANY

General Real Estate  
Auction Sales a Specialty  
HOME OFFICE: FOREST CITY, N. C.

Dr. D. M. Morrison, Optometrist OF SHELBY

Will be in Forest City every Thursday from 8 to 9 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m. Office back of Dr. Duncan. Telephone 29.

for Economical Transportation

# The Proof is in the driving

— come take a ride in the Bigger and Better Chevrolet

The COACH \$585

The Touring or Roadster . . . \$495  
The Coupe . . . \$595  
The 4-Door Sedan . . . \$675  
The Convertible Sport Cabriolet . . . \$695  
The Imperial Landau . . . \$715  
Utility Truck (Chassis Only) . . . \$495  
Light Delivery (Chassis Only) . . . \$375

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan  
Check Chevrolet Delivered Prices  
They include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

A smoother, quieter motor that sweeps you along at high speed for hour after hour—in perfect comfort! Acceleration that shoots you ahead at the traffic line! Power that conquers the steepest hills! The positive braking action of big, non-locking, 4-wheel brakes! And the delightful handling ease perfected by a ball bearing, worm-and-gear steering mechanism!

That's what you get in the Bigger and Better Chevrolet—a type of performance that brings an entirely new order of motoring enjoyment into the low-price field!

Come in and take the wheel—and see for yourself what a great car it is. Drive where you will through the traffic of downtown streets—and note the instant response to throttle and brakes. Head for the steepest hill you know—and see how effortlessly the Chevrolet valve-in-head motor will carry you over the top. Drive over gravel and deep-rutted clay—and delight in its amazing comfort and great roadability!

Truly, the proof is in the driving—and we want you to have that proof . . . today!

## Removal of War Tax Lowers Delivered Prices!

# Model Chevrolet Company

FOREST CITY, N. C.

QUALITY AT LOW COST