

RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA

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

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Palmyra Tree, aboard the yacht Rainbow, is startled by seeing a hand thrust through the port of her cabin. She makes a secret investigation and 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 held between grinning lips. Burke, the stowaway, explains it is a joke. Palmyra is shaken. Next day, Burke and the brown man go up on deck. The stowaways entertain them with wild tales of an adventurous 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! Now read what happens to Palmyra kidnapped by Burke:—

"I won't," Van answered wearily, "and neither will you. We can't." Thurston's face was resolute. "Perhaps you're right," he acknowledged. "Very likely so. But for me, I prefer to die—trying." He would have hurried away but the other detained him.

"I'm not your kind of an ass," Van said. "You fool, you know there's no hope. Yet, by this silly work, you can kid yourself into a sort of relief. Me!"

"It was as if he looked upon the girl lying dead. But he tore himself from the vision, became defiant. "You still think I'm yellow. Very well, then, I'll show you. I'll help now; and when you sail, I, too, shall go."

Thurston urged the men to work as the first color of the dawn touched the eastern sky the last of the stores and gear was lashed into place.

Thurston stooped over Van, who had fallen in the sleep of exhaustion, and waked him. "Say the word," he announced. "We're ready."

Van roused but slowly, then turned upon the stronger man in a futile rage at circumstance. "Damn you," he cried. "I'd rather stay here and die like a gentleman—clean and dry." But a moment later he sprang up with his old laugh. "After all, it's got to be the fish or the birds. I'm a braver man than you, you optimistic ass, because I know . . ." He did not finish his thought. "Come on. Let's get it over."

Twenty minutes later they were at sea. Twenty hours later the catamaran was drifting, dismasted.

And Van Buren Rutger's the fault. He had been given the steering oar. But, sunk in dejection, he had, in a moment of inattention, allowed the too-heavy boom to gybe, carrying away the improvised tackle, and snatch the mast overboard. As a result Burke's

materialized himself at her side. She was never prepared for the exceeding change from his statuesque silences into the gesticular animation of his speech. He had opened his mouth, apparently forgetting as on the Rainbow, that they knew no word in common. Then, realizing, the girl sprang back, fled, in panic at the very nearness of him, toward the companionway. But there she recollecting that Burke was at the foot of the ladder, and stood helpless.

Then the white man came climbing up. "Y' little vixen," he warned in a malicious enjoyment of the situation, "push me overboard . . ." He interrupted himself in a hoarse burst of laughter. "Gad," he cried, "but I'd hate to give y' the chance! Push me overboard and I'm gone. But—Olive's left. Remember that. I'm what stands between you. I ain't a-saying as how he'd love a red-headed goddess all his own. Oh no! But I do see he's got his eye on y' like a wolf following a nice fat lamb off into the timber."

The girl shuddered. Burke or Olive? White savage or brown? A cry of despair rose to her lips but she fought it back. Her hand stole up toward the opening of her dress, lingered, fell again to her side.

Since that event—it was now her third day aboard the Lupe-a-Noa—she had been wondering whether Ponape Burke really did stand between her and his man. She had not forgotten Burke's saying that Olive, if he knew his power, could snap his master's back across one of those big brown knees like a piece of kindling. And she suspected at times that Olive might know this quite well.

The day, with the disconcerting suddenness of the Equator, had faded and darkness would soon have been upon them. Burke had waved a hand toward the cabin with a kingly gesture. "The royal chamber awaits, Queenie," he had said. "Hot as hell down there and you'll soon be squawking for a hammock on deck. But tonight . . . There's a lock."

The girl had sprung, trembling, panting, for the companion, had slammed it shut and shot home the bolts. Then she had stumbled down the steps and thrown herself, sobbing, upon the bunk. She had borne up bravely so long as the sun remained, but on the closing in of night, with all its sinister implications, she had given way.

Sleep impossible, the night dragged on. Above decks there had been, as it seemed for hours, only the heavy breathing of slumber. At last, like a trapped animal herself, she had begun a futile prying. And then, without warning, in that silence, there came, quite close at hand, a sound. The girl, crouched, tense. Again it came, hidden menacing.

(Continued next week.)

MARK TWAIN'S "ANT LIBEL" CONFIRMED BY SCIENTIST

When Mark Twain was young, the busy ant was held up to all boys as a model. This annoyed the future great humorist and apparently caused him to dislike the insect to which, in his lazy moments, he had been compared unfavorably.

So when he grew up and became a world-famous author, he took time to study the ant and see if he could "get something on it." He was successful, publishing a little essay, ruining the ant's reputation and which shocked many well-meaning people of the time and caused them to call it: "Mark Twain's libel of the ant."

But it was no libel—it was true and accurate, scientific observation of a much overrated insect. This Prof. William E. Ritter of the University of California states, in collaboration with Edna Watson Bailey, in his recent book, "The Natural History of Our Conduct," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Mark Twain said, in part: "During many summers, now, I have watched him when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. . . . I admit his industry of course; he is the hardest working creature in the world, but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him."

"He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No—he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away—no matter, he can't find it. He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkward place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily into the air by main force and starts; not home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength."

"My own notes on the work of the black harvester ant (Messor andrei) of Southern California add some quantitative definiteness to Twain's story," writes Professor Ritter. "The loads being carried by thirty-nine of this species headed for home on the same path were examined in the early morning of July 13, 1920. Of these loads at least one-half were useless. They contained no food, so far as I could see; and as this species harvests for no other purpose, all the effort bestowed upon these good-for-nothing items was lost motion."

The source of man's downfall was the apple source.—Life.



Remember This Number Phone 23

Put it down on a card and place it in one of the side pockets. It is the number that will bring to your immediate assistance a roadside service, day or night, in the event you should ever need it. Charges always moderate. No tipping. Remember the number. Phone 23.

Noble's Garage

Garafraza St., Durham

Read The Chronicle ads on page 7.

Dr. Agnew's HEART REMEDY

Invaluable for weak hearts, weak blood, weak nerves, nervous disorders, sleeplessness, headaches, hot flashes, nervousness.

Especially good for palpitation or fluttering of the heart, fainting spells, or shortness of breath.

At your druggist's or send \$1.25 direct to

ANGLO-AMERICAN MEDICINE CO., 325 Federal Bldg., Toronto.

McKECHNIE MILLS

We offer a small car of **Ground Mill Run Screenings** at \$30.00 per ton, sacked

MIXED CHOP \$35.00 per ton, sacked

Full range of Feed to offer **Priced Right**

J. W. Ewen & Son Phone 114 Durham, Ontario

EVERLASTING FLOWERS

Homes that do not have the advantage of flowering bulbs during the winter months can be brightened by the use of one or more of the varieties of flowers that retain their color when dried. There are several kinds of these flowers, and all of them easily grown in ordinary garden soil. Bulletin No. 60 of the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, entitled "Annual Flowers", names eight kinds of annual plants that are useful for this purpose. Of each of these there are a number of varieties yielding flowers in many beautiful colors. Most of these plants are burdened with long and different names, but as each is described in the bulletin, one can readily make wise selections when determining which to grow.

The bulletin contains many other classes of plants suitable for such purposes as edging beds, screens for hedges, climbers, cut flowers, foliage plants, plants that grow in partial shade, and those that are drought resistant. It also includes a number of uncommon annuals possessing real merit.

This work is the result of many years of experimentation and study with thousands of varieties of annuals grown in plots, beds and borders at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa. Copies are available at the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

ROWE'S Bakery & Provision Store

Flour

The Finest Manitoba per bag \$3.75 to \$4.00

Pastry Flour 24 lb \$1.00

Goods Delivered Anywhere in Town

E. A. Rowe Baker & Confectioner

It will pay you to advertise in The Chronicle.

Durham Planing Mill

We are prepared to supply the public with

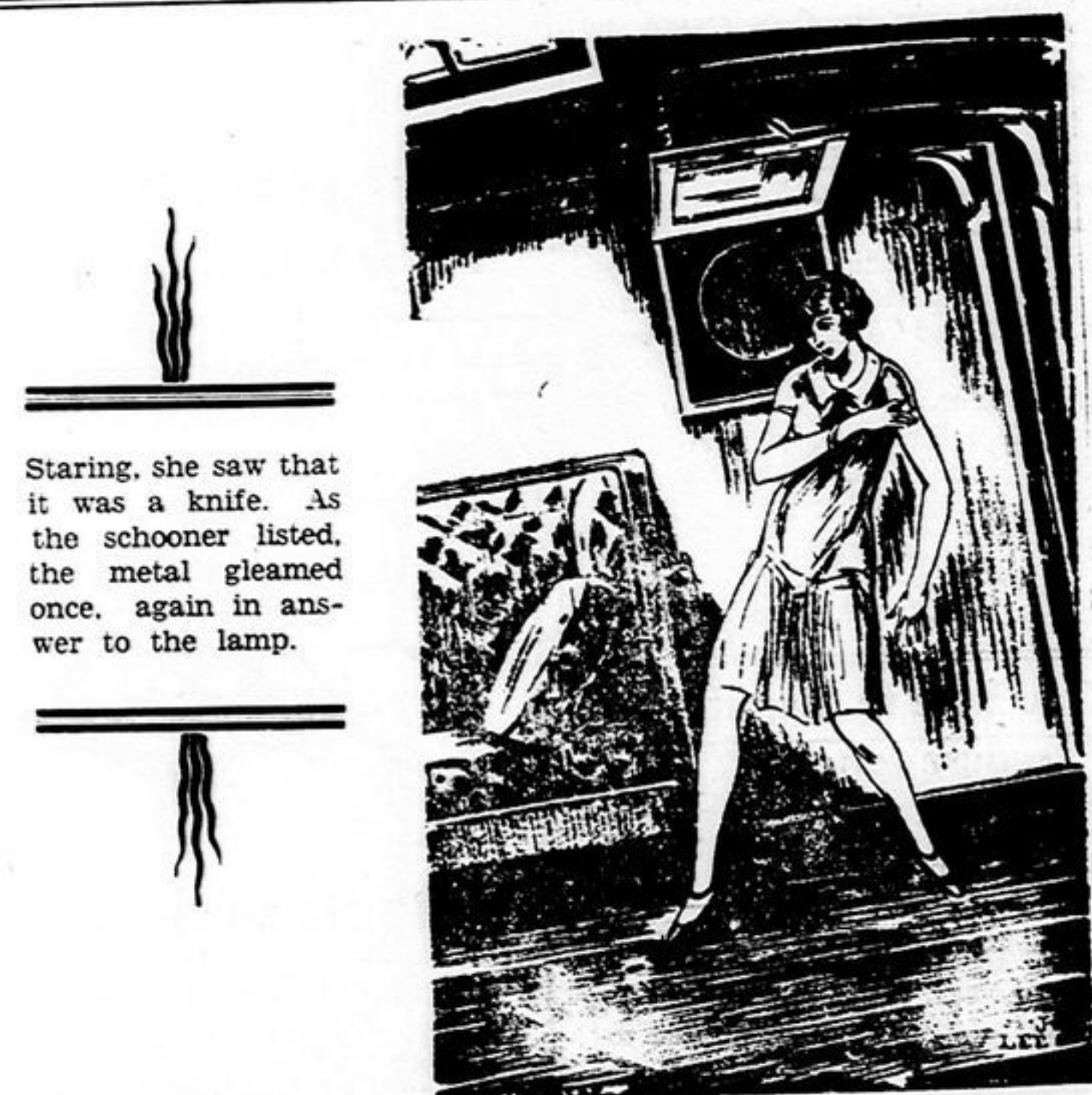
Sashes Doors House Trimmings

and everything in the wood-working line that will be required for the annual spring building or repairing program.

Hardwood Flooring Kept on Hand We can deliver any of these articles on short notice.

We Do Custom Work We manufacture Chicken Crates, any size.

W. R. F. CLARK Bruce & Sandler Sts. Durham



Staring, she saw that it was a knife. As the schooner listed, the metal gleamed once, again in answer to the lamp.

rotten boat had fetched free of its lashings and the raft floated a wreck. Doomed never to rescue Palmyra from the villain Burke, John Thurston had yet gladly staked life itself upon a thousandth chance.

The Pigeon of Noah was flying into the unknown. The face of the man Burke was a thing to wonder at. Under the exaltation of a master idea it had grown strange, compelling. His eyes gleamed, his tongue stumbled in its eagerness. For the first time in life he was to voice that which long had lain hidden in his evil mind. What had been only a vision of power was now to become an actuality. And so much, so very much, depended on kindling that wild spark he felt glow within the soul of this girl he had seized for his own—his woman.

"Tanna!" he cried. "Tanna! Ever hear tell o' that island, Palm? He laughed excitedly. "Indeed and I've took good care to make y' acquainted."

"Tis for Tanna we'll be laying a course, you and me," he went on, with exuberant gesture acquired from the Papuan wildmen, "he cried, "and what can't we make 'em do for us. That's the ticket, Palm; what we can make 'em do for us!"

"Why, kid?" he was expostulating a moment later, "this here big idea ain't something that popped into m'head just recent. Gosh, no. Had it in my mind for years. But . . . He hesitated, diffident; a thing so foreign to his usual brazen assurance as to seem histrionic. "But the fact is that I

you'll be eager for Tanna; for Tanna, where a man can be a man; where there's never a law but the law o' the cockpit and the sun and the wind—and the will o' you and me."

Ponape Burke did a jig step or two across the deck. "Say, Palm girl," he exclaimed; "say—you and your heathen hair! Did I, or did I not mention as how I was going to make you a real sure-enough queen?"

It was Burke's continuing delight in her every show of angry spirit, his self-restraining sense of competence to bring the comedy to an end any moment he chose, that most intimidated Palmyra.

"Wait till I've tamed you," he would laugh. "Then we'll get along fine, and you'll sure like Tanna when y'get the taste o' power in yer pretty mouth."

Only once had he laid a hand on her. That was when, in a fury, she had flown at him, clawing his face. He had held her away, loudly hilarious. "I'd steal a kiss," he cried, "if 'twasnt for my sore arm. But, no. . . . I can wait till y' come free, poking out yer lips and begging me to take a smack. 'Twon't be long.

Nor was her situation made easier by Burke's evil sense of humor. Possibly to hasten her surrender, more probably in a mere cool amusement, it played upon her fears.

There was, for instance, the occasion when Olive, for the first time aboard the Pigeon of Noah, spoke to her.

Had it not been for those brown-shot eyes, always so stealthily upon her, she would sometimes have thought of this savage as a machine. There was a sort of inhuman precision about him.

And now, in this wise, the moment Burke had gone below, the brown man

Classical Medical D

Drs. JAMESSON Office and residence 5300 east of The Lambton Street, Lower Office hours, 2 to 5 (except Sundays).

J. L. SMITH, M. B. Office and residence 5300 east of The Lambton Street, Lower Office hours, 2 to 5 (Sundays excepted).

DR. A. M. P. Physician and Surgeon Garafraza Street, Durham, and corrected Office hours, 7 to 9 p.m. (Sundays excepted).

C. G. & BESSIE E. Chiropractors Graduates Canada Block, Durham, Day 123.

Dental Dr

DR. W. C. PICKER Office over J. & Durham.

J. F. GRANT, D.D.S. Honor graduate of Toronto. Graduate Dental Surgeon of try in all its branches. Block, Mill Street, Ste MacBeth's Drug Store.

Legal Dr

J. H. MacQUAN Barrister, Solicitor Branch office at 11 day Friday.

LUCAS & SONS Barristers, Solicitors of the firm will be Tuesday of each week may be made with office.

GEORGE E. DUNCAN Licensed Auctioneer Sales taken on real estate arranged at office. George E. Duncan, Phone 42r 3.

JOHN A. MORRIS Auctioneer, Grey a promptly attended guaranteed. Terms Phone Allan Park Hanover R. R. 2 P.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC The Durham U. Association will ship ham on Tuesdays, requested to give thru James La Phone 60r 13.

DURHAM HIGH

The School is to take up the following: (1) Junior Matriculation (2) Entrance to Normal School. Each member of the university Graduate a Teacher.

Intending pupils should enter at beginning of the year. Information as to obtain from the P. The School has a in the past which is in the future.

Durham is an attractive town, and good accommodations are obtained at reasonable rates. JOHN MORRIS, J. A. M. ROBB.

BATES BUREAU

Distinctive Furniture at Moderate Prices No extra charge of our Pat. Phone KI 4344 122-124 Avenue R. John W. Bates FORMERLY OF P.

FOR SALE

HONEY FOOD FINEST QUALITY honey. \$1 for 10 pots Macdonald, Courtess.

FISHING RIGHT LOTS 1 AND 2 C Glenelg, consisting of trout stream. Apply George Whitmore, R.

POTATOES, GRADE 1TY, \$1.00 at farm town; also two-furrowsing plough.—Wm. E. 4, Durham, phone 6r.

FOR SALE

THE LATIMER P sale or rent.—Apply Durham.

FOR SALE HOUSE ON GARAFRAZA Street, newly decorated, hard and soft water Apply to David Kinn.

FARM FOR SALE LOTS 8 AND 9, C Glenelg, 100 acres; barn, good outbuilding; cultivation; run in; Apply to Ben Whitmore.