

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Coburn," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathé Exchange, Inc.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee...

SECOND INSTALLMENT THE YELLOW PACKET

CHAPTER VI.

The Whiplash.

Hernandez stepped out upon the porch of the low-roofed bungalow...

Now it was the year 1915. It was January of that year. He was located...

"I am no servant," she exclaimed angrily, "to be summoned by a bell."

"Give me drink," he cried sharply, "bring me drink."

"How much do they want?" she asked.

"Fifty pounds of gum opium," said her lord and master, "and twenty pounds of fake cocaine."

He strode into the bungalow and approached a rude fireplace at the further end of the apartment.

"I hope it chokes you!" she exclaimed.

Then he threw back an opening—a trap door in the floor beneath.

Before her lay a partially plowed field. She heard the jingle of an ox chain.

Ponto, a fat little Mexican—who looked over his Astor blood—crawled behind a primitive and inefficient plow.

And the team! A strangely assorted team was this. On the right, with his head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox.

On the left, a mule, with his head thrust through a wooden yoke, was pulling a primitive and inefficient plow.

On the right, with his head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox.

Hernandez just then appeared on the veranda bearing with him a large wicker dress-suit case.

Hernandez, slowly smoking a panatela, scanned the horizon. Suddenly his eyes narrowed.

With a bound he was off, circling the bungalow in the opposite direction from that which Ponto and his ill-assorted team had taken.

"There," he cried, "at that spot. Dig—dig like the very devil."

CHAPTER VII.

The Clue.

Hernandez returned to the veranda and seized the glasses once again.

"The woman shuddered slightly. 'Government vessel,' she returned.

"Come then," cried Hernandez sharply, "dump these in."

"Do not produce it, sir," he said. "I take you at your word."

"Mr. Hernandez," said the officer brusquely, "I've got a government search warrant."

"Do not produce it, sir," he said. "I take you at your word."

"Permit me to escort you, señor," said Hernandez.

"My mother's," gasped Neal, "does she know my mother?"

"Where?" queried the postmaster. "My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad."

"Permit me to escort you, señor," said Hernandez.

"Where?" queried the postmaster. "My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad."

"Permit me to escort you, señor," said Hernandez.

"Where?" queried the postmaster. "My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad."

"Permit me to escort you, señor," said Hernandez.

The officer leaned forward. His mind was at work. His memory traveled back over some thirteen years. He nodded.

"That baby girl, señor, boarded the ship—they took her out of all her party—her and her native servant."

The officer slapped his thigh. "I remember now," he said, "I remember all about it. Let me see. It was common talk aboard the Eaglet.

"A bag of gold and a mystery—I knew nothing of all that. I wonder what has become of Ilington. By the way, señor, what became of the survivors of the Princess?"

"The officer nodded. 'We landed them at Brooklyn navy yard,' he said. 'They were people from the North, New York or thereabouts. Curious about this little girl. I had almost forgot all about her. I will have to look her up somehow some day and see what her history is and what the mystery was.'

"Like looking for a needle in a haystack, officer," he suggested.

"Oh, no," said the officer, "they've got the record in the Brooklyn navy yard. I can easily find out. He rose and held out his hand. 'Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hernandez. Duty is duty and the government is no respecter of persons.'

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flash Flare.

Neal Hardin of the United States life-saving service at Seaport, N. J., swung down the narrow lane toward the beach.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.



'I Wonder What Has Become of Ilington?'

the contents of the newspaper package and shut and locked the trunk.

"Ah, the pain—the pain—" groaned the sufferer.

"Why, there's no swelling," said Annette.

"The girl on the lounge opened her eyes. 'It is always that way,' she replied: 'that is not the first time. It is the injury to what you call the—' the synovial membrane—the covering of the bones. It has happened twice before."

"The girl signaled for her leather handbag which was on the table. Neal fetched it for her, and she took from it a card. She handed it to Annette. Annette passed it to Mrs. Hardin. This is what it said.

Miss Irene Courtier, Nasaau, The Bahama Isles.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

"Hey, Tim," he cried; "take this to the captain right away. There ain't a second to lose. This here's a job for the federal authorities—ask the cap to send it down to 'em at once."

CHAPTER IX.

A Stern Chase.

Miss Irene Courtier, if such were her name, rose from her couch in an upper room in the Hardin cottage with an agility that gave no hint of a disabled ankle.

At last she spied a knot in one of the floor boards. She procured a nail file from her handbag and within a few moments had removed the knot from its containing hole. Then she treated herself to a view of the room below.

"She perceived that a celebration was in progress. Upon the table was a birthday cake with eighteen candles in it, and about the table were four people. Annette, the center of attraction; Neal and his mother and his foster brother, Joe Welcher.

Mrs. Hardin stepped to a cupboard and drew forth a paper bundle. She placed it on the table and by the light of the eighteen candles she unwrapped it, exhibiting to Annette Ilington and the boys a set of childish garments, a heavy leather bag, that clinked as she laid it down, and a mysterious-looking yellow packet, sealed with red sealing wax. She unspinned from a diminutive dress a piece of paper which she read aloud.

"The listener above started as the note was read. It was a strange note—it contained both a promise and a warning.

"Look," said Annette suddenly, as she examined her possessions, "here is a locket."

"In it there was a picture of a man. 'My father,' said Annette, 'I am sure it is my father. Where is he—when will he come for me?'

Suddenly Welcher started forward. 'Godfrey,' he cried, did you hear that."

"It was a shot from a small-bore gun," said Neal. "Come on, Joe Welcher, let's go out and see."

The shot was the indirect result of the raid upon the gangsters of the "Slide Pocket."

For an hour at least a government destroyer with United States revenue officers aboard had patrolled the coast waiting for the signal arranged as per the unsigned bit of paper taken from the coat pocket of Shorty.

The signal was a flash flare. The destroyer waited for it. Suddenly an officer held up his hand.

"There, close in shore."

A light flashed forth into the night. "Now, we've got them where we want them," said the officer. "Man the launch and get away as quietly as possible."

Meantime Hernandez and his two companions, Ponto and the brute, waited with the patience of adventurers for the replying signal. They were anchored in a speedy motor boat in a small cove to the south of Seaport. Receiving no answer to their signal, they flashed another flare into the darkness. Suddenly Hernandez sprang to the engine and turned it over.

design brushed violently against Annette and knocked her down.

Neal raised her to her feet and then beside himself with anger dashed after this reckless individual up the road.

"Look, look," cried Annette, "what is this thing coming here?"

This thing, as Annette called it, came on by leaps and bounds, with hands that wildly waved about its body and above its head as it sped along. It was a figure, gigantic, fearful. Welcher shuddered.

The huge creature stopped short in his tracks and stared at Annette—stupefied and fascinated.

The sharp crack of revolver shots brought him to himself. He looked behind him. Annette following his gaze saw figures rushing up the roadway. The brute leaped up and with a huge bound rushed up the road and disappeared.

An officer followed by a handful of sailors from the launch followed the brute up the road.

CHAPTER X.

A General Jail Delivery. Meantime Neal, incensed at the assault, either intended or accidental, upon Annette, was following his man across country. Hernandez was lean and agile and he kept well in the lead.

At the railroad, obeying some sudden impulse, he turned and swung on down the tracks. Here he was at a disadvantage. Neal was accustomed to leaping railroad ties, two at a leap.

By this time, however, they had reached the bridge—a bridge over the inlet to the north of the town. Hernandez darted out upon it with Neal immediately behind him, but just as Neal was about to clutch him from behind, Hernandez twisted aside and leaped to the waters of the inlet far beneath.

Neal followed suit. Both men swam to shore and Hernandez, realizing for the first time that he was followed by one man and not two, now changed his tactics. He stood upon the shore and waited until Neal came up. Then with a sudden rush he darted forward and planted a murderous blow in the direction of Neal's chin.

When the blow was delivered Neal's chin was not there, nor was Neal, but he was not far away. He ducked and countered with his left, striking Hernandez full upon the throat.

At that instant something small and dark and fat leaped out of the darkness, drew a poniard, and before Neal could even turn, had cut a gash—a deep gash—in Neal's shoulder.

This new assailant was Ponto. And then all three heard a sound upon the bridge. All three looked up. There in the moonlight, running full gait toward them, was a squad of uniformed men.

Ponto and Hernandez took to their heels and ran, but Neal in that instant leaped upon them from behind, clutched each man with one hand.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, panting. "I've got them. Come."

Meantime Mrs. Hardin had succeeded in getting Annette back into the cottage. Annette had been somewhat injured by the violence of her fall.

The Brute Man Releases Hernandez and Ponto From Prison.

but it was not that shock that affected her the most.

"It was that big wild man," she kept exclaiming, with terror shining from her eyes. "It was his face—his face."

She looked up suddenly. "His face," she kept repeating. "Where have I seen his face before?"

There was a tramp of feet without and in another instant a naval officer in uniform appeared in the doorway, removed his cap and entered.

Neal, pale-faced, but with flashing eyes, stalked in at his side. Annette uttered a cry of dismay. Neal's white shirt was drenched with blood.

Ten minutes later Hernandez and Ponto were safely under lock and key—the only prisoners in the town jail.

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, weary, and some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexion, we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean the ashes from the furnace each day, before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much from your druggist or at the store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.—Adv.

High C is best attained by treading on a cat's tail.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

About the only difference between repartee and impudence is in the size of the man who says it.

Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip. Buy BROWN'S QUININE. It restores color to the face and builds up the system. S. W. GIBBS' signature on box, 25c.

His Status. "What a funny sort of fellow that young surgeon is!" "Yes; he's a regular little cut-up."

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headed, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascarets to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Most of the crazy people we know have managed to sidetrack the asylum so far.

CLAIMS THAT SWAMP-ROOT SAVED HER LIFE

About nine years ago I had Rheumatism so bad that I was in bed for weeks. I was not able to raise my head to take a drink of water. I was unable to move my hands or feet, and my back would hurt me so that words could not tell what I suffered. I saw Dr. Kilmer & Company's advertisement of Swamp-Root and I decided to try it and commenced to improve with the first bottle. I continued on with the use of Swamp-Root until I was restored to good health. I am now 67 years of age and I do my own house work for four in the family; also I do my own washing. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism for the last eight years. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to others as I believe it saved my life. Very truly yours, MRS. EMMA A. BOGGS, 1000 N. 9th St., Independence, Kansas. State of Kansas, County of Montgomery: ss: Before me, C. L. Jukes, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared Emma A. Boggs, to me known to be the identical person who executed the within and foregoing instrument of writing, and acknowledged to me that she executed the same as her free and voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein set forth. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Notarial Seal the day and year above mentioned. C. L. JUKES, Notary Public. Free What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

There are times when the corkscrew is mightier than the typewriter.

DOING WITH THE GRAMOPHONE

the opposite direction to what is usual. Start the pin near the center of the disk, turning slightly with the finger. It will not injure the machinery of the gramophone, but it is advisable not to experiment with a favorite record, at least to start with, as one is liable to get a very bad, deep scratch right across the plate. The effect, to quote the words of one who has tried the experiment, "is pathetic and beautiful, something like cats at night."

A highly unusual effect can be obtained by twisting the "time-button" sharply up and down at every note of a sentimental love duet is running. When the lady sings high, run it up to a perfect shriek, and then when the loving lass comes in, run him down into the wine cellar.

The nearest thing in gramophone tricks is to offer a bet to any member of the company that you can play a record without the machine. Take a lead pencil and a piece of note paper and explain that that is all you are going to use. Then fix the lead pen-

cil into the hole of the disk so that it can be set spinning on the point like a child's teetotum. Fold a piece of paper, which should be thin and crisp, and hold the sharp point of the paper in the groove of the record very lightly, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the spinning disk. The record will be distinctly played, only very faintly, of course, as you are substituting a somewhat primitive "producer" instead of the patent sound-box.

Different articles placed in the holder or instead of the pin also make interesting experiments. An ordinary needle plays very well, but very quietly, as its length loses the vibrations. A thorn carefully put in the holder plays a very nice soft tune, but soon wears down. Even an ordinary wooden match, cut to a point, will play for a short time.

A very remarkable effect can be obtained by manufacturing a double pin and carefully adjust them in the holder so that they run parallel to each other, but in different grooves of the

record. The effect is as if two bands were playing simultaneously the same tune, only one band is a few bars ahead of the other. Although the tunes are separate and quite distinct, yet there is that delightfully confusing "clash." Another very interesting little experiment is to detach the sound-box from the horn arm and to hold it instead in the hand. A record can be played quite easily in this manner, the only requisite being a steady hand and a sporting disregard of scratches.

There are times when the corkscrew is mightier than the typewriter.