

# NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne,  
 AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT,"  
 "CATSPA," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.  
 NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME  
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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted there by her father, who in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send about the firmness with his daughter, papers proving his title to and selling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, an opportunist and a scoundrel, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mild-mannered brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. He agrees to steal the papers from them, but accidentally sets fire to the Hardin home and the brute-man rescues Annette with the papers from the firmness. Annette discovers that Neal applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently Inez and Ponto, who possess the map, the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

CHAPTER XXI.

Grape Juice.

Of course the unexpected naval-secret-service raid on the Crooked Crag hotel created some sensation—as well as did the rescue of two beautiful young women, Miss Irene Courtier and her friend Miss Ilington. But Newport is a place of many happenings—sensational and otherwise—and after all the Crooked Crag had been raided many times before.

In its balmy days it had been cleverly constructed and maintained as a secluded gambling place for New York millionaires, a place full of cubby holes and uncanny get-aways. For the thirteenth time in its history it was closed up and its proprietor jailed.

But the three weird characters who had been the cause of all the violence still remained in hiding—Hernandez, the Portuguese adventurer; Ponto, his Mexican side partner, and their strange and unusual companion, the brute.

Annette, for her part, gave full descriptions of these three to the authorities and accompanied secret-service men on many fruitless trips.

"At any rate," she said to her friend, Irene Courtier, "I know now where I stand. I was warned to look out for a man with a saber cut across his face." Her face grew wistful. "I thought—ferd," she went on, "at first, that that man might be my father; but my father would never treat a girl as this scar-face treated me."

Annette touched her neck. A tiny little gold chain fell into the bosom of her waist.

"He has laid bare his teeth, this scar-face," said Annette. "He knows something of my father—I'm sure of that—and I'm sure of something else. He is seeking my lost Isle of Cinnabar."

"In reality, friend Ponto," he remarked, "I am M. Romanoff—a Russian nobleman."

"My friends and I are invited to the dance on board the Alabama," he said. "My friends and I shall go. Call in that beast. Now for the final test."

Ponto disappeared and a moment later the brute crept into the room. He glanced fearfully toward the chair where Hernandez had been sitting; then he glanced about the room. A puzzled expression overspread his countenance and then with a deep guttural cry he sprang for the apparition's throat.

Hernandez twitched himself to one side just in time and then tapped the brute smartly on the arm.

"I am satisfied," he said, in tones that the brute immediately recognized. "Even he did not know me—yet with all the instincts of a savage but faithful dog. Let us be off."

An hour later he was standing expectantly in front of the huge punch bowl on the dancing deck of the Alabama. Clustered around this punch bowl were a group of officers and pretty women—and among them Inez Castro and her friend Annette Ilington.

Inez closed in the missive was a heavy white card engraved in script:

The officers of the U. S. S. Alabama request the honor of your presence with friends at the dance on shipboard Tuesday evening, June 15, 1915.

The words "with friends" were interlined in ink. Annette read the invitation and then handed it to Inez.

"Good," exclaimed Inez. "These are worth while—these shipboard dances."

Five minutes later she called up a private number on the wire in her boudoir, waiting impatiently until she heard a voice she knew. Then she talked rapidly, almost in a whisper.

"It's worth taking a chance, is it not?" she queried.

"Ah," returned the voice at the other end of the wire, "we do nothing without chances. We shall take a chance. Farewell."

It must be understood that an able seaman like Neal Hardin, while his good behavior, his natural aptitude and his general likability gave him many privileges—yet he was still the victim of caste—of race.

"Look at the freak," he said, "that's tied up to Inez—I mean Irene Courtier. I always call her Inez somehow. Let's go and see the freak."

"The freak," said Annette, "has disappeared."

She was not the only person on the deck who noticed that. Some half dozen naval officers in spick and span uniforms noted it also and started double quick toward Inez Castro.

Half way they stopped, for her escort, M. Romanoff, had reappeared. He smiled as Joe came up with Annette and waved his hand.

"I've been looking at the moon," he said.

Annette, already bored—chiefly by the close proximity of Joe Welcher—glanced toward Neal.

"Let's go and get some grape juice," she said.

Joe drew her out to the railing through the same aperture from which Romanoff had watched the circling motor boat.

"I'll get the grape juice," said Joe aloud. "Wait here until I return."

Annette started after him, but the aperture was closed now by the broad back of Romanoff, who talked vivaciously with Irene Courtier.

Annette was not averse to looking at the moon, and she looked. But—all she saw was the moon itself. She did not see and could not know that a motor launch, silent as the night, had fetched up alongside of the anchor chain. She did not know and could not see a black shadow that stole along the railing behind the canvas curtains that hid the dancing deck.

Suddenly she gave a choking cry. The black shadow like some black panther had sprung upon her from the night and clutched her in its grasp. She cried out once more, or tried to. She found she could not. A strong wiry hand closed across her mouth and a wiry form forced her back across the rail.

CHAPTER XXII.

Incognito.

In a dingy little hotel room in Providence, Rhode Island, there sat a man at a dressing table gazing into a mirror and doing unusually queer things with his face. Hernandez was past-master at a certain art—disguise.

Ten minutes later a stranger stood erect within that room—a full-bearded stranger, clad in an evening coat of foreign cut, with well padded paunch and shoulders, eyeing himself still critically in the looking glass. He raised his high hat and bowed pompously to Ponto.

"In reality, friend Ponto," he remarked, "I am M. Romanoff—a Russian nobleman."

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Romanoff stared boldly at them both, then he turned to Neal Hardin, a glass of punch in his hand.

"A Japanese servant stole into the room—the living room at Miss Courtier's summer villa at Newport. She had rented this villa for the season and had paid one month's rent—no more. She had paid the Japanese but one month's wage—no more. The Japanese presented a note upon a salver. Inez Castro glanced at it and waved her hand. Mrs. Hardin was just entering from the veranda."

"It is for you, Grandam," said Inez, "and from some old sweetheart, eh?"

Mrs. Hardin opened the missive—her eyes brightened.

"It's from our congressman at Seaport," she exclaimed.

"My dear Mrs. Hardin," he wrote in

earth a distance of about fifteen inches, and, as was the usual custom, to enable him to hole farther underneath he struck the pick into the coal face a distance of about six inches from the floor. At the point where he did so a thin band of shale—black earth, technically known as a parting—was running along the coal face. The pick, when he pierced the coal, appeared to strike through into space; the piece of coal below the pick fell off up to the parting above spoken of, disclosing a small cavity,

out of which at the same time fell a live frog. It was small in size and dark in color, with a bright yellow band running the whole length of the back. The examiner of the district came up just at the time and took charge of it. Shortly afterward, at the request of the management, the pieces of coal were closely looked over, and the piece with the shale adhering to it was found. In this was a cavity of such size and shape as would just about hold the body of

see that some terrific struggle was at hand.

In another instant it was all over. Two figures clutched at each other frantically darted suddenly over the rail. There was a splash below.

"Man overboard," yelled Neal. He sprang to the rail and dove into the moonlit water—taking good care not to foul the other two.

Two minutes later it was all over. Annette was on deck half fainting in Neal's arm—but with a smile upon her face.

"Don't worry," she said to the crowd about her, "I haven't swallowed a drop of water. I assure you I'm a regular little water rat—Neal knows that, don't you, Neal?"

"Friend Welcher," he said, his grip tightening, "on the canvas curtains aft, on the port side, you will find one black cross mark upon the curtain and one black cross mark upon the deck. They are my marks. You will dance with Annette Ilington."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Unbooked Passengers.

"I think it's risky," said Neal Hardin. "Let me take it again."

Annette handed him the Providence, Rhode Island, morning paper. Under the head of ship notices appeared this item:

Fruit Steamer Coronado sails 15th of this month. Bound for Bahamas, Colon, Panama, Lower California ports and San Francisco. Open for limited booking of passengers. Pier 1010 Providence, R. I.

PETER HANDY, Master.

Neal read the advertisement over and shook his head again.

"Risky, I tell you," he repeated. "Annette's eyes flashed. "But what am I to do," she protested. "You don't—you can't understand." Her lips quivered for a moment. "I have got to find my father, Neal, and for his sake, if not for my own, I have got to find my fortune. I've got to go some time. Why not now? The message was plain enough—the Fathers of the Santa Maria mission in Lower California—I must see them. This is the easy way."

Neal folded up the paper and thrust it in his pocket. "At any rate," he said, "I'll look 'tats captain up. If

the Coronado is a likely ship and if you are bound to go, God speed."

He looked the Coronado up and found her quite a likely ship. He saw her captain and found him satisfactory.

The next day Annette and her friends, including Welcher, booked for the cheap trip on the Coronado.

"You're my only passengers so far," said Captain Handy, "and I don't care if I don't have any more."

Capt. Peter Handy sauntered down the wharf. A big, swaggering individual was looking the Coronado over.

"Bill," said Capt. Peter Handy, "I'll tell you how it is. I picked you out as a cheap bargain and took a chance on you, not knowing you before. This is a cheap trip down, Bill; I'll leave it up to you to pick your crew. Pick them cheap, Bill; coming back I can make it up to you. Get the best for the money, Bill, and get 'em cheap."

"I got 'em already," returned Bill, "and I got 'em cheap. Leave that to me."

On the evening of the fourteenth, the four booked passengers boarded the Coronado and were assigned to staterooms.

Bill left the captain snoring in his bunk and stole across the deck and down the gangplank to the wharf beyond. Once upon the river front he turned east and strode on rapidly for a quarter of a mile. He darted into a narrow alleyway, reached a dimly lighted window in an old board house on the shore and rapped sharply on the window pane. A door was opened stealthily and he shambled in.

Huddled at tables and fung carelessly in corners were the forms of sailors, supine, drunk, drugged. Bill took an electric flash light from his pocket and examined carefully each of these slumbering objects of humanity.

"I'll take him," said Bill, "and him there with the broken face; and him—and that chap over there."

Ten minutes later he nodded in a self-satisfied way and jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward another door.

Is he inside? he queried.

"Oh," said the proprietor, "the three of 'em is there."

There were three men in that small room, a strangely assorted trio. One was a huge individual, bigger and stronger than Bill himself; another was an uncanny, fat, little Mexican with dangerous eyes; the third was a Portuguese with a saber cut cross his face.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Trickle of White Powder.

Hernandez motioned toward the door. Ponto, the Mexican, closed it noiselessly and swiftly and shot the bolt. "You understand the terms," Hernandez said, "this stuff has just come in to us tonight. We have it loaded in our launch outside."

"You understand then," said Hernandez, "that when this cargo of cocaine is sold, your share will be many hundred dollars—a thousand—over a thousand."

Two mornings later, a sailor lying in his bunk against a bulkhead in the hold—kept waked by his battered face a gift from Bill. On this particular morning, however, the unusual thing that attracted his attention was a quantity of fine white powder that sifted through the knot hole.

"Holy smoke," he exclaimed joyfully within himself, "this ain't no fat thing, ain't it? This here's cocaine."

By noon the whole forecastle knew about the rat hole and what is more had sampled it—or rather the strange white powder that came trickling through.

Next day something happened. Bill, the mate, gave Snooks an order that Snooks declined to fill. Bill was accustomed to being disobeyed, and for every ill he had a remedy. He seized a capstan bar and aimed it at Snooks' head; but there was a glitter in Snooks' eye that Bill did not understand. Snooks leaped for him and wrestled with him like a wildcat. He forced Bill, panting, up against the rail, following meanwhile like a mad bull. Bill felt for a belying pin, found it, clutched it, raised it high in the air and brought it crashing down upon Snooks' shoulder. It broke a collarbone, but it might have been a feather for all Snooks cared.

"Mates," cried Snooks, "you ain't going to see me licked. Come one and all."

They came. Some sprang down from the shrouds; some appeared from companionways; some came hurrying along the decks. They were men battered and broken—but all had one uncanny characteristic—their eyes glittered, glittered fearfully and fearlessly.

Bill sprang away from the clutching grasp of Snooks and drew his gun.

"Captain Peter Handy," he roared. "Mutiny."

And mutiny there was—a mutiny based not so much upon the ill treatment of Bill the mate as upon the effect of the trickling white powder.

The captain responded to the call; so did one or two others of the undrugged crew.

The four booked passengers heard the riot—it could have been heard half a mile away. They rushed on deck and watched. Annette, who had inherited quickness of mind, saw what

was happening and turned to Mrs. Hardin.

"You and Irene," she said, "go into the wireless room. Let us all go—even Joe."

Just as she said it a mutineer rushed past her, stopped, leered into her face and grasped her by the hand. With a sudden wrench he closed the door of the wireless, shutting the three people inside—Welcher and the two other women—and then with a glare into Annette's eyes, he drew her toward him and crushed her struggling form against his breast.

Below there were other passengers who watched the fight—Hernandez and his two companions. The brute watched stupidly—Ponto and Hernandez.

CHAPTER XXV.

"This is What He Was After!"

And suddenly the brute looked up toward the deck. He growled deep in his throat.

"Hold him," said Hernandez to Ponto.

But it was too late. With one bound the brute dashed up the companionway and reached the deck. With another bound he was upon the sailor who had caught Annette. In an instant Annette found herself released, hardly knowing how it had happened.

She wrenched open the wireless door, sprang in, slammed it shut and shot the bolt.

"Where is the operator?" she queried.

There was no answer. The operator was not there.

Annette seized the wireless apparatus, donned the headgear and sent out the S. O. S.—that long wail of terror that is heard far out across the sea.

On the deck of the destroyer Jackson, a naval vessel which had left Newport a day or two before on a practice cruise, the wireless operator reported to his Lieutenant. He saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I have an S. O. S. from a steamer Coronado, five miles south. Mutiny on board."

A seaman standing near started forward. "Godfrey," he exclaimed under his breath, "the Coronado—Annette's ship."

The Lieutenant gave an order. "Put her about," he said. Forced draft ahead.

When the destroyer reached the Coronado, the Coronado was in dire straits. The mutineers, maddened and emboldened, and strengthened with renewed doses of the white powder, were in possession of the ship. The mate and Capt. Peter Handy lay unconscious on the deck. Every sailor had a bottle in his hand—a bottle full of strong drink.

In less than a quarter of an hour the Jackson was upon them—she had launched a boat and her boat had reached the Coronado's side. With the agility of perfect training the Jackson's men swarmed over the rail, boarded the Coronado and without an instant's hesitation attacked the mutineers, their lieutenant at their head. Neal drew a deep breath and nudged the man next to him.

"This is war," he said, "it is what we're looking for. Come on."

There was a fight—no arms-length fight at that. It was man to man. It was a melee—it was a riot—it was pandemonium. In the midst of it there was a resounding crack. Neal's lieutenant, off his guard for once, received a well-aimed blow upon his head—a blow from a capstan bar. He fell like a log and three brutes leaped for his head—seeking to batter him into a shapeless mass.

Neal saw his peril and sprang into the midst. Never in his life had he fought as then he fought.

The blood rushed into his brain; unwonted strength flowed into muscles; his eyes were everywhere—his voice strong and fearless.

"All together now," he shouted. One—two—three.

There was a mighty superhuman rush, a ringing shout—then it was all over. The mutiny was quelled. Neal leaped upon a bridge and waved a cutlass. He said the first thing that occurred to him—the thing he felt he had to say.

"I am in command," he shouted. "The first man who disobeys me will be shot."

There was a clutch upon his arm. He looked down. He found that his right arm was bleeding from a cut, but he found something else. A small hand was grasping it quite tenderly. He turned. Annette laughed hysterically.

"What about any woman who disobeys?" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—

you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distresses; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

## DISEASE ON THE DECREASE

Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis Has Good Reason to Be Proud.

While the latest report of the bureau of census shows that in 1914 tuberculosis caused over 10.5 per cent of all deaths in the registration area of the United States, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis points out in a statement that the death-rate from this disease is steadily decreasing, having declined from 200.7 per 100,000 population in 1904 to 146.8 in 1914. This would indicate, the association claims, that the antituberculosis movement organized in the last ten years is having a marked effect on the mortality of tuberculosis, especially since the death rate from this disease seems to be declining more rapidly than the general death rate from all causes.

Commenting on this decrease in the rate from tuberculosis, the bureau of the census says: "As a result of a more general understanding of the laws of health, the importance of fresh air, etc., due in part, no doubt, to the efforts of the various societies for the prevention of tuberculosis, there has been a most marked and gratifying decrease during recent years in the mortality from this scourge of civilization." In only a decade—from 1904 to 1914—the death-rate from tuberculosis in all its forms fell from 200.7 to 146.8 per 100,000, the decline being continuous from year to year. This is a drop of more than 25 per cent.

## SWAMP-ROOT STOPS SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, remember it is needless to suffer—to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for quickly and effectively giving results in thousands of cases.

This prescription was used by Dr. Kilmer in his private practice and was so very effective that it has been placed on sale everywhere. Get a bottle, 50c and \$1.00, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer, P. O. Binghamton, N. Y. for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

## Americans Great Match Users.

"Every man, woman and child in this country uses an average of ten matches each day," remarked J. A. Hunter of New York, representative of a large match company. "It is estimated that the match manufacturers of the United States turn out every day more than 1,700,000,000 matches. Of this output 1,000,000,000 are consumed in this country. Our people have come to be very extravagant in the use of matches. A decade ago a pipe smoker might keep his pipe going by way of the kitchen fire and a pipe lighter; today he wouldn't think of it. The greater use of cigarettes also has increased the consumption of matches, as have gas and gasoline stoves, which are continually turned on and relighted.

"There has been an increased manufacture of patent lighters and a new style of gas stove with patent lighter attached, and these have helped to cut the sales of matches. But only to a small extent."

## FIERY RED PIMPLES

Soothed and Healed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the affected skin with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger. Let it remain five to ten minutes. Then wash off with plenty of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry without irritation. Nothing like Cuticura for all skin troubles from infancy to age.

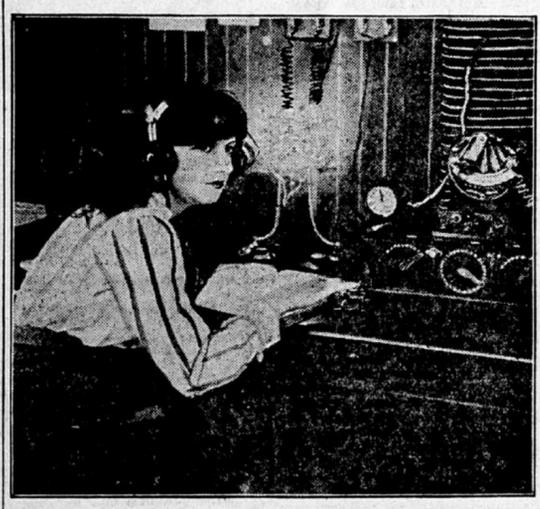
Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Improved Process of Freezing Fish.

It is announced that a Danish company, with headquarters at Copenhagen, is utilizing a new process for freezing fish, which is declared to be a decided improvement over previous methods. Recent demonstrations resulted in the freezing of herring in a half hour, which, under the system previously employed took several hours.

His Reasons. "Why does a dog lick your hand?" "I suppose to put on you the stamp of approval."

Don't blame a girl for assuming a striking attitude when she's trying to make a hit.



Annette Sent Out the "S. O. S."



Doing Unusually Queer Things With His Face.

bar—he wants it for his own. Well, I, too, can bare my teeth. Let him come on."

"You are so strong," murmured Inez Courtier, "so strong."

A Japanese servant stole into the room—the living room at Miss Courtier's summer villa at Newport. She had rented this villa for the season and had paid one month's rent—no more. She had paid the Japanese but one month's wage—no more. The Japanese presented a note upon a salver. Inez Castro glanced at it and waved her hand. Mrs. Hardin was just entering from the veranda.

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