

Neal of the Navy

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cats-paw," "Blue Buckle," etc. Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

Copyright, 1914, by William Hamilton Osborne

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 assumed by Hernandez and Fonto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Fonto, Inez, female accomplice, and the mindless 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 Joe Welcher is defeated by Joe and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joe and the conspirators get him in a head-on collision. He accidentally sets fire to the Hardin home and the brute-man secures Annette with the papers from the flames.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

THE TATTERED PARCHMENT

CHAPTER XVII

The Return of Inez Castro. Out of that holocaust—the useless conflagration that destroyed the old Hardin cottage at Seaport—Annette saved something. She saved the links that bound the present to the past—the identifying objects that made her one with the little child who had been saved years before from the ruin of St. Pierre.

"Whatever they mean," she told her foster mother, "they'll help me find my father; they'll help me find Lost Isle. And I have a strange presentiment that I'll find him at Lost Isle and not before."

"They were seated, these two, in their temporary place of abode. "Who rescued me that night?" she queried. "How did I get out of the house at all; who did that?"

Her foster mother shook her head. "Nobody knows, Annette," she said. "She lit a small alcohol lamp underneath a tiny tea kettle. "Watch it, Annette," she said, "it's so small it may boil over."

"Boll over it did later, and with peculiar consequences. Mrs. Hardin measured out a quantity of Cayton tea, and then held out her hand.

"Let me see the map of Lost Isle again, Annette," she said. "It seems a shame we can make nothing of it."

It was strange, for at first glance the map seemed quite worth while. It was traced upon an ancient piece of parchment, old and yellow. At the top was this inscription:

"LOST ISLE OF CINNABAR." "Cinnabar," repeated Mrs. Hardin. "Seems to me I've heard of such an island."

Annette shook her head. "I've looked it up. Cinnabar is not a place, it's nothing but an ore."

The older woman continued her scrutiny. "Here's the mine marked on the island with a cross—what kind of a mine—what's a cinnabar?"

"Quicksilver ore," returned the girl. "It must be a quicksilver mine."

"Nothing else upon it, except the words 'Stone castle,' nothing else." "The girl sprang to her side. "Yes," said the girl, "these two other words belong."

She placed her finger upon them. They were two small words near the lower left-hand corner of the map: Latitude. Longitude.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Hardin, "but what latitude and what longitude?" Annette smiled. "That's the point, it doesn't say. That's what I've got to find out, but I'll find out, never fear."

Mrs. Hardin lit a lamp, placed the map flatly upon the table, and examined every nook and corner of it. "Well," she said at length, "I've scoured the map and I can't make head nor tail of it, so we'll have some tea."

She placed her hand upon the handle of the little tea pot. She drew it away suddenly, for it was unusually hot. Her hasty movement dislodged it from its moorings and the boiling water spouted out over the table. Most of the boiling water spotted on the map. Mrs. Hardin snatched the map away and wiped it with her kerchief. Then she handed the map to Annette. "Get it out of my sight before I scour the whole thing off the face of the earth," she said. Then she stopped. "Annette," she went on sharply, "what's the matter?"

Annette was pointing to the map. "Look! look!" she cried.

Well might she exclaim, for there, upon the yellow surface of the parchment where only half a dozen words had appeared before, there now appeared a multitude.

"Latitude 18 degrees, 30 minutes north; longitude 123 degrees, 40 minutes west. Granted to Ilington, Spanish-American explorer, for distinguished service by Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, in the year 1809; the original grant being in possession of the fathers of the Santa Maria mission in Lower California, to be surrendered to the heirs of Ilington upon

proof of identity and presentation of this map." Annette stared at it. "Jove!" she finally exclaimed. "Lost Isle is Lost Isle no more, thanks to a tea kettle full of boiling water; but, look, look, it fades again."

"Fades as it cools," said Mrs. Hardin. The door opened stealthily. Joe Welcher entered. "Joey," cried Annette thoughtlessly, "tell us—where's 18 degrees latitude. You can pass examinations. And 123 degrees longitude. Right off the reel."

Joe Welcher mistook the inquiry for mere airy perflage. He failed entirely to connect it with the map. He strode to the table. The map still lay there but now upon its face appeared none of the recently revealed inscriptions. It was as blank as it had been before. Welcher's fingers itched to get hold of the map. He needed it in his business, for his business just now was keeping out of trouble. He stretched forth a hand to take it.

"You and your old map," he said, with an attempt at jocularity, "it's like a game of solitaire. Let me look at it again."

Annette folded it up and thrust it into her bosom. "Not so, Joey," she returned. "It's never going to leave my possession again. It's precious to me now."

A sudden light broke in upon Joe's understanding. He peered at her cunningly. "What's that you were saying about latitude and longitude?" he queried.

"Never you mind, Joey," laughed Annette, "all in good time you'll know. What's on your mind?"

"How did you know anything was on my mind," replied Welcher. "Well, you're right. There's an old friend of yours downstairs, just come over from New York—Miss Irene Courtier."

"We'll tidy up, then you can show her up," said his foster mother. She swept Annette's belongings into a huge old-fashioned valise. She had no sooner finished than Inez Castro entered the arena of events.

"I read about it. Just a line in the show notes of a New York paper—the free. And you were utterly destroyed; you saved nothing, as I understand."

"Nothing, but Annette's valuables," returned Mrs. Hardin. "What next do you do—where now do you go?" inquired Inez.

Mrs. Hardin's eyes glowed. "I—we shall go to Neal; for the present anyway, we have no other plans. We can live near him for a little while at least."

"And Neal is—?" queried Inez. Mrs. Hardin told her—at the Naval Training school at Newport.

Inez clapped her hands. "The long arm of coincidence," she cried; "my father and I, we have our little villa at Newport, as you had your little cottage at Seaport. And you shall visit me, as I visited you. You shall visit me—and you Annette Ilington—at my villa, in Newport. Good."

It is to be said of Inez Castro that she was universally respectful. She had no father. And as for a villa at Newport—she had never thought of such a thing until that instant. Her villa at Newport was a castle in the air.

CHAPTER XVIII

Scar Face. Welcher, upon the advent of Inez Castro, had left the room. Inez had handed him a slip of paper—one that he was anxious to peruse. He went below to read it. It was another little seductive note from her, asking him to meet her once again at their trysting place—Lonesome Cove Inn, three miles south of Seaport.

Fortified with proper stimulants, Welcher made his way at once to that hostelry.

At last she came. Welcher sprang forward and caught her in his arms. "You've got to let me see you often—often, do you understand," he said.

"Let me tell you, charming one," said Inez, "that what happens cannot be helped by me. I have a husband, have I not? A hard master, this Hernandez. When he commands, I must obey. If I fail—"

She looked up. She rose. The door was still shut, but within the room, crouching behind Welcher, were three interlopers—Hernandez and his two companions. Fonto and the brute.

"What are you doing here?" cried Welcher, stepping back. "I thought I locked the door."

"You are fond of locking doors, friend Welcher," said Hernandez, "but this time you merely turned the key—a key which doesn't lock. I have rights here, I imagine. Since my wife sees fit to enter, I enter also. May I inquire of my fair wife, he proceeded suavely, "what the heires, Annette Ilington, intends to do?"

"None of your business," snapped Joe Welcher, in return. "May I inquire of you, sir, then," went on Hernandez, "what you intend to do?"

"That's none of your business, too,"

said Welcher; "but if you want to know, I'm going to Annapolis. I'm going to join the navy."

"Listen, friend Welcher," said Hernandez, "you have failed us once. If you fall us again we will have you broken. We want that map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar—we want every identifying thing that came aboard the Princess with Annette Ilington, the child, and you must help us get it. Understand?"

Hernandez pointed toward the door. "Annapolis," he said "then report to us at Newport in due course."

Before Welcher was able to report to Hernandez or to Inez Castro at Courtier's villa, in Newport, other things happened.

A week later Neal Hardin, in his apprenticeship seaman uniform, hurried from his training ship to the railroad station in Newport, and waited half an hour for a belated train. He was unprepared for the sight that met his eyes when the train pulled in. Annette was more than a dream—she was superb. Neal seized as many suitcases as he could manage, motioned to a porter to bring the rest, and led his little crowd toward the street car.

Inez Castro called after him. "Where are you going?" she demanded. "This is our vehicle. Pile in."

It was a huge gray motor car. "Yours?" queried Annette. "Notwithstanding the fact that Inez had never seen the car before, she nodded.

"One of mine," she said. At the villa Inez turned her guests loose and bade them do as they pleased. Neal and Annette immediately left the pleasant but unnecessary society of the others and wandered through the rose-lined paths behind the house.

Annette started suddenly. "Look, look, quick!" she commanded. Neal looked. Fifteen paces to his right there was a clump of bushes, and peering from this clump of bushes there was a human face, sinister, forbidding. Without a word Neal leaped in the direction of the face and dodged around the bushes.

Luck favored the pursued and was against the pursuer. A taxicab came whirling around a corner, and the fugitives

leaped upon its step, opened the door and flung himself inside, giving a quick order to the driver.

Neal retraced his steps and Annette handed him a scrap of paper that the man had dropped during the struggle. It was a crumpled bit of letter, and what there was of it read like this:

note you are now located at the "Crooked Crag" . . . and that the place is safe. Ten pounds heroin shipped today. The consignment of cocaine follows immediately.

"Did you recognize that man?" said Neal, breathlessly. "He was the smuggler that got away that night in Seaport. I remember him particularly by the scar upon his face."

Annette started. "I had forgotten," she returned. "The scar upon his face."

CHAPTER XIX

At Crooked Crag. Hernandez, the gentleman adventurer, the clever smuggler of cocaine and heroin, established his headquarters at the Crooked Crag. The proprietor recognized him for what he was; there was a secret compact, unspoken, but well understood, between the two.

Hernandez had located himself in the secret, sound-proof room at Crooked Crag. He was talking over the telephone.

"It was a false move," he conceded. "I should have steered clear of your Newport villa. If it hadn't been for the apprentice seaman, I might have turned a trick. As it is, I am afraid to show myself. I think we will have to wait for our yellow-blooded friend to return from his failure at Annapolis."

With the scrap of paper in his possession Neal had excused himself to Inez, and had started back to his training station with a definite purpose in view. Once arrived there, he handed the crumpled slip of paper to the officer in command and told his story.

But all this went on unknown to Hernandez. He had not missed the scrap of paper.

Half an hour later on a wharf in Newport there drew up a very capable little motor boat. Inez and her young friend, Annette Ilington, boarded her.

Inez gave a signal and the launch plunged her nose into the sea. "For half an hour or so everything went well.

But suddenly above the chugging of the exhaust Annette heard a groan at her side. Inez was hanging limp over the arm of her wicker chair.

"What is the matter?" cried Annette, alarmed. "I am ill, so ill," groaned Inez. "I was a fool to come out in a sea like this."

"We'll go back," said Annette. "No," said Inez. "We must land. Another half hour of this I think would kill me."

In a moment they were gliding through the quiet waters, and in two moments more had reached the dock at the head of the inlet. Above them towered—a huge, crooked granite shaft, and nestling against it like another shaft was the Crooked Crag hotel.

"I must rest," groaned Inez. "I must lie down—I am ill, terribly ill."

Annette rapidly leaped from the motor boat, tripped up to the little dock and nimbly ascended the rustic steps that led to the hotel. She was met half way by the proprietor, Solinger himself.

"Yes, miss," he called to her; "something urgent, I perceive."

"My friend, Miss Courtier, is ill," said Annette. "She is in the launch below. Can you help me?"

"With pleasure, miss," said the proprietor. "With him at her side, Annette retraced her steps. The proprietor entered the motor boat and bent over Inez. He nodded to himself, as though recalling a description.

With an easy swing they carried Inez out of the boat, along the dock and up the rustic steps.

"Have you a physician in the house?"

"We have everything—everything at Crooked Crag," returned the proprietor, with an insinuating smile. He summoned other servants and nodded to Annette.

"It is two flights up, miss," he said to Annette. Giving innumerable directions and climbing at the head of the little



Hernandez Tore Open Annette's Valise.

terrier leaped upon its step, opened the door and flung himself inside, giving a quick order to the driver.

Neal retraced his steps and Annette handed him a scrap of paper that the man had dropped during the struggle. It was a crumpled bit of letter, and what there was of it read like this:

note you are now located at the "Crooked Crag" . . . and that the place is safe. Ten pounds heroin shipped today. The consignment of cocaine follows immediately.

"Did you recognize that man?" said Neal, breathlessly. "He was the smuggler that got away that night in Seaport. I remember him particularly by the scar upon his face."

Annette started. "I had forgotten," she returned. "The scar upon his face."

CHAPTER XIX

At Crooked Crag. Hernandez, the gentleman adventurer, the clever smuggler of cocaine and heroin, established his headquarters at the Crooked Crag. The proprietor recognized him for what he was; there was a secret compact, unspoken, but well understood, between the two.

Hernandez had located himself in the secret, sound-proof room at Crooked Crag. He was talking over the telephone.

"It was a false move," he conceded. "I should have steered clear of your Newport villa. If it hadn't been for the apprentice seaman, I might have turned a trick. As it is, I am afraid to show myself. I think we will have to wait for our yellow-blooded friend to return from his failure at Annapolis."

With the scrap of paper in his possession Neal had excused himself to Inez, and had started back to his training station with a definite purpose in view. Once arrived there, he handed the crumpled slip of paper to the officer in command and told his story.

But all this went on unknown to Hernandez. He had not missed the scrap of paper.

Half an hour later on a wharf in Newport there drew up a very capable little motor boat. Inez and her young friend, Annette Ilington, boarded her.

I know you have it. I tracked you and your friend here just to get it. You will hand it now to me."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said Annette. She drew a long breath and screamed aloud.

"Useless," he said. "There is no one within range of your beautiful soft voice." He took out his watch. "Let me remind you, senorita," he remarked, "that my ancestors were of the Inquisition. I will give you five minutes to make up your mind. I shall leave you alone, you may make up your mind by yourself. If at the end of five minutes you have failed, you must take the consequences."

Inez Castro's handbag was lying on a dressing table; to her it was the hand bag of Irene Courtier. She opened it and drew forth a card engraved with the latter name, together with a little silver pencil. She wrote hastily upon the card:

"I am Annette Ilington. I am confined in a second-story room in the rear of this building—the barred room where you see the handkerchief. Look up."

She thrust the card between the bars and dropped it. It fluttered down beyond her sight. Then she tied her handkerchief to the lower end of one of the bars. As she finished she heard a rattle at the lock of the door and Hernandez entered the room.

CHAPTER XX

Covered. The ensign in the bow of the naval launch scanned the coast line with care.

"This Crooked Crag hotel is an uncanny place," he said. "They probably got lookouts posted everywhere. We'd better land half a mile away and take them from the rear."

His brother ensign granted. "Dollars to doughnuts—we're on a wild goose chase," he said. "If there's any place that covers up its tracks it's the Crooked Crag. You're right though, we'll take them from the rear."

They landed half a mile up shore and as quietly as possible tramped for a mile through underbrush in the general direction of the granite rock which stood out clear above the tree tops. They halted on the edge of the clearing, from the center of which rose the hotel itself.

"Form a circle," said the ensign, "surround the place, and all close in at once. No matter what happens, don't let anybody get away."

One of the ensigns beckoned to Neal. "Come with me," he said, "you know the man we're after and can describe him. I'll need you and about three more besides."

With rhythmic ringings, the little squad crossed the clearing, started up the rustic staircase and tramped across the veranda of the hotel. Solinger met them at the door.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said, bowing, "what can I serve you?"

"Serve us nothing," said the ensign sternly. "We are looking for a smuggler that you have got. He is here. We know he is here and we are going to get him."

Meanwhile Hernandez had entered the room where he had confined Annette. Once more he locked the door behind him and without a word crossed the floor toward her. Annette had made up her mind just what to do. She must fight with a woman's weapons and she had a woman's weapon—a hair pin.

She waited until Hernandez was within three feet of her, then she raised the weapon and sunk it deep into his outstretched arm.

His face white with anger, Hernandez caught her roughly by the throat. But he had forgotten something—forgotten that she had inherited tremendous strength. Young and graceful as she was, her every muscle was well trained. With one strong sweep of her arm, she threw him off and then plunged into a fight, the fight of a wildcat against a wolf. She tore at his face and head, clutching for his eyes, trying for a hold upon his ears. Time and again she repulsed him, then with one wild clutch she caught him by the hair and held him with a strong grip of her right hand while she pummeled his face with a small but energetic left.

Hernandez retreated to the door, unlocked it and gave vent to a low whistle. His whistle was immediately answered. Fonto entered the room, dragging with him the huge brute.

"Seize her," he demanded of the brute.

The girl stared at this huge figure with terror in her eyes.

The brute started across the floor, and then whimpering, with hands hanging at his sides, turned away from her. Hernandez nodded to his assistant, Fonto. Fonto drew his ever-ready whip and lashed the brute into obedience. The huge man, still whimpering, caught the girl in his arms and held her.

Hernandez, without the slightest occupation, tore open Annette's valise.

"You vixen," said Hernandez between his teeth. "I will get that map if I have to flay you."

Meantime, one by one, on the lower floor, the ensign's cohorts had struggled in. Each saluted as he came.

"It's no use," they whispered to the ensign. "Solinger's got us beat. We can't find anything."

Neal was the last to come. He had made a thorough search.

A seaman ran lightly up the steps, into the office and saluted.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I found this in a crevice in a rock behind the house. It looks bad, sir."

He handed over the message which Annette had scrawled upon the card of Irene Courtier—the message that she was confined in an upper room,

the room with the barred windows in the rear.

"The handkerchief is tied there, sir," exclaimed the seaman, "and I feel sure that we can locate the room."

The ensign read the card and handed it to Neal. Neal touched his hat. "May I—do I have to wait for orders, sir?" he cried.

"No," roared the ensign. They reached the third floor corridor and darted into an open room and thrust heads out of an unbarred window. The sailor plucked Neal by the sleeve.

"There," he whispered. "It's next door to this. The two windows, the bars and the handkerchief tied—'Come on.'"

They darted out once more into the corridor. There was no door, no opening; but this mattered not to Neal. He stepped to the far end of the hall and seized a fire ax, which hung



You Shall Visit Me at My Villa at Newport.

there in a rack. Then he darted back and with ringing strokes began his assault upon the wall. Suddenly from within he heard a woman's shriek.

"Neal," cried Annette's voice within, and it was the voice of a girl beside herself with agony and fear. "Neal, it is I—Annette. Come, for God's sake, come."

Neal delivered one more crashing blow, then he motioned to his fellows. "Come, boys," he said, "there's not a second to lose. This thing has got to go."

The corridor was fairly broad. The little squad of sailors withdrew and huddled against the opposite wall. Then as one man this human battering ram lunged and lurched across the hall and propelled itself against the already splintered partition.

With a crash the secret door went down, and with a bound Neal was in the room. Annette, her dress torn; her hair disheveled, struggled with the brute in one corner of the room. Fonto had released her. With a bound he crossed the room and jerked aside the fireplace, disclosing a secret exit. He crawled through the aperture and disappeared.

Hernandez, stupefied with astonishment, yet had an expression of triumph and glee upon his face. He was thrusting a yellow parchment into his pocket. Annette with a final struggle slipped from the brute's grasp and darted toward Hernandez, calling to Neal.

"Neal, Neal," she cried, "he's got my father's map."

With one spring Neal was upon Hernandez. He snatched back the hand with which Hernandez was pushing the map into his pocket. The map came out torn and crumpled. Annette, beside herself, snatched at it with both hands. Neal grabbed at it and also got a hold. Hernandez still held it in his iron clutch.

All this took place in an instant. In another instant the three had fallen back, each in a separate direction. The map had parted and each clutched a piece of it.

Hernandez, with an oath, turned and dived into the secret passageway.

Five minutes later the fastest boat along the shore—the boat which Inez Castro called her own—was chugging out to sea, with three figures huddled in her bottom—the brute and Fonto and their chief, Hernandez. They had wriggled somehow through the surrounding circle, had zig-zagged in and out of shots—had made good their escape.

When the chase was over Neal returned and half apologized to Inez.

"Sorry, Miss Courtier," he said, "but they've made away with your fast motorboat. We couldn't get to ours in time. We landed half a mile or so just up the shore. How do you feel?"

"Better," exclaimed Inez. "It's the excitement, the noise, the pistol shots—they have made me well again."

Neal thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled forth a crumpled piece of parchment.

"What did you get, Annette?" he inquired.

Annette thrust her hand into her dress and pulled forth her own tattered portion. Inez, watching, bent her head to listen. Neal and Annette spread their two pieces of the map out upon the little stand. Between them they had the bulk of the lower portion of the map. It was a blank surface, save for three things—a little tail of the island sticking down and the words "longitude" and "latitude," and nothing else. Annette laughed in glee.

"We've got everything we want," she said to Neal. "What is here is important. What the man with the saber cut upon his face has got is of no use to him or us. We beat him to it, Neal, we beat him to it."

Over on the bed Inez, in her crouching attitude, still listened, watching (TO BE CONTINUED)

Having tried a month ago to persuade the public that the market is too low, the stockbrokers then forced down prices, which they are now trying to prove are too high.

GORE'S Hog Worm Cream Concentrated

All Hogs Are Wormy: By the very nature of the hog, his way of living and what he eats, he is bound to be wormy.

There is no market for hog worms, and they sap the life blood and your money from the hog. Hog worms stunt young hogs, and a stunted hog is a money loser in the fattening pen. The greatest menace to the health and thrift of the hog is worms. A wormless hog will be a colorless hog.

Gore's Hog Worm Cream is certain death to hog worms. It is the cheapest insurance and the best investment for hog raisers. It costs you less than 3c per hog. "Each Dose," and it fed once each 30 days will keep them free from worms.

No Waste and Proper Dose. Gore's Hog Worm Cream is not like any other medicine, it is a heavily concentrated cream preparation containing an absolute anthelmintic "Worm Killer," and if the directions are followed, each hog is certain to receive the proper dose.

You simply mix or stir Gore's Hog Worm Cream in swill. It mixes perfectly and evenly. Put your swill in the trough and there you are.

Gore's Hog Worm Cream is put up in the following sizes with full directions for mixing in swill or water and sold at the following prices:

- Small size, enough for one dose for 25 hogs, price \$1.50
- 1/2 gallon, enough for one dose for 60 hogs, price \$3.00
- 1 gallon, enough for one dose for 120 hogs, price \$5.00
- 3 gallons, enough for one dose for 360 hogs, price \$10.00
- 5 gallons, enough for one dose for 600 hogs, price \$1