NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

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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 by Hernandez and Ponto 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 Ponto, Inez, a 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 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. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inez tries to rob Annette and escapes. On her way to Chantillo Annette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Chantillo, but is caught in a train wreck on the way.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

THE DREADFUL PIT

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Dangerous Delay.

The ire of Hernandez was now thoroughly aroused. A quicksilver mine on the Lost Isle of Cinnabar—probably unworked for a century or more—meant millions, many millions. Hernandez realized the fact. He was playing for high stakes—very high.

"My ancestors," he told Ponto, "had a coat of arms—a motto. 'Ride through'—that was what it said, friend Ponto. I shall follow it—that injunction. I shall ride through."

They were lounging, breathless, panting, against a tree trunk that had fallen athwart one of the invisible trails of a Central American jungle. With them was Senorita Inez Castro.

"What we want most of all," he continued, "and what we must get—is the Lost Isle of Cinnabar. We have the evidences of ownership—all save the Spanish grant in the hands of the Fathers of the Santa Maria mission. Let us seek at once the mission. Let us get all evidences of ownership. Then, as the crow flies, the four of us will seek Lost Island—yes and find it. Once found—possession may be nine-tenths of the law—we'll have possession. But to us possession will be more than that. We know no law."

At Chantillo some few miles away, things were happening. Ensign Neal Hardin with his squad of fifty men from the cruiser Albany across the neck, had arrived to board the battleship Missouri, waiting for them in the waters off Chantillo. These were the fifty men who had so nearly lost their lives on the dirt cars of Montrada.

Annette was with them—and Neal was at her side. They were grouped on the wharf.

Neal beckoned to the captain of the little coast steamer that was tied up to the wharf.

"Senor," he said, "behind me is the long arm of the United States government. My government protects its citizens. Here is a citizen—Miss Ilington. Here is another—my mother. Here is a third—my friend Welcher. Dire things have happened, senor. Look. Somewhere in that jungle hide three desperadoes and a woman. They have many methods—but one in particular. At night they will come to you and offer money to be taken aboard." He tossed a stern glance at the captain and tapped him on the arm. "Senor," he continued, "cast your eye over the Missouri there—my ship. Think of the long arm of my government. Take these desperadoes aboard at your peril—at your peril, senor. I have warned you. The rest is up to you."

The little captain shivered a bit.

"Si, senor," he returned, swiftly, with a bow, "it shall be as you say."

Meantime the third member of Annette's party, Mr. Joseph Welcher, had strolled behind a convenient shed to find a resting place for his weary bones and to smoke his fiftieth cigarette that day. He struck a match—started to light his cigarette. Then something happened. The match went out—the cigarette was knocked unceremoniously from his lips.

"What the—," he began. Then he stopped. A stone was lying at his feet. It was this stone that had knocked the cigarette from between his lips—and had almost knocked a tooth or two as well. But there was something else to wonder at. A bit of crumpled paper had fluttered to the ground.

Welcher picked the paper up and glanced warily about him. Suddenly, he saw— The jungle's edge came down nearly to the water. Something was stirring in this thicket. Joe stared. And suddenly the face of a woman—Inez Castro, peered out from behind the huge leaf of a tropic plant.

"Read." That was the message flashed from the eyes of Inez Castro to the brain of Joe Welcher. Joe read.

The note was brief and to the point:

We do not board this steamer. But we must reach Santa Maria first. It is up to you and you alone, to create all possible delays. Do not fail us now.

That night at dusk, Joe Welcher lounging on the deck of the small steamer as it steamed north along the coast—shambled over toward a scuttle, and peered down to see what he could see. What he did see was machinery—the vessel's machinery, working smoothly, well oiled, well cared for—for a steamboat engineer is a steamboat engineer the world over. What he saw was that for the moment, no one was in charge—momentarily the engineer had stepped outside. This was the instant that Joe Welcher had been waiting for. Furtively he drew from his breast pocket a small bar of steel. For one instant he held it suspended over the machinery. Then he let it drop and noiselessly tiptoed away.

Almost immediately there was a terrific grinding noise below, followed by a terrific jolt. Then the engines stopped—and the steamer followed suit. Passengers and crew rushed to the captain—Annette included.

"What has happened," she demanded.

"Something dropped into the machinery and a connecting rod is broken, senorita. It will take time—hours to repair."

At midnight the break had not yet been repaired.

At midnight, another small steamer, also bound north along the coast, passed silently along upon her way. She was within hailing distance, but she gave no sign.

CHAPTER XLIX.

False Impersonation.

In the interior of the chart room on board the battleship Missouri, Neal Hardin—ensign—was discussing with his brother officers the possibilities of the Allemanian war.

A senior officer was poring over translated wireless messages. Against the wall was a modern Mercator's map of the world.

Finally he rose. "A new coaling station—that's the trick," he said, "and we've got to see somebody in authority at Los Angeles—unless they meet us en route. The state department's got to dicker for a coaling station."

He adjusted his glasses and examined the map. "H'm," he said, "Allemania—here's Allemania." He pondered the map carefully—sizing up all possibilities — measuring distances. Finally he placed his finger tip upon a spot in the Pacific ocean.

"There," he said, "is the spot—somewhere about there."

"What's the latitude," queried another officer, getting out a section of another map. His senior told him. "And the longitude," he asked. His senior told him that.

"Eigteen degrees north," mused the junior, "and 123 degrees west." He pored over his sectional map. He shook his head.

"But," he protested, "there's no land there—there's no island to be seen."

Neal almost jumped out of his skin.

"There is an island there, uncharted and unmapped," said Neal, "but it's there. It's the Isle of Cinnabar—we call it the Lost Isle."

"Who calls it the Lost Isle?"

Neal told them Annette's story, from start to finish.

The commander smiled. "We get our coaling stations by making treaties," he said, "I've never heard of making a treaty with a girl, but I suppose it can be done. We'll have to wireless Washington about that. And I know pretty much what our orders will be now—suppose you guess."

Neal smiled. "Follow the girl," he said.

So they followed Annette. But others had preceded her. Even while Annette's journey was but half way through something was happening at the Santa Maria mission in Lower California.

Brother Anselmo was seated at his table, facing Hernandez and his party.

Inez Castro leaned a well-rounded arm upon the table and glanced innocently into the eyes of Brother Anselmo.

"I am Annette Ilington," she said.

The brother nodded. "I am sending for the papers, child," he said.

"So you are his daughter?" he said at length—and there seemed a note of disappointment in his voice—"the daughter of my old friend Ilington. He was my young friend then. You—his daughter. And you say my old friend Ilington is dead?"

The chin of Senorita Castro quivered. "Dead," she faltered.

She dropped her face into her handkerchief.

"When did he die, my daughter?" he asked soothingly.

"In 1902," interposed Hernandez, "I was with him—he was destroyed at the eruption of Mount Pelee. We were his friends, Ponto here and I—his partners. We tried to save him. It was no use. He was engulfed. He died—a horrible death."

"She was a small child then," said the priest.

"Yes," said Hernandez.

"Does—does she remember her father—Ilington?"

"Hardly," said Hernandez, "we've tried to make her remember—but no—she hardly does."

The face of Inez Castro was still buried in her kerchief. The priest watched attentively the heave of her shoulders.

Brother Anselmo sighed. "Ah, grief has a long, strong arm—it reaches over decades. And the loss of a father—ah me . . . Here," he exclaimed, "here are the papers. Let us have a look."

Inez straightened up. Hernandez and Ponto moved forward. So did the Brute. The sudden movement seemed to startle the priest. He looked up hastily. He caught sight of the blank face of the Brute. He rose.

"Who—what is that?" he demanded, pointing toward the Brute's blank countenance.

"A servant," returned Hernandez, "picked up from a shipwreck some three years ago. He had been a longshoreman. He is demented—always so, they told us. He is devoted to us all—particularly to Annette."

The priest stared at the Brute and the Brute returned the stare.

"The eyes," said the priest, "I never forget eyes. I've seen those eyes somewhere before." He tapped his forehead. "Let me think—when—how—"

Finally he shook his head. "It will come to me later," he exclaimed.

The priest shook out an old and faded parchment. "This," he exclaimed, "is the grant—the original grant."

Hernandez in his eagerness, seized a corner of the grant. The priest brushed his hand away.

"Patience, son," he said, "there can be no delivery until I am satisfied. This charge has been handed down to me."

Inez pointed toward a paper on the table. "There!" she exclaimed, "is my photograph—and the letter from the governor of Martinique."

Brother Anselmo picked it up and looked it over. It was Annette's letter—and it had been vised by the governor of Martinique, and originally

"This," He Exclaimed, "Is the Grant—the Original Grant."

it had been attached to the photograph of Annette Ilington. Now, however, genuine as the letter was—genuine as was the guaranty of the governor of Martinique—yet the photograph was the counterfeit presentment of Inez Castro.

"Ah, yes," he said, comparing the picture with the face of Inez and taking advantage of the opportunity to search her very soul, "ah, yes. The identification would seem to be complete."

"Then," said Inez, "I may have the grant?"

The priest folded up the papers and returned them to the iron box that had contained them. He rose and smiled.

"Nothing in my life have I ever done," he said, "without prayer and sleep. This is an important matter. It requires praying over—sleeping over. Come on the morrow, daughter, and I shall then make delivery. Until then—adios."

CHAPTER L.

Hidden Peril.

"Look," said Hernandez, catching Inez by the wrist, "the party has arrived."

He handed his binoculars to Inez Castro. She looked. "They are just landing," she said, "it is all up. They will go to the father of the mission and will make their claim."

"What difference does the grant make," she exclaimed, "why take the risk of getting it? Already that old priest suspects something. What I do not know. But he suspects. Why not take the bit in our teeth and make for Lost Island—get there at once? Why not?"

Hernandez shook his head. "We need every advantage," he said, "if we have evidence within our hands, she will have none. Without the grant—without all the evidence, we will not be believed. With it we will be taken at our face value. Let us get all we can. Let us leave her without proof—she will be help'ss then."

Hernandez kicked Ponto with his foot. Ponto sat up rubbing his eyes.

"Ponto," said Hernandez, "the party has arrived."

"They will go to the mission and spoil it all," said Ponto.

"No," returned Hernandez, "thank our lucky stars the mission is a good two miles out of the village. They will first put up at the hotel—later they will start out for the mission. It is then, on the way there, we must intercept them—you must, Ponto. You and the Brute. This time he will do his duty—or I'll flay his hide. Wake him up. You have no time to lose."

Hernandez was quite right. Annette Ilington, even more eager than had been her enemies, could hardly wait the moment when she might stand before the fathers of the Santa Maria mission and claim her own.

Ponto woke the Brute with a vicious application of the whip lash.

"Spare him not, Ponto," said Hernandez," if he disobeys this time, cut his hide into strips—I give you leave."

At a half run Ponto and the Brute started across the desert, dodging here and there behind little hillocks of sand. Finally the village was cut off from their sight.

"Now we can run," Ponto cried, "make haste."

No sooner had he spoken than his foot slipped—he sank into the ground up to his waist.

"Help," he cried, "a quicksand—help."

The Brute pulled him back to terra firma. But it was not a quicksand, as Ponto soon found out. It was a trap—a trap for jaguars.

Ponto shivered. Then he replaced the dried brush and grass and earth.

Nimbly he climbed into one of the overhanging trees. Then he slid down, nodding to himself with satisfaction.

"She must pass within a hundred yards of this place to reach the mission," he exclaimed, "Beast, we wait here until she comes."

Down in the village, at the little old hotel, Annette ordered out two horses.

"I can't wait," she told her foster mother, Mrs. Hardin. "There's no use talking to me. I've got to go."

Annette started for the mission. Half way there two figures darted out from behind a hillock, and one of them seized her bridle and brought her steed to a standstill. Terror-stricken, Annette saw that the two were Ponto and the Brute—two of the band of desperadoes whom she feared.

"Drag her off her horse," commanded Ponto of the Brute. The Brute obeyed. Ponto gave the horse a cut with the whip and the horse ambled off toward town.

At his command the Brute carried Annette across the desert, totally oblivious to her struggles and outcries. Ponto led the way, stopping from time to time to make pleasant remarks to Annette.

By this time they had reached the small, damp, dank oasis with its shading palms and its little pool of water. Ponto led the way into the very depths of this inviting green shelter. Then he struck the Brute on the shoulder.

"Now set her down," he commanded.

The Brute obeyed. Annette gasped with surprise. She was not bound—she was free, untrammeled.

"What are you going to do with me?" queried Annette.

"Nothing, senorita," returned Ponto, bowing low.

Annette, wary, fearful, looked behind her as though she expected an attack from the rear. But there was no one to be seen. Beyond was the desert—there seemed to be no hiding places.

Ponto merely bowed again. "Senorita," he said, with a leer, "beauty in distress—ah me!—it touches my heart always. See. The mission lies yonder—behind you. Your path lies there. You are free."

Annette turned. Keeping her glance over her shoulder, to be ready for treachery, she slowly proceeded on her way.

Suddenly, without warning, she sank into the pit. . . .

Ponto laughed in glee. "The stakes—they are like knives," he cried—they are deadly—they are for jaguars—and little wildcat heiresses—oh, yes—"

With a cry, Annette found herself falling helplessly into the unknown terror underneath.

"Help—help—help," she cried.

At the Jaguar Trap.

With a bound the Brute was upon her. He darted to the very edge of the pit, and with the surefootedness of an animal crouched there, throwing his entire body forward and catching her by the shoulders just as she disappeared from sight. He drew her back to terra firma. No sooner had he done so, however, than Ponto was upon them both, knife in hand, his teeth literally gnashing with rage.

He hurled a savage knife-thrust at the Brute—and missed. Then he threw himself upon Annette and half tore her in his frenzy from the Brute's grasp, cutting and slashing at them both with his wicked knife.

"I've got you now, you little wildcat," he panted in guttural Spanish, "down you go."

He thrust her savagely into the pit. Once more the Brute caught her—and in so doing swung the three of them around, so that their positions were reversed. Ponto, throwing caution to the winds, kept lunging at the two with his sharp weapon.

"I'll get you both," he yelled, "I'll get you both."

A moment later he was clawing at the air—but it was too late. Making frantic struggle to preserve his balance, he tottered over backward. There was the crash of a heavy body falling—a tearing, thudding sound—a ghastly, hideous scream—then silence.

CHAPTER LI.

The Jaguar's Mate.

A lieutenant from the battleship Missouri clapped Neal on the shoulder.

"Well," he said, "ensign, we're still following your girl. Pleasant occupation for you, eh."

"Looks as if I'd do it all my life," said Neal, "but some day I hope to catch up to her."

The officers were in charge of a small squad of men who had landed at Santa Maria in Lower California, under orders from Washington, and under advices from the United States district attorney in California. They were on the track of a coaling station—the United States wanted to make a treaty with a girl. The girl was here—somewhere.

"Hello," said Neal, "look. There's a horse—a riderless horse. Go on, boys—get it, double quick."

Three of the squad caught the horse and brought it to Neal.

"A woman's saddle," said Neal. His heart was in his throat. "Look!" He drew from the pommel an object that had caught there—one of a pair of woman's gloves.

"Annette's," he cried, "something has happened."

"Forward, double quick," commanded the lieutenant. We'll see."

At the hotel they found Mrs. Hardin and Joe, gazing anxiously off toward the mission. Neal caught his mother by the arm.

"Annette," he cried, "we caught her horse. Where is she?"

They told the story of her starting out.

"Not a moment to lose," exclaimed Neal, "come on boys—hurry all you can."

Meantime at the mission, Hernandez and Inez—with full confidence in Ponto's ability to delay the advent of Annette—had once more presented themselves before Brother Anselmo.

"We have been patient, father," said Hernandez, "and we trust that prayer—and sleep—have given you wisdom and enlightenment, and satisfied you of the justice of our claim."

"Ah, you speak truth, son," said Brother Anselmo. He rose and left the room, returning immediately with the iron box containing the documents in question. He set it down upon the table."

There was a hubbub outside in the courtyard. In the midst of it a door was thrust open, and the Brute strode in, carrying Annette in his arms—Annette, still only semiconscious—still suffering from the shock of that writhing figure at the bottom of the jaguar trap back there in the desert. Some instinct had led the Brute back to his master. He laid the figure of Annette upon the table with the air of one who has done his duty well.

"Brothers," cried Brother Anselmo, seeing Annette's plight, "quick—restoratives—succor for this young girl."

Hernandez took advantage of the confusion—though he himself was confused beyond all peradventure. "Listen," he said to Inez, "leave her with the Brute—go at once. I'll do the rest."

Unnoticed, Inez and the Brute obeyed. They left the room, hurried across the courtyard and disappeared. Hernandez watched them go. His coolness returned. Swiftly, with one bound, he was upon Brother Anselmo and had seized the iron box in his iron grasp.

In an instant he was across the room.

But Brother Anselmo had done something more than pray and sleep in his quiet existence. He was an active, well trained individual. With a loud cry he leaped across the intervening space, and bounded upon the shoulders of Hernandez.

"Help, help, brothers," he commanded.

There was help aplenty. Hernandez fought like a madman, but the brothers clung to him like leeches. Slowly, however, he worked his way toward the nearest exit—and then with a mighty wrench, he threw off all his assailants including Brother Anselmo, and darted, with a mighty leap out through the doorway.

He bounded into the arms of Neal Hardin and his squad.

Neal saw at a glance what had happened. He seized Hernandez' wrist—the wrist of the hand and arm that held the iron box, and twisted it suddenly, painfully. Hernandez dropped the box—but jerked away from Neal, sprang to a window and disappeared.

Behind him he heard the steady plup-plup of many footsteps — the steady lope of marines that eats up the long miles in less time than it takes to tell it.

"Damn them," said Hernandez, "I'll beat them to it yet."

Behind him the footsteps stopped. There was a report—a ping. Hernandez had reached the edge of the green oasis. He screamed with pain. It was as though a red hot iron had seared him. He had been hit in the arm.

"Damn you," he screamed in pain, "I'll beat you to it, yet."

With almost unseeing eyes he tore across the small green space—and then he stumbled, and slid, slid, slid—into what seemed a bottomless pit. He just escaped a stake—a bloody one. And he fell—or rather slumped—upon something soft and yielding. With another oath he rose to his feet and peered about him. Then he drew back in terror.

There lay Ponto—his mate—dead, distorted. . . .

Hernandez screamed in terror—he was only human. This thing was horrible. A shadow startled him. He looked upward. The Brute was peering down—he was doing more—he slowly slid down into the pit and caught Hernandez in his grasp. Then, somehow, using his broad shoulders and his arms and knees he worked his way back again to terra firma, and drew Hernandez—groaning with the pain of his wound—up after him. Then with the nimbleness of a deer, the Brute—after slinging Hernandez upon his back—trotted off into the safety of the beyond.

Back at the monastery, Annette Ilington opened her eyes and looked into the face of Brother Anselmo.

"I am Annette Ilington," she exclaimed, "I am the heiress of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar."

Brother Anselmo turned to Ensign Neal Hardin.

"Does she speak truth?" he queried.

"She does," said Neal, "and my government will back her to the limit. She is what she says she is. We all will vouch for that."

"Ah," mused Brother Anselmo, "what a wonderful thing is prayer—what a wonderful thing is sleep—"

He stopped. "I have prayed," he went on, slowly, puzzled, "but not yet have I solved the mystery of the eyes of that big man—the eyes—"

He stopped again. For the eyes of Annette Ilington were riveted upon him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sponging on Dad.

A 16-year-old boy lounging about a depot not long ago at the time of one of the night trains was asked how he managed to stay up half the night and work the next day. "You won't catch me doing a lick so long as I can sponge off the 'old man'." While there is little question that the "old man" and "old woman" were jointly in a large measure reponsible for the deplorable condition the boy seemed to be in, yet he ought to for his own sake to make a brace. He'll have to paddle his own canoe sooner or later anyway, the only question being whether he wants to be a firm, water tight craft, well equipped and easy to handle, or a forlorn and leaky scow, as the sailors term a poor boat. The latter vessel is a mighty uncertain one in which to make the voyage for life. It is more than probable it will be found rudderless and its anchor untrue for the purpose it was designed. Any father or mother whose 16-year-old boy is in the habit of making midnight trains unaccompanied by older heads are reasonably sure to live to see the day in which tears flow for a wayward son. Far better for the father and mother to hold a matinee for the boy along about 9.30 in the evening, each armed with an able bodied barrel stave, should the son and heir refuse to stay at home nights.—Sheldon Mail.

People ought to realize the necessity of Preparedness, when they reflect how the Germans might come over and bombard the bath houses of Atlantic City and Coney Island.

Some of those people who are so suspicious of the genuineness of bargain sales might still be willing to patronize them if the merchants would extend them further credit.

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Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the troops. Shaken into the shoes or dissolved in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort, takes the friction from the shoe, and prevents the feet getting tired or foot-sore. Drug and Department Stores everywhere sell it, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.*

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Notice in Probate.

State of Iowa, Crawford County, ss.—

In Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Jeanette O. Wright, late of Crawford county, deceased.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

To Whom It May Concern:

You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of February, 1916, the undersigned was duly appointed administrator of the above entitled estate, and all creditors of said estate are notified to file their claims in the office of the clerk of the district court, in and for Crawford county, Iowa, within one year from the date of this notice, according to law, and have the same allowed and ordered paid by the said court, or stand forever barred therefrom.

Dated this 5th day of February, 1916

J. P. JONKS.

Conner & Powers, Attorneys. 6-3t