

# NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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

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

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"No," stammered Neal. "I—I don't know what it is." The examiner knew it however for the thing it was. He grabbed Neal's hand and snatched the paper from him.

"Oh!" he said, "the missing duplicate—questions and answers both. No wonder Hardin's papers were well-nigh perfect."

He turned to the congressman—who nodded understandingly.

"I don't know how it got there," stammered Neal. "I didn't put it there—I never saw the thing before. On my honor—"

"Fah," cried the congressman, his eyes flashing, "look at it—thumbed and soiled—he's had it for a week—he's learned the thing by heart."

Angrily he tore up the honor slip—tore up Neal's answers—and flung them to the floor. He pointed to the door.

"Go," he exclaimed, "the navy's well rid of sneaks like you."

Once outside his pace slackened. He didn't want to go home. And yet he must go home—he'd have to tell them all about it—tell his mother—tell Annette—how much would they believe?

Again a friendly hand was placed upon his shoulder. Again it was Joe Welcher. He sighed with relief. "Look here, Joe," he pleaded, "you don't think I did this thing?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "It's all right, old man," he said finally, "remember, no matter what has happened I'm your friend."

Side by side they entered the cottage. Annette was there—so was Neal's mother—both waiting eagerly.

Neal strode to the table, and faced to the two women, the young one and the old. He started to speak. Then he slumped down into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

"I'm disgraced," he cried, "you—you tell 'em, Joe."

Welcher told them—with considerableunction, putting in fancy touches of his own.

Neal sprang to his feet—his face ablaze with anger and determination. "Never mind," he cried, "I can't get into Annapolis—but I can get into the navy and I will. Mother—Annette—Joe—I've got to go—the navy calls for me. I'm going to enlist. I've got to go."

### CHAPTER XIV.

Wind and Limb.

Dress suit case in hand Neal stopped in front of a cigar store in New York. Next to the cigar store was an entrance to a stairway that led to the second floor above. In front of this entrance paced an officer in uniform.

"Recruiting station?" queried Neal, saluting.

"Nothing but," returned the man in uniform, "you're as welcome as the flowers in May. Ascend." He waved his hand invitingly. Neal ascended.

Half an hour later he had regularly enrolled—he was an apprentice seaman in the navy. The United States at its own expense shipped him with a squad of recruits to the naval training school at Norfolk.

As the hours flew by, Neal's eyes were opened. He loved the sea—had always loved it. He plunged into the life of an apprentice seaman.

He wrote his mother and Annette that afternoon after drill was over.

"This is the life," he said to them, "I've been fighting all the afternoon—aiming thirteen inch guns at hostile battleships, handling a cutter; splicing ropes, tying sailor's knots, cutting off imaginary heads with cutlasses—and tonight for the first time since the eruption of Mt. Pelee, I'm sleeping in a hammock. This is the life and no mistake. We even have the pie that mother used to make."

Neal's letter reached home next day. And next day something else happened. Joe Welcher burst into the living room at the Hardin cottage, early in the evening, with the local paper, still damp from the press, in his hand.

"I've just sent one of these to Neal," he said, "and here's a copy for you. Read it, Annette. Now what have you got to say?"

Annette read it. This is what it said:

JOSEPH WELCHER OF SEAPORT WINS ANnapolis APPOINTMENT.

In Congressman James J. Prime's recent competitive examination for the Annapolis appointment, Joe Welcher, our young townsman, came very near the hundred mark and distanced all his fellows. Good work, Welcher. Seaport will back you through Annapolis and through the navy. Become an admiral. Hitch your wagon to a star.

Mrs. Hardin, Joe's foster mother, caught him in her arms. "Both my boys—Neal and Joe—in the navy," she exclaimed.

"Yes," returned Welcher, with a sneer, "but there's a difference. I go in as an officer—and Neal's nothing but a common seaman, understand?"

Annette flushed, but gave no other

sign.

CHAPTER XV.

Finesse.

It was somewhat early in the morning. Joe Welcher, seated at a round table in the Seaport house bar, still celebrated with three boon companions, his success as a passer of competitive examinations. Suddenly the window was raised—swiftly but noiselessly, and from without.

One of Joe's friends across the table rose, with terror written on his face. He pointed with his finger at the window.

"Look, look," he cried. They looked. A long thin, gristly brown arm with long clawlike fingers, thrust itself through the window and thrust a folded piece of paper into the breast pocket of Joe Welcher's coat. Joe sprang to his feet, crouched terror-stricken in the corner, shielding his face with his arm. His three cronies leaped to the window, and looked out. There was a moon. But there was no one to be seen. The owner of the hand and arm had disappeared. Welcher, coming to himself, clutched at the note, and unfolded it and read.

My Charming Friend: (it said) Once more I have returned from New York. I stay at Lonesome Cove Inn. Meet me there tomorrow afternoon—perhaps I should say—this afternoon—at three. It is of importance. When you come, inquire for Inez Castro—I have used that name in order that certain mutual friends might not hear of it.

As ever,  
Irene Courtier.

That afternoon at three Lonesome Cove—three miles north of Seaport—was graced by the presence of Joe Welcher. Welcher made a bee line for the cafe and properly spiced up his breath before proceeding to keep the rendezvous. Then he approached Mulligan, the ill favored proprietor.

"You got a certain party here of the name of Inez Castro," whispered Welcher to Mulligan.

"What's that to you," said Mulligan. Welcher produced his note—the note produced an unusual effect upon Mulligan. He dropped his surliness, and with a wink beckoned to Welcher, leading him down a dim corridor. "Go up that there staircase," he commanded, "and knock at Number Seven."

"I sent for you," Inez began, "that you should do a favor for me—"

Welcher seized her hand. That was his undoing. In a moment she was in his arms, struggling. He kissed her full upon the lips.

"I'll go to hell and back for you," he said. Struggling, she half screamed. Then something happened. Unknown to Welcher, the door of Room Seven opened noiselessly, and a well dressed man, with a saber cut across his face, entered on tiptoe. He closed the door behind him, and stood there, watching the struggle, silent, sinister.

Suddenly Inez screamed. She released herself from Welcher's arms—and reeled against the table, her eyes wide with fright.

"My—my husband," she gasped. She held out her hands pleadingly toward the newcomer. Welcher covered in abject terror.

"It was nothing—nothing," gasped Inez, "a bit of play—nothing else—believe me—"

Hernandez smiled—a wicked smile. He never looked at Inez. He glared at Joe Welcher.

"So I see," he said, "a bit of play." He whistled. The door opened once again. Two figures entered—the brute and Ponto. Hernandez gave a sign—and the brute picked Joe Welcher up, whirled him in the air, and brought him down seated at the table. This was the added finishing touch to make Joe realize his helplessness. Hernandez clapped his hands and the brute left the room. Ponto, the fat Mexican, curled himself up underneath the table. Hernandez seated himself.

"A bit of play," laughed Hernandez, harshly. Then his brow furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes became stern.

"Young sir," he said, "your foster sister is one Annette Illington. You live in the same house with her. She has in her possession a small oilskin packet—a yellow packet—possibly you've seen it?"

He waited for an answer. Joe moistened his dry lips and nodded.

"Well and good," went on Hernandez, "that packet is mine—it belongs to me. You shall steal it from her—steal it for me. You understand?"

Hernandez smiled. Then his face froze. His hand darted forward and he clutched Welcher by the wrist.

"My young friend," went on Hernandez, "you are a crook. I have watched you from first to last. Always I have watched you. I watched you while you made love to my young wife this day. I watched you when you stole her money from her a week or so ago."

"Give me a drink," cried Welcher, "go on. What do you want me to do?"

(To Be Continued.)

## 7 Piece-Imitation Cut Glass Water Sets For 10c



These water sets are imitation cut glass. A handsome design and consists of one large size Water Jug and six Tumblers to match.

How to Get One of These Sets For 10c

They will be sold for 10 cents to all customers buying Ten Dollars' worth of merchandise or over in our stores to-morrow. You can buy the \$10.00 worth all in one purchase, or in small amounts bought throughout the store.

# KAUFMAN'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY SALE

## All Harrisburg & Vicinity Is Interested in This OCTOBER CELEBRATION

It strikes, at every point, a new note in public serving, in a Store which, since its very beginning, has been in the habit of doing the new things—taking the initiative.

It is a store-wide movement, entered into with whole-hearted enthusiasm by every employe, to make the Month-Long Occasion a co-operative success.

The MERCHANDISE is NEW and in the tip of fashion—hundreds of special lots, great and small, each of which represents a handsome price-concession on the part of some interested maker—and a diminished profit on our part.

PRICE-SAVINGS are very large—as a glance at the items here will show you.

STORE SERVICE will be, as far as in us lies, the most nearly approaching perfection that we have ever been able to accomplish. It is a matter of personal pride with every member of our organization that this shall be so.

EACH DAY will hold its surprises, of which this Budget for to-morrow contains good examples. But please remember that these offerings are merely external evidence of a deeper-lying gratitude on our part—which places this entire establishment at the service of the public which has given it so liberally of its encouragement and support.

# FREE

In our 10th Anniversary Sale a 11x14 Oval Convex Portrait of you or any member of your family.



These portraits beautifully made, exquisitely copied, engraved and finished by the best artists, will be given absolutely free.

With All Purchases of \$1.00 or Over

Bring the portrait you want engraved and we guarantee to return same to you in perfect condition.

KAUFMAN'S—First Floor.

## Fresh From the Hands of the Makers---Hundreds of New Fur Trimmed Suits Due to QUANTITY BUYING and For CASH They Were Secured at SPECIAL PRICES For This Our 10th Anniversary Sale

\$15.00 to \$18.00 Women's & Misses' Suits \$12.75

Poplins, Gabardines, Whipcords, Men's Wear Suits. In all the wanted shades—black, navy, Copenhagen, African brown, dark green. Many of them with fur collars and cuffs—others elaborately trimmed with braid. Half belted—full belted—box effects and flared effects in the coats—and all coats lined with peau d'cygne or yarn dyed guaranteed satin. Skirts are plain flared—plated and many have yokes or belts. All sizes for women or misses.



\$25.00 Women's and Misses' SUITS . . . \$19.75

Fine imported fabrics in all the wanted colors. Splendidly trimmed with fur, or braid, velvet or hand embroidery. The soft shades of dark brown, smart greens, Belgium, Copenhagen and midnight blue, taupe and black. Imported Poplins and Gabardines—Whipcords and Broadcloths in all sizes from misses' size 14 to women's size 46.

\$18.50 to \$20.00 Women's & Misses' Suits \$14.75

Imported Gabardines, Soft Poplins, Mannish Whipcords and Sturdy Mixtures. Black, midnight blue, Belgium, Russian green, African brown, taupe. Beautifully trimmed with fur, or braid, or velvet. Coats are lined with guaranteed satins and beau d'cygne or fancy silks. Skirts in flared models—or plated with yokes or belts. All sizes for women, misses and juniors.

All Alterations FREE OF CHARGE by EXPERT TAILORS

\$30.00 and \$35.00 Women's & Misses' Suits \$24.75

From tailors who are artists in copying. Suits that are exact reproductions of the most expensive and exclusive garments that have been imported this season. The soft chifton broadcloths—and imported gabardines and whipcords and novelty cloths in every wanted color. The trimmings are beautiful furs, velvets, braids and hand embroidery. Only one suit or two suits of each style—no danger of the suit you buy here becoming common. Your size is here in some style, whether you wear misses' 14 or women's 48.

## 10th Anniversary Sale of Trimmed Hats Hats--\$2.90 to \$4.90

HATS AT \$2.90—in every way comparable with the best shown in other stores at \$4.00.

Velvet—Trimmed with ostrich, wings, silver and gold braid or buckles. A great variety and only one of each style.

HATS AT \$3.90—in every way comparable with the best hats shown in other stores at \$5.00.

Velvet—with feather bands—imitation ostrich bands, wings. Only one of each style and a wide range to select from.

HATS AT \$4.90—in every way comparable with the best hats shown in other stores at \$6.50.

Velvet—with flowers—feathers—bands of feathers—buckles or braids—jet ornaments. The really popular price in our hats—the best selling of all our prices. An endless assortment of styles but only one of each style.



### We Trim Hats Free

And this is what we mean by trimming hats free—when all materials are bought here your hat will be trimmed free of any charge. But when extra making is required it will be charged for at our usual low prices. But all hats are trimmed by expert trimmers.

## Extra Special Anniversary Sale Bargains On Sale Wednesday Only

\$2.50 Women's & Misses' MIXED TWEED SKIRTS, \$1.45

Quiet mixtures in gray and brown. Well made and good widths. All sizes for misses and women. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

\$6.50 New White Coats \$4.95

Special for Wednesday, Women's and Misses' New White Coats, made of all wool, basket weave material; new models, and all sizes. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

Women's DRESSING SACQUES Worth 50c 39c

Anniversary Sale Price

Made of Flannelette; new patterns; assorted colors and sizes. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

WOMEN'S CORSETS Worth \$1.00 69c

Anniversary Sale Price

Kaufman's Special No. 176; newest Fall shapes with four hose supporters; embroidery trimmed; sizes 18 to 30. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR, Rear)

Women's Handkerchiefs Worth 5c 2 1/2c

Anniversary Sale Price

Only 200 on sale; White Sheer Lawn, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs; only 4 to a customer. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

GIRLS' DRESSES Worth \$4.00 \$2.49

Anniversary Sale Price

25 Girls' Newest Fall Corduroy Dresses, nicely made and trimmed; sizes 6 to 14; assorted colors. (ON SALE, SECOND FLOOR)

Women's UNION SUITS Worth \$1.00 59c

Anniversary Sale Price

Bleached ribbed, fleeced lined, silk drawing string, high neck, long sleeves; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

Children's Stockings Worth 17c 12 1/2c

Anniversary Sale Price

For boys and girls, medium and heavy ribbed, fast back, double heel and toe; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

Women's Flannelette Petticoats Worth 50c 39c

Anniversary Sale Price

Made of fast color Flannelette, in stripes and plain colors; any length. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

WOMEN'S GOWNS Worth \$1.00 69c

Anniversary Sale Price

Made of good quality of muslin, cut full, lace or embroidery trimmed necks; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR, Rear)

Women's Silk Hosiery Worth \$1.00 69c

Anniversary Sale Price

100 pairs to sell; all fine thread silk, high spliced double heel and toe; mercerized garter tops, in black and white only; all sizes. (ON SALE, FIRST FLOOR)

## 10th Anniversary Sale Bargains on Sale In the Bargain Basement

\$1.89 Woolnap Blankets, in blue plaid designs, good size and quality. Pair . . . \$1.37

95c English Longcloth, 10 yards to a piece; chamois finish. Special, 54c

90c Muslin Sheets, size 81x90 inches, extra good quality and subject to slight mill stains. Special, each . . . 69c

95c Hemmed Crochet Bed Spreads, good size and quality. Special, each . . . 74c

65c Printed Linoleum, two yards wide, in good tile patterns. Special, square yard . . . 39c

\$1.19 Mrs. Potts' Sad Irons, set of three irons, holder and stand, nickel-plated. Special, 69c

New Rag Rugs at Under-selling Prices for 't bedrooms and bedrooms; washable; \$1.50 value; size 36x72 . . . 97c

\$2.50 Couch Covers, extra good size and quality; verge patterns. Special, each . . . \$1.69

\$3.00 and \$4.00 Bordered Tapestry Curtains, in green, brown and red colorings. Special, pair, \$1.95 to \$2.39

**\$3 For BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS** With Two Pairs of Trousers

An exceptional offering because these suits are the best we have ever offered at this price. Sold elsewhere at \$5.00. Sizes 6 to 17 years.

**\$1.95 FOR BOYS' Overcoats**

Sold Elsewhere at \$3.50

Handsome mixture and plain Russian Overcoats, button to the neck, belt back. Sizes 3 to 10 years.

**50c FOR BOYS' FINE RIB Corduroy Trousers**

Sold Elsewhere at 75c

All seams taped and double stitched. Sizes 6 to 16.

**FINE Fall Suits AND Overcoats FOR Men and Young Men**

At **\$8.75**

The biggest values any clothing store has ever offered. The price is low, but the garments of the same high class offered in other stores to \$15. We ask you to compare these handsome Suits and Overcoats with those offered at \$12 and \$15 elsewhere. All new models, every new design. Sizes 34 to 44.

# KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE "UNDERSELLING" STORE

## Neal of the Navy SHOWN IN MOVING PICTURES COLONIAL EACH WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY Season's Greatest Movie Serial

LODGE OFFICERS INSTALLED Special to The Telegraph

Blain, Pa., Oct. 5.—Officers of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows,

Blain Lodge, No. 706, were installed on Saturday evening. The presiding officer at the installation was District Deputy Grand Master Warren E. Clouser, assisted by J. M. McKee, S. H.

Bernhiesel and Mr. Kellar of the New Bernhiesel Lodge.

PERRY COUNTY MAN KILLED

Blain, Pa., Oct. 5.—Reuben Hocken-

berry, son of James Hockenberry, of this county, met death at Warren, Pa., by being stabbed with a knife in the hands of an Italian. The body will

be brought here for burial at Stony Point, three miles north of Blain.

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