CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To the Sheriff or any Constable o

Nueces County, GREETING:

You are Hereby Commanded to summon the Unknown Heirs of Theodore Morton by making publication of this Citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published thereto, but if not, then in any newspaper publishe in the 28th Judicial District, but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District t said 28th Judicial District, to appea at the next regular term of the District Court of Nueces County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Corpus Christi, on the First Monday in January, A. D. 1916, the same being the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1916, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th day o October, A. D. 1915, in a suit, numbere on the docket of said Court No. 5629 wherein F. M. Miller is Plaintiff, an The Unknown Heirs of Theodore Morton are Defendants, and said petition alleging

That on or about the 16th day of July, A. D. 1912, plaintiff was lawfully possessed and claiming the same in fee simple, of the following described property, to-wit: All those certain lots or parcels of land lying and being situated in the County of Nueces and State of Texas, being Lots Nos. Sixteen (16) and Seventeen (17), Section No. Fifty-six (56), Flour Bluff and Experimental Farm and Garden Tracts, as shown by map or plat thereof, of record in Vol. 74, pages 528-9, Deed Records of Nueces County, Texas That on the day and year above stated the defendants unlawfully entered upon said premises and ejected plaintiff therefrom, to his damage in the sum of $1,000.00. Plaintiff further alleged that on or about the 9th day of June, A. D. 1911, by deed of said date recorded in Vol. 74 pages 479-480, Deed Records of Nueces County, Texas, Adolf Holz and H. G. Hesse of Comal County, Texas conveyed unto the International Fiduciary and Security Company, a corpor. Hein, the property described, with other property, and in said deed of a Vendor's Lien and superior title was retained to secure the payment of a note of even date with said deed, for the sum of $3,500.00, due three years after its date, with interest from the 9th day of June, 1911, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, signed by the International Fiduciary and Security Company and payable to the order of Adolp Holz and H. G. Hesse. That in deed dated the 26th day of July 1911, recorded in Vol. 74, pages 348-349, Deed Records of Nueces County, Texas, said International Fiduciary and Security Company conveyed the above described property to Alex W. Mass of Bexar County, Texas. That by deed dated April 30th, 1912, recorded in Vol. 87 pages 542-543, Deed Records of Nueces County, Texas, said Alex W. Mass, conveyed above described property to R. L. Herring of Bexar County, Texas. That by deed dated September 23rd, A. D. 1912, recorded in Vol. 87, pages 593-594, Deed Records of Nueces County, Texas, said R. L. Herring conveyed the above described property to Theodore Morton of Nueces County, Texas. That sometime during the year 1913, said Theodore Morton died, leaving no wife or children, and the names of the heirs of said Theodore Morton are unknown to plaintiff. That on or about July 16th, A. D. 1914, by a written assignment and transfer recorded in Vol. pages Nueces County Records, the said Adolf Holz and H. G. Hesse, transferred and delivered to plaintiff said note for $3,500.00, above described, and also by said instrument transferred and assigned to plaintiff all right, title and interest, contract lien and Vendor's Lien and superior title in said land above described and plaintiff is now the legal owner and holder of said notem and the legal owner and holder of the superior title and Vendor's Lien in and to said land. That under the terms of said note said defendants are liable to plaintiff for the sum of Five Hundred and Thirty Eight and no/100 Dollars, with interest from June 9th, 1911, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum and an attorney's fee of 10 per cent upon principal and interest, said sum being the proportion of said note which said property above described bears to the entire security for said entire note for $3,500.00. That said note is long past due and unpaid and although often requested the defendants have failed and refused and still refuse to pay the same or any part thereof. That plaintiff does now elect to rescind the contract for the sale of said property above described, and has and does now elect to recover said land.

WHEREFORE, plaintiff prays that said defendants, the unknown heirs of Theodore Morton, deceased, be cited by publication to appear and answer this petition, and that upon a hearing hereof, he have judgment for the title and possession of said land and in the alternative, that he have judgment for said debt of $528.00 with interest thereon from said 9th day of June, A. D. 1917, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and an attorney's fee of 10 per cent upon the principal and interest of said note, and all costs of Court; that his lien upon the above described property be foreclosed; and that he have such other and further relief that he may be entitled to either in law or equity. All as more fully appears in plaintiff's Original Petition, which is here referred to and made a part hereof.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, J. Dorenfield, Jr., Clerk of the District Court of Nueces County.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Corpus Christi this the 30th day of October, A. D. 1915.

J. DORENFIELD Jr., Clerk,
District Court, Nueces County.
(Seal)

A true copy, I certify,
M. B. WRIGHT, Sheriff,
Nueces County, Texas
H. B. YEARWOOD, Deputy.
(Advertisement)

A treat is in store for all Friday night—in seeing the clever, sparkling college comedy—"A Case of Suspension"—at the High School Auditorium. (294)
(Advertisement.)

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 PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

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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 Illington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Illington is assaulted by Hernandez and Pedro in a van attempt to get papers which Illington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cimabar. Illington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Pedro, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Illington, come to Sydney, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Illington, 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 Webber is defeated for Joey and disgraced. Neal assists in the carry. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. 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. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges photographic papers for herself as Annette, to an impressionist artist and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sea 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 Chanville Annette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Chanville, but is caught in a train wreck on the way. Hernandez and Inez present the false identification papers to Brother Angelino at Santa Maria mission. Pedro is caught and killed in his own trap, set for Annette. Annette proves title and turns over Lost Island to the government. Webber dies in a remorseful effort to save her from Hernandez. Annette and Neal, on their way to Lost Island, are wrecked on a cannibal island by Hernandez' trickery. The brute is accepted by the cannibals as their god.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

WHITE GODS

CHAPTER LV.

Anthropophagi.

A white face—a white beard! Potent factors even with a savage tribe. The man-eaters of this South Pacific island, cringed in terror before the blank and staring eyes of the big Brute.

His blank and staring eyes! They, too, had their weird effect.

"Look—see," whimpered this crowd of latter-day cannibals, the one to the other, "he sees across the world—he talks with spirits—he is a god!"

The Brute, save for the slight weaving of his massive figure from side to side, stood quiet and impassive. He was wholly unafraid.

Behind him, however, crouched another figure that told another story. Hernandez, his hands still manacled, trembled with fear. But he was still resourceful—he knew his power.

"Beast," he whispered—and tremulous though it was, it still was a command, "Beast, you've got them down. Seize the foremost strike and run them through. Be quick."

The Brute heard his master's voice, and immediately obeyed. He stooped, and stooping, wrenched from the foremost naked figure the deadly weapon that the latter held within his grasp. It was relinquished without a struggle. Its former possessor stretched himself full upon the ground, waiting the death thrust. His savage companions drew back upon their haunches, their eyes glowing with religious fervor.

"A sacrifice," they cried, "a sacrifice."

But there was no sacrifice. Instead, the Brute merely held the spear aloft for a moment—held it in the air with both his hands. Then he brought it crushing down across his knee, and broke it clean in twain.

"Kye-yah!" There was an ejaculation of wonder—of brute applause for brute strength.

The erstwhile possessor of the spear—an ugly-faced an individual as ever ate a pound of human flesh—touched the Brute upon the shoulder and pointed toward the jungle.

"Follow him, Beast," cried Hernandez a bit impatiently, "nothing can harm us now."

For the first time the Brute seemed conscious of his master's presence. He turned and faced Hernandez. He grunted in uncertainty.

"Look—see," said the leader, in his guttural accents and primitive tongue, look—see. This man is his captive. The god is hungry. He would eat."

The leader pointed to the manacled hands of Hernandez. He made a sign—a sign immediately obeyed. A dozen blacks sprang forward, seized Hernandez and swung his body to their shoulders. Then at another word of command, they started off, jog trot toward the jungle. Hernandez struggled like a maniac, but to no purpose. Then he yelled:

"Follow, Beast, follow," he cried. "Save me. Come."

The Brute followed, wondering. Not for one instant did he suspect the man-eaters had sinister designs upon his master.

Finally they entered a wide clearing. In the middle of this clearing was a village of straggling huts and tents. It was a ghastly village—an ill-smelling village. Scattered about it were skulls and bones enough to furnish Jolly Rogers to a hundred pirate ships. It became clear then to Hernandez that the party on the beach—the small company of cannibals that had surrounded him and his companion, were merely a side issue. Here was a city—here a multitude. He had little time, however, for reflection. He was flung violently to the ground. The leader of the little band touched the Brute upon the breast and made a sign.

"Look—see," he signed. The Brute followed, staring, mildly wondering, possibly perhaps not wondering at all.

The leader led the way to a rude hut, larger than the rest, and grotesquely daubed with clay. In front of this he paused and chanted some weird song. A figure, huge and unwieldy, appeared in the doorway. Huge and unwieldy as he was, he was a pygmy compared with the big Brute.

He was a chief, this man, and he looked it, every inch. He was the greatest, the dirtiest, of all the greasy, dirty crew. In his right hand he held a bone. Now and then he gnawed upon it—now and then he used it as a scepter. He extended it and touched the approaching native on the forehead. The latter bowed—then turned and pointed at the Brute.

"This," he jabbered in his native tongue, "is a god, and risen from the sea. He is hungry. He would eat."

The chief in turn threw himself upon his face. He called to all the multitude, and bade them do likewise. Then he remembered. He rose and signed to the Brute.

"He is hungry," he repeated. "The god would eat."

Then he led the way to the tre

The Brute stared at it contemplatively. He smiled.

"The god is pleased," exclaimed the chief, "let us therefore eat."

He cast from him the bone he had been holding. He made another sign. The Brute glanced to one side. There upon the ground, wild eyed with fright, lay three human beings.

Upon one of these miserable victims a dozen men now pounced. They lifted him, writhing, into the air, and started toward the flames. They were about to fling him across the flames when something happened.

The Brute understood. With one bound he was upon them, and with wide sweeps of his powerful hands and arms he scattered them right and left.

There was a wild murmur against this outrage—a sudden handling of spears and stone heads, but the Brute never heeded the outcry. Instead he calmly stooped over each victim, one by one, and tore the bonds of each apart, and set them free. He held back the angry mob while the three captives trotted meekly off into the nearby jungle.

The chief stared at him astounded. He might, indeed, have brained the Brute with his club had he not felt the terrible grip of the Brute upon him. Then he realized—once more—that the Brute was not a mere man, after all.

There was a wild clamor, but the chief stilled it with uplifted hand. Then the leader of the beach band stepped forward and saluted.

"He has his own captive," he whispered to the chief, "see, yonder. He brought him with him, out of the sea."

The chief understood. He gave an order. A dozen more braves sprang toward Hernandez and bore him to the chief. The chief pointed toward the poles and the green vines lying torn upon the ground. In an instant, Hernandez lay prostrate—in another instant half his clothes were torn from his back.

"Beast," he shrieked, "save me, Beast."

The Brute saved him. He charged into their midst like a raging bull—he tore Hernandez from their grasp.

The Brute snarled in his throat—he kicked and clutched and clawed at the little nucleus of savages. They fell back before him as before a whirlwind—they were stunned.

Again, murmurs. But again the murmurs were silenced by the chief himself.

"He is his own captive," said the chief to his followers, "let him do as he will."

Hernandez, once upon his feet, was not slow to act.

"Quick," he said to the Brute, "get a stone—two stones. Knock these wristlets from my hands."

He held out his manacled wrists—the Brute understood, and obeyed. With his two hands free, Hernandez' brain was working once again. Quick as a flash he stooped and picked up a short piece of twisted vine. Raising his hand high in air, he brought this piece of vine—a stinging, snakelike whip—swishing down upon the head and shoulders of the Brute.

The Brute cowered, cringed, whimpered. Hernandez folded his arms, stared sternly at the Brute for one swift instant, and then turned and met the glances of the chief and all his tribe.

The chief was startled. He plucked his lieutenant by the arm.

"Look," said the chief, "the big man is a god, but this is his master."

"Beast," He Shrieked, "Save Me, Beast!"

CHAPTER LVI.

S. O. S. on Land and Sea.

Neal, from quite another portion of the beach, scanned the horizon with alarm.

He shook his head. The horizon line was clear—there was no hint of smoke.

He turned to the first mate of the wrecked fruit steamer that lay stranded on the reefs.

"We've got to get word to the Missouri, somehow," he said. "Besides, we've left Annette and my mother starving back there. Let's return."

Neal found his mother and Annette where he had left them.

Cocoanuts and clams, hurriedly gathered, supplied them with a satisfactory meal.

Neal stretched his arms. "I never can think upon an empty stomach," he remarked, "so I'm just beginning to dope things out. Look at friend sea," he exclaimed, "she's like a millpond. The tide's out. There's not a wave splashes over the wreck. I'm off."

"Where to?" queried his mother in alarm.

"I'm going to row over to the wreck and help myself—to some S. O. S."

He strode to the water's edge. He beckoned to the first mate.

In another moment they were launched and pulling with even, steady strokes toward the wreck beyond.

They made fast the boat, shipped their oars and clambered up the side of the almost submerged fruit steamer.

"Good," said Neal, "the wireless room is intact."

He sent out his call—cast it to the four winds—his messenger, seeking everywhere for the Missouri.

On the Missouri the wireless operator got it—feebly at first.

"S. O. S." clamored Neal.

"Who are you?" queried the battleship.

Neal told him.

"All right," said the Missouri, "we'll be there in three shakes of a lamb's tail." Or words to that effect.

On shore, meanwhile, Annette, the wanderlust ever strong within her, had wandered up the beach and out of sight. The solitude was appalling, but not unpleasant.

Tripping along gayly, she had stumbled over something half hidden by the sand. Her firm step had recovered it—but it had nearly sent her sprawling. She drew back, regarding the object in affright. Then she turned and darted back toward safety at full speed. Arrived at the little camp she clutched frantically at the arm of one of the crew.

"A human skull," she gasped, "back there. I saw it, buried in the sand."

CHAPTER LVII.

Safety First.

Not for one instant did Hernandez lose the advantage that he had already gained.

With audacity that belonged only to him, he led the Brute to the chief's own throne—a rude affair composed of a rough seat under overhanging bowers.

"Go—sit," he exclaimed to the Brute. He enforced the command with a shower of blows. The Brute obeyed.

"Hungry," said the eye and hand of Hernandez, to the chief, "the god still hungry—and the master of god, very, very hungry, still."

The chief spread his hand. He pointed toward the jungle whence had sped the several captives unbound by the Brute.

Hernandez smiled—a deadly, wicked smile.

"Beast," he exclaimed, "stay where you are." He beckoned to the chief.

"You come with me," he signed.

The chief nodded, beckoned to a number of his bodyguard, and followed Hernandez through the jungle. At a knoll on its outskirts Hernandez held his fingers to his lips. Then he pushed the chief's head through the bushes.

"Look," he said, enforcing the command.

The chief looked. He looked far out across the placid waters of the Pacific, and there he saw a wreck.

"Um-m!" exclaimed the chief, smacking his lips.

"Ah," laughed Hernandez to himself, "you know what that means all right."

The chief started through the bushes at breakneck speed—but Hernandez restrained him, keeping his finger on his lips.

"Me," signed Hernandez, "follow me. Do what I do."

For one instant he looked about him, getting his bearings. Then he started on. For many minutes the party skirted the edge of the jungle, never once showing itself, and moving always silently as the grave itself. At length Hernandez once more halted—this time on the edge of a grove of palms. Heading his cannibal crew back, Hernandez beckoned to the chief to advance alone. The chief obeyed. With the swiftness of two savages, Hernandez and the chief darted behind the trunks of two separate trees. Hernandez pointed toward the beach.

"White meat, you old gourmand," whispered Hernandez, "white meat. And very tender."

Down on the beach, busying themselves about their self-appointed tasks, were Annette and her foster mother. There were several members of the fruit steamer's crew—all white. There was Inez Castro—also white—but an outcast, sitting brooding by herself.

Hernandez counted the men.

"We need four to one, at least," he said to himself. Then he nodded to the chief and held up the fingers of both hands several times. The chief understood. He was a warrior. He knew that much safety lay in numbers. He beckoned to two of his men and gave them orders. They crept back, silently through the trail.

Hernandez and the chief wriggled back into the undergrowth and then sat down to wait.

Annette's party suddenly made up its mind to dessert. The discovery of the skull upon the beach was a disturbing fact.

"When Neal comes—" said Annette.

"Right," said a sailor, "we'll put it up to him."

He glanced casually toward the grove of palms, this sailor. Then with an oath he sprang to his feet.

"Boys," he cried aloud, feeling for a weapon, "we're in for it. Women in the shed. Look, here they come."

The other sailors, with the swiftness of seamen in a sudden squall, were upon their feet, each with a weapon in his hand. They forced the women into the hut and formed a circle, guarding it. And then broke the storm.

With the yell of a thousand demons, the black man-eaters were upon them.

One warrior seized Inez in his grasp, and with a cry of triumph darted with her toward the jungle. A sailor who followed was stricken down. But if was Hernandez who stopped the captor. He darted after him and caught him by the arm.

"Back," he ordered, with a sign that spelled fury, "back there. This woman belongs to me."

"Senorita," said Hernandez suavely, bearing her to a place of comparative security, "let us be noncombatants for once. Get others working for you, is my motto. As for us, why—safety first."

Inez shivered. She dragged Hernandez toward an opening between the trees.

"Look, look," she cried, her face rigid with terror, "its horrible, horrible, horrible."

A short time later, by the side of Hernandez, she stumbled blindly through the jungle—in the midst of a howling, panting mob of half-naked warriors. The warriors were the victors. And they bore with them the spoils—two women, still alive, a small squad of torn and battered sailors, and a few silent figures—silent forever.

"What are they going to do?" wailed Inez.

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Its out of my hands," he said, "but I've got to see it through. I've got to know what happens. I've got to be there—or else they'll get me too. We'll be lucky to escape. But we'll escape, you and I, never fear. I've arranged for it. I've arranged for—safety first."

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Feast.

Because Annette Illington and her foster mother had ever lived in the vicinity of New York—because they had always been within the newspaper zone—because they had enjoyed the advantage of telephone, and motor car, and motion picture—because of all the luxury and civilization surrounding them, they never once supposed that man-eating savages still existed.

Struggling with her captors, Annette stumbled on blindly through the jungle. Behind her she heard the muttered oaths of the male members of her party. Just once she heard a whisper.

"Don't tell the women—for God's sake don't tell the women. They'll be knowing soon enough."

At that moment there was a distant shout that grew stronger and stronger. The cannibal crew answered it—it rollicked back and forth. Then in the near distance Annette heard the breaking of bodies through the undergrowth and a fresh crowd of savages appeared, yelling like mad. This new crowd seized Annette and swung her to their shoulders, and with her, ran through the undergrowth like deer.

And then—they dashed into the clearing. They darted across the open space, still with Annette in their clutches—and laid her down before the Brute—who still sat on his upside down, staring, always staring into space.

Annette struggled to her feet and looked wildly about her. Her foot touched something and she started back—looked down.

The object was a skull.

Annette shrieked in terror—she tried to hide her face but could not.

She saw the fire—she looked into the eyes of her fellow captives. Upon their foreheads sweat stood out in beads—cold sweat, the sweat of fear.

She asked a question of them with her eyes, but they turned their heads away.

Then, understanding at last, Annette swooned—slumped into a heap at the feet of the Brute.

The Brute staring, always staring, rose to his feet. He stooped down. But before he could touch the girl, the chief intervened. The chief himself lifted her, and held her where the god man could look upon her. He mouthed and smacked his lips.

And the Brute, recognizing Annette, nodded his head and smiled with that vacant smile of his.

"Kye-yah," yelled the multitude of savages, "the god is hungry—he will eat."

All—all will eat, cried the chief in triumph. "This white girl first."

He made another sign, and a dozen savages broke away and came back with huge logs, which they swung to to the dying fire, sending its sparks high into the air. They seized one of the long poles, and tied Annette to it—tied her with green, strong vines.

They waited for a moment to let the fire gain headway.

They clustered round her, danced about her—touched her.

Down on the beach, two merry men leaped out of a lifeboat and drew her well upon the shore.

"The gang—" began the mate. Then he stopped. With a wild yell he darted up the beach, Neal by his side.

"What's happened," stammered Neal, "where are—"

He said no more. By this time they were standing on the blackened embers of a scattered fire—by the rude hut shattered and broken—and by two or three red splotches that stained the white sand and soaked it.

Neal, his face gone white with terror, clutched the mate by the arm. "Blood," he gasped, "blood. Whose blood? You tell me that."

Then the two men—only two—still side by side, sped on toward the jungle. The footprints led that way. At the grove of palms they stopped. They glanced about uncertainly.

"Here," cried Neal, darting forward, "a bit of Annette's dress. Come on."

It was easy now, following this trail. But ever and anon Neal glanced at his comrade.

"Whose blood?" he demanded, "tell me that."

And the two men—only two—went on.

At last, guided now by shouts and cries of triumph, they reached the clearing and peered across it.

"My God," cried Neal aloud, "look—look."

Two savages—two at first and then a dozen—had seized the long pole and had begun to swing it out across the fire. Upon it, limp, unconscious, tightly bound, lay the form of Annette.

Neal was across the clearing in a bound.

Like a maniac, Neal charged into the group of warriors who held one end of the long pole and stripped them from it. With the same fearful energy he charged into the gang at the other end and knocked them down. Then, bestriding the prostrate form of Annette—and he knew not whether she was alive or dead—he squared himself and howled defiance.

"Come on," he cried, "the whole bunch of you. Come on."

Over in a hut, crouched and cowering, was Inez Castro—watching with eyes wide with fear.

"Hernandez," she shrieked, "Hernandez—here."

Hernandez crept toward her. "You are right, Senorita," he said, his breath coming and going, his heart beating like a trip hammer with excitement, "you are right. It is not in our hands. Now is our good time. Let us get away."

"Horrible," cried Inez.

"Therefore—away," went on Hernandez leading her by the hand, "away from here—and to our fortune, Lost Isle."

"Horrible," repeated Inez, holding her hand across her face.

"Ah," said Hernandez, now dragging her with him, a bit roughly, "but they are all accounted for—except the boat. And the boat is on the sands. Come—you come with me."

Almost lifting her from the ground, he darted with her across the open space, unnoted by any of the savage crew and safely reached the jungle trail. Reaching it, he put his hand upon his lips.

"Careful," he said, "we don't know whom we may meet. Careful. We're safe."

Back before the fire, two men, back to back. One was Neal—the mate. They fought like for a moment, but not more to one the man-eaters hurled selves upon two white them, senseless, to the ground.

The Brute meanwhile, wildly all about him—looking master and looking in vain, he of all men, saw the end handed—saw him steal away. he may have been impelled to for he started off. But server might have noted an of relief cross his countenance, sank back once more upon and watched the fight.

He even laughed—to him like a new game. A fight play to the Brute. But when conscious forms of Neal and were borne away, he seemed He started once more to his

"Kye-yah," cried the chief followers, "the white god with the feast."

Once more the bearers notte—still lashed firmly to Then for the first time the Brute felt that something was wrong here was horror.

He darted into the midst of the priors and swung his arms.

"No—no," he cried.

But the mere word of a never stop them now. They angry—they had fought for the spoils were theirs. They dered him aside, and went on.

They didn't get far. The fresh—he had been resting. fell swoop he once more charged them, and tore them—broke their his hands, broke their backs knees—cracked their skulls single blow. He swept them him, carrying the fight clearing. He seized one of poles and mowed them down grain.

He was more than one man ten. But he was only more. . . .

Meanwhile, Neal's captors had trussed him up, or tried that tough young man, having fully revived, performed his there were but two—to go Then he came to life, and gentle art of jiu jitsu to each in turn. It was effective breaking.

Then Neal saw—and leaped. Annette for the deserted. The fight was the Brute. Neal sprang and with deft fingers loosed he lifted her gently to his and started off.

He was too late. For the the Brute was over. For the Brute had left open a point—his defense had failed mighty swung of a mighty one of his antagonists swinging, deadly blow upon The Brute fell like a log.

Then somebody saw Neal nette. . . .

Like a tidal wave, the surged back to their fair

Neal, surrounded, dropped to the ground and held his in air.

"God help us—help us," desperate need.

At that moment there was a valley of rifle shots. A dozen fell dead. The rest turned another foe—a new kind. bushes sprang a squad of the Missouri. They had answer to Neal's wireless. struck the trail. They had just in the nick of time.

"Pick your man," cried Neal. ah."

With a wild shout the turned and fled—fled in vain, sued by a man in uniform, matched by one man.

And when the squad had there was no village—and

Neal saluted the officer and apologized. "Wasn't my to give orders, sir," he stuttered. you'd been in my place. . .

The officer saluted in "Don't worry, son," he said. in my place if you keep like that—you'll keep going up."

Neal revived Annette—no cult task, for Annette inherited from some able strength and endurance derful nerve. He found the shock.

It's a good thing," Annette to him, "that she didn't all."

Neal clenched his hands bad thing any of us saw it," claimed, "somebody's got to this—somebody's got to pay."

With Annette clinging to strode over to a group of clustered about an object ground. The lieutenant was over the Brute.

"He still lives," said the "he may pull through—but saying much."

Annette kneeled down by of the Brute. "He must murmured, "he's saved once but many times."

In a small boat out at set with an improvised and Inez Castro glided face of a placid ocean.

"On—to Lost Isle," cried in glee.

Inez stared, motionless, less, into space.

"Horrible," she moaned rible. Oh, God."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Neal Of The Navy" Will Be Shown at the Lyric Theatre Each Tuesday