

TO PLACE CORNER STONE OF CHURCH

Impressive Ceremonies Planning For Exercises at Camp Curtin Memorial Methodist

With impressive religious exercises the cornerstone of Camp Curtin Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church will be placed next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

DR. HAWES WANTS PLACE IN PEOPLES' HEARTS

The Rev. Dr. Hawes, the new pastor of Market Square Presbyterian church whose installation will take place next Friday evening when two former pastors of the congregation, the Rev. Dr. George E. Stewart, president of the Auburn Theological Seminary and the Rev. Dr. J. Ritchie Smith, who now occupies the chair of Homiletics at Princeton Seminary, will be present and take part in the service.

RABBI TO LECTURE

The famous Jewish preacher, the Rev. H. Mashiansky, of New York City will deliver a lecture to-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Congregation Chisuk Emuna.

SAUERKRAUT MADE IN JAIL Doylestown, Pa., Sept. 27.—Prisoners in the county jail have turned their attention to manufacturing sauerkraut. Several hundred heads of cabbage have been contributed and Head Jailer Dinkelacher has recruited a sauerkraut squad.

Eat a Square Meal and Not Fear Indigestion

There are hundreds of people in Harrisburg who were not the least bit surprised when they read a while ago that druggists are now selling Mi-o-na on a guarantee to refund the money in case it did not relieve.

The best kind of advertising is the praise of a pleased customer, and there are hundreds to-day praising Mi-o-na because it has done for them what is advertised to do.

Range Coal

Range fires are being started and it depends on the kind and quality of coal with what success they will be managed.

Kelley's Range Coal is not only good clean fuel but it is prepared specially to meet the peculiar demands of your range draft.

H. M. KELLEY & CO.

Office, 1 N. Third Street Yard, 10th and State Streets

VIGOR, HEALTH and YOUTH for every one are found in every drop of FRANKLIN'S WONDER COMPOUND

STOP COUGHING!!! DEPTONOL MADE IN A HEALTH RESORT. AT DRUG STORES \$1.00 PER BOTTLE THE PEPTONOL CO. ATLANTIC CITY N. J. E. Z. GROSS, 119 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

FIRST INSTALLMENT PROLOGUE—THE SURVIVORS CHAPTER I.

The Red Death. Capt. John Hardin of the Princess regarded the fast-receding coast line with unusual alarm. He shouted to his mate.

"Welcher," he cried, pointing aft, "look at that. I've never seen old Pelee act that way before."

"Gee whiz," he said, "me neither." "Ben," exclaimed the captain, "she's splitting fire. By Godfrey, that means death—death, I tell you, death."

This was back in 1902. The Princess, Captain Hardin's boat, was a tramp steamer bound to New York from the city of St. Pierre, in the Island of Martinique, with a cargo of cocoa, coffee, sugar cane and cotton, and had been under way probably an hour.

"You're right, captain," he returned. "Pelee" means business this trip. Death is right.

CHAPTER II.

The Lost Isle. On the same day—the day of the red death at Martinique—and but two short hours before the pilot put the helm of the tramp steamer Princess hard aport, three men sat on the veranda of a low-roofed, white-walled bungalow in St. Pierre.

One of these men was Ilington, a young American. He passed around a box of fragrant Martinique cheroots. He folded up some half-dozen slips of paper he had been examining and returned them to another individual who faced him from across the table.

"Senor Hernandez," exclaimed the young American, "for a week at least—half a hundred times—I have told you your credentials were satisfactory to me."

Hernandez nodded gravely. He thrust the papers back into a pocket and tapped them significantly.

"None could be better," he exclaimed grandiloquently, "I am Hernandez—that is all sufficient."

Suddenly the American turned and faced the third member of the coterie.

"And what," he exclaimed, "what of Ponto here?"

This third individual was the strangest creature of them all. He was a Mexican; dark, very dark; low-browed; low-statured—and—fat.

Hernandez nodded significantly. "Ponto, senor," he returned, "is as good as gold. He, too, is brave."

"Will he do as I tell him?" queried the American.

Hernandez bowed. "You tell me, senor, and I tell him. He will obey."

The American turned his back for a moment and Hernandez and Ponto exchanged significant glances.

Ilington turned back to them. "It is agreed," he said, "I will take you on. To have brave men one must take a chance."

nandez. "I will be careful to take small chance with you, friend Ponto," said Ilington. He waved the packet toward Hernandez. "All in good time, senor," he said.

"The important question," went on Ilington, "is this: Who is in possession of the lost isle of Cinnabar? It belongs to me. I have the paper title—at any rate I can obtain it, but whom must we eject when we arrive?"

"Leave that to me," said Hernandez. "We shall wipe them off the face of the earth."

A screen door swung open and a native woman gaudily arrayed in green and yellow stripes, her head bound around with a strip of orange-colored linen, slipped through the door leading with her a tiny girl—a child three or four years old.

The child saw Ilington and ran tumultuously toward him, clasping his huge leg with her arms.

"My daughter, gentlemen," said Ilington. "She is all I have. Her mother died when she was born and when I die she will be the heiress to the lost isle of Cinnabar—perhaps the princess of a principality, who knows."

Manuella, her native nurse, carried her out into the narrow white and winding street, and together they half ran, half toddled down the hill.

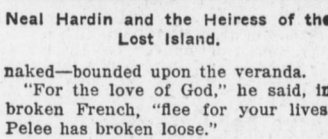
Ilington resumed his own chair and once more exhibited the oilskin packet.

"The contents of this packet—possibly will indicate the whereabouts of the lost isle of Cinnabar," he said. "Suppose we take a chance."

"Break the seal, senor," said Hernandez.

Ilington started to obey—but something happened.

With the suddenness of a jaguar leaping from the hunters, a man—half



Neal Hardin and the Heiress of the Lost Island.

naked—bounded upon the veranda. "For the love of God," he said, in broken French, "fee for your lives. Pelee has broken loose."

Ilington, with the oilskin packet still in hand, sprang to the edge of the veranda and from there into the street. He gave one look and then fell back.

"By George, he's right," he shouted. "Look—look."

Anxiously he turned his gaze down the hill. Then with a bound he was off. In three minutes he was back clutching his little daughter, Annette, to his breast and dragging the frenzied Manuella after him.

Shrieks from a thousand throats rent the air without. Ilington glanced into the street. His face went white. Ashes, red-hot pieces of molten lava were dropping in a shower.

Ilington, who had been holding Annette, surrendered her in an instant room and opened the safe. From this safe he took a canvas bag that jingled with the gold pieces it contained. He thrust this bag into one hip pocket of his trousers, having already secreted the oilskin packet in the other.

"Come on," he shouted to the group behind him. "It's death to stay here. Come on down the hill!"

CHAPTER III.

Terror-Driven. All down that long steep hill—that swarming street filled with its rushing, frantic mob—Ilington fought his way with his back and brawny shoulders.

Once, twice, he felt a stealthy hand at his hip pockets. Each time he turned swiftly to find Ponto and Hernandez close at his heels. Without

warning he slipped aside into a blind alley, and let the crowd slide by like a huge, many-colored avalanche. When he joined the crowd again, Hernandez and his Aztec ally were ahead of him and not behind.

Advertisement for 'Bowmans' Autumn Fashion Revue. Features 'Women's Autumn Apparel' and 'Graceful Models'. Includes details about the event on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, September 28, 29, and 30, at the Fourth Floor.

FIRE DESTROYS MARYLAND HOTEL

Oldest Hostelry on Blue Ridge Mountain Burned on Saturday With \$10,000 Loss

Special to The Telegraph. Waynesboro, Pa., Sept. 27.—On Saturday morning the Maryland hotel, one of the oldest and best known hostels in the Blue Ridge mountains, at Highfield, Md., owned by Benjamin Shockey, of Waynesboro, and occupied by Charles Corwell, Jr., and his sister, was totally destroyed by fire, together with most of the furniture. Along with the large three-story frame structure containing twenty-two bedrooms, an outkitchen was also burned.

Father of Bandit Engages Counsel in Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Sept. 27.—The father of J. Frank Anderson, the "saloon bandit," who is charged with the murder of James P. Campbell, proprietor of a saloon at 2200 Market street, has engaged a Philadelphia attorney to defend his son.

DRILL BOAT THAT LIFTS ITSELF OUT OF WATER

At the Lake Ontario end of the Welland ship canal, where there is no natural harbor and all work in connection with the new harbor is exposed to the full force of the lake storms, a drill boat that can be raised

King Oscar Quality Put Harrisburg

On the Smokers' Map 24 Years Ago Harrisburg is widely known as the home of a nickel cigar made of good tobacco.

King Oscar 5c Cigars

won their reputation as a full value smoke for the money long before the civic awakening.

Regularly Good For 24 Years

Advertisement for Resinol skin treatment. Includes the text 'Try this easy way to heal your skin with Resinol' and an illustration of a woman's face.