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HARRISBURG CALLS TELEGRAPH

The Sterling Gum Co., Inc. Long Island City, Greater New York.

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. COPYRIGHE SILS BY WILLIAM NAMILTON OSBORNE

flington smiled. "So you have starved refugees parched with thirst, searched me, have you?" he returned. "Well, you're welcome, gentlemen, to anything you find." He rose to his feet. "Come on," he commanded, erwards its exhausted passengers we're marooned. I'm hungry. Let us see what we can find." Hernandez caught him by the arm.

Where is the packet?" he demanded. "And where the gold?" persisted Ponto.

Ilington smiled. "Both traveling north," he answered, "with Annette Il-ington. They are confided to her care." "And why?" asked Hernandez.

Ilington shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you and I and Ponto here were booked for death, that's why. Who knows-we may still be booked for death." Hernandez glanced significantly at

Ponto. "Some of us may," he said. "Come on," said Ilington, "there are mussels on those rocks yonder. Follow me.

He strode into the water and waded toward a patch of rocky reef beyond. Ponto seized a bit of jagged wood that lay upon the beach. He and Hernandez waded after Ilington. Once on the rocks Ilington stooped and tore huge shell fish from their moorings with his naked hands. As he did so Ponto in a sudden frenzy lifted high the billet in his hand and brought it with a crashing blow down upon the head of Ilington. Ilington fell like a log. Hernandez

sprang at Ponto and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. "You fool," he cried, "what do you

gain by this?" "Wait," exclaimed Ponto, clawing Dington with his clutching talons;

"let us search him thoroughly." The search yielded nothing to them.

"Fool," repeated Hernandez, "you have done a useless thing. There's always time I tell you."

Ponto shook his head. "Senor," he said, "this man stood between us and the packet. There is no one now to keep us from his child." Hernandez slowly nodded. "True," he returned, "perhaps you are right.

He was a menace-now he is dead. He is removed. Let us leave him to the mercy of the sea. Come on." "To the mercy of the sea," these adventurers had said, and the sea was

strangely merciful. With the tender-ness of a mother it laved the limbs of the supine victim-it washed his wound-it laved his brow.

It did more—it brought him back to ife. Uttering an inarticulate cry, the life. man rose, staggering to his feet. He put his hand to the back of his head. It came away covered with blood. He stared at his ruddy fingers vacantly. "Red-red-" he babbled. He stared about him in bewilder-

ment. Babbling and cackling he rose once more to his feet. Some instinct led him toward the shore. He waded across the narrow strip of water, breast high, toward the narrow strip

of beach beyond. He reached the beach and darted zig-zag hither and thither, always babbling, always cackling.

There was reason for this. Some-where in his skull there was a denta deep depression-made by the billet of wood that had struck him down. Ever and anon as he went he stroked the wound with the right hand and drew the hand away, covered with

blood "Red-red-" he babbled and went on

CHAPTER V.

A Night With Flame You

clambered wearily but gratefully up the cruiser's side. The last of the refugees to leave the lifeboat and last of all save the life boat's crew to reach the cruiser's deck was young Neal Hardin. Clutched in his arms was the recumbent sleeping figure of little Annette Ilington.

Mrs. Hardin was offered the com mander's cabin. She accepted with gratitude. She tucked Annette llington and Joey Welcher into their berths but when she came to look for Neal, her young son, she found him missing She searched for him. A seaman touched her on the arm. "You'll find him there, ma'am," said

the sailor. He pointed toward a group in a cor ner of the sleeping deck. The crew



Ponto in a Sudden Frenzy Lifted High the Billet in His Hands and Brought It Down.

were swinging hammocks ready for the night. Mrs. Hardin listened. She heard the clear tones of her young son Neal. She hastened to the group and caught her offspring by the hand. "Mom," he pleaded, "don't." He pointed toward a hammock high above his head. "That's where I'm going to sleep-just once-tonight." A seaman touched his cap and

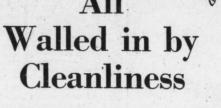
grinned. "He's a sailor from the ground up, ma'am," he said. "You can't make him anything else if you was to try a hundred years.

All through that long night a woman lay, wide-eyed, with dumb agony with-in her heart. She didn't know-she couldn't know-that Capt. John Har-din was exploring the depths unknown with a knife sunk between his shoul-der blades by his mate, Welcher. But she knew that she would never lay eyes upon him more-never feel the

clasp of his hand, nor his kiss upon her lips, nor his strong arms about her -never in this world again. SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount elee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues three-year-old Annetic Unston from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his com-anions. Illington is assaulted by Her-iandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to est papers which Illington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his aughter, papers proving his title to the sot island of Cinnabar. Illington's injury auses his mind to become a blank.

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The7-point gum

PEPPERMINT - RED WRAPPER

CINNAMON - BLUE WRAPPER

6-Untouched by hands

1 What?

Suitable rewards for the discovery of the 7th point will be offered later.



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Resorts

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his father's boat, the Princess. He never ceased admiring her. There was no part of her he didn't love. He was well assured that she must hold the same fascination for other people as she did for him. He concluded that little Annette Ilington would fall desperately in love with his huge boat and he escorted that young lady to all parts of the vessel-in fact, he walked

her little legs off. They explored the lifeboats, the forward quarters of the crew; they vis-ited the pilot; they climbed the bridge. Finally, they visited the hold. It was well they did.

Something had happened-and had happened on the day before while the Princess lay off Martinique. Cinders had fallen by the hundreds-a condition of affairs that the captain and his crew had well prepared for. It was impossible to be everywhere at once tapped a bell.

and a cinder—a live, red messenger of death—had taken advantage of this condition of affairs, had wormed its way unnoticed into the cotton cargo, and like a red-hot cancer had eaten into it with flame. With just the slightest trace of ex-

citement Neal drew the little girl to the deck and with her at his side sought and found his father and whispered to him

The captain stiffened as with shock: his face turned pale. He held up a hand and three members of the crew rushed to him. He gave hasty, whispered orders.

In ten minutes the fire hose was laid men were working at the pumps. But in ten minutes something else had happened—the hold was filled with smoke. Huge tongues of flame were

leaping heavenward, and in that same ten minutes panic took commandpandemonium reigned. "Abandon ship," Hardin cried. "All

hands to the boats! Women and children first." Two days later a boatioad of half-

THE YELLOW PACKET

CHAPTER VI. The Whiplash.

Hernandez stepped out upon the porch of the low-roofed bungalow. He moved with lazy strides. He was pros perous apparently, this Portuguese, Hernandez. Here was no evidence of adversity nor of hard luck. Years be-fore he had escaped from the eruption of Mount Pelee in Martinique. Now it was the year 1915. It was

own plantation in the southern waters. For months or years-who knows?-he had lived a life of ease upon this island just off the coast of Porto Rico.

14

8765 Envelope Chemise for Missee and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns

JUNIORS ELECT OFFICERS

The junior class of Central high school yesterday held their first class

meeting to elect the following officers

The part of the southern waters. For months or years—who knows?— he had lived a life of ease upon this listed just off the coast of Porto Rico. Hernandez strode to the table and tapped a bell. "Inex," he cried sharply, "bring me drink." He was a Portuguese, this Hernandez, tall, slender, dark. The axpression on his face was sinfletr-and across his face was an old-time scar planted by a saber stroke. Within a woman had been humming —humming little snatches of familiar Spanish songs. At his command the humming ceased. There was an ex-lamation of rage—of feminine rage. Liamation of rage—of feminine rage. "I am no servant," she exclaimed angrily, "to be summoned by a bell." "Drink," said Hernandez sharply, "bre me drink." The pattern No. 8755 is cut in sizes for drink." He was a Portuguese, this Hernandez, tall, slender, dark. The drink."

expression on his face was sinister, and across his face was an old-time scar planted by a saber stroke. -humming little snatches of familiar

Spanish songs. At his command the humming ceased. There was an ex-clamation of rage-of feminine rage. Inez Castro stepped out upon the veranda

angrily, "to be summoned by a bell." "Drink," said Hernandez sharply,

"give me drink." She poured it out for him and hand, ed him the glass. "May I hope it chokes you," she exclaimed, stamping her foot. The pattern No. 8765 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

"Stop your snarling there, you Span-ish cat," exclaimed Hernandez, "and listen to me. I have an order from Porto Rico that I must fill—and fill tonight.

Inez was all attention in a moment. (To Be Continued.)





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