

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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

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

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"First," returned Hernandez, "say nothing to anyone—about me or my companions—nor about Inez here—nothing. To you we are as a sealed book. Break silence and—well, my ancestors were of the Spanish Inquisition, my young friend. Silence comes first. Next, get that packet. I care not by what means—and bring it to me at the time and place I shall hereafter designate. Now go. Tonight, you understand—tonight."

That night, Welcher, fully dressed, and tossing in his restless bed, heard the tap-tap of pebbles on his window. Startled, he rose and peered without. The sky was cloudless and the moon three-quarters—by its rays he saw three crouching figures—shadows of the night. One of these figures held up a white hand. Welcher responded with a silent signal; and then drew back into his room. He drew from his pocket a pint flask and drank deep. He smoked a cigarette, taking quick, swift, strong puffs and inhaling deeply—he needed strength. He waited until the tingling of that first drink had entered his system; and then he took another and another. Then he rejoiced, for he was reckless now, reckless as to consequences. He lit another cigarette, and tossed the lighted

match far from him and he tiptoed from the room. Softly and in his stocking feet, he crept along the narrow second story hallway. At last he stood in front of Annette's door. The door was closed. Welcher turned the handle softly, noiselessly, and it yielded to his pressure. The door was not locked. Under his silent, steady pressure, it opened on a crack—inch wide—more. Then suddenly, from within he heard Annette's voice—a dream voice—"Neal—Neal."

It startled him. He stood there silent for an instant. Then he realized that something had happened to him—he had become sober, too sober, to do the trick. He felt in his pocket for the flask. It was not there. He had left it in his room. Stealthily he groped his way back to his room, opened the door and reached for the bottle.

Then with a choking, inarticulate cry, he turned and darted down the stairs, out of the house and up the road.

His room was a living furnace of red flames—the hastily tossed lighted match had done its work.

Outside, Ponto and Hernandez' wondering, gave chase. Welcher, with fear at his heels, sped on and on.

CHAPTER XVI,

Peril.

Annette woke, choking. Smoke poured into her room. She realized at once that the house was burning. She heard the nearby crackling of flames—she saw the nearby glare of flame. Without the village fire going clanged—she heard the shouts of volunteers coming down the road.

She ran to Mrs. Hardin's room. The door was locked; smoke was creeping from underneath the door. "Mother—Mother Hardin," cried Annette. There was no response. In a frenzy Annette rushed back to her room, seized a chair and returned to the locked door. With a sudden twist of her lithe body she raised the chair above her shoulders and brought it crashing against the door. A volume of smoke poured out. Regardless of it, Annette rushed in, dragged Neal's mother—unconscious as she was—from the bed, out of the room and down the stairs.

"Joey," gasped Annette, "Joey Welcher—he's in there. We must save him, too."

"No," interposed a distant neighbor, "he's not in there. I saw him in the village, running for help."

During the confusion, three shadowy figures, returning as from a chase, crept through the smoke and crouched beneath bushes in the rear of the house, unnoticed and unseen.

One of these men turned to another. "Ponto," cried Hernandez in a low voice, "what of the packet?—what of Lost Isle?—the fool Welcher! By this time we might have had it."

Annette, seated on the ground, with Mrs. Hardin's head in her lap, watched the scene as in a dream. Her glance roved from the flames to the crowd of jostling people—and from them back to the flames again. Then suddenly her heart rose to her throat. Peering at her from the middle of a dense mass of shrubbery, there was a face—a face with staring eyes, matted hair, and unkempt beard.

She had seen that face before—and on that very road—it had once stricken terror to her heart. This time however, it had a far stranger effect upon her. No sooner had she caught sight of this uncanny countenance, than, unaccountably she remembered something—the yellow packet.

"My father's fortune—my father's whereabouts," she cried. She surrendered her charge to a neighborly woman close at hand and struggled to her feet. She reached her room in comparative safety, save for the chok-

ing in her throat. Once there she seized a water pitcher and drenched herself from head to foot—then with dripping hair and clothes she felt for and found her hiding place. She groped for the packet. A tongue of flame swept the window. She shut it, and the glass cracked and fell tinkling to the ground below. Then she groped again.

"I've got it—got it," she cried in exultation, and thrust the yellow packet safely in her breast. There was a sudden crash. She flung open her room door. The staircase, eaten through with flame as its top moorings had fallen in. The hallway was alive with flame. She sprang to her window—no thoroughfare—the whole side wall—the side of her room—was now ablaze. Obeying some instinct Annette threw herself face downward on the floor. The air there was singularly sweet and cool.

"Somebody will come," she told herself, "somebody will come."

Without the word passed that Annette had rushed into the house—was inside now. A huge figure leaped into the crowd, parting it right and left and bounded into the doorway of the house. Whimpering with fear, the brute ran hither, thither, through the living room, and entered the hall—finding the staircase a mass of ruin. He leaped and clutched the landing up above. Some instinct led him to Annette's room. He saw and found her—clutched her unconscious form in his huge arms and leaped with her to the floor beneath and, unseen, laid her unconscious form down at the feet of Mrs. Hardin. Then black, burned, and unrecognizable, he sped away into the night.

Hernandez gritted his teeth. "I thought I had that brute trained," he exclaimed wrathfully, as he realized that Annette and her treasure had escaped him, "and I thought he was afraid of fire. In both I was mistaken. We must take it out of his hide, Ponto—next time he must make no mistake."

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 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. He agrees to steal the papers for them but accidentally sets fire to the Hardin home and the brute-man rescues Annette with the papers from the flames.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

THE TATTERED PARCHMENT

CHAPTER XVII

The Return of Inez Castro.

Out of that holocaust—the useless conflagration that destroyed the old Hardin cottage at Seaport—Annette saved something. She saved the links that bound the present to the past—the identifying objects that made her one with the little child who had been saved years before from the ruin of St. Pierre.

"Whatever they mean," she told her foster mother, "they'll help me find my father; they'll help me find Lost Isle. And I have a strange presentiment that I'll find him at Lost Isle and not before."

They were seated, these two, in their temporary place of abode.

"Who rescued me that night?" she queried. "How did I get out of the house at all; who did that?"

Her foster mother shook her head. "Nobody knows, Annette," she said.

She lit a small alcohol lamp underneath a tiny tea kettle. "Watch it, Annette," she said, "it's so small it may boil over."

Boil over it did later, and with peculiar consequences. Mrs. Hardin measured out a quantity of Ceylon tea, and then held out her hand.

"Let me see the map of Lost Isle again, Annette," she said. "It seems a shame we can make nothing of it."

It was strange, for at first glance the map seemed quite worth while. It was traced upon an ancient piece of parchment, old and yellow. At the top was this inscription:

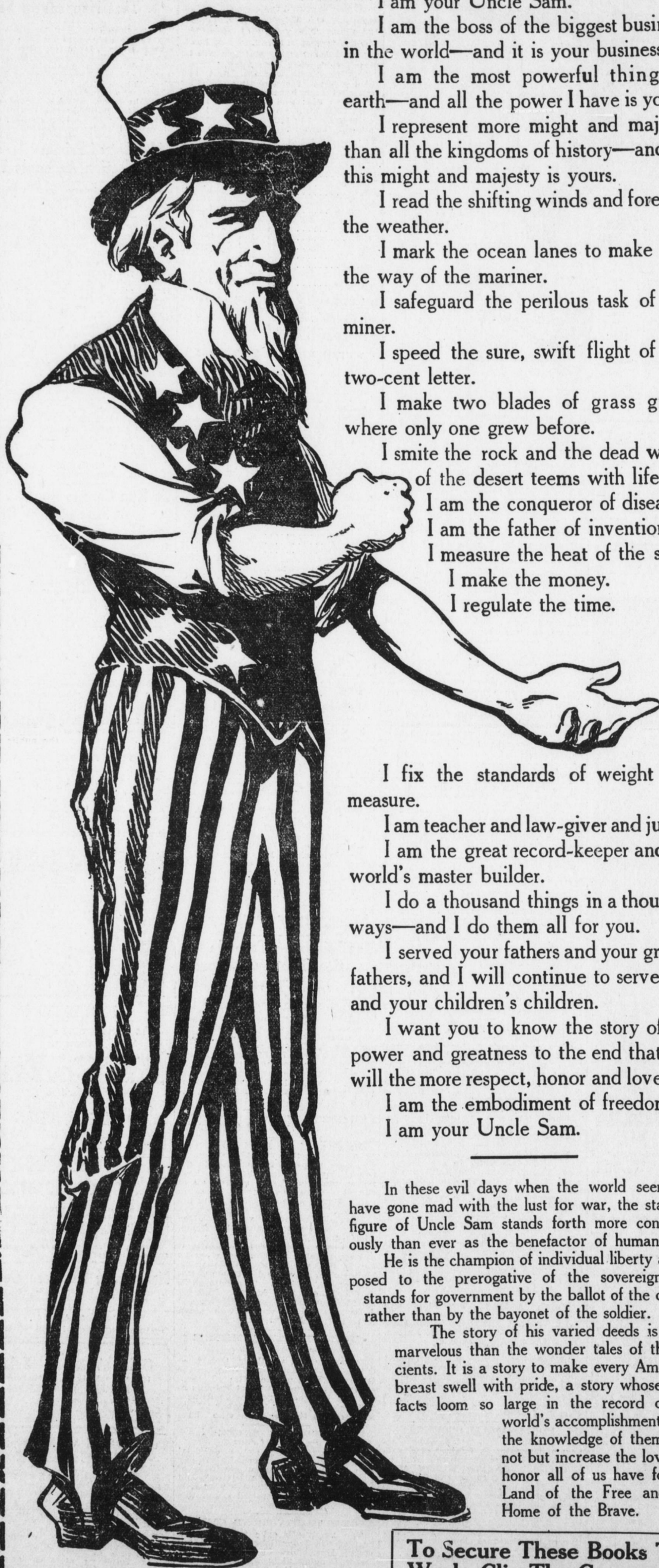
"LOST ISLE OF CINNABAR."

"Cinnabar," repeated Mrs. Hardin. "Seems to me I've heard of such an island."

Annette shook her head. "I've looked it up. Cinnabar is not a place, it's nothing but an ore."

The older woman continued her (To Be Continued.)

Here I Am, Citizens!



I am your Uncle Sam.
I am the boss of the biggest business in the world—and it is your business.
I am the most powerful thing on earth—and all the power I have is yours.
I represent more might and majesty than all the kingdoms of history—and all this might and majesty is yours.
I read the shifting winds and forecast the weather.
I mark the ocean lanes to make safe the way of the mariner.
I safeguard the perilous task of the miner.
I speed the sure, swift flight of the two-cent letter.
I make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.
I smite the rock and the dead waste of the desert teems with life.
I am the conqueror of disease.
I am the father of invention.
I measure the heat of the stars.
I make the money.
I regulate the time.

I fix the standards of weight and measure.
I am teacher and law-giver and judge.
I am the great record-keeper and the world's master builder.
I do a thousand things in a thousand ways—and I do them all for you.
I served your fathers and your grandfathers, and I will continue to serve you and your children's children.
I want you to know the story of my power and greatness to the end that you will the more respect, honor and love me.
I am the embodiment of freedom.
I am your Uncle Sam.

In these evil days when the world seems to have gone mad with the lust for war, the stalwart figure of Uncle Sam stands forth more conspicuously than ever as the benefactor of humanity. He is the champion of individual liberty as opposed to the prerogative of the sovereign; he stands for government by the ballot of the citizen rather than by the bayonet of the soldier.

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"C. A. HEARNE,
"Quarantine Officer, Christobal."

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