

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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Neal retraced his steps and Annette handed him a scrap of paper that the man had dropped during the struggle. It was a crumpled bit of letter, and what there was of it read like this:

"note you are now located at the 'Crooked Crag' . . . and that the place is safe. Ten pounds heroin shipped today. The consignment of cocaine follows immediately.

"Did you recognize that man?" said Neal, breathlessly. "He was the smuggler that got away that night in Seaport. I remember him particularly by the scar upon his face."

Annette started. "I had forgotten," she returned. "The scar upon his face."

CHAPTER XIX.

At Crooked Crag.

Hernandez, the gentleman adventurer, the clever smuggler of cocaine and heroin, established his headquarters at the Crooked Crag. The proprietor recognized him for what he was; there was a secret compact, unspoken, but well understood, between the two.

Hernandez had located himself in the secret, sound-proof room at Crooked Crag. He was talking over the telephone.

"It was a false move," he conceded. "I should have steered clear of your Newport villa. If it hadn't been for the apprentice seaman, I might have turned a trick. As it is, I am afraid to show myself. I think we will have to wait for our yellow-blooded friend to return from his failure at Annapolis."

With the scrap of paper in his possession Neal had excused himself to Inez, and had started back to his training station with a definite purpose in view. Once arrived there, he handed the crumpled slip of paper to the officer in command and told his story.

But all this went on unknown to Hernandez. He had not missed the scrap of paper.

Half an hour later on a wharf in Newport there drew up a very capable little motor boat. Inez and her young friend, Annette Hington, boarded her.

Inez gave a signal and the launch plunged her nose into the sea.

For half an hour or so everything went well.

But suddenly above the chugging of the exhaust Annette heard a groan at her side. Inez was hanging limp over the arm of her wicker chair.

"What is the matter?" cried Annette, alarmed.

"I am ill, so ill," groaned Inez. "I was a fool to come out in a sea like this."

"We'll go back," said Annette.

"No," said Inez. "We must land. Another half hour of this I think would kill me."

In a moment they were gliding through the quiet waters, and in two moments more had reached the dock at the head of the inlet. Above them towered a huge, crooked granite shaft, and nestling against it like another shaft was the Crooked Crag hotel.

"I must rest," groaned Inez. "I must lie down—I am ill, terribly ill."

Annette rapidly leaped from the motor boat, tripped up to the little dock and nimbly ascended the rustic steps that led to the hotel. She was met half way by the proprietor, Solinger himself.

"Yes, miss," he called to her; "something urgent, I perceive."

"My friend, Miss Courtier, is ill," said Annette. "She is in the launch below. Can you help me?"

"With pleasure, miss," said the proprietor.

With him at her side, Annette retraced her steps. The proprietor entered the motor boat and bent over Inez. He nodded to himself, as though recalling a description.

With an easy swing they carried Inez out of the boat, along the dock and up the rustic steps.

"Have you a physician in the house?"

"We have everyt. . . everything at Crooked Crag," returned the proprietor, with an insinuating smile.

He summoned other servitors and nodded to Annette.

"It is two flights up, miss," he said to Annette.

Giving innumerable directions and climbing at the head of the little group behind him, he finally reached the third-story room.

"If the doctor is about, will you send him?" said Annette, bowing the proprietor and his two men from the room.

"At once, mademoiselle," said the proprietor, with a low bow.

There was a knock upon the door.

"Come in," said Annette.

Two men entered, one of whom, a man with a neatly-trimmed Van Dyke beard, drew Annette to the window, inquiring gravely about the case. While her attention was thus occupied

the other man seized the recumbent figure upon the bed and bore it from the room. Annette caught a glimpse of his huge shoulders just as he disappeared.

"What is he doing?" she demanded. "Where is he taking her to?"

The other man bowed. "To a physician," he returned, "as you requested."

He crossed the room and deftly locked the door, putting the key in his pocket.

"But you are a physician," exclaimed Annette, alarmed.

He tore from either side of his face a thin strip of hair, leaving beneath it smooth shaven jowels. He still wore a mustache and goatee. Then he turned to her, and his face was the face of the man in the shrubbery at the Newport villa, the face of the smuggler of cocaine, captured at Seaport and escaped again.

"I am not a physician," he conceded. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," she answered, retreating to a corner.

He laughed. "I am a man with a saber cut upon my face," he said, pointing to it. "You were to look out for me. Here I am. Look out."

"What do you want of me?" she demanded.

Hernandez lit a cigarette. "Nothing that is not mine," he said. "I was a partner of your father's."

She started. "Where is my father?" she demanded.

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Dead these many years. God rest his soul," he said. "I was his surviving partner and to me belongs the assets of the firm. One of those assets you carry on your person next your heart, the map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar."

I know you have it. I tracked you and your friend here just to get it. You will hand it now to me."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said Annette. She drew a long breath and screamed aloud.

"Useless," he said. "There is no one within range of your beautiful soft voice." He took out his watch. "Let me remind you, senorita," he remarked, "that my ancestors were of the inquisition. I will give you five minutes to make up your mind. I shall leave you alone, you may make up your mind by yourself. If at the end of five minutes you have failed, you must take the consequence."

Inez Castro's handbag was lying on a dressing table; to her it was the hand bag of Irene Courtier. She opened it and drew forth a card engraved with the latter name, together with a little silver pencil. She wrote hastily upon the card:

"I am Annette Hington. I am confined in a second-story room in the rear of this building—the barred room where you see the handkerchief. Look up."

She thrust the card between the bars and dropped it. It fluttered down beyond her sight. Then she tied her handkerchief to the lower end of one of the bars. As she finished she heard a rattle at the lock of the door and Hernandez entered the room.

CHAPTER XX.

Cornered.

The ensign in the bow of the naval launch scanned the coast line with care.

"This Crooked Crag hotel is an uncanny place," he said. "They've probably got lookouts posted everywhere. We'd better land half a mile away and take them from the rear."

His brother ensign grunted. "Dollars to doughnuts we're on a wild goose chase," he said. "If there's any place that covers up its tracks it's Crooked Crag. You're right though, we'll take them from the rear."

They landed half a mile up shore and as quietly as possible tramped for a mile through underbrush in the general direction of the granite rock which stood out clear above the tree tops. They halted on the edge of the clearing, from the center of which rose the hotel itself.

"Form a circle," said the ensign, "surround the place, and all close in at once. No matter what happens, don't let anybody get away."

One of the ensigns beckoned to Neal. "Come with me," he said, "you know the man we're after and can describe him. I'll need you and about three more besides."

With rhythmic, ringing steps, the little squad crossed the clearing, darted up the rustic staircase and tramped across the veranda of the hotel. Solinger met them at the door.

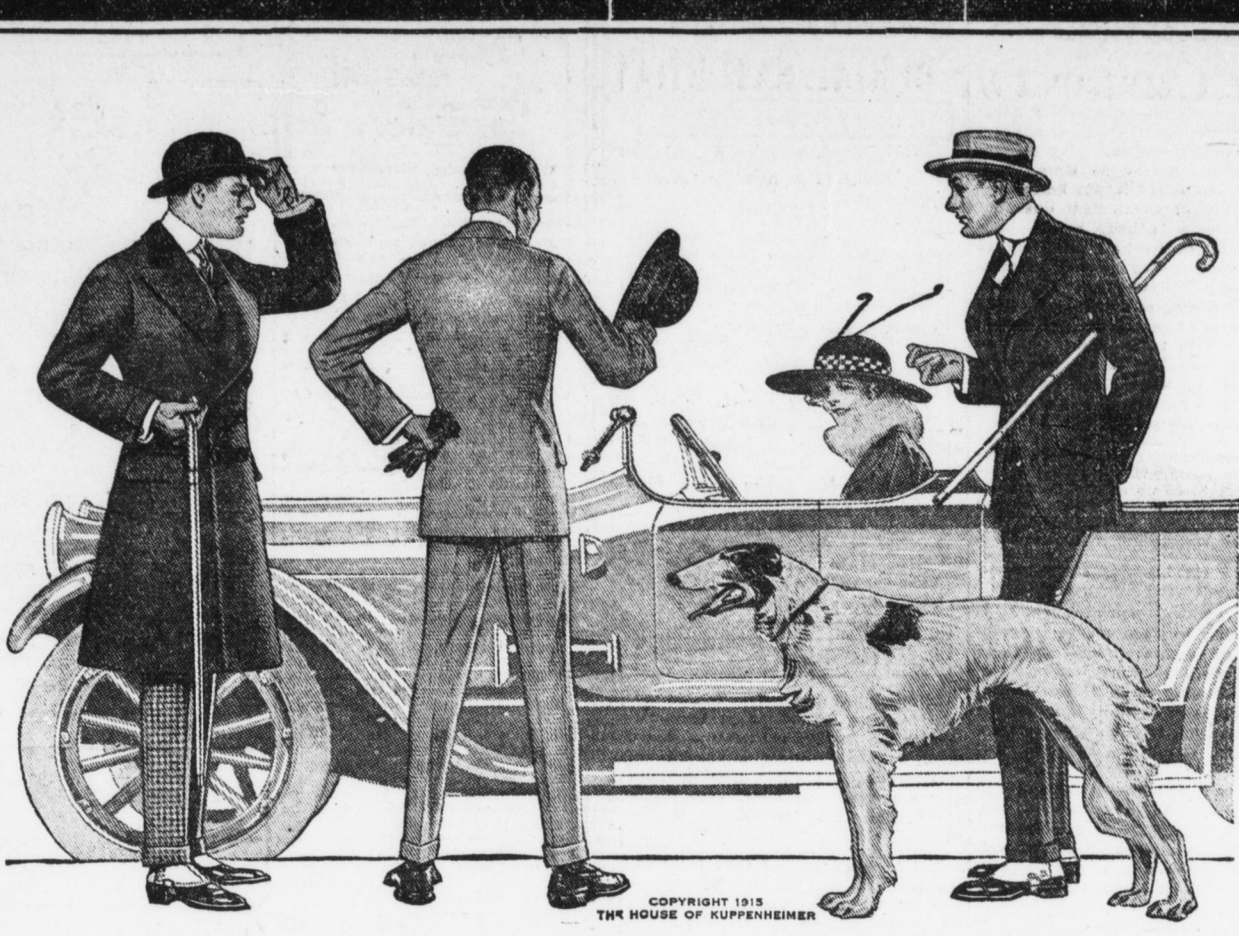
"Yes," gentlemen," he said, bowing, "what can I serve you?"

(To Be Continued.)

DEATH OF CHARLES BLOUCH

Special to The Telegraph
Anville, Pa., Oct. 8.—Charles Blouch, a young farmer residing at Kreider's Mills, south of town, died yesterday afternoon. He was 26 years old and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Blouch.

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Harrisburg, Pa.

Duncannon Churches Join in Epworth League Rally

Special to The Telegraph
Duncannon, Pa., Oct. 8.—A rally of the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavor societies will be held here tomorrow and Sunday. The opening services will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church to-morrow evening and will be conducted by Mrs. T. H. Clark, of Harrisburg. A chorus from all the churches will sing, under the direction of Mr. Troup, of Harrisburg. Mrs. Clark will speak in the United Brethren Church at the Sunday morning services and Mr. Troup and Ross Derrick will conduct the Sunday morning services in the Church of God. Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock a song service will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church and will be conducted by Mr. Troup and Mr. Clark. All of the churches will join in the Sunday evening services to be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church,

KREIDER-CHRISTISON WEDDING

Special to The Telegraph
Anville, Pa., Oct. 8.—Last evening the marriage of Miss Florence Christison and Paul Kreider took place in the United Brethren Church, with the pastor, the Rev. S. F. Daugherty, performing the ceremony. Miss Ora Eachman played the wedding march. After a reception held at the bride's home the couple left for Southern Europe, where they will spend their honeymoon.

A FINE NUT CANDY
Autumn brings with it a harvest of nuts. Our native nuts are not appreciated as they should be, largely because we are an impatient people and the nuts being small we will not take the trouble to crack them and extract the contents. Still hickory nuts are excellent and have a high flavor, while our small native nut is more delicate than the imposing Italian variety.

PECAN NUTS AND THOSE WE CALL ENGLISH WALNUTS

(In England they are called Madeira nuts) come to us fresh in autumn. This is the time, therefore, to candy nuts. Of course they keep indefinitely and can be candied at any time, but they are much better if candied while they are fresh. There is only one secret about candying nuts. That is to keep the syrup clear and white. To attain this boil in a sanitary enameled ware saucepan sugar and water in the proportion of one cup of granulated sugar to one of water. Under no circumstances use a metal pan for this operation. After this syrup has come to a boil test frequently by dropping a teaspoonful into cool water. Remove it as soon as it is brittle. Further boiling will make it granulate. On a shallow enameled ware tray spread a

shee of paraffined paper. Place the nuts on this, cover each nut with a teaspoonful of the syrup, and put the whole away in a cool dark place to harden. If it is desired to keep the candy for sometime wrap each piece in a small square paraffined paper.

VISITING MINISTERS TO PREACH

Special to The Telegraph
Dauphin, Pa., Oct. 8.—The Rev. Mr. Raub, of Mechanicsburg, will preach in the Zionville Lutheran Church on Sunday. Preaching services will also be held at the Speeceville chapel on Sunday at 3 o'clock. Dr. George Johnston, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Duncannon, will be in charge of the communion service after the preaching service.

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