

# NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Backle," etc.

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

### 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 Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Illington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and holding the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Illington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years later Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Illington, come to Seaport, 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 admision 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. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion.

### FIFTH INSTALLMENT

### A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

#### CHAPTER XXI.

#### Grape Juice.

Of course the unexpected naval-secret-service raid on the Crooked Crag hotel created some sensation—as well as did the rescue of two beautiful young women, Miss Irene Courtier and her friend Miss Illington. But Newport is a place of many happenings—sensational and otherwise—and after all the Crooked Crag had been raided many times before.

In its balmy days it had been cleverly constructed and maintained as a secluded gambling place for New York millionaires, a place full of cubby holes and uncanny get-aways. For the thirteenth time in its history it was closed up and its proprietor jailed.

But the three weird characters who had been the cause of all the violence still remained in hiding—Hernandez, the Portuguese adventurer; Ponto, his Mexican side partner, and their strange and unusual companion, the brute.

Annette, for her part, gave full descriptions of these three to the authorities and accompanied secret-service men on many fruitless trips.

"At any rate," she said to her friend, Irene Courtier, "I know now where I stand. I was warned to look out for a man with a saber cut across his face." Her face grew wistful. "I thought—feared," she went on, "at first, that that man might be my father; but my father would never treat a girl as this scar-face treated me."

Annette touched her neck. A tiny little gold chain fell into the bosom of her waist.

"He has laid bare his teeth, this scar-face," said Annette. "He knows something of my father—I'm sure of that—and I'm sure of something else. He is seeking my lost isle of Cinnabar."



Doing Unusually Queer Things With His Face.

bar—he wants it for his own. Well, I, too, can bare my teeth. Let him come on."

"You are so strong," murmured Irene Courtier, "so strong."

A Japanese servant stole into the room—the living room at Miss Courtier's summer villa at Newport. She had rented this villa for the season and had paid one month's rent—no more. She had paid the Japanese but one month's wages—no more. The Japanese presented a note upon a silver. Inez Castro glanced at it and waved her hand. Mrs. Hardin was just entering from the veranda.

"It is for you, Grandam," said Inez, "and from some old sweetheart, eh?"

Mrs. Hardin opened the missive—her eyes brightened.

"It's from our congressman at Seaport," she exclaimed.

"My dear Mrs. Hardin," he wrote in

his note, "hoping that you and your charges can add one more evening to your round of gaiety in Newport society, I beg to enclose an invitation which may give you a few hours of pleasure. Wish I could go myself. Anything on a oattleship suits me."

Inclosed in the missive was a heavy white card engraved in script:

The officers of the U. S. S. Alabama request the honor of your presence with friends at the dance on shipboard Tuesday evening, June—

The words "with friends" were interlined in ink. Annette read the invitation and then handed it to Inez.

"Good," exclaimed Inez. "These are worth while—these shipboard dances."

Five minutes later she called up a private number on the wire in her boudoir, waiting impatiently until she heard a voice she knew. Then she talked rapidly, almost in a whisper.

"It's worth taking a chance, is it not?" she queried.

"Ah," returned the voice at the other end of the wire, "we do nothing without chances. We shall take a chance. Farewell."

It must be understood that an able seaman like Neal Hardin, while his good behavior, his natural aptitude and his general likability gave him many privileges—yet he was still the victim of caste—naval caste. As a civilian he might travel with ladies of dignity, such as his mother, and young women of style and beauty, such as Annette Illington and her friend, Irene Courtier; but as a chief petty officer remarked to Neal—"A ball on board the Alabama is not for able seamen, not so you could notice it, my boy. Still," he added, clapping Neal upon the shoulder, "I'll try and get you a place on the back stairs where you can look on and see the swells."

Figuratively speaking, he got him a place on the back stairs without much difficulty, and after Neal had spent a day in assisting his fellow able seamen in polishing up everything aboard the Alabama that could be polished, and in swabbing everything aboard her that could be swabbed, and in setting to rights everything that could be set to rights, Neal, clad in an immaculate white duck suit, found himself stationed, stiff as a ramrod, and for the first time scared to death, by the side of a large punch bowl under the canvas covering of the dancing deck.

CHAPTER XXII.

#### Incognito.

In a dingy little hotel room in Providence, Rhode Island, there sat a man at a dressing table gazing into a mirror and doing unusually queer things with his face. Hernandez was past-master at a certain art—disguise.

Ten minutes later a stranger stood erect within that room—a full-bearded stranger, clad in an evening coat of foreign cut, with well padded paunch and shoulders, eyeing himself still critically in the looking glass. He raised his high hat and bowed pompously to Ponto.

"In reality, friend Poton," he remarked, "I am M. Romanoff—a Russian nobleman."

"My friends and I are invited to the dance on board the Alabama," he said. "My friends and I shall go. Call in that beast. Now for the final test."

Ponto disappeared and a moment later the brute crept into the room. He glanced fearfully toward the chair where Hernandez had been sitting; then he glanced about the room. A puzzled expression overspread his countenance and then with a deep guttural cry he sprang for the apparition's throat.

Hernandez twitched himself to one side just in time and then tapped the brute smartly on the arm.

"I am satisfied," he said, in tones that the brute immediately recognized. "Even he did not know me—he, with all the instincts of a savage and faithful dog. Let us be off."

An hour later he was standing expectantly in front of the huge punch bowl on the dancing deck of the Alabama. Clustered around this punch bowl were a group of officers and pretty women—and among them Inez Castro and her friend Annette Illington.

Romanoff stared boldly at them both, then he turned to Neal Hardin.

"A glass of punch, if you please," he said in foreign accents.

Neal Hardin did not answer. He was otherwise engaged. Annette Illington was standing at the table with a young ensign at her side. They were both drinking from the punch bowl. The ensign drank with his right hand; so did Annette, but Annette's left hand was firmly clutched in the hand of Neal Hardin of the punch bowl. It was the only chance the evening could afford them.

"A glass of punch," reiterated the unknown Russian nobleman.

Neal jumped as though shot. Hastily he ladled out a glass and presented it to the Russian. The Russian took one sip of it and sat down at his glass.

# Neal of the Navy

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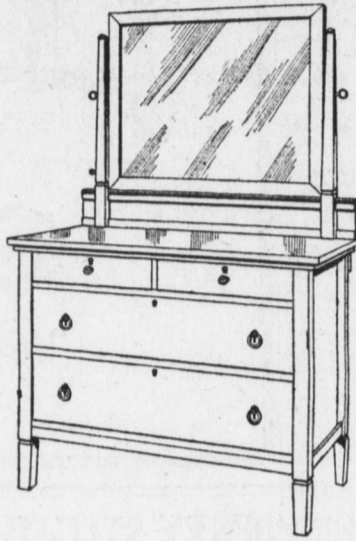
# The Fulfillment of a Furniture Promise Will Take Place To-morrow and All Week

Many will remember having been told that as soon as our Furniture Floor is void of workmen, all pieces that have become marred or slightly scratched through rebuilding will be disposed of at interesting reductions.

The time is here—to-morrow and all week.  
 A large number of such pieces have been retagged as well as

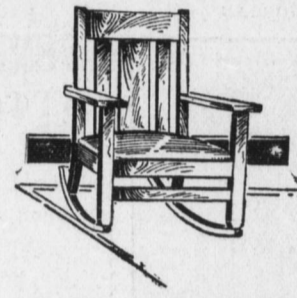
odd pieces that are not marred. Some are individual pieces; others left from suites.

We cannot give any assurance that sale pieces mentioned below will last even until noon, but there's an advantage in coming even at a late hour because of the large assortment of such pieces. You'll read of only a portion here.



\$29.88 Feather Pillows, \$1.25 Pair

Twenty-five pairs in the 22x28-inch size; good grade of ticking.



Living Room Rocker, \$4.45

Fumed oak; spring seat; upholstered in Spanish leatherette. Well made and nicely finished.



\$25.00 Fireside Rocker, \$17.90

Large overstuffed rocker, upholstered in the new velours in brown and steel blue; Turkish spring seats; arm chair to match.

\$20 Dresser, \$12.85

Straight line dresser, dull rubbed mahogany, large plate mirror, mahogony with finished interior.

### Mattresses Reduced

Our best grade Go-to-Sleep Silk Floss Mattress, 100 per cent, pure Java Floss—the mattress De Luxe. Priced at **\$12.95**

\$12 Imperial Felt Mattress, roll edge; 55 pounds weight; best grade art ticking, at **\$8.90**

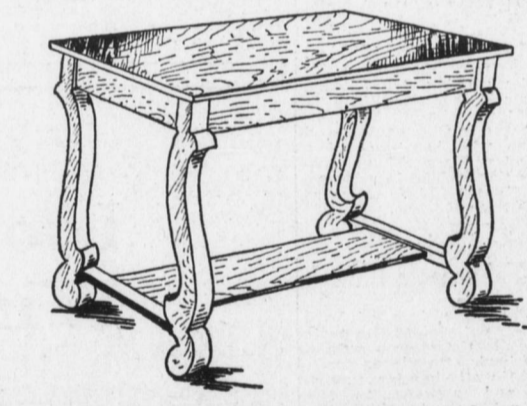
\$9.50 Roll Edge Felt Mattress ..... **\$6.95**

\$6.95 Roll Edge Felt Mattress ..... **\$5.75**

The first day of the sale we will sell a full size Cotton Mattress, in two parts, at **\$3.50**. One only to a customer.

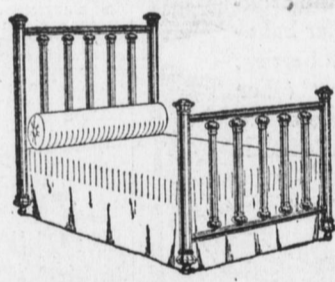
By special arrangement Furniture charge accounts may be extended longer than the usual 30-day period.

Sale furniture will be held for 30 days when a deposit is made.



\$15 Colonial Library Table, \$11.95

Roomy drawer and undershelf; golden quartered oak and mahogany.

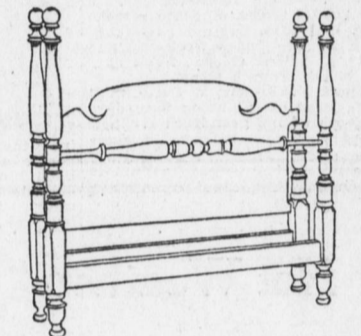


\$29.90 Brass Bed, \$18.90

Straight line, with heavy 2 1/2-inch post and substantial filling rods; large rod ends.

### Every Day Needs, Special

Unbleached Sheeting, 23¢ yd. — regularly 30¢; 81 inches wide; good weight.  
 Twilled Drapery, 5 1/2¢ yd. — regularly 8¢; 26 inches wide.  
 Shaker Flannel, 9¢ yd. — regularly 12 1/2¢; 36 inches wide; cut from full pieces.  
 Sheets, at 75¢ — regularly 95¢ — made of good grade sheeting; 81x90 inches.  
 BOWMAN'S—Fourth Floor.

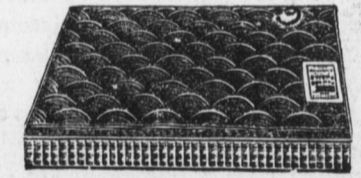


Chiffon Taffeta

Navy and midnight blue. Here you'll find this desired weave in shades that are difficult to obtain. 36 inches wide. Excellent grades at **\$1.09, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.50.**

### Colonial Poster Beds, \$16.50

Full size; dull rubbed finished mahogany. One of a pattern. spring seats; arm chair to



The New Ostermoor Mattress, Specially Priced, \$15

Ostermoor "Roll Edge—50" — the new 1916 mattress; covered with beautiful art ticking. In two parts. The Ostermoor guarantee on every mattress.

### PARTY LOYALTY IS QUESTIONED

[Continued From First Page.]

Democrat on the fact that the Star-Independent on August 14, 1912, repudiated Fritchey as a candidate for the Democratic county chairmanship. The venerable warhorse of the local democracy, Benj. F. Meyers, was then in full control of the editorial policy of the Star-Independent, and in one of his characteristically vigorous editorials he "depreicated the selection of one whose political record is that of a changeling."

### FRICTHEY NOT ELIGIBLE TO COUNTY CHAIRMANSHIP

Prominent Democrats So Declare Because of His Connection With Republican Party Within Two Years—He Was a Member of the Harrisburg Republican Club Until Less Than a Year Ago, and the Democratic Rules Debar Him From Candidacy For the Party Office.

### "I AM A REPUBLICAN," HE SAID

There followed a bitter attack on Fritchey, alleging that he had deserted the Republican party only when he found it to his own personal advantage to do so and that during his membership in the Republican Club "he attended meetings, was a visitor

to the clubhouse and was regarded by all as a full-fledged Republican."

This "turn-coat" policy of the Democratic candidate for County Recorder does not go down well with Democrats who have been faithful to their party principles for years and who believe that there are Democrats enough to fill all nominations without going outside the party to drum up candidates.

### Bosses Lukewarm

Strange enough, while Fritchey's candidacy was not seriously opposed by the bosses of the Democratic machine at the primaries, he is not getting much support from them at present. They are very lukewarm in his behalf and it is hinted from headquarters that the chief boss of the Dauphin county machine would really breathe a sigh of relief if Fritchey is soundly beaten. For many years this man has striven to overcome the political influence of Dr. John A. Fritchey, brother of the candidate, in this city and county. He has wrested the control of the party away from the elder Fritchey at great expense of money and effort and it is not very likely that he will go to much pains to elevate young Fritchey to one of the most influential offices in the county, thereby giving the Fritcheyes a fresh foothold in Dauphin county politics.

If it had not been for the Democratic boss in question, Albert Fritchey would now be postmaster. The chief boss turned Fritchey down and named Siter for the reason that while it was generally understood he would support young Fritchey for the place, he was afraid of putting the elder Fritchey back into a position whereby his recognized political cunning would enable him to again come into control of the Democratic party machinery in this county. For the same reason the chief boss is said to be willing to let Fritchey go by the board this time.

### HORSE STRUCK BY AUTO

Lewistown, Pa., Oct. 11.—A work horse on the James O'Meara farm near Jack's creek just east of town, was struck and badly injured by a passing auto. The horse was being returned from work in a nearby field.

### LECTURE ANNOUNCEMENT

The first of a series of lectures to be given under the auspices of Capitol City Council, No. 2, American Order of Steam Engineers, will be held in Odd Fellows Hall, 321 Market street (third floor front), Wednesday evening, October 13, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Geo. R. Moffitt, city chemist and bacteriologist, will talk on bacteriology. Harrisburg's method of water purification and milk inspection. This being one of the educational features of the order, all engineers and employers are invited to attend.—Advertisement.

### B. M. NEAD TO SPEAK AT GERMAN-AMERICAN SESSION

"The Pennsylvania German in Civil Life," will be the subject of an interesting address which Attorney Benjamin M. Nead will deliver in Reading on Friday before the annual convention of the Pennsylvania German Society. Mr. Nead will likely head a big delegation from this city and vicinity.

### RETURNS STOLEN ARTICLES

Lewistown, Pa., Oct. 11.—Several months ago a gold watch and jewelry was stolen from the home of Jacob Taylor, at Lewistown Junction. At the time a thorough search was made for the missing articles, but they could not be found. Now the same articles have been found reposing on a bureau of an upstairs room. The jewelry belonged to Miss Florence Taylor. The night the articles were taken the thief gained admission to the house through a window.

### GREAT HAGERSTOWN FAIR. OCT. 12 TO 15

The C. V. R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Hagerstown, during the week of the fair, good to return until October 16th, at reduced rates. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, special excursion tickets, good to return on date of issue only, will be sold at rates based on one fare for the round trip.—Advertisement.

### 150,000 CROSS RIVERS

By Associated Press  
 Paris, Oct. 11.—One hundred and fifty thousand Austro-German troops have crossed the Save and Danube rivers into Serbia, according to reports in diplomatic circles at Athens, says the correspondent of the Havas agency.

### START 500 COKE FURNACES

Pittsburgh, Oct. 11.—Unable to supply the United States Steel Corporation's furnaces with sufficient coke, the H. C. Frick Coke Company last night fired 500 additional ovens in the Connellsville region. All the remaining idle ovens are being repaired preparatory to being put at work.

### HORLICK'S

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