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Manston, Wis. — "At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since." — Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

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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.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Hington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Hington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Chinabar. Hington'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 Hington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Hington, 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 Inez 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, come to Seaport, where the portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew, crazed by opium smuggled aboard by Hernandez, mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

THE CAVERN OF DEATH

CHAPTER XXV.

A Secret Service Message.

Neal turned to Annette. "Good," he exclaimed, "you're safe at any rate. Where is my mother—where are the rest?"

"In the wireless room," returned Annette. She laughed a bit hysterically. "Even Joe Welcher is quite safe," she said.

Neal held her for a moment, shielding her body with his own. He looked about him.

"This mutiny is over," he said, in a tone of relief.

He was quite right. The mutiny was over, but with disastrous results. Neal's commanding officer lay on the deck with a fractured skull. The captain and the mate of the fruit steamer Coronado were dead or nearly so, and the decks were strewn with disabled, bleeding mutineers.

"Now come with me," said Neal. He waved his hand and a small squad of his companions joined him. He sought and found his mother and her frightened companions, Joe Welcher and the Castro girl—known to the rest as Irene Courtier. He led them aft and placed a guard over them.

"Now," he said warningly, "stay where you are, mother, and all the rest. You, too, Annette. I've got my work cut out for me for some hours."

Annette shook her head. "Not until I dress your arm," she said.

Neal nodded to one of his companions. "Mate," he said, "shoot the first person who disobeys. I've got other fish to fry."

He went back to his work. He wigwagged to the Jackson for his orders. The orders were brief and to the point:

"You take charge of the steamer. We are sending help."

He took charge of the steamer, not only because he was ordered, but because he had to.

Inside of half an hour he had his own lieutenant's wounds carefully and scientifically dressed—had all his own companions well attended to—in short, in a few hours he had righted the ship completely.

He signaled for further orders, for the Coronado was now resting quietly at anchor, and he got his orders:

"Put into the nearest port."

By midnight they had reached the nearest port—had docked. By midnight he had landed all his passengers and had reported considerable progress to his commander on the Jackson. By midnight something else happened—a secret service message filtered through space and got the wireless operator on the destroyer. Reduced from cipher, it read about like this:

American citizen said collecting arms and ammunition at Martinique or Porto Rico for Dolores insurrection. Follow at once. Investigate, arrest, prevent. Report.

Next morning this news had filtered into Neal. He took it to the homely little hotel where Annette and his mother and their party had been harbored for the night. He dropped into a chair.

"Now," he said, "I can talk and listen to some talk. Gee whiz, but I'm dog tired."

Annette pouted; then she smiled. "I love to talk," she said. And then she added two significant words. "Scar-face."

Neal leaped to his feet. "Scar-face," he cried. "Where? When? What?"

"On the Coronado," said Annette. "I saw him twice—Scar-face and his two companions, the big man and the other."

"Tell me everything," said Neal.

She told him. He waited impatiently until she had finished, then darted down upon the wharf again. He boarded the Coronado and gave or-

ders for a search. The search was made, but without avail, for at midnight on the night before something else happened. Hernandez and his two companions, together with his cargo of cocaine and heroin, had slipped quietly overboard into a borrowed rowboat and had disappeared.

Neal, chagrined, went back to Annette.

"The bird has flown," he said disgruntled.

"Where do you go, Neal?" queried his mother.

"It's an open secret where we go," said Neal, "but why we go nobody knows. We go first to Martinique—Annette sprang to her feet. "Martinique," she cried, "that is where my father came from—where you picked me up. I go there, too, Neal. It's the beginning point. Is there I can find trace of my father?"

Inez shrugged her shoulders. "It is fate," she said.

"We will all go," said Mrs. Hardin, "we will stick to Neal. But how?"

"Search me," said Neal, "but I can find that out—there must be some vessel from this port for southern waters."

Inez rose and placed a hand on Welcher's shoulder. "Leave it to Joey here and me," she said.

They scoured the town, but Inez Castro was looking for something other than a boat for Martinique. Finally she saw what she was looking for—a grimy hand thrust from behind a window shade.

Pausing before the door of a disreputable-looking habitation, she glanced up and down the street, then dragging Joe Welcher close behind her she entered the low doorway and passed into the gloom beyond. A moment later she faced Hernandez and his crew.

"So," she said airily, pushing Joe Welcher into a chair, "so my flash friends, where do you think we go now?"

"Where?" demanded Hernandez.

"To Martinique," said Inez Castro.

Hernandez smiled and slapped his thigh. "So you go to Martinique," he cried, with a note of triumph in his voice. "How very fortunate. I go to Martinique myself."

The governor of Martinique glanced gravely at the pretty girl who faced him. He laid down the piece of tattered parchment that he had just inspected and took up the locket that she placed before him.

"I knew your father well fifteen or sixteen years ago—even before that. I remember him. This resembles him, this picture, it does indeed," he smiled. "I remember something else. I remember also you."

"You remember me," cried Annette. "You must have a wonderful memory, sir."

The governor held up his hands. "One remembers everything that happened in a year like that," he said, "a year that wiped out thousands upon thousands of our people."

"Is there any clue to my father?" queried Annette.

"Little one," said the governor, "there was no clue to anything or anybody, or any place."

Annette rose. "There's nothing else that you remember of my father?" she queried.

"The governor searched his memory. "Yes," he said, "I think a mysterious—there was a tang of adventure about him. He, too, was a rover—always restless—always on the move. But for his child one might have called him a soldier of fortune—honest, perhaps too honest, but fearless—"

"And true," said Annette.

"Fearless and true," repeated the governor nodding.

"What is past is past," he said. "Old Pelee is ashamed of himself. The Isle of Martinique grows green. We sing, we laugh, my people and myself. Even all this week we celebrate. You must join us." He signed half a dozen cards of invitation and handed them to Joe Welcher, who sat quite as usual, sulking in the background. "The governor's levee," he went on airily, "and you are all invited."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Razor Back.

Around the corner of the coast line on the Isle of Martinique—invisible both from the bridge of the destroyer Jackson and from the grounds of the governor, there jutted out into the sea a cliff, stern and forbidding. As a matter of fact, it was not all rock, this cliff—a large part of its formation was of clay. Down the face of this cliff, its sharp edges rising now and then into the air like peaks, there trailed a path, narrow and perilous, from shore to cliff edge, known to certain of the inhabitants of Martinique as the Razor Back.

Along this sharp, steep edge ran a rope, and climbing the Razor Back, clinging to this rope with a huge burden on his shoulders, upward crawled a man. Below him, thrusting its nose into the beach, was a disreputable-looking boat laden with heavy wooden boxes.

(To Be Continued.)

THE PANAMA CANAL AT WORK

By Frederic J. Haskin

[Continued from Editorial Page.]

of their systems, and the symptoms are no longer acute. Throughout the rural districts in Panama may be seen many persons afflicted with enlarged spleen, which is said to be simply the result of chronic malaria.

Rather Drink Rain

At any rate, many of the Panamanians are even opposed to drinking the pure water with which the United States government supplies them. They prefer to capture rain water and keep it in earthen jars, and these jars form an ideal breeding place for the ever-present mosquito. Thus, continual effort is necessary to keep the pest down in the city of Panama, where it should not exist at all.

As a result of these strenuous and unprofitable measures against the mosquito, the indigenous malarial rate in Panama has been reduced to such a low figure that the health department officials like to state it as "practically none." Whenever the people become severely ill they always journey to Panama, so that there is always more or less imported sickness, but this cannot be charged to health conditions on the zone.

Fever and Plague

The other two diseases to be combated, in addition to malaria, are yellow fever and bubonic plague. There have been no indigenous cases of either of these diseases in the Canal Zone since 1901 in order to fully safeguard Uncle Sam's employees against the menace of plague, it is now the purpose of the health department to make the city of Panama absolutely ratproof. Among the great part of the streets of Panama have been paved by the government, the whole town has been sewered with concrete and tiled drains, and many of the worst quarters have been destroyed and rebuilt in a more substantial style.

A law has now been passed which prohibits the making of any change in a building in Panama without the consent of the health department. Thus, whenever an application is made to alter or rebuild a house, the health department refuses to give its consent unless the house is made absolutely sanitary and ratproof. As the structures in the poorer quarters of Panama City are all of frame and very poorly built, it is only a matter of time until they will all be replaced with ratproof structures.

One of the great difficulties encountered by the health department is due to the native love of crowded conditions. Real estate men in both Panama City and Colon have found that one large house with a great number of small rooms will rent for a great deal more than several small houses with the same number of rooms. The Panamanian and likewise the West Indian black, want "plenty neighbors right handy." Las Sabanas, Cocoa Grove and other poor quarters of Panama City are the most amazing spectacles of swarming and odoriferous humanity that can be found anywhere.

One of the most interesting phases of the sanitary work on the Canal Zone is the light which it has thrown upon the question of how the tropics affect white men. For long years they held nothing for him but almost certain death. When the first hardy voyagers from Europe tried to land along the South and Central American coasts, plague and fever destroyed

THE PANAMA CANAL AT WORK

By Frederic J. Haskin

them before they had a chance to become acclimated. Then came the wonderful discoveries as to the cause and prevention of tropical diseases in Cuba and the Philippines, and the remarkable work of Colonel Gorgas at Panama, which has made the Canal Zone one of the most sanitary places in the world.

Colonel Gorgas has stated it to be his belief that when the tropical diseases have been eliminated white men can live just as well in the tropics as anywhere else. Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Mason, who is Colonel Gorgas' successor on the Canal Zone, and who has also had a long experience in the tropics, dissents from this view of the matter. He points out that the Panamanians, who are not an indigenous people but largely of Spanish and Negro blood, have been decidedly affected by their life in the tropics. They mature quickly, women in the interior often marrying at the age of fifteen, while women of twenty-five look to be forty. Both men and women are decidedly old before they are fifty. Life is telescoped, as it were, both maturity and death being hastened. Furthermore, indolence and irritability are marked characteristics of the natives.

Colonel Mason believes that the same effects are produced in some degree upon all white people who go to live in the Canal Zone. However, splendid work has been and is being done by the Americans at Panama, so that the tropical conditions certainly have not prevailed over Yankee nerve and energy. And this much may be said with safety: Under present conditions the Canal Zone is an extremely pleasant and beautiful place to live in; and it is amply proved by example that men of temperate habits may enjoy the best of health here for many years.

many of the rifles are so crowded with fish that one can hardly cross the stream without stepping on fish. The men at the hatchery go into the fish like in a drove of fat hogs and pick them up, examining each fish, and if it is "ripe" the salmon is killed. The spawn is taken and placed in hatching trays at the hatchery, there tended until the eggs are hatched and the small fry taken care of until large enough to protect themselves, when they are turned loose in the river. They return in four years to the stream in which they were hatched, being full sized fish within that time.

Salmon Choke River

Near Kelso, Washington

Special to The Telegraph

Kelso, Wash., Oct. 18. — There is a heavy run of salmon in the Cowlitz and Kalama rivers, and in the latter stream, on which the State fishery hatchery is located, the run is the greatest ever known by white men. This stream is protected by law on account of the hatchery, and fishermen are forbidden to operate in it with their gear, and

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