SATURDAY EVENING,

POULTRYSNEWS

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NOMEN AND INTERESTS

What Happened to Jane

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

The station master brightened. He esired at all costs to get this squad

of Americanos out of town. They were rioters-at least so Ponto had in

"Ah, senor," he said, "I have idea. "Ah, senor," he said, "I have idea. There are dirt train cars—no engine—

but what you call, almost gravity road from here to Chantillo-all downhill

"Show me," said Neal. He was shown. "Well," he said to his men, "what do you say, boys. They'll rock us some, but they're the best we can do. Is the road clear?"

"Clear all the way, senor. The last train-the little train-she have ar-

"We're game," said his men; "come

under the foremost car and did some

-it was a clean cut avenue as far as

Up the track somewhere the troop

"No matter," said Neal, "we reach

We're bound to slacken up some-

But the man at

the eye could reach. He watched.

almost all the way."

rived at Chantillo now."

on!'

time.'

NEAL of the NAVY By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Rea Mouse, ""Running Fight," "Citepon," "Blue Buckle, " etc.

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



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CECILIA ADPAGE Last year when I was just crazy

To go to Europe to complete My musical education and want-

ed to learn They came on-that is they got on -the whole squad. A crowd of natives

talian and other languages in saw them off. One of these natives, hidden from view by the others, crawled A practical way not taught in college. thing. He crawled to the second and

did something-to the third and did something. What he did no one knew. Down the line at the deserted shack Father said I might try the Telegraph.

labeled "Montrada," Hernandez came out from within, with complete satis-So I looked over the "Musical"

Hernandez sauntered out and glanced up the track. The track was columns

And found just what I wanted



But, most wonderful of all, While I was looking for the

One of his men plucked him by the sleeve. "What's that?" he cried, point-ing down through the canyon, flanked Language instructors, by trees. "Look ahead." "By George!" said Neal, "a train.

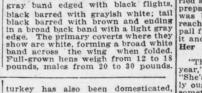
ran across the advertisement of

Music teacher who had a foreign As well as an American reputa-

And, although he was an Ameri-

first-then yourselves-when I say the word."

Squatted on the edge of the jungle was the Brute. He looked up the track, Here at home denly he rose-quivering with excite-



said Neal. "The road will make its "I'll tie this man myself," said Her-Said Neal. The road will make its fortune. It will declare a dividend. When does she go?" "Not for two days or so." The en-gine-the good one-she is be repair." "What can we do?" said Neal. nandez, approaching Joe Welcher. He leaned over Joe, and wound some cord loosely about his hands. "Til need you," he whispered, "but

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make no mistake. Mistakes are fatal when I'm around.' He left the Brute on guard and marched the crew back to the engine.

'How near are we to the nearest station?" he queried. "tell me truth." "Not for miles, senor." they gasped.

"only a little farther on in a deserted station, Montrada, No trains stop there. It is discontinued.' "Any occupants?" queried Hernan

dez. "None-it is deserted. It is even

haunted, senor.' "How-haunted ?"

"Something there goes click-click -click-click-always when we pass.

Hernandez chuckled to himself. "A telegraph instrument," he said to him-self. "I thought so-that's the shack

we passed this morning. Now," he commanded, "come out here and clear the track of these obstructions-no, you do it," he commanded the Brute. The Brute ran from his position in the car, leaped to the ground, and with a twist or two of one hand tossed the

felled trees from the track. "Now," said Hernandez, "run us down to that shed. I don't know what

I'm going to do just yet, but I'll find out there." He whistled softly. A third figure emerged from the forest, tripped faction written on his face. across the rails and entered the bag straight and downhill all the way. It was like a canyon cut through a mass gage car. This was Inez Castro. She passed on into the passenger end of the coach. She smiled gently at Anof undergrowth and heavy trees. There was nothing to distract the attention

nette. , "So, my charming friend," she said, "at last you have seen fit to intrust

your treasures to Senorita Inez Cas-tro. Good, my little one."

train was shooting curves with spright-They reached the ancient shed. Over ly lurches. "Getting a bit too lively," said Neal: "better apply the brakes." its closed doorway was an old sign, 'Montrada.' The order was obeyed-so far as the Hernandez broke open the door by will was concerned.

neans of his usual agency-the Brute. the brakes shook his head. "Brakes Hernandez dart ad to the keys-he was a soldier of fortune and this learnwon't work," he said. ing was one of his equipments. Bound the bottom of this hill three miles out of Chantillo. Then we go up.

as she was in the car, Annette could hear what the instrument said. for. singularly enough, Hernandez, whe he first called, used the Spanish tongue; later he clicked in English words. It was clear that Ponto was

at the other end of the wire, and somewhere near La Plaza. "What news, good Ponto?" he in-quired over the keys. "Any danger of

The brakes-every man jack of youthe brakes!" pursuit?" And Ponto answered: "That," he

said, "I cannot tell. But much activity. There is talk of war. There is talk of a detachment coming over-

"By train?" "By train," said Ponto, telegraphically speaking. "And the next train?" it's a velvet lining. We may get scratched, but we can't get hurt. Every

"Days off," said Ponto. "Good!" "Wait." said Ponto. "there is more

news. I shall call you up again." "What news?"

"I do not know. There is something going on. I shall find out in an hour."

CHAPTER XLVII.

ment. The Troop Train. Ponto's information was quite cor-rect. It had to be, or he could never have quantified as the partner of Herturned dumbly from the onrushing troop train to the stationary one. Annandez

other man might have rushed to the latter and warned its occupants or car-On Neal's return from the railroad ried them out. But not the Brute. He station at La Plaza he found an underhad a glimmering. He started off. "Come back," said Hernandez, "you current of excitement present upon the cruiser Albany. Half an hour after his return the captain of the cruiser had received a wireless from Washington. beast."

The Brute never heard him. only heard the onrushing train. He

idly following Hernandez' gaze.

"Look-see," he said. His glance

The brakes wouldn't work. "Funny." said Neal; "we tried before we started. Funny they won't work." It may or may not have been funny-but it was the fact. The brakes would not work. tion "We're in for it," said Neal. "Boys, every man jack of you-you've got to face this. That jungle is soft stuffcan.

took lessons from him and man of you get ready and when I say the word slide off—as easy as you can—but slide. Guns and equipment found

That I could get just what I needed

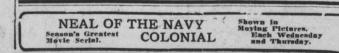


land.'



get to Condition Your Hens - Heip Takin Lay. It makes them vigorous and hardy - tones up the dormant egg organs and keeps hens cacking. The trial package is free. See your nearest dealer below. OR. HESS & CLARK, Ashland, Ohlo Get your package from any of the following dealers:

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It was significant in its tenor. The wireless operator handed it to him as it was received.

The captain glanced at it. "It locks important," he said; "decode it at

It was decoded. This is what it. said:

GENERAL ORDERS FROM NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Deciphered From Code "G." War imminent with Allemania. Keep all ships prepared for action. Transfer all possible men to Pacific squad-

ron. Recommend meritorious warrant officers for promotion to commission. HUTCHINSON, Chief of Staff.

An order from Washington is an order. An order when war is imminent is a double quick order. The captain of the cruiser Albany had been waiting for double quick orders-he had smelled them in the air. He had felt them in his bones. In one hour he had picked his men. The first man he summoned was Neal.

"Neal," he said, calling him by name, "I've recommended you for a commission.

Neal jumped out of his shoes al-"I-a commission." he gasped: most. why-I thought-1 can't understand

"Don't think," said the captain sharply; "we've got to act."

He handed Neal typewritten instruc-ions. "You'll get your commission in due form. My recommendations go —particularly at a time like this. Take fifty men at once—and proceed to join | the battleship Missouri at Chantillo. That's all."

"Wait," said the captain. Neal waited. "I just want to shake hands, old man," said the captain. "You deserve your luck if ever man did. Good-by." An hour afterwards Neal and his squad were at La Plaza once more, consulting the railroad master. "We want a train, and right away,"

a locse rail lying by the tra He thrust it under the stationary rail -the nearest him-he thrust it into the roadbed. He jerked and strove at it like a demon

Within, Joe Welcher heard it coming. He looked now. He gave one gasp, made one dive, and plunged into the safety of the jungle.

Hernandez dared not move. Safety lay in his remaining up track—out of the danger zone below. He felt that the Brute was doing fruitless workthat no man, no human agency within minute's time could raise that rail. He didn't know-there was something superhuman within the Brute. He was

more than a man-he was a mandriven beast-perhaps God-driven. He plied his giant lever like a giant.

Neal realized at last what was meant He knew now that that train was An-nette's train. And men were off-all of them. He alone remained, rooted

to the spot. He was powerless to do anything. Suddenly-obeying the instinct of safety-for he could do nothing else-training had taught him that a foolish risk of life was suicide

-obeying the instinct of self-preserva tion, he leaped, leaped safely. · At that instant with one final grunt

-one final heave-the Brute bent his mighty shoulders in one last desper-ate thrust-and sent the rail spinning, loose, detached, uprooted, to one side.

The next instant the troop trainempty as it was-reached the broken track and left it. With the roar of thunder it plunged, plowed through the soft earth and plunged pell mell through the descreed shed, missing the train by a more hairsbreadth. An instant later Hernandez plunged into the jungle. The Brute followed

-whimpering with fear. [To be continued.]

Try Telegraph Want Ads

So the languages and music cost father less Than my fare to Europe would have been, And I stayed here where all the world comes-Was it not wonderful?

And with the money I saved I

bought

A beautiful electric car

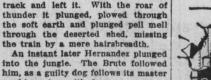
That was advertised in the auto-

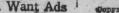
mobile columns

Of the Harrisburg Evening Telegraph.

Now what do you know

About that?





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WANT ADS