

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Moss," "Running Fight," "Colton," "Blue Buckle," etc.

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He turned to the first mate of the wrecked fruit steamer that lay stranded on the reefs.

"We've got to get word to the Missouri, somehow," he said. "beside, we've left Annette and my mother starving back there. Let's return."

Neal found his mother and Annette where he had left them.

Cocoanuts and clams, hurriedly gathered, supplied them with a satisfactory meal.

Neal stretched his arms. "I never can think upon an empty stomach," he remarked, "so I'm just beginning to dope things out. Look at friend sea," he exclaimed, "she's like a mill-pond. The tide's out. There's not a wave splashes over the wreck. I'm off."

"Where to?" queried his mother in alarm.

"I'm going to row over to the wreck and help myself—to some S. O. S."

He strode to the water's edge. He beckoned to the first mate.

In another moment they were launched and pulling with even, steady strokes toward the wreck beyond.

They made fast the boat, shipped their oars and clambered up the side of the almost submerged fruit steamer.

"Good," said Neal, "the wireless room is intact."

He sent out his call—cast it to the four winds—his messenger, seeking everywhere for the Missouri.

On the Missouri the wireless operator got it—feebly at first.

"S. O. S.," clamored Neal.

"Who are you?" queried the battleship.

Neal told him.

"All right," said the Missouri, "we'll be there in three shakes of a lamb's tail." Or words to that effect.

On shore, meantime, Annette, the wanderlust ever strong within her, had wandered up the beach and out of sight. The solitude was appalling, but not unpleasant.

Tripping along gaily, she had stumbled over something half hidden by the sand. Her firm step had loosened it—but it had nearly sent her sprawling. She drew back, regarding the object in affright. Then she turned and darted back toward safety at full speed. Arrived at the little camp she clutched frantically at the arm of one of the crew.

"A human skull," she gasped, "back there. I saw it, buried in the sand."

CHAPTER LVII.

Safety First.

Not for one instant did Hernandez lose the advantage that he had already gained.

With audacity that belonged only to him, he led the brute to the chief's own throne—a rude affair composed of a rough seat under overhanging bowers.

"Go—sit," he exclaimed to the brute. He enforced the command with a shower of blows. The brute obeyed.

"Hungry," said the eye and hand of Hernandez, to the chief, "the god still hungry—and the master of god, very, very hungry, still."

The chief spread his hand. He pointed toward the jungle whence had sped the several captives unbound by the brute.

Hernandez smiled—a deadly, wicked smile.

"Beast," he exclaimed, "stay where you are." He beckoned to the chief.

"You come with me," he signed.

The chief nodded, beckoned to a number of his bodyguard, and followed Hernandez through the jungle. At a knoll on its outskirts Hernandez held his fingers to his lips. Then he pushed the chief's head through the bushes.

"Look," he said, enforcing the command.

The chief looked. He looked far out across the placid waters of the Pacific, and there he saw a wreck.

"Um-m!" exclaimed the chief, smacking his lips.

"Ah," laughed Hernandez to himself, "you know what that means all right."

The chief started through the bushes at breakneck speed—but Hernandez restrained him, keeping his finger on his lips.

"Me," signed Hernandez, "follow me. Do what I do."

For one instant he looked about him, getting his bearings. Then he started on. For many minutes the party skirted the edge of the jungle, never once showing itself, and moving always silently as the grave itself. At length Hernandez once more halted—this time on the edge of a grove of palms. Holding his cannibal crew back, Hernandez beckoned to the chief to advance alone. The chief obeyed.

With the swiftness of two savages, Hernandez and the chief darted behind the trunks of two separate trees. Hernandez pointed toward the beach.

"White meat, you old gourmand," whispered Hernandez, "white meat. And very tender."

Down on the beach, busying themselves about their self-appointed tasks, were Annette and her foster mother. There were several members of the fruit steamer's crew—all white. There was Inez Castro—also white—but an outcast, sitting, brooding by herself. Hernandez counted the men.

"We need four to one, at least," he said to himself. Then he nodded to the chief and held up the fingers of both hands several times. The chief understood. He was a warrior. He knew that much safety lay in numbers. He beckoned to two of his men and gave them orders. They crept back, silently through the trail.

Hernandez and the chief wriggled back into the undergrowth and then sat down to wait.

Annette's party suddenly made up its mind to decamp. The discovery of the skull upon the beach was a disturbing fact.

"When Neal comes—" said Annette.

"Right," said a sailor, "we'll put it up to him."

He glanced casually toward the grove of palms, this sailor. Then with an oath he sprang to his feet.

"Boys," he cried aloud, feeling for a weapon, "we're in for it. Women in the shed. Look, here they come."

The other sailors, with the swiftness of seamen in a sudden squall, were upon their feet, each with a weapon in his hand. They forced the women into the hut and formed a circle, guarding it. And then broke the storm.

With the yell of a thousand demons, the black man-eaters were upon them. One warrior seized Inez in his grasp, and with a cry of triumph darted with her toward the jungle. A sailor who followed was stricken down. But it was Hernandez who stopped the captor. He darted after him and caught him by the arm.

"Back," he ordered, with a sign that spelled fury, "back there. This woman belongs to me."

"Senorita," said Hernandez suavely, bearing her to a place of comparative security. "Let us be noncombatants for once. Get others working for you, is my motto. As for us, why—safety first."

Inez shivered. She dragged Hernandez toward an opening between the trees.

"Look, look," she cried, her face rigid with terror, "its horrible, horrible, horrible!"

A short time later, by the side of Hernandez, she stumbled blindly through the jungle—in the midst of a howling, panting mob of half-naked warriors. The warriors were the victors. And they bore with them the spoils—two women, still alive, a small squad of torn and battered sailors, and a few silent figures—silent forever.

"What are they going to do?" wailed Inez.

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "It's out of my hands," he said, "but I've got to see it through. I've got to know what happens. I've got to be there—or else they'll get me too. We'll be lucky to escape. But we'll escape, you and I, never fear. I've arranged for it. I've arranged for safety first."

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Feast.

Because Annette Ilington and her foster mother had ever lived in the vicinity of New York—because they had always been within the newspaper zone—because they had enjoyed the advantage of telephone, and motor car, and motion picture—because of all the luxury and civilization surrounding them, they never once supposed that man-eating savages still existed.

Struggling with her captors, Annette stumbled on blindly through the jungle. Behind her she heard the muttered oaths of the male members of her party. Just once she heard a whisper.

"Don't tell the women—for God's sake don't tell the women. They'll be knowing, soon enough."

At that moment there was a distant shout that grew stronger and stronger. The cannibal crew answered it—it rolled back and forth. Then in the near distance Annette heard the breaking of bodies through the undergrowth and a fresh crowd of savages appeared, yelling like mad. This new crowd seized Annette and swung her to their shoulders, and with her, ran through the undergrowth like deer.

And then—they dashed into the clearing. They darted across the open space, still with Annette in their clutches—and laid her down before the brute—who still sat on his crude dais, staring, always staring into space.

Annette struggled to her feet and looked wildly about her. Her foot touched something and she started back—looked down.

The object was a skull.

Annette shrieked in terror—she tried to hide her face but could not.

She saw the fire—she looked into the eyes of her fellow captives. Upon their foreheads sweat stood out in beads—cold sweat, the sweat of fear. She asked a question of them with her eyes, but they turned their heads away.

Then, understanding at last, Annette swooned—slumped into a heap at the feet of the brute.

The brute staring, always staring, rose to his feet. He stooped down. But before he could touch the girl, the chief intervened. The chief himself lifted her, and held her where the god man could look upon her. He mouthed and smacked his lips.

[To be continued.]

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MARKET STREET STORE

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Special to The Telegraph
Connellsville, Pa., Dec. 1.—Heedless of their danger, two men yesterday battled for ten minutes on a narrow plank spanning the 350-foot shaft of the Ronco mine, every move threatening to send one or both of them to certain death below.

Muensterberg Predicts Sudden Peace Soon

Special to The Telegraph
New York, Dec. 1.—Professor Hugo Muensterberg of Harvard, in a lecture before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science at the Academy of Music said that he had declined 194 invitations to make a "war speech," but would not refrain from this prophecy: "Peace will come sooner than most

of us think. It will be sudden, coming not only to the nations of Europe, but to the racial elements in this country."

RECEPTION FOR PRESIDENT

Special to The Telegraph
Dillsburg, Pa., Dec. 1.—On Monday the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Dillsburg held a reception for the York county president, Mrs. J. B. Wetzel, at the home of Mrs. J. C. Baker, in South Baltimore street.

FAKE SOLICITORS AT WORK

Subscriptions for the Mummies' celebration are being solicited by unauthorized persons, according to Captain Joseph P. Thompson, acting chief of police. Clarence O. Backenstoss, secretary of the Mummies, was told that solicitors were working in the west end of the city. They had no credentials.

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Specialists in Catarrh troubles have agreed that it is an infection of the blood. The laboratories of the S. S. S. Co., at Atlanta, have proven it. Once you get your blood free from impurities—cleansed of the Catarrhal poisons, which it is now a prey to because of its unhealthy state—then you will be relieved of Catarrh—the dripping in the throat, hawking and spitting, raw sores in the nostrils, and the disagreeable bad breath. It was caused, in the first place, because your impoverished blood was easily infected. Possibly a slight cold or contact with someone who had a cold. But the point is—don't suffer with Catarrh—it is not necessary. The remedy S. S. S., discovered over fifty years ago, tested, true and tried, is always obtainable at any drug store. It has proven its value in thousands of cases. It will do so in your case. Get S. S. S. at once and begin treatment. If yours is a long standing case, be sure to write the S. S. S. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for free expert medical advice. They will tell you how this purely vegetable blood tonic cleanses the impurities from the blood by literally washing it clean. They will prove to you that thousands of sufferers from Catarrh, after a consistent treatment with S. S. S., have been freed from the trouble and all its disagreeable features and restored to perfect health and vigor. Don't delay the treatment. Take S. S. S. at once.—Advertisement.

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