

# 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.

Moving Pictures of each Installment of "Neal of the Navy" will be shown every Friday night at the Dreamland Theatre.

### SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamship Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, 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 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.

### FOURTH INSTALLMENT

### THE TATTERED PARCHMENT

#### CHAPTER XVII

#### The Return of Inez Castro.

Out of that holocaust—the useless conflagration that destroyed the old Hardin cottage at Seaport—Annette saved something. She saved the links that bound the present to the past—the identifying objects that made her one with the little child who had been saved years before from the ruin of St. Pierre.

"Whatever they mean," she told her foster mother, "they'll help me find my father; they'll help me find Lost Isle. And I have a strange presentiment that I'll find him at Lost Isle and not before."

They were seated, these two, in their temporary place of abode. "Who rescued me that night?" she queried. "How did I get out of the house at all; who did that?"

Her foster mother shook her head. "Nobody knows, Annette," she said. She lit a small alcohol lamp underneath a tiny tea kettle. "Watch it, Annette," she said, "it's so small it may boil over."

Boil over it did later, and with peculiar consequences. Mrs. Hardin measured out a quantity of Ceylon tea, and then held out her hand.

"Let me see the map of Lost Isle again, Annette," she said. "It seems a shame we can make nothing of it."

It was strange, for at first glance the map seemed quite worth while. It was traced upon an ancient piece of parchment, old and yellow. At the top was this inscription:

#### "LOST ISLE OF CINNABAR."

"Cinnabar," repeated Mrs. Hardin. "Seems to me I've heard of such an island."

Annette shook her head. "I've looked it up. Cinnabar is not a place, it's nothing but an ore."

The older woman continued her scrutiny. "Here's the mine marked on the island with a cross—what kind of a mine—what's cinnabar?"

"Quicksilver ore," returned the girl. "It must be a quicksilver mine."

"Nothing else upon it, except the words 'stone castle,' nothing else."

The girl sprang to her side. "Yes," said the girl, "these two other words below."

She placed her finger upon them. They were two small words near the lower left-hand corner of the map:

Latitude.

Longitude.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Hardin, "but what latitude and what longitude?"

Annette smiled. "That's the point, it doesn't say. That's what I've got to find out, but I'll find out, never fear."

Mrs. Hardin lit a lamp, placed the map flatly upon the table, and examined every nook and corner of it. "Well," she said at length, "I've scanned the map and I can't make head nor tail of it, so we'll have some tea."

She placed her hand upon the handle of the little tea pot. She drew it away suddenly, for it was unusually hot. Her hasty movement dislodged it from its moorings and the boiling water spouted out over the table. Most of the boiling water spouted on the map. Mrs. Hardin snatched the map away and wiped it with her kerchief. Then she handed the map to Annette.

"Get it out of my sight before I scour the whole thing off the face of the earth," she said. Then she stopped. "Annette," she went on, sharply, "what's the matter?"

Annette was pointing to the map. "Look! look!" she cried.

Well might she exclaim, for there, upon the yellow surface of the parchment where only half a dozen words had appeared before, there now appeared a multitude.

Latitude 18 degrees, 30 minutes north; longitude 123 degrees, 40 minutes west. Granted to Ilington, Spanish-American explorer, for distinguished service by Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, in the year 1809; the original grant being in possession of the fathers of the Santa Maria mission in Lower California, to be surrendered to the heirs of Ilington upon

proof of identity and presentation of this map."

Annette stared at it. "Jove!" she finally exclaimed. "Lost Isle is Lost Isle no more, thanks to a tea kettle full of boiling water; but, look, look, it fades again."

"Fades as it cools," said Mrs. Hardin.

The door opened stealthily. Joe Welcher entered. "Joey," cried Annette thoughtlessly, "tell us—where's the 18 degrees latitude. You can pass examinations. And 123 degrees longitude. Right off the reel."

Joe Welcher mistook the inquiry for mere airy persiflage. He failed entirely to connect it with the map. He strode to the table. The map still lay there but now upon its face appeared none of the recently revealed inscriptions, it was as blank as it had been before. Welcher's fingers itched to get hold of the map. He needed it in his business, for his business just now was keeping out of trouble. He stretched forth a hand to take it.

"You and your old map," he said, with an attempt at jocularity, "it's like a game of solitaire. Let me look at it again."

Annette folded it up and thrust it into her bosom. "Not so, Joey," she returned. "It's never going to leave my possession again. It's precious to me now."

A sudden light broke in upon Joe's understanding. He peered at her cunningly. "What's that you were saying about latitude and longitude?" he queried.

"Never you mind, Joey," laughed Annette, "all in good time you'll know. What's on your mind?"

"How did you know anything was on my mind," replied Welcher. "Well, you're right. There's an old friend of yours downstairs, just come over from New York—Miss Irene Courtier."

"We'll tidy up, then you can show her up," said his foster mother. She swept Annette's belongings into a huge old-fashioned valise. She had no sooner finished than Inez Castro entered the arena of events.

"I read about it, just a line in the shore notes of a New York paper—the fire. And you were utterly destroyed; you saved nothing, as I understand."

"Nothing but Annette's valuables," returned Mrs. Hardin.

"What next do you do—where now do you go?" inquired Inez.

Mrs. Hardin's eyes glowed. "I—we shall go to Neal; for the present anyway, we have no other plans. We can live near him for a little while at least."

"And Neal is—" queried Inez. Mrs. Hardin told her—at the Naval Training school at Newport.

Inez clapped her hands. "The long arm of coincidence," she cried; "my father and I, we have our little villa at Newport, as you had your little cottage at Seaport. And you shall visit me, as I visited you. You shall visit me—and you Annette Ilington—at my villa, in Newport. Good."

It is to be said of Inez Castro that she was universally resourceful. She had no father. And as for a villa at Newport—she had never thought of such a thing until that instant. Her villa at Newport was a castle in the air.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### Scar Face.

Welcher, upon the advent of Inez Castro, had left the room. Inez had handed him a slip of paper—one that he was anxious to peruse. He went below to read it. It was another little seductive note from her, asking him to meet her once again at their trying place—Lonesome Cove Inn, three miles south of Seaport.

Fortified with proper stimulants, Welcher made his way at once to that hostelry.

At last she came. Welcher sprang forward and caught her in his arms. "You've got to let me see you often—often, do you understand," he said.

"Let me tell you, charming one," said Inez, "that what happens cannot be helped by me. I have a husband, have I not? A hard master, this Hernandez. When he commands, I must obey. If I fail—"

She looked up. She rose. The door was still shut, but within the room, crouching behind Welcher, were three interlopers—Hernandez and his two companions, Ponto and the brute.

"What are you doing here?" cried Welcher, stepping back. "I thought I locked the door."

"You are fond of locking doors, friend Welcher," said Hernandez, "but this time you merely turned the key—a key which doesn't lock. I have rights here, I imagine. Since my wife sees fit to enter, I enter also. May I inquire of my fair wife, he proceeded suavely, "what the helress, Annette Ilington, intends to do?"

"None of your business," snapped Joe Welcher, in return.

"May I inquire of you, sir, then," went on Hernandez, "what you intend to do?"

"That's none of your business, too,"

said Welcher; "but if you want to know, I'm going to Annapolis. I'm going to join the navy."

"Listen, friend Welcher," said Hernandez, "you have failed us once. If you fail us again we will have you broken. We want that map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar—we want every identifying thing that came aboard the Princess with Annette Ilington, the child, and you must help us get it. Understand?"

Hernandez pointed toward the door. "Annapolis," he said "then report to us at Newport in due course."

Before Welcher was able to report to Hernandez or to Inez Castro at Courtier villa, in Newport, other things happened.

A week later Neal Hardin, in his apprenticeship seaman uniform, hurried from his training ship to the railroad station in Newport, and waited half an hour for a belated train. He was unprepared for the sight that met his eyes when the train pulled in.

Annette was more than a dream—she was superb. Neal seized as many suitcases as he could manage, motioned to a porter to bring the rest, and led his little crowd toward the street car.

Inez Castro called after him. "Where are you going?" she demanded. "This is our vehicle. Pile in."

It was a huge gray motor car. "Yours?" queried Annette.

"Notwithstanding the fact that Inez had never seen the car before, she nodded.

"One of mine," she said.

At the villa Inez turned her guests loose and bade them do as they pleased. Neal and Annette immediately left the pleasing but unnecessary society of the others and wandered through the rose-lined paths behind the house.

Annette started suddenly. "Look, look, Quick!" she commanded.

Neal looked. Fifteen paces to his right there was a clump of bushes, and peering from this clump of bushes there was a human face, sinister, forbidding. Without a word Neal leaped in the direction of the face and dodged around the bushes.

Luck favored the pursued and was against the pursuer. A taxicab came whirling around a corner, and the inter-



Hernandez Tore Open Annette's Walise.

terloper leaped upon its step, opened the door and flung himself inside, giving a quick order to the driver.

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 herein shipped today. The consign-ment 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 failures 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 Ilington, 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 nesting 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 everything—everything at Crooked Crag," returned the proprietor, with an insinuating smile.

He summoned other servants 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

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 Ilington. 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.

(Continued on page 5.)

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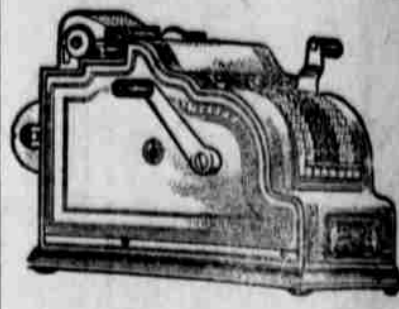
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