## Neal of the Navy

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.

Moying 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 steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Bington from an open boat, but is forced to teave behind her father and his contained by Hermanical and Ponto in a vain attempt to annex and Ponto in a vain attempt to panions. Hington is assaulted by fornandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to
getspapers which Hington has reasoned
to send absent the Princess with his
daughter, papers proving his little to and
daughter, papers proving his little to and
telling the wher-abouts of the lost island
telling the warden and an optum sam geter, with Ponto, Inex, a female accengler, with Ponto, Inex, a female accenwas lington, come to feaport, where the
widow of capitals Hardin is living with
his sun Scal and Annette Illington, and
bot to stead the papers left to Annette
by her father. Neal tries for admission
to the Naval academy, but through the
trenchery of Joey Welcher is defeated by
Joey and disgrared. Neal calleds in the
nave. Inos price a trup for Joey and the
conspirators get him in their pewer. He
agrees to also the papers for them but
accidentally will fire to the Hardin innoand the brute-man rescues Annette with
the papers from the flames. Annette with sequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts. Herman-der, Annette and Neal wach securing a

### FIFTH INSTALLMENT

### A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

CHAPTER XXI.

Grape Juice.

Of course the unexpected naval-acret service raid on the Crooked Craz hotel created some sensation as well as did the rescue of two beautiful; young women, Miss Irone Coartier and her friend Miss Hington. But Newport is a place of many happen ings-sensotional 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

But the three weird characters who had been the cause of all the vislence still remained in hiding-lier Ponto, his Mexican side partner, on their strange and unusual companion

Annette, for her part, gave full do scriptions of these three to the am therities and accompanied secret-serv ice men on many fruitless trips.

any rate," she said to he friend, Irone Courtier, "I know non where I stand. I was warned to look out for a year with a subor out acros Her face grew wietfa "I thought-feared," she went on, a first, that that man might be my to ther; but my father would poser 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 o that-and I'm sure of something else He is secking my lost lale of Cinna



Unusually Queer Things With His Face.

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

"You are so strong," marmured

Irene Courtier, "so strong." A Japanese servant stole into the room-the living room at Miss Courtler'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 salver. 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 aweetheart, ch?"

Mrs. Hardin opened the missiveher eyes brightened.

"It's from our congressman at Sea port," she exclaimed. "My dear Mrs. Hardin," he wrote in

his note, "hoping that you and your charges can add one more evening to

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 oth-

er 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 Hington 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 got you a place on the back stairs where you can look on and see the gwells."

Figuratively apeaking, 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 Neal, clad in an immaculate white duck suit, found himself stationed, stiff as a ramred, and for the first fime 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 Provldence, Rhode Island, there sat a man at a dressing table gazing into a mirfor and doing unusually queer things with his face. Hernandez was pastmaster 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 te 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 "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 gianced 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 mehe, with all the instincts of a savage

but 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 Hing-

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 llington 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," refterated 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 his glass.

"B-r-r-r," he exclaimed, as he walked away in disgust.

There was a genteel titter from the picturesque little group around the punch bowl. Inez touched Romanoff upon the arm.

"It is perfect," she whispered, "no one could ever tell."

The pseudo Romanoff glanced at her significantly, paced across the dancing deck and passed out upon the moonlit deck beyond. Inez, firting with an officer, excused herself, beckoned to Joe Welcher, who came swiftly at her beck and call, and with her hand upon his arm she followed in the wake of Romanoff. As they reached the bow Romanoff turned suddenly and confronted them. He seized Welcher by the arm.

"Friend Welcher," he said, his grip tightening, "on the canvas curtains aft, on the port side, you will find one black cross mark upon the curtain and one black cross mark upon the deck. They are my marks. You will dance with Annette Hington-"

Welcher hurried off and Romanoff with the beautiful Miss Irene Courtier upon his arm, strode slowly toward the lights.

With her escort she stood glancing out between the curtains at the moonlight upon the sea. Her escort, however, was not watching the moonlight -his eyes were fixed upon a motor boat that sported itself like some huge shark in the waters just beyond. He drew forth a white handkerchief. He stepped into the aperture between the canvas curtains, grasped the rail with one hand and shook the handker-

inez noted that a small black cross had been placed upon the canvas curtain. She looked at her feet. There was another cross upon the deck. Then she turned and faced the crowd watching with keen eyes.

Joe Welcher from far across the deck caught the glint of those same eyes—he had been watching for them. He bent over Annette.

"Look at the freak," he said, "that's tled up to Inez-I mean Irone Courier. I always call her Inez somehow. Let's

go and see the freak." "The freak," said Annette, "has dis

She was not the only person on the deck who noticed that. Some half dozen naval officers in spick and span uniforms noted it also and started double quick toward Inez Castro. Half way they stopped, for her escort, M. Romanoff, had reappeared. He smiled as Joe came up with Annette and waved his hand.

"I've been looking at the moon," he

Annette, already bored-chiefly by the close proximity of Joe Welchergianced off toward Neal.

"Let's go and get some grape juice,"

Joe drew her out to the railing through the su which Romanoff had watched the circling motor boat.

"I'll get the grape juice," said Joe aloud. "Wait here until I return."

Annette started after him, but the aperture was closed now by the broad back of Romanoff, who talked vivaciously with Irene Courtier. Annette was not averse to looking at the moon, and she looked. But-all she saw was the moon itself. She did not see and could not know that a motor launch, silent as the night, had fetched up alongside of the anchor chain. She did not know and could not see a black shadow that stole along the railing behind the canvas curtains that hid the dancing deck.

Suddenly she gave a choking cry. The black shadow like some black panther had sprung upon her from the night and clutched her in its grasp. She cried out once more, or tried to. She found she could not. A strong wiry hand closed across her mouth and a wiry form forced her back across the rail.

With a superhuman twist of her lithe young body-and she was strong. was Annette Ilington-for one instant she wrenched herself away and gave vent to a piercing scream. Neal Hardin at the punch bowl heard it. To Trade-I have 40 acres, two and dancing deck and with one sweep of his arm brushed the nonplussed one side. His eyes were blinded by spring that runs all the year. through the curtains he could only see that some terrific struggle was at

In another instant it was all over. Two figures clutching at each other frantically darted suddenly over the rail. There was a splash below.

'Man overboard," yelled Neal. He sprang to the rail and dove into the moonlit water-taking good care FOR SALE-Row boat in best of not to foul the other two.

Two minutes later it was all over. Annette was on deck half fainting in Neal's arm-but with a smile upon "Don't worry," she said to the

crowd about her, "I haven't swallowed a drop of water, I assure you. I'm a regular little water rat-Neal knows that, don't you Neal?"

Half an hour later in the Courtier villa in Newport, Annette nestled in a huge arm chair in a kimono before a blazing fire. She laughed triumphantly. She seized a dripping little chamois bag and took from it a very damp old piece of paper parchment. "This is what he was after-you

can't tell me," she said. She spread "Why, it is a blank piece of paper." said Inez Castro.

"Look at it closely," said Annette. "Oh, yes," said Irene, "it has one word upon it—longitude." "It has more than that upon it,"

said Annette. "Watch and see." She spread it out upon the hearth (To be continued Friday.)

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