

Neal of the Navy

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cats-paw," "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 Vesuvius Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Illington in a vain attempt to save her father, is killed. Annette and Ponto on the Princess with his papers proving his title to and ownership of the lost island. Illington's injury causes his death. Annette, thirteen years old, becomes a blank. Thirteen years later, she is rescued by a female accomplice, Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, and the mindless brute that once she was. Illington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette. Illington, and 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 aspirants get him in their power. He escapes to steal the papers for them but is caught and sent to the Hardin home. Annette and the brute-man rescue Annette with the papers from the flames. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. She sets in a struggle for its possession. The map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

"It is a piece of the map—my map, Irene," she went on, "the map of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. I got a portion of it—don't you remember, at Crooked Crag—but harmless portion. I got a part and so did Neal. Look. The piece is dry—see what the heat has done."

Inez Castro bent over her. "Where did the writing come from?" she demanded. "The heat brought the writing out," said Annette. "See. Look now at the longitude. What does it say?" Inez looked eagerly. "One hundred and twenty-three degrees," she exclaimed slowly, "and forty minutes west."

"That isn't all," went on Annette. "There's a message—a message from the past upon our pieces, Neal's and mine—a message that I've got by heart."

"What," queried Inez, yawning, "is the message from the past?" Annette nodded proudly. "This is the message," she returned. "Granted to Illington, Spanish-American explorer, for distinguished services, by Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, the original grant, being in the possession of the fathers—"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Unbooked Passengers. "I think it's risky," said Neal Hardin. "Let me see that again." Annette handed him the Providence, Rhode Island, morning paper. Under the head of ship notices appeared this item:

Fruit Steamer Coronado sails 15th this month. Bound for Bahamas, Colon, Panama, Lower California ports and San Francisco. Open for limited booking of passengers. Pier 1010 Providence, R. I.

PETER HANDY, Master.

Neal read the advertisement over and shook his head again.

"Risky, I tell you," he repeated. Annette's eyes flashed. "But what am I to do," she protested. "You don't—you can't understand." Her lips quivered for a moment. "I have got to find my father, Neal, and for his sake, if not for my own, I have got to find my fortune. I've got to go some time. Why not now? The message was plain enough—the Fathers of the Santa Maria mission in Lower California—I must see them. This is the easy way."

Neal folded up the paper and thrust it in his pocket. "At any rate," he said, "I'll look this captain up. If the Coronado is a likely ship and if you are bound to go, God speed." He looked the Coronado up and found her quite a likely ship. He saw her captain and found him satisfactory.

The next day Annette and her friends, including Welcher, booked for the cheap trip on the Coronado.

"You're my only passengers so far," said Captain Handy, "and I don't care if I don't have any more."

Capt. Peter Handy sauntered down the wharf. A big, swaggering individual was looking the Coronado over.

"Bill," said Capt. Peter Handy, "I'll tell you how it is. I picked you out as a cheap bargain and took a chance on you, not knowing you before. This is a cheap trip down, Bill; I'll leave it to you to pick your crew. Pick them cheap, Bill; coming back I can make

even 765." Just as she said it a mutineer rushed past her, stopped, leered into her face and grasped her by the hand. With a sudden wrench he closed the door of the wireless, shutting the three people inside—Welcher and the two other women—and then with a glare into Annette's eyes, he drew her toward him and crushed her struggling form against his breast. Below there were other passengers who watched the fight—Hernandez and his two companions. The brute watched stupidly—Ponto and Her-



"This is What He Was After!"

andez with polite interest. But suddenly the brute looked up toward the deck. He growled deep in his throat. "Hold him," said Hernandez to Ponto.

But it was too late. With one bound the brute dashed up the companionway and reached the deck. With another bound he was upon the sailor who had caught Annette. In an instant Annette found herself released, hardly knowing how it had happened.

She wrenched open the wireless door, sprang in, slammed it shut and shot the bolt.

"Where is the operator?" she inquired. There was no answer. The operator was not there.

Annette seized the wireless apparatus, donned the headgear and sent out the S. O. S.—that long wail of terror that is heard far out across the sea.

On the deck of the destroyer Jackson, a naval vessel which had left Newport a day or two before on a practice cruise, the wireless operator reported to his lieutenant. He saluted.

"Sir," he said, "I have an S. O. S. from a steamer Coronado, five miles south. Mutiny on board."

A seaman standing near started forward. "Godfrey," he exclaimed under his breath, "the Coronado—Annette's ship."

The lieutenant gave an order. "Put her about," he said. Forced draft ahead.

When the destroyer reached the Coronado, the Coronado was in dire straits. The mutineers, maddened and emboldened, and strengthened with renewed doses of the white powder, were in possession of the ship. The mate and Capt. Peter Handy lay unconscious on the deck. Every sailor had a bottle in his hand—a bottle full of strong drink.

In less than a quarter of an hour the Jackson was upon them—she had launched a boat and her boat had reached the Coronado's side. With the agility of perfect training the Jackson's men swarmed over the rail, boarded the Coronado and without an instant's hesitation attacked the mutineers, their lieutenant at their head. Neal drew a deep breath and nudged the man next to him.

"This is war," he said, "it is what we're looking for. Come on."

There was a fight—no arms-length fight at that. It was man to man.

It was a melee—it was a riot—it was pandemonium. In the midst of it there was a resounding crack. Neal's lieutenant, off his guard for once, received a well-aimed blow upon his head—a blow from a captain's bar. He fell like a log and three brutes leaped for his head—seeking to batter him into a shapeless mass.

Neal saw his peril and sprang into the midst. Never in his life had he fought as then he fought.

The blood rushed into his brain; unwonted strength flowed into muscles; his eyes were everywhere—his voice strong and fearless.

"All together now," he shouted. One—two—three.

There was a mighty superhuman rush, a ringing shout—then it was all over. The mutiny was quelled. Neal leaped upon a bridge and waved a cutlass. He said the first thing that occurred to him—the thing he felt he had to say.

"I am in command," he shouted. "The first man who disobeys me will be shot."

There was a clutch upon his arm. He looked down. He found that his right arm was bleeding from a cut, but he found something else. A small hand was grasping it quite tenderly. He turned. Annette laughed hysterically.

"What about any woman who disobeys?" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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