

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspa," "Blue Buckle," etc.

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

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Moving Pictures of each installment of "Neal of the Navy" will be shown every Friday night at the Dr. Oumland Theatre.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer 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 Pinto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his mother, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Clamator. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years later, Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Pinto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the ruthless brute that once was Ilington, come to Breston, 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. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette and goes in incognito. Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sea god. Neal is rescued by mariners from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inez tries to rob Annette and escapes. On her way to "Sanctissimo" Annette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Sanctissimo, but is caught in a train wreck on the way. Hernandez and Inez present the false identification papers to Brother Annetas at Sanctissimo. Annette is caught and killed in his own trap, set for Annette. Annette proves title and turns over Lost Island to the government. Welcher dies in a renegade effort to save her from Hernandez. Annette and Neal on their way to Lost Island, are wrecked on a cannibal island by Hernandez' trickery. The brute is accepted by the cannibals as their god.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

WHITE GODS

CHAPTER LV.

Anthropophagi.
A white face—a white beard! Potent factors even with a savage tribe. The man-eaters of this South Pacific island, cringed in terror before the blank and staring eyes of the big brute.
His blank and staring eyes! They, too, had their weird effect.
"Look—see," whimpered this crowd of latter-day cannibals, the one to the other, "he sees across the world—he talks with spirits—he is a god!"
The brute, save for the slight weaving of his massive figure from side to side, stood quiet and impassive. He was wholly unafraid.
Behind him, however, crouched another figure that told another story. Hernandez, his hands still manacled, trembled with fear. But he was still resourceful—he knew his power.
"Beast," he whispered—and tremulous though it was, it still was a command. "Beast, you've got them down. Seize the foremost spike and run them through. Be quick."
The brute heard his master's voice, and immediately obeyed. He stooped, and stooping, wrenched from the foremost naked figure the deadly weapon that the latter held within his grasp. It was relinquished without a struggle. Its former possessor stretched himself full upon the ground, waiting the death thrust. His savage companions drew back upon their haunches, their eyes glowing with religious fervor.
"A sacrifice," they cried, "a sacrifice."
But there was no sacrifice. Instead, the brute merely held the spear aloft for a moment—held it in the air with both his hands. Then he brought it crashing down across his knee, and broke it clean in twain.
"Eye-yah!" There was an ejaculation of wonder—of brute applause for brute strength.
The erawhile possessor of the spear—as ugly-faced an individual as ever ate a pound of human flesh—touched the brute upon the shoulder and pointed toward the jungle.
"Follow him, Beast," cried Hernandez a bit impatiently, "nothing can harm us now."
For the first time the brute seemed conscious of his master's presence. He turned and faced Hernandez. He grunted in uncertainty.
"Look—see," said the leader, in his guttural accents and primitive tongue, look—see. This man is his captive. The god is hungry. He would eat."
The leader pointed to the manacled hands of Hernandez. He made a sign—a sign immediately obeyed. A dozen blacks sprang forward, seized Hernandez and swung his body to their shoulders. Then at another word of command, they started off, jog trot toward the jungle. Hernandez struggled like a maniac, but to no purpose. Then he yelled:
"Follow, Beast, follow," he cried. "Save me. Come."
The brute followed, wondering. Not for one instant did he suspect the man-eaters had sinister designs upon his master.
Finally they entered a wide clearing. In the middle of this clearing was a village of straggling huts and tents. It was a ghostly village—an ill-smelling village. Scattered about it were skulls and bones enough to furnish Jolly Rogers to a hundred pi-

rate ships. It became clear then to Hernandez that the party on the beach—the small company of cannibals that had surrounded him and his companions, were merely a side issue. Here was a city—here a multitude. He had little time, however, for reflection. He was flung violently to the ground. The leader of the little band touched the brute upon the breast and made a sign.

"Look—see," he signed. The brute followed, staring, mildly wondering, possibly—perhaps not wondering at all.

The leader led the way to a rude hut, larger than the rest, and grotesquely daubed with clay. In front of this he paused and chanted some weird song. A figure, huge and unwieldy, appeared in the doorway. Huge and unwieldy as he was, he was a pygmy compared with the big brute.

He was a chief, this man, and he looked it, every inch. He was the greatest, the dirtiest, of all the greasy, dirty crew. In his right hand he held a bone. Now and then he gnawed upon it—now and then he used it as a scepter. He extended it and touched the approaching native on the forehead. The latter bowed—then turned and pointed at the brute.

"This," he jabbered in his native tongue, "is a god, and risen from the sea. He is hungry. He would eat."
The chief in turn threw himself upon his face. He called to all the multitude, and bade them do likewise. Then he remembered. He rose and signed to the brute.

"He is hungry," he repeated. "The god would eat."

Then he led the way to the tree. The brute stared at it contemplatively. He smiled.

"The god is pleased," exclaimed the chief, "let us therefore eat."

He cast from him the bone he had been holding. He made another sign. The brute glanced to one side. There upon the ground, wild eyed with fright, lay three human beings.

Upon one of these miserable victims a dozen men now pounced. They lifted him, writhing, into the air, and started toward the flames. They were about to fling him across the flames when something happened.

The brute understood. With one bound he was upon them, and with wide sweeps of his powerful hands and arms he scattered them right and left.

There was a wild murmur against this outrage—a sudden handing of spears and stone heads, but the brute never heeded the outcry. Instead he calmly stooped over each victim, one by one, and tore the bonds of each apart, and set them free. He held back the angry mob while the three captives trotted nimbly off into the nearby jungle.

The chief stared at him astounded. He might, indeed, have brained the brute with his club had he not felt the terrific grip of the brute upon him. Then he realized—once more—that the brute was not a mere man, after all.

There was a wild clamor, but the chief stilled it with uplifted hand. Then the leader of the beach band stepped forward and saluted.

"He has his own captive," he whispered to the chief, "see, yonder. He brought him with him, out of the sea."

The chief understood. He gave an order. A dozen more braves sprang toward Hernandez and bore him to the chief. The chief pointed toward the poles and the green vines lying torn upon the ground. In an instant, Hernandez lay prostrate—in another instant half his clothes were torn from his back.

"Beast," he shrieked, "save me, Beast."
The brute saved him. He charged into their midst like a raging bull—he tore Hernandez from their grasp.

The brute snarled in his throat—he kicked and clutched and clawed at the little nucleus of savages. They fell back before him as before a whirlwind—they were stunned.

Again, murmurs. But again the murmurs were silenced by the chief himself.

"He is his own captive," said the chief to his followers, "let him do as he will."
Hernandez, once upon his feet, was not slow to act.

"Quick," he said to the brute, "get a stone—two stones. Knock these wristlets from my hands."
He held out his manacled wrists—the brute understood, and obeyed. With his two hands free, Hernandez's brain was working once again. Quick as a flash he stooped and picked up a short piece of twisted vine. Raising his hand high in air, he brought this piece of vine—a stinging, snake-like whip—swishing down upon the head and shoulders of the brute.

The brute cowered, cringed, whimpered. Hernandez folded his arms, stared sternly at the brute for one swift instant, and then turned and met the glances of the chief and all his tribe.

The chief was startled. He plucked his lieutenant by the arm.

"Look," said the chief, "the big man is a god, but this is his master."



"Beast," He Shrieked, "Save Me, Beast!"

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.
(Continued on last page.)

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MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED RANCHES. W. J. PINNEY, ONTARIO, OREGON. 161t

O. S. L. TIME TABLE

| No. | Westward | Leave |
|-----|-------------------|------------|
| 17 | Oregon Wash. Ltd | 4:25 a. m. |
| 75 | Huntington pony | 8:35 a. m. |
| 19 | Oregon Wash. Exp. | 9:33 p. m. |
| 6 | Fast Mail | 5:11 p. m. |

| No. | Eastward | Leave |
|-----|-------------------|-------------|
| 18 | Oregon Wash. L. | 7:51 a. m. |
| 76 | Boise Pony | 4:51 a. m. |
| 4 | Eastern Express | 12:47 p. m. |
| 6 | Oregon Wash. Exp. | 6:03 p. m. |

OREGON EASTERN RANCH

| No. | Westward | Leave |
|-----|---|-------------|
| 139 | Mixed daily except Sunday for Riverside | 12:20 p. m. |

V. A. L. & BROGAN BRANCH

| No. | Westward | Leave |
|-----|---------------------|---------------------------------|
| 41 | Mix. V. A. & Brogan | Daily except Sunday 10:00 a. m. |
| 9 | P. M. V. A. daily | 7:00 p. m. |

| No. | Eastward | Leave |
|-----|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 140 | Mixed from Riverside | daily except Sunday 12:01 p. m. |
| 98 | Pass. from Vale, daily | 8:40 a. m. |
| 42 | Mixed from Brogan & Vale | daily except Sunday 3:30 p. m. |

The Homedale train leaves Nyssa at 1:30 p. m. on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, returning same day, arriving at Ontario at 5:20 p. m.

PAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

To the Citizens of Malheur county:
I desire to announce that I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for District Attorney at the coming primary election and solicit your support.
This office spends thousands of dollars of your money and I pledge myself to every economy consistent with good government. If elected I will devote my entire time and energy to the affairs of the office. Impartial enforcement of all laws, economy and suppression of useless litigation,—my platform.
ROBERT M. DUNCAN.

NOTICE.
I hereby announce myself as candidate for nomination to the office of Assessor on the Republican ticket, subject to the choice of the voters at the primaries.
A. A. ROBERTS.

Business Directory

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Dr. Harriet Sears
Dr. Pauline Sears
Graduates American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo.
Wilson Block. Telephone 154 Bldk.

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DENTIST
Phones: Office 117
Wilson Bldg. Res. 1173

ATTORNEYS.
W. H. Brooke, Attorney at Law.
Wilson Bldg. Ontario, Ore.

C. McGONAGILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Will Practice in All Courts
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LESLIE J. AKER
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Room 9, First National Bank Bldg.
Ontario, Oregon.

McCULLOCH & WOOD
LAWYERS
Rooms 1-2-3 First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
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R. W. Swager Attorney at Law.
Rooms 13-14-15 Wilson Bldg
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FLOWERS.
ONTARIO FLORAL CO. Orders taken for cut flowers. Argus Office, Ontario, Oregon.

LOCAL MARKETS

Prices quoted below are general retail prices prevailing in Ontario and are in no case special sale prices:

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| Cheese, fancy, lb. | 20c |
| Flour, high patent, sack | 1.15 |
| Flour, straight grade, sack | 1.25 |
| Potatoes, cwt. | 1.25 |
| Onions, dry, per lb. | 1 1/2c |
| Beans, Navy | 7c and 8c |
| Cabbage, new, lb. | 1 1/2c |
| Pie Pumpkins, per lb. | 1c |
| Apples, box | 1.00 |
| Oranges, doz. | 45c |
| Bananas, doz | 30c |
| Lemons, doz. | 30c |
| Sugar, cane, per cwt. | 7.00 |
| Honey, strained, pint | 20c |
| Honey, comb, lb. 15c, and 2 for. | 25c |
| Nuts, English walnuts, lb. | 25c |
| Nuts, Brazil, lb. | 25c |
| Almonds, lb. | 25c |
| Rice, lb. | 8c and 10c |

Butter and Eggs.
Ranch eggs, doz. 30c
Butter, ranch. 20c
Butter, creamery. 35c

Fish, Poultry and Meats.
Lard, 10 lbs. 1.35
Ham, per lb. 25c
Bacon, per lb. 22 1/2c to 25c
Head cheese, lb. 20c
Turkeys, 15c
Turkeys, dressed. 17c
Ducks, live weight. 10c
Ducks, dressed. 14c
Hens, lb. 15c
Lamb, spring, fore quarters. 1.00
Lamb, spring, hind quarters. 1.50
Lamb chops, rib, lb. 25c
Mutton chops, lb. 18c
Pork chops, loin or rib, lb. 20c
Pork, shoulder, lb. 18c
Rolled rib roast, lb. 20c
Rib roast, prime, lb. 20c
Round steak, lb. 20c
Flat-bone tenderloin, lb. 25c
Salmon, lb. 20c
Halibut, lb. 20c
Shoulder steak, lb. 18c
Shoulder roast, lb. 15c
Ham, sliced, lb. 30c
Kipped salmon, lb. 20c
Salt salmon, lb. 12 1/2c
Smoked salmon, lb. 30c
Smoked herring, each. 5c
Sirloin steak, lb. 25c
Smelts, Columbia river, 2 lbs. for. 25c
Spare ribs, lb. 15c

Live Stock.
Hogs. 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c
Veal. 4c to 5c
Cows. 3c to 4 1/2c
Lamb. 4c to 5c
Steers. 4c to 5c
Mutton. 3c to 4c

Grain Markets.
Timothy Hay, baled, per cwt. 1.15
Wheat, per cwt. 1.50
Oats, per cwt. 1.50
Barley, per cwt. 1.40
Corn on cob. 1.20
Baled Alfalfa 75c

A BANK'S FIRST DUTY

is to its depositors. The business of this bank is conducted on this basis, which is, in truth, SECURITY AND CONSERVATISM. Safety is considered before profits. We feel justified in asking for your banking business, assuring you always, courteous treatment and satisfactory service.

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COAL
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KEMERER NO. 5.
COAL
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COAL