

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Backle," 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. Canland Theatre.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee, 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 companion. In the attempt to land, the ship is wrecked and the captain is killed. Annette is rescued by a man named Inez, who is a member of a gang of pirates. Inez captures Annette and takes her to a small island. Inez's men are killed by a storm, and Inez is left alone with Annette. Inez tries to force Annette to marry him, but she escapes. Inez's men are killed by a storm, and Inez is left alone with Annette. Inez tries to force Annette to marry him, but she escapes. Inez's men are killed by a storm, and Inez is left alone with Annette. Inez tries to force Annette to marry him, but she escapes.

"So," said Hernandez, "I have kept my promise. The woman is yours—the treasure is mine. It is a bargain." Then he uttered a sudden exclamation. "It is not Inez," he cried. "It is you—your little wildcat of an Inez. So you have arrived. It is better so—better so."

"It is Inez, eh?" he queried, "you the woman. I the jars of quicksilver."

The chief regarded him fiercely. "You lie in your throat, stranger," he exclaimed in guttural tones. "I captured the woman—you kept her from me. I took her by force—and I have waited long."

He laughed loud—a deliberate laugh. "I took her by force, I have her. Yes, and you have our treasure—after you, too, have waited long—after you have taken it by force. Ho, ho."

Hernandez understood. He sprang at the pirate chief, striking at him frantically, and clutching at Annette, trying to tear her from him.

In a moment a multitude of beasts swarmed through the underbrush—entered the arena of events.

CHAPTER LXII.

Onslaught.

On the chief's part it was a horrible mistake. In his momentary excitement he had thought to exterminate Hernandez.

"at the cutthroats who bounded in—never even saw Hernandez. Hernandez was there, agile, alert, ready to defend himself. But they didn't know it.

The only thing they saw was Annette Inez, clutched in the mighty grasp of her chief. Like a mob of ravenous wolves they pounced upon her. The chief beat them off.

"There are two," he exclaimed. "Two. The other runs free upon the beach. This one is mine. The other on the beach. Scatter and find her."

Some half dozen of the crew, accustomed to obedience, scampered off. But not so the rest. Shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh, they struggled on after their chief holding out their hands toward the trembling girl upon his shoulder.

Step by step he fought his way, clutching her firmly to him, until he reached the entrance to a cave—his cave. He stooped to enter. Then broke the storm.

Down on shore Neal and Inez, alarmed at the prolonged absence of Annette, had scattered—Neal scoured the beach in one direction—Inez in another.

At last Neal found her—Inez, crouching behind a rock. Inez, panting with fear, leaped into his arms. He cast her off—for he did not understand.

"Annette," she cried, "they've got her—there—that way—that way."

Annette, numb with fear, lay quivering just within the mouth of the cave. Behind her was the dark—the unknown. She was too terror-stricken to move. But she was quick-witted and she saw—and understood—that this terrific fight was helping her. She collected herself—she began to plan. Inch by inch she crept farther into the darkness.

When the fight was at its hottest the chief lunged far out in the midst of it and left the cave's mouth temporarily uncovered. Like a flash Annette wriggled out of the cave and slunk swiftly toward the undergrowth. She reached it, when a figure blocked her path.

It was Neal. With a wild cry she flung herself into his arms. But Neal repulsed her for the instant, and with forethought. Almost brutally he flung her behind him, and unshipped his navy gun. For action was at hand. One man and only one had seen Annette crawl from the cave's mouth and that man was the pirate chief. As soon as he could disentangle himself, he was away and after her. And here he came, tearing through the undergrowth with savage bounds.

Neal fired thrice—hit once—missed twice—and then the cutthroat was upon him.

Inez from the shore, heard the shots. He looked upward and saw, peering down at him from a eminence, the face of his arch enemy, Hernandez.

He shook a massive fist at the face, and the face disappeared.

Inez hastened back to the temporary camp and found that the lieutenant and his men were making ready for a run.

"Come on, loot," cried Inez, leaping into the undergrowth. "I'm ready for a fight. I saw a head just now, and I'm going to hit it hard."

Neal fought with fury, but his fight was futile. So, he said, was the fight of the pirate chief. For Neal's shots had brought the other beasts swarming like human hornets about their heads. Annette's temporary escape had been discovered—they had been cheated—vengeance was their due. They pounced upon Neal and their chief like harpies—once more pandemonium reigned. Annette crouched unseen—horror-stricken.

Suddenly she shrieked aloud—for Neal had disappeared beneath a mass of men.

She shrieked and ran like wild for the shore—for succor. There was no



Caught Her in His Arms.

sprang out and waded gleefully ashore. Neal was a close second.

Two sailors carried Mrs. Hardin through the shallow water. A lieutenant leaped out with Inez, and bounded to dry land.

It was two hours later that Annette, pursuing a hairless little tropical animal along the beach, rounded a corner, and espied a sail.

Her heart leaped into her throat. Upon her person she carried a sure fire automatic; she examined it and found it in excellent condition. Then she turned her glance once more upon the sail.

And then Annette's heart stood still again. For within the boat there was a human figure. Annette shrank behind a rock and watched. And suddenly she knew—

The figure was Inez. She was alone, and seemed to be making frantic efforts to sail the boat. Annette watched her with interest. And while she watched a stiff breeze sprang up and nearly swamped the boat.

"Inez—Inez," she cried, "do as I say—Inez—"

Inez heard her, and immediately forsook the tiller and the rope and held out her hands beseechingly over the gunwale of the boat. It was the best course she could have pursued. The

fight in her—she was beaten by fear. That shriek was fortunate for Neal. His assailants left him and darted after her—scurrying like wild dogs through the brush.

And then—crack—crack—crack—The bark of a dozen navy rifles. A dozen men plunged headlong.

It was a bad fight—a desperate fight. Neal's men were outnumbered.

Meantime a solitary figure slunk through the brush and crept past all the fighters. This was Hernandez. Inez, during a lull, saw him pass, but knew not where he went. Hernandez knew. He was still hoping

against hope—he still lusted blindly after treasure. He reached the edge of the artificial crater and crept down a ladder and plunged into the treasure cave. He plunged his hands—his arms, into the living quicksilver—he tossed it into the air.

"They've never beaten me yet," he cried, "this is mine—all mine."

He started suddenly. Across the pit there was a lull. And then the deadly crack—crack—crack of rifles.

"Re-enforcements," he muttered. He was right. One boatload of marines had reached the shore in another launch, had plunged through the thicket and had reached the conflict just in the nick of time.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Edge of the World.

Hernandez crouched behind one of the huge earthen jars. The light that streamed in at the cave's mouth darkened suddenly, and a huge figure crept in. At first Hernandez thought this was the pirate chief—but that fierce fighter was lying far across the pit with a bullet through his head. The figure crept on farther—then Hernandez saw.

It was Inez. Inez was unarmed—his face was blood covered. He was a figure fearful to behold. Hernandez climbed the ladder in fearful haste. Inez saw him and followed, caught him, tore from him Hernandez' ever ready knife, and faced him squarely.

"I swore to tear you apart with my hands," cried Inez beside himself with rage, "and I'm going to do it."

"Two can play at that," panted Hernandez, "come on."

Inez came on—reckless of the fact that he was fighting on the edge of a precipice.

Far to the rear Annette plucked Neal's wrist.

"Look—look," she cried, "Hernandez has my father—and the Portuguese has a knife."

She was not the only watcher. Below on shore a fresh boatload of marines were landing. They had seen the fight—they watched it now. Their officer peered through his glasses.

"Our friend the Portuguese," he said, "we've got to get him and take him back. The world needs one Hernandez less."

Even as he spoke, Hernandez struck with his knife and ripped open Inez's arm.

With a wild cry the fresh marines scrambled up the cliff. Hernandez, cool with coolness of desperation, side-

stepped, and lifting one foot, neatly tripped his man.

Inez fell heavily, with one arm hanging over the precipice.

And then Hernandez looked—for the first time he took note of his surroundings.

Behind him ranged Neal and his squad, with fixed bayonets and with death shining in their eyes. Below, scrambling up the cliff were twenty men, dangerous—desperate.

Hernandez paused—his eyes narrowed. He was beaten, and he knew it.

Hernandez rose to his full height. "Sorry gentlemen," he said, "but you've never beat me yet and you cannot beat me now."

He retreated a pace or two, gave a sudden run—and leaped far out over the edge of the precipice.

Neal formed his men in line—they were joined by the squad that climbed the cliff.

"Forward, march," said Neal. Annette and her father followed them. Inside of fifteen minutes the little squad were scurrying about the inside of the cave. They were plunging their hands into the liquid metal and letting it run through their fingers.

"Some little island, this," they commented.

"It took you boys to get it for us," returned Inez, "without you, Lost Island would have been lost forever, and so would we."

He turned to Annette, "Annette," he said, "this is yours—all yours. You are a princess—this is your kingdom." He stretched wide his arms to include all Lost Island. "Your kingdom," he repeated.

Annette looked at Neal. Neal looked at Annette—then he rushed forward and caught her in his arms.

Annette glanced at the boys in blue. "And this—my king," she said.

THE END.

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Pie Pumpkins, per lb.	1c
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Hens, lb.	15c
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Mutton chops, lb.	18c
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Pork, shoulder, lb.	18c
Roller rib roast, lb.	28c
Rib roast, prime, lb.	22c
Round steak, lb.	20c
Flat-bone tenderloin, lb.	28c
Salmon, lb.	20c
Halibut, lb.	20c
Shoulder steak, lb.	18c
Shoulder roast, lb.	15c
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