

# NEAL of the NAVY

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"CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

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### FIRST INSTALLMENT

#### PROLOGUE—THE SURVIVORS

##### CHAPTER I.

###### The Red Death.

Capt. John Hardin of the Princess regarded the fast-receding coast line with unusual alarm. He shouted to his mate.

"Welcher," he cried, pointing aft, "look at that. I've never seen old Pelee act that way before."

"Welcher, the mate, a surly, sallow-faced, ill-conditioned fellow in unkempt uniform, followed with his eyes the captain's glance."

"See whiz," he said, "me neither."

"Ben," exclaimed the captain, "she's splitting fire. By Godfrey, that means death—death, I tell you, death."

This was back in 1902. The Princess, Captain Hardin's boat, was a tramp steamer bound to New York from the city of St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, with a cargo of cocoa, coffee, sugar cane and cotton, and had been under way probably an hour.

"You're right, captain," he returned. "Pelee means business this trip. Death is right."

A feminine figure emerged from the shadow of the afterhouse and rushed forward toward the bridge. Behind her, following in her wake, raced two sturdy youngsters. One of these youngsters darted past her, swarmed upon the bridge and confronted the captain and his mate.

He was Captain Hardin's boy, Neal—the only child.

The other boy was the mate's son, young Joey Welcher, sallow-faced and disagreeable like his father.

With the roar of a thousand thunderbolts Pelee bellowed forth.

"What are we going to do, Jack?" cried the captain's young wife, "what are we going to do?"

"Do!" returned the mate, before the captain could reply. "Put on more steam, that's what we'll do. We're well out of that hell-hole yonder. An hour and we'd have been in the thick of it. We're well out of it, I tell you."

Captain Hardin applied his eye to his telescope once more. The boy upon his shoulder followed suit.

"Welcher," said the captain bravely, "we've got to go back."

In a flash Ponto's hand darted like a black snake across the table to clutch the packet in its grasp. The American, for all his hugeness, was quite as agile as the fat Ponto. He snatched the packet away just as Ponto's fingers touched it.

Ponto's eyes reddened; his face flushed suddenly. He fingered the hilt of his knife and glanced toward Hernandez.

"I will be careful to take small change with you, friend Ponto," said Ilington. He waved the packet toward Hernandez. "All in good time, señor," he said.

"The important question," went on Ilington, "is this: Who is in possession of the lost isle of Cinnabar? It belongs to me. I have the paper title—at any rate I can obtain it, but whom must we eject when we arrive?"

"Leave that to me," said Hernandez. "We shall wipe them off the face of the earth."

A screen door swung open and a native woman gaudily arrayed in green and yellow stripes, her head bound around with a strip of orange-colored linen, slipped through the door leading with her a tiny girl—a child three or four years old.

The child saw Ilington and ran tumultuously toward him, clasping his huge leg with her arms.

"My daughter, gentlemen," said Ilington. "She is all I have. Her mother died when she was born and when I die she will be the heiress to the lost isle of Cinnabar—perhaps the princess of a principality, who knows."

Manuela, her native nurse, carried her out into the narrow white and winding street, and together they half ran, half toddled down the hill.

Ilington resumed his own chair and once more exhibited the oilskin packet.

The contents of this packet—possibly will indicate the whereabouts of the lost isle of Cinnabar," he said.

"Suppose we take a chance."

"Break the seal, señor," said Hernandez.

Ilington started to obey—but something happened.

With the suddenness of a jaguar seeing from the hunters, a man—half

warning he slipped aside into a blind alley, and let the crowd slide by like a huge man-colored avalanche. When he joined the crowd again, Hernandez and his Astec ally were ahead of him and not behind.

"To the sea—to the sea!"—the voice of the multitude raised itself in agony. There was but one cry—"to the sea—let me past—make room for me—to the sea—to the sea."

At a crazy little wharf Ilington twitched himself and Manuela and the child deftly to one side and let the crowd plunge on.

He scanned the surface of the bay, the fringe of shore. The bay was dotted with small boats, laden to the gun-wales. The water was alive with swimmers.

Ilington turned suddenly—at his side stood Hernandez. Ilington shook his head.

"There's not a chance," he said. "Senor Ilington," said Hernandez, "you are indeed fortunate to have tied yourself to me. Always I have something up my sleeve." He jerked his head. "Follow me," he added.

Ilington, wondering, followed, dragging Manuela with him.

Swiftly the group moved along the water front—they fought their way inch by inch. Suddenly Hernandez darted out upon another wharf.

"Stand in a circle," he commanded, "and when I say the word—quick action, señor."

Then Hernandez stooped quickly and jerked back a trap door that had been fitted into the planking.

"Quick," he whispered, "drop."

He seized Manuela and dropped her through the opening. She screamed—this scream rose to a shriek when she struck the water. But her alarm was unwarranted. There was no danger—she stood waist-deep in water. Ponto followed with a leap—he knew his ground. Ilington hovered himself warily, to save Annette from injury; clung for one instant to the edge of the opening with one brawny hand, and then dropped straight as a plummet.

Hernandez followed suit, closing the trap door behind him. The closing of this door left them almost in total darkness.

"Senor," whispered Hernandez, "I have a boat. One moment, please."

He groped about and caught a rope tied to a pile. He drew it in, hand over hand.

"In," said Hernandez—"everybody in."

The group obeyed. The boat was small.

"Senor," said Hernandez, "you are large—you are tall. See yonder ray of light—it is an opening, just wide enough to admit of this small craft. Leap out, señor—draw us thither—it is the sole way to the sea."

Ilington dragged the boat through the narrow opening and swung back into his place.

"I'll row," he said.

Suddenly Hernandez pointed toward the north. "Look, señor," he exclaimed, "succor—yonder is salvation."

Ilington followed his glance. His face lighted.



Ponto's Eyes Reddened; His Face Flushed Suddenly. He Fingered the Hilt of His Knife and Glanced Toward Hernandez.

like movement. Suddenly Hernandez spoke.

"Careful, señor," he commanded. "Behold the surf."

He was quite right. They were crossing some bar well off the shore. Before they knew it they were in the midst of a tumult of wind-driven angry waves. Ponto shrieked. A wave towered high above them and fell with thunderous thud upon the bottom of their boat. She went under.

"Come on," cried Ilington; "a hand on each of my shoulders—I'll take you safe ashore."

Half an hour later the three men staggered out of the battered surf and sank down exhausted upon a strip of beach.

Dawn broke with Ilington still sleeping heavily. Ponto was the first to wake. He shook Hernandez, placing his finger on his lips. Hernandez sprang up with the agility of a panther. He collected his faculties in an instant. He placed his hand upon the shoulder of the sleeping man and shook him.

"Wake, señor," he commanded; "it is day."

"Senor," went on Hernandez, "our task you resume our conversation—our talk of yesterday. Where is this lost island? He thrust his face into the face of Ilington. "And where," he demanded, "is the oil-silk packet?"

"Where, also," added Ponto, "is the bag of gold?"

Ilington smiled. "So you have searched me, have you?" he returned.

"Well, you're welcome, gentlemen, to anything you find." He rose to his feet. "Come on," he commanded, "we're marooned. I'm hungry. Let us see what we can find."

Hernandez caught him by the arm. "Where is the packet?" he demanded. "And where the gold?" persisted Ponto.

Ilington smiled. "Both traveling north," he answered, "with Annette Ilington. They are confined to her care."

"And why?" asked Hernandez. Ilington shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you and I Ponto here were booked for death, that's why. Who knows—we may still be booked for death."

Hernandez glanced significantly at Ponto. "Some of us may," he said.

"Come on," said Ilington, "there are muscels on those rocks yonder. Follow me."

He strode into the water and waded toward a patch of rocky reef beyond.

Ponto seized a bit of jagged wood that lay upon the beach. He and Hernandez waded after Ilington. Once on the rocks Ilington stooped and tore huge shells from their moorings with his naked hands. As he did so Ponto in a sudden frenzy lifted high the billet in his hand and brought it with a crashing blow down upon the head of Ilington.

He reached the beach and darted sidngs either and thither, always babbling, always cackling.

There was reason for this. Somewhere in his skull there was a dent—a deep depression—made by the billet of wood that had struck him down. Ever and anon as he went he stroked the wound with the right hand and drew the hand away, covered with blood.

"Red—red—" he babbled and went on.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A Night With Flams.

Young Neal Hardin was proud of his father's boat, the Princess. He never ceased admiring her. There was no part of her he didn't love. He was well assured that she must hold the same fascination for other people as she did for him. He concluded that little Annette Ilington would fall desperately in love with his huge boat and he escorted that young lady to all parts of the vessel—in fact, he walked her little legs off.

They explored the lifeboats, the forward quarters of the crew, they visited the pilot; they climbed the bridge. Finally, they visited the hold. It was well they did.

Something had happened—and had happened on the day before while the Princess lay off Martinique. Cinders had fallen by the hundreds—a condition of affairs that the captain and his crew had well prepared for. It was impossible to be everywhere at once and a cinder—a live, red messenger of death—had taken advantage of this condition of affairs, had wormed its way unnoticed into the cotton cargo, and like a red-hot cancer had eaten into it with flame.

With just the slightest trace of excitement Neal drew the little girl to the deck and with her at his side sought and found his father and whispered to him.

The captain stiffened as with shock; his face turned pale. He held up a hand and three members of the crew rushed to him. He gave hasty, whispered orders.

In ten minutes the fire hose was laid out—men were working at the pumps. But in ten minutes something else had happened—the hold was filled with smoke. Huge tongues of flame were leaping heavenward, and in that same ten minutes panic took command—pandemonium reigned.

"Abandon ship," Hardin cried. "All hands to the boats! Women and children first."

Two days later a boatload of half-starved refugees parched with thirst, chilled by the cold night and baked by the heat of day, were sighted by a cruiser of the navy. Half an hour afterwards its exhausted passengers clambered wearily but gratefully upon the cruiser's side.

The last of the refugees to leave the lifeboat and last of all save the lifeboat's crew to reach the cruiser's deck was young Neal Hardin. Clutched in his arms was the recumbent sleeping figure of little Annette Ilington.

Mrs. Hardin was offered the commander's cabin. She accepted with gratitude. She tucked Annette Ilington and Joey Welcher into their berths, but when she came to look for Neal, her young son, she found him missing.

She searched for her him. A seaman touched her on the arm.

"You'll find him there, ma'am," said the sailor.

He pointed toward a group in a corner of the sleeping deck. The crew

were swinging hammocks ready for the night. Mrs. Hardin listened. She heard the clear tones of her young son Neal. She hastened to the group and caught her offspring by the hand.

"Mom," he pleaded, "don't." He pointed toward a hammock high above his head. "That's where I'm going to sleep—just once—tonight."

A seaman touched his cap and grinned. "He's a sailor from the ground up, ma'am," he said. "You can't make him anything else if you was to try a hundred years."

All through that long night a woman lay, wide-eyed, with dumb agony within her heart. She didn't know—she couldn't know—that Capt. John Hardin was exploring the depths unknown with a knife sunk between his shoulder blades by his mate, Welcher. But she knew that she would never lay eyes upon him more—never feel the clasp of his hand, nor his kiss upon her lips, nor his strong arms about her—never in this world again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

their very acts would cause at least controversy between this country and Germany?

In conclusion Senator Chamberlain stated that the articles of war on our statutes today are the same as during the time of George Washington, and that they need reorganization to meet modern day methods.

## WILLIAM B. PERRY IS NAMED REGISTRAR

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 18.—(Special) —William B. Perry, for several years a druggist in this city, has been appointed by the deputy state registrar as registrar of vital statistics for district 68, consisting of Harmony, Adonwald, Milwaukee and Oak Grove. The duties of the registrar will be to report all deaths and births coming within this territory. The doctors are given 15 days in which to turn in all births and the undertakers are compelled to report all deaths immediately. Since Mr. Perry has been appointed registrar of this district which was on September 7, four births and one death have been recorded.

## MILWAUKIE PERSONAL ITEMS.

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 18.—(Special) Charlie Temples, of this city, who broke his arm some time ago while working in the Kenton shingle mill is now able to use it and expects to go back to work in the mill first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Keck and daughter, Daisy, are spending their summer vacation at the coast and are planning to return to their home in this city in a few days.

Judge J. R. Kelso and a party are planning on going to southern Oregon before long where they will hunt and fish. Mr. Kelso has just returned from a hunting trip in that section and found the hunting good.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Perry, who have been visiting with their son, William B. Perry, local druggist, will return soon to their home in Pulseney, New York after visiting in this city for the last six months. Mr. Perry is the owner of a large vineyard in New York.

## INDUSTRIAL FAIR SUCCESS.

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 18.—(Special) The industrial fair here today, held under the supervision of the principal of the Milwaukee school, Robert Goetz, was a decided success. The exhibits included a wide range of subjects and prizes were awarded for each.

## COUNTY AND STATE DEFENDANTS IN SUIT

Olaf F. Hedgate and Mary E. Hedgate Thursday instituted a suit in the circuit court to remove a cloud from the title to their 58-acre farm near West Linn, Clackamas county and the state of Oregon are named defendants in the action. In 1854 the man who then owned the land gave the county a deed to a strip a rod wide across the property for a road. The road was never opened but the county still holds title to the strip. J. E. Hedges, attorney for the Hedges, appeared before the county court several weeks ago and unsuccessfully tried to settle the matter without bringing a suit.

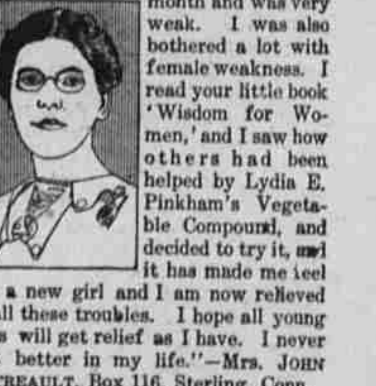
## STOP AT CROSSING ORDERED.

The state public service commission has issued an order requiring the Portland Railway, Light & Power company to stop all trains within 60 feet of Cottrell station, in the eastern part of the county, and sound a signal before crossing the highway. In a complaint signed by G. H. Blackburn and about 1000 others, it was asserted that the crossing is extremely dangerous.

## IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. I had never heard of it before."



It has helped me so much that I feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Mrs. JOHN TETREAU, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.

Masena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad cold, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Amenia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYERS, Box 74, Masena, N. Y.

## Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Neal Hardin and the Heiress of the Lost Island.



Ponto in a Sudden Frenzy Lifted High the Billet in His Hands and Brought It Down.

## CHAMBERLAIN IS SPEAKER AT BIG GRANGE MEETING

(Continued from Page 1.)

masses, and cited particularly the postal savings bank as an instance, which, he said, had been bitterly fought by the big interests because they believed it would seriously injure them, when as a matter of fact it aided.

Wood Tariff Explained. Commenting on the tariff Senator Chamberlain said that when the ques-

tion of reduction in the tariff on wool came up, he, together with Senator Walsh, of Montana, and others interested in this commodity, called upon the president and spent three hours in trying to get the latter not to insist upon the reduction as great as was planned, believing that the industry of several trades would be destroyed, having been so impounded by their constituents. "That reduction was made and what do we find today," said Senator Chamberlain. "Why, wool today is Oregon is higher than ever in its history. The same thing was said of agricultural

products, but look at the prices today." These things have come in spite of the very nature of conditions," said the senator. "The law of supply and demand is the great economic law that fixes the prices of all products." The senator said that the great European war has had much to do with the high prices prevailing.

Grange Is Complimented. The grange and State Master Spence were complimented for the part they are taking in working for the interests of the masses. The senator said the agricultural classes were the great

balance to the wheel, and that they were never appealed to that they didn't do their duty. He declared that there was no better place in which to discuss the questions of the day than in the grange hall, where they discussed things of greatest benefit to the locality, state and national life, and dependence was to be assured that the discussion will be for the interest of the masses and not in the interest of the few. "Where the farmer does his duty is at the polls," said the senator.

Preparation Declared Needed. While declaring himself as believing in peace, but got peace at any price, Senator Chamberlain said he wanted this country to be prepared for war, even though it be with a small army, but one of efficiency. "We may be receiving some benefit from the great war, but it is none but what the people would be willing to forego if they could have peace," the senator said.

Senator Chamberlain eulogized President Wilson for his attitude in the European questions, and said that not since the time of the immortal Lincoln had a president been confronted with the problems which Wi-