

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.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues a five-year-old Annette Hington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Hington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Hington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinabary. Hington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Hington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Hington, 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. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each securing a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. The crew, crazed by cocaine smuggled aboard by Hernandez, mutiny and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smugglers' cave to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT THE SUN WORSHIPERS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Jungle Trail.

Blindfolded and stumbling, Neal was led for miles over an almost untrod path.

As he went he listened, and twice he could have sworn he heard a woman's voice, a voice that he knew well—the voice of Annette Hington. Once he heard her scream.

Suddenly there was a halt. There was much whispering and the low toned chattering of many people. And then Neal heard another scream—

"Neal! Neal!"

There was the tramping of a heavy body through the underbrush and then the rattling of a heavy chain and what seemed to be the unlocking of a door. There was another shriek, then silence.

Finally without warning Neal was seized in a gigantic pair of arms, tossed lightly over a huge shoulder and was carried rapidly along. Another door was opened and Neal felt himself flung—a bit too violently—into the corner of a stone-walled apartment. A door clanged to behind him and was locked and bolted. A voice assailed his ears.

"Senor," said this voice, "if you would be relieved of bonds and blinds, approach me."

Neal—not without apprehension—started up and staggered in the direction of the voice. A hand swung him about. Upon his head and wrists he felt the pressure of cold steel—the back of a sheath knife. His bonds fell at his feet. He swung about, stretched his arms and looked. Grinning sardonically at him through the bars was the face of Hernandez and behind Hernandez with blinking eyes stood the ever-present brute.

"We keep you merely for safety, senor," said Hernandez.

He swung on his heel, thrust the brute out of sight and disappeared.

Neal noted now that he was confined in a stone cell—dingy, dirty, miserable. He jumped at once to the correct conclusion. This was a fort.

He examined his cell critically. The mortar was disintegrating. The fort was very old. He took out his knife—they had still left him that—and stabbed viciously at the space in between the stones.

There was a rattle at the door of Neal's cell. A native insurrecto opened the door and set upon the floor a jug of water and a loaf of disreputable looking bread. Almost at the same time there was a rattle at the door of Annette's dungeon cell. She ceased her tapping suddenly and turned. The brute was entering—also with refreshments, such as they were.

Instead of disposing of these at once, he strode forward, his huge body towering above her and held them out to her with a strange gleam in his eyes. She took the food and drink and laid them down upon the bench, staring at the brute while. The huge anomaly took this as an invitation. He shambled closer toward her, never once removing his glance from her upturned wondering face. Then without warning he thrust forth a hand and stroked her hair.

Annette was startled. Yet there was so much docility in the expression of this half man, half animal, that she instinctively submitted to his touch. And there was something else—something struggling for expression in those strange, wide open eyes.

There was a quick step behind the brute and Hernandez entered. Annette shrank back into a corner of the cell.

The brute gazed at him, but still stood by his ground. Hernandez in a rage struck him sharply on the shoulder and thrust him toward the door.

The brute, cringing in his turn, half fell, half shuffled out of the cell, followed by Hernandez raining blows upon his back.

Hours passed. Suddenly an ominous whisper spread through the fort—a whisper of apprehension. There was much bustle.

During an interval of comparative quiet there was wafted into the range of Neal's hearing the one word—"Americanos." Then with two successive clangs the cell doors, Neal's and Annette's, were flung back.

They were bound and once more blindfolded. Then, each in the center of an ample escort, they stumbled, plunged and staggered once more through the jungle trail.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sanctuary.

Meantime things had happened. Outside the fort there was camped a gang of about fifty insurrectos. Many were wounded; all seemed to be in tatters.

They had with them three Americans. One was Joe Welcher, who sat sullenly upon the ground smoking a cigarette. Inez Castro was also in evidence. The third American was Neal Hardin's mother. She was the subject of considerable discussion, for she was ill.

"Get me two donkeys," said Hernandez. "I will send her back down the trail with Senorita Castro and Welcher."

A quarter of a mile away on the top of a jagged rock that thrust its head above the surrounding foliage there crouched a native scout. He watched a cruiser slowly steaming up the coast. He watched the shore—and the trails leading from the shore.

Suddenly he started—he had seen something ominous. He clung to his perch for one instant peering down to make quite certain. Then he scrambled to the ground and then crawled, leaped, staggered through the brush. He reached the insurrectos' camp and clutched his leader's arm.

"Americanos, capitan," he panted breathlessly. "They come."

"From whence?" queried the leader. The insurrecto scout indicated the direction. Fear spread itself over the countenance of the leader.

Hernandez grunted. "We must vamoose. Senorita Castro," he said to Inez, "you and the two Americans shall go thither—east." He nodded



There Was Something Struggling for Expression in Those Strange Eyes.

to the leader. "We go west at once—and with our prisoners."

It takes the trained eye of a native to know a trail when he meets one in the well-nigh impossible jungles of Dolores. The United States marines, a little squad of 25 men, were beginning to realize this fact. For an hour they followed blind trail after blind trail, only to retrace their steps to a given starting point.

"Never mind," said their officer. "They're up there and we'll get them, and then—"

He stopped. A shower of dirt and small stones spattered on his head.

The officer looked up. Above him towered a cliff, and half way to the top of this cliff there ran a narrow ledge—a mountain pass. The officer ducked; for there was another shower of dirt and gravel. Then he caught sight of a donkey's tail swishing out over the precipice.

"I've got the trail," he said, "and a good trail it is, for it leads here—here to our very feet."

He was quite right. Some three-quarters of an hour later Inez and her small party passed that very spot—a spot now deserted.

Suddenly twenty-five American marines with drawn bayonets sprang from the jungle as by magic and surrounded them.

Inez, excellent actress, breathed an audible sigh of relief. "At last," she said. "We have found you."

The ensign advanced toward her

and saluted. He glanced doubtfully at the half-dozen insurrectos wearing uniforms.

"Who are you?" he demanded of Inez.

"These," said Inez, with a wave of her hand, "are Dolores regulars who have befriended us, and we are three Americans, and one of us is sick. It is for her that we seek refuge."

He strode swiftly to the side of Mrs. Hardin. She was awaying helplessly from side to side in the saddle of her donkey, supported by two insurrecto escorts.

"Neal, Neal," she cried.

Inez dismounted and approached the officer. "She has the fever," she exclaimed, "and she raves in her speech all the time. Lieutenant; she makes up names—all kinds of names."

"There are other Americans in the mountains?" he queried.

Inez opened wide her eyes and shook her head. "We saw none, sir," she said.

The ensign pondered. "This woman needs immediate attention. Take her to the launch and thence to the Albany." He bowed to Inez and beckoned to Joe Welcher. "You two must go along," he said soberly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Corazon del Sol.

After a march of hours in the very thickest of the jungle, Hernandez halted his band of insurrectos. The respite was welcomed. Exhaustion reigned supreme. Hernandez picked out two of the sleeker looking revolutionists.

"This trail," he said to them, "has been lately traveled. See where it leads."

Hernandez went back to his captives. He carried with him thick pieces of bread. He unloosed the bandages from their eyes.

"Mine hostages," he said lightly, "eat, drink and be merry."

Three miles further on there was a clearing in the jungle. Across this clearing was an ancient gateway and a crumbling stone wall, older than historic man himself. Two unprepossessing stolid stone figures guarded this gateway. A third guard now entered the foreground and passed through the ancient ruined gateway.

He was a living guard, but of a dead race. He was an Aztec. He had heard noises and he had come out to see as well as to hear.

And suddenly he saw and was seen in turn. Wriggling through the portions of the edge of the clearing suddenly appeared the two scouts sent forward by Hernandez. They crouched there, staring speechlessly at the Aztec warrior. He in his turn stared speechlessly at them.

But they had seen more than he had. They had caught a glimpse through that gateway of a mass of leaping, twisting flame, and they knew it for the thing it was.

An hour later, panting, breathless, with their tongues hanging out and their eyes still wide with terror, they crept up to Hernandez and clutched him by the arms.

"Corazon del Sol," they cried, their faces twisted with terror.

Ponto heard them. His eyes gleamed with sudden interest. He waddled to the side of Hernandez and nodded understandingly.

"Corazon del Sol," repeated Hernandez. "The Heart of the Sun."

Ponto nodded again. "The Heart of the Sun," he repeated.

"Well, what of it?" asked Hernandez.

"The lost tribe," whispered the scouts. "The Aztecs. Come," they cried, "we have no time to lose. They will be upon us. Fly."

Hernandez gripped each man by the wrist. "Speak, Ponto," he demanded.

Ponto tapped himself upon his chest. "I am of Aztec blood myself," he said. "I have heard of this lost tribe. I have heard of this city of Corazon del Sol. Many assume it to be a myth, senor, but it is no myth."

Hernandez nodded. "How many inhabitants of Corazon del Sol?" he queried.

"Tradition has it," said Ponto, "that it is a town surrounded by a wall and that its population never increases." He smiled grimly. "What human beings it does not need, it feeds to the Heart of the Sun—the flame."

"It will feed all of us to the flame," cried the scouts. "We must go back—back."

Hernandez leered. "Ponto," he said, "in front of us, according to these insurrectos, is a fiery furnace with a million foes. Behind us, camping on our trail somewhere, is a handful of American marines. Which do you choose?"

"Forward," said Ponto, "to the fiery furnace. Deliver me from a handful of marines."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Anger of a God.

Within the walls of Corazon del Sol there lived a god. He didn't know he lived—he was quite ignorant of his own existence. If he had ever lived he would have died from ugliness. But there were those who knew he lived. They were the inhabitants of this ancient Aztec village—Corazon del Sol, the Heart of the Sun. They knew he lived, because periodically and quite persistently he demanded flesh.

Just now he stared straight before him through the gates of the crumbling walls. The high priest followed his glance.

Suddenly the high priest started and held high his hand. A group of Aztec warriors answered the summons. In crude uneven order this crowd rushed through the gates and stood at bay. Across the clearing was another group—Hernandez and his crowd. The two

groups faced each other, tense, wondering.

The high priest spoke—uttering an intelligible jargon. Hernandez turned to Ponto.

"What does this old devil say?" he demanded.

Ponto was panting with terror. "He says," said Ponto, "that he wants to talk to you."

Hernandez pondered for a moment and toyed with the weapon in his hand.

Then he crossed the clearing and faced the high priest. Ponto from his vantage point of comparative safety translated in thin high-strung tones.

"You are interlopers," said the priest angrily, his cruel eyes watching



Annette Was Watching With Eyes Wide With Terror.

the terror he inspired, "and you shall be destroyed. Behind me is fire, sudden death. We have many thousand warriors. We have an insatiable god. We brook no strangers—we tolerate no enemies. You are an enemy, you and yours. Go, and go at once."

"We are not enemies," returned Hernandez. "We are travelers—wary travelers. We have lost our way. We need rest and food. To turn back now means death."

The high priest shrugged his shoulders. "Follow me," he said.

He turned and passed between the divided group of warriors and entered the gate.

Hernandez followed, entering the walls three paces behind the priest. He led Hernandez to the center of the village.

With a long, lean, skinny finger, the high priest pointed to the sun god. He prostrated himself, then rose and gave a sharp command. Two Aztecs, clad in scarlet robes, darted forward, each with a burning brand raised high above his head. Before Hernandez was a pit sunk into the ground. It was piled high with fuel and from this pit there rose quite a familiar odor—the odor of petroleum. In went the burning brands and in the twinkling of an eye the fuel caught fire and a leaping, twisting flame sprang into the air.

Hernandez drew back. The flame was hot. It grew hotter as he watched. In a few moments it was a seething, roaring furnace.

Hernandez stood with folded arms. The high priest swooped down upon him and denounced him in withering jargon. Hernandez knew what it meant. It meant that they were to go.

"Ponto," he cried, "come here."

Ponto, quivering, crept through the double line of Aztec warriors and through the gate. Hernandez jerked his head toward the priest.

"Tell him," said Hernandez, "that he must take us in."

Ponto obeyed. He began to plead in his oiliest accents. The high priest was firm. Once again he held up his hand and from every hut in the inclosure there sprang forth another group of warriors.

"Run, partner," cried Ponto, "run for your life."

But Hernandez did not run, for suddenly the countenance of the high priest had changed: A crafty smile spread over his leathery old face. Ponto followed his glance. At the other end of the clearing with a ray of sunshine full upon her crouched Annette Hington.

Without removing his glance from the girl the high priest touched Hernandez on the arm and spoke in high shrill accents.

"What does he say?" demanded Hernandez of Ponto.

Ponto shivered. "He says," returned Ponto, "the sun god is angry. That he has commanded his people to destroy you all. That he will smite you hip and thigh unless—"

"Unless what?" queried Hernandez.

"You give the white girl to the god and the rest of you can get food and succor within the walls—the white girl for the god."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Bride's Revolt.

Hernandez pondered once again. Then he nodded.

"Well do it," he returned. "Tell that beast out there to bring the white girl in."

Ponto turned and ran waddling outside the gates. He gave a brief command to the brute and at the word the brute seized Annette and held her high upon his shoulder. At another work of command the brute marched toward the gate and entered it.

The high priest stood quivering, watching the approach of Annette and the brute. The four Aztecs in flam-

(Continued on Last Page)

SPECIAL SALES

WE HAVE SPECIAL BARGAINS ALL THE TIME.

Full Stock of

Shoes, Heavy Groceries, Hardware, Harness, Furniture, Stoves

And In Fact Every Thing Useful For House and Farm.

Now is the time for planting Oats, Wheat, Rye and small grain. Get our prices before purchasing.

Your horses, cows and poultry have to be fed. We are agents for Arab Horse Feed, LaBro Cow Feed, Sunshine Poultry Feed.

SPRINGS & SHANNON

THE STORE THAT CARRIES THE STOCK

Attention Farmers

Owing to a misunderstanding by certain parties as to the charge for grinding Wheat, we will from this date grind on a toll basis, charging for cleaning, scouring and separating, 1 1/2 quart; and for grinding 3 1/2 quarts to the bushel. We will continue, however, to exchange for those who prefer doing so.

Lakewood Roller Mills

G. H. LENOIR, Prop.

HAGOOD, SOUTH CAROLINA

JUST RECEIVED---

The largest and best assortment of those delicious Kerns Bon Bons and Chocolates. There are none better and few as good. Also an assortment of 5c and 10c candies and chocolates unequalled in quality. A fresh assortment of Kerns 10c box Cakes at

Crosby's ICE CREAM and SODA PARLOR, Camden, S. C.

NOTICE!

We beg to advise our friends and the public that we have moved our office to that of Pearce-Youngs at No. 1007 Broad street.

This puts us on the ground floor and that old excuse about "stairs" won't work. Come in and see us and bring your business with you.

COOPER GRIFFIN COMPANY

Real Estate and Insurance CAMDEN, S. C.

Pure Bred HEREFORD Cattle

"The Kind That Pay."

We are offering for sale 50 head of big bone bulls of breeding age of high hest quality and breeding.

CAMDEN BEEF CATTLE FARMS LUGOFF, SOUTH CAROLINA

FRED E. PERKINS, Special Partner HENRY CUNNINGHAM