

# NEAL of the NAVY

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Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "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 Pelée 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 Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes him to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and a young diver, Neel, who was Ilington, come to Seaport, 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 Weicher 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. Neel forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an instruction Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines 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 Chantillo Annette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Chantillo, but is caught in a trap set for Annette. Hernandez, Ponto and Neel, on their way to Lost Island, are wrecked on a cannibal island by Hernandez's trickery. The Brute is accepted by the cannibals as their god. Hernandez shows his power over the Brute and is accepted by the cannibals. Annette is captured but rescued by Neal and a party from the Missouri. Hernandez and Inez escape in an open boat.

## FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

### "THE GREAT GOAL"

#### CHAPTER LX.

##### Who Am I?

In the sick bay of the battleship Missouri an anxious little group—uniformed and otherwise—grouped themselves around the form of an unconscious man. He lay upon a cot. His head was swathed in bandages. The surgeon, seated on a camp stool by his side, raised his head and glanced at those about him.

"The vitality of this man is little less than marvelous," he said. Annette Ilington started forward. "Then he will live?" she said.

The surgeon nodded. The little group bent forward. And with good reason. The figure on the couch stirred slightly—the huge form quivered. At last the unconscious man became no longer so. He opened wide his eyes. He stared wildly about the cabin, struggling the while to rise.

"You'll never know from me where Lost Isle is," he muttered. "Look at Pelée—death—destruction. Pray God, the Princess—"

He lifted his head. The surgeon seized him by one arm and a uniformed attendant by another. But he tossed them from him as though by the turn of a wrist and struggled to a sitting posture.

"You will," he snarled, clutching at the two men. "It's just as well I found you out, Hernandez—you and your henchman, Ponto; just as well before—Come on, both of you together—"

In another instant he would have been upon his feet. But his eyes fell upon Annette Ilington.

"Anne," he cried. He stretched forth a hand as though to touch her, then suddenly withdrew it. He shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use?" he muttered to himself, "I'm dreaming—dreaming."

"Dreaming," said the surgeon somberly, "for thirteen years." Neal gripped his mother's arm. "Look at his eyes," he whispered, "his eyes. Something has happened to him. He has become a man."

The brute man glanced inquiringly at the surgeon. "What is the matter with me, doctor?" he exclaimed, his voice strong, his tones resonant with reason. "Did my friend the Portuguese—Hernandez—get me after all? I know I struggled with him; that's the last thing I remember. The Mexican must have black-jacked me from behind."

The surgeon smiled. "He black-jacked you from behind, all right," he said.

"Where's Manuella?" went on the figure on the cot. "And where is the little girl?"

The surgeon nodded to Neal. "He's a man all right," he whispered. "The soul has come back into the body after many years." "The little girl," went on the brute man. His glance shifted and again he sought Annette. "Anne," he cried again. Once more his glance became doubtful.

"Excuse me, nurse," he went on, nodding to Annette, "I thought you were my wife come back to life. May I ask your name?"

"I am not a nurse," said Annette. "My name is Annette Ilington."

The man started.

He dropped his head upon his chest; then he clutched something with his hand. It was his beard—the growth of many years. He held it out before him.

"What's this," he said, "another joke?" "Pull it and see," suggested the surgeon.

The man gave the beard a mighty tug.

"Ouch," again he cried. "It's glued." The surgeon, somewhat uncertain of his ground—fearful of results—touched the man upon the arm.

"It is not glued," he said, smiling and watching fearfully for the slightest change of expression. "It grew—it has been growing for over thirteen years. You're a Rip Van Winkle—you have come back to life."

He paused and waited while that fact sank home. Then in a businesslike manner he drew forth a memorandum book and without further glancing at his patient held his fountain pen poised in air.

"Your name, sir—and address," he said.

The matter-of-fact tone roused the patient from a dangerous reverie. "Me," he exclaimed. "Who am I? I am Ilington—Ilington of Martinique."

A few days later Ilington, clean shaven, sat upon the deck of the Missouri. He was a handsome man—as handsome as he had been some thirteen years before—save that time had carved deep lines upon his face. His forehead still was bandaged.

Annette crouched at his side and she held between her hands the hand of Ilington—the hand that had been so often raised to strike her down. Neal strode to the little group and saluted.

"Off duty for the present," he explained. "How is the head?"

Ilington grunted. "Sore as the dickens outside," he returned, "but working right inside—at least so far as I can tell." He glanced quizzically at Neal. "Ensign," he said, "I can't get information out of anybody. They think I've got to grow up like a child; but today I am feeling fit—I am all here and I want to know. Tell me something."

"I'll tell you everything," said Neal. "The surgeon quite agrees with you. He has discharged you cured."

And then they told him—and it took hours in the telling. They told him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"Let me get hold of that Portuguese, just once," he muttered, "and I'll tear him with my bare hands, limb from limb."

#### CHAPTER LX.

##### Quicksilver.

Out of the sea at sunset, bearing in his arms a burden, staggering up upon the shore of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar—there strode a man. Behind him, silhouetted against the horizon, was a small sailboat, deserted and stranded on a sandbar.

The man was the Portuguese adventurer, Hernandez. The burden in his arms was a woman, and the woman was Inez Castro, his companion.

He dropped her gently to the ground, and she lay there for an instant, well spent, half exhausted. Then she, too, staggered to her feet.

"This," cried Hernandez, "is Lost Island. We are in possession—and possession is nine points of the law. The god of chance has favored us so far, little one, and so long as the god of chance joins with Hernandez, Hernandez wins."

They traveled inland. The sun had set, the moon was full. For many minutes they had traveled through a clearing, and suddenly before them, rough, ragged and forbidding in the moonlight, there loomed a ruined structure built of stone.

"It's the fort," whispered Hernandez, "the Morro castle of the Ilington map."

In the far distance there was a red glow against the sky and the dull, faint clang of metal against metal.

"We are not alone," whispered Hernandez. "Someone works the mines. So much the better. We shall have allies. Let us seek them now."

Inez sank down at his feet. "Leave me alone—here," she whispered. "You can find me easily. I can go no farther and I am afraid—afraid."

Already Hernandez had bounded across the clearing, turned a corner of the crumbling ruin and was on his way. Within the next few moments he was standing on the edge of what seemed to be a crater of a volcano—a huge pit that seemed to belch forth fire.

But it was not a volcano and it did not belch forth fire. It was a cinnabar mine—or a series of cinnabar mines—pits cut into the surface of the earth and illumined by brush fires.

Hernandez crouched upon the edge of this huge man-made crater and watched the scene with interest. In each pit half a dozen men or more worked away like ants, their shadows flung against the walls in fantastic shapes.

Hernandez drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"This is the mine," he said to himself. "These must be my men or my name is not Hernandez."

He drew forth a pair of pistols and examined them carefully in the moonlight. Satisfied that they were in working order, he rose and skirted the edge of the crater, creeping stealthily around and behind the furnace. Then, with remarkable agility, he hurled himself as from the skies into a circle of bright light, lifted up his voice and called aloud.

In an instant he was surrounded by a motley crew of men—men strange, weird—men whose faces were overgrown with a rank, untrimmed crop of hair and beard. They hailed his advent with delight.

Out of this multitude a huge individual pushed his way through to Hernandez and placed a grimy hand upon the latter's shoulder.

"Whence come you?" he queried in Spanish.

Hernandez answered him. "I was set adrift in a small boat," he returned, "and I came ashore here not knowing where I was. Who, sir, are you, my countryman?"

"Twelve years ago," said the pirate chief, "we were wrecked—ground to pieces on this shore. And we found what? Enough to eat? Yes. A place to sleep—a place to live. But this is a God forsaken island, senior. Only the mines have kept us from going mad. We have worked for wealth madly—hoping against hope."

"What do you mine?" asked Hernandez.

"Cinnabar," returned the chief. Hernandez raised his eyebrows. "Quicksilver," he said. "It should make you rich."

The chief held up his arms. "Rich," he cried. "Senior, follow me."

He called for a torch and nodding to Hernandez led the way to the edge of a nearby pit and down a ladder. At the foot of the ladder he crawled into an opening and bade Hernandez follow. The opening was a cave—a cave whose floor was covered with huge earthen jars.

"Quicksilver, senior," hissed the pirate chief—"millions of pesetas worth—possibly a billion—who knows."

"Did you come alone, senior," he asked. "Is there any woman with you?"

Hernandez shook his head, but a terrific fear clutched his soul.

"No woman," he returned. "I am alone."

The chief fell back, disappointed; then he raised his voice to its normal tones again. "All this, senior," he exclaimed, appealing to his companions, "a king's treasure. We have carted it for twelve long years. We would give it all for women." He thrust his face into Hernandez's. "I, senior, would give it all for one."

#### CHAPTER LXI.

##### Cutthroats.

As the keel of the Missouri's launch grated against the sand, Annette

little boat, left to itself, swung about and plunged full tilt toward the shore.

As it struck Annette was there to meet it. She dashed into the surf and dragged it in safely to dry land. Inez was frantic with fear.

"Where, asked Annette, "is the Portuguese, Hernandez?" Inez waved her hand wildly inshore. "Somewhere—in there—with the beasts," she cried. "Don't ask me. I don't know. I—I ran away from him."

"The beasts?" faltered Annette. "Worse than that," returned Inez, "you're a woman. I'm a woman. I've been hiding from them—even from him—for three days. He—he doesn't know where I am—he hasn't found me. Oh!"

She sank upon the sand—her form shook with agitation.

Annette, wondering, knelt by her side. "Why have you run from him?" she queried.

"I—I can't blame him," cried Inez, suddenly facing Annette. "He's mad—crazy for wealth, Hernandez. So am I. And wealth is here—you don't know—He told me all about it—before I began to suspect—"

"Suspect—what?" asked Annette. "Ah," went on Inez, checking her agitation, for the presence of Annette gave her courage, "you should see—he told me—there are millions of dollars worth of quicksilver—all ready for the market—stored away. Millions of dollars' worth. And the mines—they're not half worked. And these beasts are working them—"

"Beasts?" said Annette again. "Cutthroats—men—all of them, men," groaned Inez, "and they've been here years and years—and they've been alone. They're wild-eyed enough to kill each other. And they offered Hernandez all the quicksilver that they've got if he'll find some way to bring them women. Ah, for hour after hour he harped on that—to me. Hour after hour he repeated it—talked about it in his sleep. And finally I understood—"

"You're safe," said Annette, "at least so far as Hernandez and these—beasts are concerned. There's a battleship riding in the bay around the bend. Nothing can harm you now"

Inez gasped with relief. "Nothing can—," she began. Then she uttered a wild yell. "Ugh—arg-g-g—look."

Annette looked—almost too late. Out of the brush behind them bounded two frightful figures—half-clad—with matted hair and beard. With hoarse cries they darted toward the women. Inez turned frantically and fled up the beach. One of the cutthroats darted after her. Annette swiftly drew her pistol, aimed and fired. The pursuer of Inez dropped in his tracks. But in another instant Annette was seized in a pair of strong arms and tossed over the shoulders of a giant and carried swiftly inland.

Suddenly their path was blocked. A figure shot out before them and stood with folded arms. This figure was Hernandez—and Annette almost hailed him as a friend.



"He Has a Right to Know," She Said.

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 Ilington, 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

"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—you little wildcat of an Ilington. So you have arrived. It is better so—better so."

"It is barter, 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 derisive 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 horri-

(Continued on Last Page)

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