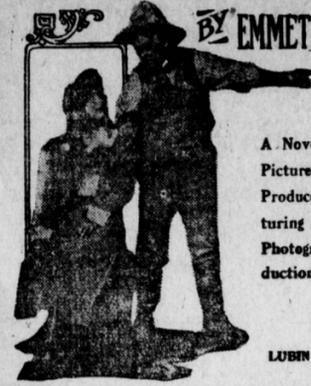


THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

BY EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL



A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Illustrated With Photographs From the Picture Production.

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CHAPTER I.

Lord Cecil Intervenes.
OF all the men of England, to Lord Weston alone had it been given to put aside the veil of formally courteous but wearily cynical indifference with which Lord Cecil hid his true self from a world that would not have understood or would have scoffed. Wherefore between them was an awkward but sincere friendship, and each hid his affection for the other. It was only when Lord Weston ran down to Croftleigh for an idle day that their reserve was to some extent melted. To Cecil, who despite the coaxing of calculating mothers of no less shrewd young ladies of wealth and station, had completely withdrawn from fashionable society, Weston's gossip was a refreshing relief from the somberness of his own thoughts. Lord Weston's acquaintance was as vast as it was catholic, ranging all the way from the highest dignitaries of the church to the latest hopeful bruisers from the collieries and from princesses of the blood to princesses of the Gavety chorus. Anything occurring in his world, to be outside his knowledge, must have happened within the last two minutes, if one might judge by his careless revelations. How he maintained his position on practically nothing a year passed comparatively uneventful.

ers in England would stop denouncing me as one of the degenerate nonconformist aristocracy livin' on the toll of the grovlin' masses an' curse me for takin' the bread out of the mouth of an honest workin' man who, but for my brutal callousness, might earn £5 a week by drivin' the Countess Lurovich's motor."

The plans of the countess had worked as well as they usually did, the only suggestion of trouble having developed when she had coolly informed Count Luco, the gentleman designated for the task of marrying Miss Middlehurst, that the countess' share of the spoils would be at least 60 and not 50 per cent.

Rose Middlehurst had been a guest at Ashley grange for only a few days when Count Luco joined the small party and proceeded to make love in a manner that fascinated even while it rather took one's breath.

"It is, as you say, simple and most easy," the count remarked to the Countess Lurovich a week later. "But—sacre nom de St. Antoine!—so is eating a bowl of mush and milk! But I grow weary, countess, of this rural paradise and this playing the gallant to a bread and butter miss. May not the thing be done at once? She would fly with me, evading your kind but rigid care, at a moment's notice."

"As I have told you," the countess responded impatiently, "this girl is a ward in chancery. She will, however, be of age on Tuesday, and free to marry as she may choose."

"Then why the necessity of further play acting and the eloquent you have so carefully planned?" the count peevishly demanded.

"Because, my good Luco, there will remain other fish in the sea," the countess replied cryptically.

"Does that new chauffeur know the roads and can he care for his motor?" she then asked.

"Oh, he appears to know every cow-path and seemed more concerned for his motor than he did for his neck or mine," Count Luco granted. "I would recommend him highly as driver for any eloping couple, particularly if the elopers had needy heirs."

Lord Cecil, under the borrowed name of John Dobbs, had without difficulty secured the situation vacated by Mr.

"Know your new neighbors?" he asked.
"No, didn't know the place had been let," Cecil yawned.
"Was taken a month ago," Weston informed him. "Quite amazing that you haven't been added to the countess' collection. Suppose it must be a matter of business before pleasure with her just now, or she may be holding you in reserve for something big."
"She is the Countess Lurovich," Weston explained. "Polish or Serb. Husband about now and then—met him in Vienna once, just before he snuffed out three officers, one after the other, for lookin' too hard at the countess. Sort of a diplomatic free lance, I've heard, but has a nasty habit of callin' out a man on the least provocation—an he never misses. The countess is quite as deadly in another way. Her present specialty is marryin' orphan heiresses to smooth blackguards she keeps handy. Rotten business."

Lord Weston suddenly stopped and looked at Cecil earnestly.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I was near forgettin' old Jimmy Middlehurst—Bengal government—was a particular friend of yours! Well, I was just hearin' yesterday that the countess had taken Rose Middlehurst under her wing, with the usual intentions. The girl will be of age in a week or so. I understand, and come into a cool million. She's down here for a visit now."
Cecil's face grew troubled. Middlehurst had indeed been his friend, and under conditions that proved that friendship to be no little thing. Rose he remembered as a dainty, coaxing child, her father's hope and pride, and even then giving promise of blossoming into a wonderfully fair flower of womankind. Decidedly she must be saved from the adventuress.

Lord Weston noted with understanding the expression which had come into Cecil's eyes.

Cecil soon discovered that the countess did not intend that any outside influence should interfere with her plans. When he called at Ashley grange, the place which the countess made her country home, he was informed that the countess was not at home. Nor could he obtain an interview with Rose.

"Looks rather bad, y'know," Cecil reflected when he had pondered the matter for some hours. "It's likely the servants' halls have been in communication," he continued aloud and rang.

"What do you know about the establishment at Ashley grange, James?" Lord Cecil queried.

"It isn't a place where a gentleman's man would care to take service, my lord—leastwise, so I understand," James replied.

"None of the local servants—some had been servants at the grange in the places of their fathers before them—has been kept, my lord, which is unusual when a place is took for a season only. Tim Meadows was the only one as was kept, him being the chauffeur where his father was coachman, and he quit his situation yesterday, not liking their foreign ways."

"And why had Tim been kept after the others?" Cecil asked.

"Because they wanted a local man what knew all the roads hereabout—leastwise, that is what is supposed to have been the reason, my lord," James explained. "There is an advertisement in today's paper for a new local chauffeur."
"Very good, James."

"If they knew of my scheme," Lord Cecil thought, "half the cart tall speak-



"If they knew of my scheme," Lord Cecil thought.

Tim Meadows. The danger of his recognition had been the slightest. His intention had been to disclose his identity to Rose at the first opportunity and warn her of the trap in which she was snared, but a single glance at the girl as she joined Count Luco for a drive had warned him of the futility of such a course. She was completely infatuated, and anything that he might have said would have had exactly the opposite effect from what he desired. It was sheer luck that put him in possession of the plans for the elopement, in time to dispatch an urgent wire to Lord Weston.

The gray sky was just glowing into the rose of dawn when on Tuesday Lord Cecil brought the motor to a silent stop at the foot of the grange drive. Presently Count Luco, yawning heavily, came from the silent house, and with ill concealed impatience waited beside the motor. At Rose's appearance, the count had at once assumed the manner of the eager and tender lover, and now gently urged her toward the machine. When seated in the car the girl looked into his face with frightened eyes.

"You—you will be very good to me?" she whispered, and he smiled tender assurance.

"Get on—swiftly. You have your orders," Count Luco said to the waiting chauffeur.
Ten minutes later Cecil swung the car abruptly to the right, and Count Luco started up angrily.
"You are off the road—pig!" he cried. "It was the turn to the left. Stop, imbecile!"
The only reply was a burst of speed that caused the count to sink swiftly

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and ungracefully back into his seat. "Mon dieu—he is mad!" the count gasped, and with white face and starting eyes saw the reeling trees fly past. "If we are killed it will be together, beloved!" the girl whispered in his ear, but he pushed her away frantically. A village dashed up before them, and just beyond it the hard braked car came to a skidding stop in front of the Red Lion Inn.

"Had to come by here for something," the mad chauffeur said shortly, and hurried into the house. With shaking limbs Count Luco crawled to the ground.

Suddenly from the inn door rushed a young woman who, with a cry of mingled joy and reproach threw her arms about the count's neck and kissed him loudly.

To Be Continued.

\$20,000 SENT TO STRIKERS
Pennsylvania Union Aids Men in Colorado and Ohio Coal Fields
Wilkes-Barre, Nov. 30.—A check for \$20,000 has been drawn on the reserve fund of district No. 1, United Mine Workers' of America, and will be sent to aid the striking miners in Colorado and Ohio. Secretary John M. Mack has been directed to forward the check to the national officials of the union. It is understood here that \$20,



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November 1," but it was explained at the treasury department Saturday that penalties would not lie before the expiration of the month.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 3.57, 6.40, 9.30 p. m.
For Dillsburg at 5.03, 7.50 and 11.03 a. m., 2.18, 3.40, 5.32, 6.30 p. m.
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
H. A. RIDDLER, G. P. A. Supt.

SAVES DROWNING BROTHER
Lad of 10 Dives to Rescue of 9-Year-Old Who Went Through Ice
Scranton, Nov. 30.—Saving his brother from drowning, Walter Ryan, 10 years old, proved himself a hero, Saturday.

THEATRES FEEL WAR TAX
To-day Last Opportunity to Pay Assessment Without Fine
Washington, Nov. 30.—Proprietors of theatres who fail to pay their war tax assessment before the close of business to-day will be forced to pay a penalty of a 50 per cent. increase in their assessment.
The tax was payable "on and after

TRIPLE MURDER CHARGE
Mountaineer Alleged to Have Shot Sister, Sister-in-Law and Man
Ashboro, N. C., Nov. 30.—Lowe Daniels, a mountaineer, was placed in jail here yesterday charged with the murder of his sister, Cora Daniels, his wife's sister, Ethel Lether, and Edgar Varner. The three were found dead from bullet wounds late Saturday in Daniel's home, near here. Mrs. Daniels also was seriously wounded.

DIAGNOSIS INSPIRES SUICIDE
Doomed by Consumption Victim Blows Brains Out at Mirror
Allentown, Nov. 30.—Told by his physician that he was suffering from consumption and that he could not recover, Floyd D. Heberly, assistant station agent of the Lehigh Valley railroad at Cementon, near this city, Saturday night coolly walked before a mirror at his home in this city, placed the muzzle of a revolver to his head and blew out his brains. He was 19 years of age.

Two Burned to Death
Montgomery, Tenn., Nov. 30.—Two Greek restaurant proprietors were burned to death in a fire which early yesterday did \$100,000 damage in the downtown section of Montgomery.



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