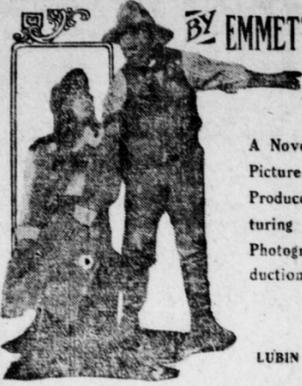


THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

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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Continued

The next day Lord Cecil went for a stroll in the park, his mind more at ease than it had been for some time. With the \$25,000 he could at least meet the demands of his more pressing creditors, or, in this land of opportunity and quick fortunes, he could probably use it as capital for investment and soon acquire enough to pay all his debts. These reflections were cut short by a woman's scream, and Cecil looked ahead to see a girl struggling in the grasp of two men, who strove to force her into a closed taxicab. As the girl's cry for help again rang out Cecil sprang forward. There was a brief conflict, the two ruffians sprang into the cab, which sped away, and Cecil found himself supporting a slender form.

"Oh, will you protect me?" the girl begged piteously.

"Now, everything is perfectly all right," Cecil said soothingly and led her to a seat. "What were those brutes up to?"

An imp of mischief danced in the eyes that Betty kept carefully veiled by lowered and silky lashes. Despite her uneasy conscience, she was beginning to enjoy the game. She sighed with tragic intensity.

"It is but a part of the base conspiracy to rob my poor father of his fortune!" she said sadly, and stole a glance from the corner of her eye.

Lord Cecil was interested, there was no doubt of that. Had she remarked that she expected to have roast beef for dinner he would have been interested, because it was she who said it, but this he did not yet realize.

Betty felt the thrill of the artist inspired to do a perfect thing, and, with growing enthusiasm she told a wonderful tale—of her poor father, who had discovered two wonderful rich mines; how, because he would not sell them for a song he was falsely accused of crime; how, having no money to defend himself in the bribed courts, they had been forced to flee; how they had hoped to sell one of the mines and thus acquire ready money to protect the father and develop the other mine—the one would yield quite as large a fortune as they desired; how the father, ill, did not dare go forth to attempt to make a sale, the villain being close upon their track. She concluded abruptly and stole another glance at Cecil, and she saw that he believed her.

"You are good and brave. I would like you to," Betty said softly and leaned upon his arm.

Without adventure they reached the boarding house, and Cecil required no urging to meet and be thanked by the poor father.

"I wouldn't mind so much, if it wasn't for Betty," Carson said with touching effect, after he had wrung Cecil's hand in gratitude. "But it is hard on her, poor little girl, this hiding in miserable hovels when she might be in a palace—and you see that even she is in danger. If you didn't follow so close I could get out and sell one of the mines, and with the money fix everything all right. Either mine is enough for me anyhow—worth a million."

Lord Cecil heard but vaguely. His eyes had been fixed on Betty with a look that had caused her to turn quickly away, suddenly shamed and confused, but with a strange happiness dawning in her heart. Moreover, he was pondering a great idea, and it exploded in words.

"By Jove, I have it! I'll buy one of the mines, y' know, if I have enough money!"

It was with difficulty that Carson concealed his elation. Betty half started from her chair, a protest upon her lips, but at Carson's look of stern reproach she sank back speechless. The amount which Cecil could pay appeared a great disappointment to Mr. Carson, but ten minutes later he had, in return for a check for \$25,000, properly indorsed, handed over the entire capital stock of the "Golden Hope" mine. Within half an hour after Cecil's departure the check had been cashed.

Very early the following morning Mr. Monte Carson, in whose pocket there nestled a thick packet of yellow bills, and Betty, in whose heart was an aching pain, and from whose eyes the smile had gone, leaving only the wistfulness, boarded a train destined for the far west.

Later in the same day Lord Cecil, with somewhat rueful expression, read the following concise epistle:

Lord Cecil, Sir—Telegraphic inquiry develops the fact that the "Golden Hope" mine is worthless. We can, therefore, secure no loan on your stock. Very truly, BROWN & CO.

Cecil put aside the letter and lighted a cigarette. As he smoked he pondered and a great light seemed suddenly to break upon him.

"By Jove! I believe that whole story was a jolly, y' know," he said aloud. "But she was certainly a rippin' little girl!" he added tenderly.



Betty Told a Wonderful Tale.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Golden Hope."

LORD CECIL, in his apartment in the Hotel Triumphant, was writing a letter.

"Dear old chap," it ran. "Thanks for the marmalade—they really can't make it in this country—most extraordinary!"

"I rather think I have been done. Bought a mine, which a broker person tells me is worthless, but met a rippling little girl. It leaves me that broke, so am going west to dig some gold; deuced bother."

Cecil paused, then added: "Am sending this by James. You might give him a situation. He presses trousers quite fast."

The letter was addressed and sealed as James entered the room.

"You will take this letter to the prince, James," his master said, and, because of a lifetime of training, the



"Very well, my lord," James said quietly.

face of the servant gave no sign of the grief that sprang into his heart. "Very well, my lord," James said quietly. "There is a steamer sailing tomorrow, my lord."

"You will need passage money, James, and the hotel bill must be settled, and I'll want some money myself, for railway fare to the west." Cecil said, and his thoughtfulness provoked an anxious glance from his man. "Take all the studs an' links, an' er things, that you can find and get what you can—£100 I should fancy they will bring—from some pawnshop place, y' know."

"Yes, my lord," James responded and went sadly about the task.

Early the next morning Lord Cecil boarded the same train that a few days before had borne back to the golden west the girl who had brought upon him dire misfortune, but who had left her picture in his heart.

To Betty the thought of the part she had played in the despoilment of the clear eyed, kindly stranger, was a haunting shame from which she could not escape, for she now fully understood—and the understanding marked the day when the bud of girlhood became the perfect blossom of womanhood—the degradation that had been put upon her, in that her youth and sex had been used, through an appeal to all that was most brave and kind in his nature, to decoy to his ruin that man who would not believe that a girl might lie.

Mr. Monte Carson's return had been that of a conqueror. Very shortly, however, his business instincts resserted themselves, and he was now

engaged in a determined effort to repossess the money which he had so magnificently cast abroad among the citizens of Salt Springs. Following his usual method when doing business with the natives, he was playing poker in the office bar of the Palace hotel. Opposite him, and the heaviest loser, sat a young miner, Davis. A jackpot was opened, and after the draw only Carson and Davis held their cards, the gambler's being barely visible above the edge of the table.

The pipe which the young miner had been smoking fell to the floor. He stooped quickly to recover it, and Carson's fickle goddess of luck, laughing mockingly, deserted him. It was the precise instant that Davis stooped that Carson chose to extract two cards from his bootleg. Davis straightened with a jerk, and as he leaned far across the table his blue eyes blazed.

"You dirty, cheating thief!" he snarled, and swiftly the crowding men sprang back from what they knew would follow.

It was at this moment of close hovering tragedy that Betty entered and for an instant too short to be measured, yet long enough for many thoughts to flash through her brain, and for Carson to grow white and limp as he looked into Death's own eyes, the girl stood motionless. Then she darted forward and caught Davis' arm, already beginning its downward swing with gleaming knife.

"Please, oh, please, give my life to me," she cried, and in her voice was a fervor a yearning that it reached even Davis' raze dulled brain.

"Shorely, miss. Any little ole thing yo' want," he stammered awkwardly and returned Betty's smile of gratitude with an embarrassed but admiring grin. "You git up! This here lady don't want you to die," he added contemptuously to Carson, and the gambler rose tremblingly.

"No, you can't buy no drink here!" was the greeting of his sometime friend, Mr. Baylor, the landlord, as Carson lurched eagerly toward the bar. "This here house don't serve no gent that gets caught cheatin'," he added with cold scorn, and with an expression of cowed fury the gambler hurried toward the horse and galloped from the town.

Betty placed a small brown hand in the massive paw of the miner.

"I thank you," she said simply, and then ran quickly up the stairs.

Suddenly there arose in the one street wild yells, and a horseman pulled his reeking mustang to a sudden stop in front of the hotel, from which the man came hurrying.

"Gold!" the horseman roared. "They've struck free gold in Sandy Gulch—richer'n Criddle Creek!"

In an instant the town had stamped, and when a few moments later Betty came from the hotel, seeking to know the cause of the excitement, the dust of hasty departure was already settling. Not a man, apparently, was left in Salt Springs. Her attention was, however, attracted by the stage approaching from the east, and she waited with idle curiosity to observe what manner of passengers it would bring.

"Lo, Betty! Where's everybody done gone at?" the driver asked curiously as he brought his team to a stop and rolled his eyes about the deserted village.

"Struck it rich—in Sandy Gulch," a belated citizen yelled as he tore past, and without a word the stage driver leaped to the ground, swiftly out free the harness of one of his horses, sprang upon its bare back and dashed away.

A single passenger was getting slowly from the coach, and Betty moved forward with casual indifference.

"I fancy I am a bit ill, y' know," Lord Cecil said, as with drooping head he leaned weakly against a wheel. "If you would be kind enough to get some one to assist me!"

The blood flew dizzily to Betty's head, and her heart pounded wildly. The impulse to run away was almost overpowering, but she fought it down and faced him bravely, though her face burned. Cecil raised his eyes.

To Be Continued.

AUTO KILLS SUFFRAGIST

Body of Miss Sarah Morris Identified Long After the Accident

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 8.—Run down by an automobile, Miss Sarah Morris, prominent suffrage and charity worker, was instantly killed shortly after 12 o'clock Sunday night. The automobile was driven by Warren Hildenbrand and was owned by Morris Kauffmann, a wealthy merchant. Hildenbrand is held under \$2,500 bail by the coroner. Miss Morris had nothing to identify her. The body was taken to the morgue and remained there until yesterday, when it was identified by her father.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER DIE

Young Woman Contracts Pneumonia Seeing Parent Off to Hospital

Bloomsburg, Pa., Dec. 8.—Mrs. Leeport Roan, of Williamsport, died at the home of her parents at Porks, near here, from pneumonia, not knowing that her mother, Mrs. Harvey Gilbert, died an hour before in the Bloomsburg Hospital from the same disease. Mrs. Roan contracted a cold when she went to the station Thanksgiving Day to see her mother taken to the hospital. Mrs. Roan was 28 and her mother 65.

Girl 14, Falls Dead

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 8.—Fourteen-year-old Katherine Reemsnnyder fell dead from heart trouble at noon, after returning from her factory work, while washing her hands for dinner.

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"Billy, the Kid"

One of the big scenes in the very successful melodrama, "Billy, the Kid," comes at the end of the second act. The hero has been driven by his unnatural father, as well as circumstances, to outlawry and there is a very large reward for his capture "dead or alive." In the nick of time he arrives at a saloon, with a dance hall attachment found in the western country, and prevents the heroine from worse than insult at the hands of the proprietor and his following. Of course he is recognized and a plan at once laid for his capture. The odds are against him. With the help of one of the inmates of the play he turns the odds and when the smoke of battle has cleared, it is the hero who is the victor when it looked as if his death was but a matter of moments. "Billy, the Kid" tells an extremely well connected as well as reasonable story and offers the star most excellent opportunities. The production is stated to be an elaborate one and the company exceedingly well balanced. "Billy, the Kid" will be presented at the Majestic Friday matinee and night. Adv. ***

"Damon and Pythias"

What has proven to be the triumph of the art and skill of the Universal company is the dramatic spectacle of "Damon and Pythias" which will be shown in six parts at the Majestic Saturday matinee and night. Endorsed by the Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias for its faithfulness in representation and its influences for education and uplift it has attracted more and widespread attention than any other film ever made in this country. The story of the friendship of these Grecian noblemen is the greatest example of man's humanity toward his brother man ever written in the history of the world. Occurring in the period when Greece was at the height of her pomp and glory it has been produced with surpassing spectacular scenes and effects, vast groupings and all of the extravagance of costume and atmospheric surroundings. So great has been the demand to see this great drama that bookings for seats have been made far ahead to avoid the standing room which is invariably wherever it is presented. Adv. ***

At the Orpheum

They who enjoy the mysterious are bound to revel in "Pekin Mysteries," the big attraction of a fine lay-out of Keith hits that came to the Orpheum yesterday for a week's engagement. As its name implies, "Pekin Mysteries" is Oriental. Each member of its cast is from the far East, where skill through patience and long practice, is sought for and attained more than any other part of the world. Their tricks are mystifying and they are wonderfully clever down to the tiniest of the troupe, this one being a little fellow barely eight years old. With Oriental performers and gorgeous Japanese stage settings, the act fairly carries one to that quaint country, at least for the time being.

A nifty song and dance duo are Casson and Bond, a pretty girl and a naty youth. Their offering is one of those dainty and clever turns and they are likely to prove one of the week's biggest box office magnets. Their songs are the latest hits and they sing them like few others can. J. C. Nugent and company are presenting a comedy called "The Squarer," that is cleverly in theme, well played, and while it brings many good laughs, it also has a touch of sentiment. Nana, the clever whirlwind dancer; Henry Lewis, eccentric singing comedian, and Twisto, the comedy contortionist, round out a bill

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