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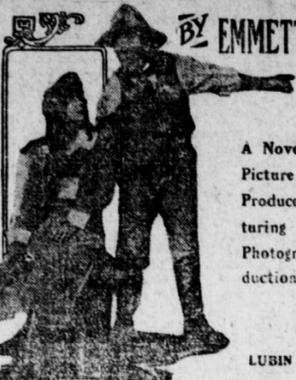
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THE BELOVED ADVENTURER



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

"Probably wouldn't believe it," he reflected. "Besides, he must learn his own lesson, and that game isn't stiff enough to ruin him."

With a slight shrug Cecil strolled away, and a few moments later Harry sat staring dazedly at his friends, grown suddenly contemptuously indifferently.

"Broke, huh?" Mr. Marks commented. "Say, you pack a roll 'most as big as a kid takes to Sunday school. Course I was foolish, but I thought you had enough to sit in a man sized game."

With a yawn he turned away. Mr. Badger followed without deeming their late opponent worthy of any remark whatsoever.

For some minutes Harry sat still, his fever steadily mounting, as his brain no longer concentrated on the game, felt the full effect of his drinks. A furious resentment began to boil in his breast. Took all his money and then laughed at it, did they? Couldn't sit in a man sized game, could he? He'd show them a thing or two! He'd dash a roll that would scare 'em to death, then he'd win back his own money and every cent they had. Why, if it hadn't been for a streak of fool luck that was just due to break they wouldn't have won a pot! He'd make 'em sing small!

Hurrying to his stateroom, Harry tore open his shirt and from a concealed money belt took a thick wad of bills, his movements furtive. The clasp was crumbling. There would be cast out from the furnace a distorted, ugly thing—a criminal. Suddenly the door opened and the boy shrank back with a cry as Ethel entered. In one swift glance the hideous truth was revealed to her, and with a cry of horror she rushed at his arm.

"For God's sake, Harry, don't!" she cried, and then followed a wild jumble of prayers, accusations and entreaties. "Think what you are doing! You will be an embezzler—a thief!"

Sobbingly she paused, for a moment the boy was swayed by reason and conscience, and all might yet have been well had the distracted girl not gone on.

"You will be disgraced. I will be the wife of a convict. No, I will not; I will leave you! If you go out of that door I will leave you—despite you—leave you!" she gasped.

His anger flared blindly. "Leave me! I wish to God you would—good riddance!" he snarled and brutally throwing her aside, dashed from the room.

For a few moments the girl remained as though frozen, the sobs choked back. Then with white face and tragic eyes she hurried out.

It was already late, and Cecil was the only passenger remaining on the moonlit deck. Suddenly he started up, leaped forward and grasped the form of a girl as she poised on the rail. With gentle firmness he drew her to a chair and sat down beside her.

"Oh, why did you stop me? It would have been over now!" Ethel cried and buried her face in her hands. Cecil placed a soothing hand upon her arm.

"It probably isn't so bad as all that," he said gently. "Just you tell me the whole story."

And presently she had done so. Cecil's face was very grave and troubled, but her head was bowed and she did not see. He spoke with firm and convincing encouragement.

"I'll straighten this up some way. I give you my word I will," he said.

"Yes," she answered, with the faith of a child and, being utterly worn out, slept.

Meanwhile Harry had found Messrs. Badger and Marks, and those gentlemen had exchanged glances of delight as they observed the denunciations of the bills the boy ostentatiously displayed. And even as Lord Cecil was gently drawing a rug over the girl asleep on deck Harry, with starting eyes and reeling brain, stumbled into his stateroom and fell in a stupor upon the floor. Messrs. Badger and Marks had made a clean-up.

At dawn Cecil sent the girl below, and her coming roused Harry to a full realization of all that he had done. The boy was utterly crushed and cowardly, and the girl forgave him, but she realized, as he knelt at her feet sobbing out his shame and repentance, that unless by some miracle he could gain appear before her as a man her love and the joy of life were done and dead.

Cecil at the earliest opportunity obtained from the smoking room steward a deck of cards and with them retired to his stateroom. He had previously noticed that all the cards carried in stock had backs of similar design and color. He now proceeded to carefully mark the deck he had purchased. His intent was to meet the enemy with the enemy's own weapons, and he felt no stain upon the honor beside which life was to him a trivial thing.

It was a matter of slight difficulty to engage the complacent swindlers in a game, very early in which Cecil substituted his marked cards for the deck

in play. At the end of that game Cecil had in his possession the three times stolen \$10,000, and the professional crooks were staring at each other in sudden daze.

"What happened?" Mr. Marks gasped, when their unexcited opponent had departed.

"Ask me!" Mr. Badger replied scornfully. His gloomy glance rested upon Cecil's chair, and with a snarl of fury he seized upon the deck for which Cecil had substituted his marked cards.

"He done us, the cheat! He switched the deck on us!" Mr. Marks hissed. His features grew livid, and he leaned forward to whisper with venomous



"Oh, Harry!" she cried and nestled in his arms.

emphasis. "But we will get the money back, and maybe Mr. Englishman won't get well of what will all him!"

Quietly Cecil returned the money to Harry Ashton, who was too completely sunk in misery to feel any emotion, even surprise. Any thanks that he might have attempted to utter were cut short by Cecil's cold comment.

"You have been a silly child and a brutal cad, you know," he told him for his soul's good and left him.

Cecil soon understood that his self-assumed duty as special providence was not yet finished. He chanced to overhear, as she unconsciously spoke them aloud, words which revealed the ache in Ethel's heart.

"His folly and crime my love would forgive," she had moaned. "If I could again think him a man!"

And Cecil went away troubled. Long pondering evolved but one possible plan, and he sighed.

"It's a beastly job, but I've got to see the thing through," he thought. "It will mean happiness for the little girl if he has a spark of manhood in him. It's worth the chance."

Suddenly he smiled with gentle whimsicality and spoke aloud.

"You would want me to do it, Betty, wouldn't you?"

On deck Cecil found Ethel Ashton and induced her to walk with him, though the girl seemed listless and weary to the point of exhaustion. In a deserted spot he had located Harry, sulking bitterly, and toward this spot he led the way. When near and in plain view of Harry he suddenly caught the girl in his arms and, despite her amazed and angry struggles, kissed her passionately. In a moment Harry had covered the distance between them and furiously jerked Cecil away.

"What do you mean, you?" he began savagely, and Cecil laughed mockingly.

"Oh, you," he said. "Don't bother me—or, what are you going to do about it?"

"This!" Harry raged, and struck straight for Cecil's face.

The blow staggered him, and a dark blotch appeared on his cheek, but without a word Cecil turned and hurried cringingly away. Ethel stared wonderingly; then a great joyousness swept over her face.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, and nestled in his arms.

In his stateroom Cecil gravely inspected his bruised cheek. Suddenly the pupils of his eyes contracted. Reflected in the glass he had seen the door behind him silently open, two crouching figures glide in and the door close. The figures crept toward him. In the hand of one was a vicious knife, and the second man was raising a blackjack for a stunning blow. Cecil's hand shot out, and he stepped aside and turned at the same instant. A second later Messrs. Marks and Badger were looking into the muzzle of an unwavering revolver. Without a word Cecil disarmed the would-be assassins, locked the door, pocketed the key and snapped shut the lid of a steamer trunk, in which he had placed knife, blackjack and his own revolver. A look of savage joy came over the faces of the crooks as they realized that, two to one, they were locked in the room with Cecil, unarmed. They crouched and snarled forward.

"All ready!" Cecil said grimly. Twenty minutes later Cecil unlocked the door and allowed to crawl out two bloody, battered wrecks, too sick to even wonder at the meaning of his parting remark, his almost apologetic, "I think I really owed myself that, you know."

CHAPTER X.

Lord Cecil Keeps His Word.

M R. MONTE CARSON, his right arm in a sling, sat in the conveniently amalgamated office-lobby-bar of the Palace hotel and indulged in gloomy reflections. "It makes me plumb ashamed," he growled and rolled a challenging eye toward the excellent Mr. Baylor, landlord. "Me—to be done by an Englishman! Yah!"

"It was luck—just fool luck, Monte," Mr. Baylor asserted condescendingly. "You done the first trick beautiful—a \$25,000 is a pretty good pot, after all." Mr. Carson cast upon him a look of contempt.

"Yes, mighty good pot to have sold a million dollar mine for," he sarcastically agreed. "But I ain't out of the game yet, not by a long shot!" he added with sudden fury. "I'll get that mine back if I have to twist his neck! I'm a curly haired old he wolf, I am! Hear me howl!"

Mr. Baylor did not seem vastly impressed. He regarded his own bandaged right arm and shook his head.

"I reckon this here Lord Cecil person is a right good party to let alone, Monte," he opined.

Mr. Carson merely grunted wrathfully, and slipping his arm from its sling, moved it up and down tentatively.

"Baa! There won't be any shootin' frons in this," he said. "Most any fool can shoot. This here game is goin' to be played with brains," he explained idly and tramped heavily up the stair.

"At that, I ain't backin' your game, none to speak of," Mr. Baylor commented indubitably.

Mr. Carson entered Betty's room with frowning aggressiveness, but the look of cold defiance which flashed into the girl's eyes warned him that he had no longer to deal with an unformed child.

"I never would ha' thought it of you, Betty," he said slowly. "Ain't I always done the best I could for you? Have you done forgot how I took you when you was a baby and nobody else would and raised you like you was my own child? And then, when I was just tryin' to get back the mine that I'd been swindled out of, you tura against me an' put into the hands of the man that had robbed me the gun I had given you! I wouldn't ha' thought it, girl!"

Betty's eyes were cold, however, and he knew his appeal had failed.

"Monte," she replied, and her smile was bitter. "It isn't any use to keep up the pretense. I know now just what you are—a cowardly, cheating thief. It is true you reared me as a speculation—to serve as your decoy—and the investment has returned a profit. I saved your life when it was forfeited to Davis' knife and squared accounts. I owe you nothing."

To Be Continued.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

The Case Against the Rat

After all are present day cities so far in advance of ancient cities in point of sanitation? Janet Nichols presents the case against the rat in the Household League magazine and says that Old Hamelin Town is no more to be pitted than our own great cities.

To be sure we do not have them biting our babies in their cradles or chasing our phlegmatic mayors about the streets but an average of half a million dollars a year is charged against the depredations of rats in every one of our large cities.

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Black rats, brown rats, grey rats, tawny rats

Out of the houses came tumbling. And step by step they followed dancing. 'Till they came to the river Weser," writes Browning, and if we had a Pied Piper no doubt great armies of rats of every kind could be found in our old buildings.

Because we have rid our houses of the rodents, or do not see them, we are inclined to forget they still exist. "Just as far wrong is the housewife who imagines she sustains no loss from the troublesome rodent because they do not reach the provisions in her cupboard.

No one escapes paying full share of the enormous bill of expense incurred in keeping up our army of rats," says Miss Nichols. Rats are great travelers but so stealthy are they that few persons know of their migrations. If one storekeeper wages determined war against them they use their cleverness in avoiding his traps and poisoned food and leave the premises until the warfare against them is discontinued.

Rats and mice cause many fires, explosions and, by nibbling paraffin covered electric wires, telephone and electric light troubles. But all this and the terrible losses to grains and vegetables throughout the country, are as nothing, to the dangers of disease that rats expose us to.

In this terrible foot and mouth plague that is now devastating our cattle the rat was the first to be accused of carrying the germs of the disease. The first instructions from Washington were to "destroy all rodents in the stock yards."

Unpleasant as the investigation of the rat's part in the contamination of our foods is, it has called our attention to existing conditions. Our government is issuing instructions for eradicating rats and mice through its bulletins. We are advised that traps and thorough cleanliness are better than poisons and the ineffective cat. Some cats are excellent mousers and kill for sport and for food but few cats have the courage to attack a full grown, vicious, fighting rat. Moreover, cats seldom eat rats. A fox terrier will destroy rats when they are pointed out to him but dogs that will hunt rats for their own volition are seldom met with.

The danger in using poison is that so many times the rodents die in the house walls or that household pets are also poisoned.

The Farmer's Bulletin on destruction of rodents is number 297 and can be had from the Agricultural department, Washington, D. C. It contains full instructions for ridding any premises of these dangerous tenants.

companion were confronted by three masked highwaymen near Banning, No. 1, shortly after midnight. Lamar was shot in the hip when he refused to throw up his hands. His companion ran, and when he returned with help Lamar was dead from loss of blood. His money and watch had been taken.

About the same time the body of George Roman, of Brownsville, was found near that town. Roman's throat had been cut and his pockets had been rifled.

Artistic Printing at Star-Independent.

TWO MURDERED AND ROBBED

Fayette County Scene of Crimes Committed Within an Hour Uniontown, Pa., Dec. 14.—Two murders, each with robbery as the motive, occurred within an hour in Fayette county yesterday.

Andrew Lamar, of Whitsett, and a

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 3:27, 6:20, 8:20 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 5:40, 8:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. J. H. TONGE, Supt. H. A. RIDDLER, G. F. A. Supt.

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LAST CIVIL WAR OFFICER

Admiral Nicholson's Retirement to Mark Epoch in Navy

New York, Dec. 14.—At one minute after midnight to-night the last officer of the United States navy who served in any capacity in the Civil war, will be retired from active service. Rear Admiral Reginald Fairfax Nicholson, U. S. N., now a member of the

General Board, will be 62 years old, the age fixed by Congress for the retirement of officers of the navy. The army retiring age is 64 years.

It was in 1864, at the age of 12, young Nicholson enlisted in the navy as captain's messenger on the old warship State of Georgia. Immediately after the Civil war ended young Nicholson left the service and went back to grammar school. Five years later, in 1869, he won his appointment to the Naval Academy.

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