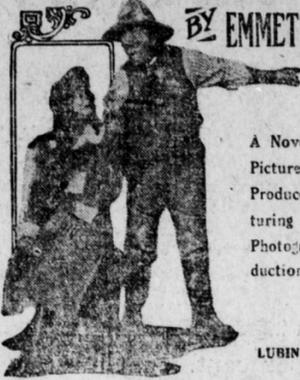


THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

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

"My lord," he declared, "Brownlow & Co. is never misinformed as to one's financial status. Did you, my lord," he questioned whimsically, "look at the marriage register after Lady Cecil had signed? I wager—and bankers always win wagers—that you did not. Therefore you are unaware that Lady Cecil's maiden name was Elizabeth Lee and not Betty Carson, as, ah, circumstances apparently led your lordship to suppose. Lady Cecil and I—Betty shyly returned his kindly smile—"became friends some hours ago, when I declined to deliver to Mr.—Carson certain mine stock. He, by the way, is doubtless now being carefully conducted aboard a steamer and being informed by a representative of Scotland Yard that the climate of England is not recommended for persons of his kind. But all this would be much more interesting from Lady Cecil. I am sure," he concluded hastily and beamingly withdrew.

With shining eyes Betty came toward Cecil. "I am glad we were married before you knew it would mean a fortune for you, beloved," she whispered. "Now I know that you love me, just me." "Yes, I love just you," he answered softly. Then a mischievous smile touched the grave, kindly mouth, and he added: "But, at that, the fortune is going to be jolly handy to have around, don't you know?"



There Betty Sat Demurely Waiting For Him.

CHAPTER XI.

The Serpent Comes to Eden. TWICE since she had become Lady Cecil had Betty seen the soft summer moon reach its fullness, spread over ancient Croftleigh a mantle of silver glory and work sweet magic in her heart, even as it had in a wonderful garden when time was young.

Throwing a filmy scarf about her bare shoulders, Betty now stole out to the terrace that overlooked the sunken garden where heavy headed roses weighted the air with perfume. Leaning dreamily against the balustrade was the figure of a man, and with a tender smile the girl moved softly to his side. His hand closed over hers as, without taking his eyes from the silent beauty spread before them, he quoted softly:

"The moon shines bright; in such a night as this, When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees And they did make no noise, in such a night Frolics me thinks mounted the Trojan walls And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents, Where Creusa lay that night."

Into the girl's eyes came a shadow, and her lips parted wistfully. "I—I cannot say back anything that would be pretty and fine," she whispered. "Out in Nevada they thought me well educated—I even went one year to boarding school in Denver—but I can't say those pretty things, as you do, even when I feel them in my heart. You won't ever be ashamed of me, will you, dear, even when you take me among beautiful women who know all the things I do not?"

Cecil took her into his arms and looked tenderly into the wistful eyes raised to his face.

"Sweetheart," he said gravely, "among the fairest and most brilliant of all the earth you would be to me as that moon is among the paling stars." The girl shivered in his arms. "Let us go in. I—I am afraid," she whispered.

It was at this moment that Mr. Monte Carson, for the second time, set foot upon the shore of England.

In the Countess Larovich, Carson found a ready confederate, for twice had the adventuress schemes been un-

set by Lord Cecil, and her hatred of the nobleman was intense. She still maintained her country home at Ashley grange, which place, adjoining Cecil's estate, afforded an excellent base of operations. Carson was installed as a guest, his presence being kept a secret, while the countess reconnoitered and laid her plans.

It was on a short roaming expedition that Betty encountered the Countess Larovich, who, at sight of her, advanced smilingly.

"I am afraid I have missed my way. Can you indicate the most direct route to Ashley grange?" she said.

Betty shook her head. "No, I guess not. I don't yet know this range very well myself," she responded with the frank friendliness of her western land. "It lies off this way, but that is all I know."

The countess surveyed her with friendly insolence.

"Oh, I see! You are a stranger. A new servant at Croftleigh, I presume?"

The girl's face did not change, but the countess' keen eyes noted with



"I am afraid I have missed my way."

satisfaction the tinge of added color that crept into her cheeks.

"I am Lady Cecil, madam."

"My dear child, forgive me!" the countess cried with perfect stimulation of embarrassed confusion. "You won't mention my meeting you and making such an absurd mistake, will you, my dear child? I am a dear, intimate friend of your husband."

"No, I will not mention the incident," Betty responded gravely. "I am sorry I cannot direct you to your path. Good afternoon," she added and hurried away that the other woman might not see the tears of mortification that she could no longer restrain.

Smiling with satisfaction, the countess strolled through a plantation of young trees and joined the waiting Mr. Carson.

"The game is well begun," she said, "and if I know anything of character it will be short. That little chit is a fool, but a proud one."

"Is that maid of Betty's all fixed?" asked Carson.

"The maid can be depended upon," the countess assured him. "This very evening she shall play her little part in the comedy. I will instruct Lemoine at once to write a suitable letter and will wire to town for the actor of whom I spoke."

For a long time after she left the countess Betty wandered miserably, unable to return to the old house that had sheltered her now dead happiness. Her proud little soul had suffered a terrible wound. All her vague fancies had been crystallized into a sickening fact—that Cecil was ashamed of her, and since this countess, who was his intimate friend, had mistaken her for a servant he was undoubtedly justified. That, as she was convinced he did, Cecil still loved her took nothing from her bitterness, but rather was an added shame.

As she hurried to her room to dress for dinner James, the faithful valet, intercepted her.

"If your ladyship pleases," he said, "my Lord Cecil directed me to say that he would not return to dinner. He was suddenly called to Cantlebury in a matter of some 'ampers of game thought to have been poached from Croftleigh covers, and your ladyship couldn't be located before he left."

"Very well, James," Betty said, with a sudden sense of loneliness. "They need not serve dinner. Have some tea brought to the library."

James bowed, but with troubled face, for he loved this young mistress.

if I might make so bold, my lady," he said diffidently, "the cook will be rare disappointed. 'E read in 'Tit-Bits' as 'ow in America no one ever ate anything but fried beefsteak and prunes and he has prepared some—'e found out how to do it by writing to a cousin in St. Louis, America—as a surprise for your ladyship."

Betty smiled. "You will thank the cook, James, and tell him he must prepare me an American dinner some other time—to-night I am not hungry," she said gently and passed on to the old library.

Rather listlessly Betty sank into the chair in front of Lord Cecil's writing table and rested her chin upon her clasped hands. Presently she became aware that she was subconsciously reading what lay under her eyes—the second sheet of an unfinished letter, in her husband's hand, left carelessly upon the desk. Before she realized, her brain had taken the meaning from her eye.

"—a good business proposition, any way, as it turns out. She has a million dollars, you know. Of course I can't present such a little wild west savage to my friends"—The writing stopped abruptly, as though the writer had been interrupted.

Betty rose stiffly, her face white. "There can be no further doubt," she whispered, and made her way slowly toward her bedroom.

No sooner had Betty left the library than a pair of curtains parted cautiously, a maid stole into the room, quickly removed the paper from the desk and hurried out.

Early the following morning Lord Cecil again departed for Cantlebury, in connection with the poached game, and Betty hurried into the open, as had always been her wont when her heart was burdened. She felt that she must reach some decision. She could not continue to live in the humiliating position of a wife of whom the husband was ashamed.

As she turned the corner of a lane Betty was astonished to come face to face with Mr. Monte Carson, who greeted her with a smile of mingled affection and sympathy.

"What are you doing here?" the girl demanded coldly.

Mr. Carson appeared griefed. "For what would I be here except to help you, Betty?" he asked in reply.

"To help me—that is likely," the girl hunched bitterly. "Have you discovered that I am the owner of another mine which you wish to steal?"

He looked at her reproachfully.

"Betty," he said gravely, "I know I've done some crooked things in my life, but I always done the best I could by you, and I've come back here to prove I'm a friend and don't bear no hard feelings, even after the way you turned on me for the sake of your husband. I was only tryin' to take care of you, Betty."

To Be Continued.

WIFE CALLS HUSBY'S FLUSH

Breaks Up Game When He Gets First Look-in of Night

Chicago, Dec. 16.—"And me with a flush, just ready to win a \$9 jackpot," wailed Louis Israel to the desk sergeant at West Chicago avenue. "The first look-in I'd had all evening."

"You can't appeal to my police sympathies," snapped Mrs. Israel. "I never knew you to win the price of a two-handed lunch."

Mrs. Israel, her daughter, two neighbor women, who thought it was scandalous the way Israel was staying out nights, and Israel's own sister, Becky, caught Pa. Israel playing poker with friends, Mrs. Israel determined to follow him.

"You drop those cards and come straight home," ordered Mrs. Israel, as she burst into the room where Israel was playing. Israel dropped the cards, but picked them up again and begged for a chance to play out his hand, because there was a big "pot" and he felt it was his. While the "pot" still was being sweetened, police, summoned by Mrs. Israel, broke up the game.

Nurse Charged With Murder

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 16.—Miss Hedda Borgemeister, a trained nurse, yesterday was indicted on the charge of murdering Otto Koehler, rich president of the San Antonio Brewing Association, here on November 21 last. Koehler was shot while in Miss Borgemeister's home. Miss Borgemeister was found kneeling beside him, hysterical and bleeding from a gash in her left wrist. She said she fired in self-defense.

Uninjured by 180-Foot Fall

Shamokin, Dec. 16.—George Eby, a miner at the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company's Bear Valley colliery, had a remarkable escape from death yesterday. While working on a timber chute he lost his balance and was precipitated down the almost perpendicular incline 180 feet to the bottom. He was virtually uninjured.

Feminine Touch

"Pa, what is meant by a feminine touch?" "A feminine touch, my son, is a bow of pink ribbon on a fly swatter,"—Baltimore Sun.

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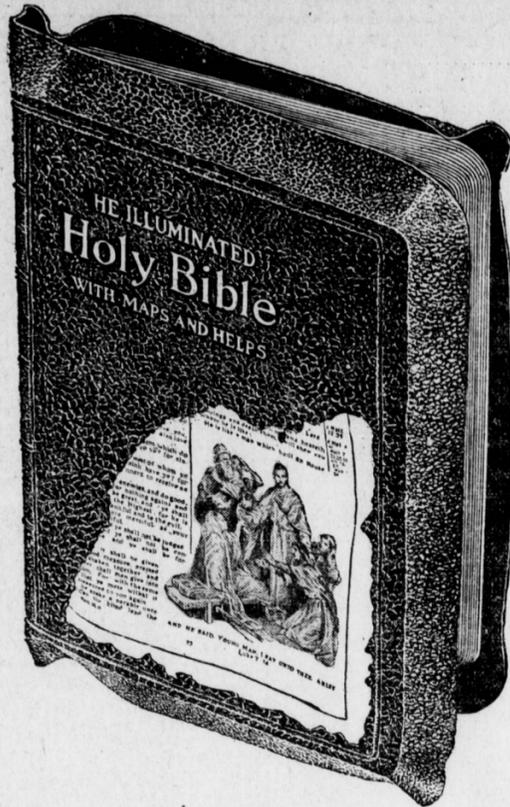
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HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Bread Puddings

To make bread pudding from bread that would be wasted if not used in this dish has always seemed to economists the height of good management, but is it any great saving? Let us see. For a pudding for five persons you will need five slices of bread or at most three cups of crumbed bread, a cup and a half of seeded raisins or raisins and currants, two eggs, one and a half cups of milk, two tablespoons of butter, one-half cup of sugar and some flavoring. All this must bake and so fuel must be counted in. Does not this seem to you to be a great quantity of ingredients to use just to save a little dry bread.

Let us be honest for once and say that we make bread pudding because it is always good when finished and because the entire family enjoy it. If well made, bread pudding is just as expensive as anything else that requires eggs, milk, sugar and butter to be tasty.

A Brown Betty bread pudding is a dessert fine enough for any table. To make it use a pint and a half of bread crumbs or squares of stale bread. Put bread in the pudding dish and sprinkle on cinnamon, sugar and butter and a layer of diced cooking apples. Add more seasoning, more bread and more fruit until the dish is full. Let the top layer be of crumbs. Bake 'til well browned and eat with sweet cream or sauce.

The Queen of puddings is made with one pint of coarse crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, one tablespoon of butter. Flavor with lemon and bake in a buttered pudding dish. When done and partly cool spread with a thick layer of jelly and

on this heap the stiffly beaten sweetened whites of the eggs and place in the oven until lightly browned. Cool again and serve with cream.

The most economical cooks are the French and they have a bread pudding that is much like a custard and still long lived to make. Use four slices of buttered, stale bread cut in small pieces. Place these in a sauce pan or baking dish and pour in one and a half pints of milk containing three beaten eggs and one cup of sugar. Flavor with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake twenty-five minutes. Eat while it is hot.

If you have laying hens to supply you with fresh eggs the list of good things to eat made from stale bread and eggs is long indeed. There is egg-toast, called "nun's" bread or "Spanish" toast, and bread pan-cakes and bread dressing that we are all fond of. But bread crumbs mixed with chopped cold meat and made into croquettes is new to some of us.

Mince cold meat or chicken quite fine, add an equal quantity of crumbs and moisten all with gravy or with thickened milk, season. Shape into small balls or pate cakes and fry in a small amount of butter or drippings. Fish may be used in place of meat. The crumbs and meat and seasoning may be shaped into a small loaf after they are moistened, and spread with butter and baked in a hot oven. Served with tomato sauce or rich gravy, this is really a good way to use left-over meat and bread.

The best plan to save bread, however, is to only cut the amount needed for each meal, as the English families do.

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