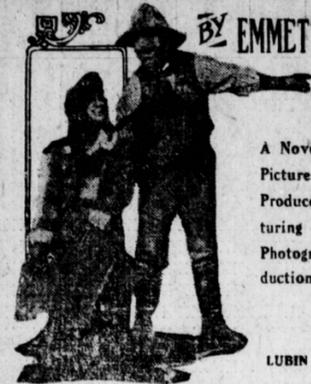


THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

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

Despite her judgment, Betty's heart softened. Whatever had been his motives, this man had in his way been good to her—he was the only one who had ever cared whether she lived or died. He had sheltered her, he had assumed the place of her father and the thought habits of youth are not easily broken.

"You—your actions looked pretty bad Monte," she said slowly. "I did not mean to be unjust, ever, but you had given me cause to distrust you. What is it you have to say now?"

"I know you are proud, Betty, but I want you to hear me out," Carson told her. He seemed to ponder what would be the least painful words, and then continued.

"Pretty soon after I got back to New York I met a man who knew all about Lord Cecil—and what I heard brought me back here as quick as I could come. He hasn't played square with you Betty, he?"

Betty's eyes flashed fiercely. "I will hear nothing against my husband," she said firmly. Carson asked with a sudden change of tone.

"He has gone to Cantlebury," the girl replied shortly. "What of it?"

"He has not gone to Cantlebury—he is with the Countess Lurovich, as he is almost every day," Carson announced calmly. "It hasn't taken me many days to get a line on your nobleman. Not only is he ashamed of you, but he is making love to another woman!"

Every sign of color drained slowly from Betty's face, and her soft lips quivered in a hard line.

"Did I ever hear my word, Monte?" she asked softly.

"You shall never hear, Betty," Carson declared gravely.

"Then listen. If you have lied to me I swear I will kill you as I would a rattler. I must know the truth now and all of it!"

"I'm mighty sorry, Betty," Carson said sympathetically. "I shore am, but there ain't no doubt. Come with me."

In silence they walked rapidly along a mile of hedge-walled lanes. Presently they drew near the small structure that was the boundary between Croftleigh and Ashley grange, and Carson, drawing the girl into the shelter of a clump of shrubbery, pointed to the opposite bank. Seated in loverlike converse were two figures, one the unmistakable figure of Lord Cecil, the other the Countess Lurovich. Even as Betty

countess laughed. "My lips are crushed! Not quite, as yet!"

The actor swore softly as Carson's hurried entrance interrupted the scene. "It's all fixed," Carson informed the countess with savage satisfaction. "I'll take the machine and pick her up at the end of the drive, and if ever that starting fool sets eyes on her again I hope to be shot for a greaser!"

"You very probably will be shot for yourself if ever he sets eyes on you, my friend," the countess commented. "So see to it that he doesn't."

An hour later a motor was speeding swiftly toward Whitehaven. In it sat Betty with pale, drawn face and Mr. Monte Carson, on whose vindictive and greedy features was a grin of gratified triumph.

It was near the dinner hour when Lord Cecil returned from Cantlebury where the matter of the poached game had been finally concluded, and with an eager light in his eyes hurried into the manor house. As he moved toward the stair Janes came quietly forward and stopped him with a bow.

"Her ladyship has gone out, my lord," he said, and in the man's voice Cecil caught a troubled note. "She left a note in the library, my lord."

With a vague sensation of impending disaster Cecil hurried to the dim old room and ripped open the envelope lying upon his writing table. His face grew white as his eyes flashed over the tear-blotted page.

"Beloved," he read and seemed to hear the soft, caressing voice that was used to whisper the endearment in his ear. "I have gone away, and you will never see me again. I know that you love another and that you are ashamed of me. I tried so hard to make you happy. There is but one thing more I can do for you. You will find in the safe a deed of gift for the 'Golden Hope.' I hope you will be very happy. You did love me a little for a time, did you not, my husband? Goodbye."

And then at the end the little scrawl "Betty."

Slowly Lord Cecil placed the note in the pocket of his coat.

"I will find you, my own, though it be at the ends of the earth, and shut you up in my heart," he whispered. "And as for whosoever has done this thing!"

The words were checked, but in his smoldering eyes was death.

CHAPTER XII.

Fate's Tangled Threads.

SOFTLY, as the sunshine of a day in June may be blotted out by the thundercloud that rolls inward from the sea, the joyousness that had lighted up the ancient halls of Croftleigh was smothered beneath a pall of sorrow and mysterious fear.

The servants, who had quickly come to love the young mistress who brought to the old manor happiness and prosperity, when both had long been absent, moved about silently and questioned each other with frightened eyes.

None knew or could guess the nature of the calamity that had befallen, and not even James dared to mention to the haggard master the name of the vanished mistress.

All day long Lord Cecil, with blank and drawn face, sat in his library, and telegraph messengers came and went ceaselessly, as well as men whose brisk steps and sharp, cold glance were evidence to the observing of their trade.

But one order had been issued to the domestics—that absolute silence concerning the affairs of Croftleigh should be preserved, and so well had the veil of secrecy been maintained that no hint had reached the world that Lady Betty Cecil had disappeared.

Almost heartbroken, tormented by fear of what might befall the girl, absolutely without clue to her intentions or whereabouts, knowing only through the confession of the maid that Betty had been the victim of a malignant conspiracy engineered by the Countess Lurovich, Lord Cecil was forced to an agonizing inactivity, while a score of the best private detectives in England maintained a relentless but fruitless search.

Since the hour of her flight from Croftleigh, following what she believed to be the discovery of the fact that Cecil not only did not love her, but regarded her as a cause for shame, to be hidden from his world, Betty had been sunk in the apathy of utter misery.

Her fate was to her a matter of complete indifference, and without interest or question she allowed herself to be borne away by the gloating Mr. Carson, whose satisfaction at the thought that he would soon have in his control the "Golden Hope" was scarcely less than that he would wreak a deadly revenge upon Lord Cecil and that Betty, whom he regarded as a traitor and ingrate and hated with all the malice of which his mean soul was capable, was now completely in his power.

It was his full intention, once the

mine was safely and finally in his possession, to abandon her to the most terrible fate he could provide.

Meanwhile he played to perfection the part of the faithful and forgiving protector.

He played it so well that Betty, her mind dulled by grief, accepted him as she had when a child, as a kind foster father, and reproached herself that she had ever doubted him. She took no note of the country through which the speeding car passed, nor did she trouble to ask the name of the city which they presently entered—Whitehaven.

Neither did she concern herself that the mean little hotel to which Carson proceeded directly, and where they were evidently expected, was situated in a section along the waterfront which even a stranger would have recognized as a region of sordid poverty and a breeding place of crime.

Once within this house Betty was, though unaware of the fact, a closely guarded prisoner.

Believing that all regular transportation routes would be watched by detectives, it was Carson's intention to remain in hiding for awhile and then with Betty steal away on some transport of such character that motives and methods of passengers would not be questioned.

Such a one, he had been informed, was almost ready to put to sea, and he knew he could easily buy passage aboard it.

To Be Continued.

CONFESSES ROBBERIES

Man Wanted by Shamokin Police Is Found Secreted in a Trunk

Shamokin, Pa., Dec. 17.—After an extensive search by police for John Timcoe, wanted for numerous robberies, he was traced to a building here yesterday and arrested while hiding in a trunk.

As he was being removed to jail at Sunbury he confessed to several thefts and implicated Elmer Rich, of this place, as an accomplice. Timcoe asserted that Rich exploded dynamite last summer at Hagenback and Wallace's circus here, a number of people narrowly escaping death. Rich has been arrested.

MINE FIRE THOUGHT CHECKED

Lehigh Coal Officials Believe Tanaga Blaze Under Control

Tanaga, Pa., Dec. 17.—Officials of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company believe that they have succeeded in preventing further spread of the fire raging in a portion of No. 9 mine since Monday.

A large force of fire fighters is at work day and night, but they have not been able as yet to get close enough to the flames to ascertain the amount of damage done.

AGED HERMIT FOUND DEAD

Octoraro, Dec. 17.—John Red, aged hermit, nearly 90 years of age, was found dead yesterday in his cave on the creek. He was found dead by John Brown, who was taking his mail to him. Death was due to apoplexy. He leaves no relatives.

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.45 a. m., 2.15, 3.27, 9.30, 9.50 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5.05, 7.10 and 11.55 a. m., 5.40, 5.45, 7.40 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sundays. J. H. TONGE, H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A. Supt.

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HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Useful Gifts

PLEADED TO GO TO JAIL

Moonshiner's Daughter Did Not Want to Be Parted From Father Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—Clinging tightly to her father, Samuel Kamison, who had been sentenced to eight months in the county prison for aiding Bernard Asbell in the operation of an illicit still on North Sixth street, 14-year-old Yetta Kamison tearfully pleaded that she be allowed to go to jail with him.

Kamison and Asbell pleaded guilty before Judge Thompson in the United States District Court to "moonshining." As Kamison was led from the court room, his daughter, who is the oldest of six children, clung to his arm and pleaded to be taken to jail with him. Federal officers finally forced the hysterical girl to release her hold on her father, and he was taken to prison.

Asbell, it appeared, was the active operator, and he was sentenced to eighteen months in the Eastern penitentiary.

Checks Croup Instantly

You know croup is dangerous. And you should also know the sense of security that comes from always having Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the house. It cuts the thick mucus and clears away the phlegm, stops the straining cough and gives easy breathing and quiet sleep. Take it for coughs, colds, tickling throat, hoarseness and for bronchial and a gripple coughs. Contains no opiates. Every user is a friend. George A. Gargas, 16 North Third street, and P. R. R. Station, adv.

LEE LANDS AND LOSES PLACE

Berth Picked up by Congressman Eliminated in Legislative Bill Washington, Dec. 17.—Representative Robert E. Lee, of Pottsville, a Democrat, who was defeated in the last election, had selected for himself a nice berth in Washington. He picked out superintendent of the Congressional Library, which has little work attached to it and a salary of \$4,000 a year.

Mr. Lee got the support of a number of Democrats in the delegation and landed the place. Yesterday the place was eliminated by an amendment to the legislative bill.

Miners Fight Higher Fare

Shamokin, Dec. 17.—An increased rate of from 10 to 19 cents in the round trip from Hickory Ridge to Shamokin, is resented by men who use the Pennsylvania railroad miners' train, and the United Mine Workers' headquarters has been asked to have the Public Service Commission inquire as quickly as possible into the increase.

Man Dies on Train

Altoona, Dec. 17.—When train 34 over the Pennsylvania arrived here yesterday a man, supposed from papers found on him to be Jean Ballenger, aged about 55, of Seligman, Ariz., was found dead in his seat in a day coach. Coroner's physician said death was due to heart trouble.

Philadelphian Killed

Topoka, Kan., Dec. 17.—John Robbins, said to be from Philadelphia, was killed Tuesday night by a Union Pacific train in the railroad yards here.

AGED WOMAN MURDERED

Nephew and Boarder Held in Gruesome Detroit Mystery Detroit, Dec. 17.—The body of Miss Frances Bomholt, 62 years of age, was found in a woodshed at the rear of her home here late yesterday afternoon. Her head had been crushed and evidently death had occurred several hours before the body was found.

The police detained F. W. Keeping, Miss Bomholt's nephew and a boarder. It was stated at police headquarters that a bloody ax was found near the body of the victim. A pocketbook, property of the dead woman, was picked up by police officers. The purse was empty.

The body was found by John Bomholt, brother of the dead spinster. At this side of the corpse was a blood-stained coal scuttle, partly filled.

Court Three Years Behind

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 17.—That the Supreme Court is now, and has been for the last thirty years, more than three years behind in its docket, is pointed out with emphasis of the final report of the Judicial Code Revision Commission, submitted to Governor Major yesterday.

Dr. Frank P. McWilliams Dies

Pottsville, Dec. 17.—Dr. Frank McWilliams, of Schuylkill Haven, medical practitioner, died yesterday after several days' illness from pneumonia. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. It is believed his disease

Christmas is for children but grown folks like being remembered too, even though their remembrances are in the form of useful things.

A kitchen kit is a useful collection of implements needed every day by every housekeeper and it is something anyone can select. A starch, or soap box, nicely enameled, with the lid hinged to form a door, and a shelf fitted in makes the beginning. The corners of the box may be finished with little brass ornaments and a brass knob on the door, and brass hinges will give quite an air to the case.

What one puts into the kit depends upon whom it is for. Of course there must be a can-opener, a cork screw, a screw driver and a small hammer. But whether you add a tack puller and a small saw depends very much on the character of the housewife you intend the gift for. Some women like to do bits of carpentry and others leave it all to "John Henry."

A little file for sharpening knives, a roll of sand paper and a long, thin spatula or mixing knife will be furnishings any woman will enjoy having. If you are sure the kitchen does not yet contain a good mixer for cake batter in the shape of a slotted pump, an egg-beater, and a measuring cup, stock the little cabinet with these and similar things for baking day. Add some strong nails or screws for fastening the box to the wall and you may be sure it will be welcomed.

Another "home-made" gift is in the nature of scent-bags for use in the linen closet and in drawers. These may be

made any size and filled with dried lavender flowers or with a sachet mixture. A few drops of rose geranium oil or oil of mignonette or any essential oil will scent a whole sheet of cotton batting and this is a very good filling for the pads and bags.

Other useful gifts that anyone can make are fancy, small cakes. These in a pretty, tissue paper-lined box or basket decorated with a bit of scarlet ribbon and a twig of mistletoe or holly are all sufficient to show the Christmas spirit.

A recipe for very rich cookies that may be shaped into various forms with a pointed knife or a fancy cutter is this one: One and a half cups of lightest brown sugar, one and a half cups of shortening, three eggs, flouring and flour enough to make a past that can be rolled on a board. Nut-currants and raisins or colored sugar will make these little cakes very gay. Ginger bread men and women add interest to Christmas stockings and to Christmas trees. Currants make their eyes, red sugar their lips and a bit of egg-yolk their noses and facial contour. The ginger bread mixture must not be too short or they will break before the youngsters have had their fun with them. Try making the dough with one cup each of milk, sugar and N. O. molasses, add half a teaspoon of soda to the mixture and sift in enough flour to permit rolling it out. The molasses you add the drier and harder the cake men and women will be. You will find fancy shaped cutters on sale at recent stores and they will last many seasons.

was contracted while going out in a storm to attend a patient who also had pneumonia. Dr. McWilliams for a number of years was connected with the staff of St. Joseph's hospital, a Reading.



Seated in Loverlike Conversation Were Two Figures, One the Unmistakable Figure of Lord Cecil.

watched with burning eyes the woman paused and raised her face, and the man crushed her in his arms as he pressed his lips to hers.

Betty drew back without a word and walked away. Carson, with a triumphant smile, hurried after her.

"You won't want to stay, I reckon, Betty," he said, as he overtook her. She did not raise her eyes, but nodded.

"No, I will go away," she said dully. "I knew you would. I'm going to look out for you, little girl. I reckon you don't want to see him before you go," Carson suggested.

"No, I do not wish to see him," she replied in the same lifeless voice, so unlike her own. "Please take me away now, Monte."

"All right, Betty, you can count on old Monte," he said soothingly. "Everything is fixed—I knew you'd want to go. Just you slip into the house and get your things, and I'll meet you at the foot of the drive in half an hour with a machine. Don't you care—he ain't worth it."

At the same moment the Countess Lurovich was looking up archly into the eyes of a man whose clothing duplicated that worn by Lord Cecil that day and whose figure was identical. His face was carefully and expertly made up to a portrait-like reproduction of the features of the nobleman.

"Do you always put so much spirit into your acting, M. Devoeux?" the