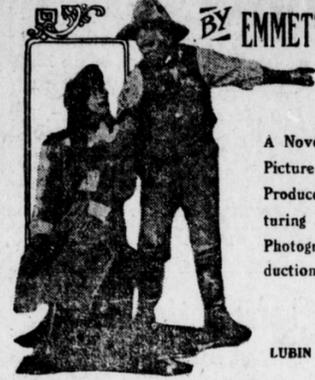


# THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

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

Meanwhile he set himself to the task of fixing in Betty's mind the idea that, while he would otherwise be rejoiced at her leaving him, Lord Cecil would for the sake of her fortune make desperate efforts to find her and drag her back to lead the humiliating existence of a despised and hidden wife.

"No; he wouldn't want me back. There would be no need," Betty said dully. "I left for him all he wanted of me—the Golden Hope."

It required all his gambler's training to keep the panic, fury and greed



"Never you mind, Betty," he said soothingly.

which suddenly swept through Carson from being mirrored in his face as he sounded in his voice. Betty, sitting with bowed head, did not observe the struggle or the pause before he said in an easy manner:

"Left him the 'Hope'? What do you mean, Betty?"

The girl did not raise her eyes. "I left it for him," she responded, "because I loved him. I gave it to him. I left a deed of gift and an order to the bank. I didn't want it—what would a fortune do for me, since it did not secure the only thing in all the world I desired—his love?"

It was a frightful blow to Carson to learn that, instead of being a millionaire, Betty had made herself penniless.

The mind of the most successful confidence man in Nevada worked swiftly and in an instant was engaged in re-arranging his plans.

No longer valuable for herself, Betty might still be worth much for what she would bring.

Lord Cecil loved her devotedly and would strip himself of his wealth in order to regain her.

Obviously, therefore, the thing to do was to get to a remote and safe place and hold Betty for ransom. Meanwhile she must be duped into believing that secrecy and flight were necessary. Mr. Carson assumed a sympathetic manner.

"Never you mind, Betty," he said soothingly. "Old Monte always has stood by you, and he won't quit you now. We got to be mighty careful, though, and slip out of this country first chance we get. You wouldn't want him to make you go back and live at Croftleigh, knowing how he feels about you, would you, now?"

"I would rather die!" the girl cried bitterly.

"Course you would—any girl with a mite o' pride would!" Mr. Carson agreed. "But," he added, "this here Lord Cecil, the way I figure it, would rather have you there—keep you hid down in the country while he galleys all around—than have folks ask where is his wife and he not be able to say. Sure as a gun's iron, he'll try to find you and make you go back, and now that you know all about the way he carries on, he won't take the trouble to hide it like he done before."

She looked at him with miserable appeal.

"Then he mustn't find me, Monte," she said miserably. "I couldn't, I couldn't stand it to have him look at me and feel that he despised me!"

"That'll be all right, then," Mr. Carson told her, with inward satisfaction and outward sympathy. "I won't let him find you, if you just stay here in your room till I get things fixed for us to slip away. You better get rid of them clothes—there might be a description out. Give 'em to the maid. I'll buy you a suit that'll stand travel better."

"All right, Monte," Betty responded wearily.

The days dragged miserably along at Croftleigh, with no word of the vanished mistress, though Cecil had increased to \$5,000 the reward offered for information as to her whereabouts, and there was no reasonable doubt that she was still in England. As Carson had surmised, every passenger steamer sailing from the kingdom had been watched.

Slowly the horrible thought that she

might be dead began to force itself upon Cecil, leaving him pallid with silent agony. As he sat thus, waiting for the news that did not come, a sudden commotion outside the house caused him to spring to his feet, every nerve tense. An instant later there burst into the room an aged woman whom he recognized as the holder of one of the ancient cottages of his estate, and who cast at his feet the bundle of unthreshed grain which she carried and fell upon her knees.

"Succor, lord! The sword of Swarthmore is Croftleigh's shield!" she cried, and instinctively, as had done his fathers for 600 years, the eighteenth Earl of Swarthmore placed his hand upon her head and responded as they had done to the feudal appeal:

"Swarthmore shields! In seed, in stalk, in ear and sheaf, the Croftleigh corn is mine to keep. Speak on."

It was a commonplace tale, to tell which the old woman had invoked the ancient right of Croftleigh's people to instant speech with their overlord—Meg, the old woman's daughter, had been stolen away.

Lured and coaxed by an artful stranger, she had jilted Ned Alwine, a Croftleigh man and Cecil's chauffeur, and had promised to run away, but at the last moment her fears and conscience had triumphed, and she had refused. Then the stranger and another had seized upon her, by force had dragged her, struggling and crying, to the waiting motorcar and sped away.

Cecil recalled the girl—sweet and fair as a hawthorne bud, with the clean heart and gentle ways of the maidens who glean in the Westmoreland fields. His eyes blazed with sudden fire.

"By force they took her?" he demanded.

"I swear it, my lord! The child fought and cried to me—and I could not save her! The west road they took, my lord!"

Cecil turned away sharply.

"The motor at once!" he ordered, and James, who had not dared prevent the entrance of one bearing the symbol of the unthreshed grain, but who had hovered unobtrusively in the background, hurried to transmit the order.

"Be comforted. The maid shall come back to you unharmed," Lord Cecil said and strode out, leaving the old woman muttering blessings.

For the time being Cecil's own sorrows were forgotten. The traditions and instincts handed down through the ages had cast their commands upon him—to abandon all else until he had rendered the protection demanded of his lordship, though the one in peril might be the meanest of his vassals.

Not five minutes had elapsed before Lord Cecil's motor was rattling along the road toward the coast with white flag Ned Alwine gripping the wheel.

Mile after mile the chase continued without the quarry being once sighted, but at each village and hamlet Cecil was told that a speeding car had preceded him by a quarter hour, by ten minutes, by five minutes. Fast as the fugitives were moving, they were being overtaken.

In Kensington an outraged constable pointed to the dust that hung in the air, and by Derwentwater the machine was in sight and evidently aware that it was being pursued, for its speed was increased.

Slowly, however, the distance between the racing cars was cut down until not more than fifty yards intervened.

Suddenly one of the occupants of the leading machine rose, knelt upon the seat and rapidly emptied a revolver.

Cecil could hear the bullets humming harmlessly above his head. One,



"Aye, I'll take thee home, lassie, and God be thanked thee's saved to me!"

however, was not high, but found its mark, and the speeding machine yawed wildly as the tire exploded.

A yell of triumph came back as the fleeing car disappeared over the next hilltop.

Despite the delay necessary to change the tire, the pursuit remained a hot one, though the quarry was not again sighted until the suburbs of Whitehaven were reached and speed was reduced to the legal requirements, the abductors not daring to risk attracting the attention of the police and perhaps thinking Lord Cecil had not been able to make up the time lost.

Before the latter could close up they were in the heavy traffic of the city, and it was only possible to keep the fugitives in sight.

At length the chase drew into the squalid region near the water front, and Cecil turned a corner just in time to see the form of a girl lifted from the machine and borne quickly into a small and repellent hotel by the man who had used his revolver, the car itself moving swiftly away.

Followed by Ned Alwine, Cecil dashed into the forbidding house unopposed and, following the sound of stumbling footsteps, climbed to the second story, gaining the head of the stair quickly enough to note the room into which the girl they sought was carried.

As they burst open the door the abductor crashed through the window in frantic determination to escape. The girl Meg lay where she had been dropped upon the floor.

"Take her up and carry her to the car," Cecil ordered, and sprang to the window, which looked directly upon the wharves.

The abductor had disappeared, but Cecil caught his breath choking as his eyes fell upon another figure. Betty was just scuttling herself in a shabby motorboat, into which Carson also was lowering himself.

"Betty!" Cecil cried wildly, and for an instant the girl raised her eyes to his, then quickly turned her head.

Carson, with a startled oath, spoke sharply to his ruffianly pilot, and the next instant the motorboat shot away from the shore.

Cecil was half out of the window before Ned Alwine's restraining grasp fell upon him.

"Don't, m'lord," the man implored; "it is too high. Take the stair, m'lord!"

Cecil stared dazedly for an instant, then turned his eyes toward Meg.

"Take the girl home," he ordered, and dashed from the room.

"Aye, I'll take thee home, lassie, and God be thanked thee's saved to me!"

Ned muttered, and raised the girl in his arms.

### To Be Continued.

### OLD MAN ROBBED OF \$700

Philadelphia Couple in Jail After Alleged Confession  
Kenneth Square, Pa., Dec. 18.—George Green, an old man who lives by himself near Unionville, carried his money in his inside vest pocket. A few days ago Marshall Martin and wife, of Philadelphia, came to visit him. Yesterday they disappeared and so did Green's roll of \$700.

Mrs. Martin was arrested here, where she was spending money freely, and her husband was arrested not far from town. She was searched and had \$630. She said that her husband robbed the old man and gave the money to her. Both were sent to jail for trial.

### BONE GRAFTING SAVES LEG

Operation in Hazleton Hospital Makes an Amputation Unnecessary  
Hazleton, Dec. 18.—Admitted to the State Hospital at Hazleton three months ago with a leg so hopelessly crushed by a fall of coal in the Driffton mines that amputation seemed the only expedient, Peter Marley, of Driffton, walked out of the institution with a new leg bone constructed out of splines taken from healthy bones and grafted to the splintered member.

This is the first instance of bone grafting in the Hazleton coal fields, where many miners lose limbs by falls of rock and roof in the coal mines.

### CONVICT DANCING TUTOR

Charged With Disturbing Religious Meeting Next to Academy  
Reading, Pa., Dec. 18.—Billy Kent, formerly of Philadelphia, this city's best known tutor of the fox trot and other modern dances, was convicted in court here yesterday on the charge of disturbing a religious service.

The charges followed the breaking up of a service at the Zion synagogue, which adjoined Kent's academy, on November 13.

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**BOY COASTER KILLED**  
Two Others Are Injured in Accidents at Scranton  
Scranton, Pa., Dec. 18.—One boy was killed and two seriously injured yesterday afternoon in sleighing accidents. Maurice Howley, 10-year-old son of M. T. Howley, a plumber, was killed almost instantly, and Robert McCann, 11-year-old son of Peter McCann, station-master of the Lackawanna, was injured when a sled they were riding down the steep Linden street hill struck an obstruction and skidded into a coal wagon. William Lynott, aged 10, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lynott, sustained a broken arm in another accident.

**Thief Gets Chance to Repay**  
Reading, Pa., Dec. 18.—Pleading guilty in court here yesterday to entering a home and stealing \$66, Charles Seidel was given a chance by the court to pay back the amount at the rate of \$5 a week with the understanding that he be sent to jail the first time he defaulted payment.

**HOUSEHOLD TALKS**

Henrietta D. Grauel

Holiday Desserts

"How are currants cleaned for puddings?"  
Currants should not be washed, as this carries most of the goodness of the fruit. Instead put the required amount of currants in a colander and sprinkle with flour; rub well with finger tips until all the flour is removed and the currants separated from one another. The flour and any foreign substance will pass through the sieve. Now rub the currants with a soft cloth for a moment and use as directed.

In making puddings for holidays it is well worth while to use only the best ingredients for a greater quantity is not required and if any inferior article is used the whole mixture is tainted.

There are three kinds of puddings—baked, boiled and steamed. Boiled puddings are tied in a floured cloth and while they are cooking they must be turned over to prevent all the fruit from settling to the bottom. Always allow room in the bag for the pudding to swell in the cooking and remember that twice as long is needed for boiling puddings than for baking.

Steamed puddings are placed in well buttered dishes, a cloth tied over the top and put in a steamer. The water beneath must be kept at a steady boil. Baked puddings must be stirred once or twice while baking to keep the ingredients from settling.

Suet for Christmas pies, puddings and cakes must be chopped; to do this well have the suet cold, then break or cut it in small pieces and remove the fibres or threads from it. Chop with a broad cutting knife and if the suet sticks off the chopping knife in flour. All the fibres must be removed or the suet will not separate into tiny bits as it must do.

Raisins are now seedless but some cooks prefer those containing seeds, claiming that they are more full of meat. If boiling water is poured over them and allowed to stay on until cool the seeds may be removed quickly with a small knife. Recipes have been given in this department for Christmas cakes, pies and puddings but for those who want a simple, easily followed recipe we give the following suet pudding: It is first-class. Mrs. Rufus Washburn's suet pudding. One cup each N. O. molasses, rich, sweet milk, light brown sugar, chopped suet, raisins, currants, and mixed lemon and orange peel and citron chopped fine. One teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice. One-half teaspoon soda. Three cups of flour. Sift flour and all dry ingredients together except the soda, add it to molasses. Add the molasses and milk and fruit; beat well and fill molds half full. Steam two hours and bake forty minutes. Nuts may be added if desired. This delicious pudding should be served hot with hard sauce.

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