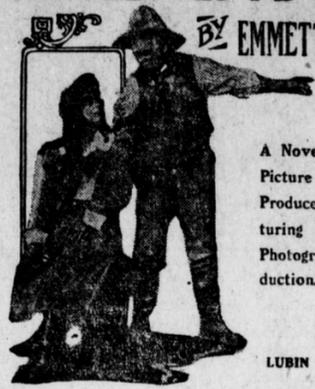


# THE BELOVED ADVENTURER

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

Her eyes suddenly opened wide with terror, but closed in content when they had rested upon the kindly face bent low above her own.

"I knew thee'd come, Ned," the girl murmured softly. "Kiss me, ladde, for thou art my own true love, and I will be a good wife to thee if thou art still of mind to wed."

It was a matter of but moments before Lord Cecil had left the house and reached the dock at the rear, but already the motorboat had disappeared in the crowded shipping and the growing darkness.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### Through Desperate Hazards.

NIGHT settled swiftly over the harbor of Whitehaven, making mystery and fairyland of the dark water and crowded shipping on which the riding lights were already gleaming. Here and there motorboats moved swiftly, but whether any one of these was the one in which he had seen the wife who was blindly fleeing from his love Lord Cecil's straining sight could not determine.

Suddenly Cecil's searching eyes fastened upon the figure of a woman, near the end of one of the piers.

As he drew near quickly he could see that she was no longer young, and weeping had disfigured her patient, lined face. She was praying silently, with clinched hands and tightly shut eyes. Suddenly, with a gasp of terror, she stepped to the edge of the plank and for an instant wavered on the brink, below which the black water lapped sullenly against the piles. With a flash of comprehension Cecil leaped forward.

In all the forty years of her drab-colored life nothing of poetry or romance had come to Sarah Gray. Sunshine itself seemed to stagnate in the dull little town, and the souls of the villagers were as cramped and prosaic as the existence they led. No one remembered that Sarah Gray had once been a girl or could have dreamed that her heart still hungered fiercely for the love that had never come its way.

Sarah Gray was eminently respectable, even according to Dulwich standards. Her familiar conduct with the stranger was therefore as inexplicable as it was shocking.

The stranger had appeared, from no one knew where, and lodged himself at the White Falcon Inn. His name, he had given Landlord Higgs to understand, was Captain Lars Pieter-son.

To Sarah those were dream days. To her at last had come romance. Incredible, almost terrifying, unimaginably sweet, love had swiftly developed from an apparently chance acquaintance with Captain Pieter-son.

They would go to America, he told her, where he had large interests and where he desired to establish his permanent home. Her old mother would be left in the care of some good people at Dulwich until they had established themselves, when they would return for her. Sarah would sell her cottage, draw her savings from the bank and meet him in Whitehaven, where they would be married and then sail in his own ship to the land of wealth and happiness. And then he went away, telling her to follow as soon as she had arranged for her mother and disposed of their cottage.

Unquestioningly Sarah Gray carried out the suggestions made to her. Then, with nearly \$900 in her hand bag, she hurried joyously to Whitehaven, and there occurred what one more worldly-wise than Sarah Gray would have guessed would be the end of her belated romance.

It was a good scheme. Captain Pieter-son had frequently asserted to his intimates and one which he invariably worked when his tramp schooner lay long enough in any port of the seven seas, to make love to an old maid with a little money, get the money in his pocket and then brutally give the woman to understand that she had been tricked. Generally they drowned themselves and matters were satisfactorily concluded.

It was Sarah Gray whom Lord Cecil snatched back from the edge of the pier and from whom he soon extracted the essential facts of her pitiful story. "This man's ship has not yet sailed," Cecil asked, his lips drawing into a hard line.

"Not yet, I think," she answered dully. "There has not been time for Captain Pieter-son to get aboard. He had just left me when—when you came, and went in a rowboat. The ship, the Najboy, was anchored far out. I heard him say—"

"Then come!" Cecil ordered and hurried the unresisting woman away.

Further along the line of wharfs a waterman was just mooring his nondescript motorboat. He nodded indifferently when Cecil demanded if his craft was for hire and cast off the line he had made fast.

"Where to?" he granted as Cecil and Sarah Gray seated themselves on the uncushioned boards.

"Alongside the Najboy, schooner in the outer harbor," was the direction given.

Before the motorboat had reached the outer anchorage, however, the Naj-

boy's captain had climbed aboard, and the anchor had been brought home and the schooner had started to beat out to open sea.

"She be gone," the waterman remarked indifferently, pointing to the receding vessel.

"Can you catch her?" Cecil demanded, the ominous tightening of lips still in evidence.

"For \$50, he'll," the boatman responded.

"Do it," Cecil ordered shortly, and the man's fingers closed greedily upon the ten pound note thrust into his hand.

"Be n't no boat in harbor can touch us," the man said proudly. "Now you watch us go!"

"I wish to get aboard without being seen—run alongside and be silent," Cecil whispered when the dark mass of the ship was not fifty yards ahead.

The deck was deserted, except for the lookout forward and the man at the wheel, and the eyes of the latter were aloft. Cecil stole along the shadow of the deckhouse toward a window from which came a bar of light and the sound of voices. Cautiously peering in, he could see a man whom he correctly judged to be Captain Pieter-son and another whom he took to be the mate.

"Usual luck ashore, cap'n?" the mate inquired with a leer.

"Not so bad—not so bad," Pieter-son responded with a chuckle and tossed a packet of banknotes upon the shelf under the window. "Eight hundred and seventy pounds—that'll mean 4,350 good dollars when we tie up at New York."

"I reckon you ain't takin' that powder in the forward hold to New York?" the mate suggested casually.

Captain Pieter-son eyed him with sudden suspicion.

"We cleared for New York, didn't we?" he demanded.

"Oh, I wasn't tryin' to horn in—don't make no difference to me where we go. I draw my pay by the month," the mate hastened to declare. He turned to go, and Pieter-son followed him with his eyes. Instantly Cecil's long arm was thrust through the window, and as quickly withdrawn, with Sarah Gray's fortune grasped in his hand. Swiftly he moved back to the rail at the point where the ladder hung and was in the act of climbing over when a wild yell of fury burst from the deckhouse, telling that Captain Pieter-son had discovered his loss. At the same instant powerful hands setled upon Cecil from behind.

"I got 'im, cap'n—here be the thief!" a voice bellowed at his ear.

Vainly Cecil strove to free himself from that iron grasp. Men were rushing from every direction, and an un-muffled volley of oaths told that Pieter-son had gained the deck. Forced against the rail, Cecil was directly above the motorboat and could see Sarah Gray looking up at him with frightened eyes. He dropped the packet of notes into her lap.

"It's your money—get away—go!" he shouted, and the waterman, desiring to get well clear of the trouble that had broken out aboard the schooner, opened his throttle wide. The launch leaped forward and disappeared.

Captain Pieter-son was charging along the deck, bawling curses and waving a revolver. Suddenly he stopped as though paralyzed, and the weapon dropped unheeded from his nerveless hand. A shrill cry had cut through the confusion like a lightning flash, thrilling with terror.

"Fire in the fore'd hold!"

Even as the cry rang out a column of smoke poured from the still open forward cargo hatch.

"To the boats for your lives! The fore'd cargo is powder!" Lars Pieter-son

shouted and led the panic-stricken rush that followed, by which Cecil, forgot ten, was hurled aside.

With incredible swiftness the schooner's two boats were lowered, the men tumbled in and the oars tore the water into foam. Already the flames, feeding on some highly inflammable material, were leaping from the hatch, and the explosion of the powder might be expected at any instant. Cecil looked about hastily with the idea of securing some article which would serve as a support in the water and tore open a deck house door with the intention of wrenching it from its hinges.

Facing him from the interior of the cabin was Betty, her eyes wide with alarm and uncertainty.

Before Cecil could recover from his astonishment the girl sprang forward and pushed him violently aside. At the same instant a revolver cracked behind him, and the bullet brushed his temple. Whirling about, Cecil recognized the malicious face of Monte Carson, comforted by rage and lit up by the red glare of the fire forward.

It was the Najboy that Carson had selected for the escape of himself and Betty from England, and as a precaution both had kept to their cabins since coming aboard. Carson, feeling that the strain was over and that the immediate future did not require his close personal supervision, had immediately indulged in a quart of Irish whisky, with the result that he did not immediately rouse at the noise on deck, appearing only at the same instant that Cecil opened the door to Betty's cabin.

To Carson's befuddled mind there came but one thought—that by some means Cecil had tracked them and was about to recover possession of the girl and that he (Carson) would again suffer the humiliation of defeat. Also vaguely he realized that if Cecil should be killed Betty, as his widow, would recover the fort he had thrown away. It would be gratifying to his hate and advantageous to his interest to kill Cecil, and the opportunity seemed to present itself. His first murderous shot failing his mission, Carson took refuge behind the charthouse.

"He will kill you! Shoot him!" Betty cried, and stretched out her hands to Cecil in an agony of appeal.

"But I haven't a gun, y' know!" Cecil stammered. "Oh, Betty girl!"

From his cover Mr. Carson tried another shot, and Cecil's left arm went suddenly limp and useless.

"Oh, God!" Betty moaned. Her despairing eyes flashed frantic, searching glances about the vessel, seeking for something that might serve as a weapon. On the open deck, gleaming in the light of the flames, was Pieter-son's revolver, and with a choking cry that was a prayer of thanksgiving she sprang forward and caught it up.

"Now," she panted and thrust the weapon into Cecil's hand.

"Don't look beloved," he whispered gently, and sprang across the deck so that the corner of the house no longer gave shelter to the gambler. Two shots blended their reports, and Monte Carson crumpled and fell, a bullet through his heart. Cecil, with a happy smile, turned to Betty and held out his one good arm.

"It is over," he said simply. "For what he has done to you he deserves a hundred deaths. Now you must come back to my heart."

Slowly she drew near until, leaning against his breast, she looked deep



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### PENNSYLVANIA POSTMASTERS

George W. Heffelman Appointed for New Cumberland Post

Washington, Dec. 19.—About 200 postoffices are to be filled in Pennsylvania before Congress adjourns.

William A. Meehan, Dickson City; James G. Paul, Bradford; George F. Trout, Stewartstown; George W. Heffelman, New Cumberland; Albert E. Eckert, East Stroudsburg; Thomas W. Loftus, Archbold; Walter James McBeth, Bradock; Daniel F. Hanrahan, Hallstead; William F. Burchfield, Mifflin; E. H. Satterley, Morrisville; James J. McArdle, Nesquehoning; C. K. Spragg, Waynesburg; John J. Moran, Olyphant; Frank P. Motts, Smithfield; Lewis W. Bechtel, Stowe; Joseph P. McMahon, Susquehanna; P. G. Katz, Verona; John Kehos, Pittston.

Lebanon County Grand Jury Throws Out Twelve in Twenty-four

Lebanon, Pa., Dec. 19.—Aldermen, justices and constables who are responsible for many of the trivial cases which burden the list of the Lebanon county criminal courts were jarred by the action of the December Grand Jury in dismissing 12 prosecutions out of 24.

The Grand Jury requested Judge C. V. Henry to charge them concerning the imposition of costs on those officials guilty of the practice, but was informed that there was no law for such action on the part of the Grand Jury.

His Experiment

An Irishman went into a hardware store to buy a looking glass. The shopman brought him some to choose from.

Pat left one on the counter and, walking back a few feet, closed his eyes.

"What are you closing your eyes for?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Bedad," said Pat, "I want to see how I look when I'm sleeping."—Chicago News.

Young Man Ends Life

Pittston, Pa., Dec. 19.—Victor Senwuelo, 26 years old, of West Pittston, ended his life by placing the barrel of a shotgun to his head and pulling the triggers of both barrels with a string he attached to his foot. His head was blown off. A note contained this message: "God-bye, everybody; I am tired of living."

Mayor Makes Apology

Seranton, Pa., Dec. 19.—Mayor Jeremy in a letter to Council yesterday apologized to that body for having sworn in two new city assessors without first submitting the names of the appointees to Council. The men are Thomas L. Davis and William J. Lewis. The Mayor pleaded ignorance of the law and customs.

Thieves Bore Unlocked Safe

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 19.—Crackmen Thursday night entered the Lithograph Company's office, at Little, and bored holes in the doors of the safe. They were frightened away, however, before placing the charge. The laborious work was entirely unnecessary, as the safe door was not locked and the safe's only contents were account books.

Tobacco Barn Burned

Lancaster, Dec. 19.—An overheated stove in the barn of J. O. Hart, whose tobacco strippers had been working, was destroyed by fire, with its contents, this including two acres of 1914 tobacco. The loss is \$3,000.

### CHILD WITH MOUTH DISEASE

Youngster at Gap, Pa., Infected Probably Through Milk

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 19.—Lancaster county physicians are pursuing medical books in search of information regarding the hoof and mouth disease, as a result of the report yesterday by Dr. George B. Hershey, of Gap, of a case which he discovered in a child in that town. The report was made yesterday afternoon to Dr. J. L. Mowery, County Medical Inspector.

The name of the family is being withheld and meanwhile an exhaustive examination is being made of the case. It is said that the symptoms of the case are a high fever, blistered lips and a profuse watering at the mouth.

Dr. Mowery said that the child's father was the owner of a herd of cattle that had been under Federal quarantine. He contended that the eating of meat could not cause the infection, but that the germs were probably carried by the milk of one of the infected cows.

This—And Five Cents

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, enclose five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for pain in sides and back, rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, especially comfortable to stout persons. For sale in your town by George A. Gargas, 16 North Third street and P. R. R. Station. adv.

BOTH OLD HEARTS STOP

Sister, 86, and Brother, 84, Die Seemingly in Fine Health

Brookville, Pa., Dec. 18.—Neighbors yesterday found the bodies of Mrs. Mary Stewart, 86, a widow, and her brother, George Wiley, 84, in the Wiley home here.

The aged pair were in good health Thursday, and when they did not appear as usual yesterday morning the house was broken into.

A physician said both had died of heart disease. Fears that they had been asphyxiated were dispelled when it was discovered that all gas valves had been turned off.

Heptasophs to Go to Marysville

Haby Conclave, Marysville, will give an entertainment to-night to the Heptasophs of Harrisburg and vicinity. Heptasophs will meet at Market square this evening to take the 7 o'clock car for Marysville. The local members are much interested in the preparations being made by Heptasophs for the entertainment and reception to be given on Tuesday night, January 26, in the Technical High school auditorium.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

ADV. BUSINESS COLLEGE 320 MARKET STREET Fall term September First DAY AND NIGHT

WINTER TERM BEGINS MONDAY, JAN. 4TH DAY AND NIGHT SESSIONS SCHOOL OF COMMERCE 15 S. MARKET SQUARE HARRISBURG, PA.

Jumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914. Leave Harrisburg: For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 7:15 a. m., 7:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and Gettysburg stations, at 7:02, 7:50, 8:15, 8:40, 9:32, 10:30 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:15, 3:27, 4:30 p. m. For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 p. m., 2:15, 3:40, 6:32, 8:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Monday. J. H. TONGE, Supt. H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.

## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel Let the Kiddies Have a Piece

Some mothers tell me, quite as if it was a thing to be proud of, that their children never have a thing to eat between meals. Poor little things! They never stop growing from the moment they are born until they reach maturity; now, how can they grow if they are not fed? A child's stomach is small; it is not possible for a growing child to eat as much as an adult at a meal, but he is really more hungry and needs food more. The childish craving for frequent feeding is natural and should be encouraged. Irregular "piecing," a bowl of milk and bread, a slice of bread spread thick with sugar and butter or some wholesome cereal food will not derange stomachs of little folks. As they grow up they will naturally settle upon fixed times for eating and the habit of eating between meals will be left behind with other childish ways.

The fault of youth are things we all outgrow, more's the pity.

Children need foods that make tissue, bone and strength, like meat (in small amounts and well done), eggs, milk and cereals. Fatty foods children do not need, their blood flows freely and warmly without its carbonizing action, for while the heat of an adult is some 98 degrees that of healthy youngsters is around 103 degrees.

A child that is fed plenty of wholesome foods, with fruit and milk in abundance, will not crave rich pastries, butter cakes and fat meats. Where such a craving exists it must be over-come or surely a weak stomach in later life will be the price of the indulgence. Muscle and bone making foods are wheat and other cereal products, crushed wheat, oat meal, rolled oats, potatoes,

onions, cabbage, milk, eggs, and lean meats. Fat foods are most harmful to children.

Sugar does not injure the teeth, if pure it is wholesome. What harms the teeth is a lack of lime and other mineral matter in the rest of the diet. Lime water added to milk of children up to six years of age insures strong white teeth, in the majority of cases. Cakes and rich desserts are not bad for children because of the sugar they contain but because they are greasy and too hard of digestion for the undeveloped stomach.

Children should eat at least four times a day at intervals of about four hours; six hours is too long for a growing child to go without food. If you refuse your child food when it is craved you are not making it healthy or happy; you are blunting its natural desire for growing material and it will be stunted and dwarfish in both mind and body.

You can give your children too much rich food but you will not be able to give your growing boy and girl too much strong nourishing food.

Children should have their heaviest meal in the middle of the day. A glass of milk or bread and milk or a light lunch should be given before bedtime, but to feed a child a hearty evening dinner with the rest of the family and then send it direct to bed is sure to produce restless sleep and bad dreams.

In a department of this sort it is not possible to give specific directions for children's diet. Too much must be considered and too much is at stake. Ask a trained nurse; one who is orthodox and in good health herself; she will gladly advise you and do it well.

## DOEHNE BEER

A Beer brewed with a double purpose—To please the palate as a beverage; A liquid food in the truest sense of the words. Made from the best selected hops and malt. Brewery unexcelled for Purity and Excellence of Product.

## DOEHNE BREWERY

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FACE ON FILM IS UNDOING

Man Arrested at Philadelphia as Los Angeles Fugitive

Philadelphia, Dec. 19.—A reproduction in Los Angeles of a "movie" drama, staged here by the Lubin Company, resulted yesterday in the arrest of Joseph S. Ryan, a prominent member of the cast, on charges of being a fugitive from justice.

A man, who said he had been swindled by Ryan in 1913, recognized his face on the screen. The Los Angeles police, wired here to arrest him. According to the police, Ryan, who lives at 4827 Kingsessing avenue, escaped arrest in Los Angeles, after passing worthless drafts on a Philadelphia bank for sums aggregating \$320. He came to this city in November, 1913, obtained a position with the Lubin Company and played minor parts.

## Ladies'-- Buy Cigars

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