

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

Betty's first impulse was to mount Pinto and gallop to the manor for Cecil and Bob, but before she touched a stirrup the idea was abandoned. It was but a short way to the cliff lined coast, and there were a hundred fissures and canyon-like inlets where a boat might be hidden. Before she could secure aid and locate the particular hold for which the conspirators were heading they might make good their escape. There was nothing to do but follow them and trust to circumstances to afford her an opportunity for successful action. Bitterly she regretted the absence of the little revolver that had swung at her hip in the old days in Nevada.

To one who had stalked antelope on almost leafless and table-like plains there was no difficulty in following closely and unobserved through this hedged and ditched land. Very soon Betty saw the countess and her companion disappear as though they had been swallowed by the earth, and she knew that they had descended one of the steep paths leading to the bottom of the cliff. Hurrying forward and choosing her path so that Pinto's hoofs would not ring on the outcropping stone, Betty approached the edge of a wide fissure and cautiously peered down.

Directly below a small boat was moored against a ledge, and at the edge of the water which was as smooth in this deep cave as that of a woodland pond, was a group of five persons—the countess, the man she had called duke another in the uniform of a yacht officer and two sailors. Their voices came distinctly, but in a language which Betty could not understand. It was evident, however, that the duke was eager to depart, and the officer was assuring him that the yacht to which he was to be conveyed was waiting.

The countess drew from her breast a small packet and with a sigh of regret delivered it to the duke, who hastily thrust it inside his buttoned coat. Betty realized that in another moment the Star of Colossal would be forever lost to Britain while she looked helpless on. Then, with a flash of inspiration she sprang back and caught from the saddle her colt's lariat, fastened one end to the horn of the saddle and crept back to the edge of the cliff.

As the duke prepared to step into the waiting boat a rope dropped, apparently from the sky, and the loop of a lasso gripped his body. The next instant, as Betty cried an order and the cow pony lunged forward, the man was snatched from his feet and drawn rapidly up the face of the cliff. When her captive was within arm's reach of the top Betty again shouted and Pinto stood still. Lying flat upon her face, Betty reached down and from the man's breast pocket extracted the case containing the precious jewel and from a holster swing under his arm—his revolver. The duke made no effort to prevent this despoliation—with both hands he clutched frantically at the rope by which he dangled.

With a laugh of triumph Betty sprang up, and, feeling secure with the revolver in her hands, gave Pinto a word which caused him to drag the dangling man to the safety of the cliff top. Betty began to move toward the pony, but before she had reached it there was a quick rush of feet, and the countess, followed by the officers and sailors, sprang up the path. Each held ready weapon, and, at sight of Betty the countess raised her revolver and fired. As Betty turned to face this attack the duke, who had disengaged himself from the coils of the lasso, dashed past her, reached the horse and struck him with the flat of his hand upon the flank. With a snort of astonishment, Pinto galloped away.

Again the countess fired, then the officer and sailors, and Betty could hear the bullets hum about her like angry bees. A little in her rear Betty saw she could find cover, and retreated hastily. There were five of the enemy, and as she had but five cartridges she was not minded to waste them. However, it was necessary to temporarily check the advance of the countess' party, and the girl paused to fire once. With a cry the officer dropped his revolver and staggered, clutching at his shoulder. During the confusion that followed, Betty gained the shelter of stone and furze for which she was striving.

The attackers now advanced cautiously, the duke having possessed himself of the wounded officer's weapon, all excepting the countess seeking the cover of the rocks. She stood defiantly in the open, watching for Betty to expose herself to a finishing shot. Three times Betty rested her revolver upon her rocky rampart and drew a fine sight upon the countess' breast, but each time she lowered it.

"She deserves it, but I cannot do it," Betty whispered. "I cannot."

The duke and the two sailors continued their cautious advance, firing as they moved.

Meanwhile Pinto, disdaining roads, had cut straight across the fields to Croftslagh and had spread wild alarm as he passed. A score of laborers rec-

ognized the pony and were filled with horror as to what the empty saddle might bode. They hastened in the direction from whence Pinto had come.

"Are you afraid of a girl?" the countess taunted the men, who still crept cautiously from rock to rock. "You duke? I have seen you brave enough to wear out a dog whip on a girl ere this. See, I stand in the open and do not die!"

"But he can't," Betty muttered fiercely. Stung by the countess' scorn, the duke incisively raised himself, and a bullet burned a red well across his cheek.

"Charge!" the duke yelled fiercely, but the countess screamed a warning and pointed inland. Rushing toward them were a score of stout rustics, men and women, and as Betty's voice rose in a cry for help the yokels burst into a yell of fury and redoubled their speed.

"To the boat!" the countess gasped, and they fled along the edge of the cliff toward the path leading down to the water.

To Be Continued.

PUZZLING DISEASE FATAL

Man Believed to Have Had Foot and Mouth Malady

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Dec. 22.—Andrew Zyflicha, 54 years old, is dead at Glen Lyon from what is believed to be the foot and mouth disease. He was treated by several physicians and they were puzzled by his disease.

Dr. Charles H. Miner, local representative of the State Board of Health, has secured samples of the dead man's blood and has sent them to the State laboratory, at the University of Pennsylvania, for analysis.

Unusual sores were found about the mouth of Zyflicha, but because they were not found on his finger tips, Dr. Miner believes that it was not the foot and mouth disease so common among cattle that caused his death.

TRY YOUTH AS SLAYER

William Miller Faces Charge of Killing Constable

Doylesboro, Pa., Dec. 22.—William J. "Brooncho" Miller, the 18-year-old lad who shot High Constable Henry A. Kolbe, of this borough, to death at Clinton and Ashland streets, on September 22, was placed on trial for murder in the criminal court here yesterday. A number of eyewitnesses of the shooting testified yesterday afternoon. There were important differences in their testimony.

The crime for which young Miller is being tried is the shooting of Officer Kolbe while the latter was taking the boy to Doylesboro jail on a charge of forging a check for \$75.

Cross-examination of witnesses for the prosecution yesterday by Attorney Dubois indicated that Miller would make a cliential shooting his defense.

Two Killed at Collieries

St. Clair, Dec. 22.—Two men were killed and two seriously injured here yesterday. Anthony Rudick was killed under a trip of cars at Herbie colliery and George Belsick was killed by a fall of coal at the White colliery. Howard Heppner and Lawrence Telep are in the Pottsville Hospital with fractured limbs as the result of accidents at Wadesville colliery.

Fall on Sidewalk Fatal

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Dec. 22.—Sylvester Panatier, 30 years old, met his death yesterday by falling on an icy sidewalk and striking on the back of his head. Panatier was carrying iron pipes up a slight grade, when he lost his footing and fell backward. He died within a few minutes. Doctors later discovered that he had fractured his skull.

It was Bob who answered, as he dropped upon his knees and pressed Betty's hands to his hips.

"What is it, Betty?" Cecil cried, startled at the amazing effect produced upon his nephew, whose breast was now bearing with sobs.

It was Bob who answered, as he dropped upon his knees and pressed Betty's hands to his hips.

"It is the Star of Gokara!" he whispered.

CHAPTER XV.

In Port o' Dreams.

INTER had come and gone, and summer again threw its mantle of sunshine over ancient Croftslagh and the 10,000 broad acres of which, as in bygone years, the earls of Swarthmore had been lords.

To have been the means of restoring to her husband's house those great estates which the pinching fingers of poverty had fledged away was to Betty a source of ceaseless delight.

To Lord Cecil life was now a golden dream of love and contentment, and Betty was happy beyond even the vague and wistful fancies that had stirred her girlish heart in the faraway, lonely land of her youth. But a single cloud drifted across the bluesty of her existence and at times cast in her path a shadow.

Proudly indifferent, so far as she herself was concerned, Betty, jealous for her husband's honor, could not help observing what the serene egotism of high station hid from him—that no effort was made by his social equals to disturb the seclusion which Lord and Lady Cecil had sought.

A flood of invitations had followed the first announcement of Lord Cecil's



The Yokels Burst into a Yell of Fury and Redoubled Their Speed.

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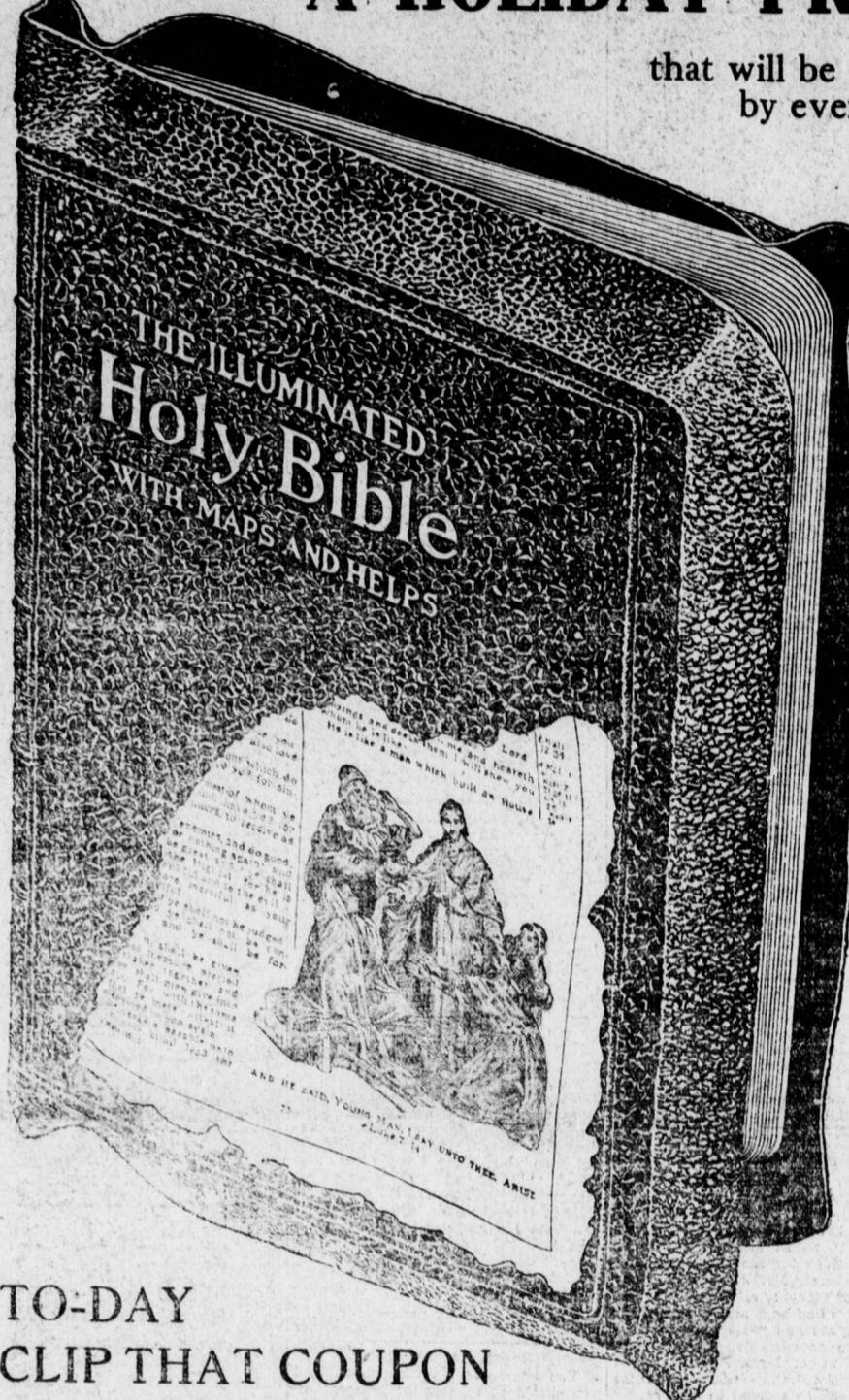
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HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Small cakes are a feature of Christmas times and really are quite indispensable with children's tables to decorate, boxes to fill and callers to serve.

A recipe for small cakes that is accommodating enough to be baked in sheets and cut to suit one's needs or to serve as useful cup cakes is always a standby at this season. This one will not fail:

Cream a third of a cup of butter with a cup of granulated sugar, beat vigorously and add the yolks of two eggs beaten light. Sift a half cup of flour with two and a half teaspoons of baking powder and half a teaspoon of salt. Add this to the above with

juice of a lemon and a quart of flour. Let this dough rest over night. In the morning roll very thin and press between the springerle boards; cut off the edges with a sharp knife. Sprinkle with anise and set aside for several hours; remove gently from the molds and bake on buttered tins.

St. Nicholas cakes are the Hollanders' favorite sweetmeat; they are made like our own gingerbread boys and girls, except the dough is mixed stiffer.

It is only at Christmas that it is baked in the form of manikins and the miniature men and women offered to callers, a girl "vrijer" to a man and a boy "vrijer" to a woman guest.

Nut macaroons and kisses please everyone and the young folks in the family enjoy making them.

For eighteen kisses beat the whites of two eggs as light as possible and fold in a cup of sifted, powdered sugar. Add minced nuts, if you like, and a few drops of flavoring extract.

Bake on buttered paper in a moderate oven.

Almond macaroons are made with one pound of almond nut flour sifted with one pound of powdered sugar and moistened with the stiffly beaten whites of eight eggs. Drop by spoonfuls onto oiled paper and bake in a slow oven thirty minutes. Cocoonut may be added to either of the above recipes, if desired.

Springerle—Put as much soda as will cover the point of a knife in a pint

of sugar. Into this beat four eggs, the

Broiled Chops
Cream of Wheat
Hot Crullers
Luncheon

Hot Bouillabaisse
Thin Bread and Butter
Fried Chipped Potatoes
Chicken Salad

Birds' Nest Pudding with Cream
Small Cakes
Cocoa

Supper

Baked Beans
Tomato
Sauce
Brown Bread

Sweet Pickles
Apple Sauce with Cream
Coffee

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If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.—Franklin.

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