

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By
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SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who spurned his attentions. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as midshipman on the *Albatross* by his uncle, Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, because the boy's father, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, had been killed in the Mediterranean. Richard Glyn got \$2,000 prize money. He was called home by Lady Hawkshaw as he was about to "blow in" his earnings with Vernon. At a Hawkshaw party Glyn encountered the girl who had spurned him. He covered that Lady Arabella was a poor but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for him. Later she held Glyn and Vernon prisoners, thus delaying the duel. In the Vernon-Vernon duel neither was hurt. Lady Arabella humiliated Richard by her pranks. Richard and Giles shipped on a frigate.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

We had a pleasant journey to Plymouth and were troubled with few regrets at leaving London. We expected, in the foolishness of youth, to capture many more such prizes as the *Indomitable* and *Xantippe*. The *Belvidera* was nearly ready, and in a few weeks we sailed on our second cruise. I shall not give the particulars of that cruise. It was such a one as all the officers of his majesty's service were engaged in during those eventful years. We were constantly at sea; we kept a tireless lookout for our enemies, and hunted and pursued them into their own harbors. We never slept for more than four hours at a time, in all our cruising. We lived on beef and biscuit for months at a time; sometimes we had scurvy in the ship, and sometimes we did not. We struggled with mighty gales, that blew us hundreds and even thousands of miles out of our course; and we sweltered in calms that tried men's souls. In all that time we watched night and day for the enemy, and, when found, chased him, and never failed to get alongside when it was possible; and we fought him with the greatest good will. We had good and ill fortune with the ship, but her colors were never lowered. And it was five years before we set foot in London town again.

Only a year of that time was Giles Vernon with me. He got promotion which took him out of the ship. I had the extreme good fortune to be with Nelson at the Nile. On that great day, as sailing-master of the *Belvidera*, I took the frigate around the head of Admiral Villeneuve's line—she was the leading ship—and placed her where she was enabled to fire the first raking broadside of the battle. I got a wound in the forehead which left a scar that remains to this day; but I also received the personal thanks of my Lord Nelson, which I shall ever esteem as the greatest honor of my life. I had heard nothing of Giles for nearly a year, when, among Admiral Villeneuve's officers, I found one, a young lieutenant like myself, who told me that Giles had been captured, while on a boat expedition, and was then in prison at Dunkerque.

I wrote him a dozen letters at least, by officers who were paroled; and when the ship was paid off, the following spring, I lost no time in getting to London, and using what little power I had in trying to have him exchanged. Sir Peter was in great favor at the admiralty. As soon as I reached London, I went immediately to call in Berkeley Square. My Lady Hawkshaw was at home, and received me in great state, black feathers and all; and with her sat Daphne Carmichael. I believe Lady Hawkshaw was really glad to see me; but Daphne, after speaking to me, remained with her eyes fixed on her embroidery. I noted, however, that she was a very charming girl, and her eyes, under her long, dark lashes, were full of fire and sweetness. But she had not, and never could have, the glorious beauty of Lady Arabella Stormont. Lady Hawkshaw demanded of me a particular account of my whole cruise, and everything that had happened at the battle of the Nile. This I gave, to the best of my ability. She then invited, or, rather, commanded, me to take up my quarters in Berkeley Square, and told me that I had three thousand and ten pounds, nineteen shillings and seven pence to my credit in bank.

After this, she was called upon to leave the room for a moment, and I civilly inquired of Daphne how Lady Arabella was.

"She is well," responded Daphne, rather tartly, I thought; "and so do

you to Capt. Overton as ever. You know Arabella ever liked him rather more than he liked her." At which ungenerous speech, I said one word: "Fie!" and Daphne, coloring to the roots of her hair, yet attempted to defend herself.

"I only tell you what all the world says, and so say my uncle and aunt. Arabella could have married a dozen times—she is all of 21, you know—and married very splendidly, but she will not. Sir Peter rages, and swears that he will marry her off in spite of herself; but Arabella is her own mistress now, and laughs at Sir Peter."

"And does she still play cards?" Daphne raised her eyes. It seemed to give that otherwise sweet girl positive pleasure to call over Lady Arabella's faults.

"Yes," she said. "Leo, languished—anything but money can be lost or won. Three times a week she goes to the duchess of Auchenstera's, where play is high. We go there to-night; but I do not play."

I had not thought there was so much malice in Daphne until that conversation.

I left my adieux for Lady Hawkshaw and repaired to the admiralty, where Sir Peter happened to be that day. I explained that I should have come to him at once, but for my indelicate wish to see Lady Hawkshaw; and that I found her looking at least 20 years younger since we met last. At which Sir Peter beamed on me with delight, and, I believe, mentally determined to give me £1,000 additional in his will.

I then stated my real business, which was to get Giles Vernon exchanged; and Sir Peter, without a moment's hesitation, agreed to do all he could for me; and then, as usual, directed me to have my portmanteau sent to Berkeley Square, as Lady Hawkshaw had done. Before I left the admiralty machinery had been put in motion to secure Giles Vernon's exchange. I returned to Berkeley Square, and again took up my abode there.

CHAPTER VII.

One month from the time I arrived in London I was on my way to Portsmouth to meet Giles Vernon, who had been brought over with a batch of exchanged officers from France.

In that month, during which I had lived continuously in Berkeley Square, things were so little changed, except in one respect, which I shall mention presently, that I could scarcely persuade myself five years had passed. Peter and Polly, as Giles disrespectfully called them, had not grown a day older, and quarreled as vigorously



"We Were Constantly at Sea."

as ever. Lady Arabella was then her own mistress, although still living under Sir Peter's roof; but, as far as I could see, this spoiled child of nature and fortune had always been her own mistress. I found that Overton had been away for some years on foreign service, and, after distinguishing himself greatly, had lately returned suffering from severe wounds and injuries to his constitution. He was, however, in London, and able to ride and walk out, and visit his friends; but it was doubted by many whether, on the expiration of his leave, he would ever be fit for duty again.

I heard and saw enough to convince me that Lady Arabella had been wild with grief and despair when she heard of his wounds; and, although since his return to London he avoided company generally, she managed to see him occasionally, and spent much of her time driving in the parks upon the mere chance of seeing him taking his daily ride or walk. Lady Arabella Stormont had everything in life that heart could wish, except one. She had chosen to give her willful and wayward heart to Philip Overton, and it must be acknowledged that he was a man well fitted to enchain a woman's imagination. Overton had disdained the spontaneous gift of Arabella's love; but I believe her haughty and arrogant mind could never be brought to believe that any man could be really insensible to her beauty, her rank, and her fortune. Overton could not in any way be considered a great match for her. His fortune was modest, and his chance of succeeding to the Vernon estates remote; but, with the desperate perversity of her nature, him she would have and no other. It always seemed to me as if Overton was the one thing denied her, but that she had determined to do battle with fate until she conquered her soul's desire.

For myself, she treated me exactly as she had done five years before—called me Dicky in her good humors, and a variety of snoring names in her

bad humors—and, little as it may be believed, I, Richard Glyn, Neutnant in his majesty's sea service, with £3,000 to my name, would have gone to the gibbet rather than marry Lady Arabella, with her £20,000.

Perhaps Daphne Carmichael had something to do with it. She was the same gentle, winning creature at 19 as at 12. She was still Sir Peter's pet, and Lady Hawkshaw's comfort; but I had not been in the house a week before the change I alluded to came about and the change was in me concerning Daphne. I began to find it very hard to keep away from her. She treated me with great kindness before others, but when we were alone together, she was capricious. I began to despair of ever finding a woman who could be kind to a man three times running. And I was very much surprised at the end of a fortnight to find myself experiencing the identical symptoms I had felt five years before with Arabella—only much aggravated. There was this difference, too. I had admired Arabella as a star, afar off, and I think I should have been very much frightened, if, at the time, she had chosen formally to accept my devotion. Not so with Daphne. I felt I should never be really at ease until I had the prospect of having her by my side the rest of my life. I reached this phase at the end of the third week. At the end of the fourth I was in a desperate case, but it was then time to go to Portsmouth to meet Giles, according to my promise, and I felt, when I parted from Daphne, as if I was starting on a three years' cruise, and I was only to be gone a day and a half. She, dear girl, showed some feeling, too, and I left, bearing with me the pack which every lover carries—pains and hopes.

I left London at night, and next morning on reaching Portsmouth, as I jumped from the coach, I ran into Giles' arms; he had reached Portsmouth some hours in advance of the time.

He showed marks of his imprisonment in his appearance, but his soul had ever been free, and he was the same brave and joyous spirit I had ever known. Not being minded to waste our time in Portsmouth, we took coach for London town at noon. As we were mounting, a countryman standing by held up a wooden cage full of larks, and asked us to buy, exclaiming on their beautiful song.

"I will take them all, my lad," cried Giles, throwing him a guinea. The fellow gaped for a moment, and then made off as fast as his legs could carry him. I wondered what Giles meant to do with the birds. He held the cage in his hand until we had started and were well into the country; then, opening the little slide, he took out one poor, fluttering bird, and, poising on his finger for a moment, the lark flew upward with a rush of joyous wings.

Each bird he liberated in the same way, all of us on the coach-top watching him in silence. As the last captive disappeared in the blue heavens, Giles, crushing the cage in his strong hands, threw it away.

"I have been a prisoner for 14 months," he said, "and I shall never see any harmless living thing again imprisoned without trying to set it free."

We reached London that night, and Giles went to his old lodgings, where his landlady was delighted to see him, as all women were who knew Giles Vernon. She gave us supper, and then we sat up all night talking. I had thought from the guinea he had thrown the vendor of larks that he had money. I found he had none, or next to none.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Seagulls of Auchmithie.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home some three and a half miles from the former place.

The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was therefore, much to his astonishment that he beheld on a recent Sunday the sea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways.

A Dangerous Roll.

H. Engels, an Oakland, Cal., boiler-maker, met with an experience which nearly cost him his life, while at work inside a 28-inch water pipe. The line of pipe ran along a steep hillside and was held in position by wooden supports. While Engels was riveting two sections together the supports gave way and the section in which he was working started down the hill at a terrific speed. It rolled several hundred feet and finally dropped into a ditch in which a stream of water was running. Engels' companion supposed, of course, that he had been killed, but rushed to the ditch. The in-piped man was taken out alive, but seriously cut and bruised and almost drowned.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Why We Shake Hands.

In the barbarous days of old, when every man had to watch carefully over his own safety, when two persons met they offered each to the other the right hand, the hand that holds the sword, knife or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that, therefore, no trouble needed to be feared. The handshake was the treaty of peace—in a word, the way they had of showing each other that they meant to be friendly.

SEEMED APPROPRIATE TO HER

Wife of Sick Man Thought She Had Reason for Appealing to Locomotive Works.

One day last winter a feeble Irish woman called upon us for aid. The case sounded urgent, so I went with her at once. Everything was just as she had stated. Her husband was very ill, she was too old and feeble to work, their children were dead, there was no fire and their only food was bread which their neighbors, almost as poor as they, had given them. I asked her why she had not come to us before and she replied that she had appealed to the church and to several individuals without success.

"Thin," she went on, "O! want to 'big place' round the strate." The only "big place" near was a plant for the manufacture of steam engines, and I wondered.

"But what made you go to the locomotive works?" I asked.

"Well, ma'am, shure an' ain't me old man got locomotive taxes?"—New York Telegram.

ASK FATHER.



Clergyman—What would your father say if he saw you digging for worms on Sunday?

Willie—I don't know; but I know what he'd say if I did not dig for them. That's him fishing over there."

Help for the Artists.

The comic supplements are filled these days with pictures representing some of the foolish questions that people ask. Here is a suggestion for one:

A man was walking hastily through the rain yesterday afternoon, his umbrella raised and his head bent. An acquaintance, standing in a doorway, hailed him:

"Say," he shouted, "are you going to use that umbrella? If you're not, lend it to me!"

Doesn't that capture the 100?

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Pigeon Burglars.

A carrier pigeon letter "S. A. 66, 386," was placed on the police station blotter in Milwaukee, Wis., the other day, as guilty of a series of thefts in an exclusive apartment building. The bird had been around the court for days entering houses and helping itself to food and articles for a nest, including a gold chain.

Dodging Responsibility.

"Why should a man pay rent when he can own his own home?" said the thrifty citizen.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Meekton, "unless it's because you'd rather have your wife speak her mind to the landlord than to you when the place gets run down."

Nebraska Directory

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MEDAL TO WRIGHTS

NATION AND STATE HONOR THE GREAT INVENTORS.

WILBUR MAKES SHORT SPEECH

Distinguished Visitors From Abroad Among Those Who Witnessed the Ceremonies at Dayton.

Dayton, O.—The nation, the state and the city in which they live, Friday paid tribute to Wilbur and Orville Wright, the aviators. Standing on a platform not far from their unpretentious little aeroplane factory and almost within sight of a field where they first struggled with the problem of aerial navigation, General James Allen, chief signal officer of the army, assigned by Secretary of War Dickinson for the purpose, presented to the Wright brothers the gold medals authorized by an act of congress. At the same time were given them a diamond studded medal, bearing the official seal of the state of Ohio, and another from Dayton, their home city. The state medal was presented by Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio, the local medal by Mayor Edward E. Burkhardt of Dayton.

In accepting the medals Wilbur Wright said:

"It is naturally with a feeling of pride that we accept these tokens from the nation, the state and the city to which we owe our allegiance, and I wish to thank the people of the United States, of Ohio and of Dayton. It is sometimes said inventors usually do not receive the sympathy and encouragement which is their due.

"This cannot be said of us. Even in the infancy of our work we received offers of financial assistance from people who could have no hope of reward. While we did not find it necessary to accept these offers, they show that the world always is ready to offer a helping hand."

Baron Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese ambassador, and Carlos G. Velez, the Cuban minister, were among those at the ceremony.

After the presentation ceremony, the crowds witnessed a parade of floats depicting the development of locomotion in America. This was headed by an Indian runner, and, after the various stages, from the ox cart to the automobile, had been shown, was concluded by an aeroplane with the suggestion that the next route for speed would be among the clouds.

Although this, the second day of Dayton's "home coming" celebration, was crowded with events arranged in their honor, the Wrights found time to labor in their workshop preparing for departure to Washington, where they are to resume flights for the government next week. Wilbur Wright said they hoped to leave Saturday. As soon as the government's requirements are fulfilled, it is expected they will sail for Germany to take up work for the German government.

Situation Is Serious.

Tokio.—Special dispatches from San Francisco to Japanese newspapers are so worded as to indicate that conditions obtaining in the Hawaiian Islands, growing out of the Japanese sugar plantation laborers' strike, are extremely serious.

Weston Walking Nights.

Ogden, Utah.—Edward Payson Weston, after walking thirty-one miles under a scorching sun, the thermometer recording 82 in the shade, reached Morgan. He rested all the day and then decided he would walk nights hereafter.

President Reyes Coming.

Bogota, Columbia.—President Reyes, it is said here, was a passenger in the Prinz Sigismund, which sailed from Santa Marta on June 11 for New York. The newspapers intimate that his visit to the United States is to arrange a settlement of pending questions.

Exports Show Decrease.

Washington.—A statement issued by the bureau of statistics says that "it is now apparent that the exports from the United States in the fiscal year which ends with the present month will fall materially below those of 1908 and 1907 and slightly below those of 1906."

Talk Over Economy Plan.

Washington.—Friday's cabinet meeting at the White house continued for more than two hours and a half. At its conclusion it was announced that the economy of administration in the various governmental departments was the principal topic of discussion. The president believed the practice of economy in administering federal affairs was one of the easiest and surest ways of wiping out the treasury deficit. He is anxious to get estimates well in hand before leaving Washington.

Will Not Join the Strike.

Honolulu.—Forty-five delegates from the Japanese union on the island of Hawaii, representing 9,000 laborers, have just concluded a session lasting four days and nights. They resolved not to strike, nor to help the Oahu strikers, but to present a statement of their demands and trust to the fairness of the planters. They ask for a ten hour day at one dollar, and for time and a half for work overtime and on Sundays, and for quarters equal to those of the Spaniards and Portuguese.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coat on the Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.



Tired Tom (sadly)—Ah, that patch tells me that my old pal, Plodding Pete has been this way. Poor old Pete!

A Test of Friendship.

Just before Artemus Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine and offered it to the sick man, who said: "My dear Tom, I won't take any more of that horrible stuff."

Robertson urged him to swallow the mixture, saying: "Do, now—there's a dear fellow—for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you?" said Ward, feebly, grasping his friend's hand for the first time.

"I would indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it!"

Ward passed away a few hours afterward.—Recollections of the Bancrofts.

Who He Belonged To.

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper, who was sent out to interview leading citizens as to their politics. "May I see Mr. —?" she asked of a stern-looking woman who opened the door at one house. "No, you can't," answered the matron, decisively. "But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl. The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said, "I'm the party he belongs to!"

PRESSED HARD

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one sent from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.