

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The American visitors to Rome are so numerous that Mr. Kennedy, rector of the American college, is presenting about fifty of them daily to the pope.

Election of United States senators by the people is not favored by the general assembly of Connecticut as it rejected a bill to that effect by a substantial unfavorable report.

The president has appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Charles P. Norton as representative of the treasury department on the central committee of the national Red Cross.

John Dunwoody, secretary and treasurer of the St. Anthony and Dakota Elevator Company, for many years identified with the grain trade interests of Minneapolis, died in that city.

Brig. Gen. Frederick A. Smith, the junior brigadier of the army, who has been at San Francisco on waiting orders, was ordered to Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo., to assume command of that post.

Among the three enlisted men of the navy reported to have died abroad was Henry Weed Paull of Milwaukee electrician, special service squadron who died in a hospital at St. Thomas, D. W. I.

By a vote of 84 to 54 the Missouri house of representatives passed the bill submitting a constitutional amendment providing for state-wide prohibition to a vote of the qualified electors of the state.

Profit sharing with employees and industrial peace were the principal subjects for discussion at the eleventh annual convention of the National Metal Trades association at the Hotel Astor in New York.

John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, gave a banquet in Washington in honor of Secretary Knox, chairman and other members of the governing board of the organization.

That a combination of silk industries in southern France, representing \$10,000,000 of capital, will transfer their plants to this country was stated by Jean Duplan, head of a large silk dye works at Hazleton, Pa.

Eugene Gardiner, who is connected with several prominent Kentucky families, was acquitted of the charge of having murdered Joseph Cordaz, a colored boat steerer of the whaler Bowhead at San Francisco.

SERIAL STORY THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella, a young girl who attracted his attention.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"In a week, perhaps; possibly not for two weeks." And the surgeon departed.

As soon as he was out of the room, Giles sent for pen and paper, and with the most painful effort, guiding his right hand by his left, managed to indite the following epistle to Capt. Overton:

"Dear Sir: "This is to inform you that I met with a most unfortunate accident while coming down on the coach. My friend and messenger, the infant admiral, which you saw with me, had read the story of Goliath in the Bible or Homer, I forget which, and aspired to drive four horses. Which he did, with the result that my right arm was rent out of place, and the rascally doctor who set it says I cannot use it for some days. This is most unfortunate, as it delays the pleasure we anticipated in our meeting. You will hear from me as soon as I am recovered. The only thing which disturbs me is that if we both go to Davy Jones', twill please that old curmudgeon, Sir Thomas Vernon, had luck to him. Believe me, sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant, "GILES VERNON, "Mid. on H. M. S. Ajax."

Giles gave me this to read, and I pointed out several mistakes he had made in spelling, although the tone of the letter was gentlemanlike, as everything was that Giles did. With great vexation and some difficulty, he added a postscript.

"P. S.—Please excuse spelling as my arm is very painful, G. V."

At that moment a marine from the Ajax bounced, breathless and in great excitement, into the room.

CHAPTER III.

We were ordered to join Sir John Jervis' fleet in the Mediterranean without the loss of a day, and when the tide served at nine o'clock that night, Sir Peter Hawkshaw was ready for it.

The officers, who knew Sir Peter's capacity for picking up his anchors at short notice, were generally prepared, and were but little surprised at the sudden departure of the ship.

that meeting, so far in the future, between Giles and Overton. You'll have no future, as it has no past.

Naturally, I did not see much of my great-uncle, the admiral. He was a very strict disciplinarian, probably because he was used to discipline at home, and busied himself more with the conduct of the ship than the captain liked.

One day the admiral's steward brought me a message. The admiral's compliments, and would I dine in the great cabin at five o'clock that day?

"I was frightened out of a year's growth by the invitation, but of course I responded that I should be most happy. This, like my professed anxiety to meet the French, was a great lie.

"Ah!" snuffed Sir Peter, delightedly. "This is fine. Nephew, you have no pig in the gunroom to-day."

Which was true, and Sir Peter helped me liberally, and proceeded to do the same by himself. The steward, however, said respectfully:

"Excuse me, Sir Peter, but in the interview I had the honor to have with Lady Hawkshaw before sailing, sir, she particularly desired me to request you not to eat pork, as it always disagreed with you."

"Wh-wh-what!" roared Sir Peter. "I am only repeating Lady Hawkshaw's message, sir," humbly responded the man; but I thought I saw, under all his humility, a sly kind of defiance. Sir Peter had no fear of either round, grape, or double-headed shot, and was indifferent to musketry fire.

"I am just informed that the Blue Peter is flying from the Ajax, and that my dear sir, signifies that we are about to sail. Our meeting must be postponed, for god knows when we will eat fresh butter again. But you shall hear from me, G. V."

And that night we sailed with the tide.

He turned His Back Every Time Sir Peter Filled His Glass.

stand on until his lib caught fire; but neither time nor distance weakened the authority over him of Lady Hawkshaw.

at her age! And Lady Arabella is a very beautiful young lady."

"Sir Peter grinned like a rat-trap at this awkward compliment, and remarked: "Yes, yes, Arabella is like my lady, except not half so handsome. Egad, when I married Lady Hawkshaw, I had to cut my way, literally with my sword, through the body-guard of gentlemen who wanted her. And as for her relations—well, she defied 'em, that's all."

I tried, with all the little art I possessed, to get some information concerning Arabella out of Sir Peter; but beyond telling me what I knew before—that she was his great-niece on the other side of the house and first cousin to Daphne, and that her father, now dead, was a scamp and a pauper, in spite of being an earl—he told me nothing.

When I went below, I told my messmates all that had occurred, rather exaggerating Sir Peter's attentions to me as a midshipman will. Then privately I confided to Giles Vernon, I told what little I had found out concerning the star of my soul, as I called Arabella, to which Giles responded by a long-drawn-out "Phew!"

"I implored him, if he knew any officer in the ship who would be likely to be acquainted with Lady Arabella, to pump him for me. This he promised; and the very next day, as I sat on a locker, studying my theorems, Giles came up.

"Dickey," said he, "Mr. Buxton knows the divine Arabella. She has a fortune of £30,000, and so has the dove-eyed little Daphne, all inherited from their granddad, a rich Bombay merchant. It seems that Lady Arabella's mother bought a coronet with her money, and it turned out a poor bargain. However, the earl did not live long enough to ruin his father-in-law; and little Daphne's parents, too, died young, so the old Bombay man left the girls his fortune, and made Sir Peter their guardian, and that means, of course, that Polly Hawkshaw is their guardian. Mr. Buxton says he would like to see the fortune-hunter who can rob Polly of those two damsels. For Polly says rank and lineage are not everything. She herself, you know, dates back to the Saxon Heptarchy, though she did marry the son of your dysreputable grandfather. And she wants those girls to marry me; and what Polly says on that score is to be respected, considering that she married into a dysreputable family to please herself, or to displease her relations, I don't know which. I should say, though, if you are honest and deserving, and mind your book, and get a good word from the chaplain, you will probably one day be the husband of little Daphne, but not of Lady Arabella; no man shall marry her while I live, that you may be sure of; but when I marry her, you may be side-boy at my wedding."

I thought this speech very cruel of Giles Vernon, and believed that he did not know what true love was, else he could not so trifle with my feelings, although there was an echo of earnestness in his intimation that he would kill any man who aspired to marry Lady Arabella.

We were three weeks in the Bay of Biscay, thrashing to windward under topgallant sails, and expecting daily and hourly to run across a Frenchman. We were hoping for it, because we found the Ajax to be a very weatherly ship and fast for her class; and both Capt. Gullford and Sir Peter, who had sailed in her before, knew exactly how to handle her. And we were to have our wish. For, one evening toward sunset, we sighted a French ship of the line off our beam; and by the time we had made her out, a light French frigate was coming down the wind, and in an hour we were at it hammer and tongs with both of them.

Woman, the Hologar.

Woman is not only barbarous—she is illogical and inconsistent as well, remarked a man of letters to a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. I was walking in the country one day with a young woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs. "You wicked little boy," said my companion, "are you going up there to rob that nest?" "I am," replied the boy. "How can you?" she exclaimed. "I think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs." "Oh, she won't care," said the boy, "she's up there in your hat."

How to Fish.

On many occasions one might imagine the fish saying to the anglers: "Take me while I am in the humor; but they take no notice of it, and often attempt the feat when they are not. It is little use trying to catch fish either in the sea or fresh water when they are not in the humor to bite.—Fishing Gazette.

HARDSHIPS OF ARMY LIFE.

Left Thousands of Veterans with Kidney Trouble.

The experience of David W. Martin, a retired merchant of Bolivar, Mo., is just like thousands of others. Mr. Martin says: "I think I have had kidney disease ever since the war. During an engagement my horse fell on me, straining my back and injuring the kidneys. I have been told I had a floating kidney. I had intense pain in the back, headaches and dizzy spells, and the action of the bladder very irregular. About three years ago I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and inside of a comparatively short time was entirely rid of kidney trouble."

Others may have said the same thing, but this rather unsympathetic comment is attributed to the late Judge Hoar: "Are you going to attend the funeral of Gen. Butler?" a friend asked him. "No," was the calm reply. "No, I am not going to attend—but I heartily approve of it."

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