

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, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont...

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The noise of the controversy was heard all over town, and it was discussed in Berkeley Square as elsewhere...

Giles had told me that on the evening of the ball he and other gentlemen interested in the victory for Mrs. Trenchard would escort her to the ball...

Yet it seemed to me as if she were only an imitation, after all, and that Lady Hawkshaw, with her turban and her outlandish French...

I followed the merry procession until we got to King street, St. James', where the coaches were four deep, and footmen, in regiments, blockaded the street...

When I reached Berkeley Square it was altogether dark, and I realized that I was locked out.

I looked all over the front of the house, and my heart sank. There was a blind alley at one side, and I remembered that in it opened the window of Sir Peter's study...

I had often been in the room before, but its grotesque appearance struck me afresh, and I could not forbear laughing, although I was in no laughing mood...

dilapidation, but all laid away with the greatest care. Taking one for my pillow and two more for my coverlet, I lay down on the transom and, blowing out the candle, was soon in a sound sleep.

I was awakened at five o'clock in the morning by the chiming of a neighboring church bell, and at the same moment I saw the door to the room noiselessly open and Lady Arabella Stormont enter...

Presently I heard a step upon the stairs, and before the person who was coming had time to knock Lady Arabella opened the door...

A man entered, and as soon as he was in the room, she noiselessly locked the door, and, unseen by him, put the key in her pocket.

As he turned and the candlelight fell upon his face I saw it was Philip Overton. Amusement was pictured in his face, and his voice, too, when he spoke...

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At which Lady Arabella laughed, as if it were a very good joke that he should find her instead of Sir Peter. Meanwhile, my own chaos of mind prevented me from understanding fully what they were saying...

"I was sent for in haste, by Sir Peter, just now," he said, with some confusion. At which Lady Arabella laughed, as if it were a very good joke...

from me—and I lay there in terror, realizing that I was in a very dangerous position. I soon discovered that Overton's reputation for lately-acquired Methodistical piety had not done away with a very hot temper...

"Do it then, if you wish," she cried, "and rouse the house and the neighborhood, and ruin me if you will. But before you do it, read this, and then know what Arabella Stormont can do for the man she loves!"

She thrust a letter into his hand, and, slipping out of the door to the corridor, as swiftly and silently as a swallow in its flight, she locked it after her; Overton was a prisoner in Sir Peter's room. He tore the letter open, read the few lines it contained, and then threw it down with an oath...

"You hound!" he said. "Are you in this infernal plot?" And he kicked the boat-cloaks off me.

"I am not," said I, coolly, recalled to myself by the term he had used toward me; "and neither am I a hound. You will kindly remember to account to me for that expression, Capt. Overton."

"Read that," he cried, throwing Lady Arabella's letter toward me. I think he meant not to do a dishonorable thing in giving me the letter to read, but it was an act of involuntary rage.

I read this: I knew that you were to fight Mr. Vernon at eight o'clock this morning, therefore I beguiled you here; for your life is dearer to me than anything in heaven and earth; and I will not let you out until that very hour, when it will be too late for you to get to Twickenham. You will not dare to raise a commotion in the house at this hour, which would ruin us both. But by the jeopardy in which I placed myself this night, you will know how true is the love of

love. I confess the experience was new to me.

"You will bear me witness, Mr. Glyn," said Overton, "that I am detained here against my will; but I think it a piece of good fortune that you are detained with me."

"I will bear witness to nothing, sir," I replied, "until you have given me satisfaction for calling me a hound just now."

"Dear sir, pray forget that hasty expression. In my rage and amazement just now I would have called the commander-in-chief of the forces a hound. Pray accept every apology that a gentleman can make. I was quite beside myself, as you must have seen."

I saw that he was very anxious to conciliate me; for upon my testimony alone would rest the question of whether he voluntarily or involuntarily failed to appear at the meeting arranged for eight o'clock.

I also perceived the strength of my position, and a dazzling idea presented itself to my mind. "I will agree," said I, "to testify to everything in your favor, if you will but promise me not to—not to—"

I hesitated, ashamed to express my womanish fears for Giles Vernon's life; but he seemed to read my thoughts. "Do you mean not to do Mr. Vernon any harm in the meeting which will, of course, take place the instant it can be arranged? That I promise you; for I never had any personal animosity toward Mr. Vernon. His blow, like my words just now, was the outburst of passion, and not a deliberate insult."

I was overjoyed at this; and as I sat, grinning in my delight, I must have been in strong contrast to Overton, in the very blackness of rage.

The minutes dragged slowly on, and we heard the clock strike six and seven. The dim light of a foggy morning stole in at the windows. Not a soul was stirring in the house; but on the stroke of eight a light step fluttered near the outer door. It was softly unlocked, and Lady Arabella entered, carefully locking the door on the inside, after her, this time.

The ghostly half-light Overton rose and saluted her with much ceremony. "Lady Arabella Stormont," he said, "you have delayed the meeting between Mr. Vernon and myself just 24 hours. To do it you have put my honor in jeopardy, and that I shall not soon forget. I beg you to open the glass door and allow me to bid you farewell."

She stopped, as if paralyzed for a moment, when I, knowing the key to be in her pocket, deftly fished it out, and opened the door, and Overton walked out. She could not stop me—I was too quick for her—but she ran after me, and fetched me a box on the ear, which did more than sting my cheek and my pride. It killed, in one single instant of time, the boyish love I had had for her ever since the first hour I had seen her. I own I was afraid to retaliate as a gentleman should, by kissing her violently; but dashing on, I sped down the steps outside, after Overton, not caring to remain alone with the Lady Arabella. I saw her no more that day, nor until the afternoon of the next day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEER ENGLISH MILK WAGONS.

In English towns, a Canadian visitor declares in the Queen, the foreigner runs out to the pavement just to see that glorious chariot called a milk float...

Then the English milkman who comes on foot, with a modern yoke on his shoulders, and swinging at each side a brass-bound tin pail, in which is a queer little measuring dipper...

Unreasonable Hubby. In the olden times a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day.

Ruined the Cream. "You dislike the automobiles that dash past here?" interrogated the windmill agent.

"Wal, I should say so," drawled the old farmer as he shook his fist at a rapidly vanishing machine.

"Those siren horns are blood curdling I suppose."

"Worse than that, stranger; they are milk curdling. Curdle all the milk in the dairy, begosh."

Laundries Use Much Soap. It is estimated that the laundries of London, England, use 750 tons of soap in a week.

SHE DID IT.



Mrs. Fat—So your husband has stopped smoking? It must have taken considerable will power?

Mrs. Thinn—All I had.

Our Wonderful Language. "Out of sight in that gown, isn't she?" observed a gentleman in the balcony, pointing to Mrs. de Koltay...

Which goes to show the elasticity of the American language, which says one thing and means another. It also shows—but, upon second thought, we must respectfully but firmly decline going into any further details.—Bohemian.

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...

Not What He Meant. The Liverpool Post tells of a Birkenhead church secretary who announced in church on Sunday that a Shakespearean recital in character would be given...

Slavonic Superstition. A great risk runs the peasant of Slavonic lands if he carelessly wastes any of the bread that he daily munches, since every crumb is gathered up by evil spirits...

Closely Related. Mother—Samuel, where are those green apples that I left in the pantry? Samuel—They're with the Jamaica ginger that was in the medicine chest.—Lippincott's.

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NEBRASKA NEWS AND NOTES.

Items of interest Taken From Here and There Over the State. The coroner stone of Martin Luther college at Sterling was laid last week. Hastings college will hold commencement exercises June 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9.

Stanton will celebrate the Fourth with two bands, all kinds of sport and a ball game between Wisner and Stanton. At York two sacks of mail rolled under the cars and the wheels of the Burlington through passenger and were badly damaged.

Fairbury is going to celebrate the Fourth of July this year on Monday, July 5. The Commercial club is back of the enterprise. The new State Telephone company made a demonstration of their new system to about three hundred farmers at Lyons.

Mrs. Briley, colored, presumably the oldest person west of the Mississippi river, celebrated her 109th birthday anniversary at Hastings. Paul Stuefer, a farmer living north of West Point, marketed sixty hogs of an average weight of 313 pounds, that were just eleven months old.

A charter was granted by the state banking board to the People's State bank of Arnold, Custer county. The capital will be \$10,000. At a special election held in Clay Center on the proposition to vote \$12,000 bonds for the purpose of erecting an addition to the high school the bonds carried by the vote of 140 to 30.

The body of Ed Mulloy, who was injured and later died from being struck by an engine in the local yards at Sutherland, was shipped to Chicago for burial. His death followed an operation at Sutherland. Two young couples are missing from Beaver City, and it is believed by their parents that it is a double elopement. The parties are: Charlie Saylor, aged 21, and Carolla Hudson, aged 17; Lloyd Saylor, aged 19, and Mabel Kendall, aged 17.

James Goff, an employee of the Morton-Gregson Packing company, Nebraska City, was struck on the head by a falling elevator and fatally injured. His skull is fractured and the physicians have no hope of his recovery. Police of Lincoln say the amount of money taken by Joseph H. Stores, known there as J. H. McCarthy, administrator of the Helen Horn estate, is close to \$10,000. McCarthy is under arrest at Seattle and will be brought back.

GAL TWO NEBRASKA—The stock of goods of P. I. Carlisle of York was taken possession of by Sheriff Affebaugh, and afterward was replenished by the Blue River bank of McCool Junction, which has a chattel mortgage against the stock. Carlisle is not to be found.

While Henry Pfister, who lives near Sutton, was returning from the field meet at Clay Center to his home he was accosted by a stranger with a big revolver, who told the young man to throw up his hands. Pfister, who is a noted sprinter, took to his heels and got away.

Eighty-nine contestants, all under the age of 18, have entered the corn growing contest under the supervision of the state board of agriculture. (Prizes amounting to \$150 will be given. Judge M. B. Reest of Lincoln delivered the baccalaureate address to the graduating class of the Broken Bow High school.

Homer Morris, charged in the United States district court at Omaha with participating in the robbery of the postoffice at Walthill last September, whereby \$25 in government funds were obtained, entered a plea of guilty and was sentenced to eighteen months in the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth and to pay a fine of \$50.

Twenty-nine coyote scalps were brought into the county clerk's office at Kearney. A bounty of \$1 each was paid on the scalps. The coyote industry is looked upon with great favor by many farmers in that section as being one substitute for farming should the drouth continue all summer long.

Mrs. Maud Moran, wife of William F. Moran, one of the leading attorneys of Nebraska City, created somewhat of a sensation there by filing her petition in the district court, praying for a divorce from her husband on the grounds of cruelty. She is the eldest daughter of W. T. Canada, claim agent for the Union Pacific railway and was born and reared in Nebraska City.

A Fairbury commission firm received a carload of potatoes raised in Ireland. This is the first consignment of "real" Irish potatoes ever seen there. The spuds were brought across the "pond" on the steamship New Zealand and unloaded at pier No. 1 in New York. The Irish spuds are about the same in appearance as the American tuber, only they are a trifle larger and the skins are much rougher.

In district court of Buffalo county the Union Pacific Railroad company filed motions for new trials in the cases wherein Perry R. Deets had secured judgment against the company for \$1,275 and McPherson & Kentner secured judgment for \$1,140 damage to a car of sheep which were subjected to exposure while in transit. Both motions were denied.

Andrew Goracka, a well-known German farmer of near St. Mary, Johnson county, fell from the tower of his windmill, landing in a large water tank, thus escaping serious injury. J. M. Thompson, living two miles north of O'Neill, was thrown from his wagon and broke his neck. He had just returned from town and taken his little girl out of the wagon and was trying to take out a washing machine, when the team became frightened and started to run away. The team ran under a tree and a limb struck him.

The Cause of War.

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers.

"What was the cause bell?" asked the fair debutante. "Maud!" exclaimed mamma in a shocked voice. "How often have I told you to say stomach?"—Success Magazine.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any name of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Children Need Acting. Rev. Perry Grant of New York thinks that acting is a psychological need, and is looking for the rich man who will build a theater for children. The purpose of such a theater, he says, is educational and is in keeping with the discoveries of Froebel, who knew that play is an instinct implanted by nature for educational purposes.

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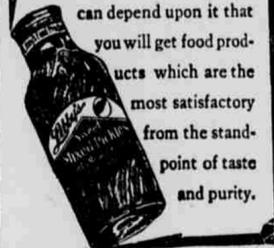
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