

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, 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 Ajax by his uncle, Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, became the boy's pal. They attended a theater where Hawkshaw's nephew saw Lady Arabella. Vernon met Philip Overton, next in line for Sir Thomas Vernon's estate. They started a duel which was interrupted. Vernon, Overton and Hawkshaw's nephew found themselves attracted by pretty Lady Arabella. The Ajax in battle defeated French warships in the Mediterranean. Richard Glyn got \$25,000 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 discovered that Lady Arabella was a poor but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for Glyn. Later she held Glyn and Overton prisoners, thus delaying the duel. In the Overton-Vernon duel, neither was hurt. Lady Arabella humiliated Richard by her pranks. Richard and Giles shipped on a frigate. Giles was captured by the French. Sir Peter arranged for his exchange. Daphne showed a liking for Glyn, who was then 21 years of age. Giles was released. Giles and Richard planned elopements. Sir Peter objected to the plan to wed Daphne.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

This made me hope that Sir Peter would not be present, for I thought our chances of getting off would materially improve if he were not on the spot.

The play was to be over at half-past ten, and it may be imagined that we had plenty to do until then. We engaged four of the best pairs of nags in the town. We arranged to pay the postboys according to the time they took us over the border, and we felt in ourselves the strength of Titans, to overcome whatever resistance might be offered. Of course we counted on the surprise, and we determined that the best disposition to make of Lady Hawkshaw was for Giles Vernon to appear suddenly, when the people were coming out, place Lady Hawkshaw in her coach, and then make that bold dash for love and beauty which we had determined upon. Our postboys, who were not new to the perils of elopements, grinned at the prospect, and were instructed to remain near Lady Hawkshaw's coach and impede it as much as possible, so that it might be the last to reach the door of the theater.

Our arrangements were complete by eight o'clock, and from that hour until ten we employed ourselves in disposing of a good supper at the tavern. We were in a gale of rapture there. It seemed to us both as if we were in that happy and exultant mood, when the enemy is within gun-shot and the ship is cleared for action; and we only awaited the signal for victory. We had some punch, but both Giles and myself knew enough to be exceedingly careful in attacking it.

"Dicky, my lad," cried Giles, banging me in the back, "this day is the anniversary of the day we whipped the Indomptable and the Xantippe!" and so it was. "So we shall capture the Indomptable, in the Lady Arabella, and we will disable the Xantippe—ha! ha!—in my Lady Hawkshaw."

This I thought a very fine joke indeed, and we drank to it.

"Dicky," began Giles again, wiping his mouth after the punch, "I never thought I could be constant to any woman, as I have been to Arabella. By heaven, the whole sex is so seductive that it was the last one I saw I loved the best. But since I knew that witch of a girl, St. Anthony himself could not be more impervious to female charms than your humble servant," which was true enough. "And as for Overton—that psalm-singing devil—I defy him. Give me but a week, and he shall see Arabella hanging upon me so fondly! Let him have her £20,000; 'tis so much dirt and dross to me. And she may be Lady Vernon yet. Do you know that old rascalion Sir Thomas Vernon's estate is in this part of the country? Though nearer York than Scarborough. On our return from our honeymoon I have a great mind to take my Arabella to Vernon Court and show her what may one day be hers."

So he raved and roared out snatches like—

In Bacchus' joys I'll freely roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul,
Let Bacchus' health round freely move;
For Bacchus is the friend of love—
And he that will this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!"

And I took up the chorus and bawled it out; for I, too, looked for no more crosses in this life, having Daphne for my wife.

So the time passed until ten o'clock; and at ten o'clock we sallied forth. It was a starlit night in early December. The cold high blue heavens above us seemed to radiate happiness; the myriad stars twinkled with joy;

we scarce felt the ground under our feet.

The two post-chaises awaited us on the highway, the postboys full of confidence; the horses, the best in the town, were eager to be off. We jumped together in one, and were whirled into the town, and were at the door of the playhouse almost before we knew it.

One of our postilions speedily found the coach which had brought Lady Hawkshaw there, and, in pursuance of his instructions, got the coachman off his box to drink in a neighboring tavern, while one of our postboys stood watch over the horses. Giles and I remained in the chaise until it was time for us to make our descent.

At half-past ten the play was over, and then began that hurry and commotion of the dispersion of a crowd in the darkness. We heard loud shouts for Lady Hawkshaw's coach, but the coachman did not make his appearance. There were many officers and ladies from the garrison, and a number of equipages; but soon they were driving off, while half a dozen men at once were shouting for Lady Hawkshaw's coach. At last my lady herself came out of the entrance, followed by Arabella and Daphne, and at that moment Giles slipped out of the chaise, and appeared before Lady Hawkshaw as if he had risen from the earth. I, too, was on the ground, but out of sight.

"Pray, my lady," said he, in his most gallant manner, and had in hand, "allow me to show you to your coach."

"Mr. Vernon!" cried Lady Hawkshaw, in surprise. "I thought you were in London. How came you to Scarborough?"

"By chaise, madam," he replied, politely; "and I hope to see the young ladies before I leave" (the hypocrite!).

"Is Sir Peter with you, madam?"

"No, he is not," replied Lady Hawkshaw, her wrath rising at the idea. "Had he been with me my coach would have been awaiting me." And then turning to Arabella and Daphne, who were behind her, she said, sternly:

"Arabella and Daphne, this does not happen again. Sir Peter comes with us to the play, after this."

I caught sight, from a corner behind the chaise, of my dear Daphne, at that moment. She stopped sudden-



"Rather Would I Die Than Marry Him."

ly, and turned pale and then rosy, and glanced wildly about her. She knew I was not far off.

How Arabella received Giles' sudden appearance I never knew, as I could not see her. But in another moment he had placed Lady Hawkshaw, with the utmost obsequiousness, in the coach; then folding up the steps like magic, he slammed the door, and shouting to the coachman, "Drive on!" the coach rattled off, and the next moment his arm was around Arabella and mine was around Daphne, and they were swept off their feet; and in less time than it takes to tell it, each of us was with the idol of his heart, whirling off toward Gretna Green, as fast as four horses to a light chaise could take us.

Now, what think you, were Daphne's first words to me?

"Unhand me, Mr. Glyn, or I'll scream for assistance!"

"My dearest one!" I exclaimed, "you are now mine. By to-morrow morning we shall be over the border, and you will be my wife."

"An elopement! Gracious heaven! I never thought of such a thing!" she replied.

I might have answered that she had not only thought of such a thing, but talked of it. I refrained, however, knowing a woman's tongue to be capricious in its utterances, and, instead, assured her that my passion was such I could no longer bear the thought of existing without her.

"And do you mean to marry me, sir, without my guardian's consent?" she asked, with much violence.

"I do, indeed, my angel, and I thought it was agreed between us."

This was an unfortunate speech, and she again threatened to scream for assistance, but presently remarked that as there was none to come to her assistance, she would refrain. And then, having done what propriety required, she began to relent a little, and at last lay in my arms, asking me, with tears, if I would promise her never to love another, and I told her, with great sincerity, that I never would, provided I got out of that alive.

Deep in our own happiness—for at last the dear girl admitted that she was happy to be mine—we yet thought of Giles and Arabella, and I would have got out of the chaise at each of the three stages, where we made a rapid change of horses, except that Daphne would not let me—afraid, she said, lest I should be recognized and

get into trouble. She afterward told me it was because she feared we might be stopped. We did not forget the precaution, in our brief halts, to pay the hostlers well to do some harm to any pursuing vehicles which might be after us; and our plan seemed to be prospering famously.

So all night we rattled furiously along, and at daybreak we crossed the border, notified by the huzzing of the postboys. It was a dank, dismal morning, the weather having changed during the night, and we saw that we had passed the other chaise in the darkness. It was some distance behind, and the horses seemed much spent. We continued on our way to the house of a blacksmith at Gretna Green, who, so our postboys told us, usually united runaway couples. We dashed up to his cottage—a humble place, surrounded by a willow hedge—and he, warned by approaching wheels, came out, half dressed, in the murky morning.

"Come to be married?" he cried. "Step out, then."

I assisted Daphne out of the chaise, and then, as we stood on the damp ground, in those squalid surroundings, looking at each other, the possible wrong I had done this innocent girl suddenly swept over me. And in her eyes, too, I read the first consciousness of having committed an impropriety. This dirty, unkempt blacksmith, the coarse, laughing postboys—this, a way to make the most solemn and spiritual of all engagements! I felt an uncomfortable sense of guilt and shame.

It was only momentary. The more depressed she, the more should I support, and therefore I called out cheerfully: "I take this woman to be my wedded wife," and such other words as I recalled of the marriage service—and I said it so heartily and promised so devoutly, removing my hat when I made my vows, that it heartened up Daphne—and her response so full of faith and love, gave a kind of holiness to it all. We were two rash and foolish young people—but we loved each other truly, and we made our vows solemnly, determined to keep them. Perhaps that counts for more in the eyes of God, than all else; at least, we realized the sacredness of our vows.

Scarcely was the brief ceremony over—for ceremony we made it—when the chaise containing Arabella and Giles drew up. And the sight I saw I can never forget.

Arabella's face was quite pale, but her eyes were blazing. There were some drops of blood upon her cheek—they came from her wrists, which Giles held firmly. The door of the chaise being opened, she stepped out villainously, disdaining the assistance Giles offered her. His face, too, was very pale, and he looked and moved like a man in a nightmare. The blacksmith grinned broadly; he thought his gains were to be increased—for I had not forgotten to pay him handsomely.

Giles seized her hand. "Arabella," he cried, desperately, "surely you do not now mean to throw me over!"

For answer, she gave him a glance of ineffable hatred.

"This man," she said, turning to me "you friend, your intimate—I blush for you—has dragged me here. Rather would I die than marry him. Look!"

She held up her wrists, and they showed marks of violence.

"'Twas to keep her from jumping out of the chaise," said Giles, wildly. "She would have had me leave her at midnight, on the highway—alone and unprotected. Dearest Arabella," he cried, turning to her, and trying to clasp her, "will you not listen to my prayer? How can you scorn such love as mine?" And he was near going down on his knees to her, in the mud—but I held him up. I confess that the most painful thing of all this painful business was Giles Vernon's complete surrender of his manhood under the influence of his wild passion. He, an officer in his majesty's sea service, a man who had smelt powder and knew what it was to look Death in the eye and advance upon him, who would have answered with his life for his courage, was ready to grovel in the earth like a madman for the favor of a woman. Nothing was it to him that low-born creature like the postboys and the blacksmith beheld him with contempt and disgust; nothing to him that a woman like Daphne, and that I, a brother of fiercer, witnessed his degradation. He seemed to have parted with the last semblance of self-respect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER

Fate of Unhappy Man Who Aroused Ire of Young Mother.

The baby in arms was screaming lustily and the man in the gray suit could not hide his irritability.

"What on earth, madam," he spluttered, "do you mean by bringing such a howling brat into a public vehicle?"

"It isn't a brat," retorted the mother, with natural indignation, "and I'm any judge, it doesn't howl half as much as you did at its age, going by the looks of you."

The man in gray wriggled uneasily under the general scrutiny.

"Baby, see the ugly man?" pursued the infuriated female, pointing at him. "See the monkey-ponkey, gorilla man, what might take a first prize at a beauty show for the horriest face! Baby, hush, or the ugly monkey man will—"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for the man in the gray suit had bolted.

Award of Self-Denial.

The more we deny ourselves the more the gods supply our wants.—Horace.

The Sunshine Ginger Wafer

These are called **Yum Yums**—they are made at the "Sunshine Bakeries" too—with the other "Sunshines." Baked in white tile top floor ovens—amid pure air and sunshine. They are the best ginger snaps you ever tasted.

Sunshine Yum Yums

"The gingery ginger snap"

Dainty wafers with just enough spice to be appetizing. We employ infinite skill and costly material to create them. You miss the best in ginger snaps until you taste the "Sunshine" kind.

Sunshine Yum Yums are packed in thrice sealed cartons—amply protected from dust and moisture.

They are at your grocer's in 5c packages.

Try a package—judge all "Sunshines" by them.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

WANTED TO MEET HIM AGAIN

Patriarch Had Something to Say to Man Driving a Big Red Automobile.

The Stranger—That's a singular looking old fellow sitting out there on the fence. He seems quite a patriarch.

The Native—Yep. He's been sittin' thar for three years.

"Three years! Good gracious! There must be an interesting story involved in this. Is he waiting for something?"

"Yep. He's waiting for a tall feller drivin' a big red automobile. He came by 'bout three years ago an' runned over' the old man's calf. Th' feller stopped an' said: 'What's the damage?' an' the old man said, 'Bout 'leven dollars,' and the feller gave a twenty an' drove on. An' th' old man's sittin' over there waitin' for him to come back."

"Eh! Poor old chap. Forgot to thank the man, I suppose. But what's he got that shotgun for?"

"The twenty th' feller gave him was bad."

INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed.

A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, '08." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

Saphedd—I'm rather dull this evening. I feel a little down in the mouth, don't you know.

Miss Cutting—O, impossible! Why, it is not a sixteenth of an inch long!

Beginning Right.

"Your folks must be mighty exceptionally fond of eggplant," remarked the grocer's clerk to the deacon's son when the two met after the church services one Sunday. "Your father ordered two dozen of 'em yesterday."

"Oh, that's easily explained. You see dad's been reading about the latest methods of chicken-raising, and he decided to try the business. Although the books advised beginners to purchase adult fowls, dad decided it was better to start with the eggplant."

—Harper's Weekly.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, etc.

Not Missed If Taken.

"Did you take a bath?"

"No, is there one missing?"—Columbia Jester

EXPERIENCED ADVICE.

The Customer—You don't appear to have a hat in the place to suit me.

The Hatter—Try a soft green one, sir.

Escape Nicely Timed.

A German shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passerby rushed to his assistance, and, after helping him to arise, inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said:

"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Gratitude Poorly Expressed.

An old woman was profuse in her gratitude to a magistrate who had dismissed a charge brought against her.

"I thought you wouldn't be 'ard on me, your worship," she remarked, as she left the dock; "I know 'ow often a kind 'art beats be'ind a ugly face."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

What Did He Mean?

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion's cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if these animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John, without hesitation.—Everybody's Magazine.

Accounted For.

She—Do you know, dear, I had my heart set on ice cream to-night.

He—I thought you seemed rather cold-hearted!

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER

Summer complaint, bowel trouble, cramps have no terrors in the household where this dependable medicine is kept on hand. 25c, 50c and 1.00 bottles.

Don't offer odds to the elevator boy or he'll take you up.

A Friend In Need

There is absolutely nothing that gives such speedy relief in Dysentery, Diarrhea, Cholera-Morbis, Cholera-Infantum, Colic and Cramps as

DR. D. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM

It is a friend in need, and you should always keep it in your house. Its valuable curative properties have made it a necessity for both adults and children.

Sold by all druggists at 25c per bottle

A Tall Bear Story.

"Why, once, do you know, I found a bear inside a hollow log. Well, of course, I couldn't get at him to shoot him, and the log was too heavy to move. I didn't know what to do. So at last I thought of cutting four holes in the log, about where the bear's feet must be, and I got his paws through slick. Then I tied a rope about the log and made him walk with it into camp. And—would you believe it?—we had all our food and all our fuel for the winter out of that one deal!"—Outing.

Seek Prevention of Consumption.

The municipal authorities of Berlin have decided to introduce another feature in their administration of tuberculosis. Heretofore, municipal effort has been confined to the maintenance of one or two homes for curable consumptives, but it is recognized that, useful as this is, it alone cannot cope with this disease. They have resolved, therefore, to devote more attention to preventive measures.

Little children are suffering every day in the year with sprains, bruises, cuts, bumps and burns. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is banishing these aches and pains every day in the year, the world over.

And it sometimes happens that after a man has made his mark he acquires a wife who makes him toe it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

You cannot build a frame house unless you have the rocks.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

Married life does not amount to much until it reaches pa.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

FOR RHEUMATISM, BRIGT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

375 "Guaranteed"

Don't Buy Just 'Shingles'

You want to be able to buy one lot of shingles this week and to go back next week and buy some more and have the quality exactly the same. Look for this mark, it stands for the best in Washington, R. E. D. CEDAR SHINGLES. Always the same quality.

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EXTRA CLEAR'S BIG LAKE, WASH. ASK YOUR DEALER

Bad BLOOD

"Before I began using Cascarets I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my food was not digested as it should have been. Now I am entirely well, and the pimples have all disappeared from my face. I can truthfully say that Cascarets are just as advertised; I have taken only two boxes of them."

Clarence K. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripes. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 927

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Fruit belt. Old-time Land Grabber, knows corners. Write. Send stamp.

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