

# 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 £200 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 Glyn shipped on a frigate. Giles was captured by the French. Sir Peter arranged for his exchange. Daphne showed a liking for Glyn. He was then 21 years of age. Giles was released. Giles and Richard planned elopements. Sir Peter objected to the plan to wed Daphne. By clever ruses Giles and Richard eloped with Lady Arabella and Daphne, respectively. The latter pair were married. Daphne was pleased; Arabella raved in anger. When the party returned, Arabella asked Sir Peter to aid in prosecuting Giles in court on the charge of committing a capital crime.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Such dancing! It was of the kind that was fashionable before the American war, and introduced so many cuts, capers, pigeon-wings, slips, slides and pirouettes, that it was really an art in itself. And her agility was surprising. With her train over her arm, her tiara blazing, and her bird of paradise nodding violently, Lady Hawkshaw's small, high-bred feet twinkled. She was a large woman, too, and she proved that her boast about her legs was well founded. When she came face to face with Sir Thomas Vernon in the dance, instead of turning him, she folded her arms and sailed around him, carefully avoiding touching his hand. And he, the old sinner, being acquainted with that ancient style of dancing, made a caper so exactly like her ladyship's, with so grave a countenance, that the whole ballroom was in a titter. But although the people might laugh at Sir Thomas' excellent mimicry, the sentiment was totally against him, and he found difficulty in getting gentlemen to notice him or ladies to dance with him. With Lady Hawkshaw, on the contrary, it was every man's desire to dance; she was besieged with partners, young and old; but having shown what she could do, she rested upon her laurels, and sat in state the rest of the evening, fanning herself with vast dignity and composure, and occasionally snapping at Sir Peter, who, it must be admitted, made no great figure at a ball.

At last it was over, and we returned to our lodgings. The next day but one we were on our way to the assize hall for the trial of Giles Vernon.

A tremendous crowd was present, and there was difficulty in gaining an entrance; some one, however, in the multitude set up a shout of "Way for Lady Hawkshaw!" and the people fell back, leaving us a clear path to the door, and into the hall itself.

Within that place of judgment all was dignity and decorum. The lords justices, in their robes and wigs sat like statues; and, presently, when we were all seated and the crier had pronounced the court open, Giles Vernon was brought in and placed in the prisoners' dock. He looked pale from his confinement, but I thought I had never seen his plain features so nearly handsome. His fine figure was nobly set off by the identical brown and silver suit which the poor fellow had bought for his wedding with Lady Arabella, and, in a flash, came back to me that strange vision I had had at his London lodgings on the night that this unfortunate elopement was first talked of between us. My heart stood still, and I grew sick and faint at the recollection of the rest of that dream, or revelation, or whatever it was.

Giles, meanwhile, had bowed respectfully to the judges, then to the assembled people, who very generally returned his salutation with every mark of politeness. Turning to where we sat, he bowed and smiled. We all rose, and Lady Hawkshaw and Daphne made him deep curseys. A jury was soon selected and sworn, and the first witness called was Lady Arabella Stormont.

In a moment she entered, leaning upon the arm of Sir Thomas Vernon, and was by him escorted to her place in the witness-box.

Her beauty was almost unearthly. She wore a black gown and a simple white cap, under which the curls of her rich hair shone like burnished gold. She was perfectly composed,

and, after being sworn, began her story in a manner the most quiet and calm. A deep stillness reigned through the vast room, and every one in it caught her lowest word.

Her testimony was entirely clear and straightforward. She related the circumstances of her being dragged off, while coming out of the playhouse at Scarborough; of finding herself along in the chaise with Giles Vernon, who told her he was taking her to Scotland to marry her; that she struggled violently and endeavored to get out of the chaise, and that she was withheld by force by Giles, who severely hurt her wrists, causing blood to flow; and finally, that when she began to scream, Giles put his hand over her mouth and stifled her cries. She said that this conduct was kept up the whole of the night, until they reached Gretna Green at daylight; that all the time Giles was imporing her to marry him, then threatening to kill himself or her; and that she told him many times she preferred death to marriage with him; and at last, on reaching Gretna Green, she defied him and escaped from him.

When she had concluded there was an ominous stillness for a time, and then I saw something which struck a chill to my heart. I had stealthily kept my eyes fixed on the judges to see whether they gave in their countenances any signs of lenity or severity. They were altogether unmoved, except one, who was reported to be a most merciful man. He grew pale and paler as Lady Arabella's story progressed, and I saw him several times wipe the cold sweat from his brow, and at last a sigh broke from him; but I think no one noted it but me, for the multitude of people were absorbed in the sight of this beautiful young woman, so coolly swearing away the life of a man who had loved her.

Giles Vernon bore the ordeal unflinchingly, and when at intervals she looked toward him with a quiet hatred in her glance, he gazed steadily back at her.

She was then to be cross-examined. Many questions were asked her by the great London barrister, who was one of the three defending Giles. One query was, whether she had ever given

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"That Lawyer Fellow is Three Sheets in the Wind!"

Mr. Vernon reason to think she would marry him, to which she replied: "No; never in my life."

She was then asked if there was another gentleman in the case, and for the first time she showed confusion. Her face grew crimson, and she remained silent. The question was not pressed, and she was soon permitted to retire. When she passed out of the hall she was the divinest picture of beauty and modesty I ever saw. Her eyes sought the floor, and a delicious blush mantled her cheek. I believe that many persons, under the spell of her beauty, thought that she was an unwilling witness, and pitied her youth and inexperience.

But it was hanging testimony she gave, and well she knew it.

After the examination of the post-boys and other witnesses for the prosecution, I was called as the first witness for Giles. I told the circumstances of our agreement to run away with the two charmers of our hearts; and the fact that I had been so readily forgiven, not only by Daphne herself, but by Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, I saw produced a good effect. But when I was asked by the other side if I had ever seen, or if Giles had ever claimed, any willingness on Lady Arabella's part to go off with him, I broke down miserably. My testimony did Giles little good, I fear.

Sir Peter Hawkshaw was the next witness. It was plain from the start that he desired to help Giles, and likewise that he knew very little of the affair until it was all over. But he proved a most entertaining, if discursive witness.

Sir Peter evidently thought the witness-box was his own quarter-deck, and he proceeded to harangue the court in his best manner as a flag officer. He talked of everything except the case; he gave a most animated description of the fight between the Ajax on our side and the indomitable and Xantippe on the other, praising Giles Vernon's gallantry at every turn. He also aired his views on the subject of the flannel shirts furnished to the navy, alleging that some recalcitrant contractors ought to be hanged at the yard-arm for the quality supplied; and wound up by declaring, with great gusto, that if an officer in his majesty's service desired to marry a young lady it was an act of spirit to carry her off, and for his part, fellows of that sort were the kind he should select to lead a boarding party, while the sneaking, law-abiding fellows should be under the hatches when the ship was cleared for action.

Sir Peter's rambling but vigorous talk was not without its effect, upon which I think he had shrewdly calculated. In vain counsel for the crown tried to check him; Sir Peter bawled at them to pipe down, and remarked aloud of the senior counsel who had been most active in trying to suppress him:

"That lawyer fellow is three sheets in the wind, with the other one a flapping!"

The judges, out of respect to him, made no great effort to subdue him, and he had the satisfaction of telling his story his own way. When the prosecution took him in hand, they found, though, that he could very well keep to the subject matter, and they did not succeed in getting anything of the slightest consequence out of him. When he stepped down, I saw that he had in reality done much more good to Giles' cause than I had, although he knew little about the facts, and I knew all.

Then came Lady Hawkshaw's testimony. Sir Peter's was not a patch on it. Like him, she really had no material evidence to give, but, with a shrewdness equal to his, she made a very good plea for the prisoner. She began with a circumstantial account of her own marriage to Sir Peter, in which the opposition of her family was painted in lurid hues. In vain she again and again checked; she managed to tell her tale against the vigorous objections of the prosecutors, and the somewhat feeble and perfunctory rebukes from the bench. The jury, however, were plainly so interested in it, that no serious attempt was made to stop her—not that it would have availed anything, for Lady Hawkshaw was not used to stopping for any one.

"No doubt my family could have hounded Sir Peter for marrying me," she announced in the beginning, "but my family, your honors, is an honorable one, and would not condescend to nasty tricks like—" Here she fixed her great black eyes on Sir Thomas Vernon, who smiled blandly and took snuff.

"And as for a man expecting opposition in a girl he is willing to marry, I ask your honors, does a man exist who can believe, until it is proved to him beyond cavil, that there is a woman alive who would not jump for joy to marry him?"

This produced so much laughter that the bailiffs had to enforce order in the hall.

Lady Hawkshaw then, with great ingenuity, referred to Sir Thomas Vernon, "who, in those days, 40 years ago, was not called 'Wicked Sir Thomas,' but plain 'Lying Tom Vernon!'"

This produced a regular uproar, during which Lady Hawkshaw, with great complacency, fanned herself. After a warning from the presiding justice to keep to the matter in hand, she curtsied deeply to him, and immediately resumed her account of Sir Thomas Vernon, in which she told of a certain occasion, in the time of the American war, when, as the royal family was passing to chapel at Windsor, hisses were heard, the king having declined to receive him at the levee on account of his notoriously bad character. And Sir Thomas, being thrust out, was taken by some of the inhabitants of Windsor and ducked in a neighboring horse-pond. At this point, the judge himself courteously but firmly interrupted Lady Hawkshaw, and informed her that she could not be permitted to go on in that strain.

"I shall observe your lordship's caution," she replied, politely, and straightway launched into a description of Sir Thomas' appearance when he emerged from the horse-pond, which brought a smile to every face in court—including even the judge's—except the victim himself, who bit his lip and scowled in fury.

The judges afterward said that Lady Hawkshaw proved to be the most unmanageable witness any and for all of them had ever encountered; and, in spite of them, she gave a circumstantial account of every misdeed Sir Thomas Vernon had ever been guilty of in his life, as far as she knew.

The crown lawyers, very wisely, declined to cross-examine this witness. When she stepped down out of the witness-box and took Sir Peter's arm, she passed close to the presiding justice, who happened to have his snuff-box open in his hand. My lady deliberately stopped and took a pinch out of the judge's box, remarking, suavely:

"Your lordship shows excellent taste in preferring the Spanish!"

I thought his lordship would drop out of his chair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENGLISH IDEA OF THE WEST.  
Girl Really Knew as Much About It as Many of Her Countrymen.

An Indiana novelist thinks that one of the severest tests ever put upon his risibles was endured at a London dinner table.

The American had been seated next a rosy-cheeked, gray-eyed English girl, who affected an absorbing and flattering interest in the United States, about which she seemed to have imbibed the usual extraordinary ideas of some Britons, especially with regard to the perils to be encountered in the more sparsely settled regions of the west. She tried her best not to be incredulous when assured that things were not really so bad as she imagined.

"It is reassuring to be told that there are not rattlesnakes in all the gardens," she said with a dazzling smile, "but my cousin wrote me not long since that he had seen over 20 wigwags in one little village. Perhaps," she added, as her companion made no immediate response, "perhaps the wigwags are not as venomous as rattlesnakes."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

## THE AMERICAN HOME

### W<sup>m</sup> A. RADFORD EDITOR

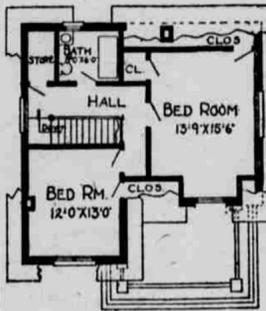
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 94 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Cement blocks are used nowadays for large houses as well as small ones. The new machines make them in sizes and shapes to fit any required angle or peculiarity in design. The plans, however, are carefully drawn to proper sizes to work out in units so that windows and doors just take up the space of 2 1/2 blocks or three blocks, as the case may be, so the edge of the wall can be laid up even and true.

When everything works right it is a short job to lay up a cement block wall. The blocks are so large they build up rapidly. There has been a great change in the manner of building cement block houses since makers learned how to build machines as they should be built and workmen learned how to use them to turn out good blocks that were right in every respect. Builders have learned how to construct a house with the use of blocks, moulded window sills and door sills, wall caps, cement steps, cement veranda floors, etc., in a way that makes a very pleasing as well as a very durable house.

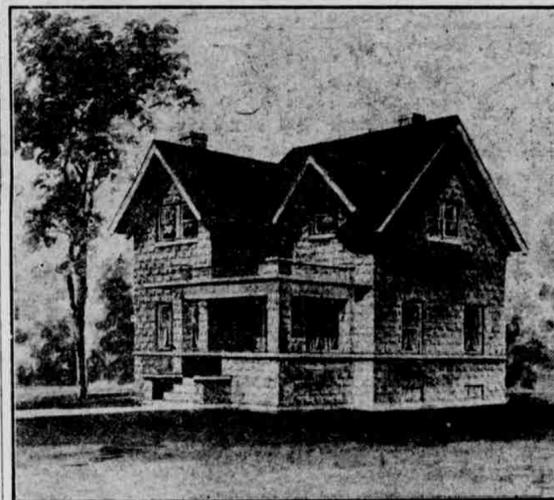
The old difficulties disappeared as knowledge of the business increased, until there is no possible objection left. A cement block house built by a contractor of experience and integrity is better than a stone house, and it is almost as cheap as wood. The time is fast approaching when cement will be the cheapest as well as the best. It behooves all of us who are

some the natural grays of cement appear cold and uninviting. In building a house of cement a little more care is required in making the plans, because when the walls are once up they cannot well be altered. Windows, for instance, should be large, because no matter how fashions may change you never get tired of a large window. The old-fashioned narrow ones look very odd these days, but at one time they were thought to be the proper thing. However, large windows are always in style. You may go back to a house built 100 years ago and if the windows were large they look well now



Second Floor Plan

and they looked well even when the narrow contracted affairs were considered stylish. Common sense is a necessary quality in house building. The size of this house is 31 feet 4 inches in width by 28 feet 8 inches in length. It contains a splendid large living room 12 by 20 feet, which occupies the whole side of the house on the lower floor to the right of the hall. It is a splendid room, with an



interested in building houses, and that means almost everybody, to study up on this new building material.

Edison's idea was to make houses all of cement, including the floors and roof. A good many practical builders have the same idea, but they are carrying it out in a way somewhat different from Edison's plan. People must be educated up to the new idea gradually, and at the present time most people prefer that houses shall contain considerable wood. This house has wooden floors and lath and plaster partitions very much the same as a frame house, but there is a great

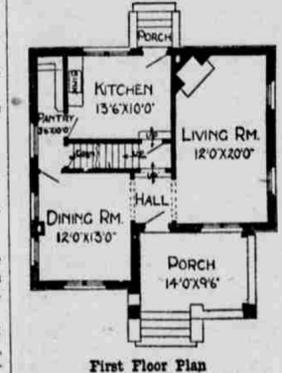
elegant fireplace in one corner, and it is lighted by three windows of a size sufficient to look well and admit plenty of light and sunshine.

The plan is convenient in regard to dining room, pantry, kitchen and cellar way. As this is the executive part of the house these features are of great importance. A pantry should always have an outside wall if possible. The one place in the house that should be kept cold is the pantry. In this plan it is shut away from the kitchen, still there is a passage way through one end of it to get into the dining room, and the two doors between the kitchen and dining room are according to the most approved plans. I like this arrangement for a dining room because it is in the front of the house where it is light and cheerful; still it is easily accessible from the kitchen.

Combination stairways also are convenient and they save room, that is, you get more convenience in the same amount of space. You get a splendid cellar under a house like this and you have a convenient way down to the cellar from the passage way leading from the pantry into the dining room.

The house is not too large to heat with a hot air furnace and it may be placed almost under the center of the house, which is very much to be preferred in this manner of heating, because the heat may be equally distributed to the different rooms. Hot air is the most satisfactory heat for a medium-sized house, especially when you take the cold air from outdoors.

I have very little patience with the plan adopted by some builders of taking the furnace air from inside the house. It is a talking point that some furnace men use, but I fail to see the advantage of it. Fresh air from outdoors may be made comfortable to live in just as cheap as stale air taken from the hall way, for the reason that fresh damp air from outside is more easily heated because it contains considerable moisture. Moist air at a temperature of 68 degrees feels as warm as dry air at 72 or 74 degrees. If it does take a little more coal, which I doubt very much, the saving in doctors' bills will more than make up for it.



First Floor Plan

deal more cement than wood used in its construction.

The time was when people looked upon cement as a cheap substitute for stone and efforts were made to imitate stone, but that time has gone by. The intrinsic value of cement is now recognized and it is used upon its merits. It is no longer necessary for cement to masquerade under any false colors.

If a warm reddish tint is preferred the color may be added to a thin layer of cement placed next to the outside of the form and the expense is not very great. It is cheaper than painting, because it is permanent. Blocks made in this way look the same year after year. A great many people prefer a little color, because to

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