

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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.

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, 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 alone 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.

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



"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.

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 replies 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 all of them had ever encountered; for, 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 logwags in one little village. Perhaps," she added, as her companion made no immediate response, "perhaps the logwags are not so venomous as rattlesnakes."—Illustrated Sun-day Magazine.

THE AMERICAN HOME Wm A. RADFORD EDITOR

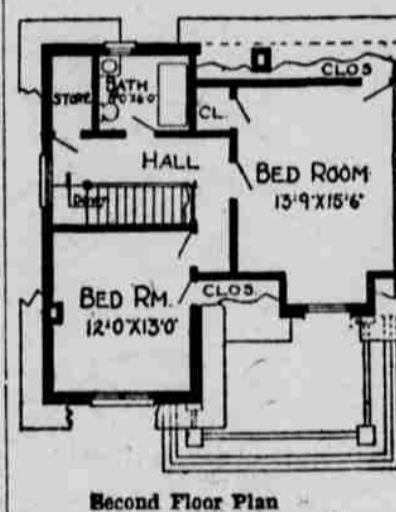
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper.

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.

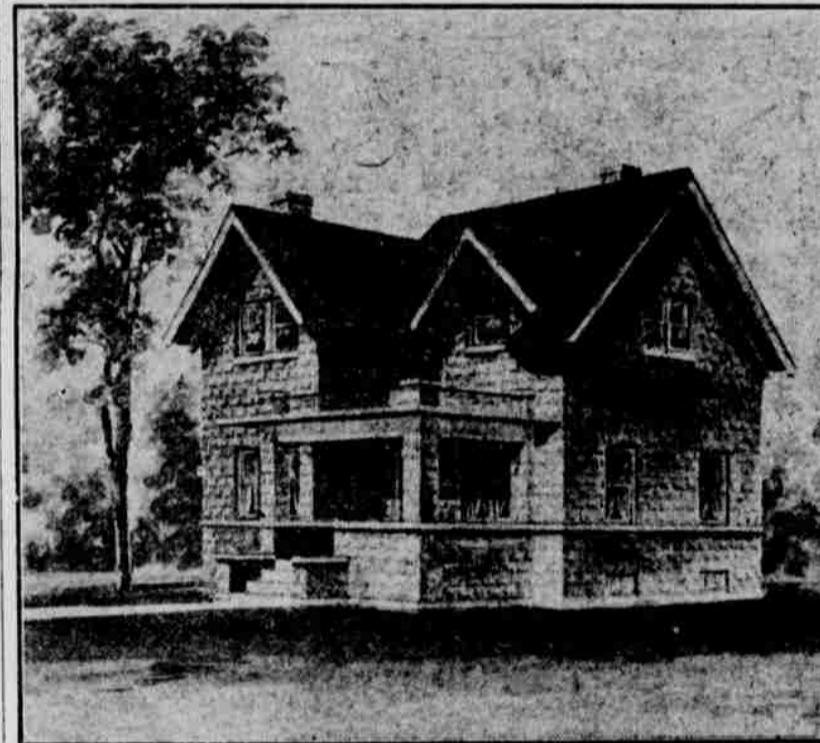
When everything works right it is a short job to lay up a cement block wall. The blocks are so large they build up rapidly. There has been a great change in the manner of building cement block houses since makers learned how to build machines as they should be built and workmen learned how to use them to turn out good blocks that were right in every respect.

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.

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.

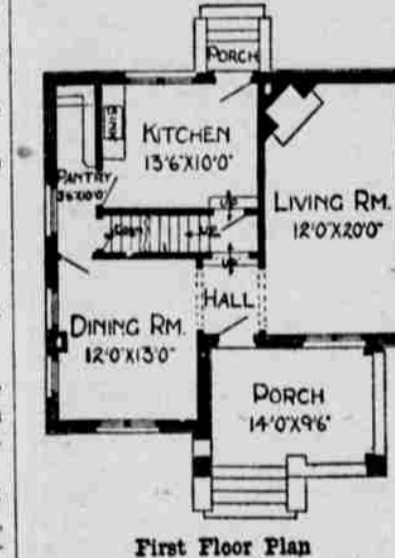


and they looked well even when the narrow contracted affairs were considered stylish. Common sense is a necessary quality in house building. The size of this house is 31 feet 4 inches in width by 28 feet 8 inches in length.



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.



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.

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.

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.

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Mr. Stintwaite—Tut, tut. It's that boy been loitering again. I assure you, when that joint left the shop it was the sweetest little leg of lamb you could set eyes on, and I gave him strict orders to deliver it at once because you wanted it young.

Shortcake. The strawberry shortcake, I love it, I love it! I prize it more dearly than tongue dare to tell! No sherbet or pudding or pie is above it; there's nothing in pastry I like half so well. Just give me a section as large as a platter, with freshly crushed berries spread over the lot, and I am contented and happy, no matter what ailment or trouble or sorrows I've got. Ho, bring on the shortcake, the strawberry shortcake, and always and ever I'm Jack-on-the-spot!—Los Angeles Express.

Where Trouble is Found. Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bjoness! He is always looking for trouble." Henpeckle—Then, why doesn't he get married?—Philadelphia Record.

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