

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 won £2,000 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 suitor. 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 snipped on a frigate. 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. All attended the trial.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

The evidence being all in, and the arguments made, a recess was taken. We were not the only ones who paid our respects immediately to Giles Vernon. Many persons went forward and shook his hand, while I think Sir Thomas did not receive a cordial greeting from a single man or woman in the hall, although he was known to every one present.

We got a hurried dinner at the tavern, and returned at once to the hall. It was about half past four in the winter afternoon, and the day being dark and lowering, candles were required. The lord justice's instructions to the jury were then read, and my heart sank, as in a dreadful monotone, he expounded the law to them. Alas! As long as the statute against the abduction of an heiress remained, Giles Vernon was guilty of a capital crime; and not one word uttered by any one of us who testified in his behalf did aught but prove the more strongly that he had carried Lady Arabella off against her will.

The jury retired, and, the day having been fatiguing, the lords justices determined to wait in their retiring room for an hour, where they could be called, if the jury promptly reached a verdict. This troubled me—this expectation of a quick decision.

The judges having retired and suspended the sitting of the court, we at once went over and sat with Giles, who maintained perfectly his manly composure. He laughed with Sir Peter over some of the events of the fight between the Ajax and her two enemies, complimented Lady Hawkshaw upon her triumph over the laws of the land relating to evidence, and said many kind things to Daphne.

While we were in the midst of a cheerful conversation, and not observant of what was going on in the other part of the hall, we suddenly heard the crier proclaiming the entrance of their lordships, and at the same moment Sir Thomas Vernon entered by another door. Hanging on his arm was Lady Arabella Stormont. And then the jury filed in with solemn faces, and what followed all seemed to me like some horrid dream.

Although several persons were moving about, there seemed to me a dreadful silence; and although the candles burned, and a great hobgoblin of a moon peered in at the windows, there seemed an awful darkness. And after a time, in which I was oppressed by this ghostly silence and darkness, I saw the senior lord justice put on a black cap and sentence Giles Vernon to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, that day fortnight.

My eyes roved aimlessly around, and fell at that moment on Lady Arabella Stormont. A faint smile flickered on her lovely mouth.

CHAPTER X.

In that hour of horror I became weaker and more helpless than the weakest and most helpless woman Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw were too stunned to think. I remember now, the look of despair on Sir Peter's countenance, where I had never before seen anything but sturdy courage—and it was an added terror. And the one who retained her senses, who suggested a forlorn hope, was Daphne—the youngest, the least experienced of us all.

"To London!" she said. "To the king, for pardon! I myself will go upon my knees to him. He shall—he shall pardon Giles!"

We were all huddled together, then, in our parlor at the inn, having just returned from the assize hall.

"Richard and I will go," said Sir Peter.

"And Daphne and I will stay and comfort Giles," spoke Lady Hawkshaw.

A week to London, and a week to return, was easy traveling—but how long, would it take us to reach the king? And what ministers would be in town? And what would be the earliest moment we could leave London? All these things were in our minds to torment us. Nevertheless, within half an hour we were on our way.

While we were demanding the best horses, and having them put to, an insolent groom came in the stable yard and asked for horses for Sir Thomas and Lady Arabella Stormont and Lady Arabella's companion, Mrs. Whitall, and two servants, for London. The head hostler replied roughly that they had no time to attend him then, as they were starting Sir Peter Hawkshaw and Mr. Glyn off for London, too, to beg Mr. Giles Vernon's life. The man, at this, grew saucy, and offered a handsome bonus for the horses which were then being put to for us. I caught him by the collar, and threw him out of the stable yard, where the hostlers drubbed him soundly, thank God!

One hurried kiss to Daphne, a brief farewell between Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, and we were off for London. Our race into Scotland was nothing to it.

The roads were much cut up, and although we traveled day and night, we were more than four days on the way. We reached London early in the day; and, without stopping for food, or to change our linen, we went to the admiralty. There we got the information that the first lord was visiting in the country, in Kent. Within the hour, I was on my way to Kent. When I reached the place, the first lord had left, not more than two hours before.

I had passed him on the road, without knowing him. I returned to London. Sir Peter had seen several members of the government, meanwhile, and had been privately informed that the king was suffering mentally; and although hopes were entertained that the spell would pass away, without the necessity of informing the country or parliament, still, access to him was refused to all by his physicians, except the members of his family and immediate household, and they were charged not to mention business to him; it would be impossible to approach him.

When Sir Peter told me this, I became so weak I was forced to sit down. After a few minutes of agony, a desperate resolve came to me. I rose, and said:

"I have a scheme—desperate, but not impossible. Go with me to the prince of Wales. He is at Carlton house, but goes back and forth to Windsor."

Sir Peter jumped at this poor chance, and we agreed to go immediately.

We had left York on a Friday, and had reached London on the Monday. Two days had been lost in the journey to Kent; and it was now late in the evening of Wednesday. We had, luckily, brought our uniforms along; and, dressing ourselves in them—Sir Peter with all his orders sewn on his coat—we called a hackney coach and drove to Carlton house.

When we got there it was about ten o'clock in the evening. The windows were brilliantly lighted up, and it was about the hour that the prince of Wales was known to be in his best humor—but the hour when he most hated to be disturbed.

We descended, and the sentries passed us through on account of our uniforms and Sir Peter's decorations on his breast. We reached the door and knocked. The porter opened the door gingerly, when Sir Peter, giving it a kick, walked in, followed by me. The man attempted to arrest our progress, but Sir Peter said to him, fiercely:

"Do you think you damned lucky, that you can be insolent to an admiral in his majesty's service?" The man apologized humbly and ushered us into a large reception room on the first floor, saying he would call the gentleman of the chambers.

We seated ourselves. Even in that time of agony, I noted the beauty of the room—indeed, my senses seemed preternaturally acute, and every incident of that dreadful time is deeply fixed in my mind. The ceiling was of gilt, while around the walls were paintings of Flora. A gilt chandelier diffused light through the apartment, and at one side was a pair of large folding doors.

After a long wait, a gentleman, Mr. Digby, appeared. He received us politely, but said it was impossible to disturb the prince then as he was just sitting down to piquet. Sir Peter remained silent; he was used to giving orders, and the words, "It is impossible to see his royal highness," were peculiarly disagreeable to him.

I then made my plea. I told Mr. Digby that the life of a gallant officer and gentleman was in jeopardy, and that we begged to see his royal highness in the hope that the king might be approached.

"That, too, is impossible," coldly replied Mr. Digby. "The king is far from well."

Just then some one on the other side of the folding doors opened one of them the least bit in the world, and then closed it—but not before we had seen streams of light pouring from it, a long table brilliant with plate and ornaments, and a company of about 20 gentlemen sitting around it, and at one end sat a personage whom we at once recognized as the prince of Wales.

Without a word Sir Peter arose, and, darting toward the door—for he was ever an agile man—threw it open, and walked into the presence of his royal highness.

"Sir," said he, marching up to the prince, "I am Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw, and I have boarded you, so to speak, sir, in order to save the life of one of the gallantest officers in the service of his majesty."

I had always heard that his royal highness was a gentleman, and I saw then such an exhibition of readiness and good taste as I never saw before, and never expect to see again. Every one at the table, except the prince, seemed astounded at the sudden entrance and startling address of a short, active little man in an admiral's uniform. But the prince offered Sir Peter his hand in the coolest manner in the world, saying:

"Most happy to meet you, Sir Peter. I recollect well that you carried the Indomptable by boarding very successfully. But how did you get past the watchdogs at the door, my dear sir?"

"By carrying sail hard, your royal highness," responded Sir Peter, "and seeing this door open, faith, said I, to myself, having risked my skin these 40 years for the king and his successors, sure, I can risk it once more by walking in on my prince, and here I am, sir, ready to state my case. That bloody popinjay, Digby (Digby was right behind him), wanted me to let you alone because you were about to go to piquet, but I think no prince of England would sacrifice a man's life to a game of piquet."

"Certainly not, Sir Peter," answered his royal highness, rising, "and now I have an hour entirely at your service."

"Sir," said Sir Peter, "I ask the honor of shaking hands with you, not as a royal prince, but as an honest man and good fellow."

I think the prince was ever susceptible to honest praise, for he was no fool, and he was undoubtedly pleased when Sir Peter wrung his hand. He then led the way into another room, and the door was closed.

The rest of the party behaved very civilly to me, and I accepted thankfully an invitation to have something to eat and drink. They were merciful to me, seeing my distress of mind, and did not plague me with questions, but resumed their conversation with one another.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAS THE OTHER'S SUCCESSOR.

Little Negro's Explanation Certainly Bore Aspect of Truth.

Irvin Cobb tells a story of a little, weary negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink.

As he was paying for it another negro came in, very large and very black. He looked at the little man and said: "Niggah, whar you git all dat money?"

"Bah-tendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply. "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of dat-ah stuff. 'Pears joute satisfyin' tuh me."

"Niggah," roared the big one, "whar you git dat money? I ast you. 'I de town bully, I is. I follow bullyin' foh a trade. Whar you git it?"

The little negro began stuffing the money back into his pockets. "Seems to me," he mused, "I ain't got 'nuff pockets to hold all mah wealth."

The big negro jumped at the little one. "Your hear what I said?" he demanded. "Ts the town bully, an' I wanter know whar you git all dat money?"

Quick as a flash, the little negro up-percut the big one, catching him on the point of the jaw and knocking him down. In a moment the big negro revived enough to look up from the floor and ask humbly: "Niggah, who is you, anyhow?"

"Why," replied the little one, blowing his knuckles, "Ts th' pusson you thought you wuz when you come in."—Saturday Evening Post.

Nature Inspires Earth's Pageantry Always Gratifying
By C. A. GRAHAM

W H L the dim, tired eyes have closed out the light forever, spring's green that fades into summer brown, and after flashing out in a transient gleam of gold and purple dies in white, will be the most beautiful and refreshing of things seen.

And the chief excellence of this delight is that it is accorded not only to those who have cultivated it during years of solitude and contemplation but to the greater number who, engaged in the world's endless strife and arduous pursuits, see but a casual and occasional interlude of rest in nature. He who woos pleasure in field and coppice and walks with her in purple moorland where blue sky is the only roof is slowest to discover any falling off in the beneficent sweetness of his mistress.

The devotee of wealth or fame, even after accomplishing his desire, is still a bondman. For renown does not come till the heart is withered in its search and the dear circle of those who would have shared it is narrowing to an end; while long ere the riches have been accumulated the joys to be bought with them pall upon a jaded mind.

But while our senses endure they will not cease to be gratified with the music and pageantry of earth. The fragrant goddess whose shrine is among the tall ferns and under the oak boughs answers like an echo to the tones of her lover. If he carry a weary and disappointed heart to her for solace the blowing wind will sing to him of buried hopes and the running water shall murmur a tale of sadness. It is only those who are happy themselves who can detect any gladness in the wild bird's carol, or be merry within hearing of the sea's lament.

Nevertheless, amid all this lamentation of things about to perish there grows up a feeling of content that is almost happiness, worthless and subdued, but pure and perfect. When the ear has grown weary not only of human intercourse but of old tunes and instruments and songs, it still will listen with content while the summer wind, traveling over field and sea, sighs out the faint, low melody it has sung to past generations, the melody it croons upon their graves and plays to their children.

The pleasure that resides in art is identical with that which dwells in nature. What the writer or painter does is to catch and fix for all time the vision or emotion or impression that yielded pain or pleasure to him. In a seeming paradox it may be said that he singles out and stays the pregnant moments; for the only material he can work upon is his own experience. The life he has lived, the beauty he has seen, the joy, pain, love, loss, regret, hope, triumph, sorrow, he has felt; the dreams and fancies that have come to him—these are what he may set forth in his chosen medium.

In an idle dream such as has come to many a poet as he rested or sauntered by familiar streams, faint winds of thought and fancy blow across the mind, nourishing ideas that the most consummate art is hardly able to convey with any fullness or adequacy. But it is something of the music of the lines, the sound of the words, the ring and rhythm of the syllables which create in the imagination of the reader an atmosphere akin to that of the writer.

Many Abuses of Unwritten Law
By PROF. GAROFALO
Noted Italian Jurist

The vogue of appeal to the "unwritten law" is one of the abuses of modern times. Nowadays any man who can claim to be of a highly sensitive temperament can appeal to this legal phantom with many chances in favor of his issuing successfully from any crime he may have committed. If he is an artist, he has especial chances of escaping conviction, since he can plead, as most artists do, that he comes within the category of supermen, and that ordinary laws are not applicable to him. Give the person claiming to be an artistic being or the possessor of the "artistic temperament" but a medium through which to bare his soul and expose his emotions to mankind, and the odds are in favor of his winning the sympathies of the unthinking multitude, who are disposed to accept him as an artistically irresponsible being and solely the victim of his emotions or emotionalism.

The old method of trying certain men and women for murders has practically departed. The actual circumstances of a given murder are not inquired into half so deeply as the "state of soul" of the murderer, and however "inartistic" they be as regards temperament, few are so stupid as not to fall back on excuses which have saved many from well-deserved retribution. Explanation of the psychic temperament which characterizes any particular delinquent amounts almost to justification of the deed committed, provided only your criminal be interesting enough—in the possession of great wealth or unusual intellect, for example. Should his personality be dull or his social standing be poor, interest in him fails altogether to come into play and then only does the rigor of the law assert itself mercilessly.

The English are, after all, a nation that is largely influenced by sentiment. I had always considered the Britons as a cold and callous lot, but during a late stay in King Edward's country I came to rather a different conclusion. The average Englishman looks on you with scorn if you attempt to enter into a conversation with him without having been formally introduced, but he is quick to respond to an appeal to his humane side.

While I was in London I saw this illustrated in a dozen instances. One case struck me forcibly. A man, 65 years of age, arrested under the vagrancy law, was sentenced to be flogged. The press gave the public information of the incident and forthwith it seemed to become for a time the momentous issue in Great Britain. Scores of letters were written and published in the daily papers, protesting against the whipping of so aged a man. It was even made the subject of parliamentary inquiry and the home secretary was interrogated about it in open session of the house of commons. For the time it superseded in the London mind the hobgoblin of German aerial invasion. Everybody was excited and so strong did the pressure become that the flogging was called off by the authorities. I do not think a similar case would have made half the stir in any other country.

Average Briton Is Full of Sentiment
By H. G. CHRISTIAN

THE OBJECT HE HAD IN VIEW
Farmer Had Not Much Expectation of Turkeys, But He Was Not Losing Anything.

A Rhode Island farmer set a bantam hen on 14 turkey eggs, and great was the scandal thereof throughout the neighborhood. Friends from far and near dropped in for to see and for to admire the freakish feat.

"Sa-ay, Silas," asked envious Hiram Huggers, "haow many turkeys d' yow cal'late ter git out them aigs?" "Oh, shucks!" Silas answered. "I ain't cal'latin' 't git many turkeys. I jist admire 't see that pesky little critter a-spreadin' herself."—Harper's Weekly.



WAS HE RIGHT.
Mrs. Rant—Do you think men are more clever than women?
Mr. Rant—Some men are.
Mrs. Rant—Who are they?
Mr. Rant—Single men.

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, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

The Real Friction.
Actor's Wife—Do you know, my dear, this massage treatment is dreadfully expensive.
Actor (tragically)—Ay, there's the rub!

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.
He never has a message who does not know how to listen.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

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