

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 gaming. 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 elopement. 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. Upon Arabella's testimony Giles was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Sir Peter visited the prince of Wales in effort to secure a pardon for Giles.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Presently the prince and Sir Peter appeared, and his royal highness said, with that charm of manner which seduced some men and many women: "Hark'ee, Sir Peter; I do not promise that the affair will be complete before Sunday night; I go to Windsor early in the morning, and two days is a brief time in which to arrange so important a matter. But if you will be at Windsor on Sunday morning, I pledge you my word as a gentleman the paper shall be ready, signed, sealed and delivered."

At that Sir Peter fairly broke down, and could only say: "God bless you, sir; God bless you!" and the prince, turning the old man's emotion off gently, smiled and said:

"Tis for the preservation of the gallantry of our sex, Sir Peter, that this young officer must not hang."

He warmly invited us to remain and finish up the wine, and then one of the gentlemen at the table, whether of design or not, mentioned the extraordinary reports which had just reached London concerning the trial at York, and I, encouraged thereto by a subtle look and a question of his royal highness, told the whole story, assisted by Sir Peter. It was listened to with the deepest interest.

Lady Arabella Stormont was known to every person there, and the prince remarked that he had danced with her at the last birthnight ball. Her infatuation for Overton was well known and freely commented on, and the strange measures that women will sometimes venture upon in the interest, as they think, of the man they love, was exemplified in her testifying against Giles Vernon. Sir Thomas Vernon's hatred of his heir was also well known—and as the web was unfolded to the prince he listened with an air of the profoundest thought, and his comment was significant:

"The king can pardon."

He had pity on us and did not press us to remain to cards, so we left Carlton house about an hour after entering it, and with hearts immeasurably lighter. Our first thought was to hasten back to our lodgings to send off our good news to Lady Hawkshaw and Daphne by the northern mail.

Sir Peter told me then that the prince had directed him to go to Windsor in the morning and remain, and that he himself would bring him back on the Sunday morning, if the counter signatures to his majesty's could not be had before. The prince was quite familiar with the procedure, and engaged to get the pardon from the king without difficulty.

Early next morning Sir Peter left me. It was agreed that I should proceed on the Sunday morning to the Bear and Churn, a tavern and posting station near London, on the northern road, to arrange in advance for the best cattle, in order that not a moment might be lost in returning to York. So after two miserable days alone in London, while Sir Peter was at Windsor, I was glad on Sunday morning to be on the northern road, preparing for our rapid return to York. The Bear and Churn was directly on the highway, and was well out of London, being surrounded by green fields and orchards. It was a beautiful morning, more like April than February. The greenness of the earth, the blueness of the

heavens, the quiet of the country, after the rattle and roar and dun skies of London, were balm to my soul.

I reached the inn by ten o'clock; and, having arranged for their best horses, and sent word two stations ahead, I sat down to pass the day as best I might. I wrote a long letter to Daphne, and then, it being about 12 o'clock, I went out for a walk.

There was a pretty pathway through a little grove toward a rolling field next the highway. I took this path, and presently came face to face, at a turn in the path, with Overton. He was singularly dressed for a man of his quality and profession.

He wore black clothes, with plain silver buckles at the knees, and black silk stockings and shoes. His hair, unpowdered, was tied with a black ribbon; but he wore no cravat or vestige of mourning. I had ever thought him the handsomest man in England; but in this garb, so different from the brilliant uniform or other exquisite dress in which I had heretofore seen him, he looked like an Apollo. He greeted me gravely, but not impolitely; and we walked along together. He had heard of my marriage, and felicitated me on it.

My heart was so full of Giles Vernon that I burst out with the story. It listened quite new to him; and he seemed to it with breathless attention, occasionally ejaculating his horror at the conduct of Sir Thomas Vernon and of Lady Arabella Stormont. It gave me a savage pleasure to tell him every dreadful particular concerning Arabella; and by the look of consciousness which came into his expressive face, and by the way in which he avoided my eye, I saw that he knew he was a factor in the case against his will. At last, quite transported by my rage against these two, I cried out:

"And it is for the purpose of securing the estate to you that Arabella Stormont thus swore away the life of Giles Vernon; but God will confound her and Sir Thomas Vernon yet!"

"Truly," said he, in a thrilling voice, "God will confound all the wicked. He will bring this horrid scheme to naught in every way; for know you, if Lady Arabella Stormont were to throw herself on her knees before me—"

He stopped, and colored violently; he had not meant to admit what the whole world knew—that Arabella Stormont had adored him for seven years past. He hurriedly changed the subject, saying:

"Perhaps you do not know that I am no longer in the army."

I said I did not.

"Although I have recovered the use of my limbs and look to be in health, I am not fit for service; and I was retired on half pay only a few days ago. My life is not likely to be long; but released as I am, by God's hand, from the profession of arms, I shall devote the remnant of my life to the service of the Lord God Almighty. His message came to me years ago, but I was deaf to it. I was in love with the world, and possessed by the flesh and the devil. I committed murders under the name of war. I dishonored my



"Will You Speak to Me?"

Maker by my dissipations. I spent in gambling and vice the money wrung from the poor that were bond-slaves to labor and poverty. I blasphemed, and yet I was not counted evil by the world."

I listened and wondered to myself, should this be true, where stood we all?

Overton's face had flushed, his eyes were full of rapture; he seemed to dwell in the glory of the Lord.

"But now I am free from the body of that death, and subject only to the yoke of the Nazarene—the Jesus who labored with his hands to show that work was honorable; the carpenter who called about him those as poor as himself, and preached to them the love of God and one's neighbor; who received the Magdalen as a sister and the leper as a brother."

I was silent. I had heard many sermons from deans and dignitaries—all well-fed men, and every man jack of them after promotion from the Whigs—and these sermons had left my heart as untouched as that of the wild Indian of North America. But this was different. After a while, Overton continued:

"As this Jesus called all manner of men to follow him—the greedy tax-gatherer, as well as Peter the poor fisherman, and John the gentle and studious youth—so he called me; and, like the taxgatherer, whose stony heart was melted by the voice of Jesus, I say with tears: 'My God! I follow Thee!'"

We had now approached the corner of the field, and involuntarily stopped. I said to him blunderingly:

"Shall you take orders?"

"No," he replied. "I do not aspire

to open my mouth as a teacher—I am not worthy; but a few of the humblest people about here—I have been in this place for some time—come to me on Sundays, in the forenoon, to ask me to speak to them. They are day laborers, hostlers—the kind of people I once fancied to be without souls. I speak to them, not as a preacher and teacher, but as a brother and a friend. It is now time for them to assemble."

I saw, sure enough, a number of poorly-dressed rustics coming toward the field. They came by twos and threes, the women mostly with children in arms, or hanging to their skirts. When all had arrived there were about 30 men and women. They seated themselves on the grass, and I along with them, and, in some mysterious way, I felt, for the first time in my life, that the plowman was my brother and the kitchen wench my sister.

When they were all seated, Overton took from his pocket a small Bible and read the Sermon on the Mount. The people listened reverently. He gave them a short discourse, suited to their understanding, and then read to them a simple hymn, which they sang with fervor.

I listened with a strange feeling, half pain, half pleasure, half satisfaction, half dissatisfaction. I wished for Daphne's sweet spirit to be near me. It came to my mind how like was this meeting of the poor and unlearned to those held by the Carpenter of Nazareth on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The hymn echoed sweetly over the green fields; it was a part of that great antiphon with which Nature replies to the harmonies of the Most High. The quiet scene, the woods, the fields, the kine in the pasture near by, all seemed one in this act of worship. But presently my soul was distracted by what I saw on the highway close by us. A handsome traveling chariot, followed by a plain post-chaise going Londonward, stopped. Out of the chariot stepped Lady Arabella Stormont, and, through an opening in the hedge, she entered the field. After a considerable interval, Mrs. Whitall followed her; and, after a still longer one, Sir Thomas Vernon.

Lady Arabella walked noiselessly over the grass, and, when she reached the edge of the group, stopped. Her eyes were full of laughing contempt at first, but, when Overton turned his glance full upon her, she suddenly assumed a look of seriousness, and folded her hands as if in silent prayer. Behind her, Mrs. Whitall's foolish face was all fear, while Sir Thomas Vernon grinned unpleasantly over her shoulder. Overton, without taking the slightest notice of them, at the conclusion of the hymn announced that he would make a prayer, and asked his hearers to join with him in a petition that the life might be spared of a certain young man, Giles Vernon, now under sentence of death in York jail. We all stood up, then, the men removing their hats. I held mine before my face to conceal my tears, while Overton made a brief but earnest prayer for Giles, and I could not refrain from crying: "Amen! Amen!" when he concluded.

The people then trooped off, and we, the gentlefolks, were left to gether.

Overton surveyed Lady Arabella and Sir Thomas with much contempt. Lady Arabella was the first to speak. She held up her head timidly, and said:

"Will you not speak to me?"

"No," replied Overton, sternly. "Giles Vernon's life may be spared; but upon you is blood-guiltiness."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN THE FIELD OF FRIENDSHIP.

There We Are in Contact with Some of the Finest Issues of Life.

The field of friendship is a wide one and all our neighbors, both near and far, should be candidates for admission there. The appearance of cold esteem, the passing salutation, empty of everything save chill formality, have larger possibilities behind them than we are wont to imagine. At any rate, to believe so, honestly and conscientiously, is an indication of an active faith, and is far wholesomer than the suspicions that do their utmost to master us. It is only through this belief that we shall bring ourselves in contact with some of the finest issues of life and come to understand the unities and harmonies of existence. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind the important fact that man is not our only friend and neighbor. Neither patience nor investigation is necessary to the discovery that all things about us are capable of inviting neighborliness and dispensing it to those who are wise enough to take advantage of the hospitality that is constantly proffered. The towering trees (though they do not seem to tower as high as they did when we were younger), the humble creeping vines, the delicate flowers that spring up in a night, casual and ravishing, the whole movement and rush of nature in her vigorous and insistent moods, belong to neighborliness in the most significant and satisfactory sense. It is something of a relief to discover that we need not depend entirely on man for companionship—though beyond all doubt the best of his kind are to be treasured in what ever relation or condition they are found.—The late Joel Chandler Harris.

Hopeful.

"I understand your wife has joined the suffragettes?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton; "and I'm glad of it."

"Then you approve of the suffragettes?"

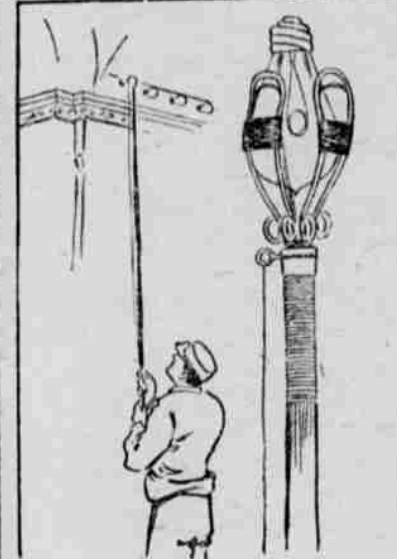
"No. One of these days they'll do something that Henrietta disapproves of, and then she'll give them the talking to that they deserve."—Washing-ton Star.

THE ELECTRICAL WORLD

TO REMOVE GLOBES EASILY.

Incandescent Lamps in Inaccessible Places Replaced Without Much Trouble.

Incandescent lamps are often located in almost inaccessible places, as in high ceilings, domes, etc. Obviously, when the lamps are burned out they must be replaced by new lamps. They also require cleaning at stated intervals. In both operations, it is necessary to employ some device by which they can be quickly removed from the sockets and replaced. A simple contrivance for accomplishing this has recently been patented by a New York man. As shown in the illustration it consists of wire jaws protected by rubber of like substance, which fit over the bulbs. The jaws are attached to a long pole, so that the operator can reach the lamp from a considerable distance. A flexible member holds the jaws to the pole, which



Lamps Easily Replaced.

can be pulled over by a cord. With this arrangement lamps at right angles to the pole can be unscrewed as readily as those directly above.

REGULATE CLOCK BY WAVES.

Timepieces of Great Cities to Be Set by Electrical Currents and Kept in Time.

To set the clocks of a big city by electrical waves and keep them uniform in time—is this the latest facility afforded to municipalities by a magician in the science of Marconis. The inventor is a Viennese and his name is Franz Morawetz. He has been experimenting for some years, but it is only within recent days that he has thoroughly perfected his invention. At first it was found that atmospheric upheavals and other disturbing factors rendered his process futile when at every moment in the day the receiving clock operated on by the transmitter was attuned to the action of the latter, the result being that high winds and great disturbances of the air upset the proper action and course of the electric waves. In the case of the present contrivance, the objective clock is isolated during fifty-nine seconds in each minute, in which time it is insensible to all emission of electrical currents. In the sixtieth second, however, the receiving apparatus, hitherto idle, is automatically brought into circuit with the transmitter. No two clicks travel at precisely the same speed, and since there must be a divergence from a given standard, the waves directed from the transmitter of the central clock—the standard time—proceed to adjust the objective time teller to the standard of "headquarters," or the exact sun time.

The Electro-Technical institute of Vienna has adopted this method of looking after the clocks of the Austrian capital. Indeed, the municipal council votes a yearly subvention of about \$1,000 for the upkeep of the "central post," which radiates waves to a distance of nearly a mile in all directions over the city. The inventor holds, however, that his process could keep the clocks of a whole province in order.

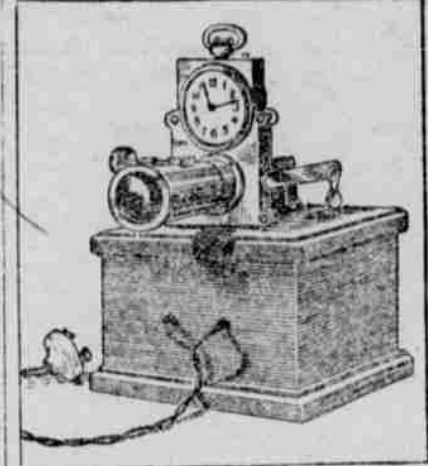
Home-Made Barometers.

There are many devices by means of which changes in the moistness of the air may be shown, some of them exceedingly easy to arrange. Perhaps the simplest form of all, known to every housewife in the coast towns, is the suspended piece of seaweed. Any kind answers the purpose admirably. A small bunch tied together and hung up on a wall shows the excessive humidity in the atmosphere, which often precedes rain, by becoming damp and flabby. A very ingenious contrivance is the old-fashioned "weather house," largely made in Switzerland. It is arranged in such a way that two figures act in response to the twisting of a piece of catgut. The material, supported by a wire, controls the movements of a little platform on either end of which is placed a model. Excessive moisture in the air causes the catgut to twist and turn the platform round, so that the man emerges from one of the doors in the front of the house. Reverse conditions of the atmosphere bring about the contraction of the catgut, thus bringing the figure of the woman into prominence at her particular door.

TIMEPIECE FOR EX-PRESIDENT

Unique Electrical Contrivance to Be Presented to Theodore Roosevelt on Return Home.

When Theodore Roosevelt returns from his African hunting trip he will find awaiting him a "shadow" clock, the second of its kind in existence. The gift will be received from its in-



Ingenious Clock for Ex-President.

ventor, an Australian, who wishes to pay his respects to the ex-president because of the visit of the world-girdling fleet to Australia.

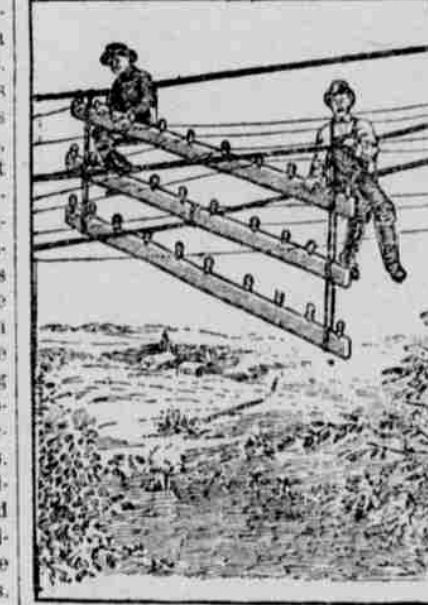
The clock is made with two dials, one for day use and one for night, says Popular Mechanics. The night dial is transparent, with lenses above it and a small electric lamp underneath. When the possessor of the clock retires for the night, he turns the night dial toward the ceiling. Attached to the side of his bed is an electric push-button, connected with the lamp by a flexible cord. By pressing this button at any time during the night, the lamp is turned on, and the outlines of the numerals on the dial are thrown against the ceiling. The shadow of the dial is four or five feet in diameter, making the numerals easy to read.

Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt will be placed on both dials, the front of the case will be decorated with crossed American and Australian flags, and the sides will bear reproductions of the Australian coat of arms.

WIRES STRUNG HIGH IN AIR.

Telephone Cables Suspended 700 Feet Across Valley to Avoid Flood Waters.

It is sometimes difficult to string wires to telephone poles in the valleys of some of the rivers of California because the water carries them away during the flood season, says Popular Mechanics. This illustration shows the plan adopted to suspend the wires across 700 feet of a river valley near



Suspended Across 700 Feet of Space.

Fresno. The ordinary telephone-pole crossbars are made fast to heavy cables, and these bars carry the wires, as under ordinary circumstances. Three sets of crossbars are attached to the suspension cables in the 700-foot space.

The Birth of a Whistle.

Compared with the guttural "cough" of the motor-car's warning signal, the whistle emitted by a railway engine is musical. Seventy-five years ago, however, this shrill note was unknown and a provincial contemporary reminds us that engine drivers of a former generation kept by their sides a tin horn, which they blew before negotiating curves and dangerous crossings. But the noise thus made was feeble. In 1833 an English farmer's cart was run down on the way to market and 1,000 eggs, 100 pounds of butter, two horses and a man were destroyed by the engine. The railway had to pay damages. The managing director sent for George Stephenson and said angrily, "Our drivers can't blow their horns loudly enough to clear the tracks ahead. You have made your steam do so much, why don't you make it blow a good loud horn for us?" Stephenson pondered. An idea came to him. He visited a musical instrument maker and had constructed a horn that gave a horrible screech when blown by steam. From this horn the locomotive whistle of to-day has been evolved.

The Longest Wire.

A "world's record" for long-distance telegraphy was established when the direct transmission of messages between London and India was begun. The extreme distance over which a message was flashed without interruption and repetition was about 7,000 miles. The line of wires that carried these messages was recently completed by the filling up of the gap between Tcheran and Karachi. The Wheatstone system of automatic transmission is used throughout the line.



Libby's Food Products

Libby's Vienna Sausage

Is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a meal-time necessity, to be served at frequent intervals.

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Write for free booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat". Insist on Libby's at your grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

HONORS WERE WITH FARMER

Mail Carrier Must Have Realized That He Picked Out Wrong Man to Have Fun With.

The new mail carrier on the rural free delivery route glanced at the name on the letter box by the roadside, stopped his horse, and spoke to the roughly attired farmer with the old slouch hat, who was resting his sun-browned arms on the gate and looking at him.

"I see," he said, "your name is Holmes."

"Yes."

"Beverly G.?"

"Yes, I'm the man that lives here."

"Any relation of Sherlock Holmes?" gravely asked the carrier.

"No, sir," answered the farmer, "but I'm detective enough to know that you're not a very good judge of human nature. You took me for an ignoramus because I've got my old working duds on. I'm Sherlock Holmes enough to look at a man's face and eyes before I size him up as a—Some mail for me? Thanks."—Youth's Companion.

OH, MY!



He—A woman is peculiar in one way.

She—What's that?

He—She won't tear up a love letter, even after she's forgotten who wrote it.

Either Way.

Mr. Wilkins had been sitting quietly on a nail keg, perusing a paper which he had found on the counter. The date of it he had not noticed. Finally he looked up with a puzzled expression.

"What's this wireless telegraph signal, this 'C. O. D.' they're talking about?" he asked.

"I guess it's 'C. Q. D.' ain't it?" suggested Holbrook, the grocer. "Any way, it's a signal of distress," he added, moodily.

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