

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By
MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

(Copyright, 1906, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

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 £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 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 prank. 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. 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. Arabella threw herself at the feet of Overton, whom she had loved for many years. He spurned her.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Arabella turned pale, and replied: "I was summoned as a witness. I was obliged to testify."

Overton said nothing. Then Sir Thomas, taking snuff with his usual grace, remarked:

"I listened with attention to one law-breaker praying for another law-breaker. Of course, you know, this meeting of yours is seditious—and many a man has been stood in the pillory for it."

"And one man," replied Overton, "Jesus Christ, was crucified for it."

He turned, and with me, took the path back to the tavern. I heard, as we went on, an altercation behind me, and involuntarily, after we had gone some distance, I looked back. Lady Arabella was struggling in the grasp of Sir Thomas Vernon, while Mrs. Whitall looked on, and wrung her hands. Sir Thomas, however, was no match for Arabella's young strength. She broke away from him, and, running after us, caught up, panting and breathless, with us, as we entered the little grove. And then I saw an almost exact representation of the scene when Giles Vernon had insanely aid with unmanly groveling and violence pleaded with Arabella for her love—so she pleaded with Philip Overton. She held him by the arms, when he would have thrown her off.

"Philip! Philip!" she cried. "I did it for you! I determined to make you rich, great, even if you refused my fortune. Sir Thomas can not live long. Surely, you can not reproach me, if all the world does. The stupid, stupid world thinks I did it under the influence of Sir Thomas Vernon; but no, it was my love for you, Philip Overton, that made me appear at the York asizes."

"Remember yourself," said Overton to her, sternly. "Others besides yourself see your degradation!"

"It is no degradation to love truly, to love as I do. Speak but one word to me, and I will become a Methodist like yourself. I, too, will go among the poor, and serve and love them; and I will even love God for your sake!"

The awful grotesqueness of this, the blasphemy of it, was altogether unknown to her. She continued wildly:

"Does not my soul need saving as much as those clods you have been praying with?"

"You blaspheme!" replied Overton, casting her off.

And, to make the resemblance between her own unwomanly conduct and the unmanly conduct of Giles Vernon the more singular, she recovered herself, as he had done, in a single moment of time. She laid her hand on Overton's arm, and looked keenly into his eyes. Her glance seemed to enchain him, and to set her free. She breathed a long sigh, and, turning, gazed about her, like a person awaking from a nightmare. Then, with perfect self-possession, she dropped a curtsy to us both, and said, in her natural, playful manner:

"Mr. Overton, I see I have been mistaken. I should have tried to cheat the law by not appearing when I was summoned; or, I should have testified falsely. And for my indiscreet conduct just now, let me tell you, for seven years I have been under a spell. It is now broken forever. Titania once

loved Bottom, the weaver; but not always. I bid you good day, Capt. Philip Overton, and you, Mr. Richard Glyn. And I trust Giles Vernon's life may be saved, if only to keep you, Capt. Overton, as poor as you deserve to be. For myself, I shall shortly marry—perhaps, Sir Thomas Vernon—then, neither of you will get the estates. Good morning!"

And she was gone, flying along the field, with a white mantle streaming after her, and her flight as rapid as the swallows in spring.

CHAPTER XI.

At 12 o'clock that night Sir Peter arrived at the tavern, and with the pardon.

The expectation of his coming, and the greater matter upon which we were engaged, prevented my mind from dwelling longer upon the strange scene I had witnessed between Overton and Lady Arabella. Overton did not speak her name to me, and showed much sympathy for us. When Sir Peter's chaise drove up to the door of the Bear and Churn, another chaise with four horses was waiting, and into it we huddled, bidding Overton a hurried farewell; and in another moment we were off for York, the horses doing their best.

Sir Peter then told me the circumstances of his visit to Windsor. The prince, who was always most powerful when the king was on the verge of madness, saw his father and found him comparatively rational. The story being broached to him, he appeared interested, and even grew more collected as his attention was chained. He recalled at once Sir Peter Hawkshaw and the capture of the Indomptable and Xantippe, and corrected the prince when he spoke of Sir Peter as vice-admiral of the White. It was a very easy matter to get his signature to the pardon, and the necessary seals and formalities took some little time but no trouble, and when Sir Peter presented himself at the castle on Sunday all was prepared for him.

We felt now comparatively safe. There was little doubt that we could reach York at least 24 hours in ad-

vice of the date set for the execution; our letters would precede us, giving positive assurances of hope; and we looked for no accidents, having a new and strong chaise.

After Sir Peter had told me his story, I told him mine about Lady Arabella and Overton. He was not much imbued with the kind of religion that Overton preached, although he swore roundly by church and state, and was always a great churchman when he was slightly in liquor, which did not happen often. He therefore condemned Overton's sermon, which I tried to repeat to him, as a damned, beastly low sort of religion, unfit for a gentleman to practice; but he admitted that Overton lacked neither brains nor courage. For Lady Arabella, though, he had the stern disapproval of an honest heart, and in his excitement swore both long and loud because of the short-sightedness of Providence in permitting such women to exist for the undoing of his majesty's officers of both services.

We made good progress that night and the next day, which was Monday, and began to have strong hopes of reaching York Wednesday night. But on Monday, in the afternoon, the weather suddenly changed, a violent snowstorm set in, and our postboys wilfully, I think, drove us ten miles out of the way, near a tavern where they hoped, no doubt, we would agree to stop until the storm should be over. But Sir Peter, putting one of his great horse-pistols to the postboy's head, forced him to turn back to the high-road. We lost three hours by this; and when we got to our next posting stage, our horses, engaged two days ahead, had been taken. We got others, after a frantic effort, but at the end of that day's journey we saw our margin of time diminished exactly one-half.

I shall not attempt to describe the fierce and gnawing impatience which consumed us, nor the awful and unspoken dread which began to overshadow us. Sir Peter was a man of stout heart, and had no more notion of giving up at this stage of the affair than he dreamed of surrendering when he saw the Indomptable to leeward and the Xantippe to leeward.

The weather, however, grew worse instead of better, and even four horses could scarcely drag us through the

mire made by the snow and rain. In spite of all we could do our progress diminished, although at no time did it seem hopeless, until—O, God! 20 miles from York, at midnight on the Thursday, Sir Peter himself suddenly gave out; the strain had proved too much for his brave heart and sturdy frame. It came as the horses were wallowing along the road in the darkness, and I, holding my watch in my hand, was glancing at it every ten minutes, by the feeble light of the traveling lamp. I spoke to Sir Peter as he lay back in the chaise wrapped in boat-cloak, and got no answer. He was unconscious. Without stopping the chaise I got some brandy, which I tried to pour down his throat, but could not. I grew much alarmed—it was not like Sir Peter to refuse good brandy, and as we were passing a farmstead, I stopped the chaise, knocked the people up, and had Sir Peter carried into the house. I met with kindness, and I repaid it with coin of the realm. Sir Peter soon revived, and his first words were:

"Push on, my lad. Don't wait to repair damages."

I found that his seizure was really trifling, and he assured me he would be able to resume the journey by daylight, the farmer agreeing to furnish him horses; so, in half an hour I had again taken the road.

And ten miles from York, the chaise broke down!

I had the horses taken out, and, mounting the best beast, made for York at the top of his speed, which was poor—the creature was already spent with traveling.

It was just daylight, and streaks of golden glory were lighting up the pallid dawn; I urged the poor beast onward. Seven miles he went, then he dropped dead, just as the sun was gilding the spires of York cathedral. Before me, along the road, jogged an itinerant tinker on a rather good-looking horse, the tools of a tinker's trade hanging from a moth-eaten saddle. I was young and strong—he was middle-aged and ill-fed and feeble. I ran up to him, holding five guineas in my hand.

"Lend me this horse to ride to York!" I cried.

The man, astonished at my abrupt address, stopped, but gave me no answer. I made my own answer, though, by dragging him off the beast, dashing the five guineas on the ground, and clattering off, throwing away the tools and kettles as I galloped along.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INHERENT LOVE OF THE SOIL.

Characteristic That is the Most Deeply Planted in Mortals.

The first man was a gardener, we are told. Certain it is that the first men were tillers of the soil, after they ceased to be wandering warriors. That is where we get our love of nature, declares a writer in the Kansas City Journal. That is why we build parks and have flowers clambering about our premises. That is why we are strangely at peace when we get out into the mountains and lose ourselves among the fragrant woods. That is why we loathe at times the smell of paint that is on civilization and long for the perfume of the life that is close to the green leaves and the wild flowers. That is why we are so happy when we camp out and why we are so reluctant to return. That is why our earliest recollections of the "old farm" are the sweetest and tenderest of our lives. That is why we crack a joke at the "simple life" and "back to nature" and all that—when somebody is around—and why we know, away down in our hearts, that the simple life is the life most worth living and that we cannot get close to anything sweeter or purer than nature. "Mother" Nature, whose sons and daughters we are, from whom we may wander far, but to whom we return as prodigals, finding the prodigal's welcome and the prodigal's peace.

Discussed Over the Prunes.

"Why is it, Miss Willing, that fat men always have the prettiest wives? I seldom see a jolly, fat man with an ugly, cross looking wife. By Jove, those fellows just go in and win the pretty women every time."

"Well, Mr. Hammerslee, I can account for that. You see, a husband should be a sort of bromide, should have a soothing effect. Fat men are placid, calm, jolly and good providers. They like the good things of life themselves, and they like to see their wives well dressed, and to sit down to a good table. No wonder women like them better than they do lean, dyspeptic, nervous, cranky men, who find fault, nag, and are stingy. Men like this want a lot of waiting on and attention, they are generally jealous and selfish. Fat men have a fuss, seem to understand that wives are as fond of being spoiled and of having good clothes and good dinners as other women are, and hence women naturally marry men of this temperament."

First Aid for British Army.

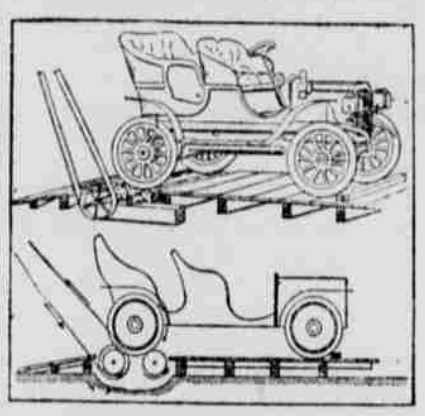
The British army is considering the adoption of the Utermohlen system of first aid surgical dressings, which have been in use in the Dutch army for several years. The packets are small and light. One dressing is so designed that a man can unpack and place the antiseptic pad upon his wounded arm by using the other hand only, the packet being unloosened by pulling certain strings with the teeth and shaking the dressing out of the containing paper. It consists of a square pad, to which are attached bandages, and these being pulled apart enable the dressing to be fixed by wrapping and to be tied with great celerity. The larger packets contain two similar dressings, which can be applied to the orifices of entry and exit of a bullet.

INDUSTRY AND MECHANICS

HANDY CONCRETE MIXER.

Apparatus Works Simply and is Invaluable for Use on Small Repair Jobs.

An invention of much interest to contractors, especially those who do a great deal of small work, is the portable concrete mixer designed by a Texan. This apparatus works very simply and is invaluable for use on small operations or repair work, where it would not pay to use one of the cumbersome and expensive power machines. The mixer consists of a large iron box at either end of which are wheels, which revolve upon an axle that runs through the box and on which the latter hangs loosely. Across the front of the receptacle is a sliding bar with a slot in the outer end adapted to receive a spoke of the wheel on that side. Inside the box are bars, which act as churns as the machine is being moved to and fro and mix the concrete or whatever plastic material is in the receptacle. The whole top of the box is a lid, which fastens by hasps. The



Mixes as Wheels Revolve.

machine can be easily operated by one man, who has only to shove it about to mix the material inside.

NOISELESS CLOCK IS MADE.

Timepiece, Which is Absolutely Silent, Will Run 1,000 Days Without Any Human Aid.

A clock, which is absolutely silent, so that not the slightest ticking is heard, that is guaranteed to go for 1,000 days without requiring the slightest human attention, and that will keep correct time in any position—even upside down—such is the Eureka electric clock recently invented by an Englishman, and which was submitted for the inspection of the king by Mr. Sigismund Kutnow, chairman of the Eureka Clock Company.

The simplicity and science of the mechanism of the invention are remarkable.

This clock is an entirely new departure. It is as unlike the old timepiece, with its weights, wheels and pendulums, as can possibly be imagined.

Its dial hands are moved by direct impulse from the electric current. Hitherto, attempts at making a self-winding clock have failed, owing to the complexity of the mechanism.

There is, however, practically no mechanism, in the ordinary sense of the word, in the Eureka clock; such works as it has run on ball bearings large enough for a bicycle, so that the friction is almost nil.

Drying Plaster.

The plastering in new houses is being dried by a new apparatus so effectively in three days that exception in favor of the method is being made by the authorities in places having in force the German law forbidding the use for residence of any house until it has been built six months. The apparatus employed is a coke stove, with a number of small tubes surrounding the fire-box, and with supply pipes leading dry air from outside to these tubes. As the fresh air rapidly passing through the tubes becomes heated, it rises and passes along the ceiling and walls. It absorbs and becomes saturated with moisture from the plastering, then sinks, enters the fire-box of the stove, and escapes with the coke gases into the chimney. The current of heated dry air not only carries off the dampness very rapidly, but furnishes an abundance of carbonic acid to harden the mortar. The effect is exactly the same as that of slow natural drying, and the rooms are made speedily habitable instead of being unsafe to live in for many weeks.

Copper is Precious Metal.

In this almost universal age of electricity copper has become one of the most indispensable of the metals. If civilization today were confronted with the ultimatum, "Give up your gold or give up your copper," probably the world's gold mines would be deserted in preference.

Last year the production of copper in the United States exceeded by far that of any other year in the history of the metal. The year's totals as compiled by the geological survey was 942,570,721 pounds. In this production Arizona territory led with 252,503,651 pounds, and Massachusetts with 222,503,651 pounds.

As against this production of the refined metal, the apparent consumption was 479,955,318 pounds. From returns made by the smelting and refining companies the stocks of refined copper on January 1, 1909, showed a decrease of 3,869,037 pounds over the stocks of January 1, 1908.

HELP FOR WASHING DISHES.

Kansas Designs Combined Dishpan and Drain That Will Save Time and Towels.

The humble but important operation of dish-washing has been greatly facilitated through the genius of a Kansas. This man has designed a combined dishpan and drain that will



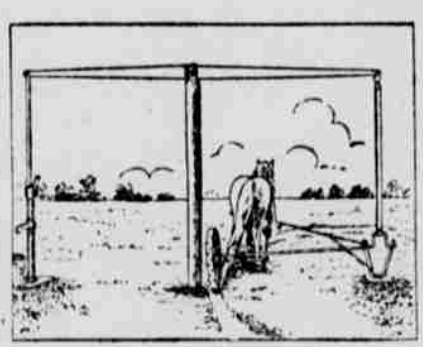
Water Flows Back Into Pan.

save both time and towels, as it permits the water to drip off the dishes before they are dried. The utensil is made for use only in its dual capacity. The dishpan is cut away to allow one end of the drain trough to enter it. This trough rests on legs which give it a downward slant toward the pan and in the bottom is a rack on which the dishes are stood. This rack is raised slightly, so that the water which drips from the china, glass, etc., runs back into the pan. In this way the dishes are rendered comparatively dry before the towel is applied to them, with the result that they can be completely dried much more speedily than when taken directly from the rinse water, and the towel does not become hopelessly saturated, as by the old-fashioned method.

WALKING-BEAM POWER PUMP.

Home-Made Contrivance for Supplying Water for Ranch by Horse Unaided.

The accompanying sketch shows a novel horse power pump which is used on a ranch in Oregon. This pump consists of a walking beam 20 to 25 feet long, which is connected at one end



Horse Pumps Water.

to the pump rod and at the other end to the shaft of an old mower wheel says Popular Mechanics. This shaft is lengthened out to about twelve feet and bent into the shape of a crank near the end opposite the wheel. The bearings for this crank are made from a piece of bar iron V-shaped with a flat bottom. This iron is bolted down loosely to a piece of timber fitted into the ground. The horse is hitched on near the wheel. The V-shaped bearing turns as the horse walks around in a circle and the crank makes a double stroke for every revolution of the mower wheel. Where a wheel is deep two mower wheels may be put together to add tractive weight. A horse soon learns to operate this pump without a driver.

Wireless and Safety at Sea.

"Of late, too, another and powerful safeguard has come into use," writes L. Frank Tooker in an account in Century of new and old devices for navigating in fog and darkness. "If one enters the wireless telegraphy room of a transatlantic steamer he will find on the wall a rectangular chart crossed and recrossed by many black lines. Across it also runs one broader line in red ink. On the margin of the chart are marked the days of the week. It is the wireless guide for the current month; the red line gives the course of the steamer, while the many black lines crossing it indicate to the operator at what hour of each day of his passage he will probably pick up the wireless messages of other ships crossing that month. The ship, one sees at a glance, is scarcely ever out of touch with other ships through which disaster may come; and with this knowledge of constant intercommunication the feeling of security justly grows."

A New Lifebelt.

Though numerous appliances have from time to time been contrived for the purpose of superseding the familiar type of lifebelt, the latter still retains its popularity. Yet it possesses well-known disadvantages. A new device has now been evolved by an inventor of Antwerp. The belt comprises two buoyant cushions, which are designed to fit upon the chest and upper part of the back respectively, connected by straps passing over the shoulders. The cushions are held firmly in the requisite position by a belt, which passes round the waist and fastens with a buckle. In this manner the wearer's head is kept well above water and there is no possibility of his equilibrium being upset.

AN EASY WAY.

How to Cure Kidney Troubles Easily and Quickly.

It is needless to suffer the tortures of an aching back, the misery of back-aches, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, or risk the danger of diabetes or Bright's disease. The cure is easy. Treat the cause—the kidneys—with Doan's Kidney Pills. H. Mayne, Market St., Paris, Tenn., says: "Weak kidneys made my back stiff and lame. The urine was cloudy and irregular and I had to get up many times at night. I lost energy, became weak and could not work. Doan's Kidney Pills removed all the trouble and restored my health and strength."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unkind. Author—Don't you think my latest article exhaustive? Editor—I certainly hope it has exhausted you sufficiently to prevent your writing anything more for some time.

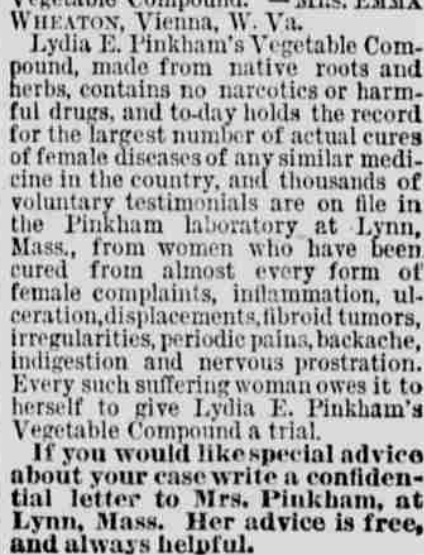
OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



Libby's Food Products

Libby's Cooked Corned Beef

There's a marked distinction between Libby's Cooked Corned Beef and even the best that's sold in bulk.

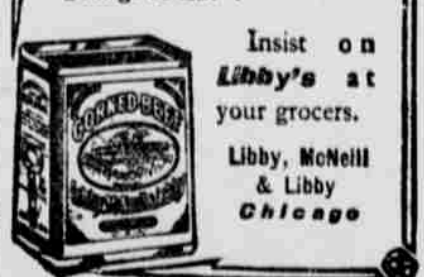
Evenly and mildly cured and scientifically cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen, all the natural flavor of the fresh, prime beef is retained. It is pure wholesome, delicious and ready to serve at meal time. Saves work and worry in summer.

Other Libby "Healthful" Meal-Time-Hints, all ready to serve, are:

- Poorless Dried Beef
- Vienna Sausage
- Veal Loaf
- Evaporated Milk
- Baked Beans
- Ochow Chow
- Mixed Pickles

"Purity goes hand in hand with Products of the Libby brand".

Write for free Booklet,—"How to make Good Things to Eat".



Insist on Libby's at your grocers. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago