

THE LOVES
of the
LADY
ARABELLA
By
MOELY, 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 Stomont, who spurned his attentions. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as midshipman on the Ajax by his uncle, Giles Vernon, regent 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 4200 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 poor but persistent. 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, 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 sue in praesentia 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 then betrailed at the feet of Overton, whom she had loved for many years. He spared her. Then she told her plot to have Giles executed so the Vernon estate would devolve upon Overton, whom she had planned to marry. Her wiles being discovered, she announced that she would probably marry Sir Thomas Vernon himself. Pardon from the king was secured with 21 hours' leave in which to save Giles. After great difficulties were overcome, Sir Peter and Richard reached the prison at the moment Giles was to be executed.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.
Already there were great crowds in the street, and as I made my way madly toward the jail, I was often impeded. I shrieked, I screamed at the people, and waved aloft my precious paper, shouting, "Pardon! Pardon!" The cry was taken up, and swelled in a great roar that came from a thousand friendly throats. As I galloped along on the tinker's horse, through the crowded streets, an awful unspeakable thing loomed up before me. It was the gibbet, and it was empty!

I felt the hot tears run down my cheeks at this sad and recollection of the God that Overton had preached to me caused me to utter an inarticulate thanksgiving! But if my tongue faltered, my heart did not.

At last I pushed my way through shouting crowds to the jail. The people parted, and I saw a black cart drawn by a white horse, and Giles Vernon, with pinioned hands, sitting in it by the side of the hangman. I noticed—as I did all the trifles of that dreadful time—that the jailer was ashy pale and Giles was fresh-colored. I flung myself off my horse, rushed toward the cart, holding the paper above my head. Oh, the roaring and the shouting! I thrust it in Giles' face; the hangman, in a second, cut the thong that bound the prisoner's hands. Giles took the pardon and kissed it, and then threw his arms around me and kissed me, and smiled and waved his hat in the air, while voices thundered, men shouting like demons, and women screaming and weeping. And the next thing I knew Daphne appeared, as if dropped down from heaven, and springing into the cart, clasped Giles and Lady Hawkshaw, a little slower but yet quick, descended from the coach, in which she and Daphne had come, and embraced all of us; and then the cheering seemed to rend the skies.

In a little while, the mood of the crowd changed. They began to clamor for the blood of Sir Thomas Vernon. He was known to be away from home but, as if by a preconcerted movement, a dash was made for Vernon court which was but five miles away. The military were called out, and the crowd stopped; but not without a collision and several persons were badly injured, which did not tend toward better feeling for Sir Thomas.

For ourselves, I remained with Giles until he was duly released by the officers of the law, while Daphne and Lady Hawkshaw set off to meet Sir Peter on the road. They met him five miles off, and brought him back to York in their coach. I shall never forget the scene when they drove up to the inn where Giles and I were already, the crowd, however, not allowing him to remain indoors at all. When the coach halted, the people, in their delight, picked Sir Peter up and carried him bodily upstairs to an open balcony and demanded a speech, followed by "Parliament! Parliament! Our next member!" and so on. Sir

Peter made a speech—the most wonderful I ever heard—standing with one hand on Giles' shoulder, and the other on mine, with Lady Hawkshaw and Daphne in the background.
He began by roundly damning Sir Thomas Vernon, "and a lady who shall be nameless." Nevertheless, in spite of some vagaries, the speech was full of sound sense, and he promised the people, if they gave him their suffrages for parliament he would do all in his power for the abolition of the barbarous law from which Giles Vernon had suffered so cruelly. He averred that it was impossible for a seaman, alone and unaided, to take care of himself on dry land, Jack ashore being a helpless creature at best, and but for Lady Hawkshaw he would probably have been hanged himself long ago. This allusion to Lady Hawkshaw, who fairly divided the honors with Giles, brought forth yells of delight from the crowd. Her ladyship appeared and bowed magnificently, and it was a regular triumph for us all, from beginning to end.

Next day, with Giles, we all started for London, the happiest coach load of people in the three kingdoms.

Two days after our arrival, we read the announcement of the marriage, at St. George's, Hanover Square, of Sir Thomas Vernon to Lady Arabella Stomont.

Sir Peter was delighted at this match, and so was Lady Hawkshaw, and for once they were agreed. The position of the newly-married couple in London was anything but a pleasant one; for Giles became the object of public sympathy, and of popular and royal approval. The prince of Wales sent for him, and our visit to Windsor, whether we all went to thank the king, was made a triumph for us. Sir Thomas and Lady Vernon were forbidden the court and Carlton house, and were frequently hissed in public. I saw them myself at Drury Lane, when they were hissed. Sir Thomas merely grinned, while Lady Arabella surveyed the scowling faces before her with a slow sweet smile, and calmly played with the diamonds in her stomacher.

We had a whole year of happiness. The dreadful experience Giles had been through began to tell on him, and he was permitted to remain quietly a year on shore. And I, because of Giles, was given a year with my bride



I saw Giles Vernon with Pinioned Hands.

before I had to leave her. And what a year of blessedness it was to all! We all lived with Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw in Berkeley Square, and those two honest souls took delight in us. Lady Hawkshaw became a heroine, and the worthy woman enjoyed it thoroughly. Overton came sometimes to see us. A persecution had been set on foot against him; and he was several times arrested and sentenced for unlawful assemblage. But persecution was not the way to prevail with Overton.

It was very well understood who incited these continued persecutions, and that did not help to increase the popularity of Sir Thomas and his beautiful wife. At last, a year to the month after the trial at York, the last indignity was offered to Overton. He was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail, and set in the pillory.

There was a general rally of his friends; and on the winter morning when this barbarous sentence was to be carried out, a number, including many persons of note, were assembled at the prison, when Sir Peter and I joined them.

We soon heard that the government would not permit the first part of the sentence to be carried out; but when Overton emerged from the prison he was unaware of this, and prepared for the worst. The holy calmness of his countenance and air brought even Sir Peter to admit that "the pious dog is a man, after all." When informed that he would not be whipped Overton only remarked:

"My Master was scourged. Why should I rebel?"
Arrived at the place of punishment, we found a great crowd assembled, of all sorts of persons, among them some of the highest quality. Overton saguited them, and with the utmost dignity submitted to the cruel and hateful punishment. He had, however, the undivided sympathy of the officers of the law, as well as of the crowd, and was treated with the utmost tenderness.

uncomplaining fortitude with which he submitted to an odious and miserable position, the remembrance of his past military services, showed him to be every inch a man. Many of his friends came in their coaches, and descending and going up to Overton, saluted him respectfully and expressed their sympathy, to which Overton gently returned thanks. At last a very splendid coach appeared. It was magnificently horsed with four thoroughbreds, and had outriders, besides two huge footmen with nosebags. It drew up in front of the pillory, and within it sat Lady Vernon, superbly dressed; and in her arms she held a very young infant in a great robe of lace and satin. Two nurses sat on the front seat; and Sir Thomas' saturnine countenance glared behind Lady Vernon's beautiful, triumphant face. The coach stopped; and Lady Vernon, holding the child up in her arms, directly in front of Overton's eyes, gave him a smile and a meaning look, as much as to say:

"Poor wretch! your inheritance is gone!"
The crowd, which was never in a good humor with the Vernons, began to hiss vigorously. This they appeared not to mind; but when hisses were followed by a shower of stones and sticks, the equipage rolled off at the top of its speed.

At 12 o'clock Overton was released, and at once he was exhorting the people to fear God and live truly to him. He was not interrupted by the constables who were present, and was listened to with solemn attention. He has preached ever since, and has never again been molested. And when a dear little girl came to my Daphne—I was then at sea, fighting the French—Overton was at the christening, and made a prayer over her infant head, which my Daphne believes will keep that dear child good and holy all her life.

Giles Vernon, now Capt. Vernon, in command of his majesty's ship *Acasta*, 44, is counted the smartest of the young captains in the British service. The women still love him; but Giles has grown a little shy of going too far with them, and avers he will die a bachelor. However, there appears to be an affair forward between my little Daphne, who is now four years and six months old, and Capt. Vernon, and I think something will come of it when she is of a marriageable age—and so thinks her mother, too.

(THE END.)

NURSES FOR PAMPERED DOGS.

New Occupation for Girls in London, and it Pays Well.

With the increasing craze for dogs of rare and valuable breeds as pets in England a new employment for girls has been created. They can become dog nurses.

It is no uncommon thing to see in the squares and parks a pretty girl in a neat uniform with two or three valuable little dogs on leash, giving them their daily airing. She is a dog nurse, and this is only one of her duties.

Besides the exercising of the pets the nurse must see to their food, which is no small matter. Special things are cooked and the dogs must be carefully watched while they eat to see that nothing goes wrong. Then the bath is a serious affair. Sometimes a silver bathtub is used and scented water.

The nurse must also look after the toilet of her charges. When they go out with their mistress she must see that they are in proper trim, with their little coats carefully brushed and cleaned and their jeweled collars bright and sparkling.

After they have retired at night her time is her own, and for the most part she considers her five dollars a week very easily earned, for she has her board and lodging provided as well as her uniform.

One of the great requisites for the new profession is that the applicant shall have an extinct sense of humor.

The Ancient Pear.

You find charred pears in the kitchen heaps of middle Europe, where the lake villages used to be, says a writer in *Outing*. These remnants date back of the apple, and, so far as we can discover, the pear was the very first one of this wonderful family to become of importance to human beings. In fact, it seems probable that an eatable pear, or possibly a cookable pear, was in possession of our ancestors a good while before there were eatable apples or even cherries, plums and possibly even strawberries. But the whole pear family was just as surely working up toward civilized and garden conditions as human beings themselves. Evolution has brought us along together, with pretty nearly equal step, and now it looks as if our future development was to be nearly as close as our past.

Pine Cakes.

The modern farmer touched various attractive cakes on the shelf. "This is an oak cake," he said. "That is a pine one. The row above are walnut. All these cakes are actually made of wood. They are a new cattle food—the invention of Prof. Heinrich Reh—that I have imported from Berlin.

"Reh points out that the animals like young shoots, roots of shrubs, bark—hence his saw-dust food, enriched with a mixture of potato peelings, cornhusk and the residue of the sugar beet after the extraction of the sugar.

"It is said that this food, the cheapest known, agrees with cattle. And why shouldn't it? It is rich in albumen, nitrogen and fats—much richer than straw. I propose to give it a fair trial. If it does all that is claimed for it, the price of milk ought to come down 50 per cent."

WILD RIVER TAMED

Diverted Through Mountain to Give Power and Irrigation.

Concrete Tunnel Six Miles Long is Completed After Four Years of Work at a Cost of About \$4,000,000.

Denver.—When President Taft touches a button in this city the roaring waters of the Gunnison river will be halted in their flight down an unexplored, immemorial canyon and will be turned by the cunning science of puny men straight into the heart of a 2,000-foot mountain. The wild river will plunge through six miles of concrete tunnel, the first part of its turning. It will emerge in the Uncompahgre valley only half conquered, still full of strength and mad defiance at the artificial bounds put upon its power. A series of "drops" will weaken it to the extent of 10,000 electrical horsepower. It will be free of the dark tunnel, but still confined within the banks of a 12-mile canal of greater size than the Erie canal. Racing down the canal, the humbled waters will be gradually diverted and spread out until they become tiny streams and trickling brooks, irrigating 150,000 acres of rich agricultural land. A giant of the Rockies will be subdued and will change its ages-long occupation of carving granite to providing moisture and bloom for a wilderness.

The Uncompahgre project, ranking third among the great reclamation enterprises of the government, is the first to approach completion. It is the most spectacular if not the greatest irrigation enterprise in the world. The estimated cost of construction is



Tunnel Through Which Gunnison River Will Hereafter Rush.

toward \$1,000,000. It was audacious to propose shooting a full grown river through a mountain. Enormous difficulties have been met and conquered in making that subterranean channel for the river since the beginning of the work, four years ago.

It was comparatively easy to work at the west side of the tunnel. The slope of the mountain towards the Uncompahgre valley is gentle, but on the Gunnison side it was necessary to build a wagon road leading into the frightful canyon, where the work at the east portal was started. This road is 14 miles long, and in some places rises 23 feet in every 100 feet. Down this road heavy machinery was hauled, and the materials for building a town of workers at the portal. Tremendous flows of water encountered in digging the tunnel added to the difficulties. The water going down grade with the slope of the tunnel had to be pumped out at the rate of 500,000 gallons a day. Subterranean lakes were tapped, and when the drills penetrated the water a stream 40 feet in length would shoot out through the hole, knocking the men away from the air drills, and even knocking the "muckers" off the tram cars. Hot water was encountered at times, raising the temperature of the tunnel to such an extent that the miners were compelled to work almost naked. At one time a heavy flow of carbon dioxide, or choke damp, caused the workers to run for their lives, many narrowly escaping asphyxiation. It was three weeks before it was possible to work again in the headings, and then a ventilating shaft 80 feet deep had to be sunk. A long stretch of fossil sea shells loose and crumbling, compelled the use of a special system of timbering, causing another vexatious delay and extra expense.

But the tribulations of the mountain borers are over. Only a few rods of shale and rock remain to be blasted by the tireless force of miners, working in three shifts, day and night. The 12 by 19 foot hole is faced with solid concrete, backed by giant timbers, which in turn rest against the solid rock. Through this waterway which will last for countless ages, will rush a body of water nine feet deep, with a carrying capacity of 1,300 cubic feet a second. The Great Spirit of the Rockies will mourn a vassal torn from his dominions, and everywhere people will enjoy peaches and muskmelons and potatoes grown in the arid soil of the Uncompahgre valley by the aid of the tamed and civilized Gunnison river.

At a rummage sale in connection with a Yarmouth (Eng.) church mission the silk hat of one of the workers was inadvertently sold for a penny.

Our mistakes of yesterday are responsible for our worries of to-day.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars are now smoking Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

When a woman gets really sick she begins to wonder if she will look good in a halo.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Life's Unequal Combat. You, a river, are contending with the ocean.—Latin.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Practical Device. "Why don't you mend that large hole in your umbrella?" "I keep it to put my hand through to see if it is still raining."—Megendorfer Blatter.

A Financial Epigram. "H. H. Rogers," said a New York broker, "always advised young men to get hold of capital. He used to point out to them that without capital a man could do nothing, nothing. He used to pack this truth into a very neat epigram.

"Fortune," he used to say, 'can't knock at the door of a man who has no house.'"

And Ma Fainted. "Why did she refuse you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn.

"Well," the boy replied between his sobs, "she objects to our family. She says pa's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Daisey Mayne because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." (Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at three o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.)—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

GAVE HER AN IDEA.



Cycle Dealer—Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate; not at all like some cyclometers, which register two miles, perhaps, where you have only ridden one.

Miss de Byke—You haven't any of that kind, have you?

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

Unselfishness in Life is the One Thing That Will Transform All Things to Gold.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold?

It is unselfishness—or, to use a better word, selflessness. He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his nights set with stars and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

And all his tears shall turn into smiles.—Brooklyn Eagle.

They Were Good Mothers.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton is quoted as saying that a woman's first duty is to develop all her powers and possibilities, that she may better guide and serve the next generation. Mrs. Stanton raised seven uncommonly healthy and handsome children, says an admirer of hers, and the children of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe testify to the virtues of the noted woman as a mother. The eagle may be as good a mother as the hen or the goose.

Self-Made. "I might say to you, young men, that I am a self-made man."

"In what respect?" asked an impatient youth.

"In this respect, if you must know," replied the orator: "I made myself popular with men who had a pull and thus obtained my present lofty position."

The greatest evils are from within us, and from ourselves also we must look for our greatest good.—Jeremy Taylor.

Ready Cooked.

The crisp, brown flakes of

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Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay.

They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers."

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Aid Fight Against Tuberculosis.

At the recent meeting of the National Association of Bill Posters, held in Atlanta, Ga., it was decided to donate to the campaign against tuberculosis \$1,200,000 worth of publicity. The bill posters in all parts of the United States and Canada will fill the vacant spaces on their 3,500 bill boards with large posters illustrating the ways to prevent and cure consumption. The Poster Printers' association has also granted \$200,000 worth of printing and paper for this work. This entire campaign of billboard publicity will be conducted under the direction of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in co-operation with the National Bill Posters' association.

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