SERIAL A STORY O THE LOVES

LADY **ARABELLA**

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who spurned his attentions. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as middhipman on the Ajax by his uncle. Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, became the boy's pal.

CHAPTER I .- Continued.

Now, the peculiar circumstances of my bringing-up had given me a ri-diculous haughtiness—for Betty Green had never ceased to implore me to re member my quality-so I replied to this off-hand speech in kind.

"A ship of the line," said I. "Damme, do you think I'd serve in a gun-brig?" He came up a little closer to me, looked at me attentively, and said:

"It's an infant Rodney, sure, Was Americus Vespucius your grandfather? And was not your grand-mother in love with Noah when he was oakum boy at the Portsmouth

I considered this very offensive, and drawing myself up, said:

"My grandfather was a baronet, and my grand-uncle is Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw, whose flagship, as you may know, is the Ajax, 74."

"I know him well," responded my new acquaintance. "We were drunk together this night week. He bears for arms Lot's wife after she was turned into a pillar of salt, with this device: 'I thirst.'

This was an allusion to the dry For I soon found that the young gentlemen in the cockpit were intimately acquainted with all of the antecedents, glorious or otherwise, of

their superior officers.

The lie in the early part of this sentence was patent to me, but so great was the power to charm of this squinting, wide-mouthed fellow, that I felt myself drawn to him irresistibly, and something in my countenance showed it, for he linked his arm through mine and began again:

"I know your great-aunt, too, Polly Hawkshaw. Dreadful old girl. I hear she can tack ship as well as the admiral; knows to a shilling what his mess bill is, and teaches him trigonometry when he is on leave."

This was, of course, a vilification,

and Lady Hawkshaw's name was not Polly, but Apollonia; but I blush to Fay I spoke not one word in defense of either her or her name. It occurred to me that my new friend was a perwho could give me much information about my outfit and uniforms, and I candidly stated my case to him.
"Come on," he cried. "There's a

of a haberdasher here lives off his majesty's officers, and I'll take you there and fit you out; for Sir Peter's the man to have his young officers smart. A friend of mine—poor fellow!—happened to be caught in mufti in the Ajax the other day, and Sir Peter had all hands turned up for an execution. My unhappy friend begged that he might be shot instead low tied the handkerchief over his eyes himself, forgave all his enemies, and asked his friends to pay his debts. Zounds, 'twas the most affecting scene I ever witnessed."

plainly perceived that my companion was talking to frighten me, and showed it by thrusting my tongue into my cheek, which caused him to burst out laughing. He presently grave, however, and assured me solemnly that a sea-officer had his choice of dressing handsomely, or being court-martialed and shot. "For," said he, "the one hundred and forty-fourth regulation of the service reads: 'All of his majesty's sea-officers are commanded to marry heiresses, and in these cases, the usual penalties for the abduction of heiresses are remitted.' Now, how can we abduct heiresses, or even get them to look at us without fine clothes? Women, my boy, are caught by the eye alone—and I know 'em, by Gad!"

This trifling speech remained in my memory, and the day came when I recalled the idle talk of us two laughing midshipmen as prophetic.

We went together to a shop, where under his direction and that of an tongued shopman, I ordered one of the handsomest outfits any midshipman could possibly have, including two dozen of silk stockings, as my new-found friend informed me that every man on board his majesty's ships, from the admiral down to the jack-o'-the-dust, always wore silk stockings, because in the event of being struck by a ball or a pike or a cutlass in action, the danger from in-flammation was much less with silk than with cotton or wool.

acknowledge. I was at a loss. cried out to my companion:

"Mr. Giles Vernon, I remember the last reefer you brought here bought near a boatload and paid with the foresail, as you gentlemen of the sea call it. I will not be done this time, I as-

At this, Giles Vernon promptly drew his sword, which did not disturb the shopman in the least, as I found out afterward; young gentlemen of Giles' age and rank, in Portsmouth, drew their swords whenever they could not draw their purses. But I was very unhappy, not on Giles' account, but on that of the poor shopman, whom I expected to see weltering in his blood. After a wordy war, Giles left the shop, taking me with him, and menacing the shopman, in case the purchases I had ordered did not come aboard the Ajax that night.

I thought it wise to suggest that I should now go aboard, as it was well on to three o'clock. Giles agreed with I had forgotten to ask him what ship he was attached to, but it sudoccurred to me that he, too, might be in the Ajax, and I asked him. Imagine my delight when he said yes.

"But if the admiral does not be-have himself better," he added, "and if the captain does not ask me to dinner oftener than he has been doing lately, I shall prefer charges against both of them. I have been assured by the lord in admiralty that any request of mine will be regarded as an order by them, and I shall request that Admiral Hawkshaw and Capt. Giulford be relieved of their commands."

By that time we had reached the water and there, stepping into a splendid, eight-oared barge, I saw Sir Peter Hawkshaw. He caught sight of us at the same moment, and the change in Giles Vernon's manner was what might have been expected. He was even more modest and deferential than I, as we advanced.

"Here you are!" pleasantly cried the dmiral to me. "You ran away so admiral fast t'other day, that I had no chance to give you any directions, and I scarcely expected you to turn up to-



Arabella.

However, I shall now take you day. to the ship. Mr. Vernon, I have room for you.'

"Thank you, sir," responded Giles very gratefully, "but I have a pressing engagement on shore—a matter of important business—" at which I saw the suspicion of a grin on the admiral's homely old face. He said little to me until we were in the great cabin of the Ajax. For myself, I can only say men did not so rave. that I was so awed by the beauty, the majesty, the splendor of one of the finest ships of the line in the world, that I was dumb with delight and amazement. Once in the cabin, the admiral asked me about my means and my outfit. I burst out with the whole story of what occurred in the haberdasher's shop, at which Sir Peter looked very solemn, and lectured me upon the recklessness of my conduct in ordering things with no money to of hanged, and Sir Peter, I'll admit, granted him the favor. The poor fellong for them, and followed it up with an offer to fit me out handsomely This I accepted with the utmost gratitude, and in a day or two I found myself established as one of his majesty's cently to visit his son, says the Kanmidshipmen in the cockpit Ajax, and I began to see life.

CHAPTER II

My introduction into the cockpit of the Ajax was pretty much that of every other reefer in his majesty's I was, of course, told that I showed the most brazen presumption quired. in daring to wish to enter the naval service; that I ought to be a choir boy at St. Paul's; that haymaking was my profession by nature, to say nothing of an exchange of black eyes and bloody noses with every midshipman of my size in the cockpit. Through all this Giles Vernon was my chief tormentor and best friend. He pro-claimed the fact of my drysalting ancestry, and when I impudently reminded him that I was the grandson of a baronet, he gave me one kick for the drysalter and two for the baronet. He showed me a battered old cocked hat hung up on a nail in the steerage country.

rapscallion?" he asked.

bad hat it was, too.

"That hat was once the property of that old pirate and burreneer, Sir Peter dress pays." Hawkshaw, vice-admiral of the White. It is named after him, and whenever his conduct displeases the junior officers on this ship-which it does-that hat, dear boy, is kicked and cursed as a proxy for your respected non was undoubtedly the smartest ofan with cotton or wool.

All went swimmingly, until it was walk between decks. He had innuthen as now."

time to pay for the things. Then, I merable good qualities, but the beggaracknowledge, I was at a loss. The 'y rirtue of prudence was not among shopman, suddenly changing his tone, great-uncle. Now understand: Your position in the cockpit is that of this hat. In fact, you will take the hat's place"—which I found to be true, and I was called to account every day for some part of the conduct of Admiral Hawkshaw, although I did not see him twice in the week.

Mr. Buxton, our first lieutenant, was a fine officer, and celebrated for licking midshipmen into shape; and if I learned my duty quickly he, rather than I, deserves the credit.

My experience of other ships convinces me that the juniors in the Ajax were clever fellows; but Giles Verthem. He had, however, another virtue in a high degree-a daring and invincible courage. That, and his smartness as an officer, made Mr. Buxton his friend, and caused many of his peccadilloes to be overlooked.

The fact that at 19 Giles Vernon was still only a midshipman made me think that he was without fortune or influence; but I was soon enlightened on the subject, though not by him. He was the distant cousin and heir of Sir Thomas Vernon of Vernon court, near York, and of Grosvenor square, Lon-This man was generally spoken of as the wicked Sir Thomas, and a mortal hatred subsisted between him and his heir. Giles had been caught trying to induce the money sharks to take his postobits; but as Sir Thomas was not yet 50 years of age, and it was quite possible that he should marry, the only result was to fan the flame of animosity between him and his heir, without Giles' getting a shilling. The next heir to Giles was another cousin. remote from both him and Sir Thomas one Capt. Philip Overton of the Guards, who was as much disliked by Sir Thomas as was Giles. Giles, who had been at sea since his twelfth year, knew little or nothing of Capt. Overton, although he swore many times in a month that he meant to the first woman who would take him, for the purpose of cutting off Overton's hopes; but it occurred to me, young as I was, that Giles was not the man to give up his liberty to the first woman who was willing to accept of it.

We were fitting for the Mediter-ranean, and the ship lay in the inner harbor at Portsmouth, waiting her turn to go in dry dock to be coppered. There was plenty for the seniors to do, but not much for the midshipmen at that particular time; and we had more runs on shore than usual. The rest of us were satisfied with Portsmouth, but Giles was always raving of London and the London playhouses

Knowing how long I had lived in London, he said to me one day: "Were you ever at Drury Late thea-

ter, my lad?" I said no, I had never been to the

playhouse; and I blushed as I said it, not desiring my messmates to know that I had been brought up by Betty Green, a corporal's widow.

"Then, child," he cried, whacking me on the back, "you have yet to live. Have you not seen Mistress Trenchard —the divine Sylvia—as Roxanc, as Lady Percy, as Violetta? Oh, what a galaxy of parts! Oh, the divine

He threw himself across the mess table at that, for we were in the cockpit at the time. I laughed, boylike, at his raptures, and he groaned loudly.

"Such a face and figure! Such a foot and ankle! Such a melting eye! Such a luscious voice!"

I own that this outburst did more to make me realize that Giles, after all, was but 19 than anything that

"And," he cried, wildly, "I can not see her before we sail. By heaven, I will see her! 'Tis 74 miles between me and her angel face. It can be done 7 hours and 20 minutes. I can get 24 hours' leave—but not a word of this, you haymaking son of a farmer." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"IT'S AN EXTRAVAGANT AGE.

Comments on Expensive Clothing by the City Man's Father.

A man from an old-fashioned Missouri town came to Kansas City reof the sas City Times. While on a street car one day a strong breeze removed the young man's straw hat. It landed in a pool of muddy water.

"Four dollars gone,' said the young man.

His father whistled. "Do you pay four dollars for a straw hat?" "Always have done it," was the an-

swer

"It's the extravagant age" mented the father. "I never paid more than a dollar for a straw hat in my only paid 50 cents for yours. Russell Sage once said that a man who gave more than that for a straw hat was a

"I know, father; but everything costs more now. We wear better hats, too. The price of a hat is not out of proportion to the cost of other things. pay 25 cents for my collar, one dollar for a tie, \$3.50 for a shirt, 50 cents for a pair of socks, five dollars for a pair "Do you see that hat, you young of shoes, \$40 for a suit of clothes and apscallion?" he asked.

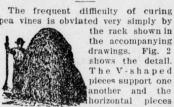
I replied that I did, and a shocking hat that brings my personal apparel up to about \$60 for a set. That's no more than any man who pretends to

> Father was silent for a long time.
> "Son," he said finally, "I remember when 50 cents was the value of your entire wardrobe. Your hickory hat cost a nickel, your shirt waist a quarter and your pants the some amount. You wore only the three garments in summer. And you were just as happy



RACK FOR CURING PEA VINES.

Gives Good Circulation of Air and Prevents Molding.



hold the vines off 1.—Hay on the ground so that Rack. air may circulate beneath and through center of the pile. Fig. 1 shows that the pile completely covers the rack. These racks may be made of any convenient the one shown herewith is about six feet high when in position



Fig. 2 .- Pea Vine Rack.

The hay may be piled a foot or more above the top of the rack, says the Orange Judd Farmer. Any light material may be used for this purpose and when the racks are not in use they may be stored under cover for another season.

UNDER DRAINAGE.

Wet, Cold Soil Is Thus Made Good Productive Land.

The low price of new land in some ocalities makes it perhaps impracticable to spend time and money putting In a drainage system. The time and money could perhaps be more profitably invested in buying and clearing more land. As a country becomes more thickly settled, railroads, tele-phones, good roads and many other improvements are made, and the farmer naturally gets a better market for his produce. Such conditions increase the price of property, and it is then that a farmer should consider how he can get larger returns from his acres. This is possible only where crop rotation is practiced. A good system of field fences and crop lines follow natural features, such as sloughs, pot holes, marshes, or low lands, thus leaving the fields in irregular shape and

Wet lands are always cold, thus delaying the planting season for weeks sometimes, says a writer in the Wisconsin Agriculturalist. And many a time, even after the crops have been planted, the excessive moisture prevents the field crops from extending their roots a couple of feet below the surface to increase the feeding area of the roots, and in case of a drought afterward, the root system is so dwarfed and stunted that it is incapable of supplying the plant with the necessary nourishment and mo'sture, often resulting in failure, to say nothing of the time spent and how hard the team was worked to get the land in planting shape. A greater variety of crops can also be grown on a well drained soil which can be worked early in spring and planted with the assurance of maturing a good crop. As I have spent more or less time the last couple of years putting in drains, will in a letter later on write of some of the mistakes made by many around here when they put their drains in, so that others may profit by their experi ence.

ALL ABOUT THE FARM.

How to get a long well. Dig it deep. I find that cowpeas are one of the most profitable crops to raise.—E. S. Everitt, Benton County, Arkansas.

If crops are injured by stagnant

water in a wet season in places there you should lay tile drains. Engine plowing saves time, labor and Time is saved because more money. acres can be plowed in a day than by

any other method. Co-operative marketing is a good thing if it is carried on with a vie cutting out as much of the middle men's profits as is possible, but when it comes to controlling the great mar

kets of the world it is sheer folly How about the fuel supply for the kitchen stove during the coming summer? Do not fail to provide the good lady of the house with an abundance of dry firewood. Now is the time to attend to this.

Incubator Vs. Hen.

"The best time in the world to set a hen," says Josh Billings, "is when she is broody." We might add that she is liable to change her mind if you at tempt to set her at any other time Get an incubator and you won't need to wait for the hen to get a desire to incubate. An incubator is always ready, and you can have a lot of chicks all hatched out on any day you choose if you figure right.

GRAVEL ROADS IN CONNECTICUT. Native of That State Thinks Gravel Beats the Macadam.

We have learned, here in Connecticut, that a good gravel will stand the strain that falls on a country road better than macadam, and is vastly easier kept in repair. I say this after an experience of many years in building gravel roads, declares R. S. Hinman, in Country Gentleman. Much de-pends on the manner of putting on gravel and the time. If the road is through the country, where teams do not drive side by side, a single-track road is best. If it be sandy, the later in the fall the work is done the better.

To properly put gravel on a sandy road, having found your gravel, which should contain, if possible, cobbles as large as goose eggs and a little loam, estimate the number of rods that can be covered in a day and dump the first load at the limit. With a garden rake or potato hook, rake all the large cobbles back on the sand, leaving as many as possible in the wheel track, and dump the next load so that it will cover the cobbles and lap a little on the preceding load. Continue in this way back to where the improvement is to begin. As each load is dumped the empty cart should be straight over the gravel, not turned around on it. The next day lay out another day's work, and the loaded carts will go over the new gravel and pack it pretty solid. When the heavy loads have thrown up a shoulder outside the wheel track, have this shoveled into the middle of the road. A new man will want to fill the wheel tracks, but insist that it go in the mid-

The road is now all right for use, but a little too rounding. A few weeks' travel when the frost is out will remedy that. The cobbles in the bottom make a binder, and not being mixed promiscuously in the gravel will stay put. If a little gravel is thrown with a shovel in the horse track in the middle of the road once in two or three years, you will have a good road for an indefinite period.

The late Chief Justice Torrance of

Connecticut rode a bicycle over roads that I built, and said that, while the road was all right, I had blundered in saying that it could be built for one dollar per rod, as people would not believe that a good road could be built for that price. I admit that in build-ing nearly a mile in that way at that cost I did not allow for my own time, as I only looked on enough to see that the work was properly done. That road has been traveled by all sorts of vehicles, heavy loads and autos, for seven or eight years without a dollar being laid out on it, and, aside from a little hollowing in the middle, is an excellent road. Some people, if they see new gravel on a road, will turn off it if they can, no matter how solid it is packed. The only way I know to stop that is to put some of the largest cobbles in little piles so that any one turning out of the track will bob over them. Only a very stupid driver will go over more than two or three piles before turning on to the gravel and, finding it all right, will stay on it. After two or three weeks these cobbles can be thrown into a cart and dumped where they will not be

The road for an eighth of a mile by my house I built in the manner described more than 20 years ago, and the town has not laid out any money on it since. The only trouble with it is that, being smooth and solid, automoblies go by at an unlawful rate of speed, and we have to keep the chickens and dogs off the highway to save

their lives.

The only time to cheaply do away with mudholes is when the mud is deepest in the spring. For this pur-pose I have used stones as large as a four-quart measure — anything that will sink out of sight when traveled over. When as many big stones as possible have been thrown it, use smaller ones until they show above the mud as evenly as may be. Put on three or four inches of gravel, and if any one tells you frost will throw out the big stones tell him you If any one cares to investigate I will lend him a pick and take him to a spot where I filled a mud hole in that way 20 or more years ago, and he will find the stones down where they bedded themselves in the mud.

Pure Bred Poultry Pays Best.

Pure bred poultry pays best any way you look at the question, whether on the egg laying side or for market. Considering the high price one can obtain now for winter eggs, and the comparatively small cost of chicken feed, poultry keeping is a profitable business. I keep the Brown Leghorns for laying purposes, and a heavier breed, like the White Wyandotte, for setting, as I do not use incubators, declares a writer in Orange Judd Farmer. The Wyandottes are good layers and market birds. There are several reasons why pure-bred fowls are superior to mongrels. They have beauty, are better egg producers sell better in the market, thus giving greater returns for the amount expended on their care and food. With small outlay any farmer can have a flock of fowls that cost no more pure-bred to raise than scrubs, and bring in twice as much profit, besides being a source of pleasure to their owner.

Good Feeds.

Wheat bran and middlings are as good, if not better, taking all things into consideration, than any other foods. Gluten, oil meal and many other foods are good for milk, but are de ficient in mineral matter, which the animals require. We are too apt to look for protein alone; but the cows should have mineral matter, too.

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each told me something different. I received no benefit from any of them, but seemed to suffer more. The last doctor said nothing would restore my health. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to see what it would do, and I am restored to my natural health."—Mrs. ETTA DONOVAN, Box 299, Willimantic, Conn.

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A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.

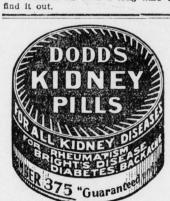
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