

SERIAL STORY

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 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.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"In a week, perhaps; possibly not for two weeks." And the surgeon departed.

As soon as he was out of the room, Giles sent for pen and paper, and with the most painful effort, guiding his right hand by his left, managed to indite the following epistle to Capt. Overton:

Phoenix Inn, Portsmouth, Friday.

"Dear Sir:

"This is to inform you that I met with a most unfortunate accident while coming down on the coach. My friend and messmate, the infant admiral which you saw with me, had read the story of Gehu in the Bible or Homer, I forget which, and aspired to drive four horses. Which he did, with the result that my right arm was rent out of place, and the rascally doctor who set it says I cannot use it for some days. This is most unfortunate, as it delays the pleasure we anticipated in our meeting. You will here from me as soon as I am recovered. The only thing which disturbs me is that if we both go to Davy Jones', twill please that old curmudgeon, Sir Thomas Vernon, bad luck to him. Believe me, sir,

"Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

"GILES VERNON."

"Mid. on H. M. S. Ajax."

Giles gave me this to read, and I pointed out several mistakes he had made in spelling, although the tone of the letter was gentlemanlike, as everything was that Giles did. With great vexation and some difficulty, he added a postscript.

"P. S.—Please excuse spelling as my arm is very painful. G. V."

At that moment a marine from the Ajax bounced, breathless and in great excitement, into the room.

"We are to sail with the tide, tonight, sir!" he said. "The admiral passed the messenger on the road; the jib is loose, and the blue peter flying"—and out he ran, to notify the other absentees.

Giles seized the paper, and added laboriously:

"P. S. No. 2. I am just informed that the Blue Peter is flying from the Ajax, and that, my dear sir, signifies that we are about to sail. Our meeting must be postponed, for god knows when we will eat fresh butter again. But you shall hear from me, G. V."

And that night we sailed with the tide.

CHAPTER III.

We were ordered to join Sir John Jervis' fleet in the Mediterranean without the loss of a day, and when the tide served at nine o'clock that night, Sir Peter Hawkshaw was ready for it. The officers, who knew Sir Peter's capacity for picking up his anchors at short notice, were generally prepared, and were but little surprised at the sudden departure of the ship. The men, however, are never prepared to go, and the ship was besieged, from the time she showed the blue peter until she set her topsails, by the usual crowd of bumboat women, sailors' wives, tavern-keepers, shop dealers, and all the people with whom Jack trades, and who are loath to part with him for reasons of love or money. Although all of the stores were on board, there were market supplies to get, and the midshipmen were in the boats constantly until the last boat was hoisted in, just as the music called the men to the capstan bars. It was a brilliant moonlight night, a good breeze was blowing, and the Ajax got under way with an unusual spread of sail. As we passed out the narrow entrance into the roads, the wind freshened and the great ship took her majestic way through the fleet, a mountain of canvas showing from rail to truck. The first few days I was overcome, as it were, with my new life and its duties. Two other midshipmen, junior to myself, had joined, so I was no longer the exclusive butt of the cockpit. We spent most of our spare time expressing the greatest longing for a meeting with the French, although for my own part, even while I was bragging the most, I felt a sickness at the heart when I imagined a round shot entering my vitals. Giles Vernon was still the dearest object of my admiration and affection—always excepting that divinely beautiful Lady Arabella. But this was rather the admiration of a glowworm for a star. I had no one else to love except Giles, and even a midshipman must love something.

I did not much trouble myself about

that meeting, so far in the future, between Giles and Overton. Youth has no future, as it has no past.

Naturally, I did not see much of my great-uncle, the admiral. He was a very strict disciplinarian, probably because he was used to discipline at home, and busied himself more with the conduct of the ship than the captain liked. The other midshipmen alleged that there was no love lost between Capt. Guilford and the admiral, and the captain had been heard to say that having an admiral on board was like having a mother-in-law in the house. Nevertheless, Sir Peter was a fine seaman, and the gunroom joke was that he knew how to command, from having learned how to obey under Lady Hawkshaw's iron rule.

One day the admiral's steward brought me a message. The admiral's compliments, and would I dine in the great cabin at five o'clock that day?

I was frightened out of a year's growth by the invitation, but of course I responded that I should be most happy. This, like my professed anxiety to meet the French, was a great lie. At five o'clock I presented myself, trembling in every limb. The first thing I noted in the cabin was a large portrait of Lady Hawkshaw as a young woman. She must have been very handsome.

Sir Peter gave me two fingers, and turning to the steward, said: "Soup!" Soup was brought. We were mostly out of fresh vegetables then, and it was pea soup, such as we had in the cockpit. Sir Peter grumbled a little at it, and it was soon removed, and a leg of pork brought on; a pig had been killed that day.

"Aha!" sniffed Sir Peter, delightedly. "This is fine. Nephew, you have no pig in the gunroom to-day."

Which was true; and Sir Peter helped me liberally, and proceeded to do the same by himself. The steward, however, said respectfully:

"Excuse me, Sir Peter, but in the interview I had the honor to have with Lady Hawkshaw before sailing, sir, she particularly desired me to request you not to eat pork, as it always disagreed with you."

"Wh-wh-what!" roared Sir Peter.

"I am only repeating Lady Hawkshaw's message, sir," humbly responded the man; but I thought I saw, under all his humility, a sly kind of defiance. Sir Peter had no fear of either round, grape, or double-headed shot, and was indifferent to musketry fire. Likewise, it was commonly said of him in the service that if he were ordered to attack hell itself, he would

stand on until his jib caught fire; but neither time nor distance weakened the authority over him of Lady Hawkshaw.

Sir Peter glared at the steward and then at the leg of pork, and suddenly jumping up, seized the dish and threw it, pork and all, out of the stern window. As I had secured my portion, I could view this with equanimity.

The next dish was sparberis. The steward said nothing, but Sir Peter let it pass with a groan. It seemed to me that everything appetizing in the dinner was passed by Sir Peter, in response to a peculiar kind of warning glance from the steward. This man, I heard afterward, had sailed with him many years, and was understood to be an emissary of Lady Hawkshaw's.

We had, besides the pea soup and roast pork, sparberis, potatoes, turnips, anchovy with sauce, and a custard. Sir Peter, however, dined off pea soup and potatoes; but I observed that he was his own master as far as the decanters were concerned, and it occurred to me that he had made a trade with the steward, by which he was allowed this indulgence, as I noticed the man turn his back every time Sir Peter filled his glass.

Dinner being over, the cloth removed, and the steward gone, Sir Peter appeared to be in a somewhat better humor. His first remark was:

"So you are fond of the play, sir?"

I replied that I had been but once.

"The time you went with Giles Vernon. If the coach had broken down between London and Portsmouth, we should have sailed without either one of you."

I did not mention that the coach had upset, but merely said that we thought there was no danger of any detention, and that Giles Vernon was in no way responsible for my going to London, as he knew nothing about it until we met the coach door.

I was revolving in my mind whether I could venture to ask of the weifare of the divine Arabella, and suddenly a direct inspiration came to me. I remarked—with blushes and tremors, I must admit:

"How very like Lady Arabella Stormont must Lady Hawkshaw have been

at her age! And Lady Arabella is a very beautiful young lady."

Sir Peter grinned like a rat-trap at this awkward compliment, and remarked:

"Yes, yes, Arabella is like my lady, except not half so handsome. Egad, when I married Lady Hawkshaw, I had to cut my way, literally with my sword, through the body-guard of gentlemen who wanted her. And as for her relations—well, she defied 'em, that's all."

I tried, with all the little art I possessed, to get some information concerning Arabella out of Sir Peter; but beyond telling me what I knew before—that she was his great-niece on the other side of the house and first cousin to Daphne, and that her father, now dead, was a scamp and a pauper, in spite of being an earl—he told me nothing. But even that seemed to show the great gulf between us. Would she, with her beauty and her title, condescend to a midshipman somewhat younger than herself, and penniless? I doubted it, though I was, in general, of a sanguine nature.

I found Sir Peter unbent as the decanters grew empty, although I would not for a moment imply that he was excessive in his drinking. Only, the mellow glow which pervades an English gentleman after a few glasses of good port enveloped him. He asked me if I was glad I had joined the service—to which I could say yes with great sincerity; impressed upon me my good fortune in getting in a ship of the line in the beginning, and gave me some admirable advice. I left him with a feeling that I had a friend in that excellent seaman, honest gentleman, and odd fish, Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw.

When I went below, I told my messmates all that had occurred, rather exaggerating Sir Peter's attentions to me, as midshipmen will. Then privately I confided to Giles Vernon. I told what little I had found out concerning the star of my soul, as I called Arabella, to which Giles responded by a long-drawn-out "Ph-ew!"

I implored him, if he knew any officer in the ship who would be likely to be acquainted with Lady Arabella, to pump him for me. This he promised; and the very next day, as I sat on a locker, studying my theorems, Giles came up.

"Dickey," said he, "Mr. Buxton knows the divine Arabella. She has a fortune of £30,000, and so has the dove-eyed little Daphne, all inherited from their granddad, a rich Bombay merchant. It seems that Lady Arabella's mother bought a coronet with her money, and it turned out a poor bargain. However, the earl did not live long enough to ruin his father-in-law; and little Daphne's parents, too, died young, so the old Bombay man left the girls his fortune, and made Sir Peter their guardian, and that means, of course, that Polly Hawkshaw is their guardian. Mr. Buxton says he would like to see the fortune-hunter who can rob Polly of those two damsels. For Polly says rank and lineage are not everything. She herself, you know, dates back to the Saxon Heptarchy, though she did marry the son of your drysaltng great-grandfather. And she wants those girls to marry men; and what Polly says on that score is to be respected, considering that she married into a drysaltng family to please herself, or to displease her relations, I don't know which. I should say, though, if you are honest and deserving, and mind your book, and get a good word from the chaplain, you will probably one day be the husband of little Daphne, but not of Lady Arabella; no man shall marry her while I live, that you may be sure of; but when I marry her, you may be side-boy at my wedding."

I thought this speech very cruel of Giles Vernon, and believed that he did not know what true love was, else he could not so trifle with my feelings, although there was an echo of earnestness in his intimation that he would kill any man who aspired to marry Lady Arabella.

We were three weeks in the Bay of Biscay, thrashing to windward under topgallant sails, and expecting daily and hourly to run across a Frenchman. We were hoping for it, because we found the Ajax to be a very weatherly ship and fast for her class; and both Capt. Guilford and Sir Peter, who had sailed in her before, knew exactly how to handle her. And we were to have our wish. For, one evening toward sunset, we sighted a French ship of the line off our beam; and by the time we had made her out, a light French frigate was coming down the wind, and in an hour we were at it hammer and tongs with both of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman, the Illogical.

Woman is not only barbarous—she is illogical and inconsistent as well, remarked a man of letters to a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. I was walking in the country one day with a young woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs. "You wicked little boy," said my companion, "are you going up there to rob that nest?" "I am," replied the boy. "How can you?" she exclaimed; "think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs." "Oh, she won't care," said the boy, "she's up there in your hat."

How to Fish.

On many occasions one might imagine the fish saying to the anglers: "Take me while I am in the humor; but they take no notice of it, and often attempt the feat when they are not. It is little use trying to catch fish either in the sea or fresh water when they are not in the humor to bite.—Fishing Gazette.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

TREADLE TO TOWN.

The New Cycle-Skate for the Road Is Now Very Much in Evidence.

With the present rage for roller-skating on rinks, it is not surprising that the skate for use on the road should



Roller Skating to Town.

be in evidence. It will be remembered that during the roller-skating boom of some 12 years or so ago a cycle-skate was put on the market. This differed, however, from the present form, inasmuch as progress was made by gliding in the fashion of the skater. The new skates are worked by treadles, much as treadle sewing machines and such like are operated.

AID TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

Projectoscope Throws Operations on Screen by Use of Lens—Moving Pictures Can Be Secured.

As a view of all the intricate details of a surgical operation can be obtained only from a position just above the field of operation itself, the provisions for demonstrating operations to medical students in a clinic are woefully inadequate. This position is occupied by the surgeon and his immediate assistants, and the student can see very little unless he be one of the few allowed to crowd about the table, where he is an inconvenience to those who are working.

To remedy this fault a projectoscope has been designed which will throw a view of the operation from directly above it, onto a plate-glass screen forming a partition between the operating room and the space reserved for seating the students. This is accomplished by employing a large lens and a surface mirror, which are fastened to a fixture about 4½ feet above the patient. Around the mirror is a glass shield five feet in diameter, the outer edge of which is studded with lights arranged to provide a uniform, brilliant illumination without any shadows.

As is shown in the illustration, the vertical light rays from the operating

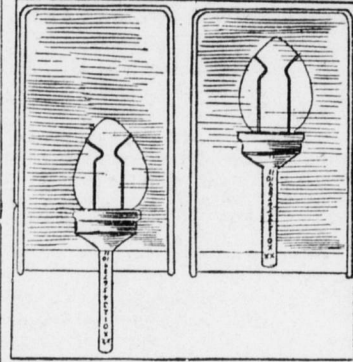
field are transmitted, without refraction, by a prism into an enlarging camera, which is horizontally suspended, and focused on the vertical screen.

Moving pictures of an operation can be secured by attaching a moving-picture machine to the apparatus. By this means an operation can be reproduced again and again for teaching purposes in medical colleges, or it can be thus reproduced in a physician's office, where he can study it at leisure, slowly familiarizing himself with every detail.

DEVICE FOR TESTING EGGS.

An Ingenious Invention Determines Whether Eggs Are Fresh or Stale.

A well-known test for eggs consists in placing the eggs in water, when the bad ones will float, but of the eggs that sink there is no way of determining which are the fresher ones and how much less stale one may be than another. A very ingenious device has recently been invented which enables one to note the slightest variations in the eggs. The device consists of an aluminum air chamber comprising a main body portion and a stem. The latter is graduated, while at the bottom of the body portion are two spring-wire loops shaped to engage and hold an egg. The device with the egg attached thereto is placed in water and will sink to a depth depending upon the specific gravity of the egg. The freshest and best eggs sink the stem down until the water is on a level with the XX mark. Even if the egg registers 0 it shows that the egg is quite fresh and still has sufficient food strength to hatch a live chick. Mark 4 registers the limit of fair eating. At 8 the egg is fit for cooking only, while 12 shows that decomposition has set in. Not only is the tester valuable in the kitchen, but to the chicken raisers as well, as it tells how



Egg Testing Device.

much nutriment there is in the egg for the support of life in the chick, and during incubation it shows the progress of evaporation in the incubator as compared to normal hygrometric conditions as found in the eggs under the hen.

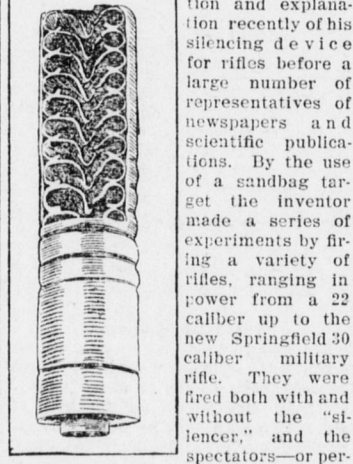
The inventor of this egg tester is Dr. E. C. Waldorf of Buffalo, N. Y.

Uniform Sparking Plug.

Standardization of sparking plugs for automobiles has been attempted by the American Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. The mechanical branch of this association for some time has been working on proposed standards for the dimensions. The form now agreed upon has a seven-eighths-inch diameter of thread, 18 pitch, a shouldered or flanged seat one and one-eighth inch in diameter, a minimum length below the shoulder of one-half inch, and a hexagon head seven-eighths inch across the flats.

MAXIM'S NOISELESS GUN

Patents having been obtained on it in 24 countries, Hiram Percy Maxim gave a demonstration and explanation recently of his silencing device for rifles before a large number of representatives of newspapers and scientific publications.

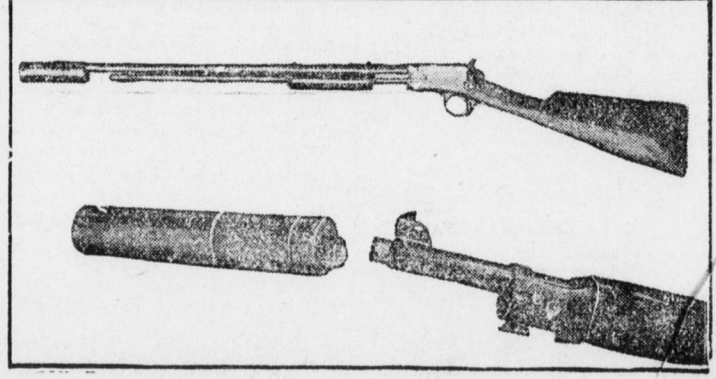


By the use of a sandbag target the inventor made a series of experiments by firing a variety of rifles, ranging in power from a 22 caliber up to the new Springfield 30 caliber military rifle. They were fired both with and without the "silencer," and the spectators—or perhaps it might be better to say auditors—marveled at the effect of the little device. It is said scientific tests show that 90 per cent. of the noise of explosion is eliminated.

The "silencer" is a metal tube about

seven inches long and an inch and a quarter in diameter, which can be fastened quickly to the end of a rifle barrel which has been provided with a thread for that purpose. Hitherto those who did not know Mr. Maxim's secret had an idea there was a valve in the "silencer" which stopped the rapid escape of the gases from the end of the barrel. It is these gases which cause the noise in firing.

The great advantages of the device, according to the promoters, lie in the fact that in warfare the commands of officers can be heard and the confusion of discharging guns will be eliminated. In hunting and target practice the elimination of the loud reports is of distinct advantage, and it is declared the device also lessens the recoil.



PRESCRIPTION FOR NERVOUS MEN AND WOMEN—TRY IT

The impairment of the nervous force in men and women is first manifested by extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, dread, worry and anxiety without reason, trembling of the hands and limbs, with the slightest exertion, heart palpitation, constipation, kidney trouble, and a general inability to act rationally at all times as others with health in their bodies do.

In a half pint bottle get three ounces of syrup sarsaparilla compound and add to this one ounce compound fluid balsam, and let stand two hours; then get one ounce compound essence cardiol, and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom); mix all together, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one at retiring.

WHY, OF COURSE.



"Oh, Willie! You're going to fall!" "Naw, I ain't! I'm tryin' a new fancy style of skatin'—dat's all."

Artificial Wants.

Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. "Silk and satin, scarlet and velvets," as Poor Richard says, "jut out the kitchen fire." These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says: "For one poor person, there are a hundred indigent."—Benjamin Franklin.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Fable, Perhaps.

When George Ade was coming from New Orleans last winter he noticed, among the race-track men on the train, one tan-shoed sheet writer with the largest feet he had ever seen. And he furthermore testifies and affirms that the sheet writer, on rising in the morning, discovered that the reporter had shined one shoe and a suit-case.—Success Magazine.

Just What She Wanted.

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store. "Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection. "Oh, ain't those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenir!"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Charles H. Pritchard* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Thought He Wanted Too Much. "This quarter doesn't sound right," said the smart clerk, ringing the coin on the counter.

"Huh!" growled the customer. "What do you want for a quarter, anyway? An opera solo with an orchestra accompaniment?"

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Itching, Aching, Hot, Swelling Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is the man who can't do things that is always telling others how to do them.

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

Stealing away from bad company is justifiable larceny.

