

OUR SERIAL THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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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 attacked by pretty Lady Arabella.

CHAPTER III.—Continued. The Frenchmen thought they had us. We heard afterward that a prize crew was already told off to take us into Corunna, but no man or boy on the Ajax dreamed of giving up the ship.

The Ajax was cleared for action in eleven minutes; and, with four ensigns flying, we headed for the ship of the line, which was waiting for us, with her topsails shivering. The Ajax had been lately coppered, and, with all sail to royals set, legged it at a lively gait, in spite of the heavy sea, which occasionally caused our lower-deck guns to roll their noses in the water. As we walloped toward the ship of the line, which was the Indomptable, the frigate, the Xantippe, was maneuvering for a position on our starboard quarter to rake us. Seeing this, the Ajax came up a little into the wind, which brought our broadside to bear directly on the Xantippe, and she hedged off a little.

The steadiness, coolness, and precision with which the ship was handled astonished my young mind. I knew very well that if we were defeated Sir Peter Hawkshaw would stand no show of leniency, for there was no doubt that, owing to our new copper, we could easily have out sailed the Frenchmen; but Sir Peter preferred to outfight them, even against desperate odds.

The officers and men had entire confidence in Sir Peter and in the ship, and went into action with the heartiest good-will imaginable. The people were amused by two powder monkeys coming to blows in the magazine passage over which one would be entitled to the larger share of prize-money. The gaiety of the men was contagious. Every man's face wore a grin; and when the word was given to take in the royals, and send down the yards, furl all staysails and the flying jib, they literally rushed into the rigging with an "Aye, aye, sir," that seemed to shake the deck.

The admiral, who had been on the bridge, left it and went below. Presently he came up. He was in his best uniform, with a gold-bitted sword, his order of the Bath on his breast, and he wore a cocked hat. As he passed me, Mr. Buxton, who was stepping along briskly, said:

"Pardon me, Sir Peter, but a French musket wants no better target than a cocked hat."

"Sir," replied Sir Peter, "I have always fought in a cocked hat and silk stockings; as becomes a gentleman; and I shall always fight in a cocked hat and silk stockings, damme!"

Mr. Buxton passed on, laughing. Now, I had taken the opportunity, after we had sighted the Frenchman, to run below and put on my newest uniform, with silk stockings, and to get out several cambric pocket handkerchiefs; and I had also scented myself liberally with some attar of rose, which I had bought in Portsmouth. Sir Peter, putting his fingers to his nose, sniffed the attar of rose, and, speedily identifying me, he surveyed me calmly all over, while I blushed and found myself unable to stand still under his searching gaze. When he spoke, however, it was in words of praise.

"Nephew, you have the right idea. It is a holiday when we meet the enemy, and officers should dress accordingly."

Mr. Buxton, who was standing near, sneaked off a little. He had on an old coat, such as I had never seen him wear, and had removed his stock and tied a red silk handkerchief around his neck. He certainly did not look quite the gentleman. The Indomptable, being then about half a mile distant, bore up and fired a shot to windward, which was an invitation to come on and take a licking or give one. The Ajax was not misled into the rashness of coming on, with the Xantippe hanging on her quarter, but luffing up suddenly—for she answered her helm beautifully—she brought the frigate directly under her guns; and had fetched the Indomptable as fast as she could trot. The Ajax opened a ball with one of her long twenty-

pointing the gun; and immediately after the whole broadside roared out. Had it struck the frigate full, it would have sent her to the bottom; but, by hauling quickly by the wind, she only received about half the discharge. That, however, was terrible. Her mizzenmast was cut off, and hung over her side in a mass of torn rigging; her mainmast was wounded; and it was plain that our broadside had killed and wounded many men, and had dismounted several guns. Her wheel, however, was uninjured, and in an inconceivably short time the wreck of the mast had been cut away; and wearing, with the wind in her favor, she got into a raking position on our port quarter, and gave us a broadside that raked us from stern to stem.

The savage which dwells in man had made me perfectly indifferent to the loss of life on the French ship; but when a man dropped dead at my side, I fell into a passion of rage, and, I must honestly admit, of fear. My station was amidships, and I recalled, with a dreadful stinking of the heart, that it was commonly known as the slaughter house, from the execution generally done there.

I looked down and saw the man's blood soaking into the sand, with which the deck was plentifully strewn, and I, Richard Glyn, longed to desert my station and run below. But as I turned, I caught sight of Giles Vernon, a little distance away from me. He was smiling and waving his hat, and he cried out:

"See, boys! the big 'un is coming to take her punishment! Huzza!"

The Indomptable had then approached to within a quarter of a mile, and as a heavy sea was kicked up by the wind, and all three of the ships were rolling extremely, she luffed up to deliver her broadside; and at that moment three thundering cheers broke from the 900 throats on the Ajax, and they were instantly answered by a



We Were So Near That Every Shot Told.

cheer as great from the Frenchman. Owing to the sharp roll, most of the French shot went a little too high, just above the heads of the marines, who were drawn up in the waist of the ship. My paroxysm of fear still held me, but when I saw these men, with the one proud word "Gibraltar" written on their hats, standing steadily, as if at parade, in the midst of the hurricane of fire, the men as cool as their officers, shame seized me for my cowardice; from that on, I gradually bantered my alarm. I here mention a strange thing; as long as I was a coward at heart, I was also a villain; for if one single shot could have sent the Frenchman's body to the sea and his soul to hell, I would have fired that shot. But when I was released from the nightmare of fear, a feeling of mercy stole into my soul. I began to feel for our brave enemy and to wish that we might capture him with as little loss as possible.

The cannonade now increased; but the wind, which is usually deadened, continued to rise, and both the heavy ships were almost rolling their yards-arms in the water. The Indomptable's fire was exceedingly steady, but not well directed, while, after ten minutes of a close fire, it was seen that we were fast shooting her spars out of her. The frigate, much disabled by the loss of her mast, had fallen off to leeward, and never got close enough again to be of any assistance to her consort.

The Ajax's people began to clamor to get alongside, and alongside we got. As we neared the Indomptable, occasionally yawing to prevent being raked, his metal began to tell, and we were much cut up aloft, besides having been hulled repeatedly; but we came on steadily. The man at the wheel had nearly all his clothes' torn off him by a splinter, but with the spirit of a true seaman, he stood at his post unflinchingly, never letting go of the spokes for one moment. When we were within a couple of pistol-shots, the Frenchman opened a smart musketry fire. Sir Peter had left the bridge for a moment and was crossing the deck, when a ball went through his hat, knocking it off and tearing it to pieces. He stooped down, picked it up, and then called out to a powder boy who was passing:

"Go to my cabin, and in the upper drawer of the locker to the left of my bed-place, you will see two cocked hats; bring me the newest one. Hanged if I'll not wear a decent hat, in spite of the Frenchman!"

deck battery, and our sails and rigging soon were so cut up that when we came foul, a few minutes later, we were jammed fast; but nobody on either ship wished it otherwise. The Frenchman's main-yard swung directly over our poop, and Capt. Guilford himself made it fast to our mizzen rigging. The Frenchman, however, was not yet beaten at the guns, and the firing was so heavy on both sides that a pall of smoke enveloped both ships. This was to our advantage, for the frigate, having got some sail on the stump of her mizzenmast, now approached; but the wind drifted the smoke so between her and the two fighting ships, that she could not in the dim twilight plainly discern friend from foe, especially as both were painted black, and we swung together with the sea and wind. When the smoke drifted off, the gallant but unfortunate Xantippe found herself directly under our broadside. We gave her one round from our main battery, and she troubled us no more.

Of my own feelings, I can only say that I welcomed the return of my courage so rapturously, I felt capable of heroic things. Occasionally I recognized Sir Peter as he flitted past; he seemed everywhere at once, and I perceived that although Capt. Guilford was technically fighting the ship, Sir Peter was by no means an idle spectator. My gun was on the engaged side all the time, and several of the guns on that side became disabled, and officers were wounded or killed; it brought Giles Vernon quite close to me. Through the smoke and the fast-falling darkness, lighted only by the red flash of the guns and the glare of the battle lanterns, I could see his face. He never lost his smile, and his ringing voice always led the cheering.

Presently the Frenchman's fire slackened, and then a dull, rumbling sound was heard in the depths of the Indomptable, followed by a roar and streams of light from the forehatch. The forward magazine had exploded, and it seemed in the awful crash and blaze as if all the masts and spars went skyward, with the rags of the sails; and a solemn hush and silence followed the explosion.

In another instant I heard Sir Peter's sharp voice shouting:

"Call all hands to board! Boatswain, cheer the men up with the pipe!"

And then the clear notes of the boatswain's pipe floated out into the darkness, and with a yell the men gathered at the bulwarks. On the French ship they appeared to be dazed by the explosion, and we could see only a few officers running about and trying to collect the men.

In another instant I saw Mr. Buxton leap upon the hammock-netting, and about to spring, when a figure behind him seized him by the coat-tails, and, dragging him backward, he measured his length on the deck. The figure was Giles Vernon.

"After me," he cried to the first lieutenant; and the next moment he made his spring, and landed, the first man on the Indomptable's deck. As soon as the ship was given up, we hauled up our courses and ran off a little, rove new braces, and made ready to capture the frigate, which, although badly cut up, showed no disposition to surrender, and stood gallantly by her consort. In half an hour we were ready to go into action again, if necessary, with another ship of the line.

We got within range—the sea had gone down much—and giving the Xantippe our broadside, brought down the tricolor which the Frenchman had nailed to the stump of the mizzenmast. She proved to have on board near a million sterling, which, with the Indomptable, was the richest prize taken in four years preceding.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RABBITS ARE HARD FIGHTERS.

The Charge of Cowardice a Slander—Defeat of a Ferret.

Tell a man that he hasn't the pluck of a rabbit and if he doesn't disprove it by hitting you he is certain at any rate to be extremely annoyed.

Yet the taunt is a libel on the rabbit. A doe rabbit will fight like fury in defense of her young. She will charge like a battering ram and use those long sharp incisors of hers to capital purpose.

An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by weasel, stoat or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house near Chestnut a ferret of long experience was matched with an old lop-eared buck, the property of the landlord.

The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master ferret could reach him, and leaping clear over the ferret's head let out with those powerful hind legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wainscot. Twice the ferret returned to the attack and twice he missed his grip and went hurtling through the air.

The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round. — Pearson's Weekly

FARM AND GARDEN

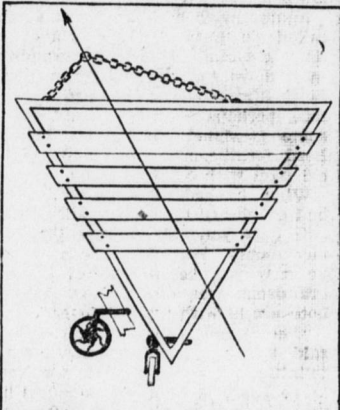
PLAN FOR GOOD ROAD DRAG.

An Efficient Home-Made Road Grader That One Man Can Easily Manage.

A plan is given below for a cheap and efficient home-made road grader, or drag, that one man can manage and one team can pull. It is as efficient in putting the dirt, clay and gumbo roads in good shape as the larger grader and it is much more convenient as you do not have to wait for three or four of your neighbors to help you, but can go on with your team when the roads get rough or rutted up and in a little while can have them in tip-top shape.

With one dragging after each rain we kept three-fourths of a mile of dirt road in the best of condition all summer and we hardly missed the time it took, either.

The front, or cutting part of the drag, is made from an old mowing machine cutting bar. This bar is bolted on the front side of the drag so as to extend one-half inch lower than frame to cut the dirt and slide it toward the middle of the road. The dirt slides off the end fastened with longer chain, which end should run in the center of the road. The driver rides on the frame. If it is desired to



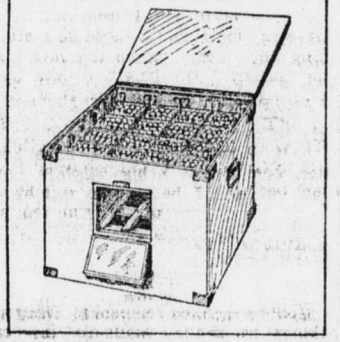
Home-Made Drag.

cut more, stand over the bar and if it is cutting too deeply, stand nearer the wheel at the rear of frame. This wheel carries the rear end of frame and throws all the weight on the cutting bar. It reduces the friction to a minimum and enables better work. The frame of the drag is made of two by eight inch hard wood pieces, five feet in length.

SHIPPING BOX FOR FRUIT.

Refrigerator Shipping Box Invented to Prevent Berries from Spoiling While in Transit.

A large fruit grower in the state of Washington who experienced heavy loss from berries spoiling in shipment has invented a refrigerator shipping case. The case is built to contain 51 quart boxes placed on trays in airtight



Box for Berries.

compartments, and in a compartment above the berries is room for a 25-pound cake of ice, making a total weight of 67 pounds. The crates must be fed every 24 hours. This is done by the railroad company. Under these conditions Washington berries have reached Chicago in salable condition.

Harmonize Shrub and Garden.

Shrubs as a rule are intended as a frame for the yard or garden. They are planted around the borders of the lawn, or used to screen the foundations of the house or to fill in corners.

The shrubbery frame for the yard or garden should be formed on the same principle as a picture frame, the border of a rug, etc. It should harmonize with the picture it incloses, and each shrub in the border should harmonize with its companions. Too often no attention is paid to this kind of harmony and the shrubbery border becomes a thing of shreds and patches made up of showy bushes, perhaps beautiful plants in themselves, but arranged without regard to the effect of the shape, color and general appearance of one upon the whole.

In choosing shrubs to grow side by side, consider the foliage and flowers as carefully as you consider the size and shape of the bush. Do not put large masses of light-green foliage next to masses of dark, or you will have a patchy effect. By care in selection as regards flowering season, you may be sure of having one or more plants in the border in blossom at all time—

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them.

Mrs. W. G. Davis, of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Back-aches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong, and my general health is better."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOING THE PACE.



Tortoise—What, have you started a motor car? Snail—Yes, one must move with the times, you know.

Too Literal.

"Well, yes," said Old Uncle Lazenberry, who was intimately acquainted with most of the happenstances of the village. "Almira Stang has broken off her engagement with Charles Henry 'Footwiler.' They'd be goin' together for about eight years, durin' which time she had been inculcatin' into him, as you might call it, the beauties of economy; but when she discovered, just lately, that he had learnt his lesson so well that he had saved up 217 pairs of socks for her to darn immediately after the wedding, she 'learned to conclude that he had taken her advice a little too literally, and broke off the match.'"—Puck.

Usually They Are.

"Professor, what is the meaning of the word 'monologue'?"

"My dear sir, consider the derivation of it. 'Mono' is slang for 'money,' and 'logos' means 'a word.' Monologue, words for money."

Grief That Kills.

"My poor boy," said the beneficent old clergyman, who had encountered a young man sobbing in the streets, "what ails you? Some case of dire distress has touched your heart-strings, no doubt."

"No," sniffed the lad, "you're clear off your base, old kazzodicks. Me an' Snippy an' de rest of de fellies tin-canned the mangy, old yellow cur up at Schwarz' grocery, and while old Schwarz an' de gang followed the dog, I sneaked back to the grocery to swipe dried apples. De Fido chased into Schmitt's orchard and de gang cribbed de sweetest peaches you ever seen, an' then dey smoked grape-vine cigarettes and set the barn a-fire. I made a sashay into de apple barrel at de grocery, an' de delivery boy pasted me with a bed-slat and it hurts yet, and I didn't get to see de fire, and didn't get nothin' to eat, and I wish I wuz dead—dog-gone it all!"—The Bohemian Magazine.

BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA.

Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran—\$50 Spent on Useless Treatments—Disease Seemed Incurable.

Cured by Cuticura for \$1.50.

"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half's worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. Comer, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908."

Woman is considered the weaker vessel—and there is an old maxim to the effect that the weaker the vessel the thicker the paint.

Let Me Tell You Something

A woman who is sick and suffering, and won't at least try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is to blame for her own wretched condition.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

Read what these women say:

Camden, N. J.—"It is with pleasure that I send my testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, hoping it may induce other suffering women to avail themselves of the benefit of this valuable remedy. 'I suffered from pains in my back and side, sick headaches, no appetite, was tired and nervous all the time, and so weak, I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman—and this valuable medicine shall always have my praise.'"—Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 902 Lincoln Ave., Camden, N. J.

Eric, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles, and at last was almost helpless. I tried three doctors but they did me no good. My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me well and strong. I hope all suffering women will just give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, for it is worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. 7, Eric, Pa.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering from the same trouble.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice—it is free and always helpful!



For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever. Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exp. and." Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the blood and glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Hogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling livestock remedy. Cures the Grippe among human beings and is a fine kidney remedy. See and fit a bottle. Brand size a bottle. Put this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Cause and Cures." Special agents wanted. Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

MAPLEINE A flavoring that is used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send for Free Book and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle.