



THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY 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 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, because the boy's pal, they attended a theater where Hawkshaw's nephew saw Lady Arabella. Vernon met Philip Overton, next in line for Sir Thomas Vernon's estate. They started a duel which was interrupted. Vernon, Overton and Hawkshaw's nephew found themselves attracted by pretty Lady Arabella. The Ajax in battle defeated French warships in the Mediterranean. Richard Glyn got \$2,000 prize money. He was called home by Lady Hawkshaw as he was about to "blow in" his earnings with Vernon. At a Hawkshaw party Glyn discovered that Lady Arabella was a poor but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for gaming. Later she held Glyn and Overton prisoners, thus delaying the duel.

CHAPTER VI.

As Overton had said, the meeting was delayed exactly 24 hours.

My courage always has an odd way of disappearing when I am expecting to use it, although I must say, when I have had actual occasion for it I have always found it easily at hand. I cannot deny that I was very much frightened for Giles on the morning of the meeting, and, to add to my misery, I heard that Overton was considered one of the best shots in England.

The dreary breakfast gulped down; the postchaise rattling up to the door—I had hoped until the last moment that it would not come; the bumping along the road in the cool, bright summer morning; the gruesome, long, narrow box that lay on the front seat of the chaise; the packet of letters which Giles had given me and which seemed to weigh a hundred tons in my pocket—all these were so many horrors to haunt the memory forever. But I must say that, apparently, the misery was all mine; for I never saw Giles Vernon show so much as by the flicker of an eyelash that he was disturbed in any way.

About half way from the meeting-ground we left the highway and turned into a by-road; and scarcely had we gone half a mile when we almost drove into a broken-down chaise, and standing on the roadside among the furze bushes were the coachman, the surgeon—a most bloody-minded man I always believed him—Mr. Buxton and Overton.

Our chaise stopped, and Giles, putting his head out of the window, said, pleasantly: "Good-morning, gentlemen; you have had an accident, I see."

"A bad one," replied Mr. Buxton, who saw that their chaise was beyond help, and who, as he said afterward, was playing for a place in our chaise, not liking to walk the rest of the distance.

Giles jumped out and so did I, and the most courteous greetings were exchanged.

The two drivers, as experts, examined the broken chaise, and agreed there was no patching it up for service; one wheel was splintered.

Mr. Buxton looked at Giles meaningly, and then at me, and Giles whispered to me:

"Offer to take 'em up. By Jupiter, they shall see we are no shirkers."

Which I did, and, to my amazement, in a few moments we were all lumbering along the road; Overton and Mr. Buxton on the back seat, and Giles and I with our backs to the horses, while the surgeon was alongside the coachman on the box.

Nothing could exceed the politeness between the two principals, about the seats as about everything else. Overton was with difficulty persuaded to take the back seat. Mr. Buxton seated himself there without any introduction. (I hope it will never again be my fortune to negotiate so delicate an affair as a meeting between gentlemen with one so much my superior in rank as Mr. Buxton.)

"May I ask, Mr. Overton, if you prefer the window down or up?" asked Giles, with great deference.

"Either, dear sir," responded Overton. "I believe it was up when you kindly invited us to enter."

"True; but you may be sensitive to the cold and may catch cold."

other in getting out of the chaise that I had strong hopes the day would pass before they came to a decision; but Mr. Buxton finally got out himself and pulled his man after him, and then we were soon marking off the ground, and I was feeling that mortal sickness which had attacked me the first time I was under fire in the Ajax.

Overton won the toss for position, and at that I could have lain down and wept.

Our men were placed 20 paces apart, with their backs to each other. At the word "one" they were to turn, advance and fire between the words "two" and "three." This seemed to me the most murderous arrangement I had ever heard of.

The stories I had so lately heard about Overton's proficiency with the pistol made me think, even if he did not kill Giles intentionally, he would attempt some expert trick with the pistol, which would do the business equally well. I knew Giles to be a very poor shot, and concluded that he, through awkwardness, would probably put an end to Overton, and I regarded them both as doomed men.

I shall never forget my feelings as we were placing our men, or after Mr. Buxton and I had retired to a place under the hedge. Just as we had selected our places, Giles, looking over his shoulder, said in his usual cool, soft voice:

"Don't you think, gentlemen, you had better move two or three furlongs off? Mr. Overton may grow excited and fire wild."

I thought this a most dangerous as well as foolish speech, and calculated to irritate Overton; and for the first time I saw a gleam of anger in his eye, which had hitherto been mild, and even sad. For I believed then, and knew afterward, that his mind was far from easy on the subject of dueling. I wish to say here that I also believe, had he been fully convinced that dueling was wrong, he would have declined to fight, no matter what the consequence had been; for I never knew a man with more moral courage. But at the time, although his views were changing on the subject, they were not wholly changed.

Mr. Buxton, without noticing Giles' speech, coughed once or twice, and



Overton Took Off His Hat and Bowed.

then waited two or three minutes before giving the word.

The summer sun shone brilliantly, turning the distant river to a silver ribbon. A thrush rioted musically in the hawthorn hedge. All things spoke of life and hope, but to my sinking heart insensate Nature only mocked us. I heard, as in a dream, the words "one, two, three" slowly uttered by Mr. Buxton, and saw, still as in a dream, both men turn and raise their pistols.

Overton's was discharged first; then, as he stood like a man in marble waiting for his adversary's fire, Giles raised his pistol and, taking deliberate aim at the bird still singing in the hedge, brought it down. It was a mere lucky shot, but Overton took off his hat and bowed to the ground, and Giles responded by taking off his hat and showing a hole through the brim.

"You see, Mr. Glyn," said Overton, "I have done according to my promise. It was not my intention to kill Mr. Vernon, but only to frighten him"—which speech Mr. Buxton and I considered as a set-off to Giles' speech just before shots were exchanged.

The two principals remained where they were, while Mr. Buxton and I retired behind the hedge to confer—or, rather, for Mr. Buxton to say to me:

"Another shot would be damned nonsense. My man is satisfied, or shall be, else I am a Dutch trooper. Certainly you have nothing to complain of."

I was only too happy to accept this solution, but more out of objection to being browbeaten by Mr. Buxton than anything else, I said:

"We shall require an explanation of your principal's observation just now, sir."

"Shall you?" angrily asked Mr. Buxton, exactly in the tone he used when the carpenter's mate complained that the jack-o'-the-dust had cribbed his best saw. "Then I shall call your man to account in regard to his late observation, and we can keep them popping away at each other all day. But this is no slaughter pen, Mr. Glyn, nor am I the ship's butcher, and I shall take my man back to town and give him a glass of spirits and some breakfast, and I advise you to do the same. You are very young, Mr. Glyn, and you still need to know a thing or two."

Then, advancing from behind the hedge, he said in the dulcet tone he used when the admiral asked him to have wine:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Glyn and myself, after conferring, have agreed that the honor of our principals is fully established, and that the controversy is completely at an end. Allow me to congratulate you both—and there was a general hand-shaking all around. I noticed that the coachman, who was attentively watching the performance, looked slightly disappointed at the turn of affairs."

Straightway, we all climbed into the chaise, and I think I shall be believed when I say that our return to town was more cheerful than our departure had been.

We all agreed to dine together at Mivart's the next night, and I saw no reason to believe that there was any remnant of ill feeling between the two late combatants.

I returned to Berkeley Square that afternoon, with much uneasiness concerning my meeting and future intercourse with Lady Arabella; for I had not seen her since the occurrence in Sir Peter's study. Although my affection for her was forever killed by that box on the ear she gave me, yet no man can see a woman shamed before him without pain, and the anticipation of Lady Arabella's feelings when she saw me troubled me. But this was what actually happened when we met. Lady Arabella was sitting in the Chinese drawing room, her lapdog in her arms, surrounded by half a dozen fops. Lady Hawkshaw had left the room for a moment, and Arabella had taken the opportunity of showing her trick of holding out her dog's paws and kissing his nose, which she called measuring love-ribbon. This performance never failed to throw gentlemen into ecstasies. Daphne sat near, with her work in her lap and a book on the table by her, smiling rather disdainfully. I do not think the cousins loved each other.

On my appearance in the drawing room I scarcely dared look toward Lady Arabella; but she called out familiarly:

"Come here, Dicky!" (her habit of calling me Dicky annoyed me very much) "and let me show you how I kiss Fido's nose; and if you are a good boy, and tell me all about the meeting this morning, perhaps I may hold your paws out and kiss your nose"—at which all the gentlemen present laughed loudly. I never was so embarrassed in my life, and my chagrin was increased when, suddenly dropping the dog, she rushed at me, seized my hands, and holding them off at full arm's length, imprinted a sounding smack upon my nose, and laughingly cried out: "One yard!" (Smack on my nose again.) "Two yards!" (Smack.) "Three yards!" (Smack.)

At this juncture I recovered my presence of mind enough to seize her around the waist and return her smacks with interest full in the mouth. And at this stage of the proceedings Lady Hawkshaw appeared upon the scene.

In an instant an awful hush fell upon us. For my part I felt my knees sinking under me, and I had that feeling of mortal sickness which I had felt in my first sea-fight, and at the instant I thought my friend's life in jeopardy. Lady Arabella stood up, for once, confused. The gentlemen all retired gracefully to the wall, in order not to interrupt the proceedings, and Daphne fixed her eyes upon me, sparkling with indignation.

Lady Hawkshaw's voice when she spoke, seemed to come from the tombs of the Pharaohs.

"What is this countryman I see?" she asked. And nobody answered a word.

James, the tall footman, stood behind her; and to him she turned, saying in a tone like thunder:

"Jeames, go and tell Sir Peter Hawkshaw that I desire his presence immediately upon a matter of the greatest importance."

The footman literally ran downstairs, and presently Sir Peter came puffing up from the lower regions. Lady Arabella had recovered herself then enough to hum a little tune and to pat the floor with her satin slipper.

Sir Peter walked in, surveyed us all, and turned pale. I verily believe he thought Arabella had been caught cheating at cards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORLD'S CITIES HARD TO KILL.

Rome Twice Burned, Six Times Starved—Paris' Eight Sieges.

Few of the world's great cities have not faced, at one time or another, total destruction. But a city is hard to kill.

Take Rome, for instance. She has been swept by pestilence no fewer than ten times. She has been twice burned and six times driven to submission by starvation. Perhaps it is on account of her great vitality that she is called the Eternal city.

Paris has gone through eight sieges, ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it.

Constantinople has been burned out nine times and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges. In addition, she has been ruled by monarchs who were worse than a plague. Yet Constantinople still flourishes.

London has been decimated five times by plagues, in addition to visitations of typhus, cholera and other epidemics. She has been burned over or less severely several times.—Stray Stories.

What He Wanted.

"Sir," said the agent, addressing the man who had opened the door in answer to his knock. "I am introducing a patent burglar alarm and thought perhaps you might be interested."

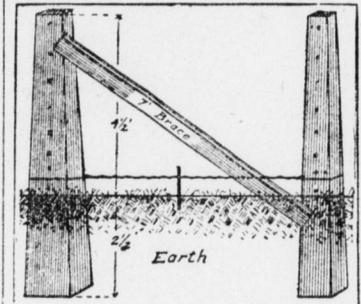
"Well, I'm not," growled the man on the other side of the door. "What I want is a device that will put burglars to sleep instead of alarming them."

ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

BRACING A CEMENT END POST

How to Construct a Pillar That Will Not Give Way in Stretching a Fence.

In order to brace an end post securely, first plant the post 3/4 feet deep, says a writer in *Indiana Farmer*. Be sure that the dirt is well tamped around the post. Packing the first foot well is the most essential thing in making a post stand firm. Lean the post back about three inches. This leaning causes the post to pull to the ground instead of lifting out of the ground, as it will do if it leans the other way. Then cut a notch about half way between the ground and top of the post for end of brace to rest in. Then plant a smaller post about six feet in front of end post for foot of brace to rest against, placing top side of lower end of brace six inches below the surface of the ground with a flat rock under it (to keep the brace from settling in the ground). Now pass three strands of well-galvanized No. 9 wire around the two posts, making six strands of wire to twist to-



Brace for Cement End Post.

gether. Fasten the ends of the wire together, so they will not slip. Take a rod about 18 inches long, place between the six strands of wire and twist them together. Do not neglect to twist them tight, for this is the secret in making the posts stay in position. If my instructions are followed the fence stretcher is not made that will move the end post one inch at the top.

POTATO CULTURE PROFITABLE

Certain Sections of Country Where Irish Potato Is Best Growing Crop on the Farm.

There are certain sections of the United States which are, owing to climatic conditions, combined with the nature of the soil, better adapted to the growing of the Irish potato than probably any other farm product, and as this crop can be marketed at remunerative prices on an average of four years out of five, the farmers of what is known as the "potato districts" rely almost entirely upon this product for their money crop; therefore, it becomes necessary for them to secure as great a quantity of tubers as possible from each acre of land planted, from a minimum amount of labor and expense, in order to get the greatest percentage of profit obtainable.

The soil best adapted to growing the potato is a sandy loam well supplied with vegetable matter. This kind of a soil is not available in all cases and we have to be content with that of a heavier nature. In that case it is advisable to turn under a sod of some character, preferably clover, which will serve to keep the land in a mellow condition and retain the moisture longer than if the soil should become more compact.

More attention every year is being given to the selection of seed, and the most successful potato growers have long ago discarded the using of culls for seed potatoes. Experiments have shown that an ordinary size potato cut in quarters will often produce 25 to 30 per cent. more salable potatoes per acre than when cut with only one eye to the piece.

If proper precautions are taken and treatments begun in time there are none of the enemies of the potato, which, if properly handled, cannot be reduced to a nonentity as far as damage to the crops is concerned.

For Slugs or Snails.

Salt is a sure remedy for the slugs or snails, says the *Ohio Farmer*. Discretion, however, is always necessary in its use, as it is liable to kill or injure plants to which it is applied at all freely. We find ordinary air slacked lime just as sure to kill slugs as salt, and probably much safer. Slugs are night feeders, leaving their hiding-places and feasting on the leaves first reached (usually the lower ones) shortly after sundown. To destroy the pest dust the lower parts of the foliage of affected crops lightly with the air-slacked lime. The effect is immediate. Next morning you will find the remnants of the dissolved slugs.

Value of the Berry Patch.

Where an old berry patch has been cleaned out is fine for a crop of melons or potatoes. Then it should be sown to cow peas or clover. Either of these crops are fine for storing up fertility in the soil. An orchard may be started on reasonably thin soil if the proper care is given to store up plenty of fertility for the use of the trees reducing their crops of fruit.

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William Volz, from ten acres in the same neighborhood, shipped 5,000 crates of Bermuda Onions from 10 acres at an average price—after all expenses paid—of \$1.00 per crate; \$500 an acre. Think of it!

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