

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

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...

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. "Sir Peter," said Lady Hawkshaw, "in the same awful voice, 'I unexpectedly entered this room a few moments ago, and the sight that met my eyes was Arabella struggling in the arms of this young ruffian, Richard Glyn, who was kissing her with the greatest fury imaginable.'"

"Do you hear, Sir Peter?" asked Lady Hawkshaw, with terrible earnestness. "He does not deny his guilt. What think you of his conduct?"

"Think, madam!" shouted Sir Peter. "I think if he had done anything else, it would have been clean against the articles of war, and I myself would have seen that he was kicked out of his majesty's service. I shall send for my solicitor to-morrow morning to put a codicil to my will, giving Richard Glyn £1,000 at my decease."

"That's a pity," said Lady Hawkshaw. "but it doesn't signify, I dare say. It will not keep you alive a day longer. And there is your other cousin—Capt. Overton of the Guards. He is what so few of our young men are, pious and God-fearing."

"By your face, Dicky," she answered, trying to give me a flip on the nose, which I successfully resisted. "I was in agony until I saw your face. Then I gave one great breath of joy and relief, and my play with my lap-dog, which had been torture to me, became delight. But tell me the particulars."

"I presume you will take an early opportunity of telling Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw that I saw Philip Overton alone in this house, at five o'clock yesterday morning?"

"I speedily found, after that, my life in Berkeley Square uncomfortable. I felt constrained before Lady Arabella, and what seemed strange to me, little Daphne, who had hitherto treated me with greatest kindness, seemed to take a spite at me, and her gibes and cuts were hard to bear. Neither Sir

Peter nor Lady Hawkshaw noted these things, but they were strong enough to impel me to ask Sir Peter to look out for a ship for me at the admiralty. I saw Giles Vernon every day, and he continued to come, with unabated assurance, to Berkeley Square. We were not anxious that the fact of the duel should leak out, and Overton was especially desirous to keep it quiet. Of course, he came no more to Berkeley Square, and withdrew more and more from his former associates. He began to consort much with persons of the John Wesley persuasion, spending much of his time, when not on duty, at Oxford, where the Wesleyans were numerous at the time. I noticed that Lady Arabella treated Giles, and me, also, with more civility than she had hitherto shown. I could not think it sincere, but attributed it to a natural desire to conciliate those who knew so much to her disadvantage. But that she made no effort to overcome her infatuation for Overton, I very soon had proof. Sir Thomas Vernon, soon after this, had the assurance to present himself in Berkeley Square, and rare sport it was. Lady Hawkshaw, Lady Arabella, Daphne, myself, and one or two other persons were in the Chinese drawing room when he was ushered in.

Lady Hawkshaw and Sir Thomas were old acquaintances, and had been at feud for more than 30 years, neither side asking or giving quarter. Sir Thomas had a shrewd wit of his own, and was more nearly a match for Lady Hawkshaw than any one I had yet seen. He opened the ball by remarking on Lady Hawkshaw's improved appearance, partly due, he thought, to her triumph in getting the K. C. B. for Sir Peter. This nettled Lady Hawkshaw extremely, and she retorted by telling Sir Thomas that he looked younger than he did when she first knew him 30 years ago. As Sir Thomas hated any allusion to his age, this shot told.

"And allow me to congratulate you, Sir Thomas," added Lady Hawkshaw, "upon your very promising cousin,



Mr. Giles Vernon. Sir Peter has the highest opinion of him, and he has won the favor of the bong-tong to an extraordinary degree."

"He may have won the favor of the bong-tong," replied Sir Thomas, impudently mimicking Lady Hawkshaw's French, "but he has not yet succeeded in winning my favor."

"That's a pity," said Lady Hawkshaw; "but it doesn't signify, I dare say. It will not keep you alive a day longer. And there is your other cousin—Capt. Overton of the Guards. He is what so few of our young men are, pious and God-fearing."

"And a sniveling, John Wesley Methodist besides," snarled Sir Thomas, much exasperated.

"Bless me, Sir Thomas," cried Lady Hawkshaw, "don't be so hard on these worthy people, the Methodists."

I own this surprised me, for if there was anything on earth upon which Lady Hawkshaw was uncompromising, it was church and state; and, excellent woman though she was, I believe she would have been rather glad to make one big bonfire of all the dissenters in England.

Sir Thomas was far from insensible to Lady Arabella's charms, and, after a further exchange of hostilities with Lady Hawkshaw, turned to Arabella. She smiled upon him, and seemed anxious to conciliate him; and in a little while I caught enough of their conversation to know that she was telling him of the meeting between Giles and Overton, and representing that it had been forced upon Overton by the insults of Giles Vernon. Sir Thomas' response to her tale was that he did not give a damn for either of them, and if both had bit the dust he should not have been sorry.

When Sir Thomas left, Lady Hawkshaw called the tall footman. "James," she said, "when that person calls again, the ladies are not at home. Do you understand?"

James understood perfectly, in spite of Lady Arabella's scowls. It is not to be supposed that a young man of Giles Vernon's spirit had not been able to go through with his prize money and run pretty considerably in debt in five or six weeks in London, and one morning, some days after this, when I went to see Giles at his lodgings, I found the bailiffs in possession. Giles, however, was as merry as a grig, because that very morning he had got an appointment to the Belvidera frigate.

It was not much after having served in the Ajax, but it meant leaving that uncertain and trying element, dry land, for another element on which Giles was much more at home, to-wit, the

blue sea. So he sent out for a pot of porter, and he and I, together with the bailiffs, drank to the Belvidera; and I swore, then and there, that go with him I would. For, in the excess of my affection for Giles, I would have taken almost any service to be with him. The frigates, too, were more in the way of activity, as the enemy was wary of meeting our ships of the line, but the frigates could go hunting after him. So, when I returned to Berkeley Square that day I begged Sir Peter to get me a berth in the Belvidera. He was pleased with my spirit, and the very next day he went to the admiralty for me. The complement was full, but, luckily for me, one of the juniors got a billet more to his liking, and Sir Peter, being on the spot, got me the vacancy, and I was ordered to report at once at Plymouth.

It took me but a day or two to get my outfit and make ready to start. Lady Hawkshaw showed me great kindness then, and actually allowed me to have a considerable sum of my own money. Lady Arabella treated me with her usual indifference, and, on the day I was to go, bade me a careless adieu.

When the post-chaise was at the door and I went to the Chinese drawing room to tell Lady Hawkshaw and Sir Peter good-by, Daphne was there with them, and she looked as if she had been weeping. Sir Peter gave me a letter to my new captain, Vere, and some words of encouragement. Lady Hawkshaw delivered a homily to me on my duty, which I received out of respect for her real excellence of heart, and thanked her in a manner which made Sir Peter my friend for life. Daphne said not a word when I took her hand, but handing me a little parcel ran out of the room. I afterward found it to be a little housewife made by her own hands.

I went down to the chaise, puzzled at her conduct, but, looking up for the last time to the windows, I saw her peering from behind a curtain. I raised the parcel to my lips, and, as she saw it, a smile broke over her face. My last glimpse of her was like an April day—she was all smiles and tears—and it was destined to remain in my memory.

Giles Vernon was waiting for me at the corner of the street. We were to make the journey to Plymouth together.

"Well," he cried, when we found ourselves rolling along to meet the coach, "I have had my cake and eaten it."

"How I envy you!" I said, bitterly. "I have not had my cake. Every shilling of my prize money is in bank, except about £200."

"Poor chap!" answered Giles, feelingly. "How much more of life have I seen in London than you! I have seen everything, including that queen of hearts, Lady Arabella Stormont. She has treated me cruelly, the jade! But I will bring her to my hand at last, that I swear to you."

I longed that he might know of that episode with Overton in Sir Peter Hawkshaw's cubby-hole at five o'clock in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Your Health.

Conquer your moods; don't let your moods conquer you. People who give way to moods never amount to much, because they are never masters of themselves. They never know in the morning whether they are going to do a good day's work or not, whether they are going to be a cheering or a depressing influence on the people around them. If they feel like being good-tempered, they will be; if they feel like "snapping" at everybody, they will snap.

People who suffer from "moods" should be careful about their habits. They should be regular about meals, sleep, exercise and work. The condition of the health has much to do with moods, and there is nothing that contributes so much to health as absolute regularity.

His Position.

Dean Ramsay once told of a young Englishman who had taken a Scottish shooting, and thought himself quite nationalized. Next year he met a genuine Scot of the old school at a German watering-place, and proceeded to pose as one himself, talking of Scotland and haggis and sheep's head and whisky, boasting of Bannockburn, professing devotion to Queen Mary, and extolling Scott and Burns over all English writers. On taking leave of his friend he said: "Well, sir, next time we meet, I hope you will receive me as a real countryman." "Well," said the other, "I'm jest thinkin', my lad, ye're nae Scot, but I'll tell ye what ye are—ye're jest an impruved Englishman."

A Little Girl's Feat.

Little Miss Evelyn Albee of Alna Center may deservedly be called a heroine. A few days ago, while playing near an open well, she accidentally stepped in. The well was 18 feet deep, with six feet of water. Her playmate heard the splash, but was too frightened to call for assistance. Miss Evelyn, who is not six years old yet, was equal to the occasion and clambered to the top, unaided and unharmed. "How did she do it?" is the general question asked, but no one but the lady herself knows, and she wishes to forget it. That she wasn't hurt in some way was truly remarkable.—Kenebec Journal.

A Cup of Tea.

All cookery books, and many others, contain precise directions about tea making. It is the simplest thing in the world, and yet there is not one person in ten who succeeds in making a really good cup of tea.—Food and Cookery.

NOT A MATTER OF LOYALTY.

Simple But Insuperable Reason Why Subject Could Not Kneel Before His King.

One fancies that few types of men, even, from time to time, have afforded royalty more amusement of a quiet sort than provincial mayors of England. "From the Foreland to Penzance," by Clive Holland, contains the story of a mayor of Weymouth who, during one of the visits of King George to the town, was destined to afford "comic relief" to a ceremony of some importance.

The occasion was the presentation of an address of welcome to the king, and we are told that the mayor, on approaching to present it, to the astonishment and dismay of all, instead of kneeling, as he had been told to do, seized the queen's hand to shake it as he might that of any other lady.

Col. Gwynne, the master of the ceremonies, hurriedly told him of the faux pas, saying: "You should have knelt, sir."

"Sir, I cannot," was the reply. "Everybody does, sir," hotly asserted the colonel.

The mayor grew red, and evidently much upset, exclaimed: "Confound it, sir, but I've got a wooden leg!"

History records that "a smile suffused the face of her majesty, and the king laughed outright."—Youth's Companion.

TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching Was Intense—Sleep Was Often Impossible.

Cured by Cuticura in Three Weeks.

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Krutskoff, 5714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 28, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Mutual Surprise.

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity. "Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?" "Yassum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel o' sweet pertaters." The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!" "Yassum," said Jim. "So was I or I wouldn't be here!"

Particularly for Particular People.

Sanders' Vanilla Extract is produced from fine Mexican Vanilla Beans—a pure, rich concentrated flavor. All grocers. Put up in 10, 15 and 25-cent bottles.

For a Round Sum.

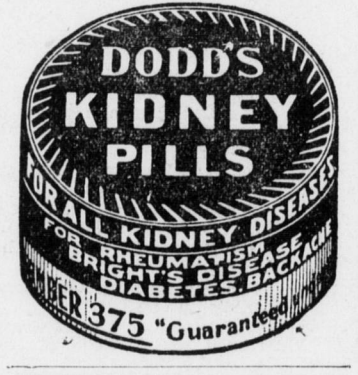
"How did Smith get on with that new apartment house he built?" "It is a flat failure."

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine in Your Eyes. At Druggists.

A man is praised too much when he is dead, and abused too much when he is living.

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

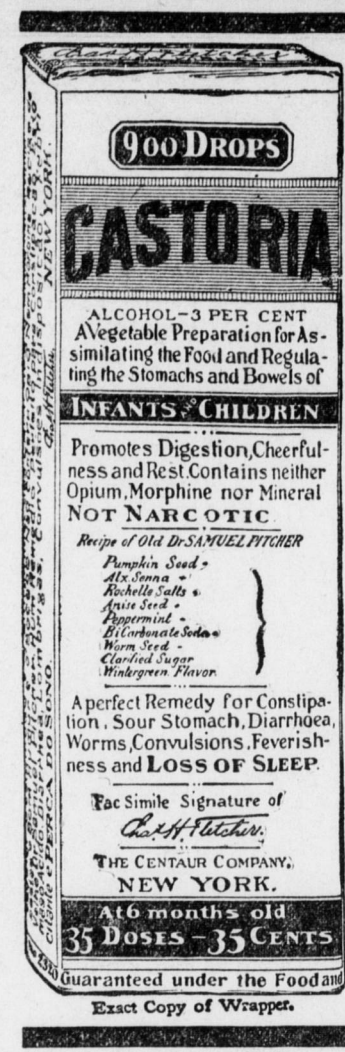
The way of the can't-guess-her is hard.



You Need a Tonic if you feel languid and depressed all the time. The best thing to help nature build up the system is DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

This great tonic is not a false stimulant as many of the so-called "spring tonics." It is a natural strength-giver. For all run-down conditions of the health it is an invaluable remedy; imparts new life and vigor and builds up the entire system. Sold by All Leading Druggists in two size bottles, 50c and 35c

LAND—IRRIGATED—LAND. Perpetual water right; fine water; productive soil; crop failures unknown; 50 bu. wheat per acre; 80 to 100 tons alfalfa; beautiful climate; free timber; easy terms; write now. LISWODD LAND CO., Rock Springs, Wyoming.



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"Not a crop failure in 18 years." "Can raise more here than on Eastern land costing five times as much." "Came here 4 years ago with \$800; now have \$4,500 in bank;"—Said of Panhandle and South Plains Country.

The best land bargains to-day are found in the prosperous Southwest. The Panhandle and South Plains region of northwest Texas offers good lands at the lowest prices in the Southwest. You can't buy land there as cheaply this year as last, and it will cost more next year. So the time to buy is now. I am not in the land business. The Santa Fe Railway employs me to help settle up the country along its lines. The service to you is absolutely free. I am not to exaggerate. The truth about the Southwest is strong enough. I consider the Panhandle and South Plains as unexcelled for the man with small means. Likewise nothing better for the man with a big bank-roll. Both will prosper. This country is no longer on the frontier. Thousands already have settled there. More are coming in on every train. You won't be lonesome, but you won't be crowded, either. You ask what can be raised? Beef, cereals, fruit—and other things. The average rainfall is twenty-four inches, enough for raising crops without irrigation. The more brains you farm with, the bigger the yield. "Dry-farming" helps out some seasons. I might talk on forever and not convince you half as much as by reproducing the testimony of M. W. M. Curfman, of Hereford, in the Texas Panhandle. He says: "I came to Hereford four years ago and bought 640 acres of land nine miles southeast of town."

"Bought me a house and broke about forty acres of land the first year. Sold \$410 worth of produce off of same and had enough left to winter thirty-five head of cattle and horses. The second year had 120 acres in crop, and sold \$802 worth of farm products and wintered forty-five head of stock. The fourth crop is not yet harvested, except the wheat and oats. The wheat and oats will bring me about \$400, and expect to get about \$1,000 out of the balance of the crop, besides wintering my stock. "I now have 165 acres in cultivation. I raise wheat, oats, June corn, milo maize, kafir corn, sorghum, California wheat, millet and cotton, and all kinds of vegetables. I came here with \$800 and could make my check out now for \$4,500." Mr. Curfman seems to be a satisfied man. You can do as well as he—perhaps better. May I help you get a home somewhere in this best of the few places in the United States where raw land may be bought for less than it is worth? Cut out this advertisement. Mail it to me with your full name and address. I will then mail you illustrated land folders which tell the story in detail and send our homeseekers' monthly, The Earth, six months free. Questions promptly answered. C. L. SEABRAVES, Gen. Colonization Agt. A. T. & S. F. Ry. System. 1170 J. Railway Exchange, Chicago.

A \$5000 farm that didn't cost a cent

W. B. Northrup, went to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, last December, to contract for a lot of cabbages. One cabbage crop of 20 acres, on a 41-acre farm, near Brownsville, looked so good to him that he bought the entire farm, including the crop. He paid \$125 an acre, the man who sold it agreeing to bring the crop to maturity, gather and deliver it on the cars.

The crop has been shipped; the yield averaged 24,000 pounds to the acre, and brought from \$1.75 to \$2.00 per hundred—over \$8,000 for the crop.

As Mr. Northrup only paid \$5,125 for the farm, he now has the farm, his original capital, and a handsome bonus besides. Mr. Northrup was fortunate. It isn't often one finds a man who is willing to sell his farm, after he has it under cultivation, for the crop usually brings more than the land. But there is plenty of similar land in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, not under cultivation, that you can buy for a trifle, compared with its earning capacity. Why don't you go there and make an investigation while the land is within your reach? Next year it will cost more.

A trip of investigation will be inexpensive. It is your opportunity. Don't wait. Very low excursion fares via the Rock Island-Frisco Lines twice each month.

Write today for full information about the big profits growers are making in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, and a set of colored post cards of Texas Gulf Coast Scenes. Free on request. John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island-Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines 2027 LaSalle Station, Chicago, or 2027 Frisco Building, St. Louis

Piles Cured or Money Back

Itching, bleeding or protruding Piles cured by "Piles Suppositories." 20 years in use and never had a failure. Endorsed by medical men everywhere. Enclose 25c in stamps for trial treatment or \$1.00 for full box to Pilex Medical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Headache

"My father has been a sufferer from sick headache for the last twenty-five years and never found any relief until he began taking your Cascarets. Since he has begun taking Cascarets he has never had the headache. They have entirely cured him. Cascarets do what you recommend them to do. I will give you the privilege of using his name."—E. M. Dickson, 1120 Resiner St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.

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