



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, who spurned his attentions. 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 Arabella 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. In the Overton-Vernon duel, neither was hurt. Lady Arabella humiliated Richard by her pranks. Richard and Giles shipped on a frigate.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

We had a pleasant journey to Plymouth and were troubled with few regrets at leaving London. We expected, in the foolishness of youth, to capture many more such prizes as the Indomitable and Xantippe. The Belvidera was nearly ready, and in a few weeks we sailed on our second cruise. I shall not give the particulars of that cruise. It was such a one as all the officers of his majesty's service were engaged in during those eventful years. We were constantly at sea; we kept a tireless lookout for our enemies, and hunted and pursued them into their own harbors. We never slept for more than four hours at a time, in all our cruising. We lived on beef and biscuit for months at a time; sometimes we had scurvy in the ship, and sometimes we did not. We struggled with mighty gales, that blew us hundreds and even thousands of miles out of our course; and we sweltered in calms that tried men's souls. In all that time we watched night and day for the enemy, and, when found, chased him, and never failed to get alongside when it was possible; and we fought him with the greatest good will. We had good and ill fortune with the ship, but her colors were never lowered. And it was five years before we set foot in London town again.

Only a year of that time was Giles Vernon with me. He got promotion which took him out of the ship. I had the extreme good fortune to be with Nelson at the Nile. On that great day, as sailing-master of the Belvidera, I took the frigate around the head of Admiral Villeneuve's line—she was the leading ship—and placed her where she was enabled to fire the first raking broadside of the battle. I got a wound in the forehead which left a scar that remains to this day; but I also received the personal thanks of my Lord Nelson, which I shall ever esteem as the greatest honor of my life. I had heard nothing of Giles for nearly a year, when, among Admiral Villeneuve's officers, I found one, a young lieutenant like myself, who told me that Giles had been captured, while on a boat expedition, and was then in prison at Dunkerque.

I wrote him a dozen letters at least, by officers who were paroled; and when the ship was paid off, the following spring, I lost no time in getting to London, and using what little power I had in trying to have him exchanged. Sir Peter was in great favor at the admiralty. As soon as I reached London, I went immediately to call in Berkeley Square. My Lady Hawkshaw was at home, and received me in great state, black feathers and all; and with her sat Daphne Carmichael. I believe Lady Hawkshaw was really glad to see me; but Daphne, after speaking to me, remained with her eyes fixed on her embroidery. I noted, however, that she was a very charming girl, and her eyes, under her long, dark lashes, were full of fire and sweetness. But she had not, and never could have, the glorious beauty of Lady Arabella Stormont. Lady Hawkshaw demanded of me a particular account of my whole cruise, and everything that had happened at the battle of the Nile. This I gave, to the best of my ability. She then invited, or, rather, commanded, me to take up my quarters in Berkeley Square, and told me that I had three thousand and ten pounds, nineteen shillings and seven pence to my credit in bank.

After this, she was called upon to leave the room for a moment, and I civilly inquired of Daphne how Lady Arabella was.

"She is well," responded Daphne, rather tartly, I thought; "and as de-

voted to Capt. Overton as ever. You know Arabella ever liked him rather more than he liked her." At which ungenerous speech, I said one word: "Fie!" and Daphne, coloring to the roots of her hair, yet attempted to defend herself.

"I only tell you what all the world says, and so say my uncle and aunt. Arabella could have married a dozen times—she is all of 21, you know—and married very splendidly, but she will not. Sir Peter rages, and swears that he will marry her off in spite of herself; but Arabella is her own mistress now, and laughs at Sir Peter."

"And does she still play cards?"

Daphne raised her eyes. It seemed to give that otherwise sweet girl positive pleasure to call over Lady Arabella's faults.

"Yes," she said. "Loo, lansquet—anything by which money can be lost or won. Three times a week she goes to the duchess of Auster's, where play is high. We go there tonight; but I do not play."

I had not thought there was so much malice in Daphne until that conversation.

I left my adieux for Lady Hawkshaw and repaired to the admiralty, where Sir Peter happened to be that day. I explained that I should have come to him at once, but for my inordinate wish to see Lady Hawkshaw; and that I found her looking at least 20 years younger since we met last. At which Sir Peter beamed on me with delight, and, I believe, mentally determined to give me £1,000 additional in his will.

I then stated my real business, which was to get Giles Vernon exchanged; and Sir Peter, without a moment's hesitation, agreed to do all he could for me; and then, as usual, directed me to have my portmanteau sent to Berkeley Square, as Lady Hawkshaw had done. Before I left the admiralty machinery had been put in motion to secure Giles Vernon's exchange. I returned to Berkeley Square, and again took up my abode there.

CHAPTER VII.

One month from the time I arrived in London I was on my way to Portsmouth to meet Giles Vernon, who had been brought over with a batch of exchanged officers from France.

In that month, during which I had lived continuously in Berkeley Square, things were so little changed, except in one respect, which I shall mention presently, that I could scarcely persuade myself five years had passed. Peter and Polly, as Giles disrespectfully called them, had not grown a day older, and quarreled as vigorously



"We Were Constantly at Sea."

as ever. Lady Arabella was then her own mistress, although still living under Sir Peter's roof; but, as far as I could see, this spoiled child of nature and fortune had always been her own mistress. I found that Overton had been away for some years on foreign service, and, after distinguishing himself greatly, had lately returned suffering from severe wounds and injuries to his constitution. He was, however, in London, and able to ride and walk out, and visit his friends; but it was doubted by many whether, on the expiration of his leave, he would ever be fit for duty again.

I heard and saw enough to convince me that Lady Arabella had been wild with grief and despair when she heard of his wounds; and, although since his return to London he avoided company generally, she managed to see him occasionally, and spent much of her time driving in the parks upon the mere chance of seeing him taking his daily ride or walk. Lady Arabella Stormont had everything in life that heart could wish, except one. She had chosen to give her willful and wayward heart to Philip Overton, and it must be acknowledged that he was a man well fitted to enchain a woman's imagination. Overton had disdained the spontaneous gift of Arabella's love; but I believe her haughty and arrogant mind could never be brought to believe that any man could be really insensible to her beauty, her rank, and her fortune. Overton could not in any way be considered a great match for her. His fortune was modest, and his chance of succeeding to the Vernon estates remote; but, with the desperate perversity of her nature, him she would have and no other. It always seemed to me as if Overton was the one thing denied her, but that she had determined to do battle with fate until she conquered her soul's desire.

For myself, she treated me exactly as she had done five years before—called me Dicky in her good humors, and a variety of sneering names in her

bad humors—and, little as it may be believed, I, Richard Glyn, lieutenant in his majesty's sea service, with £3,000 to my name, would have gone to the gibbet rather than marry Lady Arabella, with her £30,000.

Perhaps Daphne Carmichael had something to do with it. She was the same gentle, winning creature at 19 as at 12. She was still Sir Peter's pet, and Lady Hawkshaw's comfort; but I had not been in the house a week before the change I alluded to came about and the change was in me concerning Daphne. I began to find it very hard to keep away from her. She treated me with great kindness before others, but when we were alone together, she was capricious. I began to despair of ever finding a woman who could be kind to a man three times running. And I was very much surprised at the end of a fortnight to find myself experiencing the identical symptoms I had felt five years before with Arabella—only much aggravated. There was this difference, too. I had admired Arabella as a star, afar off, and I think I should have been very much frightened, if, at the time, she had chosen formally to accept my devotion. Not so with Daphne. I felt I should never be really at ease until I had the prospect of having her by my side the rest of my life. I reached this phase at the end of the third week. At the end of the fourth I was in a desperate case, but it was then time to go to Portsmouth to meet Giles, according to my promise, and I felt, when I parted from Daphne, as if I was starting on a three years' cruise, and I was only to be gone a day and a half. She, dear girl, showed some feeling, too, and I left, bearing with me the pack which every lover carries—pains and hopes.

I left London at night, and next morning on reaching Portsmouth, as I jumped from the coach, I ran into Giles' arms; he had reached Portsmouth some hours in advance of the time.

He showed marks of his imprisonment in his appearance, but his soul had ever been free, and he was the same brave and joyous spirit I had ever known. Not being minded to waste our time in Portsmouth, we took coach for London town at noon. As we were mounting, a countryman standing by held up a wooden cage full of larks, and asked us to buy, exulting on their beautiful song.

"I will take them all, my lad," cried Giles, throwing him a guinea. The fellow gaped for a moment, and then made off as fast as his legs could carry him. I wondered what Giles meant to do with the birds. He held the cage in his hand until we had started and were well into the country; then, opening the little slide, he took out one poor, fluttering bird, and, poising on his finger for a moment, the lark flew upward with a rush of joyous wings.

Each bird he liberated in the same way, all of us on the coach-top watching him in silence. As the last captive disappeared in the blue heavens, Giles, crushing the cage in his strong hands, threw it away.

"I have been a prisoner for 14 months," he said, "and I shall never see any harmless living thing again imprisoned without trying to set it free."

We reached London that night, and Giles went to his old lodgings, where his landlady was delighted to see him, as all women were who knew Giles Vernon. She gave us supper, and then we sat up all night talking. I had thought from the guinea he had thrown the vender of larks that he had money. I found he had none, or next to none.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Seagulls of Auchmithie.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home some three and a half miles from the former place.

The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was therefore, much to his astonishment that he beheld on a recent Sunday the sea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways.

A Dangerous Roll.

H. Engels, an Oakland, Cal., boiler-maker, met with an experience which nearly cost him his life, while at work inside a 28-inch water pipe. The line of pipe ran along a steep hillside and was held in position by wooden supports. While Engel was riveting two sections together the supports gave way and the section in which he was working started down the hill at a terrific speed. It rolled several hundred feet and finally dropped into a ditch in which a stream of water was running. Engels' companion supposed, of course, that he had been killed, but rushed to the ditch. The in-piped man was taken out alive, but seriously cut and bruised and almost drowned.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Why We Shake Hands.

In the barbarous days of old, when every man had to watch carefully over his own safety, when two persons met they offered each to the other the right hand, the hand that wields the club, sword, knife or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that, therefore, no trouble needed to be feared. The handshake was the treaty of peace—in a word, the way they had of showing each other that they meant to be friendly.

ABOUT THE HOME

Timely Chat on Matters of Entertainment and Etiquette, by Mme. Merri

A Fad Party.

Spoon crazes and monogram fan epideemics have been succeeded by a rational and useful mania, for each person now has her own especial hobby; the more practical the better. With this in mind a young hostess sent out invitations asking each one to come prepared to tell of her own particular fad; if possible, to bring a specimen, and be prepared to talk five minutes about it.

It was a very interesting afternoon. One lady had selected plates for her specialty and she brought a most beautiful old Sevres piece that will some day be worth a king's ransom. In her travels plates are always her quest and her dining room testifies to her success. Anniversary cups and saucers was one woman's fad; as each wedding day comes she adds an exquisite cup to her collection. They are for after-dinner coffee and show off to advantage when she serves black coffee in the drawing room.

A prospective bride adds a towel to her linen chest every trip she takes; these she monograms in the colors of her bedrooms to be. A dime bank was the source of one guest's finances with which to indulge her fad of teapots; many of these she bought at auction shops. Handkerchiefs was the pet hobby of a dainty little maiden dressed in blue, and she had them from all over the world, besides many fine creations of her own fair hands. The intellectual girl confessed that books were her particular weakness, and she has many of them inscribed with the author's name; also rare first editions, and a splendid bookplate drawn by a famous illustrator she was justly proud of.

Chinese carvings was another fad, and rare Japanese and Chinese pottery still another. Prints and engravings were the special love of a lady who nearly always wore gray, which exactly matched her beautiful hair. All this led up to the fact that every one needed a hobby, something to add zest to one's journeys; occupy the mind, and provide always a topic for entertaining conversation.

Chafing Dish Fudge Party.

"Bring your chafing dish and aprons for two on Saturday night at eight." This was the message four girls and four lads of congenial minds received not long ago. And what a jolly time they had! The helpful boys donned the aprons and the girls amid much merriment instructed them into the mysteries of fudge building.

There was divinity fudge, which is the very latest addition to the fudge family, and all sorts of concoctions that made the plain chocolate fudge of—well, I'll say "my school days," instead of how many years ago, look like a plain little Quaker lady amid the new fluffy masses filled with nuts and candied cherries.

The making and selling of fancy fudge has proved quite a financial attribute to one "guild" that numbers a goodly array of South side girls among its members.

Even grown-ups enjoy "fudge" par-

ties, as I can cheerfully testify. Anything constructed upon a chafing dish brings with it an element of sociability and cheerfulness that is hard to attain in any other way. Long life to it and its pretty schoolgirl champions.

To Find Partners.

Make balls of cotton, tie them with different colored ribbons two of a kind, then give the two balls that are alike to a man. Have the men on one side of a door or room separated by portieres over which there is a grill or opening. The man is to throw over one ball, the girl who catches it being his partner. Another way is to wrap a half of a quotation in one ball and then match the quotation halves.

A Red Geranium Luncheon.

The most stunning table imaginable is achieved when red geraniums are used exclusively as the decoration for the luncheon. They are available alike to both city and country hostesses, as nearly every one has a bed of these brilliant garden flowers and they are usually at their brightest when other blossoms are on the wane.

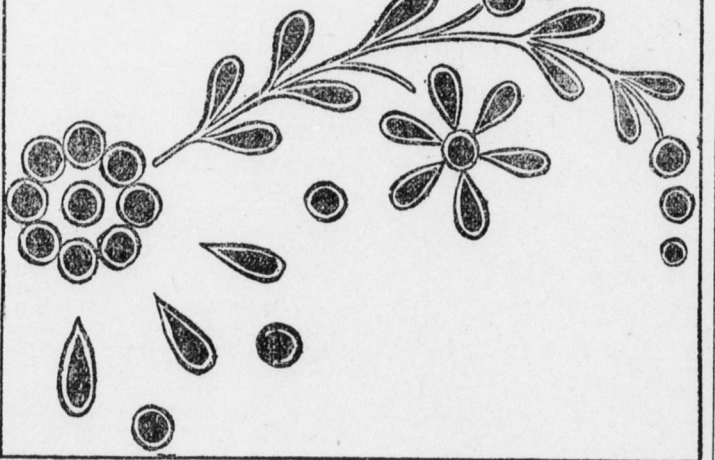
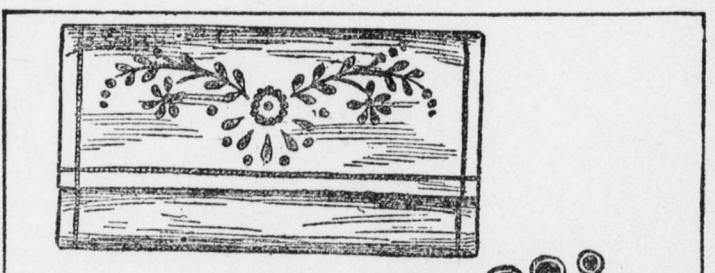
Fill a large glass bowl with the scarlet posies, using their own rich leaves for the green. Red candles in holders of glass, scarlet paper bonbon and nut boxes, with ribbons of the same hue leading to the place cards, which should be white with a red geranium thrust through the corner. The hostess should be gowned in white, with red belt, stock and slippers; or the dress may be of red muslin with white accessories. First serve a cherry cocktail, then tomato bouillon, salmon croquettes with Julienne potatoes, beet salad and raspberry sherbet. The cakes may be iced in red, as there is a harmless fruit coloring; a confectioner will make cream patties to match in coloring if the order is given a few days ahead.

MADAME MERRI.



Cavalier hats are the height of style for morning wear. The low shoe or oxford is just a wee bit smarter than the pump. Pongee serge is a new material, of a texture altogether lovely. Cotton flowers are used more on hats than silk ones. A butterfly of dark purple spangles is a most becomingly chic hair ornament for a light-haired woman. Marvels of beauty are the fairy-like scarfs of tinted chiffon with borders of spangled medallions in delicately brilliant colors. Black suede shoes are smart, but look a bit smudgy, and make one want to take a bit of kneaded rubber and pick out a few high lights.

For the Serviette



In many homes, a serviette has to last each person for a week, or, perhaps, one is allowed for breakfast and lunch, another for dinner, to serve the week; those often become more soiled on the outside by handling than they do from use; and a little contrivance, such as we show here, and which is of French origin, is very practical. It is made like an envelope, of fine linen or cambric, the width that of a serviette folded in three or four as preferred, the depth to correspond; the size must, of course, be regulated by the size of the serviette it is intended to hold. The edge is ornamented all round by a drawn thread hem, one end is turned up to form a pocket, the other which forms the flap is worked with the spray shown below in open hole embroidery; the case is fastened by a loop and small button under the hem.

A washing glove or handkerchief case could be made on these lines, and might be ornamented with the embroidery design, either worked in open holes or in raised satin stitch.

BURDENS LIFTED

From Bent Backs.

A bad back is a heavy handicap to those of us who have to work every day. Nine times out of ten, backache tells of kidney weakness. The only way to find relief is to cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills have given sound strong backs to thousands of men and women. Mrs. Wesley Clemens, 311

Marion St., Manchester, Ia., says: "Constant work at a sewing machine seemed to bring on kidney trouble. The kidney action was irregular and the pains in my back and loins so severe I could hardly endure it. Doan's Kidney Pills made me feel better in a short time, and I took them until entirely free from my trouble."

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

PITY FOR THE TOILER.



"I hear, Limpy, dat de price of livin' has increased."

"Yep. Gee, it must be tough to have to work for wot a feller eats."

Couldn't Stand It.

A Raleigh, N. C., woman not long ago received into her house for "training" a "cracker" girl from the mountains.

Endeavor was made to inculcate in the girl a love for order and cleanliness, but suddenly this discipline ceased, for the "poor white" fled to her home in the fastnesses. Thither the Raleigh woman traced her after some difficulty.

"Why did you leave me, Mary Jane?" she asked.

"Mis' Morgan, I jes' couldn't stay!" exclaimed the girl. "I was jes' cloyed with neatness!"

His Professional Habit.

"How did that sculptor leave his affairs?"

"In a strictly professional condition."

"What do you mean?"

"In statu quo."

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winchester, Ind.—"Four doctors told me that they could never make me regular, and that I would eventually have dropsy. I would bloat, and suffer from bearing-down pains, cramps and chills, and I could not sleep nights. My mother wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking one and one-half bottles of the Compound, I am all right again, and I recommend it to every suffering woman."—Mrs. MAY DEAL, Winchester, Ind.

Hundreds of such letters from girls and mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case, write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Refuse Substitutes.

Always Ready Always Sharp NO STROPPING NO HONING

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER