



THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabelle 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 Arabelle 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 Arabelle. 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 Arabelle was a poor but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabelle again showed love for Glyn. Later she held Glyn and Overton prisoners, thus delaying the duel. In the Overton-Vernon duel, neither was hurt. Lady Arabelle humiliated Richard by her pranks. Richard and Giles shipped on a frigate. Giles was captured by the French. Sir Peter arranged for his exchange. Daphne showed a liking for Glyn, who was then 21 years of age. Giles was released.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"And how I am to live until I get another ship I am at a loss, my boy," Giles cried quite cheerfully. "Two courses are open to me—play and running away with an heiress. Do you know of a charming girl, Dicky, with something under £100,000, who could be reconciled to a penniless lieutenant in his majesty's navy? And remember, she must be as beautiful as the dawn besides, and of good family, and keen of wit—no lunkhead of a woman for me." To this, fate impelled me to reply that Lady Arabelle Stormont was still single.

"Faith!" cried Giles, slapping his knee, "she is the girl for me. I always intended to marry her, if only to spite her."

I was sorry I had raked up the embers of his passion of five years before, and attempted to cover my step by saying:

"She is still infatuated with Overton, whom, however, she sees rarely, and that only at the houses of others; but he has ever looked coldly upon her."

"She'll not be coldly looked on by me. And let me see: There is her cousin you used to tell me about—the Carmichael girl—suppose you, Dicky, run away with her; then no two lieutenants in the service will have more of the rhino than we!"

I declare this was the first time I had remembered Daphne's £30,000. She had the same fortune as Lady Arabelle. The reflection damped my spirits dreadfully.

Giles saw it directly, and in a moment he had my secret from me. He snouted with delight, and immediately began a grotesque planing for us to run away with the two heiresses. He recalled that the abduction of an heiress was a capital crime, and drew a fantastic picture of us two standing in the prisoners' dock, on trial for our lives, with Lady Arabelle and Daphne swearing our lives away, and then relenting and marrying us at the gallows' foot. And this tale, told with the greatest glee, amid laughter and bumpers of hot brandy and water, had a singular effect upon me. It sobered me at once, and suddenly I seemed to see a vision, as Macbeth saw Banquo's ghost, passing before my very eyes—just such a scene as Giles described. Only I got no farther than the spectacle of Giles a prisoner in the dock, on trial for his life. My own part seemed misty and confused, but I saw, instead of the lodging house parlor, a great hall of justice dimly lighted with lamps, the judges in their robes on the bench, one with a black cap on his head, and Giles standing up to receive sentence. I passed into a kind of nightmare, from which I was aroused by Giles whacking me on the back and saying in a surprised voice:

"What ails you, Dicky, boy? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Rouse up here and open your lantern jaws for a glass of brandy and rid yourself of that long face."

I came out of this singular state as quickly as I had gone into it, and, ashamed to show my weakness to Giles, grew merry, carried on the joke about the abduction, and shortly felt like myself, a light-hearted lieutenant of 21. I proposed that we should go to the play the next night—or rather that night, for it was now about four in the morning—and shortly after we tumbled into bed together and slept until late the next day.

Giles and I went to Berkeley Square in the afternoon, professing just to have arrived from Portsmouth. Giles expressed his thanks in the handsomest manner to Sir Peter for his kindness, and made himself, as usual, highly agreeable to Lady Hawkshaw. Neither Lady Arabelle nor Daphne

were at home, but came in shortly after Giles had left. Lady Arabelle made some slighting remark about Giles, as she always did whenever opportunity offered. Daphne was very kind to me, and I gave her to understand privately that I was ready to haul down my flag at the first summons to surrender.

The family from Berkeley Square was going to the play that night, and I mentioned that Giles and I would be there together. And so, just as the playhouse was lighting up, we walked in. After the curtain was up, and when Mrs. Trenchard was making her great speech in "Percy," I motioned Giles to look toward Lady Hawkshaw's box. Her ladyship entered on Sir Peter's arm; his face was very red, and he was growling under his breath, to which Lady Hawkshaw contributed an obligate accompaniment in a sepulchral voice; and behind them, in all the splendor of her beauty, walked Lady Arabelle, and last, came sweet, sweet Daphne.

The first glimpse Giles caught of Lady Arabelle seemed to renew in an instant the spell she had cast on him five years before. He seemed almost like a madman. He could do nothing but gaze at her with eyes that seemed starting out of his head. He grew pale and then red, and was like a man in a frenzy. It was all I could do to moderate his voice and his looks in that public place. Luckily, Mrs. Trenchard being on the stage, all eyes were, for the time, bent on her.

I hardly knew how we sat the play out. I had to promise Giles a dozen times that the next day I would take him to Berkeley Square. When the curtain went down, he fairly leaped his way out of the playhouse to see Lady Arabelle get into the coach.

That was a fair sample of the way he raved for days afterward. He haunted Berkeley Square, where he was welcomed always by Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, asked to dine frequently, and every mark of favor shown him.

Lady Arabelle remained cold and indifferent to him. About that time Overton appeared a little in his old haunts, although much changed and sobered. Neither wounds nor illness



She Suddenly Fell Into My Arms.

had impaired his looks and charms, but rather he had become an object of interest and sympathy from his gallant behavior in the field. Sir Peter, who had always liked him, began to pester him to come to Berkeley Square, which he did a few times because he could not well decline Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw's pressing and friendly invitations. I believed, however, that in spite of his forced composure he felt cruelly abashed before Lady Arabelle. She, however, showed an amazing coolness, and even began to be a little kind to Giles, from some obscure motive of her own. I believe every act of her life with regard to men had some reference to her passion for Overton.

All this time, though, from the night of the play, Daphne and I had been secretly happy; for on the very next day, catching her alone, I told her, in plain and seamanlike language, that I loved her, and when she showed a disposition to cut and run, I said to her, very boldly:

"Since you scorn my love, I have the resource that every one of my calling has in these days. I shall soon go to sea, and upon the deck of my ship I can find death, since life is nothing to me without my Daphne's love."

At which, without the least warning, she suddenly fell into my arms, crying:

"You'll break my heart, if you talk in that way!" and I perceived that she was only maneuvering for position.

I do not know exactly what happened next, except I was in that heaven, Daphne's arms, when I looked up and caught the butler and two footmen grinning at me. But it mattered not.

Next morning Daphne and I met in the drawing room, as usual, after breakfast; but what a meeting it was! We had barely time to scuttle back to our chairs when Sir Peter entered with the newspaper, and informed me that the Bellona frigate was being fitted for the West Indies, and he thought he could get me a berth in her, at which I felt myself grow weak in the knees, so great is the power of love.

Presently he went out. Then Daphne and I began to speculate upon Sir Peter's personal equation in our affairs.

"He will never let me marry you," she said. "He will say I am too young."

This depressed me so that I could say nothing in reply. Daphne continued, quite in an offhand manner:

"If we should elope, he would make a great hullabaloo."

This admirable suggestion at once commended itself to me.

"His hullabaloo could not separate us, if we were married," I replied.

"True," said Daphne; "and, after all, he and Lady Hawkshaw as good as eloped, and she was but 18—a year younger than I."

Thus was I supplied with another argument.

I again swear that I had not a thought of Daphne's fortune in all this. I would have taken the dear girl with nothing but the clothes upon her back.

True to his word, Sir Peter worked like a Trojan to get me a berth on the Bellona, and, meaning to do Giles the greatest service in the world, tried likewise for him; and mightily afraid we were that he would soon succeed. This brought matters to a crisis with Daphne. I mentioned the word "elope" to her again, and she made a great outcry, after the manner of young women, and then began straightway to show me precisely how it might be done, protesting, meanwhile, that she would never, no, never, consent. We both agreed, though, that it was proper we should lay the matter of our marriage before Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw; but I saw that Daphne, who was of a romantic turn, had her imagination fired by the notion of an elopement.

"A pair of good horses and a light traveling chaise!" she exclaimed. "If only it were not wrong!"

"No, no! Four horses!" cried I; "and there is nothing wrong in either a two or a four horse chaise."

Daphne clapped her hands.

"A trip to Scotland—I have always longed for Scotland. I know a dozen people who have married in Scotland, and happy marriages, every one of them. But I forbid you, Richard, to think of an elopement."

"We shall set out at midnight; we shall not be missed until morning, and we shall have at least 12 hours' start. Then, at every stage we shall leave something behind, which will insure a broken axle, or a linchpin gone, for our pursuers."

We were both so charmed with the picture we had conjured up, that when I said: "Suppose, after all, though, that Sir Peter consents?" Daphne's face fell; but presently she smiled, when I said:

"If he does consent, why, then, there is no harm in our marrying any way we like, and he will excuse us for running away. And if he does not consent, there is no help for it—we must elope!"

I considered myself a casuist of the first order. I felt obliged to take the first opportunity of letting Sir Peter know the state of affairs, and, as usual, I determined to begin through Lady Hawkshaw.

"And," as Daphne shrewdly remarked, "they will certainly differ, so we shall at least have one of them on our side."

I sought Lady Hawkshaw and found her in her usual place, in the Chinese room. I began, halting, stammering, and blushing, as if I were a charity schoolboy instead of a lieutenant in his majesty's service, who had been thanked by Lord Nelson.

"M-m-my lady," I stuttered, "I have experienced so much k-k-kindness from you that I have come to you in the greatest emergency of my life."

"You want to get married," promptly replied Lady Hawkshaw. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPEND MUCH FOR AMUSEMENT.

Twenty-Five Millions Are Invested in Parks in This Country.

"It costs a lot of money to build and operate an amusement park on a large scale," says Frederic Thompson, in Everybody's.

"I suppose that more than \$25,000,000 are invested in these parks in this country. Dreamland on Coney Island cost about \$2,500,000. Riverview Park and the White City in Chicago cost about a million each.

"Luna park cost \$2,400,000. The total annual expenses, including the cost of rebuilding, of putting in new shows and the operating expenses, average about a million dollars, and the season lasts four months. I spent \$240,000 on one show, of which \$68,000 was for animals, mostly elephants and camels—it was the representation of the Indian durbar—and I lost \$100,000 on it. I charged the loss up to education, and it was worth it. It costs \$5,600 a week to light Luna park, and \$4,500 for the music. The salaries of the free performers this season are \$2,300 a week. And all of these expenditures, as well as a good many others, go simply to manufacture the carnival spirit."

The Useful Hen.

"Country constables who make a living arresting speeding automobiles wouldn't have half so much trouble stopping the scorchers if they used a little ingenuity," says one of the offenders. "Chains across the road and moving vans blocking the highway are all right to accomplish the purpose, but they're cumbersome. My idea for causing a prompt slow-up is to scatter a lot of grain in a road and turn a lot of hens loose. They would block the road all right, and if there's one thing that will make a chauffeur slow up it's a hen. Dogs are bad enough, but a hen always runs the wrong way, and if the machine is going at any speed usually ends up under the wheels. Hitting a hen will sometimes throw the front wheels out of line and cause the car to swerve, so drivers almost invariably slow up and give poultry a chance to get out of the way. A hen speed trap is a great idea, to my way of thinking, and, of course, if one of the birds were killed the cost could easily be added to the driver's fine."

Morning Meal Time for Smiles

THE day of an entire family is often made or marred by breakfast table manners. If the atmosphere is disagreeable, if even one person starts the day snapping, every one at the table is apt to be disgruntled before the meal is through.

It should not be any harder to smile in the morning than at midnight; indeed, the woman who has lived through 18 hours of strenuous modern life would seemingly have more excuse for irritation at the end of it rather than at the start. Yet, strangely enough, more people feel cross at breakfast than at any other time.

There are women to whom getting out of bed is more of a temper test than a direct insult. They consider the rising gong a personal enemy and seem physically incapable of a smile or pleasant word until they have been up several hours.

Most families have experienced this trying trait in at least one member. What mother has not thumped and hammered at a son's or daughter's door until exhausted in patience and strength, just to get him up for a daily duty? Instead of gratitude, the mother generally meets with sour looks if not rudeness for her pains.

If one is such an incorrigible sleepy head that the morning manners suffer it is well for her to hunt the cause. In a growing girl or boy this crossness may be due to not getting enough sleep for one's strength.

If so, parents should insist that the rest be taken at the other end of the day. Early retiring is much better for a young person than late rising. There is no worse discipline than to let children get up when it suits them.

Laziness and indifference are most often the cause of bad morning manners. Anything goes in the family. It is too much trouble to talk agreeably at breakfast, so John buries himself in his paper and does not speak unless to score the coffee or rank toast, and Mary, with straggling locks and in sloppy wrapper, either sulks or nags.

To start the day wrong, with temper ruffled or feelings hurt, leaves a sting that cuts. If one cannot keep sweet the day through it were better to choose a less auspicious time for temper than the breakfast table, when all should be bright and cheerful, if only to counteract the tendency to morning crossness which most of us feel.

The wife who wishes to be remembered pleasantly is as careful of her morning toilet and her morning manners as she is to appear her best for dinner. If she can't be she had better have coffee in her room. The man who does not wish to have his wife sigh with relief when the door has closed on him for downtown, will take pains to be agreeable at the breakfast table.

Never let children get into the habit of whining at breakfast or of scolding because they will be late to school. Belated meals are responsible for much morning misery; it is hard to keep good tempered if a train must be made on a jump or a black mark is feared.

Set the breakfast hour early enough that mad scrambles and consequent ill humor can be avoided. See to it that every one is down on time.

One mother broke up breakfast table crossness by having a fine for every one who came to the table scowling or who sulked or whined or scolded during the meal.

If you think that it makes little difference how you act or look at breakfast, try coming downstairs singing and happy some rainy day, when the cook is late and the family dispositions are apt to be warped. Though a free row is going on when your cheerful face is first seen, things will quickly calm down under your smiling presence.

Ribbon Trimming for Hat

RIBBON is always more used on summer than on winter hats, and there is every prospect that the huge bows which last season often formed the only trimming for an ordinary hat will again be popular.

For making these bows, materials by the yard are preferable to ribbons, as they make more graceful loops. A thin, light make of supple taffeta or messaline is the favorite material for simple hats, while more elaborate ones have bows of lace or tulle, bordered with satin or soft pompadour silks and gauzes.

The material is cut on the cross in bands measuring from eight to ten inches in width, and is bordered with a double fold, in which milliner's wire is inserted. Often this border is of a different color, even of different material. Thus gauze bows are given, either in the same or a contrasting color.

In making a bow study the shape of the hat and decide whether it is to be flat or outstanding. This can best be decided from the style of the other trimming. Measure the length for the first loop, double over, twist a heavy patent leather thread around the neck of the loop to hold it in place before making the next loop or loops. When the bow is finished all the loops are wound firmly together and the windings are covered with soft folds of the material.

If the wire is not run in before the bow is started, as is the case if the edges are bound, it is inserted in the middle of each loop and caught with a few slip stitches.

There is such an art in tying a graceful bow that the beginner should never experiment on good materials. Pieces of soft cheesecloth, wired, are excellent for practice, and old bows can be ripped, pressed and tied as nearly as possible as they were before.

If possible, it is well for the girl who intends to go in for trimming her own hats and making her own girdles to take a few lessons in bows from a professional. Even with careful instruction she may never acquire the knack that seems to be inborn, but her bows will not look hopelessly home made.

The chief requisite for the beginner is to know what kind she wishes to tie. Fashions in bows change as they do in everything else. One season they are Alsatian, again the loops stand out in sickle shape, or are compacted into huge rosettes. It is too soon to say just what order of bow will prevail, either for hats or sashes the coming season.

The wide-awake girl who must do her own work will make a tour of the fashionable shops and study the latest thing. She will decide on the kind she wishes to copy and note not only the number of loops and ends but their length and general direction.

IN VOGUE

East Indian hats are among the new articles of headdress.

Of late there has been a turning from the long-used white yoke to lace and net yokes of the color of the gown.

Close, clinging styles have not yet received the expected setback, and will now probably prevail well into the spring.

The fancy arrangement of braids and bands over the bodice produces the bolero effect without its being a separate garment.

The new corsets are very short from the bust to the waist line and remarkably long over the hips, a suitable style for large women.

THREE COSTUMES THAT FIND FAVOR IN PARIS



On the left is an attractive evening gown made on a French design. The middle figure shows an effective two-piece suit of pongee. On the right is a model for a stylish costume for a girl.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rockland, Maine.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged, and thought I would never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and thought I would try it. After taking three bottles I was cured, and never felt so well in all my life. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends."—Mrs. WILL YOUNG, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.



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EXPRESSIVE REPLY.



Freddie—Your father told me that I was the black sheep of the family. Gertrude—What did you say? Freddie—Bah!

Sees Final Victory Over Tuberculosis.

Dr. William Osler says: "Whether tuberculosis will be finally eradicated is an open question. It is a foe that is very deeply entrenched in the human race. Very hard it will be to eradicate completely, but when we think of what has been done in one generation, how the mortality in many places has been reduced more than 50 per cent.—indeed, in some places 100 per cent.—it is a battle of hope, and so long as we are fighting with hope, the victory is in sight."

Overcome Adversity.

The waves which sorrow lashes up around us stand high between us and the world and make our ship solitary in the midst of a haven full of vessels. Cannot one do like the fair sun, and go under the waves and yet come back again. And yet, after all, if you look upon his going down rightly there is no such thing in reality.—Richter.

A Man of Means.

Stern Parent—Ethel, young Fledgley gave me to understand he was a man of means when he asked for your hand.

Ethel—He is a man of means, father.

Stern Parent—But he only makes \$1,000 a year.

Ethel—Well, he means to make more.

"Good"

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