



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 new nephew, Richard Glyn, fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who spurned his attentions...

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. I was so staggered by having the words taken out of my mouth, that I could only gape and stare at her...

"Do you see that?" cried Giles. "That is my wedding suit. For it I spent fifty of the last £100 I had in the world, and it is to marry Lady Arabella Stormont that I bought it."



"That is My Wedding Suit."

"Will you ring the bell?" she asked. I rang the bell like a church warden, and the footman came, and Lady Hawkshaw immediately sent him for Sir Peter...

spent fifty of the last £100 I had in the world, and it is to marry Lady Arabella Stormont that I bought it."

"But—but—she does not like you," I said, hesitating and amazed.

"We shall see about that, my lad," he said, and then began to tell me of what he thought a great change in his favor with Arabella.

"Then, Sir Peter," cried Lady Hawkshaw, rising with awful dignity, "you forget all about Lieut. Peter Hawkshaw and the Honorable Apollonia Jane Howard."

"But—but—there are lieutenants and lieutenants, madam. I was considered a man likely to rise. And, besides, if I remember rightly, I was not an ill-looking fellow, madam."

"Sir Peter, you were no taller than you are now—five feet four inches. Your hair was red, and you were far from handsome. Richard Glyn is as good-looking as you ever were in your life; and he has already made his mark. Richard Glyn," turning to me, "you are at liberty to marry Daphne Carmichael."

"Richard Glyn," bawled Sir Peter, "if you dare to think you are going to marry Daphne Carmichael—mind, I say, if the thought ever enters your damned head—it will be as much as your life is worth! I am going, this moment, to the first lord of the admiralty, to see if I can't have you sent to the West Indies, or the Gold Coast, with my best wishes and endeavors to keep you there for ten years at least."

"And what will you do with me, dear Uncle Peter?" suddenly asked a soft voice; and Daphne, who had stolen into the room (she must have been very near), stood before him, and nestled her pretty head against his shoulder.

Sir Peter was too astonished for a moment or two to speak. The whole thing had fallen upon him like the shock of an earthquake. But in a lit-

tle while he recovered his voice, and all of his voice, too; he shouted as if he were on the bridge of the Ajax, with a whole gale blowing and the enemy in sight.

"Do!" he shrieked. "What shall I do? Bread and water, miss, for six months! Discipline, miss!" And much more of the same sort.

This roused Lady Hawkshaw to take our part. She shouted back at Sir Peter, and I, not to be outdone, shouted that Daphne was mine, and I was hers, as long as life should last; and presently Sir Peter flung out, in a royal rage, and Lady Hawkshaw flung after him; and Daphne sank, in tears, on my shoulder, and I kissed her a hundred times, and comforted her. But I knew Sir Peter was a determined man in some respects; and I felt assured he would shortly carry out his threat to send me to sea, and, once at sea, it might be years before I should again set foot in England.

Scotland, then, sounded sweetly in our ears. I found, in truth, that when it came actually to going off, Daphne's romantic willingness changed to a natural hesitation as to bold a step. But the near prospect of going to the Bellona turned the scale in my favor, and I won from her a sort of oblique consent. And another thing seemed to play directly into our hands. Sir Peter had business at Scarborough, which might detain him some time; and, although it was late in the autumn, he determined to take his family with him. I believe it was by way of separating Daphne and me that he came to the decision. Lady Hawkshaw was to go, and his two wards; and they were to remain a month. This was so obviously showing us the road across the border that I told my sweet Daphne plainly I would carry her off; at which she wept more, and protested less, than I had yet seen her.

In the whole affair, I had counted upon the assistance of Giles Vernon; and on the very night the party left for Scarborough, after a tearful farewell between Daphne and me, I went to Giles' lodgings, to make a clean breast of it.

Giles' voice called me upstairs; and when I reached his room, there, spread out on the bed, I saw a beautiful suit of brown and silver.

"Do you see that?" cried Giles. "That is my wedding suit. For it I spent fifty of the last £100 I had in the world, and it is to marry Lady Arabella Stormont that I bought it."

"But—but—she does not like you," I said, hesitating and amazed.

"We shall see about that, my lad," he said, and then began to tell me of what he thought a great change in his favor with Arabella.

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Pennsylvania Happenings

Pittsburg.—At a meeting of the Pittsburg Single Tax Association it was decided to celebrate the birthday of Henry George on Sept. 3 by a supper.

Pottstown.—Notice was posted in the Stanley G. Flag plant at Stowe announcing a general increase of 10 per cent in the wages of the employes of that plant, to take effect July 7. The increase will effect all of the hands of the plant, both skilled and unskilled labor.

Altoona.—The United States army recruiting office, after being closed since last February, was reopened in the federal building. The enlistments wanted are for coast and artillery service. Recruits are wanted for several negro regiments in the army.

Philadelphia.—Science and surgery may restore sight to the eyes of little Katherine Frick, the deaf, dumb and sightless ward of the state, who is being educated at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy. Dr. W. T. Shoemaker, noted oculist and surgeon, will remove a cataract from the child's right eye, and by doing this he hopes to give her partial vision.

Philadelphia.—John Dermond is a wonder to the medical world. Five years ago he was badly injured when a steer fell upon his head from a runaway in the local yards of Armour & Co. His head was driven down between his shoulders, breaking his neck. His skull was fractured and his shoulders dislocated and five ribs, one arm and both legs broken and severely injured internally. But notwithstanding all these injuries, he is to-day well and able to walk.

Williamsport.—One of the saddest funerals ever held here was that of Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Munro, the young bridal couple who were found dead together in their room, both having died of heart disease. The same minister who 11 days after officiating at their wedding ceremony conducted their double funeral and the pallbearers for Mrs. Munro were the groomsmen and ushers at the wedding. The pallbearers for Mr. Munro were clerks from the office in which he was employed.

Pittsburg.—The largest single contract for railroad equipment ever placed in the United States, involving from \$20,000,000 to \$35,000,000, will be awarded by the Pennsylvania railroad company within the next ten days. Most of these cars will be built in the Pittsburg district, and thousands of mechanics will be assured steady employment for many months. President McCrea and other officials of the Pennsylvania have authorized the purchase of the new rolling stock, and it is understood that the large car-building concerns have already been notified of the number of cars to be built at their plants.

Pittsburg.—By an expenditure of \$7,000,000, the New York Central will gain a direct connection between Pittsburg and New York, the route being but a trifle longer than that of the Pennsylvania and much shorter than the Baltimore & Ohio. It is announced that the right of way has been secured and all surveys made for a line of 70 miles connecting Clymer, Pa., with Port Vue, Pa. The former point is on the Clearfield branch of the New York Central and the latter on the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Younglough branch of the New York Central. Aside from giving the direct outlet to the East, the New York Central people figure on a great relief from the congestion which has for years been on the Pittsburg & Lake Erie end of the New York Central here.

Uniontown.—Chief Roderick announced assignments for state mine inspectors for the ensuing year. Of 35 who passed the examination 21 were appointed. Several inspectors were transferred—Alex McCaugh, from Scottdale to Monongahela City; T. D. Williams, from Connellsville to Johnstown; Arthur Neale, from Fayette City to Crafton; Daniel Blower, from Johnstown to Scottdale; David Young, from Brownsville to Freeport; William Howarth, from Monongahela City to Brownsville, and Thomas Lowther, from Somerset to Tyrone. Appointments for the 21 districts follow: Alex McCaugh, C. B. Ross, T. K. Adams, Elias Phillips, Isaac G. Roby, T. D. Williams, Arthur Neale, Joseph Knepper, T. J. Walsh, Joseph Williams, Daniel Blower, Roger Hampton, John T. Bell, David Young, Alex Monteith, William Howarth, John I. Pratt, Thomas Lowther, Charles T. McGregor, Nicholas Evans, F. W. Cunningham.

Harrisburg.—Gov. Stuart signed the pardon of James B. Gentry, the actor, who has been in the eastern penitentiary for 14 years for the murder of his sweetheart, Midge Yorke.

Pittsburg.—Owing to kindness and beneficence shown toward a friendless woman years ago Margaret Jane Conrad is now heir to \$22,000 left her by Mrs. Anna Adams, who died recently in Jersey City. Mayor Magee received a letter from B. A. Allison, Jersey City, asking for aid in locating the Conrad woman.

WERE BOTH OF MIXED BLOOD

Points of Resemblance Between Englishman and Cowboy, as the Latter Understood it.

"The countess de Pourtales was a New York Lorillard," said a New York tobaccoist. "So on both sides, of course, she has blue blood. Yet she is without false pride."

"At a recent tobacco men's convention a director told me of a remark the countess made in Biarritz to an arrogant Englishman."

"This fellow boasted of his ancestry. The countess said that sort of talk wouldn't be understood in the wild west. She said an Englishman said to a Texas cowboy once:

"I have Tudor blood in my veins on the maternal side and through my father's family I am a Plantaganet."

"Is that so?" said the cowboy, brightening with keen interest. "My blood's a leetle mixed, too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot and my grandmother a Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Come and liquor up!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NERVE.



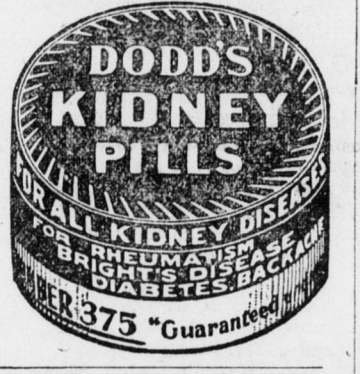
"Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment?" "You cannot; she's engaged."

"That's all right; I'm the fellow she's engaged to."

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Enfant Terrible. "Come, Max, we must go home; it is two o'clock; dinner is waiting for us."

Or, They Should. Shakespeare: Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing.



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.

What you can do on 10 acres

You have read of the big profits being made by growers in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas. Has it occurred to you to consider what you could do under similar circumstances? Isn't it reasonable to suppose that you can do as well?

If you should go to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and buy a 10-acre tract this is what you might reasonably expect, if you do as well as the average—for these are not fanciful figures—but the actual average results, carefully figured from the yields of a large number of growers in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas:

Table with 2 columns: WINTER CROPS and SUMMER CROPS—Same Land. Lists various crops and their yields/prices.



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The expense of raising these crops is not great, for you will not need much help on 10 acres. You can do what others are doing. Go, see for yourself. Very low excursion fares twice a month via Rock Island-Frisco Lines. The trip itself will be a pleasure. The climate is a marvel to all—winters mild and sunny—summers pleasantly cooled by Gulf breezes. Can you afford to miss such an opportunity? Write to-night for full information about the big profits growers are making in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas, and set of colored prospect cards. John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island-Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines 2027 LaSalle Station, Chicago, or 2027 Frisco Building, St. Louis