

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

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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 father attended a theater where Hawkshaw's nephew saw Lady Arabella.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

This made me hope that Sir Peter would not be present, for I thought our chances of getting off would materially improve if he were not on the spot.

The play was to be over at half-past ten, and it may be imagined that we had plenty to do until then. We engaged four of the best pairs of nags in the town. We arranged to pay the postboys according to the time they took us over the border, and we felt in ourselves the strength of Titans, to overcome whatever resistance might be offered.

we scarce felt the ground under our feet.

The two post-chaises awaited us on the highway, the postboys full of confidence; the horses, the best in the town, were eager to be off. We jumped together in one, and were whirled into the town, and were at the door of the playhouse almost before we knew it.

One of our postillions speedily found the coach which had brought Lady Hawkshaw there, and in pursuance of his instructions, got the coachman off his box to drink in a neighboring tavern, while one of our postboys stood watch over the horses. Giles and I remained in the chaise until it was time for us to make our descent.

At half-past ten the play was over, and then began that hurry and commotion of the dispersion of a crowd in the darkness. We heard loud shouts for Lady Hawkshaw's coach, but the coachman did not make his appearance. There were many officers and ladies from the garrison, and a number of equipages; but soon they were driving off, while half a dozen men at once were shouting for Lady Hawkshaw's coach. At last my lady herself came out of the entrance, followed by Arabella and Daphne, and at that moment Giles slipped out of the chaise, and appeared before Lady Hawkshaw as if he had risen from the earth. I, too, was on the ground, but out of sight.

"Pray, my lady," said he, in his most gallant manner, and hat in hand, "allow me to show you to your coach."

"Mr. Vernon!" cried Lady Hawkshaw, in surprise. "I thought you were in London. How came you to Scarborough?"

"By chaise, madam," he replied, politely; "and I hope to see the young ladies before I leave" (the hypocrite!).

"Is Sir Peter with you, madam?"

"No, he is not," replied Lady Hawkshaw, her wrath rising at the idea. "Had he been with me my coach would have been awaiting me."

And then turning to Arabella and Daphne, who were behind her, she said, sternly:

"Arabella and Daphne, this does not happen again. Sir Peter comes with us to the play, after this."

I caught sight, from a corner behind the chaise, of my dear Daphne, at that moment. She stopped sudden-



"Rather Would I Die Than Marry Him."

ly, and turned pale and then rosy, and glanced wildly about her. She knew I was not far off.

How Arabella received Giles' sudden appearance I never knew, as I could not see her. But in another moment he had placed Lady Hawkshaw, with the utmost obsequiousness, in the coach; then folding up the steps like magic, he slammed the door, and shouting to the coachman, "Drive on!" the coach rattled off, and the next moment his arm was around Arabella and mine was around Daphne, and they were swept off their feet; and in less time than it takes to tell it, each of us was with the idol of his heart, whirling off toward Gretna Green, as fast as four horses to a light chaise could take us.

Now, what think you, were Daphne's first words to me?

"Unhand me, Mr. Glyn, or I'll scream for assistance!"

"My dearest one!" I exclaimed, "you are now mine. By to-morrow morning we shall be over the border, and you will be my wife."

"An elopement! Gracious heaven! I never thought of such a thing!" she replied.

I might have answered that she had not only thought of such a thing, but talked of it. I refrained, however, knowing a woman's tongue to be capricious in its utterances, and, instead, assured her that my passion was such I could no longer bear the thought of existing without her.

"And do you mean to marry me, sir, without my guardian's consent?" she asked, with much violence.

"I do, indeed, my angel, and I thought it was agreed between us."

This was an unfortunate speech, and she again threatened to scream for assistance, but presently remarked that as there was none to come to her assistance, she would refrain. And then, having done what propriety required, she began to relent a little, and at last lay in my arms, asking me, with tears, if I would promise her never to love another, and I told her, with great sincerity, that I never would, provided I got out of that alive.

Deep in our own happiness—for at last the dear girl admitted that she was happy to be mine—we yet thought of Giles and Arabella, and I would have got out of the chaise at each of the three stages, where we made a rapid change of horses, except that Daphne would not let me—afraid, she said, lest I should be recognized and

get into trouble. She afterward told me it was because she feared we might be stopped. We did not forget the precaution, in our brief halts, to pay the hostlers well to do some harm to any pursuing vehicles which might be after us; and our plan seemed to be prospering famously.

So all night we rattled furiously along, and at daybreak we crossed the border, notified by the huzzinga of the postboys. It was a dank, dismal morning, the weather having changed during the night, and we saw that we had passed the other chaise in the darkness. It was some distance behind, and the horses seemed much spent. We continued on our way to the house of a blacksmith at Gretna Green, who, so our postboys told us, usually united runaway couples. We dashed up to his cottage—a humble place, surrounded by a willow hedge—and he, warned by approaching wheels, came out, half dressed, in the murky morning.

"Come to be married?" he cried. "Step out, then."

I assisted Daphne out of the chaise and then, as we stood on the damp ground, in those squalid surroundings looking at each other, the possible wrong I had done this innocent girl suddenly swept over me. And in her eyes, too, I read the first conscious ness of having committed an impropriety. This dirty, unkempt blacksmith, the coarse, laughing postboys—this, a way to make the most solemn and spiritual of all engagements! I felt an uncomfortable sense of guilt and shame.

It was only momentary. The more depressed she, the more should I support, and therefore I called out cheerfully: "I take this woman to be my wedded wife," and such other words as I recalled of the marriage service—and I said it so heartily and promised so devoutly, removing my hat when I made my vows, that it heartened up Daphne—and her response, so full of faith and love, gave a kind of holiness to it all. We were two rash and foolish young people—but we loved each other truly, and we made our vows solemnly, determined to keep them. Perhaps that counts for more, in the eyes of God, than all else; at least, we realized the sacredness of our vows.

Scarcely was the brief ceremony over—for ceremony we made it—when the chaise containing Arabella and Giles drew up. And the sight I saw, I can never forget.

Arabella's face was quite pale, but her eyes were blazing. There were some drops of blood upon her cheek—they came from her wrists, which Giles held firmly. The door of the chaise being opened, she stepped out willingly, disdaining the assistance Giles offered her. His face, too, was very pale, and he looked and moved like a man in a nightmare. The blacksmith grinned broadly; he thought his gains were to be increased—for I had not forgotten to pay him handsomely.

Giles seized her hand. "Arabella," he cried, desperately, "surely you do not now mean to throw me over?"

For answer, she gave him a glance of ineffable hatred.

"This man," she said, turning to me, "you friend, your intimate—I blush for you—has dragged me here. Rather would I die than marry him. Look!"

She held up her wrists, and they showed marks of violence.

"Twas to keep her from jumping out of the chaise," said Giles, wildly. "She would have had me leave her at midnight, on the highway—alone and unprotected. Dearest Arabella," he cried, turning to her, and trying to clasp her, "will you not listen to my prayer? How can you scorn such love as mine?"

And he was near going down on his knees to her, in the mud—but I held him up. I confess that the most painful thing of all this painful business was Giles Vernon's complete surrender of his manhood, under the influence of his wild passion. He, an officer in his majesty's sea service, a man who had smelt powder and knew what it was to look Death in the eye and advance upon him, who would have answered with his life for his courage, was ready to grovel in the earth like a madman for the favor of a woman. Nothing was it to him that low-born creatures like the postboys and the blacksmith beheld him with contempt and disgust; nothing to him that a woman like Daphne, and that I, a brother officer, witnessed his degradation. He seemed to have parted with the last semblance of self-respect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

Fate of Unhappy Man Who Aroused Ire of Young Mother.

The baby in arms was screaming lustily and the man in the gray suit could not hide his irritability.

"What on earth, madam," he spluttered, "do you mean by bringing such a howling brat into a public vehicle?"

"It isn't a brat," retorted the mother, with natural indignation. "And, if I'm any judge, it doesn't howl half as much as you did at its age, going by the looks of you."

The man in gray wriggled uneasily under the general scrutiny.

"Baby, see the ugly man?" pursued the infuriated female, pointing at him. "See the monkey-ponkey, gorilla man, what might take a first prize at a beauty show for the horrible face? Baby, hush, or the ugly monkey man will—"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for the man in the gray suit had bolted.

Award of Self-Denial. The more we deny ourselves the more the gods supply our wants.—Horse.

Pennsylvania Happenings

Pittsburg.—The United States Steel Corporation, it is now thought, will show a net profit of \$28,000,000 for April, May and June.

Kittanning.—The recent birth of a daughter to Mrs. Aaron Ollinger of near here marked the 21st visit of the stork to the Ollinger home.

Canonsburg.—The Standard Tinsmith Co. recently put into operation its entire plant, including four new mills, built in the last three months.

Pittsburg.—The largest flag in the world, unfurled July 5, pulled thousands of pounds of tile roofing from the court house. Many persons had narrow escapes from injury.

Altoona.—Orders for 500 steel box cars, 47 postal cars, 15 diners and eight baggage and express cars will benefit 1,500 Pennsylvania railroad employes here. Seventy-five suspended men were added to the car shop force, these being the first reinstated since the financial depression.

York.—"Satan has come into the schools of learning in the guise of professors and stolen the faith of scholars," said Rev. C. E. Wiles before the convention of the State Lutheran League, speaking in warning against rationalism, which, he said, had crept in and in part extinguished the faith of many Protestants. It was the boast of the Lutheran church, he declared, that in its institutions of learning no professor could be found who did not accept the extreme authority of the Bible.

Harrisburg.—Notices are being sent out by Secretary Kalbfus of the game commission, calling the attention of the wardens to the fact that, while the new law denying foreign-born residents the right to own firearms went into effect May 1, the commission desires to be fair in the matter and no prosecutions are to be brought against the foreigners until a reasonable time after the notices telling them of the law shall have been posted. These notices were delayed in printing and are only now being sent to all parts of the state. "Of course," said Dr. Kalbfus, "if men of foreign birth are caught hunting or shooting birds they should be prosecuted at once."

Harrisburg.—The new feeding stuffs law enacted by the last legislature will take effect the first day of August. This new law limits the amount of ground corn cobs and oat hulls that can be used in mixed feeds; prohibits the use of rice hulls, peanut hulls and weed seeds as adulterants in concentrated commercial feeding stuffs, and so makes it possible to free the markets of Pennsylvania from undesirable feeds. The cooperation of all manufacturers of and dealers in feeding stuffs, as well as the public press, is solicited in the effort to carry out the provisions of this new law. Copies of the law will be sent to any persons making application to the department of agriculture.

Philadelphia.—In an effort to secure the consent of the United Mine Workers to a reduction in the wage scale in the central bituminous fields, the operators' committee, which recently petitioned President Lewis and the national board for a readjustment in District 2 met miners' representatives. The proposition laid before the miners was that upon showing that the central Pennsylvania coal field is producing coal at a cost per ton of from 20 cents to 40 cents greater than that at which it is at present being produced in other bituminous fields competing for tidewater markets, the miners agree to a reduction in the wage scale from 66 to 50 cents per ton for pick mined coal. It is understood a meeting of the mine workers' representatives will be held to discuss the request.

Plattsburg.—President Taft, as the guest of the New York and Vermont Champlain tercentenary commission, found himself the central figure in a series of events in connection with the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Champlain country. The president motored to Cliff Haven, half a mile from Bluff Point, where he addressed a large gathering at the Catholic summer school of America, returning later to the Hotel Champlain, where he received the foreign ambassadors. Govs. Hughes and Prouty, members of the New York state legislature and others of the guests. While this was going on the Indian pageants, which have proved an attractive feature of the celebration, were given on the floating island, which had been towed up from Fort Ticonderoga and anchored at the mouth of Saranac river.

Harrisburg.—Knocking down or defacing country sign boards is now a serious matter. Gov. Stuart recently signed the bill which makes the offense of removing or defacing index boards punishable by a fine of \$25.

Harrisburg.—From present indications game this fall will be plentiful. Chief Game Protector Kalbfus has received word from all parts of the state which indicate that deer and bears will appear in unusually large numbers and turkeys and pheasants are said to be numerous.

"Not a crop failure in 18 years. Can raise more here than on East 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 Panhandle and South Plains region of northwestern 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 unequalled 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 lonely, 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 Mr. W. M. Curfman, of Hereford, in the Texas Panhandle. He says: "I came to Hereford four years ago and bought 600 acres of land nine miles southeast of town."

Disease Carried by the Fly. Asiatic cholera, so fearful in its ravages, is among the fly's specialties; tuberculosis is another; every disease which begins or ends or endures in filth is his ally; and it has even been demonstrated that the fly carries and deposits, in active and virulent condition, the bacillus of the scourge before which the white man quails in sick and terrified loathing—leprosy.

The Proper Question. The man with the glassy eye and preternaturally solemn demeanor put down a sovereign at the booking office at Charing Cross, and demanded "a ticket." "What station?" snapped the booking clerk. The would-be traveler steeled himself. "What stations have you?" he asked with quiet dignity.—London Globe.

Where They Excel. Where men are natural leaders born, and some are poets made; some win fame through politics, and some get coin in trade. But of the entire earthly crowd, these form but a small slice; for the average man prefers to stand around and give advice.

Change of Evils. Wife—"Do come with me to call on the Joneses; they'll make you feel perfectly at home." Husband—"Well, then, what on earth is the use of going?"

Instructive. "Your friend is a literary authority is he? Has he ever done constructive work?" "No; destructive. He's a book reviewer."—Outlook.

His Genus. "I'd be ashamed to hang around a woman as Harry does about his finance. Why, he's just a tame cat." "No; he is her pet dear."

A Speedy Substitute. "I would love, if only once, to have a swelled luncheon." "Why not try one of dried apples and water?"—Baltimore American.

Fame. Proud Author—"Have you seen my new book? I hope you will lose no time in reading it." "You can bet on that. I lost time enough reading your last one."

Must Have Something to Attain. Alas for the self-satisfied. He who is without aspirations is poor indeed. For all life consists in realizing unreal ideals, and he who has no unrealized ideals is already dead, and knows it not.—Lyman Abbott.

A Dutch Auction. A Dutch auction is the name given to a public sale in which the auctioneer fixes a price upon the article to be sold, above its value, and then gradually reduces it until some one closes with an offer.

In the Future. "How airy that military officer is!" "He can't help it; he's in the balloon corps."

He Can Keep on Forever. The man who limits himself to hoping for the best has an everlasting job.

The Philosopher of Folly. "When I hammer a lot of other people," says the Philosopher of Folly, "I'm not displaying intellect. Anybody can do that. But when a lot of other people hammer me, I know I'm of some importance in the world."

Simplicity. Longfellow: The supreme excellence is simplicity.

The Difference. What is the difference between the permission to speak in a low tone, and a prohibition not to speak at all? In the one case you are not to talk aloud; in the other you are not allowed to talk.

A Hopeless Case. "Why don't you reprove your titled son-in-law for his reckless expenditures?" "Because," answered Mr. Comrox, "it's bad enough to see him wasting my money without wasting my time."

"Built me a house and broke about forty acres of land the first year. Sold \$416 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 \$302 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 \$490, 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. SEAGRAVES, Gen. Colonization Agt. A. T. & S. F. Ry. System. 1170 J. Railway Exchange, Chicago.

Three Meals for Six Cents. The grand jury at Greensburg, Pa., the other day recommended that the amount paid to the sheriff for the daily food supply of prisoners in the jail be cut from 12½ cents to 6 cents for each prisoner. The daily portion for each prisoner is one loaf of bread, two cups of coffee and one bowl of soup, with meat once a week. The grand jury says: "We believe the same can be served at a cost not to exceed six cents."

Degrees of Pain. Pain is a general term. A pain which is local and of short duration is a twinge. If local and continuous, it is an ache. Agony, torment and the like, when not the mere hysteria of overstatement, are employed to designate the higher degrees of pain.

Money and Its Uses. Money is the clothing of a gentleman; he may wear it well or ill. Some carry great quantities of it gracefully; some, with a stinted supply, present a decent appearance; very few will bear inspection who are absolutely stripped of it.—George Meredith.

Value of Ideals. Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But, like the seafaring man on the deserts of water, you choose them as your guides, and following them you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

Stranded. "For goodness sake, Harriet, why so sad?" "The cook's left, but that is not the worst of it! she took with her the recipe book for all the things John's mother used to make."

Never Give Up. If you have lost faith and hope, you are indeed in a bad way. Harrow the ground and start fresh seeds of hardy plants of the same species. Never give up.

A Difficult Problem. It is often difficult to decide whether the most disagreeable people in the world are those who merely think they are our superiors or those who really are.

Woman Suffrage. Gladys—"So you've sent Herbert about his business, have you?" Maybelle—"Yes. But I have since used the er—recall on him."

Wise Law in the Netherlands. All employes in the Netherlands who are boarding with their employers are entitled to medical treatment for at least six weeks.

Happiness. No man praises happiness as he would justice, but calls it blessed, as being something more divine and excellent.—Aristotle.

Wisdom from Uncle Eben. "Talk," said Uncle Eben, "is sunpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"

Unfailing. To Mark Table Linnen.—Leave the baby and some jam alone at the table for five minutes.—Judge.

Word from Br'er Williams. "De race has got ter rise an' hustle ef it ever hopes ter git dar," said Brother Williams. "Too many thinks dat all dey got ter do is ter go ter sleep in de hot sun an' rise up an' eat watermelons in de shade."—Atlanta Constitution.

Temperance Lesson. The burglar who commandeered a bottle of brandy, and by absorption of its contents caused himself to be caught sleeping in the midst of his booty, now understands whither one may be led by the vicious habit of drink.

Promising Youth. "You don't know how proud I am of my younger brother Jerry," said Mrs. Lapsling. "Before he had been in college three years he got his bacchanalian degree."