

# OUR SERIAL

## 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 latter, 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 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 Hawkshaw 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. 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. Giles and Richard planned elopements. Sir Peter objected to the plan to wed Daphne. By clever ruses Giles and Richard eloped with Lady Arabella and Daphne, respectively. The latter pair were married. Daphne was pleased; Arabella raved in anger.

### CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Arabella answered his appeal by a laugh of scorn, which seemed to cut him like a knife; and then, shaking me off, he shouted to her:

"I know why you will not be mine. It is that pious, hypocritical hound, Overton. But I tell you now, my lady, if you marry him, I'll have his life. Take note of what I say—I'll have his life."

To which Arabella, after a pause in which her face grew deeply red and then pale again, said:

"Your own life is in jeopardy. The abduction of an heiress is a capital offense, and you shall be tried for your life if it takes every shilling of my fortune to do it. You shall see what you have done!"

I shuddered at these words, for I saw it was no idle threat. If Giles contemplated violence toward Overton, I had not the slightest doubt that Arabella was fully capable of keeping her word in the dreadful business. Daphne thought so, too, for she ran forward, and putting her hands over Arabella's mouth, cried:

"No, no! dear Arabella, take that back!"

"But I will not take it back," replied Arabella; "and I shall lodge information against this wretch as soon as I can return to Scarborough—which I shall do in the post-chaise; luckily, I have money with me."

Under the terrible threat of prosecution, Giles recovered himself surprisingly. He lost his frantic air, and, drawing himself up, remarked quite calmly:

"Just as your ladyship pleases."

His change of manner seemed to infuriate Arabella, who shrieked at him:

"You shall be hanged for this!" "Anything to oblige your ladyship," responded Giles, as cool as you please. I felt that this painful scene could no longer continue, and said so.

"Lady Arabella," said I, "my wife"—how Daphne's eyes glowed as I spoke—and I am returning immediately to Scarborough; you had best go with us; and when you have seen and consulted with Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw it will be time enough to determine upon your course."

"My course is already determined upon," she replied; and no one who saw her could doubt it.

"And so is mine," said Giles, now in possession of all his usual megalomania. "I return to London, where I shall duly report myself to the admiralty, and later to Sir Peter Hawkshaw; and if the lady thirsts for my blood, begad, she can have it."

"Giles Vernon," said I, "you have been unlucky. I can not say more, because I am in the same boat with you. But you have done nothing unworthy of a gentleman, and nothing to make either Daphne or me love you the less, no matter what befalls. So here is my hand upon it."

reproaches of the world in general, and Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw in particular, in regard to running away with an heiress. I had one comfort, however: Daphne fully believed in my disinterestedness; and I can sincerely say I wished Daphne's fortune at the bottom of the sea, if I could but have wooed and won her in the ordinary course of events.

Lady Arabella traveled just ahead of us, but took occasion to show her anger and resentment against us in every way.

About half the distance to Scarborough we met full in the road a traveling chariot, and in it were Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw.

We found that the hostlers had earned their money, and that the Hawkshaws' chaise had broken down at least once in every stage.

When we met and stopped, Arabella alighted, and so did we, and so did the Hawkshaws; and the first word that was spoken was by Daphne.

"Uncle Peter," she said, "don't fly at Richard. If you must know it, I ran away with him; for I am sure, although he is as brave as a lion, it never would have dawned upon him to run away with me, if I had not put the idea in his head and kept it there."

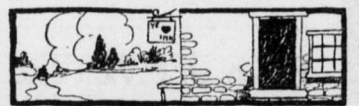
"Sir," I said, "and madam," turning to Lady Hawkshaw, "I beg you will not listen to this young lady's plea. I am wholly responsible for the circumstances of our marriage. I can, however, and do, call heaven to witness, that her fortune had nothing to do with it, and I should have been happy and proud to take her, with the clothes on her back, and nothing more."

Sir Peter began to sputter, but Lady Hawkshaw cut him short.

"Exactly what you said, Sir Peter, within an hour of our marriage."

Thus were Sir Peter's guns dismounted.

"And, Richard and Daphne, you are a couple of fools to run away, when, if you had only had a little patience, I would have had you handsomely married at St. George's, Hanover Square. But least said, soonest mended. Sir Peter, kiss Daphne,



Playing with Her Lap-Dog the While.



And shake hands with Richard."

And as I am a sinner, she actually forced Sir Peter to do both, although I saw he mortally hated it.

Arabella's turn came next. She advanced and said, with a bitterness that struck a chill to my heart:

"Sir Peter, as you know, I was carried off by that wretch who disgraces his uniform, Lieut. Giles Vernon; but he did not succeed in forcing me to consent to a marriage. And I call upon you, as my next friend, to aid me in the prosecution which I shall immediately set on foot against him for the capital offense of the abduction of an heiress; and I hope to bring him to the gibbet for it."

### CHAPTER IX.

Lady Arabella Stormont was as good as her word; for that day, two months, Giles Vernon was put upon trial for his life at York assizes for the abduction of an heiress. Sir Peter Hawkshaw refused absolutely to countenance Arabella; and my Lady Hawkshaw, who never had bowed her head or abased her spirit to mortal man or mortal woman before, went upon her knees, imploring Arabella to give over her revenge—for revenge it was, pure and simple—but Lady Arabella laughed at her. Lady Hawkshaw rose from her knees, crying out:

"You have some deep and unknown reason for this; but it will come to naught, it will come to naught!"

But Arabella found a person ready to her hand, who was most active in the matter. This was Sir Thomas Vernon of Vernon court. It was he who lodged the information with the public prosecutor against Giles, and assumed the part of Lady Arabella's champion. Of course, there was some ground for the version of the story which was started in Arabella's interest, that a frightful outrage had been committed by dragging her off against her will; and that only the most determined courage had saved her from a marriage repulsive to her; that Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, her next friends, had basely deserted her; and that Sir Thomas had chivalrously taken up her case. It is true that the relative characters of the Hawkshaws and Sir Thomas Vernon discounted much of this; but the actual facts in the case looked so ugly for Giles that there was no trouble in securing his prompt arrest and delivery in York jail.

The breach between Lady Arabella and the Hawkshaws, as well as Daphne and myself, was too great to be bridged over; and, having thrown herself, so to speak, in Sir Thomas Ver-

non's arms, she accepted the protection of a relative of his, one Mrs. Whitall, a decayed gentlewoman, and went to live at a small town near York until the assizes, when she would be called upon as the chief witness for the prosecution. Great stories were immediately put forth that Sir Thomas Vernon was deeply smitten with Arabella's charms, and that, after a visit with Mrs. Whitall to Vernon Court she looked very kindly on Sir Thomas. All this might be true, and Sir Thomas might flatter himself that he had won her favor; but, knowing Arabella well, I did not credit her with any sincere desire to be kind to Sir Thomas Vernon, although she might make him think so, for her own purposes. I suspected, however, a motive far deeper, in any matter connected with Sir Thomas Vernon. Overton was the next heir after Giles; Sir Thomas was extremely rickety, and not likely to be long-lived; and if, by merely telling what had happened, Lady Arabella could sate her resentment, which was deep and furious, against Giles, and at the same time greatly benefit Overton, I think she would not have weighed Giles' life at a penny. My Daphne, whose faith in human nature was angelic, in her belief in ultimate good, prayed and believed that Arabella to leave the country before the trial came off; but Arabella only said contemptuously:

"You are a child and a chit. Giles Vernon contemplated doing me the greatest wrong a man can do to a woman. Do you think I shall let him go unpunished? If so, how little do you know Arabella Stormont!"

Then I, from loyalty to Giles, and not from any hope I had from Lady Arabella, went to her and made my appeal. She heard all my prayers without the slightest sign of relenting, playing with her lap-dog the while. At last, I said to her:

"Tell me, at least, who is to be benefited by the conviction of Giles Vernon? Not you, certainly; for you will be loathed and shunned by all."

"The person dearest to me in the world," she replied; "the person I love better than my life or my soul," and then, as if she had admitted too much, she stopped, turned pale, and seemed altogether disconcerted. She had, in truth, admitted too much. The person she had ever loved better than her soul was Philip Overton.

I had the self-possession to leave her then, and went off by myself to think over the strange motive which had been revealed to me. Arabella's infatuation for Overton had always been abnormal, touched with unreason. And could fate have woven a closer web around Giles Vernon than in making him fall so madly in love with Arabella Stormont?

Giles had promptly surrendered himself, rightly judging a trial better than being a fugitive from justice and a deserter from the naval service. He repaired to York, after having duly reported to the admiralty, and was jailed immediately, and indicted.

The Hawkshaws, my Daphne and I remained in Scarborough during the two dreadful months that passed before the trial came off. Sir Peter easily got leave from the admiralty for me, hoping, not only that my testimony, but the example of the felicity in which Daphne and I lived, might not be without its effect upon the jury that tried Giles.

Offers of money to assist in his defense came from many quarters and from several ladies—two in especial, her grace of Achester and Mrs. Trenchard. Lady Hawkshaw, however, claimed the privilege of bearing the expenses of the trial out of her private fortune, which was large. Sir Peter and she had it hot and heavy, he desiring to contribute; and for one of the few times in his life, he carried his point against her. Two great barristers were to be brought from London to assist Giles in his defense, besides another one in York itself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CHILD EVINCED REAL HEROISM.

Pathetically Brave in Hour That Brings Terror to Us All.

A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman. Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell and the father said:

"Don't you want to go, Willie?" The little lip quivered, but the child answered, "Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness. The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting-places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent, they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief and asked:

"Why, am I going back with you?" "Of course you are; why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what, to him, had evidently been a summons to leave the world.

### Now It Is Different.

"De sayin' 'bout a soft answer turnin' away wrath," said Uncle Eben, "were promulgated in a previous age when dar weren' none o' deshere telephone young ladies sayin' 'Louder, please!'"

## For the Hostess

### Chat on Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

#### A Pilgrim Rug Party.

A pilgrim rug party is the very latest fad—shades of our grandmothers! Do you suppose under this disguise they would recognize the old rag carpets which adorned every room? Time has certainly turned backward in its flight and the older the fashion the newer, more up to date it seems to be. The "hit-and-miss" style of rug may somewhat resemble the old rag carpet, but the exquisitely woven ones of blue and white, green and white and green and pink are such artistic things that their relationship to the plebeian rag carpet is remote, save in the method of preparing the materials. Only cotton fabrics are used, and as in the olden day, a pound and a half ball weaves into a rug of a square yard in size. Well, now for the party. It was for a bride-elect, and the cards said "thimbles," so we were prepared to sew. We found piles of dark blue denim strips cut into about an inch wide. These were sewed together and wound into a hard ball. Then there was a pile of white strips—before us was a completed rug. By the time refreshments were served the rags were sewed. The cost of weaving is very small. The bride-elect was delighted with this new fashioned shower.

**A Peach Luncheon.**  
This affair will be seasonable as long as peaches are ripe and the weather favorable, for the invitations read "luncheon served on the lawn," but the hostess will make provision to have the house decorated to give a woody, outdoor effect should the day prove inclement.

If the sun shines spread a round table with a dainty cloth under a canopy made from awning material supported at the four corners by stakes driven in the ground. Decorate this sylvan dining room with Japanese lanterns and vines.

For the table centerpiece have a pink enameled basket filled with peaches and leaves; while facsimile peaches done in water color will be the place cards. Use gold or silver ink for lettering the names.

Here is a very attractive menu and withal easy to serve, a fact much appreciated by the cook.  
Tomato and herring canapés, jellied chicken, potato croquettes, olives, shrimp salad, delicious peach omelet served with brandied peaches, salted almonds in spun sugar shaped like peach baskets; and for dessert individual peach ice cream served on real peach leaves made of pistachio cream. Peach brandy in tincture of Venetian glass liqueurs finished the repart, with cups of French coffee.

The hostess wore a common frock of pink, with pale yellow trimmings, which is a most Frenchy combination if just the right shades are selected.

#### A Floral Card Party.

During the summer, whether at the seashore or mountain, people are apt to keep in mind their special charity (and every woman has one these days). Card parties seem to be the most popular way of making money, and this method has proved not only pretty but successful. A floral card party is carried out by giving prizes

of potted plants and keeping the score with flowers, either carnations, roses or some blossom that does not wilt quickly.

Invitations are sent for a "floral progressive card party" on cards cut in the shape of a flower. Jonquills, tulips, marguerites and roses lend themselves admirably to the scheme. To the winners pass vases containing the score flowers. At the finish every one will possess at least one or more of the fragrant reminders of their good luck.

The ice cream may be molded in floral shapes, and the small cakes ornamented with candy roses, crystallized violets and rose leaves may be mixed with the bonbons. Each guest is supposed to contribute 25 or 50 cents, whichever sum is agreed upon, to the charity for which the party is given.

**For the Baby.**  
The baby has certainly come into its own these days. There are stork parties galore, and in most of the stores there is a department just for baby gifts. These dainty presents are always more acceptable when accompanied by an appropriate sentiment. Sometimes these quotations are hand-lettered with water-color decorations. They may be framed or not.

In one of his altogether too infrequent poems Charles Dickens says of children whom he dearly loved:

They are idols of hearts and of households;  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes.  
Oh, these truants from home and from heaven.

They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know now how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God to a child.

Longfellow wrote from the heart when he penned the precious verses entitled "Children," and a gift with a quotation from it that all mothers should know would enhance the value tenfold:

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

A dear mother full of sentiment had this beautiful excerpt taken from one of William Cullen Bryant's poems painted in water colors and hung in the children's nursery:

"Nearer the shadow of thy wing  
Father, guide them;  
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,  
Go beside them."

#### THE MOST PRECIOUS GIFT.

A baby! and life's translucent cup  
With its richest wine is brimming up.  
Oh, none but a mother has ever quaffed  
A cup so sweet, love's richest draught!  
A father may know a calm delight,  
But a mother has sailed from death to light.

She has touched the brink of heaven's shore,  
She has heard its music wafted o'er;  
She has brought from that far-off shining strand  
A radiant pearl! and the music grand  
Has sunk in her heart, and swells through her life.

Till her entire being with rhythm is rife,  
She wonders if heaven can hold a bliss  
That is deeper still than her baby's kiss,  
And she knows that the God  
Who's a God of Love,  
Has sent her a token from heaven above;  
Has strengthened the shining golden chain  
That leads all hearts to his own again.  
—Miller.

MADAME MERRI.



## Quick Relief

is necessary in cases of Cramps, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and Diarrhea.

## Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam

is the quickest acting and most reliable remedy known for these affections. It stops pain immediately, and in almost every case brings about a speedy recovery. Keep it handy for the children's sake.

Sold by all druggists—per bottle, 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is an excellent tonic to overcome the exhaustion consequent upon a severe attack of Dysentery.

### TRUE RESIGNATION.



Old Maid—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven?  
Doctor—Yes, I believe so.  
Old Maid (resignedly)—O, then, doctor, you needn't call again.

### Tim to Change Subject.

The Courier-Journal tells of this embarrassing statement made by a well-known Louisville woman who is known as "saying things without thinking." Her daughter was entertaining a young man on the front porch and the mother was standing at the fence talking to the neighbors next door. In the yard of the latter was a baby a little over a year old, and it was trying to walk. "You shouldn't let it walk so young," advised the thoughtless matron. "Wait until it's a little older. I let my daughter walk when she was about that age, and it made her bow-legged." The young man began to talk energetically about the weather.

### Sex in Cromwells.

Of course with the sexes on a footing of equality as regarded opportunity, it would not be long until a female Cromwell made her appearance, and, having made her appearance, was getting her portrait painted.

The painter, once more a fawning, courtly fellow, would have the picture a flattery; but she rebuked him in words that became historic!

"Paint in the hips!" she commanded, sternly, showing that she could be more rigidly devoted to the truth than Oliver himself.—Puck.

### ORIGIN Of a Famous Human Food.

The story of the great discoveries or inventions is always of interest.

An active brain worker who found himself hampered by lack of bodily strength and vigor and could not carry out the plans and enterprises he knew how to conduct, was led to study various foods and their effects upon the human system. In other words, before he could carry out his plans he had to find a food that would carry him along and renew his physical and mental strength.

He knew that a food which was a brain and nerve builder (rather than a mere fat maker) was universally needed. He knew that meat with the average man does not accomplish the desired results. He knew that the soft gray substance in brain and nerve centers is made from Albumen and Phosphate of Potash obtained from food. Then he started to solve the problem.

Careful and extensive experiments evolved Grape-Nuts, the now famous food. It contains the brain and nerve building food elements in condition for easy digestion.

The result of eating Grape-Nuts daily is easily seen in a marked sturdiness and marked activity of the brain and nervous system, making it a pleasure for one to carry on the daily duties without fatigue or exhaustion. Grape-Nuts food is in no sense a stimulant but is simply food which renews and replaces the daily waste of brain and nerves.

Its flavour is charming and being fully and thoroughly cooked at the factory it is served instantly with cream.

The signature of the brain worker spoken of, C. W. Post, is to be seen on each genuine package of Grape-Nuts. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

## New Idea in Blouse



**S**EPARATE waists of an entirely different color are no longer considered fashionable, but they have been so serviceable a part of woman's wardrobe that it is almost impossible to do without the blouse in some form or another, so ingenious dressmakers are endeavoring to disguise separate bodices and make them look as if they were part of the frock, while yet being detachable and fit to wear with other skirts.

For a linen skirt a charming blouse is shown in the second illustration, the linen, of the same color as the skirt, or with touches of that color, being folded across the front and cut in a deep V over a vest of tucked lawn. The vest or gilette has a Puritan collar, which finds its echo in the cuffs on the plain bishop sleeves. A ribbon girdle with a knot of silk at the side adds a note of color, as does the large button at the fastening of the blouse. The button is of the same color as the belt.

A foulard blouse is pictured in the first illustration, this is to be worn with a high directoire skirt of a similar color as the blouse or the velvet trimming. The blouse is laid in wide

box plaits across the front and back and tightly fitted into the waist line. It has loose, long sleeves edged with a ruffle of plaited lawn and a wide embroidered collar. A new note is struck by the velvet ribbon tie which hides the fastening of the blouse, starting with a knot at the collar and continuing to the top of the high skirt. The velvet tie, as has been said, should match the skirt or be repeated in some parts of the dress, either in folds on the skirt, buttons or stockings.

It is this necessity for harmony in color that makes or mars the really fashionable costume. Colors in waists should be repeated on skirts, hats or footwear.

The other two blouses show one of the handkerchief effects. The high tucked blouse is of lawn and insertion and the high-waisted girde or fichu can be made at the side. The last blouse shows a charming folded arrangement completed by vest and cuffs of white net embroidered with big black spots. The folded material should be of the same color as the skirt, but can be of lighter goods, silk or muslin.