

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 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 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. When the party returned, Arabella asked Sir Peter to aid in prosecuting Giles in court on the charge of committing a capital crime. All attended the trial.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

The evidence being all in, and the arguments made, a recess was taken. We were not the only ones who paid our respects immediately to Giles Vernon. Many persons went forward and shook his hand, while I think Sir Thomas did not receive a cordial greeting from a single man or woman in the hall, although he was known to every one present.

We got a hurried dinner at the tavern, and returned at once to the hall. It was about half-past four in the winter afternoon, and the day being dark and lowering, candles were required. The lord justice's instructions to the jury were then read, and my heart sank, as in a dreadful monotone, he expounded the law to them. Alas! As long as the statute remained, Giles Vernon was guilty of a capital crime; and not one word uttered by any one of us who testified in his behalf did aught but prove the more strongly that he had carried Lady Arabella off against her will.

The jury retired, and the day having been fatiguing, the lords justices determined to wait in their retiring room for an hour, where they could be called, if the jury promptly reached a verdict. This troubled me—this expectation of a quick decision.

The judges having retired and suspended the sitting of the court, we at once went over and sat with Giles, who maintained perfectly his manly composure. He laughed with Sir Peter over some of the events of the fight between the Ajax and her two enemies, complimented Lady Hawkshaw upon her triumph over the laws of the land relating to evidence, and said many kind things to Daphne.

While we were in the midst of a cheerful conversation, and not observant of what was going on in the other part of the hall, we suddenly heard the crier proclaiming the entrance of their lordships, and at the same moment Sir Thomas Vernon entered by another door. Hanging on his arm was Lady Arabella Stormont. And then the jury filed in with solemn faces, and what followed all seemed to me like some horrid dream.

Although several persons were moving about, there seemed to me a dreadful silence; and although the candles burned, and a great hobgoblin of a moon peered in at the windows, there seemed an awful darkness. And after a time, in which I was oppressed by this ghastly silence and darkness, I saw the senior lord justice put on a black cap and sentence Giles Vernon to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, that day fortnight.

My eyes roved aimlessly around, and fell at that moment on Lady Arabella Stormont. A faint smile flickered on her lovely mouth.

CHAPTER X.

In that hour of horror I became weaker and more helpless than the weakest and most helpless woman. Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw were too stunned to think. I remember, now, the look of despair on Sir Peter's countenance, where I had never before seen anything but sturdy courage—and it was an added terror. And the one who retained her senses, who suggested a forlorn hope, was Daphne—the youngest, the least experienced of us all.

"To London!" she said. "To the king, for pardon. I myself will go upon my knees to him. He shall—he shall pardon Giles!"

We were all huddled together, then, in our parlor at the inn, having just returned from the assize hall. "Richard and I will go," said Sir Peter.

"And Daphne and I will stay and comfort Giles," spoke Lady Hawkshaw. A week to London, and a week to return, was easy traveling—but how long would it take us to reach the king? And what ministers would be in town? And what would be the earliest moment we could leave London? All these things were in our minds to torment us. Nevertheless, within half an hour we were on our way.

While we were demanding the best horses, and having them put to, an insolent groom came in the stable yard and asked for horses for Sir Thomas and Lady Arabella Stormont and Lady Arabella's companion, Mrs. Whitall, and two servants, for London. The head hostler replied roughly that they had no time to attend him then, as they were starting Sir Peter Hawkshaw and Mr. Glyn off for London, too, to beg Mr. Giles Vernon's life. The man, at this, grew saucy, and offered a handsome bonus for the horses which were then being put to for us. I caught him by the collar, and threw him out of the stable yard, where the hostlers drubbed him soundly, thank God!

One hurried kiss to Daphne, a brief farewell between Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, and we were off for London. Our race into Scotland was nothing to it.

The roads were much cut up, and although we traveled day and night, we were more than four days on the way. We reached London early in the day; and, without stopping for food, or to change our linen, we went to the admiralty. There we got the information that the first lord was visiting in the country, in Kent. Within the hour, I was on my way to Kent. When I reached the place, the first lord had left, not more than two hours before.

My Senses Seemed Preternaturally Acute.

for London. I had passed him on the road, without knowing him. I returned to London. Sir Peter had seen several members of the government, meanwhile, and had been privately informed that the king was suffering mentally; and although hopes were entertained that the spell would pass away, without the necessity of informing the country or parliament, still, access to him was refused to all by his physicians, except the members of his family and immediate household, and they were charged not to mention business to him; it would be impossible to approach him.

When Sir Peter told me this, I became so weak I was forced to sit down. After a few minutes of agony, a desperate resolve came to me. I rose, and said:

"I have a scheme—desperate, but not impossible. Go with me to the prince of Wales. He is at Carlton house, but goes back and forth to Windsor."

Sir Peter jumped at this poor chance, and we agreed to go immediately.

We had left York on a Friday, and had reached London on the Monday. Two days had been lost in the journey to Kent; and it was now late in the evening of Wednesday. We had, luckily, brought our uniforms along; and, dressing ourselves in them—Sir Peter with all his orders sewn on his coat—we called a hackney coach and drove to Carlton house.

When we got there it was about ten o'clock in the evening. The windows were brilliantly lighted up, and it was about the hour that the prince of Wales was known to be in his best humor—but the hour when he most hated to be disturbed.

We descended, and the sentries passed us through on account of our uniforms and Sir Peter's decorations on his breast. We reached the door and knocked. The porter opened the door gingerly, when Sir Peter, giving it a kick, walked in, followed by me. The man attempted to arrest our progress, but Sir Peter said to him, fiercely:

"Do you think, you damned lackey, that you can be insolent to an admiral in his majesty's service?" The man apologized humbly and ushered us into a large reception room on the first floor, saying he would call the gentleman of the chambers.

We seated ourselves. Even in that time of agony, I noted the beauty of the room—indeed, my senses seemed preternaturally acute, and every incident of that dreadful time is deeply fixed in my mind. The ceiling was of gilt, while around the walls were paintings of Flora. A gilt chandelier diffused light through the apartment, and at one side was a pair of large folding doors.

After a long wait, a gentleman, Mr. Digby, appeared. He received us politely, but said it was impossible to disturb the prince then as he was just sitting down to piquet. Sir Peter remained silent; he was used to giving orders, and the words, "It is impossible to see his royal highness," were peculiarly disagreeable to him.

I then made my plea. I told Mr. Digby that the life of a gallant officer and gentleman was in jeopardy, and that we begged to see his royal highness in the hope that the king might be approached.

"That, too, is impossible," coldly replied Mr. Digby. "The king is far from well."

Just then some one on the other side of the folding doors opened one of them the least bit in the world, and then closed it—but not before we had seen streams of light pouring from it, a long table brilliant with plate and ornaments, and a company of about 20 gentlemen sitting around it, and at one end sat a personage whom we at once recognized as the prince of Wales.

Without a word Sir Peter arose, and, darting toward the door—for he was ever an agile man—threw it open, and walked into the presence of his royal highness.

"Sir," said he, marching up to the prince, "I am Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw, and I have boarded you, so to speak, sir, in order to save the life of one of the gallantest officers in the service of his majesty."

I had always heard that his royal highness was a gentleman, and I saw then such an exhibition of readiness and good taste as I never saw before, and never expect to see again. Every one at the table, except the prince, seemed astounded at the sudden entrance and startling address of a short, active little man in an admiral's uniform. But the prince offered Sir Peter his hand in the coolest manner in the world, saying:

"Most happy to meet you, Sir Peter. I recollect well that you carried the Indomptable by boarding very successfully. But how did you get past the watchdogs at the door, my dear sir?"

"By carrying sail hard, your royal highness," responded Sir Peter, "and seeing this door open, faith, said I, to myself, having risked my skin these 40 years for the king and his successors, sure, I can risk it once more by walking in on my prince, and here I am, sir, ready to state my case. That bloody popinjay, Digby (Digby was right behind him), wanted me to let you alone because you were about to go to piquet, but I think no prince of England would sacrifice a man's life to a game of piquet."

"Certainly not, Sir Peter," answered his royal highness, rising, "and now I have an hour entirely at your service."

"Sir," said Sir Peter, "I ask the honor of shaking hands with you, not as a royal prince, but as an honest man and good fellow."

I think the prince was ever susceptible to honest praise, for he was no fool, and he was undoubtedly pleased when Sir Peter wrung his hand. He then led the way into another room, and the door was closed.

The rest of the party behaved very civilly to me, and I accepted thankfully an invitation to have something to eat and drink. They were merciful to me, seeing my distress of mind, and did not plague me with questions, but resumed their conversation with one another.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAS THE OTHER'S SUCCESSOR.

Little Negro's Explanation Certainly Bore Aspect of Truth.

Irvin Cobb tells a story of a little, weary negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink.

As he was paying for it another negro came in, very large and very black. He looked at the little man and said: "Niggah, whar you git all dat money?"

"Bah-tendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply, "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of datah stuff. 'Pears quite satisfyin' tuh me."

"Niggah," roared the big one, "whar you git dat money? I ast you. I's the town bully, I is. I follow bullyin' foh a trade. Whar you git it?"

The little negro began stuffing the money back into his pockets. "Seems to me," he mused, "I ain't got 'nuff pockets to hold all mah wealth."

The big negro jumped at the little one. "Your hear what I said?" he demanded. "I's the town bully, an' I wanter know whar you git all dat money?"

Quick as a flash, the little negro up-percut the big one, catching him on the point of the jaw and knocking him down. In a moment the big negro revived enough to look up from the floor and ask humbly: "Niggah, who is you, anyhow?"

"Why," replied the little one, blowing his knuckles, "I's th' passon you thought you wuz when you come in."

—Saturday Evening Post.

Treasure Hoarded in India.

All the world knows that gold, silver and gems are constantly disappearing in India to swell the hidden stores of the people. What no one knows is the accumulated amount. The late Dunning MacLeod estimated that there might be \$1,500,000,000 in hidden gold alone. Of silver there may be even more in proportion, as the silver rupee has long been the common money current in India. Of hidden gems no one has ever been bold enough to estimate the value.

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The decoration of the city has been on a lavish scale. Every prominent building has been elaborately draped with bunting, handsome arches span the streets, and there is scarcely a residence in the city that does not display at least a flag.

Henry M. Nevius, the commander-in-chief, arrived here Saturday with his staff and inspected the arrangements. On Sunday the city's guests began arriving by the thousand, and on Monday they came in so fast that the committee had to work like sailors to get them all housed in such a manner as to avoid congestion in any part of the city.

Big "Greetings" Meeting.

Monday evening came the first public event on the program—a great camp-fire in the assembly hall in the Temple grounds. All that night and throughout Tuesday the stream of arrivals continued, but by Tuesday evening practically all the visitors had been received and distributed. That night the greatest function of the encampment took place. This was the "Greetings" meeting in the Mormon Tabernacle. The immense building easily seats 10,000 persons, and it was filled to its capacity.

Col. Frank M. Starrett, the executive director of the encampment, called the vast assemblage to order and introduced William H. King of Salt Lake City, who acted as temporary chairman. He made a brief address and was followed by Gov. William Spry of Utah, Mayor John S. Bradford of Salt Lake City, and L. H.

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Fireworks on a Mountain.

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passed the one of to-day in spectacular and pathetic features. The parade formed at the beautiful Eagle gate on South Temple street. First in line were the regulars of the Fifteenth United States Infantry and the entire National Guard of Utah, acting as escorts. Next came the forty-four departments of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Naval Veterans, the Ex-Union Prisoners of War, and in carriages the surviving members of that devoted band of women, the Army Nurses.

Scattered through the line were numerous military bands and life and drum corps.

Greeted with Cheers and Tears.

At the word of command the parade marched west to Main street and turned south down that thoroughfare, proceeding seven blocks between solid walls of cheering men, women and children. As the grizzled veterans passed the enthusiasm was tremendous and many a spectator wept unashamed as he realized that this was undoubtedly the last grand review for scores of the feeble heroes who trudged along with eyes on the flag for which they had given some of the best years of their lives.

When Seventh South street was reached the paraders themselves broke out in mighty cheering, for there they turned in front of the most beautiful feature of the day, the "Living Flag." On an immense stand were 3,600 children dressed in the national colors and so arranged that they made a perfect representation of a waving American flag.

The little ones had been drilled for many weeks, and while the old soldiers passed they sang patriotic airs.

At the Reviewing Stand.

Countermarching, the parade now moved north on Main street back to

campment. Many thousands of the veterans and their families and members of all the organizations allied to the Grand Army have participated in the exercises and entertainments, and are unanimous in their praise of the

Veterans Well Cared For.

The old soldiers have been very carefully looked after by the local

South Temple street. Here, just to the left of the Brigham Young pioneer monument and close to Temple square, the reviewing stand had been erected. It was occupied by Commander-in-Chief Henry M. Nevius, Gov. William Spry of Utah, the chief executives of other states and a large number of other officials and distinguished

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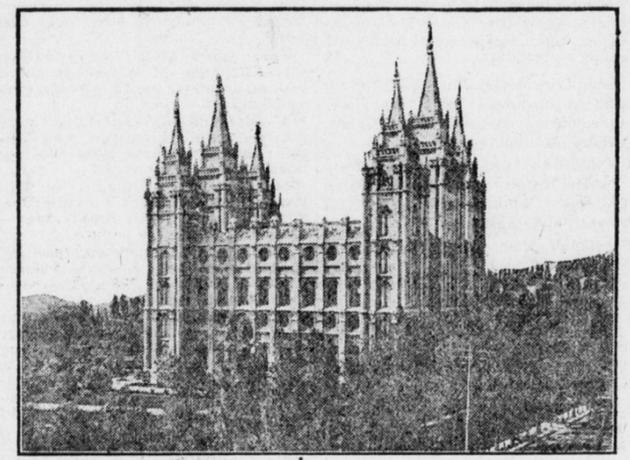
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HOSTS OF GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC IN GREAT PARADE

Spectacular Review Is Climax of the Forty-third National Encampment, in Salt Lake City---Veterans Are Warmly Received and Well Cared For in Utah's Capital.

Salt Lake City, Aug. 11.—To-day was the climax of the forty-third national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, the day on which the men who nearly half a century ago fought to preserve the union once again fell into line, answered the roll-call, and marched bravely, though often with faltering steps, to the music of the fife and drum.

Never in all the years of its existence has the Grand Army had a national encampment review that sur-



The Great Mormon Temple.

passed the one of to-day in spectacular and pathetic features. The parade formed at the beautiful Eagle gate on South Temple street. First in line were the regulars of the Fifteenth United States Infantry and the entire National Guard of Utah, acting as escorts. Next came the forty-four departments of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Naval Veterans, the Ex-Union Prisoners of War, and in carriages the surviving members of that devoted band of women, the Army Nurses.

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Commander-in-Chief Nevius.

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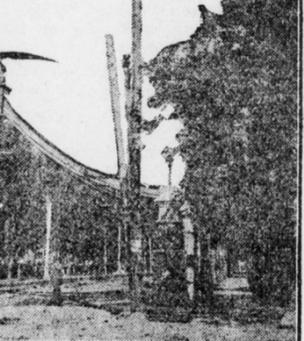
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The Eagle Gate, Salt Lake City.

the city and is the highest point of the Wasatch mountains, rising 1,200 feet higher than Temple square. The pyrotechnic display is a mighty feature of the encampment week.

Salt Lake City has thrown open her arms to the old soldiers, and never has the Grand Army been more enthusiastically received or more generously entertained than at this en-

Smythe, commander of the department of Utah, all of whom told in eloquent words how proud they were to welcome to the state and city the Grand Army and their friends.

Mr. King then introduced Commander-in-Chief Nevius, who was received with wild cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. As soon as the tumult had subsided, Commander Nevius delivered a graceful response to the welcoming speeches and took the chair.

The Allied Organizations.

Then came the turn of the allied organizations, and greetings to the veterans were uttered by President Genevieve Hagar Longfield Lane of the Ladies of the G. A. R., President Mary E. Gilman of the Woman's Relief Corps, President Clara E. Hoover of the Daughters of Veterans, Commander-in-Chief Edgar Allen of the Sons of Veterans, and President Rebecca Smith of the Army Nurses. The speechmaking was varied by the playing of patriotic airs by a band.

The exercises were brought to a close by the presentation of a handsome testimonial to Charles G. Burton, past commander-in-chief of the Grand Army.

Head On, Only.

Any remark which might possibly be construed into unfavorable criticism of his old master or any of his belongings is instantly resented by Pomp, an old southern negro. A young granddaughter from "up north" was looking over the family portraits and commenting freely, while Pomp stood, a sable image, at her side.

"I don't think much of that horse's tail," said the girl, nodding her head toward a portrait of her spirited ancestor seated on the horse which carried him through the civil war. "It looks rather moth-eaten to me."

"Dey wasn't nobody from de norf er saw dat hoss' tail in wah times," answered Pomp, his voice charged with indignation.—Youth's Companion.

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