

OUR SERIALS 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...

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Presently the prince and Sir Peter appeared, and his royal highness said, with that charm of manner which seduced some men and many women:

"Hark'ee, Sir Peter; I do not promise that the affair will be complete before Sunday night; I go to Windsor early in the morning, and two days is a brief time in which to arrange so important a matter. But if you will be at Windsor on Sunday morning, I pledge you my word as a gentleman the paper shall be ready, signed, sealed and delivered."

At that Sir Peter fairly broke down, and could only say: "God bless you, sir; God bless you!" and the prince, turning the old man's emotion off gently, smiled and said:

"Tis for the preservation of the gallantry of our sex, Sir Peter, that this young officer must not hang."

He warmly invited us to remain and finish up the wine, and then one of the gentlemen at the table, whether of design or not, mentioned the extraordinary reports which had just reached London concerning the trial at York, and I, encouraged thereto by a subtle look and a question of his royal highness, told the whole story, assisted by Sir Peter. It was listened to with the deepest interest.

Lady Arabella Stormont was known to every person there, and the prince remarked that he had danced with her at the last birthday ball. Her infatuation for Overton was well known and freely commented on, and the strange measures that women will sometimes venture upon in the interest, as they think, of the man they love, was exemplified in her testifying against Giles Vernon.

Sir Thomas Vernon's hatred of his heir was also well known—and as the web was unfolded to the prince he listened with an air of the profoundest thought, and his comment was significant: "The king can pardon."

He had pity on us and did not press us to remain to cards, so we left Carlton house about an hour after entering it, and with hearts immeasurably lighter. Our first thought was to hasten back to our lodgings to send off our good news to Lady Hawkshaw and Daphne by the northern mail.

Sir Peter told me then that the prince had directed him to go to Windsor in the morning and remain, and that he himself would bring him back on the Sunday morning, if the counter signatures to his majesty's could not be had before. The prince was quite familiar with the procedure, and engaged to get the pardon from the king without difficulty.

Early next morning Sir Peter left me. It was agreed that I should proceed on the Sunday morning to the Bear and Churn, a tavern and posting station near London, on the northern road, to arrange in advance for the best cattle, in order that not a moment might be lost in returning to York. So, after two miserable days alone in London, while Sir Peter was at Windsor, I was glad on Sunday morning to be on the northern road, preparing for our rapid return to York. The Bear and Churn was directly on the highway, and was well out of London, being surrounded by green fields and orchards. It was a beautiful morning, more like April than February. The greenness of the earth, the blueness of the

heavens, the quiet of the country, after the rattle and roar and dun skies of London, were balm to my soul.

I reached the inn by ten o'clock; and, having arranged for their best horses, and sent word two stations ahead, I sat down to pass the day as best I might. I wrote a long letter to Daphne, and then, it being about 12 o'clock, I went out for a walk.

There was a pretty pathway through a little grove toward a rolling field next the highway. I took this path, and presently came face to face, at a turn in the path, with Overton. He was singularly dressed for a man of his quality and profession.

He wore black clothes, with plain silver buckles at the knees, and black silk stockings and shoes. His hair, unpowdered, was tied with a black ribbon; but he wore no cravat or vestige of mourning. I had ever thought him the handsomest man in England; but in this garb, so different from the brilliant uniform or other exquisite dress in which I had heretofore seen him, he looked like an Apollo. He greeted me gravely, but not impolitely; and we walked along together. He had heard of my marriage, and felicitated me on it.

My heart was so full of Giles Vernon that I burst out with the story. It seemed quite new to him; and he listened to it with breathless attention, occasionally ejaculating his horror at the conduct of Sir Thomas Vernon and of Lady Arabella Stormont. It gave me a savage pleasure to tell him every dreadful particular concerning Arabella; and by the look of consciousness which came into his expressive face, and by the way in which he avoided my eye, I saw that he knew he was a factor in the case against his will. At last, quite transported by my rage against these two, I cried out:

"And it is for the purpose of securing the estate to you that Arabella Stormont thus swore away the life of Giles Vernon; but God will confound her and Sir Thomas Vernon yet!"

"Truly," said he, in a thrilling voice, "God will confound all the wicked. He will bring this horrid scheme to naught in every way; for know you, if Lady Arabella Stormont were to throw herself on her knees before me—"

He stopped, and colored violently; he had not meant to admit what the whole world knew—that Arabella Stormont had adored him for seven years past. He hurriedly changed the subject, saying:

"Perhaps you do not know that I am no longer in the army."

I said I did not.

"Although I have recovered the use of my limbs and look to be in health, I am not fit for service; and I was retired on half pay only a few days ago. My life is not likely to be long; but released as I am, by God's hand, from the profession of arms, I shall devote the remnant of my life to the service of the Lord God Almighty. His message came to me years ago, but I was deaf to it. I was in love with the world, and possessed by the flesh and the devil. I committed murders under the name of war. I dishonored my

"Will You Speak to Me?"

Maker by my dissipation. I spent in gambling and vice the money wrung from the poor that were bond-slaves to labor and poverty. I blasphemed, and yet I was not counted evil by the world."

I listened and wondered to myself, should this be true, where stood we all?

Overton's face had flushed, his eyes were full of rapture; he seemed to dwell in the glory of the Lord.

"But now I am free from the body of that death, and subject only to the yoke of the Nazarene—the Jesus who labored with his hands to show that work was honorable; the carpenter who called about him those as poor as himself, and preached to them the love of God and one's neighbor; who received the Magdalen as a sister and the leper as a brother."

I was silent. I had heard many sermons from deans and dignitaries—all well-fed men, and every man jack of them after promotion from the Whigs—and these sermons had left my heart as untouched as that of the wild Indian of North America. But this was different. After a while, Overton continued:

"As this Jesus called all manner of men to follow him—the greedy taxgatherer, as well as Peter the poor fisherman, and John the gentle and studious youth—so he called me; and, like the taxgatherer, whose stony heart was melted by the voice of Jesus, I say with tears: 'My God! I follow Thee!'"

to open my mouth as a teacher—I am not worthy; but a few of the humblest people about here—I have been in this place for some time—come to me on Sundays, in the forenoon, to ask me to speak to them. They are day laborers, hostlers—the kind of people I once fancied to be without souls. I speak to them, not as a preacher and teacher, but as a brother and a friend. It is now time for them to assemble."

I saw, sure enough, a number of poorly-dressed rustics coming toward the field. They came by twos and threes, the women mostly with children in arms, or hanging to their skirts. When all had arrived there were about 30 men and women. They seated themselves on the grass, and I along with them, and, in some mysterious way, I felt, for the first time in my life, that the plowman was my brother and the kitchen wench my sister.

When they were all seated, Overton took from his pocket a small Bible and read the Sermon on the Mount. The people listened reverently. He gave them a short discourse, suited to their understanding, and then read to them a simple hymn, which they sang with fervor.

I listened with a strange feeling, half pain, half pleasure, half satisfaction, half dissatisfaction. I wished for Daphne's sweet spirit to be near me. It came to my mind how like was this meeting of the poor and unlearned to those held by the Carpenter of Nazareth on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The hymn echoed sweetly over the green fields; it was a part of that great antiphon with which Nature replies to the harmonies of the Most High. The quiet scene, the woods, the fields, the kine in the pasture near by, all seemed one in this act of worship. But presently my soul was distracted by what I saw on the highway close by us. A handsome traveling chariot, followed by a plain post-chaise going Londonward, stopped. Out of the chariot stepped Lady Arabella Stormont, and, through an opening in the hedge, she entered the field. After a considerable interval, Mrs. Whitall followed her; and, after a still longer one, Sir Thomas Vernon.

Lady Arabella walked noiselessly over the grass, and, when she reached the edge of the group, stopped. Her eyes were full of laughing contempt at first, but, when Overton turned his glance full upon her, she suddenly assumed a look of seriousness, and folded her hands as if in silent prayer. Behind her, Mrs. Whitall's foolish face was all fear, while Sir Thomas Vernon grinned unpleasantly over her shoulder. Overton, without taking the slightest notice of them, at the conclusion of the hymn announced that he would make a prayer, and asked his hearers to join with him in a petition that the life might be spared of a certain young man, Giles Vernon, now under sentence of death in York jail. We all stood up, then, the men removing their hats. I held mine before my face to conceal my tears, while Overton made a brief but earnest prayer for Giles, and I could not refrain from crying: "Amen! Amen!" when he concluded.

The people then trooped off, and we, the gentlefolks, were left together.

Overton surveyed Lady Arabella and Sir Thomas with much contempt. Lady Arabella was the first to speak. She held up her head timidly, and said: "Will you not speak to me?"

"No," replied Overton, sternly. "Giles Vernon's life may be spared; but upon you is blood-guiltiness." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN THE FIELD OF FRIENDSHIP.

There We Are in Contact with Some of the Finest Issues of Life.

The field of friendship is a wide one and all our neighbors, both near and far, should be candidates for admission there. The appearance of cold esteem, the passing salutation, empty of everything save chill formality, have larger possibilities behind them than we are wont to imagine. At any rate, to believe so, honestly and conscientiously, is an indication of an active faith, and is far wholesomer than the suspicions that do their utmost to master us. It is only through this belief that we shall bring ourselves in contact with some of the finest issues of life and come to understand the unities and harmonies of existence. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind the important fact that man is not our only friend and neighbor. Neither patience nor investigation is necessary to the discovery that all things about us are capable of inviting neighborliness and dispensing it to those who are wise enough to take advantage of the hospitality that is constantly proffered. The towering tress (though they do not seem to tower as high as they did when we were younger), the humble creeping vines, the delicate flowers that spring up in a night, casual and ravishing, the whole movement and rush of nature in her vigorous and insistent moods, belong to neighborliness in the most significant and satisfactory sense. It is something of a relief to discover that we need not depend entirely on man for companionship—though beyond all doubt the best of his kind are to be treasured in what ever relation or condition they are found.—The late Joel Chandler Harris.

Hopeful.

"I understand your wife has joined the suffragettes?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton; "and I'm glad of it."

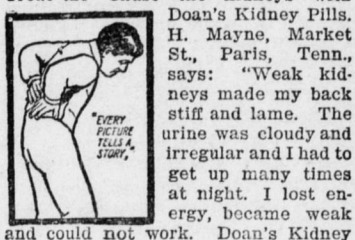
"Then you approve of the suffragettes?"

"No. One of these days they'll do something that Henrietta disapproves of, and then she'll give them the talking to that they deserve."—Washington Star.

AN EASY WAY.

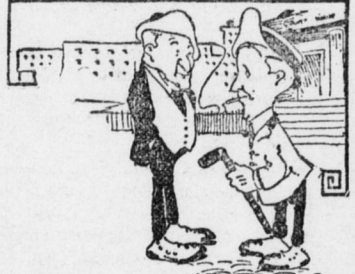
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THE LAW'S DELAY.



Hix—What's the best way to never settle a question? Dix—Go to law about it.

Only Cure for Consumption.

With the present rapid growth of the anti-tuberculosis movement the number of so-called "cures" for consumption is being increased almost daily. Hundreds of quack "doctors," "professors" and "institutes" are advertising that they can cure consumption for small amounts, with the result that thousands of dupes are yearly cheated out of their lives as well as their money. Besides these, "cures" and medicines of all sorts, numbering now several hundred, are sold for the deception of the public.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis brands all these institutes, doctors, professors and cures as frauds and deceptions. The only cure for consumption is fresh air, rest and wholesome food.

Pleasant for Mr. Bennett.

"The chairman," said Bennett, "was a very literal person. He looked at the gallery, where one woman was sitting, and said: 'Lady and gentlemen, this is a most momentous campaign. There are grave issues to be discussed. Later we will hear from our best speakers, but, for the present, we will listen to Mr. Bennett.'"

Died in Good Company.

A clergyman, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him and said: "They are all dead ones, Pat." "They are?" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it—they all had the minister with them when they were dying."—Tid-Bits.

True to Life.

Teacher—Johnnie, do you know what a blotter is? Johnnie—Yessum. It's de t'ing wot youse hunts fer while de ink gets dry.

Faith.

Faith makes us, and not we it; and faith makes its own forms.—Emerson.

ON FOOD

The Right Foundation of Health.

Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs, then all kinds of trouble follows.

The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food, Grape-Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says: "Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble and could not eat food without great pain, my stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living."

"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to quit my former diet and try Grape-Nuts. "Although I had but little faith I commenced to use it, and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach. "So I kept on using Grape-Nuts and soon a marked improvement was shown, for my stomach was performing its regular work in a normal way without pain or distress. "Very soon the yellow coating disappeared from my tongue, the dull, heavy feeling in my head disappeared, and my mind felt light and clear; the languid, tired feeling left, and altogether I felt as if I had been rebuilt. Strength and weight came back rapidly and I went back to my work with renewed ambition. "To-day I am a new woman in mind as well as body, and I owe it all to this natural food, Grape-Nuts. "There's a Reason."

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