

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, 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 Glyn. 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 tricks. 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. Upon Arabella's testimony Giles was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Sir Peter visited the prince of Wales in effort to secure a pardon for Giles. Arabella threw herself at the feet of Overton, whom she had loved for many years. He spurned her.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Arabella turned pale, and replied: "I was summoned as a witness. I was obliged to testify."

Overton said nothing. Then Sir Thomas, taking snuff with his usual grace, remarked:

"I listened with attention to one lawbreaker praying for another lawbreaker. Of course, you know, this meeting of yours is seditious—and many a man has been stood in the pillory for it."

"And one man," replied Overton, "Jesus Christ, was crucified for it."

He turned, and with me, took the path back to the tavern. I heard, as we went on, an altercation behind me, and involuntarily, after we had gone some distance, I looked back. Lady Arabella was struggling in the grasp of Sir Thomas Vernon, while Mrs. Whitall looked on, and wrung her hands. Sir Thomas, however, was no match for Arabella's young strength. She broke away from him, and, running after us, caught up, panting and breathless, with us, as we entered the little grove. And then I saw an almost exact representation of the scene when Giles Vernon had insanely and with unmanly groveling and violence pleaded with Arabella for her love—so she pleaded with Philip Overton. She held him by the arms, when he would have thrown her off.

"Philip! Philip!" she cried. "I did it for you! I determined to make you rich, great, even if you refused my fortune. Sir Thomas can not live long. Surely, you can not reproach me, if all the world does. The stupid, stupid world thinks I did it under the influence of Sir Thomas Vernon; but no, it was not hate for Giles Vernon, it was my love for you, Philip Overton, that made me appear at the York assizes."

"Remember yourself," said Overton to her, sternly. "Others besides yourself see your degradation!"

"It is no degradation to love truly, to love as I do. Speak but one word to me, and I will become a Methodist like yourself. I, too, will go among the poor, and serve and love them; and I will even love God for your sake!"

The awful grotesqueness of this, the blasphemy of it, was altogether unknown to her. She continued wildly: "Does not my soul need saving as much as those clods you have been praying with?"

"You blaspheme!" replied Overton, casting her off.

And, to make the resemblance between her own unwomanly conduct and the unmanly conduct of Giles Vernon the more singular, she recovered herself, as he had done, in a single moment of time. She laid her hand on Overton's arm, and looked keenly into his eyes. Her glance seemed to enchain him, and to set her free. She breathed a long sigh, and, turning, gazed about her, like a person awaking from a nightmare. Then, with perfect self-possession, she dropped a curtsy to us both, and said, in her natural, playful manner:

"Mr. Overton, I see I have been mistaken. I should have tried to cheat the law by not appearing when I was summoned; or, I should have testified falsely. And for my indiscreet conduct just now, let me tell you, for seven years I have been under a spell. It is now broken forever. Titania once

loved Bottom, the weaver; but not always. I bid you good day, Capt. Philip Overton, and you, Mr. Richard Glyn. And I trust Giles Vernon's life may be saved, if only to keep you, Capt. Overton, as poor as you deserve to be. For myself, I shall shortly marry—perhaps, Sir Thomas Vernon—then, neither of you will get the estates. Good morning!"

CHAPTER XI.

At 12 o'clock that night Sir Peter arrived at the tavern, and with the pardon. The expectation of his coming, and the greater matter upon which we were engaged, prevented my mind from dwelling longer upon the strange scene I had witnessed between Overton and Lady Arabella. Overton did not speak her name to me, and showed much sympathy for us. When Sir Peter's chaise drove up to the door of the Bear and Churn, another chaise with four horses was waiting, and into it we huddled, bidding Overton a hurried farewell; and in another moment we were off for York, the horses doing their best.

Sir Peter then told me the circumstances of his visit to Windsor. The prince, who was always most powerful when the king was on the verge of madness, saw his father and found him comparatively rational. The story being broached to him, he appeared interested, and even grew more collected as his attention was chained. He recalled at once Sir Peter Hawkshaw and the capture of the Indomptable and Xantippe, and corrected the prince when he spoke of Sir Peter as vice-admiral of the White. It was a very easy matter to get his signature to the pardon, and the necessary seals and formalities took some little time but no trouble, and when Sir Peter presented himself at the castle on Sunday all was prepared for him.

We felt now comparatively safe. There was little doubt that we could reach York at least 24 hours in advance of the date set for the execution; our letters would precede us, giving positive assurances of hope; and we looked for no accidents, having a new and strong chaise.

After Sir Peter had told me his story, I told him mine about Lady Arabella and Overton. He was not much imbued with the kind of religion that Overton preached, although he swore roundly by church and state, and was always a great churchman when he was slightly in liquor, which did not happen often. He therefore condemned Overton's sermon, which I tried to repeat to him, as a damned, beastly low sort of religion, unfit for a gentleman to practice; but he admitted that Overton lacked neither brains nor courage. For Lady Arabella, though, he had the stern disapproval of an honest heart, and in his excitement swore both long and loud because of the short-sightedness of Providence in permitting such women to exist for the undoing of his majesty's officers of both services.

We made good progress that night and the next day, which was Monday, and began to have strong hopes of reaching York Wednesday night. But on Monday, in the afternoon, the weather suddenly changed, a violent snowstorm set in, and our postboys willfully, I think, drove us ten miles out of the way, near a tavern where they hoped, no doubt, we would agree to stop until the storm should be over. But Sir Peter, putting one of his great horse-pistols to the postboy's head, forced him to turn back to the high-road. We lost three hours by this; and when we got to our next posting stage, our horses, engaged two days ahead, had been taken. We got others, after a frantic effort, but at the end of that day's journey we saw our margin of time diminished exactly one-half.

I shall not attempt to describe the fierce and gnawing impatience which consumed us, nor the awful and unspoken dread which began to overshadow us. Sir Peter was a man of stout heart, and had no more notion of giving up at this stage of the affair than he dreamed of surrendering when he saw the Indomptable to leeward and the Xantippe to leeward.

The weather, however, grew worse instead of better, and even four horses could scarcely drag us through the mire made by the snow and rain. In spite of all we could do our progress diminished, although at no time did it seem hopeless, until—O, God! 20 miles from York, at midnight on the Thursday, Sir Peter himself suddenly gave out; the strain had proved too much for his brave heart and sturdy frame. It came as the horses were wallowing along the road in the darkness, and I, holding my watch in my hand, was glancing at it every ten minutes, by the feeble light of the traveling lamp. I spoke to Sir Peter as he lay back in the chaise wrapped in boat-cloak, and got no answer. He was unconscious. Without stopping the chaise I got some brandy, which I tried to pour down his throat, but could not. I grew much alarmed—it was not like Sir Peter to refuse good brandy, and as we were passing a farmstead, I stopped the chaise, knocked the people up, and had Sir Peter carried into the house. I met with kindness, and I repaid it with coin of the realm. Sir Peter soon revived, and his first words were:

"Push on, my lad. Don't wait to repair damages."

I found that his seizure was really trifling, and he assured me he would be able to resume the journey by daylight, the farmer agreeing to furnish him horses; so, in half an hour I had again taken the road.

And ten miles from York, the chaise broke down!

I had the horses taken out, and, mounting the best beast, made for York at the top of his speed, which was poor—the creature was already spent with traveling.

It was just daylight, and streaks of golden glory were lighting up the pallid dawn; I urged the poor beast onward. Seven miles he went, then he dropped dead, just as the sun was gilding the spires of York cathedral. Before me, along the road, jogged an itinerant tinker on a rather good-looking horse, the tools of a tinker's trade hanging from a moth-eaten saddle. I was young and strong—he was middle-aged and ill-fed and feeble. I ran up to him, holding five guineas in my hand.

"Lend me this horse to ride to York!" I cried.

The man, astonished at my abrupt address, stopped, but gave me no answer. I made my own answer, though, by dragging him off the beast, dashing the five guineas on the ground, and clattering off, throwing away the tools and kettles as I galloped along.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Mr. Overton, I see I have been mistaken."

INHERENT LOVE OF THE SOIL. Characteristic That is the Most Deeply Planted in Mortals. The first man was a gardener, we are told. Certain it is that the first men were tillers of the soil, after they ceased to be wandering warriors. That is where we get our love of nature, declares a writer in the Kansas City Journal. That is why we build parks and have flowers clambering about our premises. That is why we are strangely at peace when we get out into the mountains and lose ourselves among the fragrant woods. That is why we loathe at times the smell of paint that is on civilization and long for the perfume of the life that is close to the green leaves and the wild flowers. That is why we are so happy when we camp out and why we are so reluctant to return. That is why our earliest recollections of the "old farm" are the sweetest and tenderest of our lives. That is why we crack a joke at the "simple life" and "back to nature" and all that—when somebody is around—and why we know, away down in our hearts, that the simple life is the life most worth living and that we cannot get close to anything sweeter or purer than nature, "Mother" Nature, whose sons and daughters we are, from whom we may wander far, but to whom we return as prodigals, finding the prodigal's welcome and the prodigal's peace.

Discussed Over the Prunes.

"Why is it, Miss Willing, that fat men always have the prettiest wives? I seldom see a jolly, fat man with an ugly, cross looking wife. By Jove, those fellows just go in and win the pretty women every time."

"Well, Mr. Hammerslee, I can account for that. You see, a husband should be a sort of bromide, should have a soothing effect. Fat men are placid, calm, jolly and good providers. They like the good things of life themselves, and they like to see their wives well dressed, and to sit down to a good table. No wonder women like them better than they do lean, dyspeptic, nervous, cranky men, who find fault, nag, and are stingy. Men like this want a lot of waiting on and attention, they are generally jealous and selfish. Fat men hate a fuss, seem to understand that wives are as fond of being spoiled and of having good clothes and good dinners as other women are, and hence women naturally marry men of this temperament."

First Aid for British Army.

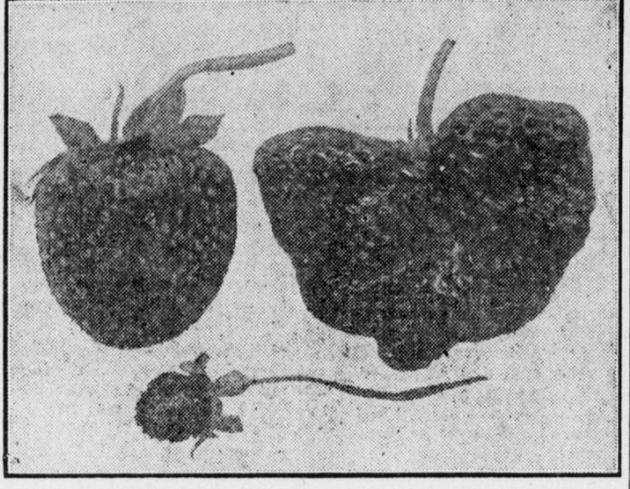
The British army is considering the adoption of the Utermohlen system of first aid surgical dressings, which have been in use in the Dutch army for several years. The packets are small and light. One dressing is so designed that a man can unpack and place the antiseptic pad upon his wounded arm by using the other hand only, the packet being unloosened by pulling certain strings with the teeth and shaking the dressing out of the containing paper. It consists of a square pad, to which are attached bandages, and these being pulled apart enable the dressing to be fixed by wrapping and to be tied with great celerity. The larger packets contain two similar dressings, which can be applied to the orifices of entry and exit of a bullet.

PROMISING STRAWBERRY CROP CUT SHORT BY HEAT

Early Pickings Came Soft and Light in Color, Striking an Unreceptive Market Glutted With Low-Grade Southern Berries.

A very promising strawberry crop was cut short by drought and extreme heat following the unusually cool and moist weather of late May, says Rural New Yorker. The early pickings came soft and light in color, striking an unreceptive market, glutted with low-grade southern berries. Fair fruits realized less money than at any similar time for many years. Quality and prices steadily improved, however, until the full effects of the hot wave became apparent in lessened size and impaired flavor. The average yield per acre of good commercial plantings for the season would probably not reach 3,000 quarts, and the average price of first-class berries cannot be estimated at more than seven cents the quart, thus bringing possible profits to very moderate figures. The variety Suc-

to maintain its present local importance. Glen Mary fell from grace this year, and may have difficulty in regaining its previous standing as an indispensable market variety. Vigor and productiveness are its strong points. It is a fair shipper, but quality and appearance are rarely commendable, though there are even less attractive kinds in general cultivation. The main reason for growing it is that it is normally a great basket filler and a reliable, though not excessive plant maker, spacing its runners about right for matted row culture. The blooms are imperfectly staminate, and do not always take kindly to pollination from other sources, thus resulting in many knotty and mal-formed berries. The results of excessive humidity at the blooming time of Glen Mary were ap-



New Cross-Bred Strawberries. Indian Strawberry Below.

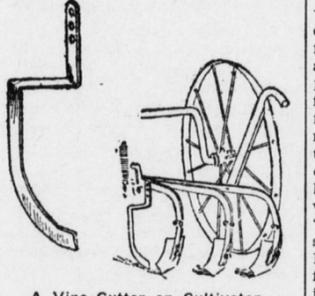
cess proved a heavy cropper, perfecting its berries better than kinds maturing later. Probably greater revenue is to be credited to this productive early variety than to any of the later ones, notwithstanding the low prices prevailing at the beginning of the season, as it has been the most generally planted. It is admitted to be too soft for shipment, but is locally liked for its good size, fine color and satisfactory quality. The plant is a most thrifty and healthy grower. The bloom is staminate, furnishing abundant pollen for other sorts as well, and there are always plenty of strong runners, making propagation easy and certain. William Belt shows increasing weakness in plant, but the berries are as well liked as ever, surpassing all other established kinds for table quality. It will be long planted, but is not likely

parent in the green-tipped and unattractive fruits as they appeared when packed for shipment. Strawberries of this class must "make good" every year to retain their popularity. President finished his handsome fruits as well as usual, but the weakened plants produced only a light crop. Gandy in heavy soils ripened a profitable crop, notwithstanding the intense heat prevailing at the time. While rarely a bountiful yielder, and too sharp in quality for many palates, Gandy remains one of the most satisfactory and dependable late strawberries for the grower who plants in moist, rich soil and affords proper cultivation. Introduced in 1884 as a cross between Glendale and Jersey Queen, it holds its own in this locality as the firmest, handsomest and most generally desirable of late varieties.

VINE CUTTER ON CORN PLOW

Prevents Clogging of Shovels and Also Breaking Off or Covering Up of Plants.

To prevent the clogging of the shovels on a corn plow and also the breaking off or covering up of the corn while plowing, bend a piece of



A Vine Cutter on Cultivator.

old wagon tire, three feet long, as indicated at A and attach it to the beam of the plow close to the arch.

This cutter should be bent out from the beam so as to be in line with the first, or inside shovel.

Three holes should be drilled in the bar of the cutter so that it can be adjusted to set deep or shallow as desired.

Use of Manure.

The Maryland experimental station shows by repeated tests that fresh manure spread in winter did not give as much increase as the same amount rotted and plowed down in the spring. Turning the manure while rotting was better than leaving it without being turned. Commercial fertilizers plowed under in the spring invariably gave larger yields than when sowed on the surface just before planting.

Home Surroundings.

The environments of your home may not be just what you would like, but there are few farms that cannot be made beautiful by the right application of labor and skill. Study your case and do the best you can with the means at your command, and you will see how your home can be made attractive. Trees, vines and flowers can be made to work wonders.

FARMER SHOULD FIGURE COST

Only Practical Way of Telling Which Are the Best Paying Crops for the Farm.

A story is told of a lawyer who was employed by a railroad company on account of his shrewdness to secure the right of way through a certain part of Texas. With most of the farmers this lawyer had no trouble in securing the right of way through their lands, many of them giving it without any compensation. But there were a few farmers who would get out a pencil and go to figuring. They figured that the land would be worth as much, or more, to the railroad company as it was to them. And those farmers always received a good price for the land they relinquished for the right of way. The lawyer remarked that whenever he saw a farmer take out a pencil and go to figuring that he would have to pay that man full value of his land, and he called them "figurin' farmers." There is a good substantial moral to this little story. Every farmer ought to be a "figurin' farmer." He ought to figure on what it costs him to raise the different crops, and what he receives for them. It is the only way he can tell which are the "best paying crops for his farm. He should keep a book for this purpose. It will only require a very small amount of time each day to keep these accounts and it will be time most profitably employed.

No Eggs for Horses

It has been claimed that it is a good thing to feed eggs to stallions during the breeding season, but a noted New England veterinarian says a well-nourished horse would not be greatly benefited by being fed eggs. It is a fact that eggs are highly nutritious and might be used to advantage if an animal lacked vitality. However, the digestive system of the horse is not capable of digesting animal proteins and consequently he would not be able to secure the full benefit of such foods.

The Bumble Bee.

The bumble bee is a friend of the farmer. In sections where cloverseed crops are depended upon the value of the bumble bee as an agent in fertilizing the clover blooms is fully appreciated. A knowledge should be had of the useful as well as the destructive insects, which would prove that the farmer has quite as many good insect friends as he has destructive ones.

CRYING NEED, AS HE SEES IT.

Companion of Irritated Divines Came to the Front with Order to the Waiter.

Joaquin Miller is to establish a colony of poets in Fruitvale, Cal. Mr. Miller, discussing this colony recently, said:

"We poets will, of course, argue and squabble. That will be delightful. Arguments and squabbles over Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Tennyson, and Keats are pleasant and sensible things, you know. They are not like political or religious arguments, which in their bitter rancor always make me think of three Maine divines.

"While three Maine divines were supping together, two of them began to argue about the comparative religious merit of the royal houses of Stuart and Orange. The argument became heated. The divines grew excited and angry.

"William III. was a great rascal," roared the first, as he struck the table with his fist. "A great rascal, and I spit upon his memory!"

"The second divine turning very red, shouted: "No, it's James II. that was the rascal. I spit upon his memory!" "At this point the third divine rang the bell, and said gently to the waiter: "Spittoons for two, please."

IN AGONY WITH ECZEMA.

Whole Body a Mass of Raw, Bleeding, Torturing Humor—Hoped Death Would End Fearful Suffering.

In Despair; Cured by Cuticura.

"Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. It broke out on my head and kept spreading until it covered my whole body. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head to foot. I looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. The pain and agony endured seemed more than I could bear. Blood and pus oozed from the great sore on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body. My ears were so crusted and swollen I was afraid they would break off. Every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out from the pain. My family doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. My condition was awful. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to come and end my frightful sufferings. "In this condition my mother-in-law begged me to try the Cuticura Remedies. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh and brought me the first real sleep I had had in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely. I also took Cuticura Resolvent for the blood. In a short time the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, and I knew I was to get well again. Then the hair on my head began to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. I wish I could tell everybody who has eczema to use Cuticura. Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 28, 1905." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

GET HIM!



Gertrude—The man I marry must be a genius.

Bertie—Thank heaven we have met!

Never Satisfied. Her—Oh, oh! Something's crawling down my back!

Him—Well, you'd make just as much fuss if it was crawling up your back. Let it alone.—Cleveland Leader.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Ought to Be. "Is the man you recommended to us capable of good head work?" "Well, he's a barber."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic. See a bottle. France made over \$325,000,000 out of chicken farming.

