SERIAL STORY

# 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 married his uncle. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as midshipman on the Ajax by his uncle Giles Vernon, captain of Sir Thomas Vernon, became the boy's pal. They attended a theater when 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 three Spanish ships in the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER IV.

We took the Xantippe home—the Indomptable went to the bottom of the bay of Biscay—but before our prize-money was settled up we were off again; Sir Peter dearly loved cruising in blue water. It was near two years before we got back to England to spend the prize-money; for, except the captain and Mr. Burton and some of the master officers, I knew of no one who saved any. Sir Peter, I understood afterward, spent much of his in a diamond necklace and tiara for Lady Hawkshaw, in which he was most egregiously cheated by a Portuguese money lender, and the balance he put into a scheme for acclimating elephants in England, which was to make him as rich as Croesus; but he lost £1,000 on the venture, besides his prize-money. In those two years I grew more and more fond of Giles Vernon. We generally contrived to have our watch together, and we were intimate as only shipmates could be. He talked much of what he meant to do when he got ashore with money to spend, and assured me he had never had above £20 of his own in his life. In the course of many nights spent in standing watch together, when the old Ajax was sailing like a witch—for she was a capital sailer at that time—he told me much about his early years, and I confided to him the story of Betty Gordon. Giles' career had been the common one of the younger branches of a good family. His father had been a clergyman, and, dying, left several daughters, who married respectably, and this one son, who was put in the sea service very young. At that time several lives stood between Giles and the title and estates of Sir Thomas Vernon, and other lives stood between Giles and Overton, but those had passed away, leaving those two distant kinsmen as heirs to a man that seemed sickfully to have earned his title of "wicked Sir Thomas." I asked Giles if he knew why Sir Thomas, who so cordially hated his heirs, had never married. Giles replied that Sir Thomas showed no inclination to marry until he was near 40. Then his reputation was so well established that he was generally looked askant upon; his character for truth was bad and at cards was worse. But he had induced a lady of rank and wealth to become engaged to be married to him. His treatment of her was so infamous that her whole family had declared war against him, and had succeeded in breaking off several very desirable alliances he would have liked to make. Of course a man of his rank and wealth could find some woman—alas!—to take him; but Sir Thomas was bent on money, with an inclination to vent rank, and was the last man on earth to marry unless he had a substantial inducement; and several more years had passed without his being able to effect the sort of marriage he desired. Meanwhile, his health had broken down, and he was now a shattered man and prey for the doctors. All this was very interesting to me, especially as Sir Thomas' two heirs would, one day have the experience of shooting at each other, and possibly deciding the matter of lordship by the extinction of one or the other from the question.

We both got promotion, of course, and that brought us into the gunroom; but we were as intimate there as in our reefer days in the cockpit. On a glorious October morning in 1799, our anchor kissed the ground in Portsmouth harbor.

When we reached Portsmouth, the news of our good fortune had preceded us, and we were welcomed with open arms by men, women and children—especially the women. All the prize-money brought back by any single ship during the war was insignificant compared with ours. The men were seized with a kind of madness for spending their money. The spectacle of an ordinary seaman parading the streets of Portsmouth with a gold-laced hat, a gold-headed stick, and watches and jewelry hung over him was common enough, and I was sure to be an Ajax man. Sad to say, the pimps and the worst class of men and women soon got the money away from our poor fellows.

The officers, in their way, were but little behind the men in their lavishness. Champagne was their common drink, and several of them invested in couches!—the Duke of Clarence they would ever have a chance of using.

Giles Vernon, although the most wasteful and profuse man I ever saw, desired to spend his money in London, Portsmouth being too small a theater for him. But the pressing affair of his satisfaction he owned Capt. Overton had to be settled. After much hard thinking, Giles came to me on the day after we reached Portsmouth, and said:

"Dicky boy, read this letter and give me your opinion of it."

This was the letter:

"H. M. S. Ajax, May 17, 1799.

"Capt. Philip Overton:

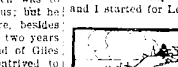
"Dear Sir: This is to inform you that I have reached Portsmouth, after a very successful cruise in the Ajax, when we took the Indomptable and Xantippe and a large sum in specie. My share is considerable—more money in short than I ever saw, much less handled, in my life. I would like a month in London to spend this money before offering my carkass to be made full of holes by you. Dear sir, consider. If I escape your marksmanship, the month more or less will be of little account, and if I fall, I shall miss the finest chance of seeing the world I ever had in my life. I think, sir, with diffidence I say it, that my record in the Ajax is enough to make plain I am not shirking the satisfaction I owe you, but I would take it as a personal favor if you would put it off to this day month, when I will be in London. And as I shall eat and drink of the best, 'tis ten to one I will be much fater and therefore be a much better mark for you. I am, dear sir,

Your obliged and
"Obedient servant,
"GILES VERNON."

I pointed out to Giles that, although the tone of the letter was quite correct, the writing and spelling were scarce up to the standard—I was more bookish ,than Giles. But he replied with some heat:

"Who, while reading the communication of a gentleman, will be so base as to sneer at the grammar or spelling!" So the letter went as it was, and in reply came a very handsome well-expressed letter from Capt. Overton, not only agreeing to postpone it a month, but for six weeks, which pleased Giles mightily. I wish to say, although Giles was inexpert with the pen, he had no lack of either polish or ideas, and was as fine an officer as ever walked the deck.

The matter with Overton finally settled, and the ship being paid off, Giles and I started for London, as happy as



With Her Were Daphne and the Glorious Lady Arabella.

two youngsters could be, with liberty and £2,000 apiece to spend, for I acknowledge that I had no more thought of saving than Giles. We took a chaise and four to London—no stage-coach for us!—and reached there in a day. We had planned to take the finest rooms at Mivart's hotel, but fate and Lady Hawkshaw prevented me from enjoying them except for the first night of our arrival. Next morning on presenting myself at the admiralty to ask for letters—I never dreaming I should have any—I received one from Sir Peter Hawkshaw, which read:

"Grand-Nephew:—My Lady Hawkshaw desires that you will come and be your money with us, to our house in Berkeley Square, and remain there.

Yours, etc.,
"P. HAWKSHAW, C. B."

Great was my distress when I got this letter, as I foresaw there would not be much chance under Lady Hawkshaw's eagle eye of seeing the kind of life I wished to see. And I was obliged to go, for Sir Peter was the only person on earth likely to interest himself at the admiralty for me; and I might stay and wither on shore while others more fortunate got ships. I antagonized him. And when Lady Hawkshaw commanded there was but one thing to do, and that was to obey.

So, with a heavy heart, I took myself and my portmanteau and, in a canvas bag, my 2,000 guineas to the admiral's great fine house in Berkeley Square. My parting with Giles was melancholy enough; for, with the womanish jealousy of a boy, I was unhappy to think he would be enjoying himself with some one else, while I was suffering the hardship of having my money taken care of for me.

Giles had no more forgotten the Lady Arabella than I had, and, on reading this note, exclaimed:

"Zounds! I wish Peter and Polly had sent for me to stay in Berkeley Square, with that divine creature under the same roof. Do you think, Dicky, we could exchange identities, so to speak?" But on my reminding him that Lady Hawkshaw had determined my prize-money, and would certainly get it, his ardor to stand in my shoes somewhat abated.

When I reached Sir Peter's house about noon, the same tall and insolent footman that I had seen on my first visit opened the door for me. Lady Hawkshaw, wearing the same black velvet gown and the identical feathers, received me, and sitting with her were Daphne Carmichael and the glorious, the beautiful, the enchanting Lady Arabella Stormont.

If I had fallen madly in love with her when I was but 14, and had only seven and sixpence, one may imagine where I found myself when I was near 17, and had £2,000 in a bag in my hands. Lady Hawkshaw's greeting was stiff, but far from unkind; and she introduced me to the young ladies, who curtsied most beautifully to me, and, I may say, looked at me not unkindly.

"Is that your prize-money in that bag, Richard?" asked Lady Hawkshaw, immediately.

I replied it was.

"Jeames," she said, "go and make my compliments to Sir Peter, and say to him that if he has nothing better to do, I would be glad to see him at once. And order the coach."

James departed.

I sat in adoring silence, oblivious of Daphne, but gazing at Lady Arabella until she exclaimed, pettishly:

"La! Have I got a cross-eye or a crooked nose, Mr. Richard, that you can't take your eyes off me?"

"You have neither," I replied, gallantly. "And my name is not Mr. Richard, but Mr. Glyn, at your ladyship's service."

"Arabella," said Lady Hawkshaw in a voice of thunder, "be more particular in your address to young gentlemen."

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" pertly replied Lady Arabella. "But such very young gentlemen, like Mr. Glyn, or Mr. Thin, or whatever his name may be, are always difficult to please in the way of address. If you are familiar, they are affronted; and if you are reserved, they think you are making game of them."

By this speech I discovered that although Lady Hawkshaw might rule her world, terrorize Sir Peter, and make the lords of the admiralty her humble servitors, she had one rebel in the camp, and that was Lady Arabella Stormont. I saw that her remarks displeased Lady Hawkshaw, but she endured them in silence. Who, though, would not endure anything from that cherub mouth and those dazzling eyes?

Sir Peter now appeared and greeted me.

"Sir Peter," said Lady Hawkshaw in her usual authoritative manner, "you will go in the coach with me to the bank, with Richard Glyn, to deposit his money. You will be ready in ten minutes, when the coach will be at the door."

"I will go with you, madam," replied Sir Peter, "but I shall order my horse, and ride a horseback, because I do not like riding in that damned stuffy coach. And, besides, when you and your feathers get in, there is no room for me."

"You ride a horseback!" sniffed Lady Hawkshaw. "Even the grooms and stable boys laugh at you. You are always taking some sea nonsense about keeping the horse's head to the wind, and pawing and lofing and bowsing at the bowline, and what not; and besides, I am afraid to trust you since Brown Jane threw you in the park."

It ended by Sir Peter's going in the coach, where the little man lay back in the corner, nearly smothered by Lady Hawkshaw's voluminous robe, and pishing and pshawing the whole way.

But I was quite happy—albeit I was the victim of Lady Hawkshaw in having my money kept for me—for on the seat beside me was Lady Arabella, who chose to go with us. She made much game of me, but I had the spirit to answer her back. After placing the money, we took an airing in the park, and then returned to dinner at five o'clock. I neither knew nor cared what became of Daphne; for was I not with the adored Lady Arabella?

That night Lady Hawkshaw was at home, and I had my first experience of a London rout. The card tables were set on the lower floor, for although Lady Hawkshaw hated cards, yet it was commonly said that no one could entertain company in London without them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## INTO SERE AND YELLOW LEAF.

Eighteenth Century Women Seem to Have Willingly Settled Down.

In an English novel of the eighteenth century the author thus refers to a certain woman: "She had reached the age of 35, an age beyond which no woman can hope either to feel or inspire deep affection." In one of George Meredith's early novels he refers to a character as a woman "on the criminal side of 30." A Boston woman in the last century, after reaching the age of 30, put on over her abundant natural hair a false front and a cap. These were the outward and visible signs of the matronly maturity she had reached. She gave up at the same time all the gayer forms of social intercourse. She confined herself thereafter to the mild and elderly variety. She had "come out" into Boston society at 15. After two years of social gayeties she had married. At 30 she was the mother of eight children. She had lived the active part of her life. In accordance with the conventions of her time she settled down to a life of vegetating domesticity. She was not an exception. She was the normal woman of her day, registering its customs, just as a good thermometer registers the temperature.—Appleton's Magazine.

## WILD SWAN FIGHTS MAN; ALMOST OVERCOMES HIM

FLIES AGAINST STEAMER, AND WHEN DECKHAND TRIES TO CAPTURE, GIVES BATTLE.

Baltimore, Md.—Two of the crew of the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic railway Company's steamer Avalon, Capt. Benjamin Thomas, which arrived from Choptank river, are nursing numerous bruises which were inflicted by a large wild swan, which flew aboard the steamer as she was coming up the bay. It was captured after a struggle, and is now in the possession of Mr. A. H. Seth, assistant manager of the company.

Capt. Thomas, in speaking of the capture of the wild swan, said that when the steamer was off Kent island her searchlight was thrown on a large flock of wild swan resting on the wa-

The Swan Attacked the Sailor Furiously.

ter directly ahead. The Avalon was within 100 yards of the flock when it was discovered.

Immediately there was a great fluttering of wings and many loud honks as the swan rose in confusion. One of the largest, attracted by the bright rays of the searchlight, flew directly toward the steamer, striking and breaking one of the panels of the joiner work. The bird, somewhat stunned by the contact, lay for a short time on the deck.

The lookout man forward heard the fowl strike and, rushing back, thought all he had to do was to pick it up. The swan thought otherwise, however, and although unable to fly, struck out with its powerful wings, and was getting the best of the man when a deck hand ran to his assistance.

After many knocks and bruises, between the two they finally mastered the swan, which was nailed securely in a crate and brought to this city.

Capt. Thomas reported that it was impossible to estimate how many swan were in the flock, but from the noise they made there must have been a great number.

Mr. Seth will present the fowl to the park board to be placed in Druid Hill park zoo.

## HENS FED ON SMOKED PORK.

Lay Eggs Which Cannot Be Told from "Ham and"—Now Plans Welsh Rarebits.

South Norwalk, Conn.—John H. Smith of the local police force has a brood of hens, which, from the persistent diet of ham clippings and pork rinds, lay eggs which cannot be told from full fledged breakfast ham and eggs. The yolks have a hard ham-like appearance, while the white of the egg retains its old appearance and state.

At present the eggs are a trifle too salty, but by a slight application of sugar in their diet Mr. Smith, who is a poultry fancier of long experience and longer ingenuity, is bringing his unique production up to a state of rare perfection. The flavor is perfect and when boiled or fried the eggs make an ideal breakfast.

Not satisfied with his ham and eggs Mr. Smith has started another brood on a diet of cheese with a view to producing eggs that will pass for Welsh rarebits.

Mr. Smith has an envious neighbor who hatches chickens in an incubator and who swears he has Smith's scheme beaten a block. He hangs a side of bacon in front of his incubator and prenatal influence does the rest. His favorite combination is some Virginia rashers crossed with white Leghorn eggs.

Takes No Chances on Burial Alive.

London.—Under the will of the late Lord Burton, whose estate amounted to upward of a million sterling, there were bequests to 18 employes and domestic servants representing a capital of £50,000. Lord Burton was evidently afraid of premature burial, for the first paragraph of his will directed that before the body should be placed in the coffin the spine and spinal marrow of the neck must be completely severed by a competent surgeon and the heart removed and placed in a vessel to be inclosed in the coffin.

Drives Beside Dead Wife.

Bellingham, Wash.—Theodore Maynard, a farmer living six miles northeast, drove into town with his wife, and as he attempted to help her out of the carriage found he had been riding with a dead woman. Shortly after leaving home she swayed in the seat and he put his arm around her, keeping it there until he reached the city.

The Missionary Mule.

"That mule," said the old farmer, "is what I call a 'missionary mule,' an' I'll tell you why: It throwed one man on his head, an' when the man wuz able to be up an' about ag'in, he went to preachin'; an' the last time the sheriff come to levy on that mule the critter kicked him 'cross the county line, what they wuz holdin' a campmeetin' an' I'm blest of the sheriff didn't git religion an' quit fumin' for office—which wuz uncommon hard to do, seein' that the office habit run in his blood. I tell you, nuthin' in this here worl' is to be despised, when as humble a critter as a mule kin be a missionary!"

Usually They Are.

"Professor, what is the meaning of the word 'monologue?'"

"My dear sir, consider the derivation of it. 'Mono' is slang for 'money,' and 'logos' means a word. Monologue, words for money."


PERUNA

For Catarrh of the Throat of Two Years' Standing.

"I was afflicted for two years with catarrh of the throat. At first it was very slight, but every cold I took made it worse.

"I followed your directions and in a very short time I began to improve. I took one bottle and am now taking my second. I can safely say that my throat and head are cleared from catarrh at the present time, but I still continue to take my usual dose for a spring tonic, and I find there is nothing better."—Mrs. W. Gray, 260 Twelfth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city of Europe.

Let Me Tell You Something

A woman who is sick and suffering, and won't at least try a medicine which has the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is to blame for her own wretched condition.

There are literally hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

Read what these women say:

Camden, N. J.—"It is with pleasure that I send my testimonial for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, hoping it may induce other suffering women to avail themselves of the benefit of this valuable remedy.

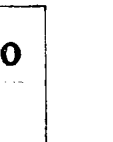
"I suffered from pains in my back and side, sick headaches, no appetite, was tired and nervous all the time, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman—and this valuable medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 902 Lincoln Ave., Camden, N. J.

Erie, Pa.—"I suffered for five years from female troubles, and at last was almost helpless. I tried three doctors but they did me no good. My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has made me well and strong. I hope all suffering women will just give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, for it is worth its weight in gold."—Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. 7, Erie, Pa.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering from the same trouble.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice—it is free and always helpful.



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