

SERIAL STORY

THE LOVES OF LADY ARABELLA

By HOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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SYNOPSIS.

At 14 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawshaw's nephew, Richard Glynn, fell in love with the first sight with Lady Arabella Stormont, who married him at 16. The lady had been a girl of a birth as middle-aged as the Ajax by his name, Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, because the boy's father attended a theater where Mrs. Vernon met Philip Overton, then in line for Sir Thomas Vernon's estate. They started a dual which was interrupted by Vernon, Overton and Hawshaw's men, for themselves attracted by Lady Arabella. The Ajax in the Mediterranean. Richard Glynn, who had been called home by Lady Hawshaw as he was about to "show in" his earnings with her son, at a Hawshaw party. Glynn discovered that Lady Arabella was a poor but persistent candidate. He talked with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed him the game.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

The noise of the controversy was heard all over town, and it was discussed in Berkeley Square as elsewhere. Lady Hawshaw was no longer a subscriber to Almack's. Not being able to rule it, she had retired, the assembly room not being large enough to hold herself and a certain other lady.

Giles had told me that on the evening of the ball he and other gentlemen interested in the victory of Mrs. Treachard would escort her to the ball. So at eight o'clock I proceeded to the lady's house in Jermyn street, and saw her set forth in state in her chair. She was wearing with diamonds, and looked like a stage duchess. A long company of gentlemen with their swords attended her, and Giles and my Lord Winstanley led the procession. Mrs. Treachard was the best imitation of a lady I ever saw, as she sat in her chair, smiling and fanning herself, with the hawks rapping and grinning at her, and the gentlemen, especially such as little more than usual, shouting: "Way for Mrs. Treachard! Make way!"

Yet it seemed to me as if she were only an imitation. Richard Glynn, in that Lady Hawshaw, with her turban and her outlandish French, had much more the genuine air of a great lady. Mrs. Treachard would go to Almack's on any terms, but Lady Hawshaw would not go except the rule of the house and fought gallantly with the duchesses and countesses, only retiring from the field because she was one against many.

I followed the merry procession until we got to King street, St. James', where the coaches were four deep, and footmen, in regiments, blocked the street. Giles and Lord Winstanley took me like Mrs. Treachard, and very grand the party looked as they entered. By that time, though, I was very miserable. I remembered that at the same time the next night I might not have my friends and the people being pouring out. Then, afraid to be caught by Giles, I ran home as fast as my legs could carry me.

When I reached Berkeley Square it was altogether dark, and I realized that I was locked out. I looked all over the front of the house, and my heart sank. There was a blind alley at one side, and I realized that in that in opening the window, and to my joy found it open. In another minute I was standing inside the room. I had my first steel in my pocket, and I groped about until I found a candle, which I lighted.

I had often been in the room before, but its grotesque appearance struck me afresh, and I could not forbear laughing, although I was in no laughing mood. There was a regular shawl-trantrum running along the wall. The whole room was full of the useless odds and ends that accumulate on board a ship, all arranged with the greatest usefulness and economy of space, and there was not one single object in the room which could possibly be of the slightest use on shore.

I looked around to see how I could make myself comfortable for the night, and, opening a locker in the wall, I found a collection of old boots of Sir Peter's, in every stage of

disaffection, but all laid away with the greatest care. Taking one for my pillow, and two more for my coverlet, I lay down on the trantrum and, blowing up the candle, was soon in a sweet sleep.

I was awakened at five o'clock in the morning by the chiming of a neighboring church bell, and at the same moment I saw the door to the room noiselessly open, and Lady Arabella Stormont, carrying a candle which she held with her hand, I involuntarily covered my head up, thinking she had probably come in search of something, and I had almost closed my eyes when she suddenly jumped from the pile of boots, and she went to a glass door which led out upon a balcony with stairs into the garden, and I saw the door had been completely open about these stairs, when I climbed up and got in through the window.

Presently I heard a step from the stairs, and before the person who was coming had time to knock I saw Lady Arabella open the door. The rays dawned of a clear June morning, made light; outside, but inside the room it was quite dark, except for the candle carried by Lady Arabella.

A man entered, and as soon as he was in the room, she noiselessly locked the door, and, unseen by him, put the key in her pocket.

As the turned and the candlelight fell upon his face I saw it was Philip Overton. Amusement was pictured in his face, and his voice, too, when he spoke.

"I was sent for in haste, by Sir Peter, just now," he said, with some confusion.

At which Lady Arabella laughed, as if it were a very good joke that he should find her instead of Sir Peter. Meanwhile, my own chain of mind prevented me from understanding fully what they were saying; but I gathered that Lady Arabella had devised some trick, in which she had freely used Sir Peter's Hawshaw name, to get Overton there in that manner and in that room. Sir Peter was such a very odd job that no one was surprised at what he did. It was no use striving to listen—they were not five feet



Opening a Locker I Found a Collection of Old Boot Clogs of Sir Peter's.

from me—and I lay there in terror, realizing that I was in a very dangerous position. I soon discovered that Overton's reputation for lately-acquired Methodical ploy had not done away with a very hot temper. He was enraged, as if any man can be who is disgraced, and he demanded the presence of Lady Arabella to be let out of the glass door, when he found it locked. She refused to tell him where the key was, and he threatened to break the door down and escape that way.

"D. it then, if you wish," she cried, and roused the house and the neighborhood, and run me if you will. But before you do it, read this, and then know what Lady Arabella Stormont can do to the man she loves!"

She thrust a letter into his hand, and, slipping out of the door to the corridor, as swiftly and silently as a swallow in its flight, she locked it behind her. Overton, a prisoner in Sir Peter's room, he took the letter open, read the few lines it contained, and then threw it down with an oath. "The next minute he caught sight of me. In my surprise I had forgotten all my precautions, and had left it open."

"You found," he said, "are you in this infernal plot?" And he kicked the boots clogs off me.

"I am not," said I, coolly, recalled to myself by the term he had used to ward me, "and neither do I know. You will kindly remember to account to me for that expression, Capt. Overton."

"Read that," he cried, throwing Lady Arabella's little dagger of steel at the door, and to a disapprobation thing in giving me the letter to read, but it was an act of involuntary rage. It read this:

"I confess the apportion was new to me."

"You will bear me witness, Mr. Glynn," said Overton, "that I am not a false friend. I am not a fortune teller, as you are delighted with me."

"I will bear witness to nothing, sir," I replied, "until you have given me satisfaction for calling me a bound just now."

"Dear sir, pray forget that hasty expression. In my rage and amazement just now I would have called the commandant-in-chief of the force a bounder. I regret every apology that a gentleman can make. I am quite beside myself, as you must have seen."

I saw that he was very anxious to conclude me, for upon my testimony alone would rest the question of whether he voluntarily or involuntarily failed to appear at the meeting arranged for eight o'clock.

I also perceived the strength of my position, and a dazzling idea presented itself to my mind.

"I will agree," said I, "to testify to everything in your favor, if you will not promise me not to do so until I have been asked to do so. I have hesitated, ashamed to express my womanish fears for Giles Vernon's life; but he seemed to read my thoughts."

"Do you mean not to do Mr. Vernon any harm in the meeting which will, of course, take place the instant you can be arranged? That I promise you; for I never had any personal animosity toward Mr. Vernon. I only blow, like my words just now, was the outbreak of passion, and not a deliberate insult."

I was overjoyed at this, and as I sat, leaning in my delight, I had been in strong contrast to Overton. In the very blackness of rage, the minutes dragged slowly on, and we heard the clock strike six, and seven. The dim light of a foggy morning stole in at the windows. Not a soul was stirring in the house; but on the stroke of eight a light step entered the outer door. It was softly and noiselessly, and Lady Arabella entered, carefully locking the door on the inside, after her this time. In the ghastly light Overton rose and saluted her with much ceremony.

"Lady Arabella Stormont," he said, "you have delayed the meeting between Mr. Vernon and myself just 24 hours. To do it you have put my honor in jeopardy, and that I shall not soon forget. I beg you to open the glass door and allow me to bid you farewell."

"She stopped, as if paralyzed for a moment, when I, knowing the key to be in her pocket, deftly fished it out, and opened the door, and Overton walked out. She could not stop me. I was too quick for her—but she ran after me, and fetched me a box on the ear, which did more than sting my honor and my pride. It killed, in one stroke, the last of the boyish love I had had for her ever since the first hour I had seen her. I own I was afraid to retaliate as a gentleman should, by using her violently; but I decided I used down the steps outside, after Overton, not caring to remain alone with the Lady Arabella. I saw her no more that day, nor until the afternoon of the next day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEER ENGLISH MILK WAGONS.

Gorgeous Floats with Brass Churns and Ben Hur Drivers.

In English towns, a Canadian visitor declares in the Queen, the foreigner runs out to the pavement just to see what the English are doing. He is struck by a float of glass, white and yellow, white and blue, or red, white and blue, with the shining brass churn erect on the float, and the driver, a man in a blue coat, is seated in the front, the little square seat inserted at the rear, and the chariot standing at the back like Ben Hur and driving as much like that as any modern town where where motor cars are unknown—is practically afloat.

Then the English milkman who comes on foot, with a modern yoke on his shoulders, and swinging at each side a brass-bound pail, in which is a queer little measuring dipper. Who could wish to have milk delivered in glass bottles, with a paper-sealed cap, when he has to carry it in his own jug in this quaintly curious fashion? What do microbes amount to when compared with the joy of the medieval!

Unreasonable Hobby.

In the olden times a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day. The doctor made her sign to give his instructions to his wife preparatory to bidding her farewell, when she broke in upon the conversation and exclaimed: "By the by, John, what's the matter with the tattie this year?" The unfortunate man, indignant at the indifference of his wife, exclaimed, angrily: "What need I care what you plant them? I'm not likely to see them again!" "Heck!" replied the woman, turning to the warden with a wag of her head, "oor John's huffed because he's gamin' to be hanged the morn'!" and marched out of the cell.

Ruined the Cream.

"You dislike the automobiles that dash past here?" Interrogated the woman by a gentleman.

"Wal, I should say so," drawled the old farmer as he shook his fist at a rapidly vanishing machine.

"Those aren't horns as be blue clouting I suppose."

"A durned country fellow," replied the milk curdler. "Curds all the milk in the dairy, hegoes."

THE WHITELA BOYS' KIDNAPPERS

JAMES BOYLE'S SENTENCE WAS LIFE AND WIFE'S TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THEY BOTH WEAKENED.

The Statement of Boyle About a Man Who Planned the Kidnaping Recalls a Hard Jolt.

James H. Boyle was sentenced on Monday to life imprisonment in the Western Pennsylvania penitentiary on the charge of kidnaping "Billy" Whittle and the coasts of the trial.

Heleen Boyle, his wife and co-defendant, was sentenced to 25 years in the same institution and to pay a fine of \$10,000 and the costs of the trial.

Both sentences are the maximum for the offenses under which the pair were indicted. Mrs. Boyle was convicted only of aiding in the kidnaping.

Both Boyle and his wife collapsed at the sentence. They had to be carried back to their cells.

Mrs. Boyle early in the morning swallowed several morphine tablets in an effort to carry out her threat to kill herself rather than go to the penitentiary. Secreted in Boyle's cell, she found a razor with which he had intended to cut his throat.

James Boyle has issued a statement in which he charges that Harry Forker, a brother of Mrs. Whittle, put up the cash to kidnap Whittle and divide the ransom. The weird story is that Forker was a party to or caused the death of an Rebel, Jr., of Youngstown, O., to secure certain incriminating letters to which fell into Boyle's hands, and by threats of publication he forced Forker to reveal the truth.

His story was at once contradicted when George Battelger, who was near the scene when Rebel met his death by a shot from a window, related his version.

Battelger says he was standing in front of the restaurant a short distance from the spot where Rebel's body was found when Rebel fell. He heard the thud, and started an investigation, when he was met by Marshall Donnelly, who had just heard the body slung. The two men picked up Rebel, who was at the point of death.

Battelger saw no one in the vicinity in which the accident took place until he was picked up by Donnelly. Until Battelger's story Donnelly had forgotten his alleged presence at the body was found. He soon recalled Battelger helping him pick up the body, however, and corroborated his story in every particular.

Donnelly had been in the vicinity of the accident throughout the evening and he has no recollection that either Dan Shay or James Boyle was on his head throughout the night. He knew them both well.

At the time of Rebel's death Boyle was employed in a plumbing shop adjoining the building from which Rebel fell. The police express the opinion that Boyle heard much about the death in this shop and from his knowledge of the accident built his story.

Rebel's father, the co-owner and partner in the business, says that the police are all confident the milk death was entirely accidental. An investigation is very improbable.

Continuously connected with the prosecution of James Boyle and his wife for the Whittle kidnaping was the credit of the declaration of Boyle that Harry Forker, a member of the kidnapers' attorneys express confidence in Forker.

Forker himself denies the story absolutely. He has no recollection of the Cleveland or even knowing him except as a resident of Sharon. He believes Boyle was inspired by a desire to bring the Whittles fame and fortune.

"The whole story is a wilful, malicious and slanderous lie," says Forker emphatically.

J. P. Whittle, father of "Billy," is also certain his brother-in-law had no part in the kidnaping. He denies having any conversation with Boyle in Cleveland at the time the ransom was turned over.

Further, those of the school from which Whittle was taken, say Boyle was the man who called for the boy.

After a more Overton.

The Philippine government has determined to take into custody a Moro outlaw known throughout the Moro archipelago as Jikur. For months many robberies and murders by these islands have been charged to the band and the recent outlawry has been so justified that the government has decided to take drastic action. A gun was being searching among the small islands of the Sulu archipelago and Jikur was captured on the mountain, hoping to escape the outlaws.

March 12 Jikur is reported to have been shot by a Moro in an attack upon a constabulary barracks in Siasi in the hope of procuring arms and ammunition. The 22 soldiers within, under command of Capt. Delano, were killed. Bennett, had an exciting time defending themselves in the darkness.

PRACTICAL JOKE TOO MUCH FOR NEW BRIDE

GROOM'S FRIENDS OF A LITTLE TOO FAR IN HAVING FUN WITH COUPLE.

Boise City, Ill.—As the result of a practical joke perpetrated on the eve of their wedding the young bride of John Colton is confined in a sanatorium with her mind completely wrecked. A year ago young Colton, who was somewhat of a "rake," was prevailed upon to attend the Methodist Episcopal church. After services he was introduced to Miss Agnes Dahl, a pretty member of the choir. A mutual admiration seemed to possess them from the first, and, to the wonderment of the villagers, Colton became a regular attendant at church. A month ago the engagement of the



"I Arrest You as a Bigamist."

young couple was announced, the date of the wedding being set for April 14. After the ceremony, which was performed in the little church where they had first met, the bride and groom with their guests went to the home of Colton's parents to partake of the wedding feast. In the midst of the merry-making, the bride took place which has probably robbed the beautiful young bride of reason for all time. While one of the groomsmen was toasting the newly wedded pair a hollow-sounding letter from the dining room leading a young negress who carried a baby in her arms. The officer laying a heavy hand on young Colton's shoulder pulled him to the feet, exclaiming: "I arrest you as a bigamist."

Immediately the bride uttered a heart-rending wail and fell fainting to the floor.

Physicians were hastily summoned and after several hours' efforts succeeded in raving her, only to find that the shock had made her insane. All of the guests were in the "joke" which had such a tragic ending and are frantic with remorse.

The principals, Jack Dering, who was disguised as the negress, and Barney Oliver, who impersonated the officer, are inaccessible with grief.

FISHERMAN HOOKS WONDER.

St. Louis Man Who Has Baited Hook for 30 Years, Jerks Out Queer Catch with His Whiskers.

St. Louis—J. H. Molley fished 30 years and he never saw anything like the queer "critter" he has just caught in the foot of Deshaire creek.

He has it in a tub in the rear of his house at 3600 North Levee and he wants experts to go there and take a look at it.

"I can't make the thing out," he said. "At first I thought it was some seaweed-kind of a dogfish, because it snapped at me every time I went near and made a noise like a puppy growling. When I picked it up like a dog it wagged its tail and made friends with me. But it won't pay any attention to me when I cut it Fido."

"As near as I can make out it's a dogfish and ain't a dogfish. It's a catfish and it ain't a catfish. It's a grinnel and it ain't a grinnel, and it's an eel and it ain't an eel."

Molley and Charles Bester of Brooklyn, Ill., caught the queer fish. It is a dogfish, it is two feet long and weighs eight pounds. To the layman it looks like other fish, but Molley says it has many queer, distinctive features which put it in the freak rank of the fish world.

"In the first place," he said, "look at those three whiskers under his chin. Nothing but an eel ever has them—three whiskers under his chin, you see."

"He has a full beard in my life. All they can raise is just that little bunch of hairs."

"His head looks some like a dog fish, but it looks like a catfish's, too, only not so broad."

"He's got two rows of sharp teeth like a grinnel, but he ain't one because the rest on his back are just like an eel's. His skin is the same color as a catfish, except that he hasn't got any scales. He's got some brown spots like a grinnel has and some yellow spots like an eel has. He's got no worried. I wish some body would come up here and tell whether to feed him on dog biscuit or catnip."

Assailed Many Into the World.

Dr. William Hawkes Day, whose death at the age of 85 was announced at Norwich, England, the other day, had attended at the births of 8,000 children.

AN INTERESTING PAINT TEST.

There is a very simple and interesting chemical test by which to detect impurity in paint materials. Thousands and thousands of people all over the country are making this test. It is a sure way to safeguard against the many adulterated white leads which are on the market. Any one can make the test—all that is needed is a simple little instrument which may be had free by writing (National Lead Company, 1903 Trinity Building, New York, and asking for Hopwood's "Painting Outfit No. 49." The outfit includes also a set of color-schemes for exterior or interior painting, or both, if you wish, and a book of specifications. No houseowner should make any arrangement for painting till he gets this outfit.

"I can't expect a satisfactory paint job without pure white lead. There is a way to make sure you're getting a pure white lead—without testing it. Send for the outfit. It's not National Lead Company's."

VARIETY.



Howitt—I've been pinched for money lately.

Howitt—Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any.

ECZEMA COVERED HIM.

Itching Torture Was Beyond Words—Slept Only from Sheer Exhaustion—Relieved in 24 Hours

Cured by Cuticura in a Month.

"I am seventy-seven years old, and some years ago I was taken with eczema from head to foot. I was sick for six months and what I suffered tongue could not tell. I could not sleep day or night because of that dreadful itching; when I did sleep it was from sheer exhaustion. It was one mass of irritation; it was even in my scalp. The doctor's medicine seemed to make me worse and I was almost out of my mind. I got a bottle of Cuticura from Dr. J. C. Williams and Rescued. I used them persistently for twenty-four hours. That night I slept like an infant, the first solid night's sleep I had had for six months. In a month was cured. Dr. J. C. Williams, Smith, Dr. K. K. N. Y., Feb. 2, 1908. Foster, Dr. C. C. N. Y., Feb. 2, 1908."

As Work of Fish Hatcheries.

As the result of special efforts in the hatchery work during the year the output of fish and eggs in 1908 was greater than ever before in the history of the national bureau, reaching a total of 2,871,456.250 of this number 2,413,699.225 were young fish distributed for the stocking and restocking of public and private waters, and the remaining 457,756.925 were eggs delivered to state and foreign hatcheries. The output of young fish exceeds the greatest previous record for any one year by 376,000,000.

Boys of Ohio City of Toledo, O.

LUCKY OVERTON. Overton stated that he is a young member of the firm of J. J. Overton & Co., who have been in the business of buying and selling fish and eggs for many years. He stated that he had been in the business of buying and selling fish and eggs for many years.

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