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 against 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 won $2,500 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 good but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for gaming. Later she told Glyn and Overton, prisoners, that delaying the duel

CHAPTER VI.

As Overton had said, the meeting was delayed exactly 24 hours.

My courage always has an odd way of disappearing when I am expecting to use it, although I must say, when I have had actual occasion for it I have always found it easily at hand. I cannot deny that I was very much frightened for Giles on the morning of the meeting, and, to add to my misery, I heard Mr. Overton was considered one of the best shots in England.

The dreary breakfast gulped down; the postchaise rattling up to the door—I had hoped until the last moment that it would not come; the bumping along the road in the cool, bright summer morning; the gruesome, long, narrow box that lay on the front seat of the chaise, the packet of letters which Giles had given me and which seemed to weigh a hundred tons in my pocket—all these were so many horrors to haunt my memory forever. But I must say that, apparently, the misery was all mine, for I never saw Giles Vernon show so much as by the flicker of an eyelash that he was disturbed in any way.

About half way from the meeting ground we left the highway and turned into a by-road, and scarcely had we gone half a mile when we almost drove into a broken-down chaise, and starting on the roadside among the furze bushes were the coachman the surgeon—a most bloody-minded man I always believed him—Mr. Buxton and Overton.

Our chaise stopped, and Giles, putting his head out of the window, said pleasantly: "Good-morning, gentlemen; you have had an accident, I see."

"A bad one," replied Mr. Buxton, who saw that their chaise was beyond help, and who, as he said afterward, was playing for a place in our chaise, not liking to walk the rest of the distance.

Giles jumped out and so did I, and the most courteous greetings were exchanged.

The two drivers, as experts, examined the broken chaise, and agreed there was no patching it up for service; one wheel was splintered.

Mr. Buxton looked at Giles meaningly, and then at me, and Giles whispered to me:

"Offer to take 'em up. By Jupiter, they shall see we are no shirkers."

Which I did, and, to my amazement, in a few moments we were all jumping along the road; Overton and Mr. Buxton on the back seat, and Giles and I with our backs to the horses, while the surgeon was alongside the coachman on the box.

Nothing could exceed the politeness between the two principals, about the seats as about everything else. Overton was with difficulty persuaded to take the back seat. Mr. Buxton seated himself there without any introduction (I hope it will never again be my fortune to negotiate so delicate an affair as a meeting between gentlemen with one so much my superior in rank as Mr. Buxton.)

"May I ask, Mr. Overton, if you jire for the window down or up?" asks Giles, with great deference.

"Either, dear sir," responded Overton. "I believe it was up when you kindly invited us to enter."

"True; but you may be sensitive to the air, and easy catch cold."

At which Mr. Buxton grinned in a heartless manner. The window remained up.

We were much crowded with the two pistol-cases and the surgeon's box of instruments, which, to me, appeared more appalling than the pistols.

At last we reached the spot—small, flat place under a sweet, blooming hawthorn hedge, with some verdant oaks at either end.

Giles and Overton were so scrupulous about taking precedence of each other in getting out of the chaise that I had strong hopes the day would pass before they came to a decision; but Mr. Buxton finally got out himself and pulled his man after him, and then we were soon marking off the ground, and I was feeling that mortal sickness which had attacked me the first time I was under fire in the Ajax.

Overton won the toss for position, and at that I could have lain down and wept.

Our men were placed 20 paces apart, with their backs to each other. At the word "one" they were to turn, advance and fire between the words "two" and "three." This seemed to me the most murderous arrangement I had ever heard of.

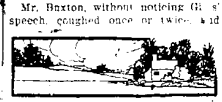
The stories I had so lately heard about Overton's proficiency with the pistol made me think, even if he did not kill Giles intentionally, he would attempt some expert trick with the pistol, which would do the business equally well. I knew Giles to be a very poor shot, and concluded, if he, through awkwardness, would probably put an end to Overton, and I regarded them both as doomed men.

I shall never forget my feelings as we were placing our men, or after Mr. Buxton and I had retired to a place under the hedge. Just as we had selected our places, Giles, looking over his shoulder, said in his usual cool, soft voice:

"Don't you think, gentlemen, you had better move two or three furlongs off? Mr. Overton may grow excited and fire wild."

I thought this a most dangerous as well as foolish speech, and calculated to irritate Overton; and for the first time I saw a gleam of anger in his eye, which had hitherto been mild, and even sad. For I believed then, and knew afterward, that his mind was far from easy on the subject of dueling. I wish to say here that I also believe, had he been fully convinced that dueling was wrong, he would have declined to fight, no matter what the consequence had been; for I never knew a man with more moral courage. But at the time, although his views were changing on the subject, they were not wholly changed.

Mr. Buxton, without noticing Giles' speech, coughed once or twice, and



Overton Took Off His Hat and Bowed.

then waited two or three minutes before giving the word.

The summer sun shone brilliantly, turning the distant river to a silver ribbon. A thrush piloted musically in the hawthorn hedge. All things spoke of life and hope, but to my sinking heart insensate Nature only mocked us. I heard, as in a dream, the words "one, two, three" slowly uttered by Mr. Buxton, and saw, still as in a dream, both men turn and raise their pistols.

Overton's was discharged first; then, as he stood like a man in marble waiting for his adversary's fire, Giles raised his pistol and, taking deliberate aim at the bird still singing in the hedge, brought it down. It was a mere lucky shot, but Overton took off his hat and bowed to the ground, and Giles responded by taking off his hat and showing a hole through the brim.

"You see, Mr. Glyn," said Overton, "I have done according to my promise. It was not my intention to kill Mr. Vernon, but only to frighten him"—which speech Mr. Buxton and I considered as a set-off to Giles' speech just before shots were exchanged.

The two principals remained where they were, while Mr. Buxton and I retired behind the hedge to confer—or, rather, for Mr. Buxton to say to me:

"Another shot would be damned nonsense. My man is satisfied, or shall be, else I am a Dutch trooper. Certainly you have nothing to complain of."

I was only too happy to accept his solution, but more out of objection to being browbeaten by Mr. Buxton than anything else, I said:

"We shall require an explanation of your principal's observation just now, sir."

"Shall you?" angrily asked Mr. Buxton, exactly in the tone he used when the carpenter's mate complained that the jacks-of-the-dust had cribbed his best saw. "Then I shall call your man to account in regard to his late observation, and we can keep them popping away at each other all day. But this is no slaughter pen, Mr. Glyn, nor am I the ship's butcher, and I shall take my man back to town and give him a glass of spirits and some breakfast, and I advise you to do the same. You are very young, Mr. Glyn, and you still need to know a thing or two." Then, advancing from behind the hedge, he said in the dulcet tone he used when the admiral asked him to have wine:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Glyn and myself, after conferring, have agreed that the honor of our principals is fully established, and that the controversy is completely at an end. Allow me to congratulate you both"—and there was a general hand-shaking all around. I noted that the coachman, who was attentively watching the performance, looked slightly disappointed at the turn of affairs.

Straightway, we all climbed into the chaise, and I think I shall be believed when I say that our return to town was more cheerful than our departure had been.

We all agreed to dine together at Mivart's the next night, and I saw no reason to believe that there was any remnant of ill feeling between the two late combatants.

I returned to Berkeley Square that afternoon, with much uneasiness concerning my meeting with Lady Arabella; for I had not seen her since the occurrence in Sir Peter's study. Although my affection for her was forever killed by that box on the ear she gave me, yet no man can see a woman shamed before him without pain, and the anticipation of Lady Arabella's feelings when she saw me troubled me. But this was what actually happened when we met. Lady Arabella was sitting in the Chinese drawing room, her lapdog in her arms, surrounded by half a dozen fops. Lady Hawkshaw had left the room for a moment, and Arabella had taken the opportunity of showing her trick of holding out her dog's paws and kissing his nose, which she called measuring love-ribbon. This performance never failed to throw gentlemen into ecstasies. Daphne sat near, with her work in her lap and a book on the table by her, smiling rather disdainfully. I do not think the cousins loved each other.

On my appearance in the drawing room I scarcely dared look toward Lady Arabella, but she called out familiarly:

"Come here, Dicky" (her habit of calling me Dicky annoyed me very much) "and let me show you how I kiss Fido's nose, and if you are a good boy, and tell me all about the meeting this morning, perhaps I may hold your paws out and kiss your nose"—at which all the gentlemen present laughed loudly. I never was so embarrassed in my life, and my chagrin was increased when, suddenly dropping the dog, she rushed at me, seized my hands, and, holding them off at full arm's length, imprinted a sounding smack upon my nose, and laughingly cried out: "One yard!" (Smack on my nose again.) "Two yards!" (Smack.) "Three yards!" (Smack.)

At this juncture I recovered my presence of mind enough to seize her around the waist and return her smacks with interest full in the mouth. And at this stage of the proceedings Lady Hawkshaw appeared upon the scene.

In an instant an awful hush fell upon us. For my part I felt my knees sinking under me, and I had that feeling of mortal sickness which I had felt in my first sea-fight, and at the instant I thought my friend's life in jeopardy. Lady Arabella stood up, for once, confused. The gentlemen all retired gracefully to the wall, in order not to interrupt the proceedings, and Daphne fixed her eyes upon me, sparkling with indignation.

Lady Hawkshaw's voice when she spoke, seemed to come from the tombs of the Pharaohs.

"What is this countryfom I see?" she asked. And nobody answered a word.

James, the tall footman, stood behind her, and to him she turned, saying in a tone like thunder:

"Jeames, go and tell Sir Peter Hawkshaw that I desire his presence immediately upon a matter of the greatest importance."

The footman literally ran downstairs, and presently Sir Peter came puffing up from the lower regions. Lady Arabella had recovered herself then enough to hum a little tune and to pat the floor with her satin slipper.

Sir Peter walked in, verily believe he thought Arabella had been caught cheating at cards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORLD'S CITIES HARD TO KILL.

Rome Twice Burned, Six Times Starved—Paris' Eight Sieges.

Few of the world's great cities have not faced, at one time or another, total destruction. But a city is hard to kill.

Take Rome, for instance. She has been swept by pestilence no fewer than ten times. She has been twice burned and six times driven to submission by starvation. Perhaps it is on account of her great vitality that she is called the Eternal city.

Paris has gone through eight sieges, ten famines, two plagues and one fire which devastated it.

Constantinople has been burned out nine times and has suffered from four plagues and five sieges. In addition, she has been ruled by monarchs who were worse than a plague. Yet Constantinople still flourishes.

London has been decimated five times by plagues, in addition to visitations of typhus, cholera and other epidemics. She has been burned more or less severely several times.—Stray Stories.

What He Wanted.

"Sir," said the agent, addressing the man who had opened the door in answer to his knock, "I am introducing a patent burglar alarm and thought perhaps you might be interested."

"Well, I'm not," growled the man on the other side of the door. "What I want is a device that will put burglars to sleep instead of alarming them."

THE NATION AND THE WORLD

PRESIDENT TAFT IS CHANGING POLITICAL SITUATION IN SOUTH.

OUR DILATORY CONGRESS

Matters of Interest Collected Here and There About the World Briefly Sketched.

President Taft has made a start in the good work of breaking up the bands of political renegades, who, for many years, or ever since civil war times, have dispensed federal patronage in many of the states of the south. The beginning was made last week, when the president, going straight over the heads of all "machine" Republicans of North Carolina, but not without first giving them a chance to "make good," nominated a stanch Democrat, Judge Henry G. Connors, of the supreme court of the state, to be federal judge for the eastern North Carolina district.

It is said in that connection that it is the intention of the president to proceed similarly in other southern states, in cases where he cannot find Republicans of suitable caliber and reputation to fill important federal positions.

Adjourn August 1.

Senators Hale, of Maine; Guggenheim, of Colorado, and Scott, of West Virginia, sitting in the cabinet room at the White House waiting to see President Taft, discussed the date of the probable adjournment of congress. They agreed that August 1 seems now to be the earliest possible day that the two houses of congress could agree on a tariff bill. Senator Scott reiterated that he believed congress could adjourn in two weeks if someone would close up the press gallery and clean the public galleries of spectators. Senators Depew, of New York, and Owen, of Oklahoma, who called later at the White House and saw the president, were just as pessimistic over the outlook for adjournment. Senator Owen said he did not look for it before August 1. Senator Depew said he had engaged passage for Europe for June 19, but had cancelled it.

Quake Shock Montana.

A distinct earthquake shock was felt at Great Falls, Mont., and it was also felt at Choteau, Havre, Wagner and other points, showing that it prevailed generally over northern Montana. While no serious damage was done, the shock was sufficient to spill articles from shelves in stores, and there was some breakage of glassware. The strongest disturbance extended from Glendive to Dickinson. East of that point it was light. Dispatchers in Dickinson depot were frightened from their posts. Glasgow was shaken badly. Freibergs, N. D., was shaken.

The Adana Horrors.

The estimates of from 20,000 to 25,000 Christians killed by Mohammedans in the province of Adana, made a fortnight ago, must be reduced. It is now ascertained that the number can hardly reach more than 10,000, possibly less. Thousands who were supposed to have been killed in the country districts have since come into some one of the large towns for relief. Nearly 50,000 persons have received assistance from the American, French, German, Armenian and Turkish relief committees or officials in Adana, 22,000 in Marash, 9,000 in Hadjin, 3,000 in Aleppo, 2,000 in Latakia, 4,000 in Tarsus and a comparatively large number in Aintab and Alexandretta. Fugitives from the villages or settlements, who first reached the large towns after the massacres began, exaggerated, through their fears the extent of the slaughter, but although the later figures are lower than the first estimates, they still remain the dreadful fact that frightfulness was practiced, specially toward women. The Mohammedan figures, of about 2,000 Mohammedans killed in this province, must also be reduced.

The Extravagant Kaiser.

An attack is being made by the press upon the kaiser for his reckless extravagance. The nation has already an annual deficit of $125,000,000 and the papers are beginning to complain that the nation cannot afford to pay $6,000 for the cost of the journey when his majesty travels from Potsdam to Venice. The latest example of the kaiser's extravagance is in connection with an order he recently gave for three new motor cars. He ordered them to be painted pale yellow, with dark brown streaks. Owing to an official's mistake the streaks were painted black, and although the difference was undistinguishable to the ordinary eye the kaiser ordered all three cars to be repainted. Then, as this entailed delay, he thought a ready made car, which cost $8,000, and when he got the three new cars he gave the ready made one away to a personal friend.

William Rockefeller has arrived home after four weeks' absence abroad. Mr. Rockefeller declared his earnest belief that the country had undoubtedly started in on a season of great prosperity.

The largest shipment of tobacco ever taken from America for the personal use of a traveler was that taken by Kermit Roosevelt when he sailed with his father, the former president, for Africa. The shipment occupied a space of 16 cubic feet.

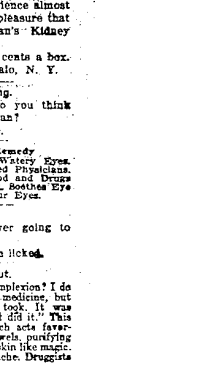
Reports from equipment and supply companies show that the present week has been the record week in orders placed and in inquiries by railroads for equipment and materials. Many millions of dollars' worth of cars have been ordered and generous inquiries have been made for additional equipment and for steel rails.

HALF SAVAGE MAN IS FOUND ROAMING WOODS

ROBBED, BEATEN AND LEFT FOR DEAD, HE LIVES ON SUGAR, SAP AND BARK FOR WEEKS.

Cumberland, Md. — Richard Goff, aged 52 years, was found starving in the woods of West Virginia near Trowbridge Ferry. He was half a savage when discovered and fled at the approach of aid. He had lived for weeks on the barks of the elm and birch trees and sap from the sugar trees. He had shrunk from a big man weighing 192 pounds to a mere skeleton, whose trembling legs were scarcely able to support him. The story reads like "The Man Who Was," but it is true in every detail.

Early in March, Goff, with two companions, set off through the woods



He Fled at the Approach of Aid.

from Caddell, W. Va. They were lumbermen. Goff, at least, was an employe of the Kinswood Lumber Company. Just what happened on that terrible tramp will never be known. The scars of Goff's face are mute witnesses of a struggle in which the one man went down before the two. They robbed him, and thinking him dead, left him in the wilderness. Goff, however, was not dead. He was warmly clad in his lumberman's clothes and so did not freeze to death.

After several hours he came back to semi-consciousness. He had nothing to eat, nothing to drink. He was wounded, bleeding, freezing, starving. But Goff did not give up. Instinct came to his aid. He scratched the bark of a sugar tree and sucked the sap, he eased his hunger on the barks of other trees, he crawled to a ledge of rocks and found a half cave as a home.

There he lived for days, weeks, no one, not even Goff, knows how long. He lost all track of time. He came to have confidence in his trees and his cave and to dread the sound of any moving thing. At every noise he thought his assailants were returning to kill him. So when help was at hand, he tried to flee, stumbling over the rocky path to his clay home. Kindness is bringing back his manhood, but he can tell little of his companions. They came from Pennsylvania; that is all he knows. Little by little he is again growing familiar with the face of man, sloughing his newly-acquired wild man habits. But he still begs for a few drops of sugar sap and craves pieces of bark to chew.

Man Cuts Off Injured Finger.

Philadelphia.—Acting as his own surgeon when he smashed his finger while working in a machine shop the other afternoon, Thomas Tolen cut off the injured member and continued to perform his work. When the mills had closed for the day, he walked to the Polyclinic hospital, had his wound dressed and then left for his home.

Tolen was lifting a sheet of meta when it slipped and fell on the index finger of his right hand, badly crushing it. The man was advised by the foreman to go to the hospital immediately, but he refused, and instead cut the finger off with a jack knife.

At the hospital it was said by the physicians that Tolen's act might be more costly than would have been the loss of his time, as there is danger of blood poisoning because of the dirt on the wound due to the nature of the work he was performing when the accident occurred.

Four Sparrows Fight a Man.

Chester, Pa.—William Duffee, a telephone lineman, was attacked by a flock of sparrows. On opening a switchboard along the Chester pike he found that some sparrows had built their nest therein. The birds resented the intrusion and made a strong defense.

Four sparrows flew at his face and made an effort to peck his eyes, compelling Duffee to cover his face with his arm while he forced the sparrows from the box with a pair of pliers, killing one of the birds.

His Arm in Snake's Coil.

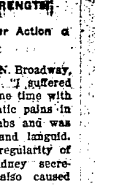
Allentown, Pa.—H. S. Reinhard, chief engineer of the State Homeopathic hospital, the other morning went to a brook back of the boiler house, near a lot of brush, when a blacksnake six feet long made a dash for him.

He grabbed the snake near the middle of the body, when it quickly wound itself around his arm.

With one hand he clutched the head, and then, assisted by other employes, he succeeded in unwinding the snake, which was then secured with a rope and tied up, mad all over.

NEW LIFE AND STRENGTH

Obtained Through Proper Action of the Kidneys.



Mrs. Josiah Straw, 526 N. Broadway, Canton, So. Dak., says: "I suffered for some time with rheumatic pains in my limbs and was weak and languid. The irregularity of the kidney secretions also caused much annoyance. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I did not have these troubles. They seemed to put new life and strength into my system and helped me in every way. My husband had an experience almost the same, and it is with pleasure that we both recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Main Thing.

Poeticus—What age do you think most charming in a woman?

Cashit—A rich heritage.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Murine Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

A Diplomat.

Mother—Aren't you ever going to get over fighting, Willie?

Willie—Yes'm, when I'm licked.

The Secret Out.

"What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the secret is woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it." This is a pleasant herb tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it, 25c.

An Obstacle to Mutual Esteem.

Natives who grow fat and muscular on a chunk of pineapple or the fin of a haddock can never enter into perfect brotherhood with us who live to eat, while they merely eat to live.—Singapore Straits Budget.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Propa., Toledo, O.

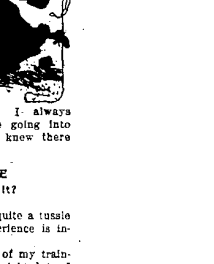
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Counsel Sought from Christian Men.

An evidence of the part which our missionary colleges are to play in the reconstruction of Turkey is found in the appointment of two professors in Euphrates college on a committee to consider educational measures for one of the large interior provinces. One, Prof. N. Tenekijian, several years ago served a term of six months in prison, being falsely accused of disloyalty, and Prof. Nahigian studied for a time under President Angell at Ann Arbor. Both are scholarly and earnest Christian men. The same governor has also asked Dr. H. N. Barnum, the veteran missionary of the American board in eastern Turkey, to suggest what in his judgment will promote popular education and social reform.

ANOTHER TERROR.



Frightened Pup—Gee! I always heard that women were going into everything; but I never knew there were lady dog catchers.

LIGHT BOOZE

Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me, and I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. At this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.