

SERIAL STORY
THE LOVES
of the
LADY
ARABELLA
By
MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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SYNOPSIS.

At the years of age Admiral Sir Peter Villerue's life has been a story of love and adventure. He has loved and been loved by many women, but none so truly as Lady Arabella. Their love has been a constant theme in his life, and it is this love that has made him what he is today. The story of their love is a tale of passion, sacrifice, and ultimate triumph.

CHAPTER VI—Cont. (ued.)

As the ship sailed, the wind freshened, and the sea grew rough. Lady Arabella looked out at the waves with a look of anxiety. She knew that the ship was in danger, and she felt that she must do something to save it. She turned to Sir Peter and said, "I have an idea. Let us try to make a signal to the shore. If we can get a message through, we may be able to get help." Sir Peter nodded, and they both went to the foremast. They found that the signal was a simple one, and they set it up. The ship sailed on, and the wind freshened. The sea grew rougher, and the ship began to list. Lady Arabella looked out at the waves with a look of anxiety. She knew that the ship was in danger, and she felt that she must do something to save it.

CHAPTER VII

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voiced to Capt. Overton as ever. You know Arabella ever liked him rather more than he liked her. At which ungenerous speech I said, "Why, I don't think so. I think she likes him very much." "Fie!" and Daphne, coloring to the roots of her hair, yet attempted to defend herself.

"I only tell you what all the world says, and so do my uncle and Arabella could have married a dozen times as all of 21, you know, and married very splendidly, but she will not. Sir Peter rages, and swears that he will marry her of his spite to himself, but Arabella is her own mistress now, and laughs at Sir Peter."

"And does she still play cards?"

Daphne raised her eyes. It seemed to give her otherwise sweet girl posited pleasure to call over Lady Arabella's faults.

"Yes," she said. "Loo, languish—anything by which money can be lost or won. Three times a week, she goes to the duchess of Aulcheste's, where play is high. We go there, but I don't play."

I had not thought there was so much malice in Daphne until that conversation.

I left my adieux for Lady Hawkshaw and returned to the admiralty, where Sir Peter happened to be. At which I explained that I should have come to him at once, but for my indolence, which I thought Lady Hawkshaw and I found her looking at least 20 years younger since we met last. At which Sir Peter beamed on me with delight, and I believe, mentally determined to give me £1,000 additional in his will.

I then stated my real business, which was to ask Sir Peter for a change; and Sir Peter, without a moment's hesitation, agreed to do it. He would give me, and then, as usual, directed me to have my posthumous card sent to him. Sir Peter, Lady Hawkshaw, and I then left the admiralty, and went to the bank. There, some hours in advance of the time, I showed my card to the cashier, and he gave me the money. I then went to the bank, and there, some hours in advance of the time, I showed my card to the cashier, and he gave me the money.

had humor—and, little as it may be believed, I, Richard Glyn, Lieutenant in his majesty's sea service, with 21 years of service, was not to be the glitzy rather than marry Lady Arabella, with her £30,000.

Perhaps Daphne Carmichael had something to do with it. She was the same gentle at 15 as she was at 32. She was still Sir Peter's pet, and Lady Hawkshaw's comfort; but I had not been in the house a week before the change I alluded to came about. And the change was in me concerning Daphne. I began to find it very hard to keep away from her. She treated me with great kindness before, but when we were alone together, she was capricious. I began to despair of ever finding a woman who could be kind to a man three times run. And I was very much surprised at the end of a fortnight to find myself experiencing the identical symptoms I had felt five years before with Arabella—only much aggravated. There was this difference, too. I had admired Arabella as a star, afar off, and I think I should have been very frightened, at the time, she had chosen formerly to accept my devotion. Not so with Daphne. I felt I should never be really at ease until I had the prospect of having her by my side. I reached my office at this phase at the end of the third week. At the end of the fourth I was in a desperate case, but it was then I went to Portsmouth to meet Giles, according to my promise, and I felt, when I parted from Daphne, as if I was starting on a three years' cruise, and I was only to be gone a day and a half. She, dear girl, showed me the feeling, and I left, bearing with me the pack which every lover carries—pains and hopes.

I left London at night, and next morning in reaching Portsmouth, as I stepped from the boat, I ran into the arms of a girl, and reached Port. In some hours in advance of the time, I showed my card to the cashier, and he gave me the money. I then went to the bank, and there, some hours in advance of the time, I showed my card to the cashier, and he gave me the money.

TORNADO BRINGS DEATH TO MANY

ZEPHYR, A TEXAS TOWN, IS MADE DESOLATE BY A FIERCE TORNADO.

NORTH DAKOTA SUFFERS

Human Bodies Blown Miles Away and Twisted Round Trees and Houses Were Numerous.

A tornado wrecked Zephyr, a village in Brown county, Texas, Saturday morning, about 10 o'clock, killing more than 30 persons, seriously wounding 50, and hurrying a score of others. Extreme darkness made the catastrophe awful. The storm formed about a mile southwest of Zephyr and swept down upon the village, cutting a wide swath directly through the residence and business quarters. Nearly 50 persons were killed. Lightning struck a lumber yard and started a fire, which destroyed an entire business block.

No effort was made to fight the fire as the care of the dead and wounded demanded all attention.

A section hand pumped a hand car to Brownwood and the alarm was given. The Santa Fe was speeding a special train to Zephyr with nine surgeons and a score of Brownwood citizens.

Hundreds of persons in the country around Zephyr saved themselves by taking refuge in storm cellars.

The big trees were blown over, and two churches at Zephyr were razed.

Daylight found 16 surgeons working on the wounded.

Brownwood hurried her second relief train at noon loaded with provisions, clothing and necessary articles.

Two children were found dead two miles from Zephyr, having been blown that distance.

A special train reached the morning after Zephyr to a hospital at Temple. While the train was passing the village, the tornado struck it, blowing the cars over the side of the track, and killing several persons.

Its fury was more terrible than any previous tornado experienced in the country.

When the first relief party reached Zephyr, a desolate scene awaited them. The houses were covered with debris of all kinds, innumerable with bodies of animals and human beings. The houses were dimly lighted by burning buildings and the cries of the wounded rising above the howling of the wind.

Human bodies were found scattered about trees and distorted in every conceivable shape. Survivors, maddened with grief and terror, walked the streets all night, crying for their lost ones.

Those houses that escaped the storm were turned into hospitals and schools.

Brownwood, with a splendidly organized relief corps, has the situation all in hand.

North Dakota Suffered

Seven persons are known to be dead, many are dying and even more are seriously injured as a result of a terrible storm which swept over North Dakota Saturday night.

The storm was especially severe at Lakota, where the population is scattered. It was particularly fatal to four people killed and 20 injured.

The tornado demolished all of the buildings of the Jamestown Fair association, the loss being \$1,000,000 and several other large buildings.

Cassellton, Devils Lake and other towns have been completely cut off from communication and it is feared that the death list will be greatly increased.

Millions for Meat.

The four big Chicago packers who comprise the meat trust, and their side partner, the National Packing Co., do an annual business far in advance of the biggest year ever enjoyed by the United States Steel Corporation is shown by the statement filed under the new Massachusetts compulsory law. These reveal that during the past year Swift, Armour, Morris and the National did a gross volume of business amounting to \$750,000,000. Figures furnished by the National are not official and are said to be \$25,000,000 too high.

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Midlife Come Again.

Anne Louise, infant daughter of Charles W. Hackley, millionaire business magnate, is dead. The nature of the child's ailment is unknown.

Ester and Charles, Jr., his two other children, are seriously ill.

Mr. Hackley lost his eyesight some months ago through the premature cataract of an eye, but he was with which he was about to blast stamps from a mold.

Bert Keach, of Byrne City, serving a jail sentence on illegal gambling charges, is said to have caught the fish to keep his family from starvation. On investigating the story the officers found the family in destitution, and they have been taken in charge by the superintendent of the poor.

After being out 10 hours, the jury in the case of E. M. Smith, Jr., against the Soo Line railroad, returned a verdict of \$10,000 for the plaintiff, who sued for damages, claiming that a cold he had caught in a sleeper on the road had resulted in pneumonia.

NOT A MATTER OF LOYALTY.

Simple But Insuperable Reason Why Subject Could Not Kneel Before His King.

"One fancies that few types of men, can from time to time, have afforded royalty more amusement of a quiet sort than provincial majesties of England. From the Porcelain to Penance," by Olive Holland, recounts the story of a mayor of Weymouth who, during one of the visits of King George to the town, was destined to afford "comic relief" to a ceremony of some importance.

The occasion was the presentation of an address of welcome to the king, and we are told that the mayor, on approaching the king, to the astonishment and dismay of all, instead of kneeling, as he had been told to do, seized the queen's hand to shake it, as he might that of any other lady.

Col. George, the brother of the coronator, hurriedly told him of the faux pas, saying: "You should have knelt, sir."

"Sir, I cannot," was the reply.

"Everybody does, sir," hotly asserted the colonel.

The mayor grew red, and evidently much upset, exclaimed: "Confound it, sir, but I've got a wooden leg!"

History records that the smile suffused the face of her majesty, and the king laughed outright.—Youth's Companion.

Logical Reasoning.

A certain young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the friends.

"Well, this way: I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry. And if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

Household Hint.

"Do you know how to use a chafing dish?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I have some novel ideas on the subject."

"What are they?"

"The best way I know of to use a chafing dish is to punch a hole in the bottom of it, put it green and plant flowers in it."—Washington Star.

Iron Ore Fields in Finland.

Though Finland has been regarded up to the present time as being extremely poor in iron ore, recent research has proved the existence of ore fields in South Finland (Nyland), and above all in the Ladoga lake district, which seem to be worth the expense of mining. For research purposes a company has been formed.

Athleticism Extraordinary.

"Why," said the first athletic booster, "every morning before breakfast I get a bucket and pull up 50 gallons from the well." "That's nothing," retorted the other. "I get a boat every morning and pull up the river."—Universal Leader.

The Vegetarian.

Nebuchadnezzar was eating grass.

"Yes," he remarked. "I have come down to being a vegetarian."

Herewith he regrettably lost estate.

Succinct.

Justice O'Halloran—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?

Mrs. Kelly—Two (two living and one married)—Judy.

The difference between a cook and a chef is that the latter can fix up things to eat so you can't tell what they are.

A man ought to know a great deal to acquire a knowledge of the immensity of his ignorance.—Lord Palmerston.

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Ham's Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from a female weakness and disease, and I could not stand more than a minute at a time. My doctor said I was dying, and I was only cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One day I was reading how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken one bottle I was better, and now I am completely cured. Lydia E. Pinkham, Boston, Mass., Adrian, Ga."

Why will women take chances with an operation to drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing through the loss of the joy of living, when they can find health and happiness in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, obstructions, irregularities, nervousness, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Women to Fight Tuberculosis.

One million women, representing cities, towns, villages and isolated rural settlements in every section of the country, are today enlisted in a campaign against tuberculosis, according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In lectures, in congress at Washington, in society gatherings, in churches and clubs, through speaking and writing—in every possible way, the women of the country are persistently fighting consumption.

With an organization established in every state of the country, under the direction of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and with associated clubs in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and the canal zone, the women of the country have entered a systematic crusade to carry the message of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis into every American home.

The Captain's Report.

The captain of the trans-Atlantic liner, having become unable as a result of some minor troubles in the ship's management and the unusually large number of ridiculous inquiries made by tourists, has been heading for the "bridge" when a dapper young man halted him to inquire the cause of the commotion off the starboard side of the ship. Being in the port side, the captain politely replied, with some sarcasm, he was not certain, but thought it possible that a cat fish had just had kittens.—What-to-Eat.

Exclusive.

"Where do the Hottentots live, Mary?" a public-school teacher asked one of her pupils. "I don't know," said Mary, primly. "Ma won't let me visit any of the people in this neighborhood."—Youth's Companion.

You can never make a woman believe that she isn't suffering from indigestion when she spends ten cents in car fare in order to obtain a dollar article for 95 cents.

"We Were Constantly at Sea"

as ever. Lady Arabella was a woman of spirit, although still living up to her own motto, but, as far as I could see, this spoiled child of nature was a woman of spirit. I found that Overton had been away for some years on foreign service, and, although distinguishing himself greatly, had lately returned suffering from severe wounds and injuries to his constitution. He was, however, in London, and able to ride and walk out, and visit his friends; but it was doubted by many whether, on the expiration of his leave, he would ever be fit for duty again.

I heard and saw enough to convince me that Lady Arabella had been wild with grief and despair when she heard of his wounds; and, although since his return to London he avoided company generally, she managed to see him occasionally, and spent much of her time driving in the parks upon the mere chance of seeing him. I took the daily ride or walk with Lady Arabella. Stormont had everything in life that he could wish, except one. She had chosen to give her willful and wild heart to Philip Overton, and I must be acknowledged that he was a man well fitted to enchain a woman's imagination. Overton had disdain the spontaneous gift of Arabella's love; but I believe her haughty and arrogant mind could never be brought to believe that any man could be really insensible to her beauty, her rank, and her fortune. Overton could not in any way be considered a great match for her. His fortune was modest, and his chance of succeeding the Vernon estates remote; but, with the desperate poverty of her future, she would have no other. It always seemed to me as if Overton was the one thing wanted here, but she had determined to do better, with fate until she conquered his soul's desire.

For myself, she treated me exactly as she had done five years before. She called me Dicky in her good humors, and a variety of sneering names to her friends.

Seagulls of Auchmuthe.

In the fishing village of Auchmuthe you may frequently witness seagulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and pecking at food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. About a fortnight ago, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home some three and a half miles from the former place.

The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was therefore, much to his astonishment that he beheld on a recent Sunday the sea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways.

A Dangerous Roll.

If Engels, an Oakland, Cal., boiler-maker, with an experience which nearly cost him his life, while at work in a 28-inch water pipe. The line of pipe ran along a steep hillside and was held in position by wooden supports. While Engels was riveting two sections together the supports gave way and the section in which he was working started down the hill at a terrific speed. It rolled several hundred feet and finally dropped into a ditch in which a stream of water was running. Engels' companion supposed, of course, that he had been killed, but rushed to the ditch. The injured man, taken out alive, but seriously cut and bruised and almost drowned.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Why We Strike Hands.

In the barbarous days of old, when every man had to watch carefully over his own safety, when two persons met they offered each to the other the right hand, the hand that wielded the sword, knife or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty; and that, therefore, no trouble needed to be feared. The handshake was the treaty of peace—each man waved his sword or knife, and each other that they meant to be friendly.

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Appetite Calls

For food which promotes a prompt flow of the digestive juices—in addition to supplying nourishment.

Post Toasties

Post Toasties is a most delicious answer to appetite. It is, at the same time, full of the food-goodness of White Corn, and topped to a crisp delicious brown.

"The Taste Lingers"

Popular pkg 10c; Large Family size 15c.

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A Compound of Indian Corn, Sugar and Salt

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