

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

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SYNOPSIS.

At 16 years of age, Richard Sir Peter, a handsome and popular young man, was engaged to be married to a girl named Lady Arabella. The girl, however, was a very poor girl, and her father, who was a very poor man, was very angry with her. He was very angry with her because she was a very poor girl, and he was very angry with her because she was a very poor girl. He was very angry with her because she was a very poor girl, and he was very angry with her because she was a very poor girl.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

I was so starved by having the words taken out of my mouth that I could only gape and stare at her. To render my confusion more acute, I saw that you were looking at me. "I can not deny it, madam," I managed to say. "Will you ring the bell?" she asked. I rang the bell like a church bell, and the footman came. Lady Arabella immediately sent him for Sir Peter.

I think my courage would wholly have given out at that, except for a glimpse of Daphne. "Wait," she said. "The door is not yet open. Give me the key." She took the key and opened the door. I saw that you were looking at me.

"I thought he was crazy, but I soon perceived there was method in his madness. He told me seriously enough that he meant to carry off Lady Arabella to Scotland from Edinburgh."

"But—let—she does not like you," I said, hesitating and amazed. "We shall see about that," my lady said, and then began to tell me of what he thought a great chance in his favor with Arabella. He put many trifling things which I had not noted, in such a light that under his eloquent persuasion I began to believe Lady Arabella really might have a secret weakness for her.

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the while he recovered his voice, and all of his voice, too; he shouted as if he were on the bridge of the Ajax, with a whole gale blowing and the enemy in sight. "Do!" he shrieked. "What shall I do! Bread and water, miss, for six months! Discipline, miss! And much more of the same sort."

This complaint Lady Hawshaw took to our part. She shouted back at Sir Peter, and I, not to be outdone, shouted that Daphne was mine, and I was hers, as long as life should last; and presently Sir Peter thumped in a royal rage, and Lady Hawshaw lunged after him; and Daphne sank, in tears, on my shoulder, and I kissed her a hundred times, and comforted her. But I knew Sir Peter was not a man to be trifled with.

I felt assured he would shortly carry out his threat to send me to sea, and, once at sea, it might be years before I should again set foot in a English port. I found, in truth, that when it came actually to going off, Daphne's romantic willingness changed to a silent hesitation at so bold a step.

CHAPTER VIII. Giles Vernon and I agreed that it was necessary we should strike the blow as soon as possible, while we had the weather-gage, so to speak, of Peter; and on the day after his traveling outfit took its way north a very plain post-chaise followed it, and in it were Giles Vernon and myself.

Giles was in a state of the wildest excitement. There is something thing appalling in that fever of mind when the human creature, forgetting all the vicissitudes of this life, treads on air and breathes and lives in heaven. "I was made sure," he said, "that I should not show it in my countenance, so I joined with him in his joy and revelry."

"Do you see that?" cried Giles. "That is my wedding suit. For I am going to marry Daphne."

"That is my wedding suit," I said, looking at him. "You are going to marry Daphne?"

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confide to him very effectively withdrew the charges of any battery I might have brought against him. "I had told him mine, Giles was in an ecstasy. He laughed in his uproarious good humor. "Oh, you sly dog!" he shouted. "So you are up to the same game."

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Oh, the madness of it! the wildness of it! But we were two dare-devil and happy-go-lucky lieutenants, without the prudence of landmen. We Scottishmen, we were, at any moment to be torn away for many years from the idols of our hearts. Runaway marriages were common; and only the parents and guardians were consulted in those cases, and for forgiveness generally followed. We were about to commit a great folly; but we thought we were nobly sustaining the reputation of his majesty's sea of officers, and gallantly with the fair sex, and looked not to the dreadful consequences of our desperate adventure.

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NEWS FROM
THE CAPITAL
Collection of White House Tableware

WASHINGTON—The White House collection of presidential tableware, which has become one of the great show features of the historic home of presidents, has taken an impetus under the new administration. Some time ago the collection received an important addition in some of the most interesting features of the collection.

The contribution includes an exquisite glass vase, a set of glass plates, a champagne glass, two small wine glasses and a delicate cordial glass—all cut in the grapevine, leaf and fruit design—and a green-enameled opaque finger bowl.

There are also two most interesting plates—a service and a soup plate—of the Polk administration. They are of French pottery.

The soup plate has a medallion border and also bears the seal of the United States. This seal not only adds to the beauty and interest of the plates, but adds infinitely to their value historically, as the upper part of the medallion bears 28 stars, and therefore must have been made in 1845, the first year of President Polk's administration.

That year Texas and Florida were admitted to the Union, and the seal only year that the flag, or the seal, could have borne the 28 stars, as Wisconsin was admitted in 1848.

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President Taft Is Caught "Stealing" a branch of a tree. "What are you doing there?" said the watchman to Capt. Hutt, who was caught red-handed with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. "Don't you know you have a business doing that? Now you know you are breaking the law stealing government property that way."

Just then the president came from the shadow of the tree and joined the watchman in a trade against the astonished Hutt. As though he had had no part in the affair, the president, carefully concealing a large bouquet behind his back, assumed an air of virtuous severity.

"I told you not to do that," he thundered at Capt. Hutt. "I told you 'Uncle Jimmy' Wilson would have somebody watching those flower beds. You did not care to break the law, and now you are going to be arrested."

While Capt. Hutt was gasping for breath and trying to understand the severity of his fate, the president, the watchman got a look at President Taft. Recognizing him he stopped talking and began wondering what to do next. Then the president told him they were going to their dressing room, and he would not arrest them.

"You've done your duty and I shall tell Secretary Wilson so the first time I see him," said the president. And he did tell the whole story to Wilson in great grief.

Through pollution of food products it does as much damage as by eating them. It also does great damage by digging under buildings and embankments, by gnawing wood, cutting holes in sacks, and by cutting up goods and papers to make nests. Killing young poultry and stealing eggs are among its destructive habits.

The rapidity with which rats multiply is the main reason why man appears to make so little headway in their destruction. It is calculated that a single pair of rats and their progeny breeding without interruption and suffering no losses would in three years increase to more than 25,000,000. Rat-proof construction of buildings, especially the use of concrete in foundations is urged. The rat food supply should be reduced and their numbers thereby decreased by the disposal of garbage and the protection of food supplies, the statement says.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others. A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was on coffee. As a coffee drinker, I had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family, were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

LOOKED A LITTLE UNSTABLE
Body Servant of Gen. Mahone Doubtful of the Qualities of His Master's "Props."

Gen. Adalbert R. Bumpington, at a dinner in Madison, N. J., told a number of civil war stories. "Gen. Mahone," he said, "was very thin. One cold and windy December morning in '64 he was taking a nap in his tent when his old colored servant, 'Uncle Dary,' tiptoed in, and, stumming in the darkness, knocked down the general's folding cot and spilled him out on the frozen ground."

"Gen. Mahone jumped up furiously, seized a scabbard and made for Dary. Dary ran. The general gave chase. 'Uncle Dary' tore up hill and down dale till he was pretty well out of breath; then he looked back over his shoulder at his master, who bounded after him on slender limbs, blue and thin, his long, white night shirt fluttering in the chill morning."

"'Fo' de lan's sake, Mars' William,' the exhausted Dary yelled, desperately, 'yo' haint' tussled' yoreself in dis wind on dem legs, is you?'"

AGONIZING ITCHING.
Ecstacy for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—in Despair

Until Cures Cured Him.

"It was troubled with a severe itching and dry, scrubby skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was unable to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair."

After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907.

Postum Drug & Chem. Co., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Wife—I see by this paper that a man in America sold his wife for a shilling. Hubby—Well, if she was a good one she was worth it.

At a Chick with Big Eyes. A trainman is telling an incident that occurred on a Mohawk & Malone train up in the woods the other day. The train was standing on a siding waiting the arrival and passing of another train when an Italian walked through the coach, his hands crossed on his stomach and his head sagging from side to side in a doleful manner.

"What's the matter, John?" some one inquired. "Oh, me sick—me sick as a dog," replied the man, rolling his head side more distressingly and continuing the rubbing of his stomach.

"Sick?" Well, what you been eating?" asked the sympathetic passenger. "Rats de chick with the big eyes," responded John, as his groans increased.

John had killed an owl the night before and it didn't agree with him.—Ulick Observer.

PRESSED HARD
Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

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"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a 'victim of long standing.' Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in 'Lippincott's Magazine.'"

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



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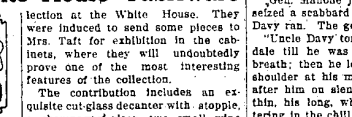
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WORLD'S MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB.

English Joy That There is One Over Riches Won't Unleash.

The Royal Yacht Squadron is probably the most exclusive club in existence, says the Morning Post, and none so difficult to relate in its plutocratic atmosphere is quite powerless to unlock the charmed portals of the castle. One or two millionaires with splendid yachts have tried in vain to gain admittance to the club.

The only apparent qualification is that the candidate must possess a yacht of his own; but there are other qualifications much more difficult of attainment by the man of money, and which are of a more subtle nature. He must be a member of the club, and he must be a member of the club, and he must be a member of the club.

For really one has almost said that there is no social "holiness of holies" into which he who is rich cannot penetrate, until one recalls the pleasant circle of gentlemen who go to make up the Royal Yacht Squadron. There is one member gratefully, just one instance, who is not a member of the club, and he is not a member of the club.

Establishing the Plural. Fred, who was four years old, visited Uncle on the farm. When he came home his father asked him what had pleased him the most. "O, I liked the geese. I had such fun chasing them, and we had a great big goose for dinner one day."

"Well," said his father, "how can you tell the difference between a goose and a goose?" "Aw, that's easy," said Fred. "One goes is a goose and two geese is geese."

Camele and Camels. An Irishman and Scotchman were discussing the horrors of living in a prohibition state, when the Irishman remarked: "Sure, an' you might get used to it after awhile. You know they say a camel can go eight days without drinkin'."

"Hoit, mon!" retorted the other. "It's like you know about the Camels, they say that there is a lot of one of them could go eight hours without a drop of something!"

Which ended the discussion.

Federal Salaries and Cost of Living

The "government service" is a form which strikes the ambition of many plodder in other work—does not turn out attractively on paper. In Uncle Sam's employ you may be getting a "salary" instead of earning money. The difference is one of without much difference in dollars and cents. Moreover, the federal salary has not increased with the up-trend in the cost of food and maintenance.

The bureau of the census recently compiled statistics dealing with 187,374 government employees, including all workers in all parts of the country. The largest class, 43,780 persons, 23.6 per cent of the total, receive from \$900 to \$1,000 each year. Nineteen made over \$1,000, or 10.2 per cent, and less than \$720 a year. Those making \$1,000 to \$1,200 form 18.4 per cent.

THE 25,361 employees if the government residing in Washington, one-half are married. The average salary of \$1,000 a year. Of those earning less than \$720 a year, 6,301 in all, 25.2 per cent are married. The bureau of the census recently compiled statistics dealing with 187,374 government employees, including all workers in all parts of the country. The largest class, 43,780 persons, 23.6 per cent of the total, receive from \$900 to \$1,000 each year. Nineteen made over \$1,000, or 10.2 per cent, and less than \$720 a year. Those making \$1,000 to \$1,200 form 18.4 per cent.