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 spurned 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 got £2,000 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 poor but persistent gambler. He talked much with her cousin Daphne. Lady Arabella again showed love for gaming. Later she held Glyn and Overton prisoners, thus delaying the duel. In the Overton-Vernon duel, neither was hurt. Lady Arabella humiliated Richard by her pranks. Richard and Giles shipped on a frigate. Giles was captured by the French. Sir Peter arranged for his exchange. Daphne showed a liking for Glyn, who was then 21 years of age. Giles was released. Giles and Richard planned elopements. Sir Peter objected to the plan to wed Daphne.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

This made me hope that Sir Peter would not be present, for I thought our chances of getting off would materially improve if he were not on the spot.

The play was to be over at half-past ten, and it may be imagined that we had plenty to do until then. We engaged four of the best pairs of nags in the town. We arranged to pay the postboys according to the time they took us over the border, and we felt in ourselves the strength of Titans, to overcome whatever resistance might be offered. Of course we counted on the surprise, and we determined that the best disposition to make of Lady Hawkshaw was for Giles Vernon to appear suddenly, when the people were coming out, place Lady Hawkshaw in her coach, and then make that bold dash for love and beauty which we had determined upon. Our postboys, who were not new to the perils of elopements, grinned at the prospect, and were instructed to remain near Lady Hawkshaw's coach and impede it as much as possible, so that it might be the last to reach the door of the theater.

Our arrangements were complete by eight o'clock, and from that hour until ten we employed ourselves in disposing of a good supper at the tavern. We were in a gale of rapture then. It seemed to us both as if we were in that happy and exultant mood, when the enemy is within gun-shot and the ship is cleared for action, and we only awaited the signal for victory. We had some punch, but both Giles and myself knew enough to be exceedingly careful in attacking it.

"Dicky, my lad," cried Giles, banging me in the back, "this day is the anniversary of the day we whipped the Indomptable and the Xantippe!" and so it was. "So we shall capture the Indomptable, in the Lady Arabella, and we will disable the Xantippe—ha! ha!—in my Lady Hawkshaw."

This I thought a very fine joke indeed, and we drank to it.

"Dicky," began Giles again, wiping his mouth after the punch, "I never thought I could be constant to any woman, as I have been to Arabella. By heaven, the whole sex is so seductive that it was the last one I saw I loved the best. But since I knew that witch of a girl, St. Anthony himself could not be more impervious to female charms than your humble servant," which was true enough. "And as for Overton—that psalm-singing devil—I defy him. Give me but a week and he shall see Arabella hanging upon me so fondly! Let him have her £30,000; 'tis so much dirt and dross to me. And she may be Lady Vernon yet. Do you know that old rapscallion Sir Thomas Vernon's estate is in this part of the country? Though nearer York than Scarborough. On our return from our honeymoon I have a great mind to take my Arabella to Vernon Court and show her what may one day be hers."

So he raved and roared out snatches like—

In Bacchus' joys I'll freely roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul,
Let Bacchus' health round freely move;
For Bacchus is the friend of love—
And he that will this toast deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie."

And I took up the chorus and bawled it out, for I, too, looked for no more crosses in this life, having Daphne for my wife.

So the time passed until ten o'clock; and at ten o'clock we sallied forth.

It was a starlit night in early December. The cold high blue heavens above us seemed to radiate happiness; the myriad stars twinkled with joy; we scarce felt the ground under our feet.

The two post-chaises awaited us on the highway, the postboys full of confidence, the horses, the best in the town, were eager to be off. We jumped together in one, and were whirled into the town, and were at the door of the playhouse almost before we knew it.

One of our postilions speedily found the coach which had brought Lady Hawkshaw there, and, in pursuance of his instructions, got the coachman off his box to drink in a neighboring tavern, while one of our postboys stood watch over the horses. Giles and I remained in the chaise until it was time for us to make our descent.

At half-past ten the play was over, and then began that hurry and commotion of the dispersion of a crowd in the darkness. We heard loud shouts for Lady Hawkshaw's coach, but the coachman did not make his appearance. There were many officers and ladies from the garrison, and a number of equipages; but soon they were driving off, while half a dozen men at once were shouting for Lady Hawkshaw's coach. At last my lady herself came out of the entrance, followed by Arabella and Daphne, and at that moment Giles slipped out of the chaise, and appeared before Lady Hawkshaw as if he had risen from the earth. I, too, was on the ground, but out of sight.

"Pray, my lady," said he, in his most gallant manner, and hat in hand, "allow me to show you to your coach."

"Mr. Vernon!" cried Lady Hawkshaw, in surprise. "I thought you were in London. How came you to Scarborough?"

"By chaise, madam," he replied, politely; "and I hope to see the young ladies before I leave" (the hypocrite!). "Is Sir Peter with you, madam?"

"No, he is not," replied Lady Hawkshaw, her wrath rising at the idea. "Had he been with me my coach would have been awaiting me." And then turning to Arabella and Daphne, who were behind her, she said, sternly:

"Arabella and Daphne, this does not happen again. Sir Peter comes with us to the play, after this."

I caught sight, from a corner behind the chaise, of my dear Daphne, at that moment. She stopped sudden-

"Rather Would I Die Than Marry Him."

ly, and turned pale and then rosy, and glanced wildly about her. She knew I was not far off.

How Arabella received Giles' sudden appearance I never knew, as I could not see her. But in another moment he had placed Lady Hawkshaw, with the utmost obsequiousness, in the coach; then folding up the steps like magic, he slammed the door, and shouting to the coachman, "Drive on!" the coach rattled off, and the next moment his arm was around Arabella and mine was around Daphne, and they were swept off their feet; and in less time than it takes to tell it, each of us was with the idol of his heart, whirling off toward Gretna Green, as fast as four horses to a light chaise could take us.

Now, what think you, were Daphne's first words to me?

"Unhand me, Mr. Glyn, or I'll scream for assistance!"

"My dearest one!" I exclaimed, "you are now mine. By to-morrow morning we shall be over the border, and you will be my wife."

"An elopement! Gracious heaven! I never thought of such a thing!" she replied.

I might have answered that she had not only thought of such a thing, but talked of it. I refrained, however, knowing a woman's tongue to be capricious in its utterances, and, instead, assured her that my passion was such I could no longer bear the thought of existing without her.

"And do you mean to marry me, sir, without my guardian's consent?" she asked, with much violence.

"I do, indeed, my angel, and I thought it was agreed between us."

This was an unfortunate speech, and she again threatened to scream for assistance, but presently remarked that as there was none to come to her assistance, she would refrain. And then, having done what propriety required, she began to relent a little, and at last lay in my arms, asking me, with tears, if I would promise her never to love another, and I told her, with great sincerity, that I never would, provided I got out of that alive.

Deep in our own happiness—for at last the dear girl admitted that she was happy to be mine—we yet thought of Giles and Arabella, and I would have got out of the chaise at each of the three stages, where we made a rapid change of horses, except that Daphne would not let me—afraid, she said, lest I should be recognized and get into trouble. She afterward told me it was because she feared we might be stopped. We did not forget the precaution, in our brief halts, to pay the hostlers well to do some harm to any pursuing vehicles which might be after us; and our plan seemed to be prospering famously.

So all night we rattled furiously along, and at daybreak we crossed the border, notified by the huzzaing of the postboys. It was a dank, dismal morning, the weather having changed during the night, and we saw that we had passed the other chaise in the darkness. It was some distance behind, and the horses seemed much spent. We continued on our way to the house of a blacksmith at Gretna Green, who, so our postboys told us, usually united runaway couples. We dashed up to his cottage—a humble place, surrounded by a willow hedge—and he, warned by approaching wheels, came out, half dressed, in the murky morning.

"Come to be marrit?" he cried. "Step out, then."

I assisted Daphne out of the chaise, and then, as we stood on the damp ground, in those squalid surroundings, looking at each other, the possible wrong I had done this innocent girl suddenly swept over me. And in her eyes, too, I read the first consciousness of having committed an impropriety. This dirty, unkempt blacksmith, the coarse, laughing postboys—this, a way to make the most solemn and spiritual of all engagements! I felt an uncomfortable sense of guilt and shame.

It was only momentary. The more depressed she, the more should I support, and therefore I called out cheerfully: "I take this woman to be my wedded wife," and such other words as I recalled of the marriage service—and I said it so heartily and promised so devoutly, removing my hat when I made my vows, that it heartened up Daphne—and her response, so full of faith and love, gave a kind of holiness to it all. We were two rash and foolish young people—but we loved each other truly, and we made our vows solemnly, determined to keep them. Perhaps that counts for more, in the eyes of God, than all else; at least, we realized the sacredness of our vows.

Scarcely was the brief ceremony over—for ceremony we made it—when the chaise containing Arabella and Giles drew up. And the sight I saw, I can never forget.

Arabella's face was quite pale, but her eyes were blazing. There were some drops of blood upon her cheek—they came from her wrists, which Giles held firmly. The door of the chaise being opened, she stepped out willingly, disdaining the assistance Giles offered her. His face, too, was very pale, and he looked and moved like a man in a nightmare. The blacksmith grinned broadly; he thought his gains were to be increased—for I had not forgotten to pay him handsomely.

Giles seized her hand. "Arabella," he cried, desperately, "surely you do not now mean to throw me over?"

For answer, she gave him a glance of ineffable hatred.

"This man," she said, turning to me, "you friend, your intimate—I blush for you—has dragged me here. Rather would I die than marry him. Look!"

She held up her wrists, and they showed marks of violence.

"'Twas to keep her from jumping out of the chaise," said Giles, wildly. "She would have had me leave her at midnight, on the highway—alone and unprotected. Dearest Arabella," he cried, turning to her, and trying to clasp her, "will you not listen to my prayer? How can you scorn such love as mine?" And he was near going down on his knees to her, in the mud—but I held him up. I confess that the most painful thing of all this painful business was Giles Vernon's complete surrender of his manhood, under the influence of his wild passion. He, an officer in his majesty's sea service, a man who had smelt powder and knew what it was to look Death in the eye and advance upon him, who would have answered with his life for his courage, was ready to grovel in the earth like a madman for the favor of a woman. Nothing was it to him that low-born creatures like the postboys and the blacksmith beheld him with contempt and disgust; nothing to him that a woman like Daphne, and that I, a brother officer, witnessed his degradation. He seemed to have parted with the last semblance of self-respect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

Fate of Unhappy Man Who Aroused Ire of Young Mother.

The baby in arms was screaming lustily and the man in the gray suit could not hide his irritability.

"What on earth, madam," he spluttered, "do you mean by bringing such a howling brat into a public vehicle?"

"It isn't a brat," retorted the mother, with natural indignation. "And, if I'm any judge, it doesn't howl half as much as you did at its age, going by the looks of you."

The man in gray wriggled uneasily under the general scrutiny.

"Baby, see the ugly man?" pursued the infuriated female, pointing at him. "See the monkey-ponkey, gorilla man, what might take a first prize at a beauty show for the horriblest face? Baby, hush, or the ugly monkey man will—"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for the man in the gray suit had bolted.

Award of Self-Denial.

The more we deny ourselves the more the gods supply our wants.—Horace.

PECULIAR KINDS OF FARMING THAT ARE PROFITABLE

Corner of Farm Too Poor for Cultivation or Pasturage Can be Put to Good Use in Various Ways.

A Lady's Pet.

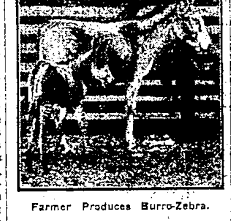
That five acre lot away off on the northeast corner of your farm, unfit for cultivation, too poor for pasturage, given over to nothing but weeds and a sheltered home of grasshoppers and chirping crickets—may be turned into as profitable a piece of ground as you may have on your whole quarter section.

"And those very weeds which in summer time overrun the little patch in thick rank growth, impregnating the air with their strong heavy odor, from which you turn in disgust, and in indignation, too, that these several acres are going to waste, can be made the source of this revenue."

So spoke an old botanist to one Illinois farmer who was grumbling over a particularly sterile piece of soil, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch Illustrated Magazine.

And the old botanist spoke truly. For instance: Every year at least 60,000 pounds of digitalis is imported into this country from abroad. Digitalis is universally applied by the medical profession as a remedy in certain forms of heart trouble. The source of this drug is the common weed, foxglove, also known by a score of other names. It sells at a good price, too. Yet none of the home product has ever been used, despite the big market for it.

The United States department of agriculture is alive to the economic value of our despised weeds. The bureau of plant industry has established stations where several crops of diverse species of weeds have been raised at a good profit. At the South Carolina station a plot of American



Farmer Produces Burro-Zebra.

wormseed showed an average of 1,000 pounds to the acre, fetching twice the net revenue of a cotton crop sown in a similar soil.

Lobelia is another valuable plant. Many states have put it on the black list, the laws requiring that it be uprooted wherever found. It is quite poisonous, but is very efficacious in certain diseases. The seed fetches from 15 to 20 cents a pound. Then there is the burdock. Fully 50,000 pounds of the root of this are imported annually into the United States from Belgium. The native stalk would bring a good profit to those who would take the trouble to harvest it, as the root is worth from three to eight cents a pound and the seed from five to ten cents. Boneset or feverwort, jimson or stinkweed, pink root and pokeweed are but a few others of the medicinal weeds we have so strangely failed to derive financial returns from. Some of the native stuff, grown by the experimental stations of the department of agriculture, has netted more per pound than the imported products.

Nor are the swamps and lowlands to be neglected, if farming is to be made as profitable as possible. The bellowing elusive frog may be pressed into service as a moneymaker. The average annual catch of these epicurean dainties from the marshes, creeks and sloughs aggregate $200,000. We eat more frogs' legs in six months than France does in a year. So large is the demand, that without question the American market would take at least $1,000,000 in a year.

To begin this industry successfully, about three acres of land are required. As a start one should build a single small pond, about 60x20 feet, where the eggs may be hatched unmolested. As for the "stock" itself, that costs nothing. The spawn can be found in ponds and ditches, wherever, in fact, the matured frogs abound. Twenty or thirty quarts of this will hatch from 60,000 to 70,000 tadpoles.

As the tadpoles begin to turn into frogs, additional ponds must be available to hold the lively youngsters, now too large and too many for their original quarters.

Five classes of ponds will eventually be found necessary; those containing the tadpoles, the partly grown frogs, the one year, two year and three-year-old frogs respectively. The time to market a frog is when he is in his third year.

As for food, frogs will eat minnows, insects, spawn of their own breed, tadpoles and—each other. The frog is an inveterate cannibal. One man who attempted the various phases of frog culture all in one pond found presently that a most desperate war of extermination, dictated by the necessities of gastronomic demands, was being carried on. After peace had been declared but several vigorous old bulls were discovered to survive. They had swallowed the whole tribe.

From frogs to alligators is not going so far. And the alligator is well worth investigating, for certainly for those who know how, he is a moneymaker. A half-grown alligator will fetch more in the market than the primest steer that was ever shipped into the stock yards at Chicago, Omaha or St. Joseph. His teeth alone are worth from two to four dollars a pound. The legislature of Florida has recognized the 'gator's commercial value by giving him a closed season against hunters.

The sun is the natural agent that fetches the young from the shell. Man has substituted the incubator for the sun's rays and has found the method most successful. Several alligator farms already have been established in various parts of this country. Florida, Arkansas and California all have such farms within their boundaries. The largest of them is at Hot Springs, Ark. H. J. Campbell, the proprietor, owns 500 of the reptiles. He raises them just as a rancher raises stock for the market. The young and the eggs find a ready sale. One pair of alligators will breed 200 or more young in a year's time.

In the quest for breeding still more satisfactory draft animals, the bureau of animal industry, located near Washington, has produced a curious cross between the Mexican burro and an African zebra, presented to Theodore Roosevelt during his presidency by King Menelik of Abyssinia. The department expects to develop an ideal breed from the combination. Perhaps some day, in the near future, too, the farmer of Missouri will raise his "burro-zebras" just as today he rears his mules.

Trying New Vegetables.—Interesting tests of new vegetables have been made by H. B. Fullerton at the railroad experiment station in Long Island. Mr. Fullerton carries on a commercial market garden, shipping the products directly by express to consumers, hence is able to get a variety of opinions of the merits and qualities of the different varieties, taking into account, also, the productiveness.

He finds the Palmetto asparagus the same as the Argenteuil and a fairly rust-proof variety. The Globe artichoke he thinks will prove profitable in competition with importations of this vegetable. Among string beans the Green Pod Stringless and Brittle Wax are favored.

The Fordhook Bush Lima is a favorite shell bean. A good, all-round table bean is found in Black Radball. Brussels sprouts, especially the improved dwarf variety, are recommended as profitable, and affording an income after most other crops are done, green cucumber is recommended. Among egg plants the Black Beauty is considered best.

Golden Queen lettuce is placed at the head among early kinds, and Warehead for later. Improved tomatoes include the Early Pink, Matchless and Dwarf Stone. Golden Ball turnip is recommended for its delicate flavor.—American Cultivator.

ACCENT ON THE "BRUSH."

Teacher—Now, Jimmy Green, can you tell me what an octopus is?

Jimmy Green—Yes, sir; it's an eight-sided cat.

A Rich Error.

"Printers' errors are always funny," said Gen. P. P. Parker of the Arizona G. A. R., "and I'll never forget one that was made over a Memorial day sermon some years ago in Phoenix.

"The Monday morning report of this sermon began:

"'The Rev. Dr. John Blank greased the pulpit on the occasion'—and so on.

"'Graced,' of course, is what was meant."

A Resourceful Mind.

What would happen if a comet should manage to hit this whirling sphere of ours?" asked the imaginative man.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Fanson, "but I'd be in favor of offering it an engagement on our home team."

A Reflection.

"To my annoyance," she said, "I found he had a lock of my hair. How he got it I can't imagine."

The older girl smiled oddly.

"When you were out of the room, perhaps?" she hazarded.

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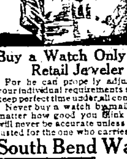
No, Not Nervous.

"They say he has degenerated into a panhandling bum."

"That's true. He is now nothing but a nervy wreck."

Or, They Should.

Shakespeare: Welcome ever smiles, and farewell goes out sighing.



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