

**SERIAL STORY**

**THE ESCAPE**

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By  
Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
RAY WALTERS

**CHAPTER I.**

**In Which It is Shown That Marriage Does Not End All!**

The romance of life—in novels!—is usually pre-marital. No matter in what wild fury of passion and tempest, outward and inward, the young people may have been plunged, their author seems to think that he has quieted the raging seas of adventure with the oil of his pen—or of his typewriter!—when he has led them to the altar. In the minds of the creators of the children of fancy practically nothing ever happens after the forging of the hymeneal bond. In the world it is usually different.

The circumstances preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum and Bernard Carrington, the protagonists of this veracious chronicle of disturbance, were sufficiently unusual in themselves to have given rise to a number of interesting and highly exciting episodes, upon which with great reluctance I refrain from dilating, for Ellen Slocum belonged to an old and very respectable family domiciled in Philadelphia since the days of William Penn, while Bernard Carrington was an English baron of ancient and honorable lineage whose seat was a dilapidated castle in Dorset.

Ellen was an orphan, her mother having died in giving birth to her. Her father, deceased shortly before her marriage, had been a prosperous merchant and shipowner. Bernard's father, also eliminated from the story, had been a gambler and a spendthrift who had broken his wife's heart and dissipated his own fortune. Consequently, Ellen was blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods which more than matched Lord Carrington's lack of the same. Ellen was a staunch patriot, a rebel and a revolutionist therefore. Lord Carrington was a promising lieutenant in the English navy. In some qualities happily he resembled his mother rather than his father.

Without entering into the details of their previous acquaintance, suffice it to say that they had met while Lord Carrington was a prisoner of war at Philadelphia, and married. The American Revolution was over at the beginning of this romance and the scene is set at Carrington castle in England. Ellen's money, or a considerable portion of it, had been cheerfully used by her to rehabilitate the ancient seat of the family of which she was now become the chatelaine.

She had the disabilities of her qualities, too. She had never touched a card; she had never ridden a horse, she did not even know the steps of the minuet or any other dance, and until her marriage she cared little about that prime feminine pursuit called "following the fashion." The two had been so busy in their first comradeship, there had been so much voyaging between England and America, necessitated by their plans, that there had been no time for these things as yet.

The two lovers had lived for each other and much alone during the period preceding the opening of this story, but with his castle now completely repaired and his fortunes thoroughly rehabilitated, Lord Carrington must needs exploit his good luck by showing his beautiful wife with whom he was very much in love and of whom he was inordinately proud, and eke his castle, to some particular and intimate friends of both sexes—men and women of fashion of earlier and less innocent days. The introduction of several varieties of Adam and a number of distinct species of Eve in this hitherto serpentless Eden caused the trouble to begin. The marriage had stood the test of isolation, the greatest test that could be imposed. Was it to break down before the lesser trial of association? We shall see.

It was an excited and angry Ellen who confronted her lord and master in her boudoir late one autumn night—or to be quite accurate, early another autumn morning. And my lord of Carrington was by no means cool himself, although he was more remarkable for natural imperturbability of manner than his hasty and beautiful wife.

As she spoke with him, however, she let down her hair and carefully removed those extraneous arrangements which had enabled her to raise it towerlike above her brows, doffed her silks, unclasped her stays and assumed a more convenient negligee, in which she was not less charming, as preparation for the imminent fray. It was to be the culmination—the minor culmination that is, the greater would come later—of a series of annoying incidents since the opening of

the castle to the house party. My lord and my lady both had grievances which each was eager to present for the calm and dispassionate judgment of the other.

First in Lady Ellen's mind was Lady Cecily Carrington, a cousin several times removed of my lord's. The relationship was not near enough to render my lord immune nor was it remote enough to warrant indifference. Indeed, Carrington had had a rather difficult part to play. Ellen had discovered that an ancient love affair had subsisted between her husband and Cecily and she imagined—not without cause—that Cecily, a representative product of the vicious society of her time, was endeavoring to fan the embers into a flame. Nor could she detect in Lord Carrington's method of handling the situation any very pronounced desire to quench the fire, and his conduct toward his fair and, if reputation did not too greatly belie her, frail cousin, was not distinguished by self-restraint. In Ellen's eyes Carrington manifested a very catholic taste in the eternal feminine, for he gave much unnecessary attention to Hon. Mrs. Monbrant, a widow putatively at least, for no one knew where Hon. Mr. Monbrant was. His wife gave out that he was dead, but that testimony was not of great value. At any rate if he lived, he was wise in his generation and he kept under cover.

In the house party there was another eternal—in more senses than one!—feminine in the person of the ancient and imperious duchess of Dulward. Her great age precluded the possibility of jealousy of Carrington in Ellen's mind, but the chatelaine of the castle did not like the ponderous and vicious dowager any more than the younger pair who were making the running apparently for the affections of her husband.

There was only one woman in the castle whom Ellen really did like, and that was Mistress Debbie Slocum of Massachusetts. In making up the house party Ellen by a freak of circumstances had desired to include some one from her own land. As fortune would have it, a ship opportunistly arrived in Portsmouth bearing Mistress Deborah Winthrop Slocum as a passenger, consigned to her kinswoman and friend, the chatelaine of Carrington. Deborah was the exact antithesis of Ellen, a quiet, staid, prim little Puritan, with all the characteristics of the Massachusetts branch of the family, utterly out of place in



My Lord Was by No Means Cool Himself.

the society of Lady Cecily and la Monbrant, but not without a certain very definite charm of her own. Her type did not appeal to Carrington, however, and therefore Ellen loved her.

Having surveyed the woman through Ellen's eyes, we may take a look at the men through those of her husband. First in rank there was the duke of Dulward, a hard drinker, a high player and a rich liver; Admiral Benjamin Kephart, a jolly old sailor, and General, Honorable George Athelstrong, an Anglo-Indian soldier on the retired list. The qualities that distinguished the duke of Dulward were common to Athelstrong, in a less degree perhaps owing to their different stations. The party was completed by the presence of Sir Charles Seton and earl of Strathgate. Seton, who was Carrington's most intimate friend, had enjoyed a weakness for Ellen since he first saw her, but the friendship between Carrington and himself had been so true that nothing had been allowed to disturb it—as yet! Now Seton had succumbed to the charms of Mistress Debbie, and as Mistress Debbie clung to the lee—if this were not a nautical romance, I would say, sheltered herself beneath the wing—of Lady Ellen, Seton was consequently always about the pair, and with masculine blindness Carrington jumped at the wild conclusion that there could be no attraction for his friend except what lay in Ellen's charming personality.

So much by way of introduction.

**CHAPTER II.**

**Needles and Pins.**

"Sir," began Ellen imperiously, while settling herself comfortably in a chair before the open fire, "you have been pleased to find fault with me about many things which I have borne with what patience I might."

"If you remember," said Carrington, "I advised you to stay at home and you insisted upon going."

"What! And have them say that I was afraid to ride to hounds?"

"No doubt," returned Carrington sarcastically, "and perhaps if you put on boxing gloves with them, or tried them out with the broad sword, they

would be equally at a disadvantage, but one doesn't look for these things in women to-day."

"There was a time," interrupted Ellen swiftly, her lips trembling, and indeed despite these things she was quite woman enough then, but Carrington was so blinded with passion as to be unable to see it.

"I have had enough of reminiscence," he began curtly.

"Was it in reminiscence," cried Ellen shrilly, "that you had your arm around Lady Cecily in the arbor this afternoon?"

"Did you spy upon me, madam?"

"Spy!" exclaimed the woman.

"Lord Strathgate and I—"

"Damn him!" burst out Carrington.

"What was he doing with you in the arbor?"

"He is my friend," returned Ellen, "he and Sir Charles."

"I tell you I never felt less like laughing in my life to see you made a fool of and those popinjays rushing to your assistance."

"I have been made a fool of," said Ellen steadily. "I am just beginning to realize it. I was well enough when you were alone with me and you were well enough then, but when others came—"

"By heavens, madam, are you contrasting me with that dandy and rogue, Strathgate?"

"He has never spoken to me other than in terms of the utmost respect and consideration in my life," answered Ellen bravely, "and I—"

"He had better not," burst out my lord grimly.

"And I would to God that I could say the same of my husband!" she continued disdaining his threat.

"If you treated me with any deference and paid more heed to my wishes these difficulties would not arise," said Carrington. "If you would be guided by me—"

"And what, pray, would you have me do?"

"Dance, game, act as the rest do, and—"

Lady Ellen arose as she spoke and kicked vigorously at her stays, which had fallen from the chair upon which she had laid them. It was a great act of injustice to her husband, since nothing would have kept her from being in all things as like to her sisters as she could.

"But you will not overcome me physically without a struggle which will arouse the castle," Ellen ran on hotly. "I am not made of the weak stuff of your fine friends, Lady Cecily and Mrs. Monbrant, even if I did not ride the horse. Now, will you go?"

"As you will, madam," returned Carrington helplessly, "but let me warn you, I'll have no flirting and love-making between you and Strathgate and Seton. If you go on with increased rigor, by heaven, I'll call them both out, host or no host. They shall play at swords if they interfere with me."

It was not a pretty conversation. It was not a pretty age and men and women spoke frankly to each other. I assure the reader that I have disguised and moderated it by self-restraint.

**CHAPTER III.**

**Ellen Plays a Game.**

The greater climax came the night after. Lady Ellen had declined to ride that day. She had business at home as the chatelaine. Consequently, no mishap had occurred during the daylight. Lord Strathgate had pleaded indisposition and had remained at the castle also, indifferent apparently to the black looks of his host as he rode away by the side of Lady Cecily. Mistress Debbie, who made not the faintest pretense of being interested in hounds, and who indeed cherished a growing sympathy for the fox, had also refused to ride in chase of Master Kephart. Sir Charles Seton had made an ineffectual effort to do likewise, only to be carried off by his host almost by violence and allotted to Mrs. Monbrant for the day's sport.

Evening found the party assembled in the drawingroom. Everybody was in a bad humor.

The only serene one apparently was Lady Ellen. When the men joined the women in the drawingroom after the late supper, it was she herself who proposed cards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**MUSICIANS OF TENDER YEARS.**

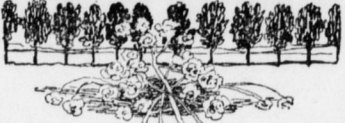
Many "Youthful Prodigies" in the World of Melody.

Like so many of the world's great composers, Sir Edward Elgar was a "youthful prodigy" of exceptional gifts, as was proved by a recent performance of a suite composed by him at the immature age of 12. But even Sir Edward was probably not as precocious as one of his English predecessors, Samuel Wesley, who in his eighth year heard a regimental band play a march which he had composed for it. At 11 Franz Schubert had already placed several songs, string quartets and piano pieces to his credit. Handel's first attempts at composition were made at eight, and Vieuxtemps, who began to scrape the strings of a tiny fiddle at two, is said to have been even more precocious. Sir Charles Halle was only four years old when he played in public a sonata expressly composed for him; Liszt was a public performer at nine, Chopin and Rubenstein at eight, Lady Halle and Joachim at seven, and at five Mozart composed a piece of music almost too difficult for his father to play.

**Bcasts All Left-Handed.**

Livingston, the great explorer of Africa, who had more chances than most men have to learn the habits of wild beasts, says in his books that they are all left-handed, so to speak, or left-pawed, if you like that way of putting it better. The lion, he says, always strikes with its left paw.

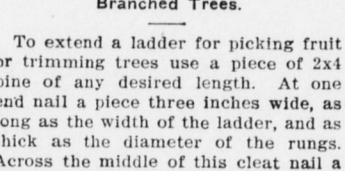
**HORTICULTURE**



**EXTENSION FOR FRUIT LADDER.**

It Will Prove Handy in Use on High Branched Trees.

To extend a ladder for picking fruit or trimming trees use a piece of 2x4 pine of any desired length. At one end nail a piece three inches wide, as long as the width of the ladder, and as thick as the diameter of the rungs. Across the middle of this cleat nail a piece of 1x3 about five inches long.



Details of the Extension.

This forms a hook to catch over the third rung as seen at A, B is the same as A except it has a button which will turn over the first rung. The cleats stiffen the pole sideways with the ladder. This can be removed in an instant by turning the button, and laid aside for another year.

**TOMATOES FOR CANNING.**

Suggestions for the Extensive Raising of the Vegetable.

I planted one ounce of tomato seed in our garden the middle of last March in open ground and I think every seed came up. The young plants were looking well, but were killed down by a frost the first of April. By the last of the month they had all come out again and were large enough to set out, and I planted the 3,000 plants which grew from the ounce of seed, writes a correspondent of Farm and Home. The weather being favorable, almost every plant lived.

The land on which they were planted was very poor and sandy, with a clay subsoil. I first broke it deep in March with a one-horse turn plow, turning under a lot of weeds and grass. About two weeks before setting out the plants I laid out rows with an eight-inch shovel and put in commercial fertilizer analyzing two per cent. nitrogen, ten per cent. phosphoric acid and three per cent. potash, at the rate of 600 pounds per acre. I covered this fertilizer by running over the rows once with two five-inch scooters on a double stock, which ridged the soil level with the surface. The rows were three feet apart and the plants were set two feet in the row.

The cultivation was begun as soon as the plants were firmly settled in the soil and they were given three plowings and two hoeings. The last plowing was given about the time the tomatoes began to form freely on the plants. I made a mistake by not giving them four plowings instead of three and by not applying nitrate of soda at the rate of 200 pounds per acre at the last plowing. By failing to do this the plants stopped growing, most of the leaves dropped off and over half the tomatoes were scalded by the hot sun, rendering them unfit for canning. We got over 400 two-pound cans of tomatoes from this patch of about one-fourth acre.

**Legumes in the Garden.**

We hear a great deal about growing legumes in the fields, so that the soil can be plowed under and the land enriched with nitrogen. In the garden the growing of legumes for this purpose is as profitable as elsewhere. The peas or beans may be rotated with other crops as to location and so made to do service in turn on all parts of the garden. If beans were grown on one plot last year, grow some plant not a legume on that plot this year. These legumes make good roots and have a heavy foliage, says Farmers' Review. They shade the ground and help the soil organisms to develop in that way, and one of the soil organisms that are particularly adapted to the roots of legumes are enabled to collect very large quantities of nitrogen from the air. A large part of this nitrogen is in the leaves, roots and stems, which rot and are then washed back into the soil.

**Remarkable Strawberry Record.**

One of the most remarkable strawberry records comes from the patch of Oliver Black, Pittsburg, Pa., whose plants averaged a little more than one quart of berries each. He writes: "Last season we sold 3,600 quarts of berries from the 3,000 thoroughbred plants. The highest price received was 15 cents a quart; the lowest eight cents; the average was ten cents. They were all fine berries."

**KEEP ORCHARD FREE OF TRASH.**

The Only Safe Way to Keep Trees from Injury by Rodents and Insects.

In regard to the protection of fruit trees from rodents, my experience has been that most people neglect to do anything for the protection of their trees until it is too late and then get discouraged and do not try to raise their own fruit, being more interested in the production of a good hog or calf than in the comforts of their family (until the agent comes along again and sells them some more trees.)

Well, I have known of one instance where a certain neighbor sowed his orchard to wheat. Just before the wheat was ready to cut the rabbits barked almost every tree. This was in June, mind you. They must have had queer constitutions to have needed the bark at that time of the year. These trees, I think, had been set out two or three years.

My experience is that the rabbits prefer the very small trees, although they will sometimes gnaw quite large ones. But there is no limit to the size of a tree that a mouse will try his teeth on. While examining trees for borers I have found trees from 25 to 30 years old that had been gnawed by mice. I would consider the surest remedy against them to be to keep your orchard so clean of trash, grass, weeds, etc., as to leave no hiding place for them.

I should say that most rodents prefer the apple, pear and quince to most other kinds of trees; but I find that rabbits will invade their friends to a picnic whenever they happen to find rose bushes unprotected. I use chicken wire netting to protect my trees in the nursery. Three feet high is sufficient provided you stake it down well. One of my friends, a nurseryman, is also a school teacher, and not being at home very much when the time came for protecting his nursery by putting up his fence, he entrusted the job to his hired man. He put up the fence; he put it high enough, but failed by about six inches of getting it low enough. The consequences were that one bunny fixed a hundred or so of his trees before he found him.

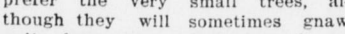
I prefer veneer wrappers to anything else for protection, because they can be left on the trees two or three years without the least injury being done to the trees. They are a great protection against borers also. I once examined a 30-acre orchard that they had been on for two years and only found one tree with borers in it in the entire orchard. We have tried the veneer. Of course, we do not recommend any paint that has grease or oil in it. I know of parties living near me here that bought trees of agents of certain nurseries and then the agent would sell them enough paint to kill them, and there you are.

Finally, dear friends, concludes the writer in Farmers' Review, if you have neglected to protect your orchard otherwise and Brer Rabbit is cutting up capers try this: One part sulphate of strychnine, one-third part borax, one part sugar syrup, ten parts water, mix and paint small twigs with this and scatter in their paths, and that will be the last of Brer Rabbit.

**A GRAPE TRELLIS.**

Serviceable One Which Can Be Built for the Garden.

A grape trellis made of white pine, put together as shown in the sketch, will last for several years. The 2x4-inch posts, A, are seven feet long. The feet, B, are made of 2x4-inch, four



Strong Grape Trellis.

feet long, and rest on a brick placed under each end. The crosspieces and braces are 1x2 inches. A piece of strap iron, C, fastened to the foot by means of a nail through a hole in its top, explains Popular Mechanics, is driven into the ground, which holds the trellis from blowing over.

**GARDEN NOTES.**

Worms if left to feed at will on currant bushes will soon ruin them. A garden properly taken care of is a source of considerable profit and much pleasure.

Do not permit deep hoeing in the garden, as this destroys the lateral roots of plants.

Push the growth of the new strawberry plants so they may develop large root systems for next season.

Cut back the monthly rose bushes as soon as the first blossoms wither. This will insure a second growth at once. The blooms always come on the new growth.

Cultivate the Onions.

The most important essential in onion growing is thorough cultivation at the right time, which means that we must keep down the weeds and grass and keep the soil loose around the plants while they are young. This requires careful work for the first few times, but if well done one will feel well repaid when the harvest comes. The patch should be gone over as soon as the ground is dry enough after each rain. For cultivation by hand as described above I plant in drills from 14 to 16 inches apart.

**AN HONEST DOCTOR ADVISED PE-RU-NA.**

MR. SYLVESTER E. SMITH, Room 218, Granite Block, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna is the best friend a sick man can have."

"A few months ago I came here in a wretched condition. Exposure and dampness had ruined my once robust health. I had catarrhal affections of the bronchial tubes, and for a time there was a doubt as to my recovery."

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"Accept a grateful man's thanks for his restoration to perfect health."

**Per-na for His Patients.**

A. W. Perrin, M. D. S., 860 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

"I am using your Peruna myself, and am recommending it to my patients in all cases of catarrh, and find it to be more than you represent. Peruna can be had now of all druggists in this section. At the time I began using it, it was unknown."

The Duchess' Philosophy.

The old duchess of Cleveland invited a relative to her husband's funeral and told him to bring his gun, adding: "We are old, we must die; but the pheasants must be shot."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

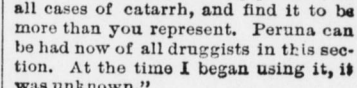
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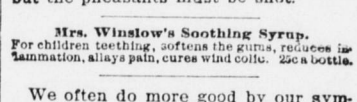


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