

SERIAL STORY THE ESCAPADE A POST MARITAL ROMANCE By Cyrus Townsend Brady ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS. The Escapade opens in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Sloeum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. Lord Carrington and his wife each made charges of faithlessness against the other in continuation of the quarrel. First objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Ellen had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut for his wife's I. O. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate. Additional attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away.

CHAPTER VI. Lady Ellen Takes Flight. "Now, will you tell me your plans?" began Strathgate as the three descended to the hall. "We must have horses and a vehicle of some kind," she said. "Would not a post chaise do?" "There are three of us, my lord," answered Ellen. "I see," returned the earl, who was very much annoyed and put out by the infliction of this third party in what he had fondly hoped would be a tete-a-tete flight.

There was no help for it, however. He trusted to fortune to assist him to dispose of Mistress Deborah later. "Where shall we get this carriage?" "In the stables, of course." She was thoroughly familiar with the lay of the land and the location of the stables. The coachman, who was unmarried, slept in a house by himself. Entrance was easy since the door was not locked. "Let me do the talking," said Strathgate. "He won't recognize you if you stay back here in the darkness." "Very well," assented Ellen as the earl stepped over to the bed and roughly shook the coachman, who opened his eyes to find himself staring into the muzzle of a pistol. "Lie still. I want to borrow a pair and a carriage from your master. I'm driving far to-night and I want a good pair. No, you are not to bother about hitching them up. I simply wished to tell you the facts so you won't make any trouble."

He opened his mouth to cry out. Strathgate shoved his pistol barrel closer to him, truculently remarking: "If you make a sound, I'll blow out your brains. Now, do you understand? I don't intend to steal the horses. You'll find them well at some wayside inn 20 miles from here. Meanwhile, we will have to tie you up and gag you." "Very well, my lord," returned Higginbotham, to whom the shining weapon was a powerful persuader. "Which are the best pair for traveling, I wonder?" queried the earl as he, Ellen and Deborah surveyed the long row of stalls. "I have heard my lord say that the bays were the most reliable horses he had."

"The bays it'll be, then," said Strathgate. He quickly selected the harness, led out the bays and in a few moments the two were attached to a light traveling carriage. "Where now?" said Strathgate when all the preparations had been completed. "We are going to Portsmouth, as I think I told you, my lord." Strathgate was an expert whip and he found no difficulty in keeping the spirited horses going quietly over the grassy turf which bordered the driveway and as he had predicted, they got past the house without making a sound. But one obstacle remained between them and freedom—the lodgekeeper and the lodge gate. Ellen had forgotten it until they had gone something like a quarter of a mile through the park, when she suddenly thrust her head out of the window of the carriage and called it to Strathgate's attention. "Let me attend to that," returned the earl, confidently. "I have a plan. Do you keep close and let the curtains be drawn." He drove close to the wall of the lodgekeeper's cottage, hammered on the window with the butt of his whip, and when that functionary appeared, Strathgate boldly avowed his name and title and said that he was riding forth on a wager with my lord; that he would be back in the morning.

The road from the lodge gate ran for about half a mile through the park until it joined the main road. Portsmouth lay to the eastward, to the westward was Plymouth. Having passed the lodge successfully, Ellen raised the blinds of the carriage and looked out upon the familiar scenes flying swiftly by them, for Strathgate had put the bays into a fast trot and the light carriage was going forward at a rapid gait. In a short time they came to the main road. Now Ellen knew the way perfectly. She was greatly astonished, therefore, to see Strathgate turning to the right. She lowered the window and thrust her head out once more. "My lord!" she called. Strathgate scarcely checking the pace of the horses leaned back to listen. "We wish to go to Portsmouth." "So you said," returned my lord. "Well, Portsmouth lies to the left and you are taking us to the right." "You will be safer at my castle in Somerset than at Portsmouth, I think, my lady."

"But I don't wish to go to your castle," cried Lady Ellen angrily. "And do you imagine, my dear Lady Carrington," chuckled Strathgate, who was greatly amused over the situation, "that I have run away with you from your husband's house to defend you if need be by sword and pistol from your husband, for the sake of handing you over to some American sailor at Portsmouth?" "My lord!" exclaimed Ellen, thunderstruck by this open intimation of the earl's feelings. "You must have seen that I love you," continued Strathgate coolly enough, "and in short I am taking you to my own house. I shall know how to hold you safe there."

"You villain!" cried Ellen, while Deborah, overwhelmed with the horror of this revelation, for the conversation was quite audible to her, nearly fainted within the carriage. Ellen had been fumbling at her belt while this was spoken and in a fit of passion she suddenly reached up her arm and discharged her pistol full at the earl. He had just time, catching a glimpse of the shining steel of the barrel in the waning moonlight, to throw himself aside when the bullet whistled by his ear. The startled horses bounded into a run at once, and for a few moments Strathgate had all he could do to control them. He succeeded in quieting the horses somewhat, but did not dare to bring them to a slow pace lest Ellen should escape from the carriage. To attempt to jump from it, which, indeed, she had thought upon, was too great a risk to life and limb, and, beside, it involved leaving Deborah behind. There was one thing she could do, however. After some tugging, she got the little



She Looked Out of the Carriage.

window in the front of the carriage open and thus got access to Strathgate's person. She thrust the barrel of her pistol up toward his back and swore she would discharge it unless he instantly turned the carriage about in the road.

Ellen did at random shoot through the seat, but the bullet was deflected and Strathgate was unharmed. He was greatly relieved when she discharged her second weapon without effect, for he reasoned that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for her to recharge them in the darkness of the carriage at the pace they were going, and he therefore felt safe for the rest of the journey, although he did not resume his seat on the box, nor did he check the speed of the horses.

This was a fine end, or a fine beginning of her adventure, thought Lady Carrington, bitterly. She had never dreamed of this and she blamed herself for a fool not to have thought of it. Of course Lord Strathgate's interest in her was a selfish one. Her escape would be discovered in a short time; his absence would be noted; the testimony of the coachman, of the stable boys, of the lodgekeeper would be had. It would be known that they had gone away together. She would be ruined forever. They had borne themselves gallantly. He judged that they had gone at least 20 miles from Carrington. A few miles farther on was a tavern where the ladies could be bestow. The tavern keeper was a friend of his who would ask no questions. But fortune was on Lady Carrington's side that night in more ways than one. For with a sudden jolt the fore-right-wheel of the carriage sank into a deep rut. There was a crash as the wheel gave way at the hub. Strathgate was hurled violently from his seat and lay stunned in the road. The horses, utterly tired out, were glad

to stop. Ellen and Deborah were thrown against the front of the carriage, but beyond a severe shaking and some bruises, sustained no injuries. Surmising what had happened, Ellen tore open the door of the carriage, seized Deborah by the hand, dragged her out and ran desperately down the road. She did not see Strathgate; she did not know where he was; she did not care.

With all the strength of her stout young body she ran down the road. She did not turn back toward Portsmouth, for she divined that if Strathgate recovered consciousness he would immediately imagine that she had gone that way. She was unfamiliar with the part of the country in which she found herself, but she had a general idea that the roads in either direction led to the sea, and her hope was to reach the shore. There was nothing that floated that she could not sail. If she could get a boat, she could make Portsmouth harbor without danger of pursuit. The dawn was gray in the east. Ellen judged it was about half after four o'clock. They had been gone two hours from the castle and a half hour from the carriage when the road swerved to the southward and led from the forest to a little fishing hamlet on the shore of Lyme bay. Nobody was as yet stirring in the town, although lights twinkled here and there in the windows, indicating that some of the fisherfolk were making ready for their day's labor.

Ellen was too desperately anxious to get away to stop to bargain with anyone for a boat. She ran down to the little wharf jutting out into the small inclosed harbor and rapidly selecting the best of the little vessels tied there, she hauled in the painter, drew it alongside the wharf, made Deborah get aboard, laid five guineas down on the wharf where the boat had been secured, in the hope that the owner of the boat would receive the money which was full value for the vessel, hoisted the sail, shoved away from the wharf, and under the influence of a gentle breeze ran rapidly out of the harbor. "I would Sir Charles Seton were here!" cried poor Debbie, who had not the advantage of Ellen's extensive and intimate acquaintance with the male sex, and who, therefore, did not share her detestation of it. "And what is he to thee, child?" asked Ellen gleefully. "He said he cared very much for me," returned Deborah, "yesterday in the library over the good book of Master Baxter."

"'Tis a gallant gentleman, Debbie," returned Ellen. "But they are all that before marriage. My lord of Carrington I once thought was well-nigh perfect." "But what did he," asked Debbie, "that you leave him thus?" And this heroine who had schemed and fought like a man for her liberty bowed her head upon the Puritan's shoulder and wept like any other woman.

Deborah consoled her as best she might, and in turn Ellen assured her that if Sir Charles really loved her he would follow her wherever she might go. Who shall say in that assurance Ellen was not persuading herself that if Bernard Carrington really loved his own wife he would not be far from Charles Seton on the chase across the sea?

CHAPTER VII. My Lord Hears Ill Tidings.

The morning sun was streaming brightly through the windows when Carrington glanced at his watch as he opened his eyes, and was startled to discover that it was already seven o'clock. And he had meant to get up early that day to prepare himself the better for that interview with his wife. Hastily arising, he stole softly to the door opening into her boudoir, tried the knob gently and found that the door was locked. He listened, but could hear nothing. Imagining that she was still asleep, he summoned his valet, bathed and dressed himself with unusual care for the operations of the day, and then returned to the door of the boudoir. Again he knocked, and more loudly. Receiving no answer, he fairly thundered upon it with his feet, to be met with the same silence as before. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOUBTFUL OF THE GUARANTEE.

Specific Clause Caused Increase in Price of Cloth.

The Arabs, and, indeed, all Moslems, have the practice of re-enforcing promises by adding to their word of honor the Arabic phrase, Inshallah—"please God." How much meaning it conveys in some lands of the east is told in the pages of "In Moorish Captivity." The pious proviso is a very useful formula to the Moors, and is frequently used in making promises that they have no intention whatever of keeping, as they can then take refuge behind the Almighty when they are taxed with their breach of faith.

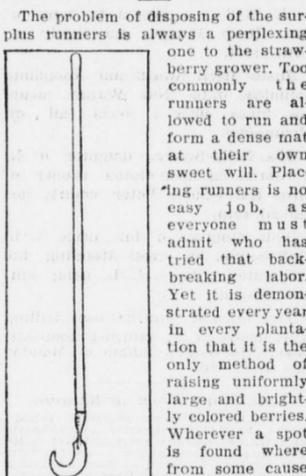
There is a story told of a man who kept a shop in Gibraltar, and who knew the ways of the Moor. To him one day came one of the faithful, who was desirous of buying some cloth. On being informed that the price was two dollars a yard, payment in 60 days, he replied: "All right. I will take so much and will pay you in 60 days, Inshallah." "No," said the vender, "the price is two dollars, payment in 60 days. For 60 days, Inshallah, the price is two dollars and a half."—Youth's Companion.

Maxim. Never put a gift cigar in the mouth. —Princeton Tiger.

FARM GARDEN

DEVICE FOR BERRY GROWERS.

Cutting Off the Runners Made Easy for the Worker.



The problem of disposing of the surplus runners is always a perplexing one to the strawberry grower. Too commonly the runners are allowed to run and form a dense mat at their own sweet will. Placing runners is no easy job, as everyone must admit who has tried that back-breaking labor. Yet it is demonstrated every year in every plantation that it is the only method of raising uniformly large and brightly colored berries. Wherever a spot is found where the plants are thin on the ground, it is there the best berries are always found. Many plans of placing or spacing runners have been tried, and nearly every grower has his own distinctive way, which he varies from time to time when he thinks he has discovered something better. It really does not matter so much what arrangement of the runners is made, provided they are given plenty of room. Next to spacing them is the labor of cutting off the surplus ones that are not needed. An early-set, vigorous plant will send out a multitude of runners during the growing season and keep it up till freezing weather has stopped growth. Pinching or cutting them off with a knife or scissors is slow work and requires constant stooping, which is relished neither by old nor young. This work may be lightened as follows:

Take a worn-out hoe, says Orange Judd Farmer, and have the blacksmith straighten the blade on a line with the shank. You can have it any width the hoe will admit. For cutting around single plants a narrow blade is best; for narrowing in the side of a row the wider the blade the better. For narrowing the row an ordinary plow counter may be used. It may be fastened to the cultivator or it may be attached to handles, whetted sharp and trundled along by hand.

After the raspberries and blackberries are through bearing is the best time to cut out the old canes. Another simple instrument is also made out of an old hoe for this work, only in this case the hoe blade is turned in a sickle shape, so as to catch firmly around the cane. This allows the man to do all the cutting while standing erect. His left hand should be provided with a strong glove to hold the canes and pull them out. The illustration shows how the cutter looks when completed.

FARM WATER SUPPLY.

Purity of the Source Is of Prime Importance.

Too many wells are sunk in the lowest places around the farm home and barns. I visited more than a dozen different farm homes last week, writes a correspondent of Indiana Farmer, and with one exception, every well was located where surface drainage was sure to get into it. In some places one well supplied both household needs and the live stock. These wells were located where they were most convenient for the stock. That is a mighty poor arrangement. If one well must furnish the entire water supply, sink it where there is no possible chance for seepage or surface pollution. Place it as near the house as possible, and then pipe the stock supply to a tank in the yard. It's a nuisance to have a tank within 20 or 40 feet of the house. It is just as convenient to have it a hundred yards away. It is necessary to have plenty of water during these hot months, but be sure that it is pure.

FARM NOTES.

Cultivation should be mostly to keep down weeds. Stock barns should be light, dry and well ventilated. Molasses is proving to be a good feed for farm animals, including dairy cows.

Dairying is the one branch in which no man should engage who has not a real liking for cows. Weeds are not an enemy. They take possession of waste places and often plow up the soil and make way for the coming of grasses.

When the potato vines are half grown they have filled the ground with lateral roots. Cultivate over the roots and not through them. The dairy cow requires five times as much of the carbon in her food as of the protein because she must from that produce both heat and energy.

The Sheep Industry. The sheep industry has thriven in spite of dull times. High prices of fered for lambs have caused farmers to deplete their stocks. Some of the best lambs should be kept for breeding purposes.

THE SIN OF LAND-MURDER.

Seriousness of the Situation Not Generally Realized.

The deterioration of fertility under cultivation that is lacking in care for the future is far more noticeable in some portions of the south than in the middle west. The Progressive Farmer, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, speaks as follows: "The truth is, that it is time now to see that a man who wears out a piece of land sins—just as a man sins who wears out a human body with drunkenness or dissipation. We are coming to the time when a man will be as much ashamed of owning a gullied hillside as of owning a skin-and-bones horse. As James J. Hill, than whom there is hardly a greater American living, declared in Washington: "North Carolina was, a century ago, one of the great agricultural states of the country and one of the wealthiest. To-day as you ride through the south you see everywhere land gullied by torrential rains, red and yellow clay banks exposed where once were fertile fields, and agriculture reduced because its main support has been washed away. Millions of acres, in places to the extent of one-tenth of the entire arable area, have been so injured that no industry and no care can restore them."

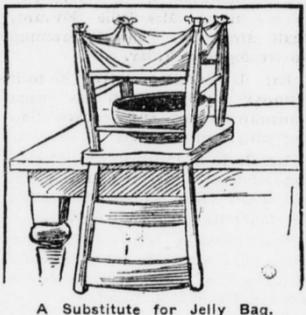
"And the seriousness of this land-murder is not appreciated by one man in a thousand. You see an acre of land ruined and you say: Well, there is \$10, \$20, or \$50 loss, according to the price of land in your community. But the truth is, that the merely temporary estimate put upon land values, as indicated by present prices, does not indicate at all the far-reaching extent of the damage. Three hundred years ago you could have bought that land from the Indians at ten cents an acre, but if an acre of it had been ruined then, would the damage as we see it now, have amounted to only ten cents? A hundred years ago the same land may have been worth only a dollar an acre; but we know now that to have ruined an acre would have meant more than a dollar's loss. And so the price of land to-day is no criterion by which to judge the damage and the sin against posterity wrought by the man who murders an acre of God's heritage to the human race—a heritage he meant to last as long as time itself. The nation does well to give the matter serious thought."

STRAINING JELLY. Handy Device Made Out of a Turned Up Chair. A pupil from the high school class of cookery, South Kensington, London, Eng., told me about this substitute for a jelly bag, and I have found that it works to perfection, being much less troublesome than the old-fashioned jelly bag, says a writer in Farm and Home. Clean a plain wooden kitchen chair thoroughly, and then turn it, legs upward, on a kitchen table. Tie a clean, single or double piece of white cheesecloth securely by the corners to the chair legs, being careful not to allow too much fullness to prevent too much sagging. Place a bowl underneath the bag on the under side of the chair seat, and then pour some boiling water from the kettle into the bag. When it has run away, and the cloth is still hot, quickly remove full bowl and put another in its place, and pour the hot fruit to be strained into the jelly bag. Again change bowls and pour the first juice back into the jelly bag. Then throw a clean, white mosquito netting over the chair, and leave the jelly juice to strain all night. Of course, chair, table, floor and every utensil used, as well as the cheesecloth and mosquito netting, must be scrupulously clean.

BRACING A CORNER POST.

Here is Another Good Way of Stiffening a Fence.

To brace a corner post in the way shown in the accompanying illustration bend a hook in the end of a piece

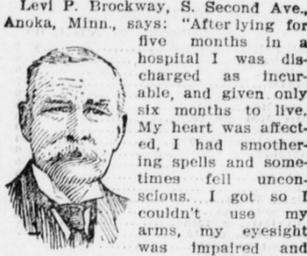


How the Bracing is Done.

of 1/2-inch iron and cut a thread on the other end, says the Prairie Farmer. A is a wooden brace and B is a wire hooked on the iron C which is turned till the wire is taut.

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.



Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEGINNING EARLY.



"I have already promised ten cousins to marry them. I can see I shall never get through all my divorcees."

He'd Pull Hard.

"Senator Folker, who journeyed to Albany at the risk of his life to cast the vote that doomed racing in New York, had collected a number of instances of race-track trickery," said an Albany legislator. "Discussing, one day, the way jockeys so often sold races, he said that there was a Gloucester jockey once, the rider of a favorite, who was overheard to say in a saloon, the night before the favorite ran: "I shan't win unless the reins break."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Pinkham. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Timely Objection.

"I am afraid we must part, Fred, dear. My father gave me strict injunctions not to let you call on me." "But, Ethel, I am unalterably opposed to submitting to government by injunction."

THE COME AND SEE SIGN



This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean? It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See. Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told? Come and See. Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write? Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential? Come and See. Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents? Come and See. Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women? Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.