THE **ESCAPADE** A POST MARITAL ROMANCE Cyrus Townsend Brady ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

right, 1908, by W. O. Chapm

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, 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 Carrington castle in England. The 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 Cecily 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. Ellen fled, Strathgate driving. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lords Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. The ground was somewhat soft ich the shadow and footprints were cernible in the low spot where the carriage had fallen. There were marks of a woman's shoe and a man's, albeit a man of small feet, by the side of the carriage door and other marks around the horses. From the trampling and hoof marks Seton concluded that the horses must have stood quiet for some time. He surmised that

the inmates of the carriage had taken

advantage of the stop to get out and

go ahead while Strathgate lay stunned. After a final search of the interior of the carriage in which he was re-warded by finding a tiny bowknot of scarlet ribbon which he thought he recognized as one that had trimmed Mistress Debbie's gown, for it was a color she affected, and which he lucked carefully away in his pocket.

An hour from the carriage he came

upon a bay coach horse straggling by the wayside, with certain portions of harness dragging from him. Here was another mystery. If there had been two horses, where was the other? Why was he abandoned in the high road not a soul being near? horse permitted him to get close enough to enable him to see that the traces which dangled from his sides had been severed by a knife. There could be no doubt that this was one of Carrington's coach horses.

There was no reason on earth, if they had started out on two, for aban-

He galloped down the road and in a few minutes came to a little fishing village. Some of the fishermen had gone off for the day's work in their boats, but one grizzled sailor was moodily pacing up and down the little wharf. Reining his horse in on the shore, Seton hailed him.
"My man," he said, "have you seen

anything of two or three people, two women and a man inquiring for a boat this morning?'

'No," growled the man, "but I had a boat at this wharf, the best boat in the haven, and when I come down this morning at five o'clock she was

"Gone!" cried Seton, dismounting from his horse in his excitement. 'What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, your honor," re-rned the man. "She was tied right turned the man. there"-he pointed to one of the spiles-"and when I got up I was the first man down here at the wharf, she was gone.

"Was there any message-any clew -any sign?

"Naught but this," returned the sailor, pulling out of his pocket a handful of shining guineas.

Here was proof positive to Seton Well, my friend, I don't see that you have anything to complain of."

'How's that, sir?" queried the sailor "Certainly the boat was hardly worth more than five guineas.'

"Now, I want to know how far it is from here to Portsmouth?" "A matter of between 30 and 40 leagues, dependin' on the wind," said

"Would your book make that distance?" make that distance?" she's big Would your boat be big enough to

But could a woman handle her?" If she knowed the sea and a boat

ild could do it.' ere any provision aboard?" | said, and Carrington could not but ac | electricity,

"A breaker of fresh water and may-

p some hard bread."
'Good!" said Seton, reassured that the fugitives were not starving at any rate. "Now, I want to get to Portsmouth, and I want to go by sea."

judged that since Carrington was probably headed in that direction, by land, it would be best for him to follow directly upon the course of the fugitives which he had so luckily run down.

"That'll be easy enough, your honor," said the sailor, "there's other boats in the harbor."

There's Will Hawke's boat yonder. Will ain't abroad to-day, bein' down with a spell of fever."

"Very good," said Seton. "Go and

see him, tell him that Sir Charles Seton wants to charter his boat for a run to Portsmouth. Are you free to take charge of her?"

That I am, master." "Set about it at once," said Seton, "while I arrange to leave my horse at the tavern. By the way, what's

"Whibley, sir. John Whibley, at er honor's service."

Whibley was as good as his prom A half an hour found Sir Charles afloat in a small lugger with Whibley for captain and two boys, the own-er's son and another that he had

picked up, for a crew.
"You said this was a fast boat!" Sir Charles remarked to his sailingmaster.

"Ay, ay, sir. With a wind like this" —and indeed there was a ripping breeze blowing up the channel—"we ought to reel off between 10 and 11 knots an hour."

"Spare nothing," said Seton, "an extra guinea apiece to the three of you if you overhaul the other boat."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Whibley after a moment's thought, "but bein's as they've took my boat, I should like to know how, if 'tain't too bold, who or what them parties is you're chasin'?"

"Two women," returned Seton, bravely.

"Hum," said Whibley under his breath, "I've knowed of a man chasin one woman half 'round the world, but I've never heard of a lover chasin

CHAPTER IX.

The Hard Riding of Lord Carrington. Lord Carrington's best horse named Sailor. He was a magnificent black, built for speed, but not without great powers of endurance. Like all Englishmen, my lord was a fa-mous horseman, although he followed the sea for a livelihood. He was a case in contradiction to the ancient adage that a sailor is never so much out of his element as when he is



"What Do You Mean?"

astride of a horse. Generations fox-hunting fathers had given him a heritage of horsemanship which the years he had spent upon the sea could not eradicate. Not only was could not eradicate. Not only was he an expert rider, but he was thor-oughly familiar with what could be got out of a horse. He knew how to ride him to the best advantage, when

Strathgate and wrest Ellen from his He had no doubt that the three were headed for Portsmouth.

As if to punish him for his misuse of a noble steed who responded gallantly to every incentive of whip, spur, voice and appeal his master brought to bear, Sailor had the bad luck to cast a shoe. A few leaps and he went instantly lame. With a bithe went instantly lame. ter curse Carrington dismounted and examined the horse. The poor beast stood panting and exhausted, his flanks heaving, his heart beating, his head drooping. The groom had been head drooping. The groom had been distanced and left behind. Carrington was alone with a lame horse miles, apparently, from a posting station or a blacksmith's shop. There was nothing to do but wait. He sat down by the roadside, his eyes strained back ward in the direction whence he had ome, looking for the groom. After half an hour or so of delay, which fretted him beyond measure, he discovered the fellow leisurely trotting over a hill. Aroused by the halloos of his master, the boy suddenly nuickened his pace and soon drew rein beside him.

"What do you mean," cried Carrington, furiously, "by loafing along in that way? I told you to keep up

"My lud," said the boy, touching his hat and dismounting, "no man on earth could keep up with you without killing his horse, and there are few horses, even if killed, that'd be equal to Sailor, sir. 'Tisn't in this mare, I know. She was in distress several miles back, and I pulled her up. At I hadn't, she wouldn't be here."

There was sense in what the boy

knowledge it.

"Give me your horse," he said, 'and do you take Sailor. He's cast a Lead him on the road to the nearest shop and come after me as fast as is safe, but don't kill the horse. I'm bound for Portsmouth. You'll find me at the Blue Boar inp. Here's money for the journey. If anything happens, you can leave your horse and come forward by post horses, you understand?"

Carrington gathered up the reins, sprang upon the mare's back and without looking over his shoulder, galloped on ahead. The delay had given him time to come to his senses.

he swept over the ground rapidly, and after two hours of terrific going he pulled up at a wayside inn. He sprang from his horse the instant he stepped before the entrance. Lord Carrington was well known in the vicinity, and in a moment a dozen obsequious hostlers and horse boys scrambled about him while mine host came bowing before the door.

"A horse, the best you have in the

"My lord," began the host, "I'm very

"No words," interrupted Carrington, "bring me a horse and a draught of wine.

"My best horse has been taken, your lordship, some three hours ago, and I have naught but indifferent ones left.

"Bring me the best you have. I don't care what it is," said Carring-ton. "Don't you see my mare can go ton. no farther and I must have some sort of a horse. How far is it to the next posting station?"

"A matter of ten miles."

"Well, give me something that can make the distance in an hour, and if I founder him or kill him, I'll pay you well for him."

"Here, Dick," said the landlord, "you hear my lord. Bring old Joe. the best we have. There's a bay horse in the stable, if he were only fresh. He came in two hours ago, and Lord Strathgate-

"Who came, did you say?" cried Carrington, turning quickly.

"The earl of Strathgate, your honor.

"Was he here?"

"Two hours agone, sir. He took a bite of breakfast and a draught of wine and our best horse and rode on." "Was he alone?"

"Alone, your lordship. There's summat strange about it, too, for his head was all bloody, his coat was streaked with mud, he was riding a bay horse, looked like a carriage horse, bareback with bits of harness dangling to it. He had no hat on-"

"Where is that bay horse?" cried Carrington, tingling with excitement. "Yonder, in the stable yard being rubbed down."

"My horse Betty! By heaven!" he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this?" He turned and faced the this?" "Did astonished landlord once more. you say that Strathgate was alone?'

"Absolutely alone." "Did he ask any questions?"

"He asked me if there was a woman and a young man had got horses and ridden on ahead, if anybody had seen anything of any kind of coach, or wagon, or carriage, or people on horseback.

"And what answer made you?"
"'Cept the coach for Portsmouth, which went up empty, and some farm wagons driven by men, we knew that nobody had passed this morning."

"And you say Strathgate was in a hurry?" "I never seed a man more in a

hurry, your lordship, unless it was yourself," added mine host. "You're right," cried Carrington.

He was utterly bewildered by situation. His calculations were all at What could be the meaning of sea. Strathgate alone upon the road, with a broken head and a muddy coat, riding on a coach horse and driving the beast even as he had forced Sailor and the mare? Where were Ellen and Doborah?

It must be that he was pursuing some one, but if so, who? Who, but Ellen and Deborah, and how could to spare him and when to press him.

He had but one desire, to ride down ing? They had not gone off together. then. In some way they had given Strathgate the slip. Lord Carrington jumped at this conclusion and his heart bounded.

My lord rode with as heavy a hand as before, but with a considerably lighter heart. Of one thing he was certain, that Ellen was not with Strathgate

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROMISES OF ELECTRICAL ERA. Advancement That Will Open Nature's

Heart to Man. Fire made man master of the moleculc; electricity makes him master of the atom and opens nature's heart. Fire melted sand to glass and prepared the path for a telescope for Galileo, a camera for Daguerre, a microscope for Pasteur, engines for Watt, Stephenson, Parsons and De Laval; all the streams of lead and iron, copper and zinc ever smelted from their ores, all the acids, oils and alcohols But all these electricity can do, do it better than flame, and greater works than these, tasks beyond the power of fire. The electrical era is only dawning. There are motors and dynamos, heaters and lamps, chemical dividers and batteries. The larger the field of electricity the cheaper it will become and the bigger will be the demand.

When there are not only telephones in every house, but sewing machine motors, fans, smoothing irons, chafing dishes and the like, electricity will begin to mean as much for man to-day as, long ago, did the first kindling of fire with slowly won arts of furnace and lamp, oven and smelter, crucible and still. Thus saith a prophet of

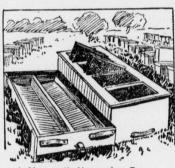


FOR THE MAN WITH BEES.

An Uncapping Box Possessing Many Excellent Features.

A few words in regard to the uncap ping box that I use. The upper section, that holds the cappings, is six feet long, 27 inches wide and 18 inches deep. It has a heavy, wire screen bottom, a rim of narrow boards around the top, with three cross-pieces to support the combs. A spike is driven up through the center of each of the latter to rest the frames upon when uncapping the combs. The corners are halved together in both sections.

There is a cover that fits on bee-tight The bottom section is the same size, only much shallower, the sides being only five inches deep. The ends are seven inches deep in the middle, but are reduced to five at the ends. help support the screen above, a board seven inches wide is placed lengthwise the lower section. To the bottom of this frame is nailed a sheet of galvanized iron six feet and one-half inch long, and enough wider than the bottom so that an edge can be turned up



A Mammoth Uncapping Box.

all round, nailed fast and pounded down so as to make a smooth edge and a tight joint. At each corner is nailed a piece of board as long as the end pieces are wide at the middle. These pieces furnish what might be called legs, and keep the box firm in an upright position. Each section is furnished with handles made from tugs cut from an old harness. There is a honey gate at one end of the lower section.

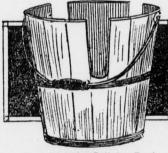
Here are some of the advantages of this box, explains a writer in Bee Keepers' Review. The cappings can be spread out over a large surface, which allows the honey to drain out much more freely than it does in a small box or can; there is not only plenty of room to spread them out, but they can be stirred occasionally with a garden rake; there is room and a place to hang the combs after they are uncapped where the drip will go into the box, and they are in a very convenient position for the man who puts them into the extractor, as he has only to reach out with his right hand and pull a comb towards him; there is room for three, or even more, men to work at uncapping at the same time; then their toes can go under the edge of the box, which allows them to lean against the side of the box. The latter may seem like a small point, but it counts for a lot in a long day's work. The box may be painted black, furnished with a cover made from sheet iron, when, if set out in the sun, the heat will go up from 110 to 120 degrees, and practically all of the honey will run out, especially if the cappings are stirred occasionally.

The uncapping knives should be kept as sharp as possible, and some means provided to keep them in hot or warm water. An extra knife or two is an advantage, as it gives oppor-tunity to exchange a cold knife for a hot one. Knives ought to be as light as possible, yet strong enough for the work; and a support in the shank for the thumb and finger is an advantage.

A HEN WATERING PAIL.

How It Can Be Made from Old Pail or Butter Tub.

I send you a sketch of a pail we are using for watering and giving milk to chickens, writes a correspondent of Rural New York. They will not soil the feed because they don't stand on



Good Watering-Pail for Fowl.

the top. Take a candy pail and put a hoop six inches from bottom of pail; take off the top hoop, then saw out three five-inch slots down near to the boop for the fowls to reach through. Better then give a coat of linseed oil, then two coats of paint, and keep in shade. Ours has worked a year and yet looks new.

Break Up Old Crockery Old earthen and china dishes that have been thrown out should be broken up into small bits by use of a hammer. It is better than gravel or oyster shells for grit. There need be no fear of feeding too much. A GOOD POULTRY NEST.

Trap Nest Which Can Be Made Out of Grocery Box.



how they are made. In the cut the trap is set ready for the hen to enter. A cleat, c, is fastened to a small piece of cord, which is tied to a nail on the side of the box. trap by raising it and resting the cleat on the nail, with the other end under the arm marked a. This leaves an opening from four to six inches wide, which is not enough for the hen to enter. In going into the nest she will be obliged to raise the trap door, which will let the cleat fall, thus clos

ing the trap after the hen has gone in I made the trap door, the arms and the cleats out of lath. Leave a little space between the boards in the walls, so the heat can escape, otherwise it will be too warm in summer. The bottom board, b, in front should be three or four inches wide, and the lower piece of the trap door should rest against this so the hen cannot get her head through, raise the trap and get out.

I have bands on one leg of each of my hens, and a record sheet on which I keep account of the eggs laid by It is some bother to have trap each. nests, but I get more eggs since I have used them, because I do not have to keep the hens that are poor layers. I go to the henhouse every four hours to look after the nests and each time I take something along to give them that would otherwise go waste.-Mrs. Mollie Wachendorf, Waukesha county, Wis.

BAD EGGS BARRED.

How They Spot the Careless Farmers in Denmark.

Although the average person has little chance to guard against bad eggs in the United States in Denmark they apparently have solved the bad egg problem. In that country there are syndicates which control the egg industry and it is their duty to keep tab on the farmers who are in the habit of shipping bad eggs to the market. The headquarters of this egg syndicate, of course, is Copenhagen, and the members of it are the farmers themselves. The members of this egg syndicate throughout the country are provided with rubber stamps which bear the serial number of the member's certificate as well as a number for the egg. Each egg is thus stamped the farmer's name on it, with indelible ink. No eggs are accepted that do not bear a stamp. So this stamp is a guarantee of quality. When the eggs are examined in Copenhagen, if they are found to be bad the shipper receives notice and is compelled to pay a fine averaging about one dollar our money. If he makes many ship-ments of bad eggs he is very quickly expelled from the syndicate; thus all bad and not perfectly fresh eggs are either sold to the village grocer or used at home. It has been found that this system works admirably in keep ing the open market stocked with eggs that are guaranteed to be in good condition. It is likewise stated by officers of the syndicate that very few of the members have ever been delirquent with their fines.

HAWK SCARER.

But It Is Merely a Glass Bottle, Effective.

I have tried this plan of keeping away chicken hawks and it succeeds, says a writer in



Farmers' Mail and Breeze. Take pint clear glass bottles fill two-thirds full water and cork tight. Tie end of strong cord around the neck of each and tie

around the small other end ends of 16-foot poles so neck of bottle is about one foot from pole. Sharpen large end of pole and set in the ground. Set the poles every ten or 20 rods clear around the chicken range. The wind blowing against the bottle causes it to swing and turn around and at the same time the sun shining on the bottle of water makes it throw beams of light in sev eral directions. When the hawk sees this he darts away as though he had been shot at.

BARNYARD CACKLES.

"When roosters crow it is time that they go," is a common motto among many poultry raisers.

It is a good plan to separate the cockerels and nullets as soon as the sexes can be distinguished. You will find it a better investment

if you will train your fowls to come to ou instead of running from you with fright. Sioppy mashes are not good for feed-

ing chickens and, if kept up excessively they will eventually breed disease. Lack of vigor is one thing to be looked after. None but strong. orous stock should be allowed in the

breeding pens. With a cement or brick floor under the pen and fine wire netting for the enclosure, there is small danger of rats or other animals getting at the small chicks.

MATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and effica-cious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public.

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering worth mountains of gold to suffering

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

A GOOD OLD FRIEND.



The Gumpot-Well, you fellows can For my part, I always stick up for him.

TRIPP COUNTY, S. D.

Government Land Opening

The government opening of a million acres of fine agricultural and grazing lands will probably occur about Oct. 1st. The Rosebud extension of The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only railway reaching these lands, and Dallas, S. D., is the railway ter-minus and the only town on the reservation border. The U.S. land office will probably be located there. Pamphlets describing this land and how to secure a quarter section homestead, free on application to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Most Acceptable Worship. The wership most acceptable comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.

Plutarch. Your Druggist Will Tell You That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes, Makes Weak Eyes Strong, Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain and Sells for 50c.

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others .- Marcus Aurelius.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 351 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Greatness and goodness are not

means, but ends .- Coleridge. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Hidren teething, softens the gums, reduces ination, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When women argue they like to argue that they don't.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease Curestired, aching, sweating feet. 25c. Trial package free. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. It doesn't pay to borrow trouble even on a friend's account.

