

SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPEE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The Escapee 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 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 \$500,000 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut with his wife's L. 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 Cecily compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chaperon, 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 stranded in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, leaving Strathgate pursuing from afar. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton, locating a fishing village, hit the trail of Ellen and Debbie. He then rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit, Carrington pursuing Strathgate, bleeding from the fall, died on the way to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes.

CHAPTER X.

The Bewilderment of Strathgate.

As my Lord Carrington rode with increasing satisfaction and Sir Charles Seton sailed in a growing sense of self-congratulation in that he alone was on the right track, my lord of Strathgate was full of bewilderment. Like Carrington, he, too, made inquiries at every posting station, at every wayside inn, from every passer-by, as to the whereabouts of the two who had escaped him, and everywhere he had been met by an absolute lack of information.

Strathgate, by hard riding, reached Portsmouth about nightfall. Carrington was not to arrive, although he pressed on all night, until the following morning. Strathgate was morally certain that the people he was chasing could not have reached Portsmouth before him.

Therefore, although he had been up all the night before and wanted sleep badly, he determined to make some inquiries before he went to bed. He found, to his great surprise, that the New Eagle, which was the name of the ship owned by the countess of Carrington, had sailed that morning. So far fortune favored him, for Lady Ellen would arrive at Portsmouth, he thought, and find her ship gone.

He enlisted the service of the landlord and secured a number of men whom he posted at the various inns, with instructions to notify him immediately in case Ellen and Deborah arrived.

Carrington, plunging along on exhausted, half-fouled horses, the leavings of Strathgate, left the comparative cheerfulness of the morning and worked himself up into such a fury that if he had come across the earl he would probably have killed him out of hand without giving him a chance for defense.

The only one thoroughly satisfied with the situation was Seton, and even his dash eastward was stopped, for the wind, which had held briskly for the greater part of the day, died out about nightfall and left the gallant captain helplessly tossing in the short waves of the channel.

To hearten up her young friend, Ellen put a brave face upon the whole matter. She pointed out to her how comfortable and free from pursuit, or interference, they would be when they boarded the New Eagle at Portsmouth; what a pleasant voyage they would have back; and made various other suggestions to cheer her young comrade and to fight down the growing dismay in her own heart. It was only by constantly holding up before herself the picture of my lord and Lady Cecily in each other's arms in the arbor that she kept herself to the pitch of her adventure.

She found herself thinking wistfully of the happy days of the past; of the many pleasant cruises which they had made in these very waters. What a gallant, devoted, royal lover he had been! How she hated Cecily Carrington! She looked at herself and took a mental inventory of that she could not see and wondered how he could for a moment prefer that weak and vapid creature to his wife.

ling tepid water and trying to console the whimpering little maiden by her side.

And it is possible, too, that Lord Carrington never realized how much he was in imminent danger of losing and how much the loss meant to him as he plunged along through the darkness on the way to Portsmouth.

Ellen had advanced much farther on her journey when she ran into the calm which later overtook Seton.

All Ellen's ready money, except what she carried on her person, had been left to Carrington in the cheque on her desk, but she still retained control of several stout merchantmen which had come to her from her father and the New Eagle was the best of them. Once she set foot on the docks of that ship, she would be perfectly safe. Meanwhile, as she had been up practically all the night before, she felt that she must have some slumber.

She furled the sail of the little boat, turned the tiller over to Debbie with instructions for her to let the shallop drift and to waken Ellen in two hours by the watch.

It was very lonely and miserable for poor Debbie. She was flying like Ellen from that she loved best, but unlike Ellen there was no reason on earth for her to break away. It was only the constraint put upon her by the stronger will that had brought her to this wretched pass. She sat idly in the stern sheets, holding the tiller, while the tears trickled down her pretty red cheeks. She wished that she were anywhere else under heaven than in this boat. She looked at Ellen almost malevolently, surveying her slight and boyish figure with a venomous glance and the thought that since clothes of the other sex so well became her, Ellen should have been born a man.

Poor Debbie felt very wretched and very lonely tossing idly about in the quiet seas under the calm stars. She wondered if Sir Charles did really love her as she had more than once indicated, or whether he were like the faithless Carrington and the insidious Strathgate.

There was nothing to do except to look out for passing vessels and she had plenty of time for silent thought about her past, her present and her future.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mad Chase.

Lord Strathgate was early abroad, which proves the keenness of his interest in the chase. His agents reported to him at daybreak, but had no news of their quest. No one remotely resembling the fugitives had been seen during the night. Although he



"Am I Your Wife's Keeper?"

had breakfasted and day had scarcely dawned, Strathgate could not remain idle. Instinctively his footsteps turned toward the strand. If Ellen had arrived during the night, she would probably have sought the harbor at once. Although the New Eagle had sailed, as she would find to her dismay, there were other ships in the harbor and upon one of these she might have taken refuge. Even though it was yet early, there was plenty of stir along the sea wall, and Strathgate mingled with the fishermen, boatmen, sailors and pilots busy about their various tasks. By the judicious expenditure of shillings and sixpences, he opened the most stubborn mouths. But no one had seen the missing pair. After a half hour's investigation, he was about to give it up as a hopeless task and return to the inn, when as a last venture he put his question to a young fisherman, the latest comer to the wharf.

"Yes, yer honor," replied the man. "I think there was a man and a woman, or a young girl among the passengers which my brother, who owns a wherry, put aboard a ship like your Flying Star, late last night."

The woman happened to be the captain's wife, and the young man was the supercargo of the ship, and the ship happened to be another ship, and not the Flying Star at all; but of that of course neither Strathgate nor his informant had any knowledge. The earl's interest was at once awakened.

"What ship did you say that was?" he asked.

"The Flying Star, I think 'twas called, though I'm no ways certain, yer honor."

"Whose ship was she? Of what nationality, that is?"

"She's an American merchantman, sir," returned the sailor, whose name was Cooper.

"And where does she lie?"

"She doesn't lie nowhere," answered another sailor, surveying the harbor.

"leastways her berth was there near est the warships"—he pointed off toward Admiral Kephart's fleet of grim war monsters swinging easily at their anchors in the strong ebb—"but she's gone now."

"She got under way at daybreak this morning," said a bystander; "yonder she is." He pointed down the harbor at a ship under full sail rapidly working toward the channel.

"Who has the fastest boat in the harbor?" cried Strathgate with sudden resolution.

"I have, yer honor," answered Cooper.

And although his claim was vociferously disputed by a dozen men who crowded around Strathgate, who rather liked the appearance of the man, pitched upon him for his purpose.

"A hundred pounds to you," he cried loudly, "if you put me on board the Flying Star before she gets out of the harbor."

"I'd like to see the color of yer money, yer honor, beggin' yer pardon," said Cooper.

Strathgate pulled out a full purse and passed him a ten-pound note.

"This for earnest money," he said.

"Now hasten!"

"I'll want a hand to help me with the sails," said Cooper, full of excitement.

"Five pounds to the man that goes, if we win. I'm the earl of Strathgate."

"Yes, your lordship."

"Take me, Cooper!"

"I'll go!" cried one and another.

Cooper quickly selected his man, choosing one of the lightest and most agile of the applicants.

"Into the boat with you!" cried Strathgate as soon as the matter was settled.

Now that he had made up his mind, he was eager to be off. He did not know where Ellen was. He had no assurance that she was on that ship, but at any rate it was a possible clew, and anything was better than passing the day in idleness at Portsmouth. Perhaps Ellen had come in in some way during the night. Stop! It suddenly flashed into his mind that she might have come by sea. There would have been plenty of time, if she had gotten a boat, anywhere near the place where the carriage was wrecked. This made him the more impatient and anxious to get away.

Fired by the splendid reward for success, Cooper and his man worked double tides and soon had the sails hoisted and the boat ready for departure.

"Will yer honor come now?"

"Immediately," cried Strathgate.

"We haven't a moment to lose, your lordship," returned Cooper. "Those Yankees are swift footers and it'll be nip and tuck if we overhaul her."

Strathgate sprang into the boat and Cooper shoved off. The boom swung out to leeward and the sail of the cutter filled. She was in the lee of the wharf, however, and was moving very slowly when a horseman came galloping down to the strand at full speed. His sorry steed was completely blown. The rider dropped the reins on the horse's neck, sprang to the ground and ran out on the wharf, attracted thereto by the crowd of people watching the departure of Strathgate. As he ran, he shouted:

"Can any of you tell me anything about the New Eagle?"

"Ay, master," answered one of the boatmen, "she sailed yesterday morning for Philadelphia."

"Yesterday morning?"

"Ay, yer honor."

"What ship is that?" continued Carrington, peering straight down the harbor. "She looks like an American."

He was viewing her with the eye of a sailorly experience.

"'Tis an American," answered another, "that be the Yankee clipper, Flying Star."

"When did she sail?"

"This morning at daybreak."

"Where is—"

At that moment Carrington's eye comprehended the little cutter gliding along the wharf. He recognized Strathgate standing up in the stern sheets with his arms akimbo, an insulting smile upon his face. With a muttered oath Carrington in two bounds reached the side of the wharf. The boat was increasing its speed at every moment.

"Strathgate!" thundered Carrington, "where is my—?" He stopped. "Where are the fugitives?"

Strathgate laughed ironically, while Carrington with eager eyes searched the recesses of the little craft, thinking that Ellen and Deborah would be aboard of her. His relief was inexpressible when he found that Strathgate was alone. Yet that did not solve the question that rose in his mind.

"Where is she, I say?" he thundered.

Strathgate's answer was an ironical bow.

"Am I your wife's keeper?" he laughed, waving his hat in disdain. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art in Spanish Bank Notes.

To baffle the counterfeiters, who are both numerous and cunning in Madrid, the Bank of Spain has pursued the policy of changing its notes with great frequency and retiring each issue as fast as possible.

The bank has now determined on a new plan. It has placed an order for a series of notes with an English concern, and it will rely for safety upon a special color process. In addition the notes are to present pictures of well-known buildings in Spain, executed with a perfection that will defy counterfeiting.

The pictures are to be so beautiful that amateurs will be tempted to frame them," says one Spanish newspaper. "Hardly," rejoins another, "the cost of the set will be 1,675 pesetas, you see." To the Spanish mind \$338.50 is a great deal of money.

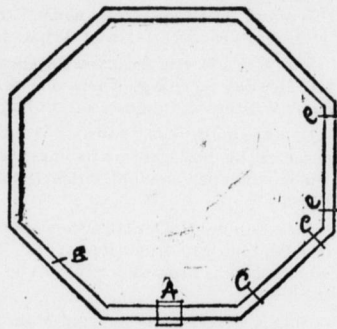


EIGHT-SIDED SILO.

Problem of One Farmer and Suggestions That May Help Others.

A farmer correspondent of the Rural New Yorker anxious to build a silo in part of his barn states the conditions as follows:

"I have a basement barn upon an eight-foot wall, which is 18 inches thick at the top and 20 inches at the bottom. The roof is arranged so that I can build about 26 feet above the present wall. In one corner is a space about 12x16 where I shall build. I would like to build an eight-sided silo in this space, making each corner side about three feet, building a wall upon five sides to height of the present wall, and using the present wall for two sides, and leaving one corner open for the door."



For Use in Construction.

The suggestions made by R. C. Angevine in effort to help this farmer will prove instructive and helpful to those who have similar problems to solve. He says:

"I would advise breaking into old wall a few inches at places where new wall joins, so as to get a little fresh hold to make a tighter job. One could go down a few feet if needed, provided that old wall also goes down the distance required. The silage will keep perfectly in the wall part provided the wall is smooth and not full of bumps and holes like all the stone wall I have ever seen in silos. They will spoil silage every time. My experience teaches me that there is generally a bad streak of spoiled silage where a wooden silo joins a wall, and while it need not be bad I do not like to see spoiled silage, and cannot recommend such a plan of construction. I would build silos for my own use of no other material than concrete, and below is what I really advise in this silo:

"Dig down required depth and also make trench extra wide at very bottom, say 24 to 30 inches. Carry up a good heavy foundation a couple of feet, keeping inside line of wall straight and even with desired size of silo. Join into old wall by breaking out some of old wall and also carry wall right on over old wall about four or five inches thick, until top of old wall is reached. New wall need be only six inches thick above the heavy foundation mentioned. When top of old wall is reached go on up all the way with six-inch concrete wall. In this wall I should put reinforcing iron as follows: A one-quarter-inch steel rod around silo in concrete about once each foot of height. This may be any other sort of reinforcing. It need not be welded together; just a little loop at each end of each piece, and ends lapped by one another. Across over doors and such places would put in more iron, enough so that I felt that it was strong. Forms could be made as shown in cut. Wire could be used in place of bolts to hold forms in place and cut off each time to loosen form. Forms to be of two-inch plank, any width handy. This figure can be drawn out on a barn floor and form plank cut to fit it and then numbered and set up on job. Bolts across wall through planks are used to hold them together at bottom and bolts can be also used at tops, but a piece of board could be also tacked across and removed each time it was desired to raise form, which could be done each day. Door opening 26x30 inches and door to fit into it set in notches in concrete. I would recommend about two feet of concrete between each two doors well reinforced. Concrete to be mixed one part sand to six parts good sharp gravel, and after all done finish by brushing over with cement white-wash."

Good Dairying.

Good dairying includes good cows, good pasture in summer and good feed in winter, good shade in summer and good shelter in winter, good water and good care all the year round, and good machinery to run the separator, the churn, etc. If the farmer has good eyesight he can easily see the good points of the above declaration.

Picking a Bull.

A majority of our farmers—even those who are in favor of the pronounced dairy type—choose a big, blocky sire. The bull should be of the same type as the cows whether one is in the beef business or the dairy business.

Examine the young stock out in the pasture and see whether there are any injuries that need attention. It's easy to neglect them when they don't come up for the night.

WHAT THE TRADE MARK MEANS TO THE BUYER

Few people realize the importance of the words "Trade Mark" stamped on the goods they buy. If they did it would save them many a dollar spent for worthless goods and put a lot of unscrupulous manufacturers out of the business.

When a manufacturer adopts a trade mark he assumes the entire responsibility for the merit of his product. He takes his business reputation in his hands—out in the limelight—"on the square" with the buyer of his goods, with the dealer, and with himself.

The other manufacturer—the one who holds out "inducements," offering to brand all goods purchased with each local dealer's brand—sidesteps responsibility, and when these inferior goods "come back" it's the local dealer that must pay the penalty.

A good example of the kind of protection afforded the public by a trade mark is that offered in connection with National Lead Company's advertising of pure White Lead as the best paint material.

That the Dutch Boy Painter trade mark is an absolute guaranty of purity in White Lead is proved to the most skeptical by the offer National Lead Company make to send free to any address a blow-pipe and instructions how to test the white lead for themselves. The testing outfit is being sent out from the New York office of the company, Woodbridge Building.

PICNIC FOR THE PUP.

His Devotion to Duty Rewarded by Strange Luxuries.

A Boston bulldog owned by George H. Clapp was so determined to capture a woodchuck which he had chased into its den that he followed after and staid in the hole all night.

When the dog had got his jaws about the enemy he found that he could not get out owing to the small size of the animal's hole.

Rather than lose his prey the dog retained his hold on the woodchuck over night, and was helped out by his master in the morning. The dog was nearly exhausted, and revived after feeding and drinking in a curious manner.

He consumed about two quarts of unguarded ice cream, which had been set aside for a party, and capped the climax by falling into a bucket of lemonade.—Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.

CURED HER CHILDREN.

Girls Suffered with Itching Eczema—Baby Had a Tender Skin, Too—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"Some years ago my three little girls had a very bad form of eczema. Itching eruptions formed on the backs of their heads which were simply covered. I tried almost everything, but failed. Then my mother recommended the Cuticura Remedies. I washed my children's heads with Cuticura Soap and then applied the wonderful ointment, Cuticura. I did this four or five times and I can say that they have been entirely cured. I have another baby who is so plump that the folds of skin on his neck were broken and even bled. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and the next morning the trouble had disappeared. Mme. Napoleon Duceppe, 41 Duluth St., Montreal, Que., May 21, 1907."

A Few Funny Facts.

The Georgia legislature has had under consideration a bill which would make null and void a matrimonial compact into which a woman has wheedled a man by means of paint, powder, perfume, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, corsets, hoops, high-heeled shoes, low-cut waists, lace or rainbow hosiery, or by any other artificial means or practices. Why not limit the woman's "wheedling" privileges to the method of absent treatment? It is plain the poor men need at least a ten-mile start.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Hard Blow.

"So Barnstormer's performance of Hamlet caused a great hit in the country circuit."

"Yes, a stunning hit."

"Between ourselves, what caused it?"

"I don't think Barnstormer ever knew himself what struck him."

Progress Reported.

"Did you have any luck fishing?"

"Yes."

"How many did you catch?"

"I didn't catch any. But I thought up some mighty good stories to tell the folks at home."

Instruments of Torture.

"You don't seem to be keeping up very well this summer," said Father's Cane to Mother's slipper."

"True," acknowledged the handy spanker, regretfully, "I've been falling astern lately."

The superior man, being virtuous, is free from anxieties; wise, he is free from perplexities; bold, he is free from fear.—Confucius.



This woman says that sick women should not fail to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2355 Lawrence St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six years, on account of female troubles. I underwent an operation by the doctor's advice, but in a few months I was worse than before. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it restored me to perfect health, such as I have not enjoyed in many years. Any woman suffering as I did with backache, bearing-down pains, and periodic pains, should not fail to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

On the Doctors.

Mrs. Mary G. Baker Eddy, who, of course, has no faith in medicine, told a Western Christian Scientist, at one of her latest audiences, an anecdote about a friend of hers.

This friend, a thin and nervous woman, could not sleep. She visited her physician and the man said:

"Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

HER GOOD FORTUNE

After Years Spent in Vain Effort.

Mrs. Mary E. H. Rouse, of Cambridge, N. Y., says: "Five years ago I had a bad fall and it affected my kidneys.

Severe pains in my back and hips became constant, and sharp twinges followed any exertion. The kidney secretions were badly disordered. I lost flesh and grew too

weak to work. Though constantly using medicine I despaired of being cured until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then relief came quickly, and in a short time I was completely cured. I am now in excellent health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Unanimous Vote.

A German-American who had recently arrived at the estate of riches attended his first banquet. The wine was particularly vile, and so several gentlemen who were seated near the German were quite satisfied to have him empty the bottles that had been set apart for their common use.

Neither the quality nor the quantity of the wine in the least disturbed the Teuton, and, after draining the last glass, he looked around jovially and said: "Shentlemen, I haf now drunk all your wine and safed you the trouble of trinking vat you did not like. I tink you ought to vote me a public tank." They did.—Lippincott's.

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 *Wm. A. Ritchie*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

The young man who presents a girl with a pound box of bonbons is her ideal—until another young man comes along with a two-pound box.

