

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

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.) 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 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 fell to her, 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, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton, leaving a fishing village, hit the trail of Ellen and Debbie. He then started a fast vessel and started in pursuit, Carrington pursuing Strathgate. Strathgate, bleeding from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate arrived in Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had sailed before her.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Carrington was armed. He hauled a pistol from his belt, cocked it and leveled it fair at Strathgate. "Bring that boat into the wharf," he cried, "or I'll shoot you like the dog you are!" Strathgate did not blanch. He balanced himself easily to the roll of the boat and looked square at Carrington.

"Would you add murder to your other follies?" he answered.

He was an easy mark, the distance was short, Carrington was a sure shot, and if ever a man had murder in his heart it was in that of Ellen's husband. Yet there was something in the dauntless way in which Strathgate faced him and in the fact that the latter appeared unarmed, that caused Carrington, with finger upon the trigger, to stay the pressure.

"Why don't you fire, my lord?" cried Strathgate.

"Draw your weapon, Strathgate," said Carrington, dropping the point of his own pistol.

"I'm sorry to say that I'm unarmed." There was no use. Carrington could not kill him under the circumstances. He stood staring after him for a moment, and then raised his hand and shook it in the air.

"God have mercy on you if I meet you again!" he cried.

"Take the peril to yourself, Lord Carrington," Strathgate called out, and with a farewell wave of his hand the cutter shot out beyond the extremity of the pier, and, catching the full force of the breeze, which happened to be blowing straight up the harbor, necessitating a hard beat out against it, bore away toward the opposite shore. Pistol in hand, Carrington turned and confronted the astonished crowd which had gathered in his rear.

"What went he after?" he asked.

The men facing him looked from one to another.

Carrington thrust the pistol back into his belt, tore out his pocketbook, opened it, and took out a ten-pound note.

"That for information." One of the men whose boats Strathgate had disdained to employ forced his way through the crowd.

"I'll tell you for the money." "Speak out, 'Tis yours." "He come down here lookin' for a man and a woman, and Cooper, he owns the boat yonder, said his brother put a party containin' a man and a woman aboard the Flying Star or a ship like her last night."

"What then?" asked Carrington.

"Then he offered a hundred pounds for the fastest boat to put him aboard the Flying Star afore she got clear into the channel."

"And he took Cooper's boat," said another boatman.

"Is she the fastest in the harbor?" "Well, there's some as do say that Jim Haight's boat's got the heels of her."

"Here's your ten pounds," said Carrington. "Where's Haight?" "Here I be, master."

"A hundred pounds to you," said Carrington, "if you put me aboard that ship, and another hundred if you put me there before Strathgate."

"And if I don't do neither?" returned Haight, quickly. "Nothing," said Carrington. "It's win or lose."

"I take you, yer honor," cried Haight, whose sporting blood was aroused, and the remark was greeted by three cheers from the wharf. "If it's in the power of a Portsmouth boat to do it, Haight's the man for you, master," said one old veteran.

"Stay," continued Haight. "I'd like to know who I'm dealin' with."

"I'm Lord Carrington, first lieutenant of the Niobe yonder."

He pointed to one of the frigates swinging ahead in the line of battleships of Kephard's fleet.

"Right-o, your lordship," said Haight, making a sea scrape at the mention of rank, social, political and naval, of his speaker. "Lads, who goes with us?"

He picked up three or four volunteers, to whom Carrington promised a suitable reward.

"My boat's twice as big as Cooper's cutter, and I need the hands, your lordship."

"Take anybody, anything you please," said Carrington. "Where's the boat?"

"She be lyin' beyond the other pier. Shall I bring her here, or—?"

"We'll go there," returned my lord. "'Tis quicker."

Committing his horse to one of the bystanders, with instructions to take him to the inn, Carrington, followed by Haight and three seamen, ran back to the shore, made their way along the strand to the other pier, leaped into the boat, which was a large, swift cutter, as Haight had said, at least half again as big as Cooper's, which was now well down the harbor and going tremendously under every freshening breeze.

To cast off the lines, hoist the sails, warp the boat along the pier until she gained the open roads, was the work of a few moments. Carrington stood quietly while the skillful men worked busily around him, but so soon as the wind filled the sail and the boat gathered way he came aft, calmly displaced Haight at the helm and sailed the boat himself. And no one in that harbor knew how to do it better than he.

CHAPTER XII. Lady Carrington's Luck.

About two o'clock in the morning, as Ellen had expected, the breeze sprang up. It blew fitfully in cat's paws and light baffling airs at first. Ellen made the most of every possibility presented, however. She was desperately anxious to get to Portsmouth and she handled her boat with all her accustomed skill, rejoicing in her possession of it.

She did not awaken Debbie. She let the boat drift while she herself hoisted the single sail it bore. After an hour of vexatious backing and filling, she thought the breeze was growing stronger and by four o'clock to her great joy the wind had settled and was blowing steady from the southeast, straight up the channel, that is.

There are two entrances to Portsmouth harbor; one between the Isle of Wight and the mainland, the Solent, and the other around the southern extremity of the same island. Ellen had drifted seaward during the night and she decided that her best course was to round the island and run up to the harbor with a beam wind. The breeze was growing stronger every moment. Indeed, the little boat keeled over so far that sometimes the lee gunwales were perilously near the water line.

Presently, Ellen woke up Debbie in order to trim the ship, bidding her crawl up to windward. Before Debbie took her position, they made such morning meal as they could on tepid water and the remains of the hard bread, and then settled down for their run into the harbor. The little boat was jumping and pitching fearfully, but Debbie was almost as good a sailor as Ellen, and she suffered no inconvenience from the wild motion.

As for Ellen, her heart exulted. She had something to do besides think. The sailing of the boat required all her skill and ability. It was no light task to hold the helm in one hand and the sheet in the other and fight her way through the rising seas. The boat rode the water like a duck, however, and did not ship a drop of spray.

They were well past Banbridge when the day broke fair and clear. Ellen had been so occupied with the business of sailing the boat that she had not paid any attention to what was astern of her. It was Debbie who about a half hour after sunrise pointed out another and a larger boat following in their wake. In the presence of such a boat at such a time, there was nothing suspicious, yet

some premonition of danger caused Ellen to survey the other vessel, a small lugger, perhaps a mile astern, with deep and intense interest. Something seemed to whisper to her heart that its presence boded no good for the fugitives.

In order to settle the matter, Ellen suddenly put up the helm and ran broad off toward the channel. The other boat followed her motions at once. At this confirmation of her suspicions, Ellen once more brought her own cutter on her previous course, and again the other boat followed the movements of the first.

"They're pursuing us," said Ellen. "I thought so," returned Debbie. "Who can they be?" queried Ellen, tightening her grip upon the tiller.

"It might be your husband," answered Debbie.

And if that were so, it flashed into Ellen's mind that perhaps the best thing would be to throw her own boat up into the wind, doff sail, or at least just give her steering way and wait to be taken back. But Debbie's voice dispelled that dream.

"It's more likely to be Lord Strathgate," continued the American girl, "than anyone else. He would naturally follow us to that little village, if he were not so seriously wounded as to be utterly helpless and of course he would pursue us. They would find the money you put on the wharf and anybody could guess the rest."

The thought smote Ellen's heart. There was so much probability of it. "Ay," she said, "tis probably Strathgate as you say."

"He's undoubtedly intensely angry with us both, or with you at least, Ellen," continued Deborah. "You know you tried to kill him last night."

"I wish to heaven I had succeeded!" returned Lady Carrington.

"And we both left him helpless in the road and he can't be feeling very kindly toward us," went on Deborah with innocent simplicity.

"He pretended to love me," said Ellen, scornfully. "Well, he shall never take me into that boat. I'll sink this one rather than—"

"Oh, please don't do anything so rash," cried Deborah, alarmed at that threat. "I'm sure I don't want to be sunk and drowned because Lord Strathgate loves you and Lord Carrington doesn't."

"How do you know he doesn't?" cried Ellen.

"Why, you said that he and Lady Cecily—"

"Don't you ever dare mention that woman's name to me," returned the other, fiercely. "She beguiled him and enticed him—I hate them both!"

She was on the verge of another breakdown. Deborah was appalled by the vehemence of her companion and tactfully interposed a remark to change the trend of her thoughts.

"I think they're nearer to us now." "They are," cried Ellen as she surveyed them with her practiced eye. "Their boat is larger, she spreads more sail. She goes three fathoms to our two. What shall we do? Here take the tiller a moment. Hold it just as it is and the sheet in the other hand."

"What are you going to do?" asked Deborah as she obeyed her captain's commands.

"I'm going to see if there are any powder and shot in the lockers forward. I was a fool to come away with only the charges in my pistols."

"Would you shoot him?" "Ay, that I would," returned Ellen, "rather than fall into his hands."

She stepped forward and rummaged in the locker under the bows but found nothing. She made her way aft again and disturbing Deborah opened another locker in the stern sheets. There to her good fortune she found a flask of powder but no bullets. She was bitterly disappointed at this lack, but at least something was gained. She knelt down on the thwarts and with skill bred of ancient practice rapidly charged both her pistols.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE AUBURN LOCKS ABOUND.

Found in Great Numbers in Northwestern Part of Scotland.

Red hair is found in distinct excess north of the Grampians, and especially in the northeast of Scotland. A scientist who has made the question of pigmentation a special study, and has just been helped to conclude a color survey of the school children—over 50,000—of Scotland, announced this as one of his results.

In most European countries, he said, there is a distinct predominance of one type over the others. In north Germany and Sweden it is the blonde type; in Italy the brunette. No such predominance is found in Scotland. Dark hair and fair are present in equal proportions. The dominant color, or among Scottish children is brown, and it has to be shown how far brown is really a blend of fair and dark.

The proportion of red hair throughout the country is a little over 5 per cent.—high compared with the continent. One cannot overlook the reference of Tacitus to the red haired Caledonians. Some curious facts brought to light suggest that red hair is not entirely or strictly a racial trait. It may have some peculiar physiological if not pathological connection.

Teach Poor Women to Cook.

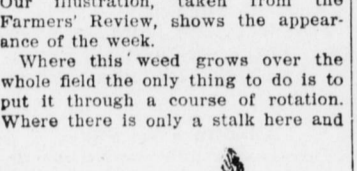
Some of the home economics clubs of the east have established "centers" with all cooking school conveniences, where poor women may be taught how to keep house and cook economically. There is no fancy cooking taught, but simply the things that are served by the poor people themselves each day, only they are taught to keep account of the expense and cook economically.

FARM GARDEN BRACKETED PLANTAIN.

A Troublesome Weed That Is Very Hard to Get Rid Of.

An Illinois farmer is troubled with a weed the head of which somewhat resembles a small timothy head, and which has an abundance of lace-like leaves at the surface of the ground. Our illustration, taken from the Farmers' Review, shows the appearance of the weed.

Where this weed grows over the whole field the only thing to do is to put it through a course of rotation. Where there is only a stalk here and



Bracted Plantain.

there it may be taken out with a "spud," which is simply a two-inch chisel with a handle, by means of which the farmer can cut out rapidly many of these weeds, but where it is scattered over the field the only way is to put it through a course of rotation.

This is one of the worst weeds, and is very prevalent in Europe, some of the eastern states, southern Illinois, and similar latitudes. In buying seed examine it with a microscope. If you do not have one, buy one or send a sample of your seed to your expert station for examination. The seed is about the same size as a clover and can only be distinguished from it by the fact that it is concave on one side instead of round. Don't sow clover containing this seed under any circumstances.

CARE OF SEPARATOR CREAM.

It Should Be Cooled as Fast as It Comes from the Machine.

The ideal way of cooling separator cream is to have it run from the cream spout of the separator directly over a water cooler. This should reduce the temperature to as near 50 degrees Fahrenheit as possible. The cream must then be kept at a temperature below 60 degrees Fahrenheit by setting the clean cans in cold water. It should be gathered for delivery to the factory as often as every other day in the hot summer weather. When a cream cooler is not used the cream cans should not be over six inches in diameter and by setting these cans in cold water the temperature should be reduced to 60 degrees Fahrenheit or below. This must be done at once and in order to hasten the cooling, the cream should be frequently stirred. A tin disc to which is attached a strong wire handle two feet long makes an efficient agitator for this purpose.—E. H. Farrington, at Institute.

CHANGING WORK.

Farmers Would Find It to Their Interests to Help Each Other Out.

The silo filling season is here. Now is the time when every neighborhood should thoroughly appreciate the spirit of co-operation. The time was when we used to change work plowing, planting, haying, harvesting and threshing. With the advent of improved machinery farmers have become more independent of each other and have not looked to their neighbors for help. There is no time when the spirit of friendly co-operation is more to be desired than during the silo filling season. It does not take a large force of men, but it is much better if those in the immediate neighborhood should work together. It frequently happens that more teams are needed than one farm affords and it is cheaper at this season of the year to change work than to hire.

I sometimes think, writes a farmer correspondent, that we are becoming too independent. It would be better if we would look to our friends and neighbors for more help. I feel sure that the social life of the community would be improved by such a practice.

Cover the Bare Places.

If there are any vacancies in the corn field, plant beans there or something that can be turned to account. Keep every foot of your farm growing with something that will help.

By dressing your land every year after haying you can double and often triple the amount of hay produced.

GRASSVILLE SUMMER TOURISTS.



First Mountain Climber—Come on, fellows; we're above the timber line and will soon be on the summit.

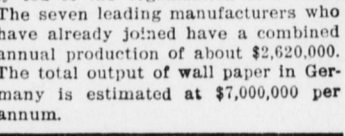
Ethergram.

Language grows apace with the victories of applied science. Consider for a moment how many words in the ordinary work-a-day vocabulary were unknown a quarter of a century ago and are the natural product of discovery and invention. With the perfection of wireless transmission of intelligence there obviously came need of a word designating a message conveyed by the new method. "Ethergram" has been suggested and, in fact, is being used in Great Britain. If not, why not?

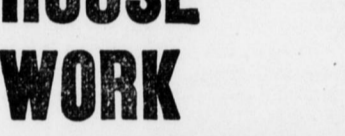
German Wall Paper Trust.

Negotiations among the German manufacturers of wall paper have finally led to the organization of a trust. The seven leading manufacturers who have already joined have a combined annual production of about \$2,620,000. The total output of wall paper in Germany is estimated at \$7,000,000 per annum.

HOUSE WORK



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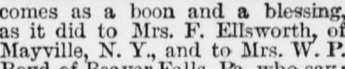
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