

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

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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 Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. 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 L. O. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. 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 p. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. 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, Lord Carrington, Ellen and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started in pursuit. 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. Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"What are you going to do?" asked Deborah again.
"Use these on them," answered Ellen.
"You would not murder?"
"Peace, child. I have no bullets. These are but blank cartridges. Perhaps I can frighten them."
"Frighten Lord Strathgate!" laughed Deborah. "Don't try. It will only make him more angry, and—"
But Ellen stood up in the boat, balancing herself lightly in spite of the pitching, pointed her pistol at the other boat now not more than half a mile away, and pulled the trigger. There was a tremendous report, for Ellen had put in an extra large charge in default of a bullet.

Someone in the boat astern stood up and waved his hat.
Ellen let him have the other pistol. Of course, there was sound and nothing more. But the concussion, the noise and the smoke relieved her feelings. Deborah covered down in the boat, released the tiller, let go the sheet and stopped her ears with her fingers. Ellen dropped her pistols and by the quickest kind of work, seized the tiller and sheet and got the boat under control before she broached to. It was a narrow escape, however, and convinced Lady Carrington that she could not indulge in any more sham battling. She watched the other boat carefully as her own gathered way once more but could detect no evidence that her firing had in the least intimidated those who were coming so recklessly after her.

Promising Deborah that she would not fire them again, she got the young woman to take the helm once more while she reloaded her pistols. She would have given anything for a couple of good honest leaden bullets. If she had even had a jeweled ring, she would have pounded it into shape and rammed it down the barrel, but she had divested herself of all her jewels except her wedding ring and she could not make up her mind to blow that away in the present emergency. Still the pistols were heavily charged and at close quarters there would be an unpleasant dose of powder for anyone who tried to molest her.

The other boat was coming up hand over hand now. In half an hour she would be alongside. Ellen swept the harbor ahead of her and was surprised to see she had not noticed it in the interest excited by the chase—coming down under full sail a large ship, an American merchantman evidently. She jumped to the conclusion that it must be the New Eagle. If she could intercept that ship and get aboard of her, her troubles would be over. Provided the ship were willing to heave to or to check her way, the boarding of her would be an easy matter, and Ellen was sailing on such a course that the interception of her would not be difficult, if it were not for this boat close astern of her. Farther ahead Ellen also marked following hard on the great ship two boats like her own and the one pursuing. They were, like the merchantman, beating down the harbor and it seemed to Ellen's eyes that they were also chasing after the merchant ship.

She was more and more convinced as she studied it, that it could be none other than the New Eagle. With salvation staring her in the face, Ellen feared that she would be unable to escape her nearest pursuer. She looked

back and could have screamed aloud. "Ellen," said Deborah, who had given no thought to what was before her but who had been staring at the other boat, "I don't believe that's the earl of Strathgate."
"Who is it then?" asked Ellen who was thinking hard and desperately as to what were best to be done.
"It's—I'm sure it's—"
"Who, Lord Carrington?"
"Nay," answered Deborah with a little simper. "Sir Charles Seton."
"Impossible," cried Ellen brusquely. "How would he be there?"
"Tis he, I'm sure. I recognize him."
"You have keen eyes," said Ellen looking back. "I always supposed that mine were good."
"You might recognize him if it were Lord Carrington," said Deborah patly.
"Do you mean to imply that I—that you—" Ellen gave it up as hopeless. "I don't care who it is. Look ahead. Turn your eyes from that young red coat. See yon ship! That will be the New Eagle. See how white her canvas! And, yes—as the ship swung around on another tack and gave them a view of her broadside—there's the American flag. That means safety for us—freedom, if we can shake off this pestilent pursuer in our wake."
"But I don't want to shake him off!" cried Debbie.
"You must. Would you fall into his arms? 'Tis most unmaidenly," answered Ellen.
"I don't care," cried Debbie, beginning to whimper.
"I guess you can stop crying," answered Ellen, contemptuously, "for we have no more chance of escaping from that boat than we have of getting aboard yonder ship."
Ellen's face gloomed as she spoke. To be foiled after all she had gone through by Sir Charles Seton, whose pursuit of her, after all, was simply for this mawkish, whimpering Deborah, whom for the first time in her life she hated, was more than she could bear. She came to a sudden resolution.

"I'll run the boat ashore and escape through the woods rather than be caught by them."
She swung the tiller over, hauled aft the sheet and in a moment the boat was running toward the island.

In those days a long shoal, of which Ellen knew nothing, jutted out into the roads. She did not throw her boat deliberately on the shore, but ran along it looking for some suitable place to land. Seton's lugger, of course, followed her motions. They were both under the lee of the island, which broke the force of the breeze somewhat, but Ellen's vessel, being the smaller, got the worst of it and felt the wind less. Seton's boat was rapidly overhauling the other. In five minutes it would be alongside. Ellen swung the helm over and desperately headed straight for the shore.

"Stop! stop, Lady Carrington!" cried Seton, who was now in plain view. "I mean you no harm. Mistress Deborah, can't you—?"
"I can't do anything," cried Deborah, traitorously. "She won't let me."
"If you run down my boat," answered Ellen, handling her pistols, "I swear I'll use these weapons."
"There are no bullets in them," cried Deborah. "Don't be afraid."
Ellen turned on her like a young tigress. She could have struck her with her pistol. Sir Charles only laughed. He was in high glee.
"I wouldn't care if there were a thousand bullets in them. I intend to have you out of that boat, Mistress Debbie, and—"
There was a sudden scream from Mistress Debbie. The boat in which she sailed met with a sudden check. The little cutter grated upon the edge of the shoal. Ellen sprang to the helm, forgetful of everything else but the present peril. Her boat going at a rapid rate had taken ground. She hoped that the touch had been so light that the boat would not be stopped and wrecked. Indeed, she flung herself violently to starboard and the sudden shock swung the boat off the shoal. There was a scraping of sand beneath the keel and the little shallop slid on.



"What are you going to do?" asked Deborah again?

MAN WAS TAKING NO CHANCES.
Elaborate Precautions to Forestall the Festive Germ.
A man whose poor hearing obliges him to use a speaking tube met another man who certainly deserves to be set down as the champion foe to germs. The meeting took place in the street. The deaf man signified his desire for conversation on a certain subject. The enemy to germs listened to the question put to him, then surveyed his end of the speaking tube dubiously. Before attempting to answer he took the deaf man by the arm and piloted him into a drug store, where he called for a liquid disinfectant in which he proceeded to immerse a portion of the tube.
"These things are worse than telephones to spread disease," he complained. "I don't know who talked into this last. I'm not going to take any chances."
The owner of the first aid to hearing looked on in consternation that was half anger, but as he was very anxious to secure an answer to his question he did not protest against the sterilization of the tube.
A Golden Rule.
In reflections on the absent, go no farther than you would go if they were present. "I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule, the observation of which would at one stroke banish from the earth flattery and defamation.
Cold.
It's a mighty cold day when a woman can't make it hot for a man.—Detroit Free Press.

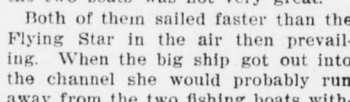
TO THE BELLE OF MONDAY.
Wring out, wild Belle, with swish and swash,
With cloud of steam and rub-a-dubs,
With squeak of wringer, creak of tubs—
Wring out, wild Belle, the weekly wash.
Wring out the old, wring out the new;
Wring lightly, Belle, and have a care—
That sheet is tearing. Let it tear;
'Tis thus we tell the false from true.
Wring out that shirt-waist home-designed;
It ne'er shall vex my spirit more.
I'll send it to the heathen poor
To help re-dress some womankind.
Wring out that slowly fading frock
Of ancient form and last year's sleeves;
That shirt quite a la mode of Steve's,
And Maud's newfangled fancy stock.
Wring out odd shapes of every size—
The ever-narrowing under vest,
The worn-out socks, and all the rest—
Wring out, wild Belle, to the wild skirts!
—Alice E. Allen, in Judge.

WHY, CERTAINLY.
Harold—Who was that homely looking chap I saw you with yesterday, Percy?
Percy—Look out, now Harold; that was my twin brother.
Harold—Pardon me, old chap; I ought to have known.—Chicago Journal.
Served Him Right.
There was a man in our town
Who took passage in a boat
With half a dozen other folks
For a summer evening's float.
For a summer evening's float.
Now, this man above mentioned
Was drowned that very night;
He was the chap who rocked the boat—
So it served him mighty right.
—Chicago Daily News.
The Tramp's Excuse.
"You say you are looking for work?" said the man at his gate.
"Yes, sir," replied the seedy-looking traveler.
"Well, didn't you see that sign down the road, 'Fifty Men Wanted?'"
"Yes, I saw it."
"Well, where are you going then?"
"Oh, I'm going to see if I can get the other 49!"—Yonkers Statesman.
The Simple Truth.
"That advertisement of yours was a fake," protested the disgusted guest.
"How so?" demanded the proprietor of the mountain hotel.
"Well, it said 'trout are always to be caught here,' and I haven't seen a man who has caught a single one."
"Well, then, they're still 'to be caught,' aren't they?"—Half-Holiday.
A Promise.
"I hope you are not going to sulk in your tent?"
"No, sir," answered Senator Sorghum. "No sulking in a tent for me. I shall take care to provide myself with a four-story house and an income to run it before I undertake to do any sulking."—Washington Star.
The Start.
"My daughter is going to be an actress. She's beginning at the bottom of the ladder and is going to work up."
"Did she join a chorus?"
"No, she hasn't got that far yet. She's just got her job as a hotel waitress."—Detroit Free Press.
Johnnie Knew.
"Don't cry, Johnnie," said the mother; "you know it hurts your father more than it does you to have to whip you."
"Yes, ma'am," sobbed Johnnie; "that's what I'm cryin' for. I hate to see pop hurt!"—Yonkers Statesman.
Complicated.
He—They say Mrs. Richbody is a pretty complex individual. Have you found her so?
She—Well, both she and her money talk at the same time and so it's pretty hard to understand her!—Half-Holiday.
A Hard Job.
"What makes Mrs. Brown look so terribly haggard?" She seems all worn out."
"She is, poor thing. Her husband's been at home sick for two days."—Detroit Free Press.
Possibilities of the Game.
"Does it require much physical courage to play baseball?" asked the English visitor.
"That depends," answered Miss Cayenne, "on how big a man the umpire happens to be."—Washington Star.
In Need of Cutting.
Jack Oldboy—It's cruel of you to snub me. I'm a good sort, if I'm a rough diamond.
Miss Stoneleigh—That's the reason you need cutting.—Half-Holiday.

HORTICULTURE
PRUNING OF CANE FRUITS.
Break Off the Tips of the New Growths.
Each year blackberries and raspberries produce new canes. When the new growth has attained a height of 18 to 20 inches for black and red raspberries and two feet for blackberries, I break off the top of each cane. No shears or other pruning device is required. The work can be done with the thumb and finger, as the new growth snaps off easily.
It is especially important that the shoots be nipped when they reach the height mentioned, instead of being cut back to that height after growing beyond it.
A long cane with all the laterals near the top is likely to lop over nearly, or quite, to the ground when laden with fruit unless it is given some artificial support. If the shoots are nipped at the proper time they will develop into strong, stocky canes, well supplied with strong laterals, and holding up the fruit without support.
I stop the young growths of gooseberries and currants at a height of 15 to 18 inches. The new canes are not all produced at the same time, and some do not develop as rapidly as others, thus making several trips necessary before all of the new wood is pinched.
After harvesting the fruit I cut and burn old blackberry, raspberry, currant and gooseberry canes, and from raspberry and blackberry plants I remove all wood older than the present season's growth, and also new canes that are weak and crowding. Leave six or eight canes per plant of red raspberries and blackberries, but fewer canes (about four) of black raspberries, since these naturally make more branches.
From gooseberries and currants I remove all canes over three years old and allow a new shoot to take the place of each old cane removed. After pruning a bush consists of six to ten canes of all ages, from one to four years, and there is approximately an equal number of canes of each age.
In addition, continues the writer in Farm and Home, to cutting out old canes and superfluous young shoots, the young wood on the old canes that are left is thinned out and shortened to eight to twelve inches. For cutting out of canes I use a pair of two-hand pruning shears, which are shown in the sketch. The handles of the shears are about 3½ feet long, and the hook is used for pulling old canes out of the row.
BUD DEVELOPMENT.
Results of Observations of Various Varieties of Fruit Trees.
The age at which a bud begins to develop its floral organs is governed somewhat by the variety, species and condition of the tree. Tabulations have been made upon several sorts by which it is found that the peach, plum and cherry usually require from three to four months, while in the case of the apple and pear great variations in age occur. Some buds form floral organs the first year, while many wait until the second and even third seasons after formation before they blossom. When the spurs are densely shaded they sometimes never develop. This semi-dormant condition of the buds, awaiting until a favorable season comes before developing is very interesting to us, since it gives a plausible explanation for certain trees producing alternating crops of fruit, first a large one and then a small one. A large number of fruit buds are formed and developed during the season the tree bears a light crop of fruit or when it can supply plenty of plant food, while during the season of heavy crop it is impossible for the tree to properly feed the fruit buds and hence a light crop is sure to follow. On this basis apple trees may be readily grouped into two classes—those that possess the characteristics of forming annual flower buds and those that require more than one year to develop.
FRUIT FACTS.
It pays to raise good fruit. Cultivation among bush fruits should not be continued later than about the middle of this month.
The longest keeping fruits are the most profitable, except in locations where all marketing facilities are of the best.
Continue to cultivate the strawberry bed. Keep out all weeds and cut off all surplus runners. The care given the patch now determines next season's crop.
It may be wise to carry over three-year-old strawberry plants under some conditions—but the rule does not follow with hens. Better make pie of the old birds when they fail.
The development of the fruit-growing interests must continue, for the demand is ever on the increase, and much land still remains that will produce fruit better than anything else

IMPORTANCE OF POTATO.
Not Only Valuable as Food But Has Manufacturing Value as Well.
The potato is one of the most important food products of the civilized world. With a history dating back but little more than 300 years, it shows in that brief time a record of development unequalled by any other agricultural plant. Originally a native of the mountainous tropic and sub-tropic regions of America, it was taken to Europe by the Spaniards early in the sixteenth century, and while it did not become popularized there so rapidly as here, it has during the last century become a staple and almost indispensable food with most European peoples.
Nor is it important alone as a food necessity for during the past 50 years vast developments have been made, especially in France and Germany, in the manufacture from the potato of starch for technical and commercial purposes and in the production of alcohol for light, power and fuel. Indeed in some European states the national policy is to encourage the manufacture of commercial alcohol from such sources as these in order that these countries may escape to some extent the importation of petroleum upon which a good many of them now depend for light and power purposes. It might be interesting in this connection to note that in 1905 Germany devoted 50 per cent. of her potato crop to this purpose. That is to say, 700,000,000 bushels of potatoes, more than twice as many as were produced on the whole continent of North America, were used by these people in 1905 for the production of commercial starch and alcohol.
Potato growing takes rank right among the big agricultural industries of the present day. Pounded for the civilized races, consume more potatoes each year than they consume of any other agricultural product whatsoever.—H. B. Smith, at Ontario Institute.

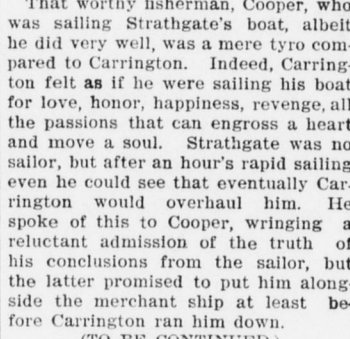
GENERAL UTILITY FARM CRANE.
Will Prove Especially Useful During Butchering Time.
A convenient crane for butchering hogs or heaves or loading or unloading heavy articles on or from a wagon, may be made in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration. A is a sill 4x6, 4½ feet long. B and C are two pieces of 3x4, 10 feet long which are mortised into A to form a triangle. C is another piece of 3x4, 10 feet long which is placed at a right angle from BB and bolted between them at the acute angle. D and D are two pieces of 2x4, 10 feet long running from A at the base of B B to C to form braces. A windlass, E, is attached to BB by means of iron or steel stirrups at the desired height, on which to wind the rope F, which is attached to the outer



A Home-Made Lifting Crane.

and of C, then passes through a movable pulley G and stationary pulley H, and thence to the windlass E.
I, may be an old cultivator wheel or stock to fit over a rod secured at the junction of C and B B to form a pivot, and to which guy ropes are attached. J is a block sunk in the ground to which the frame is bolted forming a pivot at the base so that the crane can make a circle.
Posts may be set, says Prairie Farmer, or trees used to fasten guy wires in three directions from the support I, to hold the crane perpendicular.
By placing a 3x4 with pins for hanging hogs at the proper distance from the crane support, hogs may be swung with ease, however large.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.
Don't be afraid of overdoing cultivation with the corn crop.
It is best to have the hay baled as soon as the stacks are out of the sweat.
The best of soil will fail to give good results if it is not intelligently handled.
Turn a thrifty bunch of shoats into a field full of Canada thistles, and if the fence is pig-tight they will soon clean them out.
To get rid of weeds, plow early enough in the fall to give the weed seed a chance to sprout. After they have well started cultivate them out of existence.
A plowed sod rots quickly in wet weather but slowly in dry weather. If plowed when the land is very dry it will be a long time before cross plowing can be done.



Pruning Shears for Berry Bush.

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