

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

(Copyright, 1908, by W. O. Chapman.) SYNOPSIS.

The Escapede 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. 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 a. 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 Deborah 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 rented a fast vessel and 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. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

For perhaps an hour the three vessels—the ship and the two small boats—held on, every moment bringing the little chasers nearer their great quarry. The Flying Star was making no especial effort at speed. Her royals were not yet set. She was proceeding on her voyage rather leisurely, in fact, and the others were in high hope, Carrington, especially. He thought that he at last had Strathgate where he could not escape, and if Ellen and Deborah were on that ship, they could not get away, either.

Into this peaceful nautical passage at arms, suddenly a new factor was introduced. That, of course, was Ellen's boat. Sheltered by the island neither Strathgate nor Carrington had noticed it until it suddenly shot into view. Now Ellen had a better wind than any of the other three. On a broad reach she came down on the big ship, as a sailor would phrase it, hand over fist. Her little boat was heeled over until the lee gunwale was awash and danced over the waves at a terrific pace.

Carrington saw the boat first. The reckless way in which she was being sailed caught his eye. It was too far for him to distinguish who sailed it, but he could tell that one of them was a woman. Something made him believe that it might be his wife. He gave the tiller to Haight, went up forward and stared hard. He would have given anything for a glass but there was nothing of that kind in the fisherman's boat and he had to trust to his unaided eyesight. The longer he looked the more sure he became that it was Ellen. His first impulse was to alter his course and head directly for her cutter, but he realized the moment he conceived the design that he could never intercept her, that his only chance was to overhaul the ship for which she was evidently making.

If she did not intend to try to board the ship he could chase her afterward. The sailors on Strathgate's boat evidently pointed out the situation to him just as it had presented itself to Carrington, so all three held on.

Ellen had the shortest distance to sail, and a free wind, while the ship and the other two boats had a hard beat before them. There was nothing Carrington could do in fact but hold his course, yet with what a fever of impatience he continued his steady beat to and fro across the harbor. The only satisfaction he got was that with every tack he gained perceptibly on Strathgate. Indeed the boats passed each other close enough for conversation, but Strathgate had nothing to say to Carrington and Carrington controlled himself waiting for a convenient opportunity to express himself fully and unequivocally.

Both of them, moreover, were engrossed in the other boat. As the boats converged upon the ship, there was no doubt in Carrington's mind, or in Strathgate's, as to the identity of its passengers. The wind was getting stronger as they drew farther out into the open channel and the rate at which they were drawing nearer to the ship grew correspondingly slower. Carrington gritted his teeth in his vexation.

Still he held on. It was such a race as he had never sailed before. He held on although he knew that if the wind increased, his case was a hope-

less one; held on, although he saw Ellen's boat in a few moments would intercept the ship; held on, when he saw that boat disappear on the lee side of the ship; held on when he saw the ship thrown into the wind to make a half board so that her way was practically checked; held on when two figures appeared upon the deck of the ship, and one, a boyish looking youth, walked over to the weather gangway and stood in full view of the approaching cutters, waved a hand, lifted a cap disdainfully and then disappeared; held on when he saw the boat which the two had abandoned, trailing astern at the end of a long line.

It was my lord's nature to hold on doggedly so long as there was the faintest possibility of success and beyond. And he kept up the chase of the big ship even though she suddenly covered with light canvas and, catching the full force of the breeze, greatly accelerated her motion. He held on even though a slant of the wind brought the breeze over the quarter of the big ship as she bore away on her course to the eastward. Carrington marked that with sudden surprise. The ship was not going to America apparently.

But it was evident, even to the most sanguine mind, that the game was up. Strathgate's boat was suddenly put about. The earl had abandoned the chase and was going back to harbor. Carrington was not so easily daunted, or perhaps he was more blind to the possibilities, for he strove to persuade the boatmen to continue the chase. He would have sailed to France, or to America, or to the end of the world, in whatsoever boat he was on so long as it would float. But the boatmen were not so minded. They were not provisioned for such a cruise nor prepared for it. Not even the incentive of unlimited financial rewards with which Carrington strove to dazzle them could make them agree to continue the pursuit. They were clamorous for putting back to Portsmouth, seeing plainly that they had failed. It was only the personal authority of Carrington's rank and station which kept them from summarily dispossessing him from the helm.



"I'll Kill You."

They were not quite ready for that when Strathgate's boat came rushing down toward them.

It was Carrington's opportunity. Balking in his chase of his wife, he determined to wreak his vengeance upon the earl. As the boat drew close to his bows, by a sudden sweep of the helm he sent his own heavier cutter crashing fair into it. The force with which he struck the other boat caused Strathgate's smaller vessel to hang on the bows of Carrington's boat. There was no loss of life, for Strathgate, scarcely worse for the disaster, followed by Cooper and the lad, scrambled aboard Haight's cutter.

White with passion Strathgate rushed aft, shaking his fist at Carrington, who sat laughing bitterly in the stern sheets. At Strathgate's back were Cooper, furious over the deliberate wrecking of his boat, and the boy eager to join in the fray.

"By heaven!" cried Strathgate, fiercely, "what did you mean by that?"

"I should think that my meaning was obvious even to you," says my lord, indifferently, although he was seething with anger to see his adversary within his reach.

"I don't know you, sir," cried Cooper, shaking his fist, "but you sunk my boat. You done it deliberately. It'll cost you a matter of £50."

"'Tis cheap at the price," answered Carrington. "Don't worry, my man. Just pipe down," he continued, as Cooper opened his mouth to expostulate. "I'm Lord Carrington. You shall be paid for your boat and something for your trouble."

"Payment is not enough to compensate me, Carrington," cried Strathgate, furiously.

"No," returned Carrington, "there's nothing that I might offer you that would pay you for what you've done, you dastard!"

"What do you mean?" "You know very well what I mean, although I confess I have done some wrong to your powers of fascination," returned Carrington.

"And what, pray, may be the explanation of that statement?" queried Strathgate.

"I thought that you had run away with my wife; I thought so yesterday morning, that is; but now I see that she fled from you as well as from me."

"It's a lie!" cried Strathgate.

Both men were now so worked up and so blinded with passion that they did not care for the open-mouthed,

open-mouthed audience which crowded around them.

"She did go with me," continued the runaway.

"It looks like it this morning. If she went with you, how did she come to be on yonder ship while you were here?"

Strathgate laughed evilly. "If you must know it, my lord, your wife fled in my company."

"Damn you!" cried Carrington. But Strathgate went on without heeding.

"An accident, a broken coach wheel stopped our journey. I rode on ahead to make arrangements for our passage to some happier land on yonder ship. Lady Ellen elected to go by water."

"I don't believe a word of it," returned Carrington. "If it were true," asked my lord again, "I ask you why you were not on the ship?"

"I overstept myself this morning, with the consequences which you see."

"You haven't seen the end of those consequences, my Lord Strathgate," continued Carrington. "No?"

"Not by any means. We'll settle the question as to which of us is to live."

"And have Lady Ellen?" interrupted Strathgate.

Carrington whipped out his pistol. "Another word like that and I'll kill you without giving you a chance for defense."

"You threatened to murder me on the wharf an hour or so ago," and Strathgate, equably. "What prevents you from doing it now?"

"A thing of which you know nothing," answered Carrington. "And what is that, pray?"

"A sense of honor."

"Indeed," answered the earl, "I had understood that your honor was in Lady Ellen's keeping."

The sweat stood out on Carrington's face. He locked his jaws until the muscles rose like whiplords. He was under the strongest possible constraint a man may put upon himself.

"My honor is in her ladyship's keeping," he said slowly at last, "and I am confident that she will never put it at the hazard of a blackguard like yourself."

This time it was Strathgate who gave way.

"You have another pistol at your belt. Give it to me. Take you one end of this boat and I the other. We'll see then who has the right to live and love."

"I dishonor myself," said Carrington, rising and abandoning the tiller, which was instantly grasped by one of the crew, "by meeting you in this way, but I'll do it. Here!"

He extended one of the pistols. "I would prefer a choice," said Strathgate, not extending his arm to take it.

"As you will," returned Carrington, extending both of them to him. "You honor me in doubting my good faith," he remarked as Strathgate took one of the pistols. "Haight," said Carrington, "take your station amidship, out of range, and count three. There shall be no firing done by either of us until after the word 'three.' Are you agreed, Lord Strathgate?"

"Entirely," returned the other, stepping forward.

But Master Haight did not propose to have his vessel turned into a field of honor, which would be a field of blood. He interposed a vigorous objection.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I'll have no murder done here."

"There shall be none," said Carrington. "Tis a fair duel with each man a chance for his life."

"I don't know about that, my masters," returned the sailor, "but I say this: This boat's mine, I'm the captain of it, and I'll have no fightin' aboard. Savin' yer honors' graces, it can't be done. You agree with me, Cooper? You, Jack? You, Ned?"

"Ay, ay," returned the others, closing about Haight and interposing between the would-be combatants. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRIDE BALKED AT THE ALTAR.

Massachusetts Girl Refused to Wed Count and Denounced Him.

At St. Stanislaus' church, Fall River, Mass., Angela Pawlow, daughter of a merchant, absolutely refused to go on with the marriage ceremony that was to unite her to Basył Mulinski, who says he is a Polish count and the owner of an estate in Russia.

The marriage had been set for eight o'clock. The church was crowded with friends and relatives. The bridegroom had answered an exultant "Yes" to the usual question, and the bride, in a white silk wedding dress with long veil and wedding bouquet, seemed to smile as Father Basin turned to her and asked: "Will thou take unto thee this man to be thy lawfully wedded husband?"

The bride dropped her hand from the arm of the bridegroom. She turned and faced the crowded church and answered loudly:

"No; he has been unfaithful to me before marriage. I will not marry him."

Then the girl ran down the aisle to her mother. The audience was dumfounded. Before it really appreciated what had happened the church officials had cleared the church.

Woman's Wives. "Yes," confided Mrs. A., "I find it very profitable to give my husband a dressing down occasionally. I gave him one to-day."

"But how is it profitable?" queried Mrs. Z.

"Why, he generally gives me a dressing up."

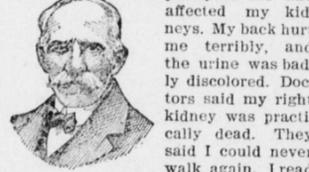
"Dressing up?"

"Yes; to get me in good humor again he promises me a new coat, a new set of furs and a new hat."

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly discolored. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Dean's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."



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

TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD.



Pinxit—I have just finished the late Mrs. Peck's portrait. It's a speaking likeness.

The Widower Peck—Would it be too much trouble to—er—change it a bit in that respect?

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate-Pencil in One—Hands in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 28, 1907."

Women Fishermen.

On the coast of Holland, Belgium and Northern France the fishermen are a familiar sight, with their great hand nets and quaint costumes. Many of the towns have distinctive costumes by which their women can be recognized anywhere. Those of Mana-Kirke, near Ostend, wear trousers and loose blouses, while their heads and shoulders are covered by shawls. They carry their nets into the sea and scoop up vast quantities of shrimps and prawns, with an occasional crab or lobster and many small fish. They often wade out till the water is up to their necks, and they remain for hours at a time in water above their knees, rarely returning until their baskets are full.

A Doctor's Disadvantage.

"In one way," said a collector, "it is easier to get money from a doctor than anybody else who is slow pay. It is more difficult for him to swear that he hasn't been able to make any collections himself since the first of the year. A doctor's reception room is open to all possible patients. A collector with a grain of ingenuity can find a way to worm out of the men on the waiting list information as to the terms of payment. After an interview with three or four persons who have paid spot cash for treatment and who have told the collector they paid. It takes a mighty nerve on the part of the doctor to insist that he hasn't a dollar to his name."

AFRAID TO EAT.

Girl Starving on Ill-Selected Food.

"Several years ago I was actually starving," writes a Me. girl, "yet dared not eat for fear of the consequences. I had suffered from indigestion from overwork, irregular meals and improper food, until at last my stomach became so weak I could eat scarcely any food without great distress."

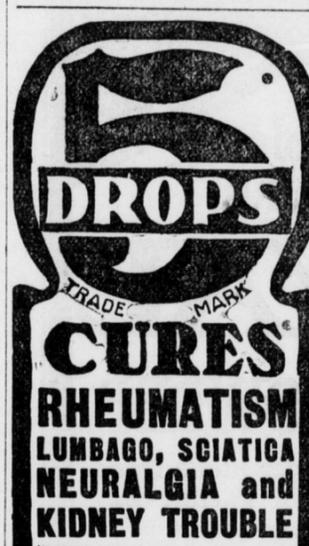
"Many kinds of food were tried, all with the same discouraging effects. I steadily lost health and strength until I was but a wreck of my former self. I had heard of Grape-Nuts and its great merits, I purchased a package, but with little hope that it would help me—I was so discouraged."

"I found it not only appetizing but that I could eat it as I liked and that it satisfied the craving for food without causing distress, and if I may use the expression, 'it filled the bill.' For months Grape-Nuts was my principal article of diet. I felt from the very first that I had found the right way to health and happiness, and my anticipations were fully realized."

"With its continued use I regained my usual health and strength. To-day I am well and can eat anything I like, yet Grape-Nuts food forms a part of my bill of fare." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

The Place to Buy Cheap — IS AT — J. F. PARSONS'



"DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND Of Brewton, Ga., writes:

"I had been suffering for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from 'S-DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for Rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "S-DROPS," and test it yourself. "S-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients. Large Size Bottle, "S-DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists. SWANSON RHEUMATISM CURE COMPANY, Dept. 20, 150 Lake Street, Chicago.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

MAKE YOUR APPEAL

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

The Home Paper Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S HEADQUARTERS FOR Popular Bakery, FRESH BREAD, PIES, FANCY CAKES, ICE CREAM, NUT CONFECTIONERY. Daily Delivery. All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Enlarging Your Business. If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results? Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away. Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business. If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store. We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you. If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

JOB PRINTING. We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment—just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.