

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

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The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, a Puritan maid, 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 added to her anger, and her husband then cut for his wife's I. 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 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 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. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but his craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and fleeing her pursuers—Strathgate, Seton and Carrington.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Gentlemen," continued Haight, who was not without a certain decision of character, "I swear to God there ain't goin' to be no fightin' on this boat. I don't know the rights and wrongs of this quarrel, but this boat's mine and I won't have it. You'll oblige me, Lord Carrington, by givin' me that pistol. And you, sir—" turning to Strathgate, "will do the like. When you get ashore I've naught to say about your actions, but here—"

He held out his hand imperiously for Lord Carrington's pistol and motioned Cooper to take that of Lord Strathgate.

The boat had shot up into the wind and lay idly rocking, practically drifting. Cooper's cutter had been shaken off and was a floating wreck some distance away. Cooper had a distinct interest in the quarrel, for he muttered:

"You're right, Haight, there can't be no shootin' here. Yonder gentleman might get a bullet in his in'ards and then who'd pay me for my sunken boat?"

Strathgate interrupted with a laugh, one of those irritating laughs that drove Carrington nearly frantic:

"Did you arrange all this with the captain of your boat, Carrington?" queried Strathgate. "Is this a bit of bravado, with the appearance of this worthy sailor at the proper moment?"

"Curse you!" cried Carrington, leaping up to windward. "Come up to windward with you."

He leveled his pistol full at Strathgate, having sprung clear of the bundle of men who happened to be to leeward. Strathgate had followed his movements and two shots rang out simultaneously. Quick as had been the rush of the two men, however, the sailors had followed suit. Haight threw himself upon Carrington and bore him back against the low rail, nearly throwing him overboard, while Cooper struck Strathgate's arm such a violent blow as he pulled the trigger that his pistol was hurled backwards and fell into the sea.

Haight was the first to recover himself.

"Gentlemen," he said in tones that indicated he had come to a final decision, "you've had it out now and there's got to be no more of it. Unless you give me your word," he said, turning to Strathgate, "and you give me yours, Lord Carrington, to abide peaceably in the boat until we get ashore, so help me God! I'll lash you down to a ring bolt with a rope, and—"

"There's naught for it," returned Carrington whose pistol, knocked from his hand, had been taken possession of by one of the men, "but to give you the promise, for you have my pistol, the other has gone overboard and while I have a sword Lord Strathgate is without a weapon."

"Oh, you have my word, too," said Strathgate carelessly.

"He'll keep the forward end of the boat and you'll stay aft, my lord," said Haight to Carrington, "and now we'll put back to harbor."

My lord Strathgate amused himself during the hours that elapsed before the and Carrington were landed at the same wharf whence they had taken their departure, by humming graceful little tunes, whistling merry air-

and in general disporting himself as if he were having a delightful time. My lord Carrington, who had more at stake, was gloomy and silent. He did not cast a glance in the direction of his brother earl reclining on the deck forward until the vessel was made fast to the wharf. Then he sprang out and touched Strathgate on the shoulder.

"We have matters of moment to settle, my lord," began Carrington gravely, "and it were better that we settle them quietly as gentlemen, which one of us at least is."

"I agree with you in that proposition," returned Strathgate bowing. "We shall doubtless find friends in Portsmouth and may conclude our arrangements without the unseemly interruptions of brawling seamen."

"Brawling seamen!" growled Haight under his breath. "The only peaceable people aboard the cutter were Cooper and myself and the men."

"I am staying at the Blue Bear," said Strathgate gravely.

"I also," returned Carrington. "Very well, I shall await a visit from your friends as soon as may be convenient."

"There are men on the ships yonder," said Carrington gravely, "brother officers of mine. One of them will call upon you forthwith."

Strathgate bowed but made no other reply as he walked away toward the inn.

Carrington stayed a moment or two longer to complete arrangements for paying for the boat he had destroyed and then with a heavy heart, turned toward the town. He was in a terrible state. He had had no sleep the night before. He had ridden both day and night. The chase of the morning had not conducted to quiet his nerves, and the insults of Strathgate, whom a punctilio kept him from picking up in his arms and breaking as he would a stick, had not rendered him any more easy. His first duty was to get something to eat and to refresh himself by a bath. He would then send a message to some of his shipmates in Admiral Kephard's fleet who could be counted upon to attend to all the arrangements of the meeting a

outrance between him and his enemy.

Although Carrington was as angry as a man could well be and as full of

bitter hatred toward Strathgate, he did not intend to throw his life away on that account. He had other things to do, one of which was to chase Ellen wherever she went and find out the truth. He did not believe Strathgate's extravagant assertions about the earl's arrangement to meet Lady Ellen on the ship, but there was a possibility of truth in it and that at least kept him from entire confidence in his wife.

As for Strathgate, he was not feeling any too happy either. He had risked everything, got himself embroiled with a man of Carrington's determined character, had upon him all the odium of having run away with another man's wife, and yet he had lost the wife!

His sensuous admiration of Lady Ellen was turned to something like hate. He did not want to throw away any points in the game either, and he made up his mind to kill Carrington, if it was in his power, and to wreak such vengeance upon Lady Ellen as would cause her to remember to the very last hour of her life the time in which she flouted him.

CHAPTER XIV. Admiral Kephard Joins the Pursuit. We left Sir Charles Seton hard and fast in his boat on the shoal. Sir Charles had nothing to do but study the ocean and observe that which transpired upon it, for a few moments of hard work convinced worthy Master Whibley that only the rising tide would float his vessel. Sir Charles saw the whole drama enacted before him. He saw Ellen run down the Flying Star; he saw that vessel's way checked; he could see Deborah followed by Ellen clamber aboard. He marked the other two boats chasing down the channel and made a shrewd guess that one carried Carrington and the other Strathgate. He saw the collision, although of course he was too far away to know who was responsible or what was happening. He even saw the smoke from the two pistols which were discharged by the belligerents on the boat and after a time detected the report faintly, but other than that he knew nothing.

It was some time before the rising tide coupled with their own tremendous exertion got the boat off the shoal. Sir Charles had had plenty of time to mature his plans. He knew that Ellen was on that ship. He guessed that Carrington and Strathgate had gone back to Portsmouth,

if one or the other, or both of them had not been killed in that interchange of pistol shots, and he surmised that the first duty to which they would devote themselves would be to see which one could kill the other.

He therefore determined to chase the ship. Not in his own boat, oh, no! He had a better plan than that. A ready and resourceful man was Sir Charles Seton. And while he was deeply in love with Mistress Debbie, the more in love because through Ellen's persistence his sweetheart had been, as it were, dragged out of his arms and therefore added the value of the unattainable to his pursuit of her, yet he was not in addition blinded by passion, jealousy and hatred as were Carrington and Strathgate. He knew that Mistress Debbie despised men of the Strathgate stamp, and although everything in petticoats was fair game for Strathgate, he also knew that the earl was on this occasion bent toward Lady Ellen. Therefore, he was in a saner and brighter mood than the other two.

Not far away lay the great ships of Admiral Kephard. The admiral had announced his intention of posting down to Portsmouth by coach. The first thing he would do when he arrived would be to board his flagship which lay at the head of the line of a dozen little ships several miles away from the place where Sir Charles had taken ground. Sir Charles reasoned that the admiral would be in a hurry to get to Portsmouth and that even if he did not press the post boys, he would probably have reached his ship by the time Sir Charles could get there.

Therefore, he possessed his soul in such patience as he could until his own boat once more got under way. He had bidden Master Whibley to mark well the course of the merchantman upon which Ellen and Deborah had taken refuge. This ship headed steadily eastward and seemed to have settled down for a long voyage.

It took but a short time for Sir Charles to run alongside the Britannia. Bidding the men wait for him, he scrambled up the battens to the gangway and stepped aboard.

An officer met him at once. "I am Sir Charles Seton," began the soldier, "captain in the Sussex light infantry."

"I am pleased to see you, sir," answered the officer, courteously, extending his hand. "I am Lieutenant Collier of the royal navy."

As Sir Charles shook the sailor's hand he asked: "Is Admiral Kephard on the ship?"

"Yes, sir. He came aboard a half an hour ago and went immediately to his cabin."

"May I see him?" "I'll send your name in. Mr. Mortlake," said the officer, turning about. A smart midshipman ran across the deck and touched his cap.

"My compliments to Admiral Kephard and say to him that Captain Sir Charles Seton of the Sussex light infantry desires the privilege of speech with him."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the midshipman, saluting again and scurrying aft. "Might I ask you, Mr. Collier," said Sir Charles, "if the Britannia is ready for instant service?"

The lieutenant smiled. "All his majesty's ships are ready for service at any time."

"Yes, yes, I know, of course," returned Seton, "but what I mean is, could this ship be got under way at once?"

"On the instant."

"And is she prepared for a cruise?" "She could go around the world and take her departure within an hour," returned the lieutenant with a pleased sense of demonstrating the efficiency of his majesty's navy beyond peradventure. "May I ask why you wish to know?" he continued turning to Sir Charles.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COULDN'T DODGE THESE TAXES. Births, Marriages and Deaths Once Source of English Revenue.

Pleased with his morning's work—he had sworn off no less than \$340,000 in taxes—the capitalist leaned back in his chair, lighted a cigar and talked agreeably.

"In the past," he said, "governments were wiser. They levied taxes that could not be sworn off. There was, for instance, the English birth tax of the seventeenth century. A laborer paid two shillings as birth tax; a duke paid £30. You couldn't get round it. "Burials were taxed, according to the station of the dead, from a shilling to £25. That, too, could not be dodged.

"Marriages were taxed. A duke, to marry, paid £50; a common person, like yourself, paid half a crown.

"In those days you paid a tax on every servant, on your dog, on every horse, on your carriage, your hearth, your windows, watches, clocks, wigs, hair powder, plate, ribbons, coal, gauze and candles."

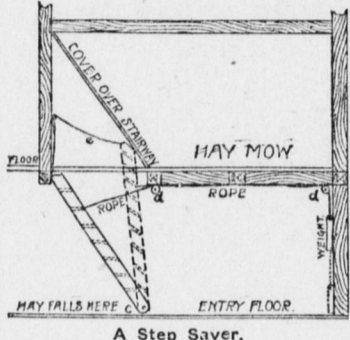
Too Mild. There are distinctions without differences, also differences without distinctions. A small man, noted for his economy in speaking the truth, demonstrated this fact. After a long and exasperating career of prevarication, chance brought him up against a bigger individual who had the courage of his convictions, also a nice sense of discrimination in the use of language. He said things to the little man—things that made him writhe and turn purple in the face. "But the worst of it all was," whined the little man to a confidant later, "he never once called me a liar—said I was nothing but a miserable little storyteller."—Success.



THE DAIRY STAIRS FOR THE BARN.

They Will Prove Handy and Save Much Time.

A lot of time is saved if one has handy stairs which can be used for throwing down hay as well as a passage way. These steps are made of



A Step Saver.

Light material and instead of putting on a lower step, use a block, C, and attach the stringers of the stairs to it at each end with a pin. A rope, explains Farm and Home, passes over the pulleys at D, to a weight which allows the stairway to be held upright, while the hay is being put down. The rope, E, is handy to pull the stairs into position.

SIZE OF COW STALLS.

Three Feet of Space Is Hardly Enough for Comfort.

A cow can lie down in three feet of space if she is of ordinary size, if she lies perfectly straight. Go into a stable, however, where cows are allowed only this amount of room and you will hardly ever find all lying down. Some lie a little to one side, thus preventing their neighbor from lying.

We find 3 1/2 feet none too much space, and four feet would be better if one could afford it; especially for large cows, writes Forest Henry, in the Northwestern Agriculturist. Where cows are crowded into three feet it is an easy matter for them to reach one another's feed. As to the length of platform between drop and stanchion, it will depend altogether on length of cows. I feel that it is a pretty good plan to begin at back of barn with four feet ten inches and run to the front on the bias to four feet six inches. Ordinarily the master or larger cows come in first and go to back of row. This gives a variation of four inches which is none too much. By this scheme you have every length of tieup and will come nearer fitting the whole herd than by any other device I have seen. With the swinging steel stanchion you can hang them so as to make a variation of easily two or three inches.

There are devices so arranged that by loosening a nut the stanchion can be pushed back or drawn forward and make more variation, but I would much prefer the common, plain steel swinging stanchion with nothing to get out of order.

SKIM MILK FOR CALVES.

That Right from the Separator Is Believed to Be Best.

It is sometimes said that sweet skim milk fed directly from the hand of the separator has caused the death of calves and young pigs, but I know of no specific case in which this is true, says a writer in Farmer's Voice, or experiments which indicate that sour skim milk gives better results than sweet; in fact, the evidence is very largely in favor of sweet skim milk.

The skim milk directly from the separator has more or less air in it, as may be seen by the foam on the top of it. I have fed this milk within three or four minutes after separating to young calves, and never had any trouble which might in any way be traced to the skim milk. This would not prove, however, that allowing a young calf or pig to overload its stomach with new milk more or less mixed with air would not prove injurious, though I question very seriously whether this cause alone would produce death. In my opinion if skim milk is allowed to stand ten minutes or so after separating, the light foam from the top removed and only a moderate amount of the fresh warm milk allowed each animal, no injurious results are likely to occur.

Many farmers think that because the fat has been removed, a calf must be given all the skim milk it can drink, and many calves suffer from too much skim milk; also from feeding cold skim milk and from sour skim milk, more especially if it is sweet one day and sour another.

While satisfactory results are reported from feeding skim milk, I recommend the use of sweet, still warm from the separator.

City Milk Inspection.

Agitation in favor of purity in our food supply is resulting in the passage of very stringent regulations governing the milk and cream supply in our larger towns and cities. Within the past few months this matter has received more attention than ever before. It is a sign of progress.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.



Small Urchin (to major, who has been thrown from horse into pond)—Hi, mister, as you 'appens to be in the water, would you mind looking for Willie's whistle?

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

YOUNGSTER AN APT PUPIL.

Every Indication That Tommy would Be Successful Politician.

The children, especially Tommy, were very much interested in the game of politics, and father was delighted with their precocity. The other day there was more than the usual whooping in the playground, and their mother found the two smaller children assailing Tommy vigorously. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Tommy, what have you been doing?" "Nawthin: Only playing politics."

"Well, but what did you do to the children?" "Just playing convention. We adopted the unit rule and I was chairman of the delegation. Then we introduced a resolution to decide whether they should take my apple or I should take theirs."

"Well?" "I cast the vote of the delegation."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. 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. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1888. 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. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Aptly Defined.

A woman in a town lying under the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator and asked him what he understood by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'rain belt.' It never rains there."

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 *W. D. Hoag & Co.* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Usual Luck.

Hewitt—That new watch of yours is a beauty. Jewitt—Yes, but I don't get any chance to show it; whenever anybody asks what time it is somebody is sure to see a clock before I can get my watch out.

Hoax—There's one thing that will give you the shake and yet stay right with you.

Joax—"What can that be?" Hoax—"Chills and fever."

TESTING PAINT.

Property owners should know how to prove the purity and quality of white lead, the most important paint ingredient, before paying for it. To all who write, National Lead Co., the largest manufacturers of pure white lead, send a free outfit with which to make a simple and sure test of white lead, and also a free book about paint. Their address is Woodbridge Bldg., New York City.

HAD HEARD THEM.



Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath? She—I'm a telephone girl, judge.

AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean.

Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

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

NO BATHTUB FOR HER.

"New-Fangled Contrivance" Emphatically Failed to Win Approval.

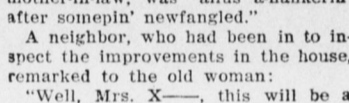
The French abhorrence of the bath a la nature is shared by many people, particularly one old woman up in an east Tennessee town. The town had just had a water system installed and the natives were "pinting with pride" at their bathrooms and equipment where one could perform his ablutions at will without waiting and longing for Saturday night.

This old woman was an exception to the rule. She made her home with her son, and his wife, according to the mother-in-law, was "allus a-hankerin' after somepin' newfangled."

A neighbor, who had been in to inspect the improvements in the house, remarked to the old woman: "Well, Mrs. X—, this will be a pleasure for you—bath any time, night or day. You will certainly enjoy it."

"That I won't," said the old woman, tartly. "I've been a member of the church 50 year an' always lived honest an' upright. Git inter one er them tubs? Me? Why, Sary Ellen, them things ain't decent!"

MY OWN FAMILY USE PE-RU-NA.



HON. GEORGE W. HONEY. Hon. George W. Honey, National Chaplain U. V. U., ex-Chaplain Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer State of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas G. A. R., writes from 1700 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I cannot too highly recommend your preparation for the relief of catarrhal troubles in their various forms. Some members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. When other remedies failed, Peruna proved most efficacious and I cheerfully certify to its curative excellence."

Mr. Fred L. Hebard, for nine years a leading photographer of Kansas City, Mo., located at the northeast corner of 29th and Grand Aves., cheerfully gives the following testimony: "This is proven fact that Peruna will cure catarrh and its grippe, and as a tonic it has no equal. Druggists have tried to make me take something else 'just as good,' but Peruna is good enough for me."

Per-una in Tablet Form.

For two years Dr. Hartman and his assistants have incessantly labored to create Peruna in tablet form, and their strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure Peruna tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. E. & E. L. LOGG NEWSPAPER CO., 19 W. Adams St., Chicago