

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

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 squabble, 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. W. 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. 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 such 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 following her pursuers—Strathgate, Seton and Carrington. Carrington and Strathgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

This was an embarrassing question, but Sir Charles was saved the necessity of answering, for the midshipman came running to the quarterdeck once more and saluted. "Well!" said the officer to the expectant boy. "Admiral Kephart's compliments to you, sir, and he begs you will escort Captain Seton to his cabin at once." "You're in luck, captain," returned the officer, "the admiral is not always so easy of access. Will you step this way, sir?" "After you, sir," said Sir Charles, bowing and following the lieutenant until he was ushered past the marine orderly on duty and into the admiral's cabin. The admiral was just completing his toilet. His body servant was helping him on with his coat. He had evidently just had a bath to refresh him after the fatigues of his journey. "Oh, Seton," he cried as the other came in, "glad to see you, man. Sit down. John,"—to the servant—"fetch out a decanter of navy sherry. Whisky, Seton, whisky, although perhaps you army men affect port." "I guess we can do with the navy's lead in something stronger than port," laughed Sir Charles. "What brought you here, Sir Charles?" continued the admiral as he poured out a liberal glassful for Seton and another for himself. "I left you at Carrington. But, no, I remember your rode away before I did, just after my lode. Have you come on any trace of fugitives?" "Admiral," said Sir Charles, gravely, "I know where they are." "And that damned lubberly hound, Strathgate, is he—?" "He isn't with them. They gave him the slip." "You don't say? Good!" laughed the admiral. "How was that?" Seton rapidly detailed the circumstances as he had deduced them. "Well done, that woman has spirit enough," continued the old soldier, "to command a frigate. You will never convince me that she's taken up with a man of Strathgate's caliber." "She went away with him, though," said Seton thoughtfully. "Ay ay, but she knows no more of the world than a baby. She simply made use of his proffered assistance to escape from an intolerable situation. You take me, Seton?" "I do, admiral, and I confess I hardly blame her. How Carrington could tolerate Lady Cecily for a moment beside that splendid woman—?" "To say nothing of that other splendid woman, Mistress Deborah Slocum, eh, Seton?" "I admit, admiral—" "Even 'Saints' Rest' becomes heavenly when looked at by the aid of such a pair of black eyes? And the lady, boy?" "I confess, sir," answered Seton, somewhat abashed by the frank questioning of the old man, "that I have some reason to believe, in short—" "In short, my boy, you've been chasing her all night, have you?" "You're right, sir." "And what now?" "I told you, admiral, that I knew where they were."

"Well, where are they? Out with it, lad. Disclose your information and come to the point. All these side issues are unworthy of a soldier," laughed the old seaman, well knowing that for most of them he was responsible. "They're on a merchant ship bound up the channel and going fast when I saw them last." "What?" cried the admiral. "Give me the particulars." Sir Charles rapidly ran over the scene of the morning. The old admiral threw back his head and laughed. "And she outwitted you all, shook Strathgate off the track, led you ashore, watched Carrington and Strathgate fight it out under her very eyes and got clean away?" "She hasn't got away yet, admiral." "What mean you?" "I came here to make a proposition to you." "A proposition to me?" "Yes." "You have a fast ship at your command, I take it." "Do you mean the Britannia?" said the admiral, mentioning his flagship. "I do." "Of course she's fast. The admirality know me. I wouldn't take a slow ship." "Is she as fast as that merchantman, do you think?" "Why, my boy, there isn't a merchant ship on the seas that she couldn't overhaul in anything like a wind." "Admiral," said Sir Charles ingenuously, "I lay you a wager." "What is that?" "A hundred pounds that you can't overtake that merchant ship." "What!" roared the admiral. "Me take out one of his majesty's ships to chase after a runaway wife and a foolish girl?" "I beg your pardon, admiral, if you refer to Mistress Deborah Slocum, I must ask you to moderate your language," protested Sir Charles, warmly, his face flushing. "Go to! go to!" laughed the admiral. "I'm old enough to be your father. But the idea of an admiral of the white taking a hundred gun ship-of-the-line out to chase a paltry merchantman for—Impossible, my boy, impossible!" "But," said Sir Charles, "the navy cannot afford to decline a bet, a wager



"You Are Right Sir."

with its sister service. I'll lay you a thousand pounds, admiral, that you can't do it." "My lad," said the admiral gently, after a moment's reflection, "no wagers are needed. I'll do it because I'm fond of the girl and Carrington, too. I can overhaul them before nightfall without doubt and I'll be glad to do it, although just exactly what warrant I have for stopping an American ship on the high seas and taking from her another man's wife I can hardly say." "I can help you in that, admiral. As to warrant, if you'll bring to the other ship and give me a boat crew, I'll go aboard the American and do the rest. Mistress Deborah, I am sure, will come willingly." "Don't be too sure of that," returned the admiral, "don't count upon a woman until she's your own, and don't count too much upon her after that, as Carrington might say." "Nevertheless, I think I speak by the card," said Sir Charles. "Very well, you know best. Having been a bachelor all my life, I know more about ships than women. But bark ye, Seton, this one thing. Don't you come back to the ship after I put you aboard that trader, with only Miss Deborah. The two have to come together, or go together, you understand?" "Yes, sir." The admiral struck the bell on the table beside him. Instantly the marine orderly popped in the door. "My compliments to the officer of the deck," said the admiral to the orderly, "and ask him to beg Captain Beatty to favor me with his presence in the cabin." "Yes, sir," returned the orderly, saluting. A moment after—an incredibly short time it seemed to Seton, who was unaware of the way in which an admiral's requests are obeyed—Captain Beatty, the officer mentioned, presented himself before the admiral. "You wish to see me, admiral?" "Yes, Beatty. By the way, let me present to you Sir Charles Seton of the Sussex light infantry, captain in his majesty's land forces. Seton, this is the Honorable Archibald Beatty, my flag captain. Beatty, will you get the Britannia under way at once?" "Yes, sir," returned the captain. "Are the rest of the fleet to follow us?" "No," answered the admiral, "signal to the rest of them to disregard the movements of the commander-in-

chief. Then signal to the Renown for Lascelles to take command until we return." "Very good, sir," returned the captain. "And what course shall we lay?" "That which will get us into the channel quickest, and then as due east as the wind will let us. I'll be on deck, however, before you're ready for that." "There are several boat parties ashore, admiral, do you wish me to wait for them?" "No, sir, you will weigh at once." "Very good, sir," returned the captain, saluting and turning away. "And Beatty," the admiral called after him, "a drop of navy sherry with me before you go." "Thank you, admiral," said Beatty, filling his glass. "I'll give you a toast, Sir Charles," said the admiral. "Yes," returned the soldier. "A short cruise and the women at the end of it!" "I drink to that with all my heart!" returned Sir Charles. "And I also," said Captain Beatty, greatly mystified, "although I don't understand exactly." "We're going to chase a Yankee merchant ship, Beatty, and take a couple of ladies in whom Sir Charles is interested off of it." "A couple!" cried Beatty. "I'm only interested in one of them," said Sir Charles warmly. "It's a runaway sweetheart and a runaway wife, Beatty," continued the admiral, "Lady Carrington and Mistress Deborah Slocum." "And which one is Sir Charles interested in?" asked the sailor, smiling. "In Mistress Slocum, of course," laughed the admiral. "Now, captain," he continued, assuming his quarterdeck manner, "I want you to get the ship under way in the quickest possible time. Let's show this land lubber here what his majesty's navy can do when it's in the deepest earnest. Imagine there are a dozen Frenchmen out there, all boiling for a fight, and bear a hand!" "Ay, ay, sir," said Beatty, saluting and withdrawing from the cabin. A moment later there came faintly through the bulkheads the shrill whistling of the boatswain and his mates, followed by a deep cry: "All hands up anchor!"

CHAPTER XV.

Captain Jeremiah Tuggles Is Insulted. It was a moment of splendid triumph for the heroine of this mad escapade when she drew under the lee of the great ship tremendously above her. Her eyes were as keen as Carrington's. She had recognized, or divined, that tall figure standing on the rail of the larger boat staring at her was her husband. She knew that in some way they had concluded that she would try to escape on the merchantman and that they were trying to catch that ship. She was experienced enough, also, to know that their efforts would be futile and their trouble in vain. There was only one possible contingency which could prevent the accomplishment of her desires now, and that would be the refusal of the captain of the ship to stop for her when she ran him down. Ellen had a well-filled purse and she hoped to persuade him with that. At any rate, she kept recklessly on, although the little boat came near to swamping and Deborah, between terror and disappointment, was in a state of collapse. Ellen boldly ran down under the lee of the big ship. By skillful handling she brought her boat within hailing distance of the merchantman. A man stepped on the rail to leeward and stared hard at her. "What ship is this?" asked Ellen. "The Flying Star of Boston." Ellen's heart sank. "I thought it was the New Eagle of Philadelphia," she cried. "She sailed yesterday." "Where are you bound?" asked Ellen, fighting against the sinking of heart caused by this news. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

COUNTRY'S NEEDS SET FORTH.

Wall Street Journal Advocates Return to Old Conditions.

The following editorial from the Wall Street Journal is somewhat remarkable, appearing in a purely financial paper, and is certainly worthy of serious consideration: "What America needs is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusinesslike behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine horses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this thing we are worshipping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshipped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you will find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you do resist its deadly influences the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and inner heroism to dare to be poor in America than to capture a battery in Manchuria."

Light Freights By W. W. JACOBS A QUESTION OF HABIT

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"Wimmin aboard ship I don't 'old with," said the night watchman, severely. "They'll ask you all sorts of silly questions, an' complain to the skipper if you don't treat 'em civil in answering 'em. If you do treat 'em civil, what's the result? Is it a bit o' bacco, or a shilling, or anything like that? Not a bit of it; just a 'thank you,' an' said in a way as though they've been giving you a perfect treat by talking to you." "We 'ad a queer case once on a barque I was on as steward, called the Tower of London, bound from the Albert docks to Melbourne with a general cargo. We shipped a new boy just after we started as was entered in the ship's books as 'Enery Mallow, an' the first thing we noticed about 'Enery was as 'e had a great dislike to work and was terrible sea sick. Every time there was a job as wanted to be done, that lad 'ud go and be took bad quite independent of the weather." "Then Bill Dowsett adopted 'im, and said he'd make a sailor of 'im. I believe if 'Enery could 'ave chose 'is father, he'd sooner 'ad any man than Bill, and I would sooner have been a orphan than a son to any of 'em. Bill relied on his langwidge mostly, but when that failed he'd just fetch 'im a cuff. Nothing more than was good for a boy wot 'ad got 'is living to earn, but 'Enery used to cry until we was all ashamed of 'im." "Go to your duties," roars the skipper; go to your duties at once, and don't let me 'ear any more of it. Why, you ought to be at a young ladies' school."

"I know I ought, sir," 'Enery ses, with a whimper, "but I never thought it'd be like this." "The old man stares at him, and then he rubs his eyes and stares agin. 'Enery wiped his eyes and stood looking down at the deck." "Evens above," ses the old man, in a dazed voice, 'don't tell me you're a gal!" "I won't if you don't want me to," ses 'Enery, wiping his eyes agin. "What's your name?" ses the old man, at last. "Mary Mallow, sir," ses 'Enery, very soft. "What made you do it?" ses the skipper, at last. "My father wanted me to marry a man I didn't want to," ses Miss Mallow. "He used to admire my hair very much, so I cut it off. Then I got frightened at what I'd done, and as I looked like a boy I thought I'd go to sea." "Then the skipper took Miss Mallow below to her new quarters, and to 'is great surprise caught the third officer, who was fond of female society, doing a step-dance in the saloon all on 'is own." "That evening the skipper and the mate formed themselves into a com-



Talk Romantic to 'Er About the Sea.

mittee to decide what was to be done. "She must have a dress, I tell you, or a frock at any rate," ses the skipper, very mad. "What's the difference between a tress and a frock?" ses the mate. "There is a difference," ses the skipper. "Well, what is it?" ses the mate. "It wouldn't be any good if I was to explain to you, ses the skipper; some people's heads are too thick." "I know they are," ses the mate. "The committee broke up after that, but it got amiable agin over breakfast next morning, and made quite a fuss over Miss Mallow. "She went up on deck after breakfast and stood leaning against the side railing to Mr. Fisher. Pretty laugh 'ad got, too, though I never noticed when she was in the fo'c's'le. Perhaps she hadn't got much to laugh about then; and while she was up

there enjoying 'erself watching us chaps work, the committee was down below laying its 'eads together agin. "When I went down to the cabin agin it was like a dressmaker's shop. "By Jove! I've got it," ses the old man, suddenly. "Where's that dressing gown your wife gave you?" "The mate looked up. 'I don't know,' he ses, slowly. 'I've mislaid it.' "Well," ses the skipper. "Three o' them new flannel shirts o' yours," ses the mate. "They're very dark, an' they'd hang beautiful." "They went to the mate's cabin and, to his great surprise, there it was hanging just behind the door. "I shan't want that, Mr. Jackson," he ses, slowly. "I dare say you'll find it come in useful." "While you're doing that, s'pose I get on with them three shirts," ses Mr. Jackson. "What three shirts?" ses the skipper, who was busy cutting buttons off. "Why, yours," ses Mr. Jackson. Let's see who can make the best frock." "No, Mr. Jackson," ses the old man. "I'm sure you couldn't make anything



"Don't Tell Me You're a Gall"

o' them shirts. You're not at all gifted that way. Besides, I want 'em." "Well, I wanted my dressing gown, if you come to that," ses the mate, in a sulky voice. "Well, what on earth did you give it to me for?" ses the skipper. "I do wish you'd know your own mind, Mr. Jackson." "I really didn't look half bad when he'd finished it, and it was easy to see how pleased Miss Mallow was." "I must say she 'ad a good time of it. We was having splendid weather, and there wasn't much work for anybody; consequently, when she wasn't receiving good advice from the skipper and the mate, she was receiving attention from both the second and third officers. Mr. Scott, the second, didn't seem to take much notice of her for a day or two, and the first I saw of his being in love was 'is being very rude to Mr. Fisher and giving up bad langwidge so sudden it's a wonder it didn't do 'im an injury. "I think the gal rather enjoyed their attentions at first, but arter a time she got fairly tired of it. She never 'ad no rest, pore thing. If she was up on deck looking over the side the third officer would come up and talk romantic to 'er about the sea and the lonely lives of sailor men, and I actually 'eard Mr. Scott repeating poetry to her. The skipper 'eard it too, and being suspicious o' poetry, and not having heard clearly, called him up to 'im and made 'im say it all over agin to 'im. 'E didn't seem quite to know wot to make of it, so 'e calls up the mate for 'im to hear it. The mate said it was rubbish, and the skipper told Mr. Scott that if he was taken that way agin 'e'd 'ear more of it. "There was no doubt about them two young fellers being genuine. She 'appened to say one day that she could never, never care for a man who drank and smoked, and I'm blest if both of 'em didn't take to water and give 'er their pipes to chuck overboard, and the agony those two chaps used to suffer when they saw other people smoking was pitiful to witness. "It got to such a pitch at last that the mate, who, as I said afore, was a very particular man, called another committee meeting. It was a very solemn affair, and 'e made a long speech in which he said he was the father of a family, and that the second and third officers was far too attentive to Miss Mallow, and 'e asked the skipper to stop it. "How?" ses the skipper. "Stop the draught-playing and the card-playing and the poetry," ses the mate; 'the gal's getting too much attention; she'll have 'er 'ead turned. Put your foot down, sir, and stop it.' "The skipper was so struck by what he said, that he not only did that, but he went and forbid them two young men to speak to the gal except at meal times, or when the conversation was general. None of 'em liked it, though the gal pretended to, and for the matter of a week things was very quiet in the cabin, not to say sulky. "Things got back to their old style agin in a very curious way. I'd just set the tea in the cabin one afternoon, and 'ad stopped at the foot of the companion-ladder to let the skipper and Mr. Fisher come down, when we suddenly 'eard a loud box on the ear. We all rushed into the cabin at once, and there was the mate looking fairly

thunderstruck, with his hand to his face, and Miss Mallow glaring at 'im. "Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, in a awful voice, 'what's this?' "Ask her," shouts the mate. 'I think she's gone mad or something.' "What does this mean, Miss Mallow?" ses the skipper. "Ask him," ses Miss Mallow, breathing very 'ard. "Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, very severe, 'what have you been doing?' "Nothing," roars the mate. "Was that a box on the ear I 'eard?' ses the skipper. "It was," ses the mate, grinding his teeth. "Your ear?" ses the skipper. "Yes. She's mad, I tell you," ses the mate. "I was sitting here quite quiet and peaceable, when she came alongside me and slapped my face." "Why did you box his ear?" ses the skipper to the girl agin. "Because he deserved it," ses Miss Mallow. "The skipper shook his 'ead and looked at the mate so sorrowful that he began to stamp up and down the cabin and bang the table with his fist. "If I hadn't heard it myself, I couldn't have believed it," ses the skipper; 'and you the father of a family, too. Nice example for the young men, I must say.' "Please don't say anything more about it," ses Miss Mallow; 'I'm sure he's very sorry.' "Very good," ses the skipper; 'but you understand, Mr. Jackson, that if I overlook your conduct, you're not to speak to this young lady agin. Also, you must consider yourself as removed from the committee.' "Curse the committee," screamed the mate. Curse—" "He looked all round, with his eyes starting out of 'is 'ead, and then suddenly shut his mouth with a snap and went up on deck. "We got to Melbourne at last, and the first thing the skipper did was to give our young lady some money to go ashore and buy clothes with. He did it in a very delikit way by giving her the pay as boy, and I don't think I ever see anybody look so pleased and surprised as she did. The skipper went ashore with her, as she looked rather a odd figure to be going about, and comes back about a hour later without 'er. "I thought perhaps she'd come aboard," he ses to Mr. Fisher. "I managed to miss her somehow while I was waiting outside a shop." "They figeted about a bit, and then went ashore to look for 'er, turning up agin at eight o'clock quite worried. Nine o'clock came, and there was no signs of 'er. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Scott was in a dreadful state, and the skipper sent almost every man aboard ashore to search for 'er. They 'unted for 'er high and low, up and down and round about, and turned up at midnight so done up that they could 'ardly stand without holding on to something, and so upset that they couldn't speak. None of the officers got any sleep that night except Mr. Jackson, and the first thing in the morning they was ashore agin looking for her. "She'd disappeared as completely as if she'd gone overboard, and more than one of the chaps looked over the side half expecting to see 'er come floating by. By 12 o'clock most of us was convinced that she'd been made away with, and Mr. Fisher made some remarks about the police of Melbourne as would 'ave done them good to hear. "I was just going to see about dinner when we got the first news of her. Three of the most miserable and solemn looking captains I've ever seen came alongside and asked for a few words with our skipper. They all stood in a row looking as if they was going to cry. "Good morning, Capt. Hart," ses one of 'em, as our old man came up with the mate. "Good morning," ses he. "Do you know this?" ses one of 'em, suddenly, holding out Miss Mallow's dressing gown on a walking stick. "Good 'evens," ses the skipper, I hope nothing's happened to that pore gal." "The three captains shook their heads all together. "She is no more," ses another of 'em. "How did it happen?" ses the skipper, in a low voice. "She took this off," ses the first captain, shaking his head and pointing to the dressing gown. "And took a chill?" ses the skipper, staring very 'ard. "The three captains shook their 'eads agin, and I noticed that they seemed to watch each other and do it all together. "I don't understand," ses the skipper. "I was afraid you wouldn't," ses the first captain; 'she took this off.' "So you said before," ses the skipper, rather short. "And became a boy agin," ses the other; 'the wickedest and most artful young rascal that ever signed on with me.' "He looked round at the others, and they all broke out into a perfect roar of laughter, and jumped up and down and slapped each other on the back, as if they was all mad. Then they asked which was the one wot had 'is ears boxed, and which was Mr. Fisher and which was Mr. Scott, and told our skipper what a nice fatherly man he was. Quite a crowd got 'round, an' wouldn't go away for all we could do to 'em in the shape o' buckets o' water and lumps o' coal. We was the laughing-stock of the place, and the way they carried on when the steamer passed us two days later with the first captain on the bridge, pretending not to see that imp of a boy standing in the bows blowing us kisses and dropping curtsies, nearly put the skipper out of 'is mind."