

SERIAL STORY THE ESCAPE 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 tilt, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Stratgate 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 Stratgate 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 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 following her pursuers. Carrington and Stratgate, thrown together by former's wrecking of latter's vessel, engaged in an impromptu duel, neither being hurt. A war vessel, commanded by an admiral friend of Seton, then started out in pursuit of the women fugitives. Seton confessing love for Debbie, Flagship Britannia overtook the fugitives during the night. The two women escaped by again taking to the sea in a small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Stratgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blythdale's castle.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

His thoughts plunged him into a gloomy melancholy which Parkman, at length perceiving, did his best to dispel by gentle rallery and pleasant conversation. Carrington pulled himself together, realizing that if he gave way to his depression he would be in no condition to meet Stratgate.

These gentle thoughts of his wife did not in any way abate his enmity toward the man whom he felt had so wronged and insulted him. He was as determined as ever that the approaching duel should be no slight affair, but that if he could he would kill Stratgate, and eliminate his possibilities of evil forever from this world.

And Stratgate had exactly the same thought for Carrington. By a curious mode of reasoning Stratgate chose to visit upon Carrington his own ill success with Lady Ellen.

He came to the conclusion that if Carrington had not interfered, all would have gone well with his love affair. Of course, in a measure Carrington was responsible for Stratgate's lack of success with Lady Ellen, for Ellen devotedly and passionately loved her husband; loved him still; loved him perhaps never more than when with jealous anguish she saw him in Lady Cecily's arms. But if Carrington had never crossed Ellen's course, Stratgate was not the kind of a man that would have appealed to her. Ellen was too true, too simple, too direct in her thoughts of life to tolerate long the affectations, the sentimentalities and impurities of a man like Stratgate. So soon as her eyes were opened, she would have abominated him; and her eyes, unfortunately for Stratgate, had been opened the minute he turned to the west when she would have castward gone. But, of course, Stratgate did not know this; that saving conceit which keeps some men from despair was his, and he blamed all his misfortunes upon Carrington.

He, too, was early abroad, and when the carriage drove through the park gates and was directed by one of Lord Blythdale's men to a shaded copse by a little brook half a mile from the gate, Stratgate and Lord Blythdale with a surgeon, one from the fleet named Nevinson, who was known slightly to both men, were already waiting on the ground.

Lord Blythdale was a man who had gone the pace since he succeeded to the title and fortune. The fortune was not commensurate with the title, and his seat and the park surrounding it, and the wall, likewise, were in a state of wretched disrepair. The place that he and Stratgate had selected for the encounter was a level bit of sward which Blythdale had caused to be mowed and rolled the afternoon before. It was shaded from the morning sun by high trees. Neither combatant could be maneuvered into any position to get the sunlight into his eyes. On one side of the smooth bit of turf ran a little brook, on the other the spaces between the trees were filled by a thick, almost impenetrable growth of underbrush. Although it was already autumn, the leaves had

not yet fallen, and the undergrowth, which was a regular thicket, afforded secure concealment for any observer. Blythdale had arranged, as he thought, that there should be no interruptions whatsoever, and early that morning he had posted his gamekeepers in a circle some distance away from the dueling ground with instructions to let no one pass. Although they were burning with curiosity to see, themselves, the habit of obedience was strong upon them, for Blythdale was rather a heavy-handed master, and they stayed where they were placed, their eyes resolutely turned away from the encounter, keeping earnest watch. We have heard of locking the door after the horse had been stolen. This was a reversal of that ancient practice, for the keepers were posted after the spectators had arrived.

The reader has divined, although I should like to keep him in suspense, that the spectators were Ellen and Debbie. They were brought to that spot by the God of Chance, who has a habit of working most opportunely in accordance with a poor author's plans.

By some instinct, for which she never ceased to be thankful, Ellen had put their boat on the right course when she hoisted the sail and grappled the tiller in that moment when they had escaped from the Flying Star. The moon rose late and by the time it was shining brightly Ellen was so far in shore toward the east side of Portsmouth harbor that the Britannia, lumbering over toward the Isle of Wight, had no chance of picking up the small boat.

It was almost morning when Ellen made a landing. The wind was adverse for Portsmouth—which did not trouble her, for she was quite anxious not to appear in the streets of that town in which she was sure her husband, Stratgate and Sir Charles would soon be assembled. She had formed no plan as to the future as yet. She only wished to get ashore, to get something to eat and a place to lie concealed while she thought it over. The wind failed and it was not until daybreak, or about four o'clock, that Ellen ran ashore.

It was a lonely spot, some miles to the eastward of Portsmouth. She aroused Deborah, who had slept most of the night in the bottom of the boat, and the two tired women, after tying the boat to the shore, plodded inland. At a little farmhouse—the farmer's wife being just arisen, apparently—they got some bread and milk which



Finally They Came to a Low Place in the Wall.

blunted the edge of their appetite—it must be remembered that they had not eaten anything since the noon before—and from the woman they learned the lay of the land.

They scrambled through by-paths for a long time and a little after six o'clock reached the main road. Before them rose the broken walls of a gentleman's country seat. The road was deserted at that hour. Ellen hardly knew what to do. She did not know how far it was to the next inn, nor was she certain, if she did know, that it would be a safe place for her to hide. Debbie, out of whom the spirit had been almost crushed by the succession of dazzling adventures through which she had passed, could offer no suggestion of value. She clung to Ellen's arm as if the latter had been a man, and so far as help or assistance was concerned was a mere dead weight.

"One thing I tell you, Ellen," she began at last, "I can go no farther; that is, I can walk no farther. We must find some place to rest."

"Well, dear," said Ellen, tired enough herself, but a man beside poor Debbie, "let's enter that park, perhaps we can find some one there among the servants who will help us without asking too many questions."

"Those clothes you have on, Ellen," said Debbie, desperately, "are bound to attract attention, or you in them. I don't know what we are going to do! I wish I were back in Carrington, or I wish I was in Boston, or on the Flying Star, or anywhere but here."

through the undergrowth, meeting no one in their progress. After half an hour's struggling, they came to an open piece of sward, newly mowed it was evident from the piles of grass that had been raked away on the edges. On the opposite of it a little brook purled merrily over sand and pebbles.

Thither the two women staggered, and kneeling down took long draughts of the sweetness and bathed their faces and hands in the cold water. They were thus engaged when they heard voices coming from the direction of the hall.

Instantly Ellen seized Deborah and ran back to the thicket whence they had just emerged and lay down, entirely concealed by the undergrowth, although able to see everything themselves that took place on the grass.

"Who is it, think you?" whispered Debbie, after she had been forced down into a prone position.

"How should I know?" answered Ellen.

"Well, if it looks like a gentleman," continued Debbie, desperately, "I'm going to get up and ask his assistance."

"You'll do no such thing," said Ellen in a sharp whisper. "Be guided by me. I know men and the world as you don't."

Indeed, it would have been hard to choose between the innocence of the matron and the maid, but Ellen flattered herself that her years and her marriage had made her wise.

"Let me decide what is to be done," she added.

"You've decided everything," said Debbie, resentfully, "and look what a position we're in."

"Hush!" said Ellen. "Here they are."

At the same instant a man stepped into the clearing. Deborah opened her mouth as if to scream. Ellen caught her violently by the arm repeating her caution.

"It's Lord Stratgate!" murmured Deborah, amazed.

"I see," returned Ellen. "Now, will you be quiet?"

"I wonder what he's here for?" whispered poor Deborah under her breath.

CHAPTER XIX. A L'outrance.

Stratgate was followed by a small man, rather extravagantly dressed, who carried a couple of naked swords under his arm. The small man yawned prodigiously and appeared to be greatly bored by the situation in which he found himself, or by the early hour at which he had been compelled to arise. Back of the two came another man of plainer aspect, with a keen, shrewd, business-like face. He was dressed in a naval uniform of blue and white and carried a strange looking, leather covered box, of which neither Ellen nor Deborah knew what to make at first.

The man in uniform selected a convenient spot about the center of the sward, well in the shade of the trees, deposited his box, opened it, knelt down and busied himself over its contents, which so far as the women could make out consisted of bottles, bandages and shining instruments of some sort. Lady Cecily would have known instantly what was about to occur, but it was some time before either Deborah or Ellen divined that they were to be the spectators to a duel.

"I wonder where they are?" the little man carrying the swords yawned out, looking vaguely about the clearing.

Stratgate pulled out his watch. "Tis not yet the appointed hour," he answered.

"What the devil made you get up so early, then?" asked the small man, grumpily.

"I always like to be beforehand in affairs of this kind, Blythdale," returned Stratgate.

"Well, I wish the others would come so we can have it over and get back to breakfast, or more like to bed," growled Blythdale, crossly.

Stratgate laughed at him. "They'll be here on time. You needn't worry. Carrington is a fool where women are concerned, but he's not afraid of any man, I take it, and you'll see him in due course."

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up," grumbled the bad-tempered baron as Stratgate turned and walked over toward the doctor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Light Freights By W. W. JACOBS RESURRECTION OF WIGGETT

(Copyright, Dodd, Mead Company.) Mr. Sol Ketchmaid, landlord of the Ship, sat in his snug bar, rising occasionally from his seat by the taps to minister to the wants of the customers who shared this pleasant retreat with him.

Forty years at sea before the mast had made Mr. Ketchmaid an authority on affairs maritime; five years in command of the Ship inn, with the nearest other licensed house five miles off, had made him an autocrat.

Twice recently had he found occasion to warn Mr. Ned Clark, the village shoemaker, the strength of whose head had been a boast in the village for many years. On the third occasion the indignant shoemaker was interrupted in the middle of an impassioned harangue on free speech and bundled into the road by the ostler. After this nobody was safe.

That night Mr. Ketchmaid, meeting his eye as he entered the bar, nodded curtly. The shoemaker had stayed away three days as a protest, and the landlord was naturally indignant at such contumacy.

"Good evening, Mr. Ketchmaid," said the shoemaker, screwing up his little black eyes; "just give me a small bottle o' lemonade, if you please."

"Go and get your lemonade somewhere else," said the bursting Mr. Ketchmaid.

"I prefer to 'ave it here," rejoined the shoemaker, "and you've got to serve me, Ketchmaid. A licensed publican is compelled to serve people whether he likes to or not, else he loses of 'is license."

"Not when they're the worse for liker he ain't," said the landlord.

"Here's the 'ealth of Henry Wiggett what lost 'is leg to save Mr. Ketchmaid's life," he said, unctuously. "Also the 'ealth of Sam Jones, who let hisself be speared through the chest for the same noble purpose. Likewise the health of Capt. Peters, who nursed Mr. Ketchmaid like 'is own son when he got knocked up doing the work of five men as was drowned; likewise the health o' Dick Lee, who helped Mr. Ketchmaid capture a Chinese junk full of pirates and killed the whole 17 of 'em by—'Ow did you say you killed 'em, Ketchmaid?"

The landlord, who was busy with the taps, affected not to hear.

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"Pore old Sam died in 'is arms with your name up 'is honest black lips."

"When I was laying in my bunk in the fo'e'le being nursed back to life," continued Mr. Wiggett, enthusiastically, "who was it that set by my side 'olding my 'and and telling me to live for his sake?—why, Sol Ketchmaid. Who was it that said that he'd stick to me for life?—why Sol Ketchmaid. Who was it that said that so long as 'e 'ad a crust I should have first bite at it, and so long as 'e 'ad a bed I should 'ave first half of it?—why, Sol Ketchmaid!"

"In my old age and on my beam-ends," continued Mr. Wiggett, "I remembered them words of old Sol, and I knew if I could only find 'im my troubles were over. I knew that I could creep into 'is little harbor and lay snug. I knew that what Sol said he meant. I lost my leg saving 'is life, and he is grateful."

"So he ought to be," said Mr. Clark, "and I'm proud to shake 'ands with a hero."

He gripped Mr. Wiggett's hand, and the other followed suit. The wooden-legged man wound up with Mr. Ketchmaid, and, disdaining to notice that that veracious mariner's grasp was somewhat limp, sank into his chair again and asked for a cigar.

"Lend me the box, Sol," he said, joyfully, as he took it from him. "I'm going to 'and 'em 'round. This is my treat, mates. Pore old Henry Wiggett's treat."

He passed the box 'round, Mr. Ketchmaid watching in helpless indignation as the customers, discarding their pipes, thanked Mr. Wiggett.

Closing time came all too soon, Mr. Wiggett, whose popularity was never for a moment in doubt, developing gifts to which his friend had never even alluded.

"I 'ope you're satisfied," said Mr. Wiggett, as the landlord, having shot the bolts of the front door, returned to the bar.

"You went a bit too far," said Mr. Ketchmaid, shortly; "you should 'ave been content with doing what I told you to do. And who asked you to 'and my cigars 'round?"

"I got a bit excited," pleaded the other.

"And you forgot to tell 'em you're going to start to-morrow to live with that niece of yours in New Zealand," added the landlord.

"So I did," said Mr. Wiggett, smiting his forehead; "so I d. I'm very sorry; I'll tell 'em to-morrow night."

"Mention it casual like, to-morrow morning," commanded Mr. Ketchmaid, "and get off in the afternoon, then I'll give you some dinner besides the five shillings as arranged."

"Hennery Wiggett!" gasped the landlord, as a small man with ragged whiskers appeared at the wicket, "it can't be!"

The new-comer regarded him tenderly for a moment without a word, and then, kicking open the door with an unmistakable wooden leg, stumped into the bar, and grasping his outstretched hand shook it fervently.

"The sight o' you, Hennery Wiggett, is better to me than diamonds," said Mr. Ketchmaid, ecstatically. "How did you get here?"

"A friend of his, Cap'n Jones of the barque Venue, gave me a passage to London," said Mr. Wiggett, "and I've tramped down from there without a penny in my pocket."

"And Sol Ketchmaid's glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Smith, who, with the rest of the company, had been looking on in a state of great admiration. "He's never tired of telling us 'ow you saved him from the shark and 'ad your leg bit off in so doing."

"I'd 'ave my other bit off for 'im, too," said Mr. Wiggett, as the landlord patted him affectionately on the shoulder and thrust a glass of spirits into his hands. "Cheerful, I would. The kindest-hearted and the bravest man that ever breathed, is old Sol Ketchmaid."

"You never 'eard anything more o' pore Sam Jones, I s'pose?" said Mr. Ketchmaid.

Mr. Wiggett put down his glass. "I ran up agin a man in Rio Janeiro two years ago," he said, mournfully.



Wiped His Eyes to the Memory of the Faithful Black.

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To the landlord's great annoyance his guest went for a walk next morning and did not return until the evening, when he explained that he had walked too far for his crippled condition and was unable to get back.

The helpless Mr. Ketchmaid suf-

fered in silence, with his eye on the clock, and almost danced with impatience at the tardiness of his departing guests. He accompanied the last man to the door, and then, crimson with rage, returned to the bar to talk to Mr. Wiggett.

"Wot d'y'r mean by it?" he thundered.

"Mean by what, Sol?" inquired Mr. Wiggett, looking up in surprise.

"Don't call me Sol, 'cos I won't have it," vociferated the landlord, standing over him with his fist clenched. "First thing to-morrow morning off you go."

"Off?" repeated the other in amazement. "Off? Where to?"

"Anywhere," said the overwrought landlord; "so long as you get out of here, I don't care where you go."

Mr. Wiggett, who was smoking a cigar, the third that evening, laid it carefully on the table by his side, and regarded him with tender reproach.

"Arrangement!" said the mystified Mr. Wiggett; "what arrangements? Why, I ain't seen you for ten years and more. If it 'adn't been for meeting Cap'n Peters—"

He was interrupted by frenzied and incoherent exclamations from Mr. Ketchmaid.

"You rascal," said the landlord, in a stifled voice. "You infernal rascal. I never set eyes on you till I saw you the other day on the quay at Burnsea, and, just for an innocent little joke like with Ned Clark, asked you to come in and pretend."

"Pretend!" repeated Mr. Wiggett, in a horror-stricken voice.

"Look 'ere," said Mr. Ketchmaid, thrusting an infuriated face close to his, "there never was a Hennery Wiggett; there never was a shark; there never was a Sam Jones!"

Mr. Wiggett fumbled in his pocket, and producing the remains of a dirty handkerchief, wiped his eyes to the memory of the faithful black.

"Look here," said Mr. Ketchmaid, putting down the bottle and regarding him intently. "You've got me fair. Now, will you go for a pound?"

Wiggett took a box of matches from the bar and, relighting the stump of his cigar, contemplated Mr. Ketchmaid for some time in silence, and then, with a serious shake of his head, stumped off to bed.

A week passed, and Mr. Wiggett still graced with his presence the bar of the Ship.

"I shall tell the chaps to-night that it was a little joke on my part," Ketchmaid announced, with grim decision; "then I shall take you by the collar and kick you into the road."

Mr. Wiggett sighed and shook his head.

"It'll be a terrible show-up for you," he said, softly. "You'd better make it worth my while, and I'll tell 'em this evening that I'm going to New Zealand to live with a niece of mine there, and that you've paid my passage for me. I don't like telling any more lies, but, seeing it's for you, I'll do it for a couple of pounds."

"Five shillings," snarled Mr. Ketchmaid.

Mr. Wiggett smiled comfortably and shook his head. Mr. Ketchmaid raised his offer to ten shillings, to a pound, and finally, after a few remarks which prompted Mr. Wiggett to state that hard words broke no bones, flung into the bar and fetched the money.

The news of Mr. Wiggett's departure went round the village at once, the landlord himself breaking the news to the next customer, and an overflow meeting assembled that evening to bid the emigrant farewell.

The landlord noted with pleasure that business was brisk. Several gentlemen stood drink to Mr. Wiggett, and in return he put his hand in his own pocket and ordered glasses round. Mr. Ketchmaid, in a state of some uneasiness, took the order, and then Mr. Wiggett, with the air of one conferring inestimable benefits, produced a luck half-penny, which had once belonged to Sam Jones, and insisted upon his keeping it.

"This is my last night, mates," he said, mournfully, as he acknowledged the drinking of his health.

"In my lonely pilgrimage through life, crippled and 'aving to beg my bread," he said, tearfully, "I shall think o' this 'appy bar and these friendly faces. When I am wrestlin' with the pangs of 'unger and being moved on by the 'earless police, I shall think of you as I last saw you."

"But," said Mr. Smith, voicing the general consternation, "you're going to your niece in New Zealand?"

Mr. Wiggett shook his head and smiled a sad, sweet smile.

"I 'ave no niece," he said, simply; "I'm alone in the world."

"Ketchmaid told me himself as he'd paid your passage to New Zealand," said the shoemaker; "he said as 'e'd pressed you to stay, but that you said as blood was thicker even than friendship."

"All lies," said Mr. Wiggett, sadly. "I'll stay with pleasure if he'll give the word. I'll stay even now if 'e wishes it."

"He don't like my being 'ere," he said, in a low voice. "He grudges the little bit I eat, I s'pose. He told me I'd got to go, and that for the look o' things 'e was going to pretend I was going to New Zealand. I was too broke-hearted at the time to care wot he said—I 'ave no wish to sponge on no man—but, seeing your 'onest faces remind me, I couldn't go with a lie on my lips—Sol Ketchmaid, old shipmate—good-bye."

He turned to the speechless landlord, made as though to shake hands with him, thought better of it, and then, with a wave of his hand full of chastened dignity, withdrew. His stump rang with pathetic insistence upon the brick-paved passage, paused at the door, and then, tapping on the hard road, died slowly away in the distance. Inside the Ship the shoemaker gave an ominous order for lemonade.