

SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England, 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 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 and the latter to take her to like and the safely a

CHAPTER XIX .- Continued.

"I was his master because he was a villain," answered my Lord Carring ton. "He nearly had me undone at first, but I knew he couldn't go the pace, and a clean life and an honest eart wore him down at last; and yet I don't know which is much the worse, the damned scoundrel or the damned I hope he'll live. Somehow when I saw him there helpless on the grass, my sword through his breast a good deal of the enmity went out of me. If I could get my wife now, I'd be satisfied. A damned fool!" my lord laughed nervously as he turned away

Yes, if he could have gotten his wife then, he would have been satisfied, and his wife would have been satisfied, too. But Ellen lay in the bushes in a dead faint. The re'ief of the denouement had been too much for her. And there was horror at picture of Strathgate, blood spurting about the blade of the sword where it entered and where it left his body, reeling, his hands in the air, white faced, desperate, crashing down at her husband's feet.

Debbie, in a like state of collapse but not quite insensible, not knowing what to do, not daring to do what she knew, if sne had known

CHAPTER XX. My Lord Is Arrested.

But Lord Carrington was not to go very far in his present path, for two carriages which had galloped rapidly across the park toward the one which had brought him thither stopped suddenly before Carrington and Parkman The door was thrown open and Sir Charles Seton and a naval officer full uniform alighted from the first. From a second a sergeant and four marines, completely armed, descended to the sward.

The marines instantly fell in ranks and stood at attention. The naval officer looked back toward them. The sergeant saluted and declared him self ready for the business on which he had come. Seton had taken a step toward his friend, when the latter, his pale face suddenly flushing, darted at

"Seton," he said in a low, fierce voice.

pice, "where's my wife?"
In the intensity of his passion he seized Seton by the shoulders and shook him slightly.

Now, Sir Charles had come there with a great pity for Carrington in his heart and a willingness to forget and forgive the other's insults and threats, but the soldier was as quick tempered as the sailor, and his own face swered the ruddy flag in Carrington's

Take your hand off me, Lord Carrington," he cried, wrenching himself free and springing backward, his own hand upon his sword.

T've had one man's blood on my hands this morning." returned my lord, savagely, "and I don't want to have another's, but, by heaven, if you do not instantly declare to me what you did with my wife, I'll strike you where you stand!'

whipping out his blade, "that if you come near me again I'll run you through without benefit of clergy."

ders. I've no doubt you can get clear, but now the admiral's word goes."

"And did you, Sir Charles, provoke

"Sir Charles Seton," began my lord, this quarrel kn evidently mastering his feelings with and fettered?" great difficulty, "little do I care for your threats, but I must have an answer to my question. Lady Carring-ton is known to have boarded that merchant ship which was overhauled, have no doubt, by the Britannia. Knowing our navy as I do, I have hesitancy in believing that Lady Carrington was taken from that ship; that she was brought back to Portsmouth on the Britannia, and has been, or is now, under your care. Where is she?'

"Lord Carrington," returned Sir Charles, standing upon a punctilio, recognize no right in you to question me and I decline to give you any reply in your present condition."

"Will you reply to my sword's I shall get away. I have some point?" exclaimed my lord, passion-quaintance with Blythedale, and—

'With pleasure," said Sir Charles, proudly, "but perhaps I may say this much. I don't know where your wife is, or Mistress Slocum, either. I wish to God I did. She isn't under my protection as you insinuate."
"That's a lie!" burst out my lord,

fiercely.

"Good God!" cried Sir Charles, stepping forward menacingly.

"Charles," said Carrington with a sudden change of manner, "you were once my best friend, for God's sake, tell me where my wife is?"

'You've insulted me publicly," cried Seton, a man of slower temper, but of quite as hot a disposition, once aroused, as his former friend. He recked nothing of my lord's appeal. He saw only the fearful insult that had been hurled upon him. your weapon!" he exclaimed, extending his own blade so that the point almost touched Carrington's breast.

My lord suddenty seized Seton's sword by the blade with his naked hand, and although the sharp edge bit into his palm, with a quick jerk he tore it from the surprised baronet, who was naturally not expecting an act of that kind.

"Tell me, tell me!" he cried. "You may kill me after that, or I you if needs must be, but where is wife?" my

"Bernard, you're beside yourself," said Parkman, picking up Sir Charles' sword, "let me apologize to you, Sir Charles, for my principal."

He bowed gravely and extended the hilt toward Sir Charles. But Sir Charles would not be pacified.

"Tell your principal to make ready at once," he continued, "or I shall feel justified in cutting him down."

"This can go no further, gentlemen, now interposed the naval officer who had come with Seton.

"And what business is it of yours cried my lord, laying his hand on his sword hilt and quite des-



"On These," Answered McLear.

perate at the situation in which he found himself. have no interest in this quarrel unless it is to perform a friend's office for Sir Charles Seton with whom you

"Have I not?" said McLear, sharply. "Nay, never menace me with your blade, Lord Carrington. I'll take

charge of it.' stepped closer and extended his

hand for my lord's sword. "And on what grounds, pray?" asked

Carrington in a high voice. "On these," answered McLear equally determined. As he spoke he hauled out from his pocket a folded paper. "'Tis an order of arrest from Admiral Kephard for disobedience of orders, failure to rejoin your ship, insulting language to your command-

ing officer. Admiral Kephard's sign

and seal, sir." He shook the paper forth as he spoke. "Now, your sword." 'As a gentleman and I make no doubt a man of honor yourself, Lieu- ing along the Pittsburg doctor's lines, tenant McLear," continued Carrington, glancing at the single epaulet on the officer's shoulder, "you will, I am a man will come home to dinner and persuaded, grant me a few moments

"What, and run the chance of having to carry back a dead body to the same man will see a piece of red, unadmiral? No, sir," returned McLear derdone beef, and he fancies it at once. peremptorily. "I have orders to bring He is attracted by the color, you to the Britannia in your proper

'And if I refuse?'

"Sergeant," McLear turned to the marine, "if Lieutenant Lord Carrington does not hand me his sword be fore I count ten, you will advance your

men and take it from him by for "Parkman, will you see this thing done?" cried my lord as McLear, who was a man of great determination, be-

gan to count. 'You're in the wrong, Bernard." an-

"And I swear to you," cried Seton, swered Parkman, "you must obey or-

this quarrel knowing that I was bound "Damnation!" cried Seton.

insult and insult and insult me! Give him five minutes, Mr. McLear?" "Nine!" said McLear with especial

"Squad, attention!" cried the ser-

Carrington knew that the game was Without another word, he seized his sword by the blade and tendered the hilt to McLear.

"That's well," said the lieutenant. quickly, "now, if you will enter the carriage with me. And you, Charles."

"I wouldn't ride in the same carriage with him, curse him!" returned the baronet hotly. "Leave me here. I have some ac-

"Very good," said the officer turning away.

"Tell me one thing," said my Lord Carrington as McLear approached the carriage which my lord had already entered, "is my wife—are there any women aboard the Britannia?"

"She is not there, she hasn't been there.'

"Was there anyone taken from that merchant ship?"

"No one was aboard of her. I heard Collier say that those they sought to seize from her had escaped."

Carrington's face lighted and then fell, lighted at the thought that his wife was not with Seton, fell that her whereabouts was as much a mystery to him as ever. He had wronged Seton dreadfully. He was a proud man, my lord, but something must be done.

"Sir Charles Seton!" he cried and Seton turned and stepped toward him. his face black with passion, but his manner cold and composed. "I did you an injustice. I'm ready to atone for it in any way you may decide if ever I get free from this cursed arrest, but I cannot go away easy in my mind without any apology."

"No apologies," criec Sir Charles, 'are adequate to such a situation.'

"I suppose not," returned my lord. T've just done for Strathgate yonder, perhaps fate'll get even by giving you a chance at me. You know what Strathgate said to me?" he continued with one of those quick changes of manner to which he was subject. "As he lay on the grass with half a fathom of my blade in his breast, he cried out: 'Carrington, you're a damned fool!' It's true, Charles. Drive on, McLear." he said, sinking back in the cushions and turning his face away.

The two carriages rolled out of the park rapidly leaving Seton staring in amazement at the remarkable and contradictory remarks of his former

When he recovered his equanimity in some measure at least, the baronet turned and walked toward the two still busied about Strathgate. His situation was so critical and there was so much to do that they had paid no attention whatsoever to the exciting incident which had just taken place within earshot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BELONG TO TEMPERATE ZONE. Four-Fifths of the Horses of the World Are Found There.

Of the 100,000,000 horses known to exist in the world, 80,000,000 or fourfifths of the entire number are found in the temperate zone and nearly all among the occidental people

According to the National Geographical Magazine the remaining 20,-000,000 scattered through the tropics are largely employed in the service of temperate zone visitors or residents and are but feeble representatives of that animal as he is known

to the people of Europe or America. In the United States and Canada we have 1 horse for every 372 persons; in South America, 1 for every 7; in Mexico, 1 for every 12; in Japan, 1 for every 30; 1 to 40 in Turkey, for 50 in the Philippines, for about 150 in Africa and 200 in India and Southern China.

The llama will carry from 50 to 200 pounds; a man from 75 to 150 pounds; the donkey 100 to 200 pounds; an ox 150 to 200 pounds; a horse from 200 to 250 pounds; the elephant from 1,800 to 2,500 pounds; the camel from 350 to 500 pounds.

Sad-Colored Food.

Now that it has been discovered, or rediscovered, by an eminent physician that the colors of food have much to do with the appetite, a woman in town who is known for her novel enter 1ments is going to give a lunched where all the dishes "will be bright and cheerful in tone." There will be no overdone roasts at this repast London gastronomic expert, preachsays: "Persons naturally avoid sombre-colored food. As an instance, see a grayish-colored, overdone leg of respite in which this gentleman and mutton before him. He won't touch it. I may continue our debate." has turned him against the food. same man will see a piece of red, un-

Question Still Undecided.

Writers in magazines are still debating the question as to whether women are more responsible than men for the low tone of modern liter ture, not only as the writers of books, but as the readers. One writer sug gests that novelists should be licensed and that they should give evidence of wholesomeness and purity of thought before the coveted privilege to publish could be obtained



TO HOLD

W. W. JACOBS

TO HAVE AND

The old man sat outside the Cauliflower inn, looking crossly up the road. He was fond of conversation, but the pedestrian who had stopped to drink a mug of ale beneath the shade of the doors was not happy in his choice of subjects.

Conversation languished; the traveler rapped on the table and had his mug refilled. He nodded courteously to his companion and drank.

"You're another Job Brown," said the old man, irritably, "that's wot you are; another Job Brown. I've seen your kind afore.'

He shifted farther along the seat, and, taking up his long clay pipe from the table, struck a match and smoked the few whiffs which remained.

"Wot I said just now about you being like Job Brown was only in joke like," he said, anxiously, as he tasted the brew. "If Job 'ad been like you he'd ha' been a better man." The philanthropist bowed.

"He was one o' the 'ardest drinkers in these parts," began the old man, slowly, filling his pipe.
The traveler thanked him.

"Sometimes 'e used to get pitiful over it, and sit shaking 'is 'ead at 'em for drowning theirselves in beer, as he called it, when they ought to be giving the money to their wives and families. He sat down and cried one night over Bill Chambers' wife's toes being out of 'er boots. Bill sat struck all of a 'eap, and it might 'ave passed off, only Henery White spoke up for 'im, and said that he scarcely ever 'ad a pint but wot somebody else paid There was unpleasantness all round then, and in the row somebody knocked one o' Henery's teeth out.

"And that wasn't the only unpleas antness, and at last some of the chaps put their 'eads together and agreed among theirselves to try and help Job Brown to give up the drink. They kep' it secret from Job, but the next time 'e came in and ordered a pint Joe Gubbins-'aving won the toss-drank it by mistake, and went straight off 'ome as 'ard as 'e could, smacking 'is lips

"He 'ad the best of it, the other chaps 'aving to 'old Job down in 'is chair, and trying their 'ardest to explain that Joe Gubbins was only doing him a kindness.

"He kept a very tight 'old 'o the next pint, and as 'e set down at the

table he looked round nasty like and asked 'em whether there was any more as would like to do 'im a kindness, and Henery White said there was, and he went straight off 'ome arter fust dropping a handful o' sawdust into Job's mug. "I'm an old man, an' I've seen a

good many rows in my time, but I've never seen anything like the one that appened then. was no good talking to Job, not a bit, he being that



There Was Unpleasantness All 'Round

unreasonable that even when 'is own words was repeated to 'im he wouldn't listen. He behaved like a madman the langwidge 'e used was that fearful and that wicked that Smith the landlord said 'e wouldn't 'ave it in 'is house.

"Arter that you'd ha' thought that Job Brown would 'ave left off 'is talk about being teetotaler, but he didn't. "It was through that at last 'e came

to offer five pounds reward to any-body as could 'elp 'im to become a teetotaler. He went off 'ome one night as usual, and arter stopping a tew seconds in the parlor to pull his self together, crept quietly upstairs for fear of waking 'is wife. He saw by the crack under the door that she'd eft a candle burning, so he pulled isself together agin and then turned he 'andle and went in and began to ry an' take off 'is coat.

"He 'appened to give a 'alf-look towards the bed as 'e did so, and then 'e started back and rubbed 'is eyes and told 'imself he'd be better in a minute. Then 'e looked agin, for 'is wife was nowhere to be seen, and in the bed all fast and sound asleep and snoring their 'ardest was little Dick Weed the tailor and Mrs. Weed and

the baby.

"'Get up,' ses Job, 'ardly able to speak. 'I'm surprised at you. Get up out o' my bed direckly.'

"'Your bed?' screams little Dick;

'you're the worse for licker, Job Brown. Can't you see you've come in-

to the wrong house?'
"'Eh?' ses Job, staring. 'Wrong

'ouse? Well, where's mine, then?'
"'Next door but one, same as it
always was,' ses Dick. 'Will you go?' "Job began to go downstairs, saying 'goo'-night' as 'e went, and he'd got pretty near to the bottom when



"Mind Your Own Business," Ses John Brown.

he suddenly wondered wot 'e was go ing downstairs for instead of up, and larfing gently at 'is foolishness for making sich a mistake 'e went upstairs agin. His surprise when 'e see Dick Weed and Mrs. Weed and the baby all in 'is bed pretty near took 'is breath away.

"'Wot are you doing in my bed?" he ses.

'It's our bed,' ses Dick, trembling all over with rage. 'I've told you afore you've come into the ouse

"'Wrong 'ouse,' ses Job, staring round the room. 'I b'leeve you're Goo'-night, Dick; goo'-night, right. Mrs. Weed; goo'-night, baby.'

"They 'ad the neighbors in then and the trouble they 'ad to get Job downstairs wouldn't be believed. Mrs. Pottle went for 'is wife at last, and then Job went 'ome with 'er like a lamb, asking 'er where she'd been all the evening, and saying 'e'd been looking for 'er everywhere.

There was such a to-do about it in the village next morning that Job Brown was fairly scared.

"He wasn't like hisself that night up at the Cauliflower. 'E sat up in the corner and wouldn't take notice of anybody, and it was easy to see as he was thoroughly ashamed of hisself

"'Cheer up, Job,' says Bill Chambers, at last; 'you ain't the fust man as has made a fool of hisself.'

"'Mind your own business,' ses Job Brown, 'and I'll mind mine.'

"'Why don't you leave 'im alone, Bill? ses Henery White; 'you can see the man is worried because the baby can't talk.'

"'Oh,' ses Bill, 'I thought 'e was worried because 'is wife could.' "'I'm going to give it up, Smith,' he ses, 'and I'll give five pounds to

anybody as'll prevent me tasting intoxicating licker for a month.' "Bill Chambers wasn't satisfied then

He pointed out that earning the five Brown afterwards, was two such entirely different things that there was no likeness between 'em at all. Then Job Brown got so mad 'e didn't know wot 'e was doing, and 'e 'anded over five pounds to Smith the landlord and wrote on the paper that he was to give it to anybody who should earn it, without consulting 'im at all. Even Bill couldn't think of anything to say agin that, but he made a point of biting all the sovereigns.

"There was quite a excitement for a few days. Henery White 'e got a 'eadache with thinking, and Joe Gubbins, 'e got a 'eadache for drinking Job Brown's beer agin. There was all sorts o' wild ways mentioned to earn that five pounds, but they didn't come to anything.

"Arter a week had gone by Job Brown began to get restless like, and once or twice 'e said in Smith's hear-'ow useful five pounds would be.

"He used to ask Smith for it every night, and Smith used to give 'im the same answer, until at last Job Brown said he'd go an' see a lawyer about That frightened Smith a bit, and I b'lieve he'd ha' 'anded it over, but two days arterwards Job was going upstairs so careful that he fell down

to the bottom and broke 'is leg. "It was broken in two places, and the doctor said it would be a long job, owing to 'is drinking habits, and ' gave Mrs. Brown strict orders that Job wasn't to 'ave a drop of anything, even if 'e asked for it.

There was a lot o' talk about it up at the Cauliflower 'ere, and Henery White, arter a bad 'eadache, thought of a plan by which 'e and Bill Cham-bers could 'ave that five pounds Saturda: Evening Post

atween 'em. The ide. was that Bill Chambers was to go with Henery to see Job, and take 'im a bottle of beer, and jist as Job was going to drink it Henery should knock it out of 'is 'ands, at the same time telling Bill Chambers 'e ought to be ashamed o' hisself.

'It was a good idea, and, as Henery White said, if Mrs. Brown was in the room so much the better, as she'd be a witness. He made Bill swear to keep it secret for fear of other chaps doing it arterwards, and then they bought a bottle o' beer and set off up the road to Job's. The annoying part of it was, arter all their trouble and Henery White's 'eadache, Mrs. Brown wouldn't let 'em in. They begged and prayed of 'er to let 'em go up and just 'ave a peep at 'im, but she wouldn't. She said she'd go upstairs and peep for 'em, and she came down agin and said that 'e was a little bit flushed

but sleeping like a lamb.
"Job promised that 'e would give liquor up; but the fust day 'e felt able to crawl on 'is crutches he made up 'is mind to go up to the Cauliflower and see whether gin and beer tasted as good as it used to. The only thing was 'is wife might stop 'im.

"'You're done up with nursing me, old gal,' he ses to 'is wife.

"'I am a bit tired,' ses she.
"'You go, my dear,' ses Job. shall be quite 'appy sitting at the gate in the sun with a glass o' milk an' a pipe.'

'He persuaded 'er at last, and, in a fit o' generosity, gave 'er three shillings to go shopping with, and as soon as she was out o' sight he went off with a crutch and a stick, smiling all over 'is face. He met Dick Weed in the road and they shook 'ands quite friendly, and Job asked 'im to 'ave a drink. Then Henery White and some more chaps came along, and by the time they got to the Cauliflower they was as merry a party as you'd wish to see.

"Every man 'ad a pint o' beer, which Job paid for, not forgetting Smith 'isself, and Job closed 'is eyes with pleasure as 'e took his.

"'And I'll trouble you for that five pounds, Smith,' 'e ses, smiling. 'I've been without anything stronger than milk for seven weeks. I never thought when I wrote that paper I was going to earn my own money.'

"'Has your wife gone shopping to-day?' ses Smith, looking at 'im very solemn.

"Job Brown put 'is mug down on the

table and turned pale as ashes. Then

'e got up and limped over to the bar. 'Wot d'yer mean?' he ses, choking. "'She said she thought o' doing so,' ses Smith, wiping a glass; 'she came in yesterday and asked for that five pounds she'd won. The doctor came in with 'er and said she'd kept you from licker for seven weeks, let alone a month; so, according to the

paper, I 'ad to give it to 'er. I 'ope I done right, Job?' "Job didn't answer 'im a word, good or bad. He just turned 'is back on him, and, picking up 'is crutch and 'is stick, hobbled off 'ome. Henery White tried to make 'im stop and 'ave another pint, but he wouldn't. He said he didn't want 'is wife to find 'im out when she returned.

NATURE AS A FAKER.

Sometimes Deceives Even the Trained Eye of the Scientist.

On the so-called Table Mounds of Iowa are numerous impressions of what look exactly like cloven feet. It is not surprising that superstitious people should attribute them to the devil, taking his walks abroad, though as a matter of fact, they are not footprints of any kind whatsoever, but merely weather-worn impressions left by a species of mollusk-like animal known to science as pentamerus.

To the Smithsonian institution not long ago somebody sent from the Bad Lands of Nebraska what purported to be a fossil ham. It did in very truth look like a ham, and, to render the verisimilitude complete, the bone was actually sticking out at one end of it. Nevertheless, an investigation showed that the alleged bone was in reality "vaculite"-an extinct mollusk's shell, rodlike in form-and the rest of the "ham" was a mere accidental agglomeration of stony stuff.

One day, quite recently, a young man walked into the National museum at Washington and presented to the anthropologist in charge a petrified foot. It was received with many thanks, though recognized at a glance as a water-worn fragment of which had accidentally assumed a shape resembling a foot.

Such chance imitations as these frequently occur in nature. Another one, deposited in the same institution, was supposed by the finder to be a petrified ovster. It looks as if on the half shell; all its parts are wonderfully distinct, and there is even a small pearl in it seemingly. Yet it is not an

oyster at all. Many years ago the "eozoon" was introduced as a fossil to a wondering world by Sir William Dawson, an eminent geologist. It was accepted by science for quite a while as the earliest and oldest of known animals-the "dawn animal," as its name signifies. Recent scientific investigation, however, has proven that it is not, and never was, an animal at all. It merely a curious crystalline combination of two minerals which has the look of something that once upon a time was alive

It has recently been proved that many markings on sedimentary rocks, long supposed to be fossil prints of al other plants, are in reality tracks left by insects, mollusks and worms. Some of these alleged "plants" had actually received names and been classified into genera and species .-