

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

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

The Escape 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 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. Carrington 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 foiling her pursuers. Carrington and Strathgate, 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 Strathgate in a duel. They fight in the grounds of Lord Blythedale's castle. Encounter is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached land and are in hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at sword from Strathgate. Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband, Carrington, immediately following the duel, was placed under arrest for refusing to obey his admiral's orders and Ellen, who had swooned during the duel, awoke to find him gone.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Lord Blythedale looked up as Sir Charles approached. "Hello, Seton," he said. "You know Strathgate, I believe. He and Carrington have had it out here this morning." "I understand," interrupted Sir Charles. "Well, Strathgate's got it terribly. Dr. Nevinson here has just succeeded in stanching the blood. Will you call my head keeper, you'll find him over beyond the coppice yonder, and we'll have him bring a shutter and take Strathgate up to the house. It'll be touch and go with him, I'm sure. Demned unpleasant piece of business this and so early in the morning!" "Did you find the ladies, Seton?" came in weak and faltering tones from Strathgate's pale lips as he recognized Sir Charles bending over him. "No," replied Sir Charles. He hated the man, but he was terribly down and perhaps would soon be quite out and he could not get up the heart to treat him cruelly. He had played the fool, yes, and worse, the knave, but he was paying for it a high price. "No, they were not on that ship. They had gotten away somewhere." "Devilish clever woman, that," faltered Strathgate, "and beautiful. Carrington's a damned fool—if he did—run me through. You're another, Seton, and—I'm—"

to have brought them there? His eye swept the scene with the instinct of a trained soldier to whom the habit of seeking cover has become second nature. The coppice! They were there and he would see them; they should not escape him now. He hastily arranged his course. In a few moments Blythedale came back with his keepers and a shutter from the nearest keeper's house over which blankets and comforts had been hastily thrown. With infinite care, they lifted the prostrate, senseless Strathgate upon it and started for the hall. "If you'll forgive me, Blythedale," said Sir Charles in answer to an invitation to accompany them, "I have something to think about and I shall stay here alone for a few moments." "Oh, very well, suit yourself," returned Blythedale, "but when you've had your thought out, come up to the hall and I'll give you some breakfast and something to drink to take the taste of this demned unpleasant business out of our mouths, and so early in the morning, too! Poor Strathgate!" Seton stood quietly until he had satisfied himself that the party had got out of sight and sound. Then he turned to the coppice. "Mistress Deborah," he cried softly, approaching the edge. "Lady Ellen!" He listened. He detected a slight whimpering sound and then a sob. "Mistress Deborah, I know your voice," cried Sir Charles forcing his way through the undergrowth regardless of his clothing, and in a moment he was by the side of Mistress Debbie. Mistress Debbie had been lying upon her face. She lifted herself up on her arms and was staring at Sir Charles as well as she could stare at anyone with the tears streaming down her face. Leaves and bits of mold clung to her person, her eyes were heavy, her face was haggard. It is evidence of the quality of Sir Charles' passion that, even in this guise, he thought her beautiful. He stooped over her instantly, caught her in his arms and drew her to her feet. Mistress Debbie fell against him, clung to him with an astonishing access of strength and cried the more. In his excitement and rapture at this delightful contact, Sir Charles did not notice the other darker figure lying prone near the spot whence he had plucked his love. As soon as his



"My Lord is Well!"

eye fell upon her, he quickly lifted his sweetheart's head and held her from him a little. "Is that Lady Ellen?" he asked. "Yes," said Debbie contritely. "I was so glad to see you, I forgot—" "Is she dead?" "Fainted, I think. You see we saw all that terrible battle—" "We must get her out of here at once," said Sir Charles, releasing Deborah. He stooped down and, although Ellen was no light burden for any man, he picked her up and followed by Debbie forced his way through the coppice on to the sward which had already been the scene of such memorable events that morning. He laid her gently on the grass, bade Debbie loosen her collar, ran to the brook, came back with a hat full of water and splashed it, manlike, unceremoniously into Ellen's face. Then he drew from his pocket a small flask which he happened to have with him, and forced a few drops of liquor between Lady Ellen's pale lips. Then he and Deborah fell to chafing her hands. Presently, with a long sigh Lady Ellen opened her eyes. She stared hard at Seton for a moment and then the color slowly came back into her cheeks. She strove weakly to rise upon her hand and Debbie slipped her arm behind her and supported her. "Where is my lord?" she asked faintly. "I saw it all. Oh, my God, I saw it all!" "Lord Carrington was not hurt," "I know," faltered Ellen. "Strathgate! How horribly he was punished," she murmured. "We have all suffered, but I must go to my lord now. You have run me down on a lee shore, Sir Charles. Will you take me to him?" "Dear Lady Carrington," said Sir Charles, tenderly, "I would do so—You must prepare yourself for another shock." This time Ellen sat bolt upright, disdaining Deborah's help and in spite of her restraining arm. "My lord is well?" she cried in anguished tones. "Perfectly well," said Sir Charles, "but arrested." "For what? For the duel?"

"Nay, for disobedience of orders, for refusing to rejoin his ship, for—" "And he was following me," cried Lady Ellen with a heavenly smile, "he cared more for me than orders, or—" And then the thought of Lady Cecily swept into her mind and clouded her heart. "Madam," said Seton, "believe me he cares more for you than anything under heaven." "And am I not to go to him now?" asked Ellen. "I see how foolish I have been." "If you will forgive me the suggestion," said Seton, "tis Carrington who has played the fool and now he's in a grave situation. Admiral Kephart is his friend, but he is helpless. My lord must stand a court-martial and 'tis likely to go hard with him." "What is to be done?" asked Ellen, seeing her new found cup of happiness about to be dashed from her lips. "You must go to the king, tell him the whole story." "Who will take me there?" asked Ellen, after a long pause. "I will," returned Sir Charles. "Think you that having at last run you down, I would allow Mistress Debbie out of my sight again? Courage, madam, we will appeal to his majesty in person. He hath a kind heart for all his strange ways; God bless him! We will all go together and appeal to him, but first I must get you shelter"—and Sir Charles looked away as he spoke—"and clothes suitable for your sex. We will go to Blythedale hall." "Have they taken Lord Strathgate there?" "Ay," returned Sir Charles, "in a helpless, fainting condition." "I will never go," said Ellen, decidedly, "under any roof in which he abides, living or dead." "Very well," said Sir Charles. "Mistress Deborah shall stay here with you. I will get a carriage somewhere and we will go to the next posting station and at the first convenient stopping place the definite arrangements may be completed." "And you and Debbie, Sir Charles?" queried Ellen. "If Mistress Debbie will accept me," said Sir Charles, bowing ceremoniously. "I shall be proud to be her husband." "Oh, Sir Charles," faltered Debbie, rising to her feet and blushing like the crimson ribbon with which her dress was trimmed, "I did not want to run away a bit," she said as Sir Charles, utterly oblivious to Lady Ellen, caught her in his arms. "You found Baxter's 'Saints' Rest' a heavenly volume," says my lady, softly. "May it be peaceful and happy with you to the last page." "Amen!" assented Sir Charles, cutting short Debbie's ejaculation in the most approved and delectable way. (TO BE CONTINUED.) THOUGHT HE WANTED SNUFFBOX Suspicion of Piper Not Very Flattering to His Grace. At a dinner given by the marquis of Bute, among the guests was a well-known duke who, in full Highland dress, had his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuffbox belonging to another of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner, the snuffbox could not be found anywhere, though a very thorough search was made. The duke was specially anxious about it, but with no result. Some months afterwards the duke again donned the kilt for another public ceremony—the first time he had worn it since the above dinner—and happening to put his hand into his sporran he, to his utmost astonishment, found there the snuffbox which had been lost at the public dinner. Turning to his piper, the duke said: "Why, this is the snuffbox we were all looking for! Did you not see me put it away in my sporran?" "Yes, your grace," replied the piper, "I did, but I thought ye wushed ta keep it."—San Francisco Argonaut. Too Much Clothing. The chief quarrel which hygiene has with clothing is that there is too much of it; garments come down too far, are too tight, too heavy, too hot, writes Dr. Woods Hutchinson. We do much more harm to our health by overloading ourselves with clothing and by overindulging ourselves in the luxury of warmth—cramping the movements of the body, interfering with the respiration, depriving the skin of its most inalienable right, the right to fresh air, absorbing the perspiration and making a refrigerating cold pack for the body after exercise—than is done by wearing tight stays or tight boots. Cheap Home-Made Barometer. A weather man described the other day a cheap home-made barometer. He said it was only necessary to take a piece of string about 15 inches long and to soak it several hours in a strong solution of salt and water. After being dried the string should have a light weight tied to one end and be hung up against a wall, a mark being made to show where the weight reaches. The barometer is now complete. It is as accurate as a \$100 instrument. The weight rises for wet weather and falls for fine. The Necessary Requirement. "Father," said the young woman, "I begin to realize that beauty is only skin deep." "How's that?" questioned her pa. "Nowadays," continued the girl, "a dowry is much deeper." Whereupon her father resolved to add a little more water to the stock that a fund might be established to attract desirable young men.—Detroit Free Press.

PROVED BY TIME. No Fear of Any Further Trouble. David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed. I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



She—Pooh! What is a kiss It is nothing. He—Well you once said you could refuse me nothing, you know.—Chips.

ENGLISH HUMOR. The Changing Times. Times have changed since 450 years ago, when Halley's comet, for whose reappearance astronomers are now looking, was in the heavens. Then the Christian world prayed to be delivered from "the devil, the Turk and the comet." Now it says the devil is not as black as he has been painted, the Turk is a negligible quantity and the comet would be rather welcome than otherwise.—Boston Transcript.

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No Married Men for Him. H. Elvin, secretary of the National Union of Clerks, mentions that he once received this card from an employer who lives in the north of London: "I am a single man, employ two porters and five clerks. No married man shall ever enter my employ. As far as possible with my tradespeople I only deal with those who are single. What else I desire I order from my stores. I will have nothing to do with dirty, careless, idle and mostly thieving married fools."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Aunt Harriet's Omnipotence. In the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Stowe was often quoted to the rising generation as one having authority. On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at a playmate and, stamping her foot, said: "I hate you, and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your man servant, nor your maid servant, nor your ox, nor your ass." Her mother sternly reproved her, asking her if she knew what she was saying. Little Miss Beecher promptly replied: "Yes, the ten commandments." "Well, do you know who wrote them?" The child, looking disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."—Woman's Journal.

Bloom on the Egg. "I know these eggs, at least, are fresh," said the young housewife. "As I took them from the basket, a white bloom, like the down of a peach, came off my hands." Her husband, a food expert, gave a sneering laugh. "In that case," he said, "I will forego my usual morning omelette. That bloom, as you so poetically call it, is lime dust. It shows that the eggs are poked. Lime dust, which rubs off like flour, is the surest test we have for poked eggs—a not unwholesome article, but not to be compared with the new-laid sort."

Lives Lost in the Industry. The construction of every skyscraper claims an average of at least three victims, and of the 19,000,000 industrial workers in this country 500,000 are killed or maimed every year.

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