SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1904, by W. G. Chapman.)

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. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tiff, caused by jealousy. The attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathcate 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 Strathcate 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 a 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 Ellen's supposed Ellen had sailed. Seton overtook the fugitives near Portsmouth, but the craft ran aground, just as capture was imminent. Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel and sailing for parts unknown. 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, Wingship Britannia overtook the fugitives off Strathclyde. 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. Forecunter is watched by Ellen and Debbie, who have reached land and are in hiding. Carrington won a bloody contest at swords from Strathgate. Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"I was his master because he was a villain," answered my Lord Carrington. "He nearly had me undone at first, but I knew he couldn't go the pace, and a clean life and an honest heart wore him down at last; and yet I don't know which is much the worse, the damned scoundrel or the damned fool. 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 relief of the denouement had been too much for her. And there was horror at the picture of Strathcate, 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 she 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 in 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 himself 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 him.

"Seton," he said in a low, fierce voice, "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 answered the ruddy flag in Carrington's cheek.

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

"I'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!"

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

"Sir Charles Seton," began my lord, evidently mastering his feelings with great difficulty, "little do I care for your threats, but I must have an answer to my question. Lady Carrington is known to have boarded that merchant ship which was overhauled. I have no doubt, by the Britannia. Knowing our navy as I do, I have no 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, "I 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 point?" exclaimed my lord, passionately.

"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. "Draw your weapon!" he exclaimed, extending his own blade so that the point almost touched Carrington's breast.

My lord suddenly 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 my wife?"

"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, McLear?" 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. "I take it that you have no interest in this quarrel unless it is to perform a friend's office for Sir Charles Seton with whom you came."

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

He 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. "This order of arrest from Admiral Kephard for disobedience of orders, failure to rejoin your ship, insulting language to your commanding 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, Lieutenant McLear," continued Carrington, glancing at the single epaulet on the officer's shoulder, "you will, I am persuaded, grant me a few moments respite in which this gentleman and I may continue our debate."

"What, and run the chance of having to carry back a dead body to the admiral? No, sir," returned McLear peremptorily. "I have orders to bring you to the Britannia in your proper person."

"And if I refuse?"

"Sergeant," McLear turned to the marine, "if Lieutenant Lord Carrington does not hand me his sword before I count ten, you will advance your men and take it from him by force."

"Parkman, will you see this thing done?" cried my lord as McLear, who was a man of great determination, began to count.

"You're in the wrong, Bernard," answered Parkman, "you must obey orders. I've no doubt you can get clear, but now the admiral's word goes."

"And did you, Sir Charles, provoke this quarrel knowing that I was bound and fettered?"

"Damination!" cried Seton. "You insult and insult and insult me! Give him five minutes, Mr. McLear!"

"Nine!" said McLear with especial emphasis.

"Squad, attention!" cried the sergeant.

Carrington knew that the game was up. 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, Sir Charles."

"I wouldn't ride in the same carriage with him, curse him!" returned the baronet hotly. "Leave me here. I shall get away. I have some acquaintance with Blythedale, and—"

"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," cried Sir Charles, "are adequate to such a situation."

"I suppose not," returned my lord. "I'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 friend.

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 four-fifths 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 entertainments is going to give a luncheon where all the dishes "will be bright and cheerful in tone." There will be no overdone roasts at this repast. A London gastronomic expert, preaching along the Pittsburg doctor's lines, says: "Persons naturally avoid sombre-colored food. As an instance, a man will come home to dinner and see a grayish-colored, overdone leg of mutton before him. He won't touch it. It is not the meat, but the color, which has turned him against the food. The same man will see a piece of red, underdone beef, and he fancies it at once. He is attracted by the color."

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 literature, not only as the writers of books, but as the readers. One writer suggests 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.

For Little Ones

Dress for Girl from 3 to 5 Years. Dress for Girl from 8 to 10 Years. Suit for Boy from 4 to 8 Years.

Dress for Girl from Three to Five Years.—The skirt of this dainty little dress is composed of embroidered muslin; the bodice part of plain fine muslin, trimmed with strips of insertion, a deep frill of embroidery edges the yoke, and the sleeves. A colored sash gives a pretty finish. Materials required: two and a half yards embroidered muslin 18 inches wide, one yard plain muslin 6 inches wide, three yards insertion, three yards embroidery for frills.

Dress for Girl from Eight to Ten Years.—This would be a very useful dress if made up in dark blue and white striped Viyella; the skirt is gathered slightly at the waist, and is trimmed at the hem with a cross-way strap of material, white embroidery is used for the yoke and cuffs, holes are cut and button-holed in yoke; ribbon is threaded through and tied in front. Material cut on the cross is used for the shoulder straps. Materials required: Four and a half yards 42 inches wide, half yard piece embroidery.

Suit for Boy from Four to Six Years.—White serge is very suitable for a suit of this description, as it washes and wears well. The knickers are, of course, quite plain. A box-plait is made down center of front of blouse. A frill of soft washing silk edges the collar. Materials required: Three yards drill 36 inches wide, one-quarter yard silk 22 inches wide.

LIKE THE COLONIAL GLASS.

Mrs. Roosevelt Sets Fashion for Washington Society.

Colonial glass is liked in fashionable society in the national capital. Mrs. Roosevelt served tea on the southern veranda of the White House one afternoon recently, and her entire service was of that style. Her table looked charming against the background of turning leaves. The cover was yellow lined with deep yellow lace, and every article on the table, except the fat little porcelain teapot, was of glass with big initials "E. R." slanting down the sides. The cake plates were like that on which Martha Washington presented refreshment in the old mansion at Mount Vernon, or wherever her home tent was pitched. The service was a gift to Mrs. Roosevelt on her birthday anniversary in last August from a close friend, who knew her devotion to colonial effects. It figured often in Oyster Bay, but in Washington it is rather small for the companies that the mistress of the White House invites.

SKIRTS MUST BE NARROW.

Sheath-Fitting an Absolute Requisite of Fashion.

All fashionable skirts are narrow. Many are circular, others gored; but all are sheath-fitting. Consequently, they appear scant in many instances, and this has brought lengthwise skirt trimming into use. Rows of buttons, panels of braiding, or shaped panels of silk or satin, heavily soutached, are among the forms of line trimming seen of late. Such trimming is set up on one or both sides, directly over the hips, or it is carried up the center of the back, or arranged up the front. Plaited skirts which a month ago were said to be entirely out, I live most indubitably come back again, and some of the most graceful of the Robespierre dresses show skirt portions entirely in box plaits; but the plaits are always wide, well spaced, and stitched almost to the knees. Or these are ornamented with buttons arranged in rows.—Harper's Bazar.

Directoire Coats for Girls.

The small youngster of eight or ten years old will have her coats directoire this season. The new ones are exceedingly good looking.

They are high waisted, made of plaid cloth in all the new tones, have sloping shoulders and high turnover military collars.

At front of collar goes a wide bow with long ends of satin ribbon, and the revers and cuffs are cut in triple points and made of black satin.

With this she wears an immense flat sailor hat with round crown, trimmed at the side with an enormous rosette of satin and two short ends that fall over the brim.

If her mother has money enough, the youngster adds to this costume an old-fashioned muff, very round and large, made of any of the modern furs.

Vests for Directoire Coats.

Vests for the directoire coats are generally of a different material and color from that of the suit. A lovely combination is a vestee of lime green satin or of copper colored suede with a jacket of dull green. These colors are beautifully combined with collar and long jabot of soft Chantilly lace. The tight cuffs must have a deep frill of the same lace, almost covering the hand.

Then, too, the revers of the directoire coat must be very carefully executed in regard to the proper lines, the size and the color which should be the same as the vest. The least error in correct proportion takes away from their effectiveness and quickly caricatures the style.—Vogue.

SATIN MUCH IN FAVOR.

Is Liked Because Adaptable to the Season's Styles.

Indeed it is to be a satin season. Not the satin of our grandmothers, so stiff and heavy, but a light, soft, supple material with a wonderful luster of its own, which adapts itself marvelously to the new clinging type of gown.

Paris is wild with enthusiasm over the satin gilet. A gilet, you know, is a little vest. One of the smartest of these imported small garments, and one which American women are sure to like, is made of black satin bands shaped to the figure, and each finished in a point. This gilet is single breasted and buttons in the front. Combined with the satin is a band of Persian embroidery forming the top. This is a peculiarly Frenchy touch, and is sure to be much the vogue. The contrast of the beautiful Persian colors with the shining black satin is most effective, and one of those little things which the French make so important. Such a vest as this will prove most serviceable to the woman with a limited wardrobe. It will give a new look to a last year's suit, and an attractive look, too.

A vest of this sort is generally worn with a cutaway coat, but I suggest that it be made so that it can take the place of an overblouse and be worn with a guimpe of filet net.—Woman's Home Companion.

WALKING COSTUME.

Coats of plain material and skirts of stripe are very smart, and are much worn just now; here is a simple and very desirable example: The skirt is in gray and dull green stripe, cut in two pieces, the seam up center so arranged that the stripes form points.

The tight-fitting jacket has a seam each side front, and carried over the shoulder to meet the back seams; it fastens with four buttons. The wrists of the sleeves are also trimmed with buttons and simulated buttonholes. The collar is faced with velvet.

Hat of gray straw, trimmed with green ribbon and a feather mount.

Materials required for the skirt: 4 yards 46 inches wide. For the jacket: 2¼ yards 46 inches wide, 4½ yards lining silk, ¾ yard velvet.

TOO MUCH FOR YANKEE.

English Munchausen Had Shade the Better of Fellow Romancer.

The Cape Cod man and the Londoner were traveling on the same train together from Liverpool to the capital.

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we do have considerable fog out our way. I've seen it so thick that the land ladies of our summer boarding houses could ladle it out and use it instead o' whipped egg for the heavy part of the floatin' island."

"We 'ave 'em, too, in London," said his traveling companion, "but our climate is too dirty to permit of our enjoyin' it. We burn so much soft coal, you see, the fog gets packed full of soot. The only thing we really can do with it is to cut it up into blocks and use it instead of peat when we want a quick fire."

And the Yankee took out the little American flag he wore in his buttonhole and put it away in his wallet.—Judge.

Rather Complicated.

The Saucepan—I wonder what makes the kettle so happy. It hasn't stopped singing all day.

The Coffee Pot—Why, didn't you notice its new lid?—Puck.

FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

Miss Lillian Ross, 530 East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."

Katharine Craig, 2555 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration."

Miss Marie Stoltzman, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "I was in a run-down condition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Kewanee, Ill., says: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, side aches, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Neglected Colds and Coughs

are the cause of many cases of Pneumonia and Consumption. No matter how slight your Cough or Cold may be, cure it before it has a chance to do any harm.

DR. D. JAYNE'S Expectorant

is the oldest and best known medicine in the world for relieving and curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Croup, Whooping-Cough, and diseases of this class. Your druggist will supply you. In three size bottles, $1.00, 50c. and 25c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is an excellent tonic for both adults and children. It is also a safe worm medicine.

PISO'S

Beware of the Cough that hangs on persistently, breaking your night's rest and exhausting you with the violence of the paroxysms. A few doses of Piso's Cure will relieve wonderfully any cough, no matter how far advanced or serious. It soothes and heals the irritated surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and the cough disappears.

At all druggists, 25 cts.

25 CTS. 25 CTS.

CURE