SERIAL STORY

THE ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1906, by W. G. Chapman.)

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 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 [illegible], 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 of Strathgate, [illegible] from [illegible] to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate [illegible] Portsmouth in advance of the others, finding that Ellen's ship had [illegible] Strathgate and Carrington each hired a small yacht to pursue the wrong vessel, upon which each supposed Ellen had sailed. Set n [illegible] fugitives near Portsmouth [illegible] around just as [illegible] Ellen won the chase by boarding American vessel, and failing her [illegible] 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 [illegible], Seton confessing love for Debbie. Flagship Britannia overtook [illegible] during the night. The two women escaped by [illegible] to the [illegible] small boat. Lord Carrington is ordered to sea with his ship but refuses to go until after meeting Strathgate in a [illegible] 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 [illegible] contest at swords from Strathgate, Debbie and Ellen looking on and praying for the latter's husband. Carrington immediately following the duel was placed under arrest for [illegible] to obey his admiral's orders [illegible] awaiting [illegible] [illegible] Debbie and was accepted [illegible] Sir Charles made a plea to the king to spare Carrington [illegible] [illegible] King George [illegible] ordered on [illegible] denied the privilege of seeing his wife until the end of [illegible] period.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"Very well," said the king, somewhat indifferently, "you will repair aboard the Bellona at once. Her captain has not yet joined. You will assume temporary command and take her to Weymouth, which is the nearest port to your seat, I believe. You will remain there just long enough to get together your sea kit and receive your captain, and then you will proceed to the East Indies, reporting to Admiral Clarkson when you arrive on the station."

"And my wife, your majesty?"

"I have taken care," said the king, gravely, "that she shall be carefully protected and looked after until your return at east."

"And may I not see her before I go?"

"I cannot modify the orders," answered the king. "I have already extended to you unusual clemency. But I give you my word that your wife will be well cared for. She is under my especial protection, remember."

"By God, lad!" cried the old admiral, turning about, "get down on your knees and thank the king's majesty for his gracious clemency. You're a lucky dog and don't deserve it."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The King's Jest.

A short time after two boats pulled away from the Britannia. In one of them sat the majesty of England. There was more ruffling of bugles, more rolling of drums, more blaring of trumpets, more thundering of guns, more hurrahing from the men, as the little king, thoroughly delighted with his royal clemency, was rowed back to the shore.

The other boat departed shortly after the king's, without exciting the slightest attention. The officer of the deck escorted Carrington over the side, shook hands with him and the boat pulled away to the Bellona, a handsome 32-gun frigate fresh from the shipyards and ready for her maiden cruise, which lay near by.

Carrington was received there with some ceremony. His arrival had been expected. Parkman, who had been transferred from the Renown, met him at the gangway and the two shook hands fervently.

"I am ordered to this ship, Jack, as first lieutenant," said Carrington, gloomily, as they turned and walked aft. "Here are my papers. As you will see, I am directed to assume charge, the captain not being aboard, and take the ship around to Weymouth, where he will join us."

"And the court-martial?" asked Parkman.

"The king hath pardoned me."

"And your wife?"

"God only knows!" said Carrington, desperately. "All I know is that she is well and under the king's especial protection. We are bound for the East Indies for three years. Three years away from her! God, what a fool I've been. Strathgate was right!" Carrington turned away, putting strong constraint upon himself in order to compose his features. "Well," he said at last, "are you all ready?"

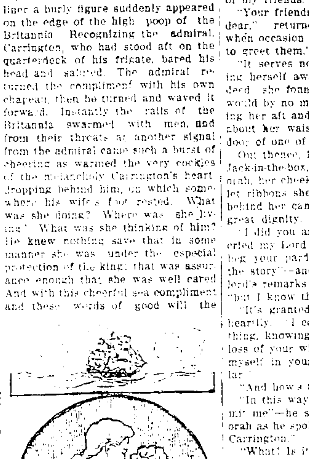
"Ready to trip," returned Parkman.

"Call all hands. I'll read them my orders and then we'll get up anchor."

In a moment the shill piping of the boatswain and his mates along the deck was followed by the trampling of many feet. The crew, a splendid set of fellows, assembled in the gangways. Carrington read his orders to them, directed the commanding officer's pennant to be hoisted and bade Parkman, who for the present acted as first lieutenant, to get under way.

There were many expert seamen among the crew and the maneuver was handsomely performed. The anchor was hove short, the topsails were loosed and sheeted home, the anchor was tripped, the ship's head was cast to starboard, the sails filled, the wind was fair, and she glided gracefully from the anchorage abaft the Britannia and swept toward the great liner, whose tall sides towered above her like a castle wall.

As the Bellona drew abreast the liner a burly figure suddenly appeared on the edge of the high poop of the Britannia. Recognizing the admiral, Carrington, who had stood aft on the quarterdeck of his frigate, bared his head and saluted. The admiral returned the compliment with his own chapeau, then he turned and waved it forward. Instantly the rails of the Britannia swarmed with men, and from their throats at another signal from the admiral came such a burst of cheering as warmed the very cockles of the melancholy Carrington's heart drooping behind him, on which somewhere his wife's foot rested. What was she doing? Where was she living? What was she thinking of him? He knew nothing save that in some manner she was under the especial protection of the king; that was assurance enough that she was well cared. And with this cheerful sea compliment and these words of good will the



"Clasped In His Wife's Arms."

frigate shot ahead and presently clapping on more canvas bore swiftly down the river.

Carrington stared long and desperately back toward the shores, fast for, for no man questioned the honesty, sincerity or kindliness of George the Third. It would be three years before he would see her again. The thought was maddening to him. He did not even know where to write to her. He was not at all sure that the king would cause his letter to be delivered to her. He came to a desperate resolution. He would write her another letter and send it from Weymouth by special messenger to the king and beg him to see that it was delivered.

It was not until late in the afternoon, when the Bellona was fairly in the channel beating down toward her destination, that Carrington went below. As there was no captain yet on the ship the quarters of that functionary by right belonged to him. He entered them without ceremony. The cabin on the new ship looked bright and cheery. Its equipments were rude, of course, as were those of all ships in those days, but they were better than those in ordinary vessels, the Bellona being the newest and most advanced product of theshipyards.

To a sailor of that day it was both a spacious and delightful sea home. To Carrington it was only a prison. He did not attempt to enter the staterooms on either side, but sat down at the table, buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. It was the first moment of privacy that he had enjoyed. It was the first opportunity afforded him to give way to his feelings, and he indulged himself at will. Separated from his wife, and through his own folly! The future that had opened so fairly before him utterly wrecked! Three long weary years at the least, and possibly four, to intervene before he could see her again. He almost envied Strathgate—fighting desperately for life at Blythedale Hall and likely to be an invalid for the rest of his days—because he would be in England while Carrington was far away.

He had gone through so much. He had drunk so deeply the bitter cup of repentance that he gave way completely to his emotions. His body shook and trembled in his reckless abandon to his feelings.

"This will never do," he said at last. "My punishment seems greater than I can bear, and yet I must bear it; I must show myself a man for her."

A little hand fell softly upon his shoulder with touch as light as that of thistledown. Where that hand touched him was the center of his being. My lord turned his head, looked at it slowly, turned his body, followed it up, saw a face he dreamed of, tears rolling from eyes that looked love at him, and in another moment he was clasped in his wife's arms.

This was the punishment meted out to him by little George. He was to go to the Indies, but not alone. When there was time for coherent speech Ellen handed her husband another paper appointing him captain of the Bellona, subject only to the orders of his wife.

"God bless him!" cries my lord, folding his wife again to his heart.

"And I say so, too," answers Ellen, "although we fought against him so long, he hath a kindly heart."

"He hath, indeed," returned Carrington, after a time. "He gave me his royal word that you should be well looked after for the next three years, and the keeping of the king's word is intrusted to me. I shall see to it."

"Nay," said Ellen, "you are under my command now. Look at your orders."

"'Tis even so, my little captain," laughed my lord, sweeping her to his heart again. "And what orders do you propose to issue to me?"

"I should like to present to you two of my friends."

"Your friends are my friends, my dear," returned Carrington, "and when occasion serves I shall be happy to greet them."

"It serves now," said Ellen, drawing herself away from him. And indeed she found it difficult, for he would by no means let her go, following her aft and still keeping his hand about her waist as she opened the door of one of the cabins.

Out thence, for all the world like a jack-in-the-box, popped Mistress Deborah, her cheeks redder than the scarlet ribbons she affected, and stalking behind her came Sir Charles Seton in great dignity.

"I did you an injustice, Charles!" cried my Lord Carrington. "I humbly beg your pardon. I have not heard the story"—and Seton was glad my lord's remarks were so spontaneous—"but I know that you were true."

"It's granted, Bernard," said Seton heartily. "I could forgive you anything, knowing how you felt over the loss of your wife, for to-day I can put myself in your place in one particular."

"And how's that?"

"In this way," returned Seton. "Permit me"—he seized the blushing Deborah as he spoke—"Salute Lady Seton, Carrington."

"What! Is it so?"

"We were married this morning, the king himself being one of the witnesses."

"And do you go with us to India?"

"Nay," answered Seton, "only to Weymouth."

And at that Carrington was very glad, for though he loved Seton much, he loved his wife more, and he wanted her for the rest of his life all to himself.

Seton divined that, for presently he took Deborah by the hand and led her forth upon the quarterdeck, leaving Carrington and Ellen alone together, each in the haven where they fain would be: husband and wife, one and inseparable now and forever, locked in each other's arms.

(THE END.)

BUYING THEM A LITTLE DRINK.

City Official Hadn't Consulted the Tastes of His Clerks.

Some time ago, E. W. Bemis, superintendent of the city water works, asked two clerks in another city department to make some computations for him. They worked late and finished the figures to Mr. Bemis' entire satisfaction.

"That's very kind of you, boys," he told them. "I guess I will have to buy you a little drink."

They didn't mind. So the three sallied forth from the city hall. Mr. Bemis led the way down Superior avenue. When he passed some of the drink dispensaries without casting as much as a glance in their direction the two clerks began to wonder.

"He must be going to take us to the club," whispered one to the other.

At last they entered a bedizened spot at a street intersection. Walking up to the rail, Mr. Bemis spoke to the white-aproned attendant.

"Make us three nice sodas," he said. "What flavor will you have, boys?" He turned to hear their answer. He got none. They were not there.

"Well, what do you know about that?" said the other to one a few minutes later when the barkeep was "drawing two." One didn't know.—Cleveland Leader.

Caves of a Cannibal Race.

Strange evidences of cannibalism have been brought to light with the recent opening up of caves at One Tree Hill, Maungakiekie, New South Wales, and another link has been added to the chain of interest encircling this celebrated spot.

In one cave great piles of human bones have been discovered, mixed up indiscriminately and thrown down in one huge conical heap. These bones belonged to victims taken by the Maoris in battle and slaughtered for culinary purposes. Then they were dropped down the funnel-shaped mouth of the cave into darkness and oblivion.

A Master Stroke.

"Is your daughter as smart as her old dad?"

"Smart? Going to marry a duke."

"Is that smart?"

"In this case, yes. Love match; gets him for nothing."

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Amazing Increase in Divorce Is Shown

WASHINGTON.—It was generally known that divorces in the United States were getting more numerous each year, but nobody was prepared for the surprising statement made in a census bureau report that one marriage out of every twelve in the country terminates in divorce. Yet such is the case, as shown by the bureau's figures.

The statistics are the result of careful gathering of figures in every state in the union, the period covered being from 1887 to 1906. The last set of national statistics on marriage and divorce covered the period from 1867 to 1886. The present set of statistics, taken in conjunction with the former one, therefore, gives a view of the marriage and divorce question for the past 40 years.

The total number of marriages recorded for the 20-year period from 1887 to 1906 was 12,832,044. The total number of divorces for the period was 945,625.

For the period of the first investigation of the subject, from 1867 to 1886, the total number of divorces was 328,716. At the beginning of the 40-year period covered by both investigations there were in this country 10,000 divorces annually; at the end of the period there were 66,000 annually.

The divorce rate per 100,000 population increased from 29 in 1897 to 82 in 1906. The rate per 100,000 married population was 81 in 1870 and 200 in 1890. "This comparison," says the bulletin, "indicates that divorce is at present two and one-half times as common, compared with married population, as it was 40 years ago."

The Dakotas, which have a national reputation as divorce states, prove, on analysis of the tables, to be nowhere, either in total number of divorces granted or number of divorces per 100,000 of population, as against other states.

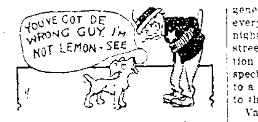
In discussing the relation of divorce to population, the bulletin says: "An increase of 30 per cent. in population between the years 1870 to 1880 was accompanied by an increase of 79 per cent. in the number of divorces granted. In the next decade, 1880 to 1890, the population increased 25 per cent. and divorces 70 per cent., and in the following decade, 1890 to 1900, an increase of 21 per cent. in population was accompanied by an increase of 66 per cent. in the number of divorces. In the six years from 1900 to 1906, population, as estimated, increased 10.5 per cent. and divorces 29.3 per cent.

"It thus appears that at the end of the 40-year period divorces were increasing about three times as fast as population, while in the first decade (1870 to 1880) they increased only about two and two-thirds as fast.

"Divorce rates appear to be much higher in the United States than in any of the foreign countries for which statistics relating to this subject have been obtained."

Two-thirds of the total number of divorces granted in the 20-year period covered by this investigation were granted to the wife. Children were reported in 39.8 per cent. of the total number of divorce cases.

Ethel Roosevelt Mourns Loss of Lemon



THE strenuous life is not for Lemon, a small bull pup, whose habitat, until recently, was the White House. Lemon noticed a door ajar the other morning while roaming the White House, looking for excitement, and has not returned.

Though his name might not indicate it, Lemon is a puppy of class and caste. But for all that he's a dog and the sight of his vagabond brothers romping in the streets, dodging automobiles and snapping at horses' heels disgusted the Lemon with being the first dog in the land and he beat it.

Lemon is the property of Miss Ethel Roosevelt, debutante elect, who reported her loss to the police. Instanter a general lookout order was sent to every district in the precinct, and by nightfall there was not a dog on the streets of Washington. In the collection held for identification was every species of canine from a mangy mastiff to a flea-bitten fice, but none answered to the name of Lemon.

Various motives, if a dog may have a motive, may be assigned to Lemon's abrupt departure from the Roosevelt household. He might have had a vision of a small bull pup swinging to the port side of a lion in the wilds of Africa, and his master's voice shouting "sic 'em Lemon."

Again, he might have dreaded the time when he would reach the proper age to be harnessed to one of Master Archie's carts, or be matched in a main with the household cat, or wear an empty can attached to his tail. However, Lemon's motive for running away is purely speculative, for it is not given in the police report, and his mistress "can attribute no cause for the rash act."

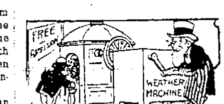
Naval Officers Experts in Diplomacy

WHEN it comes to diplomatic maneuvering to accomplish their designs the officers of the navy can give pointers to the Russians and the Japanese. As an instance the case of the hospital ship Relief may be cited. It will be remembered that last winter President Roosevelt made an order that the Relief should be commanded by a medical officer. The men at the navy department were amazed that a doctor should be given command of a vessel, but there was no appeal from Mr. Roosevelt's order. The Relief was detailed to accompany the fleet on its trip around the world. Letters from men who are with the fleet have been received here telling of the sad experiences of the hospital ship and her commander. In describing these experiences one writer prefaced his letter as follows: "The Relief is the most unpopular institution in the navy. There is no exception. The Relief has everything else beaten."

The story is that the Relief has been burdened with woe ever since the cruise began, and that every officer of the navy, except the doctors, is tickled to death that this is so. The line officers who didn't approve having a doctor as their commander have found many ways, the story goes, of making life miserable to the men in charge of the hospital ship. Of course the suggestion of a service conspiracy to that end would be resented and could not be proven, but there is a sub[illegible]a intimation that something very like a cabal has been formed with the purpose of proving how much a doctor doesn't know about running a ship.

Wherever the fleet has been the Relief has usually limped along behind the procession. She has had trouble getting supplies, getting coal, getting consideration of all kinds. It always just happened this way and nobody in particular was to blame. It is hinted that when the fleet returns suggestions will be made in many quarters that the cruise has demonstrated that nobody is competent to manage a war vessel who is not an accredited officer of the navy. In other words, that the experience of the Relief, with a medical officer in command, has been a hopeless failure.

Weather Kiosk to Be Placed on Street



AN interesting experiment is about to be conducted in Washington. If it meets with success it will be extended to other cities. In the course of a few days there will be opened at one of the busiest points on Pennsylvania avenue a weather kiosk similar to those now in use in Berlin and other places in Germany. The object of the agricultural department in bringing about this innovation is to supply meteorological information in popular form. Behind the curtained windows of the kiosk will be copies of the daily weather charts, forecasts issued by the weather bureau, maximum thermometer and theronograph for recording temperature and rain gauge. There will be no barometer for it is the wish of the department that only meteorological facts in their simplest form shall be shown.

Officials of the weather bureau believe there will be great public interest in their new scheme. If their hopes are realized similar kiosks will be erected in about 15 cities in the course of the next five or six months.

Among other things expected of these kiosks is that they will ruin the reputations held by many cities of the United States, especially Washington, for excessive summer heat, many records of this kind having been established by inaccurate thermometers being hung outside stores and other buildings not conducive to correct readings.

HAD ASKED FOR AN ANSWER.

Willie Wanted to Be Certain His Prayer Had Been Heard.

Willie had not been a very good boy that day, and in consequence of certain inexcusable derelictions he had been sent to bed with the sun. After supper his father climbed the stairs to the youngster's room and throwing himself down on the bed alongside of the delinquent, began to talk to him.

"Willie," he said gravely, "did you say your prayers before you went to bed?"

"Yessir," said Willie.

"And did you ask the Lord to make you a good boy?" asked the parent.

"Yep," said Willie, "and I guess it'll work this time."

"Good," said the father. "I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes," said Willie, "but I don't think we'll know before to-morrow. You've got to give the Lord time, you know."

"And what makes you think it will work this time, my son?" queried the anxious father.

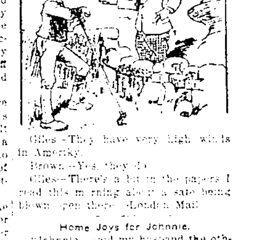
"Why, after the amen I put in an R. S. V. P.," explained the boy.—Harper's Weekly.

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

A HIGH WIND.



Giles—They have very high winds in Amerika.

Brown—Yes, they do.

Giles—There's a bit in the papers I read this morning about a safe being blown open there.—London Mail.

Home Joys for Johnnie.

"Johnnie," said my husband the other evening upon his return from work, to our three-year-old, "have you been a good boy to-day?"

"Yes, father," came the prompt reply.

"Very well," said his fond parent. "You may go upstairs and bring down my slippers."

When Johnnie had delightedly performed this act of devotion, his father said: "Now, if you will promise to be good to-morrow, you may carry my shoes upstairs and put them away."—Harper's Bazar.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hoodooed.

A poor devil asked for alms. The inquisitive man questioned him. After a few interrogations he said to his companions: "Boys, don't give him a cent; he's a fraud." The beggar replied: "Gents, I am under a hoodoo. I'm an unlucky man. I do believe if I were to seize time by the forelock it would come right out and leave me as bare as a barber's pole." Then they all chipped in.

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. $.50 and $1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Trade of the United States with its American neighbors in 1907 amounted to nearly $1,000,000,000, against a little more than a third as much a decade ago.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Sometimes a woman is known by the company she avoids.

It Cures While You Walk

Allen's Foot-Ease for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty, callous aching feet. 25c all Druggists.

The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.