

The ESCAPE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

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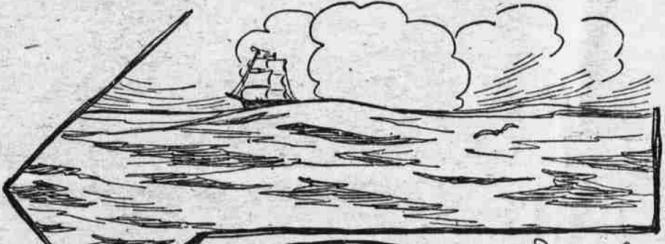
SYNOPSIS.

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 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, Lords Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit. Seton 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 small 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 Blythe's castle. Encounter 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. 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. Sir Charles Seton found the fugitives, proposed to Debbie and was accepted. Debbie, Ellen and Sir Charles made a plea to the king to spare Carrington. The king decides to grant a pardon after promising Lady Carrington that he would frighten the lord.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Yes, your majesty," answered Ellen, "enough to last me all my life."
 "Why, here's promise of a pretty reconciliation," said the king, with a rising inflection in his voice, turning to his wife.
 The old woman nodded.
 "Forgive him your majesty," she said kindly. "I will warrant he will not forget the experience."
 King George was not a very brilliant man. Even Ellen, anxious to view him in the most favorable light because of her petition, could see that, but he had a brilliant idea at that moment. He stood thinking, his plain face brightening with a smile, and when he smiled he was really quite winning. He looked so honest, so true, and so good, if he were stupid, that Sir Charles and Deborah could not help smiling with him; beside, 'tis etiquette to smile and to frown with the king, whether he be wise or foolish.
 Ellen did not smile. She had too much at stake. She waited in lovely appeal, tears trembling in her eyes, color wavering in her cheeks, her bosom heaving, her hands outstretched.
 "I have it," said the king, at last. "Rise, madam; your husband shall suffer nothing worse than a reprimand and a fright."
 "Lord Carrington is a brave man," said Ellen, "you couldn't frighten him, sir."
 "Not even with the prospect of losing you?" returned the king, rather shrewdly.
 "But, sir, that would break my heart, I want him pardoned that I may have him again," exclaimed the poor wife, piteously.
 The king threw back his head and laughed a truly royal laugh.
 "So you shall, my dear," he cried, reaching his hand up and patting her on the shoulder, for she was taller than he. "Leave it to me. My lord shall be frightened out of his wits and yet have you in the end. I shall arrange it. Sir Charles, take the ladies to Windsor. Mistress Deborah, when you marry this young soldier here, you become my subject. How likes your hot American blood that, mistress?"
 "Your majesty," answered Deborah, rising to the occasion and putting for the nonce her Americanism in her pocket, utterly reckless of what Elder Brewster might think, "since you have acted with such royal generosity to Ellen—Lady Carrington and her husband I mean, I can view the prospect with equanimity."
 She courted deeply before him as she spoke.
 The king laughed again. He was in high good humor.

"Take care of her, Sir Charles. These Americans are of a rebellious breed, you know."
 "Your majesty," said Ellen, "I think this will be a peaceful couple. The affair began by the reading together by the two of Baxter's 'Saints' Rest.'"
 "'Tis a goodly volume, well writ, and by a learned and godly man," said the king, gravely, "and 'tis a good omen. You may kiss the queen's hand, if you will," he continued, and this was the sign manual of George's approval of the two women, for had he believed Ellen other than she was he had never allowed her to approach his homely but beloved little wife.
 "Now, Sir Charles," he resumed, after the obeisances had been performed, "take the ladies to the castle and await my return. Send one of my gentlemen-in-waiting to me by the way, after you reach the castle. Ladies, I wish you good morning."
 The king, like the little gentleman he was, doffed his hat gallantly to the two ladies as Sir Charles, saluting profoundly, led them away.
 A great weight was taken from Ellen's heart. The king, who possessed the power of life and death over his soldiers and sailors, had promised to free her husband and restore him to her arms. Punishment, trouble, difficulty, were to intervene, but the end was certain and Ellen was content to wait.
 The gentleman-in-waiting presented himself to the king, who had stood quietly under the trees talking animatedly with his wife and chuckling



"I Reserve to Myself the Pleasure of Telling Her."
 would pleasure at the idea that had come to him.
 "The Britannia arrived in the Thames last night, did she not?"
 "Yes, your majesty."
 "And my message directing Admiral Kephard to present himself was transmitted?"
 "Yes, your majesty."
 "The admiral is at Windsor?"
 "He is, your majesty."
 "Bid him to come to me here under the trees. I have something to say to him."
 "Yes, your majesty," returned the equerry, bowing and withdrawing rapidly.
 And presently old Admiral Kephard, in full uniform, attended by Captain Beatty and Lieutenant Collier, came rolling along the walk. As the admiral and his subordinates saluted and prepared to kneel, the king motioned to them to rise. It were a cruelty to make a fat old man like Kephard, trussed up like a turkey cock in tight uniform, kneel down on the ground out in the open air.
 "You need not kneel, admiral, nor you, gentlemen," said the king, ex-

tending his hand to Kephard, who bent over it and kissed it heartily with every evidence of appreciation of the king's ineffable condescension. "How do you find yourself this morning?" continued his majesty.
 "Very well, your majesty," said Kephard.
 "And you, Captain Beatty, and you, sir?"
 The gentlemen addressed bowed profoundly.
 "We are all fit for service against any of your majesty's enemies now, as always," returned Kephard, with another salute.
 "I know that," said the king, kindly. "You have had a pleasant voyage?"
 "Yes, your majesty."
 "You brought with you on your ship a prisoner?"
 "Subject to your majesty's pleasure, of course," returned Admiral Kephard.
 "And what are the charges against Lord Carrington?" asked the king.
 "Disobedience of orders, sir," returned the admiral.
 "Hath he been tried yet?"
 "Not yet, sir. A court-martial is ordered for to-morrow on the Britannia."
 "And what will be the result of their deliberations?"
 "He is sure to be found guilty, sir," answered Kephard, gloomily.
 "Hum!" said the king. "And the punishment?"
 "Suspension, degradation, dismissal, unless your majesty should be pleased to mitigate the sentence."
 "And what were the circumstances of the disobedience?"
 Admiral Kephard coughed and looked embarrassed.
 "Out with it," said the king, bluntly.
 "He stayed from his ship to—ah—fight a duel."
 "How does he bear himself now?" continued the king, to Admiral Kephard's surprise.
 He had expected a violent outburst from his majesty, who thoroughly disapproved of dueling.
 "Gloomily, your majesty. In short, sir," the admiral burst forth, "he's been a damned—I beg your majesty's pardon, and yours, madam. 'Tis an old sailor's habit," he stammered in great confusion.

two sailors—"I commit her majesty to your tender offices. Admiral Kephard and I will have a word or two alone. Come, admiral."
 The king turned as he spoke and walked out of ear shot, the admiral lumbering along in his wake. They consulted together animatedly for a few moments, the king smiling, not to say grinning, if so unroyal a word may be used about majesty. Suddenly the old admiral burst into a roar of laughter. He lifted his hand and slapped it down on his leg. For a moment the king had thought in his enthusiasm he meant to clap him on the shoulder.
 The admiral bellowed out in a voice that could have been heard a half mile away in a gale of wind:
 "Fore God, your majesty, 'tis a noble idea, a royal jest!"
 "Think you it will work?" said the king as he walked back to the other group.
 "Excellent, in faith—"
 "And you will carry it out?"
 "To the very letter, sir. To-morrow, your majesty."
 "And let no inkling of your purpose come to the prisoner."
 "None, sir, and the lady, your majesty, what of her?"
 "I reserve to myself the pleasure of telling her," returned the king.
 "And have we leave to withdraw now, your majesty?" asked the admiral, as they approached the other group.
 "Go, and go quickly, Kephard," said the king, extending his hand again. "I would that I could be there and see the denouement."
 "But your majesty can see some of it at least," said Kephard, "if you will board the Britannia any time to-morrow, and indeed you would vastly honor us; the men would be like to die for joy at such a visit. You could at least watch the prisoner take his departure."
 "I'll do it," said the king. "At what time?"
 "At your majesty's convenience, of course; but the tide ebbs at 11 o'clock and that would be a suitable time for—"
 The king raised his hand.
 "At 11 o'clock, six bells, you call it, don't you?"
 "Yes, your majesty."
 "I shall be there. Don't betray me."
 "By no means, your majesty," returned the admiral.
 And making their salutations and obeisances to their majesties, the little party withdrew, leaving the king in high glee as he explained to his grim little consort the details of his sportive plan.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEW MINUTES HE HAD SPENT.

Statistician's Passion for Figures Got Him Into Trouble.
 He is one of those persons with a mad passion for figuring out "How much," "How long," etc., and was waiting for his wife, who was adjusting her hat before the mirror. They were going to the theater, and had ten minutes to catch their train. Presently a sparkle came into his eye, and he fished a pencil and paper from his pocket. That kind of man always has a pencil and paper, even in his evening clothes.
 "Do you know," he said presently, looking up at his wife, who had finished adjusting her hat, "that I figure, basing my figures on observation, that a girl from six to ten spends an average of seven minutes a day before her mirror; from 10 to 15, a quarter of an hour; from 15 to 20, 22 minutes. A woman of 70 will have spent 5,862 hours, or eight solid months, counting day and night. Now, a woman of your age has spent—"
 "Never mind what I've spent," she said coldly, removing her hat. "You have spent 15 minutes figuring it out, and we have missed that train."—Sunday Magazine.
 Queen and Her Lover.
 Essex street, London, derives its name from the ill-fated earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. The earl's town house stood in Essex street and the queen often visited him there. The story goes that it was in the garden of Essex house that the queen gave her favorite a box on his ear, saying: "Go and be hanged!" and the hot-tempered young man swore that he would not have brooked such an insult from her father. A curious discovery relating to Essex and Queen Elizabeth was made by Lord Cholmondeley in 1770 at a house in Essex street which overlooked the earl's gardens. Scratched on a pane of glass in a top window were the letters "I. C. U. S. X. and E. R.," which has been interpreted as "I see you Essex and Elizabeth regina," and was probably the recorded jest of an inquisitive onlooker, who witnessed the meetings of the queen and her favorite.
 How to Train.
 "I am going to be a contortionist when I grow up," said little Johnnie proudly. "I'm in training now, so I want to know what is the best thing for me to eat."
 "Green apples, my boy!" chuckled the old man.

WHAT THE DOLLIES HAD.

Small Wonder That the Little Mother Was Really Alarmed.
 Little Mary was really very ill. Mother said she was sure it was an attack of appendicitis, but Grandma was equally sure the little one was threatened with convulsions.
 The argument waxed warm in Mary's presence, and appropriate remedies were used, and the next day she was better.
 Coming into her mother's room during her play she said:
 "Mamma, two of my dollies are very sick this morning."
 "Indeed, dear, I am very sorry. What is the matter with them?"
 "Well I don't really know, mamma, but I think Gwendolyn has 'a pint o' spiders' and Marguerite is going to have 'envulsions.'"

INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed.
 A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.
 "When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. Gumbin, Shelton, Ia., July 13, '08." Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

HORRORS!


 "What's the trouble, Zambo?"
 "I thought it was missionaries, but it's a load of Altruists."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Historical Relic.

The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case.
 "I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.
 "It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—Lippincott's.
 Too Much for Mamma.
 "What's the matter with your eye, Tommie?"
 "The boy next door struck me, mamma."
 "What for, pray?"
 "He said I struck him first."
 "And did you?"
 "No; honest, I didn't, mamma!"
 "Well, why didn't you?"

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Opinion of an Expert.

"I hear you are going to marry Charley?"
 "Yes; he asked me last evening."
 "Let me congratulate you. Charley is all right. He is one of the nicest fellows I was ever engaged to."—Stray Stories.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of  In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

"Marriage Service" Defined.
 A Boston cynic of the female persuasion defines the "marriage service" as "waiting on one's lord and master in the capacity of cook, laundress, seamstress and maid-of-all-work."