

The ESCAPE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE
BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The Escape opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Strathgate, a Puritan girl, and Lord Carrington, an Englishman, 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. Lord Carrington and his wife each made charges of faithlessness against the other in continuation of the quarrel. First objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Ellen had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100.00 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut for his wife's life. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

They had come to the edge of the terrace. Through a rift in the foliage they had a fair view of the center of the arbor. Through the same rift the moonlight fell and displayed two figures. One with his back toward her was her husband. The other facing the couple was Lady Cecily. They were close together talking earnestly. Ellen clenched her hands and incautiously stepped into the moonlight. Lady Cecily caught a glimpse of her before Strathgate drew her back. Here was her opportunity. The distance was too great to enable the watchers to hear what was being said, but they could see.

"My dear Bernard," she said, "I may call you that for old time's sake?"

"Yes, yes," said Carrington, "would that those old times might come again!"

"It would please me," said Lady Cecily. "I cannot bear to see you yoked with such a rude, uncultured hound."

"Nay," he began protestingly. "And she played that game with Strathgate. It was all a matter of pre-arrangement. No money was to pass. She hath no need to give Strathgate money. His purse and all he has are at her disposal."

My lord gritted his teeth and clenched his hands.

"I would like to kill him," he said, "and by heaven I shall before long, or he me, and then he can take him with my blood on his hands."

"I would not have you die, Bernard," said Lady Cecily tenderly, at that moment catching sight of the other two. "Don't think that your life is wasted because a foolish, wicked woman has well nigh wrecked it. You are very dear to me."

"You are the only true heart I have ever known," protested Carrington.

And then Lady Cecily palpably fell against him. What else could a gentleman do under the circumstances but enfold her in his arms? The arms of Lady Cecily stole upward. She lifted her face to his.

"Kiss me," she murmured, faintly. And although Carrington had not intended anything of that kind, yet being tempted, he hesitated and was lost. He kissed her full and fair in the moonlight.

"Have you seen enough, Lady Carrington?" whispered Strathgate from the other side.

"Enough!" said Ellen, choking with jealous rage. "My lord, I leave this castle to-night. May I depend upon you to help me?"

"I shall help you," said Strathgate, turning and leading her away, "with all that I have. My life, my fortune, my sacred honor are yours."

"You mistake me, my lord. I go back to Philadelphia. There is a ship belonging to me, a merchant ship in the harbor of Portsmouth nearly ready to sail for America. If you will take me there and see me on board, I shall be everlastingly grateful to you."

My lord thought deeply. Lady Ellen evidently considered his proffered service purely a disinterested one. It would hardly be wise to deceive her now. Once he got her away and in his power, it would go hard with him if he could not persuade her, or constrain her, to his own wishes. His role at present was to agree with whatever she proposed.

"I will do my best to carry out your wishes," he said, heartily. And as Ellen stumbled and fell at the foot of the steps he took advantage of the occasion to support her with his arm.

"You are weak, ill, faint," he said, almost carrying her up the steps in the bright moonlight before she had a chance to protest.

It so happened that as the man Carrington came across the main caught a full view of the incident. "What would you have me do?" said Strathgate as he and Lady Ellen reached the top of the terrace.

"I would not have you lay hands on me again, my lord. I am in full vigor and able to serve myself in that."

"Forgive me!" said Strathgate. "I thought you were faint."

"No more of it," returned Ellen. "I would have you meet me at two of the clock here to-night on the terrace equipped for traveling."

"Do you ride away, madam?"

"I shall take my lord's traveling carriage. Can you drive, Lord Strathgate?"

"I am the best whip in England," he said boastfully.

At this juncture Carrington and Lady Cecily joined the others on the terrace.

"Have you been taking the air, Lady Carrington, after your exertions in the dance?" queried Lady Cecily with mocking sweetness.

"We came to seek Carrington and yourself," interposed Strathgate swiftly.

CHAPTER V.

A Midnight Conversation.

Once more the little boudoir. Once more Ellen and Bernard alone together.

"Well, madam," began Carrington, coldly, under violent constraint, although passion was seething and bubbling in his veins, "do you think that you have disgraced me sufficiently to-night?"

"But I was only obeying your instructions."

"My instructions!" exclaimed my lord; "and pray what were they?"

"To be like other women; to dance, to play, to—"

"You exceeded them, I think," interrupted Carrington, sneeringly.

"That many things are permitted to a man, to a husband, which are forbidden to a woman, his wife."

"I recognize no distinction between us, sir."

"This," said my lord, loftily, "is beside the question. What possessed you to play with Strathgate to-night?"

"The money," returned his wife, "was mine. I had a right to risk it. I might ask what possessed you to play?"

"Nonsense!" said Carrington, fiercely. "I know well enough that your game with Strathgate was only play. It was simply a plan concocted between you to mock me and amuse yourselves."

"My lord, you insult me," cried Ellen, her face flaming.

"It is fact that carries the insult, madam. I make the charge on good authority. You were overheard ar-

range the details," persisted my lord, carried beyond the facts by his indignation.

"Upon whose authority?" inquired Ellen.

"Lady Cecily's."

"And you can take her word against mine?" responded his wife, bitterly.

"Very well, my lord, I shall not condescend to justify myself further."

"'T would be useless to attempt it."

"Indeed, and what made you risk your castle in a matter in which nothing was involved?"

"Pardon me," returned Carrington, loftily. "There was something involved, something of which you reck little."

"And that was?"

"My honor and the honor of my debt on honest one."

"Think you I could allow that to stand against you while I had a penny?"

"It was not love then that made you interpose?"

"Love!" sneered Carrington. "How could I love a woman whose chief joy is to mock me, to humiliate me, to heap ridicule upon me, to disgrace me?"

"You have said enough, my lord."

"Madam, this passes beyond all bounds. The scene to-night was disgraceful. You insulted all my guests, you publicly branded me, you exposed your person disgracefully in that abandoned boudoir, which of sanctimonious with that Puritan chord—"

"I have said before," cried Ellen, "that you can stop right there. The English gentleman's code, I take it, here, allows you to say anything you please to me or about me, but you will please leave my friends out of the discussion."

"There is one friend that I shall bring in the discussion."

"And who is that?"

"Strathgate."

"And what has he done?"

"What has he done? My God!" gasped my lord, choking with rage.

"He has always treated me like a gentleman," returned Ellen, "but perhaps that's because he's not married to me."

"You insult my friends," cried Carrington, trying to give the conversation a different turn.

"I only follow your lead, my lord."

"Yes, I saw his consideration in carrying you up the terrace steps a few moments after you eavesdropped. What heard you in the arbor?"

"Not one word," answered Ellen.

"But I saw you in the moonlight, and that was enough, my lord. I swear to you that unless you promise me on your word that you will dismiss Lady Cecily to-morrow I shall never be wife to you again."

"I cannot be discourteous to my guests," returned Carrington with sudden dignity.

"And does courtesy to your guests involve taking them in your arms and kissing them?"

"There is one guest that I shall dismiss in the morning, ay, two," returned my lord, white with anger.

"And who are those, pray?"

"Strathgate and Seton."

"My friend and your friend. That's well thought on, and you will have me defenseless, then, at your mercy, compelled to look upon your love-making with that abandoned woman. But I'll not stand it. I'll go back to America!"

"You would never dare."

"Would I not?" cried Ellen, manfully. "Watch me in the morning!"

It was one by the great clock in the hall when she withdrew from her boudoir and entered her own bedroom. Opening a closet she drew therefrom underneath a pile of feminine apparel a certain sailor's dress which she had sometimes used in cruising and boating expeditions with her husband since her marriage, and which she had often used before in long cruises on her father's ships. There were stout, heavy buckskin shoes, soft, woolen stockings, trousers wide and flaring at the knee and belted at the waist, a soft shirt of blue, a rough pea-jacket. Slipping off her own clothes, she trans-

formed herself with rapid fingers into a sailor lad. She undid her hair and tied it behind in a man's queue. From the same closet she took a slender sword and a pair of heavy pistols.

She went back softly into the boudoir and sat down at her desk. From a secret drawer she drew a purse filled with gold pieces, sovereigns of England. On the table lay a cheque book. Her balance at the bank she found was a trifle over £20,000, the amount she owed my lord.

Fortunately, there was another exit from her suite of apartments besides that which led through my lord's dressing room. She unlocked the door and stepped into the corridor.

Deborah was a light sleeper.

"What do you want?"

"Oh!" said Deborah. "And where are you going?"

"Back to America."

"But Sir Charles?"

"If Sir Charles cares anything for you," said Ellen authoritatively, "he will follow you to the end of the world."

"With whom do you go?"

"Lord Strathgate."

"Oh, Ellen!" exclaimed Deborah in horror-stricken accents.

"Peace, girl!" said Lady Ellen, "he acts, or he shall act, as my coachman alone, but I must have you with me. We can talk no longer. Dress yourself. Would that I had boy's clothes for you!"

"I should never wear them! never!"

"Well, dress yourself in the clothes in which you came from America, then. Do you know where they are?"

"I have them always at hand."

"And I will assist you," said Ellen. Fortune favored them. They stole down the stairs through the great hall and found the door unbarred, much to Ellen's satisfaction, for it indicated that Strathgate had been before them.

"Is that you, my lord?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes," answered Strathgate. "Did you think I would fall you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INDIANA STATE NEWS

Happenings of General Interest in All Parts of the Hoosier Commonwealth.

FRIENDS HOLD ANNUAL MEETING

Yearly Committee Ministry and Oversight

Richmond.—The body of ministers of Indiana yearly meeting, sitting at the meeting on ministerial oversight, held session in East Main Street Friends' church, preliminary to the formal opening of the business sessions of the yearly meeting. The deliberations of the ministry on ministerial oversight were regarded as of great importance to the church in general. Only matters pertaining to the spiritual growth of the church, but as this is the object of the church organization, the conditions that exist relative to a religious development are always carefully looked into.

The yearly meeting on ministry and oversight, as noted by the discipline and form government of the Quaker church, is composed of the members of quarterly meetings on ministry and oversight. It shall carefully consider subject which have reference to the spiritual needs of the church and may render its judgment to the yearly meeting in its action. In the quarterly meeting on ministry and oversight there is most important duty to be performed by the body when it shall have been alleged that the teachings or practices of any minister have been of a seditious character.

If the causes of the complaint made are substantiated and the causes cannot be removed, the matter meeting is then advised by the ministerial meeting on ministry and oversight to depose the minister. It may be said, however, that it is infrequent when any such case comes to the attention of a quarterly meeting on ministry and oversight. The ministry of the Friends' church is assailed for any alleged deviation from the doctrinal teachings of the denomination. There have been instances in recent years where congregations have differed in greater or less degree with the interpretation placed on the doctrinal teachings of the Friends, but in no case, it is asserted, has there been a charge of unorthodox teachings sustained.

Bottle Cause of Suit.

Shelbyville.—Chargis she had sustained injuries to the extent of \$500, Miss Tillie Hutto of Waldron has brought suit for that amount against Sanford McColly of the same place. Stepping from a rear vestibule to the steps of a car a whisky bottle was thrown. It had been intended for the conductor, but struck Miss Hutto.

Run Students' Car.

Anderson.—A question that has been up for consideration for the past week between the officials of the Indiana Union Traction Company and the patrons along the suburban line who have children in the city schools was taken up by Manager H. A. Nichol. It was planned to run a students' car.

County Will Pave Street.

Arcadia.—Main street in Arcadia, almost a mile in length, will be improved under the new gravel road law at a cost of \$18,000. The viewers filed their report with the auditor and recommended the improvement be made. This makes the second macadamized street in the county.

Tries to Annul Franchise.

Marion.—The city council of Gas City instructed its attorney to begin action to annul the franchise of the Indiana Union Traction Company because the company has failed to maintain a 30-minute schedule for its cars between Marion and Gas City as provided for by the franchise.

Missing Hoosier Found.

Franklin.—Eugene Dilley of Trafalgar, who has been missing from his home the last two months, has been found. Dilley was assaulted several years ago and his skull fractured. It is thought his injuries were responsible for his disappearance.

Woman Lives Despite Fall.

Walsh.—Mrs. Mary Newbern, the woman who was found unconscious at the foot of the Big Four bluff, may live, although her jaw is broken and she has numerous broken bones. She asserts she tumbled off the bluffs, falling 100 feet.

Oldest Insurance Agent Dead.

Columbus.—Frank Pfeiffer, the oldest agent of the German Life Insurance Company in this state, died at the age of 84.

Foot in Rail; Car Killed.

New Albany.—A car was killed on a track near Birdseye, Indiana, when a foot was caught in the wheels.

Hotel at Seymour.

Seymour.—The C. O. in this city was a commercial hotel, but was destroyed by fire. It was a two-story frame building and contained about \$6,000 worth of contents.

Commercial Club.

Richmond.—At the committee arrangement of a meeting of the Commercial Club, the meeting would be held on November 15. All of the state will be represented.

Health Officer.

Columbus.—Beck of diphtheria at the city board of health, Dr. A. M. Sunday school.

Sunday Schools.

Evansville.—Clint Redman, colored, was found guilty of second-degree murder here and sentenced to the state prison for life. He was charged with the murder of Mrs. Eva Biechlein, a white woman.

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VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

By the Way.



No gentleman would step on his mother-in-law's false teeth just to get even.

Some men have the altruistic spirit, and others just plain end-seat hogs.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole, of Pennsylvania, are the proud parents of twins—one hard and the other soft, I suppose.

Radium has been reduced in price to \$10,000,000 an ounce. They will get that blasted stuff on the 10-cent counter yet.

If a man had everything he wanted, life would be about as interesting as a dry chip. It is incentive and desire that add zest to the chase and joy to the capture.

Two admirers wrote an editor the same day. One wanted him always to write the humorous things, while the other importuned him to turn out more of his serious matter. The editor printed one alongside the other and kept right on pleasing all of the people part of the time.

The Harbingers.

The rustle of the crimson leaf,
The fro-frou of the breeze,
The smell of burning forest land,
The sighing of the trees—
All mark the Autumn time of red
When smoky skies are overhead!

In bayou nooks the wave is still,
And mirrored all the stream,
From out the shallows scintillates
The minnows' silvery gleam.
The sun is red as molten fire
Above the Autumn's smoldering pyre!

The blackbirds in the maple grove,
With raucous minstrelsy,
Are flocking for the southern fly
Across the ether sea—
All Nature changes in the Fall
At Nature's monitory call!

Now soon about the blazing hearth,
Shut in from cold and snow,
We denizens of earth shall reign
And hear the North Wind blow—
And blessed be he whose fire is bright
When Autumn fades in Winter's might!

But doubly blessed is he who sees
That lowly fires are lit
For those whose hearths are cold and bare
Where want and worry sit!
Ah, comfort is a joyous thing
When conscience has no inward sting!

Number Thirteen.

When I went to buy a sleeping car ticket recently, the clerk handed me a check for lower thirteen. I refused it. A friend of mine who dotes on thirteen and twenty-three, begged for the berth and got it. That night when we retired I discovered that thirteen was a fine berth in the middle of the car, while my number packed me away in the end over the trucks. Every time the train went around a curve or struck a rough track, I slopped about like a red apple in a tub on Halloween night! I am glad my friend took number thirteen, though. He slept well and probably saved the train from being wrecked, as it might have been had I accepted it.

Give Me My Dream.