

The ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Scoum, a Puritan miss, and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after marriage in England. The scene is placed just following the revolution. Carrington, after a house party, engaged in a family quarrel with his wife, Ellen, and his son, and his wife each made charges of faithlessness against the other in the continuation of the quarrel. First objecting against the wife, with whom he had quarreled, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Ellen had been a source of trouble to Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to distract her, and her husband then cut for his wife's L. O. and his honor, Carrington, who had been a bachelor, except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate. Additional attentions of Lord Carrington to Ellen and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would never again repreend her husband. Lady Carrington and her chum, Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Ellen Takes Flight.

"Now, will you tell me your plans?" began Strathgate as the three descended to the mall.

"We must have horses and a vehicle of some kind," she said.

"Would not a post chaise do?"

"There are three of us, my lord," answered Ellen.

"I see," returned the earl, who was very much annoyed and put out by the infliction of this third party in what he had fondly hoped would be a tête-à-tête flight.

There was no help for it, however. He trusted to fortune to assist him to dispose of Mistress Deborah later. "Where shall we get this carriage?"

"In the stables, of course."

She was thoroughly familiar with the lay of the land and the location of the stables. The coachman, who was unmarried, slept in a house by himself. Entrance was easy since the door was not locked.

"Let me do the talking," said Strathgate. "He won't recognize you if you stay back here in the darkness."

"Very well," assented Ellen as the earl stepped over to the bed and roughly shook the coachman, who opened his eyes to find himself staring into the muzzle of a pistol.

"Lie still. I want to borrow a pair and a carriage from your master. I'm driving far to-night and I want a good pair. No, you are not to bother about hitching them up. I simply wished to tell you the facts so you won't make any trouble."

He opened his mouth to cry out. Strathgate shoved his pistol barrel closer to him, truculently remarking:

"If you make a sound, I'll blow out your brains. Now, do you understand? I don't intend to steal the horses. You'll find them well at some wayside inn 20 miles from here. Meanwhile, we will have to tie you up and gag you."

"Very well, my lad," returned Higginbotham, to whom the shining weapon was a powerful persuader.

"Which are the best pair for traveling, I wonder?" queried the earl as he, Ellen, and Deborah surveyed the long row of stalls.

"I have heard my lord say that the bays were the most reliable horses he had."

"The bays it'll be, then," said Strathgate.

He quickly selected the harness, led out the bays and in a few moments the two were attached to a light traveling carriage.

"Where now?" said Strathgate when all the preparations had been completed.

"We are going to Portsmouth, as I think I told you, my lord."

Strathgate was an expert whip and he found no difficulty in keeping the spirited horses going quietly over the grassy turf which bordered the driveway and as he had predicted, they got past the house without making a sound. But one obstacle remained between them and freedom—the lodge-keeper and the lodge gate. Ellen had forgotten it until they had gone something like a quarter of a mile through the park, when she suddenly thrust her head out of the window of the carriage and called it to Strathgate's attention.

"Let me attend to that," returned the earl, confidently. "I have a plan. Do you keep close and let the curtains be drawn."

He drove close to the wall of the lodge-keeper's cottage, hammered on the window with the butt of his whip, and when that functionary appeared, Strathgate boldly avowed his name and title and said that he was riding forth on a wager with my lord; that he would be back in the morning.

The road from the lodge gate ran for about half a mile through the park until it joined the main road. Portsmouth lay to the eastward, to the westward was Plymouth. Having passed the lodge successfully, Ellen raised the blinds of the carriage and looked out upon the familiar scenes flying swiftly by them, for Strathgate had put the bays into a fast trot and the light carriage was going forward at a rapid gait. In a short time they came to the main road. Now Ellen knew the way perfectly. She was greatly astonished, therefore, to see Strathgate turning to the right. She lowered the window and thrust her head out once more.

"My lord," she called.

Strathgate scarcely checking the pace of the horses leaned back to listen.

"We wish to go to Portsmouth."

"So you said," returned my lord.

"Well, Portsmouth lies to the left and you are taking us to the right."

"You will be safer at my castle in Somerset than at Portsmouth, I think, my lady."

"But I don't wish to go to your castle," cried Lady Ellen angrily.

The horses, utterly tired out, were glad to stop. Ellen and Deborah were thrown against the front of the carriage, but beyond a severe shaking and some bruises, sustained no injuries.

Surmising what had happened, Ellen tore open the door of the carriage, seized Deborah by the hand, dragged her out and ran desperately down the road. She did not see Strathgate; she did not know where he was; she did not care.

With all the strength of her stout young body she ran down the road. She did not turn back toward Portsmouth, for she divined that if Strathgate recovered consciousness he would immediately imagine that she had gone that way. She was unfamiliar with the part of the country in which she found herself, but she had a general idea that the roads in either direction led to the sea, and her hope was to reach the shore. There was nothing that floated that she could not eat.

The dawn was gray in the east. Ellen judged it was about half after four o'clock. They had gone two hours from the castle and a half hour from the carriage when the road swerved to the southward and led from the forest to a little fishing hamlet on the shore of Lyme Bay.

"My lord!" exclaimed Ellen, thunderstruck by this open intimacy of the earl's feelings.

"You must have seen that I love you," continued Strathgate coolly enough, "and in short I am taking you to my own house. I shall know how to hold you safe there."

"You villain!" cried Ellen, while Deborah, overwhelmed with the horror of this revelation, for the conversation was quite audible to her, nearly fainted within the carriage.

Ellen had been fumbling at her belt while this was spoken and in a fit of passion she suddenly reached up her hand and discharged her pistol full at the earl. He had just time, catching a glimpse of the shining steel of the barrel in the wan moonlight, to throw himself aside when the bullet whistled by his ear. The startled horses bounded into a run at once, and for a few moments Strathgate had all he could do to control them.

"I would Sir Charles Seton were here!" cried poor Debbie, who had not the advantage of Ellen's extensive and intimate acquaintance with him.

The horse that spends the night in discomfort is in no condition for a good day's work, any more than you would be under similar conditions.

The trip to town buy a little knock-knock for the children and don't forget the wife. A very little spent brings back the sunshine and gladness.

A Cornell professor after tests, has found that milk can be produced for 65 cents per hundredweight and butter fat for 16 cents per pound where the herd is fairly good and the feeding and milking are carefully handled.

Connecticut has a wonderful cow as is shown by an advertisement in one of her country newspapers as follows: "Full-blooded cow for giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and several stove."

Save the saplings of hard wood when clearing up land, as handy for handles to the various tools as they are to the animals.

Spend a few days in this fall cleaning up the orchard trees. The most neglected and on some farms is the orchard, and it is right there that the best profit is given the trees.

Give the chickens a good roost at night. For a good airy place stock all that is required is a shelter comes a shelter from sun and rain. Have the shelter from sun constructed that you can move it about from place to place.

Lumpy jaw in cattle is a parasitic character and treatment only where the disease is pernicious. The disease is local and masses are cleaned from their cavities and places filled with iodized oil and the carbolic acid. It is a disease that is susceptible to great care and must be exercised. In most cases it is destroyed by the animal.

It is a common belief that calves will do better if born and fed hay and with skim milk rather than being turned out loose in grass which is not a suitable place to keep them.

"Tis a gallant gentleman, Debbie," returned Ellen. "But they are all that before marriage. My lord of Carrington I once thought was well-nigh perfect."

"But what did he," asked Debbie, "that you leave him thus?"

And this heroine who had schemed and fought like a man for her liberty bowed her head upon the Puritan's shoulder and wept like any other woman.

Deborah consoled her as best she might, and in turn Ellen assured her that Sir Charles really loved her and would follow her wherever she might go. Who shall say in that assurance Ellen was not persuading herself that if Bernard Carrington really loved his own wife he would not be far from Charles Seton on the chase across the road?

Ellen did at random shoot through the seat, but the bullet was deflected and Strathgate was unharmed. He was greatly relieved when she discharged her second weapon without effect, for he reasoned that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for her to recharge them in the darkness of the carriage at the pace they were going, and he therefore felt safe for the rest of the journey, although he did not resume his seat on the box, nor did he check the speed of the carriage about in the road.

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Ellen escape would be discovered in a short time; his absence would be noted; the testimony of the coachman, of the stable boys, of the lodgekeeper would be had. It would be known that they had gone away together. She would be ruined forever.

They had borne themselves gallantly. He judged that they had gone at least 20 miles from Carrington. A few miles farther on was a tavern where the ladies could be bestowled. The tavern keeper was a friend of his who would ask no questions.

But fortune was on Lady Carrington's side that night in more ways than one. For with a sudden jolt the fore-wheel of the carriage sank into a deep rut. There was a crash as the wheel gave way at the hub. Strathgate was hurled violently from his seat and lay stunned in the road.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Thicker cream, quicker butter.

Now is the time to separate the feeding from the breeding stock.

Careless methods loss may a farm or a competence.

Poor, musty hay or should never be fed to the horses.

Shelter in the pasture for the sheep. Essential to successful sheep raising.

Much depends upon the ripening the cream as to quality of butter produced.

Use water, clean and cold, in working the butter. Worked dry you are almost sure to overwork.

The use of wide tires will prevent the rutting of the road.

Between four and one-half and five months is the right time to take the horses to the market.

The horse that spends the night in discomfort is in no condition for a good day's work, any more than you would be under similar conditions.

The trip to town buy a little knock-knock for the children and don't forget the wife. A very little spent brings back the sunshine and gladness.

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Get good and give good is a good rule.

A small farm well-kept is better than the big farm indifferently run.

More sheep well-handled will mean a more fertile farm and more money for you next year.

Know your cows and do not board through the winter the cows that do not pay their way.

The butter flavor can be improved by adding a tablespoonful of granulated sugar to ten pounds of butter.

It is a good plan to put finely cut hay with the grain to compel the horses to masticate their feed properly.

Make up for the scantiness of the pasture at this time of year is made up with corn stalks or other succulent feed.

Make your farm a veritable gold mine by careful managing so that everything that is raised is turned into gold.

Drive out the stables occasionally to drive out the flies. A good fly spray is a good disinfectant, and will purify the air of the stable.

Molting is hard on the poultry. Feed well at this time so that they may come through the period strong and ready for the winter laying season.

Sell the chickens at this time and dispose of all the superfluous ones. Don't winter over the old hens, except such of the trusty ones as you want to keep for setting next spring.

A poultry keeper of New Jersey has found a new use for the box kites. He flies them over his henries and says they scare the hawks away. Worth trying.

It is the gentle, steady rainfall as well as the even-tempered man which does the most good. Violent thunderstorms and violent tempers do lots of damage.

Mange is a germ disease. Hogs thus afflicted should be washed clean and then dipped. Any dip sold by reliable firms for the purpose will do. More than one application may be necessary.

Keep a level head when the work is crowding. Think quick and do the most important thing first, then the next. Don't rattle, but do one thing at a time.

Liquid manure is the most valuable part, often containing as much as 60 to 75 per cent. of fertility. Plenty of bedding will help to save it, if you have not a cistern into which the liquid manure is drained.