

The ESCAPADE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade takes place 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 quarrel because of the conduct of 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, Lord Carrington and Ellen, to cut across with Lord Strathgate, whose attentions to Ellen had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to persuade her, and her husband then cut for his wife's sake. The incident chose except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Strathgate. Additional attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to flee. She would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two a.m., he agreeing to see them off. They arrived at the castle, Strathgate driving. He attempted to run her into 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.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Suddenly Carrington thought of the door not often used that opened into the hall from her bedroom. He cursed himself for a fool for not having thought of it before. He ran thither at once in spite of the fact that his conduct was attracting the attention of the servants passing to and fro about their various duties.

He tried the handle of the door, which was shut, and found it was unlocked. He threw it open. The bed had not been tenanted, yet Ellen had certainly undressed, for the gown and other things she had worn the night before lay in a tumbled, confused heap on the floor just where she had kicked them off.

My lady's desk stood open before him. A piece of paper caught his eye. He dropped the slipper, darted toward it, opened the paper, which was addressed to him, and read the following:

"The enclosed pays my last debt to Lord Carrington. When he reads this, I shall be on the way to my own land. With the money that he won, he can buy himself. Lady Cecily without the formality of a marriage ceremony, and in her arms he can forget the woman he shamed, whom he once loved and who once loved him."

From the paper as he had torn it open, an inclosure had fallen. He stooped and picked it up. It was the cheque on Ellen's account for twenty thousand pounds. My lord's brain reeled as he stared from the cheque to the note. It was as if he had been struck some powerful blow over the heart and was for the moment paralyzed. He sank down in a chair and gazed stupidly about him in great bewilderment.

And then he heard his name called.

"My lord, my lord!"

It was the aged butler coming up the stairs, white-faced and panting.

"What is it, Jepson?" cried Carrington, confronting the man. "Speak out. What has happened?"

"One of the footmen, Thomas, my lord, has just come from the stables. He says that he found the three stable boys who were there last night bound and gagged."

"What?" cried Lord Carrington.

"That's not all, sir," continued the faithful Jepson, "the coachman—"

"Has he gone?" queried the earl.

"No, my lord. He was bound and gagged, too, in the coach house."

"Who did it?"

"He says the earl of Strathgate."

"Impossible!" protested Carrington, fighting against the awful suspicion that entered his heart.

"It's quite true, my lord."

Carrington dashed back madly into his wife's room. He had known that she had hanging in her closet the sailor's suit which she had worn on her cruises with him. A dark suspicion had come to him. He tore open the door of the closet and tore from the hooks one after another the gorgeous dresses which hung there. He did not find what he sought. She had evidently worn it away. He turned from the room, ran through the hall and down the flight of stairs to the library. The coachman awaited him.

"Who was with Strathgate when he bound you last night?"

"A young man, I take it, my lord," answered the coachman. "The room was dark, with only the firelight, and I couldn't see very well. Lord Strathgate threatened me with a pistol, or I'd have made out and resistance. He kept me covered with my head turned away. The young man handed him straps to lash me."

"You coward!" cried Carrington, fiercely turning on the man.

"I beg your pardon, your lordship. I'm afraid of no man who comes at me with his fists, but that pistol."

He threw open the door and the three boys came in.

"Who was with Lord Strathgate last night?" questioned Carrington fiercely.

The stable boys shuffled uneasily.

"By heaven!" cried Carrington in tones of thunder, "answer me or I'll have you flogged all over the place."

"Twas a slight young man, said one of them, firmly. "We didn't recognize who it was," he continued, boldly lying. "Lord Strathgate is a very imperious man and he covered us with his pistol and swore if we made a sound he'd blow our brains out, and the young man tied our hands and the two of us gagged us."

"Couldn't you see who the young man was?"

"No, my lad; not in the dark."

"Which team did they take?" said Carrington, cutting in.

"The bays! The best team in the stable! and the traveling carriage!"

"Your lordship, yes, sir," returned the coachman.

"That will do. Go you and saddle Sailor and the best rider among you boys saddle the best horse left in the stable and make ready to come with me. See that your pistols are in the holsters."

A moment later there was a timid knock on the door and at Carrington's bidding the woman who looked after Mistress Deborah entered.

"Your lordship, Mistress Slocum's room is empty."

The maid disappeared, only to give place to Admiral Kephard.

"What's the trouble, my lad?" said the admiral, rolling into the room, giving evidence in the disorder of his costume of the haste in which he had made his toilet.

"Lady Carrington has gone. She left me this."

He drew from the pocket of his waistcoat the note, added the cheque to it, and extended them to the admiral.

The old man took them, read them slowly, folded them up and returned them to the injured husband.

"Carrington," he said, "you've been a fool."

"I know it," returned the other.

"The idea," said the admiral, "of your giving a look to that painted old coquette, when you had such a woman as Lady Ellen for your wife."

"You can't say anything too harsh for me, admiral."

"I'm glad you are awake to the situation. Now the thing to do is to clasp on sail in chase, overhaul her, Neither of them knew that two

A few moments later, booted, spurred, cloaked, armed for his ride, he came down the hall. An early riser for her on that eventful day was Lady Cecily. Her maid had carried a strange bit of gossip to her.

"Bernard," she cried, catching him by the arm, "what a relief! What a release!"

My lord stood very straight and tall. His eyes snapped viciously. Lady Cecily must have been blind not to have seen how thin the ice upon which he stood.

"She has gone, the little country girl," cooed Lady Cecily. "When you have taken vengeance upon Strathgate you will come back to me, and remember that whatever happens to you, I care very much. I can't forget your lips last night."

"Madam," said my lord, very stern and stern. "I, too, cannot forget last night. I was a fool then, but I shall be no longer. Will your ladyship kindly release me?"

"What, Carrington?" she cried in dismay.

"I mean it both now and forever. And hark, my madam, when I return with my wife, I think she will not be best pleased to find you here."

"Are you going back to that—?" and Lady Cecily used a rough word kindly fitted for the camp than the court.

"You Jezebel!" cried my lord, raising his hand as if to strike her.

He was white with passion and indignation. Lady Cecily shrank back against the door terrified. My lord's hand fell by his side, and without another glance at her he strode down the gravel path where the lightest and best of the grooms held two horses.

My lord sprang to the back of Sailor, put a spur on the horse and raced madly down the driveway past the lodge gate, out upon the main road, and turned his head toward Portsmouth.

It was west, therefore, that the young soldier rode, his mind in a turmoil! as to whether Strathgate had run away with Mistress Deborah or Lady Ellen, and his soul filled with hot indignation against his host on a number of counts.

"Forgiven?" That removed. "This is Hebrew conception, the transgression as a burden, resting upon the sinner, and him to a place where he can no more."

Crit. Com. "Covered," so to iterate it. "It is connection with sacrifice and defiling the divine victim of the blood of sin offering."—Prof. C. A. Briggs.

"Does not thinking of in connection with the sin Briggs. "In whose guile," no deceit, "vain neither from God Prof. S. R. Driver. O for forgiveness are i destroy, wash away, them as if they had."

V. 2. "Impateth not, consider, or connection with the sin Briggs. "In whose guile," no deceit, "vain neither from God Prof. S. R. Driver. O for forgiveness are i destroy, wash away, them as if they had."

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"A sin concealed is like a hidden fire. It eats into the Dyke.

"The Spartan boy beneath his coat, and until he dropped dead the fox all his vital sins. David remorse, and it was eating out his heart."—Dr. W. E. Barton.

V. 4. "Thy hand me." "God would not on in sin. God's hand in chastisement him into a better man chastises his child in 11.)

"Not merely by weight; but, as the heavy because of healing him again and again hand, so as to with the agony of suffering."—Prof. C. A. Briggs.

"My moisture" (v. 4), etc. This sentence Professor Br. translates: "I was changed (from a former condition) into misery as when thorns of God's hands are very appropriately compared with the smiting of the body by the elders of Israel and briers (Judg. 8:16.)

V. 5. "I acknowledged my sin." We have seen above how the prophet led David "Sin . . . iniquities . . . transgressions." The three forms of sin mentioned in v. 1, 2, 3. "I . . . did not . . . confess . . . completeness of confession."

Forgiveness. 1. We all need for sin, for God; we are the barrier between us and God. It is a restoration to God's favor.

3. Forgiveness includes the washing away of sin and love of sin. It will be remembered.

4. Forgiveness, whether by God or man, does not remove the consequences of sin, at least immediately; punishment of God immediately take away its bitterness.

It was about eight o'clock when Carrington and Seton left the hall, turning their backs upon one another, in beginning this famous man and woman hunt. Seton, mounted on his best horse, covered the ground at a great pace. Naturally he made much better time than Strathgate had, for all his furious driving of the horses. It was half past nine when at bend in the road he came upon the overturned carriage. Here was tangible evidence that he was on the right track. He brought his horse to a full stop and dismounted to examine into the situation.

"You'll find me at Portsmouth, Carrington," said the old admiral. "I'll be glad to render you any assistance in my power. You won't fail to call upon me, will you?"

"I will not. Will you tell the duke and duchess and the others that they may take their own time in departing, but that they better be out of the house before I get back?"

"God help and God bless you!" said the admiral as Carrington ran out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS

Sunday School Lesson Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—P. VERSES 1, 2. GOLDEN TEXT.—"I transgressed, but I am forgi-
ven."—Psalm 32:1
TIME.—David's sin is beyond the mid-
dle of B. C. 1034 accord-
ing to the records of the
Scriptures. JERUSALEM.
Comment and Su-

ALM.—Some time in David's reign back from the time of the restored fav-
or of God, as the Prodigal Son after his father's home David puts into a h-
ouse of God, the most su-
perfluous and least necessary
of all the sources, in all de-
partures, in all circum-
stances; and in soul and in body.

"Transgression . . . iniqui-
ty" (2). "Sin is here

spoken of under the

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