

The ESCAPE

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 Carrington and Lord Strathgate, of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed just before the revolution in Carrington's castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tilt, caused by jealousy. Lady Carrington, agreed to go with Lord Strathgate, whose attention to Ellen had come to a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to perturb her, and she was soon cut off with Lord Strathgate and his honor. Carrington, winning additional attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Strathgate to Lady Carrington, consented to go with him to see her leave the castle, preparing to flee. Lady Carrington and her maid Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Strathgate at two o'clock, agreeing to see them safely away. He took her to his castle, but she was taken to the castle, where she was met with an accident. She was then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Ellen set out in pursuit. Seton rented a fast vessel and started pursuit. Strathgate, blindfolded from fall, dashed on to Portsmouth, for which Carrington, Ellen and Seton were also headed by different routes. Strathgate, however, found 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.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

For perhaps an hour the three vessels—the ship and the two small boats—held on, every moment bringing the little chasers nearer their great quarry. The Flying Star was making no especial effort at speed. Her royals were not yet set. She was proceeding on her voyage rather leisurely, in fact, and the others were in high hope, Carrington, especially. He thought that he at last had Strathgate where he could not escape, and if Ellen and Deborah were on that ship, they could not get away, either.

Into this peaceful nautical passage at arms, suddenly a new factor was introduced. That, of course, was Ellen's boat. Sheltered by the island neither Strathgate nor Carrington had noticed it until it suddenly shot into view. Now Ellen had a better wind than any of the other three. On a broad reach she came down on the big ship, as a sailor would phrase it, hand over fist. Her little boat was heeled over until the lee gunwale was awash and danced over the waves at a terrific pace.

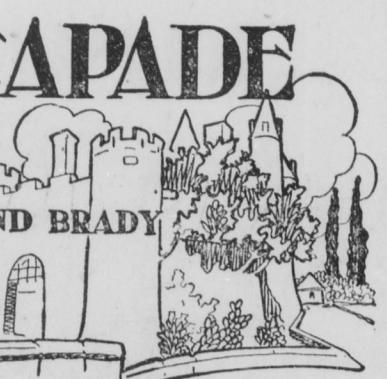
Carrington saw the boat first. The reckless way in which she was being sailed caught his eye. It was too far for him to distinguish who sailed it, but he could tell that one of them was a woman. Something made him believe that it might be his wife. He gave the tiller to Haight, went up forward and stared hard. He would have given anything for a glass but there was nothing of that kind in the fisherman's boat and he had to trust to his unaided eyesight. The longer he looked the more sure he became that it was Ellen. His first impulse was to alter his course and head directly for her cutter, but he realized the moment he conceived the design that he could never intercept her, that his only chance was to overhaul the ship for which she was evidently making. He would thus lose no distance. If she did not intend to try to board the ship he could chase her afterward. The sailors on Strathgate's boat evidently pointed out the situation to him just as it had presented itself to Carrington, so all three held on.

Ellen had the shortest distance to sail, and a free wind, while the ship and the other two boats had a hard beat before them. There was nothing Carrington could do in fact but hold his course, yet with what a fever of impatience he continued his steady beat to and fro across the harbor. The only satisfaction he got was that with every tack he gained perceptibly on Strathgate. Indeed the boats passed each other close enough for conversation, but Strathgate had nothing to say to Carrington and Carrington controlled himself waiting for a convenient opportunity to express himself fully and unequivocally.

Both of them, moreover, were engrossed in the other boat. As the boats converged upon the ship, there was no doubt in Carrington's mind, or in Strathgate's, as to the identity of its passengers. The wind was getting stronger as they drew farther out into the open channel and the rate at which they were drawing nearer to the ship grew correspondingly slower. Carrington gritted his teeth in his vexation.

Still he held on. It was such a race as he had never sailed before. He held on although he knew that if the wind increased, his case was a hopeless one; held on, although he saw Ellen's boat in a few moments would intercept the ship; held on, when he saw that boat disappear on the lee side of the ship; held on when he saw the ship thrown into the wind to make a half board so that her way was practically checked; held on when two figures appeared upon the deck of the ship, and one, a boyish looking youth, walked over to the weather gangway and stood in full view of the approaching cutters, waved a hand, lifted a cap disdainfully and then disappeared; held on when he saw the boat which the two had abandoned, trailing astern at the end of a long line.

It was my lord's nature to hold on doggedly so long as there was the faintest possibility of success and beyond. And he kept up the chase of the big ship even though she suddenly covered with light canvas and, catching the full force of the breeze, gained the full force of the breeze, catching the full force of the breeze, and so bluffed with passion that he



did not care for the open-mouthed, open-eared audience which crowded around them.

"She did go with me," continued the runaway.

"It looks like it this morning. If she went with you, how did she come to be on yonder ship while you were here?"

Strathgate laughed evilly.

"If you must know it, my lord, your wife fled in my company."

"Damn you!" cried Carrington.

But Strathgate went on without hearing.

"An accident, a broken coach wheel stopped our journey. I rode on ahead to make arrangements for our passage to some happier land on yonder ship. Lady Ellen elected to go by water."

"I don't believe a word of it," returned Carrington. "If it were true," asked my lord again, "I ask you why you were not on the ship?"

"I overslept myself this morning, with the consequences which you see."

"You haven't seen the end of those consequences, my Lord Strathgate," continued Carrington.

"No?"

"Not by any means. We'll settle the question as to which of us is to live—"

"And have Lady Ellen?" interrupted Strathgate.

Carrington whipped out his pistol.

"Another word like that and I'll kill you without giving you a chance for defense."

"You threatened to murder me on the wharf an hour or so ago," said Strathgate, equably. "What prevents you from doing it now?"

"A thing of which you know nothing," answered Carrington.

"And what is that, pray?"

"A sense of honor."

"Indeed," answered the earl, "I had understood that your honor was in Lady Ellen's keeping."

The sweat stood out on Carrington's face. He locked his jaws until the muscles rose like whipcords. He was under the strongest possible constraint a man may put upon himself.

"My honor is in her ladyship's keeping," he said slowly at last, "and I am confident that she will never put it at



"I'll Kill You."

the bows of Carrington's boat. There was no loss of life, for Strathgate, scarcely worse for the disaster, followed by Cooper and the lad, scrambled aboard Haight's cutter.

White with passion Strathgate rushed aft, shaking his fist at Carrington, who sat laughing bitterly in the stern sheets. At Strathgate's back stood Cooper, furious over the deliberate wrecking of his boat, and the boy eager to join in the fray.

"By heaven!" cried Strathgate, fiercely, "what did you mean by that?"

"I should think that my meaning was obvious even to you," says my lord, indifferently, although he was seething with anger to see his adversary within his reach.

"I don't know you, sir," cried Cooper, shaking his fist, "but you sink my boat. You done it deliberately. It'll cost you a matter of £50."

"'Tis cheap at the price," answered Carrington. "Don't worry, my man. Just pipe down," he continued, as Cooper opened his mouth to expostulate. "I'm Lord Carrington. You shall be paid for your boat and something for your trouble."

"Payment is not enough to compensate me, Carrington," cried Strathgate, furiously.

"'No,'" returned Carrington, "there's nothing that I might offer you that would pay you for what you've done, my lord, Lord Strathgate?"

"Entirely," returned the other, stepping forward.

But Master Haight did not propose to have his vessel turned into a field of honor, which would be a field of blood. He interposed a vigorous objection.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I'll have no murder done here."

"There shall be none," said Carrington. "It's a fair duel with each man a chance for his life."

"I don't know about that, my masters," returned the sailor, "but I say this: This boat's mine, I'm the captain of it, and I'll have no fightin' aboard. Savin' yer honors' graces, it can't be done. You agree with me, Cooper? You, Jack? You, Ned?"

"Ay, ay," returned the others, closing about Haight and interposing between the would-be combatants.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cultivate Patience.

Both men were now so worked up and so blinded with passion that they

yields sweet fruit.—Latin Proverb.

Ideas from Paris



At the left is a princess costume of chocolate brown diagonal chevron. The fronts and back of the blouse are cut in one piece, with the little Japanese sleeves, under which are long, tight sleeves of the material. The plastron is cut in one piece, with the narrow tablier giving the princess effect.

The square yoke is of tucked tulle, matching the gown, and is bordered on each side with straps of brown satin, ornamented with gold or passementerie buttons. The collar and frieze are of lace, the little cravat of green satin. The girdle is of the material and of satin ornamented with the buttons.

The skirt has a hip yoke of the material, but is otherwise untrimmed. The other gown is of Nile green silk volte. The corsage is shirred at the shoulders, the fronts are prettily draped and crossed and ornamented with motifs of passementerie with pendants. The edges are finished with bias bands of black satin, of which the girdle is also made.

The little waistcoat is of tulle embroidery with cord; the chemisette is of tulle and lace. The sleeves are shirred and finished with deep cuffs edged with the satin and with wrist ruffles of lace.

The skirt with raised waist-line is slightly gathered at the top and is finished at the bottom with a flounce of black satin, which extends upward in front, forming a point. From the girdle hang two long ends of the satin, finished with a motif of passementerie and tassels.

BACK TO THE APRON.

Old Styles Have to Call in the Modern Fashions.

Costume Accessories That Are Easily Put Together.

Girls who sew neatly may profitably employ that talent by making for themselves or their relatives a collection of scarfs from two to four yards in length, their texture and finish being governed by the costume with which they are to be worn. Such accessories, designed to accompany the plain tailor made skirt and coat suits used for school and shopping, are usually of silk cashmere, which comes in all the fashionable shades. This material is so white that it may be divided into lengths of one and a half yards each, the two widths being joined crosswise with a strip of self-colored ribbon. The sides are finished with a blind-stitched narrow hem, they are rolled against a baby ribbon bordering on the right side of the material or they are featherstitched with silk floss of a contrasting shade.

Black silk scarfs are most effective as well as youthful looking when the ends are embroidered in bright colors or in the pastel blues and greens. Prettiest of all are those having applied bands of satin ribbon arranged in imitation of Roman stripes and terminating with long fringe which repeats the various shades of green, maize, pink and blue employed in the ribbon bordering.

PARISIAN CHAPEAU.



New Way with a Ruff.

Women are quite used by this time to the tight plaited ruff that fits up against the neck. They have seen it and worn it in all manner of materials.

The new thing, however, is to have from three to six inch close wired plaiting of net lace put into the coat.

This is used on direcoire coats that have no collars. The ruff is basted in around the neck and ends at the first button. It is quite effective.

American Beauty Waistcoat.

If you want to live up a black coat suit, put in a waistcoat of American beauty satin or velvet. This is a smart touch and shows that you are quite in with the fashions. It may be fastened down center with black velvet or cut jet buttons.

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LESSON TEXT.—Isaiah 28:1-13. Memory verse, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."—Cor. 9:27.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

In order to understand this great prophecy of Isaiah, our lesson for today, we must first have a vivid realization of—

The Historical Situation.—Read 2 Kings 17:1-23; 18:1-10; Chron. 29, 30.

It is about 725 B. C. Isaiah, the royal prophet, was in Jerusalem, the capital of Judah. The good King Hezekiah, the rulers and leaders of the state were his audience. The nations were going astray, they were worldly, drunken, selfish, cruel, luxurious, oppressing the poor, neglecting religion, forgetting God.

From the northwest were coming great hordes of Assyrian soldiers devastating everything on their way.

They had reached the northern kingdom of which Samaria was the capital. Like an overwhelming scourge these semi-savage armies were overrunning the country with all wanton crimes and cruelties, destroying everything good.

They were sweeping away cities and villages, farms, cattle, orchards—everything. The prophet sees them drifting, as in the rapids of Niagara, swiftly toward destruction. He sees the storm-clouds on the horizon threatening tempests and lightning blights and destruction.

Within three or four years Samaria, the capital, was captured, and the northern kingdom swept out of existence by the Assyrians.

But the people of Jerusalem felt comparatively safe, for their city was a mighty fortress, a very Gibraltar, rarely captured, and probably it never could be captured if the people within were brave, united and true.

The prophet, pointing to the northern kingdom, warns his own people that nothing could save them if they continued to sin. "Repent, or that overwhelming scourge will sweep over Judea and Jerusalem in its devastating course."

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The prophet answers: "This seems monotonous to you, but you will have another kind of monotony if you do not give heed to my words." "For with stammering lips." Better as R. V.

"For stammering lips," (viz., that of the Assyrian hordes) "will he speak to this people (11) to whom he said, 'This is the rest . . . this is the refreshing.' God had pointed out to them how they might have rest and prosperity, 'yet they would not hear (12)'

13. Therefore by the Assyrian invasion, they should find "precept upon precept," etc., a monotonous teaching by affliction and sorrow, till "they . . . fall backward, and be broken," as came to pass after years.

"The bad effect of alcohol on persons performing muscular work is well known. The evidence is overwhelming that alcohol in small amounts has a most harmful effect on voluntary muscular work."—Victor Horsley, M. D., F. R. S.

"Every dose of alcohol, even the most moderate, diminishes strength.

All that man asserts of the strengthening effects of alcohol is a delusion.

The well-known poor man's glass during working hours is beyond question injurious. Every penny which the workman spends for alcoholic drinks is not only wasted but employed for a destructive purpose."—Adolf Fick, M. D., Professor of Physiology, University of Wurzburg.