

# The Escapade

By Cyrus Townsend Brady.



"Clasped in His Wife's Arms."

"I think it will have to be as your admiral says, Lord Carrington," said the king. "You cannot see her for the present."

"My lord was too proud to beg, yet there was something else he could do. 'There is something else. May I ask your majesty?'"

"What is it?" said the king kindly. "Ask what you like."

"Will your majesty—Can a message be carried to her from me?"

"I think there's no harm in that, eh, Kephard?"

"No, your majesty."

"What is the message?"

"Will your majesty tell Lady Carrington how I have misjudged her and how bitterly I have repented my follies, and how proud and happy I am that she is not as Lady Cecily and the others?"

"I think I may say that she will get the message in due time," said the king.

"And if I might further trespass on your majesty's good nature, I will ask to have this letter sent to her."

As he spoke my lord pulled a paper from out his breast pocket.

"What is that?" said the king.

"This a letter I wrote on the eve of my engagement with Lord Strathgate. It may be conceived of as conveying the true sentiments of my heart."

"Hark ye, Carrington," said the king, "I will not have Lady Carrington, to whom I have taken a great fancy, further vexed by letters or messages."

"Your majesty," answered Carrington, "you may read the letter yourself. 'This such a letter as would convey joy to any woman's heart, provided she loved her husband and could forgive him his folly.'"

"Well, as to what may be the state of Lady Carrington's feelings toward you, that will have to be developed later. Meanwhile—the king hauled from his pocket two papers—"Admiral Kephard, here is an order which will obviate the necessity of a court-martial. As commander-in-chief of the fleet I interpose. I am informed that the frigate Bellona is ready for three years' tour of duty in the East Indies."

"You're right, sir," answered Kephard.

"Here is an order from the admiralty appointing Lord Carrington first lieutenant of that ship."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Kephard, taking the order and scanning it rapidly.

"Lord Carrington," said the king gravely, "I have estopped the court-martial. Your offense has been a serious one, however, and it cannot go unpunished. Because of it I order you to the Bellona. You will spend three years in the East Indies. Perhaps by that time you will come back a happier and a wiser man."

"A wiser, your majesty, but there can be no happiness for me."

"And why?"

"Because I am parted from Lady Carrington and because I have shown myself unworthy of her."

"Very well," said the king, some what indifferently, it seemed, "you will repair aboard the Bellona at once. Her captain has not yet joined. You will assume temporary command and take her to Weymouth, which is the nearest port to your seat, I believe. You will remain there just long enough to get together your sea kit and receive your captain, and then you will proceed to the East Indies, reporting to Admiral Clarkson when you arrive on the station."

"And my wife, your majesty?"

"I have taken care," said the king gravely, "that she shall be carefully attended and looked after until your return at least."

"And may I not see her before I go?"

"I cannot modify the orders," answered the king. "I have already extended to you unusual clemency. But I give you my word that your wife will be well cared for. She is under my especial protection, remember."

"By Gad, lad!" cried the old admiral, turning about, "get down on your knees and thank the king's majesty for his gracious clemency. You're a lucky dog and don't deserve it."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### The King's Jest.

A short time after two boats pulled away from the Britannia. In one of them sat the majesty of England. There was more ruffling of bugles, more rolling of drums, more blaring of trumpets, more thundering of guns, more hurraing from the men, as the little king, thoroughly delighted with his royal clemency, was rowed back to the shore.

The other boat departed shortly after the king's, without exciting the slightest attention. The officer of the deck escorted Carrington over the side, shook hands with him and the boat pulled away to the Bellona, a handsome 32-gun frigate fresh from the shipyards and ready for her maiden cruise, which lay near by.

Carrington was received there with some ceremony. His arrival had been expected. Parkman, who had been transferred from the Renown, met him at the gangway and the two shook hands fervently.

"I am ordered to this ship, Jack, as first lieutenant," said Carrington, gloomily, as they turned and walked aft. "Here are my papers. As you will see, I am directed to assume charge, the captain not being aboard, and take the ship around to Wey-

This was the punishment meted out to him by little George. He was to go to the Indies, but not alone. When there was time for coherent speech Ellen handed her husband another paper appointing him captain of the Bellona, subject only to the orders of his wife.

"God bless him!" cries my lord, folding his wife again to his heart.

"And I say so, too," answers Ellen, "although we fought against him so long, he hath a kindly heart."

"He hath, indeed," returned Carrington, after a time. "He gave me his royal word that you should be well looked after for the next three years, and the keeping of the king's word is intrusted to me. I shall see to it."

"Nay," said Ellen, "you are under my command now. Look at your orders."

"This even so, my little captain," laughed my lord, sweeping her to his heart again. "And what orders do you propose to issue to me?"

"I should like to present to you two of my friends."

"Your friends are my friends, my dear," returned Carrington, "and when occasion serves I shall be happy to greet them."

"It serves now," said Ellen, drawing herself away from him. And indeed she found it difficult for her would by no means let her go, following her aft and still keeping his hand about her waist as she opened the door of one of the cabins.

Out thence, for all the world like a Jack-in-the-box, popped Mistress Deborah, her cheeks redder than the scarlet ribbons she affected, and stalking behind her came Sir Charles Seton in great dignity.

"I did you an injustice, Charles!" cried my lord Carrington. "I humbly beg your pardon. I have not heard the story"—and Seton was glad my lord's remarks were so spontaneous—"but I know that you were true."

"It's granted, Bernard," said Seton heartily. "I could forgive you anything, knowing how you felt over the loss of your wife, for to-day I can put myself in your place in one particular."

"And how's that?"

"In this way," returned Seton. "Permit me"—he seized the blushing Deborah as he spoke—"Salute Lady Seton, Carrington."

"What! Is it so?"

"We were married this morning, the king himself being one of the witnesses."

"And do you go with us to India?"

"Nay," answered Seton, "only to Weymouth."

And at that Carrington was very glad, for though he loved Seton much, he loved his wife more, and he wanted her for the rest of his life all to himself.

Seton divined that, for presently he took Deborah by the hand and led her forth upon the quarterdeck, leaving Carrington and Ellen alone together, each in the haven where they fate would be; husband and wife, one and inseparable now and forever, locked in each other's arms.

(THE END.)

## BEST WORKERS ARE SPANIARDS.

Their Wonderful Capacity for Hard Labor on Slim Diet.

A present-day globe-trotter said to a New York Press writer: "I should like to recommend the employment of Spaniards to dig the Panama canal. The rest of the world does not seem to realize the wonderful capacity for work possessed by the Andalusians. Why, I have seen in the castle of Solomon copper mine men doing the hardest sort of labor for full 12 hours a day and knock off as happy as a lark, ready for a fight or a frolic, ready to go mad at the distant tinkle of a guitar, ready to beat their hands sore keeping staccato time to the Cadiz cachuca."

"And what has his ration consisted of? A piece of bread dipped in a cow's horn of oil and another of vinegar, spiced up with hot green pepper, garlic and salt. In summer his food consists of a section of pink melon."

"How many million pounds of meat have been shipped to Panama since the digging began? The Andalusian knows not the hunger for meat. He is never ill. The doctors at the isthmus have their hands full all the time trying to cure disease directly due to meat."

"Here is a common Spaniard who could pull a bull down by the horns, drive his knife through a three-inch plank, nourishing his 'robur' and stamina on a slice of melon brought from that moist province where the mocking proverb says, 'The trees are green, the earth water, the men women and the women—nothing.'"

"Yesterday I witnessed in one of your semi-fashionable resorts a New Yorker double up and pack on his fork for one calm mouthful about four cubic inches of red roast beef. It was not a pleasant sight. I compared the man's food capacity with that of people who had achieved."

"The Arab on his rice diet scoured the shrinking world. The Roman soldier on his sour wine and vinegar bread mapped out Europe with his rods. One of our great generals, Francis Marion, the swamp fox, kept his forces in perfect physical condition by a daily sip of vinegar. Oil stands for the most ethereal fat you can feed the stomach flame with and vinegar for the destroyer of thirst and purifier of the blood."

Rendable But Breakless.

"Does your wife make good bread?"

"Considered as the staff of life," replied Nuwed, "I should say she does. One could lean on a staff of it a long time without breaking it!"—Kansas City Times.

## GAINED HER POINT

WIFE'S DEMONSTRATION OF HUSBAND'S NERVOUSNESS.

Reverend Gentleman Compelled to Admit That He Did Fidget with His Handkerchief While Conducting the Services.

"My dear, you must not fidget so with your handkerchief when you're in the pulpit," said the minister's wife, as she walked home by his side after the morning service.

"Fidget!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why, I seldom use my handkerchief. What do you mean?"

"I don't mean using it," replied the wife, laughing. "I hope you will do that whenever it is necessary; but I mean pulling it out of one pocket and stuffing it into another, only to take it out and thrust it under the hymn book. It's a nervous habit, and it's perfectly distracting to watch you."

The clergyman looked kindly incredulous as he said:

"I think you must be mistaken, my dear. I might have changed it about a good deal this morning. I believe I did, but I'm certain that it isn't a habit. To prove it, I'll leave my handkerchief with you this evening." It was agreed.

At the close of the invocation the minister's hand was seen withdrawing itself stealthily from his coat-tail pocket, and after he had said: "Let us continue our worship by singing three stanzas"—there was a long pause while he fumbled in the other coat-tail before he added—"of the three hundred and forty-third hymn."

By keeping his mind on his hands instead of on the hymn, he managed to get through the singing with only one slip; but there were several awkward pauses during the responsive reading, when the minister's wife watched his hands roam from breast pocket to pulpit cushion and back to his coat-tail again.

During the anthem the minister seemed less absent-minded, but his wife was uneasy when it came time for the prayer and discreetly covered her eyes. Then he grew more and more distracted, and kept the audience waiting with hymn books in hand while he made another search for the missing bit of linen before giving out the number of the hymn.

Finally it was time for the sermon. "I invite your attention this evening," he began, and then stopped. This time his hand was in his breast pocket. "You will find my text," he began again, "in the eighth chapter of Romans."

The little lady in the pew had gained her point, but really it was ceasing to be a joke. He could never get through his sermon at this rate. Hastily she beckoned to an usher and sent him into the pulpit with the minister's handkerchief. He clutched it with ill-concealed relief, and shot a guilty glance at his smiling wife. Then he drew a long breath, and, as one set free, went on with his admirable sermon.—Youth's Companion.

## Mystery of the Watermelon.

Here is a mystery, according to Mr. Bryan. He says: "I am not much of a farmer as some people claim, but I have observed the watermelon seed. It has the power of drawing from the ground and through itself 200,000 times its weight; and when you can tell me how it takes this material and out of its color forms an outside surface beyond the imitation of art, and then forms in it a white rind and within that again a side of red heart, thickly inlaid with black seeds, each one of which in turn is capable of drawing through itself 200,000 times its weight—when you can explain to me the mystery of a watermelon, you can ask me to explain the mystery of God."

## Price of Perfection.

Oscar Hammerstein at a recent dinner described a contemplated cast for "Thais" wherein the principals' salaries alone would aggregate \$10,000 a night.

"But, you know," said Hammerstein, "perfection is always expensive. Napoleon never breakfasted at the same hour. Now he would breakfast at seven, now at 11, now at ten. Yet, whenever he rang, his breakfast, a young broiled chicken, was always brought immediately to him, cooked to perfection, just off the grill."

"One morning Napoleon sent for his cook, and said, with a pleased laugh: 'How do you manage it that, no matter when I breakfast, my chicken is always ready, done to a turn?'"

"Sire," said the cook, "every ten minutes I put a fresh chicken on to broil. This one is always perfectly done for you when you ring."—Baltimore Sun.

## World's Largest Bowlder.

The largest bowlder in the world is in Victoria, Australia. The name of "The Leviathan Rock" has been given to it. Its estimated bulk approaches, if it does not exceed, 30,000 tons. This great rock may be likened to an immense egg lying on its side, the part resting on mother earth being not more than 30 yards square. Hundreds of persons could find shelter under it from a passing storm or the sun.

## More Art.

Auctioneer—Going! Going! Gone! Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain, sir. The frame alone is worth the price.

Connoisseur (ripping out the picture)—The frame was what I wanted—Pick-Me-Up.

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## M. FANGER

TROUBLE IS DUE TO COLLAPSE

Repulse of the Honduran Revolutionists Thought to Presage Their Failure.

Washington, July 18.—The repulse of the revolutionists in both the northern and southern parts of Honduras, official news of which has been received by Minister Ugarte of that country, presages the collapse of the revolution, in the opinion of the minister. Porvenir, a town captured by the revolutionists July 15, is a place of about 3,000 people, with a small garrison, and is about ten miles from Ceiba, which the revolutionists attacked next.

Minister Ugarte believes that the revolutionists, realizing the hopelessness of any movement against Porto Cortez, whose natural position renders it difficult of successful attack, turned their attention toward the east, which resulted in the operations against Ceiba.

**Soldier Held for Murder.**

Fort Riley, Kan., July 18.—Following the inquest over the body of Leroy Winkler, a negro who was struck on the head with a bottle July 4 and died Tuesday night, James Smith, a mounted orderly of the Sixth Field artillery, has been arrested as one of the party of soldiers who made the assault on Winkler. It has not been ascertained whether other soldiers were in the fight.

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