The Escapade

By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

"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 mesasge?"

"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

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

"And if I might further trespass on your majesty's good nature, I will ask protection. We are bound for the East 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.

"Tis 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 mes- boatswain and his mates along the sages."

"Your majesty," answered Carring-'Tis such a letter as would convey joy to any woman's heart, provided she directed the commanding officer's penhim his folly."

"Well, as to what may be the state of Lady Carrington's feelings toward you, that will have to be developed liner a burly figure suddenly appeared later. Meanwhile"-the king hauled on the edge of the high poop of the 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." forward. Instantly the rails of the You're right, sir," answered Kep-

"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 rap-

"Lord Carrington," said the king gravely, "I have estopped the courtmartial. 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 mysef 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?" gravely, "that she shall be carefully return at least."

"And may I not see her before I

"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 hurrahing 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 | A little hand fell softly upon his at the gangway and the two shook shoulder with touch as light as that

hands fervently.



"Clasped in His Wife's Arms."

mouth, where he will join us." "And the court-martial?" asked

"The king hath pardoned me." "And your wife?"

"God only knows!" said Carrington, desperately. "All I know is that she is well and under the king's especial Indies for three years. Three years away from her! God, what a fool I've been. Strathgate was right!" Carrington turned away, putting strong constraint upon himself in order to compose his features. "Well," he said

at last, "are you all ready?" "Ready to trip," returned Parkman. "Call all hands. I'll read them my

orders and then we'll get up anchor." In a moment the shill piping of the deck was followed by the trampling of many feet. The crew, a splendid set ton, "you may read the letter yourself. of fellows, assembled in the gangways. Carrington read his orders to them, loved her husband and could forgive nant to be hoisted and bade Parkman, who for the present acted as first lieutenant, to get under way.

As the Bellona drew abreast the Britannia. Recognizing the admiral, Carrington, who had stood aft on the quarterdeck of his frigate, bared his head and saluted. The admiral returned the compliment with his own chapeau, then he turned and waved it Britannia swarmed with men, and from their throats at another signal from the admiral came such a burst of cheering as warmed the very cockles of the melancholy Carrington's heart. And with this cheerful sea compliment and these words of good will the frigate shot ahead and presently clapping on more canvas bore swiftly down the river.

Carrington stared long and desperately back toward the shores, fast tropping behind him, on which somehere his wife's foot rested. What as she doing? Where was she liv

ing? What was she thinking of him? He knew nothing save that in some manner she was under the especial protection of the king; that was assurance enough that she was well cared for, for no man questioned the honesty, sincerity or kindliness of George the Third. It would be three years before he would see her again. The thought was maddening to him. He did not even know where to write to her. He was not at all sure that the king would cause his letter to be delivered to her. He came to a desperate resolution. He would write her another letter and send it from Weyking and beg him to see that it was delivered

It was not until late in the afternoon, when the Bellona was fairly in the channel beating down toward her destination, that Carrington went be-"I have taken care," said the king, low. As there was no captain yet on the ship the quarters of that functionary by right belonged to him. He entered them without ceremony. The cabin on the new ship looked bright and cheery. Its equipments were rude, of course, as were those of all ships in those days, but they were better than those in ordinary vessels, the Bellona being the newest and most advanced product of theshipyards.

> To a sailor of that day it was both a spacious and delightful sea home. To Carrington it was only a prison. He did not attempt to enter the staterooms on either side, but sat down at the table, buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. It was the first moment of privacy that he had enjoyed. It was the first opportunity afforded him to give way to his feelings, and he indulged himself at will. Separated from his wife, and through his own folly! The future that had opened so fairly before him utterly wrecked! Three long weary years at the least, and possibly four, to intervene before he could see her again. He almost envied Strathgate-fighting desperately for life at Blythedale Haft and likely to be an invalid for the rest of his days-because he would be in England while Carrington was far

He had gone through so much. He had drunk so deeply the bitter cup of repentance that he gave way com-

pletely to his emotions. "This will never do," he said at last. "My punishment seems greater than I can bear, and yet I must bear it; I must show myself a man for her."

of thistledown. Where that hand "I am ordered to this ship, Jack, as | touched him was the center of his befirst lieutenant," said Carrington, ing. My lord turned his head, looked gloomily, as they turned and walked | at it slowly, turned his body, followed aft. "Here are my papers. As you it up, saw a face he dreamed of, tears will see, I am directed to assume rolling from eyes that looked love at charge, the captain not being aboard, him, and in another moment he was and take the ship around to Wey- clasped in his wife's arms.

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 roval 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

"'Tis 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, draw-

ing herself away from him. And indeed she found it difficult, for he would by no means let her go, fellowing 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 particu-

"And how's that?" "In this way," returned Seton. "Per-

mit me"-he seized the blushing Deborah as he spoke-"Salute Lady Seton, Carrington.' "What! Is it so?"

king himself being one of the wit-"And do you go with us to India?" "Nay," answered Seton, "only to

"We were married this morning, the

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 him-

Seton divined that, for presently he took Deborah by the hand and led her Carrington and Ellen alone together, each in the haven where they fain would be; husband and wife, one and inseparable new 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 Bryan. He says: "I am not much of Spaniards to dig the Panama canal. a farmer as some people claim, but I The rest of the world does not seem have observed the watermelon seed. to realize the wonderful capacity for It has the power of drawing from the 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 mouth by special messenger to the lark, ready for a fight or a frolic, then forms in it a white rind and ready to go mad at the distant tinkle within that again a side of red heart, of a guitar, ready to beat their hands thickly inlaid with black seeds, each sore keeping staccato time to the Cadiz cachuca.

of? A piece of bread dipped in a cow's horn of oil and another of can ask me to explain the mystery of vinegar, spiced up with hot green pep- God." per, garlic and salt. In summer his food consists of a section of pink

"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

"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 grass, 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 scourged the shrinking world. The Roman soldier on his sour wine and vinegar bread mapped out Europe with his roads. One of our great generals, 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 purifler of the blood."

Rendable But Breakless.

"Does your wife make good bread?" plied Nuwed, "I should say she does. One could lean on a staff of it a long | price. time without breaking it"-Kansas City Times.

GAINED HER POINT

WIFE'S DEMONSTRATION OF HUS-BAND'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.

my command now. Look at your or- "Why, I seldom use my handkerchief. "Fidget!" exclaimed the gentleman. 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 in-

credulous 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 dld, 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 forth upon the quarterdeck, leaving 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. 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 one of which in turn is capable of drawing through itself 200,000 times "And what has his ration consisted its weight-when you can explain to me the mystery of a watermelon, you

Price of Perfection.

Oscar Hammerstein at a recent dinner described a contemplated cast cific fleet at San Francisco. for "Thais" wherein the principals' salaries alone would aggregate \$10,000 the gunboat Wolverine to participate 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. Thus one is always perfectly done for you when you ring." -- Baltimore Sun

World's Largest Bowlder. The largest bowlder in the world is

'n Victoria, Australia. The name of "The Leviathan Rock" has been given to it. Its estimated bulk approaches, Francis Marion, the swamp fox, kept 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 vinegar for the destroyer of thirst and of persons could find shelter under it from a passing storm or the sun.

More Art.

Auctioneer-Going! Going! Gone! "Considered as the staff of life," re | Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain,

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

SALE

MILLINERY!

Over 300 fine trimmed hats will be sold at a sacrifice. All at less than one-half price. In fact, make your own price. Must have the room for our monster fall stock now arriving.

GREAT 3 CLEARANCE OUR JULY CLEARANCE

CLOTHING!

Men's, Boy's and Children's Clothing and also Gent's Furnishing Goods. Save your Cash Register Receipts and get the Four Hundred and Fifty Dollar Piano.

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

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

Shuts Out the Consumptive. Salt Lake City, July 18.-No teacher, student or employe infected with tuberculosis will be admitted henceforth to the classrooms or buildings of the University of Utah. This is the degree just promulgated by the regents of the institution. The recent death of an instructor from Chicago

NEWS FACTS IN OUTLINE

called attention to a danger the author-

Ities are determined to avoid.

Official figures show that the appropriations at the late session of congress

total \$1,008,397,543.56. Marquis Katsura, the new premier and minister of finance of Japan, says

that all Japan wants is peace. The estate of the late Duke of Devonshire has been sworn for probate at \$5,824,800.

A downpour of rain broke up the civic parade which had been planned as the distinctive St. Paul feature of Shriner's week. Seven hundred men have been or-

dered by the navy department from the naval training stations at Newport and Norfolk to join the vessels of the Pa-The navy department has designated

in the celebration of the opening of the

harbor at Gary, Ind., July 23rd.



how many disputes you could have avoided if you had paid by check instead of in cash. Every check is a receipt that cannot be questioned. That fact alone is enough to warrant you starting an account at the Bank of Cass county. But there are other advantages, lots of them. Start an account today and commence enjoying them.

The BANK OF CASS COUNTY. PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

AT THE -Rainbow's End-

At the rainbow's end they say there is a pot of gold. Do not follow after it, but come to me and I will sell you a good farm in "Old Cass County," the best state in the union, within six miles of Plattsmouth, 171 acres, 90 acres in corn, with fine prospects; 10 acres in millet, 20 acres in first-class meadow, clover, timothy and red top, good improvements. Price \$75 per acre, worth many times more than land elsewhere. Remember a Cass county is as good as a bank.

S. BRIGGS

BURDOCK T nic Compound

\$1.00 BOTTLE

25c