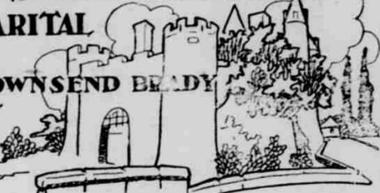


The ESCAPE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BEADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS (COPYRIGHT 1908 BY W. G. CHAPMAN)



horse and come forward by post horses, you understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

Carrington gathered up the reins, sprang upon the mare's back and without looking over his shoulder, galloped on ahead. The delay had given him time to come to his senses. He had no such horse as Sallor between his thighs now. He realized that he must spare the mare or he would arrive nowhere. By the winding of the road, it was quite as far from Carrington to Portsmouth as it was from the hamlet whence Ellen had taken her departure for the same haven, and Ellen had had, according to Carrington's calculations, who knew nothing about the sweep to the westward, something like six hours the start of him.

Nevertheless, I do not mean to imply that Carrington spared his horse. He felt it imperative for him to get to Portsmouth before night fell, and he therefore punished the mare severely, but he did not ride with quite the recklessness of his first mad dash. Still he swept over the ground rapidly, and after two hours of terrific going he pulled up at a wayside inn. He sprang from his horse the instant he stepped before the entrance. Lord Carrington was well known in the vicinity, and in a moment a dozen obsequious hostlers and horse boys scrambled about him while mine host came bowing before the door.

"A horse, the best you have in the stables!"

"My lord," began the host, "I'm very sorry—"

"No words," interrupted Carrington, "bring me a horse and a draught of wine."

"My best horse has been taken, your lordship, some three hours ago, and I have naught but indifferent ones left."

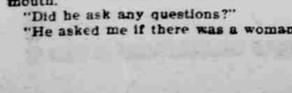
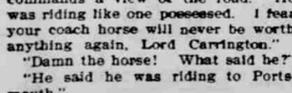
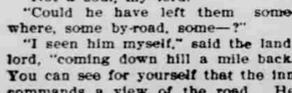
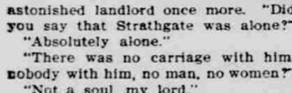
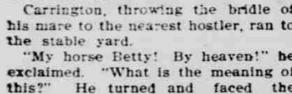
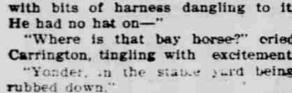
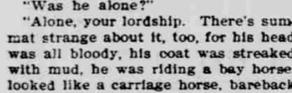
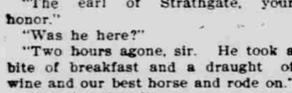
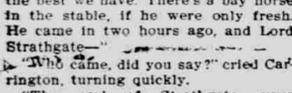
"Bring me the best you have. I don't care what it is," said Carrington.

"Don't you see my mare can go no farther and I must have some sort of a horse. How far is it to the next posting station?"

"A matter of ten miles."

"Well, give me something that can make the distance in an hour, and if I founder him or kill him, I'll pay you well for him."

"Here, Dick," said the landlord, "you hear my lord. Bring old Joe. 'Tis



and a young man had got horses and ridden on ahead, if anybody had seen anything of any kind of coach or wagon, or carriage, or people on horseback."

"And what answer made you?"

"I never seed a man more in a hurry, your lordship, unless it was yourself," added mine host.

"You're right," cried Carrington.

He was utterly bewildered by the situation. His calculations were all at sea. What could be the meaning of Strathgate alone upon the road, with a broken head and a muddy coat, riding on a coach horse and driving the beast even as he had forced Sallor and the mare? Where were Ellen and Deborah? It was more than he could understand. Could Strathgate be flying from Carrington's anger? Had he dealt foully with Ellen? My lord groaned aloud. And yet it could not be. He had every confidence in his wife's ability to protect herself if it came to a battle, even against a man like Strathgate. And he knew too well Strathgate's proven courage, ruse, libertine and gambler though he was, to think for a moment that he was fleeing from him, Carrington.

It must be that he was pursuing some one, but if so, who? Who, but Ellen and Deborah, and how could they keep ahead of such furious chasing? They had not gone off together, then. In some way they had given Strathgate the slip. Lord Carrington jumped at this conclusion and his heart bounded. The worst was not true of his wife. What was he to do? He could see nothing for it but to try to overtake Strathgate. He could perhaps furnish a clue to the mystery, and Carrington swore to make him tell, or to kill him on the way.

It took much less time to think all this than it does to tell it. Throwing the landlord a guinea, refreshing himself with the draught of wine and bidding mine host look after Sallor and the groom when they came on, Carrington mounted the horse which was brought to him. It was a sorry steed, and the landlord's heart misgave him as he saw that Carrington intended to be as good as his word and get to the next posting station in an hour.

My lord rode with as heavy a hand as before, but with a considerably lighter heart. Of one thing he was certain, that Ellen was not with Strathgate. He wondered if the earl had come by that broken head and soiled coat from his wife's endeavor. He even laughed aloud in savage glee and pride at that very prowess and strength and masculine ability which had seemed to him so poor a quality when contrasted with the fawning, mincing maskiness of Lady Cecily, now disconsolate at the hall. And so my lord rode on, his heart growing lighter with every bound of his horse.

CHAPTER X.

The Bewilderment of Strathgate.

As my Lord Carrington rode with increasing satisfaction and Sir Charles Seton sailed in a growing sense of self-congratulation in that he alone was on the right track, my lord of Strathgate was full of bewilderment. Like Carrington, he, too, made inquiries at every posting station, at every wayside inn, from every passer-by, as to the whereabouts of the two who had escaped him, and everywhere he had been met by an absolute lack of information.

A dozen times he had hesitated mentally, that is—as to his course, yet in every case he had persuaded himself that the fugitives must be headed for Portsmouth. Ellen had made it quite clear to him that there was her destination. There had not been the least secrecy as to her plans. There was nothing whatever to be gained by pursuing the way Strathgate had taken when she, to him, unfortunate accident to the carriage had occurred. They must have retraced their steps, but if they had done so, where had they gone? They seemed to have disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them.

It was possible, of course, that Ellen might have thought better of her escapade and returned to Carrington, although knowing what sort of a reception would probably greet her. Strathgate thought this was hardly likely. At any rate, since he could not return to Carrington, and since he had no trace of his quarry, he reasoned clearly enough that the best thing for him to do was to get to Portsmouth as soon as possible. He had missed them somehow on the road, but if, as he believed, Portsmouth was their ultimate destination, he would be in a position to mature his plans and make ready to intercept them when they did arrive.

Strathgate was a man who did not believe in doing things by halves, and he rode to Portsmouth as if on a wager. His interest in Ellen was that which might have been expected from a man of his time and condition, but the fact that she was not to fall into his hands, that she had already

baffled him; that she had shown such tremendous spirit in endeavoring to kill him, added a joy to the adventure which immensely tickled his jaded soul. He had started out on the undertaking and he was determined to see it through at all hazards. Of course, he realized that Lord Carrington would enter the game as soon as he could get within reach of the table, but Strathgate was as brave as he was vicious, and he rather welcomed the added player.

If he had known and indeed it did dawn upon him after a time he would have the more enjoyed the fact that his own rapid progress greatly hindered Carrington's advance. Indeed toward the latter part of the afternoon he threw many obstacles in the way of a possible pursuer, on the chance that it might be Carrington—or even Seton—by securing all the post horses that were worth anything at every station and mounting hostlers and post boys on them, with instructions to ride to the next station at his expense. Consequently, while Strathgate's progress was faster and faster, Carrington's advance became slower and slower.

Strathgate, by hard riding, reached Portsmouth about eightfall. Carrington was not to arrive, although he pressed on all night, until the following morning. Strathgate was morally certain that the people he was chasing could not have reached Portsmouth before him. Indeed, he had made a record-breaking trip from Carrington, so he was not hurried in his preparations for the night. A bath, a royal supper, clean clothes, all of which his money and his rank made easy to procure, greatly refreshed him.

Therefore, although he had been up all the night before and wanted sleep badly, he determined to make some inquiries before he went to bed. He found, to his great surprise, that the New Eagle, which was the name of the ship owned by the countess of Carrington, had sailed that morning. So far fortune favored him, for Lady Ellen would arrive at Portsmouth, he thought, and find her ship gone.

He enlisted the service of the landlord and secured a number of men whom he posted at the various inns, with instructions to notify him immediately in case Ellen and Deborah arrived. He could give an accurate description of the two, and he felt that he had thus spread a net which they could not escape. Then he went comfortably to bed and slept the sleep of the very weary, if not of the conscience free.

Carrington, plunging along on exhausted, half-fouled horses, the leavings of Strathgate, lost the comparative cheerfulness of the morning and worked himself up into such a fury that if he had come across the earl he would probably have killed him out of hand without giving him a chance for defense.

The only one thoroughly satisfied with the situation was Seton, and even his dash eastward was stopped, for the wind, which had held briskly for the greater part of the day, died out about nightfall and left the gallant captain helplessly tossing in the short waves of the channel. He could only guess that Ellen in her boat had not yet been able to reach Portsmouth and entirely escape him. Capt. Seton was a man of energy and resource, and by the use of a judicious system of bribery, he induced Whibley and the two boys to break out the oars. He himself completed the quartette, and through the long hours of the night, the four, with short intervals for rest, urged the little boat after the fugitives.

So far as the objects of all this riding and sailing and mad chasing were concerned, although success had attended their efforts up to this time, it could not be said that they were either of them particularly happy. In the first place, the sun beating down upon the unsheltered boat—although the winter season was approaching—was very hot. In the second place, hard bread and water were not exactly luxuries. Time was when Ellen could have eaten them without dissatisfaction and have even been thankful that she had them, but that time had passed. Although her spirit was as great as ever, the luxurious living of Carrington had naturally affected her taste. And Debbie had had no experience of that kind at all. The younger manifested a disposition to reproach the elder, only checked by Ellen's stern and mandatory method of dismissing the subject.

To hearten up her young friend, Ellen put a brave face upon the whole matter. She pointed out to her how comfortable and free from pursuit, or interference, they would be when they boarded the New Eagle at Portsmouth; what a pleasant voyage they would have back; and made various other suggestions to cheer her young comrades and to fight down the growing dismay in her own heart. It was only by constantly holding up before herself the picture of my lord and Lady Cecily in each other's arms in the arbor that she kept herself to the pitch of her adventure.

She found herself thinking wistfully of the happy days of the past; of the many pleasant cruises which they had made in these very waters. What a gallant, devoted, royal lover he had been! How she hated Cecily Carrington! She looked at herself and took a mental inventory of that she could not see and wondered how he could

He was ashamed of her! A proud woman was Ellen, Lady Carrington, and sometimes she almost forgot her jealousy in her outraged dignity. And between the two passions she vowed that she would never see my lord again until he came begging forgiveness. If he wanted her, he would have to chase her across the

Louisville

FROM THE CHIEF.

Plattsmouth will hold a rousing celebration on July 4th, and of course Louisville will send a good delegation.

Mrs. Joe Lyon, one of the most severely injured in the cyclone, will leave in a few days for Atchison, Kan., where she will visit with her two sons.

The Mo. Pac. bridge crew is here driving new piling in the Platte river bridge. Six hundred piling to be driven and the crew will be here two or three months.

Leroy Vanscoyoc met with a very painful accident last Saturday. He was working on a scaffold when it broke, and in falling he cut his right hand on a nail, requiring eight stitches to close the wound.

Jerry Stevens has got his livery barn in shape again and is prepared to serve you on short notice. The cyclone put him "on the bum" for a few weeks, but he says his horses are better for having had a rest.

Fred Ossenkop went to Omaha Thursday to see his sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Ossenkop, of Plattsmouth, who is at the St. Joseph hospital, where she underwent an operation one day last week for appendicitis. She is reported as getting along nicely.

Mrs. Hardy, mother of Vaughn Hardy, the young man who was so seriously injured at the National stone quarries last week, left for her home at St. Michael Wednesday. She expects to return as soon as Vaughn is able to travel and will take him for a visit to the home of his grandparents in Iowa.

J. M. Jackman and wife arrived the latter part of last week from Indiana to look after their wrecked property here. Mr. Jackman sustained a severe loss by the cyclone. He owned the old mill, the house occupied by Station Starkey, both of which are a total wreck, and was also the owner of River View park. He is yet undecided just what to do, but will probably rebuild the house and clear up the park and convert it into lumber and cord wood.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists. Price 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Elmwood

FROM THE LEADER-ECHO.

Miss Ruth Courtright of Beaver City is spending the week with her cousin, Miss Nellie Willcockson.

Mrs. Mary Stoehr, Mrs. Alice Meisinger and daughter, Edna, and Verna Stoehr, all from Cedar Creek, visited from Thursday evening of last week till over Sunday at the home of George Stoehr, north of town.

A. B. Dickson left yesterday for Manhattan, Kan., to visit an old soldier friend, Thomas Nichols, who was a resident of Stove Creek precinct about twenty-five years ago, and is well known to the old soldiers residing here.

Born.—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oehlerking, on Tuesday, May 26, a son, Miss Jennie Fix of Wilber is here to assist in caring for the new heir. Grandma Oehlerking went down to Henry's Saturday to make the acquaintance of her new grandson.

Our readers no doubt remember the picture of Grandpa Saxton, printed in the Leader-Echo a few weeks ago. We have sent the picture away to have another fly put on his nose. It's another boy, born Tuesday, May 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Saxton of Pender, N. D.

Willard Clapp returned Tuesday Washington, D. C., where he has been acting as private secretary for Congressman E. M. Pollard. He made his first appearance on the streets Tuesday afternoon in charge of the monster "Oldsmobile" which arrived here several days ago, being shipped from Washington, where Willard used it before congress adjourned.

Wabash.

Mrs. I. M. Ward was stricken with the second stroke of paralysis on last Wednesday, and at this writing is very low with little chance of recovery.

Allie Waltz and family returned from an extended trip through Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, Friday evening. Nebraska looks good enough for them yet.

Clarence Pool had the misfortune to come into contact with the heels of a horse, which struck him in the slats. It was thought for a while that his ribs had been broken, but such was not the case.

A company of wandering minstrels

gave a performance to a very small audience at the Woodran hall Thursday. Some of the acts were good, but the majority were bummy. A purse made up the next morning placed them upon the tender mercies of the people of Union.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve Wins.

Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: 'I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Less than half of a 25 cent box won the day for me by affecting a perfect cure.' Sold under guarantee at F. G. Fricke & Co., drug store.

Nehawka

(From the Register.)

Mrs. Anna Pittman returned to her home at York, Neb., Monday.

Miss Hattie Forbes of Plattsmouth is visiting with Mrs. Herman Smith.

Miss May Vallery visited a few days this week at the Cunningham home.

David C. West has purchased the R. C. Pollard property in the west part of town. The transfer was made Tuesday.

Ruth Murdock and Edith Moon are expected home next week from Ogden, where they have been for the past nine months, teaching.

We received a postal card from Rowena Pollard yesterday, who is visiting in Vermont, and from it we judge she is having the time of her life with Vermont relatives.

Harmon Beck, accompanied by his wife and little daughter, attended the Memorial services at Elmwood Saturday. Mrs. Beck's mother, Mrs. Corbett, returned with them.

Commissioner Switzer was in Nehawka Monday for the purpose of trying a new four-horse grader that is being praised very highly. If the machine proves a success one will be purchased for each precinct in the county.

Andrew Pittman and family have been enjoying a visit from a nephew, William Pfremmer of Kentland, Indiana. Mr. Pfremmer is a lawyer and has been in the western part of the state on a visit to relatives. He departed for his home Wednesday morning.

L. C. Todd brought in a crate of spring chickens and shipped them to Omaha Wednesday. They were Buff Orpingtons and would weigh over two pounds each. He informs the editor that he has sold over fourteen hundred eggs for setting this spring.

Herbert Opp is carrying his arm in a sling as the result of a scuffle in the meat market Tuesday evening. He was wrestling with his brother, John, and in some way was thrown so as to strike his shoulder against the door, tearing loose the muscles from the top of his shoulder. He will carry his arm in a sling for a few days. Herby seems to be under an evil star this week, for while holding a piece of meat for his mother to cut she caught the end of the third finger of his left hand, cutting a bad gash.

Union

FROM THE LEADER.

Albert Eaton and wife, residing northwest of town, are the parents of a nice little daughter which arrived at their home on Tuesday.

Sant W. True and wife have a new addition to their family circle, a fine new son that registered at their home Wednesday evening.

Dr. Carr of Springfield, came in Wednesday evening by automobile to see Miss Fern Saxton, who has been under his care several weeks.

Mrs. Abbie Klepser departed on Monday for Oregon, intending to spend the summer visiting her son John and other relatives on the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Gertrude Wiley of near Murray passed through here on the Wednesday forenoon train, going to Kansas City to see her daughter who is seriously ill.

Dan Lynn departed on Monday for South Dakota, intending to spend some time visiting relatives at Lead, Spearfish and other points in that state.

Fred Thrall and his sister, Mrs. Steele, moved up from Nebraska City the first of the week and are occupying the Lloyd house in the northwest part of town.

Miss Minda Fleming of Osceola arrived here yesterday to make her friends a few days visit, being on her way home from Lorimer, Iowa, where she has been visiting Elmer Pritchard's family. Miss Fleming was a little tot when she resided here a few years ago, and most of her friends failed to recognize her at first sight yesterday.

A deal was made Tuesday whereby James Darrough sold his west 80 acres (the home place) to Frank Rhoden. It is a good farm, and we are informed that Mr. Rhoden will put some valuable improvements on the place. Mr. Darrough owns another 80 acre farm east of the one he sold, and we understand he will locate on it as a permanent home.

A Grand Family Medicine.

"It gives me pleasure to speak a good word for Electric Bitters," writes Mr. Frank Conlan of No. 436 Houston St., New York. "It's a grand family medicine for dyspepsia and liver complications; while for lame back and weak kidneys it cannot be to highly recommended." Electric Bitters regulate the digestive functions, purify the blood, and impart renewed vigor and vitality to the weak and debilitated of both sexes. Sold under guarantee at F. G. Fricke & Co., drug store. 50c.

Tying her bonnet under her chin, she tied her raven ringlets in; then to the store she went with glee, for Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

Notice to Creditors.

State of Nebraska, ss. In County Court, County of Cass, ss. In the matter of the estate of Margaret A. Patterson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the administrator, Mae Patterson, of said estate before me, county judge of Cass county, Nebraska, at the county court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 29th day of June, 1908, and on the 19th day of December, 1908, at ten o'clock, a. m., of each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance.

Six months are allowed for the creditors of said deceased to present their claims, and one year for the administrator to settle said estate, from the 30th of May, 1908.

Witness my hand and seal of said County Court at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 20th day of May, 1908. ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge, (SEAL.) Ramsey & Ramsey, Attorneys for Estate.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale, issued by James Robertson, clerk of the district court, within and for Cass county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the

24th Day of June, A. D., 1908,

at 11 o'clock, a. m., of said day at the south door of the court house, in said county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following real estate, to-wit: The north half of the northeast (1/2) of the northeast quarter of section thirty-three (33) in township twelve (12), range nine (9), east of the 6th P. M., in Cass county, Nebraska.

The same being levied upon and taken as the property of Walter A. Laughlin, administrator of the estate of Reuben A. Chapin, deceased, Ira Chapin, Edward Chapin, Jesse O. Chapin, Tacie Laughlin, nee Chapin, Kate Reeler, nee Chapin, May E. Chapin, Florence B. Chapin, Roy M. Chapin, and Walter A. Laughlin, guardian of May E. Chapin, Florence B. Chapin, Roy M. Chapin and Albert D. Welton, are defendants to satisfy a judgment of said court recovered by Oscar W. Laughlin, plaintiff, against said defendants.

C. D. GUSTAFSON, Sheriff Cass county, Nebraska, Plattsmouth, Neb., May 15th.

Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It certainly checks falling hair; no mistake about this. It acts as a regular medicine; makes the scalp healthy. Then you must have healthy hair, for it's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

CYCLONES

Don't wait until tomorrow, but protect your property today in one of the best companies; only 15 cents per one hundred dollars.

You cannot afford to take any chances in losing your property at this rate.

A combination policy for fire, lightning, tornado and windstorm written on your farm property for twenty-five cents per year.

See or write
Coates' Block . . . J. P. FALTER, Plattsmouth, Nebraska . . .