

ESCAPADE

MARITAL

BY E. S. TOWNSEND BRADY

1915 BY



passion, jealousy and hatred as were Carrington and Strathgate. He knew that Mistress Debbie despised men of the Strathgate stamp, and although everything in petticoats was fair game for Strathgate, he also knew that the earl was on this occasion bent toward Lady Ellen. Therefore, he was in a saner and brighter mood than the other two.

Not far away lay the great ships of Admiral Kephart. The admiral had announced his intention of posting down to Portsmouth by coach. The first thing he would do when he arrived would be to board his flagship which lay at the head of the line of a dozen little ships several miles away from the place where Sir Charles had taken ground. Sir Charles reasoned that the admiral would be in a hurry to get to Portsmouth and that even if he did not press the post boys, he would probably have reached his ship by the time Sir Charles could get there.

Therefore, he possessed his soul in such patience as he could until his own boat once more got under way. He had bidden Master Whibley to mark well the course of the merchantman upon which Ellen and Deborah



"I Am Sir Charles Seton."

had taken refuge. This ship headed steadily eastward and seemed to have settled down for a long voyage.

It took but a short time for Sir Charles to run alongside the Britannia. Bidding the men wait for him, he scrambled up the battens to the gangway and stepped aboard.

An officer met him at once. "I am Sir Charles Seton," began the soldier, "captain in the Sussex light infantry."

"I am pleased to see you, sir," answered the officer, courteously, extending his hand. "I am Lieutenant Collier of the royal navy."

As Sir Charles shook the sailor's hand he asked: "Is Admiral Kephart on the ship?"

"Yes, sir. He came aboard a half an hour ago and went immediately to his cabin."

"May I see him?" "I'll send your name in, Mr. Mortlake," said the officer, turning about. A smart midshipman ran across the deck and touched his cap.

"My compliments to Admiral Kephart and say to him that Captain Sir Charles Seton of the Sussex light infantry desires the privilege of speech with him."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the midshipman, saluting again and scurrying aft. "Might I ask you, Mr. Collier," said Sir Charles, "if the Britannia is ready for instant service?"

The lieutenant smiled. "All his majesty's ships are ready for service at any time."

"Yes, yes, I know, of course," returned Seton, "but what I mean is, could this ship be got under way at once?"

"On the instant."

"And is she prepared for a cruise?" "She could go around the world and take her departure within an hour," returned the lieutenant with a pleased sense of demonstrating the efficiency of his majesty's navy beyond peradventure. "May I ask why you wish to know?" he continued turning to Sir Charles.

"This was an embarrassing question, but Sir Charles was saved the necessity of answering, for the midshipman came running to the quarterdeck once more and saluted.

"Well!" said the officer to the expectant boy.

"Admiral Kephart's compliments to you, sir, and he begs you will escort Captain Seton to his cabin at once."

him at the fatigues of his journey. "Oh, Seton," he cried as the other came in, "glad to see you, man. Sit down. John,"—to the servant—"fetch out a decenter of navy sherry. Whisky, Seton, whisky, although perhaps you army men affect port."

"I guess we can follow the navy's lead in something stronger than port," laughed Sir Charles.

"What brought you here, Sir Charles?" continued the admiral as he poured out a liberal glassful for Seton and another for himself. "I left you at Carrington. But, no, I remember you rode away before I did, just after my lord. Have you come on any trace of fugitives?"

"Admiral," said Sir Charles, gravely, "I know where they are."

"And that damned lubberly hound, Strathgate, is he—"

"He isn't with them. They gave him the slip."

"You don't say? Good!" laughed the admiral. "How was that?"

Seton rapidly detailed the circumstances as he had deduced them.

"Well done, that woman has spirit enough," continued the old soldier, "to command a frigate. You will never convince me that she's taken up with a man of Strathgate's caliber."

"She went away with him, though," said Seton thoughtfully.

"Ay ay, but she knows no more of the world than a baby. She simply made use of his proffered assistance to escape from an intolerable situation. You take me, Seton?"

"I do, admiral, and I confess I hardly blame her. How Carrington could tolerate Lady Cecily for a moment beside that splendid woman—"

"To say nothing of that other splendid woman, Mistress Deborah Slocum eh, Seton?"

"I admit, admiral—"

"Even 'Saints' Rest' becomes heavenly when looked at by the aid of such a pair of black eyes? And the lady, boy?"

"I confess, sir," answered Seton, somewhat abashed by the frank questioning of the old man, "that I have some reason to believe, in short—"

"In short, my boy, you've been chasing her all night, have you?"

"You're right, sir."

"And what now?"

"I told you, admiral, that I knew where they were."

"Well, where are they? Out with it, lad. Disclose your information and come to the point. All these side issues are unworthy of a soldier," laughed the old seaman, well knowing that for most of them he was responsible.

"They're on a merchant ship bound up the channel and going fast when I saw them last."

"What?" cried the admiral. "Give me the particulars."

Sir Charles rapidly ran over the scene of the morning.

The old admiral threw back his head and laughed.

"And she outwitted you all, shook Strathgate off the track, led you ashore, watched Carrington and Strathgate fight it out under her very eyes and got clean away?"

"She hasn't got away yet, admiral."

"What mean you?"

"I came here to make a proposition to you."

As to warrant, if you'll bring to the other ship and give me a boat crew, I'll go aboard the American and do the rest. Mistress Deborah, I am sure, will come willingly."

"Don't be too sure of that," returned the admiral, "don't count upon a woman until she's your own, and don't count too much upon her after that, as Carrington might say."

"Nevertheless, I think I speak by the card," said Sir Charles.

"Very well, you know best. Having been a bachelor all my life, I know more about ships than women, but hark ye, Seton, this one thing. Don't you come back to the ship after I put you aboard that trader, with only Miss Deborah. The two have to come together, or go together, you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The admiral struck the bell on the table beside him. Instantly the marine orderly popped in the door.

"My compliments to the officer of the deck," said the admiral to the orderly, "and ask him to beg Captain Beatty to favor me with his presence in the cabin."

"Yes, sir," returned the orderly, saluting.

A moment after—an incredibly short time it seemed to Seton, who was unaware of the way in which an admiral's requests are obeyed—Captain Beatty, the officer mentioned, presented himself before the admiral.

"You wish to see me, admiral?"

"Yes, Beatty. By the way, let me present to you Sir Charles Seton of the Sussex light infantry, captain in his majesty's land forces. Seton, this is the Honorable Archibald Beatty, my flag captain. Beatty, will you get the Britannia under way at once?"

"Yes, sir," returned the captain. "Are the rest of the fleet to follow us?"

"No," answered the admiral, "signal to the rest of them to disregard the movements of the commander-in-chief. Then signal to the Renown for Lascelles to take command until we return."

"Very good, sir," returned the captain. "And what course shall we lay?"

"That which will get us into the channel quickest, and then as due east as the wind will let us. I'll be on deck, however, before you're ready for that."

"There are several boat parties ashore, admiral, do you wish me to wait for them?"

"No, sir, you will weigh at once."

"Very good sir," returned the captain, saluting and turning away.

"And Beatty," the admiral called after him, "a drop of navy sherry with me before you go."

"Thank you, admiral," said Beatty, filling his glass.

"I'll give you a toast, Sir Charles," said the admiral.

"Yes," returned the soldier. "A short cruise and the women at the end of it!"

"I drink to that with all my heart!" returned Sir Charles.

"And I also," said Captain Beatty, greatly mystified, "although I don't understand exactly."

"We're going to chase a Yankee merchant ship, Beatty, and take a couple of ladies in whom Sir Charles is interested off of it."

"A couple!" cried Beatty.

"I'm only interested in one of them," said Sir Charles warmly.

"It's a runaway sweetheart and a runaway wife, Beatty," continued the admiral, "Lady Carrington and Mistress Deborah Slocum."

"And which one is Sir Charles interested in?" asked the sailor, smiling.

"In Mistress Slocum, of course," laughed the admiral. "Now, captain," he continued, assuming his quarter-deck manner, "I want you to get the ship under way in the quickest possible time. Let's show this land lubber here what his majesty's navy can do when it's in dead earnest. Imagine there are a dozen Frenchmen out there, all boiling for a fight, and bear a hand!"

"Ay, ay, sir," said Beatty, saluting and withdrawing from the cabin.

A moment later there came faintly through the bulkheads the shrill whistling of the boatswain and his mates, followed by a deep cry: "All hands up anchor!"

"Where are you bound?" asked Ellen, fighting against the sinking of



"What Could It Mean?"

heart caused by this news.

"For Bordeaux and then to Boston." "Take me aboard of you."

"We're not shorthanded," replied the other.

"I mean as a passenger."

"Can you pay your passage?" came from the ship.

For reply Ellen held up a well-filled purse.

The man nodded to her, disappeared inboard, and presently came back followed by an older sailor.

"Who be ye?" cried the older man, apparently the captain of the ship.

"My name's Carrington," answered Ellen.

"Are ye fugitives from justice?" asked the captain.

"No, no, I swear we're not." "He ye a runaway couple?"

"Yes, yes," answered Ellen, grasping at the suggestion presented by the captain's misconception of the situation.

And indeed they were a runaway couple, though not exactly of the kind the captain meant.

"And them boats yonder, are they chasin' you?"

"They are," cried Ellen. "Won't you take us aboard?"

"Well, I don't know," said the captain, slowly. "I guess so. I don't want to heave to, them boats to port is chasin' hard."

"If you'll make a half-board, I'll run the boat alongside of you and we'll manage to get aboard."

"All right," said the captain. He spoke to the helmsman and a moment after the sails slatted in the wind, the big ship swung up toward the breeze and ranged ahead, her way clearly checked.

Ellen acted promptly. Before the big ship swung up into the wind she had run her little boat alongside. She dropped sail, ran forward and took a turn with a painter across the fore-chains. She let the boat drift aft until it came abreast the battens on the side, leading up the gangway. Up this she drove Debbie, reluctant, protesting, frightened out of her wits. Indeed it was a hard climb for a girl unused to such performances and encumbered by her skirts. Shoved by Ellen, however, the girl clambered up until hands reached through the gangway dragged her to safety. Ellen followed quickly after her.

"And your boat, what of her?" asked the captain.

"She's no use to us any longer," answered Ellen, enduring the keen scrutiny of the old sailor as best she might. "You may have her, captain."

"Here, Bud," said the captain to an old sailor, "jes' drop down the fore-chains and make that boat fast. We'll swing her up on deck after awhile, if she's worth it. Now, sir—" he looked harder than ever at Ellen, "what did you say your name was?"

"Carrington," answered the countess thoughtlessly, "Ellen—"

"Ellen!" exclaimed the captain. "Gee Whillikins! I thought so. And this young lady?" he turned to Deborah.

"My name's Slocum, Deborah Slocum of Massachusetts, of Boston. I should like to get ashore."

"Young ladies," said the captain—and at that word Ellen knew that all her hopes of concealment were blasted—"what's the cause of this, I don't know. Why you're masqueradin' in boy's clothes, ma'am, I can't tell. I take it that the other is a female in spite of her woman's riggerin'."

QUEEN OF ACTRESSES PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

"I Am Glad To Write My Endorsement Of The Great Remedy Pe-ru-na. I Do So Most Heartily." Julia Marlowe.

ANY remedy that benefits digestion strengthens the nerves. The nerve centers require nutrition. If the digestion is impaired, the nerve centers become anemic, and indigestion is the result.

Peruna is not a nervine nor a stimulant. It benefits the nerves by benefiting digestion.

Peruna frees the stomach of catarrhal congestions and normal digestion is the result.

In other words, Peruna goes to the bottom of the whole difficulty, when the disagreeable symptoms disappear. Mrs. J. C. Jamison, of Marchant street, Watsonville, Cal., writes:

"I was troubled with my stomach for six years. I tried many kinds of medicine, also was treated by three doctors. They said that I had nervous dyspepsia. I was put on a liquid diet for three months.

"I improved under the treatment, but as soon as I stopped taking the medicine, I got bad again."

"I took the medicine for two years, then I got sick again and gave up all hopes of getting cured."

"I saw a testimonial of a man whose case was similar to mine being cured by Peruna, so I thought I would give it a trial."

"I procured a bottle at once and commenced taking it. I have taken several bottles and am entirely cured."

"I have gained in strength and feel like a different person. I believe Peruna is all that is claimed for it."

Nervines, such as coal tar preparations, are doing a great deal of harm. Sleep medicines and headache powders are all alike,—heart depressants, and should not be used. The nerves would be all right, if the digestion were good. Peruna corrects the digestion.

DENVER'S MONSTER AUDITORIUM

The Place Where the Big Democratic Convention Will Be Held

Denver's monster Auditorium will throw open its doors June 27 to welcome the long list of conventions to be held in Denver this summer.

The building is 566x200 feet in dimensions and is of the height of a five story building. Its seating capacity is larger than Madison Square Garden in New York, which holds 12,000 people, the great Coliseum in Chicago, where the republican convention has just been held, which holds 11,011 people, or the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake, which seats 10,000. There are 24 exits, including 240 linear feet of exit space, and the building can be emptied in two minutes.

Two 16-foot fans at one end of the building send air between steam pipe coils throughout the house. Each coil contains 1,800 feet of pipe. Midway in the Auditorium two fans, 10 feet in diameter, will send the air through the remainder of the house. An exhaust fan will draw the foul air from below where it lies on the floor, and expel it from the building. In summer the heating apparatus is turned into a cooling plant by filling the coils of pipe with cold water instead of steam. This system of ventilation, heating and cooling is said to be the most perfect of any public building in the world.

One of the great objections to ordinary lighting is the constant buzzing and snapping of the immense arc lights which furnish illumination. In the Denver Auditorium fourteen immense "cluster" lamps will be set in the ceiling, giving out a steady radiance of 1,280 candle power each, which will do away with the annoyance ordinarily caused by arc lights. There will also be 10,000 smaller lamps arranged about various parts of the building.

The Best Pills Ever Sold. "After doctoring 15 years for chronic indigestion, and spending over two hundred dollars, nothing has done me as much good as Dr. King's New Life Pills. I consider them the best pills ever sold," writes B. F. Ayscue, of Ingleside, N. C. Sold under guarantee at F. G. Fricke & Co., drug store. 25c.

In Very Serious Condition. C. Bengen and daughter, Martha, departed for Omaha this morning, where they go to visit Jacob Beckmann, son of Ben Beckmann, who is in the hospital at that place, having undergone an operation for a complicated case of appendicitis and peritonitis. He was operated upon yesterday morning, and his condition is far from satisfactory.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss. In County Court, County of Cass. In the matter of the estate of Hannah E. Kalin, deceased.

All persons interested in the above estate are hereby notified that the administrator of said estate has filed in this court his account and petition for final settlement, praying therein that said account be allowed. A hearing will be had upon said petition and account on the 1st day of July, 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day in the county court room at Plattsmouth, in said county, at which time said account will be examined and adjusted and final decree of distribution will be made. All objections thereto must be filed on or before said time.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 9th day of June, 1918. ALLEN J. BEFSON, County Judge.

Bitten By a Dog.

This morning while cutting some kindling a piece of board flew when struck with the ax, striking Frank Mauer just above the eye, inflicting a slight wound, which bled somewhat. Frank placing his hand over the eye to keep the blood from running on his clothes, walked in the house to wash the wound, stooping over forward during the time. As he entered the house he did not see the house dog which lay on the floor and he stepped on it, causing it to jump up and grasp Frank on the wrist, biting him badly. Frank has had the wound dressed and treated, and hopes so serious results will follow.

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.

New Sunday Trains on the Burlington

With the next new time card on the Burlington, which is supposed to go into effect on next Sunday, will add two regular trains for Plattsmouth on that day. Number 92, which formerly ran to Pacific Junction, but of late has not run further east than Omaha, will run on Sunday to Pacific Junction, passing here about 12:45, or near the time of No. 7 going west now, and will return from Pacific Junction as No. 7 at about 1:30. This will afford much better train accommodations on the Burlington on Sunday than we have had for some time.