

The Escapade

By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

thing must have alarmed them. They left their own cabin, locked it to keep us busy and give themselves time, came in here and went overboard through the stern window.

"Overboard into what?" cried Sir Charles in dismay. "You don't think they've committed suicide?"

Collier laughed.

"Certainly not. Didn't you notice just before dark when we were overhauling the ship that she had a small boat trailing astern. It's pounds to pennies that they've gone in that. Here, wait; I'll find out."

He wriggled out of the window himself, dropped down the Jacob's ladder and peered anxiously aft. There was no sign of a boat. It was dark and he couldn't see very well, but he could see enough to know that from whatever cause, the boat that had been dragging astern was gone.

"You've lost them again, Sir Charles," he said gloomily, as he climbed into the cabin again.

"I'll not believe it," cried Sir Charles bitterly disappointed at this unfortunate ending of so promising a venture.

Captain Tuggles laughed. It must be confessed that he hugely enjoyed the discomfiture of his unwelcome visitors.

"What's to be done now?" cried Sir Charles.

"Nothing but go back to the Britannia."

"What! without searching the ship?"

"Well, we can do that," returned Collier, "but I'm morally certain that it'll be of little use."

"Nevertheless," answered Sir Charles, "I should like it, for they may have been concealed elsewhere and this all may be a trick to throw us off the scent."

"All right," returned the naval officer, "I'll have a dozen of the Britannias out of the boat and we'll overhaul the Flying Star from stem to stern and from truck to keelson."

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "I'm terrible anxious to get ahead. I'll be honest with you this time. I did take in them two parties about noon to-day. I knowed that the one in men's clothes was a woman soon as I laid eyes on her, but she said she was the daughter of Captain William Penn Slocum of Philadelphia, a man I'd knowed for many years, an' I agreed to take her to Bordeaux whither I'm bound. She said she was runnin' away from her husband. And the other girl was runnin' away from a lover. No, not exactly," continued the captain, correcting himself, "the other girl was runnin' away 'cause she had to. I took it that she was no wise willin' to come with us but she couldn't help it."

Sir Charles' heart leaped at this confirmation of his hopes and dreams.

"An' I give you my word," continued the captain, "that they ain't nowhere else in the ship. I was down here just before dark, thought I'd fetch them some supper, and they was both asleep, an' I didn't have the heart to wake 'em up. I think it's just as this gentleman says, somethin' must have alarmed them, maybe they heard your hail: their boat was draggin' astern, and they made off in her."

"I have no doubt that you are speaking the truth," answered Seton.

Captain Tuggles started violently.

"Nay," said the soldier, "I mean no offense at all, but you don't know Lady Ellen Carrington, and it's quite possible that without your knowledge she's concealed herself in some other part of the ship."

"If I produce her will you take off your men and your ship and lemme go on?"

"Instantly," returned Seton.

"I wish I could do it," said the captain. "All I can do is to send my men to assist yours. Mr. Rayker," he called out to the mate, "have the ship searched. Put no hindrance in the way of these Brits, and if them two females can be found, fetch 'em aft, for God's sake!"

It did not take the sailors long to search the ship. They found no trace of Ellen and Deborah whatsoever and so reported to Collier.

"I am sorry for you, Sir Charles," said Collier, "but they have evidently escaped you. They're cruising around somewhere in these waters in that boat. Perhaps we can overhaul them at daybreak if we have good luck," he said. "At any rate, they are not here, and we'll have to return to the Britannia."

"My friend," said Sir Charles, gloomily, "we owe you some reparation for stopping you in this way. If this will compensate, I shall be glad."

He extended his hand with a rouleau of gold pieces in it. Captain Tuggles took the money, examined it critically, walked to the side of the vessel and dropped it overboard.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Sir Charles, angrily.

"It's right that you should pay me for the trouble you've caused and the insult you've put upon me, but that doesn't make it necessary for me to take your money."

"Why didn't you give it back, then?" asked Collier, who was as much astonished as Seton.

"There wouldn't have been any pay if I'd give it back. It goes into the ocean, that'll clean it off. Now, if you're through with me, although I've enjoyed immensely this evenin's conversation, praps you'll be kind enough to call off your men, take your ship

Collier laughed.

"It was that sort of spirit," he said to Seton, "that prevented us from conquering them in the last seven years. Come on, we have naught to gain here. We'll let the American eagle scream undisturbed."

"Yes," said Captain Tuggles, "and it's this sort of spirit that's goin' to make it hot for you if you ever try to fight with us again. The American eagle's never goin' to be any younger and weaker than it is now, and look out next time."

Seton laughed at the captain's gasconading in which there was more truth than either of them dreamed, turned on his heel, followed Collier to the gangway, descended to the boat, which was shoved off and rowed to the Britannia.

A few moments later there was a shrilling of pipes, a hoarse growling, a hurrying of feet along the decks of the liner. Her helm was shifted, her sails filled, her main yard swung, and she went swashing away into the night, an example that Captain Tuggles was quick to follow.

"Captain," said the second mate, whose watch it was, "I suppose them females is lying off here in the dark somewhere, praps if we stand on easy we can pick 'em up again."

"I wouldn't have 'em in my ship again," said Tuggles, viciously, "for a thousand pounds. Women are all right ashore, especially when men are at sea, but when the two gits together on a ship, God help us. An' so I say to Mrs. Tuggles, she can keep house in Boston, and I'll keep house on my quarter-deck. I ain't there, and I don't feel that way when I'm in her presence."

With which bit of sea philosophy the worthy captain fades into the darkness and out of the pages of this history.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Preliminaries to Danger.

Admiral Kephart was waiting the return of the boat at the gangway of the Britannia. Great was his disappointment when he discovered that Seton and Collier were alone.

"Hey! What?" he exclaimed. "Where are the—?"

"I'll explain it in your cabin, if you'll permit, sir," answered Sir Charles, gravely, unable to hide his disappointment.

"Come aft, then," returned the admiral. "Collier, you, too. Gentlemen," he continued as he waved them to seats in his spacious cabin, "what's the story? Did not the ladies board that ship?"

"They did, sir," answered Sir Charles.

"Well, why didn't you bring them off? Wouldn't they come with you? Couldn't you persuade them?"

"We couldn't persuade them because we didn't have a chance, sir," answered Collier.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the admiral in bewilderment.

"They had gone!"

"Gone? Where?"

"I wish we knew," answered Sir Charles with a very melancholy air. "But my dear Sir Charles, where could they have gone? Did you search the ship?"

"Every nook and corner in her, sir," answered Collier.

"But I don't understand," began the admiral.

"They must have seen us ranging alongside, sir," returned the lieutenant, "for when we broke into the cabin which they had occupied we found the berths had been used, but the ladies had fled."

"Fled where?"

"Into the captain's cabin."

"Did you not enter that?"

"We did, sir. They had left that. Left it for what?"

"For the small boat in which they had boarded the Flying Star, which, you remember, we noticed dragging astern of the merchantman while we chased her this afternoon."

"I see," returned the admiral. "Lord, what a woman that is! She has spirit and resource and read-



Plunged Him into a Black Fit of Jealousy of Seton.

ness enough to command not a frigate, as I said before, but, by gad, sirs, a fleet! A lucky dog, Carrington!"

"The luckiest on earth, I think, admiral," returned the baronet, warmly, "and as for me, I prefer the gentler, more womanly kind of women."

"Like Mistress Deborah," eh?" laughed the old sailor. "Well, every one to his taste. And she went along, too, I have no doubt, under coercion."

"Admiral," returned Sir Charles, haughtily, "from the evidences I have had—"

"Over Baxter's 'Saints' Rest'?" said the admiral.

"Quite so."

"Well, what do you propose now?"

"I have no proposition to make. I suppose we can't hope to find them now."

"Might as well try to hunt for a needle in a haystack as to try to find them in this darkness," said the admiral. "It'll be ten hours at least before it's light enough to see anything, and by that time they may have gone anywhere. I'm expecting orders any day for sea, and I shall have to get back to the anchorage. There's no help for it, Sir Charles. I'm sorry for you, but you'll have to take a new departure and follow the course in another way. Mr. Collier, bid Captain Beatty make the best of the way to the anchorage without further delay. I can offer you a berth yonder, Sir Charles. I have no doubt you'll want to turn in after all you've gone through and the disappointment you've met with."

"Thank you," said Sir Charles, "I do feel rather done up."

"Oh, these women," mused the old admiral as Sir Charles disappeared in an adjoining stateroom. "It's lucky that I have no greater attachment than his majesty's ships, God bless him! And then an admiral has all he can do to rule his feet without having to take orders from a pair of petticoats—" which was the sailor's quaint euphemism for the other sex, and he did not even know that the useful article of dress he cited did not come in pairs!

A couple of hours after the arrival of the two hot-headed lords at the Blue Boar, an officer from the squadron inquired for Lieutenant Carrington. A servant carried his message up to the room where Carrington was lying down waiting for the next turn of events, and he was instantly admitted. He proved to be Lieutenant Miller, a shipmate and intimate friend of Carrington's, who had come from the Niobe to the inn for two reasons. One was in response to Carrington's urgent appeal that he act as his second in the approaching affair with Strathgate, and the other was because he bore orders from the captain of the Niobe directing Carrington to report on board at once, as the Niobe was under orders for the Mediterranean without delay. It was already quite late in the afternoon when Mr. Miller laid his orders before Carrington.

"I can't go," said the earl, resolutely. "I have to meet Strathgate in the morning and beside that I can't leave the country now."

"Captain Careysbrook is in a good deal of temper about the matter now. The orders were sent on to your house and followed you here. He should have gone two days ago and he's fuming like a caged lion."

"I can't help it. You'll have to go back and explain the circumstances to him and tell him if he can't wait until to-morrow morning, he'll have to sail without me."

"But that's disobedience of orders," returned Miller.

"Man," said Carrington hotly, "don't you see this infernal scoundrel Strathgate ran away with my wife?"

"With your wife?" exclaimed Miller.

"Well, not exactly," replied Carrington, "that is, they went away together. Oh, hang it! I've got to kill him and I have to find my wife if it costs me my commission. I can't go. No, you needn't remonstrate with me, I ran on my lord, hotly, 'just simply tell him that that's the end of it and if he wants to order me under arrest, he can do it. I'll face a court-martial rather than—'"

"Well, I'm awfully sorry, Carrington," returned Miller, "but I can't stay with you. I am ordered to return to the ship without delay."

"All right, but I must have some friend here. Let me have Parkman. He's on the Renown. She's not under orders, is she?"

"No, I believe not, although since the Britannia sailed—"

"Where did the Britannia go?"

"We don't know anything about it. A small boat came alongside, looked like a soldier in her, and then the ship got under way, signaled to us to disregard the motions of the commander-in-chief and left Lascelles in command."

"A small boat with a soldier in her," mused Carrington. "Which way did the Britannia go?"

"At nightfall she was going up the channel in the wake of a big merchantman."

"By heavens!" roared the earl, "that'll be Seton."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Miller.

"Never mind," returned Carrington, visibly perturbed, "send me Parkman. Ask Captain Lascelles to let him off for the night. Explain to him—"

"And what shall I say to Captain Careysbrook?"

"Say anything you like, except that I can't come off, and I'll explain when I can."

"That won't do much good," said Miller, "but I'll do the best I can."

He shook the other's hand and left the room.

"Seton on the Britannia! I see it all now," mused Carrington. "What a fool I was not to think of it myself. They'll overhaul her without fail. The Britannia will be back to her anchorage at daybreak and I'll be there." He stopped. "No, I have this cursed duel on hand. I wonder if it couldn't be postponed!"

For the moment his intense love for Ellen overbore every other possibility. The thought that at last she would be restored to him made him forget the momentary pressing demands of the early morning hour, but further reflection plunged him into a black fit of jealousy of Seton. It was he who had the wit and address to capture Lady Carrington. It was he who would reap the reward that might come to him from his skill and daring—

devotion. And Carrington swore to settle with him as soon as he had arranged matters with Strathgate.

The evening was spent in waiting toward evening by the arrival of Parkman, to whom Lascelles had readily granted permission to go ashore for the night. Parkman had brought with him a case of dueling pistols, having been informed by Miller of what was on. The two at once settled down to business, but not until Carrington had catechized Parkman as to what was known about the movements of the admiral and the Britannia. Nothing further was elicited than what he had obtained from Miller. A challenge was duly drawn up and Parkman carried it to Lord Strathgate.

The baron of Blythedale had a seat a few miles east of Portsmouth. He was a bachelor, a congenial spirit and an old friend of Lord Strathgate's. He had agreed to act as Strathgate's second. He and Lieutenant Parkman soon came to an agreement. The encounter would take place in the park at Blythedale, where the combatants would be free from any possible interruption or from prying eyes of any sort. Strathgate, as the challenged, had the choice of weapons, and selected swords, to Carrington's great satisfaction. The other preliminaries were soon settled. A surgeon was also designated, and Parkman came back to report the progress of events, most agreeable, from his point of view, to his principal.

Carrington was as expert with the sword as with the pistol, and he made no demur to any of the conclusions of the seconds. All he wanted was to have his deadly enemy opposite him, with no one to interfere. He had duties to perform before he went to rest. One of them was the writing of a letter to Ellen, which, after he had signed and sealed it, he gave to Parkman, with instructions to turn it over to his Lady Carrington in case the approaching encounter should terminate fatally for his lord. When Parkman asked where Lady Carrington was to be found, Carrington replied bitterly that in all probability she could be seen on the Britannia in the morning with Sir Charles Seton.

"And hark ye, Jack," said Carrington, clapping his hand on his friend's shoulder, "say to Sir Charles Seton that as regards the unsettled difference between us, I'm ready to meet him here and now, if he'll come ashore in the proper mood for an encounter. I might as well finish up all my enemies in one day and leave myself free for dealing with my wife, or get a clearance for Davy Jones' locker myself from one or the other of them."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Witnesses in the Coppice.

Carrington was up early the next morning. Parkman had procured a carriage, and as the meeting had been arranged for seven o'clock, the two drove out to Blythedale hall, whither Strathgate had preceded them the night before. The way lay along the strand, and Carrington was not too preoccupied to notice that the Niobe was gone and the Britannia had returned. His wife was probably on that ship. He looked long and earnestly toward it. If he had consulted his inclinations he would have repaired aboard of it at once and asked forgiveness for all his folly and injustice toward her, but the conventions of life—spelled in this instance by honor—constrained him.

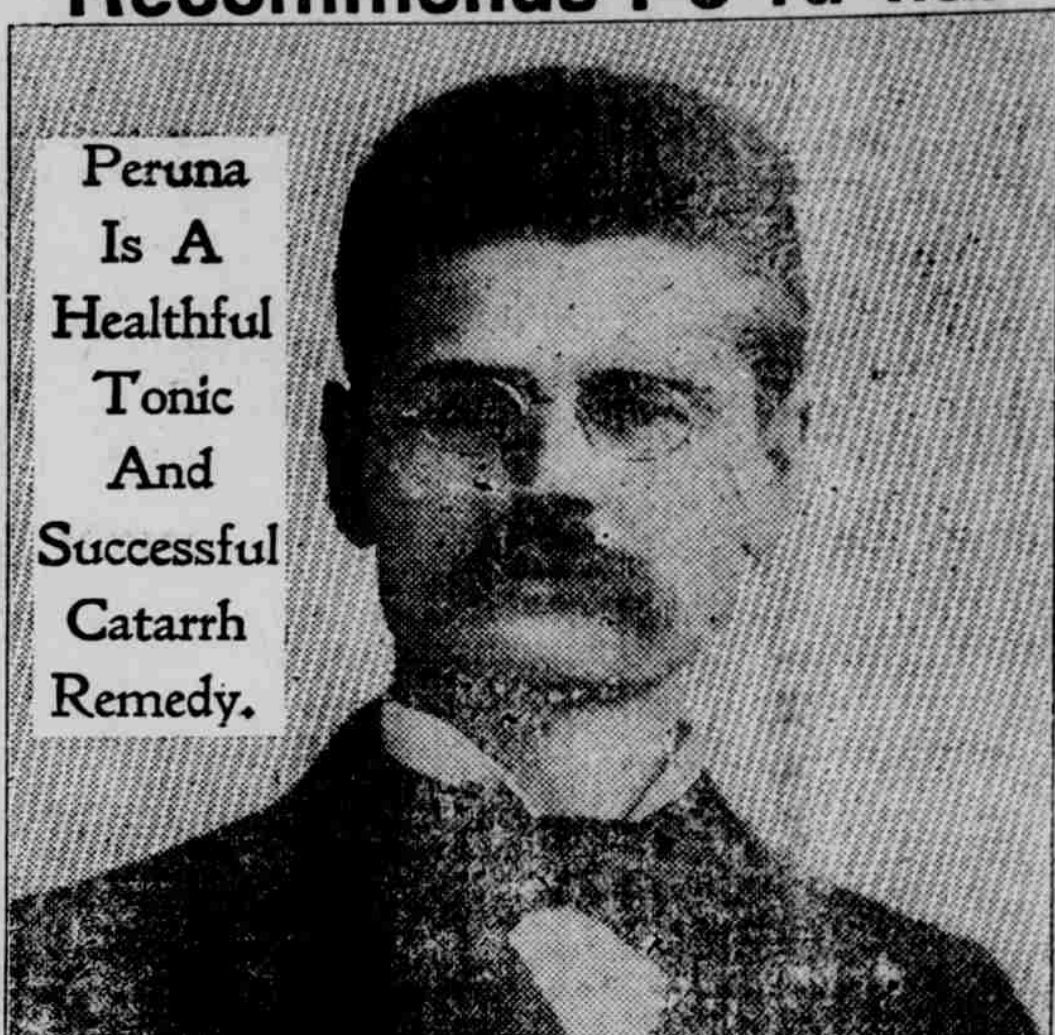
He gave a thought, too, to the frigate which had departed without him. For the first time in his life he had failed in his duty. Kephart was a kind old man, and well-affected toward Carrington, who had been a midshipman under him, but with the admiral duty was always first and he knew that there would be no condoning his offense. He expected an order of arrest before the day was out. Thereafter he would come before a court-martial.

To what a sorry pass he had brought his fortunes by his own unmistakable folly! In the bright light of the fresh, brisk morning, he saw Ellen in her right relation to affairs, a woman, brave, strong, noble, true. What if she did not shine amid the hot-house conventionalities of the fast and vapid life of the crew whom he had gathered at Carrington. Instead of being ashamed of her, he should have rejoiced from the bottom of his soul that she was so frank and fresh and free. What a splendid woman she was! Whatever she did, how well it was done! No veteran of a thousand exciting nights over the gaming table could have played with more coolness and daring than she did in that famous duel at cards with Strathgate. And, although the minut was outside of her accomplishments, how swiftly had twinkled her flying feet when she danced the sailor's hornpipe. It carried him back to slanting decks and fresh breezes and bright skies. Would they ever return? Would he himself return unscathed from this adventure? It was by no means certain, for Strathgate was a man of proven courage; he had demonstrated that, and his reputation as a sword player was deservedly high.

His thoughts plunged him into a gloomy melancholy which Parkman, at length perceiving, did his best to dispel by gentle rallery and pleasant conversation. Carrington pulled himself together, realizing that if he gave way to his depression he would be in no condition to meet Strathgate.

These gentle thoughts of his wife did not in any way abate his enmity toward the man whom he felt had so wronged and insulted him. He was as determined as ever that the approaching duel should be no slight affair, but that if he could he would kill Strathgate, and eliminate his possibilities of evil forever from this

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"I cheerfully recommend the preparation, Peruna, as a healthful tonic and a successful remedy for catarrh in its various forms."—Hon. W. E. Andrews.

Hon. Thomas Cale, who was elected to Congress from Alaska, is well known on the Pacific slope, where he has resided. His Washington address is 1312 Ninth street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Congressman Cale writes of Peruna:

"I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as a very efficient remedy for coughs and colds."

Some people prefer to take tablets rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet is equivalent to one averagedose of Peruna.

Elmwood

From the Leader-Echo.

Mrs. Chas. Tighe, of Bancroft, Neb., came Monday morning for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Smith.

John Oehlerking, who has been attending college at Naperville, Illinois, returned home Wednesday for the summer vacation.

Sager P. Cowger, of Lincoln, and Miss Clara B. Hettrick, of Elmwood, were married at Lincoln Wednesday by County Judge Cosgrave. They will reside in Lincoln.

The Mo. Pac. has at last put on a force of men who will endeavor to get the track in such shape that a passenger does not have to bid his friends good bye every time he takes the train.

Dr. Neely went to Omaha Monday with Fred Gollner, who has been ill with a disease of the spinal cord and unable to do any work since last November, to consult a specialist. Mr. Gollner was given hopes of recovery in a few months by careful treatment.

A furious wind from the south west prevailed most of Monday night, that made many so nervous they couldn't sleep. Considerable lightning accompanied the storm, but there was very little rain. Many peach and cherry trees were badly damaged by the wind.

Our postmaster, Chas. Brann, came very near reaching the end of his existence Saturday afternoon. In company with H. P. Hinds he had been putting up hay. Having finished his work he was at once overcome by heat and for a time his life was despaired of. He was finally resuscitated and placed on the road to recovery and at the present writing he is able to be about.

Nehawka

(From the Register.)

Work in the Van Court quarry is booming and a number of men were sent to the west quarry from the one in East Nehawka.

Rev. Wachtel of the M. E. church at Eight Mile Orove was visiting at the Methodist parsonage on Monday. He reports that they are building a new church at Mynard.

Forest Cunningham, who had to have two twists at it before he could get his leg broken right, is getting around again on crutches, and mighty glad that he is able to use them too.

On Monday the 22nd inst, a young ady arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goodman, and will make her home permanently with them. She weighs 9 1/2 pounds. Mother and babe are doing nicely.

Mrs. Paul Kirkpatrick and little daughter, Ermine came in from Dallas, Texas, Thursday evening, and will remain for sometime. Grandma and

Grandpa Kirkpatrick are in their element and supremely happy.

Mrs. Barbara Taylor of Union, had the misfortune to break her left arm Sunday evening. She was sitting on a chair and was reaching for a paper, when in some way the chair tipped and she fell to the floor. She is an aged lady and quite heavy.

At the commencement exercises of the Weeping Water Academy held last Thursday, Miss Mabel Pollard and Miss Evelyn Wolph received their diplomas from that institution. Miss Mabel winning a two-year's free scholarship in Doane College at Crete. She was the salutatorian and delivered an address "The Marble Waiteth."

Thomas Mason, jr., is laid up by reason of a broken collar bone. He was coming home from the field Wednesday noon and driving a team of mules, when near "Dad" Wilson's the mules became frightened and the tongue come down running it into the ground and throwing him out with the above consequences. He is resting as well as can be expected under the circumstances, but he will not play ball on the Fourth.


Just Exactly Right

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Felton, of Harrisville, N. Y. New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, biliousness and malaria. 25c. at F. C. Fricke & Co. drug store.

Postal Law Forbids.

Rural mail carriers and merchants complain that the people do not appear to understand that the postal law forbids the carrying of packages on which no postage has been paid. A farmer comes to town, forgets to get some article, then proceeds to telephone to have the merchants send it out by the carrier. Both carrier and merchant are liable to fines in such cases, and it is asking too much of them to run the risk. A postal inspector might be around.

Don't Worry! Conkey Will Cure Me.



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F. G. FRICKE & CO. Druggists, Agents.