

The Escapade

By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

get to Portsmouth and take a ship for the United States. He promised to take me there, but instead started to drive us to his own estate. Mistress Slocum and I escaped from him, took a boat by the sea shore and made the best of our way to Portsmouth harbor.

"We paid for the boat we took, your majesty," interposed Deborah again.

"Well, what next?" asked the king, smiling a little at the American girl.

"Lord Stratgate pursued us to Portsmouth by shore and Lord Carrington followed him. They met. My husband knew that I had gone with Lord Stratgate. Words passed between them. There was a challenge and a week ago they fought at Blythe-dale hall. Mistress Slocum and I were there, and—"

"Did they fight in your presence?" interrupted the king.

"We were concealed in some bushes whither we had retreated for rest until we could arrange to continue our journey, sir."



"I Hastened Here to Take the Blame Upon Myself, Sir."

"And you saw the duel?"

"Yes, your majesty," answered Ellen. "He fought like a hero, sir, and for me."

"Then what happened?"

"Then he was arrested and taken back to the Britannia—"

"And what next?"

"I hastened here to take the blame upon myself, sir," said Ellen, sinking again to her knees, "and to beg that you will pardon my lord and restore him to duty."

"Hath he had lesson enough, think you?"

"I'll answer for it that he has, your majesty," said Sir Charles.

"And have you had lesson enough?" demanded little George, looking down quizzically into the upturned face of the woman kneeling before him.

"Yes, your majesty," answered Ellen, "enough to last me all my life."

"Why, here's promise of a pretty reconciliation," said the king, with a rising inflection in his voice, turning to his wife.

The old woman nodded.

"Forgive him your majesty," she said kindly. "I will warrant he will not forget the experience."

King George was not a very brilliant man. Even Ellen, anxious to view him in the most favorable light because of her petition, could see that, but he had a brilliant idea at that moment. He stood thinking, his plain face brightening with a smile, and when he smiled he was really quite winning. He looked so honest, so true, and so good, if he were stupid, that Sir Charles and Deborah could not help smiling with him; beside, 'tis etiquette to smile and to frown with the king, whether he be wise or foolish.

Ellen did not smile. She had too much at stake. She waited in lovely appeal, tears trembling in her eyes, color wavering in her cheeks, her bosom heaving, her hands outstretched.

"I have it," said the king, at last.

"Rise, madam; your husband shall suffer nothing worse than a reprimand and a fright."

"Lord Carrington is a brave man," said Ellen, "you couldn't frighten him, sir."

"Not even with the prospect of losing you?" returned the king, rather shrewdly.

"But, sir, that would break my heart. I want him pardoned that I may have him again," exclaimed the poor wife, piteously.

The king threw back his head and laughed a truly royal laugh.

"So you shall, my dear," he cried, reaching his hand up and patting her on the shoulder, for she was taller than he. "Leave it to me. My lord shall be frightened out of his wits and yet have you in the end. I shall arrange it. Sir Charles, take the ladies to Windsor. Mistress Deborah, when you marry this young soldier here, you become my subject. How likes your hot American blood that, mistress?"

"Your majesty," answered Deborah, rising to the occasion and puffing up the nose her Americanism in her pocket, utterly reckless of what Elder Brewster might think, "since you have acted with such royal generosity to Ellen—Lady Carrington and her husband I mean, I can view the prospect with equanimity."

She courtied deeply before him as

she spoke.

The king laughed again. He was in high good humor.

"Take care of her, Sir Charles. These Americans are of a rebellious breed, you know."

"Your majesty," said Ellen, "I think this will be a peaceful couple. The affair began by the reading together by the two of Baxter's 'Saints' Rest.'"

"'Tis a goodly volume, well writ, and by a learned and godly man," said the king, gravely, "and 'tis a good omen. You may kiss the queen's hand, if you will," he continued, and this was the sign manual of George's approval of the two women, for had he believed Ellen other than she was he had never allowed her to approach his homely but beloved little wife.

"Now, Sir Charles," he resumed, after the obeisances had been performed, "take the ladies to the castle and await my return. Send one of my gentlemen-in-waiting to me by the way, after you reach the castle. Ladies, I wish you good morning."

The king, like the little gentleman he was, doffed his hat gallantly to the two ladies as Sir Charles, saluting profoundly, led them away.

A great weight was taken from Ellen's heart. The king, who possessed the power of life and death over his soldiers and sailors, had promised to free her husband and restore him to her arms. Punishment, trouble, difficulty, were to intervene, but the end was certain and Ellen was content to wait.

The gentleman-in-waiting presented himself to the king, who had stood quietly under the trees talking animatedly with his wife and chuckling with pleasure at the idea that had come to him.

"The Britannia arrived in the Thames last night, did she not?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"And my message directing Admiral Kephard to present himself was transmitted?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"The admiral is at Windsor?"

"He is, your majesty."

"Bid him to come to me here under the trees. I have something to say to him."

"Yes, your majesty," returned the equerry, bowing and withdrawing rapidly.

And presently old Admiral Kephard, in full uniform, attended by Captain Beatty and Lieutenant Collier, came rolling along the walk. As the admiral and his subordinates saluted and prepared to kneel, the king motioned to them to rise. If were a cruelty to make a fat old man like Kephard, trussed up like a turkey cock in tight uniform, kneel down on the ground out in the open air.

"You need not kneel, admiral, nor you, gentlemen," said the king, extending his hand to Kephard, who bent over it and kissed it heartily with every evidence of appreciation of the king's ineffable condescension.

"How do you find yourself this morning?" continued his majesty.

"Very well, your majesty," said Kephard.

"And you, Captain Beatty, and you, sir?"

The gentlemen addressed bowed profoundly.

"We are all fit for service against any of your majesty's enemies now, as always," returned Kephard, with another salute.

"I know that," said the king, kindly.

"You have had a pleasant voyage?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"You brought with you on your ship a prisoner?"

"Subject to your majesty's pleasure, of course," returned Admiral Kephard.

"And what are the charges against Lord Carrington?" asked the king.

"Disobedience of orders, sir," returned the admiral.

"Hath he been tried yet?"

"Not yet, sir. A court-martial is ordered for to-morrow on the Britannia."

"And what will be the result of the deliberations?"

"He is sure to be found guilty, sir," answered Kephard, gloomily.

"Hum!" said the king. "And the punishment?"

"Suspension, degradation, dismissal, unless your majesty should be pleased to mitigate the sentence."

"And what were the circumstances of the disobedience?"

Admiral Kephard coughed and looked embarrassed.

"Out with it," said the king, bluntly.

"He stayed from his ship to—ah—fight a duel."

"How does he bear himself now?" continued the king, to Admiral Kephard's surprise.

He had expected a violent outburst from his majesty, who thoroughly disapproved of dueling.

"Gloomily, your majesty. In short, sir," the admiral burst forth, "he's been a damned—I beg your majesty's pardon, and yours, madam, 'tis an old sailor's habit," he stammered in great confusion.

"Proceed, Kephard," said the king, smiling, "but no more of that."

"Carrington has been a fool," resumed the old warrior, flushing deeply under his tan, "he had the sweetest wife on earth and was ashamed of her and flirted with another woman who couldn't hold a candle to her, and she ran away, in her innocence getting Lord Stratgate to assist her. Stratgate's motives were—well, your majesty will understand. She escaped from him. Carrington pursued him. They fought."

"So I have been informed," said the king.

"Very well, your majesty, then there's nothing for me to do but to beg you to be merciful to the young man. I think he's heartily sick and sorry of it now, and only wants his wife. He's one of the best officers in the service, it would be a pity to

degrade him, and, to tell the truth, I love the lad dearly. Won't your majesty be a little easy with him—a nominal punishment? We can't afford to overlook the affair entirely."

"Hark ye," admiral," said the king. "Gentlemen—he turned to the other two sailors—"I commit her majesty to your tender offices. Admiral Kephard and I will have a word or two alone. Come, admiral."

The king turned as he spoke and walked out of ear shot, the admiral lumbering along in his wake. They counted together animatedly for a few moments, the king smiling, not to say grinning, if so unroyal a word may be used about majesty. Suddenly the old admiral burst into a roar of laughter. He lifted his hand and slapped it down on his leg. For a moment the king had thought in his enthusiasm he meant to clap him on the shoulder.

The admiral belowed out in a voice that could have been heard a half mile away in a gale of wind:

"Fore God, your majesty, 'tis a noble idea, a royal jest!"

"Think you it will work?" said the king as he walked back to the other group.

"Excellent, in faith—"

"And you will carry it out?"

"To the very letter, sir. To-morrow, your majesty."

"And let no inking of your purpose come to the prisoner."

"None, sir, and the lady, your majesty, what of her?"

"I reserve to myself the pleasure of telling her," returned the king.

"And have we leave to withdraw now, your majesty?" asked the admiral, as they approached the other group.

"Go, and go quickly, Kephard," said the king, extending his hand again. "I would that I could be there and see the denouement."

"But your majesty can see some of it at least," said Kephard, "if you will board the Britannia any time to-morrow, and indeed you would vastly honor us; the men would be like to die for joy at such a visit. You could at least watch the prisoner take his departure."

"I'll do it," said the king. "At what time?"

"At your majesty's convenience, of course; but the tide ebbs at 11 o'clock and that would be a suitable time for—"

The king raised his hand.

"At 11 o'clock, six bells, you call it, don't you?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"I shall be there. Don't betray me."

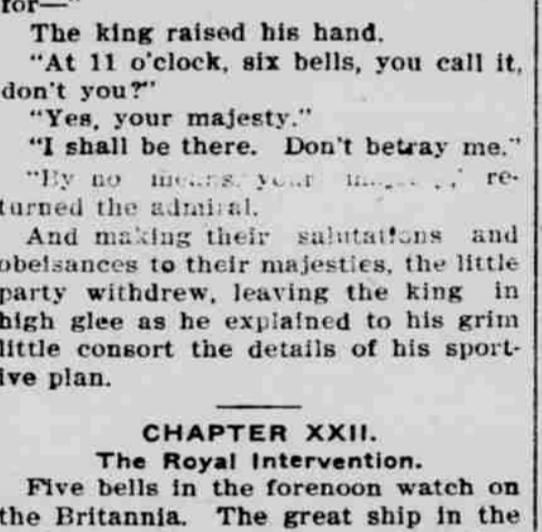
"I'll no more betray your majesty," returned the admiral.

And making their salutations and obeisances to their majesties, the little party withdrew, leaving the king in high glee as he explained to his grim little consort the details of his sportive plan.

CHAPTER XXII.
The Royal Intervention.

Five bells in the forenoon watch on the Britannia. The great ship in the perfection of readiness, so clean that you could have eaten your dinner off her decks with a clear conscience if you wished; her 700 men in spick and span uniforms, her officers gorgeous in gold lace, royal blue and spotted white; her marines in vivid scarlet; her masts decked with flags from flying-jib to spanker-boom end, her yards manned with row after row of sailors, others mustered around the great guns on the main deck, was ready for a visit from her august master.

Everybody on the ship was full of excitement except the lonely prisoner in the gunroom. A barge was seen pulling from the shore and from a flagstaff forward the royal ensign fluttered out in the fresh morning breeze. In a few moments a little man in a shovel hat and plain civilian's dress



stepped out of the boat and clambered briskly up the accommodation ladder—really a flight of stairs which had been rigged over the side. The admiral, the flag-captain, the officers of the ship, hats in hand, with much bowing and saluting met him at the gangway. As the royal foot touched the white deck the royal flag was broken out at the masthead, the boatswain piped, the band struck up "God Save the King" and the great guns of the main deck thundered out the royal salute.

The admiral turned, faced forward, waved his cocked hat and the whole ship rang with enthusiastic cheering. The king nodded like the plain little fatter he was, without any particular ceremony, shook hands with the admiral, waved his arm graciously to the officers and, attended by the admiral, stepped aft and disappeared later in the great cabin under the poop deck.

"Now," said the king, as he sat

down in the cabin, "has everything been prepared?"

"Everything is ready, your majesty. The ship is provisioned for her cruise, the officers and men aboard. All ready, sir."

"I performed my part of the undertaking this morning."

The king chuckled. Kephard grinned profoundly, but said nothing.

"You can fetch the prisoner here now."

The admiral turned and called the orderly, gave him a message, and in a few moments my lord Carrington, unarmed, presented himself in the cabin. By the king's direction Kephard stood in front of his majesty, and Carrington did not at first see who was there. He knew certainly from the commotion that the king had come aboard the ship, but that was all.

"Lieutenant Lord Carrington," began Admiral Kephard severely, "the hour of your court-martial has arrived, but before you appear in its presence his gracious majesty has kindly thought fit to see you in person. He is here to receive you, to hear what you have to say for yourself."

Admiral Kephard suddenly stepped aside and disclosed little George sitting back in the huge admiral's chair. Little George had a very heavy frown upon his face. "Best to assume a godlike and menacing mien," Carrington knelt at once. The king looked hard at him.

"Rise, sir," he said in a voice which he strove to make harsh and forbidding. "Pretty doings I hear about you."

Lord Carrington bowed profoundly, but said nothing.

"Have you nothing to say for your self, sir?" continued the king.

"Your majesty, nothing."

"Hey! What?" cried King George.

"Nothing, sir."

"You make love to another woman, Cecily Carrington; you are ashamed of your wife; you allow her to run away with Stratgate—"

"Your majesty," cried Carrington, stung to action, "give me leave, sir." He bowed. To interrupt the king was a heinous offense. "Have I permission to proceed, sir?"

"Proceed," returned his majesty.

"You have been misinformed in one particular. Nothing you can say of me or to me is unmerited, that I will admit; but Lady Carrington did not run away with Lord Stratgate—"

"I understood he drove away with her in your carriage at night, at two o'clock in the morning."

Lord Carrington winced under the apparent insinuation.

"That is true," he replied; "but my lady was entirely innocent. She had with her a young woman a companion. She knows not the world, your majesty."

"And you were ashamed of her for that?"

"I was, your majesty. Now, I glory in the fact."

"Go on, sir."

"And she simply used Stratgate as she would a coachman. When he would have abducted her she tried to shoot him. She did escape from him and, thank God! I was able to place him out of the running before he could pursue her or annoy her again."

"You fought a duel with Lord Stratgate?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"You know my opinion of duelling? You know the law?"

"Yes, your majesty. There was nothing else I could do."

"You're not sorry for it?" asked the king sternly.

Carrington had to tell the truth. Although he felt morally certain that he would bring down upon his head the wrath of the king, which would be the last straw added to his already heavy burdens, he scorned to lie.

"No, I am not sorry, sir. I should do it again."

"You're an honest man, Lord Carrington," said the king, "if a very foolish one."

"It was Lord Stratgate himself who told me that I was, saving your majesty's grace, a damned fool."

"Ahem!" said the king, "it seems that Lord Stratgate can speak the truth on occasion. When said he that?"

"Lying on the ground with my sword through him," answered Carrington, his face flushing at the king's deliberate corroboration of Stratgate's uncomplimentary opinion.

"Well," said the king, "that's what caused you to disobey orders?"

"That and that only, your majesty, and I am ready to take the punishment for it, whatever it may be."

"And what is it likely to be?"

"Dismissal from the service, perchance, sir," returned Carrington hoarsely.

"And your wife, what of her; Where is she?"

"I would to God I knew. If I could have word that she were safe and well, sir, I could hear anything."

"You have that word?"

"What, sir?" exclaimed Carrington.

"You have it."

"Whose word?"

"Mine, your king's. 'Tis as good as that of any gentleman in England. I take it, Lord Carrington," said the king, with a real touch of majesty.

"Your majesty," returned my lord, sinking to his knees again, "'Tis assurance enough for the most distraught mind. I thank your majesty. I bless your majesty. Now, sir, I am ready for the court."

"Good!" said the king.

"But will your majesty add one favor to this assurance. May I not see my wife?"

"Well, Kephard, what do you think about it? Should a prisoner on trial be permitted to see his wife?"

"Not immediately, your majesty," growled Kephard, turning away to hide his face.

Old Settlers Reunion.

The Journal acknowledges receipt of the preliminary notice of the Old Settlers Reunion, to be held in Union, on Friday and Saturday, August 14 and 15, this being the twentieth annual reunion. As is usual with all these reunions, the Union business men and citizens have prepared an excellent program of oratory, band music and sports and the pleasant surroundings which have made past reunions so successful, are to be used again. Everyone attending is assured in advance of a good time and an opportunity to meet friends of long standing. The reunion is Cass county's reliable feature and deserves its certain success.

WE MUST HAVE A BAND CONCERT

Ed. Schuloff's Glenwood Band Being Negotiated With

John Bauer, jr. who has been handling the matter of a band concert, will call upon the donors of the fund for lighting the streets Fourth of July, and find out from them if they are willing to have the fund used for the purpose of giving a band concert. He has been figuring with Prof. Schuloff of the Iowa band of 21 pieces which can be obtained at a cost of \$45.00 and necessary expenses. It is estimated that the total cost will be \$67.00. Perhaps no better method of spending the fund could be suggested than this concert, and it behooves the business men who made the Fourth of July celebration a success to get busy and push this new idea to a finish. Let the concert be arranged for July 25, a Saturday afternoon, and boom it for all it is worth.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains 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 surface 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.

Business is Rushing.

Justice H. D. Barr is transacting a land office business in his court, a garnishment suit having been commenced yesterday afternoon before him by Fannie Bates, who alleges that Arthur Benjamin is indebted to her in the sum of \$28.75 for board and lodging, for which she asks judgment.

She also asks that the Plattsmouth Gas and Lighting company be garnished in that amount, as it is indebted to Benjamin to that extent for labor. The case is set for Saturday, July 18, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Justice Barr is using the surveyor's office in the court house.

It Can't Be Beat

The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harden is right; it's the best of all medicines, also for weakness, lameness, and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at F. C. Fricke & Co. drug store, 50c.

Adjusting the Loss.

At the hour of going to press no adjustment had been arrived at between the adjusters for the various insurance companies having policies on the H. E. Weidman stock. A great deal of figuring remains to be done to arrive at the actual loss, and negotiations looking to a settlement are necessarily slow.

The companies arrived at a settlement of the loss on the building, which is placed at \$490, divided between thirteen companies, making the average amount payable from each \$39.66. The settlement is regarded as a very equitable one.

The Remedy That Does

"Dr. King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise but fail to perform," says Mrs. E. R. Pierson of Auburn Centre, Pa. "It is curing me of throat and lung trouble of long standing, that other treatments relieved only temporarily. New Discovery is doing me so much good that I feel confident its continued use for a reasonable length of time will restore me to perfect health." This renowned cough and cold remedy and throat and lung healer is sold at F. C. Fricke & Co. drug store. 50c. and \$1.00 Trial bottle free.

SHOE SENSE SAVES EXPENSE. OUR PERFECT MODELS FOR MEN AT \$3.50

OXFORDS

are sensible, pleasurable, economical; no tacks in the welt, no tax on the foot. A feeling of exultation in every pair of our springy, elastic cushiony low cuts.

Call-Try-Buy

Sherwood & Son

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE LIVINGSTON LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

Of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 30th day of June, 1908.

ASSETS:	
First mortgage loans	\$65,798.91
Stock loans	1,972.90
Cash	4,325.94
Delinquent interest, premiums, fines and dues	372.63
Other assets, insurance and taxes paid	881.92
Real estate contracts	4,326.90
Total	\$77,659.10

LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid up	\$88,304.00
Reserve fund	1,583.09
Dividends declared	25,001.91
Total	\$114,889.00

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES for the year ending June 30, 1908.

RECEIPTS	
Balance on hand July 1, 1907	\$ 543.25
Dues	37,496.00
Interest and fines	9,527.67
Loans repaid	14,823.90
Membership fees	324.25
Transfer fees	8.25
Insurance and taxes pd and adv'd	2061.35
Real estate contracts	3,259.99
Bills payable	7,240.69
Total	\$67,305.45

EXPENDITURES	
Loans	\$34,465.00
Expense and salaries	1,209.67
Stock redeemed	14,810.26
Cash on hand	4,325.94
Real estate contracts	50.00
Insurance and taxes pd and adv'd	95.33
Bills payable	7,240.69
Interest on bills payable	57.54
Total	\$62,505.45

STATE OF NEBRASKA, 1908. I, Henry R. Gerling, Secretary of the above named Association, do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement of the condition of said association, is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HENRY R. GERLING, Secretary.

ADDED:

D. B. SMITH, Director.

C. A. MATTHEW, Director.

WILLIAM HOLLY, Director.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st (SEAL) day of July.

THOMAS WALLING, Notary Public.

Harry Northcutt and family came down from Omaha Saturday night intending to return on Sunday afternoon, but was taken ill and was unable to leave until this noon when he was a passenger for the metropolis. He was suffering from a severe cold on his lungs.

F. G. FRICKE & CO.,
Agents for
Conkey's
Poultry
Remedies...

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.

M. S. BRIGGS