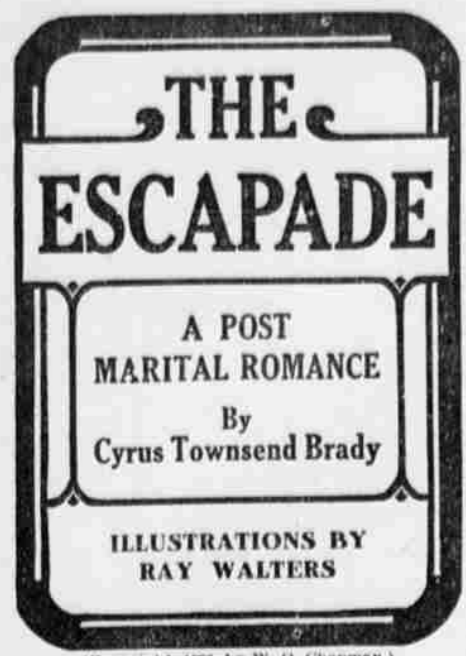


By D. M. AMSBERRY

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA



SYNOPSIS.

The Escapade opens, not in the romance preceding the marriage of Ellen Siscum, a Puritan miss and Lord Carrington of England, but in their life after settling in England. The scene is placed, just following the revolution, in Carrington castle in England. The Carringtons, after a house party, engaged in a family tiff, caused by jealousy. Lord Carrington and his wife each made charges of faithlessness against the other in continuation of the quarrel. First objecting against playing cards with the guests, Lady Carrington agreed to cut cards with Lord Stratgate, whose attention to Ellen had become a sore point with Carrington. The loss of \$100,000 failed to perturb her, and her husband then cut for his wife's I. O. U. and his honor, Carrington winning. The incident closed except that a liking for each other apparently arose between Lady Carrington and Lord Stratgate. Additional attentions of Lord Carrington to Lady Cecily and Lord Stratgate to Lady Carrington compelled the latter to vow that she would leave the castle. Preparing to flee, Lady Carrington and her chum Deborah, an American girl, met Lord Stratgate at two a. m., he agreeing to see them safely away. Ellen fled, Stratgate driving. He attempted to take her to his castle, but she left him stunned in the road when the carriage met with an accident. She and Debbie then struck out for Portsmouth, where she intended to sail for America. Hearing news of Ellen's flight, Lord Carrington and Seton set out in pursuit.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The ground was somewhat soft in the shadow and footprints were discernible in the low spot where the carriage had fallen. There were marks of a woman's shoe and a man's, albeit a man of small feet, by the side of the carriage door and other marks around the horses. From the trampling and hoof marks Seton concluded that the horses must have stood quiet for some time. He surmised that the inmates of the carriage had taken advantage of the stop to get out and go ahead while Stratgate lay stunned.

After a final search of the interior of the carriage in which he was rewarded by finding a tiny bowknot of scarlet ribbon which he thought he recognized as one that had trimmed Mistress Debbie's gown, for it was a color she affected, and which he tucked carefully away in his pocket. An hour from the carriage he came upon a bay coach horse straggling by the wayside, with certain portions of harness dragging from him. He was another mystery. If there had been two horses, where was the other? Why was he abandoned in the high road not a soul being near? The horse permitted him to get close enough to enable him to see that the traces which dangled from his sides had been severed by a knife. There could be no doubt that this was one of Carrington's coach horses.

There was no reason on earth, if they had started out on two, for abandoning one.

He galloped down the road and in a few minutes came to a little fishing village. Some of the fishermen had gone off for the day's work in their boats, but one grizzled sailor was moodily pacing up and down the little wharf. Reining his horse in on the shore, Seton halted him.

"My man," he said, "have you seen anything of two or three people, two women and a man inquiring for a boat this morning?"

"No," growled the man, "but I had a boat at this wharf, the best boat in the haven, and when I come down this morning at five o'clock she was gone."

"Gone!" cried Seton, dismounting from his horse in his excitement. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, your honor," returned the man. "She was tied right there—he pointed to one of the splices—and when I got up I was the first man down here at the wharf, she was gone."

"Was there any message—any clew—any sign?"

"Naught but this," returned the sailor, pulling out of his pocket a handful of shining guineas.

Here was proof positive to Seton. "Well, my friend, I don't see that you have anything to complain of."

"How's that, sir?" queried the sailor. "Certainly the boat was hardly worth more than five guineas."

"Now, I want to know how far it is from here to Portsmouth?"

"A matter of between 30 and 40 leagues, dependin' on the wind," said the man.

"Would your boat be big enough to make that distance?"

"Lord love yer honor, she's big enough to go to France."

"But could a woman handle her?"

"If she knewed the sea and a boat—a child could do it."

"Was there any provision aboard?"

"A breaker of fresh water and mayhap some hard bread."

"Good!" said Seton, reassured that the fugitives were not starving; at any rate. "Now, I want to get to Portsmouth, and I want to go by sea."

He judged that since Carrington was probably headed in that direction, by land, it would be best for him to follow directly upon the course of the fugitives which he had so luckily run down.

"That'll be easy enough, your honor," said the sailor, "there's other boats in the harbor."

"There's Will Hawke's boat yonder. Will ain't abroad to-day, bein' down with a spell of fever."

"Very good," said Seton. "Go and see him, tell him that Sir Charles Seton wants to charter his boat for a run to Portsmouth. Are you free to take charge of her?"

"That I am, master."

"Set about it at once," said Seton, "while I arrange to leave my horse at the tavern. By the way, what's your name?"

"Whibley, sir. John Whibley, at yer honor's service."

Whibley was as good as his promise. A half an hour found Sir Charles afloat in a small lugger with Whibley for captain and two boys, the owner's son and another that he had picked up, for a crew.

"You said this was a fast boat!" Sir Charles remarked to his sailing-master.

"Ay, ay, sir. With a wind like this—and indeed there was a rippling breeze blowing up the channel—we ought to reel off between 10 and 11 knots an hour."

"Spare nothing," said Seton, "an extra guinea apiece to the three of you if you overhaul the other boat."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Whibley after a moment's thought, "but bein' as they've took my boat, I should like to know how, if 'tain't too bold, who or what them parties is you're chasin'?"

"Two women," returned Seton, bravely.

"Hum," said Whibley under his breath, "I've knowed of a man chasin' one woman half 'round the world, but I've never heard of a lover chasin' two."

CHAPTER IX.

The Hard Riding of Lord Carrington. Lord Carrington's best horse was named Sailor. He was a magnificent black, built for speed, but not without great powers of endurance. Like all Englishmen, my lord was a famous horseman, although he followed the sea for a livelihood. He was a case in contradiction to the ancient adage that a sailor is never so much out of his element as when he is

astride of a horse. Generations of fox-hunting fathers had given him a heritage of horsemanship which the years he had spent upon the sea could not eradicate. Not only was he an expert rider, but he was thoroughly familiar with what could be got out of a horse. He knew how to ride him to the best advantage, when to spare him and when to press him. He had but one desire, to ride down Stratgate and wrest Ellen from his hands. He had no doubt that the three were headed for Portsmouth.

As if to punish him for his misuse of a noble steed who responded gallantly to every incentive of whip, spur, voice and appeal his master brought to bear, Sailor had the bad luck to cast a shoe. A few leaps and he went instantly lame. With a bitter curse Carrington dismounted and examined the horse. The poor beast stood panting and exhausted, his flanks heaving, his heart beating, his head drooping. The groom had been distanced and left behind. Carrington was alone with a lame horse miles, apparently, from a posting station or a blacksmith's shop. There was nothing to do but wait. He sat down by the roadside, his eyes strained backward in the direction whence he had come, looking for the groom. After half an hour or so of delay, which fretted him beyond measure, he discovered the fellow leisurely trotting over a hill. Aroused by the halloo of his master, the boy suddenly quickened his pace and soon drew rein beside him.

"What do you mean," cried Carrington, furiously, "by loafing along in that way? I told you to keep up with me."

"My lud," said the boy, touching his hat and dismounting, "no man on earth could keep up with you without killing his horse, and there are few horses, even if killed, that'd be equal to Sailor, sir. 'Tisn't in this mare, I know. She was in distress several miles back, and I pulled her up. If I hadn't, she wouldn't be here."

There was sense in what the boy said, and Carrington could not but acknowledge it.

"Give me your horse," he said, "and do you take Sailor. He's cast a shoe. Lead him on the road to the nearest shop and come after me as fast as is safe, but don't kill the horse. I'm bound for Portsmouth. You'll find me at the Blue Boar inn. Here's money for the journey. If anything happens, you can leave your horse and come forward by post horses, you understand?"

Carrington gathered up the reins, sprang upon the mare's back and without looking over his shoulder, galloped ahead. The delay had given him time to come to his senses.

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 obstreperous hostlers and horse boys scrambled about him while nine 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 the best we have. There's a bay horse in the stable, if he were only fresh. He came in two hours ago, and Lord Stratgate—"

"Who came, did you say?" cried Carrington, turning quickly.

"The earl of Stratgate, your honor."

"Was he here?"

"Two hours ago, sir. He took a bite of breakfast and a draught of wine and our best horse and rode on."

"Was he alone?"

"Alone, your lordship. There's summat strange about it, too, for his head was all bloody, his coat was streaked with mud, he was riding a bay horse, looked like a carriage horse, bareback with bits of harness dangling to it. He had no hat on—"

"Where is that bay horse?" cried Carrington, tingling with excitement.

"Yonder, in the stable yard being rubbed down."

"My horse Betty! By heaven!" he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this?" He turned and faced the astonished landlord once more. "Did you say that Stratgate was alone?"

"Absolutely alone."

"Did he ask any questions?"

"He asked me if there was a woman 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?"

"'Cept the coach for Portsmouth, which went up empty, and some farm wagons driven by men, we knew that nobody had passed this morning."

"And you say Stratgate was in a hurry?"

"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 Stratgate 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 Sailor and the mare? Where were Ellen and Deborah?

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 Stratgate the slip. Lord Carrington jumped at this conclusion and his heart bounded.

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 Stratgate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PROMISES OF ELECTRICAL ERA.

Advancement That Will Open Nature's Heart to Man.

Fire made man master of the molecule; electricity makes him master of the atom and opens nature's heart. Fire melted sand to glass and prepared the path for a telescope for Galileo, a camera for Daguerre, a microscope for Pasteur, engines for Watt, Stephenson, Parsons and De Laval; all the streams of lead and iron, copper and zinc ever smelted from their ores, all the acids, oils and alcohols. But all these electricity can do, do it better than flame, and greater works than these, tasks beyond the power of fire. The electrical era is only dawning. There are motors and dynamos, heaters and lamps, chemical dividers and batteries. The larger the field of electricity the cheaper it will become and the bigger will be the demand.

When there are not only telephones in every house, but sewing machine motors, fans, smoothing irons, chafing dishes and the like, electricity will begin to mean as much for man to-day as, long ago, did the first kindling of fire with slowly won arts of furnace and lamp, oven and smelter, crucible and still. Thus saith a prophet of electricity.

LOCAL TROUBLES TO FORE.

State Board Find This Causes Difficulty in Assessment.

Another bunch of assessors appeared before the State Board of Equalization to protest against an increase in the value of real estate. The representatives from Cherry county made a vigorous protest against a 40 per cent boost. Land in this county is assessed at 69 cents an acre and the board contemplates an increase to 95 cents. A member of the board did a little figuring and reported that the 40 per cent increase would mean the payment of \$1.08 in taxes on a section of land more than last year, or 27 cents increase on a quarter section.

At this time it is impossible to tell what will be done with the contemplated increase in lands in several of the counties. While there have been protests against any increase over the return of the assessors, some of the protests have been rather feeble. One protestant admitted that as a general proposition the increase was deserved, but the trouble had been with the county board in not properly equalizing between the various townships.

The schedules this year used by the assessors have proven superior to the blanks of last year and previous years, especially in the forms used for the assessment of live stock, horses and mules. This year there is space reserved for listing the age of the animals. Heretofore the live stock was returned by number and value, and the board had no way of knowing the age of the animals. This made equalization between counties practically a guess, as some assessors included right young animals while others did not.

Seven Days Without Rain.

The week was warm and dry, with an excess of sunshine. Clear weather prevailed, except on Tuesday and on Thursday, when partly cloudy weather was quite general.

The mean temperature for the week was between 74 degrees and 78 degrees, which is an average of about 2 degrees above the normal. The daily maximum temperature exceeded 90 degrees very generally, except on Thursday and Friday, when it was 5 to 10 degrees lower. At a few places the weekly maximum was 100 degrees, or slightly above.

The rainfall was below the normal in all parts of the state. Local showers occurred Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, but the rainfall was generally less than a quarter of an inch.

Druggists Are Willing.

A delegation of Lincoln druggists visited Food Commissioner Johnson to consider the proposition of prosecutions under the pure food laws of sales of headache powders which have the ingredients not stamped on the package. Under the law an exception was made in the labeling of drugs wherein goods on hands April 1, 1908, did not have to be branded. Hence it comes about that headache powders are usually branded "O. H. April 1, 1908." More than 200 suits have been instituted already against dealers regardless of the brand mark, signifying that they were on hands. It is the attitude of the food commissioner that the merchant must prove that the goods were in his stock before the law went into effect. The Lincoln druggists asked that prosecutions be held in abeyance until the druggists of the state could get together and agree to brand all materials, regardless of whether they were on hands at the time the law went into effect or not. The druggists declared that they had no disposition to avoid the law but had not understood the full import of the commissioner's attitude. They have called a meeting at which local druggists will formulate a plan preparatory to a call for a meeting of druggists from all over the state. Meanwhile prosecutions that have been started will be continued.

Dirty Bakeries.

Mrs. MacMurphy, inspector in the pure food department, is getting together a voluminous report on the condition in the bakeries of Omaha. In general, of the sixty bakeries, one-third are found to be dirty and in need of renovation before patrons can hope to get sanitary products from them. This is a better showing than was made in Lincoln, where of thirteen bakeries examined eight were found to be unclean and unsanitary.

Hotels Expecting a Rush.

The hotels of Lincoln are expecting big crowds in town from now until after the state fair. The assembly crowd which is now here, is not much of an asset for the hotels, except for the few meals the campers buy at the lunch counters and dining rooms of the hotels, but there are a few who attend the assembly from city hotels, preferring them to the uncertainty of camp life. The big crowd is expected during the state fair. Preparations are being made to entertain crowds bigger than ever this year.

Fight on Prison Contract.

The central labor union of this city is making a fight on prison made goods and in this effort attempted to influence state officers while the contract for the prison labor was under discussion. At the last meeting of the central union, since the contract was made, resolutions were passed denouncing the state officers for entering into this contract without inviting representatives of organized labor to appear before the board. This is termed in the resolutions "an insult to organized labor."

NEBRASKA POINTERS

STATE NEWS AND NOTES IN CONDENSED FORM.

THE PRESS, PULPIT AND PUBLIC

What is Going on Here and There That is of Interest to the Readers Throughout Nebraska.

The Otoe County Teachers' Institute had an attendance of 160.

Senator Brown has announced a number of speaking dates for August. When a saloon in Nebraska City was attached for debt it was found the proprietor had removed most of the goods.

Sophie, the eight-year-old daughter of L. P. Hansen, west of Farwell was shot and instantly killed by a brother of four years. The shooting was purely accidental.

M. L. Richardson, an old soldier and resident of Hay Springs, was literally cut to pieces by falling in front of a self-binder while harvesting wheat. He is not expected to live.

C. G. Baker, appointed as special appraiser for estates from which inheritance tax is collectable, has filed his reports on several estates in the county court of Gage county.

Johnson Teten who tried to kill his wife by shooting her some days ago and since that time has been in the county jail of Otoe county, has been bailed out by his relatives, five of them giving a \$5,000 bond.

The 16-year-old son of Charles Landroff, a farmer living fifteen miles southwest of Broken Bow, lost his life by being dragged to death by a horse. As he fell from the animal his foot caught in the stirrup. He was dragged half a mile, being horribly mangled.

The York Independent Telephone company has purchased all the copper toll lines between Seward and Grand Island and Seward and David City and is now constructing a toll line from Grand Island to Ravenna, connecting with the Broken Bow company.

Mary Broeking, the 21-year-old daughter of Henry Broeking, a wealthy farmer, was driving a team to Lorton, Otoe county, and tried to cross the tracks ahead of a local Missouri Pacific freight train. The vehicle was struck and she was thrown twenty feet. Her neck was broken, the vehicle destroyed and the horses killed.

Frank Hooper, a young man who claimed to have been employed at the farm home of J. H. Losee, near Hastings for several days, succeeded in cashing a check for a little over seventeen dollars at Picken's store, but before he had made his escape he was taken into custody.

Whin Campbell Bros. circus was showing in Alliance three lion cubs were born, one of which was a rare curiosity, in the fact that it was almost pure white. This makes this end of their menagerie similar to the show itself, inasmuch as it is strictly a Nebraska production.

An Old Settlers' association has been organized at Ashton and will hold a reunion September 22 and 23. The following officers were elected: President, Theodore Ojendyk; secretary, Thomas Jaenroj; vice president, S. Golczinski and I. Sondburg; treasurer, H. Smelser.

The old settlers' association of Cherry and Keya Paha counties will hold their sixteenth annual reunion at Sparks on August 28 and 29. The program of races and sports, including a big baseball game, is larger than usual, and there will be speaking and music also, as well as a big bowery dance in the evening.

Sioux Falls (S. D.) dispatch: While traveling through the country in a covered wagon in the hope that open-air life would restore his broken health, George Johnson of Yutan, Saunders county, Neb., died in his wagon while it was at a point about a mile and a quarter from the town of White Lake, Aurora county, in the central part of the state. He was a victim of consumption.

Edward Lundsford was arrested at St. Deroin and taken to Syracuse, where he was arraigned on the charge of wife desertion. He waived examination and was bound over to the district court. The couple were 16 and 18 years of age, respectively, when they were married about two years ago.

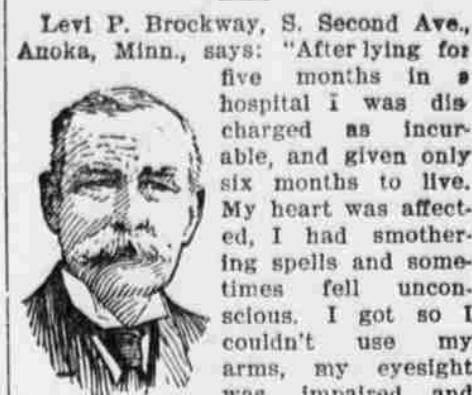
Kingston (N. Y.) dispatch: The marriage in this city Monday night of George Faulkner, 62 years old, and Mrs. Sarah E. Seymour, 61 years old, both of Schuyler, Neb., was the culmination of a romance begun in Ulster county more than forty years ago. Faulkner was a native of Kingston and Mrs. Seymour was a native of Saugerties, twelve miles from here. They became engaged in their youth, but a lovers' quarrel separated them and each one married some one else. Both lost their partners by death and were of course privileged to marry again.

But few people realize the enormous amount of improvements that are being effected at the state fair grounds at the capital city this year in view of the annual state fair to be held during the last week of this month. An immense new cattle barn is being built, located just west of the administration building, and erected at a cost of \$30,000.

Dr. G. T. Irons, chief inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry at Nebraska City, leaves Monday for London, England, to visit his old home and with his mother. Dr. Kane will be in charge during his absence.

FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.



Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SING, BIRDIE, DON'T!



Miss Yellem (about to sing)—What is your favorite air, professor? Professor—Fresh air—and plenty of it! Good morning!

Happy Man.

Mrs. Henpeck—Her husband simply won't listen to her!

Henpeck—How on earth does the lucky fellow manage it—Stray Stories.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It is one thing to see your road; another to cut it.—George Elliot.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN



This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean?

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See. Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told? Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write? Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential? Come and See.

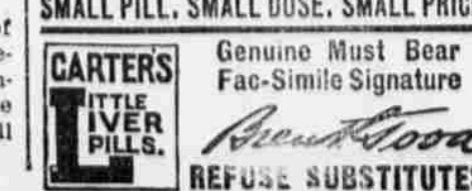
Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents? Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women? Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Lead Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.