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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

and others. The Scarlet Pimpernel—Percy, my husband—has gone on this errand himself today. Chauvelin knows that the Scarlet Pimpernel and Percy Blakeney are one and the same person. He will follow him to Calais, and there will lay hands on him. You know as well as I do the fate that awaits him at the hands of the Revolutionary government of France. No interference from England—from King George himself—would save him. Robespierre and his gang would see to it that the interference came too late. But not only that, the much-trusted leader will also have been unconsciously the means of revealing the hiding-place of the Comte de Tournay and of all those who, even now, are placing their hopes in him."

She had spoken quietly, dispassionately, and with firm, unbending resolution. Her purpose was to make that young man trust and help her, for she could do nothing without him.

"I do not understand," he repeated, trying to gain time to think what was best to be done.

"Aye! but I think you do, Sir Andrew. You must know that I am speaking the truth. Look these facts straight in the face. Percy has sailed for Calais, I presume for some lonely part of the coast, and Chauvelin is on the track. He has posted for Dover, and will cross the Channel probably tonight. What do you think will happen?"

The young man was silent.

"Percy will arrive at his destination; unconscious of being followed he will seek out de Tournay and the others—among these is Armand St Just, my brother—he will seek them out, one after another, probably, not knowing that the sharpest eyes in the world are watching his every movement. When he has thus unconsciously betrayed those who blindly trust in him, when nothing can be gained from him, and he is ready to come back to England, with those whom he has gone so bravely to save, the doors of the trap will close upon him, and he will be sent to end his noble life upon the guillotine."

Still Sir Andrew was silent.

"You do not trust me," she said passionately. "Oh, God! Cannot you see that I am in deadly earnest Man, man," she added, while, with her tiny hands she seized the young man suddenly by the shoulders, forcing him to look straight at her, "tell me, do I look like that vilest thing on earth—a woman who would betray her own husband?"

"God forbid, Lady Blakeney," said the young man at last, "that I should attribute such evil motives to you, but. ."

"But what? . .tell me. . .Quick, man! . . the very seconds are precious!"

"Will you tell me," he asked resolutely, and looking searchingly into her blue eyes, 'whose hand helped to guide M. Chauvelin to the knowledge which you say he possesses?"

'Mine," she said quietly, I own it—I will not lie to you, for I wish you to trust me absolutely. But I had no idea—how could I have?—of the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel. . .and my brother's safety was to be my prize if I succeeded."

"In helping Chauvelin to track the Scarlet Pimpernel?"

She nodded.

"It is no use telling you how he forced my hand. Armand is more than a brother to me, and . .and . .how could I guess? . . But we waste time, Sir Andrew. .every second is precious. .in the name of God! . .my husband is in peril. .your friend!—your comrade!—Help me to save him."

Sir Andrew felt his position to be a very awkward one. The oath he had taken before his leader and comrade was one of obedience and secrecy; and yet the beautiful woman, who was asking him to trust her, was undoubtedly in earnest; his friend and leader was equally undoubtedly in imminent danger and. . .

"Lady Blakeney," he said at last, "God knows you have perplexed me, so that I do not know which way my duty lies. Tell me what you wish me to do. There are nineteen of us ready to lay down our lives for the Scarlet Pimpernel if he is in danger."

"There is no need for lives just now, my friend," she said drily; "my wits and four swift horses will serve the necessary purpose. But I must know where to find him. See," she added, while her eyes filled with tears, "I have humbled myself before you, I have owned my fault to you; shall I also confess my weakness?—My husband and I have been estranged, because he did not trust me, and because I was too blind to understand. You must confess that the bandage which he put over my eyes was a very thick one. It is small wonder that I did not see through it? But last night, after I led him unwittingly into such deadly peril, it suddenly fell from my eyes. If you will not help me, Sir Andrew, I would still strive to save my husband, I would still exert every faculty I possess for his sake; but I might be powerless, for I might arrive too late, and nothing would be left for you but lifelong remorse, and . . and . .for me, a broken heart."

"But, Lady Blakeney," said the young man, touched by the gentle earnestness of this expuisitely beautiful woman, "do you know that what you propose doing is man's work?—you cannot possibly journey to Calais alone. You would be running the greatest possible risks to yourself, and your chances of finding your husband now—were I to direct you ever so carefully—are infinitely remote."

'Oh, I hope there are risks!" she murmured softly. 'I hope there are dangers, too!—I have so much to atone for. But I fear you are mistaken. Chauvelin's eyes are fixed upon you all he will scarce notice me. Quick, Sir Andrew!—the coach is ready, and there is not a moment to be lost. . . . I must get to him! I must!" she repeated with almost savage energy, "to warn him that that man is on his track... Can't you see—can't you see, that I must get to him. . .even . . .even if it be too late to save him . . .at least...to be by his side at the last."

"Faith, Madame, you must command me. Gladly would I or any of my comrades lay down our lives for your husband. If you will go yourself. . "

"Nay, friend, do not you see that I would go mad if I let you go without me." She stretched out her hand to him. "You will trust me?"

"I await your orders," re said, simply.

"Listen then. My coach is ready to take me to Dover. Do you follow me, as swiftly as horses will take you. We meet at nightfall at 'The Fisherman's Rest." Chauvelin would avoid it, as he is known there, and I think it would be the safest. I will gladly accept your escort to Calais. . as you say, I might miss Sir Percy were you to direct me ever so carefully. We'll charter a schooner at Dover and cross over during the night. Disguised, if you will agree to it, as my lacquey, you will, I think escape detection."

"I am entriely at your service, Madame,' rejoined the young man earnestly. "I trust to God that you will sight the Day Dream before we reach Calais. With Chauvelin at his heels, every step the Scarlet Pimpernel takes on French soil is fraught with danger."

"God grant it, Sir Andrew. But now farewell. We meet tonight at Dover! It will be a race between Chauvelin and me across the Channel tonight—and the prize—the life of the Scarlet Pimpernel."

He kissed her hand, and then escorted her to her chair. A quarter of an hour later she was back at the "Crown" inn, where her coach and horses were ready and waiting for her. The next moment they thundered along the London streets, and then straight on to the Dover road at maddening speed.

She had no time to despair now. She was up and doing and had no leisure to think. With Sir Andrew Ffoulkes as her companion and ally, hope had once again revived in her heart.

God would be merciful. He would not allow so appalling a crime to be committed as the death of a brave man, through the hand of a woman who loved him, and worshipped him, and who would gladly have died for his sake.

Marguerite's thoughts flew back to him, the mysterious hero, whom she had always unconsciously loved, when his identity was still unknown to her. Laughingly, in the olden days, she used to call him the shadowy king of her heart, and now she had suddenly found that this enigmatic personality whom she had worshipped, and the man who loved her so passionately, were one and the same; what wonder that one or two happier visions began to force their way before her mind? She vaguely wondered what she would say to him when first they would stand face to face.

She had had so many anxieties, so much excitement during the past few hours, that she allowed herself the luxury of nursing these few more hopeful, brighter thoughts. Gradually the rumble of the coach wheels,with its incessant monotany, acted soothingly on her nerves; her eyes, aching with fatigue and many shed and unshed tears, closed involuntarily, and she fell into a troubled sleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUSPENSE.

It was late into the night when she at last reached "The Fisherman's Rest." She had done the whole journey in less than eight hours, thanks to innumerable changes of horses at the various coaching stations, for which she always paid lavishly, thus obtaining the very best and swiftest that could be had.

Her coachman, too, had been indefatigable, the promise of special and rich reward had no doubt helped to keep him up, and he had literally burned the ground beneath his mistress' coach wheels.

The arrival of Lady Blakeney in the middle of the night caused a considerable flutter at "The Fisherman's Rest." Sally jumped hastily out of bed, and Mr. Jellyband was at great pains how to make his important guest comfortable.

Both these good folk were far too well drilled in the manners appertaining to innkeepers, to exhibit the slightest surprise at Lady Blakeney's arrival, alone, at this extraordinary hour. No doubt they thought all the more, but Marguerite was far too absorbed in the importance—the deadly earnestness—of her journey, to stop and ponder over trifles of that sort.

The coffee-room—the scene lately of the dastardly outrage on two English gentlemen—was quite deserted. Mr. Jellyband hastily relit the lamp, rekindled a cheerful bit of fire in the great hearth, and then wheeled a comfortable chair by it, into which Marguerite gratefully sank.

"Will your ladyship stay the night?" asked pretty Miss Sally, who was already busy laying a snow-white cloth on the table, preparatory to providing a simple supper for her ladyship.

(To be continued.)

MINISTER TRIES TO BECOME BIGAMIST, BUT PLANS FAIL

Rev. Mr. Savary Tries to Marry Young Girl at Hampton While He Has Wife Living---Rev. G. A. Ross Prevents it ---Savary Then Came to St. John and Preached Last Night.

Hampton, N. B., Sept. 30—A mild sensation was caused here last evening by the frustration of a wedding, which, if it had been celebrated, would, it is alleged, have been a case of bigamy. At this stage, it may be well, in the interest of the young lady and her family, that the names of the parties concerned should be withheld, although in the public interest the facts may properly be stated.

Shortly before 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a single team containing the driver and a young lady arrived at Heath Hall, and, on alighting, the man registered his name (Rev. H. S. Savary), but not that of his companion, who was a comely young woman, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, well dressed, and of a quiet and unobtrusive demeanor.

The man, a rather fine specimen as to physique and facial appearance, and of gentlemanly dress and manners, asked for a room, to which his valise was taken. Leaving the lady in the office of the hotel, he drove his team to the livery stable kept by J. W. Smith, and after visiting the registry office, where he obtained a marriage license, called at the Methodist parsonage and arranged with the Rev. G. A. Ross for the ceremony to be performed.

Something in the manner of the applicant led the minister to enquire into the stranger's antecedents, and from outside sources he heard rumors that the man was married, or that within two months he had been associated with a woman whom he introduced to the people of the house where he boarded, at a summer resort near the Bay of Fundy, as his wife. This led to further enquiries with regard to the family of the young lady named in the license, and her father was telephoned to. He at once, in the strongest language, begged that the minister would hold the couple, before they were made man and wife, until his arrival. He had to drive some miles to catch the outgoing Quebec express at St. John, and fortunately it was sufficiently delayed to enable him to reach it.

Meanwhile the man had returned to the hotel, and enquired for the young lady, who after attending to her toilet had gone out for a walk. He found her on the station platform, and together they went to a millinery establishment on Main street, from which he went to a jeweler's and purchased a ring. Returning to the front of the millinery store he fitted the ring on the young lady's hand, in view of a number of ladies and gentlemen who were playing tennis close by, to their amused surprise at the open manner of the lovers' procedure.

Evidently something was wrong as to the size or quality of the circlet, for they both went back to the jeweler's, and effected an exchange. Then they proceeded to the hotel, where they took tea, and the proprietor was asked to telephone Mr. Ross that they would be at the parsonage at 7.30 o'clock.

Fearing that the father would not arrive until midnight, and to provide against any emergency, Mr. Ross invited the sheriff of the county to be present in an adjoining room, when the couple should arrive. Sharp on time they made their appearance, and then the minister, in his most polite tones, invited the lady to go up stairs and remove her hat and coat. Once away from the gentleman down stairs, the young lady was told of the expected arrival of her father, and that until that occurred there would be no wedding ceremony.

Rev. Mr. Ross returned to the parlor and most pointedly informed the man that it was currently rumored that he had a wife already, and he, on learning that the girl's father was expected, left the scene, and returned to the hotel. As it was supposed that the anxious parent who, it is said, had been trying to locate his daughter, could not reach Hampton until midnight, Mr. Ross went to the hotel and procured such of the girl's clothing as she might need for the night.

When the Quebec express came in, the father hastened to the parsonage, thankfully received his imprudent and tearful daughter to his loving arms, and a few minutes later hurried back with her to the station, where they took the Maritime express for the city, leaving the remainder of her clothes in the hotel.

Later the would-be bridegroom had an interview with the sheriff at the hotel, and as the latter bore away with him on leaving several bundles, it is reasonable to suppose that the articles forming the bridal trousseau will be sent to the owner at her parental home.

Enquiries at St. Martins disclosed the fact that the hasty wooer arrived there early in the summer, ostensibly in search of health, which he claimed had been impaired by overwork while in charge of a Congregational church, near Boston. As the Presbyterian church at St. Martins was pastorless he very acceptably filled the pulpit up to last Sunday. His wife—it was said she was his wife—only stayed there about a month, and some weeks ago returned to her mother's home at Plymouth (Mass.). On leaving St. Martins on Saturday the man said he was going to St. John, on his way to see his wife. When the latter left St. Martins she appeared to be far gone in consumption.

At the hotel last night it was said that the man had not yet been ordained, but was preaching as a layman. He left here by the midnight train for St. John.

The team, which belongs to Scholes' livery, St. Martins, is still at J. W. Smith's stable.

Rev. H. S. Savary, the central figure of the adventure, arrived in the city on the late train Saturday and preached last evening in Calvin church. When seen later at the Victoria Hotel by a Telegraph reporter he was asked if he was prepared to make any statement. "It is hard for me to give any explanation why I did it," he said, referring to the attempted marriage at Hampton, "one thing I wish to make clear it was not done with any intention of injuring the young lady. She told me that she would rather die than return home. She said she was afraid to go. I did a most foolish thing in deciding to go through the marriage ceremony, but she promised me she would return home afterwards. I ought to have taken her home as I first intended."

"At St. Martins on the first day of the Sunday school convention. I believe the date was Wednesday, Sept. 19."

It was suggested that Mr. Savary might care to give his version of the story from the commencement and to this he agreed.

"I went to supply at the Presbyterian church at St. Martins about three months ago," he said. "I was to remain four months. This young lady came to St. Martins to attend the Sunday school convention which opened there on Wednesday, Sept. 19. She spoke to me after the meeting in the afternoon. That was the time I saw her. I understand there is a report being circulated that I was seen on the beach with her at midnight. That is absolutely untrue. On Thursday I was away, on Friday she went, I believe, to a dance at which I was not present and on Saturday returned home. Since then I received a letter from her in which she mentioned she had told her mother 'some things' about me I suppose, and that as I was coming to St. John on Monday (Oct. 1) she would meet me with her mother.

"Instead of doing this she left her home, as she afterwards informed me, at midnight on Friday last, walked into St. John and persuaded a livery stable keeper to drive her to St. Martins. I heard a carriage stop outside my lodgings at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning and looking out of my window, the driver informed me he had a telegraphic despatch. I went down and discovered the young lady in the carriage instead.

"I sent her to a hotel and arranged with the driver to start with her later in the day on the road to St. John. I told the people in St. Martins. I had received a despatch to get over the difficulty of my leaving the village in a hurry and drove after her in another carriage. I took her into my conveyance and went on towards St. John. She said she would never return home, that she had come to me to be married and she would die rather than go back to her family. She mentioned that her father had received a letter last Thursday from St. Martins connecting her name with mine and that there had been trouble at home about it. She could not sleep Thursday night, she said, and on Friday night she left to come to me. If I would marry her, she said, she would at once return home.

"Finally I consented and when we came to Loch Lomond we turned off to Hampton. I told her what a position it was placing me in. That I was taking a long chance and might be liable to arrest and punishment, but she would not be persuaded. We arrived in Hampton and after buying some clothing, which was packed in my valise, I procured the marriage license and we went from Heath Hall, where I had taken a room for her, to Rev. Mr. Ross to be married. Mr. Ross made some enquiries, I understand, and told me he wished the ceremony delayed until the young lady's father, who had been telephoned for, should arrive. He asked me if I was willing to wait and I said I would do so.

"I was informed by Mr. Ross that the sheriff was in the house and that it was optional for me to stay or to take my horse and drive out, but I refused to go and said I would see the young lady's father and then went out while she stayed with Mr. Ross. Her father arrived earlier than was expected and took his daughter away on the train, leaving soon for St. John.

"Mr. Ross promised to inform me of his arrival but did not do so and I therefore did not meet him. I am now, however, in St. John in order that I may see him and I intend to call on him tomorrow morning.

'On returning to the room in the hotel, I learned that the young lady and Mr. Ross had been there in my absence. I did not know what for at the time, but I found on the table this note."

Mr. Savary here showed the reporter a piece of paper used for wrapping parcels which was torn and folded. On it was the words in pencil: 'Telegraph you (sic) people say she is dead."

"I believe that is in her writing," went on Mr. Savary, "and I mention it because it shows I think that the young lady was not in ignorance of the fact that I was a married man."

Mr. Savary was asked what object he had in view in going through the marriage service under the circumstances.

"My agreement with her, he replied,was that if I would marry her she would go home and I would see her father. "I should like to say that no stain whatever can be attached to this young lady's moral character or to mine from beginning to end in this affair. In acting as I did I admit I adopted a most foolish plan and should have stuck to my first intention and driven her home.

"I would gladly have kept quiet about the whole affair. I understand that the young lady's father has asked to have his daughter's name suppressed. Mine, I suppose, will appear in print. I have no wish to injure or hurt her in any way and never had but it hardly seems a square deal."

Mr. Savary was asked if he would give some expression of opinion as to the young lady's disposition.

"She is bright and smart looking," he replied, "and a good musician, but, I think, of a highly nervous temperament. She told me she was nineteen years of age but I believe her father has stated she is not yet eighteen."

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain."—I. Corinthians ix-24.

The above is the text from which Rev. Mr. Savary preached in Calvin church last night. The sermon was declared by all of the congregation to be an eloquent and masterly effort and made a great impression on his hearers. He first spoke of the conflict of every-day life. Men, he said, are prone to say of anyone who makes a success that luck has been on his side. The preacher claimed there is no such thing as luck, that the quality that ensures success is persistence and steadiness of aim. Granted these two, any man could win; without them, no matter however brilliant his other parts, his life would be a failure. He went on to point out that in spiritual things persistence is also a requisite. This with singleness of aim alone could entitle a man to the rewards that await the faithful Christian. He pointed to the life and labors of Paul as one of the greatest examples in any age of a consistent Christian life and urged all his hearers to copy as far as in them lay such a noble character.

Mr. Savary came to this city last June. Rev. James Ross, who has charge of the Presbyterian home mission work here,says he told him he was studying theology in the Bangor Seminary and was in his second year. He also said he was a married man and that his wife who was in Ontario, was suffering from tuberculosis. He was in the city all day yesterday and occupied a pew in Calvin church in the morning and the pastor, Rev. L. A. McLean, announced that he had kindly consented to take the services in the evening.

Yesterday was observed as rally day by Centenary church Sunday school. The service was held in the main church, the recent fire not being allowed to interfere. The service was most successful. There were special musical features, including a solo by Mrs. Crockett. Addresses were given by Mrs. G. A. Horton and Morton L. Harrison. The attendance was good. The Sunday services of Centenary were held as usual. For the present the Sunday school sessions will be held in the main church.

Chas. L. Bustin, of Watertown (Mass.), accompanied by his wife, is visiting his brother, W. H. Bustin, proprietor of the Lansdowne House.

Mrs. O. R. Arnold and Mrs. E. E. Leonard, of Sussex, were registered at the Dufferin Saturday.

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Boy Killed by Train

Moncton, N. B., Sept. 30.—A most distressing fatality occurred at Memramcook Saturday evening.Harry, the thirteen year old son of Simon Belliveau, of the I. C. R. stores department, was driving a team to Memramcook to meet his father coming from Moncton, was struck by an east bound accommodation, the boy and horse both being almost instantly killed.

Young Belliveau left home after supper for Memramcook station to get his father who was going down on the 6 o'clock accommodation to spend Sunday with his family. As the team approached the crossing the lad noticed a freight at Memramcook station but a barn obstructed his view of the track in the direction of Moncton. He proceeded to cross the track to the station but just as the horse stepped over the tracks the carriage was struck by the engine of the accommodation, throwing the boy and carriage on one side and the horse on the other. The lad lived about fifteen minutes, while the horse was instantly killed, and the carriage completely demolished.

The accommodation was slowing up for the station but young Belliveau was watching the freight on a siding at which the horse frightened.

The lad's father, on the train, was one of the first, among the many railway men for Memramcook to spend Sunday, to learn of the sad catastrophe and was deeply affected.

The crossing is a dangerous place, especially from the southerly direction, as the Maritime Hotel on one side and C. B. McManus' barn on the opposite shuts off a view of the track until within a very close distance. Driver J. Brownell was in the cab of the engine which struck the team.

H. Price Webber, the popular theatrical manager, with his company, arrived in the city yesterday morning on train No. 85, a special passenger car being attached to the train through the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific officials. Mr. Webber will tour Nova Scotia and will be seen in this city later in the season, when his talented wife and company will receive a warm welcome. They will perform in Annapolis (N. S.) tonight.

A report was current yesterday that the steamer May Queen, of the Grand Lake Steamship Company, was ashore at some point up river. On being asked of the truth of the report, William McMulkin, agent of the line, said that while he had also heard of it, he did not think there was any truth in it, as he had not had any word from the captain of the Queen. Had there been any disaster Mr. McMulkin feels that he would have heard of it.

Water Figure-Dancing by Chinese-Lantern Light.



At the festival of the Berlin Swimming Club, the members hold lamplight dances. Each swimmer carries a Chinese lantern on his or her head, and they swim in procession from the bath house. At a signal from the commander's whistle, the swimmers perform various evolutions, and the effect of the geometrical forms they weave is exceedingly picturesque. The figures of the dance are outlined in lamplight.