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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

"Hey! Citoyen Brogard! Hola!"

Marguerite could not see the newcomers, but, through a hole in one of the curtains, she could observe one portion of the room below.

She heard Brogard's shuffling footsteps, as he came out of the inner room, muttering his usual string of oaths. On seeing the strangers, however, he paused in the middle of the room, well within range of Marguerite's vision, looked at them, with even more withering contempt than he had bestowed upon his former guests, and muttered, "Sacrree soutane!"

Marguerite's heart seemed all at once to stop beating; her eyes, large and dilated, had fastened on one of the newcomers, who, at this point, had taken a quick step forward towards Brogard. He was dressed in the soutane, broad-brimmed hat and buckled shoes, habitual to the French cure, but as he stood opposite the innkeeper, he threw open his soutane for a moment, displaying the tricolor scarf of officialism, which sight immediately had the effect of transforming Brogard's attitude of contempt, into one of cringing obsequiousness.

It was the sight of this French cure, which seemed to freeze the very blood in Marguerite's veins. She could not see his face, which was shaded by his broad-brimmed hat, but she recognized the thin, bony hands, the slight stoop, the whole gait of the man! It was Chauvelin!

The horror of the situation struck her as with a physical blow; the awful disappointment, the dread of what was to come, made her very senses reel, and she needed almost superhuman effort, not to fall senseless beneath it all.

"A plate of soup and a bottle of wine," said Chauvelin imperiously to Brogard, "then clear out of here—understand? I want to be alone."

Silently and without any muttering this time, Brogard obeyed. Chauvelin sat down at the table which had been prepared for the tall Englishman, and the innkeper busied himself obsequiously round him, dishing up the soup and pouring out the wine. The man who had entered with Chauvelin and whom Marguerite could not see, stood waiting close by the door.

At a brusque sign from Chauvelin, Brogard had hurried back to the inner room, and the former now beckoned to the man who had accompanied him.

In him Marguerite at once recognized Desgas, Chauvelin's secretary and confidential factotum, whom she had often seen in Paris, in the days gone by. He crossed the room, and for a moment or two listened attentively at the Brogards' door.

"Not listening?" asked Chauvelin, curtly.

"No, citoyen."

For a moment Marguerite dreaded lest Chauvelin should order Desgas to search the place; what would happen if she were to be discovered, she hardly dared to imagine. Fortunately, however, Chauvelin seemed more impatient to talk to his secretary than afraid of spies, so he called Desgas quickly back to his side.

"The English schooner?" he asked.

"She was lost sight of at sundown, citoyen," replied Desgas, "but was then making west, towards Cap Gris Nez."

"Ah!—good!—" muttered Chauvelin, "and now, about Captain Jutley?—what did he say?"

"He assured me that all the orders you sent him last week have been implicitly obeyed. All the roads which converge to this place have been patrolled night and day ever since: and the beach and cliffs have been most rigorously searched and guarded."

"Does he know where this 'Pere Blanchard's hut' is?"

"No, citoyen, nobody seems to know it by that name. There are any amount of fishermen's huts all along the coast, of course . . . but . . ."

"That'll do. Now about tonight?" interrupted Chauvelin, impatiently.

"The roads and the beach are patrolled as usual, citoyen, and Captain Jutley awaits further orders.

"Go back to him at once, then. Tell him to send reinforcements to the various patrols; and especially to those along the beach—you understand?"

Chauvelin spoke curtly and to the point, and every word he uttered struck at Marguerite's heart like the death-knell of her fondest hopes.

"The men," he continued, "are to keep the sharpest possible look-out for any stranger who may be walking, riding, or driving, along the road or beach, more especially for a tall stranger, whom I need not describe further, as probably he will be disguised; but he cannot very well conceal his height, except by stooping. You understand?"

"Perfectly, citoyen," replied Desgas.

As soon as any of them have sighted a stranger, two of them are to keep him in view. The man who loses sight of the tall stranger, after he is once seen, will pay for his negligence with his life; but one man is to ride straight back here and report to me. Is that clear?"

"Absolutely clear, citoyen."

"Very well, then. Go and see Jutley at once. See the reinforcements start off for the patrol duty, then ask the captain to let you have half a dozen more men and bring them here with you. You can be back in ten minutes. Go—"

Desgas saluted and went to the door.

As Marguerite, sick with horror, listened to Chauvelin's directions to his underling, the whole of the plan for the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel became appallingly clear to her. Chauvelin wished that the fugitives should be left in false security, waiting in their hidden retreat until Percy joined them. Then the daring plotter was to be surrounded and caught red-handed, in the very act of aiding and abetting royalists, who were traitors to the republic. Thus, if his capture were noised abroad, even the British government could not legally protest in his favor; having plotted with the enemies of the French government, France had the right to put him to death.

Escape for him and them would be impossible. All the roads patrolled and watched, the trap well set, the net, wide at present, but drawing together tighter and tighter, until it closed upon the daring plotter, whose superhuman cunning even could not rescue him from its meshes now.

Desgas was about to go, but Chauvelin once more called him back. Marguerite vaguely wondered what further devilish plans he could have formed, in order to entrap one brave man, alone, against two-score of others. She looked at him as he turned to speak to Desgas; she could see his face beneath the broad-brimmed cure's hat. There was at that moment so much deadly hatred, such fiendish malice in the thin face and pale, small eyes, that Marguerite's last hope died in her heart, for she felt that from this man she could expect no mercy.

"I had forgotten," repeated Chauvelin, with a wierd chuckle, as he rubbed his bony, talon-like hands one against the other, with a gesture of fiendish satisfaction. "The tall stranger may show fight. In any case no shooting, remember, except as a last resort. I want that tall stranger alive . . . if possible."

He laughed, as Dante has told us that the devils laugh at sight of the torture of the damned. Marguerite had thought that by now she had lived through the whole gamut of horror and anguish that human heart could bear; yet now, when Desgas left the house, and she remained alone in this lonely, squalid room, with that fiend for company, she felt as if all that she had suffered was nothing compared with this. He continued to laugh and chuckle to himself for a while, rubbing his hands together in anticipation of his triumph.

His plans were well laid, and he might well triumph! not a loophole was left, through which the bravest, the most cunning man might escape. Every road guarded, every corner watched, and in that lonely hut somewhere on the coast, a small band of fugitives waiting for their rescuer, and leading him to his death—nay! to worse than death. That fiend there, in a holy man's garb, was too much of a devil to allow a brave man to die the quick, sudden death of a soldier at the post of duty.

He, above all, longed to have the cunning enemy, who had so long baffled him, helpless in his power; he wished to gloat over him, to enjoy his downfall, to inflict upon him what moral and mental torture a deadly hatred alone can devise. The brave eagle, captured, and with noble wings clipped, was doomed to endure the gnawing of the rat. And she, his wife who loved him,t and who had brough him to this, could do nothing to help him.

Nothing, save to hope for death by his side, and for one brief moment in which to tell him that her love—whole, true and passionate—was entirely his.

Chauvelin was now sitting close to the table; he had taken off his hat, and Marguerite could just see the outline of his thin profile and pointed chin, as he bent over his meagre supper. He was evidently qute contented, and awaited events with perfect calm; he even seemed to enjoy Brogard's unsavoury face. Marguerite wondered how so much hatred could lurk in one human being against another.

Suddenly, as she watched Chauvelin, a sound caught his ear, which turned her very heart to stone. And yet that sound was not calculated to inspire anyone with horror, for it was merely the cheerful sound of a gay, fresh voice singing lustily, "God save the King!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Eagle and the Fox.

Marguerite's breath stopped short; she seemed to feel her very life standing still momentarily whilst she listened to that voice and to that song. In the singer she had recognized her husband. Chauvelin, too, had heard it, for he darted a quick glance towards the door, then hurriedly took up his broad-brimmed hat and clapped it on his head.

The voice drew nearer; for one brief second the wild desire seized Marguerite to rush down the steps and fly across the room, to stop that song at any cost, to beg the cheerful singer to fly—fly for his life, before it was too late. She checked the impulse just in time, Chauvelin would stop her before she reached the door, and, moreover, she had no idea if he had any soldiers posted within his call. Her impetuous act might prove the death-signal of the man she would have died to save.

"Long to reign over us,
God save the King!"

sang the voice more lustily than ever. The next moment the door was thrown open and there was dead silence for a second or so.

Marguerite could not see the door; she held her breath, trying to imagine what was happening.

Percy Blakeney on entering had, of course, at once caught sight of the cure at the table; his hesitation lasted less than five seconds, the next moment Marguerite saw his tall figure crossing the room, whilst he called in a loud, cheerful voice,—

"Hello, there! no one about? Where's that fool Brogard?"

He wore the magnificent coat and riding suit which he had on when Marguerite last saw him at Richmond, so many hours ago. As usual, his get-up was absolutely irreproachable, the fine Mechlin lace at his neck and wrists was immaculate in its gossamer daintiness, his hands looked slender and white, his fair hair was carefully brushed, and he carried his eyeglass with his usual affected gesture. In fact, at this moment, Sir Percy Blakeney, Bart, might have been on his way to a garden-party at the Prince of Wales,' instead of deliberately cold-bloodedly running his head in a trap, set for him by his deadliest enemy.

He stood for a moment in the middle of the room, whilst Marguerite, absolutely paralyzed with horror, seemed unable to breathe.

Every moment she expected that Chauvelin would give a signal, that the place would fill with soldiers, that she would rush down and help Percy to sell his life dearly. As he stood there, suavely unconscious, she very nearly screamed out to him,—

"Fly, Percy!—'tis your deadly enemy!—fly before it be too late!"

But she had not time even to do that, for the next moment Blakeney quietly walked to the table, and, jovially clapping the cure on the back; said in his own drawly, affected way,—

"Odds fish! . .er . . M. Chauvelin. . I vow I never thought of meeting you here."

Chauvelin, who had been in the very act of conveying soup to his mouth fairly choked. His thin face became absolutely purple, and a violent fit of coughing saved this cunning representative of France from betraying the most boundless surprise he had ever experienced. There was no doubt that this bold move on the part of the enemy had been wholly unexpected, as far as he was concerned: and the daring impudence of it completely nonplussed him for the moment.

Obviously he had not taken the precaution of having the inn surrounded by soldiers. Blakeney had evidently guessed that much, and no doubt his resourceful brain had already formed some plan by which he could turn this unexpected interview to account.

Marguerite up in the loft had not moved. She had made a solemn promise to Sir Andrew not to speak to her husband before strangers, and she had sufficient self-control not to throw herself unreasonably and impulsively across this plans. To sit still and watch these two men together was a terrible trial of fortitude. Marguerite had heard Chauvelin give the orders for the patrolling of all the roads. She knew that if Percy now left the "Chat Gris"—in whichever direction he happened to go—he could not go far without being sighted by some of Captain Jutley's men on patrol. On the other hand, if he stayed, then Desgas would have time to come back with the half-dozen men Chauvelin had specially ordered.

The trap was closing in, and Marguerite could do nothing but watch and wonder. The two men looked such a strange contrast, and of the two it was Chauvelin who exhibited a slight touch of fear. Marguerite knew him well enough to guess what was passing in his mind. He had no fear for his own person, although he certainly.

(To be continued.)

Yesterday was observed as the annual rally day in the Queen square Methodist church Sunday school. There was a very large attendance of scholars and their friends. A fine programme of special music was given by the school. There was an orchestra present under the leadership of R. H. Robb. The singing was led by J. F. Bullock. During the afternoon the superintendent, R. D. Smith, addressed the scholars.

Toronto, Oct. 7—A robbery of jewelry is reported at the King Edward hotel. Thieves entered the room of Mrs. Duer, a guest, and cleaned out diamonds and other valuables. Rumor gives the value at $3,000, but the hotel people say it is much less than that.

ORDER MORE SOUNDINGS TAKEN

After hearing the mayor and H. B. Schofield report on their recent visit to Ottawa, the common council decided Saturday afternoon that Diretcor Cushing and the harbor master should personally take soundings at the Sand Point berths, that the city dredge should be put to work continuously during daylight and that the board of works should test a digging machine offered by J. S. Gibbon, which it was stated was capable of removing 200 yards a day. No decision with regard to obtaining a second dredge was arrived at, but an offer from Hon. C. H. Hyman to send an expert to inspect the Bothfield or any other dredge the city might have in view was accepted. It was further decided to call the attention of the minister of railways to the want of water at the government piers. The mayor presided, and Ald., Tilley, Lantalum, Sproul, Pickett, Baxter, Rowan, Christie, Lewis, Vanwart, McGoldrick and Bullock were present, with the recorder, director of the board of works, harbor master and common clerk. H. B. Schofield and W. Frank Hatheway also attended, representing the special committee of the board of trade.

Ald. Baxter drew the committee's attention to an editorial in Saturday's Evening Times, referring to Director Cushing's statement, as reported in The Telegraph, that the city dredge could complete the work at Sand Point, that Nos. 2 and 3 berths were now practically ready, that there was still some work to be done on No. 4, and that No. 1 berth would then be attended to, and further that it was not even necessary to operate the dredge day and night.

In reply to a question by the alderman as to whether he had been correctly reported, the director replied that he did not see anything wrong with the report. It was not the first time he had made such a statement. Answering further questions, Mr. Cushing said he estimated there remained about 3,500 or 4,000 yards to be removed from berths 2, 3 and 4, of which 1,000 yards was between Nos. 2 and 3. The dredge was removing on an average 200 yards a day, and digging to a width of seventy feet from the wharf. There was rock in the form of boulders at the head of No. 3 berth, but only one stone had been found too large for the dredge to raise with safety, and it would have to be blasted. He had soundings taken on Oct. 1, and purposed having more taken in the course of a day or two.

Ald. Pickett—"Did you personally superintend taking the soundings?"

The director—"No."

Ald. Pickett—"Have you satisfied yourself as to their correctness?"

The director—"I have."

Ald. Pickett—"Did you test them yourself"

The director—"No, but I have first class men engaged on this work."

The mayor—"In view of the director's statements it does seem that it is hardly necessary for the city to worry very much about another dredge. I suggest to Ald. McGoldrick that it might be well if the engineer of the C. P. R. were asked to verify the soundings.

The director, in reply to the mayor, said he thought it was a first class idea for the C. P. R. officials to take independent soundings so that they could satisfy themselves.

Some discussion followed on the question of putting the city dredge to work night and day. The director stated that he had not a sufficient staff to do satisfactory work at night.

Ald. Baxter then moved that the committee recommend that the director should personally supervise soundings being taken at berths 1, 2, 3 and 4, that the board of works should be authorized to make temporary arrangements with Mr. Gibbon to experiment with his dredge and that Mr. Hyman should be at once requested to send an expert to inspect the Bothfield.

The director—"When do you want the soundings taken?"

The mayor—"They should be taken at once."

The director—"I understand you want me to go out in the boat myself, and I am quite willing to do anything the council says, but it will be no additional guarantee of the correctness of the readings. I have always employed first class men on the work and their statements have not been proved incorrect. If you want me to go, however, well and good. This work was always done by the city engineer, then it was given to the harbor master and now to the director. I only call attention to this. I do not object."

Ald. Baxter—"The public will be better satisfied if you are there. You need not atcually heave the lead. If the harbor master were there, too, it would be all the better."

The recommendation was carried.

Ald. Pickett called attention to the want of proper depth of water at the ballast wharf and the I. C. R. piers and moved that the attention of the minister of railways be called to the matter. The recommendation was carried.

Ald. Vanwart moved that the city dredge should be placed continuously at work during day light.

This recommendation was also carried.

The committee then rose and sitting as the common council received the several recommendations. They were carried unanimously and the meeting adjourned.

Sunday School Anniversary

The forty-seventh anniversary of the Sunday school of Exmouth street Methodist church was celebrated yesterday by a very large gathering. In the afternoon a rally day service was held. The attendance was 457, and the collection amounted to $11.22, while the infant class contributed $1.60. The scholars sang several selections and in other ways kept the day.

The evening service was very largely attended, and was in charge of the school. A large choir, made up of the Sunday school members, sang in good voice, while addresses from the pastor, Rev. Samuel Howard, and others brought the celebration to a close.

The report of the Sunday school for the past year showed that the enrollment of the main school—that section which meets in Exmouth street church—was thirty-six officers and teachers, eighty-eight scholars in the primary department, and 243 scholars in the intermediate and adult classes, a total of 367, the average attendance being 225.

In Glad Tidings hall branch there are ten officers and teachers, sixty scholars in the primary department and sixty in the intermediate and adult classes, a total of 130, wih an average attendance of eighty-five.

The home department comprises seventy-three members, and the average number who study the lesson each sunday is forty-one. This average is arrived at by each member marking his envelope when the lesson has been studied, and these envelopes are collected by the visitors of the department each quarter and handed to the home department superintendent.

The cradle roll has a membership of forty-six, making a total enrollment of 616, with an average attendance, not including the cradle roll, of 351.

The receipts and expenditures for the year were:—

Cash on hand at beginning of year..	$ 70.73
Contributed by main school..	319.59
Contributed by Glad Tidings hall..	75.00
Contributed by home department ..	21.18
Proceeds of three entertainments..	105.90
Total....	$592.40

Of this amount $58.60 was given on Christmas Sunday for the Sunday school relief fund, $81.31 was contributed to missions, $105.90 was paid over to the committee in charge of the Warn property, and $255.72 was used for Sunday school supplies, etc.; leaving a balance of $90.87.

The library contains 327 Bibles and testaments, 149 hymnals, and 582 books for circulation among the members of the school.

Superintendent J. A. Adams, in his report, also said that the Warn property was purchased by the school two years ago and, after making considerable repairs, the debt had been reduced about $400.

RECENT DEATHS

The death of Rebecca, wife of Samuel Robertson, occurred in this city Saturday. Deceased was in the 67th year of her age and leaves her husband, two sons and one daughter to mourn their loss. The sons are James, of Brooklyn (N. Y.), and John, of Spencer (Mass.), and the daughter, Mrs. Jennie Carr of this city. The funeral will take place this afternoon from her daughter's residence, 91 Hawthorne avenue.

Frank L. Simpson died on September 23 at Deer Island, Charlotte county. Deceased was 36 years of age.

On Saturday, Charles A. Coster, bookkeeper with T. McAvity & Sons, received word from Westfield (Mass.) that his brother, Frederick, had died of typhoid fever in the hospital there. The news of the death of Mr. Coster was a shock to his relatives here. The first intimation they had of his sickness was a telegram Friday evening. Mr. Coster was a son of George Coster, formerly of this city, but now resident in New York. J. Arthur Coster, with Macaulay Bros. & Co., is another brother, and there is a third, George Coster, resident in New York. The deceased was forty-four years of age and had been living in the States for some years. He was married and leaves four children, besides his wife. Burial took place in Westfield yesterday. Many in this city will have kindly remembrance of Mr. Coster who, while living in St. John, was a very popular man.

Shediac, N. B., Oct. 6—Many friends of Mrs. A. M. Bourgeois will be painfuly shocked to read of her death, which occurred at an early hour this morning. The deceased, who was a daughter of the late W. B. Deacon, of this town, was favorably known to many people throughout the province and had a wide circle of friends who will be deeply grieved to learn that she has passed away.

Mrs. Bourgeois was the widow of Dr. P Bourgeois, who practiced here at one time, but who predeceased her by eighteen years. For some years the deceased has had charge of the drug business owned by her late father.

The bereaved family consists of her mother, two sisters, Miss Lottie, at home, and Mrs. G. M. Blakney, of Cambridge (Mass.), and one brother, C. B. Deacon, of Winnipeg.

MONTREAL, Oct. 8. — Henri Beaugrand, former mayor of Montreal, a former editor and proprietor of La Patrie, and a well known Canadian literature writer, died at his home here last night. He had been in ill health for some years. A sensation was caused a few months ago by the news that he had become reconciled to the Roman Catholic church after having for many years been widely known as a free thinker.

The Holy Name Society

The monthly meetings of the Holy Name Society of the Cathedral parish were resumed last evening after having been discontinued for the summer months. Several hundred members gathered in the cathedral, where the usual service was conducted by the chaplain, Rev. A. W. Meahan. A very able and instructive address was given by Father Meahan.

Just before the meetings were stopped—early in the year—Father Meahan had entered upon a series of addresses on the history of the church. He resumed this theme last evening and dealt with the period embracing the time of Nero and the first four Popes. The persecution of the early Christians, their fortitude and faith under the greatest sufferings were dwelt upon and dealt with by the speaker in a manner which engaged the deepest attention of his hearers.

The meetings will be held monthly during the winter and Father Meahan will continue his interesting talk on this important subject.

It is announced that Policemen Sullivan and Perry have decided to enter an action against William Pyne in connection with the recent charges brought against them. They will act together in the matter.

While going down Princess street hill to the ferry yesterday afternoon Mrs. J. B. Thompson fell and sustained a severe injury to her ankle. She was assisted to Hawker's Drug store and later removed to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Campbell have returned to their home in Calais after spending a few days in St. John the past week.

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FUNERALS YESTERDAY

Last Sad Rites Extended to Several Well Known Citizens.

A very large cortege followed the body of Conductor Melbourne Burgess to its last resting place in Fernhill cemetery yesterday afternoon. The funeral was held under the auspices of the Order of Railway Conductors. At 2.30 o'clock Rev. A. J. Prosser conducter the services at the residence of the deceased, 120 Waterloo street.

In the procession the following orders marched in a body: Order of Railway Telegraphers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and the Order of Railway Conductors.

At the grave services of the Order of Conductors were read by Conductor John Wade.

Members of Bartlett division, No. 214, of Moncton, and members of B. L. F. lodge, No. 162, of Moncton, attended the funeral.

Many magnificent flowers were sent, prominent amog them being a floral wheel sent by the C. P. R. conductors.

A large number of citizens attended the funeral of the late Andrew Hunter, yesterday afternoon, from his late residence No. 9 Castle street. Citizens of every walk in life were present in the cortege, as the deceased was widely known in St. John. Rev. W. O. Raymond conducted the funeral service and interment was made in Fernhill cemetery. The pallbearers were: Robert Maxwell, J. McKim, John O'Regan, R. J. Wilkins, R. J. Cochran, and Henry Dolan.

The late Mrs. Daniel McDonald was laid to rest at the new Catholic cemetery, yesterday afternoon. The funeral left the home of deceased, 65 Erin street, at 2.30 o'clock, and a very lengthy procession followed the body to the Cathedral, were Father A. W. Meahan officiated at the burial services.

Yesterday morning, at 10 o'clock, the funeral of Mrs. Joseph Stackhouse took place from her late residence, Chesley street. Rev. P. J. Stackhouse conducted the burial service and interment was made at Loch Lomond.

Mrs. Fred T. Eldridge, of Eastport, who has been visiting her sister, Miss M. Curran, of this city, has returned home.

A. J. GORHAM'S BODY FOUND

Moncton, Oct. 7—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of A. J. Gorham has been solved by the finding of the body of the missing man in the Petitcodiac river this afternoon, about eight miles above Moncton. About 4 o'clock a young man named George Hoar, son of William Hoar, who was at Manzel Steeves', went down on the marsh for the cows. It was high water, and he saw a body floating in the river face down. He sent word for assistance, and Stewart Steeves soon arrived and after following the body down river for a mile, the high wind drove it ashore and it was secured. The body was brought by Steeves to the city about 9 o'clock tonight and taken to Undertaker Tuttle's rooms, where it was positively identified by friends.

The clothing was weighted with twenty-five or thirty pounds of mud, showing the body had been buried and had probably been washed up by the heavy tide running today.

Articles found in the pockets were identified. The collar, which was fastened in front on one side only, as the boys described the body seen floating in the river the day Gorham disappeared, bore the initials A. G. A pair of scissors, a memo. book, etc., were taken from the pockets. The gold watch deceased carried was missing, the chain having apparently been broken. Part of the chain, with charm attached to the vest, was recognized as the property of the missing man. The body was considerably swollen and the features were unrecognizable, but the size corresponded with Gorham's. A bruise was found over the left eye, bearing out the theory that as deceased fell over the wharf he struck head foremost on the rocks twenty feet below.

Chatham, N. B., Oct. 7.—It is reported that a fourteen year old son of Richard Alridge, of Doaktown, was fatally shot yesterday. He was out hunting and when climbing a fence his gun went off, the shot entering his stomach and he died in a few hours.

Rev. David Long, pastor of Victoria street United Baptist church, has decided to remain, for some time at least. This announcement was made to his congregation last night at the evening service. He said that in view of the unanimous feeling of the congregation that he should remain with them, he had felt that he should stay, for a time at least.