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THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

"All right again this time. Ffoulkes?"

asked Lord Antony at last.

Sir Andrew had been dreaming evidently gazing into the fire, and seeing therein, no doubt, a pretty, piquant face, with large brown eyes and a wealth of dark curls round a childish forehead.

"Yes!" he said, still musing, "all right!"

"No hitch?"

"None."

Lord Antony laughed pleasantly as he poured himself out another glass of wine.

"I need not ask, I suppose, whether you found the journey pleasant this time?"

"No, friend, you need not ask," replied Sir Andrew gaily. "It was all right."

"Then here's to her very good health," said jovial Lord Tony. "She's a bonnie lass, though she is a French one. And here's to your courtship—may it flourish and prosper exceedingly."

He drained his glass to the last drop, then joined his friend beside the hearth.

"Well, you'll be doing the journey next, Tony, I expect," said Sir Andrew, rousing himself from his meditations, "you and Hastings, certainly; and I hope you may have as pleasant a task as I had, and as charming a travelling companion."

You have no idea, Tony . . .

"No! I haven't," interrupted his friend pleasantly, "but I'll take your word for it. And now," he added, whilst a sudden earnestness crept over his jovial young face, "how about business?"

The two young men drew their chairs closer together, and instinctively, though they were alone, their voices sank to a whisper.

"I saw the Scarlet Pimpernel alone, for a few moments in Calais," said Sir Andrew, "a day or two ago. He crossed over to England two days before we did. He had escorted the party all the way from Paris, dressed—you'll never credit it!—as an old market woman, and driving—"

until they were safely out of the city—"

the covered cart, under which the Comtesse de Tournay, Mlle. Suzanne, and the Vicomte lay concealed among the turnips and cabbages. They, themselves, of course, never suspected who the driver was. He drove them right through a line of soldiery and a yelling mob, who were screaming, 'A bas les aristos!' But the market cart, got through along with some others, and the Scarlet Pimpernel, in show, petticoat and hood, yelled 'A bas les aristos!' louder than anybody. Faith!" added the young man as his eyes glowed with enthusiasm for the beloved leader, "that man's a marvel! His cheek is preposterous, I vow!—and that's what carries him through."

Lord Antony, whose vocabulary was more limited than that of his friend, could only find an oath or two with which to show his admiration for his leader.

"He wants you and Hastings to meet him at Calais," said Sir Andrew, more quietly, "on the 2nd of next month. Let me see that that will be next Wednesday."

"Yes."

"It is, of course, the case of the Comte de Tournay, this time; a dangerous task, for the Comte, whose escape from his chateau, after he had been declared a 'suspect' by the Committee of Public Safety, was a masterpiece of the Scarlet Pimpernel's ingenuity, is now under sentence of death. It will be rare sport to get him out of France, and you will have a narrow escape, if you get through at all. St. Just has actually gone to meet him—of course, no one suspects St. Just as yet; but after that . . . to get them both out of the country! Faith, 'twill be a tough job, and tax even the ingenuity of our chief—I hope I may yet have orders to be of the party."

"Have you any special instructions for me?"

"Yes! rather more precise ones than usual. It appears that the Republican government have sent an accredited agent over to England, a man named Chauvelin, who is said to be a terribly 'biter' against our league, and determined to discover the identity of our leader, so that he may have him kidnapped, the next time he attempts to set foot in France. This Chauvelin has brought a whole army of spies with him, and until the chief has sampled the lot, he thinks we should meet as seldom as possible on the business of the league, and on no account should talk to each other in public places for a time. When he wants to speak to us, he will contrive to let us know."

The two young men were both bending over the fire, for the blaze had died down, and only a red glow from the dying embers cast a lurid light on a narrow semicircle in front of the hearth. The rest of the room lay buried in complete gloom; Sir Andrew had taken a pocket-book from his pocket, and drawn therefrom a paper, which he unfolded, and together they tried to read it by the dim red firelight. So intent were they upon this, so wrapt up in the cause, the business they had so much at heart, so precious was this document which came from the very hand of their adored leader, that they had eyes and ears only for that. They lost count of the sounds around them, of the dropping of crisp ash from the grate, of the monotonous ticking of something on the floor beside them. A figure had emerged from under one of the benches; with snake-like, noiseless movements it crept closer and closer to the two young men, not breathing, only gliding along

the floor, in the inky blackness of the room.

"You are to read these instructions and commit them to memory," said Sir Andrew, "then destroy them."

He was about to replace the letter-case into his pocket, when a tiny slip of paper fluttered from it and fell on to the floor. Lord Antony stooped and picked it up.

"What's that?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Sir Andrew.

"It dropped out of your pocket just now. It certainly did not seem to be with the other paper."

"Strange!—I wonder when it got there? It is from the chief," he added, glancing at the paper.

Both stooped to try and decipher this last tiny scrap of paper on which a few words had been hastily scrawled, when suddenly a slight noise attracted their attention, which seemed to come from the passage beyond.

"What's that?" said both instinctively. Lord Antony crossed the room towards the door, which he threw open quickly and suddenly; at that very moment he received a stunning blow between the eyes, which threw him back violently into the room. Simultaneously the crouching, snake-like figure in the gloom had jumped up and hurled itself from behind upon the unsuspecting Sir Andrew, falling him to the ground.

All this occurred within the short space of two or three seconds, and before either Lord Antony or Sir Andrew had time or chance to utter a cry or to make the faintest struggle. They were each seized by two men, a muffled was quickly tied round the mouth of each, and they were pinioned to one another back to back, their arms, hands and legs securely fastened.

One man had in the meantime quietly shut the door; he wore a mask and now stood motionless while the others completed their work.

"All safe, citizen!" said one of the men, as he took a final survey of the bonds which secured the two young men.

"Good!" replied the man at the door; "now search their pockets and give me all the papers you find."

This was promptly and quietly done. The masked man having taken possession of all the papers, listened for a moment or two if there were any sounds within "The Fisherman's Rest." Evidently satisfied that this dastardly outrage had remained unheard, he once more opened the door and pointed precipitously down the passage. The four men lifted Sir Andrew and Lord Antony from the ground, and as quietly, as noiselessly as they had come, they bore the two pinioned young galleys out of the inn and along the Dover Road into the gloom beyond.

In the coffee-room the masked leader of this daring attempt was quickly glancing through the stolen papers.

"Not a bad day's work on the whole," he muttered, as he quietly took off his mask, and his pale, fox-like eyes glittered in the red glow of the fire. "Not a bad day's work."

He opened one or two more letters from Sir Andrew Ffoulkes' pocket-book, noted the tiny scrap of paper which the two young men had only just had time to read; but one letter specially, signed Armand St. Just, seemed to give him strange satisfaction.

"Armand St. Just, a traitor after all," he murmured. "Now, fair Marguerite Blakeney," he added viciously between his clenched teeth, "I think that you will help me to find the Scarlet Pimpernel."

CHAPTER X. IN THE OPERA BOX.

It was one of the gala nights at Covent Garden Theatre, the first of the autumn season in this memorable year of grace 1792.

The house was packed, both in the smart orchestra boxes and the pit, as well as in the more plebeian balconies and galleries above. Gluck's Orpheus made a strong appeal to the more intellectual portions of the house, whilst the fashionable women, the gaily-dressed and brilliant throng, spoke to the eye of those who cared but little for this latest importation from Germany.

Selina Stora had been duly applauded after her grand aria by her numerous admirers; Benjamin Ingleton, the acknowledged favorite of the ladies, had received special gracious recognition from the royal box; and now the curtain came down after the glorious finale to the second act, and the audience, which had hung spell-bound on the magic strains of the great maestro, seemed collectively to breathe a long sigh of satisfaction, previous to letting loose its hundreds of wagging and frivolous tongues.

In the smart orchestra boxes many well known faces were to be seen. Mr. Pitt, overweighted with cares of state, was finding brief relaxation in tonight's musical treat; the Prince of Wales, jovial, rosy, somewhat coarse and commonplace in appearance, moved about from box to box, spending brief quarters of an hour with those of his more intimate friends.

In Lord Grenville's box, too, a curious interesting personality attracted everyone's attention; a thin, small figure with shrewd, sarcastic face and deep-set eyes, attentive to the music, keenly critical of the audience, dressed in immaculate black, with dark hair free from any powder. Lord Grenville—Foreign Secretary of State—paid him marked attention, though with frigid deference.

Here and there, dotted about among distinctly English types of beauty, one or two foreign faces stood out in marked contrast: the haughty aristocratic cast of countenance of the many French Royalist emigres who, persecuted by the relentless, revolutionary faction of their country, had found a peaceful refuge in England. On these faces sorrow and care were deeply writ; the women especially paid but little heed, either to the music or to the brilliant audience; no doubt their thoughts were far away with husband, brother, son, may be, still in peril, or lately succumbed to a cruel fate.

Among these the Comtesse de Tournay

de Basserville, but lately arrived from France, was a most conspicuous figure: dressed in deep, heavy black silk, with only a white lace kerchief to relieve the aspect of mourning about her person, she sat beside Lady Portables, who was vainly trying by witty sallies and somewhat broad jokes, to bring a smile to the Comtesse's sad mouth. Behind her sat little Suzanne and the Vicomte, both silent and somewhat shy among so many strangers. Suzanne's eyes seemed restless; when she first entered the crowded house, she had looked eagerly all round, scanned every face, scrutinised every box. Evidently the only face she wished to see was not there, for she settled herself down quietly behind her mother, listening apathetically to the music, and took no further interest in the audience itself.

"Ah, Lord Grenville said Lady Portables, as following a discreet knock, the clever, interesting head of the secretary of state appeared in the doorway of the box. "You could not arrive more a propos. Here is Madame la Comtesse de Tournay positively dying to hear the latest news from France."

The distinguished diplomatist had come forward and was shaking hands with the ladies.

"Alas!" he said sadly, "it is of the very worst. The massacres continue; Paris literally reeks with blood; and the guillotine claims a hundred victims a day."

Pale and fearful, the Comtesse was leaning back in her chair, listening horror-struck to this brief and graphic account of what went on in her own misguided country.

"Ah, Monsieur!" she said in broken English, "it is dreadful to hear all that—and my poor husband still in that perilous position. It is terrible for me to be sitting here, in a theatre, all safe and in peace, whilst he is in such peril."

"Lad, Madame!" said honest, bluff Lady Portables, "your sitting in a convent won't make your husband safe, and you have your children to consider; they are too young to be doted with anxiety and premature mourning."

The Comtesse smiled through her tears at the vehemence of her friend. Lady Portables, whose voice and manner would not have misfitted a jockey, had a heart of gold, and hid the most genuine sympathy and most gentle kindness, beneath the somewhat coarse manners affected by some ladies at that time.

"Besides which, Madame," added Lord Grenville, "did you not tell me yesterday that the League of the Scarlet Pimpernel had pledged their honor to bring Mr. le Comte safely across the Channel?"

"Ah, yes!" replied the Comtesse, "and that is my only hope. I saw Lord Hastings yesterday . . . he reassured me again."

(To be continued.)

METHODIST CONFERENCE

Committee Reports Favorably on Scheme to Bring all Protestant Bodies into Church Union.

Montreal, Sept. 13.—The subject of church union, upon which the most important work of the Methodist General Conference will hinge, came before today's session when the report of the special committee was submitted by Rev. J. W. Colley of Gimby (Ont.). While the time was not ripe for discussion or action on the part of the conference the report was read in order to place the delegates in a better position to discuss the findings of the committee, when the report will come up for final decision. The committee stated briefly that it approved most heartily of the action of the joint committee on church union in extending to the Church of England and to the Baptist church an invitation to proceed in the further consideration of the project of union, and authorized it to take part in the further work of the committee in the event of a favorable reply being received from either denomination.

It further recommended that a day in November be appointed for divine direction in the matter, and that the committee be directed to prepare immediately at the close of the joint committee's meeting in December a full statement of the work completed, with a view of laying it in print form before the various organizations of the church.

The attendance at today's sitting showed an increase of about fifty delegates, close on to 300 now having registered. The work of the one sitting, that in the afternoon, was again, concerned mainly with the preliminary steps necessary to the initiating of the coming legislation.

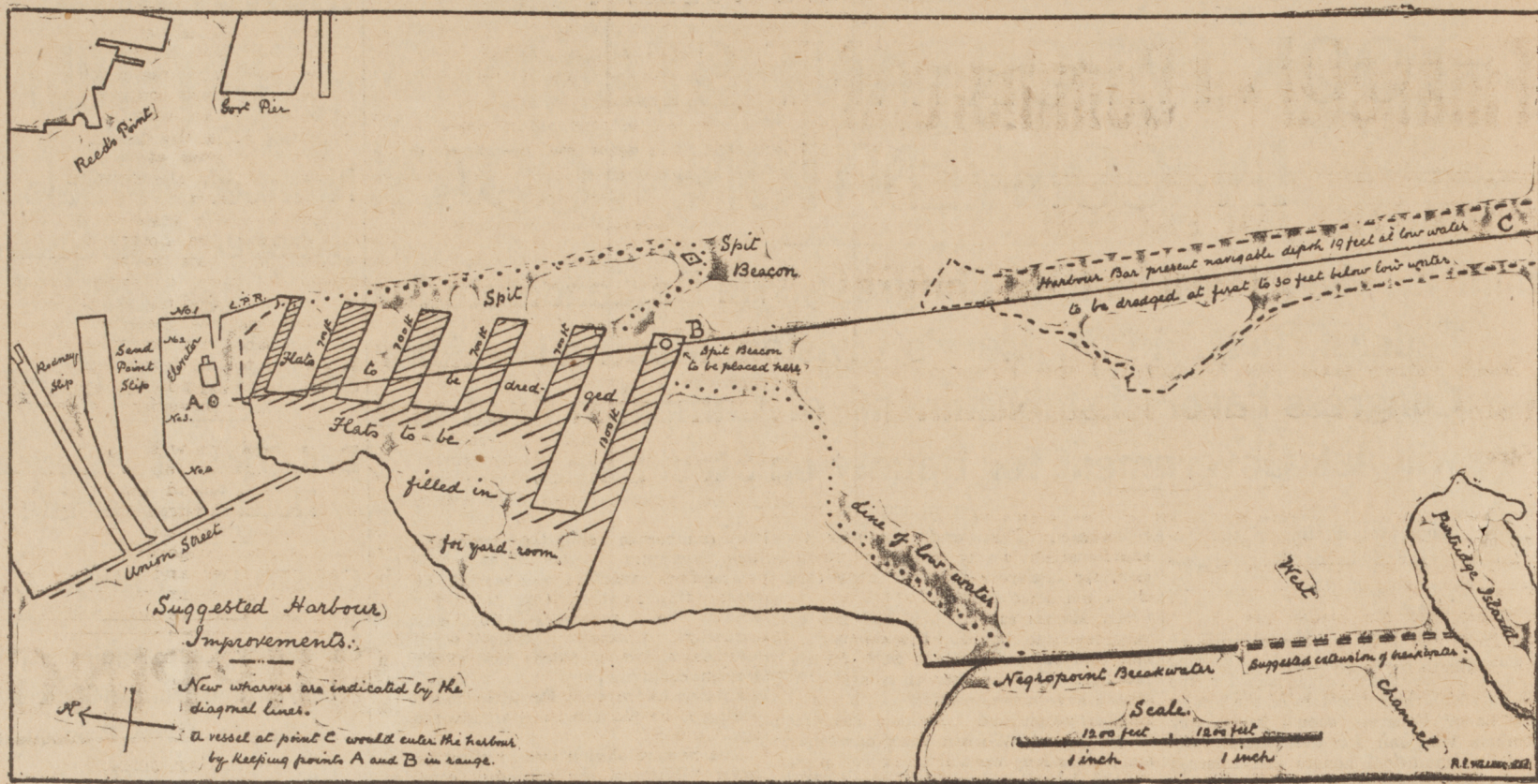
Memorials from all parts of the dominion were briefly presented to the conference and on motion by the secretary referred to special and standing committees of the house. This with the reading of the minutes of various committees, reviewing their work accomplished in the preceding four years occupied the greater portion of the three hours' sitting.

In the morning the delegates divided up into groups to consider, in committee, the matters that will come up before the conference in the reports from these bodies.

The otherwise placid surface of the afternoon's proceedings was rippled by some breezy remarks by Joseph Gibson, of Ingersoll (Ont.). When reference was made to the preachers for Sunday services during the conference, Mr. Gibson remarked that while he was always hearing statements to the effect that the church was sadly in need of men to carry on its work here in the list of delegates who were to preach next Sunday, there was not a single layman.

"I could put a dozen laymen up against a dozen preachers, any day," said Mr. Gibson. "Some preachers can preach, and some—well, some can talk."

Rev. Dr. Young, replying, stated that the laymen had not been intentionally overlooked and as there was still some pulpits to be filled on the second Sunday, in all probability the laymen would be given a chance.



"Oh, I wasn't paving the way for myself," rejoined the delegate from Ingersoll, "fill up the pulpits with the balance of your men, and finish the job you have started."

Mr. Gibson sat down amid laughter and applause.

The reception of a delegation from the woman's missionary society and an address by the president, Mrs. W. E. Ross, formed the special event on the programme for the afternoon. Mrs. Ross spoke of the work that her society had accomplished and her remarks were punctuated by frequent applause. The woman's missionary society, Mrs. Ross pointed out, has now on its membership roll nearly 40,000 members, its property in the year since the last conference had increased by \$37,000 and its income by \$77,000. This year it was celebrating its silver anniversary and the results of the work it had accomplished was ample evidence of the value of the society to the church, and of its prospects for future usefulness.

NEW TARIFF FOR CANADA

Amendments Will Make Great Change in Old Schedules—Will be Three Different Lists

Ottawa, Sept. 16.—Orders have been given to the statistical branch of the customs department to work at night so as to have the trade and navigation returns ready by November. The intention of the government is to have the tariff schedules ready to be presented to parliament when the house meets either on November 8 or November 15. If at all possible the earlier date will be selected, but the summoning of the house will not be later than the 15th unless something unforeseen occurs.

Very good progress is being made with the tariff revision by the commission. There will be practically a new tariff as provision is made for a maximum, a minimum and preferential list. This will give a three column list instead of one as at present.

The 1-3 flat preference, which is now extended to Britain and certain other countries, whose tariffs are as favorable to Canada as Canada's is to them, will be changed so that some items may have a higher preferential rate and some a lower.

In this way the objects of the preference can be still further perfected by maintaining and directing Canadian trade between Britain and such countries as extend tariff favors to us, and keeping a stiff tariff barriers against those countries that place tariff barriers against the dominion.

The new tariff will be framed in the interests of Canada, and such a tariff must necessarily continue to give a substantial preference, as at present, to the motherland, who threw her doors wide open to Canadian trade.

The increase of Canada's trade dates from the preference, and that feature of the tariff will not be impaired but strengthened.

OBITUARY

Miss Duval

Miss Duval, second daughter of the late Edmund Hillyer Duval, died yesterday.

Her father came out from England to assume charge of the Normal School in St. John soon after the inception of the free school law, and was subsequently engaged as school inspector, thus becoming widely known throughout the province.

A great many of the elder business and professional men in St. John went to school with Mr. Duval. His daughter was almost as well known to those of the present generation, formerly as a school teacher, and latterly as an active worker in many benevolent and philanthropic undertakings. She died at the residence of her brother-in-law, W. F. Burditt, at Crouville, with whom she had resided for a number of years. She is survived by two sisters and a brother—Mrs. M. Duval Allen, at present residing in Paris, France; Mrs. W. F. Burditt, and E. H. Duval, Quebec.

During several years past, Miss Duval conducted Sunday school class in the Alms House and visited the institution every Sunday afternoon. Those who make their homes there had become very much attached to her and news of her death affected them very much. Many requested permission yesterday to call at the house and to attend the funeral.

Mrs. D. J. Danaher and two children, who have been visiting friends in this city, have left for their home in New York.

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