# THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued).

"Ah! my dear lady, pardon me, but that is just what we cannot very well do,' said Chauvelin, whilst once again his eyes, keen as those of a fox on the alert, darted a quick glance at Marguerite. "I have a most perfect prescription against the worst form of ennui, which I would have been happy to submit to you, but—"

"But what?"

"There is Sir Percy."

"What has he to do with it?"

"Quite a good deal, I am afraid. The prescription I would offer, fair lady, is called by a very plebeian name: Work!"

"Work?"

Chauvelin looked at Marguerite long and scrutinisingly. It seemed as if those keen, pale eyes of his were reading every one of her thoughts. They were alone together; the evening air was quite still, and their soft whispers were drowned in the noise that came from the coffee-room. Still, Chauvelin took a step or two from under the porch, looked quickly and keenly all about him, then, seeing that indeed no one was within earshot, he once more came back close to Marguerite.

"Will you render France a small service, citoyenne?" he asked, with a sudden change of manner, which lent his thin, fox-like face singular earnestness.

"La, man!" she replied flippantly, "how serious you look all of a sudden. . .Indeed I do not know if I would render France a small service—at anyrate, it depends upon the kind of service she—or you—want."

"Have you ever heard of the Scarlet Pimpernel, Citoyenne St Just?" asked Chauvelin, abruptly.

"Heard of the Scarlet Pimpernel?" she retorted with a long and merry laugh, "Faith, man! we talk of nothing else.. . . We have hats 'a la Scarlet Pimpernel'; our horses are called 'Scarlet Pimpernel'; at the Prince of Wales' supper party the other night we had a 'souffle a la Scarlet Pimpernel' . . .Lud!" she added gaily, "the other day I ordered at my milliner's a blue dress trimmed with green, and, bless me, if she did not call that 'a la Scarlet Pimpernel.' "

Chauvelin had not moved while she prattled merrily along; he did not even attempt to stop her when her musical ing through the still evening air. But he ing through the still evenng air. But he remained serious and earnest, whilst she laughed, and his voice, clear, incisive, and hard, was not raised above his breath as he said,—

"Then, as you have heard of that enigmatical personage, citoyenne, you must also have guessed, and known, that the man who hides his identity under that strange pseudonym, is the most bitter enemy of our republic, of France. of men like Armand St Just."

"La! . . " she said, with a quaint little sigh, "I dare swear he is . . .France has many bitter enemies these days."

"But you, citoyenne, are a daughter of France, and should be ready to help her in a moment of deadly peril."

"My brother Armand devotes his life to France," she retorted proudly; "as for me, I can do nothing.. . here in England. . ."

"Yes, you. . " he urged still more earnestly, whilst his thin fox-like face seemed, suddenly to have grown impressive and full of dignity, "here in England, citoyenne' ' you alone can help us . . .Listen!—I have been sent over here by the Republican Government as its representative: I present my credentials to Mr. Pitt in London tomorrow. One of my duties here is to find out all abut this League of the Scarlet Pimpernel, which has become a standing menace to France, since it is pledged to help our cursed aristocrats—traitors to their country, and enemies of the people—to escape from the just punishment which they deserve. You know as well as I do, citoyenne, that once they are over here, those French emigres try to rouse public feeling against the Republic. . . They are ready to join issue with any enemy bold enough to attack France. . . Now, within the last month, scores of these emigres, some only suspected of treason, others actually condemned by the Tribunal of Public Safety, have succeeded in crossing the Channel. Their escape in each instance was planned, organised and effected by this society of young English jackanapes, headed by a man whose brain seems as resourceful as his identity is mysterious. All the most strenuous efforts on the part of my spies have failed to discover who he is; whilst the others are the hands, he is the head, who, beneath this strange anonymity calmly works at the destruction of France. I mean to strike at that head, and for this I want your help—through him afterwards I can reach the rest of the gang; he is a young buck in English society, of that I feel sure. Find that man for me, citoyenne!" he urged, "find him for France!"

Marguerite had listened to Chauvelin's impassioned speech without uttering a word, scarce making a movement, hardly daring to breathe. She had told him before, that this mysterious hero of romance was the talk of the smart set to which she belonged; already, before this, her heart and her imagination had been stirred by the thought of the brave man, who, unknown to fame, had rescued hundreds of lives from a terrible, often an unmerciful fate. She had but little real sympathy with those haughty French aristocrats, insolent in their pride of caste, of whom the Comtesse de Tournay de Basserive was so typical an example; but republican and liberal-minded though she was from principle, she hated and loathed the methods which the young Republic had chosen for establishing itself. She had not been in Paris for some months; the horrors and bloodshed of the Reign of Terror, culminating in the September massacres, had only come across the channel to her as a faint echo. Robespierre, Danton, Marat, she had not known in their new guise of bloody justiciaries, merciless wielders of the guillotine. Her very soul recoiled in horror from these excesses, to which she feared her brother Armand—moderate republican as he was—might become one day the holocaust.

Then, when first she heard of this band of young English enthusiasts, who for sheer love of their fellowmen, dragged women and children, old and young men, from a horrible death, her heart had glowed with pride for them, and now, as Chauvelin spoke, her very soul went out to the gallant and mysteries leader of the reckless little band, who risked his life daily, who gave it freely and without ostentation, for the sake of humanity.

Her eyes were moist when Chauvelin had finished speaking, the lace at her bosom rose and fell with her quick, excited breathing; she no longer heard the noise of drinking from the inn, she did not heed her husband's voice or his inane laugh, her thoughts had gone wandering in search of the mysterious hero! Ah! there was a man she might have loved, had he come her way; everything in him appealed to her romantic imagination; his personality, his strength, his bravery, the loyalty of those who served under him in the same noble cause, and, above all, that anonymity which crowned him, as if with a halo of romantic glory.

"Find him for France, citoyenne!"

Chauvelin's voice close to her ear roused her from her dreams. The mysterious hero had vanished, and, not twenty yards away from her, a man was drinking and laughing, to whom she had sworn faith and loyalty.

"La! man," she said with a return of her assumed flippancy, "you are astonishing. Where in the world am I to look for him?"

"You go everywhere, citoyenne," whispered Chauvelin, insinuatingly, "Lady Blakeney is the pivot of social London, so I am told . . you see everything, you hear everything."

"Easy, my friend," retorted Marguerite, drawing herself up to her full height and looking down, with a slight thought of contempt on the small, thin figure before her. "Easy! you seem to forget that there are six feet of Sir Percy Blakeney, and a long line of ancestors to stand between Lady Blakeney and such a thing as you propose."

"For the sake of France, citoyenne!" reiterated Chauvelin, earnestly.

"Tush, man, you talk nonsense anyway; for even if you did know who this Scarlet Pimpernel is, you could do nothing to him—an Englishman!"

"I'd take my chance of that," said Chauvelin, with a dry, rasping little laugh. "At any rate we could send him to the guillotine first to cool his ardour, then, when there is a diplomatic fuss about it, we can apologise—humbly — to the British government, and, if necessary, pay compensation to the bereaved family."

"What you propose is horrible, Chauvelin," she said, drawing away from him as from noisome insect. "Whoever the man may be, he is brave and noble, and never—do you hear me?—never would I lend a hand to such villainy."

"You prefer to be insulted by every French aristocrat who comes to this country?"

Chauvelin had taken sure aim when he shot this tiny shaft. Marguerite's fresh young cheeks became a thought more pale and she bit her under lip, for she would not let him see that the shaft had struck home.

"That is beside the question," she said at last with indifference. "I can defend myself, but I refuse to do any dirty work for you—or for France. You have other means at your disposal; you must use them, my friend."

And without another look at Chauvelin, Marguerite Blakeney turned her back on him and walked straight into the inn.

"That is not you last word, citoyenne," said Chauvelin, as a flood of light from the passage illuminated her elegant, richly-clad figure, "we meet in London, I hope!"

"We meet in London," she said, speaking over her shoulder at him, "but that is my last word."

She threw open the coffee-room door and disappeared from his view, but he remained under the porch for a moment or two, taking a pinch of snuff. He had received a rebuke and a snub, but his shrewd, fox-like face looked neither abashed nor disappointed; on the contrary, a curious smile, half sarcastic and wholly satisfied, played around the corners of his thin lips.

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Outrage.

A beautiful, starlit night had followed on the day of incessant rain: a cool, balmy, late summer's night, essentially English in its suggestion of moisture and scent of wet earth and ripping leaves.

The magnificent coach, drawn by four of the finest thoroughbreds in England, had driven off along the London road, with Sir Percy Blakeney on the box, holding the reins in his slender feminine hands, and beside him Lady Blakeney wraped in costly furs. A fifty-mile drive on a starlit summer's night! Marguerite had hailed the notion of it with delight. . . . Sir Percy was an enthusiastic whip; his four thoroughbreds, which had been sent down to Dover a couple of days before, were sufficiently fresh and restive to add zest to the expedition, and Marguerite revelled in anticipation of the few hours of solitude, with the soft night breeze fanning her cheeks, her thoughts wandering, whither away? She knew from old experience that Sir Percy would speak little, if at all: he had often driven her on his beautiful coach for hours at night, from point to point, without making more than one or two casual remarks upon the weather or the state of the roads. He was very fond of driving by night, and she had very quickly adopted his fancy: as she sat next to him hour after hour, admiring the dexterous, certain way in which he handled the reins, she often wondered what went on in that slow-going head of his. He had never told her, and she had never cared to ask.

At "The Fishermen's Rest," Mr. Jellyband was going the round, putting out the lights. His bar customers had all gone, but up-stairs in the snug little bedrooms, Mr. Jellyband had quite a few important guests: the Comtesse de Tournay, with Suzanne, and the Vicomte, and there were more bedrooms ready for Sir Andrew Ffoulkes and Lord Antony Dewhurst, if the two young men should elect to honour the ancient hostelry and stay the night.

For the moment these two young gallants were comfortably installed in the coffee-room, before the huge log-fire, which, in spite of the mildness of the evening, had been allowed to burn merrily.

"I say, Jelly, has everybody gone?" asked Lord Tony, as the worthy landlord still busied himself clearing away glasses and mugs.

"Everyone, as you see, my lord."

"And all your servants gone to bed?"

"All except the boy on duty at the bar, and," added Mr. Jellyband with a laugh, "I expect he'll be asleep afore long, the rascal."

"Then we can talk here undisturbed for half an hour?"

"At your service, my lord. . .I'll leave your candles on the dresser. . .and your rooms are quite ready. . .I sleep at the top of the house myself, but if your lordship'll only call loudly enough, I daresay I shall hear."

"All right, Jelly . . .and . . .I say, put the lamp out—the fire'll give us all the light we need—and we don't want to attract the passer-by."

"All ri' my lord."

Mr. Jellyband did as he was bid—he turned out the quaint old lamp that hung from the raftered ceiling and blew out all the candles.

"Let's have a bottle of wine, Jelly" suggested Sir Andrew.

"All ri', sir!"

Jellyband went off to fetch the wine. The room now was quite dark, save for the circle of ruddy and fitful light formed by the brightly blazing logs in the hearth.

"Is that all, gentlemen?" asked Jellyband, as he returned with a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses, which he placed on the table.

"That'll do nicely, thanks, Jelly," said Lord Tony.

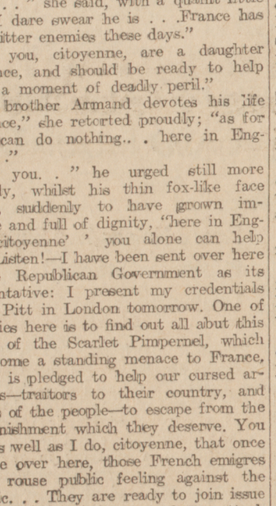
"Good night, my lord! Good-night, sir!"

"Good-night, Jelly!"

The two young men listened, whilst the heavy tread of Mr Jellyband was heard echoing along the passage and staircase. Presently even that sound died out, and the whole of "The Fishermen's Rest." seemed wrapt in sleep, save the two young men drinking in silence beside the hearth.

For a while no sound was heard, even in the coffee-room, save the ticking of the old grandfather's clock and the crackling of the burning wood.

(To be continued.)

**The Question of Absorption**

is a most important one for bakers, and one which should be seriously considered by all.

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## TRADES AND LABOR CONGRESS

### Year's Work in Quebec Reviewed---Large Number of Resolutions Submitted.

The address of President John E. Mee, of the Trades and Labor congress, which he delivered in English, at yesterday afternoon's session, was the first item of business on the programme. In the course of his remarks he expressed the hope that they would be the means of removing petty jealousies from among Canadian working men; and that they would be able to abolish the international organization as foreign. He said the object they sought to accomplish was the more equal distribution of the wealth they helped in creating, but with fairness to those by whom they were employed.

During the year there had been several new charters issued to unions. The president went on to speak of changes which he thought desirable in the constitution. Among others he thought the duties of the national officers ought to be better denned. He also spoke of the appointment of a permanent legislative committee to bring to the notice of the government matters of interest to the working men and women of Canada, also to interview candidates for political honors.

The president went on to urge the appointment of a provincial organizer, which office could be filled by the vice-president of each province who might appoint deputy organizers with the consent of the national president. The speaker concluded by strongly recommending the creation of a permanent organizing fund.

The president's address was referred to the proper committees, after which that official proceeded to name the committees for the session, as follows:

Bye-laws—McCready, Grenier, Monahan, Menard, Chalifoux.

Resolutions—J. P. Simard, Geo. Marois, J. Primeau, Hugh Beck, S. B. Bowman.

Ways and means—Ed. Barry, E. Tremblay, J. Desroches, J. Brown, F. Laroche.

Auditors—E. Chalifoux, E. Gauvreau, Ed. Pepin.

Addresses—L. C. D. Laroche, Arthur Letourneau, Francis Desbecquets, J. Ouimette, D. Verdun.

Thanks—Geo. Marois, C. Desroches and J. Leclerc.

The committee of resolutions announced that they had elected Hugh Beck president and J. Primeau, secretary. Twenty resolutions have been submitted to that body for their consideration and they will come up for discussion at the meeting today.

F. B. Bowman moved that the incoming executive of the congress be instructed to bring a complaint of the delegates to the notice of the department of railways. It appears that the delegates left Quebec on a special car which was supposed to be private. On the way down a stranger, they say, forced his presence upon them, announcing himself an employe of the road. The resolution protests that the department is employing alien labor as spotters on the line of the Intercolonial.

The motion was seconded by Hugh Beck and carried unanimously.

Delegate Brown, of this city, announced that the painters' and sheet metal workers' unions had invited the members of the congress to a buckboard drive about the city on Friday afternoon, by which time it is hoped all the business will be transacted. The invitation was accepted with thanks.

The report of the Quebec executive was then submitted to the meeting and referred to the proper committee. After speaking of the pleasure which they felt in meeting in St. John the report went on to express the hope that their deliberations would help to further cement the friendship already existing between the French Canadian and English races. During the year just passed many new unions had joined the national organization. Among these were the Leather Workers' Union of Quebec; the Union of Mechanical Engineers, Quebec; Electric Tramways Employes, Quebec; the Ship Laborers and 'Longshoremen of Levis district. The report said that special mention was made of these last because they belonged to the American Federation of Labor and it was because of a demand on their part for a larger measure of protection that they were led to join the national body.

Other unions which had received charters during the past year were No. 1 Union of Upholsterers, Montreal; Textile Workers Union, Montreal; Local Union of Leather Cutters, Montreal; Electric Tramway Employes, No. 2, Levis. Besides these a considerable number of applications for admission are now under consideration by the executive.

Numerous labor troubles were reported settled by the joint efforts of the executive and the central conciliation committee. The Hod Carriers of Quebec had their wages advanced from $1.50 to $1.80 a day after a few days idleness. Another difficulty has now arisen in Quebec. A number of bricklayers who belonged to the International Union refused to work with the men of the National Union. The dispute has been dragging along for some time but the executive expressed themselves as confident it would be settled before the congress dissolved, with advantage to their own body.

The report then went on to speak of the solidarity of the workers of Quebec. Since last meeting of the congress they had been able to elect Dr. C. A. Cote to the legislature and their first president, Omer Brunet, to the Quebec city council. They hoped they would be able to return more members to these bodies next election. The work of the conciliation committee was highly commended and other trades and labor organizations were urged to appoint similar bodies. The committees of the 'longshore workers and the Ship Benevolent Society are also mentioned in the report as having prevented many labor disputes. In conclusion the idea of nationality in labor questions was emphasized and its importance pointed out. The signers of the report were L. C. D. LaRoche, chairman; D. Verdun and J. Leclerc, secretary.

### REV. MR. DICKER ACCEPTS CALL

Toronto, Sept. 12—Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, rector of St. Paul's church, St. John, has been appointed rector of St. Luke's church, Toronto, in succession to the late Rev. Archdeacon Langtry. The appointment was ratified at a conference held yesterday between the Bishop and wardens and lay representatives of St. Luke's. Rev. Mr. Dicker will assume his duties about Oct. 1. Rev. C. A. Brodie Brockwell, who has been supplying in the church, returns shortly to his duties at Kings College, Windsor.

Ottawa, Sept. 12—The census figures for Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are about completed. They show in round figures 185,000 for Alberta, 260,000 for Saskatchewan, and 360,000 for Manitoba.

Samuel Adams, of New York, is in town.

## BIG COAL MERGER

Halifax, Sept. 12—A report is in circulation in Sydney which is believed to be reliable that the largest coal merger in the history of Cape Breton is imminent. Associated with this report are the names of H. M. Whitney, of Boston; B. F. Pearson, of Halifax, and Graham Fraser, formerly director of works of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company. The two last named gentlemen were in Sydney in consultation on this subject last week.

It is understood that the proposed amalgamation will include with few exceptions all the coal properties outside of those owned by the Dominion Coal Company, and the area covered will be equal to if not larger than that of the Glace Bay industry.

The properties mentioned are Gowrie & Blockhouse collieries, in which James T. Burchell is interested; the North Atlantic collieries, chiefly owned by C. O. MacDonald, who is said to place the value of his interest at $240,000; the areas at False Bay Beach, owned by General Montgomery Moore; the property of the Cape Breton Coal, Iron & Railway Company at Broughton, which is represented by Hanson Bros., of Montreal, agents of Coates & Sons, the London bankers, and the area of the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company, in the vicinity of the latter.

The proposal, it is said, is to ship the product of the combined areas at Port Morien, a point reached with less expenditure than either Sydney or Louisbourg. The point of shipment at Morien can be equipped with little expense and the harbor is open all the year round.

As a rival to the Whitney-Pearson-Fraser syndicate, the Allans, of Montreal, are believed to be in the field. The latter obtained options on the coal property of A. C. Ross at Lingan, on the interest of Ochiltree MacDonald at Port Morien, and the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company property near Broughton, but it is said they allowed the first two to lapse.

### FULL TICKET IN THE FIELD

New York, Sept. 12—In a harmonious and enthusiastic and final session in Carnegie Hall tonight the state convention of the Independence League put into the field a full ticket of state officers to be voted for at the coming election. The delegates cheered for thirty-three minutes when Mr. Hearst appeared on the platform to make a brief speech of acceptance. His address aroused much enthusiasm.

The convention drafted a reply to Wm. J. Connors and other Democrats who had written suggesting possible fusion with the Democrats and suggesting that no nominations be made by the Independents at this time. The reply expressed thanks for the interest of the Democrats and sympathy for the rank and file in their honest attempt to wrest the Buffalo convention from the control of bosses, but said the Independence League could not postpone the business it had been assembled to carry out.

The state ticket follows:

For governor—William Randolph Hearst, of New York.

For lieutenant-governor—Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, of Duchess.

For secretary of state—John S. Whalen, of Monroe.

For state treasurer—George A. Fuller, of Jefferson.

For comptroller—Dr. C. H. W. Auel, of Erie.

For state engineer and surveyor—Frank L. Gettman, of Tompkins.

For attorney-general—John Ford, of New York.

Carnegie Hall never held a larger crowd than that of tonight. There was also an overflow gathering outside in Seventh avenue.

The convention adopted a resolution of sympathy with the Jews of Russia.


### DANGER IN CORN SALVES

They usually contain acids and burn the flesh. The one safe cure in liquid form is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is purely vegetable, causes no pain and cures in one day. Don't forget the name—"Putnam's."


Mrs. James T. McGivern, Pitt street, has recovered from serious illness.


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### KINGS COUNTY PROBATE

HAMPTON, Kings Co., Sept. 13—In the Kings county probate court yesterday His Honor Judge McIntyre, granted letters of administration to Henry Nase, of Westfield, on the estate of his son, the late Ludlow C. Nase, of Westfield, the value of which was sworn at $25 real, and $850 personal property, in addition to a policy of insurance in the Independent Order of Foresters for $1,000, which amount had been paid in equal proportions to his widow, Mrs. Margaret Nase, and the petitioner, Henry Nase. Messrs. Fred C. Nase, Abraham Lingley and Henry Nase were appointed bondsmen. W. H. Trueman, proctor.

H. Morton, manager of the Sussex Mercantile Penobsquis branch, and Mrs. Julia Morton, returned yesterday after a six weeks' visit to the West during which tney went to Vancouver, Victoria, Nanaimo, Calgary and many other cities.

Hon. John Costigan is in Madawaska.


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