

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

"Armand!" said Marguerite Blakeney, as soon as she saw him approaching from the distance, and a happy smile shone on her sweet face, even through the tears.

A minute or two later brother and sister were locked in each other's arms, while the old skipper stood respectfully on one side.

"How much time have we got, Briggs?" asked Lady Blakeney, "before M. St. Just need go on board?"

"We ought to weigh anchor before half an hour, your ladyship," replied the old man, pulling at his grey forelock.

Linking her arm in his, Marguerite led her brother towards the cliffs.

"Half an hour," she said, looking wistfully out to sea, "half an hour more and we'll be far from me, Armand! Oh, I can't believe that you are going dear! These last few days—while Percy has been away, and I've had you all to myself, have slipped by like a dream."

"I am not going far, sweet one," said the young man gently, "a narrow channel to cross—a few miles of road—I can soon come back."

"Nay, 'tis not the distance, Armand—but that awful Paris... just now."

They had reached the edge of the cliff. The gentle sea-breeze blew Marguerite's hair about her face, and sent the ends of her soft blue fichu waving round her like a white and purple snake. She tried to pierce the distance far away, beyond which lay the shores of France; that restless and stern France which was exacting her pound of flesh, the blood tax from the noblest of her sons.

"Our own beautiful country, Marguerite," said Armand, who seemed to have divined her thoughts.

"They are going too far, Armand," she said vehemently. "You are a republican, so am I... we have the same thoughts, the same enthusiasm for liberty and equality... but even you must think they are going too far..."

"Hush!" said Armand, instinctively, as he threw a quick, apprehensive glance around him.

"Ah! you see: you don't think yourself that it is safe even to speak of these things—here in England!" She clung to him suddenly with strong, almost motherly, passion. "Don't go, Armand!" she begged; "don't go back! What should I do if... if... if..."

Her voice was choked in sobs, her eyes, tender, blue and loving, gazed appealingly at the young man, who in his turn looked steadfastly in hers.

"You would in any case be my own brave sister," he said gently, "who would remember that, when France is in peril, it is not for her sons to turn their backs on her?"

Even as he spoke, that sweet, childlike smile crept back into her face, pathetic in the extreme, for it seemed drowned in tears.

"Oh! Armand!" she said quaintly, "I sometimes wish you had not so many lofty virtues... I assure you little sins are far less dangerous and uncomfortable. But you will be prudent?" she added earnestly.

"As far as possible... I promise you."

"Remember, dear, I have only you... to... to care for me..."

"Nay, sweet one, you have other interests now, Percy cares for you..."

A look of strange wistfulness crept into her eyes as she murmured:

"He did... once..."

"But surely..."

"There, there, dear, don't distress yourself on my account. Percy is very good..."

"Nay!" he interrupted energetically, "I will distress myself on your account, my Margot. Listen, dear, I have not spoken of these things to you before; something always seemed to stop me when I wished to question you. But, somehow, I feel as if I could not go away and leave you now without asking you one question... You need not answer it if you do not wish," he added, as he noted a sudden hard look, almost of apprehension, darting through her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked simply.

"Does Sir Percy Blakeney know that... I mean, does he know the part you played in the arrest of the Marquis de St. Cyr?"

She laughed—a mirthless, bitter, contemptuous laugh, which was like a jarring chord in the music of her voice.

"That I denounced the Marquis de St. Cyr, you mean, to the tribunal that ultimately sent him and all his family to the guillotine? Yes, he does know..."

"I told him after I married him..."

"You told him all the circumstances—which so completely exonerated you from any blame?"

"It was too late to talk of 'circumstances'; he heard the story from other sources; my confession came too tardily, it seems. I could no longer plead extenuating circumstances: I could not be-

mean myself by trying to explain—"

"And?"

"And now I have the satisfaction, Armand, of knowing that the biggest fool in England has the most complete contempt for his wife."

She spoke with vehement bitterness this time, and Armand St. Just, who loved her so dearly, felt that he had placed a somewhat clumsy finger upon an aching wound.

"But Sir Percy loved you, Margot," he repeated gently.

"Loved me?—Well, Armand, I thought at one time that he did, or I should not have married him. I daresay," she added, speaking very rapidly, as if she were glad at last to lay down a heavy burden, which had oppressed her for months, "I daresay that even you thought—as everybody else did—that I married Sir Percy because of his wealth—but I assure you, dear, that it was not so. He seemed to worship me with a curious intensity of concentrated passion, which went straight to my heart. I had never loved any one before, as you know, and I was four-and-twenty then—I naturally thought that it was not in my nature to love. But it has always seemed to me that it must be heavenly to be loved blindly, passionately, wholly..."

worshiped, in fact—and the very fact that Percy was slow and stupid was an attraction for me, as I thought he would love me all the more. A clever man would naturally have other interests, an ambitious man other hopes... I thought that a fool would worship, and think of nothing else. And I was ready to respond, Armand; I would have allowed myself to be worshipped, and given infinite tenderness in return..."

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almost every day; she might not understand how his own views and sympathies might become modified, even as the excesses, committed by those who had been his friends, grew in horror and in intensity. And Marguerite could not speak to her brother about the secrets of her heart; she hardly understood them herself, she only knew, in the midst of luxury, she felt lonely and unhappy.

And now Armand was going away; she feared for his safety, she longed for his presence. She would not spoil these last sadly-sweet moments, by speaking about herself. She led him gently along the cliffs, then down to the beach; their arms linked in one another's, they had still so much to say, that lay outside that secret orchard of theirs.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Accredited Agent.

The afternoon was rapidly drawing to a close, and a long, chilly English summer's evening was throwing a pall over the green Kentish landscape.

The Day Dream had set sail, and Marguerite Blakeney stood alone on the edge of the cliff for over an hour, watching those white sails, which bore so swiftly away from her the only being who really cared for her, whom she dared to love, whom she knew she could trust.

Some little distance away to her left the lights from the coffee-room of "The Fisherman's Rest" glittered yellow in the gathering mist; from time to time it seemed to her aching nerves as if she could catch from thence, the sound of merry-making and of jovial talk, or even that perpetual, senseless laugh of her husband's, which grated continually upon her sensitive ears.

Sir Percy had had the delicacy to leave her severely alone. She supposed that, in his own stupid, good-natured way, he may have understood that she would wish to remain alone, while those white sails disappeared into the vague horizon, so many miles away. He, whose notions of propriety and decorum were superstitious, had not suggested even, that an attendant should remain within call. Marguerite was grateful to her husband for all this; she always tried to be grateful to him for his thoughtfulness, which was constant, and for his generosity, which was boundless.

Times to come, the sarcastic, bitter thoughts of him, which made her—in spite of herself—say cruel, insulting things, which she vaguely hoped would wound him.

(To be continued.)

Diarrhoea

MAY attack you at any time of the year, but it is more prevalent during the summer months. When this trouble attacks you, it does not pay you to experiment with untried remedies, but always procure one that has stood the test of time. Such a one is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It has been on the market for 60 years and is considered by thousands of people as the best cure for all bowel complaints.

Mrs. WILFRED TOMLINSON, Victoria Harbor, Ont., writes: "I always keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, knowing from past experience that it is a sure and efficient remedy in diarrhoea and kindred bowel complaints."

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 10—(Special)—Monsignor Sharratti, who left for Ottawa today, leaves for Rome via New York on Sept. 15 to visit the Pope. Rev. Dr. Sinnot, private secretary, who is a native of Prince Edward Island, will accompany the delegate only as far as New York.

Archbishop McCarthey was the first prelate to have been consecrated by Monsignor Sharratti.

Francis Singleton, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Mullins, Church street, died last night and the bereaved parents will have very general sympathy, particularly as it is but a few months since death claimed another child. The little one will be buried at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

George Roberts, of Welsford, left for Sackville yesterday to resume his studies at Mount Allison.

COLLINS' PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION

Hopewell Cape, N. B., Sept. 10—Thomas F. Collins, charged with the murder of Miss Mary Ann McAuley at New Ireland on or about the 10th day of August, was arraigned before Daniel W. Stuart, police magistrate for the parish of Hopewell, this morning at 11 o'clock in Sheriff Lynda's office and remanded until the afternoon to await the arrival of Premier Tweedie, the acting attorney-general.

At opening of court Clerk of the Peace M. B. Dixon, representing the crown, applied for a short adjournment to allow the premier to be present.

Premier Tweedie, who came from Chatham on the Maritime express, crossing from Dorchester by ferry, reached the Cape shortly after 3.30 and the work of taking evidence began.

The court house was crowded with spectators who had come from far and near to get a glimpse of Collins and hear the evidence. The galleries were crowded with ladies and evidence was manifest on every hand of the deep interest taken in the tragedy.

The information against Collins was read by Dr. S. C. Murray, witness that he has reason to suspect and does upon reasonable and probable grounds believe that on or about August 19 last in the parish of Harvey, Thomas F. Collins did murder one Mary Ann McAuley.

After the premier's arrival at the court the prisoners were taken to the magistrate's office and the information to him, after which crown counsel called as the first witness Ruth Leaman. M. B. Dixon, clerk of the peace, took the witness in hand and an interesting chapter in Collins' movements after leaving Father McAuley's was related.

Witnesses were called in the order of the parish of Elgin on one of the a hurry. He asked her if she saw any team going down and receiving a reply in the negative he said the Friday before the priest went to Elgin with mail. She understood him to call the priest McAuley.

He said Saturday he and Mary Ann, Mrs. Williamson and Mrs. William's daughter, had gone to the lake fishing. They looked everything up but when they came back Monday morning Mary Ann noticed the barn doors broken open and the priest's horse had been stolen.

He said another man went the other way towards Albert in search of the horse and he (Collins) had come towards Elgin.

Witness asked Collins what he was going to do with those two values. He replied they were left in place of the priest's horse, "witnessed by whoever stole the rig. He said he was going to take the values to Elgin and give them to the priest. He said Mary Ann was all upset. She asked who was Mary Ann and he replied the woman that kept house for the priest. She asked him his name and he replied "McAuley." She thought he said McCully and asked him over again, when he repeated "McAuley."

Mrs. Leaman said Collins didn't eat much dinner and she asked him why he did not eat more. He replied he was "all upset." He didn't eat much breakfast.

Mary Ann was "upset" too. The audience smiled at this and a smile also played on the face of the prisoner. After eating his dinner he put on his hat and left. He was at their place about half an hour and continued his journey in the direction of Elgin, still carrying the two values which were tied up with a strap resembling harness reins.

Witness could not tell Mr. Tweedie she would recognize the values again. One was a long valise and the other the telescope kind. Collins further told Mrs. Leaman he was hired with the priest to take care of his horse.

"Did you notice anything peculiar in his actions?" Mr. Tweedie asked.

"No, except he appeared to be very uneasy and nervous and could not sit still." She noticed his uneasiness as soon as he entered the house.

Under cross examination by Mr. Sherrin witness said sometimes in talking to the prisoner she could not understand him and had to ask him to repeat. She said, told this story quite a number of times, and thought she had told it the same as today. He told her he came from New Ireland and was on his way to Elgin and was searching for the priest's horse.

It was about five miles and a half from her place to Father McAuley's. The accused was only a minute or two eating his dinner.

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FOUGHT DUEL WITH SABRES

Two Spanish Grandees Slice Each Other Over Trivial Grievance.

SAN SEBASTIEN, Sept. 10—As the result of a violent scene over a trifle at the Hotel Pallas the Marquis Vian, King Alfonso's master of horse, and the Duke of Andria fought a duel with sabres at dawn yesterday. The Marquis received a cut over the head and the second so, and the fight. Previous to the encounter the Marquis had made his resignation to the King. The second were all well known members of King Alfonso's retinue.

PROVINCIAL NOTES

Rhodes, Curry & Co., of Amherst, have been awarded the contract for the construction of several buildings at Glace Bay for Marconi Company. The cost of these will be about thirty thousand dollars.

The Bank of New Brunswick has fitted up quarters in the Pitts building, York street, and will be open for business on Monday. C. H. Lee of St. John, who is to manage the agency, will, with Mrs. Lee, occupy rooms at Windsor Hall for the winter.

James McCleave has severed his connection with the Windsor Hotel, Moncton, and left for Boston, where he will open an office representing the Burek Brick and Tile Co., of which company Mr. McCleave is one of the promoters. The management of the Windsor has been assumed by A. G. Jesty, of Sydney, N. S.

His Lordship Bishop Casey is to administer confirmation to candidates in the Roman Catholic churches