

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Conclusion.)
"I do think father might get the beer for them," muttered Sally, as Jimma, stolidly and without further comment, took a couple of foam-crowned jugs from the shelf, and began filling a number of power tankards with some of that home-brewed ale for which "The Fisherman's Rest" had been famous since the days of King Charles. "Ee knows 'ow busy we are!"

"Your father is too busy discussing politics with Mr. Empeed to worry 'fess about you and the kitchen," grumbled Jimma under her breath.

Sally had gone to the small mirror which hung in a corner of the kitchen, and was hastily smoothing her hair and setting her ruffled cap at its most becoming angle over her dark curls; then she took up the tankards by their handles, three in each group, brown hand, and laughing, grumbling, blushing, carried them through into the coffee-room.

There, there was certainly no sign of that rustic and activity which kept four women busy and hot in the glowing kitchen beyond.

The coffee-room of "The Fisherman's Rest" is a show place now at the beginning of the twentieth century. At the end of the eighteenth, in the year of grace 1792, it was not yet gained that notoriety and importance which a hundred additional years and the craze of the age have since bestowed upon it. Yet it was an old place, even then, for the oak rafters and beams were already black with age—as were the paneled seats, with their tall backs, and the long polished tables between, on which innumerable pewter tankards had left fantastic patterns of mazy lines. In the leaded window, bright up, a row of pots of scarlet geraniums and blue larkspur gave the bright note of color against the dull background of the oak.

That Mr. Jellyband, landlord of "The Fisherman's Rest" at Dover, was a prosperous man, was clear to the most casual observer. The pewter on the fine old dressers, the brass above the gigantic hearth, shone like gold and silver—the red-tiled floor was as brilliant as the scarlet geranium on the window sill—this meant that his servants were good and plentiful, that the custom was constant, and of that order which necessitated the keeping up of the coffee-room to a high standard of elegance and order.

As Sally came in, laughing through her frowns, and displaying a row of dazzling white teeth, she was greeted with shouts and cheers of approval.

"Why, here's Sally! What ho, Sally! Hurrah for pretty Sally!"

"I thought you'd grown deaf in that kitchen of yours," muttered Jimmy Pitkin, as he passed the back of his hand across his very dry lips.

"All right, all right," laughed Sally, as she deposited the freshly-filled tankards upon the tables, "why, what a 'urry, to be sure! And is your gran'mother a-dyin', an' you want to see the pore soul afore she's gone! I never seed such a mighty rushin'!"

A chorus of good-humored laughter greeted this witicism, which gave the company there present food for many jokes for some considerable time. Sally now seemed in less of a hurry to get back to her pots and pans. A young man with fair curly hair, and eager, bright blue eyes, was engaged in the most animated of the whole of her time, whilst broad witicism anent Jimmy Pitkin's fictitious grandmother flow from mouth to mouth, mixed with heavy puffs of pungent tobacco smoke.

Facing the hearth, his legs wide apart, a long clay pipe in his mouth, stood mine host, worthy Mr. Jellyband, landlord of "The Fisherman's Rest," as his father had been before him, and his grandfather and great-grandfather too, for that matter. Portly in build, jovial in countenance and somewhat bald of pate, Mr. Jellyband was indeed a typical rural John Bull of those days—the days when our prejudiced insularity was at its height, when an Englishman, be he lord, yeoman, or peasant, the whole of the continent of Europe was a den of immorality, and the rest of the world an unexplored land of savages and cannibals.

There he stood, mine worthy host, firm and well set up on his limbs, smoking his long charcoal-burned and caring nothing for anybody at home, and despising everybody abroad. He wore the typical scarlet waistcoat, with shiny brass buttons, the corded breeches, the grey worsted stockings and smart buckled shoes, that characterized every self-respecting innkeeper in Great Britain in these days—and while pretty, motherless Sally had need of four pairs of brown hands to do all the work that fell on her simply shoulders, worthy Jellyband discussed the affairs of nations with his most privileged guests.

The coffee-room, indeed, lighted by two well-polished lamps, which hung from the raftered ceiling, looked cheerful and rosy in the extreme. Through the dense clouds of tobacco smoke that hung about in every corner, the faces of Mr. Jellyband's customers appeared red and pleasant to look at, and on good terms with themselves, their host and all the world; from every side of the room loud guffaws accompanied pleasant, if not highly intellectual, conversation while Sally's repeated giggles testified to the good use Mr. Harry Waite was making of the short time she seemed inclined to spare him.

They were mostly fisher-folk who pat-

ronised Mr. Jellyband's coffee room, but fishermen are known to be very thirsty people; the salt which they breathe in, when they are out to sea, accounts for their parched throats when on shore. But "The Fisherman's Rest" was something more than a rendezvous for these humble folk. The London and Dover coach started from the hotel daily, and passengers who had come across the Channel, and those who stood for the "grand tour," all became acquainted with Mr. Jellyband, his French wines and his home-brewed ales.

It was towards the close of September 1792, and the weather which had been brilliant and hot throughout the month had suddenly broken up; for two days torrents of rain had deluged the south of England, doing its best to ruin what chances the apples and pears and late plums had of becoming really fine, self-respecting fruit. Even now it was beating against the leaded windows, and tumbling down the chimney, making the cheerful wood fire sizzle in the hearth.

"Lad! did you ever see such a wet September, Mr. Jellyband?" asked Mr. Empeed. He sat in one of the seats inside the hearth, did Mr. Empeed, for he was an authority and an important personage not only at "The Fisherman's Rest," where Mr. Jellyband always made a special election of him as a foil for political arguments, but throughout the neighborhood, where his learning and notably his knowledge of the Scriptures, was held in the most profound awe and respect. With one hand buried in the capacious pockets of his corduroy undergarment his elaborate, well-worked, well-worn smock, the other holding his long clay pipe, Mr. Empeed sat there looking dejectedly across the room at the rivulets of moisture which trickled down the window panes.

"No," replied Mr. Jellyband, seriously. "I dunno, Mr. Empeed, as I ever did. An' I've been in these parts nigh on sixty years."

"Aye! you wouldn't recollect the first three years of them sixty, Mr. Jellyband," quickly interposed Mr. Empeed.

"I dunno as I ever seed an infant take more wet of the weather, leastways not in these parts, an' I've lived 'ere nigh on seventy-five years, Mr. Jellyband."

The superiority of this wisdom was so incontestable that for the moment Mr. Jellyband was not ready with his usual flow of argument.

"It do seem more like April than September, don't it?" continued Mr. Empeed, dolefully, as a shower of rain-drops fell with a sizzle upon the fire.

"Aye! that it do," assented the worthy host, "but then what can you 'xpect, Mr. Empeed, I says, with such a government as we've got?"

Mr. Empeed shook his head with an infinity of wisdom, tempered by deeply-rooted mistrust of the British climate and the British Government.

"I don't expect nothing, Mr. Jellyband," he said. "Pore folks like us is of no account up there in Lunnun, I knows that, and it's not often as I do complain. But when it comes to such weather in September, and all me fruit a-rottin' and a-dyin' like 'em, I'm no more good than they, poor dears, save to a lot of Jews, pedlars and such, with their oranges and sigh like foreign ungodly fruit, which nobody'd buy if English apples and pears was nicely swelled. As the Scriptures says—"

"That's quite right, Mr. Empeed," retorted Jellyband, "and as I says, what can you 'xpect? There's all them Frenchy devils over the Channel yonder a-murderin' their king and nobility, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke a-fightin' and a-wranglin' between them, if we Englishmen should 'low them to go on in their ungodly way. Let 'em murder!" says Mr. Pitt. 'Stop 'em!' says Mr. Burke."

"And let 'em murder, says I, and be damned to 'em," said Mr. Empeed, emphatically. "For he's not a-fightin' for his friend Jellyband's political arguments, wherein he always got out of his depth, and had but little chance for displaying those pearls of wisdom which had earned for him so high a reputation in the neighborhood and so many free tankards of ale at 'The Fisherman's Rest.'"

"Let 'em murder," he repeated again, "but don't let's have such rain in September, for that is agin the law and the Scriptures which says—"

"Lad! Mr. Arty, 'ow you made me jump!"

It was unfortunate for Sally and her flirtation that this remark of hers should have occurred at the precise moment when Mr. Empeed was collecting his breath in order to deliver himself of one of those Scriptural utterances which had made him famous, for it brought down upon her pretty head the full flood of her father's wrath.

"Now then, Sally, me girl, now then!" he said, trying to force a frown upon his good-humored face, "stop that fooling with them young jackanapes and get on with the work!"

"The work's gettin' on all right, father," said Mr. Jellyband, was peremptory. He had other views for his buxom daughter, his only child, who would in God's good time become the owner of "The Fisherman's Rest," than to see her married to one of these young fellows who earned but a precarious livelihood with their net.

"Did ye hear me speak, me girl?" he said in that quiet tone, which no one in the inn dared to disobey. "Get on with my Lord Tony's supper, for, if it ain't the best we can do, and 'e not satisfied, see who you'll get, that's all."

Reluctantly Sally obeyed. "Is you 'xpecting special guests then tonight, Mr. Jellyband?" asked Jimmy Pitkin, in loyal attempt to divert his host's attention from the circumstances connected with Sally's exit from the room.

"Aye! that I be," replied Jellyband, "friends of my Lord Tony himself. Dukes and duchesses from over the water yonder, whom the young lord and his friend, Sir Andrew Foulkes, and other young noblemen have helped out of the clutches of them murderin' devils."

But this was too much for Mr. Empeed's querulous philosophy. "Lad!" he said, "what they do that for, I wonder? I don't 'old not with interferin' in other folks' ways. As the Scriptures says—"

"Maybe, Mr. Empeed," interrupted Jellyband, with biting sarcasm, "as you're a personal friend of Mr. Pitt, and as you says along with Mr. Fox: 'Let 'em murder!' say you."

"Pardon me, Mr. Jellyband," feebly protested Mr. Empeed, "I dunno as I ever did."

But Mr. Jellyband had at last succeeded in getting upon his favorite hobby-horse, and had no intention of dismounting in any hurry.

"Or maybe you've made friends with some of them French chaps 'oo they do make us come over here o' purpose to make us Englishmen agree with their murderin' ways?"

"I dunno what you mean, Mr. Jellyband," suggested Mr. Empeed, "all I know is—"

"All I know is," loudly asserted mine host, "that there was my friend Peppercorn, 'oo owns the 'Blue-Faced Bear,' an' as true and loyal an Englishman as you'd see in the land. And now look at 'im! 'E made friends with some o' them frog-eaters, 'obnobbed with them just as if they was Englishmen, and not just a lot of immoral, God-forsaken furin' spies. Well! and what happened? Peppercorn 'e now ups and talks of revolutions, and liberty, and down with the aristocrats, just like Mr. Empeed over 'age!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Jellyband," again interposed Mr. Empeed, feebly, "I dunno as I ever did—"

Mr. Jellyband had appealed to the company in general, who were listening awestruck and open-mouthed at the recital of Mr. Peppercorn's defections. At one table two customers—gentlemen apparently by their clothes—had pushed aside their half-finished game of dominoes, and had been listening for some time, and evidently with much amusement at Mr. Jellyband's international opinions. One of them now, with a quiet, sarcastic smile still lurking round the corners of his mobile mouth, turned towards the centre of the room where Mr. Jellyband was standing.

"You seem to think, mine honest friend," he said quietly, "that these Frenchmen—spies I think you called them—are mighty clever fellows to have made mincemeat, so to speak, of your friend Mr. Peppercorn's opinions. How did they accomplish that now, think you?"

"Lad! sir, I suppose they talked 'im over. Those Frenchies, I've 'ard it said, 'ave got the gift of the gab—and Mr. Empeed 'ere will tell you 'ow it is that they just twist some people round their little finger like."

"Indeed, and is that so, Mr. Empeed?" inquired the stranger politely.

"Nay, sir!" replied Mr. Empeed, much irritated, "I dunno as I can give you the information you require."

"Faith, then," said the stranger, "let us hope, my worthy host, that these clever spies will not succeed in upsetting your extremely loyal opinions."

But this was too much for Mr. Jellyband's pleasant equanimity. He burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, which was soon echoed by those who happened to be in his debt.

"Hahaha! hahaha! hahaha!" He laughed in every key, did my worthy host, and laughed at his sides ached, and his eyes streamed. "At me! look at that! Did ye 'ear 'im say that they'd be upsettin' my opinions?—Eh?—Lad love you, sir, but you do say some queer things."

"Well, Mr. Jellyband," said Mr. Empeed, sententiously, "you know what the Scriptures says: 'Let 'im 'oo stands take 'ed lest 'e fall.'"

"But then hark'ee, Mr. Empeed," retorted Jellyband, still holding his sides with laughter, "the Scriptures didn't know me. Why, I wouldn't so much as drink a glass of ale with one o' them murderin' Frenchmen, and nothin' 'd make me change my opinion. Why! I've 'ard it said that them frog-eaters 'e even speak the King's English, so of course, if any o' 'em tried to speak their God-forsaken lingo to me, why, I should spot them directly, see!—and forewarned is forearmed, as the saying goes."

"Aye! my honest friend," assented the stranger cheerily, "I see that you are very good health, my worthy host, if you'll do me the honor to finish this bottle of mine with me."

"I am sure you're very polite, sir," said Mr. Jellyband, wiping his eyes which were still streaming with the abundance of his laughter, "and I don't mind if I do."

The stranger poured out a couple of tankards full of wine, and having offered one to mine host, he took the other himself.

"Loyal Englishmen as we all are," he said, whilst the same humorous smile played round the corners of his thin lips, "loyal as we are, we must admit that this at least is one good thing which comes from France."

"Aye! well none of us deny that, sir," assented mine host.

"And here's to the best landlord in England, our worthy host, Mr. Jellyband," said the stranger in a loud tone of voice.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" retorted the whole company present. Then there was a loud clapping of hands, and mugs and tankards made a rattling music upon the tables to the accompaniment of loud laughter at nothing in particular, and of Mr. Jellyband's muttered exclamations:

"Just fancy me being talked over by any God-forsaken furin'!—What!—Lad love you, sir, but you do say some queer things."

(To be Continued)

Samuel Owen, of Fredericton, is in the city visiting friends.

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TO DOUBLE TRACK I. C. R.

Among the plans of Hon. H. R. Emmerson, minister of railways and canals, for improving the I. C. R. and which will be of special interest to St. John are the double tracking of the road eastwards from this city, which is to be commenced next spring and the proposal to establish a frequent service of steam motor cars to give increased facilities for suburban passenger traffic to and from St. John.

Speaking yesterday Mr. Emmerson said both these important improvements would be started next spring. With regard to the double track it would necessarily take some time, but he hoped to see the rails far as Rothsay, even if Hampton could not be reached during the first year. The motor car service would not be dependent on the progress made in the double tracking but would be put in operation as early as possible.

The cars would run probably as far as Hampton, and the minister laid stress upon the point that it was his intention that the service should be frequent. He foresaw, he said, a considerable increase in suburban traffic and a consequent building up of some of the favorite summer resorts along the line. It would also be possible, he pointed out, especially when the double track was well advanced, to accelerate the through trains by cutting out local stops to take up passengers coming to the city or to set down outgoing suburbanites. The motor cars would handle all local traffic as far as possible.

Asked for some details as to the system to be used Mr. Emmerson replied that G. R. J. Joughins, the superintendent of the mechanical department of the I. C. R., was now in France studying the systems employed there. It was generally conceded that France was easily first in this method of traction, and the minister instanced the motor run from Paris to Orleans as about the most perfect in operation anywhere.

Until Mr. Joughins' return, he said, further details were not available beyond the fact that the cars were driven by steam.



HON. H. R. EMMERSON, Minister of Ry's.

and that each car would be capable of hauling a trailer. Mr. Emmerson added that the cars from St. John would be the first in use on the I. C. R. He understood the C. P. R. ran motor cars to suburban points near Montreal but it was not intended to use the same system as they employed.

Mr. Emmerson will receive a delegation from the local freight hauliers in his private car at 10 o'clock this morning. Speaking of these meetings with employees of the road, he referred with satisfaction to the interviews he had recently had in Moncton with representatives of all the departments of the railway, and he had no hesitation in saying that he himself had derived great benefit from meeting them.

In reply to a question the minister said the work of rebuilding in Moncton was being rushed in a most satisfactory manner. The I. C. R. had been fortunate in being able to let nearly all the contracts to one contractor. Some of the buildings would be completed this fall but there was an enormous amount of work to be done, and among others the locomotive machine shop would not be ready until next year.

Mr. Emmerson was told of the difficulties which had attended the city's efforts to secure a new berth at Sand Point for next season's business, and the probability that the first crib might be sunk this week was mentioned. The minister spoke hopefully of the berth and warehouse yet being an accomplished fact. With two good months still ahead, he said it was not at all impossible that it would be ready.

Referring to the visit of Hon. C. S. Hyman to St. John, Mr. Emmerson said he had been the minister of public works as recently as Thursday last and he was unable to fix a date for his arrival. "I know," he concluded, "that Mr. Hyman is just as anxious to see St. John as St. John is to see him, and he will come as soon as it is possible for him to do so."

The minister of railways will leave for Dorchester today, and tomorrow will proceed to Montreal where he will meet the deputy minister and resume his inspection of the canal system.

RECENT DEATHS

News of the death of G. T. Flewelling Oak Point, deceased was one of the best known men on that part of the river. He owned a blacksmith shop in which he conducted a large business. He also was proprietor of a popular summer boarding house. Mr. Flewelling is survived by his wife and one child, three or four years old, besides the daughter, who was then being an accomplished fact. With two good months still ahead, he said it was not at all impossible that it would be ready.

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