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26-28 Charlotte Street,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

ALEX. CORBET,
Manager.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

and others. The Scarlet Pimpernel—Percy, my husband—has gone on this errand himself today. Chauvelin knows that the Scarlet Pimpernel and Percy Blake are one and the same person. He will follow him to Calais, and there will lay hands on him. You know as well as I do the fate that awaits him at the hands of the Revolutionary government of France. No interference from England—from King George himself—would save him. Robespierre and his gang would see to it that the interference came too late. But not only that, the much-trusted leader will also have been unconsciously the means of revealing the hiding-places of the Comte de Tournay and of all those who, even now, are placing their hopes in him.

She had spoken quietly, dispassionately, and with firm, unbending resolution. Her purpose was to make that young man trust and help her, for she could do nothing without him.

"I do not understand," he repeated, trying to gain time to think what was best to be done.

"Aye! but I think you do, Sir Andrew. You must know that I am speaking the truth. Look these facts straight in the face. Percy has sailed for Calais. I presume for some lonely part of the coast, and Chauvelin is on the track. He has posted for Dover, and will cross the Channel probably tonight. What do you think it will happen?"

The young man was silent.

"Percy will arrive at his destination; unconscious of being followed he will seek out de Tournay and the others—among these is Armand St. Just, my brother—he will seek them out, one after another, probably not knowing that the sharpest eyes in the world are watching his every movement. When he has thus unconsciously betrayed those who blindly trust in him, when nothing can be gained from him, and he is ready to come back to England, with these men and hopes gone, so bravely to save, the doors of the trap will close upon him, and he will be sent to end his noble life upon the guillotine."

Still Sir Andrew was silent.

"You do not trust me," she said passionately. "Oh, God! Cannot you see that I am in deadly earnest? Man, man! I am added, while, with my tiny hands she seized the young man suddenly by the shoulders, forcing him to look at her. 'Tell me, do I look like that vicious thing on earth—a woman who would betray her own husband?'"

"God forbid, Lady Blakey," said the young man at last, "that I should attribute any evil motives to you, but . . ."

"But what?" she said. "Quick, man!—the very seconds are precious!"

"Will you tell me," he asked resolutely, and looking searchingly into her blue eyes, "whose hand helped to guide M. Chauvelin to the knowledge which you say he possesses?"

"Mine," she said quietly. "I own it—I will not lie to you, for I wish you to trust me absolutely. But I had no idea—how could I have—of the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel . . . and my brother's safety was to be my prize if I succeeded."

"In helping Chauvelin to track the Scarlet Pimpernel?"

She nodded.

"It is no use telling you how he forced my hand, Armand is moving me to trust me, and . . . and . . . how could I guess? . . . But we waste time, Sir Andrew, every second is precious, in the name of God! my husband is in peril, your friend—your comrade—Help me to save him."

Sir Andrew felt his position to be a very awkward one. The only he had taken before his leader and comrade was one of obedience and secrecy; and yet the beautiful woman, who was making him to trust her, was undoubtedly in earnest; his friend and leader was equally undoubtedly in imminent danger and . . .

"Lady Blakey," he said at last, "God knows you have perplexed me, so that I do not know which way my duty lies. Tell me what you wish me to do. There are nineteen of us ready to lay down our lives for the Scarlet Pimpernel if he is in danger."

"There is no need for lives just now, my friend," she said drily; "my wits and four swift horses will serve the necessary purpose. But I must know where to find him. See," she added, while her eyes filled with tears, "I have humbled myself before you, I have owned my fault to you; shall I also confess my weakness?—My husband and I have been estranged, because he did not trust me, and because I was too blind to understand. You must confess that the hand which he put over my eyes was a very thick one. It is small wonder that I did not see through it! But last night, after I led him unwittingly into such deadly peril, it suddenly fell from my eyes. If you will help me, Sir Andrew, I would still strive to save my husband, I would still exert every faculty I possess for his sake; but I might be powerless, for I might arrive too late, and nothing would be left for you but lifelong remorse, and . . . and . . . for me, a broken heart!"

"But, Lady Blakey," said the young man, touched by the gentle earnestness of this exquisitely beautiful woman, "do you know that what you propose doing is man's work?—you cannot possibly journey to Calais alone. You would be running the greatest possible risk to yourself, and your chances of finding your husband now—were I to direct you ever so carefully—

are infinitely remote."

"Oh, I hope there are risks!" she murmured softly. "I hope there are dangers, too—I have so much to atone for. But I fear you are mistaken. Chauvelin's eyes are fixed upon you all he will swoop upon me. Quick, Sir Andrew!—the coach is ready, and there is not a moment to be lost. . . . I must get to him! I must!" she repeated with almost savage energy. "To warn him that that man is on his track. Can't you see—can't you see, that I must get to him . . . even if it be too late to save him . . . at least, to be by his side at the last?"

"Faith, Madame, you must command me! Gladly would I any of my comrades lay down our lives for your husband. If you will go yourself . . . you see that I would go with you. I let you go without me. She stretched out her hand to him. "You will trust me?"

"I await your orders," he said, simply. "Listen then. My coach is ready to take me to Dover. Do you follow me, as swiftly as horses will take you. We meet at nightfall at 'The Fisherman's Rest.' Chauvelin would avoid it, as he is known there, and I think it would be wise to go out for a walk. He found her on the station platform, and together they went to a millinery establishment on Main street, from which he went to a jeweller's and purchased a ring. Returning to the front of the millinery store he fitted the ring on the young lady's hand, in view of a number of ladies and gentlemen who were playing tennis close by, to their amused surprise at the open manner of the jeweller's property."

Evidently something was wrong as to the size or quality of the circlet, for they both went back to the jeweller's, and affected to be dissatisfied with the result. The jeweller, who took tea, and the proprietor was asked to telephone Mr. Ross that they would be at the parsonage at 7.30 o'clock.

Fearing that the father would not arrive until midnight, and to provide against the possibility of his not coming, the sheriff of the county to be present in an adjoining room, when the couple should arrive. Sharp on time they made their appearance. Her father, who had been earlier than was expected and took his daughter away on the train, leaving some of his money with her.

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(To be continued.)

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1906.

MINISTER TRIES TO BECOME BIGAMIST, BUT PLANS FAIL

Rev. Mr. Savary Tries to Marry Young Girl at Hampton While He Has Wife Living—Rev. G. A. Ross Prevents it—Savary Then Came to St. John and Preached Last Night.

Hampton, N. B., Sept. 30.—A mild sensation was caused here last evening by the announcement of a wedding, which, if it had been celebrated, would, it is alleged, have been a case of bigamy. At this stage, it may be well, in the interest of the young lady and her family, that the names of the parties concerned should be withheld, although in the public interest the facts may properly be stated.

Shortly before 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, a single team containing the driver and a young lady arrived at Heath Hall, and, on alighting, the man registered his name (Rev. H. S. Savary), but not that of his companion, who was a comely young woman, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age, well dressed, and of a quiet and unobtrusive demeanor.

The man, a rather fine specimen as to physique and facial appearance, and of gentlemanly dress and manners, asked for a room, to which his valise was taken. Leaving the lady in the office of the hotel, he drove his team to the livery stable kept by J. W. Smith, and after visiting the registry office, where he obtained a marriage license, called at the Methodist parsonage and arranged with the Rev. G. A. Ross for the ceremony to be performed.

Something in the manner of the applicant led the minister to enquire into the stranger's antecedents, and from outside sources he heard rumors that the man was a married man, and that within two months he had been associated with a woman whom he introduced to the people of the house where he boarded, at a summer resort near the Bay of Fundy, as his wife.

He at once, in the strongest language, begged that the minister would hold the couple, before they were made man and wife, until he could get to the Quebec express at St. John, and fortunately it was sufficiently delayed to enable him to reach the city.

Meanwhile the man had returned to the hotel, and enquired for the young lady, whom he found waiting for him. He went out for a walk. He found her on the station platform, and together they went to a millinery establishment on Main street, from which he went to a jeweller's and purchased a ring. Returning to the front of the millinery store he fitted the ring on the young lady's hand, in view of a number of ladies and gentlemen who were playing tennis close by, to their amused surprise at the open manner of the jeweller's property.

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Sunday school convention. I believe the date was Wednesday, Sept. 19.

It was suggested that Mr. Savary might care to give his version of the story from the commencement and to this he agreed. I went to supply at my Presbyterian church at St. Martin about three months ago," he said. "I was to remain four months. This young lady came to St. Martin to attend the Sunday school convention which opened there on Wednesday, Sept. 19. She spoke to me after the meeting in the afternoon. That was the time I saw her. I understand there is a report being circulated that I was seen on the beach with her at midnight. That is absolutely untrue. On Thursday I was away, on Friday she went, I believe, to a dance at which I was not present and on Saturday returned home. Since then I received a letter from her in which she mentioned she had told her mother 'some things' about me I suppose, and that as I was coming to St. John on Monday (Oct. 1) she would meet me with her mother."

"Instead of doing this she left her home, as she afterwards informed me, at midnight on Friday last, walked into St. John and persuaded a livery stable keeper to drive her to St. Martin. I heard a carriage stop outside my lodging at 6 o'clock on Saturday morning and looking out of my window, the driver informed me he had a telegraphic despatch. I went down and discovered the young lady in the carriage instead."

"I sent her to a hotel and arranged with the driver to start with her later in the day on the road to St. John. I told the people in St. Martin. I had received a despatch to get over the difficulty of my leaving the village in a hurry and drive after her in another carriage. I took her into my conveyance and went on towards St. John. She said she would never return home, that she had come to me to be married and she would die rather than go back to her family. She mentioned that her father had received a letter last Thursday from St. Martin connecting her name with mine and that there had been trouble at home about it. She could not sleep Thursday night, she said, and on Friday night she left to come to me. If I would marry her, she said, she would at once leave her home."

"Finally I consented and when we came to Loch Lomond we turned off to Hampton. I told her what a position it was placing me in. That I was taking a long chance and might be liable to arrest and punishment, but she would not be persuaded. We arrived at Hampton, and she bought some clothing, which was packed in my valise. I procured the marriage license and we went from Heath Hall, where I had taken a room for her, to Rev. Mr. Ross to be married. Mr. Ross made some enquiries, I understand, and told her he would not perform the ceremony. The young lady's father, who had been telephoned for, should arrive. He asked me if I was willing to wait and I said I was."

"I was informed by Mr. Ross that the sheriff was in the house and that it was optional for me to stay or to leave. Mr. Ross drove off, but I refused to go and said I would see the young lady's father and then went out while she stayed on. Her father, Mr. Ross, who had earlier than was expected and took his daughter away on the train, leaving some of his money with her."

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The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 187 St. John, N. B.

as far as in them lay such a noble character.

Mr. Savary came to this city last June. Rev. James Ross, who has charge of the Presbyterian home mission work here, says he told him he was studying theology in the Bangor Seminary and was in his second year. He also said he was a married man and that his wife who was in Ontario, was suffering from tuberculosis. He was in the city all day yesterday and occupied a new in Calcutta in the morning and the afternoon of yesterday.

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Water Figure-Dancing by Chinese-Lantern Light.



At the festival of the Berlin Swimming Club, the members hold lamp-light dances. Each swimmer carries a Chinese lantern on his or her head, and they swim in procession from the bath house. As a signal from the commander's whistle, the swimmers perform various evolutions, and the effect of the geometrical forms they weave is exceedingly picturesque. The figures of the dance are outlined in lamplight.