

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1906.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued.)

To which obvious fact the stranger heartily assented. It was certainly a preposterous suggestion, anyone could see that. Mr. Jellyband's firmly rooted opinions meant the utter worthlessness of the inhabitants of the whole continent of Europe.

CHAPTER III.

The Refugees

Feeling in every part of England certainly ran very high at this time against the French and their doings. Smugglers and legitimate traders between the French and English coasts brought snatches of news from over the water, which made every honest Englishman's blood boil, and made him long to have "a good go" at those murderers, who had imprisoned their king and all his family, subjected the queen and the royal children to every species of indignity, and were even now loudly demanding the blood of the whole Bourbon family and of every one of its adherents.

The execution of the Princess de Lamballe, Marie Antoinette's young and charming friend, had filled every one in England with unspeakable horror, the daily execution of scores of royalists of good family, whose only sin was their aristocratic name, seemed to cry for vengeance to the whole of civilized Europe.

Yet, with all that, no one dared to interfere. Burke had denounced all his eloquence in trying to induce the British Government to fight the revolutionary government of France, but Mr. Pitt, with characteristic prudence, did not feel that this country was fit yet to embark on another arduous and costly war. It was for Austria to take the initiative; Austria, whose fair-haired daughter was even now a dejected queen, imprisoned and insulted by a howling mob; and surely twas not so argued Mr. Pitt, with characteristic prudence, did not feel that this country was fit yet to embark on another arduous and costly war.

But now Sally came running back, very excited and very eager. The young company in the coffee-room had heard nothing of the noise outside, but she had spied a dripping horse and rider who had stopped at the door of "The Fisherman's Rest," and while the stable boy ran forward to take charge of the horse, pretty Miss Sally went to the front door to greet the welcome visitor.

"I think I see my Lord Antony's horse out in the yard, father," she said, as she ran across the coffee-room.

But already the door had been thrown open from outside, and the next moment an arm, covered with drab cloth and dripping with heavy rain, was round pretty Sally's waist, while a heavy voice echoed along the polished rafters of the coffee-room.

"Here, and bless your brown eyes for being so sharp, my pretty Sally," said the man who had just entered, while worthy Mr. Jellyband came bustling forward, eager alert and fussy, as became the advent of one of the most favoured guests of his hotel.

Antony, as he deposited a kiss on Miss Sally's blooming cheeks, "but you are growing prettier and prettier every time I see you—and my honest friend, Jolly band here, must have hard work to keep the fellows off that slim waist of yours. What say you, Mr. Waite?"

Mr. Waite—born between his respect for my lord and his dislike of that particular type of joke—only replied with a doubtful grunt.

Lord Antony Dewhurst, one of the sons of the Duke of Exeter, was in those days a very perfect type of a young English gentleman—tall, well set-up, broad of shoulders and merry of face, his laugh rang loudly wherever he went. A good sportsman, a lively companion, a courteous, well-bred man of the world, with not too much brains to spoil his merriment, he was a universal favourite in London drawing-rooms or in the coffee-rooms of village inns. At "The Fisherman's Rest" everyone knew him—for he was fond of a trip across to France, and always spent a night under worthy Mr. Jellyband's roof on his way there or back.

He nodded to Waite, Pitkin and the others as he sat down at the table, and crossed over to the hearth to warm and dry himself; as he did so, he cast a quick, somewhat suspicious glance at the two strangers, who had quietly resumed their game of dominoes, and for a moment a look of deep earnestness, even of anxiety, clouded his jovial young face.

But only for a moment; the next he had turned to Mr. Hempstead, who was respectfully courting his forelock.

"Well, Mr. Hempstead, and how is the fruit?"

"Badly, my lord, badly," replied Mr. Hempstead, dolefully, "but what can you expect with this 'ere government favourin' them rascals over in France, who would murder their king and all their nobility?"

"Old's life!" retorted Lord Antony, "so they would, honest Hempstead, at least those they can get hold of, 'ere's luck! But we have got some friends coming here tonight, who at any rate have evaded their clutches."

It almost seemed, when the young man said these words, as if he threw a defiant look towards the quiet strangers in the corner.

"Thanks to you, my lord, and to your friends, so I've heard it said," said Mr. Jellyband.

But in a moment Lord Antony's hand fell warningly on mine host's arm.

"Hush!" he said peremptorily, and instinctively once again looked towards the strangers.

"Oh! Lord love you, they are all right, my lord," retorted Jellyband; "don't you be afraid. I wouldn't have spoken, only I knew we were among friends. That is, we have got some friends coming here tonight, who at any rate have evaded their clutches."

"In business? Faith, then, it must be an undertaker, for I vow I never beheld a more repulsive countenance."

"Nay, my lord, I believe that the gentleman is a widower, which no doubt would account for the melancholy of his bearing—but he is a friend, nevertheless. I'll vouch for that—and you will own, my lord, that who should judge of a face

better than the landlord of a popular inn—"

"Oh, that's all right, then, if we are among friends," said Lord Antony, who evidently did not care to discuss the subject with his host. "But, tell me, you have no one else staying here, have you?"

"No one, my lord, and no one coming, either, leastways."

"No one your lordship would object to, I know."

"Who is it?"

"Well, my lord, Sir Percy Blakeney and his lady will be here presently, but they ain't agoin' to stay."

"Lady Blakeney?" queried Lord Antony, in some astonishment.

"Aye, my lord. Sir Percy's skipper was here just now. He says that my lady's brother is crossing over to France today in the Day Dream, which is Sir Percy's yacht, and Sir Percy and my lady will come with him as far as here to see the last of him. It don't put you out, do it, my lord?"

"No, no, it doesn't put me out, friend; nothing will put me out, unless that supper is not the very best which Miss Sally can cook, and which has ever been served in 'The Fisherman's Rest.'"

"You need have no fear of that, my lord," said Sally, who all this while had been busy setting the table for supper. And very gay and jivying it looked, with a large bunch of brilliantly colored dahlias in the centre and the bright pew gobsies and blue china about.

"How many shall I lay for, my lord?"

"Five places, pretty Sally, but let the supper be enough for ten at least—our friends will be tired, and, I hope, hungry. As for me, I vow I could demolish a baron of beef tonight."

"Here they are, I do believe," said Sally, excitedly, as a distant clatter of horses and wheels could now be distinctly heard, drawing rapidly nearer.

There was general commotion in the coffee-room. Everyone was curious to see who Lord Antony's swell friends from over the water. Miss Sally cast one or two quick glances at the little bit of mirror which hung on the wall, and worthy Mr. Jellyband bustled out in order to give the first welcome himself to his distinguished guests. Why the two strangers in the corner did not participate in the general excitement. They were calmly finishing their game of dominoes, and did not even look once towards the door.

"Straight ahead, Comtesse, the door on your right," said a pleasant voice outside. "Aye! there they are, all right enough," said Lord Antony, joyfully; "off with you, my pretty Sally, and see how quickly you can dish up the soup."

The door was thrown wide open, and, preceded by Mr. Jellyband, who was proud in his bows and welcomes, a party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—entered the coffee-room.

"Welcome, welcome to old England!" said Lord Antony, effusively, as he came eagerly forward with both hands outstretched towards the newcomers.

"Ah, you know me, don't you?" said one of the ladies, speaking with a strong foreign accent.

"At your service, Madame," he replied, as he ceremoniously kissed the hands of both the ladies, then turned to the men and shook them both warmly by the hand.

(To be Continued.)

ARM CUT OFF
NEAR ELBOWJames Ruhlmet Met With a
Frightful Accident on I. C.
R. Tracks Yesterday.

A man whose name is said to be James Ruhlmet, of Norton, had his right arm cut off near the elbow last night by the C. P. R. suburban engine, No. 9, which entered the depot at 10.20 o'clock. The accident occurred near Lombard street. Ruhlmet, it is said, had been drinking and was lying with his right arm across the rail when the train came along and completely severed the arm. Ruhlmet's head was also bruised and one of his ears nearly taken off.

When the train went by where the accident occurred William McGourty, a young man, was on the engine, and stated that he believed something had been run over. Immediately cries from the unfortunate man could be heard and yard men carried him to the yard office and summoned the ambulance.

Before reaching the hospital the sufferer lost considerable blood, and his condition is regarded as critical.

BABY'S BODY FOUND
Policeman Lawson Discovered
Body of Dead Girl Baby in
Fairville Yesterday.

Policeman Lawson, of Fairville, made a peculiar discovery yesterday while searching at Lacrosse in the vicinity of the reservoir where the box that had contained J. R. Clarkson's money had been found by some boys. He had an idea that the finding of the box might lead to the solution of the robbery and accordingly set about searching the locality.

At the foot of one of the largest rocks he came upon a place where the turf had been recently disturbed. Not doubting that he had here the solution of the mystery he commenced digging and at a depth of about a foot uncovered the lid of a tin box. This discovery strengthened his suspicions and he soon had the box lifted out of the hole. The lid of the box was hinged and when the policeman threw it open he was horrified to find the body of a female infant wrapped in a cotton cloth.

Mr. Lawson, very carefully if somewhat hurriedly, deposited the box in the hole again, and, covering it up, returned to Fairville and reported to the spot with Corporal Macfarland and Albert Taylor, a special policeman.

The coroner, after viewing the body, expressed the opinion that it had been prematurely born. On returning to his office he was called upon by a doctor who told him that he had attended a premature birth in a Fairville family and the child had been buried there. These statements were afterwards made for interment in Cedar Hill cemetery.

DROWNED OFF GRAND MAANN
Hit by a swinging boom, Bedford Moses,
of Grand Manan, aged about twenty-one
years, was knocked overboard from the
sardine packet Shag Sea No. 10, while sailing
with a party of ladies off the island about
10 o'clock Saturday morning last.

Word reached the city yesterday. Although able to swim, it is said that he sank before assistance could be sent him. His body has not been recovered. He was the youngest son of John Moses, of Grand Manan, a respected and prosperous fisherman.

All told, there were four people on board. The ladies had come from the United States, and were of the island as tourists. Saturday forenoon, it is understood that Mr. Moses was engaged by the party to take them sailing.

He was managing the boat alone, and had reached the North Head of Long Island without mishap. There was a sudden gust of wind, and the boom, which was lying loose in the crotch, swung around and struck Mr. Moses with such force that he was hurled into the water. One of the women, Miss Felix, from New York state, who had arrived on the steamer Aurora from Eastport the day previous, was also knocked over the side, but luckily she managed to seize a rope that was trailing in the water, and was pulled back to the deck by her companion.

The accident had been witnessed from the shore and help was soon at hand. Mr. Moses' deplorable death aroused much sympathy in the island.

HAVE A CLOSE CALL
Hampton, N. B., Sept. 3.—At an early hour this morning, Roy Whelpley, of Hampton, and Perkins, of Hampton Station, took their guns and went to Lakeside on a duck shooting excursion.

Procuring a flat bottomed boat or duck canoe, they paddled up and down the shore and finally started across the lake. The boat leaked so badly that it sank by the bow, and Whelpley, standing up as a small strike them, the boat capsized and threw both into the water. Perkins held on to his gun and managed to climb upon the upturned canoe, where Whelpley joined him, but his fine double-barreled breech-loader went to the bottom.

Wet and cold, the young men held on for about half an hour, when Dr. Murray and his brother, William, who had gone to the lake also for a few hours' sport, saw their dangerous condition and pulled out to their relief. Happily no serious results, other than the shock, the drenching and consequent chill, were experienced.

Arthabaska, Que., Sept. 3.—Henri Laurier, prothonotary and clerk of the court of the district of Arthabaska, dropped dead last night after supper. Deceased was 45 years of age and leaves two brothers, Sir Wilfrid and Charlemagne Laurier, M. P., and a wife and two children.

Bathurst, N. B., Sept. 3.—Leo Godin, of Petit Rocher, hankman on No. 39 train, had his shoulder badly dislocated while shunting at Gloucester Junction on Saturday. Godin was stepping from the engine when he slipped and fell. He was brought to Bathurst and attended by the district railway doctor, R. G. Duncan.

There have been evidences of ignorance of Canadian geography in England, but E. R. Williams, of this city, in a letter from Boston, proves that much nearer neighbors have hazy ideas on the subject. He writes that he saw in the window of the Maine Central railroad office in Boston a large picture of the Cantilever and Suspension bridges, Fairville. The pictures were very fine, and on a brass plate underneath was this inscription: "This is a picture of the Cantilever and Suspension bridges over the St. John river, and they connect Maine and New Brunswick."

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After we were convinced that no other shoes in Canada, at the price, were so carefully and uniformly well-made, we signed the contract which gave us control.

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or tomorrow, and
see what we've
got for you in—



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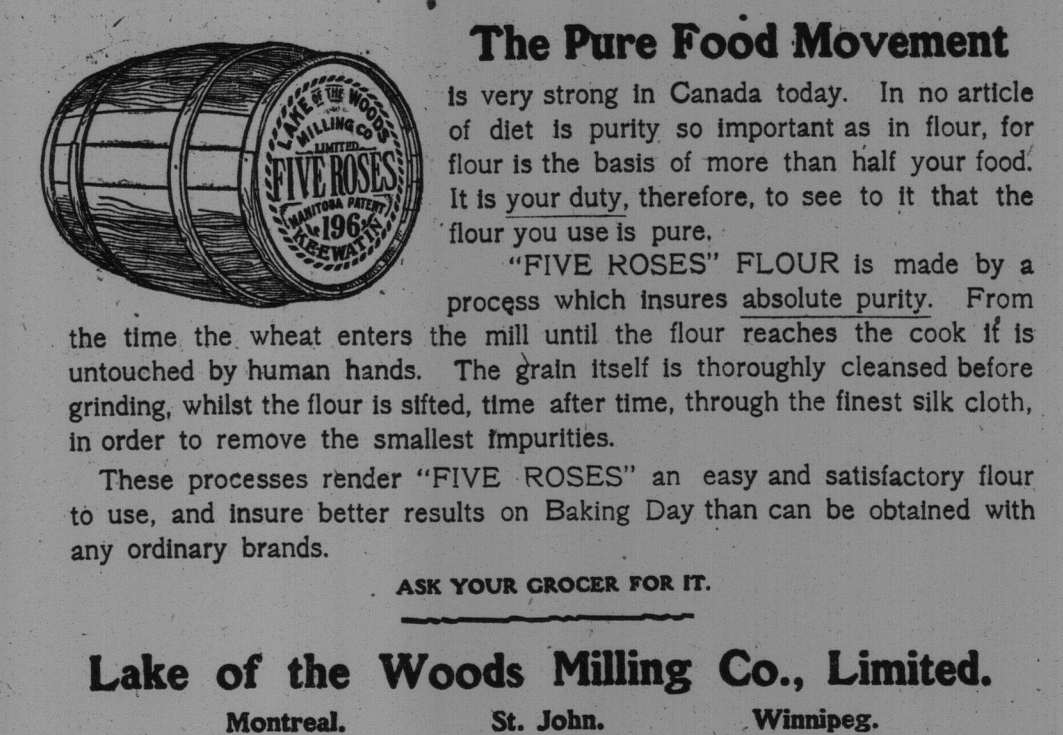
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