

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY
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STORY FROM THE START

The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is an Englishman. At a house party given by Sir Percy Blakeney the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the rescue of the Tournon-d'Agény, is being related by Sir Andrew Ffoulkes.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"And that was when the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel interposed!" Lady Alicia put in with a sigh. "He knew M. le Tournon d'Agény and his family were being taken to Paris."

"I believe he had had an inkling of what was in the wind some time before the arrest. It is wonderful how closely he is always in touch with those who one day may need his help. But I believe that at the last moment plans had to be formulated in a hurry. Fortunately, chance on this occasion chose to favor those plans. Day had broken without a gleam of sunshine; a thin drizzle was falling, and there was a sharp head wind on, which fretted the horses and forced the driver to keep his head down, with his broad-brimmed hat pulled well over his eyes. Mature, as you see, was helping all she could. One can imagine the surprise attack. Vague forms loomed suddenly out of the mist and the sharp report of a pistol, twice in quick succession. The horses, sweating and panting, fell into a footpace, dragging the heavy coach up the steep incline, through the squelching mud of the road, and came to a violent and sudden halt on the crest of the hill at the first report. At the second they reared and plunged wildly.

"The whole thing was, I am assured, a matter of a couple of minutes. It was surprise and swiftness that won the upper hand, for the rescue party was outnumbered three to one. Had there been the slightest hesitation, the slightest slackening of quick action, the attack would of a certainty have failed. But during those few minutes of confusion, and under cover of the mist and the vague grayness of the morning the Scarlet Pimpernel and his followers, down on their knees in the squelching mud were not merely fighting, you understand? No! They were chiefly engaged in cutting the saddle girths under the bellies of eight fidgety and plunging horses, and cracking their pistols in order to keep up the confusion. Not an easy task, you will admit, though 'tis a form of attack well known in the East, so I understand.

"At any rate, those had been the chief's orders, and they had to be carried out. For my part, I imagine that superstitious terror had upset the nerves of that small squad of revolutionary guard. Hemmed in by the thicket on either side of the road, the men had not sufficient elbow room for a good fight. No man likes being attacked by a foe whom he cannot well see, and in the melee that ensued the men were hindered from using their somewhat clumsy sabers too freely for fear of injuring their comrades' mounts, if not their own; and all they could do was to strive to calm their horses and through the din, to hear the words of command uttered by their lieutenant.

"And all the while," Sir Andrew went on, amidst breathless silence on the part of his hearers, "I pray you picture to yourselves the confusion; the cracking of pistols, the horses snorting, the lieutenant shouting, the prisoners screaming. Then, at a given moment, the Scarlet Pimpernel scrambled up the box seat of the chaise. As no doubt all of you ladies know by now, he has the most wonderful hand with horses. In one instant he had snatched the reins out of the bewildered Jehu's hands, and, with word of mouth and click of tongue, had soothed the poor beasts' nerves. And sudden he gave the order, 'A va!' which was the signal agreed on between himself and his followers. For then it meant a scramble for cover under the veil of mist and rain, whilst he, the gallant chief, whipped up the team, which plunged down the road now at breakneck speed.

"Of course, the guard, and, above all, the lieutenant, grasped the situation soon enough, and immediately gave chase. But they were not trick riders, any of them, and with severed saddle girths could not go far. Be that as it may, the Scarlet Pimpernel drove his team without a halt as far as Moidy, where he had arranged for relays. Once well away from the immediate influence of Paris, with all its terrors and tyrannical measures, the means of escape for the prisoners became comparatively easy, thanks primarily to the indomitable pluck of their rescuer and also to a long purse.

"The story is exactly as I had it from Madam la Comtesse de Tournon-d'Agény, whose only sorrow, now that she and those she loves are safe at last in England, is that she never once caught a glimpse of her rescuer. He proved as elusive to her as to all of us, and we find ourselves repeating the delightful doggerel invented on that evasive personage by our prince of dandies Sir Percy Blakeney."

"Marvelous!" "Enchanting!" "Pai plément!" "I nearly fainted with excitement, my dear!" These were some of the ejaculations uttered by dainty well-rigger lips, while the men, more

or less, were silent, pondering, vaguely longing to shake the enigmatical hero once, at least, by the hand.

His highness was questioning Sir Andrew Ffoulkes more closely about certain details connected with the story. It was softly whispered, and not for the first time, either, that his highness could, if he would, solve the riddle of the identity of that mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel.

And the whisperers were correct, since his highness was one of the few who knew that Sir Percy Blakeney was the Scarlet Pimpernel, who, with his little band of romantic adventurers—of whom Sir Andrew Ffoulkes was one—was devoting himself to saving from undeserved death victims of the Reign of Terror in France.

Dainty, sweet, and generous, as usual, Lady Ffoulkes had edged up to Lady Blakeney, and the two young wives of such gallant men held one another for one instant closely by the hand, a token of mutual understanding, of pride and of happiness.

Then Lady Ffoulkes looked in dainty puzzlement about her. "Sir Percy!" she exclaimed. "Where is Sir Percy?" And the call was like the chirruping of birds on a sunny spring morning. It stilled all further chattering for the moment.

"Where is Sir Percy?" And silence alone echoed, "Where?"

Until a real material sound came in response. A long-drawn-out sound that caused the ladies to snigger and the men to laugh. It was the sound of a loud and prolonged snore. The groups of gay society butterflies, men and women, parted, disclosing the alcove at the further end of the room, where, on the sofa, with handsome head resting against rose-colored cushions, Sir Percy Blakeney was fast asleep.

CHAPTER II

Citoyen Lauzet

But in Paris the news of the evasion of the ci-devant Comte et Comtesse de Tournon-d'Agény with their son and two daughters was received in a different spirit. Members of the committee of public safety and of general security, both official and unofficial, professional and amateur, were more irate than they cared to admit.

Citoyen Lauzet, chief of section in the rural division of the department Seine et Oise, was most particularly worried by the incident, which, if it must be remembered, occurred in his district. The hand of the well-known English spy, known throughout France as the League of the Scarlet Pimpernel, could obviously be traced in the daring and impudent attack on an armed escort, and the subsequent driving of the chaise through three hundred kilometers of country where only shameless bribery and unparalleled audacity could have saved them from being traced, followed, and brought to justice.

Citoyen Lauzet, a faithful servant of the state, felt that the situation was altogether beyond his capacity for dealing with; those English spies were so different to the ordinary traitors and aristos whom one suspected arrested, and sent to the guillotine all in the turn of a hand. But how was one to deal with men whom one had never seen and was never likely to see, if rumor spoke correctly? Citoyen Lauzet scratched his bald pate and perspired freely in his endeavor to find a solution to his difficulty, but he found none.

It was in the midst of his perturbations that he bethought him of his friend, Armand Chauvelin. Now, Lauzet was quite aware of the fact that that same friend of his was under a cloud just now; that he had lost that high position he once held on the committee of public safety, for reasons which had never been made public. Nevertheless, Lauzet had reasons for knowing that in the matter of tracking down spies Armand Chauvelin had few, if any, equals; and he also knew that for some unexplained cause Chauvelin would give several years of his life, and everything he possessed in the world, to get his long, thin fingers round the throat of that enigmatical personage known as the Scarlet Pimpernel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Sound-Proof Room Has Been Developed

Henry Bernstein, French playwright, hired a builder to build him a sound-proof room in his apartment. The room cost 175,000 francs and failed to be sound-proof, so Bernstein sued the builder and recovered 37,000 francs damages.

Publisher Horace Stokes, discussing the case, said: "Writers are always looking in vain for sound-proof rooms. You remember the sound-proof room that Carlyle built on top of his little house in Chelsea. It wasn't sound-proof at all."

"Carlyle couldn't sleep in his Chelsea home on account of a rooster in a neighbor's garden. At last, worn out, a nervous wreck, he went to the neighbor and said:

"For the love of heaven kill that rooster of yours, or it will kill me. Look at my bloodshot eyes and shaking hands. The bird crows all night and I never get a wink of sleep any more."

"No, no, Mr. Carlyle," said the neighbor, "it don't—It can't crow all night."

"Perhaps not," said Carlyle, "but when it isn't crowing I lie there breathless and tense, waiting for it to begin again."

SUB
ROSA

By
MIMI

Two Friends

ETHEL'S two friends, Caroline and June cause her a lot of perplexity. She's known them both for years and in her heart of hearts, June stands first with her. Yet other people criticize June constantly, while they unite in loving admiration to the fair Caroline.

"Why on earth do you run around with June so much?" demands Nancy. "She's the most untrustworthy, deceitful creature I ever knew. Her whims and her moods get on my nerves. She's the most unpopular kid in school and yet you stick to her like grim death."

Ethel sighs. She doesn't know herself why she sticks to June. Certainly that young lady is difficult enough—a creature of eternal changing moods and ideas—a maiden of violent likes and dislikes.

And why does she seek June's society in preference to Caroline's, Caroline, sunny-haired, unimaginative, quiet, precise, stands for quiet security. She has no moods. She is always the same. Hers is a quiet self-satisfied calm which brings peace to the lives of her more turbulent friends.

Yet Ethel's natural shrinking from her is a perfect case of intuition without reason. For of her two friends, June is the one to be counted on in the final analysis—and Caroline the one to be avoided.

It is so very often the case that the girl characterized as moody, irritable and flighty has the true stuff in her—while the calm phlegmatic bundle of self-satisfaction who wins praise and admiration—is not to be counted on in an emergency.

June you see is passing through a difficult phase.

Her opinions are of no value, but her friendship is. Her very attitude shows that she is not seeking popularity—that her idea of a perfect existence does not necessitate her being the center of an admiring group of friends.

Now she makes enemies oftener than friends. Yet the friends she makes should trust her, for she is to be depended on.

While Caroline, calm, competent, sunnily smiling is on the way to make every moment—striving to attract new friends—doing her best always to be the one girl everybody loves. Now you know, no girl in the world can achieve that. She must either take a stand on one side or the other.

Is There a Chance?

"HAVE I got a chance of happiness with Nat?" asks Isabel pathetically. "He wants me to marry him and it seems to me I love him, but there are so many drawbacks. He is much older than I am, and I'm sure that he won't want to dance or go out at all in a few years' time and I'm too young to give up parties. Also isn't really interested in the things which interest me. And he's nearing middle age and he isn't a real success in life. Am I taking too big a chance marrying a man who has no really brilliant future and who may be old before I'm thirty? I would love to marry him if only I could set my fears at rest."

Well, dearie, your fears are doomed to remain wandering restless spirits, if you want them lulled by me.

You haven't the slightest chance of success in marriage with anybody if you go into the proposition in the frame of mind indicated by your question.

Success in marriage as you may have heard some four hundred thousand times before this—means compromise. And do I hear a word about compromise from your ruby-red lips? I do not.

The only thing makes itself clear to me is this: That Isabel wants to have a good time even after a few years of settling down—that she resents Nat's not being interested in her hobbies—that she wants to have enough money to live comfortably and Nat ought to supply the internal revenue. That's all she wants.

Not a word about whether you're willing to do your part, child. Not a word about wanting to help Nat to make the success which has eluded him through a rather dismal business career.

Just the plain statement that you want cash and a successful husband—and will Nat do?

No, he certainly won't do for you, nor will any other poor mortal man who needs a wife's comfort and sympathy and understanding and companionship—not her imperious demands for mental and financial satisfaction.

You've got the best chance in the world of being happy with a man if you're willing to take the bad breaks with the good. With that spirit in your heart you could stumble into any one of half a dozen marriages and make a success of things.

But if you're the wide-awake young self-satisfied, eager hands outstretched to take everything, eager lips forming the immortal word "Gimme," you're bound to bump into a few snags even though you marry the most perfect specimen in the world.

Learn to think about what YOU can do to make your marriage a success. (© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

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NEW!—HEAR IT—TODAY

Ignored Stone Real Relic

Occupying an obscure position near the footpath of the Craill-Fifeness road in Scotland, since 1851, a standing stone has just been found to be a relic dating back to at least the Eleventh century. It is part of the old Celtic church near Craill, and the inspector of ancient monuments has had it removed to a prominent place in Victoria Gardens in Craill.

Airplane Pilots Make

Study of Bird Flights

New light on the height and speed of which birds fly, and upon bird migration, is being thrown by airplane pilots. Joint plans are being developed by bird societies and aeronautical associations to compile systematically such serial observations of feathered folk.

It seems that birds are rarely sighted by airmen above a height of about 3,000 feet. Not long ago, however, one pilot reported seeing a couple of large birds, which he took to be eagles, at an altitude of more than 12,000 feet. It is believed that some birds, when on migrating flights, attain nearly 20,000 feet. Ornithologists are asking airmen to make special observations as to the speed at which birds fly. In one case, already on record, a pilot cruising at about 100 miles an hour, was approached by a number of swifts. These graceful birds not only outtook the airplane, but outstripped it with ease.

During the war pilots on patrol above the dunes of western Belgium often amused themselves by putting their airplanes against teal and mallard. Both these birds seemed capable of a speed of more than 100 miles an hour.

Longest Truss Bridge

With the completion of a huge structure across the mouth of the Waal river, the Netherlands claims to have the longest truss bridge in the world. It is two miles long, and connects the cities of Dordrecht and Moerdijk. The bridge is made up of a series of spans of rigid steel framework, supported by massive piers rising from the river, which is very wide and shallow at that point.

Defining Engineering

The following definition of "engineering," designed to be general enough to include the various branches, has been proposed by Col. P. E. Harbour, secretary of the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America: "Engineering is the judicious application of the technical sciences to the human solution of inanimate mechanical problems."

If It Isn't One Thing

"Why are you looking so down in the mouth, old fellow?" "Lost my new car." "Good heavens! Why don't you report it to the sheriff?" "No good. He's the one who took it."—Boston Transcript.

If Not, O. K.

"This the road to Coolangaboo?" "Keep on the way yer 'eadin', an' if yer come to a 'ill with a church on it, you'll know yer took the wrong turn."—Sydney Bulletin.

"Baby" Airplane

Measuring only 25 feet from wing tip to wing tip, and capable of flying more than 40 miles per gallon of fuel, a new type of "baby" airplane was recently demonstrated in London.

The After-Dinner Talk

"The speaker seems to weigh every word before he speaks." "But you could never accuse him of giving short weight."

Can't Avoid It

Irate Father—What is that stuff on my new car? Where have you been? Calm Son—That's only traffic jam.

No Chance

"My wife wants all my wages." "Why don't you strike?" "Then she'll gimme the lockout."

The largest and richest emerald mines in Colombia are the property of the Colombian government.

A man who understands men can give you good advice about one without being able to do it.

There is some hope for the fool who does not boast of his wisdom.

Don't trim your lamp so zealously as to extinguish it.

Future of Lighthouse

A further demonstration of the utility of wireless is to be found in the wireless direction finder with which many large vessels are being fitted. By means of this a vessel is able to discover position and direction without the aid of the lighthouse or light-ship, and irrespective of the state of the weather. So general is the use of this appliance becoming that the future utility of the lighthouse is being questioned. The shipowners anticipate it may lead to a diminution in the number of lighthouses and ships, for the upkeep of which they pay many thousands of dollars every year in "light dues."

Love may make the world go round, but it takes a little jealousy to accelerate the speed.

We never realize how much nerve we have until we have occasion to occupy a dentist's chair.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

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Pass Closely Guarded

Restrictions as to passage through the Khyber pass apply both to men and women. The pass is open only on certain days of the week and at certain designated hours. It is the main strategic point of entry into India from Afghanistan and is, therefore, carefully guarded.

Such Ignorance!

"Nurse, there is a little boy at our school who has never seen a horse." "How strange!" "No, he hasn't, because I drew one today and showed it to him, and he said: 'Whatever animal is that?'"—Stray Stories.

Christendom's Champions

St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland and St. David of Wales were given the title "Champions of Christendom."

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Real Life Romance

The Squire—I want you for my wife.
Village Maiden—Oh, sir!
The Squire—She needs a new parlor-maid.

No Reading Matter

"I went out with a professional mind reader last night."
"How did she enjoy her holiday?"

Enough Said

"What kind of a wife has he?"
"Well, all I got to say is I pity him if he ever forgets he is married."



NEVER wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's Bayer Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every druggist always has genuine Bayer Aspirin for the prompt relief of a headache, colds, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.

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