

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

The Baroness Orczy

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CHAPTER V—Continued

Nay, more! There were many who positively asserted that in some unexplainable way the whole of the Deszeze affair was connected with the capture of the English spy who was known throughout France as the Scarlet Pimpernel. This spy had been at work in the district for some time; every one knew that it was he who had dragged those el-dévant traitors and aristos, the Tournon-d'Arenays, out of Citizen Lauzet's clutches, and Citizen Lauzet was now having his revenge. He would capture the Scarlet Pimpernel, catch him in the act of trying to effect the escape of the Deszeze family, and thus earn the reward of ten thousand livres offered to any man who would lay that enemy of France by the heels.

Lucky Lauzet! Thus to have the means of earning a sum of money sufficient to keep a man and his family in affluence for the rest of their lives. And besides the money there would be the glory, too! Who could gauge the heights to which a man might rise if he brought about the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel? Well, Lauzet would do it! Lucky Lauzet! He would certainly do it, as asserted some; those sort of men always have all the luck! There were even those who asserted that the Scarlet Pimpernel was already captured and that Lauzet had got him. Lucky, lucky Lauzet!

"You don't suppose," one man declared, "that anything would be known of the affair unless it was already accomplished? Lauzet is not one to talk till after a thing is done. No! No! Believe me, my friends, Lauzet has already got his ten thousand livres in his pocket!"

He was a wizened little old man from over Lanoy way, and now he dolefully shook his head.

"And to think," he went on, "that I might have laid that English spy by the heels myself, if I had had a bit of luck like Lauzet."

A shout of derision greeted this astounding assertion.

"You, papa Sargon?" one of the crowd ejaculated with a loud laugh, "you, laying the English spy by the heels? That is the best joke I've heard for many a day. Will you tell us how that came about?"

And papa Sargon told the tale how he and his wife had a visit from a squad of soldiers who told him that they were after a band of English spies who were known to be in that district. The soldiers asked for a night's shelter, as they were weary after a long day's ride. Papa Sargon had made them comfortable in the big barn behind the cottage; but the next morning, when he went to see how they had fared in the night, he found the barn empty and the soldiers gone. And papa Sargon remained convinced in his own mind that for the better part of a night he had harbored the most bitter enemies of his country, and if he had only guessed who those supposed soldiers were, he might have informed the local commissary of police, and earned ten thousand livres for himself.

Now, this story would not perhaps have been altogether convincing to unprejudiced ears, but such it was, and with everything that had occurred in Moisson these last few days, it aroused considerable excitement. It went to prove that the Scarlet Pimpernel was not nearly so mysterious or so astute as rumor credited him to be, since he almost fell a victim to papa and mamma Sargon. It also went to prove to the satisfaction of the company present that Citizen Lauzet had been sharper than papa Sargon and, having come across the Scarlet Pimpernel through some lucky accident, he had laid hands on him and was even now conveying him to Paris, where a grateful government would hand him over the promised reward of ten thousand livres.

This notion, which gradually filtered into the minds of the company, did not tend to make Citizen Lauzet any more popular; and when presently most of that same company adjourned to Leo's for refreshment, there were some among the younger men who wanted to know why they should not have their share in those ten thousand livres. The Scarlet Pimpernel, they argued with more enthusiasm than logic, had been captured in their district. The Deszeze family who were in some way connected with the capture were citizens of Moisson; why should not they, citizens of Moisson, too, finger a part of the reward?

It was all wild and illogical, and it would have been impossible for any one to say definitely who was the prime mover in the ensuing resolution which, by the way, was carried unanimously, that a deputation should set out forthwith for Mantes to interview Citizen Lauzet and demand in the name of justice, and for the benefit

of Moisson, some share in the money prize granted by the government for the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Subsequently, both papa Sargon and a drover from Alincourt were held to be chiefly to blame, but as papa Sargon properly remarked, neither he nor the stranger from Alincourt stood to gain anything by the wild goose chase, so why should they have instigated it?

Be that as it may, soon after mid-day meal, half a score of young stalwarts climbed into the cart of the drover from Alincourt, and the party, full of enthusiasm and of Leo's excellent red wine, set out for Mantes. They had provided themselves with a miscellaneous collection of arms; those who possessed guns brought them along, then they borrowed a couple of pistols from Leo and two more from old Mitau, who had been a soldier in his day. Some of them had sabers, others took sickles or scythes which might be useful; one man had a saw, another took a wood chopper. All these things would be useful should there be a fight over this affair, and most of them hoped that there would be a fight.

The first disappointment came on arrival in Mantes. Here at the commissariat they were informed that Citizen Lauzet had been gone these last two hours. He had ridden away in the company of his friend who had come from Paris some two days previously. The general idea prevalent at the commissariat was that the two men had ridden away in the direction of a corral (ary of the first, was that the diligence with prisoners and escort had started on its way less than half an hour ago. It seemed in truth as if the plot thickened. Lauzet and his friend from Paris gone, the diligence gone! No one paused for a moment to reflect how this could possibly mean anything in the nature of a plot, but by this time spirits were inflamed. Unaccountably inflamed. Every one was so poor these days; money was so terribly hard to earn; work was so grinding, remuneration so small, that now that the idea of the capture of the English spy with its attendant reward had seized hold of the imagination of these young hotheads, they clung to it tenaciously, grimly, certain that if they acted quickly and wisely and if no one else got in the way, they would succeed in gaining the golden prize. A competence! Just think on it! And with nothing to do for it but an exciting adventure. And here was Lauzet interfering! Snatching the prize for himself! Lauzet, who already drew a large salary from the state for very little work.

All this had been talked over, sworn upon, discussed, commented at great length all the way between Moisson and Mantes, in the rickety cart driven by the drover from Alincourt. He was a wise man, that drover. His advice was both sound and bold. "Why," he asked, pertinently, "should a man like Citizen Lauzet get everything he wants? I say it is because he has a friend over in Paris who comes along and helps him. Because he has money and influence. What? Was there ever anything seen quite so unjust? I ask you, is the English spy, my friends? I ask you. He is in this district. Our district. And what I say is that what's in our district belongs to us. Remember, there's ten thousand livres waiting for every man who takes a hand in the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Ten thousand livres! And Citizen Lauzet, with that stranger from Paris, is even at this hour riding away with it in his pocket."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Easy for Woman to Find Parking Space

It was a busy corner and there were parking space for just one car. A gentleman espied the space, counted it his own and proceeded to ease his car into it. To do this he had, it seems, to back, turn, wheel, run for ward, shift gears, and attack on the right and left flanks.

While he was going through this very elaborate maneuvering, a woman driver arrived and clearly usurped the parking space by the absurdly simple method of driving her automobile straight into it without fourishes or trouble.

A moment or so passed and then the gentleman realized for all his stratagem the position was lost. "Say, sister," he began, and he was still talking as the woman snapped the door of the car and got lost in the crowd about.—Baltimore Sun.

Humans, thinks the cat in Farm and Fireside, must annoy cows as much as they annoy us cats.

There is no more dangerous sickness than sadness.—American Magazine.

FARM BOARD DELAYS HEARINGS ON LOANS

Will Wait Until Machinery Has Been Perfected.

Washington.—Suspension of hearings on applications for loans pending complete organization of its own operating machinery was announced by the federal farm board.

During its nearly five weeks of existence the board, officials pointed out, has heard 40 various agricultural groups in pleas for assistance but in most of the cases it has been compelled to postpone action on the applications because there has been no time to determine policies, or organize personnel and facilities to conduct the loan and other operations in a businesslike manner.

Indianapolis, Ind.—To take advantage of the newly enacted national farm marketing act, officers of incorporation were filed here by a group of Indiana farmers and business men, for the Farmers' Co-operative company of Indiana, a \$2,000,000 concern. The company proposes to engage in the marketing of all agricultural products and the providing of supplies to members.

Washington.—Officials of all-wool co-operative marketing associations and producer-owned warehouse associations in the United States will meet with the federal farm board in Chicago early in October to form a national co-operative sales agency and an advisory council for the commodity.

This plan was announced by the board after several conferences with officials of the national wool marketing council and other wool marketing associations which had asked the board for the immediate selection of a commodity advisory council and for financial aid from the farm relief revolving fund.

The decision of the board to withhold funds for the time being from the wool marketing association was in keeping with its policy to bring about as large an amalgamation of marketing concerns of each major commodity as possible. A statement by the board declared that "it is apparent that one of the major problems confronting the wool associations is a need for the co-ordination of their selling efforts."

Washington.—The formation of an advisory commodity council to supervise the marketing of cotton was requested by representatives of the American Cotton Growers' Exchange at a meeting with the federal farm board. It was made known after the session that, before taking any action, the board plans to inquire into methods of bringing the various cotton co-operatives into a closer association. The group which met with the farm board consisted of men representing the various state co-operatives affiliated with the cotton exchange. Representations were also made for a loan of \$3,000,000 or more to aid in disposing of this year's crop.

New York.—Formation of a \$50,000,000 co-operative marketing association as a national agency to unite national and local growers' organizations dealing in fruit and vegetables was announced here.

The association has been incorporated in Delaware under the name of the United Growers of America. The chairman of the board is Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the board of the United States Chamber of Commerce and at one time president of the United States food administration grain corporation. Another member is William M. Jardine, secretary of agriculture in the Coolidge administration.

In its initial work the association will serve sixty subsidiary co-operatives in twenty-five states.

The organization of the co-operative marks the second major step in the combination of agricultural co-operatives since the new federal farm board began to function. On July 20 the Farmers' National Grain corporation was organized to unite grain selling co-operatives on a national scale.

The announcement of the United Growers came without preliminary intimation from the farm board. The organizers, however, have been in communication with Secretary of Agriculture Hyde and Chairman Legge of the farm board, and their program has the general approval of both.

Already assured of substantial support in their project by local co-operative and private marketing concerns, the initiators of the enterprise are negotiating with additional groups throughout the country with a view to forming a still more comprehensive union among the growers of fruit and vegetables.

Tong Chiefs Sign Peace Pact
New York.—A national peace agreement between the On Leong and Hip Sing tongs has been signed in the office of the Chinese consul-general by thirty Chinese, heads of tongs in principal cities.

Calles Takes Up Golf
Paris.—The Mexican legation has been advised that former President Calles, who is residing in France for his health, has begun a program of golf, long motor rides and sea baths.

MUST TAKE EXAMINATION



Wilbur B. Huston.

Boston, Mass.—Although he has been called "the brightest boy in America," Wilbur B. Huston, winner of the recent Edison scholarship contest, must take an examination to enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology next month. This he will do to complete institute requirements.

BOGUS REAL ESTATE PROBE IN PROGRESS

Statewide Quiz Being Conducted by Illinois Officials.

Chicago.—A statewide investigation of real estate swindles by which several Chicago real estate concerns are alleged to have defrauded 400 or 500 investors of an estimated \$3,000,000 has been launched.

Commissioner A. A. Crissey of the real estate board of the state department of registration and education, concluded a two-day hearing of complaints at Rockford and is conducting Chicago. Thereafter he plans to hold hearings in Chicago. Thereafter he plans to hold hearings in Moline, Freeport, Danville and Peoria.

"This investigation is no reflection on the general real estate business as conducted in Illinois," Clyde L. Backus, assistant director of the department of registration and education, said. "It seems, from our investigation, that a few of the less reputable Chicago firms, having exhausted their lists in the city, have begun to prey on the more gullible small town business men and in some cases on aged persons of no business acumen."

"The practice of these concerns seems to have been uniform in that they opened a subdivision and with the sales contract offered another document represented as a contract. In this second document, the company appears to have agreed within a specified time to assume the obligation to resell the property involved at a substantial profit for the customer."

"While this practice savors of fraud, the department of registration and education will not undertake to prosecute offenders. We are interested only in revoking the licenses of concerns following such methods."

Mr. Backus indicated he would invite the co-operation of state's attorneys in counties where hearings will be held, with a view to having criminal proceedings instituted where convictions are deemed likely.

"The difficulty in prosecuting such cases is that complainants are reluctant to have their credibility exposed in open court," Mr. Backus said. "Publicity of an impersonal kind helps to bring cases of fraud to light."

891 New Laws in Force in State of California

Sacramento, Calif.—New state laws, ranging from old age pension to the gambling ship ban and from twenty-four-hour schools to "radio slander," are now effective.

A total of 891 new laws are in operation, the survivors of the 2,086 bills introduced into the last session. 215 measures were vetoed by Governor Young.

Among the outstanding measures are numerous amendments to the motor vehicle act. One creates the state highway patrol.

Offers \$1,000 for Dead Robbers, \$500 for Live

Ashland, Wis.—A dead bank robber is worth more than a live one to the Four County Bankers' association of Ashland, Bayfield, Price and Iron counties.

The organization offers \$1,000 reward for a dead robber and only \$500 for a live one. The bankers are not only posting signs telling of the rewards but are furnishing machine guns to police officers.

\$1,000 for Peace Promotion

Geneva.—The gift of \$1,000 from the Carnegie endowment for promotion of peace in recognition of the work of the International Federation of University Women was announced at the triennial congress here.

Batanes Islanders Need Food

Manila, P. I.—Due to crop failures and recent typhoons an acute food shortage prevails in the Batanes Islands, the northernmost group of the Philippine archipelago.

DAIRY

DAIRY COWS NEED SUCCULENT FEED

Silo Is Best Supplement for Dried-Up Pastures.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

During the late summer pastures in most sections are short because of dry weather and because they are grazed too closely. If there is any grass, it is not succulent and is unpalatable. Consequently, cows will not consume enough for high milk production.

Experienced dairymen know that if the production of their cows has decreased during the hot, dry weather because of insufficient feed, it is difficult and practically impossible to bring the production back to normal during that milking period.

The summer silo, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, is probably the best means of supplementing short, dried-up pastures. For a herd of 12 to 20 cows, a silo from 10 to 12 feet in diameter is best suited for this purpose because the silage can then be fed out fast enough to prevent spoiling. If, however, all the silage is not fed during the summer it can be fed the following winter or the next summer. Silage will keep for several years. Dairymen frequently fill two silos, one for winter feeding and one for summer use.

Where it is not feasible to erect a silo for summer feed the short pasture may be supplemented by certain pasture crops instead of summer silage. In many sections sweet clover has proved very satisfactory for this purpose. It does well at this season and has the advantage of being a legume and consequently contains a large amount of protein. Alfalfa can also be pastured at this time and will assist materially in preventing the mid-summer drop in milk flow.

Many combinations of legumes, such as peas, vetches, and soy beans, with grains, such as corn, wheat, oats, barley and rye, can be grown and fed green. Successive plantings of these crops will often provide succulent feeds over an extended period. Sudan grass is also well suited for grazing purposes throughout the Central West.

In addition to good pasture high producing cows need to be fed grain to supply the required nutrients. Cows producing more than 20 pounds of milk daily should be given one pound of grain to each four to six pounds of milk produced. The grain feed may be a mixture of corn, oats, wheat bran, or barley, and should always be ground. For cows producing more than 35 pounds of milk daily the grain mixture should contain one high-protein concentrate, such as the oil meals.

Keep Cream Cool During Hot Months of Summer

To receive the highest price for cream during the hot months, dairymen must exercise extra precautions. The following facts are worthy of consideration:

Water cools 20 times more quickly than air.

A simple cooling system may be made by piping water from the windmill into a hardwood barrel and from there to the stock tank. The cream can be placed in the barrel through which the fresh, cool water flows.

Cream cooled to the proper temperature keeps sweet the longest possible time.

Never mix warm cream with cool cream.

Cream should be stirred frequently.

Cleanliness, cooling, stirring and frequent deliveries of cream are important.

Distasteful Flavors in Cream Caused by Weeds

Off flavors in cream may be caused by feeds and weeds, such as wild onion, garlic, leek and ragweed. Flavors may be absorbed from the surroundings. For example, oil, gasoline, and vegetable flavors may cause trouble.

Another class of flavors resulting from bacterial contamination are called stale, cheesy, yeasty, bitter, or acid. All of these off flavors result in poor quality of cream and cause a financial loss to the dairy farmer. They may be eliminated by keeping cows out of pastures which contain undesirable weeds, handling and storing cream in sanitary surroundings, and by careful methods in production and handling.

Cooling of cream to 50 degrees Fahrenheit immediately after separation and frequent deliveries will help win the battle against poor cream.

Save Soil Fertility

One of the most difficult problems confronting our farmers who grow cash crops is the conservation of the soil's fertility. There is some difference of opinion as to the best method of accomplishing this, but judging the future by the past, we can safely say that there is no way more certain of results than the keeping of livestock. The farmer who keeps cows, being a consumer rather than a seller of feeds, will constantly increase the fertility of his soil.

Seeing Cyprus



Women Do Heavy Work in Cyprus.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

CYPRUS, lying almost at the northeast corner of the Mediterranean sea, once famed for the copper which bears its name, was an island stepping-stone and exchange center for ancient civilizations.

The traveler, if he takes the barren ride from the port of Larnaka to the capital, Nicosia, through a chucky wilderness, is likely to jump to the conclusion that Cyprus is drab and wholly uninteresting. But half-oriental Cyprus veils her charms, modestly masking her beauty in remote mountain valleys and along the northern shore, where no steamer stops except for carob beans, destined as provender for Spanish cavalry horses.

The best way to reach Cyprus is to steam from Beirut into the sunset glow, and dock at dawn in Famagusta harbor, beside Othello's Tower, where the dark-skinned Moor, inflamed by Iago, smothered his Desdemona.

Once Famagusta, rich and wicked, had a church or chapel for every day in the year. It is a graveyard of old churches now—some sunk in ruin, one or two still used to house the glittering panoply of worship, one changed into a mosque, starkly simple as a prison cell but with a Meccan mihrab pointing the soul to paradise.

The walls of Famagusta are massive and high, with moats cut from the native rock on which the bastions rise; and with gun platforms, or cavaliers, overlooking them from within. At the Land Gate there was an almost unique ravelin, or outwork, which was useless, and at another corner the masterly Martingengo bastion, which was merely futile.

Looking northward one sees the site of Salamis, six miles away. When Paul and Barnabas landed in Cyprus, Salamis was a Roman capital. Little by little its various forums and market place are being rescued from the drifting sands and viper-infested brush. Salamis enthusiasts would gladly use its Byzantine name, Constantia, for it is disconcerting, while trying to hang a splendid past on a lot of sadly fallen columns to have visitors exclaim that they have always wanted to see the site of the battle of Salamis, which occurred 600 miles away!

Great Treeless Plain

From Salamis westward to the American copper-ore docks at Karavostasi there stretches the great "treeless plain" of the Mesoria, with, however, a miniature forest at Syrnec and orchards surrounding many of the villages.

At places, as around Lefkoniko, this plain is rich with waving grain or dotted with golden threshing floors, where the driver sits in an easy chair atop the ox-drawn threshing sledge. Elsewhere rock strata, tilted toward the sky, discourage agriculture, but rare is the view in which some leaden-footed animal is not dragging a plow.

Along the north run the Kyrenia mountains, which one labels mere hills until he has climbed to Buffavento castle or to St. Hilarion and, looked down with awe on plain and sea. Strung out in a well-defined and craggy ridge, they guard the pleasant northern slope from the central plain. Strong sea winds, sweeping south, blow the trees lopsided toward the hills.

South of the Mesoria are massed the mountains that culminate in Troodos, the Cypriote Olympus. Cutting the northern face of that mass are neighboring valleys traversed by shrunken streams—the most charming bits of the whole island.

North of Salamis one of the prominent perches is occupied by Kantara castle—the Hundred Chambers.

The men of Cyprus have a distinctive costume—a straw hat with a mushroom brim, a plain shirt sometimes with a jacket, voluminous Turkish trousers whose seats are tucked into their belts for cross-country walking, and heavy leather boots with their tops turned down and tied above the calf.

The women do little to keep alive the Aphrodite tradition. One of their sex says of them: "They are rarely pretty or even good-looking, being

heavy of feature and clumsy of form, and their voices are harsh and shrill. But how could any woman be beautiful who works from sunrise till dark for a few plasters a day?"

Kyrenia a Resort Place

In spring the prize resort of Cyprus is Kyrenia. Almost overhanging the town, St. Hilarion, castle of Eros, clings to a crude crag.

Beyond the horseshoe harbor, miniature of Corsican Bastia's, there is the golden mass of Kyrenia castle, dwarfing the white and opal town, set on a green slope between gray mountains and blue sea. Across the waters to the north the snowy heights of the Cilician Taurus hang like clouds.

People come to Kyrenia to see the castles, the monastery, and the pleasant slopes planted with grain and dotted with olive and carob trees. They remain until the castles are old stories, the Phoenician rock-cuttings have lost their first mysterious challenge, and the harbor has become a mere incident.

The climb to St. Hilarion begins through green grain fields, passes under dusty olive and shiny, heaven-starched carob trees, whose sweetish, dark brown pods the prodigal son would fain have eaten, zigzags toward a rusty cliff, tops the pass behind, and comes to the plain from which rises the rock pedestal for this romantic ruin.

But when one has scrambled among the evergreen whose roots are splitting medieval battlements apart, the romantic castle, high and inaccessible, has disappeared, and there are only some decrepit walls, forgotten by the Titans who tossed them there.

Bella Paise Abbey, a mere picnic jaunt from Kyrenia, is the finest ruin in Cyprus. The cloisters, from whose graceful archways vandals have torn away stone traceries, are still beautiful. The refectory, with its swallow-nest wall-pulpit, from which lecturers once droned to eating monks, is almost intact. The abbey stands in a pleasant hillside town, bordered in fruit trees.

Lovely Views From Bella Paise

The best view is from a hill to the northwest. To the left there is the gently sloping plain, verdant with crops, and dotted with trees, with a jade strip of sea making lace on brown rocks, undecided as to whether to ally itself to the deep blue of the sea or to the varied greens of the countryside. Where the slope becomes steeper, there is an idyllic village, with milk-white minarets appearing up through the dark foliage.

To the right the gray mountain overhangs steep slopes up which the village has pushed its lemon and orange trees, its mulberries and garçons. The lower bulwark of the town, impressive in its way as the mountain itself, is this massive gold-brown ruin, whose retaining wall rises like a precipice of handworked stone above the fertile fields.

America owes its incomparable collections of Cypriote art to Cesnola, who lived at a time when an American consul could defy the Turks and boast of outwitting them. His book makes spicy reading in these days. In the widespread site of Lambousa, to the west of Kyrenia, another famous treasure was found, smuggled out of the island and sold by an Armenian to the late J. Pierpont Morgan for a sum that still makes Cypriote mouths water. For treasures found, one-third of the intrinsic value goes to the finder, one-third to the owner of the land, and a third to the government.

Amid the debris of Lambousa rises a monolithic chapel of obscure origin. Said by natives to be a Venus temple, a hole in the floor is explained as the tomb of a priest of Aphrodite. A stone's throw away is the Akhrotoples monastery, "made without hands," "dropped full grown from heaven."

Titled Laphios owes its green freshness to a perennial stream which emerges from a barred cavern in the mountain side. In Laphios the current price of huge, juicy lemons is 450 for a shilling. The juice is expressed, bottled without sugar, and kept for a year or two without fermenting. It makes a most refreshing drink, but, at 18 for a cent, lemons are hardly worth picking and the ground is often covered with decayed fruit.