AnAdventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel The Baroness Orczy WILL Service Copyright Baroness Orczy WIN U. Service Copyright Baroness Orczy CHAPTER V

Dissension

It was not everybody at Moisson who sympathized with the Deseze family when they were arrested. There were

all the envious, the dissatisfied, the ambitious, as well as the rag-tag and bobtail of the district, who had linked their fortunes with the revolutionary

government and who looked for their own advancement by loudly proclatm-ing their loyalty to its decrees. For such as these the Deseze family, with their well-known integrity, their

their well-known integrity, their wealth, and unostentatious piety, were

just a set of aristos that the principles of the glorious revolution condemned as traitors to the state and to

And on market day Moisson was al-ways full of people; they were noisy and they were aggressive, and while the sympathizers with the Deseze fam-

illy, after they had waved a last fare-well toward the fast-disappearing dili-gence, went quietly about their busi-ness or returned silently to their

homes, the others thought this a good

opportunity for airing some of those sentiments which would be reported in influential quarters if any government spy happened to be within earshot.

In spite of the persistent bad weather men congregated in and about the

market place during the intervals of s and lustily discussed the chief

There Was Much Talk of Citizen

event of the day. There was much talk of Citizen Lauzet, whom every one had known as a young out-at-el-bows ragamuffin in the employ of Hec-

tor Deseze, and who now had power of life and death over the very man who

have few friends amongst the crowd of drovers and shepherds and the

farmers who came in with their prod-uce from their outlying homesteads. With advancement in life had come arrogance in the man and a perpetual

desire to assert his authority over those with whom he had fraternized in the past. Those, however, who had their homes in the immediate neigh-

borhood of Mantes dared not say much,

gone far afield about this arrest of the Deseze family, and many there were who asserted that mysterious under-

currents were at work in this affair,

undercurrents that would draw Citizen

Lauzet up on the crest of a tidal wave to the giddy heights of incredible for-

Nav. more! There were many who

positively asserted that in some un-explainable way the whole of the Deseze affair was connected with the capture of the English spy who was

known throughout France as the Scar-let Pimpernel. This spy had been at work in the district for some time; every one knew that it was he who

had dragged those ci-devant traitors and aristos, the Tournon-d'Arenays, out of Citizen Lauzet's clutches, and Citizen Lauzet was now having his re-

venge. He would capture the Scarle

Pimpernel, catch him in the act of try-

ring to effect the escape of the Deseze 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 fam-

ily in affluence for the rest of their lives. And besides the money there would be the giory, too! Who could

tune.

the people.

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is an Englishman. His identity is unknown, but in England he is hailed as a hero. In France he is feared and hated by the terrorists as a spy, as he has rescued many unfortunates from the guillotine and brought them safely into England. His recent rescue of the Tournon-d'Agenays makes him the toast of the hour and he is the topic of conversation at a party given by Sir Percy Blakeney, popular London dandy (who is the Scarlet Pimpernel) and his beautiful wife, Marquerite. Lady Alicia Nusget coaxes Sir Andrew Ffoulkes to tell of the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel.

Agenava brings the condemnation of the government upon him, and he plans with Armand Chauvelin, the bitterest enemy of the Scarlet Pimpernel, to lay a trap for the English sny. Chauvelin has given up a high position to devote his entire time to the work of capturing English spies operating in France—in particular, the Scarlet Pimpernel.

CHAPTER III.—Lauzet causes the arrest of the Deseze family, father, mother, and little daughter, on a charge of treason, and has it noised about the small city of Moisson, home of the Deseze family, that the prisoners are being taken to Paris under a feeble escort. In reality six picked men, armed to the teeth, are to be concealed in the coach with the prisoners. Lauzet and Chauvelin hope to lure the Scarlet Pimpernel into an attack on the coach and capture him. The vehicle is driven by Charles-Marie, a half-wit, who is known to have no fight in him.

CHAPTER IV.—The coach leaves Moisson in a downpour of rain. That morning the small city is crowded with farmers and drovers bringing their cattle to market. Chauvelin and Lauset make their final dispositions for the capture of the bold Englishman and his band, Captain Raffet is in charge of the arty. He expects the attack to be made in a forest through which the coach has to journey, and makes his preparations accordingly.

CHAPTER V.—In Moisson there is much sympathy for the Deseze family, and condemnation for Lauzet. The rumor spreads that Lauzet has arranged to capture the Scarlet Pimpernel (for whose arrest a reward of 10,000 livres has been offered by the government). and he (Lauzet) will pocket the reward. Feeling that in some way they have been outwitted by the official, and that they should share in the reward, a part of youths, infiamed with wine, set out in pursuit of the coach. A drover from Aincourt is particularly loud in his denunciation of Lauzet, and drives the cart carrying the pursuers.

CHAPTER VI.—Captain Raffet proceeds slowly, he and the soldiers in a high state of tension. Late in the evening a halt is made. The approach of a cart apparently filled with roystering youths is something of a surprise. Then to Raffet's astonishment, a band of men whom he recognizes as citizens of Molsson, attack the soldiers, the leader shouting that Raffet has cheated them. The soldiers overcome their assailants, and Raffet, enraged at the attack, orders them to be taken back to the nearest city, prisoners.

CHAPTER VII.—Captain Raffet is preparing to resume the journey to Paris when he hears piteous cries and appeals or help. The men from Moisson tell him they found Chauvelin and Lauzet on the road, beat them, and tied them up. It is their cries, Raffet supposes, which he has heard. Leaving three soldiers to guard the Deseze family, the captain and the rest of the troopers hasten to the scene of the uproar. They find and release the officials. Chauvelin alone sees in the incident the work of the Scarlet Pimpernel, in fact, is confident he recog-CHAPTER VII.—Captain Raffet is pernel, in fact, is confident he recognized him among the attacking party.

as he was detested; but the strangers who had come into Moisson with their cattle and their produce were free enough with their tongue. Rumor had CHAPTER VIII.—Chauvelin orders the driver of the cart which had brought the party from Moisson to be brought to him. The lout, Charles-Marie, appears, in a pitiable state of fear, explaining that he was ordered, by a "drover from Aincourt," to leave the coach and drive the cart back to Mantes, the "drover" promising to look after the horses of the coach.

after the horses of the coach.

CHAPTER IX.—Chauvelin realizes now that he has been outwitted, that the "drover" is the Scarlet Pimpernel. Hastening to the coach he finds the soldiers left as guards tied to trees. The coach, of course, with the Deszes, has disappeared. Chauvelin, Lauzet, and the sorely discomfited Raffet, make their way to the city of Epone, to find themselves the laughing stock of the countryside. The Scarlet Pimpernel has scored again. A few days later the coach, with the saddles and bridles of Raffet's troopers, which the attackers had carried off, is found abandoned. Chauvelin realizes that pursuit is hopeless, the fugitives having a clear field for their escape to England.

CHAPTER X .- In London the prince

Lauzet! He would certainly do it, as-serted some; those sort of men always have all the luck! There were even those who asserted that the Scarlet

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 as-

"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?"

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

Now, this story would not perhaps have been altogether convincing to unprejudiced ears, but such as 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 comperson that Citizen Lauzet had been sharper than papa Sargon and, having come across the Scarlet Pim-pernel 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 filtrated 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 Leon's for refreshment, y most of that same company aujourned to Leon'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 Deseze, 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 anyone 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

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 Aincourt were held to be chiefly to blame, but as papa Sargon properly remarked, neither he nor the stranger from Aincourt stood to gain

anything by the wild goose chase, a why should they have instigated it? Be that as it may, soon after mid-day meal, half a score of young stalday meal, half a score of young stalwarts climbed into the cart of the drover from Aincourt, and the party, full of enthusiasm and of Leon'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 Leon 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 men whom they glimpsed was in very from old alliau, who had been a solider 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

The first disappointment came on arrival in Mantes. Here at the commis-sariat they were informed that Citizen Lauzet had been gone these last two hours. He had ridden away in the pany of his friend who had come

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 the English spy with its attendant regrinding, remuneration so small, that now that the idea of the capture of the English spy with its attendant re-ward had seized hold of the imagina-Lauzet! He would certainly do it, 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!"

ward had seized hold of the imagination of these young hotheads, tit 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 over, discussed, commented at great

All this had been talked over, sworn over, discussed, commented at great length all the way between Molsson and Mantes, in the rickety cart driven by the drover from Aincourt. He was a wise man, that driver. 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 friend over in Paris who comes along 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? Where 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 canture of the Scarlet Plimper. in the capture of the Scarlet Pimper-nel. Ten thousand livres! And Citl-zen Lauzet, with that stranger from Paris, is even at this hour riding away with it in his pocket."

He spoke a great many more equally eloquent words, for he had the gift of speech, had this drover from Aincourt. A rough fellow, it is true, but one with his heart in the right place, and born in the district, too; anyone could tell that by the contemptuous way with which he spoke of any stranger born outside this corner of Seine et Oise.

He was listened to with great attention, was the driver. And his words presently carried all the more weight because something very strange came to light. It appeared that the dili-gence from Moisson with prisoners and escort had made a halt of several hours in Mantes. The party only made a fresh start in the late afternoon a fresh start in the late afternoon. That was strenge enough, in all conscience! What did it mean but that Lauzet was courting the darkness for his schemes? But there was something more mysterious still. While the diligence stood before the posting innready to start, horses pawing and champing, the driver on his box, whip

in hand, the four troopers who were on guard to right and left of the vehicle would not allow anyone to come within measurable distance of it. Be it noted that all the blinds of the coach were drawn so that it was impossible to get a peep at the inside. But two young men, strangers to the neighborhood, who had since come forward, eager to tell their story, come forward, eager to tell their story, more venturesome than others, had crept under the borses' beliles and tried to peer into the interior of the coach. They were almost immediately driven away with blows and curses by the troopers, but not before they had vaguely perceived that there were more than just the prisoners inside the diligence.

more than just the prisoners inside
the diligence.

The prisoners were all huddled up
in the farthest corner of the vehicle,
but there were others. The young
men who had had a peep, despite the
blows from the troopers, had seen
three or four men at least. They
might have been ordinary travelers
who had picked up the diligence at
Mantes. But in that case, why all
this secrecy? Why the drawn bilinds,
the start in the late afternoon so that
the shades of evening would actually
be drawing in when the diligence and
its escort plowed its way through the
muddy road of the forest between
Mexieres and Epone? Why a feeble
escort of only four men when of late
as many as eight or ten picked troopers of the national guard had ridden
beside the diligence?

Indeed, the drover from Aincourt the diligence.

beside the diligence?
Indeed, the drover from Aincourt was right. Indubitably right. Citizen Lauzet and his friend from Paris had entered into a plot, a dastardly, cowardly plot, to cheat the citizens of Moisson of their just share in the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. There was no doubt that the Scarlet Pimpernel, was already cantured, and that

every one nad of nim, that one of the men whom they glimpsed was in very truth the Scarlet Pimpernel. "He was so tall," they said, "so tall that he had to sit almost bent double, otherwise his head would." otherwise his head would have knocked against the roof of the coach!" They were almost prepared to swear also that this tall man's hands were tied

together with ropes.

After that, as the driver from Aincourt very properly said, any man would be a fool who doubted Lauzet's court very property said, any man would be a fool who doubted fazzet's treachery and cupidity. It was resolved to proceed immediately in the men said ridden away in the direction of Paris. The second disappointment, a corrollary 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

"Eh bien!" he said at last in token

CHAPTER VI

Surprise

Captain Raffet had given the order to dismount, and the troopers sat by the roadside under the trees, making a pretense to rest. Each man, how-ever, had his saber ready to his hand, and each had seen to the priming of his pistol, while the captain ostensibly busied himself with examining the fetlock of the mare who had gone lame. The wind had gone down and the torrential rain had ceased, but there was a thin mist-like drizzle that soaked through the men's clothing and chilled them to the bone. The tension



had become acute. With nerves edge the men, those who were in the open as well as those who were cooped up inside the diligence, could do noth-ing but wait while the time dragged on and the shades of evening drew in

around them. The silence in the woods was full of sounds; of the cracking of twigs, the fall of rain-laden leaves, the scrunching of earth under tiny, furtive feet scurrying away through the under-growth. The great, awkward diligence loomed out of the mist like some figantic, spectral erection, peopled by forms that breathed and lived and hardly emitted a sound. Only very occasionally from the interior there came the painful moan, quickly supfrom the poor invalid's

The soldiers waited with eyes and ears strained, their nerves atingle, their breathing hard and stertorous. And there fell upon their straining ears the sound of human life coming from the direction of Mezieres. This time it was the sound of cartwheels creaking through the mud, and of ill-adjusted harness jingling with the movement of wearly plodding horses. There was also from time to time the sound of distant voices, a harsh call uproarious laugh suddenly stilled as if in response to a peremptory warning. Nothing in truth to sug-gest the furtive methods of the Eng-lish adventurers; it seemed more like a party of farmers coming home from

The troopers were on the alert, or course, but not quite so keenly perhaps as they were before their disappointment over citizen Plante's passage across the scene. But a minute or two later a quick word from their captain brought them sharply up to attention. The cart had obviously come to a halt, but a lusty shout now rang through the stillness of the night, and there was a general sound of scampering and of running, mingled with calls of excitement and encouragement. A few minutes of tense expectation, then suddenly round the bend a band of ten or a dozen men

less you are obliged. But if you must, shoot low. We must have some of shoot low. We must have some those English spies alive if we can.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth than, with a renewed shout of triumph, the band of young ruffans threw themselves like a pack of en raged pupples on the soldiers, while others made straight for the diligence. But before they had got within twenty meters of it the captain gave twenty meters of it the captain gave the quick word of command that brought the men of the gendarmerie out of the coach, pistols in hand, ready for the fight.

The attacking party, however, held

no laggards either. Egged on by the drover from Aincourt and still shouting wildly, they rushed on the men of the gendarmerie as they scrambled the gendarmerie as they scrambled out of the coach. Numbers being out of the coath. Numbers sens about equal on either side, the men coming out one by one were at a great disadvantage. Almost as soon as they had set foot to the ground they were fallen on with fist or saber, and soon

the confusion was complete.
"What the devil's game is this?"
Raffet shouted hoarsely, for in an instant he had found himself at grips, not with the mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel, but with Gaspard, the son of the butcher of Moisson, whom he had known ever since they had been ragamuffins together. And Gaspard was as strong as some of the bullocks his father was wont to kill. Before Raffet

could recover from the surprise of this wholly unexpected turn of events Gaspard had brought his heavy fist crash

ing down on his whilom friend's skull.
"It means," Gaspard shouted, mad
with fury, "that thou'rt a traitor and
that I'll teach thee to help cheat thy

friends!"

Nor could Raffet argue after that.

He had need of all his faculties to defend himself against this young ox.

He had drawn his pistol, true, but Gaspard's ironlike hand had closed around his wrist and the fight soon degenerated into fisticuffs. The troopers fared no better, either. Though they had been prepared for an attack, they were not prepared for this furious or slaught made upon them by their friends. Name of a dog! What did it all mean? For they were all friends, all mean? For they were all friends, these madmen, every one of them; young men from Moisson and Lanoy and Mantes. There was Francois, the mercer of the Rue Grande, and Jacques, whose father kept the tavern at the sign of the Black Swan, and Paul, whose mother was the best washerwoman in Mantes. And words flew round to the accompaniment of thumping blows. ing blows. "Jacques, art thou mad or drunk?"

"Achille! Thy father will beat thee for this escapade!" "Name of a name, but you'll all get

something for this night's work. And all the while blows were raining fast and furious. There was no lust to kill, only wild enthusiasm for a fight, a desire to be avenged on friends who had aided that rascal Lau-

zet to cheat the men of the district out of the golden prize, "Give up the English spies or I'll squeeze the breath out of thy throat!" This from Gaspard's the butcher's son, who had felled his friend Raffet to the ground and rolled over and over in the mud with him, the two men snarling at one another and biting and scratch-

at one another and bring and scratching like a couple of angry dogs.

Had they all gone mad, these men of Moisson? The issue of the struggle might have remained longer in the balance had not Raffet just then freed his right hand from the iron grip of Gaspard and discharged his pistol into his whilom comrade's leg. Gaspard rolled over onto his back with a groan

and a curse.

"Traitor! Thou has murdered me!"
he cried, while the blood flowed freely
out of his thigh.
But the one pistol shot had the

effect of sobering the combatants. The aggressors had pistols, too, and sabers, but in their excitement had forgotten how to use them. The sudden report, however, brought the soldlers to a sense of discipline; wakened them, as it were, from their surprise, and in a moment gave them a decided ad-vantage over the undisciplined attacking party. This wild fisticuffs could not go on. It was unworthy of the soldiers of the republic. They were being attacked by a band of irresponsible young jackanapes, whom the devil himself must for the nonce have deprived of reason, but it remained for the picked men of the rural gendarmerie to teach them that such madness could not remain unpunished. madness could not remain unpunished, and, friend or foe, he who attacks a soldier of the republic must suffer for his wantonness. Far be it from the chronicler of these events to pretend that all these thoughts did surge clearly in the heads of the troopers. What is a fact is that from the moment their captain discharged a pistol into Gaspard's thigh they became into Gaspard's thigh they became masters of the situation. The fight masters of the situation. The fight between soldiers and civilians assumed its just proportions; there were a few pistol shots, some saher thrusts, a good deal of groaning and cursing, while more than one stalwart besides Gaspard rolled over in the mud. The fight had lasted less than ten minutes. When the first rush on the

minutes. When the first rush on the diligence was made the twilight was already fading into dusk. Now, when the last shot had been fired and the last of the hotheads had cried for mercy, dusk was slowly yielding to the darkness of the night. Raffet called the soldiers to attention. They were still panting with excitement, some of them were dizzy from blows dealt freely on their skulls; one or two showed a bunged eye or a bleed-ing lip, but none of them was serious-ly hurt. The hotheads from Moisson bend a band of ten of came and with miscelcame into view, armed with miscellaneous weapons. At sight of the diligence they gave a wild shout of triumph, brandished their weapons and
rushed to the attack.

"Attention, citizen soldiers!" Raffet
and were lying groaning or half unconscious on the ground; those who
had escaped with minor burts were
had escaped with minor burts were on their knees, held down by the heavy hand of a trooper. They did not in truth present an edifying spec-tacle, with their faces streaming with blood and perspiration, their clothes torn, their shirtsleeves hanging in rags, their hair wet and lank hanging be-fore their eyes. Raffet ordered them to be mustered up, his sharp glance ran over them as they stood or crouched together in a line. "I ought to have the lot of you sum-marily shot," Raffet said sternly to

marily snot," Railet said sternly to them after he had inspected his men and seen that victory had not cost them dear. "Yes, shot!" he reiterated, "for interfering with these soldiers of the republic in the exercise of their duty; and I will do it too," he on after a moment's pause, "unless you tell me now the meaning of this abominable escapade.

"You know it well, Citizen Raffet!" Paul, the washerwoman's son, said still breathless with excitement and with a savage oath, "when you joined hands with that traitor Lauzet to cheat us all of what was our due.

"Joined hands with Lauzet? What the devil do you mean?" Raffet queried, frowning. "In what did I join hands with Lauzet?"

join hands with Lauxet?"
"In capturing the English spy and getting the reward for yourselves when it rightly belonged to us."
"The reward," Raffet retorted dryly,

"will be for whosoever may be lucky to get the English spy. For the mo-ment I imagine that if he meant to attack us tonight your folly has scared him. The noise you made would keep any brigand out of the way."
"No use lying to us, Raffet," one of

"No use lying to us, kanet, one or the others retorted, somewhat inco-herently. It was Francols who spoke this time, the mercer from the Rue Grande, and he had always been always noted for his eloquence. "You raised your hands against us citizens of the rounblic, who came here to of the republic, who came here to avenge an unpardonable wrong. And let me tell you that 'tis you who will suffer for this night's work—"
"Ah, ca!" Raffet broke in savagely,

"Ah, ca!" Raffet broke in sa "How for his temper was still up. "How long are you going to talk in riddles? In truth, it's the devil that has deprived you of your senses. What's all this talk about the English spy? Who told you we were after him? And why should you hinder us from doing our duty?"

doing our duty?"
"We know," Francois retorted, striving to appear calm and full of dignity, "that not only were you after the English spy, but we know you captured him in our district and you have got him in the diligence yonder and are onveying him to Paris, where you and your friends will share ten thousand livres, which by rights should have belonged to us men of the district where the spies were captured." "What gibberish is this? I tell you not only have we not got the English spy, but owing to your senseless folly we are not likely to get him now."

we are not likely to get him now."

"I say that the English spy is in your diligence!" Francois exclaimed and pointed dramatically at the old vehicle, which stood like a huge, solid mass heavier and daylor than the mass, heavier and darker than the mass, neavier and darker that the surrounding gloom. "Some of us have seen him, I tell you!" And his com-ponions, even those who were in the sorriest plight, nodded in assent. Pondering a moment over the future of his prisoners, Raffet had a sudden

inspiration. "Who drove the cart that brought you all hither?" he demande "A man from Lannoy" Paul, the washerwoman's son, replied.
"Then he shall take you back to Mantes the way you can'.

Mantes the way you came."
"You would not dare!" One of the

others protested.
Raffet, however, had already turned to his corporal of gendarmerie.
"Citizen Corporal," he said, "take "Citizen Corporal," he said, "take these rascals as far as the cart which brought them hither. It must have come to a halt somewhere near the bottom of the hill. Let two of your men go with them to Mantes and there hand them over to the deputy commissary. Order the owner of the cart to drive them on pain of severe punishment if he refuses. Take one of the lanthourse with you. It will be of the lanthorns with you. It will be needed, as the road will be pitch dark before they are well on their way. And stay! You have some stout cord nside the diligence. We were going And stay! inside the diligence. to use it on the English spy. Now it will serve to bind these rogues to-gether two by two, lest they try some more of their tricks on you. Those who are hurt can lie in the bottom of

the cart."
"Citizen Raffet!" Francois the mercer raised his voice in final impotent protest. "You will answer to the state

for this outrage on her citizens."

But Raffet was no longer in a mind to listen. The corporal had sent one of the men to find the length of rope which was inside the diligence and was to have served for binding up the English spies and now it would be used on a lot of jackanapes on their homeward journey to Mantes. Protests and curses were indeed in vain, and the soldiers whose tempers had not yet cooled down were none too gentle with the rope.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK) Moist Loamy Soil Best

for Culture of Kale

Kale being a heavy feeder requires rich soil with plenty of manure and fertilizer to make a good crop. A moist loamy soil is best. The land should be plowed several days before sowing to let it settle, then just before sowing the given the good harrowing silver it a good harrowing silver it as good harrowing silver. fore sowing give it a good harrowing to kill all weeds and grass. Of fer-tilizer, if broadcast, about 1,500 pounds will be used or in the drills about 800 pounds. A good fertilizer to use is one containing 5 per cen nitrogen, 6 to 8 per cent phosphoric acid and 5 per cent potash. A top dressing of 150 to 200 pounds of nitrate

of soda will greatly help the plants.

The Scotch and Serbian are the most popular varieties of kale. The Scotch is a bright green kale and very popular for shipping, owing to its fine appearance, and being hard and stiff carries perfectly when packed. The plants are very spreading and dwarf, rarely growing over 18 inches high. The plants will remain over winter where the temperature does not go below zero. The Siberian leaves are very large and plain in the center, but heavily curled on the edge. It is hardy and grows rapidly and is very slow running to seed in the spring. The Siberian is more tender for home use or local market, while the Scotch

Agricultural Notes

Acres not needed for field crops. fruit, garden, or pasture should be growing that other essential farm growing that product—wood.

These are the nights for reading. And don't think it is necessary to read only technical stuff to improve your work; have a good time with a good novel.