

on to the Père Blanchard's hut, wherever that fatal spot might be, probably over rough roads: she cared not.

The Jew's nag could not get on very fast, and though she was weary with mental fatigue and nerve strain, she knew that she could easily keep up with it, on a hilly road, where the poor beast, who was sure to be half-starved, would have to be allowed long and frequent rests. The road lay some distance from the sea, bordered on either side by shrubs and stunted trees, sparsely covered with meagre foliage, all turning away from the North, with their branches looking in the semi-darkness, like stiff, ghostly hair, blown by a perpetual wind.

Fortunately, the moon showed no desire to peep between the clouds, and Marguerite hugging the edge of the road, and keeping close to the low line of shrubs, was fairly safe from view. Everything around her was so still: only from far, very far away, there came like a long, soft moan, the sound of the distant sea.

The air was keen and full of brine; after that enforced period of inactivity, inside the evil-smelling, squalid inn, Marguerite would have enjoyed the sweet scent of this autumnal night, and the distant melancholy rumble of the waves; she would have revelled in the calm and stillness of this lonely spot, a calm, broken only at intervals by the strident and mournful cry of some distant gull, and by the creaking of the wheels, some way down the road: she would have loved the cool atmosphere, the peaceful immensity of Nature, in this lonely part of the coast: but her heart was too full of cruel foreboding, of a great ache and longing for a being who had become infinitely dear to her.

Her feet slipped on the grassy bank, for she thought it safest not to walk near the centre of the road, and she found it difficult to keep up a sharp pace along the muddy incline. She even thought it best not to keep too near to the cart; everything was so still, that the rumble of the wheels could not fail to be a safe guide.

The loneliness was absolute. Already the few dim lights of Calais lay far behind, and on this road there was not a sign of human habitation,

not even the hut of a fisherman or of a woodcutter anywhere near; far away on her right was the edge of the cliff, below it the rough beach, against which the incoming tide was dashing itself with its constant, distant murmur. And ahead the rumble of the wheels, bearing an implacable enemy to his triumph.

Marguerite wondered at what particular spot, on this lonely coast, Percy could be at this moment. Not very far surely, for he had had less than a quarter of an hour's start of Chauvelin. She wondered if he knew that in this cool, ocean-scented bit of France, there lurked many spies, all eager to sight his tall figure, to track him to where his unsuspecting friends waited for him, and then, to close the net over him and them.

Chauvelin, on ahead, jolted and jostled in the Jew's vehicle, was nursing comfortable thoughts. He rubbed his hands together, with content, as he thought of the web which he had woven, and through which that ubiquitous and daring Englishman could not hope to escape. As the time went on, and the old Jew drove him leisurely but surely along the dark road, he felt more and more eager for the grand finale of this exciting chase after the mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel.

The capture of the audacious plotter would be the finest leaf in Cioyten Chauvelin's wreath of glory. Caught, red-handed, on the spot, in the very act of aiding and abetting the traitors against the Republic of France, the Englishman could claim no protection from his own country. Chauvelin had, in any case, fully made up his mind that all intervention should come too late.

Never for a moment did the slightest remorse enter his heart, as to the terrible position in which he had placed the unfortunate wife, who had unconsciously betrayed her husband. As a matter of fact, Chauvelin had ceased even to think of her: she had been a useful tool, that was all.

The Jew's lean nag did little more than walk. She was going along at a slow jog trot, and her driver had to give her long and frequent halts.

'Are we a long way yet from Miquelon?' asked Chauvelin from time to time.

'Not very far, your Honour,' was the uniform placid reply.

'We have not yet come across your friend and mine, lying in a heap in the roadway,' was Chauvelin's sarcastic comment.

'Patience, noble Excellency,' rejoined the son of Moses, 'they are ahead of us. I can see the imprint of the cart wheels, driven by that traitor, that son of the Amalekite.'

'You are sure of the road?'

'As sure as I am of the presence of those ten gold pieces in the noble Excellency's pockets, which I trust will presently be mine.'

'As soon as I have shaken hands with my friend the tall stranger, they will certainly be yours.'

'Hark, what was that?' said the Jew suddenly.

Through the stillness, which had been absolute, there could now be heard distinctly the sound of horses' hoofs on the muddy road.

'They are soldiers,' he added in an awed whisper.

'Stop a moment, I want to hear,' said Chauvelin.

Marguerite had also heard the sound of galloping hoofs, coming towards the cart, and towards herself. For some time she had been on the alert thinking that Desgas and his squad would soon overtake them, but these came from the opposite direction, presumably from Miquelon. The darkness lent her sufficient cover. She had perceived that the cart had stopped, and with utmost caution, treading noiselessly on the soft road, she crept a little nearer.

Her heart was beating fast, she was trembling in every limb; already she had guessed what news these mounted men would bring. 'Every stranger on these roads or on the beach must be shadowed, especially if he be tall or stoops as if he would disguise his height; when sighted

## Chapter 27

### On the Track



EVER for a moment did Marguerite Blakeney hesitate. The last sounds outside the 'Chat Gris' had died away in the night. She had heard Desgas giving orders to his men, and then starting off towards the fort, to get a reinforcement of a dozen more men: six were not thought sufficient to capture the cunning Englishman, whose resourceful brain was even more dangerous than his valour and his strength.

Then a few minutes later, she heard the Jew's husky voice again, evidently shouting to his nag, then the rumble of wheels, and noise of a rickety cart bumping over the rough road.

Inside the inn, everything was still. Brogard and his wife, terrified of Chauvelin, had given no sign of life; they hoped to be forgotten, and at any rate to remain unperceived: Marguerite could not even hear their usual volleys of muttered oaths.

She waited a moment or two longer, then she quietly slipped down the broken stairs, wrapped her dark cloak closely round her and slipped out of the inn.

The night was fairly dark, sufficiently so at any rate to hide her dark figure from view, whilst her keen ears kept count of the sound of the cart going on ahead. She hoped by keeping well within the shadow of the ditches which lined the road, that she would not be seen by Desgas' men, when they approached, or by the patrols, which she concluded were still on duty.

Thus she started to do this, the last stage of her weary journey, alone, at night, and on foot. Nearly three leagues to Miquelon, and then

I daresay you will soon overtake the Jew's cart with myself in it. There will be hot work presently, if I mistake not, in the Père Blanchard's hut. We shall corner our game there, I'll warrant, for this impudent Scarlet Pimpernel has had the audacity—or the stupidity, I hardly know which—to adhere to his original plans. He has gone to meet de Tournay, St Just and the other traitors, which for the moment, I thought, perhaps, he did not intend to do. When we find them, there will be a band of desperate men at bay. Some of our men will, I presume, be put *hors de combat*. These royalists are good swordsmen, and the Englishman is devilish cunning, and looks very powerful. Still, we shall be five against one at least. You can follow the cart closely with your men, all along the St Martin Road, through Miquelon. The Englishman is ahead of us, and not likely to look behind him.'

Whilst he gave these curt and concise orders, he had completed his change of attire. The priest's costume had been laid aside, and he was once more dressed in his usual dark, tight-fitting clothes. At last he took up his hat.

'I shall have an interesting prisoner to deliver into your hands,' he said with a chuckle, as with unwonted familiarity he took Desgas' arm, and led him towards the door. 'We won't kill him outright, eh, friend Desgas? The Père Blanchard's hut is—an I mistake not—a lonely spot upon the beach, and our men will enjoy a bit of rough sport there with the wounded fox. Choose your men well, friend Desgas... of the sort who would enjoy that type of sport—eh? We must see that Scarlet Pimpernel wither a bit—what?—shrink and tremble, eh?... before we finally...'—he made an expressive gesture, whilst he laughed a low, evil laugh, which filled Marguerite's soul with sickening horror. 'Choose your men well, Citoyen Desgas,' he said once more, as he led his secretary finally out of the room.

a mounted messenger must at once ride back and report.' Those had been Chauvelin's orders. Had then the tall stranger been sighted, and was this the mounted messenger, come to bring the great news, that the hunted hare had run its head into the noose at last?

Marguerite, realising that the cart had come to a standstill, managed to slip nearer to it in the darkness; she crept close up, hoping to get within earshot, to hear what the messenger had to say.

She heard the quick words of challenge—

'Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité!' then Chauvelin's quick query:—  
'What news?'

Two men on horseback had halted beside the vehicle.

Marguerite could see them silhouetted against the midnight sky. She could hear their voices, and the snorting of their horses, and now, behind her, some little distance off, the regular and measured tread of a body of advancing men: Desgas and his soldiers.

There had been a long pause, during which, no doubt, Chauvelin satisfied the men as to his identity, for presently, questions and answers followed each other in quick succession.

'You have seen the stranger?' asked Chauvelin, eagerly.

'No, citoyen, we have seen no tall stranger; we came by the edge of the cliff.'

'Then?'

'Less than a quarter of a league beyond Miquelon, we came across a rough construction of wood, which looked like the hut of a fisherman, where he might keep his tools and nets. When we first sighted it, it seemed to be empty, and at first we thought that there was nothing suspicious about it, until we saw some smoke issuing through an aperture at the side. I dismounted and crept close to it. It was then empty, but in one corner of the hut, there was a charcoal fire, and a couple of stools were also in the hut. I consulted with my comrades, and we decided that they should take cover with the horses, well out of sight, and that I should remain on the watch, which I did.'

‘Well: and did you see anything?’

‘About half an hour later, I heard voices, citizen, and presently, two men came along towards the edge of the cliff; they seemed to me to have come from the Lille Road. One was young, the other quite old. They were talking in a whisper, to one another, and I could not hear what they said.’

One was young, the other quite old. Marguerite’s aching heart almost stopped beating as she listened: was the young one Armand?—her brother?—and the old one de Tournay—were they the two fugitives who, unconsciously, were used as a decoy, to entrap their fearless and noble rescuer.

‘The two men presently went into the hut,’ continued the soldier, whilst Marguerite’s aching nerves seemed to catch the sound of Chauvelin’s triumphant chuckle, ‘and I crept nearer to it then. The hut is very roughly built, and I caught snatches of their conversation.’

‘Yes?—Quick!—What did you hear?’

‘The old man asked the young one if he were sure that was the right place. “Oh, yes,” he replied, “’tis the place sure enough,” and by the light of the charcoal fire he showed to his companion a paper, which he carried. “Here is the plan,” he said, “which he gave me before I left London. We were to adhere strictly to that plan, unless I had contrary orders, and I have had none. Here is the road we followed, see... here the fork... here we cut across the St Martin Road... and here is the footpath which brought us to the edge of the cliff.” I must have made a slight noise then, for the young man came to the door of the hut, and peered anxiously all round him. When he again joined his companion, they whispered so low, that I could no longer hear them.’

‘Well?—and?’ asked Chauvelin, impatiently.

‘There were six of us altogether, patrolling that part of the beach, so we consulted together, and thought it best that four should remain behind and keep the hut in sight, and I and my comrade rode back at once to make report of what we had seen.’

‘On the road which the Englishman took, Miquelon is the nearest village, not two leagues from here.’

‘There he could get fresh conveyance, if he wanted to go further?’

‘He could—if he ever got so far.’

‘Can you?’

‘Will your Excellency try?’ said the Jew simply.

‘That is my intention,’ said Chauvelin very quietly, ‘but remember, if you have deceived me, I shall tell off two of my most stalwart soldiers to give you such a beating, that your breath will perhaps leave your ugly body for ever. But if we find my friend the tall Englishman, either on the road or at the Père Blanchard’s hut, there will be ten more gold pieces for you. Do you accept the bargain?’

The Jew again thoughtfully rubbed his chin. He looked at the money in his hand, then at his stern interlocutor, and at Desgas, who had stood silently behind him all this while. After a moment’s pause, he said deliberately,—

‘I accept.’

‘Go and wait outside then,’ said Chauvelin, ‘and remember to stick to your bargain, or by Heaven, I will keep to mine.’

With a final, most abject and cringing bow, the old Jew shuffled out of the room. Chauvelin seemed pleased with his interview, for he rubbed his hands together, with that usual gesture of his, of malignant satisfaction.

‘My coat and boots,’ he said to Desgas at last.

Desgas went to the door, and apparently gave the necessary orders, for presently a soldier entered, carrying Chauvelin’s coat, boots, and hat.

He took off his soutane, beneath which he was wearing close-fitting breeches and a cloth waistcoat, and began changing his attire.

‘You, citizen, in the meanwhile,’ he said to Desgas, ‘go back to Captain Jutley as fast as you can, and tell him to let you have another dozen men, and bring them with you along the St Martin Road, where

'Whether your horse and cart can take me to where I can find my friend the tall stranger, who has driven off in Reuben Goldstein's cart?'

'My horse and cart can take your Honour there, where you please.'

'To a place called the Père Blanchard's hut?'

'Your Honour has guessed?' said the Jew in astonishment.

'You know the place?'

'I know it, your Honour.'

'Which road leads to it?'

'The St Martin Road, your Honour, then a footpath from there to the cliffs.'

'You know the road?' repeated Chauvelin, roughly.

'Every stone, every blade of grass, your Honour,' replied the Jew quietly.

Chauvelin without another word threw the five pieces of gold one by one before the Jew, who knelt down, and on his hands and knees struggled to collect them. One rolled away, and he had some trouble to get it, for it had lodged underneath the dresser. Chauvelin quietly waited while the old man scrambled on the floor, to find the piece of gold.

When the Jew was again on his feet, Chauvelin said, —

'How soon can your horse and cart be ready?'

'They are ready now, your Honour.'

'Where?'

'Not ten mètres from this door. Will your Excellency deign to look?'

'I don't want to see it. How far can you drive me in it?'

'As far as the Père Blanchard's hut, your Honour, and further than Reuben's nag took your friend. I am sure that, not two leagues from here, we shall come across that wily Reuben, his nag, his cart and the tall stranger all in a heap in the middle of the road.'

'How far is the nearest village from here?'

'You saw nothing of the tall stranger?'

'Nothing, citoyen.'

'If your comrades see him, what would they do?'

'Not lose sight of him for a moment, and if he showed signs of escape, or any boat came in sight, they would close in on him, and, if necessary, they would shoot: the firing would bring the rest of the patrol to the spot. In any case they would not let the stranger go.'

'Ay! but I did not want the stranger hurt—not just yet,' murmured Chauvelin, savagely, 'but there, you've done your best. The Fates grant that I may not be too late...'

'We met half a dozen men just now, who have been patrolling this road for several hours.'

'Well?'

'They have seen no stranger either.'

'Yet he is on ahead somewhere, in a cart or else... Here! there is not a moment to lose. How far is that hut from here?'

'About a couple of leagues, citoyen.'

'You can find it again?—at once?—without hesitation?'

'I have absolutely no doubt, citoyen.'

'The footpath, to the edge of the cliff?—Even in the dark?'

'It is not a dark night, citoyen, and I know I can find my way,' repeated the soldier firmly.

'Fall in behind then. Let your comrade take both your horses back to Calais. You won't want them. Keep beside the cart, and direct the Jew to drive straight ahead; then stop him, within a quarter of a league of the footpath; see that he takes the most direct road.'

Whilst Chauvelin spoke, Desgas and his men were fast approaching, and Marguerite could hear their footsteps within a hundred yards behind her now. She thought it unsafe to stay where she was, and unnecessary too, as she had heard enough. She seemed suddenly to have lost all faculty even for suffering: her heart, her nerves, her brain

seemed to have become numb after all these hours of ceaseless anguish, culminating in this awful despair.

For now there was absolutely not the faintest hope. Within two short leagues of this spot, the fugitives were waiting for their brave deliverer. He was on his way, somewhere on this lonely road, and presently he would join them; then the well-laid trap would close, two dozen men, led by one whose hatred was as deadly as his cunning was malicious, would close round the small band of fugitives, and their daring leader. They would all be captured. Armand, according to Chauvelin's pledged word, would be restored to her, but her husband, Percy, whom with every breath she drew she seemed to love and worship more and more, he would fall into the hands of a remorseless enemy, who had no pity for a brave heart, no admiration for the courage of a noble soul, who would show nothing but hatred for the cunning antagonist, who had baffled him so long.

She heard the soldier giving a few brief directions to the Jew, then she retired quickly to the edge of the road, and cowered behind some low shrubs, whilst Desgas and his men came up.

All fell in noiselessly behind the cart, and slowly they all started down the dark road. Marguerite waited until she reckoned that they were well outside the range of earshot, then, she too in the darkness, which suddenly seemed to have become more intense, crept noiselessly along.

she looked anxiously at the Jew, but could not read his face beneath the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat. Vaguely she felt somehow as if he held Percy's fate in his long, dirty hands.

There was a long pause, whilst Chauvelin frowned impatiently at the stooping figure before him: at last the Jew slowly put his hand in his breast pocket, and drew out from its capacious depths a number of silver coins. He gazed at them thoughtfully, then remarked, in a quiet tone of voice,—

'This is what the tall stranger gave me, when he drove away with Reuben, for holding my tongue about him, and his doings.'

Chauvelin shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

'How much is there there?' he asked.

'Twenty francs, your Excellency,' replied the Jew, 'and I have been an honest man all my life.'

Chauvelin without further comment took a few pieces of gold out of his own pocket, and leaving them in the palm of his hand, he allowed them to jingle as he held them out towards the Jew.

'How many gold pieces are there in the palm of my hand?' he asked quietly.

Evidently he had no desire to terrorise the man, but to conciliate him, for his own purposes, for his manner was pleasant and suave. No doubt he feared that threats of the guillotine, and various other persuasive methods of that type, might addle the old man's brains, and that he would be more likely to be useful through greed of gain, than through terror of death.

The eyes of the Jew shot a quick, keen glance at the gold in his interlocutor's hand.

'At least five, I should say, your Excellency,' he replied obsequiously.

'Enough, do you think, to loosen that honest tongue of yours?'

'What does your Excellency wish to know?'

whosoever he chose, Reuben had already spoken, and offered his half-starved nag, and his broken-down cart.'

'And what did the Englishman do?'

'He listened to Reuben Goldstein, your Excellency, and put his hand in his pocket then and there, and took out a handful of gold, which he showed to that descendant of Beelzebub, telling him that all that would be his, if the horse and cart were ready for him by eleven o'clock.'

'And, of course, the horse and cart were ready?'

'Well! they were ready in a manner, so to speak, your Excellency. Reuben's nag was lame as usual; she refused to budge at first. It was only after a time and with plenty of kicks, that she at last could be made to move,' said the Jew with a malicious chuckle.

'Then they started?'

'Yes, they started about five minutes ago. I was disgusted with that stranger's folly. An Englishman too!—He ought to have known Reuben's nag was not fit to drive.'

'But if he had no choice?'

'No choice, your Excellency?' protested the Jew, in a rasping voice, 'did I not repeat to him a dozen times, that my horse and cart would take him quicker, and more comfortably than Reuben's bag of bones. He would not listen. Reuben is such a liar, and has such insinuating ways. The stranger was deceived. If he was in a hurry, he would have had better value for his money by taking my cart.'

'You have a horse and cart too, then?' asked Chauvelin, peremptorily.

'Ayel that I have, your Excellency, and if your Excellency wants to drive...'

'Do you happen to know which way my friend went in Reuben Goldstein's cart?'

Though fully the Jew rubbed his dirty chin. Marguerite's heart was beating well-nigh to bursting. She had heard the peremptory question;

## Chapter 28

### The Père Blanchard's Hut



As in a dream, Marguerite followed on; the web was drawing more and more tightly every moment round the beloved life, which had become dearer than all. To see her husband once again, to tell him how she had suffered, how much she had wronged, and how little understood him, had become now her only aim. She had abandoned all hope of saving him: she saw him gradually hemmed in on all sides, and, in despair, she gazed round her into the darkness, and wondered whence he would presently come, to fall into the death-trap which his relentless enemy had prepared for him.

The distant roar of the waves now made her shudder; the occasional dismal cry of an owl, or a sea-gull, filled her with unspeakable horror. She thought of the ravenous beasts—in human shape—who lay in wait for their prey, and destroyed them, as mercilessly as any hungry wolf, for the satisfaction of their own appetite of hate. Marguerite was not afraid of the darkness, she only feared that man, on ahead, who was sitting at the bottom of a rough wooden cart, nursing thoughts of vengeance, which would have made the very demons in hell chuckle with delight.

Her feet were sore. Her knees shook under her, from sheer bodily fatigue. For days now she had lived in a wild turmoil of excitement; she had not had a quiet rest for three nights; now, she had walked on a slippery road for nearly two hours, and yet her determination never swerved for a moment. She would see her husband, tell him all, and,

if he was ready to forgive the crime, which she had committed in her blind ignorance, she would yet have the happiness of dying by his side.

She must have walked on almost in a trance, instinct alone keeping her up, and guiding her in the wake of the enemy, when suddenly her ears, attuned to the slightest sound, by that same blind instinct, told her that the cart had stopped, and that the soldiers had halted. They had come to their destination. No doubt on the right, somewhere close ahead, was the footpath that led to the edge of the cliff and to the hut.

Heedless of any risks, she crept quite close up to where Chauvelin stood, surrounded by his little troop: he had descended from the cart, and was giving some orders to the men. These she wanted to hear: what little chance she yet had, of being useful to Percy, consisted in hearing absolutely every word of his enemy's plans.

The spot where all the party had halted must have lain some eight hundred metres from the coast; the sound of the sea came only very faintly, as from a distance. Chauvelin and Degas, followed by the soldiers, had turned off sharply to the right of the road, apparently on to the footpath, which led to the cliffs. The Jew had remained on the road, with his cart and nag.

Marguerite, with infinite caution, and literally crawling on her hands and knees, had also turned off to the right: to accomplish this she had to creep through the rough, low shrubs, trying to make as little noise as possible as she went along, tearing her face and hands against the dry twigs, intent only upon hearing without being seen or heard. Fortunately—as is usual in this part of France—the footpath was bordered by a low, rough hedge, beyond which was a dry ditch, filled with coarse grass. In this Marguerite managed to find shelter; she was quite hidden from view, yet could contrive to get within three yards of where Chauvelin stood, giving orders to his men.

'Now,' he was saying in a low and peremptory whisper, 'where is the Père Blanchard's hut?'

Chauvelin, who had all the Frenchman's prejudice against the despised race, motioned to the fellow to keep at a respectful distance. The group of the three men were standing just underneath the hanging oil-lamp, and Marguerite had a clear view of them all.

'Is this the man?' asked Chauvelin.

'No, citizen,' replied Degas, 'Reuben could not be found, so presumably his cart has gone with the stranger; but this man here seems to know something, which he is willing to sell for a consideration.'

'Ah!' said Chauvelin, turning away with disgust from the loathsome specimen of humanity before him.

The Jew, with characteristic patience, stood humbly on one side, leaning on a thick knotted staff, his greasy, broad-brimmed hat casting a deep shadow over his grimy face, waiting for the noble Excellency to deign to put some questions to him.

'The citizen tells me,' said Chauvelin peremptorily to him, 'that you know something of my friend, the tall Englishman, whom I desire to meet... *Morbleu!* keep your distance, man,' he added hurriedly, as the Jew took a quick and eager step forward.

'Yes, your Excellency,' replied the Jew, who spoke the language with that peculiar lisp which denotes Eastern origin, 'I and Reuben Goldstein met a tall Englishman, on the road, close by here this evening.'

'Did you speak to him?'

'He spoke to us, your Excellency. He wanted to know if he could hire a horse and cart to go down along the St Martin Road, to a place he wanted to reach to-night.'

'What did you say?'

'I did not say anything,' said the Jew in an injured tone, 'Reuben Goldstein, that accursed traitor, that son of Belial...'

'Cut that short, man,' interrupted Chauvelin, roughly, 'and go on with your story.'

'He took the words out of my mouth, your Excellency; when I was about to offer the wealthy Englishman my horse and cart, to take him