

“Sir Andrew!” she gasped.

Indeed, she had wholly forgotten the devoted friend and companion, who had trusted and stood by her during all these hours of anxiety and suffering. She remembered him now, tardily and with a pang of remorse.

“Aye! you had forgotten him, hadn’t you, m’dear?” said Sir Percy, merrily. “Fortunately, I met him, not far from the ‘Chat Gris,’ before I had that interesting supper party, with my friend Chauvelin... Odd’s life! but I have a score to settle with that young reprobate!—but in the meanwhile, I told him of a very long, very roundabout road, that would bring him here by a very circuitous road which Chauvelin’s men would never suspect, just about the time when we are ready for him, eh, little woman?”

“And he obeyed?” asked Marguerite, in utter astonishment.

“Without word or question. See, here he comes. He was not in the way when I did not want him, and now he arrives in the nick of time. Ah! he will make pretty little Suzanne a most admirable and methodical husband.”

In the meanwhile Sir Andrew Ffoulkes had cautiously worked his way down the cliffs: he stopped once or twice, pausing to listen for the whispered words, which would guide him to Blakeney’s hiding-place.

“Blakeney!” he ventured to say at last cautiously, “Blakeney! are you there?”

The next moment he rounded the rock against which Sir Percy and Marguerite were leaning, and seeing the weird figure still clad in the long Jew’s gaberdine, he paused in sudden, complete bewilderment.

But already Blakeney had struggled to his feet.

“Here I am, friend,” he said with his funny, inane laugh, “all alive! though I do look a begad scarecrow in these demmed things.”

“Zooks!” ejaculated Sir Andrew in boundless astonishment as he recognised his leader, “of all the...”

The young man had seen Marguerite, and happily checked the forcible language that rose to his lips, at sight of the exquisite Sir Percy in this weird and dirty garb.

“Yes!” said Blakeney, calmly, “of all the... hem!... My friend!—I have not yet had time to ask you what you were doing in France, when I ordered you to remain in London? Insubordination? What? Wait till my shoulders are less sore, and, by Gad, see the punishment you’ll get.”

“Odd’s fish! I’ll bear it,” said Sir Andrew, with a merry laugh, “seeing that you are alive to give it... Would you have had me allow Lady Blakeney to do the journey alone? But, in the name of heaven, man, where did you get these extraordinary clothes?”

“Lud! they are a bit quaint, ain’t they?” laughed Sir Percy, jovially. “But, odd’s fish!” he added, with sudden earnestness and authority, “now you are here, Ffoulkes, we must lose no more time: that brute Chauvelin may send some one to look after us.”

Marguerite was so happy, she could have stayed here for ever, hearing his voice, asking a hundred questions. But at mention of Chauvelin’s name she started in quick alarm, afraid for the dear life she would have died to save.

“But how can we get back?” she gasped; “the roads are full of soldiers between here and Calais, and...”

“We are not going back to Calais, sweetheart,” he said, “but just the other side of Gris Nez, not half a league from here. The boat of the *Day Dream* will meet us there.”

“The boat of the *Day Dream*?”

“Yes!” he said, with a merry laugh; “another little trick of mine. I should have told you before that when I slipped that note into the hut, I also added another for Armand, which I directed him to leave behind, and which has sent Chauvelin and his men running full tilt back to the ‘Chat Gris’ after me; but the first little note contained my real instructions, including those to old Briggs. He had my orders to go out further to sea, and then towards the west. When well out of sight of Calais, he will send the galley to a little creek he and I know of, just beyond Gris Nez. The men will look out for me—we have a preconcerted signal, and we will all be safely aboard, whilst Chauvelin and his men solemnly sit and watch the creek which is ‘just opposite the “Chat Gris”.’”

“The other side of Gris Nez? But I... I cannot walk, Percy,” she moaned helplessly as, trying to struggle to her tired feet, she found herself unable even to stand.

“I will carry you, dear,” he said simply; “the blind leading the lame, you know.”

Sir Andrew was ready, too, to help with the precious burden, but Sir Percy would not entrust his beloved to any arms but his own.

“When you and she are both safely on board the *Day Dream*,” he said to his young comrade, “and I feel that Mlle. Suzanne’s eyes will not greet me in England with reproachful looks, then it will be my turn to rest.”

And his arms, still vigorous in spite of fatigue and suffering, closed round Marguerite’s poor, weary body, and lifted her as gently as if she had been a feather.

Then, as Sir Andrew discreetly kept out of earshot, there were many things said—or rather whispered—which even the autumn breeze did not catch, for it had gone to rest.

All his fatigue was forgotten; his shoulders must have been very sore, for the soldiers had hit hard, but the man's muscles seemed made of steel, and his energy was almost supernatural. It was a weary tramp, half a league along the stony side of the cliffs, but never for a moment did his courage give way or his muscles yield to fatigue. On he tramped, with firm footstep, his vigorous arms encircling the precious burden, and... no doubt, as she lay, quiet and happy, at times lulled to momentary drowsiness, at others watching, through the slowly gathering morning light, the pleasant face with the lazy, drooping blue eyes, ever cheerful, ever illumined with a good-humoured smile, she whispered many things, which helped to shorten the weary road, and acted as a soothing balsam to his aching sinews.

The many-hued light of dawn was breaking in the east, when at last they reached the creek beyond Gris Nez. The galley lay in wait: in answer to a signal from Sir Percy, she drew near, and two sturdy British sailors had the honour of carrying my lady into the boat.

Half an hour later, they were on board the *Day Dream*. The crew, who of necessity were in their master's secrets, and who were devoted to him heart and soul, were not surprised to see him arriving in so extraordinary a disguise.

Armand St. Just and the other fugitives were eagerly awaiting the advent of their brave rescuer; he would not stay to hear the expressions of their gratitude, but found his way to his private cabin as quickly as he could, leaving Marguerite quite happy in the arms of her brother.

Everything on board the *Day Dream* was fitted with that exquisite luxury, so dear to Sir Percy Blakeney's heart, and by the time they all landed at Dover he had found time to

get into some of the sumptuous clothes which he loved, and of which he always kept a supply on board his yacht.

The difficulty was to provide Marguerite with a pair of shoes, and great was the little middy's¹ joy when my lady found that she could put foot on English shore in his best pair.

The rest is silence!—silence and joy for those who had endured so much suffering, yet found at last a great and lasting happiness.

But it is on record that at the brilliant wedding of Sir Andrew Ffoulkes, Bart., with Mlle. Suzanne de Tournay de Basserive, a function at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and all the *élite* of fashionable society were present, the most beautiful woman there was unquestionably Lady Blakeney, whilst the clothes Sir Percy Blakeney wore were the talk of the *jeunesse dorée* of London for many days.

It is also a fact that M. Chauvelin, the accredited agent of the French Republican Government, was not present at that or any other social function in London, after that memorable evening at Lord Grenville's ball.

The End

¹Midshipman; in this era, an adolescent boy, whose smaller shoes would be more likely to fit a woman.

Colophon

EB Garamond is Georg Mayr-Duffner's free and open source implementation of Claude Garamond's famous humanist typefaces from the mid-16th century.

github.com/georgd/EB-Garamond

Cover illustration cropped from the German poster for the 1934 movie of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which starred Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon and was directed by Harold Young.

Illustration on page 4 is an engraving by Jean-Baptiste Louvion (1740—1804), printed around 1793 and now held by the Musée Carnavalet in Paris. The caption reads “Traîtres regardez et tremblez elle ne perdra son activité, que quand vous aurés tous perdu la vie.” (“Traitors, look and tremble: she will cease her activity only when you have all perished.”)

Typeset in L^AT_EX.

