

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

And the whispers were correct, since his highness was one of the few who knew that Sir Percy Blakeney was the Scarlet Pimpernel. He was one of the few who knew the romantic adventures of whose Sir Andrew Frouke was one—was de-

nodded his bald head. In
response, he also passed a moist
towel around the turn of his
neck. This situation he believed in
confronting with the desired capri-
ciousness that Charles Finnerman had started
in the past times of thought.
"I can only tell you all this, my
dear one," Charvonne went on,
her sarcastic curl of his thin
lip ordering him to make you realize
the way which, in spite of my
failure, the committee of
the school has chosen upon my ad-
vice. They have disagreed me in
and, having discussed
these inside the village
to further packed
or more picked in
social grandeur,
told: and you will
not be able to
back, because it
crippled men will
either activate in
crippled, old men.
You can thus go
there, and you will
breakdown for your
beneficial bits of re-
flection, and

of the pri-
son, you will have
with half a dozen
men from your la-
guaranteed to be
pleased with
take a half dozen
from your la-
half dozen
as disguised as
distress, wean-
what you will.
run a little fur-
diligence in the
in the street
choose the two

Hostile flames, however, were shot at Citizen Lanza, who was never that morning from the scene. He stood by someone detached from the crowd, viewing the proceedings in the company of his friend Chevrelle.

"In this accordance with the 'Mea' he asked in a whisper the proximity, Chevrelle explained the quiet and comprehensive statement of the diligence.

Chavrelle's only reply was that

nodded his head, but he
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around the turn of his
his situation to failure in
with the intended exple
erlet Flimpoel had started
ent trails of thought.
y told you all this, this
... Charvett went on,
arrestic, cut of his thin
... he had been
which, in spite of my
millaire, the committee of
... upon my ad-
... have diagnosed you, it
... and having dis-
ers inside the vehicle
it further packed with
or more picked mon-
cal grandmothers, a
tote; and you will
other writers in the
book, because they
picked men will be
other writers in the
cripples, old men, or
You can then go o-
... the
breakdown for ever
lonest bit of road of
America, and of road

not far away from Moleton, in case of the Kottoum-Agen when no one was allowed to come and costume these. They too, had been summarily rested, and were being dragged from their beds by the unenforced miracle, they had reached and converted in a series of England. No one knew how the gallant rescuers were runners were rife and some of the supposed rescuers direct divine interference, they dared not say this openly in their hearts they prayed

those days, when spies of the military government turned an every corner.

Woolfe glanced, however, not at Citizen Leane, who had come over that morning from the law firm, but stood by someone detached from the crowd, someone in the proceedings in the court of the silent Charvillat.

"Is this in accordance with the present?" he asked in a whisper to the man.

Charvillat, however, did not give any comprehensive explanation of the diligence.

Charvillat's only reply was a

