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No. 1

by BARONESS  
ORCZY

The **SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL**



**10¢**



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# The Scarlet PIMPERNEL

by Baroness Orczy





THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL—  
LEADER OF A DARING BAND  
OF YOUNG ENGLISHMEN—  
DEDICATED TO THE RESCUE  
OF FRENCH NOBILITY FROM  
THE REVOLUTIONISTS— A  
MASTER OF DISGUISE, THE  
SCARLET PIMPERNEL IS  
EAGERLY SOUGHT BY  
AGENTS OF THE FRENCH  
GOVERNMENT.

Story Adaptation by  
Dick Davis  
Illustrations by  
Jim Lavery

PARIS —  
September, 1792

DURING THE GREATER  
PART OF THE DAY THE KNIFE  
OF THE GUILLOTINE HAD BEEN  
KEPT BUSY AT ITS GHASTLY  
WORK — BEHEADING THE MEN  
AND WOMEN WHO WERE  
AGAINST THE  
REVOLUTION.



EVERY AFTERNOON BEFORE THE GATES CLOSED AND MARKET CARTS WENT OUT IN PROCESSION BY THE VARIOUS BARRICADES, SOME FOOL OF AN ARISTOCRAT TRIED TO EVADE THE CLUTCHES OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY, BUT THEY WERE NEARLY ALWAYS CAUGHT AT THE BARRICADES. — BOMBASTIC SERGEANT BIBOT AT THE WEST GATE HAD A KEEN NOSE FOR SCENTING DISGUISED ARISTOCRATS.

HEY, GRANNY!  
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

HA! I MADE FRIENDS WITH MADAME GUILLOTINE'S LOVER. HE CUT OFF THESE LOCKS FOR ME, — THE HEADS ROLLED DOWN.

THE EXECUTIONER HAS PROMISED ME MORE PRETTY LOCKS TOMORROW, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN VISIT THE GUILLOTINE.



AH, GRANNY,  
WHAT IS TO KEEP YOU AWAY?

MY GRANDSON HAS THE SMALLPOX, SOME SAY IT IS THE PLAGUE! IF IT IS I SHAN'T BE ALLOWED TO COME TO PARIS TOMORROW.



CURSE YOU!

CURSE YOU CITIZEN BIBOT, FOR BEING A COWARD. — BAH! WHAT A MAN TO BE AFRAID OF SICKNESS.



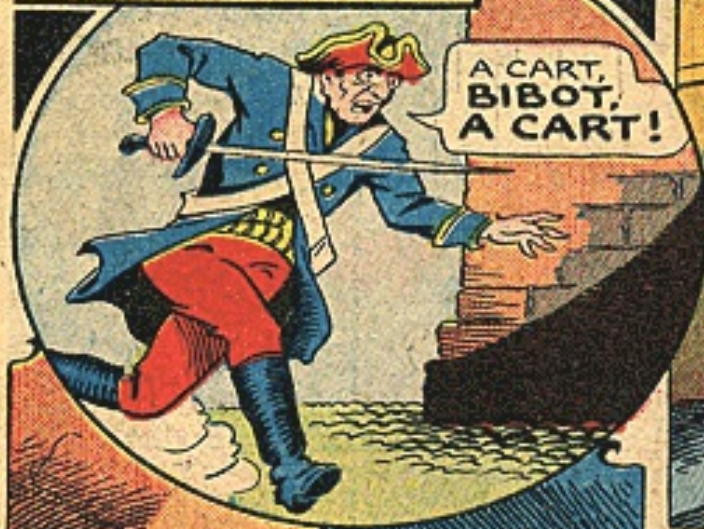
GET OUT WITH YOU AND YOUR PLAGUE STRICKEN BROOD!

BRAVE BIBOT!  
HA-HA!



MORBLIEU!  
THE PLAGUE!

AS THE HIDEOUS CRONE  
AND CART DISAPPEARED, THE  
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD  
RUSHES UP BREATHLESSLY.



A CART,  
BIBOT,  
A CART!



WHAT  
CART?

DRIVEN BY AN OLD  
HAG.-- A COVERED  
CART----

THERE WERE A DOZEN----  
AN OLD HAG WHO SAID  
HER GRANDSON HAD  
THE PLAGUE?



YES!

YOU HAVE NOT LET  
THEM GO?



MORBLIEU!

THAT CART CONTAINED  
THE COUNTESS DE TOURNAY  
AND HER TWO CHILDREN,  
ALL OF THEM TRAITORS  
AND CONDEMNED  
ARISTOCRATS!



-AND  
THEIR  
DRIVER?

SACRE TONNERRE!  
THAT DRIVER WAS IN  
DISGUISE! -- THAT DRIVER  
WAS THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER AT A LONELY ENGLISH INN AT DOVER, ACROSS THE CHANNEL FROM FRANCE.



THE FISHERMAN'S REST

WELCOME TO OLD ENGLAND!

AH! MESSIEURS! THANK HEAVEN FOR THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



IN THE COFFEE-ROOM AT THE FISHERMAN'S REST, THE COUNTESS DE TOURNAY AND HER TWO CHILDREN, JUST SAVED FROM THE GUILLOTINE BY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, HAVE DINNER WITH THREE YOUNG ENGLISHMEN, SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, LORD TONY AND SIR ANDREW.

ALSO SITTING IN A CORNER OF THE COFFEE-ROOM ARE TWO SUSPICIOUS LOOKING STRANGERS PLAYING DOMINOES.



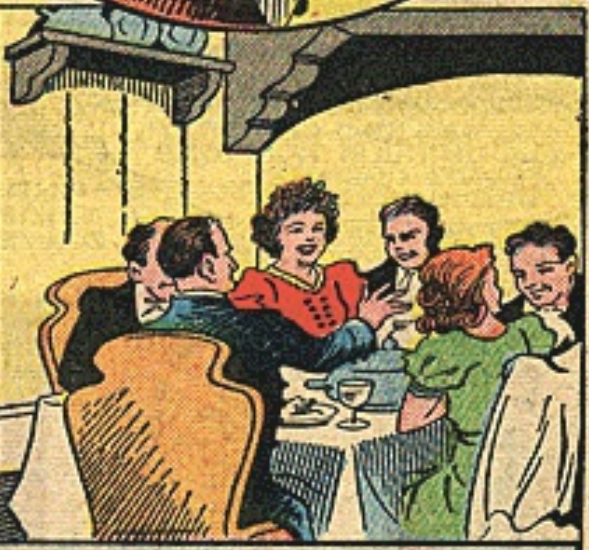
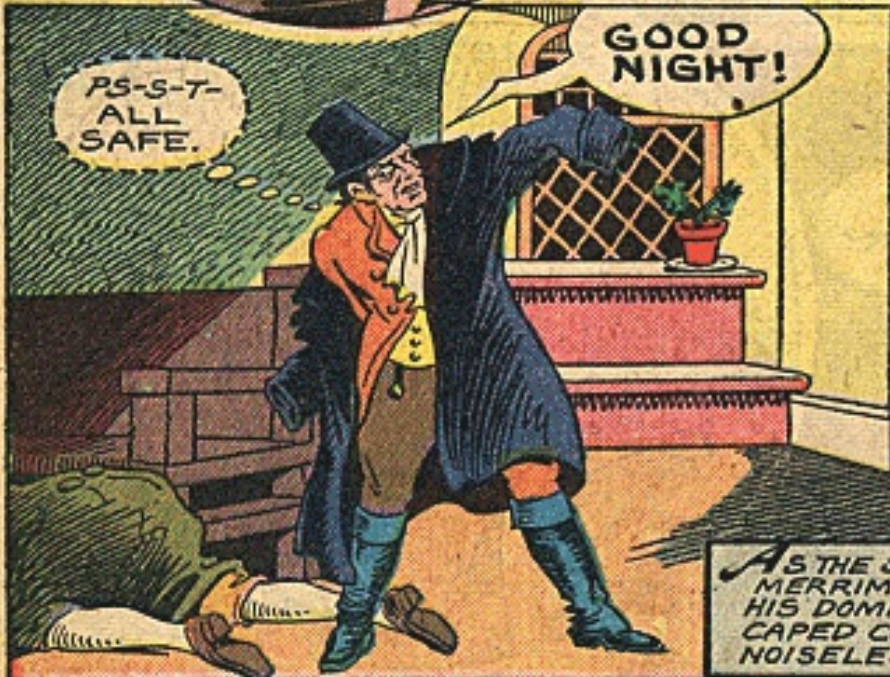
THE DOMINO PLAYER WITH THE DEEP SUNKEN EYES IS CHAUVELIN, AN AGENT OF FRANCE, WHOSE SECRET MISSION TO ENGLAND IS TO DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN KNOWN AS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

I MUST TRAP THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ON THE SOIL OF FRANCE.



PS-S-T- ALL SAFE.

GOOD NIGHT!

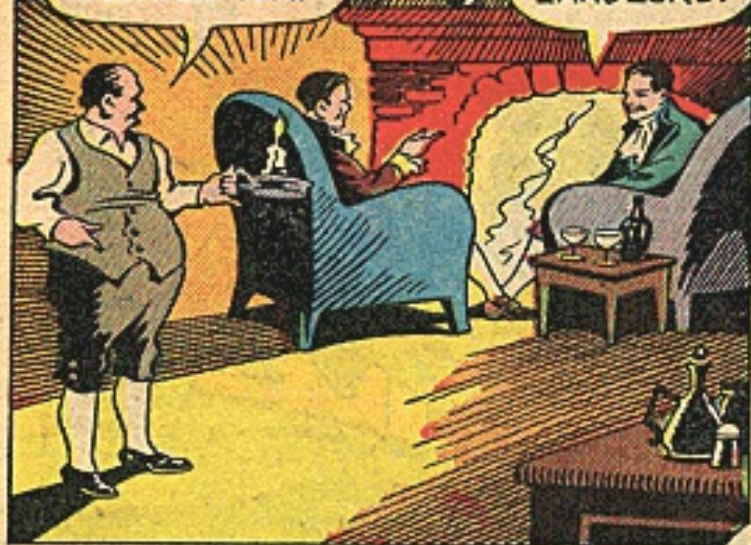


AS THE SUPPER PARTY BECAME BUSY WITH MERRIMENT, CHAUVELIN ROSE FROM HIS DOMINO GAME, PUT ON HIS TRIPLE CAPED COAT. — HIS COMPANION CREEPT NOISELESSLY UNDER AN OAK BENCH.

**AFTER SUPPER, LORD TONY AND SIR ANDREW SIT BEFORE THE FIRE. SIR PERCY HAS GONE TO LONDON WITH THE COUNTESS AND HER FAMILY.**

GOOD NIGHT GENTLEMEN.

GOODNIGHT LANDLORD.



TONY, THE RESCUES BECOME MORE UNBELIEVABLE EACH DAY, IMAGINE THE PIMPERNEL ESCORTING THE COUNTESS AND HER CHILDREN ALL THE WAY FROM PARIS DRESSED AS AN OLD MARKET HAG.

THAT MAN IS A MARVEL AT DISGUISE.



ARMAND ST. JUST? WHY THAT'S THE FRENCH BROTHER OF MARGUERITE BLAKENEY.— SIR PERCY BLAKENEY'S WIFE.

YES, AND BOTH DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER.



HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM IN 48 HOURS IN FRANCE.— THIS TIME TO RESCUE COUNT DE TOURNAY AND ARMAND ST. JUST.



HERE ARE THE PIMPERNEL'S INSTRUCTIONS. READ CAREFULLY AND COMMIT THEM TO MEMORY, THEN DESTROY THEM.

BEND CLOSER TO THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE.



A FIGURE HAD EMERGED FROM UNDER THE OAK BENCH, WITH SNAKE-LIKE MOVEMENTS IT CREEPT CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE TWO YOUNG MEN.



LORD TONY AND SIR ANDREW STOOD BEFORE THE FAINT GLOW OF THE FIREPLACE TO DECIPHER THE PIMPERNEL'S INSTRUCTIONS, WHEN THEY ARE STARTLED BY A SLIGHT NOISE.

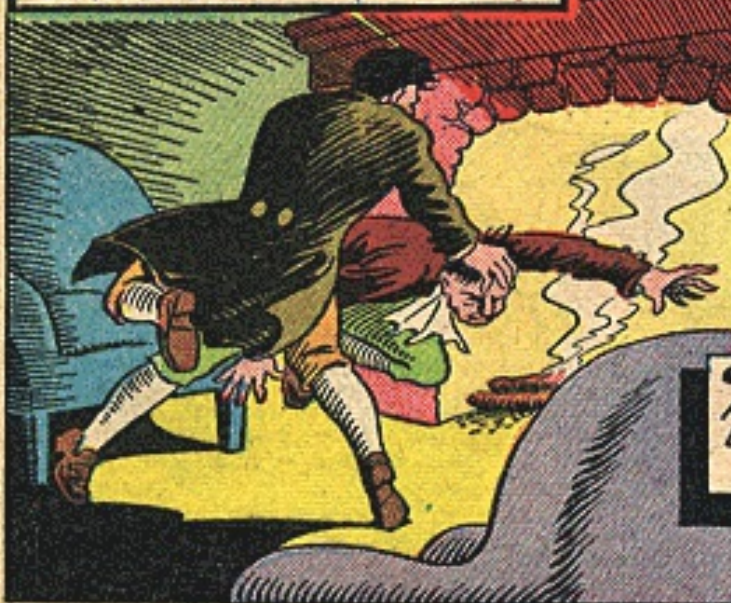
WHAT'S THAT?



LORD TONY CROSSED THE ROOM AND QUICKLY THREW OPEN THE DOOR AND IS FELLED WITH A STUNNING BLOW IN THE FACE.



SIMULTANEOUSLY THE SNAKE-LIKE FIGURE IN THE GLOOM HURLS ITSELF UPON THE UNSUSPECTING SIR ANDREW.



ALL SAFE, CITIZEN.

GOOD! NOW SEARCH THEIR POCKETS AND GIVE ME ALL THE PAPERS YOU FIND.



TONY AND ANDREW ARE BOUND AND GAGGED.

NOW TAKE THEM AWAY!



NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK ON THE WHOLE.



CHAUVELIN REMOVED HIS MASK, HIS FOX-LIKE FACE GLITTERED IN THE RED GLOW OF THE FIRE AS HE GLANCED AT THE STOLEN PAPERS.



THE NOTE TAKEN FROM SIR ANDREW'S HAND CONCERNING ARMAND ST. JUST BRINGS HATRED TO CHAUVELIN'S EYES.

HM-M-- ARMAND ST. JUST, A TRAITOR TO FRANCE, EH?-- I MUST GO TO LONDON FOR A TALK WITH HIS SISTER MARGUERITE. I KNEW HER IN FRANCE BEFORE THE WAR.-- NOW FAIR MARGUERITE BLAKENEY, YOU WILL HELP ME FIND THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



ARMAND ST. JUST, THE BELOVED BROTHER OF MARGUERITE BLAKENEY, HE PLANS TO ESCAPE FROM FRANCE.



SIR PERCY-- A HANDSOME SPECIMEN OF ENGLISH MANHOOD, BUT HIS FOPPISH WAYS AND SILLY LAUGH-- HIS APPARENT STUPIDITY HAVE CAUSED MARGUERITE'S LOVE FOR HIM TO BECOME PALTRY AND WEAK.

MARGUERITE BLAKENEY, THE BEAUTIFUL, CLEVER FRENCH WIFE OF SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN ENGLAND.

LADY BLAKENEY IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER.-- WONDER HOW SHE CAME TO MARRY THAT DULL STUPID SIR PERCY?



AS AN OFFICIAL OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, CHAUVELIN HAD COMPLETE FREEDOM TO TRAVEL IN ENGLAND.



MARGUERITE WAS CALLED THE CLEVEREST WOMAN IN EUROPE, AND WAS QUEEN OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.



**LONDON**  
IT IS THE NIGHT  
OF THE OPERA  
AND ALSO THE  
NIGHT OF LORD  
GREENVILLE'S  
BALL.

*IL*

AT THE OPERA ---  
CHAUVELIN AWAITS HIS  
CHANCE TO SPEAK  
TO MARGUERITE.



AH! NOW SHE IS  
ALONE IN HER  
OPERA BOX.



A WORD  
WITH YOU  
CITIZENESS.

CHAUVELIN!  
YOU  
FRIGHTENED  
ME. YOUR  
PRESENCE  
IS ENTIRELY  
INOPPORTUNE.



LADY BLAKENEY IS  
ALWAYS SURROUNDED,  
SO FETED BY HER  
COURT, THAT A  
MERE OLD FRIEND  
HAS BUT LITTLE  
CHANCE TO TALK.

FAITH MAN! I AM  
GOING TO LORD  
GREENVILLE'S BALL  
AFTER THE OPERA.  
--- SO ARE YOU  
PROBABLY. I'LL  
GIVE YOU FIVE  
MINUTES THERE.



THREE MINUTES IN THE  
PRIVACY OF THIS BOX ARE  
QUITE SUFFICIENT FOR ME.  
--- I THINK THAT YOU WILL  
BE WISE TO LISTEN TO ME  
CITIZENESS.



YOUR BROTHER  
ARMAND ST. JUST  
IS IN PERIL.

SINCE 'TIS ONE OF  
YOUR IMAGINARY  
PLOTS, YOU'D BEST  
GO BACK TO YOUR  
OWN SEAT AND LET  
ME ENJOY THE MUSIC.



I OBTAINED POSSESSION OF CERTAIN  
PAPERS, WHICH REVEAL ANOTHER  
FANTASTIC PLOT FOR THE ESCAPE OF  
TWO ENEMIES OF FRANCE, AND IT  
HAS BEEN ORGANIZED BY THAT  
ARCH-MEDDLER, THE  
SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

**HA!**  
WHAT CARE  
I FOR YOUR  
SCHEMES OR  
ABOUT THE  
SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL!



AMONG THE PAPERS THERE WAS A LETTER TO SIR ANDREW FOULKES, WRITTEN BY YOUR BROTHER ARMAND ST. JUST.

WELL? AND?



THE LETTER SHOWS YOUR BROTHER ARMAND ST. JUST TO BE NOT ONLY IN SYMPATHY WITH THE ENEMIES OF FRANCE, BUT ACTUALLY A HELPER IF NOT A MEMBER OF THE LEAGUE OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



I MUST ASSURE YOU THAT YOUR BROTHER IS COMPROMISED BEYOND THE SLIGHTEST HOPE OF PARDON.

CHAUVELIN, YOU ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

YOU CAN WIN A PARDON FOR ARMAND ST. JUST BY DOING ME A SMALL FAVOR.

WHAT IS IT?



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL IS FRANCE'S MOST BITTER ENEMY.

--AND YOU WOULD NOW FORCE ME TO DO SOME SPYING WORK FOR YOU IN EXCHANGE FOR MY BROTHER ARMAND'S SAFETY?

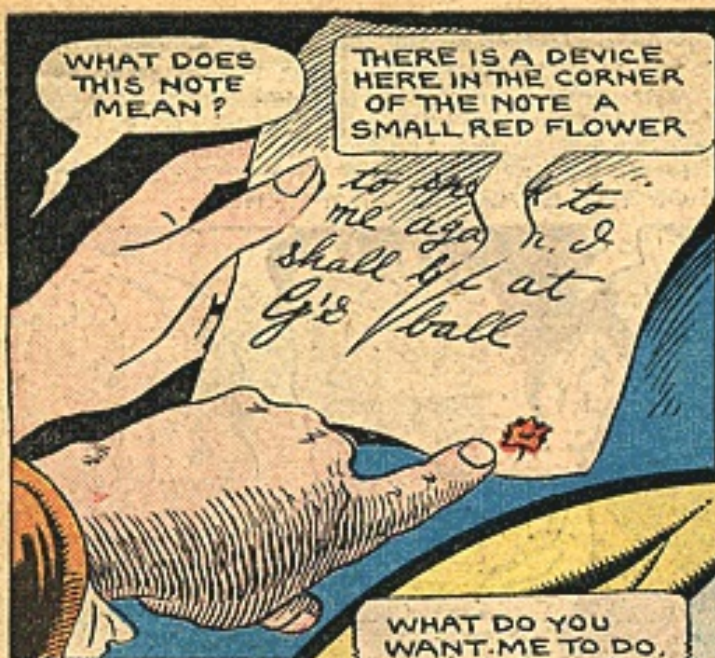


LISTEN; AMONG THE PAPERS FOUND ABOUT THE PERSON OF SIR ANDREW, THERE WAS A BRIEF NOTE---- HERE, READ IT.



*If you wish to speak to me again, I shall be at G's ball.*

MARGUERITE READS.



WHAT DOES THIS NOTE MEAN?

THERE IS A DEVICE HERE IN THE CORNER OF THE NOTE A SMALL RED FLOWER

to see me again I shall be at G's ball



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! --- AND "G'S BALL" MEANS GREENVILLE'S BALL --- THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL WILL BE AT LORD GREENVILLE'S BALL TONIGHT

THAT IS HOW I INTERPRET THE NOTE.



WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, CHAUVELIN?

AS LADY BLAKENEY YOU CAN SPY FOR ME, AND NO ONE WILL SUSPECT YOU. — AT THE BALL TONIGHT MARK WELL EVERY MAN TO WHOM SIR ANDREW AND LORD TONY SPEAK. — FIND OUT WHICH MAN IS THE ACCURSED PIMPERNEL, AND I PLEDGE THE WORD OF FRANCE THAT YOUR BROTHER WILL BE SAVED. IF YOU FAIL YOUR BROTHER ARMAND ST. JUST WILL DIE.

**IN THE MEANTIME**  
AFTER SIR ANDREW AND LORD TONY WERE SEARCHED AT THE FISHERMAN'S REST, CHAUVELIN'S SPIES TOOK THEM TO A LONELY HOUSE AS PRISONERS.

**PURPOSELY BOUND INSECURE,**  
THE CAPTIVES GET AWAY FROM THE OLD HOUSE IN THE MORNING.



QUICK, TONY!  
WE MUST HURRY BACK TO LONDON.

SIR ANDREW AND LORD TONY RIDE TO LONDON IN GREAT HASTE.



LORD GREENVILLE'S BALL— LORD TONY AND SIR ANDREW ARRIVE LOOKING A BIT HAGGARD AND TALK WITH SIR PERCY, MARGUERITE BLAKENEY'S HUSBAND.



LATER— MARGUERITE SEES LORD TONY SUDDENLY SLIP A PIECE OF PAPER INTO SIR ANDREW'S HAND.



IN THE GAILY-LIGHTED BALL-ROOM, MARGUERITE WONDERS WHICH OF THESE WORLDLY MEN ROUND HER IS THE MYSTERIOUS SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



MARGUERITE FORGETS HER RANK, HER DIGNITY— EVERYTHING SAVE THAT HER BROTHER'S LIFE IS IN DANGER.



SIR ANDREW READS THE NOTE IN A DESERTED BOUDOIR— MARGUERITE, UNPERCEIVED IS CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

SIR ANDREW TURNS AROUND AND MARGUERITE TOTTERS AS THOUGH SHE IS ABOUT TO FAINT.

YOU ARE ILL, LADY BLAKENEY?

A CHAIR, QUICK!



THE GIDDINESS IS PASSING OFF, DO NOT HEED ME, SIR ANDREW.



MARGUERITE SAT WITH HER EYES APPARENTLY CLOSED---AND A MENTAL VISION OF HER BROTHER

AS SIR ANDREW STARTS TO BURN THE NOTE AT THE CANDELABRA, MARGUERITE DEFTLY TAKES IT FROM HIS HAND.

HOW THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, SIR ANDREW. THE SMELL OF BURNT PAPER IS A REMEDY FOR GIDDINESS.



WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME LIKE THAT?



SIR ANDREW IS DAZED WITH SURPRISE.

I VOW THIS MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR LADY LOVE'S LAST LETTER YOU WERE TRYING TO DESTROY

WHICHEVER IT IS THAT NOTE IS UNDOUBTEDLY MINE.



THE CANDLES, SIR ANDREW-- QUICK!



SIR ANDREW MAKES A BOLD DASH FOR THE NOTE AND THE TABLE AND CANDELABRA ARE UPSET.

**IN THE BRIEF CONFUSION, MARGUERITE GETS A QUICK GLANCE AT THE PAPER.**

*I leave for France tomorrow. For further instructions meet me in the supper room at one o'clock precisely.*

**IN THE CORNER WAS THE SIGN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**

**FOR SHAME SIR ANDREW, YOU TRYING TO BURN DOWN THE PLACE THAT MY INDISCREET EYES SHOULD NOT READ YOUR LOVE MESSAGE.**

**YOU CAN SAVE ME, MARGOT.**

**CONFLICTING THOUGHTS RAGED IN MARGUERITE'S BRAIN.--- SHOULD SHE WILLFULLY BETRAY A BRAVE MAN TO SAVE HER BELOVED BROTHER?**

**YOU WILL SEE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, BUT YOU DO NOT KNOW HIM.**

**NO, BUT I SHALL AT ONE O'CLOCK.**

**SIR ANDREW WILL HAVE WARNED HIM.**

**YOU HAVE NEWS FOR ME?**

**YES.**

**CHAUVELIN STANDS BEFORE MARGUERITE.--- ARMAND ST. JUST MUST BE SAVED AT ALL COSTS--- MARGUERITE REVEALS THE CONTENTS OF THE NOTE.**

**I THINK NOT.**

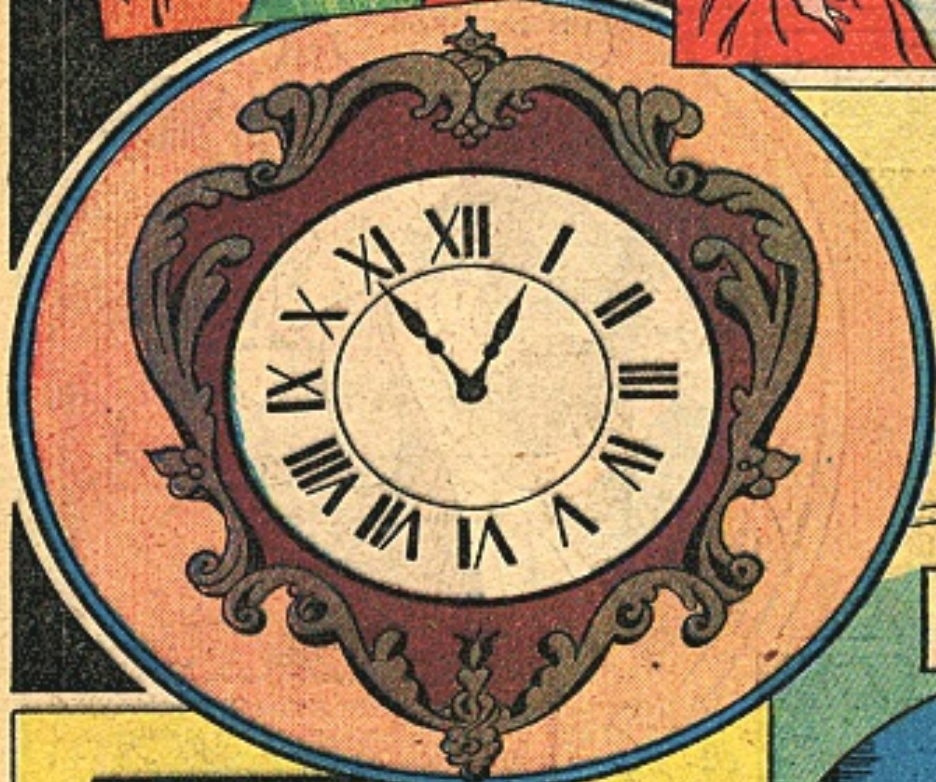
THE MAN WHO IS IN THE SUPPER-ROOM AT ONE O'CLOCK WILL BE SHADOWED BY MY AGENTS. --- THAT MAN WILL BE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



AND WHAT OF MY BROTHER ARMAND?



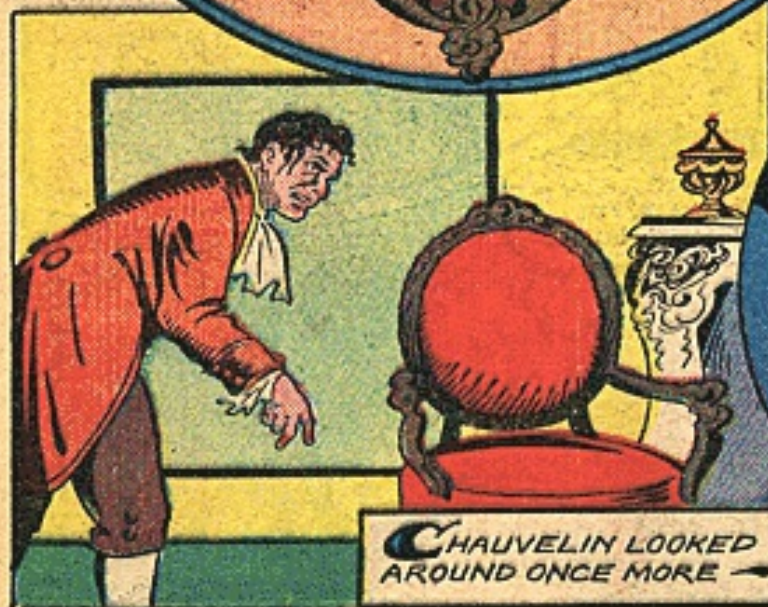
THE DAY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL IS A PRISONER IN FRANCE YOUR BROTHER WILL BE HERE IN ENGLAND, SAFE IN THE ARMS OF HIS CHARMING SISTER.



NO ONE HERE, WELL, I SHALL WAIT.



CHAUVELIN ENTERED THE SUPPER-ROOM, FORTUNATELY IT WAS DESERTED.



CHAUVELIN LOOKED AROUND ONCE MORE



--- AND THERE IN A DARK ANGLE OF THE ROOM, HIS EYES SHUT AND THE PEACEFUL SOUNDS OF SLUMBER PROCEEDING FROM HIS NOSTRILS SAT SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, --- MARGUERITE'S SLEEPY, DULL HUSBAND.



CHAUVELIN LEAVES THE SUPPER-ROOM.

HM-M- I WONDER IF IT COULD BE POSSIBLE? WELL, WE SHALL SEE.

HE IS MET BY MARGUERITE.

I SAW ONLY YOUR HUSBAND, MADAME, — ASLEEP ON THE SOFA

DID YOU SEE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL?

NO ONE ELSE CAME INTO THE ROOM?

NO ONE.

HIS BLOOD OR THAT OF YOUR BROTHER ARMAND ST. JUST

THE BLOOD OF A BRAVE MAN WILL BE ON MY HANDS.

I HAVE FAILED MY BROTHER, ARMAND. WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HIM?

YOUR BROTHER'S LIFE WILL HANG ON A THREAD UNTIL I CAPTURE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ON THE SOIL OF FRANCE. BUT DO NOT DESPAIR, I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT DAY IS NOT FAR OFF.



ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MARGUERITE WAS AWAKENED BY FOOTSTEPS AT HER DOOR. SOME ONE HAD SLIPPED A LETTER UNDER THE DOOR.



A LETTER FROM HER HUSBAND

Urgent business requires my immediate attention. I must sail for France. Forgive me for not saying goodbye. All my love  
Percy

PERCY, THIS IS NOT LIKE YOU. WHAT BUSINESS CALLS YOU AWAY FROM HOME?

IT IS OF A HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL NATURE. I CANNOT DEVULGE IT, EVEN TO YOU.

THERE IS SOME MYSTERY TO THIS WHICH I DO NOT LIKE AT ALL.

FEAR NOT DEAR LADY, I WILL TELL YOU ALL WHEN I RETURN.



MARGUERITE, LIGHTLY CLAD, HURRIED TO THE COURTYARD --- SIR PERCY IS READY TO MOUNT HIS SWIFTEST HORSE.



YOU WILL COME BACK?

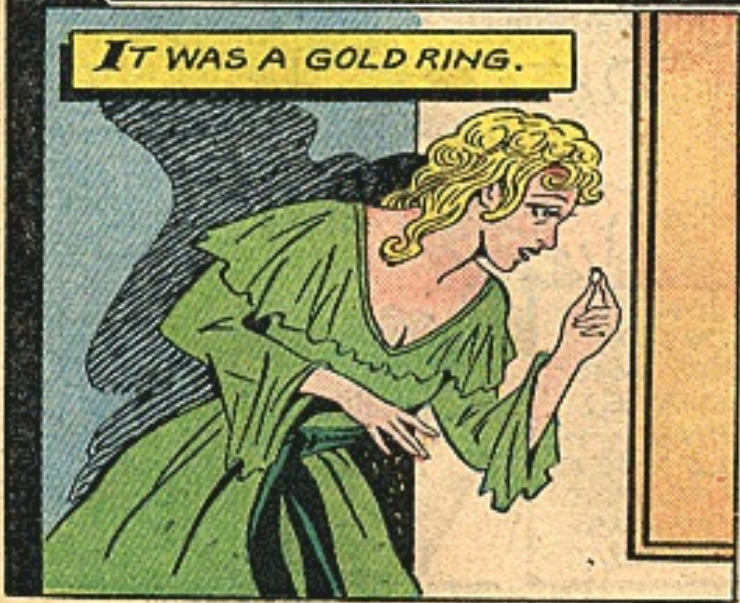
VERY SOON!



MARGUERITE RETURNS TO THE HOUSE.— AS SHE PASSED THE DOOR OF SIR PERCY'S PRIVATE STUDY, HER FOOT STEPS UPON A SMALL HARD OBJECT.



WHAT COULD THAT BE?



IT WAS A GOLD RING.

THE RING HAS A FLAT SHIELD, ENGRAVED WITH A SMALL STAR-SHAPED FLOWER.— THE MARK OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL!



CLUTCHING THE RING IN HER HAND SHE RAN OUT INTO THE GARDEN.



CAN IT BE THAT SIR PERCY, MY HUSBAND IS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL?



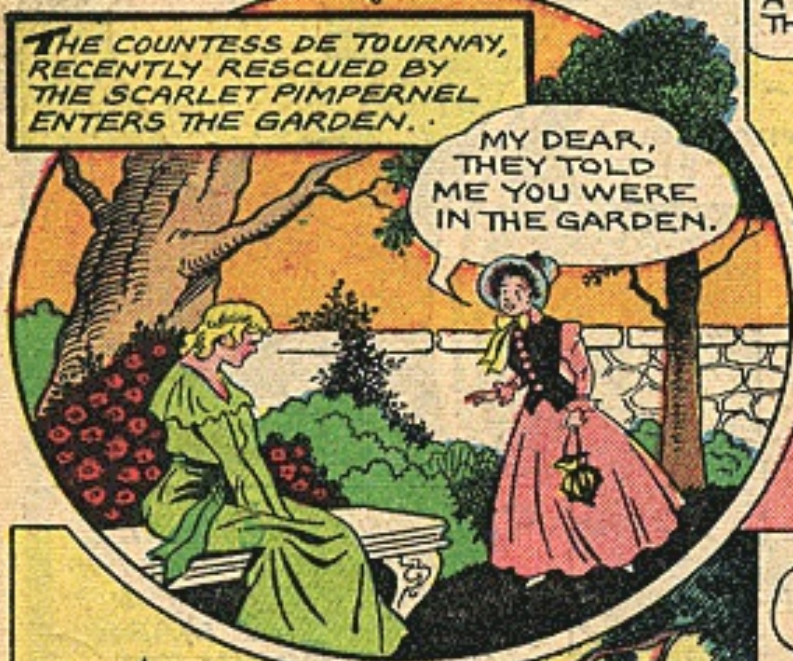
I HAD COME TO TELL YOU THE NEWS. THIS MORNING I RECEIVED A BRIEF NOTE - IT WAS FROM THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

WHAT DID IT SAY?



THE COUNTESS DE TOURNAY, RECENTLY RESCUED BY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ENTERS THE GARDEN.

MY DEAR, THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE IN THE GARDEN.



ARE YOU ILL, MARGUERITE?

YOU SAID - THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS GONE TODAY---

IT SAID, "FEAR NOT, MY LADY, I AM OFF TO FRANCE TO RESCUE YOUR HUSBAND, COUNT DE TOURNAY FROM THE GUILLOTINE."

THE BLOW HAD FALLEN! IF SIR PERCY WAS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL -- HE WOULD MEET DEATH IN FRANCE AT THE HANDS OF CHAUVELIN.





YES, BUT THAT WOULD MAKE YOU VERY HAPPY, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL DOES GREAT GOOD.



FORGIVE ME — I DO NOT FEEL WELL, I MUST BE ALONE. — I MUST GO INTO THE HOUSE. DO NOT COME WITH ME — I BEG OF YOU, I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT SHORTLY.

**ALONE —**  
THE HORRIBLE TRUTH DAWNS ON MARGUERITE. SIR PERCY WAS THE ONLY ONE CHAUVELIN SAW IN THE SUPPER-ROOM AT GREENVILLE'S BALL!



WHAT HAVE I DONE?



TO SAVE HER BROTHER SHE HAD SENT HER HUSBAND TO HIS DEATH.

I HAVE BETRAYED SIR PERCY.



As MARGUERITE WONDERS WHAT TO DO HER MAID BRINGS HER A LETTER.

WHO GAVE YOU THIS LETTER?

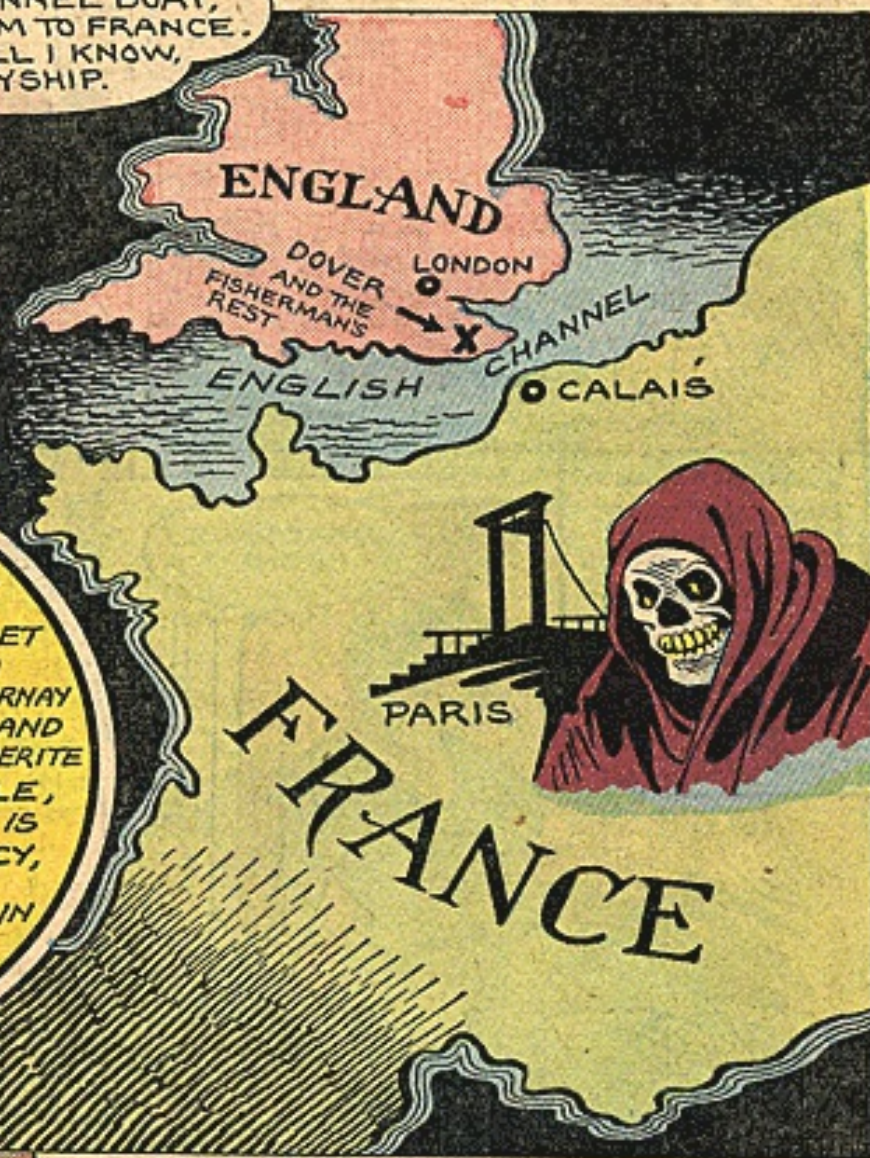
IT CAME BY MESSENGER. HE GOT IT FROM A FRENCH GENTLEMAN.

IT WAS THE FATAL LETTER SIGNED BY ARMAND, AND STOLEN FROM SIR ANDREW AT THE FISHERMAN'S REST BY CHAUVELIN. — THE LETTER WHICH CHAUVELIN HAD PROMISED TO RETURN TO MARGUERITE FOR HER BETRAYAL OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

WHERE WAS THE FRENCH GENTLEMAN?

THE MESSENGER SAID HE WAS WAITING FOR A CHANNEL BOAT, TO TAKE HIM TO FRANCE. — THAT'S ALL I KNOW, YOUR LADYSHIP.

MARGUERITE DISMISSED THE MAID AND ORDERED HER COACH AND FOUR.



## The Situation

SIR PERCY ALIAS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL, IS ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE TO SAVE THE COUNT DE TOURNAY (AND MARGUERITE'S BROTHER ARMAND ST. JUST, AS WELL, ALTHOUGH MARGUERITE DOES NOT KNOW THIS.) MEANWHILE, THE FRENCH AGENT, CHAUVELIN IS RACING IN PURSUIT OF SIR PERCY, HOPING TO CAPTURE HIM ON FRENCH SOIL, WHERE CHAUVELIN HAS THE POWER TO HAVE SIR PERCY EXECUTED AS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

I MUST WARN SIR PERCY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.



I WILL GO TO SIR ANDREW. HE IS SIR PERCY'S BEST FRIEND. HE WILL KNOW HOW TO HELP ME.



OFF TO  
LONDON  
TO SEE  
SIR  
ANDREW



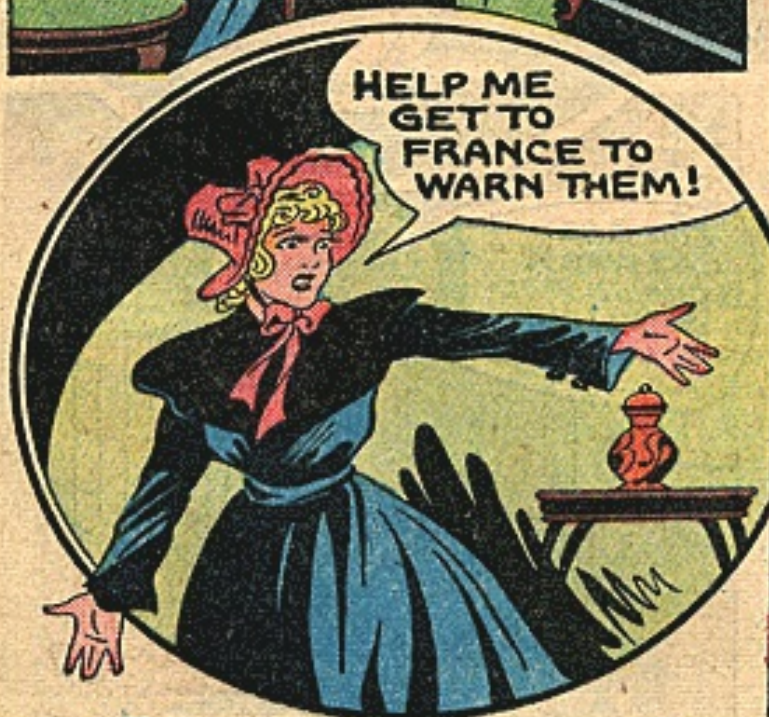
AT SIR ANDREW'S HOME.

SIR ANDREW, YOU MUST HELP ME— CHAUVELIN, THE AGENT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT KNOWS THAT SIR PERCY IS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

LADY BLAKENEY, HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS? TELL ME ALL.



HELP ME GET TO FRANCE TO WARN THEM!



THERE IS NO TIME FOR EXPLANATION, BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT CHAUVELIN HAS READ THE PLANS FOR THE RESCUE OF COUNT DE TOURNAY.

AND ALSO THE RESCUE OF YOUR BROTHER ARMAND ST. JUST! SIR PERCY PLANNED TO RESCUE HIM, TOO.



MY BROTHER ARMAND?— SIR ANDREW!— I HAVE BETRAYED MY BROTHER AND MY HUSBAND. YOU MUST HELP ME SAVE THEM!

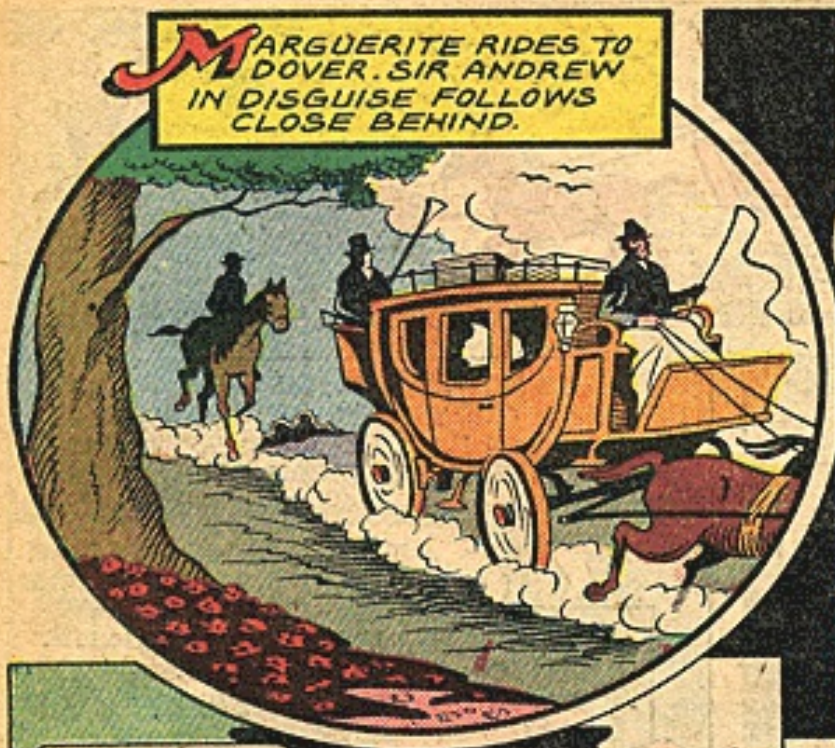
TELL ME WHAT YOU WISH ME TO DO. MY LIFE IS AT THE SERVICE OF MY LEADER, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL



WE WILL LEAVE FOR THE COAST IMMEDIATELY. I WILL DISGUISE MYSELF AS YOUR SERVANT. WE MUST NOT ATTRACT ATTENTION TO OURSELVES.



**M**MARGUERITE RIDES TO DOVER. SIR ANDREW IN DISGUISE FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND.



THAT NIGHT MARGUERITE AND SIR ANDREW STOP AT THE FISHERMAN'S REST.—ACROSS THE CHANNEL FROM FRANCE.

YOUR DISGUISE IS EXCELLENT. DID YOU FIND OUT WHEN WE CAN SAIL?

WE CANNOT SAIL TONIGHT, A BAD STORM BLOWS FROM FRANCE.



BUT WE MUST SAIL!

PATIENCE, IF WE CANNOT CROSS OVER TONIGHT, NEITHER CAN OUR ENEMY. THE STORM THAT KEEPS US HERE HOLDS CHAUVELIN AS WELL.

LATE THE NEXT DAY, MARGUERITE AND SIR ANDREW SAIL FOR FRANCE.



A SEA PORT IN FRANCE.

WE MUST LOOK FIRST AT A WAYSIDE INN KNOWN TO SIR PERCY.—THE GREY CAT.

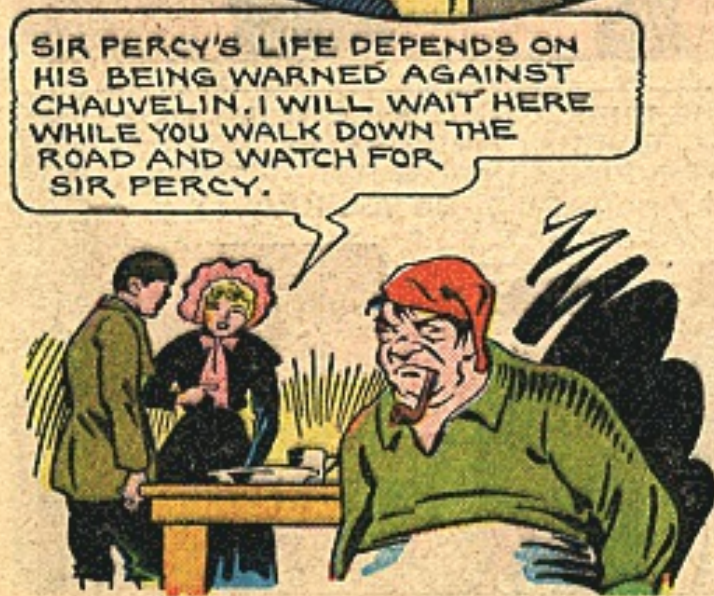


THE GREY CAT WAS A SQUALID EVIL-SMELLING INN.

I DO NOT LIKE THAT PLACE







MARGUERITE RETIRES TO THE GARRET ROOM. FROM THE ATTIC DOOR SHE IS ABLE TO WATCH THE ROOM BELOW.



TWO MEN ENTER THE INN.



THE SIGHT OF THE MAN DISGUISED AS A FRENCH CLERIC SEEMS TO FREEZE THE BLOOD IN MARGUERITE'S VEINS.

CHAUVELIN!



THE CIVILIAN IS CHAUVELIN'S SECRETARY, DESGAS.

TELL ME — IS THE TRAP SET FOR THE PIMPERNEL?

YES, THE TRAP IS WAITING FOR HIM.



YOU HAVE POSTED THE SOLDIERS ON THE ROADS?

YES, EVERY ROAD TO THIS PLACE IS COVERED BY A PATROL. AS SOON AS THE ENGLISHMAN SHOW HIMSELF WE WILL SPRING THE TRAP — BOOM!



THE PIMPERNEL WILL MEET OLD DE TOURNAY AND ARMAND ST. JUST AT A FISHERMAN'S HUT — PERE BLANCHARD'S, DO YOU KNOW THAT PLACE?





NO, BUT I WILL SEND SOLDIERS TO FIND PERE BLANCHARD'S HUT.

**GOOD!**  
AND REMEMBER TAKE THE TALL ENGLISHMAN ALIVE.



NOW GO INSTRUCT YOUR PATROLS, AND THEN RETURN HERE QUICKLY WITH TEN SOLDIERS TO STAND GUARD AT THIS INN.

*A FEW MINUTES LATER, SIR PERCY ENTERS THE INN.*



**HELLO, THERE!** NO ONE ABOUT? WHERE IS THAT FOOL LANDLORD?

*ABOVE IN THE ATTIC, MARGUERITE NEARLY SCREAMS A WARNING TO SIR PERCY.*

**FLY, SIR PERCY!** HE IS YOUR DEADLY ENEMY, HE WILL HAVE YOU KILLED!



*CHAUVELIN, A COWARD AT HEART IS AFRAID OF SIR PERCY.*



WHY, CHAUVELIN! I VOW I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD MEET YOU HERE.

I WILL CAUSE HIM TO TARRY HERE UNTIL THE SOLDIERS RETURN.

I AM SORRY, I SEEM TO HAVE UPSET YOU.

NOT AT ALL.— I AM CHARMED TO SEE YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN ENGLAND. THE SURPRISE TOOK MY BREATH AWAY.





YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY TO PARIS, SIR PERCY?

NOT PARIS FOR ME—BEASTLY UNCOMFORTABLE PLACE IS PARIS, JUST NOW.

THAT WATCH OF YOUR'S WON'T GO ANY FASTER, YOU KNOW. ARE YOU EXPECTING A FRIEND?

YES, A FRIEND.



YOU HAVE A MOST ADMIRABLE DISGUISE CHAUVELIN, WHOM ARE YOU FOOLING?

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

MARGUERITE HEARS THE DISTANT SOUND OF MARCHING FEET. SHE WANTS TO WARN SIR PERCY.



MY TOBACCO DEALER HAS SOLD ME WONDERFUL SNUFF THIS TIME.—PRAY TRY A SNIFF.

AS CHAUVELIN TOOK A SEAT BY THE FIREPLACE, SIR PERCY FILLED HIS SNUFF-BOX WITH PEPPER AT THE TABLE.

FOR SEVERAL MINUTETS, CHAUVELIN IS BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB.—SNEEZE AFTER SNEEZE NEARLY CHOKES HIM.



CHAUVELIN TAKES A VIGOROUS SNIFF—OF PEPPER.



**DESGAS RETURNS WITH SOLDIERS**

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! DID YOU SEE HIM?

WHERE CITIZEN?

HE LEFT THIS INN NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO!

WE SAW NOTHING. IT WAS TOO EARLY FOR THE MOON.



AND YOU ARE FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE, MY FRIEND! ONCE AGAIN THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS, BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

IT IS MY GUESS THAT THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS GONE TO MEET DE TOURNAY AND ARMAND ST. JUST AT THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD. — WE MUST FIND THAT HUT!



A PEDDLER NAMED REUBEN TALKED TO A TALL ENGLISHMAN LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO.

AH!  
SO?




MARGUERITE WAS FILLED WITH HOPELESSNESS. STILL SHE WATCHED HER HUSBAND'S ENEMY.



THEY TALKED ABOUT A HORSE AND CART WHICH THE ENGLISHMAN WISHED TO HIRE AND USE AFTER THE MOON HAD RISEN.


THAT TIME HAS COME— I WILL TALK WITH THE PEDDLER.

LATER




I COULDN'T FIND REUBEN, BUT I HAVE BROUGHT HIS FRIEND, AN OLD MAN.

BRING HIM TO ME. I WILL QUESTION HIM AT THE INN.




FROM THE ATTIC DOOR, MARGUERITE WATCHED FASCINATED. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLD PEDDLER THAT WAS VAGUELY FAMILIAR. — WHERE HAD SHE SEEN HIM?




OLD FELLOW, WHERE IS YOUR FRIEND, REUBEN AND THE ENGLISHMAN?


YOUR EXCELLENCY, MY FRIEND STRUCK A BARGAIN WITH THE ENGLISHMAN FOR THE HIRE OF HORSE AND CART, AND THEY ARE GONE ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS.



I TOLD THE ENGLISHMAN THAT MY HORSE AND CART WERE MUCH FASTER THAN REUBEN'S ANCIENT WAGON AND LAZY HORSE.



YOUR HORSE AND CART COULD OVERTAKE REUBEN AND THE ENGLISHMAN?



YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY, WITH COMFORT AND EASE.

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE OLD MAN THAT MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR MARGUERITE TO TAKE HER EYES AWAY.

I WILL HIRE YOU AND YOUR CART. — IS IT A BARGAIN?

OH, INDEED, YES! WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?

YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH. I WANT TO FOLLOW THE ENGLISHMAN WHO RIDES IN YOUR FRIEND'S CART.

HE GAVE ME SILVER TO HOLD MY TONGUE.

THERE ARE GOLD PIECES TO LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE. WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

THEY TRAVELLED DOWN THE ST. MARTIN ROAD TOWARD THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD.

THAT IS THE NEWS I WANTED TO HEAR. HOW SOON CAN YOUR CART TAKE US THERE?

MY CART AND HORSE ARE READY NOW. — WE CAN LEAVE THIS VERY MINUTE.

MEANWHILE, AS CHAUVELIN PREPARES TO CLOSE THE TRAP ON SIR PERCY — ARMAND ST. JUST AND COUNT DE TOURNAY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD, WHERE THEY EXPECT TO BE MET AND RESCUED BY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.



REMEMBER—OLD FOOL! IF YOU TRY TO DECEIVE ME I WILL HAVE MY SOLDIERS BEAT YOU UNTIL YOU CANNOT SEE.



BUT IF WE FIND THE TALL ENGLISHMAN, YOU SHALL HAVE A REWARD OF TEN MORE PIECES OF GOLD. DO YOU ACCEPT?

I ACCEPT.



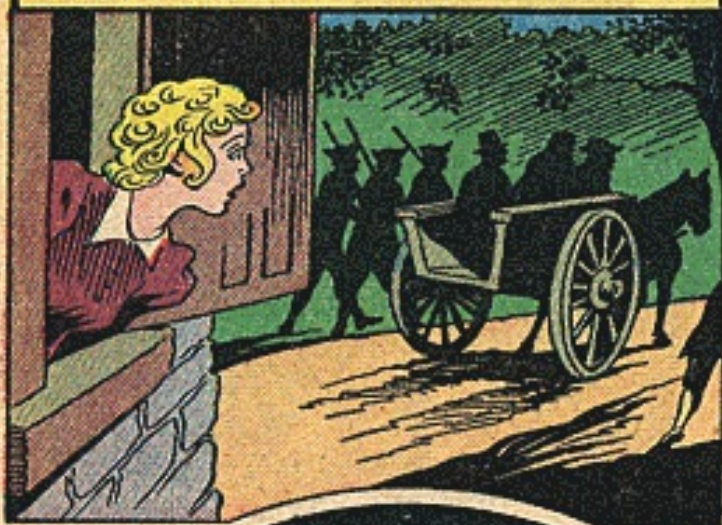
THE TRAP HAS BEEN SET—DE TOURNAY AND ARMAND ST. JUST WAIT IN THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD. THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL ALONE CAN SAVE THEIR LIVES. MEANWHILE CHAUVELIN'S TROOPS PATROL THE COUNTRYSIDE— AND CHAUVELIN, HIMSELF MOVES DOWN THE ST. MARTIN ROAD TOWARD THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD.— WHERE IS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL?

AND IN THE NARROW ENGLISH CHANNEL THAT SEPARATES ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY FROM FREEDOM — A MYSTERIOUS SCHOONER RIDES AT ANCHOR, OFF SHORE FROM PERE BLANCHARD'S HUT.





FROM AN ATTIC WINDOW, MARGUERITE SEES THE RUMBLING CART AND SOLDIERS MOVE AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS.



MARGUERITE HURRIES FROM THE INN, HOPING THAT SOMEHOW SHE CAN WARN SIR PERCY.



THE ST. MARTIN ROAD.— KEEPING WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE ROADSIDE SHE FOLLOWS THE CART AND MEN.— THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH DREAD.



YOUR CART IS SLOW. I THOUGHT YOU WOULD OVERTAKE YOUR FRIEND AND HIS ENGLISH PASSENGER.

THEY ARE NOT FAR AHEAD, I CAN SEE THE IMPRINT OF THE CART WHEELS.



HARK! I HEAR MEN ON HORSE-BACK!

DO NOT ALARM YOURSELF. THEY ARE MY SOLDIERS, COMING TO REPORT.



THE CART COMES TO A HALT, AND UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS, MARGUERITE MANAGES TO SLIP NEAR.



**TWO MOUNTED SOLDIERS HALT BESIDE THE CART.**

WHAT NEWS?

WE HAVE FOUND A ROUGH HUT NEARBY ON THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF. TWO MEN ENTERED WHILE WE WATCHED, ONE WAS YOUNG — THE OTHER OLD.

THE OLD ONE MUST BE THE COUNT DE TOURNAY, THE YOUNG ONE MY BROTHER ARMAND.



**FLASHBACK —  
WHAT THE SOLDIERS  
SAW AND HEARD  
IN THE HUT.**

YOU HAVE FOUND THE HUT OF PERE BLANCHARD! — AND TWO ENEMIES OF FRANCE! WHAT ELSE HAPPENED?

WE CREEPT CLOSE TO THE HUT. WE HEARD THEM TALKING.

COUNT DE TOURNAY, WE CAN GO NO FURTHER, NOW WE MUST WAIT FOR THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL TO COME AND GUIDE US TO THE SHIP THAT WILL CARRY US TO ENGLAND.



GOOD! THE TRAP IS BAITED! WHEN THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL WALKS INTO THE HUT WE WILL CAPTURE ALL THREE!

AS CHAUVELIN SPEAKS, THE OLD FELLOW SMILES TO HIMSELF IN A KNOWING MYSTERIOUS MANNER.



THE HUT IS BUT A HUNDRED  
YARDS AWAY — AND  
HALF WAY DOWN THE  
SIDE OF THE CLIFF.

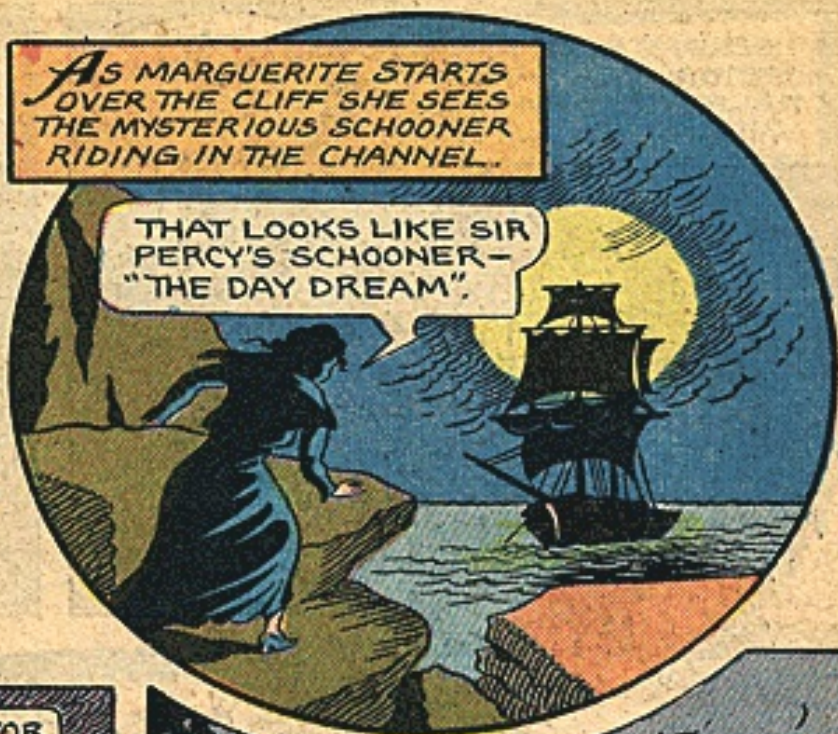
VERY  
GOOD! YOU  
SHALL  
LEAD US.

BEFORE WE DESCEND THE CLIFF,  
YOU WILL GO AHEAD AND  
SCOUT. PERHAPS THE TALL  
ENGLISHMAN HAS ARRIVED.

AND YOU — —  
WHATEVER YOUR CONFOUNDED  
NAME MAY BE. — YOU WILL STAY  
HERE UNTIL OUR RETURN —  
AND DO NOT UTTER A SOUND.  
THAT'S AN ORDER!

BUT YOUR EXCELLENCY,  
I AM OLD AND FEEBLE.  
I AM AFRAID TO STAY ON  
THIS DARK AND LONELY  
ROAD. — DO NOT LEAVE  
ME ALONE. LET ME  
COME WITH YOU.

VERY WELL — THEN COME  
ALONG, YOUR KNOWLEDGE  
OF THE COUNTRYSIDE MAY  
BE USEFUL. BUT HOLD  
YOUR TONGUE, OLD FOOL!



LADY BLAKENY, THIS IS A SURPRISE. I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE ME IF I LEAVE YOU HERE. YOU MIGHT GET IN OUR WAY.— I WILL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER.



DESGAS, HAVE YOUR MEN TAKE COVER AND SURROUND THE HUT. TELL THEM NOT TO STIR UNTIL THE TALL ENGLISHMAN COMES.— THESE TWO WILL REMAIN HERE. THEY ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO GIVE US TROUBLE.



INSIDE YONDER HUT, COUNT DE TOURNAY WAITS, WITH HIM IS YOUR BROTHER ARMAND. THEY CANNOT ESCAPE, THEY ARE DOOMED!



ONCE AGAIN THE OLD FELLOW SMILES IN HIS MYSTERIOUS FASHION.

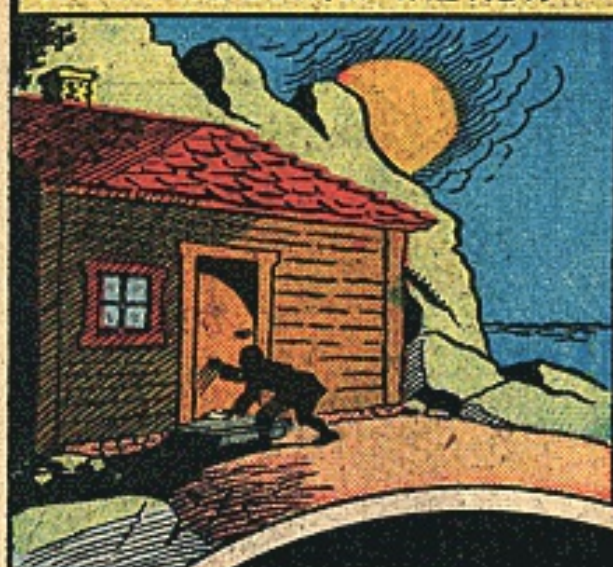
IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, LADY BLAKENY, YOU WILL REMAIN ON THIS SPOT WITHOUT UTTERING A CRY OF WARNING TO THE MEN IN THE HUT.— NO WARNING FROM YOU CAN POSSIBLY SAVE SIR PERCY — THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL!



ANY TRICKERY AND IT WILL GO HARD ON YOU. BE ON YOUR GOOD BEHAVIOUR — OR I MAY HAVE YOU KILLED.



AS CHAUVELIN LEFT MARGUERITE, A SHADY FIGURE DARTS OUT OF THE NIGHT AND SLIPS A MESSAGE UNDER THE DOOR OF THE HUT.



SUDDENLY A STRONG VOICE SHATTERS THE NIGHT.

SIR PERCY'S VOICE.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

IT IS THE PIMPERNEL!



MARGUERITE FREES HERSELF FROM HER BONDS.

LET THEM KILL ME! I CANNOT LET THEM CAPTURE SIR PERCY AND MY BROTHER ARMAND!



WITH A WILD SHRIEK OF WARNING, MARGUERITE STARTS TOWARD THE HUT.



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES —  
**RUN!** THE PIMPERNEL  
HAS BEEN BETRAYED. —  
**RUN!**





DESGAS, HOW WERE ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY ALLOWED TO ESCAPE?

THE SOLDIERS WERE JUST FOLLOWING YOUR ORDERS, SIR.



YOU MEAN TO TELL ME I ORDERED THE MEN TO ALLOW THEM TO ESCAPE?— IDIOT!

YOUR ORDERS WERE THAT THE MEN SHOULD REMAIN CONCEALED UNTIL THE TALL ENGLISHMAN— THE PIMPERNEL, THAT IS—APPEARED AT THE HUT.



SO—WHEN THE TWO MEN LEFT THE HUT—OUR SOLDIERS DID NOTHING BECAUSE THE TALL ENGLISH PIMPERNEL HAD NOT YET SHOWN HIMSELF.

FOOLS!

LISTEN!— GUNFIRE DOWN ON THE BEACH.

AND THE SPLASH OF OARS. ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY ARE ROWING OUT INTO THE CHANNEL.



SIR PERCY'S SCHOONER AWAITS THE ESCAPING MEN

IT IS THE PIMPERNEL'S SHIP!

THEY HAVE ESCAPED US! THERE IS NO CATCHING THEM NOW, BUT THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL MUST STILL BE CLOSE AT HAND.





MEANWHILE—THE OLD PEDDLER, LEFT ALONE WITH MARGUERITE, BEGINS TO UNTIE HER BONDS.



BACK IN THE HUT—A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER IS HANDED TO CHAUVELIN, IT BEARS THE MARK OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?

INSIDE THE HUT, EXCELLENCY.



A NOTE FROM THE PIMPERNEL TO ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY.

When I sing out "God Save the King"—you leave the hut and take rowboat to schooner. Instruct Captain to pick me up at midnight at the Devil's Moorings.

WE HAVE ONE HALF HOUR UNTIL MIDNIGHT. ARMAND ST. JUST AND DE TOURNAY ARE LOST TO US, BUT WE WILL CAPTURE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—HOW FAR TO THE DEVIL'S MOORINGS?

TEN MINUTES, EXCELLENCY. I KNOW THE PLACE WELL.



A THOUSAND FRANCS TO EACH MAN WHO REACHES THE DEVIL'S MOORINGS BEFORE THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL! I WILL JOIN YOU AFTER I PAY A LITTLE VISIT TO THE OLD CART DRIVER AND MARGUERITE BLAKENEY.



NEARBY—THE OLD FELLOW HAS FREED MARGUERITE

OLD DID YOU SAY?—LOOK CLOSE MARGUERITE!

HEAVEN BLESS YOU, OLD MAN.



MARGUERITE CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HER EYES.

SIR PERCY, MY HUSBAND — IT IS YOU? HOW CAN IT BE?



YOU! WAS IT YOU ALL THE WHILE?

YES, MARGUERITE IT WAS I.



BUT WHY DID YOU LEAD CHAUVELIN TO THIS HUT?

TO THROW HIM OFF THE TRAIL. I KNEW THAT I COULDN'T EVADE CHAUVELIN'S PATROLS SO I OBTAINED A CART AND WAGON AND JOINED CHAUVELIN'S FORCES. HE NEVER GUESSED.



OH, PERCY, YOU ARE SO BRAVE AND I HAVE BEEN SUCH A TRAITOR TO YOU. THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW. CHAUVELIN RETURNS. — LOOK!



SO THERE YOU ARE, LADY BLAKENEY. — I WILL DEAL WITH YOU SHORTLY, BUT FIRST I HAVE A DEBT TO SETTLE WITH THIS OLD CART DRIVER.



REMEMBER OUR BARGAIN?  
IF WE OVERTOOK THE TALL  
ENGLISHMAN, YOU WERE TO  
GET TEN PIECES OF GOLD.— IF  
NOT—A SOUND BEATING.



YOU DID NOT FULFILL YOUR PART  
OF THE BARGAIN, BUT I WILL  
FULFILL MINE.— DESGAS, HAND  
ME YOUR LEATHER BELT. I WILL  
BEAT THIS OLD FRAUD UNTIL  
HIS BONES ACHES.



DON'T TOUCH ME,  
CHAUVELIN!

NONE OF YOUR LIP,  
OLD ONE, HERE IS  
THE FIRST BLOW!



SIR PERCY PREPARES  
TO FIGHT BACK.



**C'HAUVELIN'S FOOT SENDS SIR PERCY TO THE GROUND.**

THAT'LL TEACH YOU  
A LESSON!



**C'HAUVELIN RECOGNIZES SIR PERCY.**

ON GUARD, CHAUVELIN,  
YOU VILLIAN!

THE SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL!  
SO WE MEET  
AGAIN!



**THE  
SCARLET  
PIMPERNEL  
AND THE  
FRENCH AGENT  
LOCK IN  
COMBAT.**



**A SHARP BLOW SENDS  
CHAUVELIN REELING.—  
DESGAS ATTACKS.**



ENGLISH  
DOG!



CHAUVELIN COMES IN WITH HIS KNIFE.



THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HURLS DESSAS AT THE ONRUSHING CHAUVELIN.



CHAUVELIN AND HIS EVIL ASSISTANT FALL TO THE ROCKS BELOW.



MARGUERITE AND SIR PERCY ARE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT.

DO NOT LOOK, IT IS TOO HORRIBLE. THEY WILL NEVER HURT ANYONE AGAIN.



IT IS OUR OLD FRIEND, SIR ANDREW. AFTER HE LEFT YOU AT THE GREY CAT INN, I MET HIM ON THE STREET. — SIR ANDREW HAS BEEN FOLLOWING US ALL THE WAY.

FRIENDS, HURRY! THE SHIP IS WAITING TO TAKE US TO ENGLAND.



SOME ONE IS COMING!

THEY HURRY DOWN THE STEEP CLIFF.

CHAUVELIN'S MEN ARE GUARDING THE BEACHES, THEY WILL DISCOVER US.



SIR PERCY EXPLAINS.

THEY WILL NOT FIND US TONIGHT. WHEN I SLIPPED THE ESCAPE PLAN INTO THE HUT, I INCLUDED A FALSE PLAN TO BE LEFT BEHIND. — CHAUVELIN FOUND IT AND SENT HIS SOLDIERS IN HASTE TO THE DEVIL'S MOORINGS — TWO MILES IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



THE BOAT WAS WAITING TO TAKE THEM TO THE SCHOONER AND SAFETY.



ARMAND, MY BROTHER, SAFE!

YES, MY DEAR, YOUR BROTHER, ARMAND AND OUR FRIEND, THE COUNT DE TOURNAY.



THANK HEAVEN WE ARE ALL SAFE! NEVER AGAIN NEED WE SET FOOT IN FRANCE.

TO THE CONTRARY, MY DEAR. NOW THAT CHAUVELIN IS OUT OF THE WAY, MY WORK IS JUST BEGINNING. I MUST RETURN TO PARIS TOMORROW.



A FEW DAYS LATER - AN ANCIENT HAG AND HER CART SLIP PAST ONE OF THE GATES OF PARIS.

WHAT HAVE YOU IN THAT CART, OLD WOMAN?

NOTHING, GOOD SOLDIER, JUST A LOAD OF FISH.

HURRY ALONG WITH YOUR FOUL SMELLING LOAD!

YES, YES - I WILL HURRY!

ARE WE SAFE?

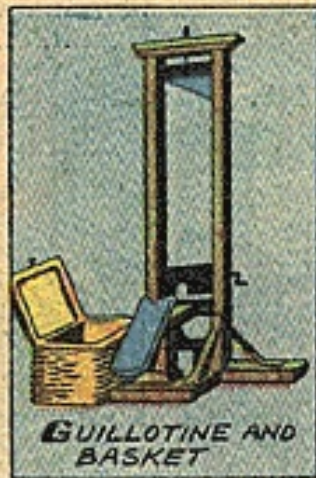
YES, MY FRIEND, ALL IS WELL!

AND ONCE AGAIN THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL HAS CHEATED A VICTIM FROM THE GUILLOTINE.

The End

# THE GUILLOTINE

THOSE were the days in Paris when silence never fell in the narrow and cobbled streets, for all day long could be heard the rumble and roll of the tumbrils, and so terrible was the sound that it seemed to linger and hang in the air even at night. That awful, heavy rolling noise meant that another group of prisoners was on its way to the flashing blade of the Guillotine. No man was safe from his neighbor, in the days of the French Revolution: He could be condemned for anything or nothing; and once the dread sentence was pronounced, he might know that the crowd would cheer the rolling off of his head, as the grim instrument of death did its work. Indeed, it was sport for the mob, that endless parade of death, and the mob ruled all. Reason was gone from France, justice was gone, peace and safety were gone, and there was only the mob and La Guillotine.



The people's courts were in session all day long, week after week, and the blade rose and fell from morning till night. Madame La Guillotine, La Petite Reine, was a hungry monarch. She claimed the heads of nobles, political spies, and many whose only offense was that they had somehow chanced to get in the way of the Revolutionaries.

The heads of King Louis the Sixteenth of France, and of his Queen, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, fell with the rest. And later the blade crashed down upon the necks of revolutionary leaders who had sought the lives of the King and Queen, the flashing Danton, and the iron-willed Robespierre.

The shape of the Guillotine is a familiar one, even today: It is made up of two upright posts, surmounted by a cross beam, and grooved so as to guide a slant-edged knife down onto the neck of the victim. A



cord raised the knife to its full height. The condemned knelt on the platform, often having to be dragged there, and the neck was placed on the block. The executioner released the cord, the knife whirred down, another head rolled into the bloody basket, and the mob cheered and counted aloud.

The origin of the Guillotine goes far back in history; back to the Middle Ages when it was used in the British Isles, Germany, Italy, and the South of France. In Scotland, during the Sixteenth Century, it was known to the people as "The Maiden," and later, in France, it was sometimes called "The Bride Groom." In Italy, it was used only for the execution of people of noble birth. Other and less pleasant forms of killing were devised for the common people. In France it had been out of use for about a hundred years when the Revolution struck, and the need arose for a swift way of executing large numbers, both common criminals and nobles.

The name Guillotine came from the fact that the use of the instrument was suggested by one Dr. Guillotine, a member of the Constituent Assembly. For a while it had the nicknames "Louissette," and "La Petite Louison," names inspired by Dr. Antoine Louis, its actual inventor, but these were soon dropped.

The first experiments with the famous machine were made on dead bodies borrowed from a hospital. When everything was working well, the platform and the blade were erected in the Place de la Greve in Paris. The first guest of La Guillotine was a highwayman named Pelletier, who knelt before it in 1792, more than two years after the Revolution had begun. His head was the first of thousands which were to fall, before the Revolution gave way to Napoleon and his wars of conquest.



# MARIE ANTOINETTE

**W**HEN Marie Antoinette was but fifteen years of age she was married to the future King Louis XVI of France. As a child Princess in the lavish court of Austria, young Marie Antoinette had been taught that a Princess did not marry for love. "She marries for political reasons." And so it was that Marie Antoinette was married to cement the union between her native Austria and France. And lost her head in the bargain!



Young Louis brought his girl-bride to live in the royal Palace at Versailles. But despite fabulous wealth Marie Antoinette was not happy. She was like the story-book Princess whose riches could buy everything precious in the world—except happiness.

After the honeymoon, her royal husband chose to seek the love of others. And so alone and left to her own devices the beautiful young Princess set out to impress the world with her quick wit and iron will. The French court was rotten with intrigue. And before long Marie Antoinette was deep in plots and counterplots. While still in her teens the future Queen of France, served as a spy for her native Austria!

When Marie Antoinette was nineteen years old King Louis XV died, and young Louis mounted the most powerful throne in Europe, making the little Princess from Austria, Queen of France!

Once the royal crown was hers, Marie Antoinette became more convinced than ever that she could do no wrong. And she spent royal funds lavishly in the pursuit of pleasure. The people of France began to hate their Queen. They were poor and starving and they resented the luxurious life of the royal court.

During the early days of the bloody revolution Marie and the King were successful

in keeping out of the hands of the revolutionaries. But at last they were clapped into prison.

King Louis was executed first on January 21, 1793. In her prison his Queen heard the cheers as the King met his death. Marie Antoinette wondered how long she would have to wait. It was not long. Friends everywhere did their best to save her. But all efforts were to no avail.

Her children were taken from her. And their fate has been obscured by history. Some historians would have us believe that Marie Antoinette's son was spirited to the United States where he gained fame as the great naturalist, James Audubon.

Before the end, Marie Antoinette was placed in solitary confinement. Her every move was spied upon.

At the trial the fiery Queen answered all charges clearly and firmly. Her noble bearing impressed even the fiercest of her accusers. But when the last day of the trial had come to an end, the verdict was . . . GUILTY!

On an October morning in 1793 the beautiful woman who had been one of the most powerful rulers in all the world, stepped into a crude peasant cart and was carried to the Place of Execution. And there on the platform before a shrieking crowd, the head of Marie Antoinette was fed to the Guillotine!



# THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

**H**UNGER stalked France like a spectre. The time of the Revolution was at hand!

Taxes preyed on the poor beyond endurance, and the nobles in their fine carriages rode through the miserable villages and their only regret was the smell of the poverty that surrounded them!

In the summer of 1789, the eve of the French Revolution, King Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette presided over the dazzling court of France. Their parties cost a fortune and royalty sported fabulous jewelry bought at the expense of the long suffering subjects. At the French Court no one knew and no one cared about the desperation of the people. They had long forgotten the terrible prophecy of the former King, Louis XV who said, "After me, the deluge."

The deluge of blood began on July 14, 1789, a date now celebrated as a great national holiday in France. For it was on July 14 that a desperate mob stormed through the streets of Paris to capture the Bastille—the infamous political prison where those who disagreed with the government were entombed!

The fall of the Bastille symbolized to the people of France



the fall of the old order. In the months that followed more than three hundred riots broke out across France! Prisons were stormed and their carriages ambushed along the highways!

The people set up an Assembly. The King was left on the throne, but minus his power. To strengthen his hand

Louis and Marie Antoinette tried to form an alliance with the armies of Austria, offering to betray France to the Austrian generals if the Armies of Austria would restore the throne of France to its former powerful position in the land! This plot failed and the King and Queen were arrested!

A political faction known as the Mountain, made up of the bloodiest ruffians in Paris demanded the death of the King and Queen. And they were successful in sending Louis and Marie Antoinette to the guillotine.

By 1793 the great movement that had started out as a magnificent struggle for freedom, had become a terrible tyranny. Democracy was lost to the



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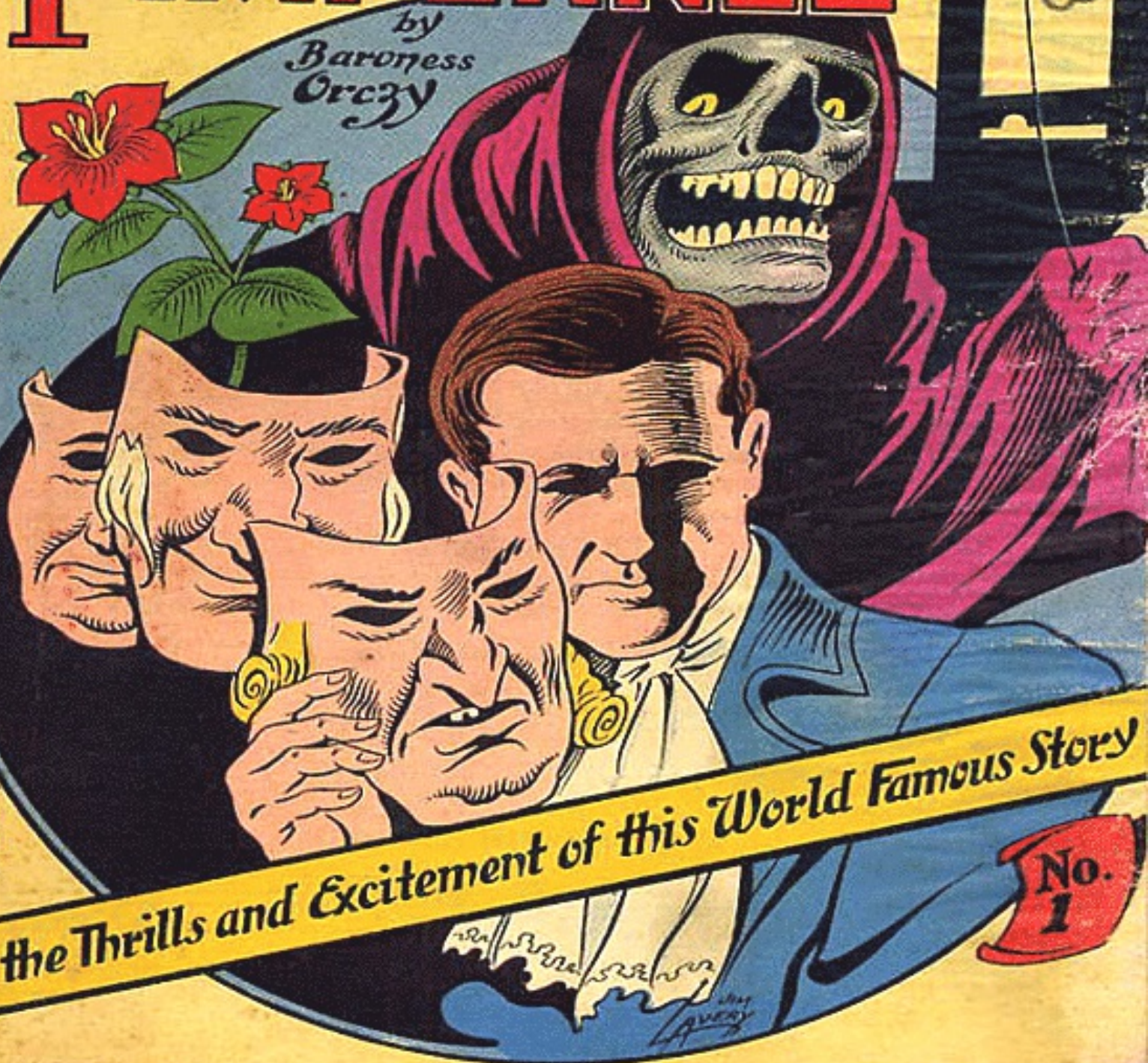


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