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\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*



military operations?" was all he said

"we have a promise they will. You

know the situation. This will be a

critical year in Flanders. Great Britain

Highness the Duke of Cumberland will

have the supreme command. Un-

chal de Saxe apparently propose to

"Then you wish me to assist 'No

"Not quite," the other replied: "we

our army under the Duke of Cumber-

had dealings with this mysterious ci-

"I agree most willingly," was the

"This curious 'No. 101,' " continued

the secretary slowly. "you do not know

The other was looking at him care-

"I ask because because I am deeply

"Shall we ever discover the secret

"I am sure not." The tone was con-

At this moment Capt. Statham was

ushered in, a typical English gentle-

man and officer, ruddy of countenance,

blue-eyed, frankness and courage in

"Captain Statham-Mr. George On-

slow of the Secret Service-" the sec-

laugh as the two shook hands: "Ah, I

see you have met before. I am not sur-

prised. Mr. Onslow knows everybody

and everything worth knowing." He

tlemen, I will leave you to your busi-

Onslow took the chair he had va-

cated and for a quarter of an hour Cap-

tain Statham and he chatted earnestly

on the position of affairs in the Low

Countries, and the war then raging

Sea, on the vast efforts being made by

the French for a great campaign in

the coming spring, the military genius

of the famous Marechal de Saxe, the

Austrian and Dutch allies of Great

Britain, and the new English royal

commander-in-chief who was shortly-to

leave to take over the work of saving

Flanders from the arms of Louis XV.

Onslow then briefly explained what

the Secret Service agents of the Duke

of Cumberland were to expect and

"Communications," he wound up,

"from this mysterious spy and traitor,

'No. 101,' invariably come like bolts

from the blue. They are, of course, al-

ways in cipher and they will reach you

by the most innocent hands-a peas-

ant, a lackey, a tavern wench-some-

times you will simply find them, say,

under your pillow, or in your boots.

No one can tell how they get there.

But never neglect them, however

strange or unusual their contents may

be, for they are never wrong-never!

The genuine ones you will recognize

by this mark-" he took up the cip-

hered paper and put his fingers on a

sign- "two crossed daggers and the

figures 101 written in blood-you see-

Captain Statham stared at the sign,

"A soldier," Onslow remarked with

his slow smile, "can always distinguish

blood from red ink-is it not so?" Stat-

ham nodded. "Remember, then, those

crossed daggers with the figures in

blood are the only genuine mark. All

others are forgeries-reject them un-

again." He produced from his pocket-

"I warn you," Onslow added, "be-

is clever and they may attempt to de-

entranced.

from the Mediterranean to the North

ness." He bowed and left the room.

ness can defeat the enemy."

prompt answer.

personally, I believe?"

fully but with a puzzled air.

or by whom it is obtained."

are left in the dark."

of his athletic figure.

think you?"

viction itself.

-nothing more, nothing less."

"Not yet. But," he almost laughed,

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

There was a real "No. 101." Unpublished

M.S. despatches now in the Record Office of the British Museum reveal the interesting fact that on more than one occasion the British Government obtained important French state secrets and her allies propose to make a great, terious agent was, whether it was a man successfully played the part of a traitor. sent writer, been discovered by histor- make even greater efforts. With such ians or archivists. The references in the | a general as the Marechal against us correspondence supply no | we cannot afford to neglect any means, answer to such questions. If the British fair or foul, by which his Royal High-Ministers knew all the truth they kept it to themselves and it perished with them. Doubtless there were good reasons for strict secrecy. But it is more | 101' in betraying the French plans to than possible that they themselves dia not know, that throughout they simply dealt with a cipher, whose secret they never penetrated. It is, however, clear that "No. 101" was in a position to discover some of the most intricate designs in the policy of the French Court, and | pher, and we ask you to place all your that the British Government, through | experience at the disposal of Captain agents, was satisfied of the genuineness Statham." of the secrets for which it paid handsomely.-W. C.]

### CHAPTER L

One evening in the January of 1745, the critical year of Fontenoy and of the great Jacobite rising, a middleaged gentleman, the private secretary of a Secretary of State, was working as usual in the room of a house Cleveland Row. The table at which he gat was littered with papers, but at this precise moment he had leaned back in his chair with a puzzled expression and his left hand in perplexity pushed his wig awry.

"Extraordinary," he muttered, "most extraordinary." The remark was apparently caused by an official letter in his other hand-a letter marked "Most Private," which came from The Hague, and the passage which he had just read

"I have the honor to submit to you the following important communication in cipher, received, through our agent at Paris, from 'No. 101,'" etc. On the table lay the cipher communication together with a decoded version which the secretary now studied for the third time. In explicit language the despatch supplied detailed information as to certain recent highly confidential negotiations between the Jacobite party in Paris and the French King, Louis XV., a revelation in short of the most weighty state

secrets of the French Government. "No. 101," the secretary murmured, scratching his head, "always 'No. 101.' It is marvellous, incredible. How the devil can it be done?"

But there was no answer to this question, save the fact which provoked it-that closely ciphered paper with its disquieting information so curiously and mysteriously obtained. "Ah." He jumped up and hurriedly

straightened his wig. "Good evening

The new-comer was a man of about aveand-thirty, tall, finely built, and of a muscular physique, with a face of considerable power. Most noticeable, perhaps, in his appearance was his air of disciplined reserve, emphasized in his strong mouth and chin, but almost belied by the glow in his large, dark eyes, which looked you through and through with a strangely watchful

"There is work to be done, sir?" he asked as he took the chair offered. "Exactly. To-day we have received most gratifying and surprising information from our friend 'No. 101'-and we have the promise of more."

"Yes." The brief monosyllable was spoken almost softly, but the dark eyes gleamed, as they roamed over the

"The communications from 'No. 101' have begun again," the secretary purened; "that in itself is interesting. The Secretary of State therefore desired me to send at once for you, the most trustworthy secret agent we have. In a very few minutes Captain Statham of the First Foot Guards will be here

"Sent, I think, from the Low Countries at the request of our agents at The Hague?"

"Ab, I see you are as well informed as usual. You are quite right. Are you," he laughed, "ever wrong?" The spy pansed, "The communica-



Nothing you can wear costs you so little in real hesitatingly. Let me show it you comfort, real service and real satisfaction as

book a paper with the design in the corner, which, when compared with Pen-Angle the one on the table, corresponded ex-Guaranteed cause the existence of this 'No. 101' is Underwear becoming known to the French-they suspect treachery-their Secret Service

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or 101 without that remarkable sig nature are simply a nom de guerre, of politics, of love, of anything you like, but they are either a forgery or a trap; so put them in the fire."

Statham sat pondering, his eyes riveted on the crossed daggers. "You sir," he began, "have had dealings with this mysterious person. Is it a man or

"Ah!" Onslow laughed gently. Every one asks that, every man at least. I cannot answer; no one, indeed can. My opinion? Well. I change in every month. But these are the facts: It is absolutely certain that the traitor insists on high, very high pay; absolutely certain that he or she has access to the very best society in Paris and at the Court, and is at home in the most confidential circles of the ly. King and his ministers. We have even had documents from the private cabinet of Louis XV. Furthermore, the traitor can convey the information in such a way as to baffle detection. If it is a woman she is a very remarkable one: if it be a man he is one who controls important women. Perhaps it is both. Such knowledge, so peculiar, so accurate, so extensive, such skill and such ingenuity scarcely seem to be within the powers of any individual man or woman."

"Every word you say sharpens my surprise and my curiosity." "Yes, and every transaction you will have with the cipher will sharpen it more and more. I have been fifteen years in the Secret Service, but this business is to-day as much a puzzle as it ever was, for 'No. 101' has taught me a very important secret, one unknown even to the French King's ministers, which, so jealously guarded as it is, may never be discovered in the King's lifetime or at all. Can you realthrough an agent known to the British an unprecedented effort; his Royal ly believe that Louis, while professing stealthily built up a little sceret serhappily the French under the Marevice of his own whose work is to spy on those ministers, on his ambassadors, generals, and their agents, to receive privately instructions wholly different from what the King has officially sanctioned, and frequently directly to thwart, check, annul, and defeat by intrigue and diplomacy the official policy of their sovereign?"

"Is it possible?" "It is a fact," Onslow said emphatically. "But the King, 'No. 101,' you cannot spare you as yet. But you have and I and one or two others alone know it. Let me give you a proof. Today officially Louis through his ministers has disavowed the Jacobites. The ministers believe their master is sincere; many of them regret it, but their instructions are explicit. In truth, of, the King is encouraging the Jacobthwarting the steps and the policy which he has officially and publicly

"I am as curious as yourself, sir. 'No. "Absolutely. But mark you, unless 101' is to me simply a cipher number. the King is very careful, some day there will come an awkward crisis "I feared so," said the secretary. His Majesty will be threatened with "But is it not incredible? The informathe disclosure of this secret policy tion sent always proves to be accurate, which has his royal authority, but but there is never a trace of how, why, which gives the lie to his public policy, equally authenic. And unless he can "That is so. Secrecy is the condition on which alone we get it. We pay handsuppress the first he must be shown somely-we obtain the truth-and we to be doubly a royal liar-not to dwell on the consequences to France." "What a curious king!" Statham

commanded."

ejaculated. "Curious!" Onslow laughed softly more than curious, because no one knows the real Louis. The world says he is an ignorant, superstitious, indolent, extravagant, heartless dullard in a crown who has only two passionsevery line of his handsome face and hunting and women. It is true; he is the prince of hunters and the emperor of rakes. But he is also a worker, cunning, impenetrable, obstinate, remorse

retary began promptly, adding with a less. "But why does he play such a dan

gerous game?" "God knows. The real Louis no man has discovered, or woman either; he gathered up a bundle of papers. "That | is known to the Almighty or the devil. is the communication from 'No. 101' But you observe what chances this and the covering letter. And now, gen- double life gives to our friend 'No.

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and had heard of so many cures by the Cuticura Remedies that I thought I would give them a

in a few hours, and before I had used one box of the Cuticura Ointment her feet were well and have never troubled her since. I also used it to remove what is. known as "cradle cap" from her head, and it worked like a charm as it cleansed and healed the scalp at the same time. Now I keep Cuticura Ointment on hand in case of any little rash or insect bites, as it takes out the inflammation at once. Perhaps this may be the means of helping other suffering babies. Mrs. Hattie Currier, Thomaston, Me., June 9, 1906."

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demanded, abruptly.

A sympathetic gleam lingered in On- | mysterious charm which clung about slow's eyes as he calmly scrutinized the her like a subtle and intoxicating peryoung officer. "Ah," he said, almost fume, and as Statham in turn kissed pityingly, "you begin to feel the spell | her jewelled hand, a fleeting something of this mystery wrapped in a number, the spell of 'No. 101,' the fatal spell." "Fatal?" Statham took him up sharp-

cipher, has got near to the heart of the truth has so far met with a violent end. It is not pleasant, but it is a fact. silence of the grave, perhaps just when discovered." He paused, for Statham was visibly impressed. "Really there is | fact every pose of her head, every line no danger," he added; "but I say as earnestly as I can, because you are young, and life is sweet for the young. for God's sake stifle your curiosity, resist the spell-that fatal spell. Take the information as it comes, and ask no questions, push no inquiries, however tempting and easy the path to success seems, or, as sure as I stand here, His Majesty King George the Second will lose a promising and gallant officer." Statham walked away and resumed his seat. "And you, Mr. Onslow?" he

foundest interest. "Do I practice what I preach? Well. am a spy by profession: to some men such a life is everything-it is, at least, to me. But I do not conceal from myself that if my curiosity overpowers me my hour for silence, too, will come -the silence of the unknown grave in an unknown land."

demanded, looking up with the pro-

"Then is no one ever to know?" Statham muttered with childish petulance. "Probably not. A hundred years hence the secret that baffles you and me will baffle our successors."

Statham's heels tapped on the floor. "Perhaps," he pronounced, slowly "perhaps the truth is well worth the price that is paid for it-death and the silence of the grave."

Onslow stared at him. His eyes gleamed curiously as if they were fixed on visions known only to the inner through those private agents I spoke mind. "Ferhaps," he repeated gravely. "But really," he added, with a sudden ites in every way and is actually lightness, "there is no one to persuade us it is so. Come. Captain Statham, you have not forgotten supper, I hope, and that I propose to introduce you to-"And the ministers are ignorant of | night to the most seductive enchantress in London?"

> "No, indeed. All day I have been hungering for that supper. In the Low Countries we do not get suppers presided over by ladies as you have described to me."

> "In the French army they have both the ladies and the suppers," Onslow replied, laughing. "And, my dear Captain, to the victors of the spring will fall the spoils. To-night shall be a foretaste, and if my enchantress does not make you forget 'No. 101,' I despair of the gallantry of British officers.'

> He locked up the papers, chatting all the time, and then the two gentlemen went out together.

CHAPTER II.

For some minutes the pair walked in silence, as if each was still brooding on the mysterious cipher whose treachery to France had brought them together. But presently Statham touched Onslow on the arm, Tell me," he said, "something of this enchantress. I am equally curious about her."

"And I know very little," Onslow re- te?" young rakes of the noblesse; her father is supposed to have been an English gentleman. Your eyes will tell you she is gifted with a singular beauty, which is her only dowry. Gossip says that she makes that dowry go a long way, for she has two passions, flowers

"And she resides in London?" swered with his slow smile; "she is cently grand air was really a solhere to-day and away to-morrow. I dier, and above all an officer in have met her in Paris, in Brussels, perhaps the most famous cavalry regi-Vienna, Rome. She talks French as | ment of all Europe, every trooper in easily as she talks English, and where- which, like the Vicomte himself, was ever she is her apartments are always a noble of at least a hundred years' haunted by the men of pleasure, and by standing, but he was reluctantly com-the grand monde. Women you never pelled to confess that the stranger

meet there, for she is not a favorite with her own sex, which is not sur-

"Pardon," Statham asked, "but is she -is she, too, in the Secret Service?" "God bless my soul! No; we don't employ ladies with a passion for jewels. It would expose them and us to too many temptations. And, besides, politics are the one thing this goddess abhors. Eating, drinking, the pleasures of the body, poetry, philosophy, ro-mance, the arts, and the pleasures of the mind she adores; luxury and jewels she covets, but politics, no! They are a forbidden topic. For me her friendship is convenient, for the politicians are always in her company. When will statesmen learn," he added, "that making love to a lady such as she is is more powerful in unlocking the heart and unsealing the lips than wine?" "And her name?"

"She has not got one. 'Princess' we call her and she deserves it, for she is fit to adorn the Palace of Versailles." "Perhaps," said Statham, "she will

some day." "Not a doubt of it-if Louis will only pay enough." They had reached the house. Stat-

ham noticed that Onslow neither gave his own nor asked for his hostess's name. He showed the footman a card, which was returned, and immediately they were ushered into two handsome apartments with door leading the one into the other, and in the inner of the two they found some half-dozen gentlemen talking. Three of them wore stars and ribbons, but all unmistakably belonged to that grand monde of which Onslow had spoken. From behind the group the lady quietly walked forward and curtsied deferentially to Statham, who felt her eyes resting on his with no small interest as his companion kissed her hand. The secret agent had not exaggerated. This woman was indeed strikingly impressive. About the middle height, with a slight but exquisitely shaped figure, at first sight she seemed to flash on you a vision composed of dark masses of black hair, large and liquid blue eyes, and a dazzling skin cream tinted. Dressed in . [

Statham began to pace up and down. I nowing robe of dark-red, she wore in What are the traitor's motives?" he her hair blood-red roses, while blood-red roses twined along her corsage, which "Ah, there you beat me." Onslow rose | was cut, not without justification, and confronted him. "My dear sir, a daringly open. Her bare arms, her traitor's motives may be gold, or mad- | theatrical manner, and the profusion of ness, ambition, love, jealousy, revenge, jewels which glittered in the candlesingly or together, but above all love light suggested a curious vulgarity, which was emphasized by her speech Statham made an impatient gesture. | for her English, spoken with the ease 'I would give my commission," he ex- of a native, betrayed in its accent raclaimed "to know the meaning of this ther than its words evidence of low birth. Yet all this was forgotten in the

in her eyes, at once pathetic and vindictive, shot with a thrill through him. "An English officer and a friend of Mr. Onslow," she remarked, "is always "Yes. I must warn you. Every single amongst my most welcome guests." person who, in his dealings with this and then she turned to the elderly for

in the star and ribbon and resumed her

Statham studied her carefully Su-And the explanation is easy. These who | perb health, a superb body, and a reckmight betray the truth are removed by less disregard of convention she ceraccident or design, some by this me- tainly had, but the more he observed thod, some by that. They pass into the her the more certain he felt that that wonderful skin as well as those lusthey could have revealed what they had I trous blue eyes and alluring eyebrows owed more to art than to nature. In in her figure, the scandalous freedom of her attire were obviously intended to puzzle as much as to attract-and they succeeded. She was the incarnation of a fascination and of a puzzle. Two more gentlemen had arrived, and Statham was an interested specta-

> tor of what followed. "Princess," the new-comer said, present to you my very good friend the

Vicomte de Nerac." The lady turned sharply. Was it the moment disturbed her equanimity?yet apparently neither the Vicomte

"Welcome, Vicomte," she said, swiftly recovering barself that Statwas surprise. "And may I ask how a bare slanders were refuted. Capitaine-Lieutenant of the Chevaulegers de la Garde de la Maison du Roi happens to be in England when his country is at war?"

"You know me, Madame!" the Vicomte stammered looking at her confusion he could not conceal. The lady laughed. "Every one who has been in Paris," she retorted, "knows the Chevau-legers de la Garde, and the most famous of their officers

is Monsieur the Vicomte de Nerac, famous, I would have these gentlemen be aware, for his swordsmanship, for his gallantries-and for his military exploits which won him the Croix de St "You do me too much honor, Ma

"As a woman I fear you, as a lover gallant deeds and as a fencer myself adore you, as do all the ladies whether at Versailles or in Les Halles," she laughed again. "But you have not answered my question. Why are you in England, Monsieur le Vicomte?" "Nine months ago I had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, Madame, but in three weeks I return to my duty

dame," the Vicomte replied.

as a soldier and a noble of France." He bowed to the company with that incomparable air of self-confidence tempered by the dulcet courtesy which was the pride of Versailles and the despair of the rest of the world. "And here," the lady answered, "is another gentleman who also shortly re turns to his duty. Captain Statham of

de la Garde. Perhaps before long you will meet again, and this time not in a woman's salon." "When Captain Statham is taken prisoner," the Vicomte remarked, smil- | rate for the SUMMER TERM. Priviing, "I can assure him Paris is not | leges of Y.M.C.A. free to our students. less pleasant than London, but till then

the First Foot Guards, Monsieur le

he and I must agree to cross swords in a friendly manner for the favors of yourself, Princess,"

"And you think you will win, Vicom-

plied. "Her mother, if you believe scan-dal, was a famous Paris flower girl, Vicomte replied. "Not even the gal-who was mistress in turn to half the learns of the First Foot Guards can who was mistress in turn to half the lantry of the First Foot Guards can save the allies from the genius of Monseigneur the Marechal de Saxe." "We will see," Statham responded

"Without a doubt, sir." The Vicomte

Statham stared at him stolidly. He could hardly have guessed that this exquisitely dressed gentleman with "She resides nowhere," Onslow and the slight figure and the innowas undeniably handsome, and his manner spoke of an ease and a distinction beyond criticism. His smile, too, was singularly seductive in its sweetness and strength, and his brown eyes could glitter with marvellous and unspeakable thoughts. From that minute he seemed to imagine that his hostess belong to him: he placed himself next (To be Continued)

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Verdict for Dr. Pierce

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Home Journal, for \$200,000,00 damages. Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business furthermore, that no alcohol, or other fujurious, or habit-forming, drugs ure, or over were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatever and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false In the retraction printed by said Journa ey were forced to acknowledge that the d obtained analyses of "Favorite Pre

These facts were also proven in the trial usiness of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the libelous article with visitor's name or face which for the its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wickedly defamatory article never saw the hi traction, set in small type and made as inconspicuous as possible. The matter was, how-ever brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York State which promptly rendered a verdict in the Doctor's favor. ham alone noticed her surprise, if it | Thus his traducers came to grief and their

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