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week ago, true enough, he had scorned to lend himself to such tactics, but tonight he was insensible to the reproach that his noble blood should have felt. For he, too, was under the spell of fate and of a witchery far more potent than the drug of any magician. It was not in mortal man to resist the sorcery of that fair huntreas who played on hu-

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fainty wimple of cambric and lace: "La Petite d'Etiolles" was gambling for a great stake. What if she were to be his ally in his great game? Before Andre there unrolled a wonderful vision had tumbled out of the enclosures and of the future. He was necessary to copses the Pandours and Grassins necessary to him, and bitter as was the French army; and since then Anthe contempt in Denise's pure eyes it dre and St. Benoit with many others only steeled his determination remorse- had watched the allied generals and lessly to tread the path he had plan- their staff reconnoitring at a safe dis-

ned towards his goal-Denise. The King had lost his interest and along the slopes of Fontenoy by Monleft the ball. He had entered it a free | seigneur le Marechal de Saxe. A hard man; he left it in thraldom. And all nut to crack, gentlemen, these lines, Paris knew now that for good or evil study them through your spy-glasses the reversed crown of the Duchesse de as you will. Nor will you find it easy Chateauroux lay in the lap of another. to detect the place to push through. How long would she be permitted to Yes; you may attack any time now

As Andre hastened to leave, a touch | is hard pressed and unless relieved will | lish." was laid on his arm. "Do you believe in | fall into the hands of our master, Louis the crystal now?" asked a gently deris- XV. Well and good; what better could

Ah! the sorceress! he had forgotten | that the pot-bellied Dutch traders, the her. "You are a true witch," he said, Austrian hounds, and the British dogs "you will certainly be burnt. But I should dash themselves to pieces on

"I understand," she replied and she | run from the forest of Barry covering took the arm he offered. They walked our left away in the north, winding in silence in search of her carriage. "Why do you hate politics?" Andre the rim of the curving slope

demanded suddenly. "Because," she answered slowly, "it | spot where the Chateau of Anthon is the women to whom politics are a guards the passage of the sluggish passion who ruin kingdoms." The Scheldt. And meanwhile we lie here vehemence of the reply was as sur- snug and safe behind our redoubts prising as its nature. "Women," she | bristling with guns, with logs cut from added, "governed the great Louis Quatorze, they corrupted the Regent, they will bring our sovereign and his kingdom to be the scorn of the world. Better a hundred witches, a hundred wantons, than one woman whose passion it is to govern a kingdom through its King. That is the woman who should | us; we can hammer you in the most be burnt."

It was a new idea to Andre: it would have been a new idea to the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain, to the galleries of Versailles.

"Yes," she continued, "when a we man is not content to be a wife and a mother she deserves to be treated only as the idol of an hour, the pastime of a fleeting passion." "O Madame!"

"O Monsieur!" she retorted. "Believe me, it is pleasanter for the women in the end and better for the men that such women should be denied everything except that for which they live-Dieasare."

They had reached the carriage. "Do you remember the pay for which you asked?" he questioned, taking her

"Yes, I can never forget it."

She stepped serenely into the car-Mage. "Then," she whispered, "I shall get it, I suppose, when I really want it," and she swiftly shut the door in his face. "Drive to the hotel of the Duc de Pontchartrain," was her order.

Andre swore softly. The Duke was his friend and also perhaps the greatest libertine in Paris. She should not escape him. In a quarter of an hour he was supping with the Duke and his merry crew; women there were in plenty, but this sorceress, the daughter of a Paris flower girl, had neither been invited nor had so much as exchanged a word with his grace. And when Andre, weary of lansquenet, ribald songs, and copious toasts, slunk to bed with the rising sun he was strangely glad that she had tricked him. But if she was not what she so cynically professed to be what did it mean? And why in her presence did he always have that irritating feeling that somewhere and somehow he had met her before?

CHAPTER VIII.

The sun of spring had set on May , 1745, the eve of a day memorable in the military annals of the British and French nations. Behind a camn fire in



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the entrenchments of Fontenoy Andre warmed himself, one of the many campfires which flared into the dusk on that plain which for two centuries has been the cock-pit of Europe; and as he stared out absently into the swiftly

night or day, for Tournay to our rear

a Chevau-leger de la Garde desire than

our lines. Mark you how the trenches

in a gentle semicircle along

two miles and more down to the

the forest piled breast-high to aid the

advantage our general has given us,

and with the flower of the French army

crouched and ready to roll you up when

you come. See how open the plain in

front is, sloping gradually away from

murderous fashion from under cover

if you are mad enough to dream that

any troops can drive from its lair a

French army that remembers Dettin-

gen and will have Tournay or perish.

Our Marechal de Saxe, who knows

something of the art of war, has pro-

nounced it impossible, and God have

mercy on your silly, reckless souls if

you try, for the French guards are here

and the Maison du Roi, and our King's

ye is on us to see that we do our duty

him Monsieur le Dauphin, and not a

few ladies greatly daring, and the royal

household, chamberlains and equerries,

serving-men and serving-women, the

bluest blood of France, and the wen-

ches of the commissariat, and the ac-

tors and actresses of the Theatre

Francais. Was there ever such a med-

ley-soldiers, courtesans, and sutlers,

thieves, marauders, sluts and wantons,

and the gilded coaches and footmen

of the beauty and birth that have the

right to throng the Staircase des Am-

bassadeurs at Versailles and have the

entree to the Grand Lever of the King

dusk; the lights twinkle in the packed

villages where battalions of foot bivou-

ac with squadrons of horse. In front

smoulders and glares the hamlet of

Bourgeon fired by our Grassins when

they were driven out this morning.

Everywhere the confused turmoil of a

great camp, the sharp blare of fitful

trumpets, the dull throb of drums, a

feverish shot from yonder where skir-

mishing is still going on, the neighing

or horses, the rumble of wagons. Hard

by Andre here the men are taking

their evening meal, chattering, laugh-

ing, singing, dancing. Such women as

can live in camps are drinking too,

singing when they cannot thieve. There

throats there are beyond the lines to

be cut, purses and gold lace to be won

from the fallen. Make love while you

can. To-morrow's eve may never come.

Have your season of pleasure, Mes-

sieurs: to-morrow the wench whom you

kiss to-night will strip you in the dusk

of the victory and leave you to the

mercy of the dogs, the spring frosts,

Yes, to-morrow there will surely be a

great battle. Have not the actors

ance! The day after to-morrow a play

in honor of the victory of Monseigneur

le Marechal de Saxe!" And before long

there will be a Te Deum in the glor-

ious aisles of the captured cathedral

Andre on his straw heap curled in

his cloak dreamed of Denise, of the

Beau Sejour when it should be his.

Pest on the canaille and their trulls

Fait de la cour un taudis, dis, dis.'

They were singing of no less a lady

than the fair huntress and the King,

the heroine of the crystal and the

Etiolles," who was now the heroine

and jape of the streets of Paris

King's handkerchief, "La Petite d'

"Une petite bourgeoise,

Elevee a la grivoise

Mesurant tout a la toise,

pleasant Loire, and of the Chateau de

promised it? "To-morrow no perform-

and of God-the God of battles.

of Tournay.

are wounded to be cared for, or robbed;

The camp-fires smoke into the chill

of France?

Yes, His Majesty is here and with

falling night an answering gleam | the throat and suggested a chemisette scarcely a mile and a half away yon- strangely fine for a vivandiere. Then der to the south-east at Maubray told she bent over him. "Would you do a him that there lay the headquarters of service for Mademoiselle the Marquise the allied forces of the foe, English, on a stringed instrument. But there | Dutch, and Austrians, commanded by | ly. "Would you do the King a service?" was more than mere passion in that an English prince of the blood royal, she whispered. "Mon Dieu! how those the Duke of Cumberland. There had been some warm skirmishing to-day. The British and the Austrians by sheer weight of numbers saucy finger-tips. these women. Bien! They should be thrown out as irregular outposts from in the shadow of an outhouse. "You

> tance the masterly position drawn "The Vicomte can talk English?" "How the dev---?" not contradict. Time is precious. Tonight"-she was speaking earnestly into his ear-"the friends of the King have learned that the secrets of the

> > "Good God!" He gripped her arm. "Hush!" She raised a warning finger. "It is so. To the charcoal-burner's hut two miles from here will come at midnight two English officers. The plans of the camp-this camp, Vicomte -will be given them; to-night the English will know where to attack tomorrow and then-" she made a significant gesture.

trenchments now. They are madeis already at the cottage with the paper." Andre sweated hot and cold, for terror rang in her pleading voice. "It is; mairs. We must find an officer who can enemy. The Vicomte understands?"

toned up his cloak with peremptory de-

"And who are you?" Andre asked. "Hush! Mush! The army must not know of the danger. If you must know I am, an actress, the friend of Mon-

Suffering Premptly Allayed and

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Strange, so strange, And he too had seignour le marechal, I alone have dis- | rascars companion no doubt, and | prayed his part in the drama of royal

"Louis, malgre son scrupule, Froidement pour elle brule, His friend! And he would find her would she not be proud? Perhaps they ped so tightly. Let her lie beside him would give him the Cordon Bleu. at Versailles no doubt when the cam-

paign was over. How long would she ly. "I am ready." stay there, this ambitious bourgeoise? "Monsieur le Lieutenant is sad." Some one had touched his arm. Ah! only a little vivandiere whom he did not recognize. "Monsieur le Vicomte has left his mistress behind and he is sad," she protested, kneeling beside "No .101.""" and peering with bright eyes into his

ruffled visage. "Run away, my dear," Andre replied sleepily. "I am poor, tired, and in a

sad temper." "And I am poor, fresh, and in charming temper," she retorted. "If Monsieur le Vicomte has left his mistress behind there are still many women in the world. Here is one!" She began to hum the refrain of the song with the archest drollery: "I fait rire tout Paris, ris, ris."

Andre sat up. An appetizing little vivandiere this, name of a dog! Plump and most bravely tricked out in a military coat and short skirt which revealed what would have made two dancers'

"If I give you a kiss will you go?" he said good-humoredly. "Oh, no. The kisses of Monsieur le all ruined. The papers," she repeated

Vicomte are no better than those of in a dull agony. most men, I suppose." "Then stay without them." He closed his eyes and lay down again.

"My thanks," she nodded, gaily throwing back her short cloak so as to reveal that her blue coat was open at de Beau Sejour?" Andre sat up, sharpwomen bleat! Come this way, Vicomte, I have something to say to you-a secret." She blew him a kiss from

Andre, now wide-awake, his blood tingling, followed her till she stopped will do the King a service?" she asked gravely enough. "Answer in my ear; we must not be heard. Yes?" "Tell me," he said, quickly, "what

the service is?" "It matters not how I know it. Do

Marechal will be betrayed to the Eng-

"No one can say how those plans | died. It is horrible, but the truth. Get have been stolen. But stolen they have the papers, that is all we need. Pry no been, and it is too late to alter the en- farther, I beseech you. Ah, sir, a womyou understand-and to-morrow is here her soul the blood of a gallant gentlein ten hours. Worse, worse, the traitor | man who at her bidding risked all for France." infamous, terrible. But one hope re- in the service of France and the King."

those English officers and get the plans before they are handed to the "Yes, yes, I see. I will go. He but- lightly, "all my reward, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh!" She sobbed with joy. She all. Meanwhile, adieu and au revoir." could not thank him in words.

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covered this, and I am come to you, for stripped as he was. He bent over her. I, too, love France."

his temples. Ha! when Denise heard | had killed her and her mate, and to how he, Andre de Nerac, alone had save time had simply chopped off her saved France, the army, and the King, fingers to get the booty she had grip-"What am I to do?" he asked quiet- | war.

charcoal-burner's hut lay and how it outlines in a clearing of the trees. Ancould be reached. "When you are dre muffled his mare's head and tied there, rap twice on the door," she pro- her to a branch, and then with naked ceeded, "and then say in English to sword crawled forward on hand and whoever comes, 'I am from "No. 101" to knees. Round the hut like a sleuth

"What does that mean?" is? That is the traitor's cipher-and ly not a soul, not a whisper. But the the traitor's name. It is all we have horror of the dead man and woman discovered."

"A man, this traitor?" must be a man, so say those words in | ing. The hut showed no signs of life. English; speak in English, always-al- What if "No. 101" were not there? What ways. Remember you are an officer of if the English officers had forestalled the First Foot Guards of the English | him and the papers were already gone? King; you have come for the papers | What if an ambuscade were concealed because 'No. 101' has bidden you. You in that ramshackle cabin? will get them if you are clever and God wills. Then fly-fly for your life. and France is saved."

"Yes, kill him if you can. But it is the papers you must have or we are

Andre meditated. Then he took the vivandiere by both arms. "Will you swear by the name of the Holy Virgin that this is no trap?" he asked solemn-

She turned her hooded face up to his and took his Croix de St. Louis, "Before God and on this cross," she answered very slowly, "it is no trap. It is the truth." Conviction rang in her low tones

and she was trembling with emotion. "Very weil. I am ready. But my uniform?" he asked sharply. "I shall be recognized."

"I have thought of that," she said. 'See, my room is in the village, a stone's throw hence. A cloak, a hat, and boots of the English Guard are there, stripped from a dead officer. They will cover your uniform. But you must keep the cloak buttoned, for frock and tunic I have not got, alas! I have, disguise you perfectly. Come at once, each other in silence. there is no time to waste."

And so by two flickering candles her deft fingers transformed him swiftly into the image of a ruddy, beef-fed English officer of the English Guard, and when her work was do e she accom panied him to the edge of the lines. where they paused.

"For God's sake be careful," she urged. "The Pandours, the Grassins the marauders; are prowling every where. Maybe, too, 'No. 101' may have variets on the look-out. I would not frighten you, but you should know that the man or woman who has hunted 'No. 101'-and several have tried-has so far met with death."

But Andre only smiled grimly. "Yes," she repeated, "all who have seen that traitor face to face have an, even an actress, would not have on

"Death can come but once" he answered, "and in no nobler way than she placed the lantern on the rough "That is true, but you must live. For speak English, who will pretend to be the King will be grateful, and I-I, too, will not forget."

Andre smilingly put his hand on her shoulder. "And is that all?" he asked | ered on the walls and on the low roof. "Come back," she whispered," come back and you will see whether it is

She had slipped from his grasp and vanished as mysteriously as she had come. Who was she? Bah! it did not cloak bid well to be shapely. Yes, she matter now. The night and its work lay before him. But to-morrow-to-morrow! | that mask! He mounted, gave the password, and rode into the night.

Behind him lay the sleeping camp

ignorant of its peril, in front the strangest, weirdest, most dangerous task he had ever embarked on; yet Andre felt no fear. His only thought as he trotted down the slope was a vivid reminiscence of the words of the crystal-gazer. Women everywhere in his life-always women at every turn-the princess in London-Yvonne-"La Petite d'Etiolles"-the crystal-gazer, and now the charming little vivandiere -but they were all so many instruments to help him to win the fairest of them all-Denise. It was clear as noonday now. His task was to master the strand of the web in which these women, by design or accident, enwrapped him, and to make them serve his purpose while he seemed to serve theirs. It was an idea which grew in power and fascination every day. Women appealed to him by nature; before the charm of mind and body in women the was defenceless, but it was his love for Denise that had inspired the conception of yoking the pleasure of life to the attainment of a glorious ambition. To-night was a matchless op-

portunity-and others would follow. But his mind while it revolved was fully alert. He believed in himself and his sword. His faith in his star grew stronger each day. But fate and God helped those who would best help themselves. To-night he must not fail on this difficult task because he neglected anything that caution could suggest.

From time to time he halted. The night was dark, that was good, and a raw mist steamed out of the sodden earth. He had taken the precaution to bind his horse's hoofs in soft cloth, and she, a powerful English thoroughbred, his favorite mare, knew her master's will by instinct. The road, too, was easy to find. No one crossed his path. And here at last was the little wood of which he had been told. Half a mile away gleamed dully a fire, probably an English picket. He dismounted and listened intently. Not a sound. And now very warily he plunged forward into the bowels of this grisly little wood, leading his horse, his pistols cocked and sword ready. Presently he stumbled; only a fallen log; he stumbled again; another? No. This time it was a dead man. Andre dragged him out and let the rays of his masked lantern fall cautiously on his face. Poor wretch! half-naked too-a common gallows bird of a marauder, strlpped by the thieves and with a knife-

thrust in his throat, a common enough

spectacle to those who had played at

war before, mere carrion in the day-

light, but causing the flesh to creep

in the raw chills of this infernal hid-

ing-place of treachery. Let him lie. And

corpse! A woman, and roung too that

now forward again. Pah! another

Ha! what was that? One hand gone? The blood swirled for a minute in | There had been a quarrel, the robbers there and forward again, for such is

Halt! Here is the charcoal-burner's She described at length where the cabin. He could just make out its black hound he wormed his way, learning the ground, making absolutely sure no one "The Vicomte knows what a cipher | lurked in this damp stillness. Positive and this awful stillness had mastered him, and ten yards from the door he "No one knows. I swear it. But it lay for some minutes watching, think-

Still he lay thinking, shivering, to start swiftly. The shutter in the cabin wall was being slowly pushed open. "I will not fly till I have killed that | There was no glass in the window; a gleam of red light; some one was stealthily looking out into the night, Andre crawled on his stomach across the clearing and lay flat down with a sharp gasp.

By the living God, it was a woman!

A woman! Two drops of icy sweat dripped from his forehead on to the damp ground A woman! Yes, he could see the silhouette of her hooded head and bust etched against the dull red light behind and the inky framework of the window, and she was thinking too, resting her elbow placidly on the sill. A woman! It was terrible, for she was a traitor and he must kill her, here in this cursed cabin, in this damned wood. She moved her head and listened intently. Yes, she was expecting some one. Ha! He was not too late.

The shutter was stealthily closed. but crouching beneath it Andre heard the faint sigh as of a weary heart. He sprang up, rapped twice on the door. Stens within, the bolts were being

drawn back. At last a masked woman with a lantern in her hand stood in too, my actress's box of colors. I will the doorway, and he and she faced "Who is that?" she asked in a clear

> "I am from 'No. 101' to 'No. 101.'" Andre answered firmly, but inwardly he trembled and his sword was ready to leap out.

She raised the lantern quietly and let the light travel from his hat to his boots. "Good," she said. "Enter, sir." Andre paused. Could he dare? Noyes—no? For two slow minutes the | * special attention to this line

thoughts battled within him as strove to penetrate the secret of that mask and the hood covering her head. She was young-quite young. That faint sigh as of a weary heart seemed to echo through the misty silence of the wood. Then he stepped inside, and she

quietly closed the door.

CHAPTER IX.

The woman led the way into the kitchen which opened off the tiny passage and Andre followed her. The two faced each other in silence. Presently table in the centre of the room and | Toronto, oldest in Canhda, mest once again looked at him thoughtfully through her mask. The only other light there was came from the dying embers of a fire, whose murky shadows flick-Andre with his fingers on his swordhilt returned her studied gaze. He could make out that her hair under her hood was fair; her voice, her step, were those of a girl, and what he could see of her figure shrouded in its long was young, this woman, but a pest on

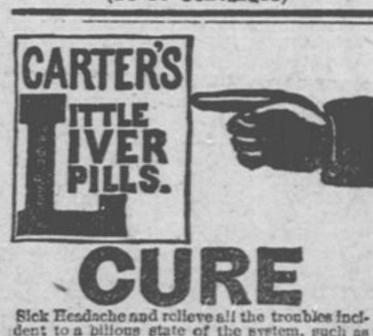
"You are not the officer I expected," she remarked at last. "He was wounded; he could not

come, so they sent me in his place," Andre answered at once "I understand," she replied with a quiet nod, "but they said two would be "My companion is outside guarding the horses." Whereupon she lifted the

lantern and inspected him closely. Andre, ready for anything, stood quite still. "If you doubt my word," he added carelessly, "I will take you to him "No," she answered, replacing the lantern on the table, "your word is enough: the word of an English offi-

cer," and she turned to cross the kit-Andre's face was calmness itself, but his blood was tingling with fear, curiosity, revenge. Never in his adventurous life had he been so thrilled as at this cold-blooded traitress in a mask, But, mastered as he was by an overnower-

(To be Continued)



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