

"Exactly. It was a very ridiculous situation. Surely the man in khaki cannot pursue inquiries so secretly and delicately as the civilian. The Scotland Yard detective does not go about dressed in the uniform of an inspector. Therefore, why should an Intelligence officer put on red-tabs in order to make himself conspicuous? No, dearest," he went on; "I quite agree with the doctor that the officials whose duty it is to look after spies have not taken sufficient advantage of patriotic civilians who are ready to assist them."

"Why don't you help them, Jack?" suggested the girl. "You assisted Dr. Jerrold, and you know a great deal regarding spies and their methods. Yet you are always so awfully mysterious about them."

"Am I, darling?" he laughed, carry-

ing her hand tenderly to his lips and kissing it fondly.

"Yes, you are," she protested, quickly. "Do tell me one thing—answer me one question, Jack. Have you any suspicion in one single case?—I mean do you really know a spy?"

Jack hesitated. He drew a long breath, as again across his troubled mind flashed that thought which had so constantly obsessed him ever since that afternoon before Jerome Jerrold had died so mysteriously.

"Yes, Elise," he answered, in a thick voice. "Yes, I do."

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Enemy's Cipher.

THE afternoon of December 16th, 1914—the 135th day of the war—was grey and gloomy in Northumber-

land Avenue, that short thoroughfare of high uniform hotels and buildings.

The street lamps had just been lit around Trafalgar Square when Lewin Rodwell passed out of the big hall of the Constitutional Club, and down the steps into the street. At the moment a newsboy dashed past crying the evening papers.

The words that fell upon Rodwell's ear caused him to start; and, stopping the lad, he purchased a paper, and, halting, read the bold, startling headlines: "Bombardment of the East Coast this morning: Great destruction of seaside towns."

"Ach!" he murmured with a grin of satisfaction. "Ach! Number 70 was not slow in acting upon my message. Instead of the German Fleet falling into the trap, they have taught these pigs of English a lesson. Not long

ago one Minister declared that if the German Fleet did not come out of the Kiel Canal, that the brave British would dig them like rats out of a hole. Good! They have come out to respond to that challenge," and he laughed in grim satisfaction. "Let's see what they've done."

Turning upon his heel, in his eagerness to learn the truth, he reascended the broad steps of the Club, and in the hall seated himself and eagerly devoured the account which, at that moment, was thrilling the whole country.

THE paper stated, as all will remember, that the German ships having, by some extraordinary and unknown means, succeeded in evading the diligent watch kept upon them in the North Sea, had appeared on the Yorkshire coast early that morning. A German battleship, together with several first-class cruisers, had made a raid, and shelled Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby. At the three towns bombarded much damage was done, hotels, churches and hospitals being struck; and, according to the casualty list at that moment available, twenty-nine persons had been killed and forty-six wounded at Hartlepool; two killed and two wounded at Whitby, and thirteen casualties in Scarborough. The paper added that the list of casualties was believed to be very much greater, and would, it was thought, amount to quite two hundred. British patrol boats had endeavoured to cut off the Germans, whereupon the latter had fled.

Lewin Rodwell, having read the leading article, in which the journal loudly protested against the bombardment of undefended towns, and the ruthless slaughter of women and children, cast the paper aside, rose and again went out.

As he walked in the falling twilight towards Pall Mall, he laughed lightly, muttering in German, beneath his breath: "That is their first taste of bombardment! They will have many yet, in the near future. They laugh at our Zeppelins now. But will they laugh when our new air-craft bases are ready? No. The idiots, they will not laugh when we begin to drop bombs upon London!"

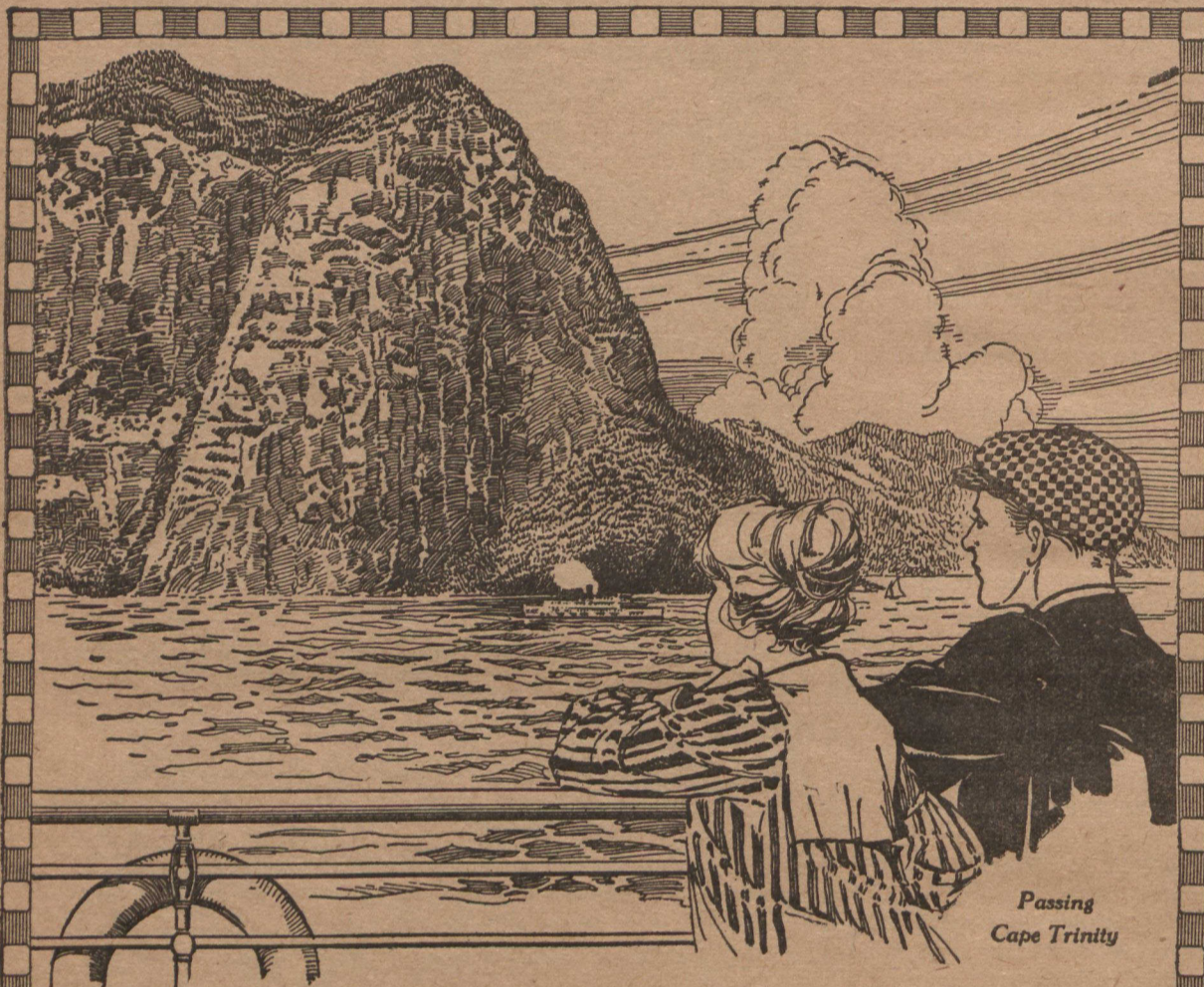
And, hailing a taxi, he entered it and drove home to Bruton Street, where Sir Boyle Huntley was awaiting him.

The man with the bloated, red face and loose lips greeted his friend warmly as he entered the quiet, cosy study. Then when Franks, Rodwell's man, had pulled down the blinds and retired, he exclaimed:

"Seen this evening's paper? Isn't it splendid, Lewin! All your doing, my dear fellow. You'll get a handsome reward for it. Trustram is very useful to us, after all."

"Yes," was the other's reply. "He's useful—but only up to a certain point. My only regret is that we haven't a real grip upon him. If we knew something against him—or if he'd borrowed money from one of our friends—then we might easily put on the screw, and learn a lot. As it is, he's careful to give away but little information, and that not always trustworthy."

"True," was Sir Boyle's reply. "But could we not manage to entice him into our fold? We've captured others,



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