

A DIPLOMATIC WOMAN.

"Saints defend us!" I pettishly exclaimed. "Is there no one in the world with an atom of brains? I don't want to go as Night or Morning, nor as Marguerite or Pierette, or Madame de Pompadour. I want something original!"

It changed the new cipher is sent direct to the Emperor. It is the Minister and documents by me, through diplomatic departments. We have varied the cipher three times. We have sent different messages each time, but the result has always been the same. The world regarded the message at once and we are fast becoming the laughing stock of Europe, for the pretty girl is ready to offer so much for help you."

"Ma chere," he murmured, "men are diplomats by education, women by intuition. It is civilization against Nature."

"The dresses we have mentioned," I continued, "will be worn by our models, leaving the Countess Zarfine at liberty to carry out her work and me free to frustrate her, for I am certain now that it is she who reveals the cipher. Had I not known the costume she had intended to wear, I should have decided the night to watching the Franco-Russian Alliance. As it is, my mind, the Lost Province, will do that for the sake of diplomatic appearances, the Countess will be revealed and I shall be free. So I require another card for the carnival—got it secretly for you."

"Success is assured," he cried, enthusiastically. "At no cost, non and. She already suspects me—I could see it by her countenance. She will not stay with me until she has the key on some pretence until an hour before the ball, and so render it impossible for it to be revealed to anyone except at the carnival. I know then it will be done—directly I have left."

"After you have left?" he cried in bewilderment. "After my maid has left with the Countess Zarfine's message for you?" "Ah! he sighed, and there was a woman that monsignor-like, but a moment after his face became grave again, as he suggested, "Perhaps the key may be given in such a way that you cannot prevent it from falling into her hands. It is something so subtle to be discovered. Besides she suspects—and more," I continued, "does not the whole idea of the key for the theatre?" "No, my friend, that if a man watched her actions every minute of the night he would see nothing, but a woman might see."

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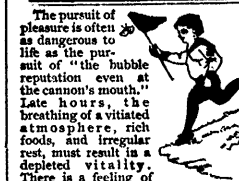
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brushing past him to save them as they fell, I picked up the draggots from behind my skirt and looked mockingly into his face.

"You are a clever little devil," he said, with charged appreciation. I smiled, for the key to the cipher was safe in my possession.

"If I only had you in Russia," she gasped, "I should have the most touching my ears. 'I'd have you flogged for this; I'd have your lying tongue torn out, and those shoulders you're so proud of branded 'Spy' Heaven! If I had you in Russia!'"

"And yes," I murmured, "methinks these charms of Russia must be enjoyed by you alone, and swiftly, too, for surely—His Excellency will resign at once."



The pursuit of pleasure is often as dangerous to the body as the pursuit of knowledge. It is a well-known fact that the body is made of flesh and blood, and that the blood is the life of the body. When the blood is impure, the body is diseased.

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APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS. Referring to Monsignor Nugent's sermon before the Institute of Journalists in Liverpool, the Weekly Register says his address contained much food for thought.