

A few years ago Blue Ribbon Beryl Tea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

A boat was already lowered. Acting upon instructions from the captain, the crew combined a search for the missing man with a leisurely pursuit of the fugitive one. The first lieutenant stood up in the gunwale with a hook in his hand, looking from right to left, and the men pulled with slow, even strokes. But now there was there any sign of Mr. Sablin.

The man who was swimming was now almost out of sight, and the first lieutenant, who was in command of the little search party, suddenly gave orders for the quickening of his men's stroke. But almost as the men bent to their work, a curious thing happened. The fugitive, who had been swimming at a great pace, suddenly threw up his arms and disappeared.

"He's done, by Jove!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "How hard you chaps. We must catch him when he rises."

But to all appearance, Mr. J. B. Watson, of New York, never rose again. The boat was rowed time after time around the spot where he had sunk, but not a trace was to be found of him. The only vessel anywhere near was the Kaiser Wilhelm. They rowed slowly up and hailed her.

An officer came to the railing and answered their inquiries in execrable English. No, they had not seen anyone in the water. They had not picked anyone up. Yet if there was a man, he could be on board, but to make a search—no, without authority. No, it was impossible that anyone could have been taken on board without his knowledge.

He pointed down the steep sides of the steamship and shrugged his shoulders. It was indeed an impossible feat. The lieutenant of the Calypso consulted and gave the order to his men to back water. Once more they went over the ground carefully. There was no sign of either of the men. After about three-quarters of an hour's absence, they reluctantly gave up the search and returned to the Calypso.

The first lieutenant was compelled to report both men missing. The captain was in earnest conversation with an official in plain dark livery. The boat of the harbor police was already waiting below. The whole particulars of the affair were quickly enough, Mr. Sablin and Mr. Watson were seen to emerge from the gangway together, engaged in animated conversation.

They had been hurried to the left, but, seeing the main body of the passengers assembled there, had stepped back again and emerged on the starboard side, which was quite deserted. After then, no one except the captain and a dim sort of way whether he should kill himself people would call it an accident, whether after all there might not be some secondary and actual spiritual form of existence, where weariness was a thing unknown and ambitions were either promptly realized or unmet.

Mr. Sablin would have denied himself, but he was too late. The lady was already by his side, and the man had left, closing the door behind him. "I think," Mr. Sablin said, "there must be some mistake. I surely have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

She laughed softly and raised her veil. "Have I changed so very much?" she exclaimed. "After all, I think it is you whom it would be hard to recognize."

"Oh, Mabel, where did you get such a lovely braiding pattern for your jacket?" "I copied it from my brass bedstead."

He was an Anglican humorist, to be sure; but I did not at once forget that I was a gentleman. "The pun is the main thing with you, seemingly," I observed, affecting an air of easy indifference.

"I look after the shilling and the pun looks after itself," quoth he amiably. Of course I was furiously angry; and still I deemed it well to dissemble.—Detroit Journal.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?" "Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds, you do look like Lady Plantagenet Gingham that I was once maid to!"

"No—at least, no near relation. But you can have that pink silk shirt-waist of mine, Nellie."

Between the two men, and she had thought fit to virtually efface herself. They made the most of her disappearance in the thick, black headlines which headed every column in the Boston evening papers.

CHAPTER LI.

The Persistence of Felix. It was a fortnight after the landing of the Calypso in Boston Harbor, and Mr. Sablin was waiting alone in a private room one of the smallest but most renowned hotels in New York. He was looking pale and ill, and much altered in appearance.

His grey moustache and imperial had gone, and with his increased palor and general air of dejection he would easily have escaped detection, if even he had come face to face with one of his late fellow passengers. For, in truth, Mr. Sablin was spending the most miserable days of his life.

The great effort of his life had been made, and had resulted in failure. He had been the victim of a conspiracy, and the strategy which had secured his would-be assassin freedom, had kept him for a time on the quiver, but now that these things were over and done with, he became conscious of a peculiar sense of isolation.

For the first time in his life he experienced that sense of utter loneliness which has brought many men to the brink of despair. His work was over. He, whose brain for many years had scarcely known a rest, and whose every action had been directed toward a definite and much coveted end, now found himself without a single aim in life—a disappointed and wearied man.

And, hand in hand with this phase of mental despair, there came to him all the symptoms of physical deterioration which for years he had been too much engaged to notice. He realized that he had passed the prime of his life almost in the same moment as he experienced the great disappointment of his career.

To look backward was to court regrets. The future was an utter and dreary blank. He was in a strange and to him unfriendly country, amongst people from whom his sympathies were hopelessly removed. And, hand in hand with this phase of mental despair, there came to him all the symptoms of physical deterioration which for years he had been too much engaged to notice.

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clared. "This man's offer means release for you; don't hesitate to accept it. However you look at it, there is nothing wholesome or exhilarating even in the fine arts of espionage. Give it up for ever. Marry this man and make him a good wife. You will never regret it."

"I wish," she said, "I wish I were sure of it."

He rose and stood with his hand upon the bell. "I," he said, earnestly, "whom all such things have passed by, can tell you of my own knowledge, if not from experience, that in the simple ways of life lies the royal road to happiness. I am an old man, and I should know. I have played for great stakes and sometimes I have won. I have been in touch with great affairs, and I have borne a part in the doings which have gone to make the world's history. And you see me to-day, an outcast, in a strange country whose manners and customs are repulsive to me, and in whom I have no shadow of interest. And I am here because there is no other country in the world which will find me a home. I had my chance of happiness—do you know, I have a theory that there is a chance which comes once to all of us, only so few are wise enough to recognize it—I had my chance and I turned away. There has never been a moment since that I have not regretted it. I tell you this only to show that I am not quite a fossil, that I have a heart, although, God knows, I treated badly enough the only woman who ever touched it. You came to me for advice, you say. You have it, have you not? Well, I tell you, the servant who was answering Mr. Sablin's ring was already at the door."

"I wish you good-bye, then, Mr. Sablin," she said softly. "I shall sail for Germany to-morrow."

Mr. Sablin returned to his solitude and his gloomy thoughts. They were interrupted by a servant, who brought him in a cablegram. He tore it open and read:

"Be sure you deliver my letter at Lennox-Felix."

Mr. Sablin rolled the flimsy paper in a ball and threw it on one side. More from habit than interest, he retired into his dressing-room and changed for dinner.

In the hall of the hotel, a porter stopped him with another cable. He opened it and read:

"Deliver my letter at once—Felix."

Mr. Sablin looked into the man's imperturbable face, and turned on his heel, feeling the cables in his hand. He left the hotel and dined at a famous restaurant. As he lingered over his coffee, he felt himself touched on the elbow, and, glancing around, saw a man dressed in the livery of the hotel, holding out an envelope toward him.

"This cable has arrived for you, sir," he said, "marked immediate. Mr. Kitz sent me out to look for you." Mr. Sablin tore open the envelope. This time the message was shorter: "Remember your promise—Felix."

Mr. Sablin turned to the man who was waiting.

"Will you see that my bag is packed," he said, "I shall be leaving by the night train."

(To be Continued.)

WISE AND OTHERWISE. Hoax—De Jones claims to be very swell, but he's rather ordinary, isn't he?

Hoax—Yes; he's like the meat in a sandwich. He's just between the upper crust and the under-bread.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing is so gentle as real strength.—Francis de Sales.

Temperance—If I thought I should ever be as heavily as you are now I'd shoot myself.

A ROYAL MYSTERY:

Caspar Hauser, Heir to a Throne, and the Tragic of His Career.

Of many European royal mysteries, the most interesting and recently revived is that relating to the Grand Duke of Baden, whose Grand Duke is about to assume the title of King, at the suggestion of Emperor William, whose grandfather, he, the Grand Duke, really made Kaiser at Versailles. The mystery of Baden is so remarkable that at one time all Europe was involved in the pros and cons of the case.

It was during one of his many king-making moods that Napoleon transformed the Margrave Charles Louis of Baden into a Grand Duke. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Charles had been married some time before to Stephanie Tascher de la Pagerie, niece of the Empress Josephine and adopted daughter of the Emperor.

Baden, which is now, and was then, overwhelmingly Protestant, objected strenuously, but vainly, against Charles and his French bride, because of their Roman Catholicism. So intense did this feeling become that the aristocracy and members of Charles' family formed a cabal with the avowed purpose of changing the order of succession.

Previously to the death of her husband Stephanie had five children, three girls and two boys. Of the former one survives—the grandmother of the King of Romania. The first boy died when six months old, and the other is generally supposed to have been the

ill-fated Caspar Hauser. When the second boy came into the world the cabal at once began operations. Just who constituted the conspiracy is not known, but the widow of Grand Duke Karl Frederick, the Countess Hohenberg, has been openly accused of being the real head of the cabal, for the purpose of obtaining the throne for her son—in which she succeeded.

The first move of the cabal was to circulate rumors that the new heir apparent was weakly and not likely to live more than a few days. In the meantime the conspirators kept a close watch upon the child, and one day, during the temporary and as yet unexplained absence of the nurse, the really healthy baby of Stephanie was substituted by a dying infant.

The success of the plot was noised about and came to the ears of the Grand Duchess, but before a full investigation could be made the Grand Duke died and the court was thrown into confusion. Before the dying child could be proclaimed Grand Duke its spirit passed away, and Stephanie was driven from the country and the Protestant Louis William proclaimed Grand Duke.

His First Appearance. Time passed, and with it came many changes. The town of Nuremberg had prospered and grown quiet, and was celebrating one of its famous annual fairs, or Jahrmärkte, Whitenside Monday, May 26th, 1828.

Suddenly the happy crowd rushed to the lower end of the square, as by common impulse. The object of its curiosity was a youth, clad as a peasant and incapable of speaking, who had appeared as if by magic, none knew whence, for no one had seen him arrive.

A police official took the youth in charge and asked him what was wanted.

"I want Rittmeister von Wesseling," said the youth, in parrot-like fashion, his voice having the peculiarly monotonous quality of the deaf and dumb. Then he gave a soliloquy letter he had been holding in his hand to the official. It was dated "Over the Bavarian frontier. The writer, a nobleman, begs that you will deliver his handwriting, declared that he was a farm laborer with ten children. On Oct. 7th, 1812 (nine days after Stephanie's son was born), some one of the writer's unknown friends had placed a boy baby at the door of his house, with a sheet of paper containing the information that the boy's parents wished to abscond with him."

Next day the burgomaster, Herr Binden, ordered an official investigation. In the meantime the youth, who had been named Caspar Hauser, had been placed in his hands. Then the vehicle was driven off.

The wildest stories regarding Caspar gained circulation, and, finally, to quiet talk and to withdraw Hauser from annoying publicity, he was placed in the care of Prof. Daumer, of Nuremberg's shining lights, for educational purposes.

Before long Caspar Hauser was forgotten and the stories of his origin proved to be untrue.

A Nine Days' Wonder. Meanwhile the subject of the gossip proved an apt pupil and progressed so fast that he was put to work in a commercial office. Month after month passed and Hauser was al-

most forgotten, when Europe was again aroused by the report that one had attempted to assassinate the mystery.

According to Hauser's story he was walking home from work, when he was accosted by a "black" man and stabbed in the forehead. The wound was not a serious one, but in order to prevent a recurrence of the happening Magistrate Biberbach detailed two soldiers to guard Hauser. In order to further safeguard him Freiherr von Tucher was appointed his guardian.

Then came another lull and Hauser seemed again to drop from sight, but when the Earl of Stanhope, grandfather of Lord Rosebery, became so interested in the mystery that he adopted him. In a letter published by the Earl after Hauser's death some interesting details are given concerning the foster father's efforts to arouse Hauser's memory.

All sorts of experiments were tried, but in vain. The only clue, seemingly, was Hauser's remarkable conduct on hearing Hungarian spoken.

As Hauser, who was then, and was then, overwhelmingly Protestant, objected strenuously, but vainly, against Charles and his French bride, because of their Roman Catholicism. So intense did this feeling become that the aristocracy and members of Charles' family formed a cabal with the avowed purpose of changing the order of succession.

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CUNNING OF

INDIAN THIEVES.

("PUBLIC OPINION.")

A very interesting and valuable report was issued several years ago, by the Inspector of Prisons of the Indian Empire, in which almost incredible accounts are given of the practice of this extraordinary art by the thieves of lower Bombay. The thieves themselves, with better reason, feel doubly secure; for if, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unlucky chance, one is seized, his only body slips away like an eel's; and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip, he has slung by a slender cord about his neck, a little knife with an edge as sharp as that of the keenest razor, with which he cuts the tendons of the intruding wrist. This, however, he considers a last resort, for he prides himself upon doing his work without inflicting bodily harm upon his victims. To enter a senana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This, however, is no easy matter; for the senana is in the centre of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever-watchful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work, and stand over the hole armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at one end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicious head does not come to grief, the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the senana, secures himself, or finding everything favorable for his purpose proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking. This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears, and arms, and nose, the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles, and nose-rings of a sleeping man, without awakening him, and to get away safely with this plunder. Who but a dakot would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dakot seldom fails. "These adroit burglars," says my authority, "commit the most daring robberies in the midst of the British army. Knowing the positions of the sentinels, they mark out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent they sharp knife makes them a door in the canvas, and they glide undetected into the interior. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watchdogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known to actually sleep over a dog without disturbing the animal."

But the most marvelously clever device practised by the thieves of lower Bombay is that used by the Moochies, in throwing purses of money off the roof. The Moochies come down in gangs, from the back country, and raid the settlements; their specialty is poisoning cattle. They smear their hands with their own particular brand of cattle extermiator, and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning, as many of the cattle as have partaken are dead, and have been abandoned by their owners. The Moochies flay the dead animals and sell their hides, pursued, these honest creatures make at full speed for the jungle. If they reach it all hope of capturing them is at an end, but even when they discover that they must be overtaken before they reach it, they by no means lose heart, and are measurably sure of escape, especially if, as is very often the case in India, the surface is burned over and the trees and bushes that have not been consumed are charred and blackened, and bereft of their foliage, and many, perhaps, reduced to little more than blackened stumps by the fire by which the fields are annually burnt over. If hard pressed in such a country as this, they cease to fly, and immediately disappear. For a long time the English troops which policed the districts where they made their raids, were completely nonplussed; again and again, on the very point of being captured, the Moochies escaped by miraculously vanishing, and officers as well as soldiers became superstitious. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable postures, in which their race seems to excel, these Indians, grasping in their hands such blackened branches as they pick up in the flight, can instantly assume and retain for a long time, an almost perfect mimicry of the groups of blackened stumps and half-burned stunted trees with which the country abounds. In Abyssinia, the Barasa tribe have the same trick of becoming invisible, added to which they place their rounded shields, that disposed in the grass look exactly like boulders, before them, for screens, while they lay flat watching unseen, for travellers to rob or enemies to kill.

Mexico's Army. The Mexican army of more than 25,000 men is supported upon a trifle more than 1,000,000 Mexican dollars a month. The Mexican Congress does not cost \$1,000,000 a year.