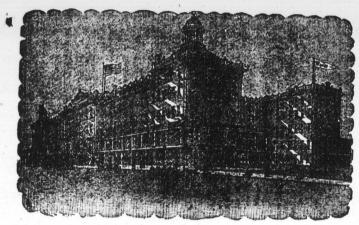
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connecting with the famous ocean promenade.

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A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST ERITAIN.

clined to make the effort. He glanced covertly up the deck, and seemed to be preparing himself for a rush. Again that little argument of steel and the grim look on Mr. face prevailed. They both the threshold. The odor. though powerful, was almost nullified by the rushing of the salt wind through the open window and door which Mr. Sabin had fixed open with a catch. Reaching out his hand he pulled down a little brass hook—the room was immediately lit with the soft glove of mediately lit with the soft glare of

the electric light.

Mr. Sabin, having assured himself that his companion's revolver was safely bestowed in his hip pocket and could not be reached without warning. glanced carefully around his cabin.

fie first looked towards the bed and smiled. His little device, then, had succeeded. The rug which he had rolled up under the sheets into the shape of a human form, was undisturbed. In the absence of a light, Mr. granted that the man whom he had sought to destroy was really in the room. The two men suddenly exchanged glances, and Mr. Sab'n smiled at the other's look of dismay.

"It was not like you," he said

or was remote satisfienty set and the sale of the sale charming wife had just paid here was to have provided you at once with a motive for the crime, and a distinctly mitigating circumstance. That was very ingenious. Pardon my lighting a cigarette. These fumes are a little powerful. Then if I were asleep and had not been awakened by the time you arrived—well, it was to be a drug.

Supposing, my dear Mr. Watson, you do me the favor of emptying this little flask into the sea."

Mr. Watson obeyed promptly. There were several points in his favor to be gained by the destruction of this evidence of his unsuccessful attempt. As he crossed the deck, holding the little bottle at arm's length from him, a delicate white vapor could be distinctly seen rising from the bottle and wantshing into the air. There was a little little

wanishing into the air. There was a little hiss like the hiss of a snake as

it sank.
"Much too strong," Mr. Sabin mur "Much too strong." Mr. Sabin murmerd. "A sad waste of a very valuable drug, my friend. Now will you please come inside with me? We must have a little chat. But first kindly stand quite still for one moment. There is no particular reason why I should run any risk. I am going to take that

Mr. Watson was evidently disin. revolver from your pocket and throw it overboard."
Mr. Watson's first instinct was evi-

Mr. Watson's first instinct was evidently one of resistance. Then suddently he felt the cold muzzle of a revolver upon his forehead.

"If you move," Mr. Sabin said quietly, "you are a dead man. My best policy would be to kill you; I am foolish not to do it. But I hate violence. You are safe if you do as I tell you."

Mr. Watson recognized the fact that his companion was in earnest. He stood quite still and watched his revolver describe a semicircle in the darkness and a fall with a little splash in the water. Then he followed Mr. Sabin into his cabin.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHAPTER XLVIII. The Doomschen.

The Doomschen.

"I suppose," Mr. Sabin began, closing the door of the cabin behind him, "that I may take it—this episode—as an indication of your refusal to accept the proposals I made to you?"

Mr. Watson did not immediately reply. He had seated himself on the corner of a lounge and was leaning forward, his head resting moodily upon his hands. His sallow face was paler even than usual and his expression was sullen. He looked, as he undoubtedly was, in an evil humor with him.

"The extradition laws," the other interrupted savagely.
Mr. Sabin shrugged his shoulders.
"By all means," he murmured. "Personally I have no interest in them but if you would talk like a reasonable man and tell me where your difficulty lies, I might be able to help you."

you."
The man who had called himself

one of them?" he exclaimed.

The man bowed his head.
"I am one of those deviks," he ad-

mitted. Mr. Sabin rose to his feet and walk-

mitted.

Mr. Sabin rose to his feet and walked up and down the little room.

"Of course," he remarked, "that complicates matters, but there ought to be a way out of it. Let me think for a moment."

The man on the lounge sat still with unchanging face. In his heart he knew that there was no way out of it. The chains which bound him were such as the hand of man had no power to destroy. The arm of his master was long. It had reached him here—it would reach him to the fathermost corner of the world. Nor could Mr. Sabin for the moment see any light. The man was under perpetual sentence of death. There was no country in the world which would not give him up if called upon to do so.

"What you have told me," Mr. Sabin said, "explains, of course, to a certain extent, your present indifference to my offers. But when I first approached you in this way you certainly led me to think—"

"That was before that cursed Kaiser Wichelm came up," Watson interrupted. "I had a plan—I might have made a rush for liberty, at any rate!"

"But surely you would have been marked down at Boston," Mr. Sabin said.

"The only friend I have in the

marked down at Boston," Mr. Sabin said.

"The only friend I have in the world," the other said slowly, "is the manager of the Government's Secret Cable Office at Barlin. He was on my side. It would have given me a chance, but now"—he looked out of the window—"it is hopeless!

Mr. Sabin resumed his chair and lit a fresh cigarette. He had thought the matter out and began to see Eght.

"It is rather an awkward fix," he said, "but 'hopeless' is a word which I do not understand. As regards our present diemma I think that I see an excellent way out of it."

A momentary ray of hope flashed across the man's face. Then he shook his head.

his head.

"It is not possible," he murmured.

Mr. Sabin smiled quietly.

"My friend," he said, "I perceive that you are a pessimist! You will find yourself in a very short time a free man with the best of your life before you. Take my advice. Whatever career you embark in, do so in a more sanguine spirit. Difficulties to the man who faces them boldly lose half their strength. But to proceed.

to the man who faces them boldly lose half their strength. But to proceed. You are one of those who are called 'Doomschen.' That means, I believe, that you have committed a crime punishable by death—that you are on parole only so long as you remain in the service of the Secret Police of your country. That is so, is it not?' The man assented grimly. Mr. Sabin continued—

continued—
"If you were to abandon your present task and fail to offer satisfactory explanations—if you were to attempt to settle down in America, your extradition, I presume, would at once be applied for. You would be given no second chance."
"I should be shot without a moment's hesitation," Watson admitted grimly.

ent's hesitation, watsun aumittee grimly.

"Exactly, and there is, I believe, another contingency. If you should succeed in your present enterprise, which, I presume, is my extermination, you would obtain your freedom."

The man on the lounge nodded. A species of desnair was upon him. This and the icange nodded. A species of despair was upon him. This man was his master in all ways. He would be his master to the end.
"That brings us," Mr. Sabin continued, "to my proposition. I must admit that the details I have not fully thought out yet, but that is a matter of only half an hour or so. I propose that you should kill we in

propose that you should kill me in Boston Harbor and escape to your man-of-war. They will, of course, retuse to give you up, and on your return to Germany you will receive your freedow.

turn to Germany you will receive your freedom."

"But—but you," Watson exclaimed, bewildered, "you don't want to be killed, surely?"

"I do not intend to be—actually," Mr. Sabin explaimed, "Exactly how I am going to manage it I can't tell you just now, but it will be quite easy. I shall be dead to the belief of everybody on board here except the captain, and he will be our accomplice. I shall remain hidden until your Kaiser Wilhelm has left, and when I do land in America—it shall not be as Mr. Sabin."

Watson rose to his feet. He was a transformed man. A sudden hope had

brightened his face. His eyes were on fire.
"It is a wonderful scheme!" he ex-

clouds. Mr. Sabin's eyes grew fixed. A curious depression came over him in that half hour before the dawn, when all emotion is quickened by that intense brooding stillness. He was passing, he felt, into perpetual exile, He who had been so intimately in touch with the large things of the world had come to that point when, after all, he was bound to write his life down a failure. For its great desire was no nearer consummation. He had made his grand effort and had failed. There had been other ways in which he might have found happi-

FOR STREET, STREET, STREET, SPINSTER, SPINSTER

which should surely have been a queen's.

Mr. Sabin thought of those things which had passed, and he thought of what was to come, and a moment of bitterness crept into his life which he knew must leave its mark forever. His head dropped into his hands and remained burled there. Thus he stood until the first ray of sunlight travelling across the water fell upon him, and he knew that morning had come. He crossed the deck, and, entering his cabin, closed the door.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Mr. Sabin is Sentimental. Mr. Sabin found it a harder mat-Mr. Sabin found it a harder matter than he had anticipated to induce the captain to consent to the scheme he had formulated. Nevertheless, he succeeded in the end, and by lunch time the following day the whole affair was settled. There was a certain amount of risk in the affair; but, on the other hand, if successfully carried out, it set free once and forever the two men mainly concerned in it. Mr. Sabin, who was in rather a curious mood, came ly concerned in it. Mr. Sabin, who was in rather a curious mood, came out of the captain's room a little after 1 o'clock, feeling altogether indisposed for conversation of any sort, ordered his luncheon from the deck steward, and moved his chair apart from the others in a sunny, secluded corner of the boat.

It was here that Mrs. Watson found him an hour later.

"And why this seclusion, Sir Misanthrope?"

He laughed and dragged her chair alongside of his.

alongside of his.
"Come and sit down," he said. "I

"Come and sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you. I want," he added, lowering his voice, "to thank you for your warning."

Ther were close together now and alone, cut off from the other chairs by one of the lifeboats. She looked up at him from amongst the cushions with which her chair was hung. "You understood," she murmured. "Perfectly."

"You are safe now," she said.

"Perfectly."

"You are safe now," she said.
"From him, at any rate. You have
won him over."

"I have found a way of safety,"
Mr. Sabin said, "for both of us." She leaned her head upon her delicate white fingers, and looked at

cate white fingers, and looked at him curiously.

"Your plans," she said, "are admirable; but what of me?"

Mr. Sabin regarded her with some faint indication of surprise. He was not sure what she meant. Did she expect a reward for her warning, he wondered. Her words would seem to indicate something of the sort, and yet he was not sure.

"I am afraid," he said kindly, "we have not considered you very much yet. You will go on to Boston, of course. Then I suppose you will return to Germany."

"Never." she exclaimed, with a suppose you will return to germany."

suppressed passion. "I have broken my vows. I shall never set foot in Germany again. I broke them for your sake."
Mr. Sabin looked at her thought-

Mr. Sabin looked as as fully.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he declared. "Believe me, my dear young lady, I have seen a great deal of such matters, and I can assure you that the sooner you break away from all association with this man Watson and his employers the better." better." 'It is all over," she murmured. "I

"It is all over," she murmured. "I am a free woman."

Mr. Sabin was delighted to hear it. Yet he felt that there was a certain awkwardness between them. He was this woman's debtor, and he had made no effort to discharge his debt. What did she expect from him? He looked at her through half-closed eves and wondered.

him? He looked at her through half-closed eyes, and wondered.

"If I can be of any use to you,"
he suggested softly, "in any fresh
start you may make in life, you
have only to command me."
She kept her face averted from
him. There was land in sight, and
she seemed much interested in it.

"What are you going to do in
America?"

America?"
Mr. Sabin looked out across the air. Sabin looked out across the sea, and repeated her question to himself. What was he going to do in this great, strange land, whose ways were not his ways, and whose sympathies lay so far apart from his?

have come here for safety. I have no country nor any friends. This is the land of my exile." A soft, white hand touched his for moment. He looked into her face, and saw there an emotion which and saw there an surprised him. 'It is my exile, too," she said. "I

"It is my exile, too," she said. "I shall never dare to return. I have no wish to return."
"But your friends?" Mr. Sabin commenced. "Your family?"
"I have no family."
Mr. Sabin was thoughtful for several moments, then he took out his

Mr. Sabin was thoughtful for several moments, then he took out his case and lit a cigarette. He watched the blue smoke floating away over the ship's side, and looked no more at the woman at his elbow.

"If you decide," he said quietly, to settle in America, you must not allow yourself to forget that I am very much your debtor. I"——
"Your friendship," she interrupted,
"I shall be very glad to have. We may perhaps help one another to feel less lonely."

Mr. Sabin gently shook his head.

I had a friend of your sex once,"
he said. "I shall—forgive me—never

he said. "I shall—forgive me—never have another."

"Is she dead?"

"If she is dead, it is I who have killed her. I sacrificed her to my ambition. We parted, and for months — for years — I scarcely thought of her and now the day of retribution has come. I think of her, but it is in vain. Great barriers have rolled between us since those days, but she was my first friend, and she will be my only one."

There was a long silence. Mr. Sabin's eyes were fixed steadily seawards. A flood of recollections had suddenly taken possession of him. When at last he looked round, he chair by his side was vacant. chair by his side was vacant.

> CHAPTER L. A Harbor Tragedy.

The voyage of the Calipha came to The voyage of the Calipha came to its usual termination about ten o'clock on the following morning, when she passed Boston lights and steamed slowly down the smooth waters of the harbors. The seven passes were all upon deck in wordersengers were all upon deck in wonder-fully transformed guise. Already the steamer chairs were being tied up and piled away; the stewards, offi-ciously anxious to render some last service, were hovering around. Mrs. service, were hovering around. Mrs. Watson, in a plain tailor gown and quiet felt hat, was sitting heavily, starboard side of the gangway at

MONSOON CEYLON TEA. Get a package; it really merits a trial.

LEAD PACKETS.

ALL GROCERS.

Woman Decoy

Who Secures Divorces. Young and Pretty, She Fascinates the Unsuspecting

Man, and the Decree is Easy. **瓷部锦锦锦锦锦锦锦锦锦锦锦瓷瓷锦锦锦锦锦锦锦**锦锦锦锦 One woman in a western city has mapped out a new and original line of

ousiness for herself. She is a creator of grounds of divorce, and she finds that it pays well and enables her to ive a life of comparative ease and uxury. This woman, who is well educated,

young, and of more than ordinary young, and of more than ordinary beauty, justifies her "profession," as she calls it, on the ground that too many couples are mismated and live cat-and-dog lives, whereas if they were separated and at liberty to con-tract unions with partners more to their liking they would be perfectly their fixing they would be perfectly happy. Again, many wives are tied to husbands from whom they would gladly be separated, but can find nothing in their conduct that the law will consider justification for a di-

Here is where the woman who "creates grounds" comes in. As the confidante of the wife, and for a suficient consideration, she will contract to get that husband in love with her, or to compromise himself with her in such a way that the wife can get her divorce. She carries out her con tract so thoroughly and successfully that the husband is unable and unwilling to make any defence, although at the same time he has committed no criminal act, and is simply the victure of the contract of th tim of circumstances. The wife gets a divorce and alimony, publicity is avoided, and the husband never knows—at least not at the time—that he has played the part of a

Does Not Court Publicity. A score of men and women have availed themselves of this woman's services and have paid her liberally. Now she has five cases pending on her books. In some of these cases as well as in most of the cases that as well as in most of the cases that have gone before, the revelation of her name means much to the party who does not want the divorce. In some cases it will save alimony, In all of them it would create talk, and the woman's work is of a nature that is not helped by indiscriminate discussion.

She is a professional "other woman." She stakes nothing and always stands to win much. She has scruples, but never lets them interfere with her business.

This woman is the highest artificial development of the divorce

This woman is the highest artificial development of the divorce laws. The recent decision that many of the Dakota divorces have been invalid on account of non-residence has been a good thing for her business. While working on a case she is willing to live anywhere, although she always demands the best accommodations that mere can buy. The strangest part the best accommodations that meney can buy. The strangest part of it all is that she is not a meddleof it all is that she is not a meddle-some detective, and no matter what she does she never divulges a word beyond those she is paid to say. She is mysterious, and some of the divorces granted lately without ap-parent cause can be ascribed to the quietness and skill with which this "other woman" works. The name by which she is known to some of her clients is Margaret

to some of her clients is Margaret Hobson. Miss Hobson has often found it necessary to change her name with her tacties. But no matter what she does she never crosses swords with the law. She knows better than that.

better than that.

The way she works can best be told
by describing the circumstances of a
divorce obtained a few weeks ago by
the wife of a Board of Trade man.
This woman was married to the spec-This woman was married to the speculator before she knew much of poetry, opera or twin souls, and when she wanted carriages and a home more than anything else. Her husband was good to her with his bank book and they cared for each other, and she for the bank book, in other, and she for the bank book, in a good fellow sort of way, but with no undying love in the proposition. The wife decided a while ago that she would like to be free. The hus-band had never broken over the traces, and a lawyer could find no ground upon which the wife could get her divorce. ner divorce.

Learns of Miss Hobson Then some woman spoke to the wife about Miss Hobson.

wife about Miss Hobson.
"Who is Miss Hobson?" she asked.
"I'll bring her around to call and
you shall see," her friend said, and
the next day the three women went to a matinee, and then to the women's restaurant of a big down-town

upon.
Miss Hobson, according to the wife
who would not have her name known. wind would not have her name known for worlds, wore a stunning princesse gown, a love of a hat, and a limited supply of exceedingly expensive jewelry. She talked of her school days in an aristocratic eastern boarddays in an aristocratic eastern boarding school and of her friends in New; York and Washington. The friends were of the first water of social prominence. With delicacy the friend introduced the subject of the wife's dissatisfaction with her husband and

dissatisfaction with her husband and of her inability to find anything upon which a separation could be obtained.

"It is my business," said Miss. Hobson, sweetly ,"to find that something for you. Your husband shall fall in love with me, and then your diverse will be ever."

divorce will be easy The wife revolted for an instant at the idea of the husband daring to think any woman except herself worthy of his more or less lukewarm love, but when she thought it all over she put the entire case in Miss Hobson's hands. The latter went to work with an authority that made the wife wonder how many divorces she had been instrumental in procuring before she came into the board of trade tangle. The subject of money, was never mentioned. Miss Hobson asked that she be presented to the husband and this was done the next night. She wore a bewildering even-ing gown and her freshness of face and figure, her wit and her amiability won the big husband at once. He asked that she accompany him driving the next day, and in a week they, were deeply in love.

Husband Does No Opposing. During all this time she said never a word about the man's wife and ap-peared to be on pleasant terms with peared to be on pleasant terms with her. Soon there came a couple of late suppers, and a trip out of town for the man, with a corresponding but innocent absence on the part of Miss Hobson. The wife saw a lawyer, the lawyer saw the man, the man saw Miss Hobson. She told him that although she was not ready to lie down and die for him she thought he was a magnificent fellow, and he did no opposing when his wife asked for a separation. Since that time Miss Hobson has gradually loosened her hold on the husband, but even now he does not know that it was all what a sporting man would informal-ly call a "frame-up."

Miss Hobson was given \$200 by. bottom of the receipt certified that the \$200 was for value received, and the name was not "Miss Hobson." It was another that did just as well, The mysterious "other woman" is not employed entirely by designing women. A husband can hire her it, he pays enough, and her friends say that she can make any woman jealous. The woman gets jealous, then it is expected that divorce

ceedings or at least separation pro-ceedings will be instituted. The "other woman" would not dream of going into a divorce court. will drop out of a case before 18 gets to the court room stage, no matter how much money is in it for her.

A few members of the smart set

A few members of the smart set suspect that Miss Hobson is not all that she seems, although not one of them can lay a finger on a wrong action or an unconventional word. She is well read and has the theatre at her finger tips. She has travelled much, but never says anything that gives even the most acute amateur, detective of her acquaintance clew upon which to work.—N. Y. Telegram.

veiled, apart and alone. There were no signs of either Mr. Watson or Mr. Sabin. The captain was on the bridge talking to the pilot. Scarcely a hundred yards away lay the Kaiser Wilhelm, white and stately, with her brass work shining like gold in the sunlight, and her decks as white as snow. The Calipha was almost at a standstill, awaiting the doctor's brig, which was coming up to her on the port side. Everyone was leaning over the railing watching her. Mr. Watson and Mr. Sabin, who had just come up the gangway together, turned away towards the deserted side of the boat, engaged apparently in serious converengaged apparently in serious conversation. Suddenly everyone on deck started. A revolver shot, followed by two heavy splashes in the water, rang out clear and crisp above the clanking of chains and slighter noises. There was a moment's startled silence everyone looked at one another— then a rush for the starboard side of the steamer. Above the little torrent of minor exclamations, the captain's voice sang out like thunder.
"Lower the number one boat. Quar-

termaster, man a crew.'

about the same moment. There was at first very little to be seen. A faint cloud of blue smoke was curling upwards, and there was a strong odor, of gunpowder in the air. On the deck of gunpowder in the air. On the deck were lying a small, recently-discharged revolver and a man's white linen cap, which, from it's somewhat peculiar shape, everyone recognized at once as belonging to Mr. Sabin. At first sight there was absolutely nothing else to be seen. Then, suddenly, someone pointed to a man's head about fifty yards away in the water. Everyone crowded to the side to look at it. It was hard at that distance to distinguish the features, but a little murmur arose, doubtful at first, but gaining confidence. It was the head of Mr. Watson. The murmur rather grew than increased when it, was seen that he was swimming, not towards the steamer, but away from it, and that he was alone. Where was Mr. Sabin?

A slight cry from behind diverted attention for a more than a street of the steamer.

A slight cry from behind diverted attention for a moment from the bobbing head. Mrs. Watson, who had beard the murant bobbing head. Mrs. Watson, who had heard the murmurs, was lying in a dead faint across a chair. One of the women moved to her side. The others resumed their watch upon events.

(To be Continued.)