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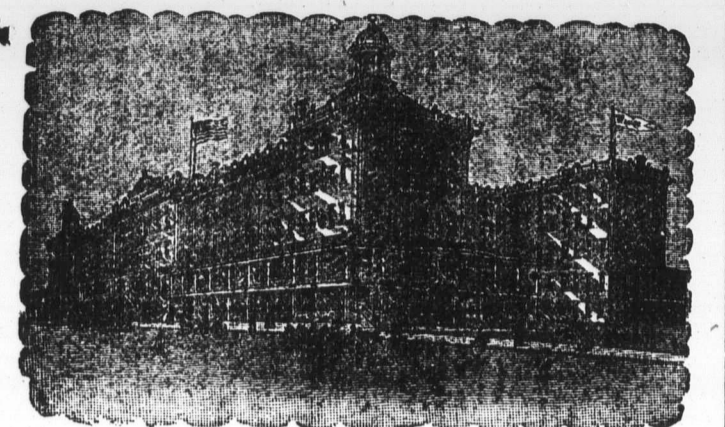
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A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

Mr. Watson was evidently disinclined 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. Sabin's face prevailed. They both crossed 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 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. He 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. Watson had evidently taken for granted that the man whom he had sought to murder was really in the room. The two men suddenly exchanged glances, and Mr. Sabin smiled at the other's look of dismay.

"It was not like you," he said gently; "it was really very clumsy indeed to take for granted my presence here. I have great faith in you and your methods, but I am sure you think that it was really very unwise for me to have slept here alone with unfastened doors under the circumstances?"

Mr. Watson mitted his error with a gleam in his dark eyes, which Mr. Sabin accepted as an additional warning.

"Your little device," he continued, raising a wastepaper flask from the table by the side of the bed, "is otherwise excellent, and I feel that I owe you many thanks for arranging my death that should be painful. You might have made other plans which would have been not only more clumsy, but which might have caused me the considerable amount of personal inconvenience and discomfort. Your arrangements, I see, were altogether excellent. You arranged for my extermination asleep or awake. If awake, the little visit which your charming wife had just paid here was 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 the 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 vanishing into the air. There was a little hiss like the hiss of a snake as it touched the water, and a spot of white froth marked the place where it sank.

"Much too strong," Mr. Sabin murmured. "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

one of them" he exclaimed. The man bowed his head. "I am one of those devils," he admitted.

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 there. There was no 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 a great deal of a certain extent, your present indifference to my offers. But when I first approached you in this way you certainly led me to believe that you were not so far gone."

"That was before that cursed Kaiser Wilhelm came up," Watson interrupted. "I had a plan—I might have made a rush for it, I may say."

"But surely you would have been 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 Berlin. He was on my side. It would have given me a chance, but now—"

"It is hopeless!"

Mr. Sabin resumed his chair and lit a fresh cigarette. He had thought the matter out and he felt that it was "It is rather an awkward fix," he said, "but 'hopeless' is a word which I do not understand. As regards our present position, 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.

"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. What-ever 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."

You are one of those who are called "Doomsday men." They 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—

"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 be at once applied for."

"I should be shot without a moment's hesitation," Watson admitted 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 despair was upon him. This was his master in all ways. He would be his master in all ways.

"That brings us," Mr. Sabin continued, "to my proposition. I must admit that the details I have not fully thought out, but it is a matter of only half an hour or so. I propose that you should kill me in Boston Harbor and escape to your native land. They will not refuse to give you up, and on your return 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 explained. "Exactly how I am going to manage it I will 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 in a predicament. 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 exclaimed.

"But the captain—surely he will never consent to help?"

"On the contrary," Mr. Sabin answered, "he will do it for the asking. There is not a single difficulty which we cannot easily surmount."

"There is my companion," Watson remarked; "she will have to be reckoned with."

"Leave her," Mr. Sabin said, "to me. I will undertake that she shall be on our side before many hours are passed. You had better go down to your room now. It is getting light, and I want to rest."

Watson paused upon the threshold. He pointed to some embarrassment on the table by the side of the bed.

"It is my use," he said, "of a low tone, saying that I am sorry for this."

"You only did that—in a sense was your duty," Mr. Sabin answered. "I bear no malice—especially since escaped."

Watson closed the door, and Mr. Sabin glanced at the bed. For a moment or two he hesitated, although the desire for sleep had gone by. Then he stepped out onto the deck and leaned thoughtfully over the white railing. Far away eastward there were signs already of the coming day. A soft, gray twilight rested upon the sea; darker and blacker the waters just then by contrast with the lightening skies. A fresh breeze was blowing. There was no living thing in sight save that faint green light where the rolling sea touched the clouds. Mr. Sabin's eyes grew fixed. A curious depression came over him in that half hour before the dawn, when all emotion is smothered by an intense brooding stillness. He was passing, he felt, into perpetual exile. He who had been so intimately in touch with the joys and sorrows of the world had come to that point when, after all, he was bound to write his life down a failure. For its great debt was never to be repaid. He had made his grand effort and had failed. There had been other ways in which the might have found happiness. Was he growing morbid? He wondered, bitterly but unresistingly, that his face should suddenly float before his eyes. In fancy he could see her coming towards him, some last service, were hovering around. Mrs. Watson, in a plain tailor gown and white felt hat, was sitting heavily

mean written so plainly on the face which should surely have been a queen's.

Mr. Sabin thought of those things which he had dreamed and the 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 buried 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 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 a large sum of money. Mr. Sabin was concerned in it. Mr. Sabin, who was in rather a curious mood, came out of the captain's room a little after a o'clock, feeling altogether indisposed for conversation. He had ordered his luncheon from the deck steward, and moved his chair apart from the others in a sunny, shaded place on the deck.

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.

"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."

There were close together now and alone, cut off from the other chairs by one of the groups, she looked up at him from amongst the cushions with which her chair was hung.

"You understood," she murmured.

"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 which of course she leaned her head upon her delicate white fingers, and looked at him curiously.

"Perfectly plain," she said, "are admirable; but what of me?"

Mr. Sabin regarded her with some faint indication of surprise. He was sure that 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 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 suppressed passion. "I have broken my vows. I shall never set foot in Germany again. I broke them for you."

Mr. Sabin looked at her thoughtfully.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he said, "believe me, my dear young lady, I have never had a 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."

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

"If I can be of any use to you," he suggested, "in any way, please start you may make me, you have only to command me."

She kept her face averted from him. She was a little aghast, and she seemed much interested in it.

"What are you going to do in America?"

Mr. Sabin looked 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 customs lay so far apart from his?

"I cannot tell," he murmured. "I have come here for safety. I have no other friends. This is the land of my exile."

A soft, white hand touched his for a moment. He looked into her face, and there an emotion which surprised him.

"It is my exile, too," she said. "I shall never dare to return. I have no wish to return."

"There is my companion," Mr. Sabin remarked; "she will have to be reckoned with."

"I have no family."

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

"I am very much your debtor," he said, "and I shall be glad to pay it."

"I shall be glad to have you," he said, "and I shall be glad to have you."

"I shall be glad to have you," he said, "and I shall be glad to have you."

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MONSOON

The object of this advertisement is to induce you to try 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.

Learns of Miss Hobson.

Then some woman spoke to the 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 downtown hotel, where the plan that resulted in a divorce with alimony was decided upon.

Miss Hobson, according to the wife who would not have her name known for worlds, wore a stunning princess gown, a love of a hat, and a limited supply of exceedingly expensive jewelry. She talked of her school days 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 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 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 hands of the 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 bewitching evening 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 during a separation, and in a week they were deeply in love.

Husband Does Not Oppose.

During all this time she said never a word about the man's wife and appeared to be on pleasant terms with her. Good 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 not oppose when his wife asked where a separation should be made. 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 informally call a "frames-up."

Miss Hobson was given \$200 by the wife. The name she signed at the 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, and any time he pays enough, and her friends say that she can make any woman jealous. The woman gets jealous, and then it is confession. It is a confession of proceedings or at least separation proceedings will be instituted.

The "other woman" would now dream of going into a divorce court. She would not be a party to a divorce which would drop out of a case before it gets to the court room stage, no matter how much money is in it for her.

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 a clew upon which to work.—N. Y. Telegram.

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 were lying a small, recently-discharged revolver and a man's white linen cap, which, from its somewhat peculiar shape, everyone recognized at once as belonging to Mr. Sabin. At first sight there was absolutely nothing 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 toward the shore, but away from it, and that he was alone. Where was Mr. Sabin?

A slight cry from behind diverted attention for a moment from the 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 the water.

(To be Continued.)

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