

BATTLESHIPS.

Dominion and wealth.

DESTROYERS.

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A few years ago Blue Ribbon Beylon Sea 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 book in his hand, looking from right to left, and the men pulled with slow, even strokes. There was there any sign of Mr. Sabin.

The man who was swimming was now almost out of sight, and the first lieutenant, who was in command of the little search party, reluctantly 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. "Low hard, you chaps. We must catch him when he rises."

But to his 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 halted here.

An officer came to the railing and answered their inquiries in execrable English. No, they had not seen anyone in the water. They had no "picks" anyone up. Yes, Herr Leu-tenant, he could come 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 saluted 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 drowned. 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 scanty enough. Mr. Sabin and his companion were seen to emerge from the gangway together, engaged in animated conversation. They had at first turned to the left; but, seeing the main body of the passengers assembled on the right, they backed again and emerged on the starboard side, which was quite deserted. After then, no one except the captain had even a momentary glimpse of them, and his was a people who could scarcely be called more than an "improbability." He had been attracted by a slight cry, he believed from Mr. Sabin, and had seen both men struggling together in the water, appearing in a hoarse voice, he had seen one of the details of the fight; he could not, even say whether Mr. Sabin or Mr. Watson had been the aggressor, although he had some faint recollection of the latter. Mr. Watson was absolutely overcome, and unable to answer any questions; but as regards the final quarrel and struggle between the two men, it was impossible for him to have seen anything of it, as she was sitting in a steamer chair on the opposite side of the boat. There was at present absolutely no further light thrown upon the affair. The sergeant of police signalled for his boat, and went off to make his report.

Arrived there, her passengers, crew and officers became the natural and recognized prey of the American pressman. The captain sternly refused to answer a single question, and in peremptory fashion ordered that every stranger off his ship. But, nevertheless, his edict was avoided in the confusion of landing, and the Customs House effectually barred flight on the part of the victims. Somehow or other—no one exactly knew how or from what source they came, strange rumors began to float about. Who was Mr. J. B. Watson, of New York, yacht owner and millionaire? No one had ever heard of him, and he did not answer in the least to the description of any known Watson. The closely-veiled features of his widow were eagerly scanned—one by one the newspaper men confessed themselves baffled. No one had ever seen her before. One man, the most daring of them, ventured upon a timid question as she stepped down the gangway. She passed him by with a swift look of contempt. None of the others ventured anything of the sort; but, nevertheless, they watched her, and she was the center of things. The first was that there was no one to meet her; the second that, instead of driving to a railway depot, or writing to any friends, she went straight to an hotel and engaged a room for the night.

The pressmen took counsel together, and agreed that it was very odd. They thought it odd still when the one of their number, calling at the hotel later in the day, was informed that Mrs. Watson, after engaging a room for the week, had suddenly changed her mind, and had left Boston without giving anyone any idea as to her destination. They took counsel together, and they found fresh food for sensation in her flight. She was the only person who could throw any light upon the relation be-

declared. "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 art 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 doings which have gone to make the world's history. And you see me to-day, an outcast, in a strange country whose name he has heard, and customs are repellent 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, and I 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 heard, although, God knows, I treated it as such, and I have only come to me for advice, you say. You have it, have you not?"

She looked at him and dropped her veil. The servant who was answering Mr. Sabin's ring was already at the door.

"I wish you good-bye, then. Mr. Sabin will call on you, and I shall sail for Germany to-morrow."

Mr. Sabin returned to his solitude and his gloomy thoughts. They were not the gloomy thoughts which he had in a cablegram. He tore it open and read:

"Be sure you deliver my letter at Lenox—Felix."

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

The great effort of his life had been made, and had resulted in failure. The excitement of a successful escape, and the strategy which had secured his would-be assassin's 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 motivated 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 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 dismal blank. He was in a strange and to him unfriendly country, amongst people from whom his sympathies were hopelessly removed. And yet it was with them that he must make his home. There was not a capital in Europe in which he could safely show himself. Banishment such as this was scarcely to be endured; death surely would be better. His eyes fell upon the little revolver which lay on the table by his side, and he remained there, fascinated. He stretched out his hand, and turned it over, beginning to wonder already in a dim sort of way whether if he should throw it, he would be able to shoot straight enough to hit himself.

"No, I shall be back in a few minutes, and I shall be leaving by the night train."

(To be continued.)

Hoax—De Jones claims to be very well, but he's rather ordinary, isn't he?

Joax—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 beastly as you are now I'd shoot myself.

Snarkley—If you wash drunk's hair, it's his hair that will be able to shoot straight 'nough to hit yourself.

Rash men and haste make all things insecure.—Denham.

When all the world dissolves, And every creature shall be purified, All places shall be hell that are not heaven.—Faustus.

All cruelty springs from hardness of heart and weakness.—Seneca.

Wife—It was a nice of you to bring me this card. Husband—Yes, it reminds me of you. Wife—How gallant! So sweet, eh? Husband—No; so expensive.

Delicacy is to the mind what fragrance is to the fruit.—Poincelot.

"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. "The first," he answered, "is my secret. As to why I came, that is easily explained. I have had a cable from—shall I continue to call him Mr. Watson?"

Mr. Sabin nodded gravely. "I hope," he said, "that the news was favorable."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Yes," she said, "I suppose it was. Your little plot seems to have succeeded admirably. It is believed in Germany that you are lying amongst the sandhills at the bottom of Boston Harbor. Mr. Watson has received a free pardon, and his property and name have been restored to him. This cable is from him. He has asked me to go back to Germany and to be his wife."

Mr. Sabin's eyes twinkled. The situation appealed to his sense of humor; notwithstanding his depressed state, he could have laughed outright. "You will go, of course," he said. "You will not spoli so perfect a romance by even hesitating."

Her eyes seemed to be challenging his. She looked away with a sigh. "Is everything a jest to you?" she murmured. "My dear lady, no," he answered. "Yet can you blame me if I find some humor in Mr. Watson's offer to you? I sincerely trust that you are going to accept it."

A ROYAL MYSTERY:

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

Of many European royal mysteries, the most interesting and recently revived is that relating to the Grand Duchy 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 expeditions 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.

When, 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 the opposition become that the Emperor 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, the Grand Duke had five children, three girls and two boys. Of the former one survives—the grandmother of the King of Roumania. The first boy died when six months old, and the second, who generally supposed to have been the

most forgotten, when Europe was again aroused by the report that some 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, until he was again seen, as the father of Lord Rosebery, became 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 latter 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.

dropped half-faint into a chair and begged that the conversation cease, pleading a headache. Subsequently he asserted that he remembered the castle existed only in Hauser's imagination.

At this stage his earl received information from some mysterious source that Hauser was the abductee of St. Stanislas. So impressed was the Earl with this new phase that he at once placed himself in communication with Stephanie. Much correspondence ensued, and finally it was agreed that Stephanie was to visit Nuremberg on December 14, 1833, for the purpose of meeting Hauser. In order to avoid publicity it was agreed to meet in a nearby park at Bamberg.

The meeting had been arranged for 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and when an hour before Hauser started for the tryst which meant so much for him—and perhaps for Baden—it was already dark. The ground was covered with snow, and away from the town, not a sound could be heard.

At the same time Stephanie, accompanied by Miss Sophie Greville, the daughter of the present Lord Augustus Loftus, started for the park. Scarcely had she begun her journey when she saw a commotion down the road and turned that Hauser

three times. Soldiers carried Hauser to the hospital. Every effort was made to save his life, but the wounds had penetrated vital organs, and three days later he died—a mystery still.

His First Appearance. Time passed, and with it came many changes. The town of Nuremberg had profited by some years of quiet and was celebrating one of its famous annual fairs, or Jahrmärkte, on Whitsuntide Monday, May 26th, 1828.

Suddenly the happy crowd rushed to the lower end of the square, as by common impulse. The object of their curiosity was a youth, clad as a peasant and incapable of making himself understood, 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 Wessening," said the youth, in parrot-like fashion, his voice having the peculiarly hoarse monotone of the deaf and dumb. Then he gave a soiled letter he had been holding in his hand to the official. It was dated "Over the Bavarian frontier—Munich," and was signed by a man, who had disguised his handwriting, declared that he was a farm laborer with ten children. On Oct. 7th, 1812 (nine days after Stephanie's son died) some one at the writer's unknown 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 abandon him.

Next day the burgomaster, Herr Binden, ordered an official investigation. In the meantime the youth, who had conquered his fear and seemed more content. He was in

A Deplorable Physical Condition from neglect and from the fact that he had never learned to perform the simplest duties for himself. He was as helpless as a newborn babe. He ate with his hands, neglected to wash and was terribly slovenly in all ways. His legs and feet were badly swollen, and in general he seemed a wreck.

On July 7th Burgomaster Binden made public the results of the investigation and at once all Europe became interested in Kaspar Hauser. Painfully and evidently with horror he had told the story of his life in disjointed fragments. Away back as far as he could remember, he had been placed in a small room, having one window and containing only a couch. There was no room for him to move, and so, for years, he had remained in a half-reclining position. Water and bread had been his only food during all those years.

One day the man who had passed water and bread to him through an aperture in the door, washed him, put new clothing on him and placed him in a closed wagon. Then he had been driven for many hours. Finally the wagon stopped near the market place and the youth was pushed out and the letter placed in his hand. Then the vehicle was driven off.

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

Before long Kaspar Hauser was forgotten, and the stories of his origin proved to be

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-

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CUNNING OF INDIAN THIEVES.

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, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unskillful chance, one is seized, his oily body slips away like an eel; and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip, he has swung 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 zenana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This, however, is no easy matter; for the zenana is in the centre of the house, surrounded by a series of apartments occupied by various useful utensils. 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 down, by means of a long branch. If the vicious head does not come to grief, the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secretes himself, or finding everything satisfactory, he returns to his purpose proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking. This indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears, arms, and nose, the earrings, necklaces, bangles, and nose-rings of the sleepers without awakening them and to get away safely with this plunder. Who but a dakot would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and intricate 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 position of the tents they mark out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent they sharply raise a piece of wood, or a tin can, and they glide undisturbed into the interior. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watchdogs do not discover them and this has been known to occur on a step over a dog without disturbing the animal."

But the most marvelous of all the devices practised by the thieves of lower Bombay is that used by the Moochees, a tribe of thieves who follow the army, and scatter them about among the herds of cattle as they have passed. The Moochees come down in gangs, from the back country, and raid the settlements; their specialty is poisoning cattle. They smear their faces with their own particular brand of cattle exterminator, and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning, as many of the cattle as have been taken to the pens have been abandoned by their owners. The Moochees flay the dead animals and sell their hides. Pursued, these honest creatures "jangle" at the Moochees, and 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 escaping, 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 unimpaired; again and again, on the very point of being captured the Moochees escaped by miraculously vanishing, and officers as well as soldiers became superstitious. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable positions, in which their race seems to excel, these Indians, grasping in their hands, surely blackened branches as they pick up in their flight, can instantly assume and retain for a long time, an almost perfect mimicry of the groups of blackened stumps and half-burned straggling branches. In Abyssinia, the Baraca tribe have the same trick of becoming invisible, added to which they place their rounded shields, that disposed in the grass look exactly like hoodlums, 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 trifling more than 1,000,000 Mexican dollars a month. The Mexican Congress does not cost \$1,000,000 a year.