

TRICKS IN SMUGGLING

The Way Uncle Sam Is Swindled Through the Mails.

WATCHES IN WEDDING CAKE.

A Scheme That Was Disclosed by a Gleeful Girl Who Could Not Hold Her Tongue—Gloves That Came One at a Time and Corsets in Sections.

Too few people think it a crime to swindle the customs. For that reason many bright and brainy persons think hard how to get goods from abroad without paying toll to Uncle Sam.

The avenues through the steamship passenger route are pretty carefully guarded, and as comparatively few people go abroad the great mass of dwellers in this protected land are debarred from sharing in the humorous little game of hide the diamond or smuggle the silk.

With the immense volume of foreign mail delivered to this country it is manifestly impossible to open and examine every package that seems to contain newspapers or merely a bulky letter to see whether or not some dutiable article is concealed therein.

The custom house experts at the postoffice have their hands full checking the clever moves of those who are constantly devising new ways to disguise dutiable things as innocent looking parcels.

"We used to pass cakes through without question," said one of the examiners. "It seemed too bad to lay hands on a Christmas pudding sent by relatives in England to some exile in this country.

Not long ago a young and pretty housemaid arrived at the big house of the neighborhood, and it was observed that our friend's beat often took him in that direction.

His doubts, however, disappeared when she suddenly declared that she would take him into her confidence. She had overheard the particulars of a plot to break into the house and steal the plate.

"Now, Jim," she said, "here's a chance for promotion. The burglars knew where the plate was kept, so we've shifted it. What I want you to do is to get into the plate cupboard and wait till they come and open the door. Then you'll have 'em."

After some minutes' waiting he resolved to take a cautious peep. But the door was fast, securely screwed on the outside by the burglars.

When Jim eventually roused the house and was released from his prison on the burglars and plate, together with the pretty housemaid (a confederate), had disappeared.

"Awkward, but No Chump." Once there was a pretty woman who came upon a huge ostrich in the desert.

"Foolish bird," said the pretty woman. "You cover your head with sand and think you are out of sight."

"My dear madam," he chuckled, "there is nothing foolish about that. Don't you cover your head with a hat decorated with my feathers and think you are 'out of sight'?"

Moral—The ostrich is an awkward bird and eats horseshoes, but he can hit back in other ways than with his big feet.—Chicago News.

Got Even With the Clerk. Mr. Jawback—The gown is not so coming to you, and it is expensive.

Why did you buy it? Mr. Jawback—Because the clerk looked as if he thought I thought I couldn't afford it.—Cleveland Leader.

He that rises again quickly and continues the race is as if he had never fallen.—Moliere.

A CONTINGENT ASSET.

The Court Didn't Appoint a Receiver to Administer It.

A woman's way of getting around trouble, especially her ability to answer a question without giving any information, is well known, particularly to the members of the bar that have had occasion to cross words with her on the stand.

"I had been admitted to the bar but a short time and was a fair specimen of the average theory stuffed, practice wanting, law school graduate. How joyously were the commands of the managing clerk obeyed! Here was the looked for opportunity to demonstrate my ability in the noble art of searchingly examining a recalcitrant witness, a woman!"

"Of the two, I fancy, however, that it was the lady who was more self possessed when the proceedings opened. She was a dressmaker and had been sued for debt by a dry goods firm. The examination dragged its slow length along, revealing no assets, until finally came the omnium gatherum query asked as a finisher.

"Have you any property of any kind or nature, real or personal, or any right or interest in property that you have failed to mention?"

"Perhaps it was my tone she disliked. At any rate, her eyes snapped. 'Well, I've got what perhaps you wouldn't call an interest, but it's almost as good. It's an expectation. Must I answer?'"

"If you please," I was encouraged. "Well, you see, it's this way. I've got two sisters, and both of 'em have married finely. Now, neither one of them begins to be as good looking as I am."

"Yes," she had me puzzled. "Well, I really don't see why I shouldn't have the same show."

"It is needless to say that there was no receiver appointed to administer this 'asset.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

A CONFIDING CONSTABLE.

The Way He Helped the Housemaid Repel the Burglars.

A good story is told at the expense of a constable in rural England, says a writer in the London Telegraph.

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Oddity of Dreams.

"Nobody ever feels pain in a dream," said a psychologist. "Rage, terror, joy, grief—these emotions stab us as poignantly in dream as in reality. But physical pain, no. I have interrogated 2,000 persons, and none of them ever suffered dream pains. Yet they have dreamed of dreadful motor accidents, tortures, death. One young girl, indeed, dreamed time and again of being eaten alive by cannibals, yet even in that horrible nightmare she felt no pain."

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RAW DRUGS.

Castor Oil Comes as Pretty Little Brown and Black Beans.

Upon going into a pharmacy and looking over the mysterious jars and bottles and boxes that line the shelves you do ever wonder where on earth all of the drugs came from and how they appeared before they were ground up and made into pills or dried or pulverized or crystallized into queer shaped lumps? Each jar and box seems to hide some secret which you immediately become curious to solve.

How many different lands do they represent? And, after they leave the jars that hold them now, what are they made into?

Who, for example, would connect a great pile of dry, thin twigs, neatly tied into small bundles, with sarsaparilla? These twigs are the creeping roots and rootlets of a prickly shrub that grows in Jamaica, and they are worth from 10 to 50 cents a pound.

Some what similar in appearance is Ipecacuanha, which also comes to us in dry twigs, which are part of the trailing root of a plant found in the damp forests of Brazil.

These roots receive no preparation save drying before they are shipped off to the United States. They are packed in large sacks, and the workmen who open the bales must beware of breathing the pungent, irritating dust given off, which is productive of unpleasant results if incautiously inhaled.

Castor oil, too, is hard to recognize in the pretty little brown beans, spotted with black and with polished skins, that arrive in bags from India. They look far too attractive to suggest the much hated dose of our early days.

Aloes, the base of many nauseous medicines, may be seen in its crude form as a solid mass resembling brown sealing wax, packed in heavy wooden boxes, from which it is chipped out in flakes with a chisel and hammer.

It is of different qualities and prices, according to whether it comes from Arabia, Socotra or the West Indies, and may bring any sum from \$4 to \$45 per hundredweight. Aloes is the juice of the big fleshy leaves of the plant of that name. This juice is pressed or evaporated from the leaves and poured into chests or kegs in a semifluid state, hardening presently into a solid block. Not infrequently it is inclosed in the dry skins of monkeys and in this strange form brought to market.

One of the most interesting of drugs is opium, both on account of its awful potency and by reason of its great value. A case of opium, about 225 pounds, is worth \$400 roughly. The case is of rough deal lined with tin and contains a number of soft, dark lumps, like large handfuls of dough packed very closely together in a quantity of dry, chaffy seeds.

The opium which reaches America is of two qualities, one for medicine, the other for smoking, and comes from Persia and Asia Minor, China and India.—St. Louis Republic.

MONEY OF THE RICH.

Of Wore Use Foolishly Spent Than Hoarded or Lying Idle.

A great reservoir of water undistributed leaves men and women to perish of thirst and growing crops to parch and die. So also vaults bulging with stagnant money leave men and women to perish in abject poverty and ripened crops to rot within the fields and orchards that grew them. Therefore what happens to the dollars of the millionaire is a question of the first importance.

Those of us who believe in praying for material blessings will do well to pray long and earnestly that rich women will never cease to buy \$100 hats and \$1,000 gowns, with diamonds and other jewels to match; that they will continue to give balls and teas and entertainments of the most expensive kind; that they will be recklessly extravagant in gewgaws and fenderoles of every description, because it will be good for us who depend upon an income drawn from the multitude of operations involved in producing, merchandising and transporting all these gewgaws and other gimcracks that go to keep extravagance at a high pitch.

Let us hope that rich men's sons will continue to spend their fathers' money as foolishly as they are reputed to do—not because it will be good for them, but because it will be good to have the money poured into the wage earner's money channels.

Let us doubly hope that the rich men may be prospered in their money getting, because they will not let it lie idle. Whatever their wives and children do not spend they put into stocks and bonds and thereby turn it into the wage earner's money channels. Let us be thankful, too, that neither the dollars of the rich nor the dollars of the poor are of any value save as they go into the wage channels of active circulation.—F. W. Hewes in Harper's Weekly.

His Shrewd Idea. "Who is that sour looking girl with the heavy underjaw?"

"That is the only daughter of old De Millyuns."

"And who is the dainty bit of sweetness with the blue eyes and golden hair?"

"That's the chaperon."

"What's the explanation?"

"Why, it's old De Millyun's clever idea. He thinks his Jane will be perfectly safe as long as Miss Blossom is around."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy.

"What can a doctor do when he gets a patient who neither drinks nor smokes?"

"Tell him to stop eating certain things. Everybody eats."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

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Billy and Fan were two New York waifs. Billy was about nine and Fan was about seven, though there was no record of the birth of either and no parents about to testify in the cases. What had become of their fathers and mothers does not pertain to the story. Billy remembered that once when he was put into the public schools for a few months he was known as William Burke. Fan had a spelling book in which was written Fanny Shaw.

Billy and Fan met one hot summer night in City Hall park, where each had gone for the purpose of sleeping on the benches. Billy had a nickel in his pocket, and Fan was crying because she was hungry. Billy took her over to a vendor of waffles on Park row and appeased her hunger. This was the seed of love—a kindness. It was not planted in a gentleman's garden, but any soil to produce fruit requires manure.

So it came about that Billy and Fan became chums. There were societies organized to take care of stray children, and Billy and Fan were dreadfully afraid that some of these societies would take them and separate them. Billy confided his fears to his friend, MacCluney, who drove a cab. MacCluney facetiously told him that to prevent this they had better get married. Billy took the advice in earnest and asked how the knot could be tied.

"Of'n a Scotchman mesel," replied the cabman. "In Scotland if two people stand up before a third and says they marries, that ties 'em."

"S'pose Fan and I stand up before you and say that?" said Billy.

The cabman laughed, and Billy went off and called Fan, who was selling papers at the time. The two returned and asked for a "Scotch" marriage. MacCluney, thinking it a good joke, asked the necessary questions and, having received affirmative answers, with a guffaw pronounced them man and wife.

But the "Scotch" marriage didn't save them from the societies. One night when they were sleeping in a coal yard a band of slummers came down on them and carried them off. They protested that they were married, which brought a smile to the faces of their abductors, but received no further notice. After all, they were separated.

Billy was sent off to a community of farmer boys. Fan was provided with parents by adoption. Both grew up in the west. Billy as a tiller of the soil, Fan as the daughter of a storekeeper in a country town. Billy, though he would not have forgotten his wife, would have forgotten that her name was Shaw had he not held on to the spelling book with the name written on the fly leaf. There were just as many tears shed by both for months after they were torn apart as if they had been children of wealth.

At first both stighed for the parks, the coal and lumber yards, sheds and other places where they had slumbered, not because they had been comfortable, but because they had been together in these retreats. As they grew older they conceived a horror of this part of their past, but they did not forget each other. Billy grew to manhood with one idea. He would "save up" to enable him to regain his wife. Fan grew to womanhood wondering what had become of her pal. And, remembering the "Scotch marriage," when she was old enough to understand what it meant it made Billy an object of great importance to her. She was continually dreaming of what he was like as a youth, wondering where he was and if she would ever meet him.

But Fan grew to be twenty-four years old, and there was no sign of Billy. She had several proposals of marriage, but answered all suitors alike—that she was married already. One of them asked a lawyer if there was anything in such a marriage. He received the reply that only the courts could tell, but so long as neither claimed the other there would be nothing illegal in either marrying some one else.

One day a man drove up to Fan's home in a buggy and asked for a young woman named Frances Shaw. Fan was sweeping at the time, with a towel over her hair. She tried to get upstairs, but was too late. The man approached her and said: "Fan!"

"Are you Billy?"

"Yes."

"How did you know me?"

"I wouldn't have known you if I hadn't known you were here. As it is I see a resemblance to my little"—

He took her by the hand. She turned her face away, but did not withdraw the hand.

"—wife," he added.

Billy had bought a farm, and as soon as settled upon it he had written to New York asking information as to where Fan had been sent. The records of the society that had provided her with a home showed where that home was, and since Fan had remained in it there was no trouble in finding her.

There was a new, but very short, courtship and a new marriage, just to be sure that they were legally married, and Billy and Fan settled themselves on his farm.

The story shows that, however high or low we are in the sphere of created beings, there is one motive power in us all, spiritually as well as physically—the human heart.

LOUISE B. CUMMINGS.

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