

WOMEN SMUGGLERS.

Not So Numerous as Formerly on the Canadian Border.

Yet There Is Plenty of Work for the Secret Service Agents—How They Try to Dodge the Customs Officers.

"Good, old-fashioned smuggling," said a customs officer, "does not exist to a very large extent to-day. There is still plenty of work for secret service agents, but their duties constantly acquaint them with new schools of crime. Ships play a much smaller part, directly, in smuggling than they used to. There is, I dare say, more cheating going on through the compact cubic space of a lady's trunk than there is in the holds of all the 'long, low, rakish craft' or the successors of such craft, at present doing business on our coasts. The total capacity of all the women's trunks landed from trans-Atlantic steamships is very great, much greater than it used to be.

"The Canadian border offers some special advantages for the gentry who match their wits against the collectors of revenue and the special agents of the treasury. The character of the goods smuggled across the Canada line is favorable to the smugglers, too. Horses and cattle are easily transported, for they carry themselves, and who is to notice if they cross the imaginary line between Uncle Sam's domain and the land of the Canucks while grazing along the border and then fail to return to their former stables? Or, who is to know if live stock is driven along little-frequented roads until the border is crossed and the goods are delivered to willing and unscrupulous cooperators on the American side?

"But your real, up-to-date smuggler is, I am sorry to say, a woman. She would be grossly offended if she were described as a criminal at all, except in the opinion of officials who have become testy and cynical by long observation. Of course, I don't mean to say that men do not smuggle goods by means of their personal baggage when returning from abroad, but really the most cheerful, matter-of-fact, yet ingenious, smuggler is a woman, and the medium of her evasion of the law is not the schooner or a sloop, but a trunk. If it is a big Saratoga trunk, so much the better. The owner of the trunk or trunks may be the most conscientious person in the United States, and she may be punctilious in all matters of ethical observance which go to make up everyday living in the city of New York and other respectable communities, but she doesn't mind bribing a customs inspector with five dollars for the purpose of having her new Paris gowns passed duty free. Respectable women have been arrested for that sort of thing before now, although that is not a common occurrence, and they have invariably been shocked and even indignant that the law should call such things by offensive names.

"I have no doubt that the government still loses many thousands of dollars a year on account of dishonest entries of goods in passengers' baggage. The matter has recently been revived by the preferring of charges against a number of inspectors at the port of New York by Collector Ridwell. A man who was collector at the port of New York not many administrations ago told me that the public, even the treasury department, does not realize the difficulties to be contended with in regard to passengers' baggage at that port. He said to me:

"Not long ago a most respectable and well-to-do lady of my acquaintance in New York came to my office and said that she had just returned from abroad. Then she stated the business that called her to my office. She had purchased while in Europe a number of expensive gowns and some gloves and lace. The total value of the goods was perhaps \$1,500. Then she remarked in the most matter-of-fact way that she 'supposed the dresses and things could be brought in without any charges,' and asked me if I would not do her the favor of looking personally after her baggage. I had had less experience than I have had since, and I was thunderstruck. As soon as I got over the state of riddles into which she had thrown me I managed to say that I was bound very strictly by the law and that I could not oblige her. Well, she was in a huff, though her good breeding caused her to show it simply by a rather cool good-morning and an air of having been disobligeed by some one who ought to oblige her. She has never recovered from that interview, as I judge by her manner when I occasionally meet her now, and neither have I, but our points of view in the matter are apparently as far apart as ever."

"Now, this woman would have offered a customs inspector five or ten dollars if she hadn't happened to know the collector as a personal acquaintance, and the act wouldn't have troubled her conscience a bit more. The crusade against the dishonest customs inspectors is now on in earnest, but the abuses are a hard matter to deal with. The inspectors get only four dollars a day, and there is a lot of temptation for them, and besides, some of these inspectors, together with many other citizens, believe it is all right to cheat the government."—N. Y. Sun.

He Knew.
Singleton—Do you agree with the doctors who consider kissing dangerous?
Benedict—Oh, yes.
"What dread effect do you think is likely to arise from it?"
"Marriage."—N. Y. World.

Very Likely.
It is easier for some men to accumulate a million dollars than it is for others to accumulate debts amounting to half that sum.—Chicago Daily News.

GENERALLY SUPERIOR.

That Is What Is Said of the Women Who Really Refuse to Marry.

Generally speaking women who belong to this class are the best of their sex. Some people think they prefer single blessedness because they have a "mission" which calls them to some useful work or other. No doubt many of them employ their time with great benefit to their fellow-creatures; still, we think they would have been willing to marry had they met one whom they could love. Either they are faithful to the memory of the past or the man whom they could have married has never crossed their path. And being women of the utmost honor and rectitude, they prefer "old maidism" to marry for the sake of marrying. Says a dear old lady of this type: "No! I never had a love story," she said to us. "One or two men have asked me, but I never yet saw 'him' whom I could have loved." Dr. Talmage says: "Two cradles, each with its tiny occupant, commence rocking; one may be thousands of miles from the other. Though the long years those cradles are rocking toward each other; when they meet there is a marriage made in Heaven. But maybe one occupant dies, and then? Well! We have the woman who refuses to marry."

Plagiarist and Suicide.
Toulouse has been started by an army officer committing suicide on account of plagiarism. Capt. Cassagnade sent in a poem to the Floral Games, which received a minor prize and was printed with the other prize pieces. A lycée professor accidentally opened the book and recognized the poem as an already published production of his own, with the exception of a dozen lines. He informed the prize committee of the plagiarism and the captain was asked for an explanation, whereupon he shot himself. The committee went so far as to state that if it had not been for the captain's own addition the poem would have received the first prize.

Queen Victoria's Eyebrow.
Queen Victoria's first trouble with her eyes came on long before she ascended the throne. As a girl she was quite nearsighted, and it was at one time feared she would have to wear glasses all her life.

IT SURPRISED HIM.
The Professor Expected Death, But Heard Smooth Language from the Indian.

The late Prof. Marsh loved to tell of an adventure which once befell him while a member of a party of fossil hunters in the Indian country, says Forest and Stream.

The whole party realized that they were in a dangerous country, and all hands were constantly on the watch for enemies, and were careful not to wander far from the command; or if two or three fossil gatherers did go off from the main body they took with them a number of soldiers to stand guard while they worked.

One day Prof. Marsh was hard at work on his knees in the bottom of the narrow ravine digging away the soil from a bone which stuck out of the bank. He was entirely absorbed in his task and noticed nothing of what was going on about him until the brilliant sunlight was cut off by a dark shadow, and he looked up to see standing above him a grim Indian warrior holding his rifle ready.

The professor's heart leaped into his throat. He forgot where he was. He strove to utter a propitiatory "How," but his dry lips refused to form the word, and he could only swallow, trying to get rid of the lump in his throat. Suddenly the savage bent toward him and spoke:

"Have I the honor of addressing Prof. Othnell Charles Marsh, the eminent paleontologist of Yale college?" he inquired.

The revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the professor, who was now even less able to speak than he had been before.

It developed that the Indian as a small boy had been sent east, Christianized, educated, taught the element of theology and sent back to the west to civilize his tribe.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.
It Is Not the Job, But the Man—There Are Some Possibilities in Everything.

"We are forever going to begin work in earnest to-morrow," said Mr. Staybolt, "and we are never satisfied with the job we've got, and we perform the labor involved in it in only a half-hearted manner, but we are going to work in earnest when we get a job to suit us, says the Chicago Tribune.

"The fact is that to-morrow, when we get to it, will be to us as to-day is to us now. We shan't feel any more like work; and that other job, when we come in actual contact with it and see it close at hand, won't suit us any better than the one we've got now does.

"The truth is that we are dawdlers and shy of work and trying to get along just as easy as we can. We hate to pitch in and go at things.

"The time for us to work is now, not to-morrow, and the job for us to collar is the one we've got. Round that up in style, do the work completely and thoroughly, and you'll be astonished to find how you'll bring it out and what chances there are so it; and everybody that knows about your work, or is in any way concerned or affected by it, as it is done well or ill, will be delighted to see it well done—everybody likes to see a job, whatever it is, well done—and pleased with the doer; and there's money in it every time.

"It isn't the job that makes success; it's the man; and don't you forget it."

CRUSHED A DIVING BELL.

The Tremendous Water Pressure at Great Depths Shown by an Odd Accident.

A crushed mass of iron in a Pittsburgh scrapyard demonstrates the tremendous pressure of water at a great depth, says the New York World.

It was constructed for a diving bell for use in Lake Michigan. As originally constructed it was about six feet square and tapered slightly at both ends. The material was phosphor bronze, more than half an inch thick. Each plate was cast with a flange, and they were bolted together, the bolts being placed as closely as was consistent with strength. The side plates were further strengthened by iron ribs an inch thick and two inches wide.

In fact, the entire structure was strongly braced. The windows to be used as outlooks by the divers were three inches square, fortified with iron bars and set with glass plates an inch thick. The weight of the bell was 23,000 pounds.

When completed it was sent to Milwaukee and towed out into the lake about 12 miles, where there was over 200 feet of water, and was sent down for a test. The manufacturer was so confident of the strength of the bell that he wanted to go down in it.

He is glad now that he didn't. When the bell reached the depth of about 100 feet strong timbers attached to it came to the surface in a splintered condition.

Suspecting an accident, the bell was hauled up and found to be crushed into a shapeless mass. The inch-thick plate glass hull's-eyes were shattered. The pressure that crushed this seemingly invulnerable structure amounted to a total of 2,723,545 pounds, of 1,362 tons.

A CRAB FAMINE.
An Unexpected Scarcity Causes a Rise of Three Hundred Per Cent. in Price.

The prices of crabs have risen 300 per cent. in the east. During an ordinary season the price per dozen is in the neighborhood of 25 cents. This year crabs bring from 60 to 75 cents per dozen. From one dollar a barrel the price has soared to three dollars, four dollars, and even five dollars. As a usual thing New Yorkers consume about 25 barrels of crabs each day. For the past few months, since the severe cold weather of the winter, the leaders have been compelled to be contented with whatever they could get. Some days not more than four barrels would be received. The supply has varied from that amount to 15 barrels. The famine is due to the severe cold weather of last winter. It usually occurs that after exceeding cold weather the supply of shell fish becomes scant. Five or six months' time is required to get the sources of supply back to their normal producing condition. The very cold weather of last winter had the effect of driving the crabs to hibernate in the mud and to seek deeper and warmer water. The hibernating crabs have not yet made their way out of the mud, and it will remain for the next change of tide to uncover them. During the winter months the crab supply is received from Norfolk, a few from Annapolis and from the lower points on the Chesapeake bay. In summer the Potomac river supplies the crabs used in the city.

BLEACHING A NEGRO.
Strange Story from Vienna of the Effect of Electricity Upon a Black Skin.

Two years ago, according to the Vienna Fremdenblatt, a Viennese merchant brought back from a business trip in Africa a Soudanese negro 19 years old, named Ibul Lacho.

Ibul soon learned the ways of Vienna, beginning with the German language, astonishing the boulevardiers with elegant costumes and finally acquiring certain fashionable nervous disorders. These a famous neuropathic specialist subjected to electrical treatment.

Strange to say, Ibul began to grow white, gradually passing through the coffee-and-milk stages, until he became in complexion Caucasian, though the shape of his face remained unchanged.

Ibul's doctor thinks that the black pigment in the boy's skin was gradually disintegrated and washed out, as it were, by the electrical current. The chief coloring matter, melanin, or pigmentum nigrum, found in the eye, hair, and skin of the negro, contains iron and strongly reacts upon electrical application.

TEN ORANGES FOR A CENT.
That Is the Price at Which They Can Be Bought in Porto Rico.

The man who had recently returned from Porto Rico was walking through a down-town street with a friend, when the latter stopped at an Italian's fruit stand and inquired the price of oranges.

The veteran from the tropics sniffed disdainfully at the rather unattractive-looking fruit, and whistled in amazement when the dealer named a pretty high price, says the New York Tribune.

"I wonder what they'd think of that in Porto Rico?" he remarked. "Why, a few weeks ago, just outside of San Juan, I met a man carrying a great basket of the finest oranges I ever saw. They were about three times as big as these, and were full of sweet juice, as I found by trying one. I asked him how much he wanted for the lot—there were 60—and he said: 'Ten centavos'—about six cents of our money. Think of it! Ten for a cent. I closed the bargain, and when I got into the city I began to boast of it. But it didn't seem to impress people much. In fact, one seemed to think I'd been swindled.

"You could have bought them cheaper than that," he said, seriously, 'if you had got them in quantity.' "I don't believe I'll eat oranges any more, now that I've come north—to much of a contrast, both in quality and price, to what I've been buying."

Hardtack and Coffee in the Trenches.
"When the hardtack came up that afternoon I felt much sympathy for the hungry unfortunates in the trenches and hated to condemn them to six hours more without food," writes Col. Roosevelt in Scribner's "but I did not know how to get food in to them. Little McGinty, the bronco-buster, volunteered to make the attempt, and I gave him permission. He simply took a case of hardtack in his arms and darted toward the trenches. The distance was not short, and, though there was an outburst of fire, he was actually missed. One bullet, however, passed through the case of hardtack just before he disappeared with it into the trench. A trooper named Shanafelt repented the feat later, with a pail of coffee. Another trooper, George King, spent a leisure hour in the rear, making soup out of some rice and other stuff he found in a Spanish house; he brought some of it to Gen. Wood, Jack Greenway and myself, and nothing could have tasted more delicious."

German Soldiers' Toothbrush Drill.
The German military Medical Magazine pleads in the interests of the community for a more careful supervision of the teeth of soldiers. A military doctor has collected material from his own regiment, and finds that 1,000 men have among them 4,650 decayed teeth. Only 164 men were found with all their teeth intact. The use of the toothbrush is one of the duties of every soldier, but, as this officer maintains, the toothbrush is employed for any purpose except to keep the teeth clean. He therefore suggests that superior officers should pay more attention to this point, and insist on the noncoms. seeing that the toothbrushes are used, for their destined purpose. He further proposes that a certain number of young dentists who are serving their year should be supplied with instruments and look after their comrades' teeth.

WHAT HE WAS THINKING.

When the Dull Witness Made Up His Mind to Speak the Lawyer Suffered.

A member of the Louisville bar named Simmondson, who was in the habit of intimidating the opposing witnesses, was once engaged in the trial of a case involving the title to some farm lands, and a number of countrymen were called to testify on the other side. When Simmondson came to cross-examine, says the Denver Post, he harassed them in every imaginable manner, and whenever they would show signs of confusion would roar out: "What are you hesitating for? Are you afraid you may tell a lie?" If the victim replied "No," Simmondson would retort: "I was sure you didn't mind a little thing like that; and if the answer was 'Yes,' he would say, with a sneer: "Ah, I thought so." The last witness he took in hand was a tall, lank farmer, with a thoughtful eye. He had watched the baiting of his neighbors in dead silence, and took the stand with perfect composure. Simmondson evidently set him down as a lout, and when the witness hesitated over some question a moment later, he fired his favorite shot: "What are you studying about?" he bellowed, "afraid of telling a lie, too, I suppose?" Without any apparent haste the countryman picked up a massive inkstand and hurled it straight at Simmondson's head, catching him on the bridge of the nose and knocking him senseless. "That's what I was studyin' about," he drawled, in the moment of dead silence that followed the act. Needless to say, a tremendous hubbub ensued, but everybody was secretly pleased, and while the judge fined the farmer heavily for contempt, he subsequently remitted the sentence.

ANTISEPTIC BARBERY.
Formic Aldehyde Employed as a Disinfectant with Complete Success by a French Savant.

To render innocuous the instruments used by hairdressers is an aim most desirable to be attained in order to prevent the spread of certain complaints. But although washing the hands before and after each operation is easy and should be insisted on, and the fumigation of the linen used is comparatively easy, it is another question when it comes to disinfecting scissors, clippers, razors, combs or brushes, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

The various methods in use in surgical practice for sterilization cannot generally be employed by hairdressers. Dry heat, the autoclave and antiseptics deteriorating their instruments. Petroleum, which is commonly used, does not destroy germs or parasites except when crude, and the commercial oil is refined and deodorized.

M. Sabrazes, of Bordeaux, having devoted his attention to the disinfection of barbers' implements, tried vapor of formic aldehyde as obtained from the paraformic pastilles of commerce when heated over a spirit lamp. Success was complete, whether in regard to brushes or other implements taken from a barber's shop without preliminary cleansing. In other words, every instrument proved thoroughly sterile, whereas otherwise they always yield abundant cultures when a few fragments of desquamation or hairs are taken from the soiled instrument and cultivated.

Holbrook Livery, Feed, and Transfer Stables

Teams at all hours for the Petrified Forest, Moqui Villages and other Points of Interest to Tourists.
Traveling Salesmen taken to any and all parts between Holbrook, Fort Apache and Springerville
New and Commodious Conveyances, Good Teams, Careful Drivers, Stables on Center Street, one-half block south of Santa Fe Depot. A. M. BOYER, Manager.

A. & B. SCHUSTER,

HOLBROOK, A. T. ST. JOHNS, A. T.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Merchandise,

Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furnishing Goods, Stationery, Trunks and Valises, Navajo Blankets, Lumber, Wallpaper.

Delicacies, Provisions, Tobacco & Cigars, Harness & Saddlery, Hay & Grain, Paints & Oils, Woodenware, Hardware & Tinware, Clocks & Glassware, Guns & Ammunition, Furniture.

Sole Agents for SCHUTTLE WAGONS and NORTH OF IRELAND SHEEP DIP

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.

Will Wooster, HOLBROOK, A. T. WHITERIVER, A. T.

General Merchandise

NAVAJO BLANKETS, APACHE BEADS AND BASKET WORK, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, CHOICE CANNED GOODS, NOVELTIES, GLOVES, STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, STOVES, COAL OIL AND WOOD, GUNS, AMMUNITION, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, CANDIES, NUTS, ETC.

FINE GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

Order and Forwarding promptly attended to. Mail orders receive prompt attention

Arizona Co-operative Mercantile Inst.

HOLBROOK, AND SNOWFLAKE

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Merchandise

Also Proprietors of the Silver Creek Flouring Mills, Agents for the Bain Wagon, Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Oliver Chilled Plows, John Deere Plows and Cultivators, Bridge & Beach Superior Stoves and Ranges, Gem of Otero Flour, Cooper's Sheep Dip and Little's Sheep Dip.

Your Patronage is always appreciated, no matter how small your purchase, you may rest assured it will be our aim to sell you the best goods that can be bought for cash, at reasonable prices.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.00

Bank of Commerce in Albuquerque, N. M.

DEALS IN FOREIGN EXCHANGE AND ISSUES LETTERS OF CREDIT
Solicits Accounts and offers to Depositors Every Facility
Consistent with Profitable Banking.

DIRECTORS:

M. S. OTERO, President, J. C. BALBRIDGE, Lumber, W. LENORD Capitalist,
B. SCHUSTER, Vice-President, A. EISEMANN, Eisemann Bros. Wood
V. S. STRICKLER, Cash'r, A. M. BLACKWELL, Gross, Blackwell & Co., Groc.
I. J. EMERSON, Assistant Cashier, W. A. MAXWELL, Wholesale Druggist

DEPOSITORY for ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILWAY