

# CHINESE SMUGGLER IS VERY CLEVER

No Part of the World Are They So Daring as in the Canton Delta.

## KITTENS FILLED WITH OPIUM

Many Ways in Which the Seductive Drug is Brought in Contraband—A Surprised Night Patrol—Even Outcast Lepets Used.

In all countries the evasion of fiscal obligations is considered no wrong, and "passing the customs" is generally regarded as a tax dodger's right. So much is this the case that which is Caesar's generally do so to escape a worse evil, and seldom from any moral conviction. As in the right and what is wrong. In this one respect, at least, East and West may be said to have met, for in no country in the world has the art of smuggling reached a higher standard than in China and in no part of China has smugglers become so daring or so ingenious as in the famous Canton delta, whose innumerable and intricate waterways spread their welcome arms to shield wrongdoers and embarrass pursuit.

John Chinaman is a born gambler, and as often as not stakes his acuteness against lawful authority merely for the love of play. The heavy-duty on opium and the comparative ease with which it can be secreted naturally place it in the front rank of desirable contraband, and many a ball of the seductive drug has found its way into Canton from the acknowledged base and bustling ground of criminals, the British free port of Hong Kong, without his imperial majesty Kuang Hsu being a cent the richer.

Many are the methods adopted and the precautions taken by those nimble evaders of the law. Flotas and sicks, the outcome of the most fertile imagination and the most careful study, are the most frequent means used, and a given signal from the shore and the whole consignment is dropped overboard from one of the palatial river steamers running between Canton and Hong Kong, to be eventually picked up at a convenient time by receivers on land.

On one occasion a handsome cat, with kittens, was noticed on board one of these steamers, and after a time it was remarked that the kittens did not appear to grow any larger. An inquisitive custom house officer in Canton found upon examination that they were all dummies, filled with opium, and it was recalled that this lucrative importation had been going on for weeks.

Again, the Canton customs night-patrol guard the rounds of the crowded harbor took shelter one night from a violent summer squall under the huge paddle spinnakers of a well-known river steamer. "Is that you?" inquired a voice from above in Chinese. "Yes," replied the customs officer, with quick perception. "Then catch," answered the mysterious interlocutor, passing down half a dozen balls of opium, a share of which meant much prize money for the lucky fish's crew. The smuggler was of course, waiting for a confederate whom the customs officer unwittingly forestalled.

On another occasion the inspector general of customs, Sir Robert Hart himself, was visiting Canton, and in the evening at dinner was obliged to apologize to his hostess. "You must excuse my customary remarks," said the customs officer, "for my Chinese servants have seized my boxes." It was indeed true, as one of his Chinese servants, never suspecting that the inspector general's personal effects would be disturbed, forced a spyglass case with some enterprising friends, and half-filled one of the trunks in his charge with contraband.

Salt, that daily necessity of life, being a government monopoly in China is subject to official regulations which add to its cost and lessen its quality. The duty indirectly paid on this article may be styled the income-tax of China, since all must use the everywhere indispensable commodity, and therefore, naturally come within the scope of the contrabandist, and smuggled salt, by reason of its cheapness, commands a ready sale. It is from opium, however, inasmuch as its bulk renders concealment difficult and landing it at its destination risky. The majority of salt smugglers are, therefore, the Chinese crews of the carrying vessels, working in the night with accomplices ashore. It is as often as not concealed among the bunker coal, and kept there until a favorable opportunity for landing presents itself. At one of the river ports some time back a crime of "salt running" assumed such startling dimensions that extraordinary precautions to put a stop to it were introduced, which proved efficacious for a time. Later, however, it was noticed that sampans, or small boats, manned by those unhappy outcasts, lepers, were becoming more numerous, and it was soon discovered that they were engaged to smuggle salt, as it was perhaps not unreasonable assumed that customs officers, however zealous, would at least respect the inviolability of these fatal crafts, and it was not until the local magistrate was invoked that these adjunctive smugglers were foridden the port.

## MIRROR STICKS TO GLASS.

Section Cap Permits it to Be Attached to Window.

Beyond a doubt, the New York man who invented the mirror shown in the

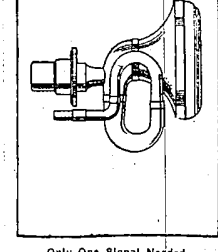


Excellent for Shaving.

accompanying illustration shares himself. This device has many uses, and will be found a convenience by both men and women, but the gentlemen who are their own barbers are proudest in its praise. Attached to the back of the mirror is a stem with a ball and socket joint, in which is a rigid cup with a suction cup attachment. By means of this suction cup the glass may be stuck in any position where it will catch the best light. Ordinarily this would be on a window, and the mirror is really designed to be fastened to a window pane, the rubber suction cup holding it firmly in place. Men who have carved dragons on their faces and left little tufts of loose-looking whiskers on the shady sides will appreciate the convenience of such a contrivance. Also, it will be no less in demand among women, who need not have been sick at all, and while she was wondering what he meant, she fell fast asleep.

Next morning Brother Tom was sent to the shoemaker's with her every-day shoes to have them mended. It was a tedious day for the little prisoner, and she watched eagerly for three o'clock to come when the shoes should be mended. The cobbler's shop was within sight of the parlor window, and her mother had promised that she might go for them herself. It was such a little walk and the air so delightful that Mrs. Blake felt sure it could do her patient no harm.

The clock had scarcely finished striking when Constance was out of the house and down the steps. The little old man who kept the shop was very deaf, but she made him understand what pair was hers at last; and with that her arm she started briskly home. It would have been such fun to have taken Rose Ella out in her new go-cart. If only she had not got her feet wet and had compensation.



Only One Signal Needed.

This device consists of a mouth-piece with a pipe colling back of it and a stem on which a rubber bulb is fitted. Near the base of this coil, however, another pipe enters, and this connects with the electric signal, the same signal being used in both cases. All the driver need do is to either press the rubber bulb to get a toot or push the electric signal to get a siren, according to the emergency.

It is of Dr. Isaac Barrow that the story is told of a playful match with cock courtesy with the Earl of Rochester, who, meeting Dr. Barrow near the king's chamber bowed low, saying, "I am yours, doctor." Dr. Barrow, bowing low, replied, "I am yours, my lord, to the shoe tie." Rochester: "Yours, doctor, down to the ground." Barrow: "Yours, my lord, to the centre of the earth." Rochester: "No, to the end of the world." Barrow: "To the lowest pit of hell." Barrow: "There, my lord, I must leave you."

A very latter-of-the-fact person called to see a neighbor an elderly woman, who had been ailing for some time. "And how do you find yourself today, Janet?" was the greeting. "Ah, Martha, I'm very bad. This cold, bad weather'll be the end of me. I've been dead woman before very long." "Hoos, toos, woman, you've been saying that any time these last twenty years. I've no patience with you. I'll tell you what it is. You want firmness of mind. Sit a day for your dying—and stick to it!"

By the will of a French lady who died recently a farm was left to the town on condition her family must be kept in repair; while the rest of her estate was to be divided among those attending her funeral.

# The Blue Kid Slippers

Constance looked longingly out of the window. It was such a beautiful day. The sky was deliciously blue and the air balmy with the promise of spring.

To be sure, the ground was very muddy, and clear little pills of snow water merrily chased each other by the roadside; but one quite forgot to look down at the delight of looking up—that is, most people did—so Constance and Nora Harrigan could not be classed as people. It had been such a temptation for Constance to debble her toes in the water, and to put her shoes in a bit further, until in a moment of recklessness she had followed Nora right in, splashing delightedly to and fro.

It was fun for a while, then her feet became very cold, and creepy shivers began to chase each other up and down her back.

That night a harsh, metallic sound sounded the alarm from Constance's bedroom, bringing her mother quickly to her side. "Croup," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, as she hurriedly set about relieving the sufferer.

It was the severest attack that Constance had ever had. She was obliged to take several kinds of disagreeable medicine, and what she disliked most of all, a great spoonful of cod liver oil, which she hated it. It was rubbed upon her chest, which was worse yet. It made her all smelly and goosy, she declared disgustedly. Her father laughed, and assured her that she would never be so sick again, and while she was wondering what he meant, she fell fast asleep.

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After all, there was a compensation, and remembering it, she quickened her steps. Rose Ella sat in one of the hall chairs, dressed in her best blue silk gown. Constance nodded to her brightly as she passed.

Now, although Rose Ella had almost everything that the most exacting could wish, her small mistress had longed for a pair of slippers which could be taken off and put on at will. Even Santa Claus had failed to fill this yearly felt want.

Constance removed her hat and jacket, hunted out her own little scissors and thimble, and drew a piece of blue kid from her pocket, began to make tiny patterns and to turn them thoughtfully about so that they would fit to advantage upon the small piece of leather.

"What are you trying to make, Constance?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, I am going to make Rose Ella a pair of slippers," responded Constance, happily. "She had needed them for ever and ever so long. It's a great wonder she hasn't had croup, too."

"What a pretty piece of material!" asked Mrs. Blake, taking the soft blue kid into her hands and admiring it.

Constance hung her head. Perhaps it had not been quite right, after all.

"It was on the floor, mamma," she replied, "and I thought it would be swept out so I picked it up."

"Do you mean to say that you took it from Mr. Burton's shop when you were 'for your shoes'?" questioned Mrs. Blake.

Constance made no reply.

"Tell me about it, daughter," insisted her mother gravely.

row at three o'clock, but by that time the blue kid must be where it belongs."

It was a very miserable little girl who looked from the windows the remainder of the afternoon. She had permission to go immediately, but she delayed. Next morning the task was harder yet. Again the clock pointed out a quarter of three, as Constance anxiously watched it.

"I wish that I had gone yesterday," she burst forth at last.

"An unpleasant duty never is easier for waiting," her mother retorted quickly.

Constance turned away. It was ten minutes of three. She could delay no longer. To-day she went slowly across the little square, and resolutely entered the cobbler's shop. For a moment her goodness failed her. Instead of a deaf old man, who she had almost had hoped would not hear her, after all, his pretty daughter, Alice, stood behind the counter.

Alice and Constance had been good friends for a long time, and it was a humiliating experience to have to tell the big girl the story of the piece of kid. Again she wished that she had come before.

With tear-filled eyes Constance advanced and bravely told the whole story, not sparing herself, even acknowledging that she had picked it up while Mr. Burton was wrapping up her shoes.

Alice Burton took the three-cornered slippers with a simple "Thank you, Constance," and Constance ran quickly home to bury her head in her mother's lap and to weep bitterly.

It was only three days later. Constance's croup was entirely over, and Rose Ella and she were having a tea-party, with real cake, on the glass-covered porch, when Alice Burton came up the walk. "She carried a small package, which she handed to Constance."

"It's for you, Connie," she said, stooping to kiss her little friend. "No, I cannot come in, but you may tell me another time how you like them. Good-bye."

"Oh, the package was wonderful," for the little girl who dared to do right, although right was not easy to do. When the small box was opened, there lay the dearest, cunningest little pair of blue kid slippers! They were just Rose Ella's own, and made by a really, truly shoemaker. They had the daintiest little heels and tiny rosettes of blue ribbon.

"What beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, and to believe that they were made out of that very piece of kid, Constance laughed gleefully, as she drew them on to Rose Ella's chubby feet.

"It is nicer after doing right than when you are doing it, isn't it, mamma?" she asked.

"Yes, dearie," her mother answered, as she smoothed her little daughter's curls. "It nearly always is so."

"Whenever it is hard to do right," Constance said soberly. "I am going to think of the blue kid slippers."—Emma Gary Wallace.

The Twelve-month Popular Magazine tells this:

"I'll bet you a dollar for ten people," said Representative Frank Clark, of Florida, one day last spring, "that the worst penman in Congress is Sparkman, of my State."

"I'll take that bet," replied Hardwick of Georgia. The man who writes the worst hand in the world is Adamson, of my delegation."

Sparkman is chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors, and Adamson is the head of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. The two congressmen who had made the bet selected a committee to pass on the handwriting in question.

Written by Sparkman and Adamson in their own penmanship. Those letters were something horrible to see, and the judges decided that the writing of both was so bad that the writers, not the man who made the bet, must pay for the dinner.

While the banquet was in progress, Adamson told this story:

"Last winter a constituent of mine wrote me, asking for a specimen of my handwriting, explaining that he had heard it was the worst in the world, and that he was making a study of bad penmanship. I complied with the request. In a few days he returned my letter to me, with this note:

"'Fine! Am enthusiastic. Didn't know such handwriting was possible. Please send me a typewritten copy of the enclosed. I need a key to it!'"

It was a former Archbishop of York—Dr. Thomson—who appeared once in the role of coachman. He had a coach, and at evening parties, on leaving the house discovered that his coachman was drunk. There appeared nothing for it but to drive home himself, and the archbishop, after placing the drunken coachman inside the carriage, mounted the box and took the reins. The monotony of the homeward journey was broken by a wheel of the carriage being broken, and the archbishop, stopping just outside the entrance to Bishopsthorpe, The lodgekeeper, unable to recognize the approaching figure in the darkness called out cheerily, "Your Grace, please get in."

He bowed if you ain't got the old cock's hat on!" "It's the old cock himself," gravely responded his grace.

If it's a child, a woman hates it, and a fool of it and if it's a man shames not to.

## TIME TO LAUGH

Some Vaudeville Jokes Which Age Cannot With.

Vaudeville is known as the "laugh trust," but not for the reason one might think. It gets the praise because there are a certain definite number of devices in its category of acts that control the laughs of its audiences. The same old things are always good for a laugh in vaudeville. According to the Bohemian, a new device, a new bit of "business," a new joke are all regarded as dangerous to the performers. The following details some of the times at which a vaudeville audience regularly laughs:

When a comedian walks with a mincing step and speaks in a falsetto voice.

When a German comedian opens his coat and discloses a green waistcoat.

When a comedy acrobat falls down repeatedly.

When a performer makes the orchestra leader if he is a married man.

When a black face comedian says something about chicken.

When a performer starts to rise from a chair and the drummer plays a resined piece of cord so that the performer thinks his clothes have ripped.

When the drummer suddenly beats the drum during a comedian's song, and the latter stops and looks in his direction.

When a tramp comedian turns around and discloses a purple patch or several pearl buttons, or a target sewed on the seat of his trousers.

When the funny member of the troupe of instrumentalists interrupts the progress of a melody by sounding a discordant note on his trombone.

When a clown of a team of acrobats poses himself to do a presumably difficult feat and suddenly changes his mind and walks away without doing it.

How It Came True.

"You can't make me believe," Uncle Abner Jarvis was saying, "that there isn't something in fortune-telling." His auditors were grouped round the stove in the corner grocery store. "Ever have any experience with it?" asked one of them.

"That's what I was going to tell you," resumed Uncle Abner. "Once when I was at the county fair I saw a little tent with a sign on the outside of it that said 'Madame Somersby.' I went in and my fortune for twenty cents. I stepped inside."

"A woman with a black veil over her face was sitting in a chair on a raised platform. She gave me a queer, and she looked in my hand. One of the things she told me was that I was going to have a large party at my house in less than a month, and that it would be followed by a calamity."

"I laughed at that. Thinks I to myself, 'We haven't had any parties of any kind to our house for two years, and I don't reckon we'll have one quite as soon as that.'"

"But it did come true. In about two weeks my wife's Aunt Jane came to visit us, and if you think she ain't a large party you ought to see her. She swelled two hundred and eighty-seven pounds."

"But how about the calamity?" inquired the man who was sitting on the wall, kee after a long pause.

"Well," Uncle Abner, slowly, "she broke down old, pale bed the first night she slept in it."

A Poor Salesman.

Carey Johnson, LL.D., the Southern philologist, in the course of a lecture on "Neologisms," in Charleston, said:

"Another neologism is 'salesmanship.' The columns of the magazines have for several months abounded in this word. Schools of 'salesmanship,' books on 'salesmanship,' secrets of 'salesmanship,' say, on 'salesmanship' else."

The aged scholar smiled.

"And speaking of schools of salesmanship," he said, "I hope that the salesman who accosted me on my way here this evening will take one of them eight or nine years course. I'm sure he needs it."

"This salesman, a stabby young man, laid his hand on my arm and said:

"Say, friend, lemme sell ye a box of this here patent cement."

"I shook off his flimsy paw."

"Cement!" I sneered, annoyed at his familiarity, 'what do I want with cement?"

"Why, er, a man in apparent surprise, 'ain't ye broke? Ye look it."

Fool Treatment for Burns.

Whenever a burn or scald happens, some busy, well-intentioned butter-pours over a smear of "carrot oil" or "burn ointment," and the patient is left to suffer about the worst thing possible, because flour in twenty-four hours will be fermenting with yeast or deadly inflammatory germs, and it is simply hell for scalded skin on patient.

## A Quiet Rebuke.

An "object admonition" like the one described by Mr. Warren Lee Goss in his article, "Campaigning for no Purpose," published in Johnson's "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," is often more efficacious than storms of reproach.

One day the colonel of the regiment noticed a soldier on parade wearing a badly soiled pair of gloves. "Corporal," said the officer, "why do you set the men such a bad example as appearing before them in dirty gloves? Why is it?"

"I've had no pay, sir, since I entered the service," returned the corporal. "I can't afford to have them done up."

The colonel drew from his pocket a pair of gloves, spotlessly white. Handing them to the corporal, he said, quietly, "Put these on. I washed them myself."

"It was an unforfeited lesson to the whole regiment."

## Death from Sunburn.

The sun fires only a few feet into the water, but the terrible electric rays, boring right down into old ocean fifteen hundred feet. Such tremendous power can seriously injure. Death has come from sunburn of more than two-thirds of the skin's surface of the human body, the death burn coming from shock, injury and putting the skin out of business. Similar death has been caused by goldfishing, gilding or painting with gelatin the whole body of actors and masqueraders.

# DEPOSED SULTAN'S FABULOUS WEALTH

Hidden Treasures Uncovered From Strange Nooks in the Yildiz Kiosk

## SAFES CONCEALED IN WALLS

Two Chests Filled with Five Pound Notes Found—One String of Pearls Worth \$350,000—There Were 500 Revolvers in Abdul's Dressing Rooms.

The announcement a few days ago that Abdul Hamid had transferred \$4,500,000 to the new government of Turkey merely strengthened the ancient belief that the deposed monarch is the possessor of enormous wealth. In that belief a parliamentary commission is making a searching investigation of the Yildiz Kiosk in which the treasures hidden there, and the results already accomplished are amazing.

There have been discovered many safes hidden in the walls at various kiosks. The treasures found so far are money in gold and in notes, bonds, jewelry and other articles of value. Abdul Hamid's wealth is estimated at \$150,000,000. A rate contained among the lists of the amounts deposited by him in several financial establishments abroad.

Two chests were found filled with five-pound notes, and eight traveling bags containing most valuable jewels. It is claimed that Abdul Hamid had prepared these with the idea of escape before he surrendered to the young Turks. The five-pound notes are supposed to have been bribes for the people, as he believed that everything was possible through bribes.

Up to date the government has confiscated cash belonging to Abdul Hamid, \$4,000,000; and jewelry worth \$900,000. Abdul signed a check in Salonica giving up \$400,000, thus making \$7,400,000 in all, and there remains yet an enormous sum in his possession, among the fewest of which is a Constantinople letter to the Boston "Transcript," was found a string of pearls worth \$350,000, a gift from the Persian shah when he visited Constantinople, and a head larger than a dove's head.

There are three statues of the fallen sultan in different poses. A lamp of ivory resembling a tree, an ivory wound around it, is a magnificent object, and valued at \$5,000. This was donated to Ritz Pasha, the former governor of Hatjaz.

In the ex-sultan's dressing rooms the commission found one thousand shirts, almost all of silk; forty fizes, all specially made at the imperial shops in Hereke; two hundred costumes and uniforms, hundreds of silk handkerchiefs, shoes and socks. It was when 500 revolvers were found there, along a pistol for each pocket. A notebook found in a pocket contained the numbers of 5,000 shares of the Bagdad railway, thus confirming the assertion made by the ex-sultan that he bribed to grant the concession of the line.

The fallen sultan was proprietor of farms, mines, lands, mines, houses, salt works. After the proclamation of the constitution the mines were transferred to the state. These numbered twenty and worth \$2,000,000. Salonica. There are many, it is estimated more than 1,500 pieces of land. The crown forests are in the valleys of Castamoni, Clivas and Salonica. There are also 250,000 hectares. There are salt lands in Bagdad, Bassora and in Syria, estimated approximately at a value of \$500,000. All these domains, houses, apartments, khans and salt works brought annual rent to Abdul Hamid of exactly \$5,000,000.

Search for the Yildiz treasures will be continued for a long time to come. In a box the investigators discovered found 5,000 keys and thus made it think that there are many unlooked closets of hidden wealth.