SOME SMUGGLERS.

WHO THRIVE RICHLY ON THE AMERICAN BORDER.

They Boldly Ply Their Trade on Lakes and Rivers—Revenue Men of Both Countries are Powerless to Stop the Traffic.

Smugglers? Thousands of them. They swarm along the American border from ocean to ocean. It may be the track of a solitary sledge on the frozen St. Lawrence, or a fishing schooner beating into a quiet bay where there are no fish; or, if you like, a well dressed woman hiding a small fortune in gems in the rug with which she protects a sick pug from the cold as the train nears the frontier—the methods change from time to time, for in novelty, oftimes, there is safety, but the smugglers, like the poor, are with us always.

We hear oftenest of men and women caught in an attempt to evade the customs officers as they leave the big transatlantic liners, and the crime is set down by all as serious and properly punishable by heavy fine and long imprisonment. If the job is on a large scale the community, for the moment, is shocked.

In the woods and on the waters along the American frontier it is very different. The communities of the border, be they American or Canadian, as surely as they are made up of frontiersmen, born and bred, are inclined to take a lenient view of such matters. From a crime smuggling becomes an enterprise, or, at worst,

A SORT OF GEOGRAPHICAL DISEASE

at which one might be shocked were he alone, but which troubles him little since his neighbors are infected, too. The fact now is just what it has been ever since there has been population enough on both sides of the border to make the evasion of the tariff a paying business for adventurous spirits—Canada cannot police her long line of border fence, nor indeed do any more than make a poor bluff at it, and trust to the moral sense of the people for the rest. And when the fence isn't watched the almighty dollar crowds the moral sense o the people to the wall and there's an end to it. Give the frontiersman a chance to smuggle and he will arrange the matter with his conscience. He has the chance, and arrange it with his conscience he surely does, to such an extent, indeed, that there isn't a heartier, happier chap in all the land.

And how do smugglers smuggle? The answer is: "In any way that strikes them as safe."

TRICKS OF OPIUM TRADERS.

Take for instance the tricks devised by the men who smuggle opium into the United States from Canada. You know what an ordinary carpenter's tool box looks like. They will take such a box and fix it with little panels or drawers, which only a minute inspection would disclose, or place a false bottom in it, or a false top, leaving room to slip in the thin, oblong cakes, and fthen coolly carry them over the bridge, or border, after the manner of an honest workman.

But methods, like smugglers, are innumerable and vary with the goods to be carried and the station and dress of the person who carries them.

It is but a little while since stout Captain Bouchard, the king of St. Lawrence pirates, made a running fight with a revenue cutter and only surrendered when his stronghold,

HE DISCOVERS A SOLITARY SLEIGH TRACK

on the Isle aux Coudres, in the lower gulf, was so hotly beseiged that he could hold out no longer.

ACROSS THE ICE.

Along the wooded stretch of the lower St. Lawrence and in the thousand and one sheltered caves of the gulf the "free traders" have long since been most formidable as far as the Eastern country is concerned. As for the river itself, there are boats in summer and there is the ice in winter. The revenue posts are far apart. The revenue cutter cannot be everywhere, even in summer. In the winter the smuggler with a little money to earn will go further in ice and snow, in the dusk of early morning and evening, in the night itself, than the revenue policeman, who, after all, is but human and may earn his salary much as he pleases. If he discovers a solitary sleigh track across the frozen river he may surmise, or he may even watch for the return of the driver. Even then he is hours late and finds, if anything, an innocent traveller with an empty sledge. The innocent traveller's pockets may be heavier, but that is his business.

What is true of the ice is true of the water. Far down in the Gulf is the "free" port of St. Pierre. One may land there what he will, free of duty. Thus his wares are at the gates of two protected countries, safe as yet from the revenue officials. Will he lose money by entering them through the regular channels? Not he.

THE "UNDERGROUND PASSAGE"

is more risky, but it promises great returns. He calculates to a nicety, does the wicked "free trader," the chances of profit and loss. If he carries his goods up the water way, in wholesale quantities, he might have all seized and confiscated at once. He knows better. Big schooners sail from the free haven of St. Pierre, richly laden, and without a port before them. That is the trick. When they have gone far enough, and it is dark enough, down goes the anchor and up goes the quietest of signals. The spot is secluded. The big schooner rides alone, without a light beyond those carried by the most honest merchantman. But in the night smaller boats come alongside—sloops, rowboats, any craft of small capacity, and which can float in shallow water. The cargo is distributed quickly, until it becomes one hundred cargoes. Then the big schooner beats back to the free port of St. Pierre, and the smaller craft take their chances of landing where they may. One or two may be captured, and the cargoes confiscated. The majority escape, and the profit on the stuff that is landed in safety easily compensates for the losses and leaves a handsome margin.

The chief article smuggled there is liquor. The Canadians, by avoiding the duty on whiskeys and alcohol, save an amount which is sometimes as high as $2 or $3 a gallon and profit accordingly.

SOME MAINE DEVICES.

Whiskey, cigars and tobacco, too, together with precious stones, are the things which seem most tempting to the frontiersmen in Maine and New Brunswick. There is many a load of hay that goes over the border with a big jug of whiskey hidden within. Bustling Calais, in Maine, faces St. Stephen, in New Brunswick, with a toll bridge between them. The towns exchange goods with little regard to the revenue officials. You may walk over that bridge, pay the toll, and unless you are carrying a trunk you pass unquestioned. So too, many a man drives a decrepit, worn out horse across to the Canadian side and returns, after a proper lingering, with a quite a different animal. The officer at the gate has forgotten his identity. If he remembers it, he cannot swear to it, probably, and credits the vast improvement in the horse to the bracing quality of Canadian air.

In the wilder country which lies where the border line is a mere survey line, one does as one pleases there. An example is the Megantic region where Morrison, the

FREE TRADERS.

Megantic outlaw, so long defied the authorities. To cover such territory would necessitate the employment of the army. It is not worth while, so the smuggler does as he likes, because neither government can afford to go to great expense to stop leaks which are trifling in the aggregate.

Sneezing.

Dr. Scanes Spicer, reading a paper the other day before the Chemists' Assistants' Association on "Sneezing," told his hearers that the act of sneezing has always been regarded as supernatural, and by many races was held in reverence. Hence arose the custom, not even now altogether obsolete, of making some remark directly after sneezing. Sneezing was regarded as a sign of impending death during the plague of Athens. Many classical writers make especial reference to sneezing, and some supposed that during sneezing devils were expelled.

Sneezing itself is a reflex nervous action, and is brought about by mechanical irritation to the ends of the nerve fibres which occur in the tissue of the nose. When this irritation occurs, whether it be due to a foreign body or change of temperature affecting the tissues of the nose, a nerve impulse is transmitted to the brain and certain nerve centres in the medulla oblongata are affected; this results in certain impulses being transmitted along the nerves to the muscles controlling respiration. By this means the egress of air during expiration is delayed, and the various exits are closed. When the pressure, however, reaches a limit, the exits are forced open, "a powerful blast of air is expelled, and the patient sneezes."

London Postmen.

The oldest man in the London Post Office has been in the service forty-five years. There are a large number of postmen whose fathers were engaged in the same service before them and whose sons will probably take their places. The position of river postman has been in one family for several generations. The grandfather of the present incumbent received from George III. a silver badge weighing eighteen ounces, and his son was presented with a new boat by William IV. It is the business of the river postman to deliver letters to and collect letters from the shipping in the Thames. The British postal employees are subject to police duty and may at any time be sworn in as special constables to assist in maintaining order. There is a well-drilled fire brigade in the London office.

Paying Her Back.

Teacher—"Johnny, have you your knife with you?"

Johnny—"Yes'm."

"Then I wish you would sharpen my pencil for me."

"Please, I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"'Cause while I was sharpenin' it I might drop the knife on the floor, and then you'd give me a bad mark for makin' a noise."

THE HOME.

Darning and Mending.

The weekly mending is considered a disagreeable task by many housewives, partly because the material must be hunted up every time they are used. The mending basket should be supplied with everything needful for performing the task easily and satisfactorily. Several spools of white and black cotton are necessary, ranging rom number 36 to 80, with needles to correspond; darning linen for tablecloths and napkins, remnants of spools of silk and cotton thread of different colors, left over from former dressmaking; and black ilk of different numbers. Besides these, there should be skirt braid, rolls or remnants, of wide and narrow tape, bodkins, scissors, thimbles, pin and needle cushions, hooks and eyes, and a box containing an assortment of buttons of all kinds. The last may be obtained by removing buttons from garments that are worn out. By having the most of those arranged in pockets in the basket, much time and trouble may be saved. The piece box should contain scraps of goods that may be needed to repair gowns that they match, also muslin, linen, and other pieces.

The best way to save the wear of washing and ironing is to mend the clothes before washing, as a rent is always larger after the garment has passed through the laundry. When the things are washed, it is such a comfort to have them all ready to put away; besides, the patch always looks neater, when washed and ironed after it is put on. When this plan is pursued, Tuesday is usually the most convenient day to wash. The clothing is changed Sunday morning, and an hour or two on Monday will be sufficient to put it in good repair. But there are many housewives who object to mending soiled clothing. In that case, articles that need a few stitches should be sorted, so that they may be ready whenever opportunity offers for doing the work.

Always match stripes or figures in mending gingham or other wash goods, and it is better to wash the pieces used several times, so that they will be nearly the same color as the garment. If the rent or wear is near a seam, insert one side of the patch into it, and if near two seams have the patch extended from one to the other.

Garments that are frayed around the bottom should be re-bound or re-hemmed. Remove worn out lace, and replace it with new trimming, as it will not pay to mend it. Sew on buttons that have come off, or tighten those that are loose. Torn button holes may be strengthened by putting a tiny patch of tape on the worn side and darning it down neatly.

Tear sheets in two lengthwise when they become thin in the centre, and join the selvedge edges so that they may receive their share of the wear; or the best parts may be made into pillow slips. Not a scrap of table linen should be wasted. After tablecloths are past darning, cut them in squares for wash rags, and use the best portions for children's towels. Pieces that are too small to use in any other way are good for binding up wounds of any kind.

The stockings should have their own bag or mending basket, which should be fully stored with darning cotton of the necessary colors, long needles, and a darning egg. A single thread should be used in mending, as doubled cotton produces a lump that is apt to make the wearer uncomfortable. If the work is skillfully done, there is no reason why the most sensitive feet should suffer by wearing mended hose. Run the thread through the fabric some distance on each side of the hole, as well as across it. Worn places should be darned also, before a hole appears.

When the feet are worn out, and the legs are still good, make them over for the little folks. Cut the pattern from a stocking that is the right size. Iron the large stocking until smooth, lay the pattern on it, and cut the pieces by it. Baste the seam and try it on. If it does not fit, make the necessary alterations, cut a new pattern by it, and save it for the future use. Sew the seams, press them open, and catch down on either side, so that they will not hurt the feet. They will wear better if extra pieces are put on over the knees, on the inside of the stocking.

The Window Garden.

1. Select only such plants as are winter bloomers.

2. Choose only those that will thrive in the temperature at which you keep your room. Select carefully to suit the amount of sunshine or shade in your window.

3. Examine every plant to make sure that it is entirely free from insects, before bringing to the window in the autumn.

4. Shower the leaves of your plants once a week to keep down dust and insects. If insects appear, fight them at once, and never give up until they are routed.

5. Keep flowering plants in small or medium sized pots. See that the soil is rich, the drainage an inch deep at bottom of pot, and a crust of hard earth is never allowed to form at the top of the pot.

6. Water only when dry, then give sufficient water to wet to the bottom of the pot. Be chary of water in severely cold weather.

7. Turn the pots frequently, pinch off withered flowers and faded leaves. Allow all Holland bulbs to root six or eight weeks in the dark before bringing to the window.

8. Give weak liquid manure once a fortnight to all plants showing buds—never to half-grown plants.

Useful Recipes.

Roast Goose.—Having drawn and singed a large young goose, wipe out the inside with a cloth, and sprinkle in some salt and pepper. Make a stuffing of four good-sized onions, chopped fine, and half that quantity of chopped sage leaves, one very large teacupful of grated bread-crumbs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and the beaten yolks of two eggs, with a little pepper and salt. Mix the whole together well. Put this stuffing into the goose, and press it in hard, but do not entirely fill up the cavity, as the mixture will swell in cooking. Tie the goose securely round with a greased string, and put paper over the breast to prevent it scorching. Put it into a hot oven; the fire must be brisk and well kept up. It will require from two and a half to three hours to roast. Baste it at first with a little salt and water and then with its own gravy. Take off the paper when the goose is about half done, and dredge it with a little flour toward the last. Having parboiled the liver and heart, chop them and put them into the gravey, which must be well skimmed and thickened with a little burned flour. Send apple sauce to the table with the goose, also mashed potatoes.

Apple Sauce.—Pare, core, and slice some fine juicy apples. Put them into a saucepan with just enough water to keep them from burning, and some grated lemon peel. Stew them till very soft and tender, then mash them to a paste and make them very sweet with brown sugar, adding a small piece of butter and some grated nutmeg. Be careful not to have the sauce thin and watery.

Potato Snow.—For this purpose use potatoes that are very white, mealy, and smooth. Boil them very carefully, and when they are done, pour off the water, peel them, and set them on the back of the stove till they are quite dry and powdery. Then rub them through a course wire sieve into the dish in which they are to go to table. Do not disturb the heap of potatoes before it is served up, or the flakes will fall and it will flatten. This makes a pretty dish.

Stewed Oysters.—Put the oysters into a sieve, to drain the liquor from them. Then put them into a stew-pan with some whole pepper, a little salt and a piece of butter rolled in flour. Then pour over them about half of the liquor, or a little more, set the pan over hot coals, and simmer them gently for about five minutes. Try one and if it tastes raw cook thew a little longer. Make some thin slices of toast, having cut off all the crust. Butter the toast and lay it in the bottom of a deep dish. Put the oysters on it with the liquor in which they were stewed.

A FIERCE SNAKE FIGHT.

A Rattler and a Blacksnake Engage in a Deadly Struggle.

I was resting near one of the lagoons in South Florida, one day about noon, after a morning spent in hunting. It was a clear-beautiful day, and, after finishing a light luncheon, I had my attention attracted by a slight movement in the underbrush about ten feet back of me. I started a little upon, eeing an enormous diamond-back rattlesnake stretched out in the sun. It had evidently been sleeping, and was just waking up from its slumbers. For this reason it had not announced its presence before by rattling. I wanted a good skin of a fine specimen, and picked up my gun to kill it; but, before I could shoot, the appearance of another snake, a large blacksnake this time, made me hesitate. The rattler suddenly raised its head and immediately began to coil and rattle. The blacksnake stopped in its journey and looked savagely at the rattler, as if measuring its strength: The two reptiles were angry, and their bead-like eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire.

For nearly a minute the two remained in this attitude, the rattler coiled ready to strike, and the blacksnake with head quivering with suppressed emotion as it moved from side to side. Then the challenge seemed to be accepted, and the blacksnake suddenly darted in a curve toward the rattler, but the curve did not bring the long trailing body within reach of the deadly fangs. With rapid motions, the blacksnake began to move around the coiled rattler in various-sized circles, now narrowing them and now broadening them. The rattler twisted its body slightly to keep its eyes upon the enemy, striking now and then as the curves brought the black reptile close to it. But the blacksnake was too quick in its movements. Round and round it flew until its body seemed to lengthen out into one circle of black. It made me dizzy to watch the reptile, and the rattler's head seemed to sway uneasily as if affected in the same way by the strange evolutions of its adversary. The strikes of the rattler became more frequent, desperate, and less accurate and once or twice it nearly lost its balance after a vicious dive.

But the blacksnake never once changed its tactics. Swifter and swifter its lithe body seemed to move, until the rattler was unable to follow it with any degree of accuracy. Then suddenly, without warning, there was a change. The black circle suddenly curved sharply toward the center. The blacksnake had made a dive at its dizzy adversary, and when the two struggled together in a heap a moment later, I could see that the blacksnake had the rattler by the throat in such a way that the poisonous fangs were useless. In this position the two twisted and squirmed round on the ground until finally the lithe blacksnake had wrapped its body around the thick one of its adversary. Tighter and tighter the coils were drawn while the jaws seemed to be locked eternally into the throat of the rattler. For nearly ten minutes they rolled around in this way, and then the struggles grew weaker until the rattler stretched out as if dead. The conqueror, however, did not loosen its hold on the throat until the body was quiet except for the wriggling of the tip of the tail. Then it let go, and after circlink around the dead body several times, it slung away in the swamp.

Likely to Remember.

Friend—"I notice you have a string around your finger and a knot in your handkerchief, too."

Old Lady—"Yes, the string around my finger is to remind me that I have a knot in my handkerchief, and the knot in the handkerchief is to remind me that the things I want to remember are written on a piece of paper in my purse.

WINTER WRINKLES.

Her mother—"Don't you find Jack rather rough?" Priscilla—"Yes, mamma. And yet he says he shaves every day."

In a menagerie—"This is the great boa constrictor, which usually swallows a whole pig for its breakfast. Not quite so close, sir, if you please."

Professor—"Ah, mees! You climb the mountain. It was a great foot." Miss—"You mean feat." Professor—"Ah! Zen you climb it more zan once?"

Minnie—"What do you understand by the term platonic affection?" Mamie—"It usually means that the young man feels that he cannot afford to marry."

Bangs—"I'd give a good deal to know how it feels to be drugged and robbed." Binthere—"Why don't you go and get a prescription filled, then?"

Tom—"You look awful blue. I suppose it's because of Miss Maybelle's having rejected you." Cholly—"Yes, I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."

"Haven't you got this book in a chicken salad binding?" asked the Cheerful Idiot. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished bookseller. "Half calf."

Boarder—"Madam, I have found a nickel in my hash." Mrs. Mealer—"Oh, that's all right. I put it there; I thought I'd give you a little change in your diet."

"I propose," began the deliberate old lawyer who called around to see a young widow on business, when his vivacious client exclaimed, "I accept." They are now partners.

Plankington—"I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer?" Von Bloomer—"You bet I have. He owns the property now."

Laura (to her neighbor at dinner)—"You eat very little, Mr. Jenkins." Jenkins (flattered, and wishing to return a compliment)—"Ah, Miss Laura, to sit by you takes one's appetite away."

Fingle—"There goes a woman with a history." Fangle—"That woman who just left your office? How do you know?" Fingle—"She worked for an hour trying to sell it to me."

Intimate friend—"Has your husband's love grown cool?" Sarcastic wife—"Oh, no. He loves himself just as much now as he did when we were married twenty years ago."

A poor woman was telling a kind-hearted visitor how the doctor came and said she had a sluggish liver. "What beats me," she added, "is how them slugs gets inside the liver."

She carried her new dress away,
But, ah! my heart it grieves,
To tell she had to hire a dray
To carry home the sleeves.

"Did I understand you to say that Thompson was a farmer?" "Good gracious, no! I said he made his money in wheat. You never heard of a farmer doing that did you?"

Schoolmaster—"It is all very well for you to say you did not have time to get your lesson, but there is one thing I should like to ask you—" Young lady pupil—"But, sir, this is so sudden!"

"Answer by return male," was the way the letter wound up that Miss Footlites received from Mr. Suddenrox. "I wonder," said she, "whether he means by the messenger boy or by post."

Tell us not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When we've had mince pie and doughnuts,
Turkey, cake and real ice cream.

Henry, Jr.—"Father, ain't a rug always level and even?" Henry, Sr.—"Yes. Why do ask?" Henry, Jr.—"Nothing much, 'cept I was just wondering why they called a jagged old mountain rugged."

"I think Miss Smith and Mr. Jones must be engaged; they have had their portraits taken together." "Indeed? I am glad to hear it. I knew when I introduced them that she would be taken with him."

Father—"I do not require that the man who marries my daughter shall be rich. All that I ask is that he be able to keep out of debt." Suitor—"Would you consider a man in debt who borrows money from his father-in-law?"

"Ah," she said, in reply to his flattering remarks, "beauty, you know, is only skin deep." "Yes," he returned, "but consider the vast number of girls, and many of them your own associates, who haven't got it that deep."

Miss Youngbride—"I have not the slightest idea how the wedding service begins. I'll have to look it up." Her intended (glancing with admiration at the wedding gifts)—"Why not start off, 'Know all men by these presents?'"

Minnie—"Did you hear about Molly's fiance falling off the trolley car and breaking his arm?" Mamie—"Yes. I wonder if he will sue the company for damages?" Minnie—"I guess not. I shouldn't wonder if she does though."

"I don't see why people come here for their health," growled Barker. "It strikes me as being very unhealthy." "It is now," said the landlord. "So many people have come here for health and got it that our supply has been exhausted."

Some o' these days the tide will turn,
Though the river looks long and dim;
But while you're waitin' you'd better learn
To swim, my boy, to swim!

"Here's another one of those millionaire plumber jokes in the paper," said Criticus. "Did you ever see a rich plumber, Hicks?" "Never," said Hicks. "All the plumbers I've seen have been very poor plumbers. Still, a fellow may be a poor plumber and yet be a rich man."

Change of Programme.

Little Ned—"Don't take away the light!"

Mamma—"I want you to learn to go to sleep without a light."

"Must I sleep in the dark?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."

He Was Glad.

Little boy—"That ink that papa writes with isn't indelible ink, is it?"

Mother—"No."

"I'm glad of that."

"Why?"

"I've spilt it all over the carpet."