

OUTWITTING THE SMUGGLERS.

How Uncle Sam's Customs Officers Capture Contraband Cigars.

"The ways of smugglers are peculiar, but the ways of custom house men can more than outdo them," remarked the purser of a Havana line steamship.

"You know," he added reflectively, "a man who visits the West Indies and appreciates a fine cigar seldom comes back to this country without making an attempt to do some quiet smuggling. Of course the contraband articles are cigars. It may not be because he is mean, but the duty is stiff, and I can easily imagine with what pleasure a box of cigars can be passed around among a few friends with the recommendation, 'Boys, Uncle Sam never received any duty on these, and I can vouch for them.' I have been there myself.

"The shrewd deputy of Uncle Sam understands all this, and in addition, the chances are he appreciates a good cigar as much as we do. Of course he makes a thorough search for dutiable goods on the arrival of all our ships, but there are, he thinks, many little ways by which he can be avoided, and travelers are not long in finding them out.

"This does not worry our friend, the customs man, for his arrangements, although most simple, do not fall far short of perfection. He knows of the whereabouts of every large lot of cigars which leave Havana, and when we arrive here, in all probability, a complete list of the number we have on board and the names of their owners.

"You don't believe it. Well, nevertheless it is a fact. When smuggling was more of a business some years ago than it is now, a clever customs man developed a scheme by which the quantity of cigars smuggled in this port was reduced to a minimum.

"An agent of the department was placed at Havana. He straightway made friends with the cigar dealers and manufacturers. This cost money, but the game was worth the candle. Whenever cigars were sold to an American or an Englishman, in nine cases out of ten the dealer delivered them, and politely insisted on doing so.

"At the request of the buyer they would invariably be sent on board his steamship or to the hotel at which he was boarding. In this way the buyer's name and address were ascertained.

"The crafty Cuban would then make a memorandum of this seemingly worthless information and send it to Uncle Sam's agent. Once in his possession, that man kept well posted in regard to the buyer's movements, and on the day he sailed for New York the amateur smuggler's name, description and the number of cigars which he had were cabled to the authorities here.

"No fear of detection bothered the would be smuggler, and on arrival he would give the customs man the coldest kind of a bluff until a few facts and figures were presented to him.

"Do they give up the cigars? Oh, yes, but with mighty bad grace, and if all the customs men could be paralyzed for the wishing, I assure you Uncle Sam would not have an able-bodied man in the business. It is hard luck to have some other man smoke the weed which your money has paid for, but it happens more often than you imagine. The goods are always confiscated, and the amateur smugglers are lucky in getting out of a bad hole, for smuggling is an offense not to be trifled with.

"Oh, yes, there are dozens of ways by which cigars could be smuggled in this port without detection; but the practice could not be carried on long, so the business has not grown. Sorry I can't give you some inside information, but it would be bad policy."

Then the smart looking purser reflectively puffed a cigar which had never paid duty.—New York Sun.

Synods and Sinners.

There's a Presbyterian minister in Detroit whose wife is very fond of this city as a place of residence. Some time ago the synod to which he belongs was discussing the advisability of sending him away on some important business occupying a year or so. It was suggested to him, and he went to his wife as all good husbands do.

"My dear," he said to her cautiously, "what do you think of going away from Detroit?"

"I don't think of it at all," she answered promptly. "Why did you ask?"

"Well, the synod has asked me to go, and—"

She went over to him softly, and, putting both hands on his head in a motherly way, she said solemnly:

BRAUN'S STONE FENCE.

A Howling Blizzard Attempted to Raise It, but Abandoned the Job.

A few years ago an old Dutchman named Braun bought a quarter section just below mine. He came from Pennsylvania, and was a hard worker and a thrifty chap, as most all Pennsylvania Dutchmen are. My farm is fenced with barbed wire. The Dutchman didn't like wire fences, so in the spring he planted a willow hedge around his quarter section. Summer passed, and the hedge was growing like a jimson weed, when early in the fall a little black cloud which had been hangin' around over in the northwest all the afternoon suddenly swooped down our way and went rippin' and tearin' across Braun's place. It didn't leave a dozen hedge plants standing.

Then the old man concluded that a fence which would stand agin a hard wind would be cheapest in the long run, and by the middle of October he had built a stout rail fence to replace the hedge. It was a beauty—seven rails high, with locked corners and a heavy "rider" on every length. But we had hardly time to look over the old man's handiwork and pronounce it good before a blizzard struck it and scattered the rails over several neighboring townships.

Rather reluctantly Braun then decided to follow my example and fence his place with barb wire. He put in place of the rail fence that was a wire fence which could scarcely be beaten. It had large, sawed posts and five heavy wires, and should have lasted a lifetime. It might have done so, perhaps, but for an unfortunate occurrence. One afternoon early in November another blizzard came sauntering along, pulled up every blasted fence post, carefully wrapped a few miles of wire around them and sailed off toward Chicago with the whole outfit.

When the hedge was destroyed the old Dutchman merely sighed; when the rail fence went he said something half under his breath; when the wire fence followed it he swore. Then he sat down, lighted his pipe and fell into a brown study.

Bright and early the next spring he began another fence. It was something entirely new for our country, but it was a dandy and no mistake. The old man set his hired hands to work pickin' up stones and haulin' bowlders together, and in a few weeks he had collected enough of 'em to build a stone wall. It was as strong as stone and cement could make it, and was four feet wide and three feet high. One afternoon, just after it was completed, Braun was pointin' out to me the fine points of his new wall, when we noticed a black cloud over agin the western horizon.

"There's trouble over thar, old man," said I. "That blazed thing is jest rollin' up its sleeves and spittin' on its hands and gettin' ready for business. It'll be along here, too, in about two minutes."

"Yell, let it coom."

Then, as there wasn't anythin' else to do, we sat down to watch it. It came zippin' along, twistin' off trees close to the ground or pullin' 'em by the roots, cuttin' the prairie grass as clean as a mower could have done it and sweepin' a clean path. When it reached that wall it just stopped a moment as if to look it over, and I could swear I heard a chuckle. Then it stopped and caught hold of the edge of the masonry. It held together well, but up it came, slowly and steadily. Just when the wall had been turned half over the blizzard suddenly gave a groan, lost its grip and loosened its hold. The wall settled down upon its side and the blizzard jumped over it and went howlin' out of sight.

"Well!" said Braun jubilantly. "Vot I told you. Dot fence is a dandy, don't it? It is von feet higher now as before dot vind coom along." And he winked the other eye.—South Dakota Cor. Chicago News.

The Woman with the Fan.

The woman who uses a fan in a public assembly must see, if she has any adequate perception of what she is doing, that five-sixths of the air carried by this implement of torture is thrown into the neck of the gentleman or lady who sits in front of her. She may have read in works of physiology, and she must have seen very often in the newspapers, that pneumonia and kindred diseases are often the result of such careless use of the fan; but she would not abandon the habit or forego the slight relief that little waft of air brings to her cheek to save the life of the whole assembly.

We have had a stiff neck (not the moral, but the physical kind) for several days following the gratification of one who sat behind us in a church or lecture room, and we regard the woman with a fan as the ideal picture of supreme selfishness. Men are bad enough, but a selfish woman with a fan can take the prize.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Mirrors of the Greeks and Romans.

The mirrors of the ancient Greeks and Romans were thin disks of bronze, highly polished and usually fashioned with handles, though sometimes they were set upright on stands. Later on silver was used, and the first mirror of solid silver is said to have been made by Praxiteles in the time of Julius Caesar. Subsequently silver mirrors took the place of brass or bronze ones almost altogether, though steel, copper and even gold were also employed. "Looking glasses" of metal were employed everywhere up to the Fifteenth century.—Washington Star.

His Predicament.

Lady (to deaf butcher)—Well, Mr. Smallbones, how do you find yourself today?

Smallbones—Well, I'm pretty well used up, mum. Every rib's gone, they've almost torn me to pieces for my shoulders, and I never had such a run on my legs.—London Tit-Bits.

Chemistry on the Farm.

Many farmers laugh at the notion of applying the principles of chemistry on the farm, calling such an application of science "fooling" and humbug. Yet farmers see their sons grow up and drift away because, having been educated in the public schools, the spirit of a scientific and progressive age has possessed them, and they seek elsewhere than upon an old-fashioned farm scope for the education which they have already gained and for the wider education which they crave.

Now there is no field which offers more ample scope for an educated and scientific mind than a good farm. The old-fashioned farmer says, "What do I want to know about chemistry? It's enough if I manure the ground and plant my seed; nature will take care of the rest."

But the application of manure is "chemistry," and if the farmer or his boy understands the groundwork of that science he knows what kind of manure is good for a certain field and what kind is good for another field, and his knowledge may make for him or save for him many dollars in a single year.

A knowledge of chemistry will enable him to save the valuable properties of his manures for the soil, instead of letting precisely those properties be evaporated and wasted, as they are in the case of most natural manures as now treated on the farms of this country.

But the most important function of science on the farm, after all, at the present time, is not the immediate material advantage which it may bring to the farmer, but the means which it will supply of interesting the young, of engaging their active and eager intelligence, and keeping them from places where they will be very much worse off.—Youth's Companion.

Good Fishing.

The most unique locality to be found by the sportsman is probably that surrounding the town of Linkville, in Klamath county, Ore. The town nestles at the foot of a large mountain, and lies right on the bank of what is locally known as Link river. This stream—which is quite large and occupies the upper and lower Klamath lakes—is alive with thousands and probably millions of large fish, which are constantly passing to and fro between the two lakes, and are as constantly jumping out of water in sight of the town. They are of all sorts and sizes.

Some of them appear to be cutting up those antics for the fun of the thing, and some to shake some kind of an eel-like looking creature which attacks them in the water and becomes attached to their sides, causing the fish apparently much suffering. It is no uncommon thing for large fish to be taken there whose sides are all scarred up in consequence of these attacks.

It would not be surprising if many fish were thus destroyed. Probably there are not in the world two lakes more numerously stocked with trout than the upper and lower Klamath lakes. Judging by map measurement, they each average thirty miles in length by ten miles in width. Many large streams empty into them, affording splendid fishing and spawning grounds. Lying east of the Cascade range of mountains, where genuine winter prevails in the season for it, the water is better and the fish healthy and solid—features which do not prevail on the western side of the mountains, where an almanac has to be consulted to ascertain accurately the season of the year.—Forest and Stream.

A Conventional Custom.

One of the simplest instincts of good manners would seem to be that a man should uncover his head while eating his dinner with his family; yet it is pretty certain that the first gentlemen of England two centuries ago habitually wore their hats during that ceremony, nor is it known just when or why the practice was changed. In Pepys's famous Diary, which is the best manual of manners for its period, we read, under date of Sept. 22, 1684, "Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner and sitting with the wind in my neck."

In Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself except at dinner. Lord Clarendon died in 1674. That the English members of parliament sit with their hats on during the sessions is well known, and the same practice prevailed at the early town meetings in New England. The presence or absence of the hat is therefore simply a conventionality, and so it is with a thousand practices which are held, so long as they exist, to be the most unchangeable and matter of course affairs.—Harper's Bazar.

When a Man Is Thirty Years of Age.

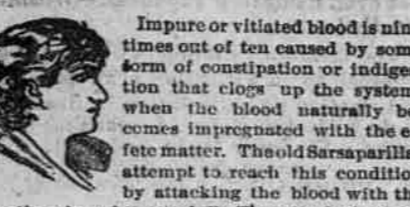
All men who employ animals in work know how their speed falls off with increasing age. Race horses are withdrawn from the track shortly after they have arrived at the full possession of their force; they are still good for competitions in bottom, and are capable for many years yet of doing excellent trotting service, but they cannot run in trials of speed.

Man's capacity to run likewise decreases after he has passed thirty years; and the professional couriers who are still seen in Tunis, running over large distances in an incredibly short time, are obliged to retire while still young. Those who continue to run after they are forty years old all finally succumb with grave heart affections.—Poplar Science Monthly.

Pawned a Five Dollar Bill.

A man who possessed a five dollar bill, and wanted to blow it in badly, hit upon a novel plan the other day by which to save and spend it both. The bill was given to him by a friend, and he was determined not to part with it. After a lengthy debate with himself he evolved the brilliant scheme of pawning the note. He paid a visit to his uncle, raised \$4.93 on the bill, and spent it according to his tastes. When further funds came in he redeemed the original note.—Philadelphia Record.

Bad Blood.



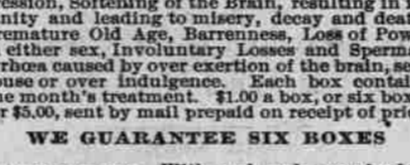
Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempts to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble, it arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

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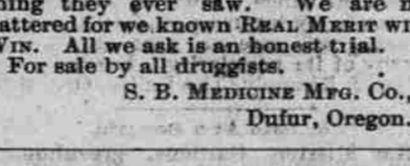


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A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless an artistic and scientific matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless tea, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor tea, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

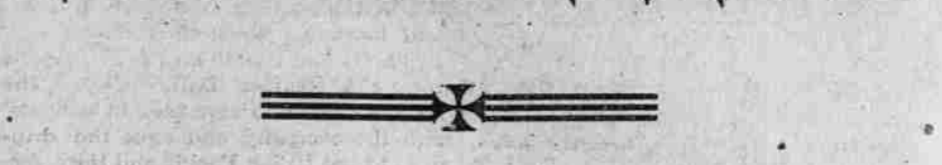
It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black tea.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

BEECH'S TEA "Pure As Childhood."

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