

THIS TIME IT IS ILLINOIS.

Ocell Village, Forty Miles South of Joliet, Ill., Almost Wiped Out.

On the 12th a terrible cyclone struck the village of Ocell, Ill., which demolished one brick block, wrecked three warehouses, unroofed the hotel, Masonic hall and some four store buildings; also the upper story of the Angell block, in which was the Odell bank and the Odd Fellows lodge, was completely destroyed. Scarcely a store room in the town escaped injury. The loss will amount to \$250,000. Houses, barns and sheds were twisted off their foundations, blown down and completely destroyed. Trees a foot in diameter were twisted entirely off. The storm did not last over five minutes. Ten minutes before the storm the air seemed to get green. Two clouds seemed to advance, one from the south and one from the north, and met over the town, forming a monstrous whirlwind which swept everything in its track. The large heavy burn of Hard trucks was completely destroyed. A large three-story mill was blown off its foundation. The two-story brick hardware store of S. Cole is a total wreck. The hotel is injured from top to bottom and not a whole window remains in the building. A number of residences were badly wrecked and as many as seven barns blown to pieces. Streets filled with timbers, boards, fences, tin roofs and prostrated trees. The new school house is partly unroofed. A one-story school building is completely destroyed. The Congregational church is twisted into bad shape. The Methodist church has one steeple blown off. Those fatally injured are: Lettie Scott, a 10-year-old girl, who was carried over 200 feet in the air and fell on the railroad track, striking her skull; George and Charles Hoke, laboring men; S. Cole, hardware merchant, and two children of John Miller, were seriously hurt. The latter had taken refuge in a brick building and were buried, and with these, all of whom were supposed to be dangerously injured, but two escaped without a scratch.

ENBORSERMENT OF GLADSTONE.

The Nova Scotia Legislature Commends Home-Rule.

Halifax dispatch: The Nova Scotia Legislature passed unanimously the following resolution: WHEREAS, the Rt-Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, Premier of Great Britain, has proposed to the Parliament of England a measure having for its object the settlement and adjustment of the grievances complained of incident to the existing political relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and the establishment of an independent Parliament in Ireland charged with the duty of legislating in the respect of many important public matters in the interests of that part of the Empire; and

WHEREAS, the object of the said measure is to concede to the people of Ireland the privileges of local self-government, as well as to alleviate the evils consequent on the present condition of the land tenure in that part of the country; Be it therefore Resolved, that this House desires to record its warm sympathy with the noble effort thus put forth by the Premier of Great Britain in the direction of the reform referred to, and would express the sincere hope that his efforts may be crowned with success.

GEN. ARTHUR'S END NEAR.

A Personal Friend of the Ex-President Tells of His Illing.

Washington special: "I saw ex-President Arthur on Tuesday," says a gentleman who has been a personal friend of the ex-president for many years. "I cannot tell you how shocked I was to see how he is broken down. He used to weigh over 200 pounds. I doubt if he would now pull down the scales at 140. You know how neatly he dressed and how perfectly his clothes fitted him. He wore a dressing gown and had sunken away almost to emaciation. His face is of a pasty white, marking the last stages of that horrible Bright's disease. He can scarcely speak beyond a husky whisper. I remember him in the white house, courteous and graceful, the typical American gentleman, and now he has come to this."

"The New York city press, with unusual courtesy, have let him alone and the managing editors, in spite of their desire for news, have respected the ending that cannot be far away. The morbid appetite has not been fed with the tale of an ex-president's sufferings which he has borne in silence and with stoical courage. I do not like to speak of this at all, and would not except to let the ex-president's friends know the real sad truth."

KILLED BY GNATS.

The Horrible Death of a Colored Man in Arkansas.

Memphis dispatch: For several days past the pests of the lower Mississippi valley, the buffalo gnats, have been doing their work of destruction among the stock. Reports of cattle, horses and mules having been goaled to death by these insects are received daily. Information was received that Bill Snells, a colored tenant on President Hadden's plantation, in Crittenden county, Ark., had been stung and choked to death by these pests. He was found dead on the McDonald place, evidently a victim to the gnats, which swarmed about the corpse. Gnats were crawling in and out of his ears and nose. His mouth and nostrils were filled with gnats. Swarms of gnats had settled in his wide-stretched eyes, and were feeding on the sightless orbs. His clothing was filled with gnats, and a halo of gnats hovered around the dead man. Snells had been in the L'Anguille Swamps, and it is supposed had tried to get away from the gnats. The insects were so thick, however, that they drove him wild, and finally becoming exhausted, he fell prostrate, then was smothered by the swarm of gnats. The death of Snells must have been horrible, choked into eternity by the swarming living myriad of insects. This is the second case on record where buffalo gnats have destroyed human life. In 1854 a man met death in the same horrible fashion that Snells did, near Hannas Station, St. Francis county, Arkansas.

Favorable Crop Report.

St. Paul dispatch: The crop reports from the northwest this week, with a few exceptions are of the most favorable character. Frequent rains have been followed by cool weather, and vegetation has a vigorous start. In Dakota wheat is four to six inches high with better stand than last year. Some complain of too much rain in North Dakota, and of wet in the southern parts of the state.

NATIONAL CAPITAL NOTES.

The senate committee on commerce has ordered a favorable report upon Mr. Frye's bill to limit the commercial privileges of the vessels of foreign countries in ports of the United States to such purposes as are accorded to American vessels in the ports of such foreign countries. The bill is to be reported as an amendment to the shipping bill.

Senator Van West made a strong speech in the senate on the 13th in support of his proposed amendment to the general pension bill. The bill proposes to give to all who served six months or more in the service of the union in the late war, who are now dependent upon their own labor for support and who are disabled from any cause whatever, a pension in accordance with the disability, but not to exceed \$24 a month. The pension shall be stated by examination as now.

A strong protest has been received at the interior department from citizens of Western Nebraska against the Coke bill, which has passed the senate, establishing an interstate cattle trail from Texas to Montana, six miles wide. The bill leads one to believe that the trail runs through Colorado, but it has been discovered that it passes through Western Nebraska, on range 41, and Secretary Lamar says if the bill is deceptive it should not be passed.

Confession of a Terrible Deed.

A special dispatch from Neillville, Wis., says that Mrs. Wright, who has been several days in jail on suspicion of having, a week ago, poisoned her husband, has confessed to the murder. Daniel Allen, her alleged paramour, was immediately arrested as an accessory. The woman's statement was that she and Allen had been intimate for nearly two years; that she was to kill her husband with poison; afterward Allen was to murder his wife in the same way; then after waiting a sufficient time the partners in crime were to be wedded. Mrs. Wright gave her husband a dose of poison, but it was so large he threw it up. Two weeks later Allen fixed a potion for Wright that killed him. The townspeople are greatly excited, and there are many threats of lynching.

Capt. Crawford's Death.

The secretary of state received a preliminary report from the consul at Paso Del Norte, Mexico, in regard to the killing of Captain Crawford, United States army, by Mexican soldiers in January last. He says that there is no way of obtaining definite information, owing to the absence of witnesses to the tragedy, and adds that it is conceded by both sides that the attack was made by the irregular Mexican troops employed by the state of Chihuahua, through an unfortunate accident, and without malice. He says, further, that the deprivations committed in Mexico by Indians nurtured by the United States government is a grievance that cannot be overlooked. The circumstances attending the affair are being investigated by the Mexican authorities.

Oppose Taxing Oleomargarine.

The board of directors of the Chicago board of trade adopted a resolution protesting against the adoption of the bill taxing oleomargarine and like products and praying congress to defeat it, alleging that the bill is simply to further the dairy interests, to the complete destruction of the manufacture of oleomargarine, etc., an industry which has produced an article of food at once pure, wholesome, and economical and acceptable, and by reason of the growing demand for it has added at least \$4 to the value of every bullock, thereby enhancing the farm and stock raising interests, and placing within reach of all an acceptable, economical, wholesome article of food.

Lucky Knight of Labor.

A young Swede named Sandleaf, aged 19, who lives in Northboro, Mass., went to his office the other morning and there found ten money orders calling for \$100 each. It seems that when young Sandleaf was a baby an uncle in Sweden left him \$15,000 which has since been invested. The amount which the lucky lad received was the first installment of his little fortune, the whole of which will come into his possession when he attains majority. Sandleaf was recently employed in A. W. Colburn's piano factory and was discharged because he was a Knight of Labor.

Serious Work of a Tornado.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 13.—Dispatches from points along the Conemaugh valley report several persons seriously injured by the tornado which passed over that section Monday evening. Mrs. James Bretts, who had given birth to a child about three hours before and was in bed, was blown over the fence into a field and was picked up more dead than alive. She is not expected to live. Bertie Foster, a friend of Mrs. Bretts, was carried some distance. John Fouts's house was blown down and the bedclothes carried a mile and a half and lodged in treetops.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities in Omaha, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

How a Detective Got Left.

"Did I ever consult a clairvoyant for information?" repeated a detective recently, as he flushed up and looked foolish over the question. "Come, answer."

"Well, once upon a time I did, and I don't mind telling you that I made a fool of myself—not by consulting her, but by refusing to heed her information. This statement probably astonishes you, and I will therefore explain. Do you remember when Preston's bank was robbed?"

"Yes—a good many years ago." "So it was, and I had been detailed on the detective service about a fortnight. Naturally I wanted to make a strike. My wife realized it, and she put me up to see a clairvoyant. I thought it a silly thing to do, and one night I slipped off like a criminal and dodged into the office of a leading female astrologist and plunked down a dollar. I hadn't the faintest hope of securing any information of value, and therefore her very first words were a stunner. She said: 'You are looking for criminals, and I will help you to capture three of them this very night!'"

"If you please," I modestly replied. "At 11 o'clock to-night," she continued, "men will set out to rob a bank. They are now consulting in a room and they have placed blankets to the windows to hide their light. If you go at once and get help you can capture them."

"But where is it?" "Let me see. The building is rather old. It is on a corner. Astorway leads up from a side street. Street cars pass the door. It is a mile or more from this house."

"I questioned her for ten minutes, but she could give me no closer information. For a time I thought there might be something in it, but after getting outdoors I kicked myself for an idiot. I knew all the banks in town, but I could think of only one which bore this description. Suppose I started out to prove her words true? I should be obliged to summon help, and I thought what any man reply when I told him that my information came from a clairvoyant? I went down to headquarters, found everything quiet, and went home and called my wife a hoodlum and crept off to bed. Next morning, as I went down town, the bank was in the possession of the police. A hole had been cut through the floor of the room over the vault, the brick of the vault roof removed, and the robbers had descended and made their haul, departing some time before daylight. You can't imagine my feelings, no matter how hard you try. I had been swindled at both ends of the route."—Detroit Free Press.

How a Clerk Won his Way.

The dry-goods chronicler has a story, the lesson of which stands out so clearly that it cannot escape attention: One of the wealthiest merchants of this city graphically relates how he commenced business: "I entered a store and asked if a clerk was not wanted. 'No!' in a rough tone, was the answer, all being too busy to bother with me, when I reflected that if they did not want a clerk they might want a laborer; but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings, put on a rough garb and next day went into the same store and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again 'No, sir,' was the response, when I exclaimed in despair almost: 'A laborer? Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object. I must have employment, and I want to be useful in business.' These last remarks attracted their attention, and in the end I was hired as a laborer in the basement and sub-cellar at very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In the basement and sub-cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers in a little while usually wasted to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let anybody commit petty larcenies without remonstrance and threats of exposure if remonstrance would not do. I did not ask for any eight or ten-hour law. If I was wanted at 3 o'clock in the morning I never growled, but told everybody to go home and I would see everything right. I loaded off at day-break packages for the morning boats, or carried them myself. In short, I soon became, as I meant to be, indispensable to my employers, and I rose, until I became head of this house with money enough for any luxury or any position a mercantile man may desire for himself and family in a great city."

"He Called Me Whittaker."

Hero-worshippers have a better time of it than the heroes who have to submit to their worship. The latter (including all distinguished men) are largely at the mercy of a class of admirers who are too obtuse to see any violation of good manners or taste in their pursuit of interviews and autographs. William Warren tells a delicious story about a St. Louis man who went east last summer and hunted up the poet Whittier. He found the quiet Quaker poet trying to hide from civilization in a farmhouse near Nantuxet. He had gone there to escape just such bores as the St. Louis man was.

At first he declined to see the visitor saying that he was not feeling strong, but the Missouri man was so persistent that at last Whittier yielded, and he was admitted. He shook the poet, and nearly poked his arm into the socket. He declared that he adored the poet's works—in fact, he read nothing else. He asked Whittier to write his name a few hundred times on a sheet of note paper, that he might distribute the autographs among his friends, and it was all the poet could do to keep the importunate visitor from cutting the buttons from his coat to carry away as mementoes. "And all the time," said Whittier, pathetically, as he told his adventure, "he called me Whittaker."

Facts About Planets.

Venus, so well known to us all as the loveliest object in the heavens, the evening and the morning star resembles closely our earth. Its size is about the same, its diameter being 7,650 miles; its day is almost the same length, and its density is rather less than five times that of water. It revolves round the sun at a distance of 30,000,000 miles in the space of 224 days. Like Mercury, however, Venus is moonless. Passing the earth in the meantime, we come to the well-known red planet, Mars. This planet is particularly interesting in many points of view. Next to mercury, it is the smallest of the four interior planets, its diameter being only 4,200 miles, or little more than half that of the earth or Venus. Its distance from the sun is 141,000,000, and it completes its circuit in 687 days. The length of its days does not differ materially from that of our own. Mars has two moons and one of them presents a phenomenon unique in the system. No other moon behaves like this one, for it goes around Mars about three times every day; that is to say, it goes ten times round Mars than Mars does on its own axis. Imagine our moon rising and setting three times every 24 hours. Another interesting feature in Mars is this: We can see through our telescopes what seems to be the configuration of its continents and oceans, and also accumulations of snow at its poles.

We next turn our attention to the other group of planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. These are distinguished by their enormous size, immense distance from the sun, rapid revolution on their own axis, and very small density. The change from Mars to Jupiter is indeed remarkable. The latter planet, familiar to every observer of the heavens, is indeed a giant amongst giants. In mass it is equal to all the other planets put together, its diameter being no less than 85,000 miles, and its distance from the sun 682,000,000 miles. It takes 4,332 days to complete its yearly revolution. Although of such enormous dimensions, it turns on its own axis in less than ten hours. From the small density—1.38—of Jupiter we should imagine it to be composed, in great part, at least, of fluid or gaseous matter not yet cooled sufficiently to form solid land. From certain phenomena on its surface it is evident it is almost completely enveloped in clouds, and it is doubtful if we have actually seen the real solid nucleus of this planet. Jupiter is attended by four moons, which revolve around him at various distances. The study of these bodies is of great interest; from watching their movements we got the first hint of velocity of light. Next in order in our outward journey comes Saturn, at a distance of 884,000,000 miles from the sun, and taking no less than 10,759 days to complete its revolution round that luminary. This planet, though less than Jupiter, is still of gigantic dimensions, its diameter being 11,000 miles. Saturn is the lightest of all the planets, its density being only 0.75, so that if placed in a huge ocean it would float with a fourth of a bulk above the level of the water. The most remarkable thing, however, about this planet is the system of the rings by which it is surrounded. What these rings are has long been a puzzle to astronomers, but the most plausible explanation seems to be that they are composed of myriad hosts of small meteoric bodies circulating at some distance round the body of the planet. Saturn has no less than eight moons under its control, and if it has any inhabitants like ourselves—which is not likely however—the heavens must be a strange sight to them, with these eight moons and meteoric swarms.

The Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands out in the country, by the names of Tim, Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat one evening drinking at the village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, on returning home, should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet the next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first: "You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire being but a glimmering of light, I came near walking into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor, said to me sarcastically: 'Bill, do put your foot in that batter!'"

"Just as you say, Maggy," said I, and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the pot of batter and went to bed."

Next Joe Brown told his story—"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping-room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate perfectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife, in no very pleasant tone, bawled out—

"Do knock the porridge pot!"

"No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the handle of the pot, and, striking it against the chimney jam, broke it in a thousand pieces. And get this exploit I returned to rest, and after a certain lecture till I fell asleep."

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows: "My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for I was blundering up-stairs in the dark when she cried out—

"Now, Tim, do break your neck."

"I'll be cursed if I do, Kate," said I, gathering myself up in the best way I could. "No, I'll sooner foot the bill."

"And so, landlord," continued Tim, "here's the cash for you. But by jingo, this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on command of my wife!"

Self-Poisoning.

From the Youth's Companion. Our readers are familiar with the fact that, in Bright's disease, the kidneys are unable fully to remove their allotted portion of the waste matter of the system. Hence this accumulates in the blood as a harmful and often as a fatal poison, the heart, lungs or brain at length giving way under its influence.

Still more familiar are they with that uncomfortable and depressed condition, popularly known as biliousness, due to a partial failure in the normal action of the stomach, liver and bowels. In both these cases the body is, to a greater or less extent, self-poisoned.

Thirty years ago it was discovered that decomposing animal substance develops a violent poison. Twenty years later the poisonous principle was isolated, crystallized, and a name given it—ptomaine. In 1870 Gantier discovered a somewhat similar poison in the muscular juice of healthy animals, and also in their urine. Later it has been extracted from fecal matter.

All of these are poisonous in a high degree. Some resemble the venom of the most poisonous serpents. That obtained from healthy muscle, when injected in minute quantity into the veins of a dog, produced stupor, trembling, universal spasms, slow respiration, and death in forty-five minutes.

In 1881 Dr. Gautier found that such poisons constantly appear in the excretions of living and healthy animals, and even in the saliva. The term leucamine was adopted as the name of such as are developed within the living body. They are believed to be normal products of bodily waste, as such so as carbonic acid, urea, etc. According to Gautier, they accumulate in the blood when for various reasons the skin, the kidneys and the digestive tract fail to eliminate them.

In a state of health we resist incessant self-poisoning, not only by eliminating the poisonous principle, but especially by its combustion in the body. Says the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal—

"The greater part of these poisons are very oxidizable, and it is by the vivifying influence of constantly renewed supplies of oxygen in the normal state, that they are burned in the blood, perhaps, also, in the tissues, and disappear. But let any cause whatever diminish the access of air to the blood, or let the quantity of hemoglobin—(that portion of the red blood corpuscle which has such an affinity for oxygen)—diminish—as in chlorosis (green sickness) and anemia, and there will soon be an accumulation of azotised substances of the nature of ptomaines and leucamines."

Hence the benefit to be obtained from whatever can excite the functions of the skin, the kidneys and the intestines, and especially from whatever energizes respiration and the making of good blood.

"In London Society."

From Harper's Magazine. This status can be attained by any man whatever who possesses a suit of evening clothes and a fair amount of manners. Such a one will have no difficulty in getting an invitation to an ordinary dance in the less fashionable circles. Once there he must get introduced to one or two of the matrons present, who stand highest on the social ladder, and, if possible, have ugly daughters. He must dance or pretend to dance assiduously with the children, and take the mothers themselves to supper. If one of the latter gives a dance herself, or is asked for men's names by a friend, the aspirant will not be forgotten, and will get his name down on a "list."

He has then merely to continue this process as he rises in the world, with a proper devotion to leaving cards, calls, etc., and in a couple of years no ball or drum will be inaccessible to him. With women it is different. Should they be neither fast, beautiful nor rich, they will find the steps of 'come life' hard to climb. Those who come under this description will have no difficulty. If they are in the first category, which, in spite of certain morbid writers, is still rare in England, they may get taken up by some nobleman or great personage, when they will become fashionable in a particular set, and be invited to the "frisky matron" balls. But the august mothers of society will look coldly on them, and they will pine in vain for invitations to the old established houses. Beauty, if accompanied by sobriety, can gain admission to any portal. If without encumbrances in the shape of parents who wish to "go out" too, some energetic ma-gon will run the new 'belle.' If there is any ambitious papa or mamma, the process is more uncertain. The fair maiden having been first seen at a place of public entertainment, some enterprising woman, observing a chance of making her parties talked about, will send the stranger a card of invitation, mother and all. If she should be a success—an event impossible to predict, for the canon of beauty applied by society is varying inexplicably—no entertainment will be considered complete without her, and rich and great will tumble over each other in their civilities to her show-man or show-woman as the case may be.

The method by which the rich climb the ladder can easily be described. In the first place they must give a ball and secure the patronage of some lady within the charmed circle of the grand mode. She will probably be not very far within, perhaps the wife of a baronet or an Irish peer. This patroness sends out the invitations with her own compliments to all persons on her own list, and to many who are not on it, but who she thinks will come. She extols, morning, noon, and night the integrity of her proteges, and the splendors of the coming entertainment. She lets her female friends know that the decoration of the front

landing will cost £700, her male acquaintances that £1000 will be spent on the supper. The first attempt will very likely be a partial failure. Few "smart" people will appear; the guests will sneer at the host instead of dancing with the daughters. But they will see the front landing, eat the supper, and talk about both afterward. Consequently when, in a short time, a second ball is announced, there will be a rush for invitations; the donors will receive cards from all quarters themselves, and may be considered henceforth "in society." The process is, however, an expensive one, and has to be kept up to some extent annually, lest the aspirants fall from their high estate.

SMUGGLERS.

Ingenious Devices Resorted to by the Professionals—Brilliant in Boot-Heels—Gems in Bread.

Dealers in precious stones, custom-house officials and detectives are all mysterious beings. They dislike to talk; but the word smuggle often sets their tongues a wagging.

"I will relate an experience myself and three assistants once had with an expert diamond smuggler some time since," said a grey-haired customs man, "and then you'll see both how easy and difficult it is to smuggle."

The story was told in a graphic manner, as follows: Three large diamond dealers in Chicago employed a young Frenchman, who was considered an expert at smuggling to procure for them \$12,000 of the finest water-gems. In some way the heavy purchase became known to a detective in Paris who cabled to the officers here to watch for the smugglers. The purchase consisted of 107 fine stones, and the detective in Paris had a "straight tip" from a shoemaker that the Frenchman's high heels contained the gems. He arrived and was politely conducted to a private examination room. Off came the boots and the Frenchman grew pale as a pearl. The heels were sounded, and in a moment later one thickness of leather was taken off. Out rolled a piece of tissue paper and fifty eight fine white stones. The Frenchman appeared crazy. He fumed, swore and almost wept. In the other heel the remaining gems, forty-nine in number, were found. The Frenchman put on his boots, and seemingly dazed, walked away.

He was a "cute un." The "gems" were the finest "Parisian," worth \$10 a peck, and the real article was snugly encased in his big box toes. He paid his shoemaker a handsome price for the sharp detective. Those gems are in Chicago now, and the bogus ones adorn a hundred shirt fronts in the custom house.

Women! Yes, they are the best smugglers of all; any custom house officer will confirm this fact. They have more ingenuity than men and more innocence wherewith to look the examiner calmly in the eye. How many ladies who go regularly abroad and pay their expenses by smuggling is not and never will be known. They are no many nevertheless.

SOME OF THE CUTE DODGES PLAYED. One of the cutest dodges ever played on the tariff enforcers is related of a young and pretty lady who lived, and probably still lives in Boston. She had gone to Berlin on a visit during her trip abroad, and while there saw four beautiful diamonds. Her means would just allow her to purchase them and pay her way home. In her dilemma she conceived a plan. Four large cavities were bored into her four largest teeth, the gems covered over and she departed. The duties would have cost her \$970, but she smiled on the officer who made the examination and passed innocently from the wharf.

Large quantities of diamonds, pearls and rubies are frequently baked in bread, sold with an understanding to the steward, who sees that they are so dry and hard at the end of the voyage that he must give it to a longshoreman who has a large and hungry family. As longshoremen don't feed their families on precious stones, the bread is broken and its contents placed in a little chamois skin bag and carried to the honest dealer in gems.

When the gems are hidden in trunks false bottoms are never resorted to. The dodge is too old and transparent. A regular line of small auger-cells is made in the sides and bottom. These are filled with the gems and a new paper inside cover pasted neatly over. Woe to the smuggler who happens to have one of those cells cracked open. The eagle eye of the law is always looking.

"Only one professional smuggler in a hundred is ever caught. They make it a study, science and business. They pass right under our noses and in front of our eyes with hidden fortunes. Accident or information from the other side is our only means of hauling 'em in.'" So said an officer who considers himself one of the sharpest in the service. Lady examiners in the employ of the custom house are equally as cute as the smugglers sometimes, and are frequently the captors of big government hauls. She knows where in a woman's apparel is the most likely place to find smuggled goods. They are sometimes mistaken however, as well as the men. Not very long ago a German woman was reported to arrive on a certain steamer with a fortune in jewels on her person. She came and was duly examined. The scrutiny she underwent was so severe that the lady custom house officials apologized over and over again.

The foreigner smiled and said that she did not suppose them for doing their duty, and bided some malicious person had sent the dispatch to annoy her. She entered a cab and the hat she wore was decked with a fortune in gems. They were covered with wax and represented a bunch of grapes. These the official ladies admired when they examined the hat lining and cover.

The ways and devices for smuggling are almost as numerous as the stars, and the jewels brought to America without paying tribute to Uncle Sam are frequently as bright.