

# OREGON SCOUT.

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UNION, OREGON.

## THIS IS ALL.

Just a whisper in the twilight,  
Just a smile proud and cold,  
Just a saucy sea or river,  
Just a dance at foot or ball,  
Just a glance that hearts enthrall—  
This is all—and this is all.

Just a few harsh words of doubting,  
Just a silence proud and cold,  
Just a spiteful breath of slander,  
Just a wrong that is not told,  
Just a word beyond recall—  
This is all—and this is all.

Just a life robbed of its brightness,  
Just a heart by sorrow filled,  
Just a faith that trusts no longer,  
Just a love by doubting chilled,  
Just a few hot tears that fall—  
This is all—and this is all.

—Bosie Churchill, in *Chambers' Journal*.

## A LION TAMER.

He Tells How to Train Wild Beasts.

As a Rule Drink Kills the Kings of the Profession—George Wombwell's "Successful" Dog and Lion Fight.

"I see by the papers that the lion have had Berdel, the lion king, in France at last, sir," said an old man with gray hair and unmistakable granger appearance, to the *Herald* man in the rotunda of the Palmer House the other day. "Well, I thought it would come to that at last. They'll do it sooner or later. The bottle does it, sir. A man may be as bold and as sober as he pleases till he gets once torn and then his nerve begins to fail. Any man's would if he had half the flesh torn off his sides—and then he wants a dram or two to steady him. One drink leads to another, and so on, until he gets reckless, allows the worst of the lot on which, if he were sober, he would know he ought to keep his eye, get dodging round behind him, or hits a beast in which he ought to know a blow will rouse a sleeping devil, or makes a stagger and goes down, and then the lot are onto him."

"You speak as if you knew something of the business," said the *Herald* man. "Were you ever a lion king?" "No, sir; I can't say as I ever was a lion king, I never had the pluck for that, but I've been in the business all the same and used to work under this same Lion King Berdel as has been savaged. My name's Wolfe, Henry Wolfe, and I've a bit of a farm now out Peoria ways. I've quit the lion business many a year, but I knew it well."

"Will you tell the *Herald* something about lions?" "I am an Englishman by birth, and was a tanner by trade, but times was hard and I fell out of a job. A traveling menagerie came along and they wanted a man to help the lion king, handing him in his properties when performing, and such like, and so I took the job. Well, by and by they got me to go into the cage, but great Scott! didn't I funk, and there never was a day that I had to go in among the devils that I didn't try a rough bit of a prayer to drive away the nervousness. Then I found that brandy took the shine out of the prayer, and I used always to have a tidy drop inside of me before I went in. I knew the risk of the brandy. Didn't I get this tear down my hand one evening when I had taken so much that I didn't see that old lioness creeping around to my back? Still I went on drinking, and then at last I got the delirium tremens, and then, instead of seeing snakes I saw lions and tigers. Sometimes it was the Royal Bengal as was a-catchin' of me, and sometimes it was the big Nubian, but they were always there, and when I came out of that boat I never went into the cage again."

"Three kinds of lions come to this country and Europe, and the biggest European importer is Jamrach. The lions come from the Cape and some Nubia, and another sort come from Senegal. You get them from Jamrach well nigh as wild as the day they were caught, for I believe he never allows any of his men to go into the cages, and if he wants to shift them he places one cage alongside another and drives them in by placing straw in the den he wants them to quit. The tiger is not so sullen in confinement, but is more treacherous, and when he once loses command of himself there is not a pin to choose between him and the lion. I think I would sooner, on the whole, have truck with the lion than the tiger. Some people will tell you that there is no vice about either. Bosh! It's all very well to say that when he puts his claws into you in a playful way that you ought to have presence of mind and keep still and he will take them out. But when you feel the claws going into you an inch or more, you can not help dragging the limb away. Then the beast drags his way, and you get torn and the blood comes, and the animal, partly at the sight of blood and partly in a fit of desperation, as he knows he has done wrong, takes hold anyhow, and the others in the cage catch the infection—and then you can say your prayers. The most dangerous time to interfere is when they are feeding, especially if they are gnawing a bone. It is pretty near certain death for a man to get near an old lion or lioness when either is gnawing a bone and try to take it away from them. The lion-tamer likes to get his beasts as young as he can, because then they are more easily brought into order, although no doubt there are many instances when a full-grown forest lion has been trained to a high perfection."

Whatever is the reason, it is a fact that forest lions are more intelligent and teachable than those bred in confinement. The lion-tamer begins by taking the feeding of them into his own hands, and so gets them to know him. He commences feeding them from outside the den, then ventures inside to one at a time, always carefully keeping his face to the animal and avoiding any violence, which is a mistake whenever it can be avoided, as it arouses the dormant devil in the beast. Getting to handle the lion the tamer begins by stroking him down the back, gradually working up to the head, which he begins to scratch, and the lion, which, like the cat, likes friction, begins to rub his head against the hand. When this familiarity is well established a board is handed to the trainer, which he places across the cage, and teaches the lion to jump over it. Gradually this board is heightened, the lion jumping over it at every stage, and then come the hoops, etc., held on top of the board to quicken the beast's understanding. To teach the animal to jump over the trainer the latter stoops alongside the board, so that when the lion clears one he clears the other, and half a dozen lessons are generally sufficient to teach him this. To get a lion to lie down and allow the trainer to stand on him is more difficult. It is done by flicking the beast over the back with a small whip and at the same time pressing him down with one hand. By raising the head and taking hold of the nostrils with the right hand, and the under lip and lower jaw with the left, the lion loses greatly the power of his jaws, so that a man can pull them open and put his head inside the beast's mouth, the feat with which Van Amburg's name was so much associated. The only danger is less the animal should raise one of his fore paws and stick his claws into you, and if he does, the tamer must stand fast for his life until he has shifted his paw. Old lions are easier handled than young ones, as they are sure to be better trained. By the way, did you ever hear the story of Wallace's fight with the dogs? No. Well, Wallace was an old lion belonging to George Wombwell, the English menagerie man, and the old beast was as tame as a sheep. Well, George's finances were at low water and he thought to advertise a fight between Wallace and a dozen English mastiffs would prove a drawing card. And you just bet it did. It took like wild fire, and seats were sold for the performance as high as twenty-five dollars apiece. The house was packed and hundreds couldn't get in. It was a queer go and no mistake. When they were in the cage the lion didn't care for the dogs and the dogs didn't care for the lion. Sometimes the old lion would scratch a lump out of a dog, and sometimes the dogs would make as if they were going to worry the old lion, but neither showed any serious fight, and at length the patience of the audience got exhausted, and they went away in disgust. George's excuse was: "We can't make 'em fight if they won't, can we?" He cleared over ten thousand dollars by that fight."

"Who were the leading lion-tamers in those days? Well, there was old 'Manchester Jack,' he was the first that I can remember. He was with Wombwell, and was good as any. Then there was Van Amburg, famous for the head and mouth business. Crockett was one of the most daring I ever remember. A den of lions got loose once and Crockett jumped in among them—six of 'em—and drove them back to the den with only a riding whip. Daniel couldn't have made a better showing than that. Crockett came to America with Howe & Cushing's circus, and died right here in Chicago. Then there were the two Maccos—one a duffer and the other the genuine article. The 'duffer's' real name was Jimmy Strand, and he used to keep a gingerbread stall; the good man was a nigger. It is more dangerous for a black man than a white, if it be true, as they say, that the beasts can nose a black man and are mad after the flavor of the flesh. These are most of the leading lion kings I remember, but there have been others of less note. As I have said, as a rule, drink ruins them all, and you can hardly wonder at it."

Then, besides the lion kings, you must remember that there have been some famous lion queens, who have been quite as daring, if not more so, than the lion kings. Women often do more foolhardy deeds of daring than men, for this reason, I think, that they don't sufficiently comprehend the danger. —Chicago Herald.

—John Cline, once a celebrated rope-dancer, died at the Forrest Home recently. He came to this country from England in 1828. He danced at the Bowery Theater in New York for four years under contract with Charles Gilbert for \$10,000 a year. Once in Philadelphia he proved too great an attraction for such stars as Wallack and Forrest, and they played to empty benches while Cline danced at the Chestnut Street Theater. He was very popular with theatrical people, and they succeeded in placing him in the Forrest Home in 1880. Cline earned a great deal of money in his prime, but lost \$60,000 by the failure of the United States Bank. —Philadelphia Press.

—Two young crooks in New York succeeded in getting possession of a check for \$19,700 by surreptitious means, but the largeness of the amount frightened them and they tore it up. —N. Y. Mail.

—There are ten thousand actresses in the United States who annually receive one hundred and twenty-five bouquets each, according to statistics in the *New York Herald*.

## COWBOY HOSPITALITY.

The Free and Easy Way in Which They Welcome Travelers and Strangers.

One hot afternoon, as we were approaching Big Dry Creek, a cowboy suddenly rode in sight on the crest of a ridge, and came down the slope towards us at a swinging gallop. He sat erect as a bronze statue, and had been lashed to his horse like another Mazepa he could not have sat more perfectly motionless in his saddle. Instinctively we straightened up our throats, and sat erect also. Evidently he wanted to speak to us. So we rode forward to meet him, wondering the while whether his manner would be agreeable or irritating.

After we had civilly exchanged how-do-you-dos, he inquired if we had seen any horses since morning. He had lost some, and up to that time, two o'clock, had ridden about twenty-five miles in search of them. No, we had not seen any horses. So we fell to asking questions about trails, creeks and water-holes. We were getting a deal of information, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Looky here, fellers! The best thing you can do is to pull on to our ranch and put up for awhile. It's only twelve miles from here. Take the trail that turns off to the left, about three miles ahead. You won't find anybody at home—the boys are all off on the roundup, you know—but just go right in and make yourselves at home."

"Isn't the door locked?" "Thunder, no! We never lock doors in this country. Somebody might come along hungry, and want to get in to get some grub, or stay all night. If a cowboy wanted to get in, and found the door locked, he'd just simply break it down."

"Aren't you afraid of thieves?" "O, no; nothing is ever stolen. A man's upon his honor, you know; and, besides, if a feller'd ever really steal any thing out of a shack, the country'd soon be too hot to hold him. Anybody that comes to a shack hungry is expected to go in and get a square meal, and stay all night if he wants to."

"Isn't that privilege often abused?" "No, hardly ever. Say, you'll find a cow up at the ranch and you can milk her if you want to. There are plenty of eggs about the stable; if you want 'em go for 'em. Just make yourselves at home, and stay as long as you like. I'll be glad to have yer company."

A few more remarks were exchanged, and then our cowboy gathered up his reins and said: "Well, I've got to finish my circuit, twenty miles more, I reckon; so I must be moving. So long, I'll see you at the ranch about sundown."

And flinging the last remark over his shoulder at us his pony galloped rapidly away, a moment later he rode over the ridge and disappeared. —W. T. Hornaday, in *Cosmopolitan*.

## FLOATING VILLAS.

The Queer House-Boats Moored Along the Banks of the Upper Thames.

Villas on the Thames, especially in the pleasant, picturesque stretches between Hampton court and Windsor, command such fabulous prices during the summer months that nothing but millionaires can indulge in the luxury. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and an ingenious mind has initiated a movement that will make of the upper Thames a series of floating villas. This new fad is a house-boat, built on almost a flat bottom, thus allowing it to be moored at any sylvan spot close under the umbrageous trees that line the banks. The boat has its saloon, dining and sleeping rooms, and is generally fitted up by the ladies with exquisite taste and comfort. There is great luxury in a quiet life on these handsomely-appointed crafts, and their numbers increased so rapidly last year that the tradesmen sent round small steam-boats taking orders and delivering the provisions. The owners of fine villas are naturally indignant at the constant inroads on their privacy, and the question as to the right of mooring such boats in close proximity to the grounds of a park is to be tested in the law courts. These craft were moved to different parts of the river by means of tugs, but recently a stern-wheel velocipede has been tested as a motive power. The paddles, two feet in diameter, are connected with a gut-band to the driving-wheel, which is twenty-six inches in diameter and over seventy pounds in weight. Ordinary bicycle handles, which are connected with the rudder, saddle cranks, and treadles are used. The boat is thirty feet long and seven feet beam, and was propelled two miles and a half, between Marlow and Bourne End, in forty minutes, which is good time. It caused a great deal of astonishment to the oarsmen and inhabitants of other house-boats to see such a big thing propelled so easily by one man. —London Letter.

—In the school-books of a generation still young a vast tract of territory west of the Missouri river was known as the "Great American desert," and the manner in which that supposed sterile area has been transformed into profitable grazing regions and has even been covered with fertile farms and gardens is one of the most remarkable achievements of the past decade. Eastern people who behold with wonder the present rapid growth of that section are even led to believe that the settlers bring an increased rainfall with them and thus overcome the arid character of the plains, or at least that the cultivation of the soil and the planting of trees enhance the supply of atmospheric moisture. —N. Y. Herald.

—If you have no dark place for the fruit cans wrap each one separately in heavy paper. —Good Housekeeping.

## PLATE GLASS.

How It Is Manufactured in the Principal Works of Europe.

Plate glass is only made in the very largest factories. The plate glass works at Ravenhead, England, are in a building 339x155 feet; the melting furnace is placed in the center of the building, with openings on two parallel sides for working purposes, while along two sides of the building are arranged the annealing ovens, which are often made very large to receive the immense plates that are made. The materials of which the best plate glass is made are pure silica or quartz sand, pure carbonate of soda, slaked lime and plate glass cullet, that is, bits of broken plate glass. These materials, in proper proportions, are put in the melting-pot, where they are allowed to remain from ten to sixteen hours, or even longer, until the whole has become fused and the soda is thoroughly volatilized. Toward the last the temperature is allowed to fall and the glass then acquires the viscosity suitable for casting. In some factories it is then transferred to another vessel, where it is allowed to stand at the same high temperature for some time before casting; but in many establishments it is poured directly from the melting-pot upon the casting-table. This table consists of a massive slab, usually of cast-iron, supported by a frame, and generally placed at the mouth of the annealing oven. On each side of the table are ribs or bars of metal, which keep the glass within proper limits, and by their height determine the thickness of the plate. A copper or bronze cylinder about a foot in diameter lies across the table upon the side bars. The table is heated by having hot coals placed upon it, and is then carefully cleaned. The pots of melted glass are then lifted from the furnace, skimmed with a large copper knife, conveyed on wheel-racks to the table, and being swung up by means of a crane, are emptied thereon. The cylinder now rolled across the viscid mass spreads the glass out in a sheet of uniform breadth and thickness. While the plate is still red hot its end is turned up like a flange, and with a rake it is thrust into the annealing oven, which is heated to a dull red heat. Other plates are now immediately cast upon the hot table until the annealing oven is filled, when it is closed and slowly cooled for five days. Taken from the oven, the plates are ground smooth with sand and water, and afterward with emery paper. They are then polished with powder of red oxide of iron, under considerable pressure. This work of grinding and polishing is done by machinery, by means of which a most brilliant surface is readily secured. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

## ZUNI BLANKETS.

How These Indestructible Articles Are Made by Industrious Squaws.

As we entered the village every one there was busy doing something. Some old squaws were sitting outside their houses crooning snatches of Indian songs in a low, guttural tone, their hands meanwhile moving with wonderful rapidity, passing balls of colored woolen thread backward and forward between other threads which were stretched vertically inside a square wooden frame. While we were watching them some of the natives gathered around, and one of them, an old buck, addressed us, saying, in broken English: "Hallo sojers; where goin'?" After we had answered him to his satisfaction we tried to find out what the squaws were making, but we could not get the desired information until we had produced some tobacco and signified that if he would tell us we would give him some. When the old fellow saw the tobacco his face beamed with smiles in an instant, and he replied: "Ow, ow [yes, yes], me like him mucho [very much]. Tobacco heap bueno; [good]; and when he had given him some he said, pointing to the squaw: "Him make blanket; blanket heap bueno; me go get him," and he disappeared inside one of the houses, returning almost immediately with a blanket across his arm, which he held up for our inspection, saying: "You like him? Twenty dollars. Me sell."

After bargaining with him for a few minutes one of our party bought the blanket for fifteen dollars, and he never regretted it. Their blankets far exceed those manufactured by their white brethren. The Zunis take the wool as it comes off the sheep, color it, spin it into threads, and then turn it over to the squaws, who make the blankets, every thing being done by hand alone. The prices for blankets range from five dollars to fifty dollars, according to size, and they are well worth the money. I have seen one tied by the corners hold a quantity of water for days without letting a drop come through, and its color did not suffer in the least. —Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

—There is a man at Duluth who has invested nearly \$300,000 in the last twenty years in lotteries, raffles, policy-playing and dice-shaking, and has never won much more than a glass of beer. He says he is bound to keep at it until he hits a fortune, but his four barefooted children are a bit doubtful if they can get along without shoes until that time arrives. In his last raffle the man bought twenty-four out of fifty chances, and lost at that. —St. Paul Pioneer.

—A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it. —Detroit Free Press.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Berlin dog tax yielded the city last year 286,000 marks (\$71,500).

—An orange tree over four hundred years old, in the orangerie at Versailles, was planted by Elenora de Castile, the wife of Charles III.

—In return for his gift of Arabian horses, Queen Victoria sent to the Sultan of Muscat a fine gold watch and chain, a hall clock and a costly tea service.

—As a protection against the rabbit plague, the government of Queensland has purchased three thousand and fifty miles of wire netting, with which to build a fence around the colony.

—Prof. Collett, the well-known Norwegian zoologist, announces that the beaver is now extinct in Northern Norway, but estimates that about one hundred and sixty are still in existence in the South, chiefly in the provinces of Nedenæs.

—The imperial family of Austria do not waste their time in idleness. The Crown Prince has lately published a book, the Archduchess Maria Valerie is writing a play, and the Archduke Karl Salvator has just got a patent for a new repeating rifle.

—The failure of the famous Gunpowder-Plot of Guy Fawkes, by which the Houses of Parliament were to be destroyed November 5, 1606, is still commemorated in the Church of St. Mary Le Bow, London, by an annual sermon, for which a sum of money was bequeathed more than two centuries ago.

—The Crown Prince of Germany, like Von Moltke, is a very silent man. He lives in a quiet, domestic way, and is said to be bitterly opposed to the sentiments of Prince Bismarck; and this is a source of considerable annoyance to the old Emperor. After his first audience with the Pope his only remark was: "The Pope is a Frenchman."

—Some experiments lately brought before the Paris Academy by M. Lavini coincide with those of other observers—the conclusion that "gases and vapors, under any pressure, and at all temperatures, are perfect insulators, and can not be electrified through friction, either with one another or with solid or liquid substances."

—The late King Alfonso of Spain is not yet officially buried, although he has just been dead a year. According to rigid Spanish etiquette royal personages must become "mummified" before being finally laid to rest, and so their coffins are placed in a special chamber in the rock, where water falls constantly upon the corpse until it is completely petrified. So the body of the late king is still undergoing the process.

—The president of the Vienna police is preparing one of the most complete "rogues' galleries" to be found anywhere. It is a collection of photographs of the most notorious international criminals, and contains already 3,000 specimens. Half-a-dozen copies are made of each original in order to enable the police to send duplicates, when needed, to the police of other European capitals.

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

How the Lord of the Family Was Snatched from the Grave by His Will-Power.

The other night when Mr. Bowser came home to supper I was lying down with a dreadful headache. I have headaches occasionally. I wouldn't have them if I could help it, but I can't. Once in awhile I have a chill, but it's nothing I'm to blame for.

"Sick, eh?" growled Mr. Bowser as he entered the bed-room.

"Got a headache."

"That's always the way of it! I wish I could remember one single well day which has passed over your head since we were married!"

"I'm always well."

"Oh, you are! Well, I must be blind not to have discovered the fact! I want you to go to the theater to-night."

"I—I guess I can go."

"Well, I guess you can't! Mrs. Bowser, it does seem queer that whenever I have any special entertainment mapped out you invariably bust it with a headache, palpitation of the heart, torpid liver or some other ailment. It must be the grossest carelessness on your part. Have you had a doctor today?"

"Why, no?"

"Well, we'll have one! I'm going to know what ails you, if I have to call half the doctors in town! I want to know whether I've married a woman or a bundle of drugs."

"You may be ill some day, Mr. Bowser."

"Bosh! I've got the strength of mind to throw off even a case of small-pox. The Bowser family never made fools of themselves by being upset at every change of the weather."

The doctor came up and prescribed a Dover's powder, and he thought I needed a tonic of some sort. Bowser was grumpy all the evening, and when we went to bed he sniffed and snuffed and muttered:

"Oh, excuse me! I thought for a moment that I was in Harper's Hospital!"

Two mornings after that Bowser woke me up an hour earlier than usual. His face was very pale, his teeth chattered, and I saw at once that he had a chill. He had been looking yellow around the eyes for three or four days, and it was evident that his liver was out of order.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I believe I'm going to have a chill!"

"Oh, pshaw! Just exercise your will-power and throw it off!"

"Mrs. Bowser, I want you to telephone for a doctor—two—three doctors, without delay! I'm an awful sick man,

without one chance in twenty of getting well!"

"Pooh! Mr. Bowser, I had all arrangements made to go over to the toboggan slide to-day, and to have a progressive euchre party here to-night. It seems funny that you should fall sick and spoil all my pleasure!"

"All right—go ahead and abuse me all you want to! When I am under the sod you'll think of these things."

The family doctor came up after breakfast and prescribed quinine and some other simple remedy, and advised Bowser to lie in bed through the day. The following was the programme of the forenoon:

1. I soak Mr. Bowser's feet.

2. I prepare him three different kinds of gruels.

3. I send the baby over to mother's, because its cooing disturbs him.

4. I stop all the clocks in the house at his request.

5. I drive all the boys out of the neighborhood to soothe Mr. Bowser's nerves.

6. I shut the dog in the barn and drive the cat to the attic.

7. I make a list of his debtors and creditors and lock up the insurance papers.

At noon Mr. Bowser resolved to get out of bed, and the amount of dinner he ate was positively astonishing. After dinner he put on his slippers and dressing-gown and asked:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose a cigar would hurt me?"

"Pooh!"

"There you go! You don't seem to understand that I have been dangerously ill, and that a relapse would cause my death! Mrs. Bowser, I believe you secretly wished during the forenoon that I might die!"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, your conduct is very suspicious, to say the least. In case of my death I believe you'd marry again!"

"I might."

"You would, eh? That's the kind of a person you are, is it?"

"But, Mr. Bowser, you've been sick so much, you know, and you've turned the house into a hospital so often—!"

"Who's sick?"

"You are. I'd just like to remember the time when you had a well day. Mr. Bowser, it's an awful thing to chain a woman to an invalid husband."

Then Bowser began to cry, and I had to tuck him up in bed and put a hot flannel to his feet, and tie a rag around his head, and make him some sage tea. He was all right next morning, and when I asked him if it was safe for me to invite company for Friday night, he roared out:

"Safe! Why not?"

"You may be ill, you know!"

"And I may not, you know! Mrs. Bowser, I want you to understand that the Bowser family—the line I am descended from—never give up until the very last!"

"But they recover wonderfully quick."

"They do, eh? And that's because of their strong will-power. Mrs. Bowser, I'm satisfied that I was snatched from the grave yesterday, and that by no help of yours. If I do not return home for the next three days you have only yourself to blame!"

But he was back at noon, and he hasn't had another word to say about my headaches. —Detroit Free Press.

## SMUGGLING CIGARS.

How to Get a Box of Good Mexican Weeds Without Paying Duty.

When you go to Paso del Norte, you will, of course, desire to indulge that taste for defrauding the revenue of your country which is inherent in the American character, and, if you are disposed to be moderate in your indulgence of this taste, you can manage the matter without much difficulty, and at a very great expense, for the articles you buy in Paso del Norte and smuggle across the river, will not cost you much more than if you bought them of merchants on the American side. A set of Mexican filagree jewelry, for example, which the American shop-keepers in El Paso sell for \$5, can be bought in Paso del Norte for about \$8, and so the joy of smuggling the things across will cost you only about \$3. My advice, however, is to smuggle very little, as the stocks of such things in El Paso shops are much fuller and more varied than those on the other side. As to the pleasure of telling your friends that you bought a particular thing in Mexico, that may be had in any case. Remember what Chesterfield said to his son who wished to go down into a coal mine for the sake of being able to say that he had done so. "You can say it just as well without doing it," was the paternal admonition.

But if you must do a little smuggling, buy cigars. The Mexican weeds are good and really cheap. Very large ones of fine flavor can be had for \$2.50 a hundred and if you "break the box" by taking out three or four, the dealer will inform you, there will be no duty to pay. Then, by concealing the box about your person and looking guilty you may have the pleasure of risking fine and imprisonment. Perhaps a better way is to be honest and self-respecting, buy your box of cigars and carry them openly, as I did mine, holding yourself ready to pay the duty when it is demanded. The customs officers, in that case, will casually glance into the car, observe that you are simply a tourist taking back some cigars for your own use and say nothing on the subject. You will lose the pleasure of feeling guilty and dishonest, but you will get your cigars all the same at the Mexican price, and you can afterward chat without fear with the customs officers and find out a good deal that is interesting from them. —Cor. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.