DESERET EVENING NEWS

Published every day, except Sunday, at 4 o'clock p. m. Subscription price, in advance, $10.00 per year, $5.00 per month, 85 cents per week, payable or delivered by carrier.

DESERET SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS.

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SYMPATHY.

They came to me and gently said,
"Your neighbor's little cat is dead."
I answered not, but closer pressed
My own sweet one unto my breast.

I laid him down, my eyes grew dim,
And like mists I long or hung
Then cold and silently stole
The other neither to remain

I stroked her hand and tried—but in
I could not say 'twas better so
I could not say, dear heart, resign—
O Father, what if it were mine!

—Sidney Lanier in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE SMUGGLER.

In 1851, when I was yet a youngster before the mast, I took a trip to Tampico in a little trading schooner called The Ella, commanded by a jolly skipper from Florida, one Nat Martin, a dark skinned Spanish creole, who, "for short," was always called by his friends "Nig." The schooner generally carried out her dry goods and provisions on her owner's account, but I always had an idea that she "round" more than her register made her responsible for.

We were only nine days on our run from New York out to the mouth of Tampico river, and about noon on the tenth day we stretched in over the bar with a leading wind that would easily have carried us with a flowing sheet up to the town, which was nearly twelve miles above, but, for reasons best known to himself, the captain anchored as soon as we passed the fort and sounded Point Tampico, just above and out of the teeth of its guns.

The revenue boat from the guard's crew came on board before our sails were furled, and the custom house officers overhauled our papers and manifest. They seemed a little suspicious, and one of the officers was left on board to watch us, while the rest went on board their own craft, which lay nearly half a mile further down the river, under the guns of the fort.

As soon as dinner was ready the captain invited the revenue officer down in the cabin to dine with him, and as they went below he further winked his large, laughing blue eyes at the mate, and I knew well there was fun in the wind.

As soon as the captain and Mexican had got below, the mate slipped into the small boat and sculled ashore. In the meantime, I could tell by the lively noise in the cabin that the officer and captain were getting along very well together, and once in awhile the tinkle of meeting glasses and a jolly sing-song of a "spirit potential" that was playing upon the hearts and souls of both parties.

At last, a little after dark, with a real Havana in each of their mouths, they came on deck, the skipper and the watcher. Both were decidedly, and squirmally drunk; it was night before from their walk and conversation; but I could see at a single glance that the captain was stammering, although the "spiritual reality" was visible in the Mexican. He seemed, however, to retain some sparks of his duty and to know that, as night was over us, if we intended to smuggle it was necessary for him to keep his eyes open. So he seated himself on the taffrail with an air of drunken dignity, and as he hummed a Spanish barcarolle, kept which over the movements of the crew about the deck, glancing now and then up and down the still river.

As the night advanced I saw that Captain Martin began to look uneasy and anxious, although he pretended to be even more drunk than his guest and spy.

At last, when it was near midnight, the Mexican became less frequent in his snatches of song, and the "liquor drowse" seemed to be coming over him.

Captain Martin now lay down beside the Mexican and pretended to fall into a sound sleep, attesting the same by a long, loud and regular snoring. This threw the Mexican completely off his guard, and wrapping his watch coat closer around him he followed suit, and then the twain seemed to be trying which could snore the loudest.

When the Senor Mexicano had got fairly under headway the captain arose lightly from the deck, and passing forward took the lantern from the binnacle and held it for a minute over the bows. Presently I saw several dark objects coming out from under the shadow of the land, and in a few moments more six large native canoes were alongside of us.

In the first one that boarded us was the mate and a merchant, whom I well knew to belong to one of the first houses in Tampico. The boat came noiselessly alongside and their crew crept stealthily on board. Without a sound the hatches were raised and package after package of rich dry goods was passed up from the hold and over the side into the boats by the tawny, half naked rascals.

The boats were nearly all loaded when I, who had been placed to keep watch over the sleeping revenue officer, saw him open his eyes, and before I could move or speak he saw and comprehended all that was going on. Springing to his feet he shouted:

"Guarda costa—contrabandista!"

One bound from where he stood by the main hatchway to the taffrail and our captain was by the side of the officer with his brawny hands encircling the windpipe from which proceeded no much noise.

The Mexican tried to drawback overboard, and struggled manfully to get free from the choking grip, but Captain Martin knew that the entire loss of his vessel and cargo would follow detection, and he was not disposed to trifle. Seizing the Mexican, in spite of his kicks and writhings, he easily pitched him overboard.

It was quite dark, and as the tide was ebbing swiftly downward he passed out of sight instantly, but for minutes we could hear him splashing and gurgling in the water and trying to shout. This all was still again. We knew not whether he had sunk or gained the shore, nor, to tell the truth, did we care much.

"Dear a hand, boys!" said the captain, "tumble in those packages and the rest of the goods into the boats and let them get ashore. If that dago has not drunk too much water, he may give us some trouble about this matter yet."

In a few moments the last package to be smuggled was passed into the boats, the "patron" who had made the purchase counted out the pay in doubloons, the canoes pushed off and soon vanished up the river. In a few moments our hatches were battened down, the men stowed up as fast fore and aft, and we retired to their berths with orders to be sound asleep and not to wake up on any account.

All this was scarcely arranged, when the dash of oars was heard pulling up the river was heard, and in another moment an armed boat from the guards crew was alongside. At the first sound of the approaching boat Captain Martin had laid down where he first presumed to go to sleep and he was now snoring louder than ever. Even the carousing, loud and deep, of the Mexican fellow to arouse him from his deep sleep.

The officer who had been thrown overboard, still dripping from his involuntary bath, raged art and with no gentle means tried to arouse the sleeper. At last he paused and scratched his head and vaguely asked what was the matter and what was wanted. Then came a roar!

All the Mexicans, cursing and swearing and threatening and corresponding of sore, pointing to the officer who had been taking a midnight swim all alone to himself, when, with a voice louder than all the rest, swore that he would have drowned if St. Antonio hadn't made the sentinel hear his voice aboard the guards crew and extend them to send him a boat.

The captain could not be made to understand what was the matter, and when he was charged with having thrown the revenue officer overboard and with having smuggled boats alongside, he raised his hands in holy horror toward the stars and indignantly replied:

"It's all a contrived lie. Why," said he to the other officers of the guards crew, "that gentleman dined with me, we drank pretty freely, and then came up from the cabin, when both of us lay down here to sleep. I did not wake up until now, he must have been dreaming and have fallen overboard in his sleep. You all saw that I was sound asleep when you came aboard, how then could I have thrown him overboard? The idea is absurd, nonsensical, the whole story impossible—yes, impossible—no, my hatches are all battened down, just as they were when you were on board when I came in from my long, nothing has been moved; my crew are all asleep. He must have been dreaming and while he dreamed of smuggling and the like of such he must have fallen overboard. He knows very well that he was as drunk as a lord."

The story of the captain was well conceived, and told with better effect among all the revenue officers, save the victim himself, who called upon every saint in the calendar to come down and swear that his story was true. But the perfect order and quietude of our vessel, the crew all sound asleep, the hatches all battened down, just as they were in the morning; the honest indignation of our sleepy captain, and the acknowledgment of the victim that he had been very drunk, compared badly with his own story, and the yarn of Captain Martin was believed. The soaked officer was taken back to his own vessel, to be tried and punished for sleeping on his watch, while another officer was left in his place to keep us from smuggling. When daylight came we weighed anchor and sailed up to the town, where we honestly discharged the cargo per manifest, paying honorably all charges and duties thereon.—Ned Buntline in New York News.

The Way to Save.

"The way to get rich is to save money by regular system," said the president of a savings bank to the writer. "One of our depositors early in the existence of this institution was a newsboy. He sold papers on Pennsylvania avenue. Every day he came in and deposited twenty-five cents. He never missed a day when the bank was open, and after awhile he had accumulated over a thousand dollars. He drew out the cash and bought a piece of land with it. Now he is a well to do citizen.

"The difficult thing with most people is to make the first start in saving. After one has got together a few dollars a reserve fund an appetite for accumulation is acquired. It becomes an object in life to put something aside, which represents an insurance against misfortune. People in this country are not much given to saving compared to Europeans. They usually live up to the last penny of their incomes or just a little to fund. This is certainly very unfortunate. In case of loss of employment suffering for the wage earner and his family is apt to follow."—Washington Star.

Homeless Without Nails.

The tents that have been made by a street car company of Paris of a new form of nailless horseshoes have been so successful that the company has decided to employ this shoe exclusively in the future. The new shoe is made of Bessemer steel, and in appearance is similar to the ordinary iron shoe, except that it has a bent lever that attaches itself half way up the rear of the hoof without any wire compression it.

A clamp incloses the hoof, parting the two heels of the shoe, and is supported on the top of the lower, which wholly supports it, and thereby prevents compression of any part of the hoof. The shoe is also fitted with three small interior clamps, which penetrate the horn of the hoof and prevent displacement of the shoe without the preliminary raising of the clamps. A number of private firms in Paris have also tested the shoe with success. It is considered by many that this form of shoe will sooner or later revolutionize the farrier's industry.—Philadelphia Record.

No Sore Bad Men After This.

A herb is said to have been discovered in Yucatan which is a specific for insanity.—New York Journal.

To remove splashes of paint from window glass some wise soul is very hot water and wash the glass with it, using soft flannel.

Mrs. Seymour-Haweis thinks there are too many women in the world. Not enough of men and the other by reason of late.

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