

ST. JOHN STAR, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1905

THE SMUGGLERS

BY ALBERT SONNICHSEN.

It was a year ago last fall, almost two years now, that I found myself in New York, paid off from a dam' Yankee hot-box—the Henry Hyde—ye all know 'er. I 'ad a good pay-day, all good dollars or more, so after comin' ashore, I whopped 'er up for about a week. One mornin' I woke up in Matt-chester Pete's place on West street, without a bloomin' sou in me pocket. Well, Pete gives me a drink to straighten me up, an' out I goes, to get me a bloomin' sou in me pocket. "Thinks I to meself, I'll try the bellows 'ome in Cherry street, an' over I goes, down the Bowery, an' suddenly some one slaps me on the back an' shouts: "Hello, Dick, 'ow's things comin'?" "Well, strike me good an' blind, if there wasn't Bob White, me old shipmate in the Glenogale, a Yankee chap, but the whitest man as ever walked a deck. Well, Bob says 'I's in pretty bad condition, so he takes me 'round to his lodgin'-ouse, a swell 'otel on Fourth avenue, 'n' I see a good feed, an' I see a bath an' a good feed, an' in the evening I was a-feelin' all right again. Seems Bob was pretty well fixed an' 'ad lots o' dough, an' for two days 'e gives me a good time. One mornin' 'e says to me: "Look 'ere, Dick, I s'pose ye're lookin' for a ship now?" "Just so," says I. "All right," says 'e, "I'll put you onto somethin' better than a wind-sucker. I am a 'artin' 'alf a dozen good chaps as will appreciate a good thing an' stand by a feller on the square. Now, do you want to go with 'em? There's good money in it, but it means a shady lay-out—a stiff lip. "Of course I was givin' 'em that off, an' that night Bob an' me an' five other chaps took the regular steamer Savannah. There it was onto 'is game. Savannah took the train to Jacksonville an' I joined our ship. Seems Bob was second mate, an' I was a good man, what could be depended on. She was a little 50-ton steamer, new in the business. I was 'ard o' 'im, 'e as was mate of the Savannah five years ago, an' I must say 'e was just the right kind o' a mate on the dead level. We 'ad eight 'ands for 'er, an' two mates an' a boy. On the ship's articles, Bob was 'ard o' a month, but on the side it meant \$300 a trip. Not so bloomin' bad, mind ye. Seems the wrecker's a tow-boat license, an' that covered all 'er moves. Not but what the authorities 'er wint' on 'er, but that gave 'er the wink. "Well, I stuck to me job an' made five trips in 'er, an' every time Pete 'ard 'er, he'd give me a good feed, an' sometimes three. Ye see, we 'ave to keep sharp lookout, with our smoke-trail in the Spanish coast, an' then we 'ad to make a quick dash at dawn into the coast, an' land the stuff. Several times we 'ave a swimmer keel than any of the Spanish patrol boats. We did the thing slick, too. After we 'ad made out the insurance, an' the stuff was just sail right in, generally some small cove where boats could land. Then we 'd circle close in shore an' drop the stuff in water, an' the big boats attached, an' Bob an' I would slip off in the dingy, an' we 'd meet a chap from shore, an' he 'd give us the stuff an' give us a receipt. Then the shore boat 'd take it in tow, an' we 'd go aboard again. The whole job 'd be done in two minutes. "But seems the thing was too good to last—for me, anyhow. This was our sixth trip. We 'd been layin' on the watch for two weeks, an' Peters was 'oppin' him. So one mornin' 'e run in a little too late, when 'e should 'ave waited till next mornin'. Consequence was when we circled in the sun was aimed up. Over went the casks, with Bob an' 'e a-oidin' on 'em in the dingy. Out came the rigger, an' he 'd from shore a-cussin' us for bein' so late, an' 'e an' Bob got to talkin', an' the argument was 'ard 'em further in shore than usual. We was a yell a-talkin' 'em when there comes a still from aboard an' the insurgent officer gives another an' 'e boat pulls for shore like 'ell. Bob an' I looks around an' 'dast me bloomin' eyes there was the Bermuda steamer 'out an' 'e was 'ere. Then, before we know'd what 'e 'ell was up, we 'ard a boom—boom—boom to seaward an' 'e cut me bloomin' 'ed off if there wasn't a Spanish gun-boat comin' around the point a-heavin' shells at the Bermuda's fast as she could serve 'er guns. On 'er shells 'e 'd whistle aroun' the Bermuda's funnel a-screchin' like a lot o' 'ot stones in water. She cut through the sea like a torpedo-boat, the Spaniard after 'er, but losin'. Last we see of 'em they was 'ull down on the horizon, the Spaniard still sendin' up puffs o' smoke from 'er guns, but far astern. "Meanwhile me an' Bob got ashore with the Cubans, an' Bob a-cussin' an' a-carryin' on an' a-tearin' 'is whiskers like a loan till the tears came to 'is eyes. It was 'ard luck losin' a berth 'er. "O'wever we 'ad 't make the best of it. The Cubans 'adn't much time for us till they 'd got the casks broke open an' the stuff carried away from the beach, then they took us up to their camp in the 'ills. I could speak Spanish all right, seein' as 'ow I once was a host's mate in the Argentine navy, an' so I got along well; but Bob, 'e didn't say one word. "O'wever, we 'ad the luck to run across a young Yankee officer what was an insurgent captain, an' 'e was real friendly to us, fitted us out with clothes an' saw as 'ow we 'ad rations an' tobacco. 'E introduced us to the commander of the outfit, a big, fine lookin' white Cuban, Commandante Richardo. The commandante liked to split 'imself when 'e 'ard 'ow we 'd lost our ship, while poor Bob like to cry with cussin'." "Well, in a few days we got used to the layout, an' in a few days more the Yankee captain persuaded us to join the outfit. It was pretty tough at first, bunkin' in with a lot o' niggers, but we got a promise o' quick promotion. Seems all 'ands 'ad a promise o' 'undred acres o' land when the Cubans got their independence, but we wasn't bankin' much on that. It was lost we was after.

worked once, but second time I got nabbed. Remember the Island Fairy, when she was captured? "Hell! almost shouted the German. "Was you von der crowd? I was von der gang vat nabbed 'em. After I quit de Australia I got a job on de reference. "Who hell you say!" cried Jack, sitting up. "Well, I must say you fellows did us up in great shape." "You give us a good scrap," said the ex-revenue officer, reaching out his hand. The Irishman grasped it with great warmth. Then one of the American admirals in that handshake. "Say, asked Jack, with intense interest, "can you tell me just who it was put the Chief on to us? I'll swear it wasn't Ah Sam. I was told it was him, but it's a blamed lie." "Yes," said the German, "it can tell you all about it. It was a clerk in de American Consulate in Victoria. He was on to you fellows ven you had de fair registered until de American collector, an' his brother was in de ring. So he wrote his brother, an' his brother put Kalakaua himself on to it." "Who's the brother?" asked Jack, between his teeth. "Lou Davis." "Hell!" There was astonishment, excitement, intense interest in that one word, but not a vestige of anger. "You don't say," continued Jack in a dazed way. "Well, who in hell would 'a thought o' that?" "Well," interrupted Bob, impatiently, "these two fellows are talkin' over old reminiscences; where do we come in? Come on, Jack, let's have your yarn from the beginning." "Aye—aye—aye," chorused the rest, "let's all have it." "Yes, Jack," said the German, "go ahead, tell a good story. I told it myself many times." Jack leaned back and gave his pipe several vigorous puffs, as though to prime himself. All hands edged up to a trifle closer, for Jack's voice was low and gentle. "Well," he began, "as I said, while I was mate of the Zealandia I made good money. There were five of us that hung together—two quartermasters, the third mate and one of the engineers. We 'ud buy the stuff in 'Frisco for eleven dollars a pound and sell it in Honolulu for forty and fifty and sometimes sixty. The stuff was from the China steamers touched there, mind ye. While we five didn't belong to the Ring, we were good with the King's officers, just the same." Here the German gave a low gurgling laugh to himself. "At the end of the year I 'd scraped together two thousand dollars, and my mate stood about as good. So we put our heads together and decided to go to the States before the year was out. The Zealandia was getting too small for us. Next trip we all left in 'Frisco and took the steamer for Vancouver. There we bought the sloop which later became famous, or notorious, as you please, under the name of the 'Frisco. We had one partner, generally sells two or three dollars cheaper in Victoria than in 'Frisco, so we went there and loaded up a quarter of a ton. We had our stuff in a canvas hanging over the side to our anchor cable until the revenue officers finished their inspection. Then we set sail as a cheap little yawl. Dave Kalakaua as a chap called Collins and I played the travelling swells. Say, it was funny to see us. We were legged up and the airs we put on 't was great. "Our first trip was a cinch. We landed the stuff on the east side of Oahu, not the least trouble. Dave Kalakaua sailed into Honolulu next day. The Chinaman took it off our hands at \$30, and we cleared \$20,000 between us. Now, there's where we should 'ave been satisfied and nobody would have bothered us, but we were hogs, and no mistake. Back we sailed, and we loaded up with half a ton this time. "Now, ye want to understand that outfit is entirely prohibited from the islands—an' that's the law. This law wasn't enacted for the people's benefit, nor on your life, but to give a certain ring of government officials and leading merchants a chance to do some quiet business on the side. Well, after our first little expedition the market went down \$10 and it was two weeks before it came up again. Then the ring knew what was up. And they found out just what had happened. So naturally they determined to stop our business. And they were right—live and let live—we were trying to hog it. I never heard Dave Kalakaua any grudge for what he did. He has as much right in the game as we have." "So when we left Victoria they knew it by the next mail boat from 'Frisco, and the Royal Hawaiian navy and revenue services had orders to keep a sharp lookout for us." "We made a splendid passage and sighted Oahu about noon one day, but wasn't our intention to land before morning, or till after midnight, anyhow, so we was off early in the mornin' and made out smoke against the land. Toward evening, as we were standing in the again, a steamer came up on us from Honolulu, a brig building, and once as the Maui, the Hawaiian navy and revenue cutter all in one, but one too many for us. By the way she had slipped to the leeward of us and was coming up we knew they were on to our game. The wind was light and she to the leeward, so we took our only chance—made for the beach. "We did it. The little Fairy slid through the surf like an Indian canoe and landed us with hardly a wetting. Just as the Maui's men opened fire with their old whale-gun. Each of us grabbed a belt of ammunition and a Winchester and Colt's. We saw the Maui signalling, but weren't on to that move until we saw a lot of mounted men galloping up the beach toward us, a mile away." "Py gum," interrupted the German, "I remember dot, I was dere." "There was no shelter within a mile, nothing but canefields, so we saw it made a fight. Near by was an old storehouse, a brick building, and we made for it. The coolies were just steward an' got to it wholesale." "That's what I thought," responded Jack, sinking back on his elbow. "The stuff's too bulky. 'Tain't like running dope into Honolulu. That pays, by gum." "You try dot," asked a German in the other watch. "My word, what a cinch!" responded Jack. "That boat you was on was 'ard." "The old Zealandia—I was born o' her." "De defel—I was quartermaster of de Australia, an' I made lots o' money on opium." "Yes," assented Jack, "it was a good thing, but I didn't know it. I got ambitious an' tried it on the big scale. It

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right among us. I had to laugh, de vay dem Chinese coolies run—how dey scooted for shelter like so many morekeys. Say, I chust laugh till I nearly bust. But ven my mate Tom Wilcox policemen. Ve saw dot, you fellows dropped beside me, and ven I see two Kanakaa kick up dere heels, den I don't laugh so much. Den ve open fire in earnest. "Yes," interrupted Jack, "and that was when Collins dropped dead with a hole through his skull, and I got it through my arm. But it was getting dark." "Yes, and ve didn't see your game chust den—ve left you a big opening. Dere wasn't any shelter for us; so pretty soon Doc Peters, who was in command, hes aid:

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Murray & Gregory (Limited) Telephone 281 A. PLACES IN NORTH END STRUCK BY LIGHTNING. Lightning found more than one mark in this city about half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, when a drenching shower fell and a thundering clap ripped and roared over the city. On Douglas avenue Harry Miller's house was struck, the lightning striking a chimney and demolishing it. Fortunately no one in the house was near the chimney at the time, and as no fire resulted the only damage done lay in connection with the chimney itself and some damage to the roof of the house. Further down Indiantown more damage was done. The carpenter shop in the street car sheds was visited by the bolt and instantly took fire. The company's fire apparatus was at once sent to work and the chemical called out. The brakemen and conductors proved good firemen, for in a short time they extinguished the blaze and saved the sheds from destruction. It is said the Maritime Rail Works was also struck, but no damage of any moment done.

HALIFAX NOT PREPARED TO DO ANY HARBOR WORK. HALIFAX, N. S., July 27.—The commission on transportation, held a public meeting this afternoon at which Charles Reford and other members of the commission asked Halifax people to furnish with a general idea of what they considered the requirements of the port to well equip it as a great transportation point. Reford wanted to know what Halifax was doing in the way of preparation for the national transcontinental railway and what generally speaking, Halifax people were doing for themselves, as well as what they wanted the government, and that they were so sick and tired of this delay that they had not had time to think of the future. Material will be forwarded to the commission. The commission leaves for Charlottetown in the morning. McLEAN REFUSES ADDITIONAL INDEMNITY. TORONTO, July 27.—W. F. McLean, M. P. for South York, has refused to accept the \$1,000 additional indemnity voted by parliament. Today he sent it with the following letter to J. Ross Robertson, chairman of the board of trustees, Hospital for Sick Children: "Dear Mr. Robertson—it is the people of South York rather than myself who send the enclosed. It ought in a way, therefore, be a kindly interpreter to some suffering youngster 'irrespective of any distinction whatever' hailing from that constituency. "Well, we three stood trial. Burton died. Considering that we had done for two Kanakaa and wounded a white man, we got it easy—two years on the Reef. I served six months on the road gang, but one night I managed to cut clear and stow away in a big lim-jelcor bound for 'Frisco. As luck would have it, we beat the mail and I got ashore in 'Frisco safe. And the moral of my yarn is, when you get a good thing go easy on it. I've spilt my chances in Honolulu—can't show my mug there for years to come. It's a pity, 'cause it really was a good thing in the steamer." And Jack gave a deep, regretful sigh as he threw himself back.

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