

THE TRICKS OF THE FILIBUSTER

Selling Guns and Ammunition to Revolutionists Requires Courage and Ingenuity.

Louis Becke in Chambers' Journal.

My first experience of gun running was gained at an early age, when I began life as a trader in Samoa, or as the group was then more commonly called, the Navigators' Islands. War had broken out between King Malletoa and his adherents and the rebel chiefs of Savali, the largest island of the group. The people of the island of Upolu—on which the port of Apia is situated, and where his brown Majesty resided—were for the most part loyal to him. But one district, which had four thousand good fighting men, upheld the rebel cause; and, making a sudden and treacherous attack whilst peace negotiations were being carried on, drove the King and his party out of the Apia district with much slaughter, and strongly entrenched themselves to the southeast and north of the town and port of Apia. The reinforcements by sea from Savali. This was a serious blow to Malletoa, for he was cut off from Apia, the place where he could buy arms, ammunition and supplies. He could not gain access to the coast by sea, for a fleet of rebel canoes were on the watch; neither could he obtain arms by stealth from any of the European merchants there, for all the trading stores were in possession of rebels, then practically in possession of his warriods did enter Apia, singly or in twos or threes, and bought rifles, they never returned, being shot down by ambushes as soon as they were out of the precincts of the town. Malletoa, however, entrenched himself strongly at a place called Vailale (Leaping Water), seven miles north of Apia, and played a waiting game. I may mention that the English and American residents were in favor of Malletoa, whilst the Germans openly supported the rebel party, and actually provided them with arms, taking land payment for their own lands, but those that were to be wrested from Malletoa and his chiefs. In fact, the war was engineered by the German consul-general, against instructions from Berlin, however.

At this time my half-caste partner, Alan Strickland, and I were engaged in trading throughout the group in a small cutter, and doing remarkably well. We bartered for printed stuffs, calicoes, hardware, tobacco and other trade goods for copra (dried cocoa nut) and yams. On the latter we made large profit, for food was scarce in Apia, and both whites and natives bought them eagerly.

My partner was a stalwart young Manahiki half-caste of great resources and daring, and soon after war broke out he suggested that we should make a voyage to Tonga (Friendly Islands), where we could buy arms cheaply, and then, "run" them into Samoa at various points along the coast of Upolu. We called on the King and laid our plans before him, and he promised us every assistance, and a good price for every rifle we landed, especially Snibles and Winchester; also, he marked off on my chart certain spots where he would have people awaiting us, provided these places had not been captured by the rebel party.

We made several voyages, and did remarkably well. Occasionally we were overhauled by the rebel war canoes and searched; but they found nothing, and built a false skin all around the cutter's hold, in which the arms were stowed, and then the hold itself was usually full of copra or other cargo. Once, indeed, we were caught, and I should have been shot out of hand but for the resourcefulness of Alan's wife (a Samoan girl), who effected ransom; but, as I am writing now only on the humors of gun-running, I need not tell the story here.

On our return from our third trip to Tonga we found that Malletoa had driven the rebels out of Apia district, and was occupying their entrenchments, but in port were three German ships, the German corvette, the American Resaca, and the British corvette Camelson—who searched every incoming vessel to see if she had arms on board. A neutral zone had been defined around Apia, and a municipal government (backed up by the warships) had been formed, and all Europeans had been warned that the selling of arms was illegal, and would be punished by a heavy fine (even if it were but a single shot gun) of one hundred pounds.

We had already got rid of forty rifles and five thousand rounds of ammunition, by landing them on the south side of Upolu; but when we sailed into Apl harbor we still had on board ten Winchester carbines, sixteen shot rifles, ten Winchester carbines, and a thousand cartridges for each. These rifles we wished to deliver to King Malletoa himself, for he alone had cash enough to pay for such expensive weapons. The cartridges were stowed in boxes of fifty each between the true and false skins, and the latter were had whitewashed, "to sweeten the hold." The rifles we had hidden in an exceptionally safe place, and so "felt pretty confident of pulling through all right when the time came."

Being under British colors, we were boarded by an officer from the Camelson; as soon as we anchored, he handed me the Arms Proclamation, and then asked me what cargo we had.

"Ten casks of molasses for Ballele cotton plantation," I replied, "and fifty-five hogs."

"Any arms?"

"We have these," I replied truthfully, pointing to my own and Alan's Winchester carbines and revolvers, which were lying on the lockers.

"Ah, quite so. You are allowed to carry these for the vessel's defense; but don't be tempted to sell them, or you will repent it. But I must have a look around all the same. Sorry to trouble you, but these are my orders."

After a somewhat perfunctory search of our small cabin had been made, we went on deck, the hatches were taken off, and the lieutenant, his coxswain, and I descended. He cast his eyes around leisurely, then looked at the casks of molasses, which were lying amidst a neat stack of green bananas neatly stacked to keep them in position, and asked me to "oblige him" with a mallet and a straight bit iron of about four feet in length. They were produced.

"Start the bungs of some of these casks, Smith," said the officer.

The coxswain started the bungs of

Up Before the Bar.

N. H. Brown, an attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or Sick Headache they work wonders. 35c. W. H. Lead & Co.

four of the casks, and then probed each cask in turn, fore and aft, and along the bilges, drawing out each time dripping black odorous molasses.

"That will do, Smith," said the officer. Then turning to me, "Who on earth can swallow such awful stuff as that?" he asked.

I explained that, with boiled rice, it formed part of the rations given to the Kanaka laborers on sugar plantations.

When we returned to the deck the officer told me that if I wished to sell ten or a dozen hogs, I should get a good price for them from the corvette.

Now, Alan and I wanted the hogs for a special purpose, and I did not like selling any of them to the Camelson; but I thought it best to do so, and although I asked a fancy figure for my "piggies," I got it. Owing to the war, fresh meat of any kind was at an extraordinary price. Food of all other kinds was also very scarce, no vessels having arrived from the colonies with supplies for a long time, and none were expected. News was sent to the coast by the report of being made; and, although there was plenty of money in Samoa, the trading captains wanted copra, not cash.

That evening we killed a hog, and sent it to the corvette as a present to a white trader friend of mine. In the pig's stomach were 250 loose Winchester cartridges for Malletoa, who was hard pressed for ammunition. I also wrote the King a note telling him that I had sent him a present to a white trader friend of mine. In the pig's stomach were 250 loose Winchester cartridges for Malletoa, who was hard pressed for ammunition. I also wrote the King a note telling him that I had sent him a present to a white trader friend of mine.

We lifted anchor at daylight, beat up to Vailale, and landed the casks of molasses. The manager was a friend of mine, and was "standing in" with me over the business. Within an hour the liquid contents of five of the barrels—which had originally held American copra, and were very suitable for our purpose on account of their length—had been emptied into other casks, and the rifles were being washed and cleaned.

"The way Alan and I did it was this: At Tonga we had bought ten empty cork barrels, and placing a rifle or carbine in position in each, one on the stave next the bung hole on one side, and one on the other, we secured them by staples from the inside, filled the casks with molasses, and the matter was done. It was Alan's idea. He was, as I have said, a man of resource. Now, had that young lieutenant used a piece of cane instead of a stiff stick, and curved its point from the bung hole down along the bilge, he would have found something.

Malletoa was most anxious that his adherents on the island of Savali should obtain 5,000 cartridges and 10 of the rifles, so we re-shipped five casks of molasses and 5,000 cartridges, and at once set sail for Matautu, the principal port of Savali. Here we were closely watched by the rebels, who occupied the town, but who could make no objection to my selling a couple of casks of molasses to the local trader; indeed, they were glad, for all Samoans are fond of molasses. In due course the trader sent the inter-posed course of the casks to the persons for whom they were intended, together with 2,000 cartridges, which we dropped in through the bung holes.

In the course of a month we returned to Apia, having got rid of the last of the molasses and cartridges at various places on the coast of Savali. The hogs came in very useful. Sometimes we would call at villages inhabited solely by rebels, but the natives of these villages would be friendly to Malletoa. To him we would make a present of a freshly killed hog, stuffed with from 200 to 300 cartridges, like a "lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts" at the same time, and so we did well, and earned honest money.

During the time we were away Malletoa had driven all the rebels to the little island at Manono, which he could not attack, as it was too well fortified by stockades, and the rebels also had several cannon. However, peace was restored a few months after.

Four years later I was again in Samoa, supercargo of a Sydney steamer, and again found that a civil war was being waged under almost similar conditions to the previous one. Provisions were scarce and arms dear. Now, we had on board a number of cases of converted Snider rifles described by the Caroline Islands, and I determined to get them on shore at Apia in some way or another. First of all I had a secret interview with Malletoa, and then His Majesty and I "fixed things up."

I called upon the consuls and informed them that I had a number of cases of rifles on board, intended for the Caroline Islands, but since leaving Sydney had learned that the natives of those islands had attacked and wiped out one of the Spanish garrisons, that severe fighting was still going on, and that if the Spanish authorities ascertained that I had arms on board the ship would be seized and confiscated. The consuls agreed that that was a certainty.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "I don't want to lose the ship and see the inside of a Manila prison for the sake of a few rifles. Now, if you will allow me to land them here, to remain under your care until I return from the Caroline Islands three months hence, I am willing to pay \$150 for the storage."

"This They Would Not Agree To."

"Very well, then, if you will not oblige me in this matter I shall not sell a single ounce of any kind of provisions to any white man in Samoa."

This was a staggerer. Our vessel had a great quantity of provisions for sale, and none were to be had in Apia; so after consultation they agreed to store the arms, and I paid \$150 in advance. Then the consular police boat came off, and the cases of rifles were sealed with the joint consular seal, taken on shore and deposited in the care of the chief of the municipal police (the government of the neutral zone of the Apia district being administered by the consuls).

We sailed shortly after, with several heavy bags of American dollars in the ship's safe, and two night after we had left, during a heavy downpour of rain the police barracks were burgled and the cases of rifles carried off holus-bolus. With the rifles also disappeared five native policemen. I can imagine the great rejoicing in King Malletoa's lines that night when the cases were brought in.

An American friend of mine, a fellow-supercargo, succeeded in getting a number of rifles on shore in Samoa by concealing them in cases of corrugated iron that were to form the roof of a new church—two in every case! The cases were packed in Auckland, N. Z. Then another man whom

I knew well hit upon the excellent device for getting cartridges on shore. The Samoans are passionately fond of tinned salmon and sardines. He opened some hundreds of cases of salmon, took out each tin and partly opened it, stuck in a cartridge, screwed the tin again, and gave it a dab of brown paint. For this particular brand of salmon the natives were always ready to pay half a dollar instead of the usual quarter, and he was soon sold out.

WRAP MILK AND BOOZE IN PAPER

New Industry at St. Louis Makes Milk Pouches a Cinch—New Waterproof Paper Bottles and Receptacles Designed to Hold Any Kind of Fluid Except Essential Oils.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Before the end of Lent the St. Louis housewife will find her daily supply of milk on the back steps neatly done up in paper instead of in a glass bottle.

The latest local industry, and the only one of the kind in the world, is the manufacture of paper bottles designed to hold liquids of nearly all kinds—milk, whiskey, bluing, vinegar or anything else that has heretofore required an incasement in glass, metal or wood. The principal purpose of the factory, aside from that of making money for the company that owns and operates it, is to furnish a single service package that will do away with the danger of infection from contagious diseases, and eliminate the cost of breakage attached to the use of glass bottles. By single service package is meant a receptacle that is used one time only, then destroyed.

The first problem confronting the inventors, H. S. Hays and H. C. Murphy, was to make the paper bottles waterproof. This was accomplished. Then it was necessary to form the paper into packages that could be sealed without the use of paste or glue and other soluble adhesive. This was done. Next machinery was perfected that can turn out more than 300,000 bottles or packages a day, more than 200 a minute.

The paper used is made of straw, so there is no danger of the new industry becoming a menace to the forests of the country. It is waterproof with paraffin as it passes from an immense roll of paper into the automatic machinery. When it comes out it is a perfectly formed bottle or package, impervious to moisture and sterilized by the application of 220 degrees of heat. It is capable of holding any liquid except an essential oil.

Why not an essential oil? Because paraffin is soluble in essential oils, and in nothing else. What is paraffin? Paraffin is a by-product of petroleum, and one of the most wonderful uses of the carbons it contains only two elements, hydrogen and carbon, 1-600,000,000 hydrogen and the remainder carbon. If the atom of hydrogen were removed paraffin would become pure carbon and turn black.

So much for the waterproof covering of the paper bottle. Its uses are manifold. It is intended to supplant the glass and tin receptacles for most liquids and for the use of preserving fruits and vegetables. The principal demand for the packages at present, however, is for milk.

In 1903 the Department of Agriculture discussed the matter of delivering milk as follows:

"The small glass jar or bottle as a complete and sealed vessel, to pass unopened from the producer to the consumer, is a great advance in equity, purity and security of delivery. It has been rapidly improved from the clumsy form in which it was introduced, 25 years ago, and has almost reached perfection as a glass vessel for this purpose. It is yet too heavy, short lived and expensive, however. The ideal package for milk carriage and delivery, clean, safe and so cheap as to be used only once, has yet to be found."

Under the head of "Epidemics" the Farmers' Bulletin No. 42 took up the question of delivering milk in glass bottles, and showed the danger of infection from improperly cleaned vessels of this character.

These statements were made before the paper bottle was invented.

The St. Louis company's representatives asserted that the paper bottle fills all the requirements of cheapness, safety and lightness, indicated as desirable.

The liquid package has been indorsed by the government pure food commission in a statement that the members "can see nothing injurious in the use of paraffin as used in the manufacture of this package."

Mr. Wilson declares that milk and other products kept better in the paper bottles than in the most thoroughly sterilized glass receptacles.

"We have made numerous experiments," said he, "and find that milk stays sweet from 20 to 200 per cent longer in our packages than in the clearest glass jar. This is due to the germ-resisting qualities of paraffin, which, for some reason not actually known, will not maintain a germ culture."

The uses of these packages have been estimated from a careful comparison with government statistics to reach the enormous amount of 60,000,000 a day for food products alone. They cover almost every field where a tin or glass receptacle is now employed.

The present plant has a capacity of about 300,000 packages a day, 100,000 of which are for milk.

Among some of the other products for which the packages are used are cheese, sausage, butter, pickles, beans, greases, sirup and glue.

The cost of the package is about one-sixth that of glass. A package can be used but once, and when it is used the consumer is assured that the contents are thoroughly sterilized.

One of the uses to which the paper package will be put will appeal to the residents of the arid regions of the country where the lid is a perpetuity under the law. The smallest package made holds two ounces of liquid, and on it is printed in red this legend:

"One Full Drink of Blended Whiskey, Bottled in Bond Under Government Supervision."

After these paper "drinks" are bottled they are sealed by a government official.

It is designed to carry out this idea with larger packages for whiskey and other liquids for which there is a demand for a non-refillable bottle.

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TEACH THE CHILDREN THE ART OF SEWING.

Every reasonable and wise mother knows that it is never too early to teach her little daughter to sew. Of course, in her efforts at being a seamstress, she is likely to ruin her own clothes then let her begin on the tiny garments of her doll. She will easily form the habit of mending torn places in dolly's clothes and replacing absent buttons.

With this experience it will not be long before she will begin to take an interest in her own clothes, and so will not need to be warned that a button is coming off or that the hem of her skirt is coming out. But, of course, she could not begin to sew by patching her own clothes, nor by mending intricate tears. First see that she sews on buttons correctly, and then let her do some basting.

In time she will learn to hem, and very soon the wise mother will have at hand a helpful little seamstress who will take many cares from the overburdened shoulders.

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