

# MONGOLS BADLY DUPED.

## CHINESE SMUGGLERS TRICKED BY A ROUNDER.

Not a Slave, But a Diminutive Chinese man Dressed as a Woman—Dealers Paid a Round Sum and Swear Vengeance.

Charles Waldstein is about 80 years of age. He lives by his wits and spends a good deal of his time in the Chinese quarter. He is a son of A. Waldstein, now dead, who manufactured cigar boxes and established a good reputation in mercantile circles. His son, however, has not emulated the example of his sire.

At present young Chinese women are worth from \$3,000 to \$5,000, and they are in heavy demand even at those figures. Mr. Waldstein managed to get on the inside of the ring engaged in smuggling women, and obtained the names of the rich Celestials who would spend their money on a chance. He put on his thinking cap and evolved a scheme to earn a neat sum of money.

The Gaelic brought several women over on her last trip and they were held by the collector, as usual, pending inquiry into their claims to a right to land. Waldstein could not get one of them ashore, so he determined to supply a woman for the occasion. He consulted with Chow Duck You, who is a member of the house of Bow Wah, on Dupont street, near Washington. This Chinese, the victims of the trick firmly believe, listened to Waldstein's proposition and abetted him in his scheme. On Thursday last Waldstein approached a Mongolian named Sing Yew Lung and unfolded to him a pretty story.

He assured the Chinese that he had a woman on board the Gaelic who was worth at least \$3,000 at prevailing market rates. He said he could have her landed through a friend of his in high place in the custom house. It would require \$90 for preliminary expenses and the payment of \$350 when the woman was delivered. Lung listened to the story and agreed to consult with the members of the smuggling ring. The day following he said that the proposition met with favor and paid over the \$90 on account.

Then Waldstein sought a person to assist him in the game, says the San Francisco Chronicle. A Chinese who at one time was a female impersonator in one of the Chinese theatres, was selected, and the owner of a hack, who has thus far managed to conceal his identity, was also taken into the scheme. The slave dealers agreed to pay over the \$350 when the woman was brought to them in a carriage and they had been given an opportunity to see her. Powell street, between Sacramento and Clay was fixed upon as the rendezvous.

Soon after 8 o'clock on Saturday night Waldstein and the female impersonator were driven up on Powell street, and the carriage took a stand on the east side of the street. Four Chinese, among whom was Sing Yew Lung, were standing in the shadow of a stairway which projects out on the street. Waldstein stepped out of the carriage and remarked calmly:

"Here's the woman, where's the money?"

The Chinese quartette stepped up to the window of the carriage and saw the figure of a woman cuddled up in one corner. They addressed her and she responded in a low voice. Her reply was evidently satisfactory, for Sing Yew Lung handed over \$350 in gold to Waldstein.

"It's all right now," said that worthy. "Get in and the driver will take you wherever you want."

One of the Chinese told the hackman to drive to a house on Sacramento street, below Dupont. Then they all jumped into the carriage and Waldstein disappeared.

Then the exciting part of the episode occurred. The hackman turned his horses about and started down Lowell street at a lively rate. He did not turn down Washington street, as it was expected he would, but continued on toward the beach. The four Chinese became alarmed. They feared a trap laid by the custom house officers and yelled for the driver to stop. He only drove the faster. Then both doors of the vehicle were thrown open and the four slave-dealers sprang out, striking the stones and rolling over and over. Gathering themselves up they disappeared and the carriage turned into Broadway.

Where Waldstein met the female imposter no one knows, and he has been keeping himself shady ever since.

Sing Yew Lung swears vengeance, and is striving to find who the little Chinese was. If his identity is established satisfactorily a price will be set upon his head, and he will undoubtedly be put out of the way. Chow Duck You is suspected of standing in with Waldstein, but he swears by all the idols that he himself was hoodwinked.