FALLING TWO MILES.

Signor Mirigis' Wild Drop From His Collapsed Balloon.

"On the day when I fell 10,000 feet," writes Signor Mirigi, the Italian aeronaut, "I used my largest silk balloon. It is very light and very strong. It is covered outside with a coating of varnish laid on many times and recoated with wax and finally covered with a patented preparation to render it perfectly air-tight. The silk was woven specially for my balloon, and, to the best of my knowledge, there was not a flaw in it. To be perfectly positive I hired a silkmaker of Lyons to go over the entire surface of the silk with his light and dark tests, and he reported every fiber exact.

"In case of a leakage in a large air filled bag like a balloon there is always serious danger. The break, however small, will quickly spread, and the air rushing

SIGNOR MIRIGI'S FALL FROM THE SKY.

out will break a great rent in it before the balloon can be lowered. A rupture in the balloon means a fall for the aeronaut, and few have lived to describe a fall.

"On this day, accompanied by no one, I resolved to take a sail from a mountain, and, having gone for the summer to the Rhine country, I selected one of the small hills of the Pennine Alps as the best place for my sail.

"The day was clear, with a slightly upward current of wind coming from the west and blowing toward the north at a not very rapid rate, though there was a tendency toward a south wind which I did not like. It intercepted the west wind and created a whirlwind about 1,000 feet above the earth in a way that might throw me out of my course, but I resolved to go on just the same, trusting to my skill to steer the balloon and get above the intercepting currents.

"With my balloon fully inflated and packed, if I may use the expression, with wind enough to last three days, I ordered my assistants to await the signal, then cut the ropes and let me ascend.

"Though I have made thousands of ascents, I never remember to have started upward with the velocity of this one. It was positively bewildering. If I had been propelled from the mouth of a cannon pointed directly up into the air, I could not have shot upward with half the speed or directness. In an instant I knew the truth. I had miscalculated the distance at which the westerly and southerly currents intercepted each other, and I had voluntarily launched myself in a whirlpool. Never mind! As long as the current bore me directly up all would be well. But how high would it carry me?

"I remember measuring the wind then and taking my chart. The figures now show that I must have been at that moment exactly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. While I was setting down the figures and congraulating myself that we were now in a smooth sea of air a strange thing happened—a wonderful thing. Up as I was above the reach of the cloud mists, there came a great loud report like a peal of thunder!

"I glanced upward. The sky was smiling, the great sun standing sentinel over a pleasant day. The thunder came again, this time a long, rolling report like a rumbling from heaven. At the same time I noticed that we were sinking.

"In an instant the truth became clear to me. The balloon had burst, and we were falling to the earth. I say we, because the entire car becomes human to a balloonist, like a locomotive to its driver or, to be more commonplace, a bicycle to its rider.

"I looked down involuntarily, which was a foolish thing to do. We were descending rapidly, so rapidly, in fact, that as I looked I saw a tall tower come in sight. Next I saw another and another. We were dropping into a city. I afterward learned that it was Vienna, but at that moment I could only see the spire pointing straight upward toward me as though it were waiting to receive us on its steel tipped point.

"I thought instantly of throwing my ballast overboard—a desperate thing to do—but I accomplished it. Relieved of its extra weight, the balloon rose slightly for a minute, then began to sink more rapidly than ever. I thought of my parachute. It was at home. I thought of everything. But what can a man do when a burst balloon is above him and he is dropping to earth in his basket?

"I looked down again. The steeple was taking form. Its ribbed sides showed tiny windows, and through the top one I fancied I could see the bell. In my hand was still the pencil with which I had made my record, and, taking it between my fingers in a cold clutch, I wrote the words: 'I am dying happily. I have reached my term. Science triumphs.' There was time for no more. In the new horror of the situation—taking on momentarily newer and more awful phases—I saw my end. There before me stretched an open lake. To fall in it would mean death by drowning, for I could not hope to save myself with the ropes so twisted around me!

"The lake was still a little way off, but the car was heading for it.

"There was no alternative now. Though ready for death, I must escape if I could. We were low enough now to see the houses well, and I resolved as we were passing over the city to make a jump. It was my only hope.

"I cannot tell now why I did it, but I involuntarily reached in my pocket and stopped my watch. It had pointed to exactly 2 o'clock when I was taking my observations at the time the balloon burst. What time it was I could not tell, but to judge from my impressions we had been two hours in falling. Taking my hand off my watch, I climbed to the edge of the basket and waited. On we sped, dropping into the city. Now we were over a public square; people were beginning to look up at us. There was an open grass plot. Now would be the time to jump.

"Closing my eyes, I gathered my legs in under me and made the leap. Next thing I knew I was lying on the grass, with people bending over me and pouring whisky down my throat. A stinging sensation in my left arm and leg told me I was hurt.

"Well, next day, when I had recovered my senses enough to ask questions, they told me that I had landed on the grass plot and that my only injuries were a wrenched leg and a sprained arm. Small indeed for a man who falls 10,000 feet!

"On looking at my watch I found that I had been exactly two minutes in falling, the enormous weight of the ballast before I threw it out having made my descent the swiftest on record."

ELEPHANT FIGHTING.

Majestic Contests Enjoyed by the Potentates of India.

In India elephant fights are as common a sport as prize fights are in our more "civilized" countries. A French explorer describes a contest which he saw as the most majestic fight man ever witnessed.

In many parts of the interior of India, he says, the native potentates not only keep tame elephants as beasts of burden, but they train a considerable number of the beasts to be fighters, just as in other countries sportsmen train fighting cocks.

Naturally, two elephants fight in much the same manner as pigs, hunting each

INDIAN ELEPHANT FIGHT.

other on their sides, always looking for an opportunity to land a knockout blow on the ribs.

Occasionally the Indian elephants are allowed to fight in that manner, but generally they are too savage to permit of it. One would soon kill the other or cripple him for life. It has become the custom to keep the fighters chained on either side of a strong stone wall about half their height, thus compelling them to fight solely with their big heads and trunks.

DYNAMITE PILLS.

A Novel and Effective Way of Killing Snakes.

A novel way of destroying snakes has been invented by John Ludwig of Minnequa Springs. The country where he lives is overrun with black snakes and rattlesnakes. The farmers say that they have eaten up all the frogs and toads in the state. There being nothing to eat the beetles and insects when the frogs and toads are no more, the crops suffer horribly. But Ludwig's invention will save the lives of the insect eaters by slaying the snakes and all may yet be well.

Mr. Ludwig is engaged in the occupation of blasting rock, says the Philadelphia Times. He never goes around without a few pounds of dynamite or nitroglycerin in his pocket, so thoroughly familiar is he with high explosives.

Recently he came across a large black snake coiled around his dinner pail, which it had tried in vain to swallow. Ludwig attacked the reptile with a club and gave it a terrific blow on the back. Suddenly there was a frightful explosion that blew the snake and the dinner pail to pieces, and very nearly made mincemeat of Ludwig. As it was, it knocked him several feet and wedged his head between the two forks of a tree, and from this he had great trouble in extricating himself.

When the dynamiter finally got free, he made an elaborate investigation. He discovered that the snake had swallowed a half pound dynamite cartridge. This fact

Every one of the grocers in town and suburbs can sell Fels-Naptha soap and return the money if anyone wants it—costs him nothing.

Fels & Co. makers, Philadelphia.

was the basis of his antisnake discovery.

After the inspiration came to him his next move was to discover if snakes really liked dynamite. He was not long in finding out that they do. It has a sweet flavor and is put up in a shape very convenient for a snake to swallow. It is not of too large caliber. It is very smooth and can easily be eaten.

Since that time, according to the stories told by Ludwig, he has destroyed hundreds of snakes by his ingenious process. He makes little rolls of dynamite weighing an ounce or two apiece and leaves them around as bait. They are readily swallowed by the snakes.

Having got thus far with his invention, Ludwig had to think up some method to make the dynamite explode. Finally he hit upon it. He bored holes into the small cartridges and filled them with red pepper, carefully covering up the holes with a soluble material so that the snake would not taste the pepper while swallowing the cartridge and reject the dose. After the plugged cartridge has reposed for some minutes in the interior of the snake the red pepper becomes free and begins to get in its work upon the snake's internal economy.

PICTURESQUE SALTNERS.

Thief Catchers In the Tyrol Are Important Personages.

The saltner is a personage of great importance in his own country, the neighborhood of Meran, in the Tyrol. It is his duty to guard from thieves the grapes and other fruit. These saltners are generally fine, stalwart specimens of humanity, being chosen from among the young men who bear the best reputation. Their dress is highly fanciful and dates back many centuries. It consists of a three cornered hat, adorned with a profusion of feathers, not to mention squirrels' and foxes' tails; a leather jacket, covered with wild boars' teeth and metal chains, and short leather breeches, which leave the knees bare. The saltner's armament is somewhat peculiar, consisting

SALTNER IN OFFICIAL COSTUME.

as it does of a mediaeval halbert and a modern six shooter. The work is very hard, the men being on duty night and day all the year round. They are even debarred by the exigencies of their employment from attending church. Their dwellings—called "saltner huts"—are miserable affairs, made of straw, these being their only shelter against the inclemencies of the weather. All night these grape guarders wander about, each man having his own district, which he may not leave.

Woman, Wheel and Sprinkler.

Doubtless every person who rides a wheel has a very vivid and distinct recollection of the early struggles with the machine and how objects in the path seemed to exercise an uncontrollable attraction for the unskilled rider, with the result of a collision.

Probably the saddest case of this kind lately recorded was that of a stout lady who was practicing in Michigan avenue the other afternoon.

She was evidently a beginner and more than half afraid of the bicycle, and when, in attempting to pass a sprinkling cart, the wheel steered itself toward it she yielded to the bike and rode directly against the rear of the cart. Notwithstanding the fact that the sprinkling apparatus was in full play and that she was almost enveloped in the miniature fountain, she held on and pedaled, meanwhile screaming loudly for help.

A park policeman divined her predicament and rode to her rescue, but not before her bicycle suit and temper had been completely spoiled. — Chicago News.

Real Country Place.

"Do you pasture your cows on the front lawn?" asked the summer boarder.

"Certainly," replied the farmer who had advertised an ideal summer resort. "Didn't you write me that you were looking for a real country place?"—Chicago Post.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
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APOLLO DONE IN EBONY

An American Beauty In Love With Lobengula.

RUGGED AFRICAN CHARACTER.

Fascinated by Descriptions of Savage Chivalry and Splendor—How a Dusky Admirer Made Captivating Phrases.

A strange case of feminine affection is that of Florence K. Jewell, the fair American girl who is infatuated with "Prince" Lobengula, the star attraction of the Savage South Africa show, London.

She met Lobengula last year in Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State. He was a handsome buck, an Apollo in ebony, who spoke both Dutch and English and told of battles and adventures by field and flood that equaled any of Rider Haggard's most stirring African epics.

He had been with the king's impi in many fights, and his assagai had drunk the blood of a hundred enemies. Othello's language may have been better, but this black man's narrative made up for all other shortcomings in its fire and intensity. He sang it in a rude sort of rhythm which suited itself to the changing character of the tale.

He told the heiress, who listened with wide eyes, of the great dance of the Matabele, which lasted three days, the blood of slaughtered oxen flowing like streams when the snows melt in the mountains.

As each warrior danced he thrust at the ground with his assagai. Each thrust signified a life he had taken, and Lobengula said he had thrust full an hundred times. The king, as he came into the circle dressed in monkey skins and black ostrich feathers, looked at her with favor.

Then the king threw his assagai in the direction the impis were to go the next time. All the warriors ran forward, striking the insides of their shields with the butt end of their weapons, making a sound like God's thunder. And of all these fighting men Lobengula, the prince, was not least.

Many such tales he told the heiress, and she felt that in him the ideal of Othello was more than realized. Othello was a mere figment. Here was a man in flesh and blood—a realization in black.

And the girl told him of the wonders of the far cities of the white man, and Lo-

LOBENGULA AND MISS JEWELL.

bengula said he remembered the stories told by the indunas, or counselors, whom the king had sent to England. He longed to see the city of white ants, the great kraal where fire carriages ran under the earth.

"So many people are they there, the wise men told me," said he, "that if every Englishman were killed at the Cape, for every drop of blood from their bodies a fresh man would spring up. And the women are very fair to look upon."

"Yes," said Miss Jewell, "and they are as many as the leaves on the trees."

"Are they all as fair as thou?" asked the savage.

That was the beginning of it. Miss Jewell felt that she had met the one man in the world for her. Even when she was told he was not a prince her ardor was not abated.

So when the showman took Lobengula to England she followed.

How Children Pick Up Words.

About as funny a thing as human experience affords is the habit of children to pick up new words and the odd use they make of them before they really find out their meaning. A good little girl went with her mother and her aunt to a matinee performance. A man crowded ahead of the women just as they had laboriously followed the line to the ticket office and made them stand there till he had bought a seat for himself and a companion. The mother said, and the child heard it, "Ignoramus!"

The next day the little girl called her brother an ignoramus when he clumsily tumbled against her in the "hop scotch" field. The "a" in the third syllable of the word had been pronounced as in "that," and the brother learned that his sister had the idea that any one who pushed or rammed against another, whether rudely or by accident, was an ignoramus.—Chicago Post.

HOLY MAN OF BENARES.

Joys of Death After a Life of Pain and Waiting.

The death of Swami Bhaskarananda, the famous Hindoo ascetic of Benares, has deeply affected the faithful throughout India. This devout Brahman, who kept himself naked and self immured, was visited by nearly all the Indian tourists during their stay at Benares, including the Prince of Wales. He spent his life in rigid posture, giving no heed to his visitors and patiently waited for death in the holy city, which, according to Hindoo belief, means life everlasting.

Although Swami was a celebrity, little was learned by his visitors of his actual

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KIDNEY CURE

life or of the beliefs that dictated his peculiar asceticism. He was either a Udasi or Digambar devotee, more probably the latter. The Udasi live in monasteries, but they eat in the houses of Hindoos of all castes and accept food cooked by other persons. At the creation of a new Udasi they distribute a sweetmeat called habua. Some of them are called Naga, from nagua, naked, because they go naked. This is also true of some other Hindoo sects, including the Gosains and Bairagis. The latter are inordinate beggars. Many of these sectaries lead immoral and criminal lives, but the Digambar devotees, while they go naked like the others, lead pure lives. They live separately from society and from all family connections.

SWAMI BHASKARANANDA.

A Digambar is one who has all the world for a covering. In his manner of life Swami Bhaskarananda practiced even more than the customary asceticism of the Digambar, and he entirely avoided the greediness and gluttony of the Udasi. Living apart from all the rest of the world he became a celebrity in his retirement, and his place of retreat became as much an object of curiosity to tourists as the historic show places of Benares.

Benares is to the Hindoo what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, Jerusalem to the Jew and Calvary to the Christian. It is the holy city of India. It is so holy that many distant rajahs always had delegates living there, who performed for them the requisite services and ablutions. Its ancient name is Casi the Splendid, which the Hindoos still retain. It was the ancient seat of Brahmanical learning, and it is still the home of many of the priests of Brahma and the resort of pious pilgrims from all parts of India, who come to make their ablutions in the sacred river, the Ganges. It has many temples and holy wells, but the streets are narrow and unsavory, and stenches assail the noses of visitors at every turn.

Swami Bhaskarananda's whole life was devoted to one object—that of obtaining emancipation for the imprisoned spirit by such bodily austerities as he believed would annihilate its conscious connection with the body and with material things. He sought for himself such a deliverance as would result in a state of divine tranquillity even while he lived. Believing that the passions alone were the sources of pain, he bore his self imposed sufferings as necessary to fit his individuated spirit for reunion with God. According to the Hindoo belief, all spirit is God, intangible and unconnected with matter. The spirit of man is individuated deity, imprisoned and degraded. Complete abstraction and absorption must be obtained before the individuated spirit can be united with deity.

To attain this end Swami Bhaskarananda forsook his kindred and turned his back upon society, lived a life of nakedness and self immurement and sat in a painful posture of the body for many years that by these austerities his spirit might be freed from its subjection to matter. That there could be no greater martyrdom than that which this devotee chose for himself is attested by the fact that tourists in India were not content with viewing the Golden temple, the shrine of the monkeys and the cesspools of the gods, but almost without exception directed their footsteps to the cell of the heathen saint seeking reunion with God. Even Christian martyrology tells no more pathetic tale of the sacrifice of the body to save the soul.

They Always Have Time.

"So far as I have encountered them," said a citizen of the world, "a characteristic of great men is that they have time. They are not in a hurry. Their work doesn't boss them, but they boss their work. They don't act as if every minute you staid was valuable time lost to them. They don't fret and fidget. What time they do devote to you appears to be time that they can spare and take things easy in and be comfortable. The work seems to be incidental, and it seems as though they could turn to it when the time came and get through it with ease, and they always seem, besides, to have strength in reserve. It is certainly a characteristic of the great man that he has time."—New York Sun.

The best evidence of merit is the cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it may be found.—Bovee.

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ANCIENT CANNIBALISM

Prehistoric People Given to Eating Each Other.

RELICS OF GHASTLY FEASTS.

Bones Discovered In Bohemian Caves Which Bear the Marks of Ravenous Teeth and Show Signs of Having Been Cooked.

Dr. Matiegki, an eminent European scientist, declares that a collection of human bones discovered in caves in Bohemia are unmistakable relics of the cannibalistic feasts of prehistoric man. In his report on the subject, which has caused a sensation in European scientific circles, Dr. Matiegka says: "The position in which the bones were found leaves no doubt that they were the remnants of cannibal banquets. I examined many compartments of the caves and in 12 of them found human bones, part of which comprised the complete skeleton of a child, skulls and fragments of skulls, thigh bones and arm bones, parts of the human jaw, shoulder bones and pieces of the bones of the foot. They seemed to be the remains of at least eight persons.

"The skeleton of the child was perfectly preserved, and on the edges of the bones were the unmistakable signs of the teeth that had gnawed at the bones in the dreadful feast. Such teeth marks could have been made only by a person biting greedily at the bone in picking off the flesh. On all the bones these same significant marks were visible, but a more important sign of the use to which the remains had been put was to be noted in the burned edges of the bones, which showed clearly that they had been cooked over a fire of ashes. There was no possibility of mistaking the marks for the fire of a sacrifical burning. The marks pointed only to a fire of ashes such as would have been used for slowly cooking flesh destined for eating purposes. In one case the skull had been only burned a little and was in a perfect state of preservation. On this skull the marks of the teeth were plainly to be seen. The parts of the skulls and bones were only those that would have been brought to the cave for a cannibalistic feast. The small bones that would naturally have been thrown away by those who prepared the feast were missing except in the case of the child, whose body was probably cooked entire.

"Another circumstance that confirms this view is that the bones and fragments were found mixed with the remains of earthenware jars that prehistoric man must have used for eating utensils. Still additional proof was found of the cannibalistic habits of prehistoric man in the fact that the skulls in every case had

BONES FROM PREHISTORIC CANNIBAL FEAST.

been opened, evidently with the intention of extracting the brains, which the eater of human flesh always considers a dainty. The manner in which the bones were broken also disclosed the fact that the diners had a liking for the marrow, and the bones had been broken with the intention of extracting this."

So much importance was attached to this point that the bones were submitted to other scientists for the express purpose of getting their opinion regarding the cause of the breakage of the bones, and in every case it was pronounced to have been done intentionally by those who were engaged in a feast of human flesh.

A close study of the conditions existing at the time these bones were left as remnants of a cannibalistic feast shows that they were eaten first from necessity, for food was scarce. In some cases the objects of the feast were the aged friends and even the relatives and parents of the diners. But the principal supplies were the remains of enemies killed in battle.

Another inducement to eat his fellow that had weight with the prehistoric man was that certain portions of the human make up if eaten by another were supposed to supply missing attributes that were coveted by the eater and possessed by the eatee. Thus the heart of a brave man was eaten by one who had slain him or could carry off his body after he had been slain for the reason that the eating of his heart was supposed to give additional courage to the one who devoured it.

Curved Around His Farm.

Did you ever know of a railroad going around a man's farm? Well, there is one in Fountain county, and it is only a few miles south of Veedersburg. The C. and E. I., when it was the old "Dolly Varden," as you, no doubt, remember, was first extended to Yeddo. They surveyed a line through the east line of a farm and through a man's house. He objected and wanted a fancy price, which it looked as if he would get, and they curved around his land into his more liberal neighbor's and after passing his farm curved back into line. It is quite noticeable, and every passenger going south notices the peculiar short curves, wondering why they were made. A railroad man, talking to us recently about it, said that while it was not intended as such, nevertheless it was a grand benefit to north bound freight trains, as they could see whether their train was broken in two or not when they started down the steep grade leading into Veedersburg.—Veedersburg News.

Remarkable.

"He must be wonderfully clever with the pen."

"Why?"

"Even his wife sometimes reads what he writes."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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PITTSBURG EXPOSITION.

Opening of the Big Industrial Show. Superior Music and Magnificent Exhibits.

Summer is fast fading into autumn and as the days roll by the public mind turns with pleasurable anticipation to the Pittsburg Exposition, that splendid institution of amusement and instruction, which opens its doors for the eleventh annual season on Wednesday evening, Sept. 6. Less than a month remains in which to make preparation for the opening of the big industrial show, and in consequence the exhibitors are sparing no pains to have everything in readiness for the opening night. Judging from the plans of the management, the big show will be better and finer this year than ever before. There will be a greater variety of exhibits, and all efforts will be directed toward producing novel effects.

From the first year of the Exposition music has been one of its distinctive features, and this season especial care has been exercised in the selection of musical organizations of a high standard. Never before in the history of the Exposition society have the musical arrangements been so complete or satisfactory. The management made a diplomatic stroke in the engagement of John Philip Sousa, the famous composer of two steps and marches, and his celebrated concert band of 50 musicians, for the two opening weeks of the big show. Sousa was here for the opening week last year and his presence drew immense crowds and aroused the wildest enthusiasm. He is deservedly popular both as musician and composer, and will no doubt prove a greater drawing card this year than ever owing to the immense success of his comic operas produced last season.

Another master stroke was in the selection of the celebrated composer and conductor of grand operas, Walter Damrosch, and his New York symphony orchestra for a two weeks' period. Damrosch was here for only one week during last season, and his orchestra created such a furor that the Exposition society deemed it advisable to have him here for a longer time this season. The conductor spent most of the summer at a country place near Philadelphia, where he gave up his time entirely to composition. He is very simple in his habits, and being an ardent lover of nature, he thoroughly enjoys country life. His engagement at the exposition begins on Monday, Oct. 2, continuing until Saturday evening, Oct. 14.

Following the engagement of the Sousa band, on Sept. 29, is that of Dan Godfrey, the famous bandmaster of the British army, who will fill a ten-days' engagement at the Exposition with his celebrated British Guards band of 50 renowned musicians. They are now preparing to make a tour of the United States and Canada. During the closing week of the Exposition, from Oct. 16 to 21, music will be furnished by Innes and his concert band, who have appeared here on several occasions before. This band is accounted one of the finest concert organizations in the country and it will be a treat to hear them at the Exposition again after several years' absence.

Other amusement features of the Exposition this season will be the cinematographe, in the art gallery of the main building, which will exhibit the very latest views, many of which are of a humorous character; the merry-go-round, the gravity railway and the mystic maze.

Some of the notable exhibits of an educational and instructive nature will be that of the Southern railway, to be located in the foyer of the main building; the armor plate exhibit by the Carnegie Steel company; the Pullman exhibit of a dining car of the latest design and the exhibit of mammoth dynamos and electrical appliances of every description by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company. Most of these exhibits will be confined to mechanical hall, while in the main building will be found exhibits of textiles and manufactured articles of every variety. There will be something to interest and attract the attention of every visitor to the big autumnal show.

Arrangements have been perfected with the various railway companies for excursions on every line running into Pittsburg, and a rate of one fare for the round trip has been fixed from all points within a radius of 100 miles of Pittsburg. This will give all residents of Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia an opportunity to visit the Pittsburg exposition at comparatively little cost. The big exposition will be grander and better this year than ever before, and with the magnificent musical attractions provided therewith, nobody can afford to miss the great industrial show.

MR. FILIPPINI'S SEA DUTY.

The Man Who Looks After the Meals on the American Liners.

Alexander Filippini is said to be the only man engaged in his peculiar calling. He spends practically no time on land, frequently reaching port in time to sail back again on another liner upon the same day. Mr. Filippini is known as the traveling inspector of the American liners. His work lies in overseeing and improving the service of meals on the ships. Such numbers of people have to be provided for that unless a perfect system is established, every one attending to his duties like clockwork, the meals take an unreasonable time and people are badly served. For years it has been found difficult to establish a uniform system in the saloons of the vessels, those in charge of each vessel having different methods. Complaints were continually being made by passengers. To systematize steamship cooking on a new basis Mr. Filippini, who for years previously superintended at Delmonico's, was called in. It at once became evident on his first voyage that he had undertaken an enormous task, so many changes would be absolutely necessary.

When the first report was turned in and approved, full authority was given to Mr. Filippini, and he started out with new courage, adopting the best ideas on each ship. He goes on board without previous arrangement and watches the preparation and serving of meals, shows the cooks and bakers essential details, sees that the table stewards are in good training, what supplies are lacking—all this has to be reported upon. Cooks have to be kept from carelessness, and great promptness is essential. Some cooks, for instance, were apt to make sauces carelessly, to waste supplies, to hold back flavorings, brandy, for instance, and to keep little supplies for themselves, while bakers sometimes forgot that bread can be made twice as good by thorough kneading. Such were the difficulties. Then Mr. Filippini also studies the people traveling at various seasons and prepares menus for each day to suit the tastes of people from all parts of the globe. He gives close attention to the second and third cabins as well as to the saloon, so that, with the preparation of his reports, his time is fully occupied.

Mr. Filippini is a man of middle age, with black mustache and hair slightly mixed with gray. Some have taken him to be a detective. It is stated that after his first year's work on shipboard he saved the company $15,000 over and above his salary as the result of his work.

The early training Mr. Filippini had is rather different from that given to prospective chefs of today. As a boy he went to a cooking institute in Lyons, France. Here were taught separately all the branches of the trade. Then, instead of having to pay for instruction, he was employed by the school as an instructor. Later he traveled through Europe and learned a great deal more in Switzerland, Germany and other countries, coming from there direct to Delmonico's. He has recently made a short trip to study the preparation of foods in the largest cities of Europe, and he knows in what special dish or food each city excels. For instance, he found that the best bread was made in Turin, Italy, and Geneva, the reason being that they pay more attention to kneading.—New York Sun.

DRILL THE TONGUE DAILY.

It Is the Instrument That Makes the World Happier and Better.

"Upon all those who are ambitious to make the world happier and better rests the obligation of drilling the tongue into lustrous kindness, purity and refinement," writes Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., of "The Diffusion of Happiness Through Conversation," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Not by spasmodic efforts, not with occasional hints and words of good cheer are men to use the tongue in the interests of happiness. The daily drill of the tongue as an instrument of happiness and influence is to enter into the fundamental conception of living. Nor is this law binding only upon those happy persons who are said to be good entertainers. Some there are who are so fortunately organized that they exhale benefactions upon any company into which they enter. Unconsciously and without any set purpose they oil the bearings of life, lessen friction, provoke laughter and good cheer as naturally as flowers that do not struggle to throw off sweetness, as the cedar wood that without thinking gives off fragrance. But the law of happiness making is not confined to the few gifted individuals. It is binding upon all of every rank, station and temperament.

"On high festal days in Athens, when processions formed at stated intervals, in the processions marched men with instruments of music and also incense bearers. When one group of musicians had marched by and the sound of music was dying out of the air, another group took up the sweet strain. When distance had removed far the incense bearers, another group came on to fill the air with clouds of smoke from the sweet aromatic shrubs. Too oft our world marches forward to the sound of sad notes and requiems. Happy are those whose sweet and gentle speech fills the common life with sweetness and light, as did the ancient ministers of joy and music. For their wholesome tongues are indeed 'trees of life' and their words 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'"

Enlisting With Ballast.

Clarence Baker, a local barber of Lincoln, Neb., after five attempts to get into the United States regular service, has been accepted. He was examined in the morning and was found to be four pounds under weight. He was told to drink as much water as his stomach could comfortably hold and return after dinner. His weight was satisfactory at the afternoon examination, and he was accepted.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Cure Pain in the Stomach and Distress After Eating.

10 cents and 25 cents—Druggists