

SMUGGLERS IN PARIS

Methods by Which They Avoid Duty on Alcohol.

DISPLAY INGENUITY.

Hollow Beams Containing Gallons of the Prohibited Article—Funeral Wreath That Concealed Pure Alcohol—Cleverly Hidden Tank in the Roof of a Cart.

Alcohol without a doubt is the article most often smuggled through the gates of Paris, and this is due to the fact that the tax upon it has steadily increased during the past few years. Naturally, increased taxation means higher profits on contraband goods and therefore quickens the ingenuity of smuggling.

Under our very eyes, writes an officer of the Paris custom house in the Scientific American, these men annually pass thousands of gallons of valuable spirits into the city, where it is readily disposed of at high prices to makers of perfumes or to liquor dealers, who use it for adulterating their goods. Yet we keep a sharp watch on all who pass through the gates of the capital. None can enter until he satisfies us that contraband articles are not hidden on his person, no vehicle is admitted until it has been thoroughly searched and every cask of liquor must be declared before the owner is authorized to pass on.

Nor can any one question the severity and conscientiousness of the inspection, as the men under my orders have a share in the proceeds of the sale of any alcohol seized at the barriers. At given periods this is sold by the municipal authorities, one-half of the receipts going to the city funds and the other half to the octroi employes. These men are not over-well paid, so they look forward to increasing their incomes by extreme vigilance in capturing smugglers.

I can assure my readers that it is well worth while to smuggle alcohol into Paris. The dues on each liter or quart amount to four francs in centimes, say 86 cents. Imagine the profit to be derived by any one who succeeds in smuggling several thousand gallons of alcohol a year. Among the thousand and one methods employed by smugglers some very curious ones have come under my observation during the twenty odd years that I have been connected with the service. In the warehouses of the Hotel de Ville are stored all sorts of ingenious smuggling apparatus. They are so numerous that quite a museum could be formed, were it not for the fear of teaching dishonest men how to defraud the government.

For several months smugglers disguised as stone masons carried wooden beams through the gates without our suspecting for a moment that they were hollow and contained large quantities of alcohol. But the fraud was eventually discovered by pure accident, as nearly always happens. One day, just as the last man of a squad passed the barrier with a cheery "Bon-jour comrades," he stumbled over a stone and fell headlong. Fearing that the man was hurt, I darted forward to help him to his feet, and had no sooner done so than to my utter astonishment he arose with astounding rapidity and made off, leaving the beam behind him; moreover, his companions also took to their heels. The reason for their flight was soon apparent. From one end of the beam there oozed a thin stream of liquid, which I instinctively detected as alcohol.

During a period of more than six months the customs employes at the various barriers at Paris saw two men regularly pass before their offices carrying a very fine funeral wreath. Naturally they never asked them to pay dues on such an article as that and never suspected for a moment that it contained 40 litres of pure alcohol. The smugglers took every precaution against discovery, avoiding for instance passing through the same barrier twice running. However, the trick was eventually discovered by an officer who insisted on examining the wreath and found that it contained a tin interior, filled, of course, with the valuable spirits.

Among the many smugglers whom I have caught red handed there was one man who disarmed suspicion for months by his pleasant manner. He would come up most the friendly way imaginable, shake me by the hand, wish me bon jour, ask after my health and talk for half an hour at a time about the news of the day. All this time his vehicle was standing at the gates, a vehicle which we little suspected contained no end of untaxed alcohol. Apparently his cart was filled with beer and cider, for which he always paid. One day, however, he was caught. A young employe who had never seen him before was alone on duty and insisted on ransacking his vehicle.

Nothing save the casks of beer and cider was to be seen and he was about to let the man pass when a drop fell on his hand from the roof of the covered cart. He looked at the spot of liquid, smelled it and at once detected that it was alcohol. In the roof of that vehicle was a cleverly arranged tank let into the woodwork, and in addition to this hundreds of litres of alcohol were stored under the driver's seat.

ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

How Mrs. Workman Climbed to a Peak 23,000 Feet High.

While an army of nearly one-quarter of a million persons have swarmed over the Alps during one season, their daring feats appear as mere child play compared with the remarkable exploits of an American woman on the roof of the world—the Himalyan peaks. She, Fannie Bullock Workman, and her husband, Dr. William Hunter Workman, hailing from Worcester, Mass., succeeded in scaling a peak more than 23,000 feet high in what is known as the Namkin ranks of India.

Mrs. Workman gives an interesting account of the sensations experienced during the ascent, says the Pittsburg Gazette.

In the Himalyas, those mightiest of mountains from every conceivable viewpoint, there are no villages or hospices within a few hours of the summits, no shelter huts for breaking the journey, no corps of guides. The mountaineer must go, self-provided. Into the savage and trackless wastes surround the cloud-capped giants which tempt one to scale or fall.

The preparations? Coolie demands at Darjeeling are rather magnificent in comparison with those elsewhere. Our coolies, under a sirdar, were to meet us at Chila Banjan, fully equipped, and extra supplies were to be sent up to be in the upper part of Sikkim to meet us after we had passed the mountains.

We reached Askor Nullah village without accident, and starting from



Mrs. William Hunter Workman, there at 4 a. m., gained the foot of the pass, 12,500 feet, at 10.30 a. m. Our coolies begged to remain, but were refused, and at a height of 15,000 feet several of them collapsed with a mountain sickness and rent the air with their wailings. Despite our care of them, we were compelled to bivouac at 15,800 feet on a narrow, wind-swept ledge. It was a grewsome camp, with room for only one small tent.

At 4.30 next morning, with the mercury at 26 degrees, we broke camp. The ascent was shary and dangerous, owing to the uncertain footing directly over a valley 8,000 feet below.

Twelve hours of hard climbing brought us to the rope bridge spanning the river before Askole.

Askole had been called the end of the world, not inaptly, the designation applying to seven villages scattered throughout the remote valley.

The Biafo and Baltoro glaciers, for exploring which Askole is the starting point, are said to be the largest glaciers outside of the Arctic regions. Our plan was to follow up the former some forty miles to its origin at Hispar pass and return to Askole. The only European who ever crossed Hispar pass was Sir Martin Conway, in 1892.

For the benefit of those who may not have ascended to altitudes above 16,000 feet but who are dreaming of the attempt here are my experiences for what they are worth: As good a bodily condition as possible is, of course, desirable, to enable one to combat successfully the factor majeure in high climbing—diminished oxygen—as well as to endure fatigue and the extreme cold of such regions.

On the march to Askole I experienced much greater difficulty in breathing at 17,000 feet than later at 20,000 to 23,000 feet. The advisability of passing a month, if possible, in valleys 11,000 or 12,000 feet up and in making experimental tours is obvious. My pulse at 17,000 feet was 90; near the summit, 23,000 feet, 110.

I cannot say I ever slept soundly above 16,000 feet, and above 20,000 feet my rest was often disturbed by difficulty in breathing. Attacking the last stages of Koser Gunge my gaspings for air were extremely labored.

I do not endure severe cold well at any altitude, and at this great height found the chill and numbness produced by the icy wind bitter to bear. I recall no mountain sickness whatever, though the unprecedented and continued exertion, both on the ascent and descent of this peak, naturally used me up considerably. But no lameness resulted, and the following day I felt perfectly fit and able to attack another mountain had it been necessary.

OUR MANY ENTERPRISES

We Make \$500,000,000 a Year Out of Nothing.

TO ACCOMPLISH THIS

We Turn Sawdust Into Sugar and Alcohol—We Make Clothing From Pine Needles—Derive Perfumery From Street Offal and a Heavenly Azure From Old Hoofs.

The value of products annually manufactured out of materials which thirty years ago were thrown away as waste today amounts to fully \$500,000,000—a sum equal to nearly seven times the annual production of gold in the United States.

Sawdust was for years looked upon as an absolute waste material, says Moody's Magazine, and was either dumped into a stream if flowing water or thrown into a heap where it could be conveniently disposed of. During the last few years a process has been discovered which has given sawdust a value greater than that of solid lumber.

By the use of hydraulic pressure and intense heat the particles are formed into a solid mass capable of being moulded into any shape and of receiving a brilliant polish. The only materials used are sawdust, alum and glue.

Imitation marble can be manufactured from a mixture of sawdust with ivory waste, waterglass and glue. In Norway acetic acid, wood naphtha, tar and alcohol are produced on a commercial scale out of sawdust.

Factories have been erected in this country and in Europe for converting pine needles into forest wool. This is used for mattresses and furniture, for manufacture in hygienic articles and for such things as underwears and chest protectors.

The principal use of sawdust seems destined to be in the production of sugar and alcohol. It is practically pure cellulose and easily convertible into those products.

For many years bituminous coal operators threw away slack as waste. Later it sold for five cents a ton. Today it commands at the mine 75 cents a ton, or within five cents a ton of the price of run up mine coal.

The increase is due to demand coming from makers of cement. Formerly they bought lump coal and pulverized it. Finally one of them experimented with slack and found it satisfactory and cheaper. He is said to use 140 tons of slack daily.

Each large packing establishment now has its long list of by-products. The products of the gray brain matter of calves are employed in affections of the nervous system, such as nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, St. Vitus' dance, mental disorder and insanity. The blood of the slaughtered animals is coagulated and manufactured into buttons and is also utilized in the production of albumen for the use of the calico printer, the sugar refiner, the tanner and others.

The bones are used for a score of different purposes, being manufactured into knife and toothbrush handles, chessmen, combs, backs of brushes, mouthpieces of pipes and various other articles. Black hoofs are used in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium for gold extraction, and are also ground up to make fertilizer for florists, grape growers and others.

Among the other articles manufactured out of the former waste products of the abattoir are glue, fly-paper, sandpaper, gelatine, isinglass, curled hair, bristles, wool felt, hair felt, laundry soap, soap powders, glycerine, ammonia, bone meal, pepsin, poultry food, neat's foot oil and a score of other products. The annual value of the by-products of the packing industry, all of which are manufactured out of what was considered a waste material thirty years ago, is approximately \$200,000,000.

Prior to 1860 cottonseed was usually hauled to a remote place to rot or dumped into a stream of flowing water. Out of this product, then deemed a nuisance, there was manufactured in 1900 by-products having a value of more than \$42,000,000.

More than a score of products are today manufactured out of cottonseed, including butter, paper, fertilizer, cotton batting, cattle feed, soap, lard, cottoleins, crude oil and salad oils. John D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil company, is authority for the statement that for the last twenty years more than one-half of the profits of the company have been made out of the manufacture of by-products. The company could throw into the ocean every drop of refined oil as fast as it was manufactured, and would still be able to pay handsome dividends to its stockholders simply through the sale of its by-products.

The choicest perfumes which are placed upon the market are obtained from oils and ethers extracted from flowers, but there are many other oils which are artificially made out of bad smelling elements. Oil of pineapple is best made by the action of putrid cheese or sugar or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and sulphuric acid.

The essential flavoring substance of the vanilla bean as well as other essences are manufactured out of coal tar and the oil of cloves.

MAN'S DAYS OF DECLINE

Science Says from 55 to 62 He Loses Courage

INSTANCES NUMEROUS

Buller, Methuen, Tyron, Napoleon and Rojestvensky Are Examples—After 62 Man Is Trustworthy Again—English Generals Who Blundered in Boer War.

Is there a brief period in every man's life, who has passed the age of fifty-five, and not reached sixty-two, when the heart and brain refuse to respond to crises, and fatal errors, impossible at any other period, are committed?

A foremost English doctor says so, and he fortifies his argument with impressive instances.

When this condition affects them, business men show irresolution and suspicion without reason, statesmen make inexcusable blunders of policy, soldiers commit the most glaring mistakes which cost battles, and sailors lose battleships, while trusty railroad engineers run past signals and cause disastrous wrecks.

After the danger mark is passed, the solidity and conservatism of old age come to the rescue, and the result is seen in men of extraordinary preservation, like Gladstone, Ibsen, Senator Hoar, Verdi or General Roberts.

It is a fact, however, that many instances seem to bear out the idea of the English doctor.

In 1893 occurred one of the famous naval disasters of history. It did not happen in time of warfare, and yet it resulted in the wanton waste of almost 500 lives.

This was the collision between the warships Camperdown and the Victoria, during manoeuvres of the English navy.

Admiral Tryon, an honored veteran, was in command of the fleet, and stood on the bridge of his flagship, the Victoria.

The Camperdown, a ship with a ram, came around with a sweep, describing a curve that would have left plenty of room had the Victoria turned in right direction. But incomprehensibly Admiral Tryon gave an order which sent his ship in exactly the opposite way. Camperdown and Victoria came together, and the ram of the former sent the Victoria to the bottom.

Admiral Tryon stood like a statue on the bridge, and made no effort to escape. It was the virtual suicide of a brave man, who at the end comprehended the lives his blunder had cost, and dared not live to face the reproaches that must be his.

The surprise of the British nation equalled its grief and horror.

"Why did he make such a mistake? He, an experienced officer, who had spent his life giving orders, and had never blundered before?"

No one could answer, but the new theory explains, Tryon was 59.

The antics of Rojestvensky during the Russo-Japanese war would have been ludicrous but for their serious result. He blundered seriously in the battle of the Straits of Korea, which resulted in his capture and overwhelming defeat at the hands of Admiral Togo. But this was less mysterious than his unprecedented action, which has never been explained clearly, of firing into a fleet of harmless British fishing smacks, an action which narrowly missed embroiling Russia in a war with England.

Nobody denied Rojestvensky's bravery, his judgment was the offender. Perhaps an excuse may be found for his in the fact that he was more than fifty-five, but had not reached sixty.

When Weyler was in Cuba his offenses, his brutality and his curious utter inability to judge a situation made him the most hated and scorned man of the decade. But now in Spain he has grown till his services to Alfonso are genuine and patriotic. Can it be that passing beyond sixty-two has wrought the development?

Before he reached the age of fifty-five Napoleon III, ranked as a gallant soldier who had done valiant service in the Crimean War. While considered selfish and vain he had shown distinct powers of diplomacy and was regarded as a strong man.

But in the seven years between the age of fifty-five and sixty-two he committed a series of unparalled follies finally culminating in his suicidal forcing of a war with Germany, an act which threw his family from the throne, ended monarchy in France and sent him to England to die in exile.

The English generals who committed the blunders in the Boer-English war were men between the ages of fifty-five and sixty-two, the Bullers and the Methuens.

Those who went to the rescue were curiously either above or below the fatal age. Thus Lord Kitchener was at that time less than fifty years old and Lord Roberts, the much-lamented "Bobs," was getting close to seventy. It was this pair who ended a most humiliating condition of affairs for England and stopped the Boer successes.

Dewey, past the danger mark, beat Montijo, in the fatal zone, at the battle of Manila, and so similar instances might be multiplied.

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Doctors in 1600.

An antiquary read from a gray little book:

"A comb made of the right horn of a ram cuts the headache if it be on the right side of the head being combed with it; of the left horn for the left side."

He smiled and resumed:—

"The cough is easily cured if the party troubled with it spit three or four times into a frog's mouth, but it must be into the mouth of the same frog. You can keep her alive in a little water."

The antiquary's book was called "Culpepper's School of Physick, or The Experimental Practice of the Whole Art." Its author was Nicholas Culpepper, and the date of its publication 1628. For the volume, which was a first edition, the antiquary's price was £15.

He read from the book the following odd extracts:

"To draw a tooth without pain, fill an earthen crucible full of emmets or ants (call them by which name you will), eggs and all, and when you have burned them keep the ashes, with which if you touch a tooth it will drop out."

"Mark where a swine rubs himself, then cut off a piece of the wool and rub any swollen parts with it, and it will help it, with the proviso, that where the hog rubs his head it helps the swelling of the neck, etc."

"Shave the crown of the head of one that is sick and lay upon the shaved place rue stamped with oil of roses, binding it on, and if the party sneeze within six hours after he will live; else not."

Suicides in British Army.

The rate of suicide in the British army is equal to 210 per million annually; in the German to 550, and in the Austrian to 1,200 per million.

Widows for Paris Widows.

Widows in Paris appear to be about ten times more easily consolable than widowers, says London Telegraph. Out of 1,907 derelict ladies on whom statisticians keep an eye after their husbands' demise, only three were left still lone and mourning after eighteen months had passed by. Out of 2,270 widowers, thirty-seven remained unconsolated, or had enough in one go at the lottery. One hundred and forty-eight had not the grace to wait until the year was out to remarry; 628 did wait a year, but took second wives immediately afterward. All those who married again had done it before three years had gone by. Apparently if a widower can wait three years he is safe and falls into the minority, which in this case was thirty-seven of those for whom once is enough. After divorce, on the contrary, the ladies are much more shy than the men about entering the bonds again. Out of 717 women whose marriages had been dissolved seventy-nine still shrank from trying the experiment again after nine years had elapsed. Out of 659 men, 109 married again as soon as they possibly could—immediately after the decree became absolute. All those who did make a fresh start in wedlock had done so within two years from their divorce.

Successful Ostrich Farming.

Consul General William H. Michael of Calcutta is sanguine of great success in ostrich farming in certain parts of the United States. Its development in India is also promising. If found sufficiently profitable it will no doubt extend largely in this country.

BAER LEADS FIGHT FOR THE RAILROADS.

Reading President Has Prepared an Elaborate Argument Against 2-Cent Fare Bill.

The railroad companies are not going to allow the Legislature to pass trolley freight, 2-cent fare and other proposed measures without a fight. George F. Baer, president of the Reading Company, has prepared a monograph explaining conditions of the railway business. This will be presented to the Legislature as an argument against the passage of a proposed 2-cent fare bill.

The theme of the elaborate treatise is that the Reading is actually losing money on its passenger service.

As prepared under the supervision of President Baer the statement goes into the railway situation in detail. It is said to be the most elaborate presentation of the subject from the viewpoint of the railroads that has ever been prepared. In short, it shows by statistics that the railroads cannot meet a flat rate of 2 cents for passenger traffic.

The Pennsylvania, it is said, is co-operating with the Reading in the appeal to the Legislature not to force the railroads to reduce fares. The Dunsmore bill, providing a 2-cent flat rate is up for final passage in the House this week.

A Wonderful Record.

As made up by improved and exact processes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. It cures the backache, periodical headaches, the dragging-down distress in the pelvic region, the pain and tenderness over lower abdominal region, dries up the pelvic catarrhal drain, so disagreeable and weakening, and overcomes every form of weakness incident to the organs distinctly feminine.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, the makers of which print their formula on the bottle-wrapper, thus taking their patrons into their full confidence. It is the only medicine for women, every ingredient of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the most eminent medical practitioners and writers of our day, recommending it for the diseases for which "Favorite Prescription" is advised.

It takes a woman a long time to come to the point, especially in sharpening a pencil.

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It means safety. A person whose blood is in an impure and impoverished condition is in the greatest danger of catching any infectious or epidemic disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the mildest, safest and surest purifier of the blood, thus striking at the root of Kidney, Liver and Bladder diseases. \$1.00 at all druggists.