

# MARK TWAIN GOES FISHING.

Some of His Friends Play a Very Mean Joke on Him.

Away back in the '60's, when Mark Twain resided in San Francisco, and was the regular correspondent of a Nevada paper, he was a character among the Bohemians, and was associated with many jolly souls who are now numbered among the missing, and many who are still well known in San Francisco.

Mark was an ardent angler, and was never happier than when sitting with his legs dangling over the side of a cozy yacht and waiting for the slow and lazy nibbles of the denizens of the sea. In those days Alexander Badlam and Fult Berry owned the tug Fanny Ann, and to gratify Mark's piscatorial whim they fitted her up one day with a dozen or two bottles of bait and a lunch, and with a few choice friends steamed off for Angel Island. Mark had constantly expressed as the desire of his life that he might catch a mess of red rook cod; those in the San Francisco markets being of a bright red, very attractive to look at, and very choice food fish.

## THE PARTY CONSISTED.

of Mark Twain, O. P. Sutton, formerly secretary of the Pacific Bank; General John McComb, then editor of the "Alta"; a prominent San Francisco judge, now deceased; Alexander Badlam, and Fulton Berry. The two latter, knowing full well there were no red rook cod this side of the Farallone Islands, purchased a large, fine specimen in the market, and placing it in a gunny sack smuggled it on board the steamer. After a pleasant sail across the bay the Fanny Ann was anchored across the stream at a point on Angel Island, known as Ralston's quarry, so called from the fact that the rocks for the Bank of California was taken from that place. The tide was ebbing strongly, and, after anchoring, all the party except Badlam and Berry dropped their lines on the lower side. These two gentlemen dropped theirs on the upper side of the steamer, with their lines drifting under the steamer, while those on the opposite

## TRAILED TOWARD THE SEA.

When unnoticed, Badlam attached the large red rook cod to his line, and, apprising the others of the fact, pulled him to the surface amid great excitement. The fish was immediately placed in a barrel of water, which had been provided to keep alive what fish might be caught. It was suggested to Mark Twain and his friends that they had better fish on the upper side of the steamer, as they prefer shady places, which was concurred in.

After the lines had trolled under the steamer, Berry removed the bait from his hook, and on the opposite side trailed and caught Mark Twain's line. The latter, complaining that his line was foul, was assured that on the swinging of the steamer it would soon loosen. In a few moments the rook-cod was taken from the barrel and hooked on to Mark Twain's line. A vigorous pull was given, and at the top of his voice Mark yelled out: "I've got a whale! I've got a whale!" He landed him in fine shape, the two jokers taking him off the hook and placing him in the barrel.

MARK IMMEDIATELY PROCURED a piece of chalk and commenced to score the catch of each of the fishermen, and during the next two hours this same fish was hooked on in the same manner fifty or sixty times on the lines of all the parties, and pulled up in the same manner and placed in the barrel of water, Twain, of course, having caught the largest number. When the fun became monotonous Berry hooked the fish in the tail, hoping that Mark would drop on the joke, but he did not, but simply said: "It takes an artist to catch a fish on the wrong end. I have often done so in trout fishing in Nevada."

The fish having had its gills all torn out, scales most torn off, and no place to hook on to him any more the jokers in desperation fished up Twain's line and Sutton's line at the same time, and tied a monkey-wrench on the former and a hatchet on the latter. Screams were raised that they had got a devilish, and the wrench and hatchet were landed on the deck. Words can not depict the faces of the fishermen. Twain pulled off his coat, looked at the score, looked at the monkey-wrench, at the hatchet, and then at the barrel, rolled up his sleeves, and fished out the poor, solitary, worn out red rook cod, and holding it aloft, said: "Boys, we have had lots of fun today; let's go home." He was the only one in the party who took it goodnaturedly, the other gentlemen refusing to converse on the sport of red cod fishing, and always looking on the transaction as a very mean joke.

# DRIVEN INTO MATRIMONY.

A Boy Whose Father Thrashed Him Weds a Lady of Mature Years.

Louis Jelp is a stout 17-year-old boy, living in Anderson county, Ky. One day he was ploughing on his father's farm near Lawrenceburg. The plough was drawn by a mule of vicious propensities. The mule balked, and Jelp, to make him go along all right, struck him with the plough line. The animal then kicked the plough to pieces, and ran away. Jelp's father was ploughing the adjoining field, and witnessed the ruck and smashup. He was angry at his son for striking the mule, and picking up a piece of the plough line, gave him a severe thrashing.

After the whipping, very young Jelp, sore both in body and mind, went to the next farm, occupied by Miss Higgins, a lady with a red head and forty-one years to her credit. The boy knew her well, and he related to her how cruelly his father had treated him. Miss Higgins was full of sympathy, and suggested to him that there was a way in which he could easily emancipate himself from the control of an unfeeling father. He enquired how it was to be done, and she replied that he might marry her and thus settle all his difficulties.

Jelp accepted Miss Higgins's proposition and on the following day the two took the train at Lawrenceburg, for Louisville. They immediately crossed over to Indiana shore, where a license was issued, and they were married by Equine John Huchely. On the following day, the bride and her youthful husband returned to the former's home in Anderson county. Mrs. Jelp has no fear of her husband's father, and invites him to make trouble if he dare. She is worth \$10,000.

The British divorce returns for thirty years, ending in 1887, show that there were 10,561 petitions for divorce or dissolution of marriage, of which 7,321 were successful. The increase since 1881 is gradual.

# PEARLS OF TRUTH.

You must not be ashamed to ask what you do not know.

It is not what we intend, but what we do that makes us useful.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highways of usefulness.

It is a good thing to be able to let go the less for the sake of the greater.

Temperance is a tree that has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit.

Does thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its securities.

Beware of the man who is always suspicious of everybody else's motives. The chances are that he has some bad motives himself.

If you wish to live the life of a human being, and not of a fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.

Beautiful souls often get put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness or the humility which gives it grace.

People who have no occupation must worry. The human heart is like a millstone—if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but then it is itself it wears away.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of the truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

The history of the world teaches us no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this: that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent tolerance; to a friend your heart; to your child a good example; to a father deference; to your mother conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself respect; to all men charity.

Mistakes of all kinds should be avoided as far as possible, and there may be a carelessness really culpable which gives rise to them. But in far the greater number of cases mistakes are the steps by which each one must climb to excellence in any direction.

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So Heaven rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

## Be Cheerful.

A well-known philanthropist in New York, whose time was given to the help of the criminal and pauper classes, had upon his library table a Turkish figure of a laughing donkey. The beast was so convulsed with merriment that no one could look at it without a smile.

"Why do you keep that absurd figure there?" a friend asked him. "It seems to jeer at the gravest subject which we discuss."

"Simply to remind me that the gravest subject has its cheerful, laughable side," he answered. "I find it a wholesome warning in the midst of so much misery."

Many a Canadian needs to be daily reminded in some way that life has its amusing, happy side. An hour's rest, a cheerful book, a talk with a friend would serve the purpose better than a laughing donkey.

We are a nervous, anxious people, and many of us have inherited from our ancestors a belief that amusements and mirth are sinful.

A Southern woman, lately visiting her friends in New England, exclaimed one day, "This is the best year of my life! My husband and children are in good health, and free from financial worry; my sons are honorable, Christian men; we have many good, pleasant friends. God has heaped blessings on me. I am perfectly happy!"

An ominous silence followed these words, and melancholy shudders of the head.

"It makes me tremble to hear you," one said at last, "when I think how soon all this may be changed, and that you may even be dead before night."

"And shall I not thank God while I am yet in the land of the living?" replied her friend.

This world, no matter how poor or ill or solitary we may be, is not for any of us altogether a vale of tears. It has its sunshine and pleasures, its cheerful heights, which may be climbed by all of us, if we have but courage and faith.

The man who will not yield to disaster and disease, who makes the best of his poverty, who finds something to laugh at in all his misfortunes, will not only draw more friends to his side than his melancholy brother, but actually live longer.

Colonel Sellers had found the true philosophy of life when he lighted a candle in his empty stove "to make believe there was a fire," and praised the "rare flavor" of the raw turnip and cold water which made his scanty meal.

The man whose religion makes him gloomy, austere and hopeless falsifies Christ's teaching. Who should be happy if not the Christian? Who should make light of the troubles of this short life, if not he who believes in an unending life of happiness at its end?

"In everything give thanks," cried the apostle, after he had been scourged night unto death; and again, having fought with beasts at Ephesus, he calls for his prison-cell to the weak and unhappy in all ages: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice!"

During the recent Presidential election in the United States an Albany manufacturer had printed on all the envelopes in which his workmen received their wages the following inscription:—"The one issue of this campaign: Shall American goods and products, or English goods and products, stock our home markets? Shall American wages or English wages be paid to our workmen and working women?" Now that the election is over, and the party to which this manufacturer belongs has won the day, he has notified his men that their wages are to be reduced twenty-five per cent. It would be interesting to hear what these deluded workmen have to say on this subject.

# The Wilds of Mexico.

In the wilds of Mexico! That sounds pretty strong, doesn't it? Well, when you are where, in all probability, no white man has ever been before, I do not think the expression at all out of the way.

Leaving the city of Mexico, you travel southeasterly for about 200 miles, passing numerous small Indian villages, which seem to consist mainly of naked children and dogs, and reach the city of Huatamo. This is an old Spanish town of about 2,000 inhabitants, the main feature of which, like all other Spanish towns, is the plaza, a large square, around which are about all the stores the town contains. Sunday being market day, this plaza is quite interesting to a stranger. The natives from the surrounding country come in upon that day to sell their garden truck, salt, tobacco, hand-made blankets, straw goods, ropes, and goodness only knows what not. Four upright poles are planted in the ground, cross poles fastened to them, and over all is laid a grass mat, thus making innumerable little stalls, where you can obtain most articles you need, and a far greater number of articles you cannot conceive as being of any possible use to mankind.

Now mount your horse and come with me. We leave Huatamo behind us and ride forward toward what seems to be a solid wall of mountains; the road is fair, that is after you have been over some others in this country, and you ride forward.

## THROUGH A LOVELY VALLEY.

filled with fruit trees and flowers; the air is invigorating at this time of the year, your horse knows he is going home, and you swing along at a good pace, knowing that the following day your road will be but a cowpath over the mountains and you must make your 35 miles to-day or you will not reach the mine upon the following.

Small mountain streams are crossed, many little Indian huts are passed, and far ahead of you appears a tiny moving speck. You know what it is as nearer and nearer you approach each other, until finally you perceive an Indian, with his knapsack tightly fastened to his shoulders, swing along at his running walk. He is the mail. No stop for him, he must be on time, and with a "buenos dias" he is passed, and still you ride on.

The sun now becomes intensely hot, for it is nearing noon, and about that hour you reach a small Indian hut, where you halt for dinner. Two women, one child, and eleven dogs constitute this household during the daytime, and if you succeed in getting a couple of eggs and some corn bread you consider yourself fortunate. Horses are unsaddled and allowed to roam at will while you stretch yourself under the welcome shade to go to sleep. Just when you begin to doze you

## ARE RUDELY AWAKENED.

by a harsh voice shrieking into your ear the single word "Ya!" That means ready; so you rouse yourself, eat your eggs and bread, drink your black coffee, light a cigarette, frown at the woman, and doze again.

It seems you have not been asleep five minutes when your servant wakes you and you find the horses ready saddled, pay the virago 12 cents, mount, and off again. It is now 3 o'clock and you have only 12 miles to go before sunset, or 6 o'clock; now a lone, now a trot, now a walk, according to the road, you ride along through the valley, paying no attention to the high mountains covered with palm trees and huge cacti which rise on either side of you, for you know them by heart and are only anxious to reach Quinchendio. One lonely peak at last comes in sight, standing alone, one huge rock 700 feet in height, and you know you are almost there. Your horse knows it also, the road is good, he quickens his pace, and you now pass through mile after mile of corn and sugar cane, but the end comes and you ride up to the palace of this part of the world, an adobe house, where you can obtain food for your animals, a fairly good supper for yourself, and a bed made of ropes stretched across a wooden frame, with a bullock's hide for a mattress.

After a hearty supper, the main point of which is a bountiful supply and a stout, jolly old Indian woman to serve it,

## A SMOKE AND TALK.

with the master of the house, and a cheery "I asar buenas noches," you roll yourself in your blanket, and are soon asleep. At daylight you wake to find a bowl of steaming hot coffee and corn bread awaiting you. Your appetite sharpened by the cool air of the night, you break your fast with a relish and mount your horse with a sigh, for you know a hard day's journey lies before you, although only about 30 miles or so.

Still the road is fairly good to Jant dipo, but you can rarely go faster than a walk, as your horse must pick his way through winding paths, over loose stones, over fallen trees, across swollen streams, and woe betide him if he slips, and woe betide you, for many a time a slip would mean death to horse and man, and you look sometimes with a shudder at the hundreds and hundreds of feet below you. But you are riding a mountain horse, and have no fear as he climbs up or slides down places at which the proverbial goat would hesitate.

The scenery now becomes wild in the extreme, and you commence to realize that you are going further and further from civilization; houses become a rarity, fewer dogs rush with mad velocity and uproarious barking at your horse's head, the youthful savage in his pristine glory no longer diversifies nature, and you still ride on. The sun rises, throwing beautiful lights and shades upon the mountains, the road grows narrower and rougher, huge trees, with their parasitic companions, call forth your admiration, although often seen before, and you are fairly in the wilds.

By noon you reach Janindigo, a small cluster of Indian huts, where pigs roam at will through the noisels, where everything and every one is dirty, and where innumerable insects cause you to think that surely life is not worth living. But here you must stop for dinner or starve, so you stop, and glad you are for a Mexican omelet, corn bread, and a cup of coffee, let alone the fact that your horses have

## A HARD AFTERNOON.

before them, and must rest. No waiting until 3 o'clock to-day; the mine is only about 16 miles away, but 16 miles no Northern horse would face, for now you have only a cowpath over the mountains, and as your horse steps from rock to rock, climbing steadily up, up, never faltering, never swerving, never hesitating, you cannot but love the noble animal who carries you so steadily and surely forward.

At length the top of the mountain is reached, and what a sight bursts upon you.

Below you for mile upon mile stretches an immense valley, and you follow the course of winding streams as they thread their way in and out along the base of huge plateaus and embryo mountains that rise here and there upon every side. Here can be seen the palm in all its glory, the cactus in its numerous varieties, and nature in her wildest disport. "Oh, what a ranch!" would be the first cry of a stockman. "Oh, how beautiful!" the first cry of an artist, and both would be right. A winding path now leads down into the valley, small streams are crossed, a horribly stony path is left behind, one more river, one terribly long hill, one more descent and we are at the mines.

# HE MADE THE BEAR DANCE.

A Farmer Paid Five Cents to See the Fun, and He was Bound to Get His Money's Worth.

As a farmer was driving with his wife on the outskirts of Kingston, N. Y. he came upon a Turk leading a tame bear. The farmer, wishing to have his wife see the bear dance, said he would give 5 cents to the master of the bear if he would make it dance. After the dirty Turk got the money he told the farmer the terpsichorean performance would not begin until another 5 cents was placed in his hand. This made the farmer angry, and he said: "If you don't make that bear dance, I'll make you dance and the bear, too."

The owner of brum made no move until the farmer got off his wagon to carry his threat into execution, when he put his hand to his pocket as if to draw a revolver. Then the farmer "let out with his right" and sent the bear-owner sprawling in the gutter. As soon as the Turk could get up he took the muzzle of the bear, and in an unknown tongue, told brain to "go!" the farmer.

The bear, thus encouraged, "went for" the farmer, who soon made his fingers almost meet around the bear's windpipe. When the farmer saw fit to let go, the bear sneaked up to its master coughing and spitting blood, and its master began to make tracks from the spot. All this time the farmer's wife sat still in the wagon, simply saying: "James, I wish you wouldn't be so foolish."

"I can't help it, Marier," said the farmer: "I wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by owls."

## She Broke Him Up.

"Oh, George, this is terrible. It will break my heart."

"Oh, I reckon not, Mollie. You'll get over it."

"I shall never get over it."

"Sorry. But you'll have to, sis. I am engaged to Isabel Jones."

"And you intend to break your engagement with me?"

"Why, of course."

"But what if I institute a suit for breach of promise?"

"You have no witness to prove that we ever were engaged."

"And I can't get damages unless I have."

"No, little one. I'm sorry, but you should have looked out for that."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by. You'll kiss me for the last time?"

"Yes, George."

"Now, since all is over between us, I want to ask you one question."

"Certainly, dear."

"Don't call me 'dear' any more. You don't seem to understand."

"No, I do not. It is hard to realize. But what was the question you wanted to ask?"

"Oh, yes! Well, I often wonder why you always had this sewing machine in the parlor, and why you always insisted on sitting so close to it when we were saying sweet things to each other. Why was it?"

"That? That is not a sewing-machine."

"What is it?"

"A phonograph."

"A phonograph! Thunder! Is it in good order?"

"You bet."

"And has been every night I have been 'here'?"

"Indeed it has, darling. Do you want me to turn the crank just for fun?"

"No, indeed. ('You have turned him, you sotto voce). 'But what a funny girl you are, to think I meant what I said just now to tease you. I was only joking. I'm not engaged to Isabel, and we will get married as soon as you like.'"

"How nice! You are such a dear (kiss), sweet (kiss), good (kiss), honorable darling. I never doubted you."

"Of course not. Good-night, darling. I will see you to-morrow night. And our wedding?"

"Next week. Good-night, precious."

"To-morrow night."

"And now," she said to herself as she heard the gate close behind him, "I must not let him find out that that phonograph is out of order and doesn't record a thing, until after the wedding. It broke me all up when I found it out the other day; but I reckon his darling little Mollie got there with both feet to-night. He don't play any Isabel Jones racket on her at present."

# Admiral Kimberley's Report.

Admiral Kimberley, in his official report to Washington on the Samoan disaster, refers thus to the British war ship Calliope: The Calliope steamed into the harbor this morning, showing signs of having experienced heavy weather. She goes to Sydney as soon as possible for repairs, and through the kindness of Captain Kane, her diving outfit has been turned over to us, and it will be of greatest assistance in saving stores. I commend his services to the department, and trust that they will be regarded as worthy of recognition.

The Czar of Russia is said to be learning to play the cornet, and it is cruelly suggested that the Nihilists will now have a good and sufficient reason for endeavoring to kill him. The Czar may escape, however, if he avoids practicing airs that he does not know and cannot pick up. That is the rock on which the amateur cornetist is apt to strike.

Sympathized with Nature.—Granger—"Doc, that mus' be subthin' left what ye pulled that tooth for me last week. It's ached ever since." Dentist (examining the month)—"Nothing there, sir, but a vacuum." "How big?" "Why, about the size of a tooth, of course." "Wal, yanker out, Doc. I knowed subthin' was yank, I've heard that nacher obhors a vaceyrum, an' dinged if I blame 'er, 'fabe ever got one stuck inter jaw."

# MISCELLANEOUS.

The pension authorities of the United States have decided that a soldier while bathing died in the performance of duty and that his relatives are entitled to pension. The reasons assigned are that bathing is not only allowed, but enjoined by the regulation that soldiers are to keep themselves clean. The reasoning seems sound and the cause of cleanliness should gain by the decision.

Two Veasear girls, Ella S. Leonard and Caroline G. Lingle, went to Atlantic City lands in New York State, bought the sloshy newspaper from a Man, returned and are now doing a flourishing business as the two young women not only do all the literary work of the paper, but manage a large job printing establishment. The York reporter who visited the place was marked upon its unnatural cleanliness by almost sinful air of comfort.

A coarse model for a graceful figure is short, sharply pointed front, the back with long, narrow, Directive coat-tails which reach to the very edge of the skirt. Down each side of the front are revers of the dress goods beneath which are ones of velvet, and the collar and cuffs double revers to match. A narrow welt introduced, this reaching considerably above the points on the bodice, showing at the throat between the velvet revers.

The water supply of Egypt is brought to a distance of over two thousand miles by the Nile, but the equatorial rains appear to have been scanty and the usual inundation has not occurred. Irrigation can, therefore, not take place to anything like the usual extent. The cotton crop will consequently be short, the fellahen will suffer, business in the cities will be depressed, the Government will be unable to collect the taxes, Egyptian bonds will fall in Paris and London, and the investors in these bonds will be sufficiently pinched to emigrate to Manitoba, which thus feel the effects of a drought in Egypt's territory.

The rejection of prohibition in Massachusetts was expected. The State had tried prohibition before, and was not satisfied; but of late years the liquor law is probably more stringent than that of any non-prohibition State in the Union. The lowest alcohol license is now \$1,000, and there is a maximum limit. The number of licenses is issued is determined yearly by vote of the people, and the New York Tribune says: "It is argued that this steady increase in the stringency of temperance legislation largely due to the system of annually admitting the question of license or no license to the voters of each community."

In a letter to the Buffalo Express Capt. Hoffman, U. S. A., now stationed at Fort Niagara, says that the desertions from the United States Army number 3,000 annually. This would be a large number for even European army, but it is simply enormous when the size of Uncle Sam's army is taken into consideration. The deserters represent one-eighth of the whole force. Capt. Hoffman attributes the frequency of desertions to the smallness of the pay given by the Government. During his first two years each private receives in compensation for his services, including pay, rations, and clothing, about \$20 a month, or sixty seven cents a day.

Trusts appear to have as many lives as cats when Judge Barnett, of New York, delivered a judgment some time ago that one of the big sugar refining companies in the United States had forfeited its charter through having become a member of the Sugar Trust, and that a receiver should be appointed. He was thought that the days of the latter was numbered. But suits having been instituted against its other members it is now found that they have all assigned, thus rendering the appointment of receivers by the court impossible. The suits will have to be dropped, therefore, but the parties to whom the companies assigned now really form the trust, which seems likely to go on forever.

Along the west side of Lake Michigan during a rainstorm last week, clothes hung up to dry were spoiled and stained by ashes. Where the ashes came from was not apparent, but their presence is clearly accounted for by the great fires which had just been fore swept the prairie of Dakota. That the ashes of great fires can be carried to considerable distances we have had abundant evidence in Ontario during the prevalence of bush fires. Volcanic ashes are known to have been borne from Iceland to the Faroe and Shetland Islands. Ashes of the great eruption of Krakatoa, in the East Indian archipelago, it is said, fell long afterwards in Belgium. At any rate, analysis showed their composition to be identical with that of the ashes which fell near the exploded mountain. That these things occur possesses a practical interest for laundry people.

A recent decision of the English courts carries the law of libel to the extreme, both of absurdity and injustice. It is to the effect that a newspaper publishing a judge's charge is answerable for libel if statements of fact or opinion are wrong. It is hard doctrine that a daily paper, publishing the proceedings of a trial, including the charge of the judge, is to be held responsible for errors of statement into which that functionary may be betrayed. If the rule stands, it must practically prohibit the publication of the reports of trials, for judges do make mistakes, being mortal, and the press would be unable to protect itself against such mistakes. But the rule will not hold. It is contrary to a long current of English decisions, which makes the publication of legal trials privileged matter. Certainly, there is no danger that it will become operative in this country.

The manager of the International Exposition at Buffalo has secured a novel attraction—a human sky-rocket, the handicraft of Mr. Estelle, of Callao, Peru, formerly of the United States navy. His model has been successfully experimented with in South America. Signor Camarara made the initial trip. The apparatus consists of a combination of rockets of immense power with a parachute attachment which folds over the apex. Four tubes form the framework and contain the explosives. The nature of the explosive is a secret and is called dyno-acenimite. Its peculiar property is that it is detonating. A small volume of the solid makes an immense volume of vapor and lifts the machine with lightning rapidity into the clouds. The test took place under Peruvian government patronage near Callao in December. The charge touched by electricity, sent the machine over 15,645 feet, and the descent by parachute was perfect. Signor Camarara landed five miles from the starting point no worse for the trip.