

GROWTH OF EXTRADITION.

Statistics for Approaching Malefactors Have Been Increased by International Treaties.

Extradition, properly speaking, as it is understood to-day may be said to be of modern origin. Centuries ago, however, there were many instances in which fugitives from justice were surrendered by one country to another. In the ancient times there were places sanctified with a religious character and which were therefore sacred from invasion and in these places fugitives were safe from pursuit and the criminal could rest there in security. In these the sacred character of these localities passed away, but the privilege of asylum has been so thoroughly established that all countries came to look on protection as the right of the fugitive. Thus the religious asylum was succeeded by the territorial and the criminal found safety under the wings of national sovereignty. This right of asylum was rigidly maintained for years and fugitives were given up only in the presence of superior strength, says the Chicago Chronicle. The evil and disorder resulting from this right of asylum were recognized by the Romans, and arrangements were made and laws passed providing for the delivery of accused individuals by one country to another among the nations allied with Rome. There were ancient extradition treaties, but they applied mostly to political offenders and completely overlooked the ordinary criminal as a rule, evidently being enacted more for the protection of the state than of society. It is said that the first English treaty in which there was provision made for the surrender of ordinary criminals was the one made between King William, the first of Scotland, and Henry II. of England in 1174. This treaty prescribed that English felons fleeing to Scotland should be tried in Scotland or sent back to England and that Scottish criminals fleeing to England should be tried there or sent back to Scotland.

In the actual modern treaty of extradition, however, France led the way for the world. In 1759 an extradition treaty was ratified between France and Wurtemberg, providing for the arrest and delivery by one country to the other of all brigands, malefactors, robbers, incendiaries, murderers, assassins, vagabonds and all deserters from the armies. This treaty was limited to a life of five years, but immediately upon its expiration it was renewed. A few years later France and Switzerland concluded a treaty which provided for the delivery of criminals and offenders generally. During the century now drawing to a close the increase of the practice of extradition has steadily grown, with perhaps now and then an occasional setback. But the custom has widened and extended and it is but a question of time when extradition between all countries will approach a state of perfection.

One of the best extradition treaties in existence is that between the United States and England. This treaty is decidedly the best one to which the United States is a party, although there are a number of excellent treaties between our country and other nations. Although the subject seems to have been discussed on a number of occasions between the United States and Great Britain no provision was made for the extradition of criminals until the passage of the treaty of 1842. The tenth article of this treaty arranged for the surrender of fugitive criminals charged with murder, attempted murder, piracy, arson, robbery, forgery and the utterance of forged documents. Many difficulties were found in enforcing this extradition article of the treaty, and the operations were by no means entirely satisfactory.

Ten years later negotiations were again opened with England for the improvement of the extradition provisions. Nothing very formal was done until 1856, when representatives of the two countries arranged and signed a convention supplementing the extradition laws. The senate, however, refused to ratify the treaty and nothing was finally accomplished until three years later, when the whole matter was at last comprehensively settled by a convention in Washington. To the provisions of the 1842 treaty was added a long list of extraditable offenses which placed extradition between the United States and Great Britain in a most satisfactory condition.

The Explorer of Mountains. One of the best mountain climbers in the world is over 60 years of age. His name is Mr. Edward Whymper, and he lately sailed for London on the Lucania, after spending several months in exploring the Rocky mountains. He intends to return in the spring and head a party of American scientific men, who wish to explore the Canadian Rockies. "It is a region utterly unknown to man," he says. "There are miles and miles of mountains where not even an Indian has made his way. My plan is to cover about 500 miles of territory, starting at Calgary. We shall be obliged to travel very slowly, as it is almost impossible to use animals through that country. Great forest and fallen trees have combined to keep the tourist out, but we expect to conquer them and find out many important facts—possibly some startling ones—about the northwest."—Little Chronicle.

In No Danger. "It would be better if you'd hold still, sir," suggested the barber. "Ain't you afraid of me cutting your throat?" "No," answered the victim, with another lurch, "not as long as you use that razor."—Philadelphia Record.

The Way Out of Debt. The best way to get out of debt is to pay out.—Chicago Daily News.

MADE FAMOUS BY A BULL.

Personalities of a Montana Man Who Got into the British House of Commons.

Mike Flavin many years ago was one of the characters of Butte, Mont. Now he is a member of the British house of commons and has achieved considerable distinction in that body. While living in Butte Mike's personality led many of his friends to bespeak for him wider successes when he went away. In this they were not disappointed, for he has intruded upon the stage of fame no small distance during his career as a statesman, says a western exchange. Mike is a robust sort of a person. He weighs 210 pounds and it takes six feet and three inches of string to reach from his massive head to his ample feet. Such pastimes as juggling a 150-pound dumb-bell come easy to his powerful muscles, and he has remained in Butte as a boxer that will last for years to come. Like Hayes, the local colored prize fighter, took a brief nap one night after colliding with a swift punch sent out by Flavin, and he has polished off several others of the hot sports of the west in the squared circle in his time.

About six years ago Mike departed from Butte and by easy stages traveled to Ireland. He got married and settled down in the Emerald Isle and was elected from North Kerry to the house of commons. Soon after his election he gained considerable notoriety on the floor, and lately he has earned additional fame by being the author of an Irish bull that has gone the rounds of the press. He was interested in some measure that had been delayed and one day served notice upon the house that he desired to have the matter called up for debate. The speaker of the house addressed Mr. Flavin as follows: "The gentleman from North Kerry will remember that I addressed a letter to him a few days ago stating the reasons why this bill should not be brought up at this time and requesting him to postpone his action in the matter for a time. Has the member forgotten the contents of the letter?"

It was then that the boy from Butte opened his mouth and put his foot in it, with such exquisite effect that his verbal creation has become famous. "I remember the contents of your communication perfectly," said the big man who had slapped like Hayes to sleep. "I regret that I have been the cause of any inconvenience to the speaker. My only excuse for my oversight at this time is that I have not opened his letter yet, owing to the pressure of other business."

The Saturday Evening Post gave space to this ludicrous tangle of words in a recent issue and announced that Flavin had carried off the honors for bulls as far as the record of the house of commons could show.

SUPERSTITION AMONG WOMEN.

A Majority of the Members of the Sex Have a Strong Vein of Credulity.

In all ages women have been superstitious to a degree and in these days of enlightenment they are distinguished as far more credulous in everything pertaining to the supernatural than the members of the opposite sex. One would be surprised to learn the number of fair ones who make a practice of consulting the dream book. With a credulity worthy a dark mammy, if their sleep has been visited with unusual visions, they seize this volume as soon as their eyes are fairly opened and look for an explanation. If misfortune is foretold by it the seeker after knowledge assumes a bravado she is far from feeling, says the Chicago Chronicle. "I don't care," she says to herself by way of bolstering up her courage. "I'm not superstitious, anyway, and I don't believe in such arrant nonsense." But she's nervous, just the same for a couple of days, until other troubles have driven this mythical one out of her mind.

There's one young woman known to the writer who never dreams of a young child without shivering, and shaking for days after, in fear of some dreadful thing happening to her. She has not consulted a dream book on the subject, and so she doesn't know how infants and bad luck became connected in her mind, but nevertheless, after she's had a visitant of this sort, while sleeping, she says prayers of unusual length and then makes up her mind to be patient under afflictions sore.

She's an intelligent woman, mind you, but she doesn't attempt to explain the terror that besets her at this particular dream. She doesn't call herself superstitious—of course, no woman does, not even the one who won't walk under a ladder—but her friends do not make a delight of her until she exposes some fetich of theirs, when the subject is carefully avoided afterward.

Struggle of the Cities.

The census of 1900 shows that only two classes of American cities have made especial progress—those on the inland lakes and those possessing great and diversified manufacturing enterprises. The river cities are growing more slowly; the coast cities south of Norfolk are making little progress; but between that point and Portland, Me., they are scattering large populations. The railroad cities, especially those of comparatively high altitudes, are also making considerable progress. The United States has more cities of 1,000,000 population and upward than any other nation in the world. It has three cities of over 1,000,000: New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. Our growth in wealth is equally rapid.—Success.

EDITING MANUSCRIPTS.

Ludicrous Blunders Are Sometimes Made by the Most Experienced Authors.

"Most authors are furious at the bare suggestion of editing their manuscripts," said a man who used to be a reader in a big publishing house, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but you would be surprised at the ludicrous blunders made by the best of them. When a writer is accessible, the usual plan is to mark the 'bad breaks' on the proof slips and send them to him, with a discreet note requesting a correction; but when a house is getting out a book in a hurry or when the author is abroad, this is often impossible, and then the situation becomes very ticklish. I remember, for instance, I was once reading the proofs of a novel by one of our best-known and crankiest women writers. She was away on a visit to Mexico and had left strict orders to 'follow copy' to the letter. In one of her early chapters the hero was shaving himself after a long hunting trip, and was exactly half through when interrupted by the sudden arrival of the villain. A stormy scene followed, and eventually all hands adjourned to a fashionable ball. The authoress evidently forgot that her man was still half shaved, and I took the liberty of finishing the job. When she saw the book she was as mad as blazes because I had interpolated eight or nine words, and I swore I would never again play the barber to save anybody's reputation.

"Another writer, for whom we got out a story, made one of his characters 'empty his revolver' at a retreating burglar, and a moment later 'sent two bullets crashing through a window' to show a rival how quick he was on the trigger. I called his attention to the inexhaustible pistol, and he never spoke to me afterward. In an earlier novel by the same gentleman you will find reference to the hero's 'dark, smooth-shaved face,' and on the very next page he is 'twirling his mustache.' I noticed it in proof, but remembered my experience with the lady and let it go.

"It is a common thing for writers to locate well-known streets, parks, art galleries and monuments in the wrong cities, and they make the sun rise and set at all the points of the compass. We had to delay a book for a whole season once because the author located the Windward Islands off the coast of South Carolina, and then went away to Japan before anybody discovered the mistake. To make the correction involved changing the whole action of the story, which, of course, nobody dared to do.

NOVEL REMEDY FOR OBESITY.

Practice Climbing Stairs and Your Sarpas Fat Will Be Quickly Taken Off.

Not so very long ago a Philadelphia inquirer man got off at the twelfth floor of a big office building instead of the eleventh, as he had intended. As it was a case of going down instead of up, he concluded to walk back to the floor he wanted instead of waiting for the elevator. At the foot of the stairway he almost ran into an acquaintance, whose office is on the twelfth floor, and whose weight very nearly approaches 300 pounds. The acquaintance was puffing and blowing as he prepared to ascend the flight of steps leading to the floor above.

"Makes you blow to climb a flight of stairs, doesn't it?" remarked the reporter.

"Climb a flight of stairs?" disdainfully rejoined he of the 300 pounds between puffs. "Why, young man, I've just climbed 11 flights and I'm going to do another."

"Mean to say you've walked all the way up here?"

"That's just what I mean. Elevators are runnin' too."

"I know that. Came up in one myself a few minutes ago. But how on earth do you account for doing all this climbing? You don't look crazy."

"Neither am I. Never was more sensible in my life. Just made a new discovery, that's all. Realized how fat I've been getting the past three years."

The reporter nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, it was in spite of everything I could do to stop the accumulation of tissue. I was afraid I would soon do for the fat-boy art in a side show until one of my friends bet me a bottle of ginger ale that I couldn't climb three flights of stairs in this building. I won the bet, and in doing so discovered when I weighed myself a few minutes later that I had lost nearly a pound in weight. That gave me a tip, and the next day I climbed five flights, the next day six, and—well, now I do the whole blamed 12 every day, and I'm losing flesh so rapidly my clothes have to be taken in once a week at least. It's a great scheme, and it isn't patented, either, so if you know any other fat men in town I don't mind your letting them into the secret."

In Trouble. Mrs. Turtle dove—Do you know, dear, I'm afraid Harry does not love me the way he used to.

Mrs. Kissmee—You do not mean to say he is cross to you.

"No; but he says that he is hankering for a square meal; that he'll starve to death if he does not get away from a chafing dish diet before long. And he used to be so enthusiastic over the things I cooked in the chafing dish when he came to see me! Men are so changeable!"—Boston Transcript.

The Experience of Fathers. It is the experience of fathers that they get more enjoyment out of daughters who are not the popular craze with young men.—Athens Globe.

GEN. CHAFFEE.

Something About the American Officer Who Wrote to Field Marshal Von Waldersee.

"That letter in which Gen. Chaffee 'called down' Field Marshal Count von Waldersee for German looting must have been an amusing document," said an ex-officer of volunteers, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Chaffee is a blunt, rugged old campaigner, who has spent the best part of his life fighting Indians and cussing mule-whackers all over the wild and woolly west, and he knows no more about diplomatic blandishments than a Zulu witch doctor knows about modern bacteriology. His note to Von Waldersee was undoubtedly 'hot stuff,' and I can imagine the amazement of the polished and dignified German field marshal as he perused its contents. 'Gott in himmel!' he must have exclaimed, 'what kind of a wild man is dot, anyhow?' Chaffee was the idol of the rank and file throughout the operations in Cuba, continued the ex-volunteer, "and a good many quaint stories were circulated there illustrating this very phase of his character. One of them, which I recall on the spur of the moment, is peculiarly appropriate.

"During the engagement at El Caney Chaffee was in command of a brigade in Lawton's division, and on the morning of July 1, when the fighting began, he was saddled with 300 or 400 of our Cuban allies. As a matter of fact, the native patriots were more of a nuisance than anything else, and Chaffee was perplexed to know what to do with the detachment. Some distance northeast of El Caney and well out of the real zone of action there was a very small and dilapidated Spanish block-house, perched on a little ridge, and, happening to notice it, he told the Cuban colonel, who was an extremely pompous individual, to take his troops and capture the position while the main attack was in progress. There couldn't possibly have been over a dozen Spaniards in the blockhouse at the time, and the work of taking it was really Chaffee's play, but instead of making a charge, the Cubans proceeded to deploy themselves about a mile and a half away, and opened a long-distance bombardment. If any of their bullets carried that far they certainly did no damage, and the Spaniards probably never knew they were being assaulted.

"During the heat of the general engagement the allies were forgotten, but early in the afternoon there was a lull in the action, and while Chaffee was consulting with some of his regimental officers a Cuban aid came rushing up and reported that the native division was out of ammunition. 'My colonel desires that you send him immediately some cases of cartridges,' he said, in conclusion. Chaffee looked at him with a sardonic grin. 'I don't think you fellows had better burn any more cartridges,' he said, slowly. 'Those Spaniards might find out you were shooting at 'em, and if they did they'd come over and kick your whole blanket blanketed cowardly crowd all the way down to Matanzas. Tell your colonel that with my compliments,' he added. The aid turned purple and went away, boiling with indignation. "I heard this story from an officer who was present, and he chuckled gleefully as he told it, for everybody had been cautioned to treat the Cubans with the greatest deference and had found it difficult to obey the order. Chaffee was probably animated by the same spirit of candor when he opened his now-celebrated correspondence with Von Waldersee."

WHY HE PAINTS HIS FACE.

Reasons for a Time-Honored Custom That is Prevalent Among the Indians.

Every paint mark on the Indian face is a sign with a definite meaning which other Indians may read. When an Indian puts on his full war paint he decks himself not only with his own individual honors and distinctions won by his own bravery, but also with the special honors of his family or tribe. He may possess one mark of distinction only or many; in fact, he may be so well off in this respect that, like some English nobleman, he is able to don a new distinction for every occasion. Sometimes he will wear all his honors at one time, says Pearson's Magazine. Among the Indian tribes is one designated by the symbol of the dogfish painted in red on the face. The various parts of the fish are scattered heterogeneously on the surface of the face; the peculiarly long snout is painted on the forehead, the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from either nostril. When only one or two parts of an animal are painted on a man's face it is an indication of inferiority; when the whole animal appears even though in many oddly assorted parts, the sign is one of great value and indicates a high rank.

Very peculiar are some of the honorable symbols painted on the Indians' faces. There are fish, flesh and fowl of all kinds—dog-salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, eagles, ravens, wolves, bears, sea lions and sea monsters, mosquitoes, frogs, mountain goats, and all manner of foot, claw or beak marks—each with a special meaning of its own.

Progress. First Convict—Did the new arrival explain how he looted the 'Steenth national'?

Second Convict—Oh, yes! It is plain that the art of eliminating a bank's surplus has made great strides since we were in the business.—Puck.

A Common Observation. What a failure most of us make of life.—Athens Globe.

BEAUTY AND POPULARITY.

Something About the Relation of One to the Other in the Gentler Sex.

Pretty women are not always popular. Indeed, the rule is that the pretty woman has hosts of enemies not only among those of her own but the opposite sex. This seeming anomaly has caused a good deal of discussion, and Jerome K. Jerome has been alluding to it in an English periodical. "I am unable to express a personal opinion on this subject in its broadest bearings, being a married man," he says. "The best I can do for you is to give you the result of a few inquiries I have made among the sex itself. I put your query first to a cousin of mine, a girl of that age when one is sure of many things upon which later we become less confident. 'Of course they are!' she replied, emphatically; 'what a stupid question!' 'It is not my question, I interrupted; 'it is the editor's.' 'I don't care who it is,' she retorted; '—as if he could not see it for himself, the silly man!' (I am not excusing her; she has been brought up that way; it is nothing to do with me.) 'Why, it is quite a nuisance at times—your know what I mean; people worry you, won't let you alone. There is such a lot of things I wanted to do this year—study Italian, read Goethe. It is so silly of them, because really the plain girls are just as nice. I know some awfully nice plain girls. Men are very silly in that way. If I were a man I would rather talk to a plain girl.'

"I asked a married woman next, the wife of a professor of mathematics. She considered the question for a while in silence, and then answered: 'With men, yes; but with her own sex, no. They are very curious in that way,' she continued; 'women, now, with me it is different. I like a pretty woman, and, generally speaking, they are nicer. A plain woman is generally a bit warped in her mind. She knows she is plain and broods over it. Then that, of course, makes her envious. Now, there is Mrs. —; well, I won't mention names—you know her, I dare say. She would be really a very nice woman if it were not for that. I am sure I try to be as agreeable as I can be to her, but she positively hates me.'

"Going up the scale of age, I next cornered a widow. Said she: 'I think such discussions do harm. They lead silly women to believe that the only thing to be considered is personal appearance. I am convinced that in reality it plays a much smaller part than we imagine. I always think of what poor, dear James said to me only a day or two before the accident. I remember the occasion very well. We were sitting on the balcony of the hotel overlooking the bay; it was a moonlight night. 'Tell me, James,' I said, 'do men marry merely for beauty?' 'Often,' he answered, 'and I'd like to regret it.' 'And how do you regret it, James?' I asked. 'No, Mildred,' he answered, 'never. But if beauty had been your only charm I might have. Your face attracted me, I admit; it is your mind and heart that have held me.' Those are the most important things," continued my widow friend—mind and heart. "I have questioned other ladies also, but these three replies set forth embody the wisdom that I have thus gathered on the subject, and which summarized would seem to be this: Ladies, you should thank God you are pretty, but not be conceited on the subject. It is no credit to you personally, that you are beautiful. It is a free gift from Heaven, for which you should be grateful, and to it you should endeavor to add goodness and virtue."

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE.

Victor Emmanuel's Great Strength Entricuted Him from Trouble.

Even monarchs are sometimes infected with too great curiosity and get into trouble in consequence. King Victor Emmanuel, grandfather of the present ruler of Italy, once allowed this weakness to get the better of him. Some years ago he was visiting the Naples museum and stopped before a case of magnificent armor, for which he has a great weakness. The king especially admired a helmet, once actually worn by a gladiator, which weighed 66 pounds and which he took in his hands.

One of the suite then laughingly related that once he was in the museum with Victor Emmanuel II., who stopped before that very armor and admired the helmet in the hands of the king. So interested was he that, after remarking that it seemed impossible that a man could move in such a thing, he closely examined it, and suddenly, without slipping it over his own head. All present were filled with astonishment, which turned to dismay when the king tried to remove it.—There it was tightly fixed, and no amount of pulling, which, of course, in the circumstances, had to be discreet—could move it. Apprehension turned to real fright, but finally with the help of a little oil at the joints the helmet came off. Victor Emmanuel II. was very red in the face, but, laughing heartily at the expression on the countenances of his suite, said: "How would you like to be a king in an iron mask?"

A Boston Bird.

Miss Hubbell—No, we do not call our parrot "Polly." It is such an exceedingly common name. He is known as Waldo Emerson.

Mrs. Hayback—How appropriate! Pretty Waldo Emerson! Waldo Emerson want a croaker?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SICILY'S TUNNY FISHERY.

How the Big Fish Are Caught and Kept Captive Till the Cannery Are Ready.

The Favignana tunneries are formed of two long arms of net moored on shore; the one to the west, consisting of a "coda" or tail, is formed of a net which, starting from the shore in a northerly direction for about 2,500 meters, joins the so-called "tunny island," where the actual capture of the fish takes place. From the island onward it is called the "coda alta," or upper tail, and stretches parallel to and almost as a prolongation of the former, being slightly to the east for about 2,000 meters, always in a northerly direction, and terminating in three sides of a square called a "campile." The second wall or arm, called a "costa," is also a net which starts from the shore, but further to the east than the "coda," and stretches in a northeasterly direction; this arm is about 2,700 meters in length and ends, like the "coda alta," in the "campile," its object being to prolong the natural coast line. These two arms circumscribe the expanse of water in which the tunny are moving before entering the tunnery, and serve to indicate the direction they are to follow, says the London Standard.

The nets are from 30 to 40 meters high, according to the depth of the water, and they are held in position by a special system of mooring lines. A large hawser, called a "sommo," kept afloat by bundles of cork, is maintained in position by anchors placed at stated intervals; to this hawser the net is attached by means of vertical lines, called "modellari," and the whole kept in a vertical position by another hawser at the bottom, called the "plombino," which is weighted with large pieces of stone. Thus the wall of the net can be trained in any required position, offering an obstruction to the passage of the fish, which do not seek to pierce it, but follow the lines traced out by the obstacle.

The tunny coming from the west meet the so-called "coda alta," or "costa," and are guided by these nets until they strike against the "coda," skirting which they enter into the tunnery proper, which is divided into several chambers, both on the east and west sides, each having a special name; these chambers are closed or opened by raising or lowering net coverings or apertures in their sides. Boats are stationed on the watch to give prompt notice of the entrance of any tunny, and when these are passing the watchmen open the apertures of the various chambers one by one and thus inclose the fish in the inner chambers, and in like manner finally oblige them to enter the last, the chamber of death, or "coppo," as it is called at Favignana. This latter, unlike the other compartments, which are formed of wide and relatively fragile netting, and only extend round the sides, is made of close and heavy hemp netting, lighter toward the east and closer and stronger toward the west, the bottom also being part of the same net which is held in position by strong hawsers and large bundles of cork, known as "cagnazzi."

The fish often enter the preliminary chambers at night unknown to the watchers by simply going through the meshes of the netting, as they are attracted by the others already inside, and once together they rarely come out again, as May and June is their breeding season, and they willingly remain inclosed within narrow limits. Once the fish are gathered in the penultimate chamber, everything is got ready for the "mattanza," or haul, a pontoon or barge the length of the western side of the "coppo" is brought over and closes that side of the death chamber by drawing the top of the net over the gunwale, and the sides are also similarly closed by a number of smaller boats, thus forming a rectangle; when this is done the fish are allowed to pass into the final chamber, and another pontoon takes up a position on the eastern side, parallel to and opposite the former one; in this latter pontoon are all the men who haul up the net, thus obliging the fish to go toward the western or thicker and stronger part of the net, which is allowed to pass over the pontoon as it is hauled along, and finally falls back to its original position astern of the eastern barge.

As the rectangle of boats gradually becomes more and more restricted the fish are brought to the surface by the rising net, and their portentous leaps and struggles cover and hide the spectator with spray and foam, which changes quickly from white to crimson as the iron hooks on the end of short poles are thrust into the fish when they come within reach of the men stationed on the western barge. Generally six men, armed with long and short poles, are employed in hauling each tunny aboard. Occasionally, when the fish is of exceptional dimensions, say, weighing 450 kilos, it is no easy matter to haul the creature on board. When the catch is complete the boats loaded with the fish are towed to the factory, where the tunny are drawn up an inclined plane to the sheds by being hooked through the eye and are then ranged alongside one another, their heads severed from their bodies and the intestines, roe and milt removed and immediately placed in brine. Each headless fish is then hung up by the tail for about eight hours, when they are cut up and boiled in copper vats, after which the cooked pieces are tinned and covered with olive oil, when the whole operation is complete. The production of preserved tunny in Sicily is no longer the remunerative business it used to be previous to the keen competition which it now has to sustain with Spain and Portugal.