

Louis XIV. and the Gypsies.

A Strange Story of the Reason for His Sweeping Edict Against Them.

Gypsies, or Bohemians, as they were called in early days, made their first appearance in France in 1427. During the reign of Louis XIV. the criminal acts of these itinerants assumed such intolerable proportions that all male members of their bands were arrested and sent to the galleys and the women and children consigned to the poorhouses. The execution of the order was committed to the famous La Reynie, the first lieutenant-general of police.

It was the custom in France at that period, when men and women of noble birth were involved in criminal acts, then in police reports only by the first initials of their surnames. Those interested in learning the identity of the Count de B—, one of the principal actors of the incident about to be related, may discover it by referring to "La Correspondance de Mme. la Duchesse d'Orleans (Charlotte of Bavaria)." His name frequently occurs in her letters in connection with that of her husband.

This Count de B— was a high favorite at court, but was violent, unscrupulous and quarrelsome, and a reputation so bad that he was suspected of having had a hand in the poisoning of a dearly loved Princess, Henrietta of England, sister of Charles II. and first wife of the Duke of Orleans.

A rich relative, M. de Saintaine, who lived in a country house buried in the woods of Berri, had promised to make the Count his heir should he die unmarried. As the income from his estate was 100,000 francs and his personal property amounted to 1,200,000 francs, the cupid of the Count was aroused and he proceeded to put machinery in motion for the early assimilation of his relative's assets.

M. de Saintaine was a bachelor at his fifth year and the chances of his marrying seemed small. He was plous to excess, was greatly esteemed in his neighborhood. He maintained his establishment lavishly; had dogs and horses and hunted closely his vast estate, but he persisted in managing his own financial affairs, and accordingly attended neighboring fairs, where he disposed in person of the products of his various farms. One of these fairs was held annually at Chatre, a nearby town. There M. de Saintaine appeared as usual in charge of a large herd of cattle and a great store of wheat, from the sale of which he realized 20,000 francs. This money he put in 20 portmanteaus strapped to his saddle bags and late in the day started for home, a journey of five leagues, which could only be accomplished before night by rapid travel.

When he had come to the fair at Chatre he was followed by a priest of his neighborhood, a man reputed to be associated with a band of robbers, and by two companion rogues. On his way home M. de Saintaine was joined by the priest, who urged him to sup and pass the night at his parsonage, but the other politely refused and only urged his horses to a more rapid trot. When, however, two of the horses fell dead and both thighs of a servant riding one of them were broken, nothing remained for him but to accept the hospitality of the priest.

The parsonage was a very ancient building, part of a seigniorial castle, constructed at the time of the Crusades. One wing only had been rebuilt, but it communicated with the remains of the original structure by subterranean passages. The chapel of the castle had become the parish church and was connected with some of the rooms of the parsonage. An abutting cemetery occupied the space of the former garden of the castle. What was formerly a ditch protecting its approach had been filled with water. A wooden bridge crossing this led to the entrance to the parsonage. On the other side was a great forest which in former times constituted the baronial park. Opposite the church and cemetery was the priest's garden.

The house was in charge of a niece of the priest, a girl of modest demeanor and very beautiful, Julienne by name. At the sight of a stranger she became confused, her face changed from white to red, and her eyes filled with tears at the brutal command of her uncle to entertain his guest.

A servant entered and made a signal to the priest, who De Saintaine saw reflected in a mirror. The priest arose and excused himself, saying that he was called to the bedside of a sick man. "But, uncle, who is ill?" asked the niece. "Big Peter." "I have just seen him pass by." "You are mistaken," replied the uncle sharply. "John has just told me, and he is better informed than you." The tone of the priest's voice was so harsh and it was so clear he was lying that De Saintaine regretted he had accepted the hospitality of such a man.

The moon was rising. De Saintaine walked to a window to look at the landscape. To his astonishment he saw the priest walking to and fro in front of the house engaged in animated talk with two other men. Suddenly one of them took from his pocket three knives, giving one to the priest, the other to his companion, and putting the third in the breast of his coat.

After the departure of the uncle, Julienne had not removed her eyes from the embroidery on which she was working, although she appeared annoyed at the surveillance she was subjected to by the servant. When the maid at last fell into a doze De Saintaine took advantage of this to converse with the niece. At his approach she lifted her head and indicated rapidly that he was in peril, and that she was determined to save him, but to accomplish it he must obey her implicitly.

When the priest returned he remarked casually that one Jacques, a bourgeois of Bourges, who was at the fair at Chatre, would, with the permission of De Saintaine, a guest at supper.

Combons, the man who distributed the knives. His appearance in the house confirmed De Saintaine in the opinion that he had been caught in a trap. When De Saintaine was shown to his room in anticipation of the supper party, Julienne managed to whisper to him to bolt the door and expect further news from her. About twenty minutes after he heard a slight noise above his head, a little trap opened in the ceiling, a white hand appeared and a paper was dropped therefrom, containing these words:

They are determined to kill and rob you. At supper they will offer you a deep sleep, when you will be killed. John and Julienne and I will save you and myself at the same time. Show no fear to your companions; they will not kill you until you are asleep. When you return to your room wait patiently our arrival and above all do not be alarmed if we enter the room in an unusual way. Burn this note and pull back the bolt on the door.

The supper was uncommonly good and general gaiety prevailed. A sign from John and Julienne indicated to De Saintaine the drugged bottle. He made a pretense of drinking the wine. During a pause in the conversation De Saintaine pretended to be sleepy and asked permission of his host to retire at about 11 o'clock.

To assure himself against surprise, he tried to push the bolts of the door; but they were not in place, having evidently been removed while he was at supper. All he could do was to close the door and barricade it with a heavy bureau. This was barely done when a light noise attracted his attention in a part of the room near the door. He walked there, taking the precaution to arm himself with his sword and pistols. They were useless, for while at supper the charge in each had been drawn. Near the bed in a panel in the wall, masked by a portrait, was pushed back. In the opening stood John and Julienne, each holding a dagger.

They signalled him to approach. As he joined them the sound of a key being turned in the lock of the barricaded door attracted his attention. An attempt to open it was prevented by the furniture placed against it.

There was no time to lose; the enemy was at hand. John took De Saintaine by the hand, with the valuable portmanteau in the grip of the other, and led him into the mysterious passage, by which they had reached the panel, which consisted of a large sheet of iron. They hurried their flight through a number of subterranean lanes, from which they emerged into the open country at least a mile from the parsonage and on the opposite side of the canal. There two horses were tethered; John mounted the one and De Saintaine the other; with Julienne on a pillion behind him. As they rode on through the forest, the moon, lighting the side of a hill visible through a clearing, disclosed a body of men, members, no doubt of the band of brigands of which the priest was the chief. At daybreak they reached De Saintaine's house. Later in the morning they set out for Bourges, where Julienne was placed in temporary charge of the sisters of a religious retreat.

The priest, furious at the escape of his guest and the loss of his expected booty, hastened to anticipate an accusation against him by lodging a complaint against De Saintaine for the abduction of a minor and the ruin of her reputation, so that marriage for her had become impossible.

The priest, however, counted without his host. De Saintaine had fallen in love with the girl, and although trembling at the wrath of the terrible Count de B—, he married her.

When six months after the news of this event reached the Count there came with it a suggestion of the possibility of an heir to inherit the great fortune of De Saintaine. The Count's rage exceeded all bounds, and because of his threats and persecutions De Saintaine fled shortly after the birth of a son; leaving the widow and boy in possession of all of his property.

Three years had passed. The young Louis brought up by his mother as befitted the inheritor of such great wealth, was living with her in a house near one of the gates of the city of Bourges, when a band of Gypsies who had been encamped between St. Germain and Versailles established themselves in the immediate neighborhood. The nine men and women who made up this band one day engaged in what appeared to be a violent quarrel in the presence of a considerable group of spectators, and a man and woman of the tribe, active participants in the dispute, after the ceremonies customary with these people under similar circumstances, were driven out of the camp, together with their little daughter.

The same evening young Louis de Saintaine disappeared from his home and all trace of him was lost. His inconsolable mother expended great sums of money and employed an army of agents in search of him, but with no success, though it was the general opinion that the Gypsies were concerned in the kidnapping. Those of the band remaining in the neighborhood of Bourges denied participation in the crime, and asserted that the man and woman whom they had expelled were the culprits. After a month the remainder left the neighborhood.

Four years later a priest of Bourges returning from Rome, reported that he had met with this same community of Gypsies encamped in the neighborhood of Lyons, that he had learned that the couple driven from the tribe when at Bourges were in reality what were called the king and queen that their apparent explosion, was a ruse to divert suspicion from the other members of the band, and that the couple expelled were, in reality, the abductors of young De Saintaine, a guest at supper.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A STRONG DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN."

The Rev. Dr. Robert Rogers Delivers a Thoughtful and Convincing Address Urging Us to Abjure Selfishness and Antagonism—Christ the Ideal.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. Robert Rogers, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, preached a thoughtful and convincing sermon on "God's Love for Man." The text was from John 1:12: "Whoever receives him that cometh into the world, and he that loveth him, he shall have the love of God which he has given to the world." Dr. Rogers said that the world is full of selfishness, and that the only way to overcome it is by loving God and man. He said that the love of God is the foundation of all true religion, and that the love of man is the fruit of that love. He said that the love of God is not a mere sentiment, but a power that can overcome all selfishness and antagonism. He said that the love of God is the love that seeks the good of the whole world, and that the love of man is the love that seeks the good of every individual. He said that the love of God and man is the love that makes us brothers and sisters, and that the love of God and man is the love that makes us citizens of the world.

Nothing could give Mme. de Maintenon more pleasure than these revelations. It enabled her to annoy the Duchess of Orleans, a bitter enemy, and the special protectress of the Count de B—. She made this affair her own; she spoke to the king in relation to it and inquiries were immediately instituted to disentangle the plot. The identity of young De Saintaine was established without trouble, and the Count de B— was forced to relinquish the riches he had come to regard as his beyond possibility of alienation. All that saved him from the gallows was the powerful protection of the Duke of Orleans.

On account of the part this band of Gypsies had taken in the abduction of young De Saintaine, in July, 1682, Louis XIV. issued the severe edict which he made applicable to every one of the race as if all were concerned in the particular crime—New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Korean widows are not allowed to remarry.

There are only about ninety daily papers in Russia.

The Sandwich islander's alphabet has only twelve letters.

Alaska is more than five hundred and fifty times the area of Rhode Island.

The City of Glasgow makes \$7000 a year profit out of waste paper collected in the streets.

The cost of the English navy amounts to \$22 a year for every family in Great Britain.

Iowa is about to enact a law making it a misdemeanor for an able-bodied man who is able to work to refuse a job.

The children of Spanish residents in Mexico are less energetic than their parents, and the change becomes more noticeable with every generation.

Manchester, England, sacrifices from £12,000 to £15,000 every year by declining to have advertisements on its cars, which are operated by the city.

Of this year's graduating class at Yale, numbering 313, 112 will go into business, 85 into law, 24 into medicine, 25 into teaching, 9 into the ministry, and 26 will do special work.

Spring gun is becoming scarce and harder to get in the Maine woods, and school girls who chew that sort will have to pay more for it hereafter. The gum now costs \$1.35 a pound.

Abyssinia produces the finest ostrich feathers, the price there being \$1.44 to \$2.31 per dozen for the best white, 96 cents to \$1.33 a dozen for black, and half as much for gray feathers.

An Arabian woman who is in mourning for a near relative abstains from drinking milk for eight days, on the theory that the color of the liquid does not harmonize with her mental form.

In Dresden, Germany, there has been established a school for locomotive apprentices who will be given an opportunity for special study on three evenings in the week and on Sunday mornings.

Canoeing Vacations. To the uninitiated the canoe is a dangerous craft, to be spoken of with bated breath; and yet for ordinary work but little experience is needed, coupled, of course, with care and an ordinary amount of common sense. When rapids are to be encountered it is a different story, and only after considerable experience should a loaded canoe be taken through heavy water.

A 16-foot boat will carry three persons and a fairly large outfit. Most people carry so many unnecessary things that their trip is ruined by the slowness of their progress and the loads that must be carried, to say nothing of the everlasting packing and unpacking which, unless properly managed, is, even with light loads, the bogaboo of camping—Country Life in America.

Rare Fruit of Sulu. In the island of Sulu grows the durian, which is about the size of a muskmelon. Its exterior presents somewhat the appearance of a chestnut burr, being prickly and tough; within the fruit is white and cheesy-like, and owing to its peculiarity the American soldiers dubbed it "vegetable limburger." The muskmelon is another of the rare fruits of the island. It is the size of an average orange, chocolate colored, and has a very brittle skin. Inside four white sections contain a colorless liquid. This is the rarest fruit known, and the only one, so it is claimed, that Queen Victoria ever tasted, there being no way of preserving the fruit for a sufficient period after plucking to permit of shipping it to any distance.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

THIRTY THOUSAND MISSES A YEAR FAIL TO ARRIVE.

A Department of the Postoffice at Washington Where There is a Bunching of Jobs and Some Curious Articles Found in the Mails.

How rarely a letter miscarries when its writer has ordinary intelligence is familiar with the conventions which pertain to postal transmission in the United States. If the person to whom the letter is sent has moved, with little delay his letter pursues him. If carelessness by the sender confounds numbers, streets, counties, towns, even states, with what infinite pains are the mistakes corrected by the postal clerks? Yet, with all this care more than 30,000 unclaimed letters and parcels daily find their way to the Dead Letter office at Washington.

Visiting the fine new postoffice structure in Washington, one leaves the ground floor by an elevator for the Dead Letter office. Left below are boxes that are fast being carried to fruition; approaching are those which have failed of it—not yet hopefully failed, for passing down the corridor of the Dead Letter office, watching the more than a hundred clerks as they rapidly tear the wrapper from letter, from paper, from parcel, one feels that, though sacred privacy be invaded, an ultimate joy may possibly succeed it. And not always is this privacy invaded, for, while more than 8,300,000 letters and parcels were opened during the year just passed, 1,000,000 were delivered unopened to the owners, 800,000 of them to foreign countries.

No longer, as formerly, is there a distinctive dead letter museum, but some of the curious articles of interest found in the mails are included in the general postal museum, on the ground floor of the building.

The first thing which the visitor encounters is the pathetic case of soldiers' photographs. As he turns leaf by leaf of it he fancies the weary waiting of the soldier boy who never came, alas, many times he had himself found on the hospital, and this priceless memento would so have comforted the mourning hearts who perchance waited long and hopelessly his coming. The faces are faded, the paper yellow with age, a style and fashion long passed away, strange in feature to those who look on them now, yet there was a time when the love-light from each pictured eye was mirrored in some other's. From the corridor, illustrative of mail transportation from the earliest days when it was undertaken, and its methods in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the world, are seen the faces of the men and women who have been in the hospital, and this priceless memento would so have comforted the mourning hearts who perchance waited long and hopelessly his coming. The faces are faded, the paper yellow with age, a style and fashion long passed away, strange in feature to those who look on them now, yet there was a time when the love-light from each pictured eye was mirrored in some other's.

Doing One's Best. We should not only seek to do our best, but also to do the best that can be done. The best is not always the highest, but the best should always be the highest. The best is not always the highest, but the best should always be the highest. The best is not always the highest, but the best should always be the highest.

Religious Thought. You cannot begin to understand you never did. Organization, genius, is God—Cainbell Morgan.

Contentment is sought, discontentment is sought, contentment is sought, discontentment is sought, contentment is sought, discontentment is sought.

Christian Submission. A missionary in India, Rev. W. P. Byrd, tells this story: "I was ill, and the gospel carrier in his comfort in distress to the convert in India as it does in this country."

Manhood. Manhood has two or three qualities. First, self-assertion, and a good many men have it, but they do not use it. They are like a steam engine, they have the power, but they do not use it.

Out of Pocket But Not Even. A Squire not a great distance from here was visited by a client, who protested that a liverman had "snatched" him dreadfully, and he wanted to come up to him.

Japanese Foods. Rice and dried fish are the uniform food of the Japanese army in campaigning times. This is the way in which the rice is cooked: It is boiled until quite black and glutinous. Next it is placed on a ceramic slab, rolled out, and then placed on the sun to dry and often turned. When hard as sea biscuit and grossly reduced in weight, they can be stored. A certain number are allowed each day to the soldier. All he has to do is to break up a square in boiling water and to add the dried fish. In a few minutes he has what seems to him a delicious thick soup. If he cannot procure boiling water he simply eats his rice cake dry. In the fruit season he substitutes fruit, when he can obtain it, for the fish. The Japanese soldier, according to M. Picton, has muscles like whipcord, is a sure shot, has an eye for landmarks and a memory for locality. He can do with three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, he cleanly, attends to sanitary instructions and is ardently patriotic. He eats the same about 9 cents a day, and thinks himself well off.

Only Partly True. A Parisian modiste says that Paris makes the gowns, but the women of America furnish the figure. In this country it is generally believed that the American gowns or dresses resemble the figure for those gowns—Philadelphia North American.

ICE MADE WITH ICE.

Process Which Has Been Under Experiment in Chicago.

An experimental plant to attempt to prove the feasibility of what is termed the "Cook process" of producing ice in easily separable layers in an ice house was erected at Forty-fifth street and the Lake Shore Railroad tracks, Chicago, last winter. Says Ice and Refrigeration. A frame structure, 25x56 feet in size and some 32 feet high, was erected, with a floor of boards laid upon a bed of cinders, and walls made of pine boards nailed, not very closely, to the inside surfaces of the oak uprights. The building was not completed till the latter part of January, and hence it was February before the freezing began, and only some four or five layers, of the size of the house, or, say, 150 tons of ice were secured before the thawing weather set in the latter part of that month.

In the Cook process small blocks of wood or ice, say four inches cube, are set at convenient distances, 22x4 inch centres, for instance, to serve as "supports" for the layer of ice to be made above. Water is then turned on until these blocks are just covered, and as soon as this water has frozen sufficiently to form a substantial crust of ice all around, the remaining water is drawn off. The uppermost is then flooded with say, ten inches of water and left to freeze. Of course, as soon as a substantial crust of ice has formed over the top of this body of water in the house another series of blocks is placed on top, flooded with water, allowed to freeze in and the interior water drawn off, thus forming successive layers of ice, one above the other. The process is a very interesting one, but its success was not entirely demonstrated.

HASHEESH IN EGYPT.

Many Ways in Which the Potent Drug Is Smuggled.

The Egyptian is satisfying his passion for the dream giving hashish by some of the curious articles of interest found in the mails are included in the general postal museum, on the ground floor of the building.

Most of the hashish which Egypt consumes comes from Greece. From the husks of hemp seeds and the tender tops of the hemp plant the Greeks manufacture a greenish powder, whose fumes bring the ecstasy its victims desire. The profits of those who successfully smuggle the drug into the country are enormous, and most forms of contraband are not so profitable as this. Outside of Egypt hashish sells for 50 cents a pound. In the country adjoining the Nile it costs as much as \$5.

Not long ago a great number of table legs were unloaded on a wharf at Alexandria, consigned to an interior point. In unloading the legs into a Nile skiff, a stevedore chanced to break one in two. Before long he was dancing about, stretching his arms over his head, lifting his feet as high as his waist with every step, and muttering: "Let me have hell, too. I am ruler of heaven; why should not my domain include hell also?"

On examination it was found that about half of the table legs were hollow, and were filled with the green dust of hashish, and the stevedore had helped himself liberally from the stores. There is hardly an article of commerce on which the hashish smuggler does not levy in trying to "run" the customs office. The backs of pianos have been stripped off to reveal packages of hashish tucked away in various parts of the case so carefully that they might escape the eye of the most vigilant searcher.

There are fine ivory carvings and wooden ones, running the gamut from a circle comb to the "Lion of Lucerne."

There are South African gems of various settings; watches, lockets, chains, rings, charms and hair jewelry.

Faces have here for years looked from quaint old ivory miniatures, with hope of a recognition which has never come—one of a Chinese girl, so far from home that she could scarcely expect it. Daguerrotypes, fadeless on their silver plates, have seen themselves superseded by newer and more popular methods of the sun's printing. The faces themselves are long ago superseded by a fairer.

Toilet sets, hairpins, thimbles, needles, shears and a wire bustle are feminine in quality, while razors, saws, canteens and what are apparently boot books, but used to contain whiskey, betray the masculine.

The prayers of some fair penitent were possibly hindered for want of the rosary which never reached its destination.

A tea kettle, a set of teaspoons and china cups suggest afternoon tea; an unbroken lamp chimney testifies to the deftness with which it is possible to "Uncle Sam" to handle the fragile. A fine parasol pictures "my lady" setting out for a promenade, while a tangle of umbrellas may stand for quickened consciences striving to return those they have borrowed or taken.

There are musical instruments of many sorts and varieties, and one queries whose fingers may have drawn the wheezy notes from the accordion, or perchance with the guitar sighed his soul out beneath the window of his love.

In the lower part of one of the cases is a promiscuous jumble of everything

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Reading as a Cure for Sickness.

One could wish that the Doctor of Medicine occasionally called in the name of the Lord, and that some of the modern nostrums were a tonic quality in books, properly chosen, which is as beneficial to the mind as change of scene or doses of flat water. People do not realize that the shortest way from the quagmire of the modern unrest is a total forgetfulness of self, and few know that the healthiest nepenthe is to be found in reading.

The world disease signifies the negation of care, and most forms of neurotic sickness are a deliberate effort on the part of the invalid to make himself uneasy. If doctors were to prescribe a course of Cervantes, or Moliere, or Balzac, or Sterne, or Dickens, or even Shakespeare, and as strictly enjoin thoroughness in this course, as they would if the treatment were a matter of diet or medicine, many of their patients would begin to mend. In fact, the most constant of these maladies had given them a forgetfulness of self. It is true that Poe declares in the "Raven," "vainly I had sought to borrow from my books surcease of sorrow," but the opinion of the world is overwhelmingly against him. Good reading is a forgetfulness of cares, and, by the same token, it is an education in all those qualities which make life sweet and greatly to be desired. It is the voluntary, not the involuntary, constant, it is not a "reality," enough, that he never reads books—London Globe.

Fortune Found in a Statuette.

Many old-fashioned French people are given to stowing away their pecuniary possessions in old nooks and corners, often to the bewilderment of their heirs. A characteristic story comes from the environs of Paris, of the heroine of the adventure being an old lady who expired a few months ago. She had in her possession a certain amount of money, which she bequeathed to two nephews. One of them waived his rights in favor of his brother, merely asking to be allowed to keep a little statuette as a souvenir of their departed relative. One day the servant of this self-denying individual happened to break the statuette, and to the amazement of its owner a lock of hair, a medalion, and, not least, a number of one thousand franc bank notes dropped out from among the fragments. He retained these articles as some compensation for the smashed statuette without mentioning the affair to his brother, but having had occasion shortly afterward to dismiss his servant, she betook herself in haste to that gentleman, and related the whole incident. The owner of the statuette, who had been requested to hand over half the sum to his brother, and has been threatened with a lawsuit in the event of refusal—London Telegraph.

To Exploit Victoria Falls.

A company has been formed to exploit Victoria Falls, in the Zambesi, and will build a hydro-electric generating station, with the expectation of supplying power to the Wankie coal fields, Bulawayo, the Kweilo, Selatse and Hartley gold fields, all of which are within 300 miles. The falls are over 400 feet high, and while the total amount of energy running to waste at Niagara is 7,000,000 horsepower, the corresponding figure for the Victoria Falls in the wet season is 35,000,000. The railway has now been completed to within 70 miles of the falls, and will reach them before the end of March.

"R" Obstacles.

A well known English essayist recently declared that the letter "R" is obsolete in England, but Rev. Mark Jay Pease, the English Methodist, who has been traveling in the United States, is of a different opinion. Soon after his arrival in Denver a deputy sheriff arrested him. He asked to see the warrant, which proved to be for the letter "R." He incidentally mentioned to the "R," and incidentally his guest's standing, and the difficulty was cleared up.

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Until the last years of the last century Lyons was Europe's chief silk market. Milan gradually ousted it from the position, and in 1903 its receipts were 37.13 percent larger than those of Lyons.