

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

Courier

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

A LITTLE WORKER.

Sweet summer breeze, so soft and low,
That swings my hammock to and fro,
You're such a busy little thing,
I wonder you have time to sing.
You carry all the winged seeds
From wild flowers and from blooming weeds,
And plant your gardens fresh and fair
Along the roadside everywhere.
You fan the little pale, sick boy,
You make the small leaves dance for joy,
From play needles bristling sharp
You form a soft acolian harp.
You help the little clouds to make
Their journeys over land and lake;
You rock the oriole's nest, and keep
Her downy babies fast asleep.
You bring a lesson, too, for me,
For I am quite ashamed to see
How you are tolling far and near
While I am idly swinging here.
And if a little summer breeze
Can do such useful things as these,
There surely must be something, too,
Even for a little boy to do.
—Zoeth Howland, in Youth's Companion.

GETTING EVEN.

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

"I always sort o' nursed the privit' idee Bill'd never get along in these parts," ruminated Timber-Line Ike aloud, toasting his heels before the grub-tent fire, "and I allow Bill's career in these territories weren't altogether meteoric. Bill were always hungerin' for something more strenuous 'n drivin' picket-pins and brandin' cattle, and he had a habit o' sayin' he'd just like to stir up us moss-backed, pig-eatin' Canucks for a merry round or two. And 'fore Bill left the country he did his consider'ble stirrin' all right!

"What most soursd Bill on the northwest was this bein' rounded up and corralled in Calgary for three weeks by the mounted p'lice as a smallpox suspect, when he didn't have no more smallpox than that dog has 'em. Cheyenne Charlie always said Bill was a reg'lar sensitive plant on wheels, and I allow he'd get some dead again the p'lice and said the force were breakin' the sperrit of the west on the wheel o' tyranny, and robbin' life of its fittin' and natcheral liberty and romance, tryin', sez Bill, to turn the land of the bean-fed cowboy into an open-air kindergarten.

"Then Bill got to broodin', and just whether he followed on the trail o' that pursuit too hot and got a bit queer in his garret, or whether it were just out and out cussedness on Bill's part, I ain't venturin' to remark.

"But Bill got kind o' miser'ble and peaky and homesick, and after tryin' his hand at the illisit importin' o' whisky done up in factory-made eggshells and retallin' at three dollars a dozen, he gave up his ranch and any claim on a permanent abode, and went driftin' down Macleod way, waitin', we all allowed, for some appropriate opportunity for doin' his stirrin' up b'fore slidin' over the line.

"Now I allow there had been certain ranchers who'd looked on Bill with rude and s'picious eyes, 'win', I s'pose, to Bill's capacity for absorbin' unbranded cattle and his puzzlin' way of acquirin' a cayuse every now and then. And although there never were any out-and-out charges made agin Bill, it were pretty gener'ly understood that askin' numerous questions weren't goin' to be the means of hangin' any halos round Bill's long-haired brow.

"So, considerin' Bill's standin' in the community, I allow it were a reg'lar tidal-wave of astonishment that went over the eastern slope when it were reported that Bill had gone into the Gospel business down Macleod way, and was engineerin' a meeting-house along with a Montana sky-pilot who'd come over from Shelby Junction to regenerate what both him and Bill deemed a lost country.

"I ain't sayin' whether Bill started in, at this business downright sincere or not. Mebbe he didn't! Mebbe he did, and like many another cuss got finally treed by a temptation there were no standin' off, and sort o' had to throw up the mitts.

"That special temptation came to poor Bill when he was busy holdin' his meetin' down south o' Macleod, near the American border. Corporal Cotton and 18 constables of the northwest mounted p'lice came along in the shape of a specially strong patrolin' party, lookin' for a half-bred named Alexis, who'd sneaked half a dozen stolen horses over into the Dominion. This patrolin' party, some thoughtless, I do admit, rounds up Bill and accuses him of aidin' and abettin' Alexis in his nefarious pursuits, the unreasonableness of which Bill points out some eloquent and shows the same to be out of the question, in so much as a man who was leadin' a new life and givin' himself up to good works weren't settin' his heart on broken-winded broncos and the numerous follies and vanities of this world.

"Bill were a heap hurt by them insinuations. He didn't say much back

to the corporal, but just brooded over 'em for a couple o' days. Then an idea comes into Bill's head and he rides uncommon meek over to the p'lice camp and sez he'd like to hold special service for the p'lice on Sunday afternoon, at two. The corporal looks Bill up and down most irritatin' cool and contemptshus, but Bill glares back on him mild and meek as a Edmonton land agent, and sez surely a gover'ment officer ain't goin' to bring a stain on the flag of his country by refusin' to allow his men to keep the seventh day as she ought to be kept, and besides, sez Bill, people had been sayin' there is a powerful heap of the unregenerate among the p'lice.

"Well, the corporal gives Bill a look what'd shame a bush-wolf, and snorts with rage, seein' he ain't in a position but to accept Bill's invitation, and turns on his heel and walks away. "Our friend Bill don't lose no time, but posts up a notice about that special meetin' for the p'lice, and it gets to be a purty well understood thing, and finally there's nothin' for the corporal to do but bring his men round on Sunday afternoon, at two sharp.

"Bill's there at the door, in a long, black coat, waitin' to receive 'em. But he raises his eyebrows some s'pried-like when he sees them 19 men ridin' up to his gatherin' and every cuss in that patrolin' party carryin' his guns.

"'Brother,' sez Bill, cool and quiet; 'this ain't the meek and trustin' sperrit that is looked for on such occasions!' "Mebbe not,' sez the corporal, orderin' his men to dismount like he were givin' the word to carry a position; 'but there ain't no gover'ment instructions orderin' my men to leave their arms and accouterments lyin' round loose in the middle of the prairie, especially when there's horse-thieves in the neighborhood.

"'True enough, brother,' sez Bill; 'but when the lion is layin' down with the lamb there ain't no obvious necessity for manicurin' his front feet. So I'll be obliged to you, corporal,' sez Bill, sweet as Hudson Bay comp'n'y m'lasse; 'I'll be obliged if you'll oblige the sperrit o' this meetin' by requestin' your good fellows to stack their shooters in the entry here, while I conducts service.'

"Bill turns round and walks in most slow and solemn, leavin' the corporal some puzzled. He sees it is a touchy point, and havin' his own misgivin's, he appeals to his men. Seein' they were takin' it all as an unspeakable peculiar joke, they points out the fact that there weren't any seemin' necessity for members of the force to carry revolvers and carbines into Bill's meetin' house. So the corporal, paintin' Bill a heap by his lack of faith, finally gives in, some reluctant, and they all leave their shootin' machines in a neat little stack in the entry. Then they files in most orderly. Bill givin' each a shake o' the hand at the door. When they are all seated, stiff and uncomfortable as life, Bill hands the plate to his business pard, the sky-pilot from Montana, and backin' modestly to the door, he sez: 'We'll begin these proceedin's by takin' up collection,' sez he, 'and Brother Watts will now pass round the plate. And I reckon,' sez Bill, with a some sudden change o' voice and position; 'I reckon that any obstreperous pig-eatin' Canadian short-horn who is intendin' to make sudden moves or ain't coughin' up most cheerful all he happens to have on his person, is goin' to be hurled most sudden into the everlastin' hereafter!

"And I'll be danged if Bill weren't standin' there in the door with his two seven-shooters in his hand, lookin' most businesslike and menacin'.

"'Never mind shakin' there, Brother Watts,' sez Bill; 'but just wiggle them extremities o' yours and circulate that little collection plate some vigorous, or mebbe you'll be investigatin' the material reward of a over-spiritual career uncomfortable sudden!'

"And Bill stands there relentless, while the plate goes round slow and stiff, and that congregation chews its teeth in a most threatenin' but useless rage.

"'Now I'm retirin' to the entry to count these here offerin's,' sez Bill, when he relieves the shakin' sky-pilot of the pan; 'and I advise all my brethren herein congregated to remain seated for the openin' hymn or mebbe this meetin' comes to a rude and disorderly endin'.' And Bill backs out and slides the bolt, quiet as a snake, and some quick.

"It takes Bill just about one howl of an Athabasca cayote to untether them 19 p'lice horses. Then he jumps on the corporal's mount and is careerin' down the prairie sky-line by the time that congregation has awoke to the lay of the land and rises to make a united charge on that meetin'-house door. When he gets outside the corporal has the pleasure o' seein' Bill

disappearin' over the open range with 19 of about the nicest pieces o' horse-flesh a enterprisin' horse thief ever rounded up.

"Now it's just here where the all-fired astonishin' natcher o' Bill showed itself. Bill had his good clean start with that haul, and knowin' his country as he did, we all allowed he could have frozen onto that horse meat and given them p'lice a merry chase for their money, and even then mebbe never've been rounded up.

"But when Bill gets across the line he comes troopin' up to a rancher most pious with his convoy o' trap-pin's and prancin' A-rebs, lookin' uncommon like a circus percussion. Bill gives this rancher five dollars to keep them horses till Corporal Cotton or the Canadian gover'ment or somebody or other wakes up and sends after 'em, remarkin' to the rancher while so doin' that them mounted p'lice ought to know better'n leave horse-flesh like that lyin' round loose on the prairie temptin' the poor Indian.

"I reckon you won't find that little chapel meetin' o' poor Bill's and his elopin' with them 19 p'lice horses in any of the official reports to the commissioner, for, after all, I allow a corporal's only human, same as you and me!"—Town and Country.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

She is an Expert Bookbinder and a Capital Nurse.

There is little truth in the many stories that are told about Princess Victoria in the London correspondence of the American newspapers. Just before we sailed from New York, says W. E. Curtis, writing to the Chicago Record-Herald, from London, a sensational dispatch was published about a distressing nervous malady from which she was said to be suffering, which science could palliate but could not cure. I am told by the very best of authority that there is not the slightest foundation for the report. The princess is in excellent health, has a strong constitution, takes a great deal of outdoor exercise and is living an active, busy and useful life. Her dad is bookbinding. She has a workshop at Marlborough house and another at Windsor, which has recently been equipped with the very best apparatus of that trade. Nobody seems to know how she happened to adopt that particular hobby, but her work may be found in the South Kensington museum among other examples of the art. Last year at an exhibition of fine bindings several beautiful book covers were exhibited in the name of "Miss Matthews." They were greatly admired by the public, were favorably noticed by the connoisseurs and received several prizes entirely on their merit, for nobody knew who "Miss Matthews" was until the managers of the exhibition were notified that the prizes awarded to her should be sent to Princess Victoria.

It is odd that they did not suspect her, because she adopted that non-descript name three years ago, when she took a course in nursing. She became interested in nursing during the illness of her brother, the duke of Clarence, and was in a London hospital for several months with other young women, to whom her identity was unknown. She lived with them and worked with them, passed her examinations with them, and it was not until she received her certificate that they knew their associate was a princess of the reigning house. When the South African war broke out she was determined to go with the army as a nurse, and volunteered her services, but her proposition was recently vetoed by her grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, although it is said that her father, then prince of Wales, was inclined to favor the plan.

Modjeska.

Mme. Modjeska, the actress, is, above all things, tender-hearted and generous, and a somewhat amusing instance of it was given the last time she was in England, when she went to see the Derby run at Epsom. Directly after her carriage had taken up a position on the course it was surrounded by a crowd of hungry-looking beggars, and so overcome was Modjeska by the sight of such wretchedness in sharp contrast to the gayly-dressed, feasting, that she opened the luncheon basket and distributed the contents among them, to the great consternation of the count, her husband, and his guests, who were thus compelled to endure an obligatory fast.

Faults in People We Dislike.

It is surprising what faults we can find with a person as soon as we don't like him.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

MADAME MELBA'S VISITORS.

The Great Singer Wants Only Clever People About Her.

It is the privilege of a great singer to have strict rules which her friends break at the risk of her displeasure.

Mme. Nellie Melba is considered among artists and audience as a most amiable woman; one not given to the absurdities that are indulged in by many great artists. She and Miss Ellen Terry are entirely normal. They do not impose many penalties upon the public because of too high a value they place upon themselves.

Mme. Melba enjoys meeting her friends in the most simple way. She does not hedge herself about with guards to keep people from her. When she sings in Philadelphia, for instance, she visits a friend instead of staying at a hotel, and at her suggestion that several women drop in in the evening to play seven-handed eucher with her. She and her hostess are both fond of this game, and at it Mme. Melba is an expert, having luck and skill both on her side.

Therefore, says the Saturday Evening Post, a recent injunction of hers is of much interest. In Paris she met an American millionaire who is on the shady side of 50 and has great charm of manner and a good sense of humor. He asked Mme. Melba for the privilege of bringing to see her one or two Philadelphia friends, who were staying in Paris. She turned and said very earnestly:

"Now, Mr. C—, do you really want to be a good friend of mine? If you do, I want you to keep absolutely these rules that I have given to my best friends, to be observed during my stay here. If you will promise, I can trust you and then you can bring anyone whom you wish, who accords with these rules. Remember them well or write them down:

"I don't want to meet any young man. I don't want to meet any poor man. I don't want to meet any stupid man. I don't want to meet any woman; and I don't want to meet any who are not lovely, and well dressed, and brilliant."

THE GLOW OF A DIAMOND.

Stone Emits a Pale Light if Put Under Pressure.

According to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, a traveler for a diamond house was talking shop the other evening, and, speaking of gems, said: "The most overworked expression used by the unsophisticated and deeply-impressed diamond purchaser is: 'It actually looks as if it glows of itself.' Now, it is not generally known that such is actually the case, although not, of course, in the way the public intends. The beauty of the gem in light is, of course, in its remarkable refractive power, but under certain conditions the diamond has more, for it may gleam even in the night with a pale but extremely beautiful light. In short, it becomes phosphorescent. Heated to a certain temperature, the internal fire shows itself, and under pressure the same is true. Some years ago I went to Amsterdam to purchase some special stones for a California millionaire, who had ordered them through our New York house, and while there I was shown the inside workings of the famous diamond-cutting establishments of that city. Of all that I saw, however, the 'self-flame' of the stones under pressure most surprised me. The manager placed a large rose-cut gem between the jaws of a vise and carefully applied a certain amount of pressure. He then extinguished all the light in the shop, and as soon as my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness I saw the diamond emitting a soft radiance of its own like a very pale glow worm. As I remember it, he said that the yellow diamonds were slightly more phosphorescent than the first-water stones. By the way, you would be really astonished to know the number of jewels which also possess 'self-flame' to a more or less extent, and I have often wondered if the alchemists who performed such apparently well-authenticated wonders in the middle ages did not know something of phosphorescence and its oddities."

A Painstaking Man.

For little things as well as big ones, Abram S. Hewitt is one of the most painstaking of the prominent men. A reporter had occasion to visit Mr. Hewitt a number of times, and each day sent in his card. One day, when he had similarly announced himself, Mr. Hewitt came downstairs holding a little package tied neatly with a rubber band. "Here are all the past month you sent me during the past month or so," he said; "they are of no use to me, and I thought you might use them again, so I gathered them up for you, and here they are."—N. Y. Tribune.

THIS AND THAT.

The battleship Oregon has made more long voyages than any other United States vessel.

A recent tabulation made by a Swiss economist puts the aggregate savings deposits of European countries at more than \$9,000,000,000 in the summer of the year 1900.

Gum drops are made by letting fall from a mechanical device large drops of an already prepared sirup; the drops are permitted to fall upon starch, where they dry without losing their peculiar form.

In Piazza della Signoria, at Florence, a circular bronze tablet has been placed in memory of Savonarola, on the exact spot where, four centuries ago, the great Dominican revivalist was hanged and burnt.

A few years ago the Russian merchant marine consisted of a few steamers and about 200 Finnish sailing ships in the Baltic wood trade; to-day more than 3,050 steamships (including river steamers) are flying the Russian flag.

Tests made in Boston prove that wood pavements radiate more heat than any other kind. The time of the experiments was the early afternoon, with the thermometer at 98 in the shade. The average temperature was 124 for the wood pavement, 115 for granite blocks, 113 for asphalt and 102 for macadam.

THE COMMERCIAL SCORED.

Incident in Which a Car Window Figures Prominently.

Disagreeable Passenger (to commercial traveler sitting by open window)—Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying.

Commercial Traveler (pleasantly)—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.

D. P.—I wish you would close it, sir.

C. T.—Would like to accommodate you, but I can't.

D. P.—Do you refuse to close that window, sir?

C. T.—I certainly do.

D. P.—If you don't close it I will.

C. T.—No, sir; I will not.

D. P.—If I go over there I will.

C. T.—I'll give you odds you won't.

D. P.—I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?

C. T.—No, sir; I will not.

D. P. (getting red in the face)—It appears to be—stuck.

C. T.—Of course, it is. I tried to close it before you came in.

And then the disagreeable passenger felt foolish, and the other passenger chuckled audibly.—London Tit-Bits.

AN ITALIAN PRISON.

The Jail in Which Bresci, the Regicide, Was Confined.

Santo Stefano, the prison in which Bresci, the regicide, committed suicide, is one of the small group of islands known as Ventotene, some 30 miles off the Italian coast, between Naples and Gaeta. It is a convict settlement. Its jail, the only important building of the place, erected ten years ago, contains 300 convicts condemned for life. Since its erection 528 prisoners have entered its walls, of whom about a third now rest in the cemetery not far from the prison on the Via dei Sospiri, the Street of Sighs. The daily rations of the prisoners consists of an ample allowance of boiled vegetables and paste seasoned with oil and 600 grammes (two pounds) of brown bread. On Sundays they have meat broth and a steak and on the principal festivals of the church and of the state is added a modicum of cheese and wine.—Chicago Daily News.

Pronunciation of Latin.

Some people seem to imagine that there are just two styles of pronouncing Latin, one continental and the other English. This is not true, for the French and German and Italian pronunciations are quite diverse. This was amusingly evident at the meeting of the vatican council. For a year before the meeting a stenographic corps of young priests was drilled in the pronunciations of different countries. When the council met, no one bishop was able to understand all the other bishops. The French bishops were the despair of the Italians, and there were some Irish bishops that might as well have spoken Chinese, for all that the Spanish and Italians could understand.—N. Y. Independent.

A PREACHER'S DOG STORY.

Coming from a Good Man It Requires No Voucher.

State Senator John Thompson, according to the Nashville Banner, is about one of the best story tellers in these parts, and his repertoire includes a lot of good ones, fish and otherwise. On the truthfulness of some he will stake his reputation for veracity, but he tells one which he always prefixes with the statement that it was told him by a minister of the Gospel, Dr. Bardwell.

"Dr. Bardwell used to visit my father's house when I was a boy, and the story I am about to tell you was related to me on the occasion of one of these visits. We were out on the veranda smoking one evening after supper. The doctor was fond of dogs, and was a pretty good sportsman, and naturally the conversation turned on this subject.

"Speaking of dogs," said Dr. Bardwell, "reminds me of a dog which belonged to a friend of mine in Mississippi. I had been invited to hold services at a church near this friend's house, and wrote him to meet me at the station, some six miles from his house, on the Saturday afternoon before Sunday, the day of the appointment.

"He was on time with horses and we started to his home. I noticed that a very handsome bird dog followed us, and having heard that some one in that neighborhood owned an especially well-trained trick dog, I asked my friend about it.

"That's the dog," at the same time pointing at his dog, which had ran ahead of us and was waiting at the forks of the road.

"I asked him to make him perform a trick. He got down from his horse, called the dog, and taking out his pocketbook, held it to the dog's nose. He then took out a silver half-dollar and walking some distance into the woods, raised up a large rock and put the money under it. We then resumed our journey, and when probably half a mile away, my friend called his dog and told him to go back and get the money.

"The dog, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and my friend explained as the rock was heavy, the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the piece of money and he would not probably get home before we reached there, it then being about three miles further on to his house.

"However, when we reached home the dog was not there. We ate supper and still the dog did not come, nor had he put in an appearance when we retired at about ten o'clock.

"The next morning we got up about daylight, and hearing a noise outside, my friend opened the door and the dog rushed in, dragging with him a pair of pantaloons which he dropped on the floor.

"Of course, we were both mystified, but had not long to wait an explanation, for shortly afterward a man who lived several miles from my friend's house rode up on a mule and inquired if a dog with a pair of pantaloons in his mouth had come into the house. The dog at this moment came out on the porch, and the man said: 'Why, there's the dog now.'

"My friend told his caller that the dog had really brought a pair of pantaloons home with him, but he did not understand it himself.

"The man said that late in the afternoon the day before he found the dog scratching under a large rock near the road, and thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and to his surprise found a half-dollar on the under side.

"He put the money in his pocket and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper. At night when the family retired the dog was put on the outside, but he kept up such a racket that no one could sleep on the place, and when the man opened the door to drive the dog off he rushed into his bedroom and at once became very quiet, lying down near the foot of the bed, where he slept all night.

"Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his pantaloons in his mouth and jumping out of the window fled.

"The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

"Hearing this story, my friend got the pantaloons, and on searching the pockets found the half-dollar which he had hid under the rock the afternoon before."

But He Keeps Still About It.

Every man knows worse of himself than of others.—Chicago Daily News.

A SOLEMN AFFAIR.

Amusing Description of One of Washington's State Dinners.

William H. Egle, of Harrisburg, Pa., has an interesting manuscript letter written by his great-grandfather, William Maclay, who represented Pennsylvania in the first senate of the United States, says W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald. It gives an amusing description of a state dinner at the executive mansion when George Washington was president and New York city was the capital of the United States. Mr. Maclay says:

"The company were: President and Mrs. Washington, Vice President and Mrs. Adams, the governor and his wife, Mr. Jay and wife, Mr. Langdon and wife, Mr. Dalton and lady, perhaps his wife, and Mr. Smith, Basset, myself, Lear and Lewis, the president's two secretaries. The president and Mrs. Washington sat opposite each other, in the middle of the table. The two secretaries, one at each end. It was a great dinner, and the best of the kind that ever I was at. The room, however, was disagreeably warm. First was soup; fish, roasted and boiled; meats, game, fowl, etc. This was the dinner. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way, with small images, flowers (artificial), etc. The desserts were, first, apple pie, puddings, etc.; then iced creams, puddings, etc.; then watermelon, muskmelon, apples, peaches, nuts.

"It was the most solemn dinner that ever I sat at. Not a health drank, scarcely a word said until the cloth was taken away. Then the president, taking a glass of wine, with great formality, drank to the health of every individual round the table. Everybody imitated him, charged glasses, and such a buzz of health, sir, and health, madam, and thank you, sir, and thank you, madam, never had I heard before. Indeed, I had liked to have been thrown out in the hurry, but I got a little wine in my glass and passed in the ceremony.

"The ladies sat a good while, and the bottles passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew the ladies. I expected the men would not remain, but the same stillness remained. The president told of a New England clergyman, who had lost a wig and hat in passing a river called Brunka. He smiled and everybody else laughed. He now and then said a sentence or two on some common subject, and what he said was not amiss. There was a Mr. Smith, who mentioned how Homer described Aeneas leaving his wife and carrying his father out of burning Troy. He had heard somebody (I suppose) witty on the subject, but if he had read it he would have said Virgil. The president kept a fork in his hand when the cloth was taken away. I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He ate not nuts, but played with it, striking on the edge of the table with it. We did not sit long after the ladies retired. The president rose, went upstairs to drink coffee, the company followed. I took my hat and came home."

JAPANESE EXPRESSIONS.

That Are Very Confusing to English Readers—Explanation Is Simple.

The apparently discrepant statistics of the population of the chief cities of Japan, so puzzling to foreigners, are readily explained, according to the Chicago Record-Herald. In the case of Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka, there are two political entities bearing those names. There are, for instance, a Tokyo "Fu" and a Tokyo "Shi," a Kyoto "Fu" and a Kyoto "Shi," and Osaka "Fu" and an Osaka "Shi." Moreover, there is also a Hyogo (or Kobe) "Shi" as well as a Hyogo "Ken." Now a ken, or prefecture, as well as a "Fu," is of very wide extent, including not merely suburban districts, but (in the case of Tokyo, at least) outlying islands in the Pacific ocean. A "Shi," however, is only the city proper, and, like both "Fu" and "Ken," is only a political, not a geographical term. It is, therefore, very important, in speaking of Tokyo, to distinguish between the "Fu" and the "Shi." Tokyo "Fu" has 2,075,697 and Tokyo "Shi" 1,425,366.

Prince Napoleon.

A friend who has recently seen the head of the house of Bonaparte, Prince Napoleon, as he is now called, in Brussels, describes him as a very handsome man. He is tall and well made, the upper part of the face being astonishingly like that of Napoleon I, whereas the lower, with its sweeping mustache, bears a strong resemblance to the prince's grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II. Prince Napoleon, who is a student, speaks English, Italian and German with remarkable fluency.