NO. 29.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1902.

CASE

By...

Emile

Gaboriau

Gaboriau

added falsehood to falsehood. Vainly

At these heartbroken tones the bank-

er trembled. This voice brought be-

fore him the twenty years which he

But the sound of Raoul's voice was

"Silence!" cried the banker, with an

The stillness was only broken by the

and I will not kill an unarmed man."

"Let me finish!" interrupted M. Fau-

Raoul once more tried to speak.

sufficient to break the charm.

angry oath. "Silence!"

sobs of Mme. Fauvel.

defend yourself."

tended arms.

"Her lover!"

"No; her son!"

to deceive me! Proofs!"

Verduret. "But first listen."

raising his arm. "If not"-

own pistol from the mantel.

"Place yourself in that corner of the

for Mme. Fauvel to witness any lon-

ger without interposing. She under-

husband were about to kill each other

This burst of maternal love M. Fau-

wife by the arm and thrust her aside.

But she would not be repulsed. Rush-

"Kill me, and me alone, for I am the

At these words M. Fauvel glared at

the guilty pair and, deliberately taking

"Thank God." he cried, "she is un-

The banker looked wildly from Raoul

"It is false! You are all conspiring

"You shall have proofs," replied M

And rapidly, with his wonderful tal-

ent for exposition, he related the prin-

cipal points of the plot he had discov-

ered The true state of the case was

suspected. His throbbing, yearning

heart told him that he still loved his

wife Why should be punish a fault

committed so many years ago and

atoned for by twenty years of devotion

and suffering? For some moments aft-

er M. Verduret had finished his ex-

planation M. Fauvel remained silent.

So many strange events had happened

scene which had just taken place, that

his heart counseled pardon and forget-

baleful witness, the living proof of a

"Come to my heart! Your sacrifices

"So this is your son," he said to his

wife - "this man who has plundered

Mme. Fauvel was unable to utter a

"Oh," he said, "madame will tell you

ton de Clameran. She has never

word in reply. Happily M. Verduret

for my honor shall be your absolution.

But the sight of Raoul prevented.

Let the sad past be forgotten."

you and robbed me!"

was there.

"What?"

faroff sin, were not in existence, M.

to M. Verduret, then, fastening his

haggard eyes on his wife, exclaimed:

she had sacrificed herself and others. All was now discovered. CHAPTER XIV. "Pardon, Andre! I conjure you, for-

HEN the Marquis of Clameran perceived that Raoul de Lagors was the only obstacle between him and Madeleine, he swore that the obstacle should be removed.

The same day his plan was laid. As Raoul was walking out to Vesinet lonely spot by three men, who asked him what o'clock it was. While look "Unhappy woman!" he said. "Unhappy woman!" ing at his watch the ruffians fell upon him suddenly.

By his skillful blows, for he had become proficient in boxing in England. Raoul made his enemies take to their heels. He continued his walk home. determined to be hereafter well armed when he went out at night. He never for an instant suspected his accomplice of having instigated the assault.

But two days afterward, at a cafe which he frequented, a vulgar looking man, a stranger to him, after trying to provoke a quarrel, finally threw a card in his face, saying its owner was ready to grant him satisfaction. Raoul rushed toward the man to thrash him with his fists, but his friends held him back.

"Very well, then. You will hear from me tomorrow," he said to his assailant. "Wait at your hotel until I send two friends to you."

As soon as the stranger had gone Raoul recovered from his excitement and began to wonder what could have been the motive for the insult. Picking up the man's card, he read:

W. H. B. Jacobson, formerly Garlbaldian volunteer, ex-officer of the Army of the South (Italy, America), 30 Leonie street."

"Oh," he thought, "here is a big military man who can whip everybody!" Raoul had seen enough of the world to understand these heroes who cover

their visiting cards with titles. But, since the insult had been offered in the presence of others, early the next room, and I will stand in this," continmorning Raoul sent two of his friends ued the banker, "and when the clock to make arrangements for a duel. He strikes, which will be in a few second gave them M. Jacobson's address and we will both fire." told them to report at the Hotel du Louvre, where he proposed to sleep.

At half past 8 in the morning his sec onds arrived. M. Jacobson had selected the sword and would fight that very stood but one thing-her son and her

"Let us be off!" cried Raoul gayly.

hour in the woods of Vincennes. "I accept the gentleman's conditions." After a minute's feucing Raoul was slightly wounded in the right shoulder The "ex-officer of the south" wished to continue the combat, but Raoul's seconds declared that honor was satis- you! Don't kill"fied and that they had no intention of imperiling their friend's life again. The ex-officer was obliged to acquiesce. Raoul went home delighted at having escaped with nothing more serious than a little loss of blood and resolved to keep clear of all so called around him and said to her busband: Garibaldians in the future. In fact, a night's reflection had convinced him guilty one!" that Clameran was the instigator of the two attempts to kill blm. Mme. Fauvel baving told him what conditions aim, fired Neither Raoul nor Mme. Madeleine placed on her consent to Fauvel moved. The banker fired a secmarriage, Raoul instantly saw the ond time, then a third. He cocked the great interest Clameran would have in pistol for a fourth shot when a man his removal. He recalled a thousand rushed into the room, snatched the pislittle remarks and events of the last tol from the banker's hand and ran to tow days, and on skillfully questioning Mme. Fauvel. It was M. Verduret. the marquis bis suspicions changed into certainty. This conviction that hurt! Do you know who that man is the man whom he had so materially as | that you attempted to kill?" sisted in his criminal plans was so basely ungrateful as to turn against him inspired in Raoul a resolution to take speedy vengeance upon his treach erous accomplice and at the same time insure his own safety. He was per suaded that by openly siding with Madeleine and her aunt he could save them from Clameran's clutches. Hav-

in her forgiving heart before making his disclosures. He succeeded. The poor lady had a smiling and happy air in an armchair with Raoul kneeling before her.

ing fully resolved upon this, he wrote

a note to Mme. Fauvel asking for an

interview. The poor woman hastened

to Vesinet at the appointed hour, con-

vinced that some new misfortune was

in store for her. She found Raoul more

tender and affectionate than he had

ever been. He saw the necessity of re-

assuring her and winning his old place

"I have distressed you too long, my dear mother," he said in his softest in the last few days, culminating in the tones, "but I repent sincerely. Now listen to me."

He had not time to say more. The door was violently thrown open, and fulness, wounded pride and self respect M. Fauvel, revolver in hand, entered demanded vengeance. If Raoul, the

the room. "Ah," he said, "you thought you could abuse my credulity forever!"

Fauvel would not have hesitated-Gaston de Clameran was dead-he would Raoul had the courage to place himself before Mme. Fauvel and to stand have held out his arms to his wife and prepared to receive the expected bullet. said: 'I assure you, uncle"- he began.

"Enough!" interrupted the banker. with an angry gesture. "Cease this acting, of which I am no longer the dupe."

"I swear to you"-"Spare yourself the trouble of dentals. I know all. I know who pawned my wife's diamonds. I know who com mitted the robbery for which the innocent Prosper was arrested and imprisoned."

Mme. Fauvel, white with terror, fell that this young man is the son of Gasupon her knees.

At last it had come-the dreadful day doubted it. But the truth is"had come! Vainly for years she had

"In order to rob her he has perpetrated a gross imposture."

During the last few minutes Raoul had managed to approach the door, hoping to escape while no one was thinking of him. But M. Verduret, watching him out of the corner of one eye, stopped him just as he was about

"Not so fast, my pretty youth," he said, dragging him into the middle of the room. "Let us have a little conversation before parting. A little explanation will be edifying."

The jeering words and mocking manner of M. Verduret made Raoul turn deadly pale. He started back as if confronted by a phantom.

"The clown!" he gasped "The same, friend," said the fat man. "Ah, now that you recognize me, I confess that the clown and myself are one and the same. Yes, I am the jolly clown of the Jandidier ball. Here is

the proof."

And, turning up his sleeve, he showed a deep cut on his arm. "If you are had spent with this woman, who had not sure, examine this scar," he conalways been the mistress of his heart, tinued. "I imagine you know the vilwhose slightest wish had been his law lain that gave me this little decoration and who by a look could make him the that night I was walking along Bourdaloue street. That being the case,

> been constrained to tell you little remains. I will finish the story." He then told how Louis Clameran had concocted his plot to palm off

Raoul as Mme. Fauvel's son with a view to extort money from her. "Can this be possible?" cried Mme Fauvel.

"Impossible!" cried the banker. "An "I came here," continued the banker. infamous plot like this could not be exwith the intention of killing you both, but courage fails me to kill a woman, ecuted in our midst." "All this is false!" said Raoul boldly.

> "It is a lie!" M. Verduret turned to Raoul and. bowing with ironical respect, said:

vel. "Your life is in my hands. The law excuses the vengeance of an in-"Monsieur desires proofs, does he? Monsieur shall certainly have convincjured husband, but I refuse to take ading ones. I have just left a friend of vantage of it. I see on your mantel a mine, M. Palot, who brought me valurevolver similar to mine. Take it and able information from London. Now, my young gentleman, I will tell you the "Defend yourself!" cried the banker little story he told me. "In 1847 Lord Murray, a wealthy

and generous nobleman, had a jockey Feeling the barrel of M. Fauvel's renamed Spencer, of whom he was very volver touch his breast, Raoul took his fond. At the Epsom races this jockey was thrown from his horse and killed. Lord Murray grieved over the loss of his favorite and, having no children of his own, declared his intention of heard the police crying "Move on!" adopting Spencer's son, who was then The crowd would merely separate in They took the places designated. But but four years old.

"Thus James Spencer was brought group a few yards off. the horror of the scene was too much up in affluence as heir to the immense wealth of the noble lord. He was a handsome, intelligent boy and gave satisfaction to his protector until he was sixteen years of age. Then he became ry window. He was only half dressed. before her very eyes. Fright and horror gave her strength to start up and intimate with a worthless set of people and turned out badly.

rush between the two men, with ex-"Lord Murray, who was very indulgent, pardoned many grave faults, but | 'Murder!' Murder!' The recklessness "Have pity, Andre!" she cried, wringone fine morning he discovered that his of his conduct led me to suppose"ing her hands in anguish. "Let me tell adopted son had been imitating his signature upon some checks. He indig-

vel took for the pleading of a criminal nantly dismissed him. "James Spencer had been living in defending her lover. He seized his London about four years, managing to support himself by gambling and swindling, when he met Clameran, who ofing up to Raoul, she threw her arms fered him 25,000 francs to play a part in a little role which he had arranged." "You are a detective!" interrupted viduals were standing together. Raoul.

The fat man smiled grimly. "At present," he replied, "I am mere ly a friend of Prosper Bertomy. It depends entirely upon your behavior

which character I appear in while settling up this little affair." "What do you expect me to do?"

"Where are the 350,000 francs which you have stolen?"

The young rascal hesitated a moment.

"The money is in this room," he said. "Very good. This frankness is creditable and will benefit you. I know

in the back of that cupboard." Raoul saw that his game was lost. He tremblingly went to the cupboard and pulled out several bundles of bank

pawnbrokers' tickets. "Very well done," said M. Verduret as he carefully examined the money

nothing compared with what he had wisely. Raoul had counted on this moment, when everybody's attention would be struggling violently against three men absorbed by the money, to make his who were striving to hold him while a escape. Softly he stole toward the physican tried to force him to swallow door, opened it, slipped out and locked a potion. It on the outside. The key was still in

the lock. "He has escaped!" cried M. Fauvel. "Naturally," replied M. Verduret without turning his head. "I thought and questioned him about the maniac. he would have sense enough to do M Fauvel was in apable of thinking. If that."

> "But"-"Would you have this affair become public? Do you wish a case to be brought into the police court in which your wife is the victim?" "Oh, monsieur!"

"Then let the rascal go free. Here are the 350,000 francs. Here are receipts for all the articles which he has pawned. We should consider ourselves | ferlot: fortunate. He has kept 50,000 francs. So much the better for you. This sum will enable him to go abroad, and we shall never see him again."

Like every one else, M. Fauvel submitted to the ascendency of M. Verduret. Gradually he had awakened to the true state of affairs. Prospective happiness was possible, and he felt that he you as bearer of dispatches to a friend was indebted to M. Verduret for more than life. He was not slow in expressing his gratitude. He seized M. Verduret's hand, as if to carry it to his lips. and said, with emotion:

"How can I ever find words to express my appreciation? How can I repay the great service you have rendered me?"

M. Verduret reflected a moment and then said: "Since you feel under obligations to me I have a favor to ask of you." "A favor of me? Speak, monsieur,

You have but to name it. My fortune

and life are at your disposal." "Well, then, monsieur, I confess I am Prosper's friend and deeply interested in his future. Can you not exonerate him, restore him to his position? You The Personal Side of His Character can do more than this, monsieur. He loves Mlle. Madeleine."

"Madeleine shall be his wife, monsleur," interrupted the banker. "I give you my word, and I will so publicly exonerate him that no one shall reproach him with what has been my mistake." The fat man quietly took up his hat

if he had been paying an ordinary morning call, and turned to leave the "Monsieur," he said before going, "excuse my intruding any advice, but

and cane, which stood in a corner, as

Mme. Fauvel"-"Andre!" cried the poor woman. "An-

The banker hesitated a moment

driver to return to Paris and drive to the Hotel du Louvre as rapidly as possible. His mind was filled with anxiety. He knew that Raoul would give him no more trouble. The young rogue was probably taking his passage for some foreign land at that very moment. But Clameran should not escape the punishment he deserved. But how was it possible to inflict this punishment without compromising Mme. Fauvel? M. Verduret thought over the various cases similar to this, but not one among his repertory of expedients could be applied to the present circumstances. After long thought he decided that an accusation of poisoning must come from Oloron. "I will go there and work upon public opinion, so that to satisfy the townspeople the authorities would order an inquest in Gaston's case. But this required time, and Clameran, being warned, would disappear.

It was almost dark when the carriage stopped in front of the Hotel du Louvre. M. Verduret noticed a crowd of people collected together in groups and one spot to join a more clamorcus

"What has happened?" demanded M. "A strange thing," replied the man "He first appeared at that seventh sto-Some persons tried to seize him: but with the agility of a sleepwalker, he tumped out upon the roof, shricking

The gossip stopped short in his narrative, very much astonished. His

questioner had vanished. "Could it be Clameran?" thought M.

He pushed through the crowded

courtyard of the hotel. At the foot of the staircase M. Fanferlot and three peculiar looking indi-

"Well," cried M. Verduret, "what's the matter?"

"The matter is this," said Fanferlot dejectedly. "I have no luck. You see how it is. This is the only chance I ever had of working out a beautiful case, and, presto, my criminal breaks down!"

"Then it is Clameran who"-

"Of course it is. When the rascal saw me this morning, he scampered off like a hare. On reaching the Boulevard of Schools a sudden idea seemed to seize him, and he struck out for this botel, probably to get his pile of money. that the money is in this room and also When he arrives, what does he see? exactly where it is to be found. Look These three friends of mine. The sight of them had the effect of a sunstroke upon him. He went raving mad."

"Where is he now?" "At the prefecture, I suppose. Some notes and an enormous package of policemen handcuffed him and drove off with him in a cab."

"Come with me." M. Verduret and Fanferlot found terribly distressing to M. Fauvel, but and papers. "In this you have acted Clameran in one of the private cells reserved for dangerous prisoners.

He had on a straitiacket and was

"Help!" he shrieked. "Do you not see him - my brother - coming after me? He wants to poison me!" M. Verduret took the physician aside

"He is in a hopeless state," replied the doctor. "This species of insanity is incurable. He thinks some one is trying to poison him, and nothing will persuade him to cat or drink anything, and as it is impossible to force anything down his throat he will die of starvation after having suffered all the tortures of poison."

M. Verduret, with a shudder, turned to leave the prefecture, saying to Fan-

"Mme. Fauvel is saved. God bas punished Clameran." "That doesn't help me," grumbled Fanferlot. "All my trouble has been

for nothing. What luck!" "That is true." replied M. Verduret. 'Case 113 will never leave the record office. But console yourself. I will send of mine, and what you have lost in fame will be gained in gold."

Later was celebrated at the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette the marriage of Mr. Prosper Bertomy and Mile. Madline Fauvel.

ince street, but as M. Fauvel has decided to retire from business and live in the country the name of the firm has been changed and is now Prosper Bertomy & Co.

THE END.

Miscellaneous Reading.

ANECDOTES OF CECIL RHODES.

Illustrated. If a man is rightly to be measured

by the space devoted to him in the newspapers when he dies, then, indeed, none can deny that Cecil Rhodes was great, says a London letter. It is not the purpose of this letter to discuss Rhodes's features or the story of his life. Posterity will settle the former and the events of the latter are sufficiently well known. A few stories dealing with the personal side of his character, however, may be interesting.

His personality seems, indeed, to have been the most striking feature of the man. Those who have written of him that he was a subtle schemer, as some few have said, have been wrong.

One of the widest spread stories of a man whom he could not buy. The story is not true. It has its form in an expression of his wealth showed his confidence in his powers of persuasion. When asked how he proposed to carry his Cape to Cairo telegraph across the Soudan, which was then under the dominion of the Khalifa, he replied: "Oh, leave that to me. I never met

the man yet that I could not come to an agreement with, and I shall be able to fix things up with the Khalifa right enough when the times comes." Rhodes rather fancied himself as

phrase maker. A writer who saw a good deal of him, describes him as repeating over and over again some saying of his own with which he seemed to have been pleased as soon as he had uttered it. Perhaps one of his best-known phras

es is the "unctuous rectitude." with which he reproved a certain class of his opponents in this country. No one in future who wishes to discuss the traits of the British character will be able to do without those two words. Some other sayings of Rhodes which have been left on record are as follows: My life is a temporary one, but th

country will remain after me. If I forfeit my flag what have I left? you take away my flag you take away everything.

Remember that sentiment rules half

the world. "It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry had very extensive land property in them out," Rhodes once remarked to General Gordon.

It took me fifteen years to get a mine but I got it. Though my boat may be slow in the race I know exactly what I am starting for.

I have found out one thing, and that is if you have an idea and it is a good idea, if you will only stick to it you will come out all right.

The only awkward thing is the progress of Time. We do get older, and become a little hurried in our ideas because of that terrible Time.

After the raid: "Kruger and I have met twice. The first trick I won (referring to Bechuanland); he won the second. There is no doubt who will win

the odd!" When timorous friends were begging him to be discreet, and foes were saying he dare not "face the music," he answered both once and for all: "I am

not going to he about it!" When Dr. Jameson was convicted and sentenced for the part he took in the raid, Mr. Rhodes exclaimed: "What a tribute to the moral worth of the nation that nas jumped the world!"

I will challenge any man or woman, however broad their ideas may be, who objects to go to church or chapel to say that they would not be better for on. Of course, you will say that you ing the question as to when he will an hour or an hour and a half in a church.

In the Oriel Hall, Oxford, in 1899, he did not. said: "I have been interested in Aristotle's definition of virtue in the 'Ethics' as the 'highest activity of the soul living for the highest object in a per-

From the cradle to the grave-what is half a million people annually write nickname, or white man's name for to say, "to worry about previous lives. it? Three days at the seaside. Just the wrong address upon the pieces they that and nothing more. But although drop in the boxes. it is only three days, we must be doing something. I cannot spend my If it is not stolen it often works out of time throwing stones into the water, the corners. Don't send bills either. But what is worth while doing?"

tics. He says: "He likes to be with tem when you wish to transmit money them; he is fond of them and trusts or valuable articles through the mails. them, and they admire and trust him. friend, it is Cecil Rhodes."

Another story bearing on this point tells how one day he took some friends address in your letter or on the envelto see a certain pretty summer house ope if you wish your missive returned in the grounds of Groot Schur, his to you in case of non-delivery. Some home, from which a splendid view of people send money, and say: 'From the Cape Flats could be obtained. Mr. mother,' or 'From papa.' We all had izen. Rhodes put his head in the summer mothers or fathers. No clue is affordhouse and then quickly withdrew it. "It's full of poor colored folk from in case of a non-delivery.

spoil their half-holiday."

The story of his meeting with the native chiefs of Rhodesia in the Matoppo all, and it causes confusion. Hills, where now he is to be buried, is almost too well-known to repeat. But here it is in brief.

Twice his new territory was almost swept back to barbarism by the war- be out of pocket and sadly fooled, if like Matabele, and twice, in the event, t was himself alone who saved it from disaster. On the second occasion of his interference Sir Frederick Carrington with a large force had peaten the Matabele into Matoppo Hills; but he could prepayment of postage at all, and the not dislodge them thence. Time passed latter if partially prepaid. Double and Sir Frederick Carrington decided to retire into winter quarters.

Mr. Rhodes was alarmed. The expenses of the war were already enormous, and paid by the Chartered company; if the war dragged into another season the company would be bankrupt. He resolved to penetrate the Matoppo fastnesses himself and seek to make an end of the war. In company stances of foreign and domestic mail, with the famous Johann Colenbrander and two others, all unarmed, he visited the stronghold of the Matabeles and urged the indunas to tell their grievan-

He listened and responded kindly The grievances disposed of, Rhodes astonished his companions by an accession of anger, which alarmed them for his and their own satety. While he his lips trembled and the indunas listened in silence.

"I do not uppraid you," he said, "for making war on the white men, but your dollars help swell the postal fund why did you kill their women and children? For that outrage you deserve no

These words, spoken in English, Co lenbrander had to translate, but yet the indunas cowered under them, for they were driven home by the rage of the speaker. The Matabele was completely submissive, and the end was peace. It is characteristic of Rhodes that when he turned away from that meeting he said:

"It is scenes such as this which make ife realy worth living!"

It was, of course, from the De Beers last he derived the bulk of his income and his fortune, and what this meant will be realized when it is mentioned that for last year, apart from the divi- said: "Young captain, good man, no dends received on his holding of shares, charge." the sum of £316.593 was paid to the Beit. Thus his income as a life govfor the current year, under the new Beers company, it would probably have dress decorations.

een a still larger sum. The same writer calculates, on a dis-Looking at other interests, he says: "It is idle work guessing at the fortune of a man with such widely-spread interests as those of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, for he Cape Colony and elsewhere, as well as his shareholdings. But £3,000,000 is generally regarded as a modest estimate of the value of his estate."

This indeed seems to be a very modest estimate of the fortune of a man, in these days of multimillionaires, who is said to have worked so much by the power of wealth, but it must be remembered that Rhodes wielded the influence of the wearth of his associates. In every concern in which he was interested he seemed to be the dominant factor. whether his associates were wealthier than himself or not. Barney Baranto said Rhodes was a "great man, because he beat me at my own game."

SOME POSTAL DONT'S.

Errors Commonly Committed by People In Mailing Letters.

"It is astonishing how questions pour in regarding mail matter and its treatment," said a postal official, "and it shows on the part of the general public the Friends of the Florida Seminole soa woful lack of information with which ciety has been trying to show the Init ought to be familiar. I have from dians the necessity for learning some time to time jotted down some postal industrial work, such as tanning skins. 'don'ts' which will be found of value. "Don't mail your letter without plac-

ing at least one two-cent stamp there-"Don't fail to write the name and ad-

dress of the person for whom your letter or package is intended, plainly on dox, o-jus) (lie too mucn,." the envelope or face of the package. fect life.' That has always seemed to You may find comfort in the knowlme the noblest rule for a man to follow edge that more than 100,000 pieces of was secured from Billy, although after and I have made it my rule from the mail matter without a line of super- many attempts, as it is difficult to get scription were received last year at the information where it requires the In-"Life is too short, after all," he used dead letter office in Washington.

"Don't misdirect your mail, even if

"Don't send loose coin in envelopes If the postal thief who steals your Sympathy with the natives, Dr. money is caught, he will go to prison, Jameson affirms, was one of Mr. and you will be the cause of it. Use Rhodes's most prominent characteris- the money order or the registry sys-

"Don't, if you have come from a for-His favorite recreation every Sunday eign country, fail to place the correct afternoon was to go into the DeBeers address of your correspondent in the tribe. Some time after some Indians native compound, where he had built old country, on the envelope. A quara fine swimming bath, and throw shill- ter of a million of these incorrectly adings in for the natives to dive for. If dressed foreign letters are annually rethere is a man in South Africa who de- turned to the United States to be reserves the title of the black man's turned to their senders, if their names and addresses can be obtained.

"Don't fail to place your name and ed to either the sender or the addresses

Cape Town," he said, almost shame- "Don't omit your name, your post-

The banking house is still in Prov- facedly. "They're doing no harm, but office or your state when writing to deif they see us they'll bolt away and partment stores in cities for goods. Many people do omit one or more of these essential particulars, sometimes

TERMS----\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

"Don't think you can beat the game when you receive a polite letter from a stranger in the city telling you how to get rich quickly for nothing. You will

you entertain this popular belief. "Don't fail to prepay full rate upon your foreign mail, both letters and packages, even though the former will go forward to destination without any postage is collected abroad for the amount due.

"Don't forget with domestic mail that while a letter will go forward if it has a single rate of postage paid thereon, two cents, the balance to be collected of the addressee, newspapers and packages will not. They go to the dead letter office. People confuse these inand loss results.

"Don't be so careless as not to seal the flap of your envelope, and if you fail to do this don't afterward complain to the department that 'somebody opened my letter.' Thousands of peo-

ple do this every year. "Don't forget that postal thieves do not get all the money-letters that are not delivered. Some find their way to spoke his eyes blazed with anger and the dead letter office, about 50,000 annually, containing on an average of about \$50,000. Your money is returned to you if you can be located; otherwise in the treasury.'

BILLY BOWLEGS.

The Principal Man of the Florida Seminoles Visiting Friends.

Billy Bowlegs, who is a loyal Seminole and a progressive one, too, is making his periodical visit to his white friends at Kissimmee. New York and Washington and Chicago have entertained a prince, and Billy in his aboriginal surroundings is no less a "Prince of the Everglades." walked from Indian Town to Fort Bas-Consolidated Mines that from first to singer, a distance of thirty miles. At Bassinger he boarded the steamer Roseada, and reached Kissimmee Friday night. In speaking of the trip, he

All day Saturday and Sunday Billy three remaining life governors, of did his usual amount of handshaking, whom Mr. Rhodes was one, the other both with old friends and little childtwo being Julius Wernher and Alfred ren, who wanted to shake hands with an Indian chief. Billy is not dressed ernor was over £105,000 for 1900-01, and as elaborately as usual, which is accounted for by a visit of some tourists agreement by which the Diamond Syn- to his camp two weeks ago, the tourists dicate shares its profits with the De paying him "good money" for his full

As is Billy's custom when at Kissimmee, he attended Sunday school and tinctly conservative basis, that Mr. church, and then with the patience of Rhodes's holdings in De Beers alone a Sphinx answered questions until rk. When asked if answered: "Tired, ojus," although his native politeness had not permitted him to show any restlessness at the tedious afternoon's questioning. Small trinkets and pictures presented by the children, who came to see him, he carefully placed away to carry to the tod-

> dlers in the everglades. From time to time pictures from Sunday school charts, on the life of Christ and Biblical characters, have been given to the Indians or mailed to them, and Billy reports:

> "Indians got 'um," Billy having his in his trunk. Blue-back spelling books were given to the Indians who visited Kissimmee two years ago, and Billy reports that the books are in good order, and "Indian boys spell littly bit."

> On this circuitous trip, Billy will go to Sanford, stopping at Orlando to buy a special make of ox wagon, which he will have shipped to Fort Pierce. He will, from Sanford, go across to Titusville, and down the east coast, where his brother will meet him with the oxen to hitch to the new wagon.

Not one hairbreadth will this Indian diverge from the truth. For some time making belts, pocketbooks, etc., and thus utilize their raw material. Billy has consented to do this, and in pressalways do this, but there were 150,000 come to Kissimmee City and be taught patrons of the mails last year who this industry he replied: "Six months; me don't know; maybe ten months. Six months, me say, and no come, white man say, 'Billy Bowlegs lock-a-

An interesting bit of information in connection with Tallahassee's name

dian language to tell it. "Tallahassee" is only the old chief's him, old Chief Tallahassee's Indian name being Fo-so-wa-tos-to-nock-ee, meaning bird chief, or chief of the bird genus, tribe or family.

The origin of the name of Florida's state capital dates back to the days that are but tradition to the Seminoles. Long, long time ago, many Indians and houses were on the site where the city of Tallahassee now stands. One day, so the tradition goes, all the Indians went. Seminoles do not know why they left, as they were of an older came along, Seminoles presumably, and seeing many houses but no Indians living there, exclaimed, "Tallahassee!" the nearest interpretation being "All

gone," or "deserted." The careful manner in which Billy gave the traditional account, corresponding to old Tallahassee's previous accounts, solves an interesting question as to the meaning of the word Tallahassee.-Florida Times Union and Cit-

to Fifty-five years ago the trip from St. Louis to New York consumed eight days and five hours.

"Unhappy woman!" he said. "Un- you know I have a slight claim upon bappy woman! What have I done that then, following the impulse of his you and shall expect you to relate to For the most part he seems to have heart, ran to his wife and, clasping her you should act thus? I have loved you us your little story.' been of a frank, almost unblushing nain his arms, said: But Raoul was too terrifled to utter ture. His speeches are described as too deeply." "No; I will not be so foolish as to Raoul, who listened with attention, a word. having sounded like the words of a struggle against my heart. I do not saw that if the banker knew somethings M. Fauvel listened without underman thinking aloud. And it is certain pardon, Valentine: I forget-I forget he certainly did not know all. He saw that if Rhodes could only meet a man standing. that erroneous information had misled "Into what dark depths of shame or a committee personally he could M. Verduret had nothing more to do talk either over. have we fallen!" he groaned. the unhappy man and that he was still at Vesinet. Therefore, without taking a victim of false appearances. He de-"Reassure yourself, monsieur," leave of the banker, he quietly left the termined to convince him of his misplied M. Verduret. "After what I have Rhodes is that which credits him with room and, taking his cab, ordered the having declared that he had never met mercy." "Monsieur"- be commenced.