

becoming the Don Quixote for the sovereignty of the Porte in Soudan, people only smile at that. Italy is making rapid progress with her colony in East Africa, Erythraea, and must be a powerful aid to England in clearing Madhism out of Equatorial Africa—Cecil Rhodes will do the rest. If the stream of Italian emigration could be directed into her African colony, instead of flowing to South America, Italy would have a magnificent future. Already Erythraea is able to contribute to the revenue of her motherland, a boast that France cannot indulge in; despite all her colonies and grabs, not one is self-supporting. The Anglo-Egyptian army ought to advance southwards and complete the European occupation of the Upper Nile valley. With her two neighbors, Italy on the east and Belgium on the west, they ought to scour the last vestige of slave-dealing out of that rich hinterland. The Korean question does not appear to be moving towards a peaceful solution. Europeans would be prepared to regard the quarrel between the far Easterns with relative equanimity, but the apprehension is not concealed that the conflagration may work into Europe. Any marked interference on the part of a Western power may provoke serious calamities. Then both the adversaries are scientifically armed for the strife, and apparently resolved to try their quarrel hilt to hilt.

A curious bill has just been laid on the table of the Chamber of Deputies, by a group of private members, punishing by a sentence of one to six months imprisonment and a fine of 100frs., whoever will open the letters of another person and reveal the contents. This is the consequence of a decision of the Court of Appeal on a case from the courts below.

The French barbers look with contempt on the Austrian Figaro who shaved 18 travellers in a railway carriage, in thirty minutes, the time taken by the train to run between two stations. The only rapidity a French shaver displays is when he mounts his bicycle to wait on a client. Then Frenchmen must have "easy" shaving, that is, to loll in a big chair before a mirror and view the process of shaving, enjoy the swoop of the razor, lengthways, crossways and diagonal ways, till their cheeks be as smooth as a billiard ball; and not to be overlooked, the loquacity of the barber, who relates the scandal of the day, the latest joke, and the newest witticism while he operates. Renan founded a barber's shop for a poor grinder in Greek, who adopted the sign, "Shaving, and Silence." The proprietor has a good clientele, chiefly senators, and his staff seem to be Trappists.

The naval manœuvres were very tame this year, when the glowing descriptions of former occasions are remembered. What is the signification of the change? Is it strategy or modesty? There does not appear to have been any marked alacrity about the land naval reserve repelling the sea attack off Havre; true, the fortifications are still the old ones, and millions will be required to complete the new forts. One fact was established, the fatal drawback of Havre, the Liverpool of France, having but one entrance channel, and that channel capable of being blocked, by sinking any ordinary sized ship. The port is clearly not protected from a sea attack. In the Mediterranean there was more animation in the hostile squadrons, but it appears some confusion arose as to the carrying out of the programme. Be certain all the other naval powers have had their argus-eyed reporters taking notes of the proceedings.

On Sunday the rumor spread that a Turk—the last man in the world to be suspected of anarchy—attempted to blow up the Russian Ambassador and the congregation, while worshipping in their church. It was noon and the service nearly ended, when the report of a pistol shot sent dismay into the congregation; the ladies screamed, and it was concluded a bomb had been thrown. In the Russian Church there are no seats; a man was raised up by two Russian noblemen close by him; he had lodged a bullet in his head; he was carried to the Beaujon hospital close by. He was able to inform the magistrate that he belonged to a Turkish family, was born in Constantinople, had become Russian by naturalization, and resided in Paris since nine years; he had written letters in advance, he stated he was the victim of society, that the Czar never answered his letters, etc. His wife called at the hospital and was allowed to take her husband to be cared for at his own residence. He complains of people interfering with his dying.

The race on Sunday last, between vehicles not propelled by horses, was very successful. The run was from Paris to Rouen. About 15 auto-mobiles started, a quarter of an hour being allowed between each vehicle. At best they were more or less traction engines with steam produced by coke or petroleum. The first machine started at eight in the morning and arrived at Rouen at half past five in the evening, a distance of 87 miles, with many stops to allow judges to control and travellers to lunch. The winner is an engine of nearly two tons weight, not on axles, but a series of rollers worked by endless chains. It is a tug, and had one carriage hooked on. If on a level road it can roll 20 miles an hour and drag 42 tons. During the journey it burned coke to the value of 8frs. Later, the classification of the machines will be made; the present was only a trial for the new coach of the future. But before 10 years it is expected that horseless carriages will be as general as bicycles. Paris has numerous automatic vehicles, but they are devoid of all elegance and are solely employed as good vans. Perhaps the greatest wonder of the race was the multitude of bicycles that congregated to see the start; there were at least 4,000 wheelers; what cavalry could charge them down, was the reflection suggested when one looked on the vast sea of wheelers, and of both sexes. Bicycling is not now a fashion, but a frenzy. And what a cloud of dust the bicyclist raised; a charge of cavalry, a sweep of several batteries of artillery was nothing compared with the cloud pillar of dust they created above each auto-mobile as they formed its escort *d'honneur*.

In Bosnia, the male population wears a Zouave petticoat, a fancy tunic, a leather belt filled with portmanteau necessities, besides revolver and poignard and invariably a masher's silken umbrella.

Z.

All the world, all that we are, and all that we have—our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins and our seldom virtues—are so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Make no man your idol; for the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.—*Washington Allston*.

THAT MANUSCRIPT.

It is years ago since I lost it, that Manuscript, but I have never been able to efface it from my memory, and now I am going to write the story down just as it occurred, although I am ignorant as to whether the people connected with it are alive or dead. Years may have mitigated grief and stifled pain—or—but I dare not dwell upon what may have happened during this flight of time. If *she* to whom I unwillingly did a great wrong chances to read this story, she will at any rate believe that I also have suffered. It was towards the end of July, and London was becoming more stifling every day. I was sub-editor of a London Monthly and was feeling the effects of overwork. It was Friday evening and the following Monday I intended to take a holiday in the country for a fortnight. Six o'clock struck and I laid my pen down wearily, took a parting glance at some papers and left the office. I had scarcely locked the door when I saw rather to my surprise a tall woman wearing a thick veil walking in the direction of my office. She stopped short, hesitated a moment and then asked in a nervous abrupt manner:—"Pardon me, but are you the editor of the *Flaneur*?" "No, Madame; the editor will be here at 10 to-morrow morning." "Then I suppose I had better take this back," and she toyed restlessly with the elastic of a thick bundle of blue foolscap. "I am the sub-editor, Madame, and it is my duty to read all contributions for the *Flaneur* and to select what I consider suitable to the Magazine."

She raised her veil and I who at no period of my life could be called impressionable was struck with the strange, almost weird beauty of her face.

"Then I can leave it with you—I am so glad!" I bowed, but she still kept the MS. between her long slender fingers.

"Yes, I think you will understand! It is curious, but I hardly like to part with it, it means a great deal to me, this MS. that may seem to others so weak and disconnected."

I had interviewed a good many contributors, but this woman appeared to me the strangest of them all.

"If you will trust me with it," I exclaimed, "I will take it back with me to-night, read it and give the editor my opinion of it to-morrow morning."

"Thanks! Thanks! That is what I want. I wish to know if I have any chance—at once. In a month, even in a fortnight it will be too late. I will leave it with you, if it meets with your approval let me know at once, if not I shall never bother you any more." She laughed nervously, and I could not help thinking that there was a great deal more in what she said than the words actually conveyed. We walked down the stairs together and at the door I asked if I might call a cab for her. She looked a little surprised, but replied briefly in the negative. "I hope I shall have the honor of discussing this with you," I said, tapping the MS.

She smiled, drew down her veil, and with a quick bow vanished into the London throng.

I walked slowly back to my lodgings, musing over my short conversation with this unknown woman. To say the truth, if her face had not been so beautiful, more than this, so strangely fascinating, the interview would have produced an effect upon me the reverse of agreeable. There was something about her so strained and high-strung, that a man whose own nerves were