THE LUCKS STEERING TE SECTIONS

Blue Rebbon

TEA. It's the choice of the careful, that's why YOU should use it.

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THE REPORT OF THE RESIDENCE PROPERTY OF THE PR

are envying him the lovely girl who sits opposite him with the Ferndale dia-monds in her hair.

Slowly but surely the claborately planned dinner works through its courses

fantastic fabrics of sweetstuffs take the

place of more solid food; pomegranates and melons lie demurely on fig leaves

Jenne gathers up her cremel-worked robe. Clarence is attention to the last; gives her her fan, and, with a humble

look, holds out the flower he has rav ished from the epergne.
"Won't you take this?" he says.

Jeanne takes it with a smile, Clarence goes back to the table drains a goodly glass of the vellow seal, with a heart fluttering like—like a man

While dinner has been in progress, the

servants have thrown wide the doors of

the conservatory adjoining the great drawing-room, and the mimic forest of forms and flowers is lit up with daint-

Jeanne, Jeanne like, makes straight for this, and seats herself in a low chair beside a marble faun, that leers down

at her as he throws a spray of water

With an inward mortification, Jeanne reflected upon the consummate presence of mind with which the fashionable

ful; now, confess."

Jeanne smiled rather coldly.

a contrast. Fair women and dark never do quarrel. Let us be friends."

Jeanne smiles. "Do you think my friendship so desir-

would quarrel with me, if I were silly

om his scooped hands. This meting with Lady Lucelle

ily shaped grotesque lanterns.

vellow seal.

"I didn't expect this pleasure, Lady Ferndale!"

"What pleasure?" asks Jeanne, innocently.

"Of—of seeing you," he says. "I had no idea that Mr. Vane was—in fact, it's all a mystery to me! How can he be Lord Ferndale—has anybody died? Has he come into the title? I didn't know he was connected with the Ferndales, even!"

"At any rate, my digestion is all right," says Vane, laughing.

"And having lost your memory you are the happy man," she says. all a mystery to me! How can he be Lord Ferndale—has anybody died? Has he come into the title? I didn't know he was connected with the Ferndales, even!"

Jeanne hangs her head and turns color. In his eagerness, Clarence has bent down to hear the explanation, and it is at this moment that Vane looks around the epergne and sees them.

ed his digestion."

"At any rate, my digestion is all right," says Vane, laughing.

"And having lost your memory you are the happy man," she says.

And she looked up at him with a sweep of the dark lids that give depth and meaning to the dark blue cyes.

Vane seeks safety in silence. If to be envised is to be happy. Vane ought to be

epergne and sees them.

"He—he always was the Marquis of Ferndale," says Jeanne.

"Good heavens!" exclaims Clarence, looking host wanted in the loyely girl who sits opposite him with the Ferndale dia-

looking back, mentally, "he was! And we all patted him on the back and patronized him! And that old fellow, Lambton, came the grand? Well, if a fellow goes in for that sort of thing, he must take the consequences—that is, I mean, of course, who was to know?"

Jeanne says nothing, but her long lashes droop over her eyes.

"Who was to know—except, of course, yourself Lady Ferndale. By Jove, you kept it well!"

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"Who was to know—except, of course, yourself Lady Ferndale. By Jove, you kept it well!"

Then he stops short, as a sudden thought takes possession of him, body and soul, and makes his heart beat. She knew it, and that was the reason why she refused him.
It is a welcome, a delicious thought!

If the great Marquis of Ferndale had not been his rival, he might have won her.

After all, she may have cared for him—

Clarence! Such things have been.

It makes his heart beat madly; he drains a glass of chablis, sends his entree—for which he has been waiting ten minutes—away untouched, and is only brought to converted. ought to composure by meeting Vane's

Ferndale must be a wonderfully elever fellow!" he says, with sudden

says Jeanne, and at the coldthe assent Clarence's face clears He glances around at her with granter courage; yes, she is as beautiful, she is more beautiful than ever; and, what is more surprising, she is just as girlish; just, in fact, the Jeanne who set his heart beating nine months ago, and whose refusal of his love has only increased it tenfold.

And Jeanne? Well, Jeanne had grown more charitable and less critical. Clarence has improved in appearance, in manners, in the quantity and quality of his brains, and she is not sorry to see him.

You cannot feel unamiable with a good leaking the second of the second colors.

nd she is not sorry to see him.

You cannot feel unamiable with a good-looking young fellow who waits on you with hand and eye, discusses your taste in the matter of the menu as anxiously as if life and death depended on hearly breaks his neck in getting a soft voice says in her ear:

"Well, Lady Jeanne," and looking up, the blue eyes bent on possible way, his best to be agreeable.

Jeanne has been living a life of solitude for the last three months, with new
friends, and a husband only in name; here is an old friend, and I say it is not to be wondered at that she should un-bend and be agreeable.

of natural amiability for the gentle smile with which she enraptures poor I wonder why she looks askance at the fair face opposite, which is so close to Vane's handsome head that no one can hear what the soft, red lips

And what are they saying? Do you think my Lady Lucelle is making love to Vane? Nothing of the sort; she is not so foolishiy inexperienced as to such a blunder. She knew ter, alas, than Jeanne does. She knows Vane bet-

She does better than make love to him -she amuses him. Not a word of his marriage, not a word of that bitter, cruel, scornful letter, not a word con-cerning Jeanne or herself does those soft,

red, mobile lips utter.
No; at the slightest word on any of No; at the signtest word on any of these subjects, Vane, she knows, would turn to stone or become like a hedge-hog, all points. She amases him, and when Lady Lucelle lays herself out to amuse, no man, scarcely a woman, can

At first he is—well, sulky! meets her little, witty, pointed remarks with dry and caustic monosyllables; but she is not daunted. From subject she flits easily, gracefully, adorning with her bright, delicate wit all she touches, un til at last Vane's lips curve, and a slight smile lights up his grave face. "You still retain your wonderful spir-

its, Lady Lucelle," he sars, as if it were rong for him.
Lady Lucelle shruge her shoulders.

are so white and soft, and exquis-molded as one of Boucher's Ven-

"Thanks," she said, It is because I ha "It is because I have not buried myself in desert solitudes for the last twelve months? We poor women have only our books and our wits, Va-Lord Ferndale, and they stand us when have only our books and they stand us in poor stead sometimes. What is that galantine? Do you remember it? You used to be an equicure once. Do you remember flying into a passion at the hotel in Engadine, because the cauliflowers weren't cooked."

Vane smiles.

"Cavit eary I do" he says, (though he is too short for anything so feelish.

"Can't say I do," he says, (though he does, and remembers many other things | Why. my dear, there's scarcely a woman | A that occurred in the Engadine besides in this room—excepting some of the very sen the badly cooked vegetables); "my memodid ones—that doesn't dislike me, and over

them have better cause than you. You've got your plumcake, you know, where some of them have lost theirs—through me, or so they think. Come, what harm have I done you?" "I don't know," says Jeanne, and in-

ough to humor them. And some of

"I don't know," says Jeanne, and indeed, she does not.
"There!" exclaimed Lady Lucelle, with soft, triumph. "I thought so! Why, if you consider it, it is I who ought to dislike you, but I don't; honestly, I would if I could, but I can't. I don't think anyone could. Oh, I am not flattering. You are too clever to be won by such poor chaff as that, especially when it comes from a woman's hand. And, besides, you are too happy to remember old scores. Lady Jeanne, honmember old scores. Lady Jeanne, hon-estly, I liked you that first time—which estly, I liked you that first time—which we will never speak of any more—that first time I saw you; I was a little jeal-ous, perhaps, for you were most exasperatingly pretty in that white dress; but I liked you, and I do want you to like me. Let us swear a friendship, as the man says in the play."

Jeanne smiles. What can she say—what would anyone say in answer to the appeal, made in the sweetest and most liquid of tones, and with a frankness which seems truth itself? Lady Lucelle takes the smile as an assent.

"That's all right" she says, with a

"That's all right," she says, with a little fluttering sigh of satisfaction, "and I am quite happy. Candidly, my dear, I couldn't have afforded to quarrel with so great a person as the Marchioness of Ferndale! Why, a cut direct from you would have socially ruined me! would have socially ruined me! See now how wholy I trust you! Is the anyone of them who would be so honest? They all profess to love you, but they don't. They all envy you, and most of them hate you. There isn't one of them," and she looked toward the room full of women with a placid smile, "but would have gone on their knees to get what you got without the asking. My dear Jeanne, it must be nice to be a marchioness, only to feel that every unmarried ess, only to feel that every unmarried—and most of the married—women one meets would be glad to stab one in the back if stabbing were the fashion."

Jeanne listens with an uneasy smile From any other lips such plain truths would sound coarse and startling, but spoken in Lady Lucelle's soft, lingering ones, they do not strike home with less ignancy.

'Not one!" she continues. your fan at that tall girl in the blue satin. She is one of the Peerland girls there are five of them, and unmarried. This is Augusta. Poor Augusta! She tracked Lord Ferndale for two seasons tracked Lord Ferndale for two seasons, from London to Paris, from Paris to Scotland, up hill down dale. She must love you! so must her mother, the old lady in the turban, with the mustache. Augusta is now stalking poor Nugent. Gets up in the morning and holds his gun, which she can't bear the sight of, and pats his horse, of which she is morally afraid. You will see when he comes in how she will draw up the blue satin how she will draw up the blue sating om that chair beside her and smile at

im. Poor Augusta!"

Jeanne cannot help smiling in spite of erself.

"Poor Lord Nugent!" she says. "Just so," assents Lady Lucelle, with little shrug of the shoulders. "But he is used to it and can take care of himself -some of them can't, and fall easy vic-tims. Tea!" she breaks off, as a footian approaches. "Thanks. What a farce is! This is a remnant of the old, pat it is! This is a remnant of the old, pat-riarchal days, when women were kept in servitude. I wonder when the men will Lord Lane is so unexpected that she scarcely yet realizes it. Lady Lucelle's prophecy had come true; they had met again, and with every appearance of good will. learn hom much we hate the society of each other, and let us share the port and rare wines and best stories which they eserve till we've left the dining-room My dear, there is nothing so descitful as a man Did you ever notice how grave and sedate they come in, just as if they had been learning the shorter catechism, instead of chuckling over doubtful bomots and scandal. All the life goes out of them as they enter the drawing-room. beauty had set aside the fact of their having seen each other previously, orthe exquisite well bred air of composed plea-sure with which she had smiled; and, of them as they enter the drawing-room where we sit like tame cats in a cage lapping our tea or lounging at the piano. By the way, does Lord Ferndale sing

The question is not an abrupt onefor Lady Lucelle never asked an abrupt question in her life—but it is so unex-pected that Jeanne winces. Vane has not sung since the wedding day.

her with smiling audacity. Jeanne looks up with a sudden flash of color, but "Really!" says Lady Luce'le, glancing there is nothing more than the usually delicate tint on Lady Lucelle's fair skin, not a trace of confusion or em-barrassment. Eather one would say an through her half-closed eyelids at Jean-ne's averted face. That strikes me as a dreadful waste of fine ma-terial. I have often thought it

induced to go to the piano.
"Oh, yes, I'll sing if you want me,"
she says; "that is, until Lord Ferndale Jeanne raises her eyebrows but does says Lady Lucelle, fanning herself slowly, and smiling into Jeanne's self slowly, and smiling into Jeanne's steadfast eyes, "you've been thinking ever since we were introduced." and she laughs softly—"what a bold, wicked creature I am."

self slowly, and smiling into Jeanne's self says; that is, antil Lord Fernauer she says; that is, antil Lord Fernauer she

"Wicked!" says Jeanne, as if she wouldn't deny the bold.

Lady Lucelle looks at her with more softness in her sharp eyes than her addle like that and how would she like the say? Would she like the says the short of the softness in her sharp eyes than her addle like that and how would she like the says would say would she like the says would say w Lady Lucelle looks at her with more softness in her sharp eyes than her admirers would deem her capable of. "Oh," Ferndale like to go? Would she like to go in the saddle, or drive.

One and all consult her choice on every cach hanging on her decision

one and all consult her choice on every point, each hanging on her decision as if she were an empress. Jeanne smilled rather coldly.

"Confess, you meant to cut me when "Confess, you meant to Jeanne smiled rather coldly.

"Confess, you meant to cut me whenever you saw me—that you would have done it to-day if you could. My dear, I saw it in your face when you heard my voice. Jeanne—may I call you Jeanne—don't say no, or look cold. We two can't possibly quarrel, we're too great a contrast. Fair women and dark never search of comfortable seater. Vapa of the little group, others spread about in

the little group, others spread about in search of comfortable seats; Vane, after glancing in the direction of the con-servatory, goes across to an old friend, and takes his cup of tea standing by his chair.

able, then. Lady Lucelle?"
"Desirable! I couldn't get on without "Luncheon is the word," says Charlie it!" says Lady Lucele, with the most frank and charming smile. "My dear "Right, Go as you like. Just so. I'll ask Vane to run through the stables and find a horse for you. If he can't we can send Jeanne, we shall meet nine months out

for your own."
Clarence is standing near. "Mustapha used to carry a lady, Challic," he says, with suppressed eagerness, "I'll answer for her quietness. Will you try her, Lady Ferndale? My sister used to ride her. You will be quite safe at anything.

Jeanne looks up.

'I shall deprive you." she says.

"He can ride anything," says Charlie.

"Take him at his word, Lady Jeanne." is too short for anything so foolish. Why, my dear, there's scarcely a woman in this room—excepting some of the very

Meanwhile Lady Lucelle finishes her ing these desires.

notwithstanding Vane's presence If it be true that she sings without heart, she sings with plenty of art. Like everything else she does, she plays and sings artistically, and with that charm which grace along con violed.

which grace along can yield.

Vane looks up from his cup to give the general murmur of thanks and meets her eyes fixed on him.

"Do you remember that song," she

says.

Vane tries to look as if he did not.

Vane tries to look as if he did not.

"Will you come and sing for us?"

He smiles and shakes his head.

"You refuse?" says Lady Lucelle. "I
must go and ask Lady Ferndale to intercede, then," and she looks around.

But Jeanne is not in the same place. At the end of the conservatory, leading to the terrace, there is the glimmer of an embroidered dress, and a tall figure

an embroidered dress, and a tall ligure remarkably like Clarence's.

"Rather than you should think that trouble necessary," says Vane, and he comes to the piano as he speaks, but reluctantly.

"What will you sing," asks Lady Lucelle, with downcast eyes, and a thrill of triumph in her heart. He has not sung for three months and he is singing for her.

"Anything there is," says Vane, not conceitedly, but indifferently.
She turns over the music, and comes
upon the Neapolitan song which Jeanne
had heard at the Gate House some

months ago.

"Shall I play for you? I remember eyery note," she adds, in a low voice, and her fingers touch the keys pensively for

A murmur runs around the room. The fame of Vane's voice is widespread. Men stick their hands in their pockets, and throw back their heads as is their wont when they want to listen; women cease chattering, and glide nearer the piano There is a profound silence, broken only by the distant murmur of the two per-sons at the end of the conservatory, who were not listening—Jeanne and Clarence (To be continued.)

SAFETY FOR LITTLE ONES.

Every mother who has tried Baby' Own Tablets becomes enthusiastic about them—tells every other mother how safe and how effective they are much it relieves the anxiety baby's health to use these Tab lets. Mrs. S. W. Crawford, Thompson, Ont., says: "My baby was ill with constipation and teething troubles and I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, which gave speedy relief. I consider the tab-lets an excellent medicine for children." These tablets cure constipation, teething troubles, diarrhoea, simple fevers, destroy worms, break up colds and promote natural, healthy sleep. And you have a guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff in them. Sold by all medicine deal or sent by mail at 25 cents a box writing The Dr. Williams' Medicin by writing The Dr. White Co., Brockville, Ont. Send for our little ook on the care of infants and young

CURRENT GUARDS THE GOLD. Electric Appliances on Safes in Federal Building.

Chicago's new Federal Building is renarkable for the attention paid to the ninutest details in its construction. Its heating and ventilating system is one of the most complete in the country and electric equipment of the sub-treasury

vaults is particularly interesting.

There are three of these vaults, one above the other, and reaching from the basement to the second floor. One of these is for gold, one for silver and one for surplus, which cannot be stored in the other two. Each is fitted with every safety appliance known to the art. On each is a burglar alarm, and the doors are fitted with four time locks, besides a combination lock. Within the main door, says the Western Electrician, is which are carried by two separate em ployees, one man never being allowed to enter the vaults alone. Outside of the main door of each vault is a solid concrete and steel platform which is raised and lowered by an electric motor. The door of any vault cannot be opened or closed when this platform is in its norair of delicate enjoyment, as if the situation amused her.

She even laughs softly as she watches Jeanne's expressionable face.

"Lady Ferndale," drawing a chair close to Jeanne's, and leaning forward with the most graceful ease—just as she did, Jeanne remembers, on that afternoon in the little drawing room at the Gate louse. "I wouldn't come at the gate louse, "I wouldn't come at the ga Jeanne remembers, on that afternoon in the little drawing room at the Gate House, "I wouldn't give a penny for your thoughts, for I know them already." Jeanne raises her eyebrows but does induced to go to the piene. affair that its purpose would not be guessed by one not familiar with the arrangement, the motor and gearing be

ing concealed from view.

The walls of the vaults are of solid concrete, two to four feet in thickness, intersected in every direction by geams

Signs of Evil Omen. (New York Express.)

If a dish towel falls from the hand to he floor you are sure to have company at dinner that night. This applies to the ook, the mistress of the house and the hubby who helps his wife wash the dishes. When you wind the cuckoo clock be sure to pull the chain to the right first. Don't wind your watch at bed time, as 999 men in 1,000 have a habit of doing; wind it when you rise in the morning and start out fresh with it.
When keys rust in your pocket it is a
sign of low vitality, or salt atmosphere or perspiration. Don't turn up your toes; it is a sign you are dead.

Some time ago a man who contem plates writing a comprehensive History of Advertisements began to collect speci mens from all parts of the world. He collection, but he has abandoned the idea for the simple reason that, unlike pos tage stamps, the number of advertise-ments is infinite and their variety past the magnitude and cosmopolitan character of advertising. But why should he be surprised? It is a big world; human desires are immeasurable, and the advertisement is the most useful medium for making known and therefore satisfying these desires.

CURRENT COMMENT

and reserve force for a country of such area and population. This wonderful resourcefulness and elasticity is largely a growth of recent years, and testifies to the progress made by the little island people in the ways of modern civilization. A statistician has devoted some care to comparison between the Japan of today and the United States at the close of the Civil War, and offers these figures for consideration:

United States Japan, about 1860. 1904. Population ... 20,000,000 46,000,000 Debt after war\$2,680,647,869 \$750,000,000 353,616,119 333,576,057 160,000,000 145,000,000 Bank capital *421,880,095 263,000,000 Bank deposits. *406,507,066 356,000,000
Public revenue 56,064,608 115,000,000
*Not including savings banks. Commenting on this statement the

New York Journal of Commerce says:

a debt nearly four times that of Japan no better companion than a good book. at the present time, but had only half the population to sustain it. The net ourden of the individual Japanese tolay, therefore, on account of the public attested by the fact that fully 1,500 peodest is only about one-eighth the burden which fell upon the citizen of the North gow, on Saturday, the 5th instant, to at the close of the war. Ability to carry this burden must be gauged, so far as red exactly six centuries ago. The gathpublic statistics afford a guide, by the volume of foreign trade and banking operations. These show that while the foreign trade of Japan is at present only about half what that of the United States was in 1860, her banking capital and bank deposits do not fall far behind." Japan's wise course in protecting her gold reserve by floating foreign loans and creating funds in London and New York is in striking contrast with that of the United States in suspending specie payments, paper money going down to 40 cents on the dollar almost at one rush.

The authority already quoted says: Not only in regard to maintaining gold payments, but in prompt resort to taxa-tion, Japanese statesmen have shown themselves more enlightened than those of America forty-five years ago. The fig-ures presented above, showing an annual public revenue in Japan equal to twice that of the United States in 1860, shows how resolutely and fearlessly the policy has been pursued of raising war funds b taxation instead of relying exclusively upon loans. Such a policy is worth many times the funds which it actually brings to the Treasury, because of the proof it affords of the energy and good faith of the Government. * * The returns the Government. The returns of commerce, banking operations and clearings in Japan indicate that industry has been very little deranged by the war, and that the country is more than able for many months to come to maintain in the field of finance the wonderful pres-tige which she has won upon the field of

battle and upon the sea. Japan has a large reserve for her loans ready for use, if necessary, to prolong the war. She has a patriotic and united people ready to pay and to fight for their country. And a nation that acts as one man is a nation not easily beaten. Japan is not winded yet.

According to computations made by Mr. Arthur Harris in an inquiry into national finances the annual expenditure of the principal powers is, in round numbers, as follows: £291,000,000 United Kingdom ... 179,750,000

142,609,000

German Empire ... Austria-Hungary 111,203,000 69.861,000 The public debts of the principal nations are given as follows: France £1,172,360,000 656,574,000 Austria-Hungary 590,944,000 510,501,000 387,000,000 Argentina Portugal 177,192,000

The proportion which the public debt ears to the estimated national capital, a knowledge of which is necessary to an understanding of what the figures indicate, is said to be:

Spain and Portugal 29 per cent Russia 27 per cent. Austria-Hungary 17 per cent. 6 per cent United Kingdom Norway and Sweden The great railway companies are

temperance on this continent. At a banquet in Buffalo the other evening Mr. C. J. Phillips, Superintendent of the Buffalo division of the Lackawanna, said the time was when a railroad company paid little attention to the lives of its employees, especially when they were off duty. "But time and experience" he said. "has demonstrated the necessity of corporaoriginally intended to make a complete tions taking cognizance of employees, not only when they are on duty, but off duty as well. The habits of a man when he is off duty determine largely his efficlassification. He expresses surprise at ciency when he is on duty. The engineer,

mong the greatest factors that tend to

While Russia is down waiting to be de- steady in his habits is a man who makes clared out, Japan is hardly winded, and costly mistakes, he said. In this way the shows an astonishing power of endurance railway companies are doing more effective temperance work than some of our temperance societies or churches.

Mr. Bryce, in opening the Manor Park Free Library, which is part of Mr. Carnegie's gift to East Ham, England, said:

There was no better way of providing for pleasure in this life than by cultivating the taste and habit of reading books. The taste and habit of reading books was one of the purest pleasures—it was one of the most enduring pleasures, it was a pleasure which lasted through life, a pleasure which none of the vicis-situdes of life could destroy and a pleasure which afforded a solace and a refuge among those vexations and which life brought to them all.

The young man who spends his winter evenings kicking his heels at street corners or playing pool or in some other useless way, would find it much to his advantage were he to cultivate a taste for such pleasures as are to be derived "The United States in 1865 not only had from reading books. A man can have

That Sir William Wallace still lives in the hearts of the Scottish people is ple asembled at Robroyston, near Glascommemorate his betrayal, which occurering was held under the auspices of the Scottish Patriotic Association, and stirring speeches were delivered. Resolutions were adopted expressing satisfaction at the action taken by the Convention of Royal Burghs in pressing upon the atten-tion of the educational authorities the necessity of having Scottish history taught adequately in the schools, and de-ploring the apathy of most Scottish members of Parliament in regard to the national rights and honor of Scotland.

Wireless telegraphy has already beome a commercial enterprise. According to a Parliamentary report reprinted by the Telegraph Age, 111 messages were received by the British Post Office in January, February and March of this year for transmission by wireless telegraphy to ships at sea. In the same nonths the post office received from ships 1.655 messages. The total receipts from this branch of the empire's telegraph business were £74.

Labouchere says we eat too much; fasting, he believes to be the remedy for most human ills. But we are not all Tanners or Sacchos, and starvation and heavy manual labor do not agree well.

Good crops in the Northwest and good crops in Ontario. The farmer is

A Great African Republic Coming?

Already the colored man is a formidable force in the game of party politics in one-and the oldest -South African colony. The native vote in this colony has become so large, and the natives are pressing their numeral advantage so strongly, that the whites have already raised the quection of a suffrage limitation to save themselves from political this expedient will not save them. The ulation of Cape Colony, including the population of Cape Colony, including the territories is, in round numbers, 1,200,-000, and the white population 377,000. Day by day the power of the native grows. The gate of the political arena stands wide open to him, and he is not slow to enter. The negroes everywhere are a remarkably fecund race, and they are increasing relatively, much faster than the whites. Africa is first of all the black man's country, and all tha congenial environment of a native habitat can do to help him in his struggle upward

are there present.

To all other influences now tending to the development of the negro to a higher social and political rank must be add ed the force of education, For in South Africa, as in this country, the negroes "take" to education with remarkable readiness and success. According to the Cape government educational report published three months ago, the actual number of children receiving education in the public schools of the col-ony at the end of last year was 91,313 colored and 60,849 white. The natives are awakening from the slumber of cen turies and there is no more remarkable feature of this awakening than their almost insatiable thirst for knowledge Cape Colony and the territories are literally covered with native schools, the territories alone having several hundreds. These schools are manned very largely by native teachers who have passed one or other of the Cape University questifying examinations, and who display lack of intelligence in their work.

All this means, in brief, and in plain language, that South Africa is surely destined at not distant day to come der native rule, to be governed by ne-groes for negroes. Attempts at disenfranchisement and limitations of the suffrage will only hasten the day of negro supremacy.—Norman Notwood, in Leslie's Weekly.

Recklessness on Railroads.

A train comes plunging along and finds that the draw is open; "the air brakes refuse to work," and a slaughter follows. It is plain that culpability here is deep. It is simply criminal recklessness that will permit a railroad to be so run that it is possible under any circumstances for a train to approach a drawbridge without coming first to a full stop—and this not merely in the volition of the engineman in the strictness of company orders, but as a matter of never drinks or eats to excess, comes on duty with a clear brain, seldom ever makes a mistake in the discharge of his duty." The man who is irregular or until the first had stopped in full view.