as in constant communhe subject, and Delane ion with the greatest ughness. But what we olumes is any adequate any notice-of Delane's leading men of science. ort of scientific developould seem a little daze great society in which we are rather satiated, e, by pages of extracts ined day after day with he marquis of that, and rds and ladies. All that business, and he did it have spared a good deal lic told how he followed of that brilliant scientito call due attention to rance of science in the sh association, took care ndered, at least in public Faraday, Tyndall, and above all, supported the eing made in the science was an intimate friend whose privy council reion of the improvements hich have conferred such country. It was Delane one else, ensured that be paid to those reports, ction should be taken on too, to find no notice ecclesiastical affairs, in he most moderate and the Church. The book, marks of haste-once or unconscious repetition ons. But still, on the ader may obtain from it a w of the character which t in the life of this counears of the most brilliant ria's reign.

lude, however, without for lifting the veil, with the home life of the man the world only as the short note reveals, the ed life. "Owing to a deng the happiness of the , and Mrs. Delane was nusband after a few years placed under medical he was wedded to his art of the secret of his life brief reference. His dois with his mother and arly beautiful glimpse is his devotion to his molation when she died. We usiest time of his life not t his writing to her, and letter to her (p. 197, vol. st touching things in the diary at the close of 1869 a touch of true human al notice of a man whose held in affection in this ieve, in high honor in the fe. "This year," he says, spect a most melancholy naterial respects I have ankful for. The death of er a short illness was a h in the course of nature, prepared. I seem to have for living-so much was as I thought might please into account in anything dy now cares about me or tives, and that weariness It has been gaining on me In this frame of mind weary both of work and out society, and with faillacrimae rerum-tears

Labor

things as these.

ing-machine, and a woman her task of making shirts for r husband. re two rooms, occupied by five and four boarders.
home of this woman in and the very village from comes. I know the clean atched cottage, the broad, reet, and the waving poppy-k of the house; and I ask, k of the house; and I ask, are you getting along on Hill?" This is the woman's "Chala Bohu dobre." Thank y well. I have never seen a autiful and grateful smile pass face, and have never heard a which more fully suggested m"; but suddenly her face lark; she hears the noise of horses and the hearing of horses, and the beating gainst the rocky street. "The ce! O Virgin Mother, pro!" she cries; for the ambul s at her door, and they bring ngled body of her husband. a funeral a feast, and after a glorious spree. The sal-lot only outnumber the they outnumber the stores, churches, undertakers' shops, hills combined, and a man ake a living by picking up the There are enough empty ne creek in the spring, when not becomes strong enough to way through the coze and o one on Whisky Hill tries the hurt of it to his bank ac-o his body, to his chances of alive out of the mine.

Stranger Than Fiction—An Imprisoned Banker

HE case of M. Henri Rochette, the the purpose of obtaining information about the who had accompanied her, were permitted to imprisoned Paris banker, continues to attract much interest, and fresh sensations are of almost daily occurrence. Complications continue to arise and instead of gettnig simpler

the matter is getting more complex. A sensation has been created by the fact that, of course, without the faintest sign of what was coming, a dozen magistrates and police officials were sent to pay surprise visits to various financial establishments with which Rochette was believed to have had dealings. The examining magistrate who is conducting the investigation into the affair was curious to ascertain the precise character of these business relations, and, as may readily be imagined, these visits and searches produced quite an impression at the Bourse. It seems that the step had been decided on owing to a certain report which was presented a few days ago by an official who is well versed in financial matters. In this report various banks and other establishments were indicated as having, as was suspected, been engaged in suspicious transactions with Rochette. So the Palais de Justice acted accordingly. This new departure was the topic of considerable discussion and controversy, it being argued by different critics that the legality of the measure was open to question. As a matter of fact, any amount of latitude is given in such cases to the judicial and police authorities.

Among the gossip which is inevitable on these occasions may be mentioned mysterious allusions to a couple of politicians, who are alleged to have known too much of what was going on. These very vague insinuations, strange as it may appear, are giving rise to a good deal of curious speculation. A former friend of Rochette is described as having said that in his opinion action would soon be taken against a certain number of financiers, as it seemed clear that the fact that Rochette's arrest had been decided on was known to some before the event took place, and that they turned their secret information to profitable account. This person added that he suspected that fully a dozen had "the tip," and had given it to others for a substantial consideration. But all this is, so far, mere gossip.

Callers continue to be frequent at the Franco-Spanish Bank and at the Credit Minier, but the great majority simply go there for

A Touching Meeting

Rochette continues to clamor for a release of a few hours so that he can meet his shareholders, but the examining magistrate firmly declines to grant his request. "You are to remain in prison," he exclaimed in reply to Rochette's last vehement appeal. It was in vain that the financier argued that there was nothing to justify his detention in custody, adding that he wanted to know immediately the facts on which the accusations brought against him were based. Why was he not questioned at once if these charges were really serious? As the examining magistrate kept on postponing his interrogation, while constantly ordering further searches, it looked as if he was seeking, said Rochette, for some justification of his arrest. "I know my business, and do not need you to teach it to me," was the magistrate's answer, and it put an end to the argument.

Rochette has seen his wife. A young woman of elegant appearance, and very tastefully dressed, was waiting about in the lobby outside the examining magistrate's office, at the Palais of Justice, when suddenly Rochette appeared, escorted by two municipal guards, and before they could intervene she had flung herself into his arms with the cry, "My poor husband!" Rochette embraced her tenderly, and they clung to each other weeping for a while, for the municipal guards, like the kindhearted men that they are, did not interfere, although it was distinctly against the rules, as the examining magistrate had given strict orders that Rochette should not be allowed to communicate with any one. But even the magistrate was moved. It so happened that he came across the couple as he was leaving his office to confer with the public prosecutor. He started when he beheld Rochette and his wife clinging to each other, and mingling their tears; but an instant later he walked on as if he had not perceived them, smoking his cigarette, and probably meditating on the steadfast affection which the financier, in spite of his trouble, retains among all who know him-family, employees, and even shareholders.

Madame Rochette was able to have a quarter of an hour's conversation with her husband, and towards its close two of his cousins,

join them and to take part in it. Rochette was then led into the magistrate's office for another interview with him; while his wife, after drying her eyes, took her departure with their two relatives.

A Romantic Story

London Truth has an interesting sketch of Rochette from its Paris correspondent, who

The career of M. Rochette, now in La Sante prison, but ten days back an aspirant to high presentations at Biarritz, is one that no novelist with a care for probability could have brought into the main chapters of a work of fiction. I hear him spoken of as a Napoleon in the financial sphere, but object to the epithet as misleading, on the ground that he gave no evidence of genius, and has been chiefly remarkable for gumption, push, daring, and excessive sharpness in selling at high prices rotten paper yclept scrip and shares. His being a pattern man in his home life ought not too much to influence one's judgment or turn attention from the fact that his ethics, as proved in his career, are rather below those of the fox that plunders the poultry yard, or of the wolves that chase the traveller across the Russian steppe. I am not aware that fox

ever preys on fox, or that wolf ever eats wolf.
What is so remarkable in Rochette is the speed with which he emptied the pockets of his fellow-men of, at a very moderate computation, six millions of pounds sterling. He attained this result in three years and four months, during which time he has been going on from one bubble to another, and finding the means of inflation and flotation in the typewritten circular, the press, and the showy as-

pect of his different banks. Rochette is the son of a small farmer near Melun, in which neighborhood, by the way, the country chateau of Mme. Humbert lies. Mme. Rochette mere took daily milk, eggs, and garden stuff in a little wagon to Melun for house-to-house sale. The whole family had a good name, but nothing above the com-The sons went to the public school of Melun. There the one now in La Sante rose above his fellows as a bright, willing lad, and a good scholar, getting quickly through the standards. In the last year he had risen to the post of monitor, which entitled him to twelve months' extra instruction, and would

have opened to him a high government school had he been in less haste to follow his vocation, which was to make money and see life away from the parental farm. To this end he, though his wife's family now denies it, against the affirmation of all Melun and much particular evidence, obtained the place of buttons in the Hotel de la Gare. There he beat all the touts in drawing strangers to that hotel. The touts, porters, and cabbies combined against the wide awake youth to make his situation too hot for him to keep it. He became a hair-dresser's assistant. Obliging ways-a victory of his head over his natural humor-quickness, address in giving the hair and beard of a customer the right cut, made him a favorite. In the face of a denial from his wife's family, M. Mauvrier, a grocer at Melun, asserts that Rochette served him as salesman and then in helping to keep the accounts. He left it to serve his three years in the army. There he became secretary and accountant to the colonel, and on the sly turned a penny in furnishing articles on military subects and local gossip to a journal of the town where his regiment was quartered. He also wrote a little farcial play for the soldier to act on the name-day of the colonel, and thereby won high favor with the wives of the officers. Beginning of His Fortune

He left the army with a good character and returned to Melun. A miserly aunt left him, because she thought him the member of her family best qualified to render her legacy fruitful, her whole fortune of 56,000 francs. This called into play the faculties that led him so soon to fortune. The young Camille studied the subject of investments, consulted with bank clerks, notaries' clerks at cafes, with notaries and avoues in their offices, and then determined to place it at low interest and go to Paris to live on what he could earn, investing all the interest. He did make money, and saw how peasants deal with their savings in running after high interest. One of the cafes, known as Le Magot, or the little hoard-the proverbial hoard of the old stocking-is near Mouffetard, and frequented by country folks who come into town with the products of their gardens, poultry yards, and patches of ground. Rochette left this Magot to serve in another with the same nickname near the Madeleine market, and in the centre of the big alimentary shops of La Rive Droite. To

complete his education, into which mineralogy has never entered, or civil engineering, he joined a shorthand and typewriting class, and also availed himself of the tuition by correspondence, which the "Commercial Pigier University" affords. The tale of his falling in there with a beautiful young typewriter, the daughter of poor but honest parents-a floor polisher and a femme de menage-is a fiction, probably to excite interest. He did not court any young lady who studied at this "University" long, and pour le bon motif. He only thought of marrying when he had an immediate prospect of fortune. The match was made up in the usual French manner by friends. Mme. Rochette belongs to the minor bourgeoisie. Her father gave her a dot of ten thousand francs. She had been educated in a convent, had fine eyes, good features, an interesting face, musical tastes and talents, and so captivated Rochette at first sight that he never since has had eyes to see good looks in any other woman.

At the time of his marriage he had been secretary to a financier whose bank came to grief. Rochette had directed the section concerned in mines, la publicite connected with that section, and had learned the ins and outs of Bourse business at an outside broker's. He had gone on a financial tour in Spain with his banking principal. No doubt he then learned the magnificently irresponsible situation in that country of the directors of financial companies. He would have also heard much talk about the underground wealth of Spain, the mines of copper that, with capital, could not rival Rio Tinto; the zinc, the coal, and even the tin mines that lie hidden away in Galicia.

At any rate, the ideas he picked up made him, when the bank in question foundered, set about saving from the wreck L'Industrie Miniere section. A certain M. de la Fremoise believed in him, and in advancing what money he wanted to float, in 1904, Le Credit Minier (capital 5,500,000 fr.), set Rochette's foot in the stirrup. He has since been proving his faith by assisting him with sums making a total of nearly a quarter of a million sterling, and embracing his and his mother's entire fortunes. They still regard Rochette as the victim of vile jealousies, intrigues, and resentment at his attempts to "bear" the Petit Journal shares in order to become the directing

A Hero of the Mutiny

EVIEWING the memoirs of Fieldthe London Times says:

When Sir Henry Norman lay dy-

Barlow asked him what service he regarded as vice order and various changes that worried the his country. Norman replied, "Without doubt, at the siege of Delhi." There can be no question that he spoke the simple truth. Sir Henry Norman's services were many and varied, but he will always be best remembered as the young lieutenant who played so great a part in the siege wherein the fortunes of England in India more than once trembled in the balance. He was only thirty-one when he was thrust into the post of adjutant-general of the Delhi Field Force, but he was thrice worthy of the confidence reposed in him. Like so many of the soldiers who figured in the epic of the Ridge, he developed great qualities in a great emergency. Truly India bred men in those stormy days, and among them there was no more modest, knightwarrior than Henry Norman. Yet Delhi, though the greatest episode, was still only an episode in a long career. He had already fought at Chilianwala and Gujaret, in several frontier expeditions, and in the Santal rebellion. He was at the relief and capture of Lucknow, and continued in the field until the close of the Mutiny oprations. In later years fate called him to forsake the sword for the pen, and he had a large share in the task of reorganizing the Indian army. He was governor of Jamaica and Queensland, and refused the great office of viceroy of India. He had the unique ionor to be promoted to the rank of field-

narshal when he had been forty years in civil employ, and none deserved it better than the brave old soldier who had fought in scores of actions. But the glamor and the dramatic interest of his Mutiny services clung about him to the end, and Sir William Lee-Warner has very wisely devoted the greater part of his admirable memoir to those tragic, glorious years. The story is very simply told, exactly as Norman would have wished it to be. The book is a record, and not a eulogy. There was no need to rhapsodize over a career so admirable and so honorable. Sir William Lee-Warner, so far as possible, lets the facts speak for themselves, and in this respect is an entirely adequate piographer. No long adventitious comments are necessary to enhance the burning interest i the great siege, as revealed afresh in Norman's hurried but vivid letters to his wife.

Although Sir Henry Norman had been soldiering for thirteen years in India when the Mutiny broke out, although he had seen much ighting, although he was a zealous, able officer who had the confidence of his native troops, although the native officers of his regiment aguely warned him of what was coming, yet had no suspicion of the truth. It is a pecu-

liarity of most Englishmen in India, which has Marshal Sir Henry Wylie Norman, not disappeared today, that they are both to G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., just issued, read signs of trouble. Very often it is not that they are unable to do so, but that they are unwilling. Norman in after years attributed the ing in Chelsea hospital, Sir Thomas Mutiny to three causes-first, the general serlly, the annexation of Oudh: thirdly, political intrigue; "the three causes together creating a spirit of discontent that flared up when the new cartridges gave rise to the cry that the Indian faiths were assailed." William Lee-Warner shrewdly remarks that some of the influences which led to that catastrophe are liable to recur." We may add that the lack of prescience which marked the British administration immediately before the Mutiny is equally liable to be reproduced today. Not many years ago an exalted Indian official cabled home in all good faith that a certain great city was thoroughly peaceful; and within twentyfour hours guns were being trained down its

The prominent part which Norman played in the changes in command before Delhi has not hitherto been generally known. When he saw that General Reed was too ill to continue in command, he took the serious responsibility of sending his views in a letter, written in French, to Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore. Of course the letter was never delivered, but he also telegraphed and wrote to General Gowan at Lahore, who consented to assume military command in the Upper Provinces. The problem of the command of the Delhi field force still remained, and it was Norman who had the courage to sugest to Reed that the next two senior officers should be passed over, and the control of the force given to Archdale Wilson. Sir William Lee-Warner offers a strong vindication of Wilson's abilities, mainly on Norman's own testiony. Norman afterwards wrote:

"He (Wilson) first organized our defensive arrangements so that we ceased to have profitless and useless control in the suburbs, and then initiated arrangements for an active siege, so that on the arrival of a siege train we were in a position to assault, did assault, and captured Delhi. This involved a strain upon his mind and body at a time when he was in very had health. Above all, he inspired a confidence in the troops that was most needed at this

Norman's evidence is in very significant disproof of the popular belief that a council of war was held, at which was discussed the question whether or no any assault should be made. According to him, the famous "council" was simply the usual gathering to explain the plans of attack and allot posts. Norman apparently held, and Sir William Lee-Warner evidently agrees with him, that Nicholson's dying threat was based upon vague camp rumor. The records left by Norman state that, although he was constantly near General Wilson, he "never

heard him breathe a word about retiring." At the same time, it seems clear that there was a period when Wilson needed stiffening. It is admitted that he wrote to Sir John Lawrence that unless speedily reinforced, this force will soon be so reduced by casualties and sickness that nothing will be left but a retreat to Karnal." The letter was sent off before Norman saw it. When he was shown a copy, he at once pointed out to Wilson "the fearful effect that would be produced by our falling back," and urged that re-treat was impossible. The general acquiesced after a short conversation. Norman subsequently took the view that Wilson simply used strong language in order to induce Lawrence, who at that time did not fully appreciate the difficulties before Delhi, to send all the aid he could. Sir William Lee-Warner speaks of Wilson's letter as a "rhetorical suggestion." We think the balance of evidence, especially of Norman's conversation with Wilson, shows that it was something more, but at the most was probably a momentary weakness. If the fear expressed in the letter to Lawrence was not real, it is a fresh proof of the danger of writing what one does not mean; for it has always cast an unfortunate blemish on Wilson's reputation. On another incident about which there has been much contention, Sir Henry Norman's views are of great interest. He believed that Hodson shot the three princes "because he believed they deserved death, and was apprehensive if he brought them in alive their lives might be spared." He stated bluntly that he did not believe there was a menacing crowd at Humayun's Tomb, and that Hodson "did what I think in the highest degree wrong"; but he made generous acknowledgement of his fine qualities as a soldier. One is tempted to linger over these records of the Delhi days, because they, after all, must always constitute Sir Henry Norman's strongest claim to the grateful remembrance of his countrymen. His own steadfast spirit never faltered. He never doubted what the issue would be. During the dreary weeks of waiting for the siege train he wrote to his wife at Simla:

"We shall go successfully through the business, and be stronger in India than we were before. . . I have never ceased to feel entire confidence that Providence would help us through if we helped ourselves and kept stout hearts, and we shall live to quietly look back on times such as the world never saw in our age, and probably may never see again."

He returned to England a brevet lieutenantcolonel and a Campanion of the Bath, and was invited to dine and sleep at Windsor while still regimentally a lieutenant in a Sepoy regi-It was at this time that the Duke of Cambridge first honored him with a friendship and esteem which was never afterwards withheld. Though Norman never again saw active service, so competent a judge as Lord Roberts believed that he had "many of the qualities needed in a great soldier." Sir William Lee-Warner deals concisely with his later years, though discussing in sufficient detail his long period of work in the Indian secretariat.

A Reverent Skepticism

CONSIDERABLE time ago (at far too early an age, in fact) I read Voltaire's up to the sky. We can imagine these two friends, the old man and the young, wandertraditional purity of Joan of Arc, very I began to turn over the leaves of the new companion that this also might be made to 'Jeanne d'Arc," by that great and graceful writer, Anatole France. It is written in a tone of tender sympathy, and a sort of sad reverence; it never loses touch with a noble tact and courtesy, like that of a gentleman escorting a peasant girl through the modern crowd. It is invariably respectful to Joan, and even respectful to her religion. And being myself a furious ad-mirer of Joan the Maid, I have reflectively compared the two methods, and I come to the conclusion that I prefer Voltaire's.

When a man of Voltaire's school has to explode a saint or a great religious hero, he says that such a person is a common human fool, or a common human fraud. But when a man like Anatole France has to explode a saint, he explains a saint as somebody belonging to his particular fussy little literary set. Voltaire read human nature into Joan of Are, though it was only the brutal part of human nature. At least it was not specially Voltaire's nature. But M. France read M. France's nature into Joan of Arc-all the cold kindness, all the homeless sentimentalism of the modern literary man. There is one book that is recalled to me with startling vividness, though I have not seen the matter mentioned anywhere; Renan's "Vie de lesus." It has just the same general intention; that if you do not attack Christianity, you can at least patronize it, My own instinct, apart from my opinions, would be quite the other way. If I disbelieved in Christianity, I should be the loudest blasphemer in Hyde Park.

And I must say that the historical method eems to me excessively unreasonable. I have no knowledge of history, but I have as much knowledge of reason as Anatole France. And, if anything is irrational, it seems to me that the Renan-France way of dealing with miraculous stories is irrational. The Renan-France method is simply this: you explain supernatural stories that have some foundation. Suppose that you are confronted with the statement that Jack climbed up the beanstalk into the sky. It is perfectly philosophical to reply that you do not think that he did. It is (in my opinion) even more losophical to reply that he may very prohably have done so. But the France method is to write like this: "When we consider Jack's curious and even perilous heredity, which no doubt was derived from a female green-grocer and a profligate priest, we can easily understand how the ideas of heaven and a beanstalk came to be combined in his mind. Moreover, there is little doubt that he must have met some wandering conjurer from India, who told him about the

ing in the woods together at evening, lookdirty, and very funny. I had not ing at the red and level clouds, as on that thought of it again for years, but it night when the old man pointed to a small scale the heavens. And then, when we remember the quite exceptional psychology of Jack, when we remember how there was in him a union of the prosaic, the love of plain vegetables, with an almost irrelevant eagerness for the unattainable, for invisibility and the void, we shall no longer wonder that it was to him especially that was sent this sweet, though merely symbolic, dream of the tree uniting earth and heaven." That is the way that Renan and France write, only they do it better. But, really, a rationalist like myself becomes a little impatient and feels inclined to say, "But hang it all, what do you know about the heredity of Jack or the psychology of Jack?" You know nothing about Jack at all, except that some people say that he climbed up a beanstalk. Nobody would ever have thought of mentioning him if he hadn't. You must interpret him in terms of the beanstalk religion; you cannot merely interpret religion in terms of him. We have the materials of this story, and we can believe them or not. But we have not got the materials to make another story." It is no exaggeration to say that this is the

manner of M. Anatole France in dealing with Joan of Arc. Because her miracle is incredible to his somewhat old-fashioned materialism, he does not therefore dismiss it and her to fairyland with Jack and the beanstalk. He tries to invent a real story, for which he can find no real evidence. He produces a scientific explanation which is quite destitute of any scientific proof. It is as if I (being entirely ignorant of botany and chemistry) said that the beanstalk grew to the sky because nitrogen and argon got into the sub-sidiary ducts of the corolla. To take the most obvious example, the principal character in M. France's story is a person who never existed at all. All Joan's wisdom and energy, it seems, came frm a certain priest, of whom there is not the tiniest trace in all the multitudinous records of her life. The only foundation I can find for this fancy is the highly undemocratic idea that a peasant girl could not possibly have any ideas of her own. It is very hard for a freethinker to remain democratic. The writer seems altogether to forget what is meant by the moral atmosphere of a community. To say that Joan must have learned her vision of a virgin overthrowing evil from a priest, is like saying that some modern girl in London, pitying the poor, must have learnt it from a labor member. She would learn it where the labor member learnt it-in the whole state of our society.-London Illustrated News.