

speaking as a naturalized citizen of the land he lives in, this clever Scottish-Canadian-American says:—

Another thing which militates against the attractiveness of banking to ambitious young men in this country is the want of its general acknowledgment as a profession. We lead the world in railroad, in mechanical pursuits, in agricultural industry, in general business ability, but in financial skill we lag behind in the race for national supremacy.

This is equally apparent in our unscientific currency system, which casts the blighting breath of suspected instability over our entire financial fabric, and in the undeveloped condition of the banking profession.

We lead the world! Good. There is an adaptivity about this Scotch banker calculated to recall Max O'Rell's humorous allusion to Scotchmen as a people who keep the Sabbath and everything they can lay their hands upon.

Fashoda. As General Sir Herbert Kitchener declines to be accompanied in his journey to Fashoda by any war correspondents, we can only await with impatient interest the outcome of his meeting with the French expedition, reported to be in occupation of a place wanted by the British. That General Kitchener will permit any interference with his plans of conquest and advancement, is hardly likely. The latest news of the slaughter of the Khalifa's followers at Omdurman gives another illustration of the desperate courage and absolute fearlessness of the "first-class fightin' man," immortalized by Kipling in one of his Barrack-Room Ballads under the name of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." That the onward march of civilization and modern christianity should be obstructed by such warriors is a subject for regret; but, if the building of a railroad from the Cape to Cairo compels the Soudan Expeditionary force to remove ten thousand of these living obstacles to progress, it is somewhat comforting to learn that the "pore benighted 'eathen," upon whom Tommy Atkins lavishes admiring sympathy, relieves the latter of some of the burden of his sin in killing him by always figuring as the attacking party. Perhaps, if the following stirring tribute to bravery was translated into Soudanese, it might be the means of converting Fuzzy Wuz and Atkins into a mutual admiration society, and save further bloodshed in the land of Egypt:

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 's ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' 'ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the only thing that does 'nt care a damn
For the Regiment o' British Infantrie.

So 'ere s' to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Sowdan;

You 're a poor benighted 'eathen but a first-
class fightin' man;

An' 'ere s' to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—

You big black boundin' beggar—for you bruk
a British square.

Dreyfus. All the figures in fiction fade into insignificance before this ex-officer of the French army. The latest information furnished by the bulletin boards of newspapers, engaged in tracing the whereabouts of Dreyfus, state that he is likely to be shot as the result of an outbreak among the convicts at Cayenne. As he has already been located in South America by an English writer of novels, his substitute at the French penal settlement is in dire danger. Wherever he may be and whatever may have been his crime, it is absolutely certain that, if he is ever restored to freedom and his family, a sure and certain means of fortune is awaiting him. He has only to make a tour of England and America, telling the true story of his life and adventures, with an absolutely unimpeachable certificate of birth, and with Zola, as bankers say, to "identify" him as the real Prisoner of Devil's Island, and gold, untold gold, will be at his disposal.

In the meantime, unhappy France is torn asunder by conflicting opinions of the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus, and the vexed question seems likely to remain unanswered until "the last great bugle call," causes French prisons and graveyards to give up the victims of this singular conspiracy to final judgment.

The Chinese Puzzle Solved. Since the days when Bret Harte rhymed about the dark ways and vain tricks of the Heathen Chinee, and rose to explain why he regarded them as peculiar, the land of Ah Sin has been in a chronic state of turmoil and confusion. But, startled by rebellion in different parts of his dominion, and perpetually puzzled and perplexed by the demands of European nations for a piece of his territory, the Emperor of China has at last issued a series of special proclamations to his subjects, and his will is to be made known, like the Roman edictal law, by posters and royal messengers. The most important of these edicts will inform three hundred millions of people, scattered over rather more than one-twelfth part of the entire land surface of the globe, that their Emperor is beginning to regard western civilization as superior to the condition of things in his dominion. He intends to establish a postal service throughout the empire, a measure of radical reform which will enable dwellers in distant Mongolia and Manchuria to know what is transpiring on the shores of the China Sea, and the traders of Tibet and Turkestan to correspond with their countrymen who live along the borderland of independent Corea. Another edict makes it possible for any Chinaman with a grievance to memorialize the throne, a privilege hitherto accorded only to the few; and still another proclamation commands that monthly accounts be rendered to the government of the receipts and expenditures everywhere, and that these accounts be actually published. Li Hung Chang's occupation of rolling up a fabulous fortune is evidently gone forever if this new policy of the Chinese ruler is ad-