

1899 the Republic made more than double as much as the Monarchy, the figures being 10,639,957 and 5,000,000 tons respectively, an eight-fold increase for Britain and fifty-three fold for the Republic, and almost 40 per cent. of all the steel made in the world, which was 27,000,000 tons. Industrial history has nothing to show comparable to this.

Much has been heard of the smartness of American ironfounders in completing work, and it has been said, as an excuse for placing contracts with them, that British firms could not produce the work wanted in time. This contention has been stoutly denied, and very rightly, as the construction of a West African bridge in record-breaking time by a British Midland firm shows. The bridge is to carry the Lagos and Coomassie railway over a tributary of the Niger at Abeokuta. It is an enormous steel structure 520 feet long, built in six spans, three of 100 feet each and three of 60 feet. In addition to carrying the railway across the river, it provides a footbridge on each side of the line. The contract was placed by the Crown agents with the Widnes Foundry Company on November 10, and within an hour from the time the order was placed the steel was being rolled for the bridge, the time allowed for its completion being nine weeks. The importance of turning out the work in so limited a period is readily gathered from the fact that the railway staff and a small army of natives are waiting to proceed with its erection, which must be done before the rainy season comes on. Within the specified contract time the task has been accomplished to the satisfaction of the Crown agents' inspecting engineers. The Widnes Foundry Company has thus performed what is admittedly a wonderful achievement. The first three spans were completed and erected on the foundry premises on January 10, and on the 15th the remaining three spans were ready, thirty waggons was requisitioner to convey the various sections of the bridge to Liverpool for transshipment to the steamship Jebba, of the Elder Dempster line, which recently sailed for West Africa.

MARK TWAIN'S BEGGING LETTER.

Begging letters by the hundreds are addressed to Andrew Carnegie daily. A few days ago the iron king received this original missive:

"My Dear Carnegie—I see by the daily papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; it costs \$1.50. If you will send me this hymn book I will bless you, God will bless you and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly, Mark Twain."

"P.S.—Don't send the hymn book, send the \$1.50."—Chicago Chronicle.

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MOTIVES—CONCLUDED.

Written for the Outlook by W. F. P.

Said a rural orator with a glass eye who was promoting before a committee of a Provincial Legislature a water bill for his village: "I am here with an eye single to the public good." And so he was. But he had in his pocket a provisional appointment on the proposed water works of a modestly remunerative character.

A suggestive phase of such a discussion as this presents itself when we reflect that it is a matter of common observation to find that one who performs some action worthy and even laudable in itself may obtain credit for a motive as praiseworthy as his conduct; whereas he is in reality actuated only by an object or desire that is base and even sordid. Here we classify our Pecksniff, our common fraud, our man of hypocritical pretence. To take an illustration. Walking on the levee at New Orleans, a gentleman from the North observed an old negro and a little negro boy fishing. Suddenly the boy lost his balance and fell into the water, where he would undoubtedly have been drowned had not the old man coolly and deliberately dived after him and brought the child ashore on his back. The two returned to their sport at once, as if nothing had happened. The gentleman, approaching the pair, warmly and eloquently congratulated the old man upon his heroism and promptitude; enquired his name and circumstances and about the boy; and then he suggested that through the press he would call the attention of the public to what he had seen so that steps might be taken to suitably reward the brave rescuer of a drowning child. The old negro, when he had taken time to recover from his evident amazement, replied: "Now, look heah, boss, what's all dis you'se given' us 'bout dis heah boy? I don' see no 'casion fur yo' remarks' 'bout dis boy 'tall. I never dun tink nuffin' 'bout de boy. He had *de bait* in his pocket!"

Why does Jones so regularly and devoutly attend yonder fashionable church, forsaking the creed and faith of his fathers? Why, that church has *de bait* in its pocket.—social advancement for the social climber, to wit. Why has Brown, the young and ambitious lawyer, turned his coat and become so zealous a heeler for the political party that for the time holds the reins of power? Is it the party of progress, purity and a sane fiscal policy, say you. No, my son. The governing party has *de bait* in its pocket, some small office, no doubt, or some promise of preferment.

Why does that otherwise reputable citizen pass by various and excellent tailoring establishments of his fellow citizens and laboriously wend his way to the noisome purlieus of Chinatown, carrying his self-imported cloth to get his nakedness covered at the hands of the heathen? He would, says one, thus lend a hand to help a struggling down-trodden stranger up the rugged path of life, and so advance