

Congo Free State, writing in *The Century* on this subject says:—"Who will be ultimately successful in this scramble for the Upper Nile? I say most emphatically, England, although France seemed to have a temporary advantage in the occupation of Fashoda. This occupation England cannot and will not permit to remain permanent. From the point of view of commerce and progress it would be preferable for this vast territory to be under the indirect control of England. Her possessions are never encumbered with large numbers of military and civil officials, and she does everything in her power to foster and develop trade on strict lines of partiality to none. With England at the head of affairs in this benighted country, there can be no doubt but it will develop its resources in a comparatively short time." Mr. Mohun was correct in his conjecture as to who would ultimately rule over this disputed territory. Already the English and Egyptian Governments have agreed to appoint a joint directorate over the Soudan, subject to the approval of the Privy Council. It is then readily apparent that France is not even holding her own, but rather going back. In *The Contemporary Review* appears an anonymous letter, in which France is summed up in the following words:—"So far as one can ascertain by a careful study of the intellectual, political and religious movements of the last hundred years, there is not the faintest trace of any ennobling principle, of any sublime ideal or even of any glorious aspirations which can be pointed out as French by origin, or even by adoption." While this may appear a rather pessimistic view or summing up of the condition of France, yet we cannot help but recognize and acknowledge the truth in the statement. What the outcome of this diplomatic struggle—for, so far it has been only a diplomatic struggle—will be it is hard to tell, we only know that many of the leading ministers in the French Chamber of Deputies are advocating a peace policy with England, and warning the French people to consider well before they act. England, as is her custom, is acting slowly but surely and seems to be outwitting France in every point of diplomacy. How long France will stand this is a very serious question, and one that time alone will answer.

We feel that there is some apology owed our readers for the late date at which this number of THE REVIEW has been issued. The reason for this is that the new board of editors was not elected till the middle of January after the term had opened, and consequently it was impossible to get our number out any earlier.

### THE MAN AND THE BEAST.

It was now about midday, as he could see from glimpses of the sun through the thick growth of trees; and, being worn and hungry, he unstrapped his pack and rested on a fallen tree; as he prepared his meal, he sang softly, and his voice was good to hear. He always sang the lightest and merriest songs he knew.

Suddenly he ceased singing and sprang to his feet, for he thought he caught the sound of voices—the first he had heard for a week or more. He was not mistaken, for soon there appeared on the trail, a short distance from him, two men, and it was evident from their get-up that they were miners. They paused for some time, staring at him, and uttered exclamations of surprise.

"Don't 'pear ter be in trouble," said one.

"'E seems to be 'avin' a little-picnic by 'isself in the woods," remarked the other.

"Well, shoot me dead if he ain't got no gun nor anythin', an' looks consumptive-like too."

And then they both advanced to inspect the lonely man more closely.

"Gold-dust an' nuggets! But it's a bloomin' parson! Say mister, who yer calc'latin' ter do about here anyways?" The lonely man's breeding came to the rescue, and enabled him to adapt himself to the situation, and he answered: "Don't know old man, but if I can do the distance in the next two days I'll be satisfied."

"Yer not headin' fer Cal Hardin's, are yer?"

"Yes."

"What fer, gold?"

"No; souls."

"Say, yonker, what yer givin' us? Guess yer must hev' slipped yer keeper. Cal don't count much on sky-pilots, they ain't no good fer trade, an' if he don't perforate yer', most like ther boys will. Yer gone clean mad if yer go without perlice-perfection, an' yer can't get that."

"Would you turn back if you had come all this distance?"

"Not if I was wishin' ter have my lights shoo'd out—Say sonny, I likes yer way, an' I hates ter think o' yer gettin' hurt, but I tells yer straight ther' ain't no souls ter get, an' ther' ain't no God 'cept dust, so finish yer snack an' come back with us."

"Will they shoot me at sight?"

"Might, if ther' on a bend, an' ther' might be an accident—that's what happened ther' last one, and besides, ther' language ain't perlite."

"How long will it take me to get there?"

"Well, if yer go's fast as we've come, yer 'bout due ther' terrormer night."

"Then this time the day after, I'll be dead, won't I?"

"Tangel-foot an' onions, you air a corker. An' yer still thinkin' o' goin'?"

"Yes, I guess I'll have to, old boy."

"Make haist, Pete, let the bloke go; 'e'll be a savin' of your soul if yer don't give 'im the go-by. It'll take us all we knows on to grub the bloomin' trail without more stops than needful."

"Well, young-un, yer dead game anyways, an' if yer won't come, yer won't, so here's t' yer!" And Pete, drawing out his flask, drank deeply.

The next minute the youthful minister was on the trail alone.

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There was an incident in old Jake's life which he was never tired of relating, and the boys often asked him to recount his experience, when they met at the "corners" for a smoke, after the day's work; and old Jake, seated on the counter with a short black clay in his mouth, after the customary persuasion, would hold forth in this wise:—

"Wall, boys, y'all knows I done time fer shootin' Dan Murphy when I war young; an' Dan knows if he war desarvin' or no. Wall, after they had cut me loose, I war what might be tarmed a hardened krimin'l, an' I makes tracks fer the toughest ranch I could find, an' I landed t' Cal Hardin's, an' Cal's war bad, th' warst I ever saw'd. No parson, lest he's seen a gambling-hell in a minin' camp, 's qualarfied t' know how bad 'twar. Yer see, up tar this thar warn't no parlice roun', and, far that reason, it war chuck full o' men's bad an' warse 'n I war.

"Cal's war located mor'n two hundred mile from any whars, an' the lan' war wild an' unbroken.

"Thar war no red tape 'bout th' law t' Cal's. Th' boys war thar own judges, an' th' iorns acted fer lawyars, an' when thar pleaded, it war sharp an' right to th' point, an' war 's a rule fatal, an' thar warn't no pryin' kurrinar t' be reckon'd on.

"We used to wark hard all day so's we could gambel an' drink nights. Draw-poker war th' game an' rank dope th' drink. Th' limit war high 's war th' price o' th' dope.

"One night we war all to Cal's, some playin', others watchin', all drinkin'; an' say, boys, since I quit swarin' it makes me shudder when I thinks o' th' talk t' Cal's.