

NEEDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

WHAT THE NEW COUNTRY REQUIRES MOST.

Boers Gave Kindly Welcome to Their Conqueror, Lord Roberts.

The long tour in South Africa from which Lord Roberts has just returned, though it was made in a strictly private capacity, may be of great educational value if the impressions which he there received are allowed to have due weight in our dealings with that part of the empire, says the London Standard.

It was in accordance with the best traditions of our race that the successful general should have been everywhere received with frank and sincere cordiality, even by men who had been sent to imprisonment and exile as the result of his victories. Once in the Free State he was driven over a long distance by the very man who, owing to his knowledge of English, translated Lord Roberts' messages to General Cronje in the laager at Paardeberg. This Boer, a Free Stater, and one of Cronje's stalwarts, who was imprisoned after the surrender, may be taken as typically representing the feelings of the present-day Dutch farmer.

WELCOME TO ROBERTS.

Long before the war was over he had recognized the hopelessness of the struggle, and now he is perfectly willing to live on good terms with the British, though he quite naturally put in a plea for representative government. He showed no animus nor was there a trace of any such feeling in the attitude of any of the fighting Boers, who welcomed Lord and Lady Roberts on their steps.

But Lord Roberts would be the first person to overrate the political significance of such a welcome. It is true that the power of the Bond is for the present largely extinguished; it is true that in Cape Colony, the pivotal section of the country, the Progressive Party has gained the upper hand. But there are still Dutch organs of the press in Cape Town, Bloemfontein and Portoria, ready to stir up strife; the preachers are as fond as ever of preaching sedition; and well-known Boer leaders in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony are not so anxious as they might be to assist the Government.

RAILWAYS FOR FARMERS.

The great hope, therefore, for the future lies in securing for the Boer farmer, who really wants peace, such an opening for his agricultural industry and such a consequent measure of prosperity that he will not be tempted through idleness or distress to listen to the voice of the predikant or the political agitator. The one practical method of obtaining this object is the rapid extension of railways.

The Dutch farmers are only too willing to extend their industry, but are sadly hampered in the matter of railway facilities. If the war has brought about no other good, it has taken many Boers abroad, and shown them how other countries are thriving. One prominent Boer has brought back the latest invention in machinery from America. He succeeded in getting a lower rate on the Natal Railway for his implements, but even then the cost of carriage from Natal to Ermelo was greater than the whole freight in America to the coast and from New York to Natal. Other farmers near the wayside stations cannot get their produce carried by the railway, which caters only for the through traffic. Cattle disease is also fatal to agricultural development in a country where there are few railways. At the present moment neither cattle nor mules are allowed to come into Pretoria from the Western Transvaal, and the Rustenburg farmers have to use donkeys as their sole means of transport.

ANOTHER REASON.

It is not too much to say that the whole future of the country depends upon the rapid extension of railways and the improvement of the existing service. If our Government would expend a few millions in construction, the capital sunk would return a rich harvest in peace and contentment. The great peace-making value of railways is well known in India, and more especially in Burma, where the extension of the line to Mandalay did more than anything else to get rid of dacoits. From the moment the work was taken in hand the unrest in the country began to vanish. The importance of railways is far greater in South Africa, since we have so much more at stake. For there is, not only the Boer question ever present with us; there is a danger well recognized in South Africa of a rising of the blacks against the scattered and comparatively small white population. This danger would be largely obviated by a rapid improvement of the means of communication. Lord Roberts will have rendered another great service to his country if the strong impressions which he brings back from South Africa are allowed to have due weight with the public in this country.

In the "Petrified Forest" of Arizona there is a natural bridge across a narrow canyon, consisting of a petrified trunk of a tree, 111 feet in length.

BATTLES OF LONG AGO

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER IN THE WORLD'S WARS.

How the Russo-Japanese War Compares With Former Conflicts.

Sixty thousand men, we are told, have fallen victims to the war-frenzy during an engagement lasting over a week.

How do these figures compare, it may be asked, with the slaughter in the great campaigns of the past century? A glance at the figures of the big battles of the past will show that so far the carnage in the Russo-Japanese war has many times been equalled or exceeded in battles in which not many more than half the present forces were engaged. Take, for instance, the wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon, which surged back and forward over Europe from 1791 to 1815. Allison, the historian, estimates that the French lost two millions in killed alone in these campaigns. In nine of the battles in which Napoleon himself took part the losses were as follows:

NAPOLEON'S OWN BATTLES.

Battle.	Men Engaged.	Killed and Wounded.
Austerlitz, 1805...	148,000	25,000
Jena, 1806	98,000	17,000
Hylau, 1807	133,000	42,000
Friedland, 1807	142,000	34,000
Eckmuhl, 1809	145,000	15,000
Wagram, 1809	370,000	44,000
Borodino, 1812	263,000	75,000
Leipsic, 1813	440,000	92,000
Waterloo, 1815	170,000	42,000

It will be seen that the casualties frequently numbered a quarter or even a third of the opposing forces. If there be about six hundred thousand men fighting in Manchuria today, this Napoleonic proportion of dead and wounded would give a stupendous total. Yet the fighting went on year after year for the better part of a generation, and the suffering, disease and death caused to the peaceful populations of the ravaged countries must have been incalculable.

In the Peninsula War, which was merely a little by-play compared with the great European campaign, England left fifty thousand dead and the French a quarter of a million behind them in Spain. At Salamanca we lost 15 per cent. of our troops, and at Albuera 65 per cent. In the Crimea the total losses of Russia, and the Allies were put at 480,000, and Britain lost 22 per cent. of her men; but there were no great decisive battles with enormous slaughter.

TWO THOUSAND BATTLES.

Never in modern history has there been such rapid waste of human life as in the American Civil War, with its two thousand battles and skirmishes. From 1861 to 1865 it raged over the whole of the Mississippi Valley and throughout Georgia and Alabama, taking in an area larger than Europe, and in those four years six hundred thousand men were killed. In a frontal attack by General Grant at Cold Harbor in 1864 ten thousand men fell in less than ten minutes.

Here are some typical specimens of the two thousand battles of this war fought for the liberty of the negro slave:

Battle.	Men Engaged.	Killed and Wounded.
Sharnsburg, 1862...	128,000	21,910
Fredericksburg, 1862...	190,000	16,971
Chickamauga, 1863...	128,000	35,100
Gettysburg, 1863...	163,000	37,000
Wilderness, 1864...	179,000	26,000

Here again it will be seen that the losses in a single battle often came nearer to 20 and 05 per cent. than 10 per cent. of those engaged.

The campaign of Sadowa, in which tended for the supremacy of the German Confederation, lasted only seven weeks, but the casualties numbered 57,000, or over 8,000 a week. The chief battle was that of Koniggratz, when the forces engaged were 417,000 and the killed and wounded 26,000.

SEVEN MONTHS OF WAR.

In the seven months of the Franco-German War, 1870-71, the killed and disabled numbered 371,751. A million Germans and 710,000 Frenchmen took the field.

Coming to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, with its total loss of nearly 200,000, the only notable battle was before Plevna, when in the course of a protracted siege there fell in a single day 18,000 out of 80,000 Russians engaged.

In the case of unarmed races confronted by modern arms, there have been some instances of tremendous slaughter as when Lord Kitchener's forces shot down ten thousand Dervishes at Omdurman. But probably Omdurman was the last of these easy victories over the barbarian. The Italian experience in Abyssinia, our Tirah adventures the French view of Senussi, and the German encounter with the Hereros all tend to show that savages will not again meet the European in open battle without first having secured his weapons. And then there will be something very different from the processional marches of the past.

Teacher (to pupil)—"How old are you?" Pupil—"Six." Teacher—"When were you six?" Pupil—"On my birthday."

She—"They say there are microbes in kisses." He—"Nonsense. What dangerous disease do they develop into?" She—"Marriage; sometimes."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Mr. Balfour believes that a special session of parliament to deal with the problem of the unemployed would do more harm than good.

Lord Avebury, presiding at the inaugural dinner of the Institute of Directors, said the access to money seemed to blunt a man's sense of honor.

A Spalding chemist stated at an inquest that he had sold more laudanum and opium during four years in Spalding than in twenty years in other places.

Eighteen fires occurred in London within forty-three hours in the beginning of last week. Five lives were lost, and many persons were badly injured.

Enville Hall, the famous residence of Catherine Countess of Stamford, has been destroyed by fire. The hall contained many priceless relics of Lady Jane Grey.

The annual report to the Home Office on drunkenness shows that the greatly increased totals of admission to special reformatories were largely due to girls and women.

Excluding naval vessels, 13,716 ships of all descriptions, with a tonnage of 4,929,364, belonging to the United Kingdom, were totally lost in the twenty-five years ended June 1903.

Speaking at Exeter, Mr. Rider Haggard said he had seen people herded together in England under conditions to which Kafirs or wild African tribes would not submit.

The Kent Education Committee has adopted a new scale of salaries for the teachers in the county, which will entail an increased expenditure of twelve thousand pounds a year.

Trinity Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, erected only eight years ago at a cost of £17,000, has been gutted by fire caused by the fusing of an electric wire, which set fire to the roof.

Mr. Hugh Hobsón, who has just died at Bourne, Lincolnshire, was registrar of marriages for the district for upwards of sixty years, and in that capacity he attended over 1,500 weddings.

A terrible affray with firearms occurred near Scarborough, between three poachers and four gamekeepers. One gamekeeper was killed and two were seriously injured. The poachers, riddled with shot, were subsequently arrested.

A. E. Jeffs, a pauper, was found clad in his nightshirt, in the streets of Coventry. He was a somnambulist, and in order to get out of the workhouse he had to climb over a spiked gate and slide down a roof.

Senora de Leon, a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances in London, who was forced to part with a painted portrait of her grandfather, made the discovery that the picture was a genuine Goya. It fetched £2,400.

The Admiralty have released from Portsmouth Prison Private Brooke, Royal Marine Light Infantry; who was sentenced by a naval court-martial to nine months' hard labor for throwing a piece of bread at a lance corporal.

A Birmingham tin worker attempted to commit suicide by drinking hydrochloric acid. A policeman who was called in concocted an emetic by scraping some whiting from the ceiling, and mixing it with water. The medicine acted promptly, and the man's life was saved.

A leading Calvinistic minister in North Wales has gone mad over the revivalist movement, and a miser has become a philanthropist. In Llanelly a well-known inhabitant has been removed to the asylum. He has caused considerable annoyance by singing and praying the whole night through, and he had not touched food for several days. At Amanford and Loughor some persons are being kept under restraint in their own homes.

A collecting dog, "Cimbleton Neil," dropped dead at Wimbledon Station the other day. With her red collecting barrel on her back, she was commending herself and her commission to the passengers. Neil's method was to smuggle her head into their hands and wag her tail as they gave their tickets up to the collector. So popular had she become, that in pennies she used to average a receipt of nine shillings a day.

THE FOOTSTEPS.

Quick steps are indicative of energy and agitation. Tiptoe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery. Turn-in-toes are often found with pre-occupied, absent-minded persons. The miser's walk is represented as stooping and noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps. Slow steps, long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind. When a revengeful purpose is hidden under a feigned smile the step will be slinking and noiseless. The proud step is slow and measured, the toes are conspicuously turned out, the legs straightened. If the direction of the step wavers, and follows every changing impulse of the mind, it inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision.

SEVEN TIMES A WIDOWER

JOHN MACFARLANE HAS TAKEN AN EIGHTH WIFE.

There Are Seven Oddly Painted Memorial Rooms in His House.

John MacFarlane the "Lake Ainslie widower," of Cape Breton, has painted one more room of his house in mourning and has married again. Several neighbors who have seen the room say it is a duplicate of six other rooms, and that the sight of them gives one the creeps.

The new Mrs. MacFarlane, who was Ruth McDonald, daughter of Donald McDonald, is the eighth mistress that has ruled over the house of MacFarlane in the last forty years.

She is 20 years old and pretty. He is 61 years old, and handsome only in the size of the cheque he can sign his name to. The disparity in their ages seems to have no dampening effect upon their happiness.

MacFarlane is the oddest character in the Lake Ainslie district, a settlement made up of Scotch Presbyterians, who are so orthodox that they will not allow even an organ in the church. He is rich as riches are accounted there, and has made a good husband to his successive wives whom he dressed and bonneted to the envy of the rest of the community feminine.

FIRTS OF THE SERIES.

He was married at the age of 20 to Mary McLean and lived happily until the first heir to the house of MacFarlane was born, co-incident with the mother's death. He immediately went into deep mourning and remained a recluse until a year from the day his wife died. He celebrated his return to society by inviting all his neighbors to a banquet.

Dinner was served in the death chamber. The walls were papered in pure white and the ceiling was white also. But every bit of woodwork was painted deep black. Six epitaphs adorned the walls and all about were pictures of flying angels. The host attempted to dispel the gloom cast by these surroundings by reciting anecdotes of his departed wife and otherwise making himself entertaining. He made no allusion to or explanation of the decorations.

Shortly afterwards MacFarlane married Margaret Elfrick. Prior to the wedding he required her to make oath before a notary public that she never would go into the room his first wife had occupied or refer to her in any way. He took a similar vow. Two months later the second Mrs. MacFarlane met death by trying to row across the lake in a storm.

Again the widower went into seclusion, but this time only for six months. Then he gave a second banquet, and guests were served in a second room decorated after the manner of the first. In addition, however, were menu cards with black borders and bearing hand sketched tombstones, upon which epitaphs were inscribed. When the guests left the house, after listening to witty stories relating to Mrs. MacFarlane 2, they observed that two black stripes had been painted on a white hitching post in front.

MacFarlane married a third time, and for three years his life was commonplace. When on a visit in Halifax his wife died of diphtheria and MacFarlane was so upset he took to his bed.

When he got well he decorated another room in mourning and invited his friends to a strawberry festival. As usual, he ushered his guests into the chamber occupied by the most recently departed. He delivered a funeral oration before a morsel of the dinner was served, and then tried to enliven the evening with more anecdotes. The whole affair was depressing in its tendencies, but the dinner was excellent, and the guests, who had now become accustomed to MacFarlane's ways, took things as a matter of course, and when they left looked to see another stripe on the hitching post.

Shortly after his next wife reached the house and found three chambers locked; her curiosity got the better of her. She broke into one, and the sight so shocked her that she went home to her mother. While she was taking steps to procure a legal separation she died of pneumonia, and another room in MacFarlane's house was decorated. This was half in black and half in a brilliant red, as MacFarlane said the young woman had made but half a wife.

ONE COMMITS SUICIDE.

Three other wives followed in fairly rapid succession. Two died natural deaths and the third committed suicide. The memorial room for the latter was decorated with crude pictures of Dante's "Inferno." This tragedy occurred four years ago and MacFarlane has said he had become tired of married life. This was before he met Miss MacDonald at a funeral.

Before the ceremony the bride-elect had to make several agreements. She promised:

To decorate each week the graves of her seven predecessors. To make no reference in conversation to the dead wives. To see that the hitching post with its seven black bands was kept clear. To visit once a year some relative of some one of the deceased.

On his part MacFarlane promised: To make his wife his sole heir. To take her to Boston once a year. To give up smoking a pipe and to smoke cigars. To build a seven-room addition to the house.

WRITING DONE BY WIRE

MARVELLOUS SPEED OF A NEW INSTRUMENT.

Telegraphic Invention Shown in London—Photography Used.

The average person can write about thirty to thirty-five words a minute, says the London Express, of a recent date. A good typist will turn out about double that amount.

There was exhibited at the Charlton Hotel a telegraph instrument that can transmit messages and write them out in the most legible of handwriting at the rate of more than 40,000 words an hour. This is the latest, and it would seem, the greatest marvel of electric telegraphy.

The fastest telegraphic instrument at present in operation is the Wheatstone Automatic, which transmits telegrams from city to city at the rate of 200 to 250 words a minute. But messages when sent by this system will have to be translated from the Morse telegraphic language into ordinary language, and this can be done only at ordinary writing speed. The new Pollak-Virag telegraph instrument transmits messages at nearly four times the speed, and delivers them direct from the instrument written in the plainest of ordinary copy-book handwriting.

METHOD OF USE.

How it is done is a technical marvel that takes an electrical expert to grasp completely, but roughly simplified the system is a commonplace.

First, the message to be transmitted is converted into telegraphic dots and dashes on a perforator that looks like an ordinary typewriter. This perforator punches in a slip of paper a complicated series of holes that correspond in electrical impulses to the form of letters.

By passing this slip over a series of cylinders, electric waves find their way through the perforated holes, quick as a lightning flash, and are transmitted instantaneously to the other end of the wire, however far it is, and come out at the other end in the same sequence in which they entered. The manner in which the letters are recorded is the marvel.

PHOTOGRAPHY HELPS.

Photography is called in. The electric waves are conveyed to a little mirror, and they make the mirror move in two directions—horizontal and vertical. Electric light is focused on the mirror, and then directed from it to a slip of sensitized paper.

The mirror moves only about the hundredth part of a millimetre, and the exposure of the sensitized paper is only about the thousandth part of a second; but the lightning flash is quicker, and though the eye cannot follow the writing, yet it appears, plain as a pikestaff and without the possibility of error, at the rate of almost fifteen words a second.

The two motions—vertical and horizontal—with the motion of the paper being drawn before the finger of light, supply all the motions of handwriting. If produced slowly they would, of course, be angular, but the speed makes them practically curved. Developing and fixing the photographed message takes ten seconds later than its transmission.

AHEAD OF THE AGE.

The system is so fast that it really is ahead of the age. Very few towns, let alone individuals, want to telegraph 40,000 words an hour. Indeed, Austro-Hungary, the home of the inventors, while enthusiastically endorsing the invention, could not make use of it, because no two telegraph offices in the empire have enough work to keep it going. They would have to save up telegrams for a week to keep the instrument going ten minutes.

It ought to prove of immense value in transmitting speeches from out of the way places, where few wires exist.

THOSE DEAR OLD LETTERS.

Only a bunch of faded letters, Yellow and worn and old, Letters he penned in his amorous youth Ere the love in his heart grew cold.

Letters that whispered the old, old tale, Told since the world begun, Of the golden, halcyon days to be, When two should be joined in one.

Carefully treasured, those missives old, Guarded with jealous care; (You may take it from me that you could find No flies on this ladye fayre.)

Only a bunch of faded letters, Yellow and worn and old, But they proved when the case came into court Worth more than their weight in gold!

A new system of manufacturing peat fuel in the form of briquettes by a chemical process has been devised. The raw peat is mixed with lime, nitrate of potash, soot, and saccharine matter, by which means the water set free from the cellular tissues of the peat fibre by the action of the lime and nitrate of potash is absorbed by the lime, while the soot absorbs the oil of the peat.

If a man looks at his watch while you are telling him a funny story, cut it short.