

five miles in width, never distant from each other more than sixteen miles, yet arranged in absolutely straight lines for distances of twenty-five hundred miles or more — and this not in one but in every instance in which they occur. Which of these two hypotheses is the more intrinsically probable the intelligent reader can estimate for himself.

To be in a position to criticize the new theory with any weight, one should have served a sufficient apprenticeship to become skilled in this line of research, which by itself is a branch of astronomy. Moreover, one should have observed the Martian phenomena in the best procurable air, with the greatest advantage that equipment can give, and with an eye as keen as his criticism. But, surprising as it may seem, very few serious attempts have been made by the critics to confirm or disprove the observations they criticize. On the other hand, authorities who have taken pains to make their work as trustworthy as possible are remarkably at one on the subject. The difference in their conclusions is merely one of degree. It has been wonderful, for instance, to note the agreement of Schiaparelli's observations with the most recent discoveries.

Mankind's intellectual advance is like the making tide upon a sandy beach. Instinct

with energy from the great deep, each roller comes bravely in with all the impetus of youth, battles its way victoriously up to shore, pauses, its impulse spent, and then lowly retreats, retarding with all the power of its position the one that follows. So it is with the generations of men: each, as it enters upon the scene, brings its new untrammelled impulse to the problems of the world, only to encounter the prejudiced limitations of its kind and the blocking inertia of the generation that has already done its work. Such part of it as chances to be beyond its fellows cannot look to them for aid, but must wait for the succeeding generation to take up and carry its tribute of a pebble farther up the beach. So it has been with every important advance in thought, from that of Copernicus to that of Darwin. Martin Luther called Copernicus an upstart astrologer and a fool. Succeeding ages hold him the greatest mind of his day. Darwin failed to convert a single member of his own generation, with the exception of two or three personal friends; but his prophecy of eventual recognition was strikingly fulfilled, for not a man of twenty years later but accepted his theory as manifestly true. Posterity sees farthest because, as its battalions press forward, it stands *en masse* where only its leaders stood before.

DOMINION

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

I HAVE lured him with opaline lights
 And sung him to confident sleep —
 And then, in the horror of nights,
 I have strangled his cry in the deep.

I have purred at his feet on the sand
 And whispered of love to his sail,
 Till, far from the sheltering land,
 I have swept him to death in the gale.

I have promised him substance and store
 If he gave me his sons and his fleet;
 And then, having cozened him sore,
 I have cast up his dead at his feet.

But he spans me with log and with lead,
 He brands me with marks for his ken;
 He buries the tale of his dead,
 And turns his ships seaward again.

THE IDEALIST

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER," "THE MEAGRE LIFE," ETC.



CRUB and bush and rock, and from the top of every rise a spreading panorama of hill-country, uncouthly carved and torn into spires and buttresses of stone and earth. Through such a landscape Carew led his carriers inland from the Portuguese coast, and had long since passed the line at which the languid administration stops. He was in wild country now, where no law runs but the law of the stronger arm and the rifle. It was drooping to the close of a still afternoon. Vehement heat held all nature crouched voiceless, and as he trudged, winding in and out between boulder and thorn, the acrid red dust puffed up in clouds below his tread and joined itself to the fog raised by the boys. These — mute, lean, black men — jogged in single file behind him, dumb beasts of burden, loaded with bulging bundles and boxes and some of Carew's guns. There was thirst and weariness in the aspect of the party; it is no light thing to break camp at daylight and trek by compass and guess eleven hours to the next water.

"By what I've heard," mused Carew anxiously, "there's a white man living somewhere round here."

They were flagging up a narrow natural path to the top of a shoulder now, Carew bending wearily forward and plodding doggedly, the Kafirs straggling unevenly behind him. Tall aloes, crowned with long cockades of blood-red, were on each side of him, dusty green and motionless, casting no shade, and he came out from between them at the head of the path to a clear view of a mighty valley below and in front of him.

"At last!" he said, and paused to take breath.

Far away, trembling delicately in the heat-haze, beyond a dozen spurs of grassed hillock, there were huts to be seen, four huts in a semi-circle. No Kafir builds so. Despite the quiver of the heat-loaded air, they were to be seen as clearly as a toy near at hand. Carew could

mark the shade beside them and the black dots that stood for their doors. With some strain of staring, he could even see a wisp of smoke shredding itself from among them, where some one would be busy at the world-wide work of pot-watching. The view came to him like a warm word. In that wild country, one comes upon a white man, no matter who or what, with claims and duties. The color of one's skin is one's passport to help and hospitality.

Carew called to the leading-boys.

"Lapa lo kia," he said cheerily, pointing them the distant huts. "Lo kia k'umlungu. There is the house of a white man."

He led off briskly again, and they, after a gape at the huts, nonchalantly hoisted the loads of which they had eased themselves, and followed without a word. Their instinct was to accept circumstances, and good luck in the matter of a near destination was no more to be exclaimed at than bad luck in having to travel at all. The Kafir takes fate lying down, a thing to know when one is adjusting fates. They tailed after Carew downhill, and commenced the punishing tramp of six miles which remained of the day's task.

It was in the velvet of evening that they came round the knee of a hill to the huts. The smell of a fire scented the air, and a white man came out to meet them. He was an elderly man, powerfully built, with a ragged beard streaked with age, and he lacked something of filling his clothes. He walked with a slouch, and greeted Carew without surprise.

"How are you?" he asked. "Saw you trek-kin' in this afternoon. You're Billy Carew, ain't you? P'r'aps you don't remember me; I'm old Frank Brown — Mazoe Brown, you know. But come along in. My boys'll see to your niggers. They'll be all right."

He led the way toward the biggest of the huts.

"Mazoe Brown!" exclaimed Carew. "Yes, I remember you; but I thought you'd been wiped out by old N'komo. Somebody told me you had, anyhow. But how'd you get here, of all places?"