

THE BEACON LIGHT.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"When my grandfather died his will provided that his two orphan nieces, Flora and myself, should be brought up alike on the family estate and receive the same education. He also arranged that my Aunt Marcia should remain with me. He never loved me, but he was a just man. Had he known the torturing life before me, I doubt not he would have made better provision for the child of his eldest son. My Aunt Pamela—but, no, I will not describe her. The bitterness of childish feelings come back through all these years. Let her actions tell you how hard and pitiless she could be. She disliked me thoroughly. She hated my mother for coming into the family without a fortune to add to its grandeur, and daily and hourly I was made to feel the inferiority of my position to that of her darling Flora, whose comfortable income lay accumulating in the banks. Childhood is light-hearted and elastic, so I did not feel this persecution as my helpless Aunt Marcia did. Often have I wondered to see her with flashing eyes tearing around our humble little room in the upper story, like a wild beast in its fury, vowing vengeance with a terrible earnestness that frightened me even then. She loved me so much that every slight to me was a thousand-fold worse than open insult to herself. It was a hard life, and grew worse as I advanced toward maidenhood. It was very injudicious, but natural, that Aunt Marcia should teach me to look forward to some time in the future, when I should triumph over my persecutors. How I remember her gloating over my fair face as a means of lifting us away from our woeful life! And how she encouraged my efforts in my studies, glorying in my proficiency above Flora, whose abundant pleasures diverted her attention.

At length a drawing master came to teach us. It was your father, Walter, and with his coming dawned a new existence for me. He penetrated the thin veil of affectation that hid Flora's selfish, frivolous heart, and turned away the moment his duties were over. It was not so with me; he lingered by my side after our pencils had been laid away. He joined me in my rambles. He shared every pleasant hour I knew. He was so kind I thought I could never repay him. Perhaps out of gratitude love was born; but I loved him as a true, warm-hearted woman loves but once in a lifetime. No wonder what is left of me is called cold and icy. I thought earth held no brighter joy when he whispered his declaration of love. My aunt had watched us with lynx-eyed vigilance. She said only that I must keep it secret when I went to her with my new-found happiness.

"At that time the house was thronged with company, among whom was the Hon. Mr. Conmore, then the presumptive Lord Collinwood, and his brother Arthur. Regard for appearances prevented my Aunt Pamela from following her wishes and excluding me from the drawing-rooms, and so it happened Arthur Conmore became interested in me, and showed a flattering preference for my society. I told it to my Aunt Marcia, with a girl's foolish pride of conquest, but said lightly my duty to Paul required I should repulse him. My aunt's eyes sparkled. I will not stay to tell how she worked upon my vanity and pride, my evil, revengeful feelings, till I had promised to bring Arthur Conmore to my feet, and keep him there until she gave me leave to dismiss him. All I thought about was to show Flora I was not so insignificant as she thought. Poor, giddy, moth, I was fluttering around the candle of my destruction. The first I knew I was literally engaged to two persons. My aunt hushed my alarm and promised to bring me safely out of the difficulty. Meanwhile my ire was kept aflame by the supercilious speeches of Flora, who sneeringly told me one day that if Arthur Conmore would condescend to marry me she would persuade his brother, to whom she was engaged, to allow us, when he became Lord Collinwood, enough income to keep us from starvation. Need I explain how such talk operated on the mind of a sensitive, high-spirited girl, brought up as I had been? Alas, I was ready to join with my aunt, and long for some misfortune to come to place her beneath my feet. I still continued to see Paul, and loved him even more passionately than at first. He thought my excuses for my frequent rides with Mr. Conmore natural enough, well knowing how little I was my own mistress, and in-laws was often kept away from me himself by the Hon. Mr. Conmore, who had taken a great fancy to him after seeing what an excellent sportsman he was, and they were often away after games. My Aunt Marcia watched everything with the alert eye of love and the unceasing vigilance of hate. She came to me one day repeating a conversation she had overheard between my Aunt Pamela and Flora. It nearly maddened me. I vowed if ever vengeance lay in my way I would take it. Then she said with stern calmness, 'O, I can see now how her eye burned, smothering the fierce fire within' and Lady Annabel shuddered.

"Annabel," said she, "it lies in your own grasp now—the complete triumph of yourself, the utter defeat of your rival."

solent, haughty relatives, who broke the heart of your sweet mother, and, if they could, would break yours too."

"Tell me what it is," I demanded fiercely.

"Only this," replied she—"you have unbounded influence over Paul Kirkland. He goes often to shoot on the cliff that overhangs the lake, and he who is soon to be Lord Collinwood always accompanies. Bid him go tomorrow; there shall be a duck on the water. Tell him to say, 'Come, Conmore, step upon the rock and let us see how close you can fire!' Only that, Eleanor, and all your wishes will be accomplished."

"Oh, my children, my children, here was my sin. I asked her not a word; I meant to shut out the responsibility of knowing what were her intentions. I never dreamed they were so terrible, but I knew it was something wrong. I knew it, I knew it, but I would not harken to the voice of conscience. I went straight to Paul, while the fever of anger glowed in my veins. Oh, pity my undying remorse! Walter, his son, and Eleanor, child of mine! I used his love for me to ruin him forever. I gave him the long-refused kiss; I let him clasp my hand in his, and then asked my boon—to decoy his noble friend to the rock upon the cliff, and challenge him to fire. Paul seemed to wonder, but with his unbounded confidence in me he refused to question me—said something about mistrusting I wanted to win a wager, and promised readily. We parted, Paul and I, gaily and lovingly. Oh, Heaven, that parting—it was for life! Was it for eternity also?"

CHAPTER XV.

HE laid her head back, fainting and convulsed for breath. Eleanor sprang for the cordial, and Walter held the glass to her lips. The spasm passed, and both besought her to refrain from further recital, but, persisting, she continued:

"I parted from Paul and from peace of mind forever. The next day I heard her betrothed give Flora a light kiss, and say in his cheery voice, 'I'm off for a little sport with Kirkland on the cliff.' With a vague, uneasy foreboding, I went about my usual routine, started by a strange fear to find my aunt had been absent since into the midnight. Three hours after, and I heard a sudden outcry on the lawn. I flew to the window. There was a crowd of servants around a hastily improvised litter. Horror-stricken, I ran down the stairs, passing Flora in the hall.

"Just Heaven! it was Mr. Conmore's bruised and mangled corpse. I heard old Roger, the gardener, explaining to the frightened crowd. 'I was gathering herbs,' said he, 'and I see the whole. Miss Marcia sent for me. I see the honorable gentleman step onto the rock with his gun raised, when down came the rock, tearing along and striking on those ugly rocks below. I knew he must be dead before I got to him. It's strange; I've been on the rock many a time, and it was as firm as it could be; but I s'pose that last rain loosened it somewhat. Oh, how white and dead like poor Master Kirkland was when he got to him! 'Dead, dead!' said he, and putting his hands to his head he fell back in a dead faint himself. They've carried him to his boarding-house."

"I did not wait to hear Flora's shrieks, but crept back to my room. There sat my Aunt Marcia, singing softly a war hymn.

"Are you crazy?" cried I. "Do you know what has happened?"

"I know that Arthur Conmore, to whom you are engaged, will be Collinwood soon," answered she exultingly.

"I flung myself upon the floor in the abandonment of terror from the guilty light that burst upon me. 'Aunt, aunt,' cried I, 'are you, and I, and Paul, his murderers?'"

"She laughed. Strange that I did not see then it was a maniac's glee!"

"Annabel," said she, "you must obey me now, or be lost. I shall go to Paul Kirkland and tell him you wish to see him no more—that you are engaged to another. You must write it for me to carry to him."

"Give up Paul?" cried I. "Never—never!"

"Annabel," said she, sternly, "all my life I have worked for this: your weak sentiments shall not balk me now. Think of your murdered mother—of your own hard lot—of the insults and indignities heaped upon us—and be strong as an avenger."

"I cannot live without Paul," moaned I.

"Fool!" answered she, between her clenched teeth, "you shall! Do you not see there is no chance for such a union? He believes you guilty of murder this minute. Do you think there would be any peace for you as his wife? I tell you you would be wretched yourself, and drag him with you into the gulf of misery."

"It was a new thought, and it went home to my heart like a poisoned arrow. I writhed there upon the floor in the agony of my grief. She looked on

pitilessly, for her hate was so fierce and strong it o'ermastered the tenderness of love. Then she held up the only hope that was left—the glittering coronet—the noble name of Lady Collinwood. Weary and hopeless in my despair, I let her have her way. Congratulating myself that the worst he thought of me, the more hope there was for his future happiness, I wrote my note to Paul. My aunt came back telling me he sent only this word to me—that he should fly from the country, and if he could, escape from remembrance of hope and me. I knew now by his narrative, how he changed his name, and in India married a good young girl, who loved him without his seeking her favor, but died when her son was born—how he was shipwrecked on the desolate island, and in the inscrutable ways of Providence loved and educated my lost daughter. For me, I married Lord Collinwood, for his father died scarcely a month after his eldest son. He was a noble creature and a tender husband, but he had a heavy grief to bear, for he knew the icy veil that lay on my heart. I would not be a hypocrite—I could not return his caresses. I loathed myself when I endured them passively; I hated myself as I came to gain a name for exemplary rectitude, which the shrinking heart within me knew to be a whitened sepulchre. O, heavens—the sufferings I have endured, and kept a smiling, calm outside! I had not even the poor consolation of my aunt's sympathy. The very day after my marriage she gave unmistakable signs of insanity; and she died a raving maniac. My husband died too, and, horrible as it may seem, it was an intense relief to be free from the need of dissembling. I admired, respected, revered him, and was thankful that he was taken from so false and unworthy a partner—from so hollow and loveless a life.

"In after years I grew to ponder upon the fate of Paul, until it grew to be a morbid craving to make some atonement to him or his children, if he had them. I caused numerous secret inquiries, and found at last that he had sailed for India. To India—on pretext of settling some property of my husband's there—I went in my brother-in-law's ship—the only son left of the hapless family—the present Lord Collinwood, I mean. I found no trace of Paul beyond his arrival and departure with a son.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE UNSEEN LITTER.

Dirty in the Kitchen That the Housewife Never Beholds.

Mrs. Lynn Linton does not like the "litter that is never seen." She says: "Out of sight, too, the dirty cook stows away her unwashed saucers and her encumbered plates, so that the lady's eyes shall not light upon them when she comes into the kitchen to give orders for to-day's dinner. Out of sight they are beyond knowledge; and unless the lady be one of the old-fashioned kind—one who turns up the down-tresser pots and pans and peers into dresser drawers, to find clean clothes and soiled—washleathers as black as ink and half loaves of stale bread—rotten apples and moldy lemons—silver spoons and rusty knives, all in higgledy-piggledy together, she will know nothing of the welter of waste, dirt and untidiness reigning in her kitchen. It is all out of sight, and, for the most part, out of mind, too, with the cook, if necessarily out of the lady's knowledge—those Roentgen rays we know of not yet having become general detectives to proclaim the hidden state of closed drawers."

The Best Mother.

In a herdic the other day a manly little fellow got up from his seat by the door and moved down to the other end to make place for a one-legged gentleman whose crutch would have made havoc of dainty dresses. "Thank you, my son," said the old fellow. "You have a good mother." "Best ever was," was the smiling response of the little fellow, as he raised his hat and then took the fare to put in the box. That was a boy in a thousand, and his stockings were darned at the knee and the hem let out of his short knee-pants, so that riches had nothing to do with it. One must think sometimes, when riding in public conveyances, that "good mothers" are a scarce article, or "better boys," boys with improved manners, would be more frequently met with.—Washington Star.

Exercise the Best Cosmetic.

Pink cheeks are much better obtained with exercise than with cosmetics. If a girl does not wish to appear at the breakfast table with a pale, sallow face she should go out into the fresh morning air and take a short, brisk walk. Rouse will supply this pinkness, but the morning sun has a cruel way of bowing up the effects of rouge. Sunlight is a splendid cosmetic. Seek the sunlight is the advice of all present-day hygienists. Patients on the sunny side of the hospital ward recover soonest. The woman who always walks on the sunny side of the street outlives her shade-seeking sister by ten years. Sleep in rooms where the sun has shed his rays all day.

A "Tallow Diplomat."

An Englishman and an American girl at a state ball were talking over some of the people present when the former said: "That is Lord B. who has just passed. Have you met him?" "Yes," was the answer, "and I thought him extremely dull." "You surprise me. He is one of the most brilliant lights of our service." "Really?" returned the American girl. "Then it is my turn to be surprised. His light flickered so when he talked with me that I set him down as one of your tallow diplomats."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GOSPEL FARMING" SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text "I am the True Vine and My Father is the Husbandman"—John 15:1—Flowing and Sowing that We May Reap the Good Things of Life.



HIS last summer, having gone in different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn. We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the center of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle afield, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount you could see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Oilyet, David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre lot, for we find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession. Just as in Nebraska the United States Government on payment of \$18 years ago gave pre-emption right to 160 acres to any man who would settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground except ministers of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although I am told that sometimes ministers do plunge so deeply into worldlyness that they remind one of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life, or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine. It had become the emblem of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion, making use of this allusion, when the question was asked: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seventy-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it

is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run-out-the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plow-share turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried deep in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After awhile my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—Plow deep! Plow deep! And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coultter will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that could kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plow-share struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried so the plow-share of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier Ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is other end of the field. We kept our eye on that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the Cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, but at the upright piece, at the center of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross!

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse scourged than Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual

joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grinding stone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! Reap!

The Savior folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Savior's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and woke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said, "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

"Was not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day; 'Twas an angel that visited the earth And took the flower away."

So may it be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

WHEEL HUMOR.

"I was told you wouldn't insure bicycle girls. Won't you insure me?" "Not on your life!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—Do you know this bicycle reminds me so much of you? He—How is that? She—I always have a dicker of a time getting it started.—Cleveland Leader.

"I see they are applying ball bearings to a great many things now." "Yes, they have a ball bearing sign down where I keep my watch."—Washington Times.

"I want the bicycle number of The Scottish Quarterly Review," said he to the newsdealer. "I don't think The Scottish Quarterly Review has issued a bicycle number, sir." "No? How very much behind the times!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

An elderly lady in Cleveland viciously "swiped" with an umbrella a scorch-er who missed her by about two inches, and the spectators applauded. An umbrella is very well, but there is something to be said in favor of an ax.—Minneapolis Journal.

She (on the way over)—Just to think that this big ship is absolutely under the control of the man at the wheel! He—Oh, that's nothing! The man on the wheel at home claims to have power enough to control the whole nation. Philadelphia North American.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

An ordinary silk hat weighs only seven ounces.

The value of bicycle exports from Great Britain, whole or in portions, was last year a million and a half sterling.

Luminous inks may now be used to print signs to be visible in the dark. Zinc salts and calcium are the medium generally used.

It is reported that a white whale was seen recently in Long Island Sound. This animal is rarely seen outside the Arctic regions.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor, the exact shape of the anchor used by the ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.

Up to the beginning of the fourteenth century the popes of Rome were contented with a single crown; and in 1503 the first double one was assumed and in 1564 the present tiara, or triple one, was adopted.

It is said that a large well known bank has an invisible camera in a gallery behind the cashier's desks, so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer can instantly have his photograph taken without his knowledge.

When the Trans-Siberian Railway is completed in 1909, it will be possible for a globe trotter to encircle the globe in thirty days. Over the new route he will be able to reach St. Petersburg from London in forty-five hours, and arrive at Port Arthur in 250 hours.

Three miles an hour is about the average speed of the Gulf Stream. At certain places, however, it attains a speed of fifty miles an hour, the extraordinary rapidity of the current giving the surface, when the sun is shining, the appearance of a sheet of fire.

The Mexican government has amended its patent law so that an inventor in order to keep a patent in his possession, has to pay a tax of \$50 for the first five years, \$75 for the second five years and \$100 for the third. Mexico does not believe in encouraging invention.