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CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

The eyes of the two old men met; the minister flushed slightly, while Solomon's dry lips assumed the shape generally taken when one is about to give a prolonged whistle; but no sound followed.

"What did your reverence find the matter? On the doorsteps, did you say?"

The minister nodded. Thereupon Solomon walked over to the chair, put on a pair of brass-rimmed spectacles, and inspected the child much as his master had done, but with prolonged and dubious shakes of the head.

"Lord preserve us all!" he muttered. "Solomon," cried Mr. Lorraine impatiently, "what's to be done?"

Solomon scratched his head, then his face lightened with sudden inspiration, as he answered:

"Put the thing whaur ye found him, on the doorstane. Lea' him there—he's none o' ours. Maybe the mither will come back and take him awa'."

The minister's face flushed indignantly.

"On such a night as this! Solomon Mucklebackit, if you have no more Christian advice than that to offer, you can go back to bed."

Solomon was astonished. Seidom had he seen his master exhibit such authority, tempered with indignation. Not knowing how to reply, he effected a diversion.

"See, sir," he said, still inspecting the child as if it were some curious species of fish, "the cratur's wringin' wat'!"

Such was the fact, though it had escaped the minister's agitated scrutiny. The shawl and under-dress of the infant were soaked with rain or melted snow.

"Bless my soul!" cried Lorraine, bending down by Solomon's side; "and his little body is quite cold. Fetch Mysie Simpson at once."

Solomon shook his head.

"Mysie's awa' the night w' her kinsfolk at the Mearns."

"Then there's only one thing to be done," cried Mr. Lorraine, with sudden decision. "We must undress the child at once and put him to bed, and in the morning we can decide how to act. If we leave him like this he will die of cold."

"Put him to bed!" echoed Solomon. "Whaur?"

"In my room, Solomon, unless you would like to take him with you."

"Wi' me! I'm no used wi' bairns. I couldna sleep a wink!"

"Then he shall stay with me. Look, Solomon, how pretty he is, how bright his eyes are! Fetch me a blanket at once, and warm it by the fire."

Solomon left the room. The minister lifted the burden in his arms, and sat down by the hearth. Then, nervously and awkwardly, he undid the shawl and put it aside; loosened the baby's outer garments, which were quite wet, and drew them gently off. Thus engaged, the good man was indeed a picture to see—his soft eyes beaming with love and tenderness, his face puzzled and troubled, his little plump hands at work with clumsy kindness.

Solomon entered with a blanket, warmed it for a minute at the fire, and then placed it softly under the child, which now lay mother-naked—as sweet and bright a little cherub as ever drew mother's milk.

Suddenly the sexton uttered an exclamation.

"Lord preserve us all. It's no a man-child awa! It's a wee lassie!"

Mr. Lorraine started, trembled and almost dropped his load; then, bashfully and tenderly, he wrapped the warm blanket around the infant, leaving only its face visible.

"Lad or lassie," he said, "the Lord has left it in our keeping!"

Stepping to the hearth-rug, Solomon lifted from it a tiny chemise which had fallen there, and examined it with ludicrous horror. Suddenly his eyes perceived something which had escaped Mr. Lorraine's nervous gaze. Pinned to the chemise was a piece of paper with some writing upon it.

"Look, meenister!" cried Solomon, unpinning the paper and holding it up; "there's a letter addressed to yourself here. Will I read it?"

"Certainly."

Then Solomon read, in his own broad accent, which we will not reproduce, these words, which were written in a clear though tremulous female hand:

"To Mr. Lorraine—By the time you read this, the writer will be lying dead and cold in Annan Water. You are a good man and a clergyman. Keep the child, as a gift of God, and as you use her may God use you!"

That was all. Solomon stammered through the words in horror, while Mr. Lorraine listened in genuine astonishment.

"There, meenister!" exclaimed Solomon, indignantly. "Did I no' tell ye? It's a scandal, an outrage! Keep the bairn, indeed, and a woman-bairn! Absurd notion!"

"Hush, Solomon," interposed the minister solemnly. "I begin to see the hand o' God in this."

Opening the bedclothes, he placed the infant in a cosy spot, and arranged the blankets tenderly around it.

"Look, Solomon! Is she not bonny?"

Solomon gave a grunt of doubtful approval.

"Good night, Solomon," continued the minister.

A word of protest was on the sexton's tongue, but he checked it in time; then with one last stare of amazement, perplexity and surprise he left the room.

"The warl's comin' to an en'," he muttered, as he ascended the stairs to his room. "A woman-bairn in oor house—a lassie in the minister's ain bed! Weel, weel, weel!"

Meantime, Mr. Lorraine sat by the bedside, looking at the child, who had almost immediately fallen asleep. Presently he reached out his arm and took one of her little hands into his own, and his eyes were dim and his soul was traveling back to the past! Hours passed thus, and he still sat in a dream.

"Marjorie, my bonny doo!" he murmured aloud again. "Is this indeed a gift from God—and you?"

CHAPTER III.

AT FIVE o'clock the next morning, when Solomon Mucklebackit, candle in hand, descended the stairs, he found the minister sitting by the bedside fast asleep, with his gray head resting on the side of the pillow, and his right arm outstretched over the counterpane above the still slumbering child. At the sound of Solomon's entrance, however, Mr. Lorraine awoke at once, rubbed his eyes, and looked in a dazed way around him; then his eyes fell upon the infant, and his face grew bright as sunshine.

"Bless me, meenister! Hae ye been watching here a' night?"

"I fell to sleep," was the reply, "and I was dreaming, Solomon, such bonny dreams! I thought that I was yonder among the angels, and that one of them came to me with a face I well remember—ah, so bright!—and put a little bairn—this bairn—into my arms; and then, as I held the pretty one, a thousand voices sang an old Scotch song, the 'Land o' the Leal.' Dear me!—and it is nearly daybreak, I suppose."

Solomon did not reply in words, but, pulling up the blind, showed the outer world still dark, but trembling to the first dim rays of wintry dawn, while snow was thickly falling, and the garden was covered with a sheet of virgin white. The minister rose shivering, for the air was bitter cold; his limbs, too, were stiff and chilly.

"What's to be done now?" asked Solomon, gloomily. "I maun awa' an' feenish the grave, but Mysie will be here at six."

"I will watch until Mysie comes," answered Mr. Lorraine; then, bending over the bed, he continued: "See, Solomon, my man, how soundly she sleeps, and how pretty she looks!"

Solomon grunted and moved toward the door.

"Will I put on the pairtich myself?" he demanded. "Ye maun be wanting something after six a' night."

"Nothing, nothing. Go on to the kirkyard."

An hour later, when the old woman appeared, having let herself in by a key at the back door, she was at once apprised of the situation. Having learned by old habit to keep her thoughts to herself, and being of kindly disposition, and the mother of a large grown-up family, she at once, without questioning, entered upon her duties as nurse. The child having wakened, crying, she took it up in her arms and hushed it upon her bosom, where it soon became still; then, passing to the kitchen, she warmed some new milk, and fed it with a spoon.

By this time day had broken, and when he had seen the child comfortably cared for, the minister put on his cloak and walked forth to make inquiries.

The village consisted of one straggling street with numerous small cottages, a few poverty-stricken shops, and a one-storied tavern. Jock Stevens, who kept the latter, was standing on the threshold with a drowsy stare, having just thrown open the door; and on questioning him Mr. Lorraine gained his first and only piece of information. A woman, strange to the place, had entered the inn over night, carrying an infant underneath her shawl, and asked for a glass of milk, which she had drunk hastily and flitted away—like a ghost. Her face was partially hidden, but Jock was certain that she was a stranger. Stay! yes, there was something more. She had inquired for the manse, and the inn-keeper had pointed out the direction of the church and the minister's abode.

Further inquiries up and down the village elicited no further information. Perplexed and weary, the good man trotted back to the manse. Here, in the rudely-furnished kitchen, he found a brightly burning fire, his breakfast ready, and Mysie seated by the ingle-side with the child in her lap, in voluble conversation with the old sexton.

The wretched mother, whoever she was, had indeed chosen wisely when she had resolved, while determining to abandon her infant, to leave it at the gentle minister's door. Days passed, and in spite of Solomon's protestations, it was still an inmate of the manse. Mysie Simpson understood the rearing process well, and since the child, as she had surmised, had never known the breast, it thrived well upon "the bottle." The minister went and came lightly, as if the burden of twenty years had been taken from his shoulders; had it indeed been his own offspring he could not have been more anxious or more tender. And Solomon Mucklebackit, despite his assumption of sternness and indignation, was secretly sympathetic. He, too, had a tender corner in his heart, which the child's innocent beauty did not fail to touch.

One morning, some seven or eight days after the arrival of the infant, when the storms had blown themselves hoarse, and a dull black thaw had succeeded the falling and drifting snow, news came to the manse that the body of a woman had been found lying on the brink of the Annan, just where its waters meet the wide sands of the Solway, and mingle with the salt stream of the ocean tide. Greatly agitated, Mr. Lorraine mounted his pony, and at once rode along the lonely highway which winds through the flat reaches of the Mosa. Arriving close to the great sands, he was directed to a dilapidated outbuilding or barn, belonging to a large sea-facing, and standing some hundred yards above high-water mark. A group of fishermen and peasant men and women were clustered at the door; at his approach the men lifted their hats respectfully, and the women courted.

On making inquiries, the minister learned that the body had been discovered at daybreak by some salmon fishers, when netting the river at the morning tide. They had at once given the alarm, and carried "it" up to the dilapidated barn where it was then lying.

The barn was without a door, and partially roofless. Day and night the salt spray of the ocean was blown upon it, incrusting its black sides with a species of filmy salt; and from the dark rafters and down the broken walls hung slimy weeds and mosses; and over it a pack of sea-gulls wheeled and screamed.

The minister took off his hat and entered in bare headed.

Stretched upon the earthen floor was what seemed at first rather a shapeless mass than a human form; a piece of coarse tarpaulin was placed over it, covering it from head to foot. Gently and reverently, Mr. Lorraine drew back a corner of the tarpaulin and revealed to view the disfigured lineaments of what had once been a living face; but though the features were changed and unrecognizable, and the eye-sockets were empty of their shining orbs, and the mouth disfigured and hidden by foulness, the face was still set in a woman's golden hair.

With the horror deep upon him, the minister trembled and prayed. Then, drawing the covering still lower, he caught a glimpse of the delicate hand clutched as in the agonies of death; and sparkling on the middle finger thereof was a slender ring of gold.

"God forgive me," he murmured to himself; "if this is the mother of the child, I did her a cruel wrong."

He stood gazing and praying for some time, his eyes were dim with sympathetic tears; then, after replacing the covering reverently, he turned away and passed through the group which clustered, watching him, at the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Mashonaland Doll.

No doubt the earliest manufactured toy of all was the doll. Little girls play with dolls everywhere, and have always done so. Indeed, among the Bechuanas and Basutos at the present time married women carry dolls until they are supplanted by real children. There is for its possessor a curious individuality about a doll, altogether unaccountable to other people. How often may it be observed that a child will neglect the splendid new five shilling waxen beauty, with its gorgeous finery, and cling faithfully to the disreputable, noseless wreck of rags that has been its favorite hitherto! Something causes other children, besides Helen's babies, to dislike "bought dollies," even in the presence of an article made of an old towel. This something, whatever it is, is doubtless a great comfort to the small girls of Mashonaland. It is an innocent, armless sort of affair, without any such disfigurement as waist or shoulders might cause, no knee joints to get unfastened, and nothing at the end of its legs to cause expense at the shoemaker's. As regards dress, it is inexpensive, the whole suit of apparel consisting of a piece of string threaded through a hole humbly bored through the head.—The Strand.

Novelty in Type Material.

A new idea in type material is the combination of glass with celluloid or hard rubber. The body of the type is made of rubber or celluloid upon which glass-topped letters are firmly cemented. In order that the face of the type in the form may not touch, the extreme face is a trifle smaller than the body portion. Great advantages are claimed for this sort of type, among them being that glass will wear very much longer than metal, and the print will therefore be sharper and clearer. With the slightly elastic base and the small sections in which the letters are made, there is but little danger of breakage, even with very rapid work.

PALMAGE'S SERMON.

"LIKE THE STARS." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Daniel vii. 3: "They That Turn Many to Righteousness shall Shine as the Stars Forever and Ever."



VERY man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot.

His silence often is loud as thunder, and his life is a dirge or a doxology. There is no such thing as negative influence. We are all positive in the place we occupy, making the world better or making it worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or a man who has saved an empire might as well talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values; or you have by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.

It would be absurd for me, by elaborate argument, to prove that the world is off the track. You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capized rail-train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, by what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed? I want to show you how we may turn many to righteousness, and what will be our future pay for so doing.

First. We may turn them by the charm of a right example. A child coming from a filthy home was taught at school to wash his face. It went home so much improved in appearance that its mother washed her face. And when the father of the household came home and saw the improvement in domestic appearance, he washed his face. The neighbors, happening in, saw the change, and tried the same experiment, until all that street was purified, and the next street copied its example, and the whole city felt the result of one schoolboy washing his face. That is a fable, by which we set forth that the best way to get the world washed of its sins and pollution is to have our own heart and life cleansed and purified. A man with grace in his heart and Christian cheerfulness in his face and holy consistency in his behavior is a perpetual sermon; and the sermon differs from others in that it has but one head, and the longer it runs the better.

Again: We may turn many to righteousness by prayer. There is no such detective as prayer, for no one can hide away from it. It puts its hand on the shoulder of a man ten thousand miles off. It alights on a ship mid-Atlantic. The little child cannot understand the law of electricity, or how the telegraph operator, by touching the instrument here, may dart a message under the sea to another continent; nor can we, with our small intellect, understand how the touch of a Christian's prayer shall instantly strike a soul on the other side of the earth. You take ship and go to some other country, and get there at eleven o'clock in the morning. You telegraph to America and the message gets here at six o'clock the same morning. In other words it seems to arrive here five hours before it started. Like that is prayer. God says: "Before they call, I will hear." To overtake a loved one on the road, you may spur up a lathered steed until he shall outrace the one that brought the news to Ghent; but a prayer shall catch it at one gallop. A boy running away from home may take the midnight train from the country village and reach the seaport in time to gain the ship that sails on the morrow; but a mother's prayer will be on the deck to meet him, and in the hammock before he swings into it, and at the captain before he winds the rope around, and on the sea, against the sky, as the vessel ploughs on toward it. There is a mightiness in prayer. George Muller prayed a company of poor boys together, and then he prayed up an asylum in which they might be sheltered. He turned his face toward Edinburgh and prayed and there came a thousand pounds. He turned his face toward Dublin and prayed, and there came a thousand pounds. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds off the sky, and it was dry weather. The breath of Elijah's prayer blew all the clouds together, and it was wet weather. Prayer, in Daniel's time, walked the cave as a lion-tamer. It reached up, and took the sun by its golden bit, and stopped it, and the moon by its silver bit, and stopped it.

We have all yet to try the full power of prayer. The time will come when the American Church will pray with its face toward the West and all the prairies and inland cities will surrender to God; and will pray with face toward the sea, and all the islands and ships will become Christian. Parents who have wayward sons will get down on their knees and say: "Lord, send my boy home," and the boy in Canton shall get right up from the

gaming-table, and go down to find out which ship starts first for America.

Not one of us yet knows how to pray. All we have done as yet has only been pottering. A boy gets hold of his father's saw and hammer, and tries to make something, but it is a poor affair that he makes. The father comes and builds the house or the ship. In the childhood of our Christian faith, we make but poor work with these weapons of prayer, but when we come to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, then, under these implements, the temple of God will rise, and the world's redemption will be launched. God cares not for the length of our prayers; or the number of our prayers, or the beauty of our prayers, or the place of our prayers; but it is the faith in them that tells. Believing prayer soars higher than the lark ever sang; plunges deeper than diving-bell ever sank; darts quicker than lightning ever flashed. Though we have used only the back of this weapon instead of the edge, what marvels have been wrought! If saved, we are all the captives of some earnest prayer. Would God that, in desire for the rescue of souls, we might in prayer lay hold of the resources of the Lord Omnipotent!

We may turn many to righteousness by Christian admonition. Do not wait until you can make a formal speech. Address the one next to you. You will not go home alone to-day. Between this and your place of stopping you may decide the eternal destiny of an immortal spirit. Just one sentence may do the work. Just one question. Just one look. The formal talk that begins with a sigh, and ends with a canting snuff, is not what is wanted, but the heart throb of a man in dead earnest. There is not a soul on earth that you may not bring to God if you rightly go at it. They said Gibraltar could not be taken. It is a rock, sixteen hundred feet high, and three miles long. But the English and Dutch did take it. Artillery, and sappers and miners, and fleets pouring out volleys of death, and thousands of men reckless of danger, can do anything. The stoutest heart of sin, though it be rock, and surrounded by an ocean of transgression, under Christian bombardment may hoist the flag of redemption.

Again: Christian workers shall be like the stars in the fact that they have a light independent of each other. Look up at the night, and see each world show its distinct glory. It is not like the conflagration, in which you cannot tell where one flame stops and another begins. Neptune, Herschel, and Mercury are as distinct as if each one of them were the only star; so our individualism will not be lost in heaven. A great multitude—yet each one as observable, as distinctly recognized, as greatly celebrated, as if in all the space, from gate to gate, and from hill to hill, he were the only inhabitant; no mixing up—no mob—no indiscriminate rush; each Christian worker standing out illustrious—all the story of earthly achievement adhering to each one; his self-denials and pains and services and victories published. Before men went out to the last war, the orators told them that they would all be remembered by their country, and their names be commemorated in poetry and in song; but go to the graveyard in Richmond, and you will find there six thousand graves, over each of which is the inscription, "Unknown." The world does not remember its heroes; but there will be no unrecognized Christian worker in heaven. Each one known by all; grandly known; known by acclamation; all the past story of work for God gleaming in cheek and brow and foot and palm. They shall shine with distinct light as the stars, forever and ever.

Again: Christian workers shall shine like the stars in clusters. In looking up, you find the worlds in family circles. Brothers and sisters—they take hold of each other's hands and dance in groups. Orion in a group. The Pleiades in a group. The solar system is only a company of children, with bright faces, gathered around one great fireplace. The worlds do not straggle off. They go in squadrons and fleets, sailing through immensity. So Christian workers in heaven will dwell in neighborhoods and clusters.

I am sure some people I will like in heaven a great deal better than others. Yonder is a constellation of stately Christians. They lived on earth by rigid rule. They never laughed. They walked every hour anxious lest they should lose their dignity. They loved God, and yonder they shine in brilliant constellation. Yet I should not long to get into that particular group. Yonder is a constellation of small-hearted Christians—asteroids in the eternal astronomy. While some souls go up from Christian battle, and blaze like Mars these asteroids dart a feeble ray like Vesta. Yonder is a constellation of martyrs, of apostles, of patriarchs. Our souls, as they go up to heaven, will seek out the most congenial society.

Yonder is a constellation almost merry with the play of light. On earth they were full of sympathies and songs and tears and raptures and congratulations. When they prayed their words took fire; when they sang, the tune could not hold them; when they wept over a world's woes, they sobbed as if heart-broken; when they worked for Christ, they flamed with enthusiasm. Yonder they are—circle of light! constellation of joy! galaxy of fire! Oh, that you and I, by that grace which can transform the worst into the best, might at last sail in the wake of that fleet, and wheel in that glorious group, as the stars for ever and ever!

Again: Christian workers will shine like the stars in swiftness of motion. The worlds do not stop to shine. There are no fixed stars save as to relative position. The star apparently most fixed flies thousands of miles a minute. The astronomer, using his telescope for an alpenstock, leaps from world-crag to world-crag, and finds no star stand-

ing still. The chamois hunter has to fly to catch his prey, but not so swift is his game as that which the scientist tries to shoot through the tower of observatory. Like petrels mid-Atlantic, that seem to come from no shore, and be bound to no landing place—flying, flying—so these great flocks of worlds rest not as they go—wing and wing—age after age—for ever and ever. The eagle hastes to its prey, but we shall in speed beat the eagles. You have noticed the velocity of the swift horse under whose feet the miles slip like a smooth ribbon, and, as he passes, the four hoofs strike the earth in such quick beat, your pulses take the same vibration. But all these things are not, swift in comparison with the motion of which I speak. The moon moves 54,000 miles in a day. Yonder, Neptune flashes on 11,000 miles in an hour. So like the stars the Christian shall shine in swiftness of motion.

You hear now of father or mother or child sick 1,000 miles away, and it takes you two days to get to them. You hear of some case of suffering that demands your immediate attention, but it takes you an hour to get there. Oh, the joy when you shall, in fulfillment of the text, take starry speed, and be equal to 100,000 miles an hour! Having on earth got used to Christian work, you will not quit when death strikes you. You will only take on more velocity. There is a dying child in London and its spirit must be taken up to God; you are there in an instant to do it. There is a young man in New York to be arrested from going into that gate of sin; you are there in an instant to arrest him. Whether with spring of foot, or stroke of wing, or by the force of some new law that shall hurl you to the spot, where you would go, I know not; but my text suggests velocity. All space open before you with nothing to hinder you in mission of light and love and joy, you shall shine in swiftness of motion as the stars for ever and ever.

Again: Christian workers, like the stars, shine in magnitude. The most illiterate man knows that these things in the sky, looking like gilt buttons, are great masses of matter. To weigh them, one would think that it would require scales with a pillar hundreds of thousands of miles high, and chains hundreds of thousands of miles long; and at the bottom the chains basins on either side hundreds of thousands of miles wide, and that then omnipotence alone could put the mountains into the scales and the hills into the balance. But puny man has been equal to the undertaking, and has set a little balance on his geometry, and weighed world against world. Yea, he has pulled out his measuring line, and announced that Herschel is 36,000 miles in diameter, Saturn 79,000 miles in diameter, and Jupiter 89,000 miles in diameter, and that the smallest pearl on the beach of heaven is immense beyond all imagination. So all they who have toiled for Christ on earth shall rise up to a magnitude of privilege, and a magnitude of strength, and a magnitude of holiness, and a magnitude of joy; and the weakest saint in glory become greater than all that we can imagine of an angel.

Brethren, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Wisdom that shall know everything; wealth that shall possess everything; strength that shall do everything; glory that shall circumscribe everything! We shall not be like a taper set in a sick man's window, or a bundle of sticks kindled on the beach to warm a shivering crew; but you must take the diameter and the circumference of the world if you would get any idea of the greatness of our estate when we shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Lastly—and coming to this point my mind almost breaks down under the contemplation—like the stars, all Christian workers shall shine in duration. The same stars that look down upon us looked down upon the Christian shepherds. The meteor that I saw flashing across the sky the other night, I wonder if it was not the same one that pointed down to where Jesus lay in the manger, and if, having pointed out his birthplace, it has ever since been wandering through the heavens, watching to see how the world would treat him! When Adam awoke in the garden in the cool of the day, he saw coming out through the dusk of the evening the same worlds that greeted us last night.

In independence hall is an old cranked bell that sounded the signature of the Declaration of Independence. You cannot ring it now; but this great chime of silver bells that strike in the dome of night, ring out in as sweet a tone as when God swung them at the Creation. Look up at night, and know that the white lilies that bloom in all the hanging gardens of our King are century plants—not blooming once in a hundred years, but through all the centuries. The star at which the mariner looks tonight was the light by which the ships of Tarahish were guided across the Mediterranean, and the Venetian flotilla found its way into Lepanto. Their armor is as bright tonight as when, in ancient battle, the stars in their courses fought against Siera.

Corked Bottles at Sea.

Numbers of experiments have been made to test the speed and destination of corked bottles thrown into the sea at various portions of the world. The most remarkable example ever heard of was that in which a bottle traveled 4,000 miles in about two years and a half, roughly, at the rate of six and a half miles a day. It traveled from 33 deg. south latitude and 63 deg. west longitude to Western Australia.

Baron Krupp's Business Card.

Baron Krupp, the great German iron-master, uses for visiting cards very thin sheets of rolled iron.

The rich fool throws on one half the world, and envies the other half.