

HARD TIMES.

The times are hard, and hunger and cold threaten and growl at many a door; The wolf's long cry is fierce and bold, Borne on the sullen night wind's roar. But this is the hour for courage, Love, For daring the foe with nerve and skill, Meeting our care in the strength of prayer, And waiting and working with steady will.

We greet each other with cheery signs As we set our battle in brave array; Closer we draw the household lines, And gallantly meet each dawning day. Now and then, as the dark clouds rift, We catch a glimpse of the sun on high, And, heartened, together a song we lift— There's always blue in the upper sky.

The times are hard, but the children play, And we tuck them under the coverlet When we reach the end of each struggling day, And the stars in heaven for lamps are set.

Then, Love, we look in each other's eyes And the kindling light of triumph see. Oh! what does it matter that times are hard,

When I have you, Love, and you have me! —(Elizabeth Chisholm, in Harper's Bazar.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

On the night of the 3d of November, 189—, James Carlton brought from Paris two magnificent rubies that he had picked up at a sale, and which, considering their history, were dirt cheap at the price he paid for them.

They had belonged to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and had been sold by a mistake, of which the shrewd dealer had been quick to avail himself.

It was too late when he reached home to take them to the city, and he, therefore, in the presence of his son John Carlton, deposited them in a safe that stood in the corner of his bedroom.

Over the mantelpiece in this room hung two old horse-pistols, and taking them down the father loaded one, laughingly observing that at all events the report would alarm the neighborhood.

About two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by the sound of fire arms, followed by the slamming of a door. He reached out for the pistol that he had placed on the chair beside him, and found it gone. He heard someone rush across the hall and try the front door; then he heard footsteps on the stairs, and his son rushed into the room with one of the pistols in his hand.

The son's story was that he had a restless night, and that about two o'clock he heard some one moving about very quietly in his father's room, which room connected with his by a swing door. Pushing this door open he saw, by the light of the night-lamp, a man in the act of closing the safe, and before he had recovered from his surprise the fellow slipped quietly out of the room. Catching up the pistol that lay on the chair by his father's bedside, he followed down stairs, across the hall and towards the kitchen, the door of which stood open.

When he challenged, the man whom he suspected of having stolen the rubies turned and presented a pistol, and young Carlton fired. It was a very clear, moonlight night, and he distinctly saw the thief stagger. The next moment the kitchen door slammed to, and when he reached it he found it locked. He then ran to the front door and found it also locked and the key gone. Hurrying up to his father's room, he discovered him sitting up in bed as already described. He threw up the bedroom window, which looked upon the street, and called "Police," and when an officer came he found the back door locked and effected an entrance by a window.

On examination it was discovered that the keys of the safe were in the safe door, that the rubies had disappeared, and with them a number of sovereigns.

When old Carlton went to bed that night, he remembered perfectly well that he had put his keys under his pillow. The most rigorous search failed to furnish any proof that the house had been burglariously entered. One of the pistols was missing, as also were the keys of the two doors.

When Carlton senior reported the loss of the jewels to his two partners, the younger of them unhesitatingly declared that John Carlton, the son, was the thief, and, refusing to accept the senior partner's offer to make good the loss, he took out a warrant at once.

Evidence was adduced to show that the young man was heavily in debt, and when it was further proved that he and his father were the only persons who knew the secret of the safe, he was at once committed for trial.

Dr. Castell sat in his snug study, smoking what ought to have been the pipe of peace, but the troubled look on his pale, handsome face betokened an unquiet mind. He was thinking of Alma Talbot, who just one month before had refused him, and that, too, for Jack Carlton, the man who, on the morrow, would most assuredly be branded as a thief. "What would she do?" was the question he asked himself, and as he sat there turning it over in his mind, the answer came to him, as surely as one noble nature can answer for another. She would be true to her promise through good report and evil report, and would wait faithfully for the man whom she believed innocent until he came back to her from prison. No! there could

never be any hope for him, that the beautiful woman whom he loved with all his soul, would ever fill the place he had so often fondly assigned her.

In the midst of his gloomy thoughts there came to him the sound of the night bell, and, going to the door, he found on the step an urchin scarcely tall enough to reach the bell. Would he come to see dad!

Who was dad? "Mr. Bly, what lived in Green's Alley—and he was awful sick, and would the doctor be sharp?" And so presently the doctor came out, and followed his guide to the slums. Up a rickety stair he passed to find a man tossing on a miserable bed, and beside him a woman, whose rags betokened her poverty.

The patient complained of intense pain, and by the light of a tiny candle the doctor came across traces of a wound just above the hip.

"How did you get this?" The man's answer came readily enough. He had been handling an old pistol, and it had gone off and wounded him, and, although he lost a deal of blood at first, the wound had healed and he was able to get about. Soon, however, he felt intense pain whenever he tried to move, and now was mortal bad.

The doctor's practised fingers soon found a swelling on the man's back, and putting together what he had heard and what he learnt from his manipulation, he came to the conclusion that under that swelling lay the charge that the pistol had contained.

He hurried home, and bringing back a pocket case and chloroform, explained to the wife that he could soon relieve her husband.

It was, however, a longer task than he had anticipated, and when at length his forceps closed on the foreign body, he found it of such size that he had to enlarge the primary opening. Then when he had drawn it out, and laid it on the table, he found to his surprise that at the bottom of the wound lay another hard substance. This time he had little difficulty in the extraction. Taking up what he supposed to be the flattened bullets, he dipped them into some water, but when he took them out they were still red.

He dipped them again, and rubbing them well, brought them close to the candle. The blaze of light that flashed at him almost took away his senses. They were jewels, and, even to his inexperienced eye, very valuable. He almost reeled as the truth suddenly came to him! With trembling fingers he dressed the wound, and telling the woman he would call again, hurried home.

Long he sat and stared at the glittering stones. They were rubies, and from the description given by the elder Carlton were the very jewels that had disappeared on the night of the 3d of November.

How had they come where he had found them? Was Jack Carlton's story of the man in the room true? Did he hold the clue that, if followed up, might prove his rival innocent? Should he follow it up?

Then began the fiercest fight with his conscience that Frank had ever fought. Let him hold his peace, and Carlton would be lost to society for years, perhaps. Then, as time went by, might not his devotion be rewarded? Would that proud girl unite herself to a man who had been publicly branded as a thief, and would she take to herself a dishonored name?

Little by little the tempter's whispers grew louder, until they swelled into tones that were likely to drown for ever the "still, small voice of conscience."

And so the struggle swayed on all through the long night, until at last nobility of soul triumphed, and in humble imitation of Him who had once been so sorely tempted and had so gloriously conquered, Frank Castell cast Satan behind him! And the first rays of God's sun shone athwart the room and rested tenderly on his bent head, while from each of the jewels that lay on the table there flashed up an answering ray as it were of triumph!

The court-house was crowded. The jury had retired to consider their verdict, and none doubted what that verdict would be. Hush! Here they come!

"Gentlemen of the jury," the clerk was beginning, when there was a sudden bustle at the door of the court. Then voices were heard and a man was seen pushing his way to the front. It was Castell. A rumor went round that unexpected evidence had turned up, and the rumor was turned into certainty when a few minutes later the doctor was seen standing in the witness-box. This was his evidence: First of all, he gave an account of how he had found the jewels, and two people in that court hung upon his words. Alma Talbot and James Carlton had never believed the prisoner guilty. Breathlessly they listened as the story went on. In a clear, steady voice that could be heard by the farthest listener in that eager crowd, the witness told how he had gone back to Green's Alley and found the man dying; how he had implored him to confess that he knew; and how, at last, he had obtained the confession in the presence of a reliable witness.

William Bly had entered the Carlton's house on the night of the 3d of November, and had made his way to the father's bedroom. He (Bly) was standing in the shadow of the bed curtains when suddenly the old man had risen and, with a bunch of

keys in his hand, walked toward the safe.

At this moment Bly noticed the pistol on the chair, and, stooping over, secured it and hid again behind the curtains. Then James Carlton took up the night lamp, and when its light fell upon his face, Bly recognized that he was walking in his sleep. Unlocking the safe Carlton took something from it, and stood apparently in thought. Suddenly he walked to the mantelpiece, took up the other pistol, and going to the dressing-table went through some movements as though he were loading it. Then, without returning to the safe, he came to the bedside, laid the pistol he was carrying where the other had been, and got into bed. Bly waited a few minutes, went to the safe, took the sovereigns and hurried from the room.

He had taken the precaution to secure the keys of both doors. When he was challenged he presented the pistol, but before he could fire, he heard a report, and felt himself hit. He was able to get out and lock the door, and so escaped.

What really happened whilst James Carlton was handling the pistol can never be exactly known, but it is certain that he then put the rubies into the pistol, and when John Carlton fired, he fired them into the body of William Bly.

It was useless for the ushers to call "Silence!" when the verdict of "Not guilty" was given, and, perhaps, only one man in all that crowd went home with a heavy heart.

Frank Castell will remember Alma's kiss on the morning of her marriage, until time shall no longer be aught to him.—(Tit Bits.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

The Queer Race Known as the Ainu in Japan.

The word Ainu is a generic term, and signifies "hairy men"—a name applied to these curious people by themselves, says the St. James Budget. The Japanese estimate the number of the Ainu at 16,000, but Mr. Landor, after deducting the half-castes, reckons that they do not exceed half that number. Pleasure and rest were the two chief objects, we are told, which induced Mr. Landor to visit these isles, but it appears to have been his fate to meet with neither. He landed at Hakodate, and after one day's rest set forth to survey the island and interview the inhabitants. He traveled some 4,200 miles, of which, 3,800 were traversed on horseback on a rough pack saddle, and, like the hero of Scott's ballad, "he rode all unarmed and he rode all alone."

"I sat down in the tea-house on the soft mats, and my Bento—Japanese lunch—was served to me on a tiny table. This was water soup; there was seaweed, there was a bowl of rice and raw fish. The fish—a small tuna—was in a diminutive dish, and its back was covered by a leaf; the head projected over the side of the plate. On the leaf were placed several neatly cut pieces of raw flesh, which had apparently been removed from the back of the underlying animal.

"As I had long been accustomed to Japanese food of this kind, I ate to my heart's content, when, to my horror, the tuna, which had been staring at me with its round eyes, relieved of the weight that had passed from its back to my digestive organs, leaped up, leaf and all from the dish, and fell on the mat. All the vital parts had been carefully left in the fish, and the wretched creature was still alive.

"Horrible!" I cried, violently pushing away the table and walking out disgusted, to the great surprise of the people present, who expected me to revel in the deliciousness of the fish."

These hairy people have long beards and mustaches, which, once having attained the age of manhood, they allow to grow and never touch. The women, not being favored by nature with such ornaments, endeavor to make up for the deficiency by tattooing a long mustache on their lips and cheeks.

The Ainu process of tattooing is a painful one. The tattoo marks are usually done with the point of a knife, not with tattooing needles, as by the Japanese. Many incisions are cut nearly parallel to each other. These are then filled with cuttle-fish black. Sometimes smoke-black mixed with the blood from the incisions is used instead. On the lips the operation is so painful that it has to be done by installments. It is begun with a small semi-circle on the upper lip when the girl is only two or three years of age, and a few incisions are added every year till she is married. The mustache then reaching nearly to the ears, where at its completion it ends in a point.

Both lips are surrounded by it; but not all women are thus marked. Some have no more than a semi-circular tattoo on the upper lip; others have an additional semi-circle under the lower lip, and many get tired of the painful process when the tattoo is hardly large enough to surround their lips. The father of the girl is generally the operator, but occasionally it is the mother who "decorates" the lips and arms of her female offspring. Besides this tattooed mustache, a horizontal line joins the eyebrows, and another line, parallel to it, runs across the forehead. The tattoo could not be of a coarser kind. A rough geometrical drawing adorns the arms and hands of women. The pattern of one arm being often different from that of the other.

A piece of clean tissue paper is the best thing with which to clean spectacles.

THE GYPSY MOTH.

How an Entomologist Set Loose a Deadly Enemy to Trees.

Not so very long ago a scientific wisacre of Massachusetts who had never had the pleasure of meeting with a gypsy moth, since the frivolous creature had not journeyed into the old Bay State at the time, sent word to a friend in a far-away land, the home of the insect, saying: "Please send me a gypsy moth right away; I want to look at him; I want to study him." So the friend, who was an obedient chap, went into his garden, and with no trouble caught a gypsy moth, one of a large band of the moths who were encamped there and had eaten about everything in the neighborhood, except the house and toughest part of the fence, and he put him in a ventilated box and mailed him to the entomologist in Massachusetts.

The gypsy moth arrived safely at his destination, and the scientific sharp went to work with his jack-knife at his cage to disintomb him. He was so lively that he easily stood on his head and scraped his hind legs together in the air, so that the wise man might know, perhaps, that he was glad to know him. He was just as lively after he had been carved out of his mummy case, but the entomologist was light-fingered also, and he expertly caught his visitor by his tail feathers, and then went out on his veranda to scrutinize him in a strong light through his magnifying glass. But the gypsy moth was smarter than the scientific man, evidently very much smarter, and he hadn't travelled over land and water several thousand miles to be stuck on a pin and to make an entomological Roman holiday. He bided his time; and when the learned man had flipped him over on his back, holding him still by the tail, but with a slightly slackened grip, and was about to chuck his microscope down upon him, presto! he suddenly gathered himself into a knot, spasmodically yanked himself away from the glass, slid down to the veranda floor, and was off into the garden in a jiffy. The scientific man gaped at him incredulously for an instant, and then set off along the garden walk and across the green sward, treading down sweet peas and clover blossoms in a perfectly futile endeavor to recapture him. The gypsy moth got entirely away and never came back, and keen and sore was the disappointment of the entomologist thereat.

Sore, also, has been the disappointment of the old Bay State therefore ever since the luckless escape of the gypsy moth took place a number of years ago. But though he is gone he is by no means forgotten. The gypsy moth of the scientific man followed the Biblical injunction: "Multiply and replenish the earth;" and the point of this history is in the fact that that little incident by which the entomologist let go the tail feathers of his gypsy moth, has cost the State of Massachusetts over \$200,000 in the past four years. Soon after the gypsy moth got away the Bay State had to appoint a State Commission, whose business it was to go and find him, together with his progeny, and the Commission found him easily and in a large majority. Each year now they keep on looking for and finding him in a steadily augmenting horde. No trouble at all. He is always on deck. Last year's work of the Commission, according to a Springfield paper, "included the examination of 4,000,000 trees and the destruction of 46,000 egg clusters, all belonging to the gypsy moth, and over 1,000,000 caterpillars. Now," comments the same journal, "an appropriation of \$160,000 with which to find and fight the gypsy moth is asked, and it is a choice between constant fight to the extermination, and the loss on the other hand of something like \$1,000,000 yearly by the ravages of the pest."

—(New York Sun.

Canaries by the Thousand.

In a small town called St. Andreasberg, Saxony, some 700 families are entirely engaged in the task of rearing and educating good canary singers. A great proportion of these singers are sent abroad, far or near—to London, Australia, and to the United States, where one single firm ships 100,000 birds each year. These canaries are the infesior birds, the schreier, as they are called in Germany, on account of their notes. These schreier, says the Popular Science News, which are bought for 70 or 80 cents in the Harz, are sold for \$2, \$3 or \$4 in America. The best birds are kept in Germany, where they are called hohrroller. A good hohrroller cannot be had under \$8 or \$10 (in the Harz), and \$29 or \$25 are no unusual prices. But such birds are certainly splendid singers. The Germans have quite a number of words, each of which applies to a different sort of tune, or intonation: Fogg—Humph! Whiskey? Fogg—Nop; ink. Jury awarded the girl \$50,000 damages in a breach of promise suit on the strength of the letters he wrote, and it took every cent he had to pay it.—(Buffalo Courier.

Legal executions in Mexico are by shooting, and take place in the prison yard.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

At the Menagerie—An Egotist—A Tender-Hearted Man—The Only Causes, Etc., Etc.

AT THE MENAGERIE. "Step this way—we're about to feed the animals." "Ah! thawrks, awfully, don't you know, don't ye see, I've—ah—just hand me—ah—dinnah."

AN EGOTIST. Miss Gussie Riverside—I don't think I would ever marry a very handsome man. I'd be so jealous if my husband was an Apollo.

Dudely Caneucker—Don't say that, Miss Gussie. You wot me of my last hope.—(Texas Siftings.

A TENDER HEARTED MAN. Customer—Why is it that you charge as much for a six pound pig as you do for a sixteen pound pig? Butcher—The smaller the pig, mum, the worse it hurts to kill it. Got to charge somethin' fur our feelin's, mum.—(Chicago Tribune.

ACCOUNTED FOR AT LAST. First Urchin—What d'ye reckon's the reason Buff'lo Bill wears his hair so long? Second Urchin—He wants to let them Injuns of his know he ain't afraid of 'em.—(Chicago Tribune.

A PRECEDENT ESTABLISHED. "What makes you think she will marry you?" "She has married other men."—(Truth.

THE ONLY CAUSES. Mrs. Dobson—Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what's the matter? Mr. Dobson—Why either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble, or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat.—(Puck.

UNSELFISH LOVE. He—If you loved me you would marry me while I am poor. She—You do me an injustice. I love you too much to have your precious health risked by my cooking. Wait until you can afford to keep servants.—(Life.

A MAN TO BE AVOIDED. Higgins—There comes Baggs. I don't care to meet that fellow. I asked him to lend me \$10 one day last spring. Hoggons—He ought to have let you have it: he's rich. Higgins—Well, you see, he did.—(Life.

BAROMETRIC INDICATIONS. Senior Partner—One thing I like about our new clerk is that he is reliable. You can always tell what he is going to do next. Junior Partner—And what is that? Senior Partner—Nothing.—(Truth.

AN ABSORBING TALE. Office Boy to Butcher—Mr. Serial wants ten cents' worth of sliced ham wrapped up in the continuation of the story you sent him yesterday with the sausages.—(Browning's.

RELENTLESS. Gotrox—You can't work any dynamite fakes here. There isn't any use for you to try it. Dismal Dawson—Dis ain't no dynamite. Dis is a accordion; an' if you don't give up two bones, I'll play "Two Little Girls in Blue" right here. See?—(Puck.

FULLY OCCUPIED. Cora—How is it that when a man writes one famous story he seldom writes another? Merritt—Because he devotes the rest of his life to telling us how he came to write it.—(Puck.

WANTED TO ASK SOMEBODY WHO KNEW. Under ordinary circumstances he was a man of prominence—but as he ascended the steps of his residence, very early in the morning, it was as evident that he desired to be as much otherwise as possible. The cabby was lingering near to see that his charge was safely disposed of for the night. The door opened before the man on the steps could get his key to work, and he was met with the question: "John, where have you been?" (Silence.) "John, where have you been?" He turned to descend the steps. "Are you going to answer my question?" "Yes'h my dear, I am. From my personal knowledge, I can't give the desired information, 'a I'm goin' to ask the man that drives the hack."—(Life.

DANGERS OF THE BOTTLE. Fogg—There's an example of the bottle working a man's ruin. Fogg—Humph! Whiskey? Fogg—Nop; ink. Jury awarded the girl \$50,000 damages in a breach of promise suit on the strength of the letters he wrote, and it took every cent he had to pay it.—(Buffalo Courier.

CURTAILING EXPENSES. "Never knew such hard times, old boy. We're economizing at our house now just like other folks." "You were always an excessive smoker. I suppose the first thing you did was to cut down the number of your cigars?" "Well, no; not exactly. You see, wifey does the household work instead of hiring a girl, and that's where the economy comes in."—(Judge.

CLEAVING TO AND CLEAVING FROM

Miss Backbay—What a solemn thing it is for two people to wed; to cleave to one another till death them do part.

Mrs. Jackson-Tarke—Isn't it though? I'm mighty glad that folks don't have to marry on any such cast iron conditions nowadays.—(Indianaapolis Enquirer.

TO REMEMBER TO EXPLAIN. The trawler with a new gag approached the sea with money in his pocket.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give Mahmemosic something today?" "Who's Mahmemosic?" asked the gentleman, somewhat puzzled. "It's Indian, sir, for Man-not-afraid-to-ask-for-a-dime."

"That's all right, but I never heard of Mahmemosic before." The tramp assumed a look of amazement. "What," he exclaimed; "never heard of Mahmemosic?" "No; never did."

"Did you ever hear of Abraham Lincoln?" "Lincoln? Lincoln?" queried the gentleman, catching a cue. "Who's he?" The tramp ignored the question. "Perhaps you've heard of General Grant?" "Can't say I ever did."

You've certainly heard of Washington?" "Washington? Washington? and the gentleman rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Let me see; what was his first name." "George, sir—George Washington." "No; I never heard of him. Who was he?"

The tramp took a long look at his proposed benefactor. "Well," he said, "he was a man who never done what you are doing now in great shape," and the tramp had the gentleman in a hole he couldn't get out of without paying a dime and cutting short further explanation.—(Detroit Free Press.

CLEARLY NOT TO THE DOGS. "I heard Rhyme say the other day that poetry was going to the dogs." "I guess he's about right." "It doesn't seem so to me. Swinburne has just written a poem 'To a Cat.'"—(New York Press.

THEY GET THEM IN THE NECK. "The little mermaids and merboys never have any snow under the ocean, do they, mamma?" said Jacky. "No, dear."

"I suppose instead of snowball fights they have fishball fights, eh?" said Jacky.—(Harper's Young People.

WHAT PAPA SAID. Mr. Bigwaist—And so your father has been giving you some points in physiology and has told you that all persons' bodies are composed mainly of water. Little Robbie—All except you. "Except me?" "Yes, he said you were made up mainly of beer."—(Boston Courier.

STUFFING A VISITOR. "When that man came to Chicago, sir, he couldn't write his name. And now he's worth millions." "I suppose he has learned to write by this time?" "Write? Write? That man, sir, wields the finest catkin pen in Chicago."—(Chicago Tribune.

A PREVALENT DISEASE. Jackson—What was the trouble between you and the landlady this morning? Mrs. Commick—Only a little liver complaint.—(Halo.

BY WEIGHT. Publisher—I tell you, we sold every copy of our mammoth edition last week. Cynic—How much a pound did you get?—(Halo.

PURELY BUSINESS. "That Lord Bronson who married Jenny Simpson was an awful boor. He was married actually in a business suit." "Well, why not? The wedding was a pure matter of business so far as he was concerned."—(Harper's Bazar.

CAUSE FOR INDIGNATION. "Sir, you have insulted both of us." "How?" "You said we resembled each other."—(Halo.

HIS GEOGRAPHY. Teacher—In what State is Chicago? Pupil—New Jersey. "Wrong. Where is the Hudson River?" "Rises in the Rocky Mountains and flows to the Gulf of Mexico." "My goodness, child, you must have been reading a London newspaper."—(Good News.

A WISE DOCTOR. "Doctor, I have a frightful cold in the head! What shall I take for it?" "Doctor (after reflection)—A handkerchief.—(Texas Siftings.

NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT IT. Ethel—He hardly knows me yet and he has proposed. Don't you think it strange? Clarissa—No, I don't see anything strange in his proposing if he hardly knows you.

LIKE SAMPPSON. She—You have such a curly head! He—Yes; that is my—er—weak point!