

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. Clipping 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 was about to answer him, as surely as a 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. Not 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, who lived in Greer'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 stairs. 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 bullet, 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 the bent head, while from each of the jewels that lay on the table there flashed up an answering ray as if were of triumph!

The court-room 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 Greer'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 3rd 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 plate. '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 beef, 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, leapt 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 dish."

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, and 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.

Washing Soft Coal Smoke.

First, the smoke is drawn from the stack by a powerful fan, and it is then forced through a revolving cylinder into a tank filled with water. Perforated beaters are fixed to the back of the cylinder and these drop into the water and scrub or wash the smoke, which is put back into the chimney in the form of a perfectly pure vapor. The solid carbon, which is washed from the smoke, is brought out at the bottom of the tank all bubbling and boiling over, to all appearance a black foaming froth. The arrangement of the apparatus allows an inspection of the washing process, and of the vapor, which, after the cleansing has been performed in the tank below, is perfectly white and odorless, and is thrown through the chimney into the air as steam. It is an interesting fact that the black extract is admirably adapted for use in the composition of paint and priming ink, while the ammoniated water remaining after the washing, possesses the properties of a powerful disinfectant.

—[Philadelphia Ledger.

He Added a Postscript.

The following genuine "bull" story is related by a down town merchant. An out of town customer to whom some goods had been shipped, discovered, as he thought, a mistake in the bill overcharging him to a considerable amount. He wrote to the merchant in the city without delay, and the letter was duly received. It dwelt at length on carelessness in general and particularly in the case of this bill, waxing indignant over the foolish mistake and demanding a correct bill at once. At the foot of the bill was the hastily written postscript to this effect, "Since writing the above I have re-examined your bill and find it correct after all." —[New York Tribune.

DOWN TO THE HEELS.

THE LENGTH OF GOWNS FOR BABIES AND BUDDS.

Six-Year-Olds, However, Wear Their Skirts Distinctly Short—Many Designs of Latest Pattern for Little Maidens of Tender Years.

Gowns for Little Girls.

New York correspondence.

ABIES and buds may wear down-to-heels gowns, but about the sixth year little Miss Maiden comes into a new style of dress. A way of wearing gowns, not to be worn again until she is a shy debutante. Frills and frivolities in dainty following of mamma's own maid adorn her wear now, and the skirts will be distinctly short—as short, indeed, as the prettiness of the limbs allows. From a quaint, serious little Gretchen creature, the girl at 5 or 6 suddenly becomes a light-footed butterfly or a fluffy-skirted fairy. Just now, to look over the children's outfits for maids of about this age, one would fancy that little Miss Maiden did nothing in the world but go to dancing school and to parties. This is probably because the short dresses lend themselves so deliciously to party effects, and this leads many a mother to keep her daughter in such skirts after most women—especially those who haven't daughters—would insist upon their ankles being hidden. An example of this sort is pictured in the initial—a dress of crepon trimmed liberally with lace insertion and ribbon, and by the maker described as "for a young lady of 12."

For young ladies of from 6 to 10—for if a girl of a dozen years is a young lady, why is not a child of 6—muslin, gauze, tulle and chiffon over silk slips seems to be the general thing. Skirt and bodice are all one, the slits in the skirt being usually low-necked and short.

For school dresses are made of dark wool, brightened by fancy braiding, brown and red being a favorite combination. A dear little gown for a bit of a blonde was gray serge braided heavily with narrow black. The skirt was pretty full and was braided in circular rows to the knee. The bodice had a deep bretelle lying over the shoulders outlining a yoke that was braided, and deep braided cuffs reached to the shoulder puffs. All red serge dresses are much worn by little girls from 12 to 13. These school dresses are all simply made, and though they are daintily fresh, all suggestion of elaboration is avoided. Two small home dresses are shown in the last picture. Corn-flower blue flannel is the fabric of the smaller one and it is cut in one and finished with jacket fronts. The breadths are cut wider toward the bottom, so that the dress shall be full and flowing. The hem of the skirt is ornamented with black silk embroidery, which is repeated at the top in shape of a plastron. The jacket fronts have double revers of watered silk, and the baggy sleeves have an elastic at the wrist. The other dress is for a child several years older and can be made of any reasonable material. The back is made of two pieces, with an opening in the center which fastens with hooks and eyes, and the front is made of one piece and gathered at neck and waist. The skirt

is pleated and is joined to the bodice, the seam being hidden by a folded surah sash tying in a baby-bow with long ends in back. The skirt is made of straight breadths, unlined, and is trimmed with braid around the bottom. The sleeves are very full and are held up by straps that commence at the collar as shown.

Outside all there is a little cloak, quite like mamma's opera cloak, that is fur lined and made with lots of capes. In the third picture there is to be seen a little girl coat made of pale gray cloth trimmed with bands of krummer.

Very pale-blue note paper, with a monogram, one as easily obtained as the other.

For ball dresses, flowered silk net, with fur, lace, embroidery or flowers in the trimmings. Overskirts in big, long points, in spirals effects, in festooned loops at the bottom. Yellow in many shades, blue in a few, browns and reds in an infinity, green scarcely holding its own, perhaps.

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with bands of lace insertion each two inches wide, and comes on the standing collar and sleeves. The pretty costume is completed by a gray felt hat, garnished with blue feathers and velvet ribbon loops and ends.

Dainty little afternoon gowns are mostly of light chollies, delicate cashmeres and wool stuffs. They are all light in color and are made simply, the waist and skirt all one at first, and the fastening always at the back. Sometimes a little frill is let in along the waist cord. These little gowns are made to wear with guimpes, and they have lots of brochettes and frills on the sleeves. There are any number of all-over aprons to wear with these, and the aprons are so fresh, dainty and prettily made, often looking almost like a muslin dress only for the opening in the back, that little Miss Maiden looks as if right out of the laundryman's box. These dresses grow a little longer waist, a little smaller around, and a bit longer as the years go by, but the general style stays about the same.

The little Miss shown, who wouldn't be sketched unless dolly was included, even though the latter was in alarming neglect, displays a much-liked skirt, and a bodice of very reasonable braid on her skirt. The material is brown striped woolen stuff, the skirt is gored, and the waist has a fitted lining. It hooks in back, where the stuff is tucked lengthwise three or four times and has the opening. The tiny yoke of brown velvet is alike back and front, and is finished with cream guipure lace that forms epaulettes over the brown stuff puffs. The sleeve cuffs are brown velvet.

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

CLOSE TO FIRE.

Are the Feet of Those Who Walk on the Sand of Death Valley.

Mr. Frederick Monson's lecture on Death Valley, which was delivered at Metropolitan Temple on Friday, added something to our knowledge of one of the most curious spots in the State. It was a year or two after the discovery of gold that its existence was made known by the frightful destruction of an immigrant party by thirst within its limits.

The immigrants were coming in through Nye County, Nev.; they crossed a pass in the Paramint Mountains and struck into the valley, where their skeletons lie to this day. Some ten years afterward the United States Boundary Commission surveyed the valley and pronounced it to be the bed of a former lake, which had been drained in one of the last volcanic convulsions on this side of the mountains. Since then it has been visited by occasional explorers and gatherers of borax; but as it contains no water, as the air is impregnated with mephitic gases, and as the thermometer sometimes registers as much as 140 degrees in the shade in summer, visitors have been few and far between.

Yet it is an interesting spot. It is part of the belated world, to which the great Salt Lake, the subterranean river of Mojave and the Colorado Desert belong, and of which the geysers of Sonoma are an offshoot. As Greenland is a relic of the last glacial age, so this distressed region is a surviving relic of the latest igneous age; an era when nothing was finally settled, and fire and water were contending for supremacy over the soil. Similar regions exist in southern California and in the vicinity of the Dead Sea in Palestine; the volcanic force has so far lost its primitive energy that earthquakes are light, and there are no eruptions; but the volcanic gases continue to escape in such quantity that travel is attended with danger to life, and the water springs are polluted with salt, sulphur and poisonous ingredients. In the California Solfatara excessive heat is added to the other horrors of the place. The center of the valley is hotter than Sennar, and the only animal life is a few specimens of tropical reptiles.

Mr. Monson is reported to have said that the bottom of the valley is the lowest depression on the earth's surface. This is not strictly correct. The lowest levels obtained in Death Valley are about 430 feet below the sea, whereas the surface of the Dead Sea in Palestine is 1,300 feet below. But the hole which goes by the name of Death Valley is pretty deep. The crust of the earth throughout the valleys of San Bernardino and Inyo counties must be very thin. The traveler's feet are separated from the internal body of everlasting fire by a slim sheet of earth and rock, which would offer but a slight resistance to seismic force. A few miles distant from Death Valley there is a region which may be surveyed by the eye, and which contains a thousand active volcanoes—small of their kind, to be sure, baby volcanoes, so to speak, but still actively engaged in throwing up mud and water. And not many miles away is the range of granite mountains, among which Mount Whitney rears its head through the clouds; solid masses of primeval rock which must have worn the shape in which we see them now when the plain at their feet was a seething, raging caldron in which fire and water contended for the mastery.

To see such marvels of nature people cross oceans, spend fortunes and carry their lives in their hands. Neither Mauna Loa nor Hecla offers such wonders to the beholder as Death Valley and the Colorado Desert. In January and February the heat in the valley is not less than 100° in the shade. Excursion parties might be fitted out with supplies of food and water, and, in a few days, the visitors might see enough to realize what the world was like in the Plutonic age. The contrast between the pleasant valleys of the rivers, with their fruit trees bursting into blossom, and these dreadful deserts, with their awful chasms and their hideous inhabitants, would be a thing not easily forgotten.—[San Francisco Call.

Sword and Bayonet Forms.

The sabre used by the United States cavalry is copied from the cimeter of the Saracens, which was the most effective sword for cutting purposes ever devised. It will be remembered how, according to the story told in Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," with such a weapon the pagan Saladin chopped a soft cushion in two at one blow, to the amazement of Richard Cœur de Lion. With a straight sword one can make a horse or a thrust, but to slice an adversary one must saw with it. The cimeter, being curved and wide and heavy toward the end, slices by the mere fact of striking. The kind of bayonets chiefly used by the Federal troops during the War of the Rebellion was the old triangular pattern. Sword bayonets were also employed on guns imported from Europe. During the last ten years the regulation bayonet has been of the "ramrod" type—a hideous instrument, cylindrical and of the thickness of a ramrod, with a sharp screw point, like that of a carpenter's bit. It is now to be replaced with the knife bayonet, which somewhat resembles a butcher's knife—is twelve inches long with one edge. It is quite as effective and much lighter than the sword bayonet. The latter is being dispensed with by most of the European nations in favor of the knife bayonet. The bayonet was a French invention. In the early days of firearms soldiers used to carry both guns and pikes, but the notion of attaching the pike to the gun in such a manner that both could be used at the same time, was the beginning of the idea of the bayonet.—[Troy Times.

PLEASANT SLEIGHING.

I put my arm around the maid As o'er the snow we flew; She blushed and then she softly said: "Please let me drive for you." —New York Press.

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LARGEST LIGHT-HOUSE.

Is on the French Coast and Is of Wonderful Power.

If there is one thing which the French Government has endeavored to do well it has been to warn mariners of dangerous parts of the French coast, and if there is a spot where the Service des Phares de France has largely experimented with a view to providing the best method of light-house illumination it has been at the light-house at the Cap de la Heve, near Havre. Four different kinds of apparatus have already been tested at this light-house, which are described in the Pall Mall Gazette.

The first comprised oil lamps with reflectors giving luminous intensity of 8,000 candle-power, visible in clear weather a distance of forty-one miles. In the second case oil lamps were used with fixed lenticular apparatus, yielding a candle-power of 19,000, capable of being seen in clear weather a distance of forty-nine and one-half miles. The third comprised the employment of the electric arc light, with fixed lenticular apparatus, giving an illumination of 24,000 candle-power, the light being visible fifty-seven miles away. In the fourth case the use of the electric arc light was combined with a lenticular flashing apparatus, yielding 24,000,000 candle-power and capable of being seen on a clear night no less than 180 miles distant. A new light has, however, been practically completed at this light-house, and will give a luminous intensity of 40,000,000 candle-power, and it will be the most powerful light-house in the world.

As far as the electrical apparatus is concerned, the old magneto machines have been dispensed with and four new generating machines have been substituted. These are two continuous-current dynamos, giving each from twenty-five to forty-five volts. The current yielded by these machines will be utilized for producing light in Serrin regulating lamps, fitted with cylindrical carbons. The optical apparatus which has replaced the old fixed lights is a new type, devised by M. Bourdelle, one of the chief engineers of the Service des Phares, and who was a prominent member of the recent International Maritime Congress held in London.

This apparatus gives white flashes, which succeed each other every five seconds, and it possesses this peculiarity, that the number of lenticular panels, which in light-houses of the first order range from eight to sixteen, has been reduced to four. The difficulty of revolving the panels at the necessary rapidity to produce the flashes at sufficiently regular intervals has hitherto prevented the realization of this important improvement, but this now has been overcome in an ingenious manner, and it is now possible to make a complete revolution in twenty seconds, as compared with a minimum of four minutes with the ordinary lights of the first order. The square lantern has been demolished and a circular one substituted.

The new light will, as already mentioned, be the largest light-house light in the world. During eleven months of the year the light at the Cap de la Heve will be visible from its geographical bearing a distance of twenty-three miles, while with the old lights this limit has only been obtained for eight months in the year, leaving out of consideration the greater luminous intensity obtained with the new apparatus.

A Detective's Close Call.

"The closest call I ever had," said a detective, "was in Southern Indiana, where a posse of us had gone to capture some counterfeiters. There were five of us in the party, and, as I had previously been over the ground and located the house, I was deputed to watch the front while the others deployed in the rear, and we were to come together at a given signal and make a rush for the house, which was a log cabin standing in an open field. It began to rain soon after we separated, and seeing a new weather-boarded house ahead of me, and knowing that I was in the right neighborhood, I concluded to stay there a few hours until after the rain subsided. There was no danger of the counterfeiters leaving. Knocking at the door, I was admitted. Inside were five men and a woman. They showed me up stairs to my room, and as the man who piloted me left I heard him turn the key in the door and had been recently weather-boarded. In a few minutes I heard them consulting together in the hall, and I felt that my doom was being sealed. Dropping out of a small window at the end of the room, I reached my horse just as they discovered my escape, and the ball from a rifle whistled past my head as I mounted the horse. A regular fusillade followed, and the bullets came close enough for me to hear them, but I succeeded in reaching my companions, and we surrounded the house just in time to catch them as they started home." —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Best Snake Killers.

John T. Miller of Portsmouth, Ohio, owns a farm near the city, which is furnished with good buildings, capital soil and a quarry of superior stone, but for a long time he has been unable to keep a tenant on the place, so to work the quarry, so it is said, on account of the number of venomous snakes which infest the place. Mr. Miller has done everything that he could think of to get rid of the snakes, but the more that were killed the more there seemed to be, until he was almost in despair. Last spring, on the advice of an old settler, he determined to try a new plan, so he built a high fence all around his land, bought forty hogs, turned them into the inclosure, and paid no further attention to them during the summer. Last fall he went to examine his hogs. He found them all in splendid health and condition, sleek and fat, but he could not find a single snake on the place. He thinks that the hogs have eaten them all. —[New Orleans Picayune.

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