

EXPECTANCY.

By Lindsley Flavel Mines.

I waited long; the dreary round of days
Grew into weeks, and then the months became
Slowpassing years that ever seemed the same,
Because nor song nor whisper could I raise,
Nor take the pen to give your beauty praise;
And all the hours were wearisome and tame,
For I did love, and needs must hide the flame,
Lest men should see and mock me with their gaze.

Yet oft a burning eagerness came o'er
My soul to know, perchance, if in your heart
Might be a secret fane for thoughts of me—
Though knowing I could ask for nothing more,
And undervaluing of so rich a part,
I harbored hope and pryed that it might be.

THE LAST OF THEM.

To begin at the beginning, I must say that I had a very poor opinion of Sylvester Baffin until I met him. Indeed, I heard of him quite accidentally at Chickasaw, where Tom Pepper, one of the old time drummers—his dead these six years—told me what he knew, or rather what he didn't know, about Baffin. It was in the old days, before the Government was half ready to open up the Kiowa and Comanche country, and the few traveling men who got into the traders had to drive in by wagon. The Rock Island was surveying, I think, but there wasn't a mile of road west of the Chickasaw line.

The case that Pepper made out against Baffin came pretty near being the prize hard luck story, with Baffin as the victim. Baffin was a trader in those days and might have prospered if he were not everlastingly burning out. What struck me as singular was that, in spite of the numerous fires which followed his wanderings, Baffin never carried any insurance, never whined over his losses and never repudiated his debts. But fire was not the only cause of his misfortunes. Whenever he bought a few cattle they would get straggled or maimed on somebody's barb wire fence. If he put out a crop a herd of ponies was sure to invade and destroy it. Ill luck, according to Pepper, seemed to follow Baffin till every white man in the reservation except himself believed that the young trader had enemies among the Indians.

However, as I was not looking for trade and had a mind to prospect a bit in the Wichita hills I put down Baffin's address and set out on horseback for Cloudchief, near which Baffin was then running a small post. His place was about four miles up the dry fork of the Wichita River, and there I found him one March evening about an hour before sundown. In spite of the descriptions I'd had of him, I was a little surprised to find him such a splendid looking fellow. He was sitting on a keg in front of his log house smoking his pipe and gazing at me steadily as I came slowly out of the bare timber. When I got into the clearing he stood up, the shadow of a smile hovering across his swarthy face, and said: "How do, sir. Won't you come in?" He was very tall, more than 6 feet, his hair and eyes were very black and brilliant; he wore a thick, dark mustache, and though the evening was cool he was in his shirt sleeves. A true frontiersman, he said very little, though he was hospitably itself and seemed glad to hear me talk. I'm quite sure that I took a great fancy to him from the start, and I think he liked me, because he finally lapsed into an almost talkative mood and told me a few Indian legends of extinct tribes which I cannot remember having heard anywhere else.

I was going to bed before he asked me a rather singular question, "Did you stop in any Comanche villages on your way up?" and when I said no I thought he seemed rather relieved. We slept in the store that night, I on a bale of coarse duck that made a very good bed, and he on the counter with his head on a bundle of brown wrapping paper. The only other occupant of the house was an old Indian squaw, very withered and very silent, who seemed to carry on the simple house-keeping pretty much as it suited her.

I went away in the early morning, after a course but wholesome breakfast and a rather cordial handshake from Baffin. After three profitless days of prospecting I came back to find that the log house in which I had so lately been a guest had been burned in my absence. Nothing but a few mounds of yet smoldering ashes marked the place. Baffin was gone, nor was there any trace of life at hand. In Cloudchief I asked about him, but nobody knew more than that he had been burned out during the night and that he had bought a cart from some Wichita Indians and started for the Canadian River country. I met him twice after that at Taloga and once at Watonga, but though we got along famously together he always evaded any questions about his misfortunes. He had given up the idea of trading for the future, and at that time showed extraordinary interest in mining. I told him all I knew, warning him of the precarious chance of finding any considerable mines in the Wichita, where I had so often failed, but advising him to turn his attention to coal or oil, or even asphalt, indications of which I had found in many accessible localities.

He showed a particularly keen interest in asphalt and its possibilities, listening with wide eyed delight to my description of it uses and values in the big cities. Though he never told me till later, I was already sure that he had never been in the States, but he was so keen for information, so ambitious for work, so apt in grasping ideas, that I never could make up my mind to believe that he had any Indian blood in him.

When I left him that time his mind was fully made up to go prospecting for asphalt, and, sorry as I felt for him, I couldn't help admiring the splendid optimism which seemed to surmount all his strange ill luck and lead him always on to new enterprises. I gave him two or three addresses where letters might reach me during the next year, and promised in case he should find a considerable deposit of asphalt to rejoin him, and if possible unite with him in the business of acquiring leases and developing the property.

I was in Pittsburg late that summer, when I got a letter from Baffin, dated at Ardmore, in the Chickasaw country, telling me that he had found a great and hitherto unknown deposit of asphalt in the Black Hills above Taloga and seven miles to the north-later, after a day's mean riding, that west by trail. It was nearly six weeks I got well up into the rocky hills into which the trail had led me. I had a pack mule besides my saddle pony, for I didn't know how Baffin was situated, and I had stopped with the intention of trying some bacon for my dinner, when I heard a rifle shot sound across the valley, reverberating against the high rocks with a roar that lingered like receding thunder. I looked about and at last saw Baffin standing on a point of rock far above me, his rifle on his arm and his eyes searching across the deep canon. I called his name, and was astonished to see him drop flat on his face like a man pursued and peer over the edge of his hiding place.

I scrambled into my saddle and was soon within speaking distance of him. He came out with a glad smile, but I noticed that there was a hunted look in his wide black eyes and some grey hairs above the temples that I had not noticed before. He asked me if I had heard the shot. "Of course," said I, "what were you shooting at?" But he said he didn't shoot at all, that it was somebody else, and so led me to the narrow passage way between the rocks till we came into a little clearing at the top. I saw that he had built a good shanty there, and I also saw that the old squaw was yet with him, for she was sitting there by the front door as if dozing in the western sunlight.

But I was not prepared for the sudden change that came over Baffin when he saw her. With an awful oath he stopped me, and when I looked at him his face was ashen and his fiery eyes were fixed upon the old hag. I was afraid he was ill and asked him, but he said no, and then, becoming quite calm, he sat down on a shady rock and said:

"Did you ever hear that story, what you might call legend, about the massacre of the Tonkawas?"

I thought it a queer, irrelevant question, but I sat down and said I had not.

"I never believed it," he resumed, "and I never told it before, but I'd rather you heard it from me than from some one else. It is said that in the old days the Tonkawas ate their prisoners. They were cannibals, as you call them. It must be a lie. But the Apaches and the Kiowas, as well as the Comanches, wish to believe it. I don't know how long ago, but some time when the Tonkawas were at war with the Comanches, they stole a baby from the Comanche village that was in the West Cache, near the foothills of the Washita, and cooked it for the Tonkawa chief. It was two nights later that 600 Kiowas and Comanches fell upon the Tonkawa camp in the rock gorge of Bloody Mountain and massacred the whole tribe. They slew and burned till there was not a Tonkawa left, and when they had counted the scalps they knew that every fighting man was dead. But when they came back into the valley they found that one woman and her baby had escaped."

There were tears in his eyes when he looked across the sunlit clearing toward his shanty, and pointing his big, brown hand at the old squaw, said:

"There she sits. She was the last of the Tonkawas, unless I can be called Tonkawa."

"You?" I said, not understanding; but he went on: "She was my mother's mother. My father was Gerald Baffin, an English trapper. He married the Tonkawa baby. But the Comanche followed them as they have followed me. They shot my mother while she was nursing me. My father disappeared, but old Shaiga hid me, and I have repaid her well till now."

"She must be very old," I said, not knowing why he bowed his tousled head so low.

"More than a century," he answered.

"And you think it was your enemies who burned your houses and maimed your cattle?"

"It doesn't matter. I didn't mind that, but this"—he had risen and I followed him toward the shanty, where the old woman was sitting motionless—"this is hard to forget. It was the shot you heard."

The old squaw was quite dead.—Chicago Record.

WATER AS A FUEL.

One Solution of the Problem of Finding a Coal Substitute.
The problem of finding a practical substitute for hard coal, which, in view

of the scarcity of the latter is commanding the thought of a great many people in this country, has had several interesting solutions, but it is doubtful if any of them has been more novel or curious than that of a Boston gentleman, Mr. A. C. Carey.

Mr. Carey, who is described in the Boston Globe as a skilled mechanic and patentee of nearly one hundred inventions of his own, proposes to use water, unmixed with any other substance, as a fuel. In demonstrating his idea Mr. Carey employs the Bunsen burner, invented many years ago by Prof. Bunsen of Heidelberg, and by means of this burner he is able, it is claimed, to get a flame as large as a bushel basket from a single drop of water. Some such tubular arrangement as the Bunsen burner is necessary in order to generate heat sufficiently intense to produce the desired result. By allowing the water to drip through the tiny flame arising from this tube onto a piece of platinum the gases contained in the water are released and combustion follows. Any kind of water will do, whether fresh or salt, pure or impure. All that is necessary, it appears, is to disintegrate the water, and nature does the rest.

Although thoroughly confident that his scheme for burning water is, in every way, feasible and full of immense possibilities of development, Mr. Carey, who is now an old man, says that he feels hardly able to undertake the task of continuing his experiments and of carrying them to a successful termination. He is willing, however, to give the benefit of his discovery to science and to assist, so far as possible, in developing and perfecting the ideas involved.

It should be said that the fuel which this Boston inventor would produce, and also his method of making it, would bear no real relation to the product and manufacture of what are known as gas water and water gas, whose uses are well known, and which are, moreover, relatively unimportant when compared with the utility of the fuel which, it is claimed, can be made from water by following the principle outlined above.

Canary Infanticide.

A short time ago I quoted an account given by a well known naturalist of how a hen canary drowned her fledglings that had broken wings. The author begged any reader who knew of any other occurrence of the kind to communicate with the scientific journal for which he writes. A. M. Nossel of Quimperle has, in answer, given publicity to the following curious fact, which took place in his own parlor, and under his own eyes. There he had a pair of canary birds. Last August the hen hatched four eggs. But it was noticed that though she equally divided her care impartially, one of the little ones was puny and of slow growth. While the three others had already downy feathers, this weakling remained naked. One morning M. Nossel observed it lying on the floor of the cage, cold and wounded, but not yet dead. The first thought of M. Nossel was that this fledgling, which within three or four days had been looking stronger, had become restless and was thrown out of the nest by the other birds. Though a leg had been broken, the unfortunate little creature was brought to artificial warmth and replaced by him under the maternal wing. He carefully watched the parents. As they gave no sign of discontent, he thought they would attend kindly to the injured infant. But the hope proved unfounded, and when they fed the other three the fourth opened wide its mouth in vain. Evidently they had made up their minds to starve it to death. Two mornings after it had been replaced in the nest it was found dead, and to judge from the attenuated state of the body, from hunger. M. Nossel is now inclined to think that the fall from the nest was not accidental.—London News.

One Mode of Fighting Lockjaw.

Only partial success has attended the use of the antitoxin for treating lockjaw. Where there is reason to anticipate an attack, this serum can be used advantageously as a preventive. But its curative value, after the disease manifests itself, is not uniform. Sometimes it does good and sometimes it seems to be without effect. On the whole, while reluctant to abandon it altogether, experts recognize the fact that this particular antitoxin does not work as well as could be desired.

Attention has accordingly been directed by the medical press of late to a system of dealing with tetanus suggested by Prof. Baccelli of Rome. He resorts to injections of carbolic acid, which is one of the most powerful antiseptic agents known. The idea of introducing germicides into the blood to fight various bacterial diseases—tuberculosis, for instance—is an old one. Carbolic acid has been a favorite resource in such experiments also. However, its application to tetanus is comparatively new. Though the scheme was proposed several years ago, the profession has given the preference to the serum treatment. Now, however, the Baccelli method is coming to the front again. Italian surgeons are enthusiastic over its effects. Prof. Babes, Bucharest, who may possibly be less prejudiced than Baccelli's fellow countrymen, recommends its use when serum is not obtainable.—New York Times.

First American Strike.

Three hundred shoemakers who struck for higher wages in Philadelphia in 1786 were the first workmen to adopt such tactics in this country. The first railroad strike occurred in 1877.

Womankind



DICKENS GAMES.

A Dickens Hodge Podge is a rousing game with which an evening may be enlivened. Seat the company around a table in the centre of which is a nondescript array of articles the names of which will suggest famous characters in Dickens' books. The players, each provided with pencil and paper, inspect the objects and write down the names of the characters which they think are represented. A correct guess scores one point. An incorrect guess loses two points. Here is a list of names, with suggestions for forming them.

Peggory—A wooden peg, the letter O from an anagram box and a caddy containing tea leaves. Nickleby—A nickel and jewelry in the form of a bee. Copperfield—A picture of a policeman and a photograph of a field. Pickwick—An icicle and a lampwick. Quill—A quill pen and the letter P. Jingle—A number of little bells with a cord to string them on. Dora—A picture of a door and the letter A. Dedlock—A column of death notices clipped from a paper, and a lock. Capt. Cuttle—A cap, a scrap of tanbark and the canary's cuttlefish bone. Carker—The baby's toy car and a yellow china cur. Bagstock—A bag, and the stock market news from a newspaper.

Another Dickens game is equally entertaining. To prepare for it, the hostess should take as many sheets of correspondence paper as she expects guests. An envelope should be addressed to each member of the company and stamped with cancelled English postage. These stamps can be secured for a trifle from any philatelist. The letter in each envelope is the same. It reads as follows, except that the fact that the name of Dickens' story given here for the convenience of the hostess are represented in the epistles by dashes only.

"Dear Friend—Soon after arriving in London I proceeded to the firm of Dombey & Son to exchange some American Notes for coin of the realm. On my way thither I learned the appalling news of The Wreck of the Golden Mary. Whereas our passage had been quite fair for the midwinter season, this unlucky vessel encountered Hard Times immediately after leaving port. How fortunate that all on board were saved, including our Mutual Friend, David Copperfield. Had events taken a sadder course there would have been more than one Bleak House in New York this Xmas tide. As it is, several dozen families will sing A Christmas Carol of thanksgiving, and The Cricket on the Hearth of our good friend's home will chirp merrily, as is his wont. I have seen little of London as yet, but have Great Expectations of enjoyment here. Have already yielded to my antiquarian passion and purchased Master Humphrey's Clock at the Old Curiosity Shop. I also indulged at once in half a dozen of those imitable water colors—Sketches by Box, one of which I am forwarding to you and beg you will accept. Have you read the new book called The Lever of a Queen? It is, as perhaps you have heard, creating a great sensation here, and is a Tale of Two Cities. I will write later, detailing my adventures. Meanwhile let me know if I can be of use to you in the case of The Pickwick Papers and the guardianship of that darling child Little Dorrit."

A prettily framed portrait of Dickens might be the trophy in this contest. It goes, of course to the man or girl whose letter at the end of the competition shows the fewest blank spaces and fewest titles incorrectly given.—New York Sun.

CARRIED IN THE HAND.

Purses play a decided part in the costume of every woman, for be she young or old, rich or poor, this little article is sure to be in plain sight.

The correct pocketbook this year is noticeably smaller than in several seasons, and is quieter in color, decoration and design. Indeed, the gentlewoman likes a really unobtrusive pocketbook.

The purses this winter are rather longer and narrower than those carried in the summer, and the smartest ones are touched with royal copper. This metal is a soft, lovely red, and is used conservatively, just a line of it on the edge of the purse, but the effect is exquisite.

On a purse of dark rich brown leather a narrow line of the copper is wonderfully effective.

Gold is a metal that is always pretty and a slender line of this or a purse that has small gold corners makes one that no woman ever wishes to put out of sight. A smooth, glazed leather that makes up well for pocketbooks is Levant. This is particularly fashionable at the present moment, and when the catch has a semi-precious jewel in it any woman would be excused for always having the purse in her hand.

Unique is the purse that has a place for a tiny photograph. The newly engaged girl will be pleased at this, for it gives her an opportunity to carry

her sweetheart's picture right in her hand. The purse itself is very smart, having a long slender ornament on it in gold. The catch is about the size of a nickel and when it is raised it discloses a tiny frame for a pictured face.

DIET FOR NERVOUS WOMEN.

An entire milk diet is an excellent thing for the woman who is troubled with insomnia. It is also good for the one who is so nervous that when she does sleep she has the sensation of falling, and wakes with a terrific start. When these conditions exist it is well to subsist on milk alone for quite a period.

A grown woman should take a pint of milk at a meal, but to keep up her strength she should take four meals a day, instead of the usual three. People with weakened nerves require a larger quantity of water than those whose nerves and brains are strong. Water aids the digestion of food by making it soluble, and seems to have a direct tonic effect.

Fish of all kinds is an excellent food for women who are suffering from nerves, while, as a rule, salt meats should be avoided. Good bread, sweet butter and lean meat are the best food for the nervous. Eggs may be sparingly partaken of, but they should be thoroughly well cooked, the common opinion that raw or underdone eggs are good for weak or ill people is an erroneous one.

SCIENTIFIC SHIRKING.

The woman who does her own work should learn how to shirk scientifically. This does not mean that she should neglect work that should be done, or that she should do it in a slovenly way. But there are times when every house-keeper must choose what shall be crowded out, her rest, her chance to read a little, to keep in touch with what is going on in the world, or the laborious and unnecessarily thorough accomplishment of an insignificant task. In that case she should unhesitatingly decide that the latter is of less importance and let it go to the wall.—American Kitchen Magazine.

LACE SLIPPERS.

If the Cinderella of today should drop her tiny slippers at the stroke of 12, it would not be made of glass, nor even leather. Cobwebby lace, applied on satin, is the latest thing in footwear. Lace slippers are made to order and are quite as often made up over brilliant gold color or cardinal red satin as with quieter tints. A charming pair of little lace slippers gives us black Chantilly over Quaker gray satin. These match a dinner gown of gray satin enhanced with Chantilly flourishes.

THE VALUE OF CARRIAGE.

The woman who carries herself well is more apt to command respect than the woman who trudges along with her head inclined forward and her shoulders in a stooping position. The possessor of a graceful, erect carriage unconsciously impresses us as having characteristic worth, says the Pittsburg Observer. There are many noble hearted women who really do themselves injustice by the awkward way they carry themselves. It is very hard for others to see beauty and grace of heart in an unlovely outward appearance. It is the exterior charm of the rose that gives fitting expression to its hidden sweetness.

JEWEL STUDDED CORSETS.

The maid or matron who is ultra in following the dictates of Madame Fashion now has the clasps of her corsets studded with semi-precious stones. The jewels used are of the less expensive kind and those shown in the dainty stays are of turquoise, rhinestones, garnets, topaz and amethyst. These are supposed to carry out the thoughts of the delicate embroidery that adorns the body part of the corsets. The choice of the jewel depends upon whether the delicate flowers are violets, forget-me-nots or little pink daisies.



LINGERIE IDEALS.

Circular knee flounces garnish some of the newest white undershirts.

Swiss embroideries in self colors are the latest garniture for silk under skirts.

Flat effects are the salient trimming feature of the hour. Much Valenciennes and a somewhat heavier square meshed lace are used.

A gored front breadth is an entirely new idea in nightgown shapes. Deep Vandyke points, reaching from the neck almost to the waistline, is a late trimming idea employed.

A smooth, trim fit is the foremost consideration in the most recent creations in corset covers. The round neck is the favorite shape for low necks.

Hand-embroidered flowers and tiny conventional pieces, delicate stars and drooping bell-like blossoms appear among the daintiest of the trimming effects on the French hand-made underwear.

Huge rosettes and large streamers of white satin ribbon are seen upon some extreme French underwear which is not apt to be generally popular, however, with American women. They prefer bebe ribbon-run beading. This season white appears to have entirely superseded all other shades of ribbon for adorning lingerie.

Household.

BREAD OMELET.

Soak half a cupful of bread crumbs in half a cupful of milk twenty minutes; beat the yolks of four eggs and add them to the milk and bread; season with salt a little pepper and one tablespoonful of melted butter; put a little butter in the omelet; pour when melted; add the mixture; cook slowly; fold in half; serve on a hot platter.

A WHOLESOME PUDDING.

For fruit rice pudding take a large teaspoonful of rice, a little water to cook it partially; dry, line a basin with part of it, fill nearly full with pared, cored and quartered apples or any fruit you choose, cover with the balance of your rice, tie a cloth tightly over the top and steam for one hour. To be eaten with sweet sauce. Do not butter your basin.

TRIPE A LA CREOLE.

Put in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter and twelve pepper corns, two cloves, one blade of mace and one onion chopped fine; cook slowly until the butter is a light brown; add two tablespoonfuls of flour and brown again; add one and one-quarter cupful of steamed tomatoes and stir until smooth; strain and return to the fire; season to taste; add half a pound of boiled tripe cut into strips; cover and simmer gently twenty minutes.

OXTAIL SOUP.

Cut two oxtails, separating them at the joints; put one tablespoonful of dripping in the frying pan; fry one small onion minced to a delicate brown; put the oxtails in the soup kettle with two quarts of cold water; bring it slowly to the boiling point; add the onion, one stalk of celery or half a teaspoonful celery salt, two sprigs of parsley, three cloves six pepper corns, and one tablespoon of salt; let simmer four hours; strain into a bowl; when cool remove the grease; put two of these pieces of oxtail for each portion of soup to be served.

ALMOND FLAMMERY.

Soak half a box of gelatine in a cup of cold milk for half an hour. Take two ounces of almonds, one of sweet and one of bitter, blanch and pound them to a paste, adding gradually three cups of milk. When the gelatine is soft add the milk and almonds and put the whole into a double boiler and heat slowly. Then boil for ten minutes and strain through a fine sieve or piece of cheesecloth. Sweeten to taste and flavor with a teaspoonful of orange-flower water. Turn into a mold wet with cold water and set in a cold place to stiffen. Serve with sweetened cream, custard or Devonshire cream. Fresh fruit may be served instead of the sauces. Mash the fruit and sweeten to taste and pour around the cream.

MARINATE OF MUTTON.

Order the mutton two or three days in advance, letting it hang meanwhile in the butcher's ice box. Have it skinned and the fat cut off and out before it is sent home. With a fork make small holes all over the meat and rub well with salt and pepper. Make a marinade as follows and use it cold: Grate six onions of medium size, and add juice of two lemons, a tablespoonful salad oil, with four tablespoonfuls of any kind of sweet pickled small fruit, with two tablespoonfuls currant jelly. Pour this mixture slowly over the meat and set in the ice box, basting with the liquid whenever it is necessary to go to the refrigerator through the day. Roast the mutton, allowing ten minutes to the pound. When the meat is put in the pan there is enough liquid to baste with, and the jelly soon melts on the meat. The same marinade used in basting serves also for the gravy.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Soda should never be placed in the water in which china with gilding on it is to be washed. Soap will answer the purpose for cleanliness without damaging the gold.

Ink stains can be removed from furniture by applying a solution made of six drops of niter to a teaspoonful of water, applied with a feather. If the stain does not yield to the first application, make it stronger and repeat.

Exceedingly prim colonial stripes are the most favored with coverings for bedrooms.

The newest chocolate cups are saucer shaped and stand quite high on a narrow base.

To sweep away all petty frumpiness and to have a few worthy ornaments to give a room a finished look is now the prevailing idea in home decoration.

The bureau drawer may be made to open noiselessly and easily by rubbing it with common soap.

Marseilles bedspreads in pale blue, pink or yellow, with edges buttonhole scalloped in white, are new and pretty.

Besides the thorough airing that beds and bedding should daily have, mattresses, bolsters and pillows should be beaten and shaken three times a week.

Bedclothes should often be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It gives them a sweetening that is promotive of quiet rest and sleep.

Smoked lamp globes should be soaked in warm soda water and washed in suds containing a few drops of ammonia. Rinse and dry with linen.

All layer cakes are improved by the substitution of water for milk usually called for in the recipes. When this is done add two more eggs than in the other case.