

The man with expectations
In gloomy, dreary days
May still go hoping, hoping
Along the business ways.
"Some day, some day," he murmurs,
"My own will come to me;
Some day I'll claim the fortune
That waits across the sea."
The hope he has may never
Be realized, but still
It gives him strength to labor
Up many a trying hill.

EXPECTATION.

The man with expectations
Of glory in the skies
May still go hoping, hoping,
When woes around him rise.
"Some day, some day," he murmurs,
"Joy shall be mine up there,
Where sorrow never enters
And all the days are fair."
His eyes may never open
Beyond the grave, but still
He goes with faith to bravely
Face many a fearsome ill.
—S. E. Kiser.

A STRAIN OF ROMANCE.

It was late one afternoon as a man stepped from a small sailing boat on to the quay at Waterport, Gibraltar. He felt uncomfortable and disreputable. Earlier in the day, having nothing better to do, he had set out for a sail across the bay. They had run in on the sandy beach of a forsaken spot called Puerta Majorca. There the boatman had taken him on his shoulders and carried him through the surf, finally dropping him so that he got nicely wet. On the return journey the wind had freshened and it had come on to rain, with the result that he now stood a somewhat forlorn looking object, with clothes spelt by sea water and wet sand.

It had just occurred to him that the next obvious thing was to change his attire, when the sound of voices caught his ear. Looking round he caught sight of a little group some fifty yards away—a girl, a middle-aged lady and a heavy-looking man in a "brass bound" suit. Something in the girl's appearance attracted him, and unconsciously he moved nearer to the trio. He got within a dozen paces of them, and, standing behind a pile of crates, enjoyed a view at close quarters.

"By Jove!" he murmured, under his breath. The girl was tall and slim, magnificently good-looking. He could not take his eyes from her. There was a certain air of vigor and independence about her that fascinated him.

She raised her arm and pointed across the bay to where a large white yacht lay at anchor.

"You mean to say the Scud can't sail to-day, Captain Flint?" she exclaimed. Her voice sent a thrill through him. There was the slightest, most delicious suspicion of trans-Atlantic accent in it, and he was enraptured.

In a drawing tone the Captain gave an account of what had happened. It appeared that the Scotch engineer, McAllister, had gone off on a birthday frolic, and, as the result of a jovial little excursion in the vicinity of Algiers, had managed to get hauled off to a local Spanish jail.

The girl was in despair.
"What shall we do?" she asked, shortly. He caught sight of the book she was reading, and saw it was "Debutante's Peep." He felt exceedingly bitter.

He remained down in the engine room the rest of the time—he felt almost sulky.

The next day they anchored off Alexandria and old Lewis with Lord Hillmarch came on board. The engineer kept out of the way until they went into the saloon for lunch, then he seized the opportunity and went on deck. He leaned over the taffrail and gave himself up to his thoughts. Another hour or so and she would have passed out of his life forever. In his fit of abstraction he had not noticed a torpedo destroyer that was out for practice. She was going at quarter speed past the yacht.

Suddenly a voice broke on his ears.
"Why, it's Kenyon, by Jove! How are you, old man?"

The engineer awoke from his reverie with a start. A few yards away the destroyer was laughing at him.
"Can't keep away from the old game, I see—lucky chap to be able to choose your own fancy boat! Will you come round and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance away by now, and the last words came in a shout. The engineer nodded and waved his hand.

Then a slight noise behind him made him swing round.
He saw Miss Fay Lewison and Lord Hillmarch standing at the open door of the companion. The girl was watching him.

"He called you Kenyon," she said, wondering.
Lord Hillmarch stepped forward. He was an almost middle-aged little man, with a kindly face. He held out his hand to the engineer.
"That happens to be his name, you know—Dennis Kenyon," he said, with a smile.
Miss Lewison was still more bewildered. "You know him?"
"Slightly," he replied. "You see, his estate adjoins mine at home."
"But he has been our engineer," she cried.

There was a pause. Lord Hillmarch shot a little alert look at Kenyon and stroked his mustache. The girl stood waiting for an explanation. Kenyon gave a nervous laugh.
"There isn't really much to explain," he said. "You see, before an uncle died and left me a bothering lot of money and an estate, I was an engineer in the navy—you just heard one of my old messmates call me." He gave a jerk of his finger toward the destroyer. "You know the rest. I was idling about Gibraltar when I accidentally heard your trouble about the engineer. I did it on impulse—I suppose." He hesitated. "I suppose I must have a strain of romance somewhere in my composition," he added lamely.

She did not speak. He moved his head slightly and her gaze met his.

"We are getting on famously, Mr. Dennis. I think a good fate must have dropped you from the clouds!" she said, with a smile.

He looked at her and tried to hide the look of admiration that had crept to his eyes. She seemed more gloriously beautiful than ever. He made some vague reply, and she went on talking about the yacht. It was intoxication to him. He had fallen desperately in love at first sight, and he wondered what it would all lead to.

The next few days passed delightfully. He had several conversations with her—indeed, she seemed almost to welcome an opportunity of speaking with him. The more he saw of her, the more convinced was he that he had made no mistake. This was no feeting fancy; he was really in love.

Then came a bitter shock of disappointment. They were within a day's run of Alexandria, and he was about to go on deck. As he raved up the stairs something white on one of the stairs caught his attention. He picked it up and found it was a telegram. Glancing at it he saw that it was the cable that had been sent to her at Gibraltar by her father. Almost unconsciously he read the few words:
"Get Scud to Alexandria by 22d without fail—Lord Hillmarch has promised to come with us to England."

He stood staring at it stupidly, then, as the meaning of the words dawned upon him, a fierce wave of unreasonable resentment swept over him. Old Lewis had run across Lord Hillmarch, and, considering him an eligible son-in-law, had schemed to bring the two together on the yacht. The old, stale arrangement—American heiress and the English aristocrat. Would they never tire of it?

With a frown on his face, he made his way slowly on deck, the telegram still in his hand. A few yards away Miss Lewison was sitting in her deck chair, studying a book. She looked up as the engineer appeared and smiled. He crossed to her and held out the telegram.

"I found this on the stairs," he said, shortly. He caught sight of the book she was reading, and saw it was "Debutante's Peep." He felt exceedingly bitter.

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Lord Hillmarch looked from one to another critically, then a slight smile crept over his insignificant little face. He pulled out his cigarette case.
"Supposing," he observed, dryly, "we all be delightfully frank with one another."
The two turned to him with a start. "I just love frankness!" said Miss Lewison.

Lord Hillmarch lit his cigarette. "Then, as a beginning," he said coolly, "I'll remark that I don't think I'll come to England in the yacht with you. I rather fancy, you know, that being thirty-eight, and somewhere about five feet two in stature, with a bald head into the bargain, I will adhere to my old resolution and admire nothing but my own charming self! How's that for frankness?"

"Gigantic!" said Kenyon.
The little lord smiled.
"Then I'll leave you to do your share," he observed, and strolled away. The two stared at one another blankly; then suddenly they both laughed.
"It's all very ridiculous!" said Miss Lewison.

Kenyon grew sober again.
"I suppose," he said, slowly, "I must be leaving the ship now, unless—"
He paused and looked at her intently. "Unless by a remote chance you also have—"
"What?" she said, with her eyes on the deck.

"A strain of romance somewhere in your composition," he finished in a low whisper.
She lifted her head and saw him looking at her pleadingly. There was a vague something that appealed to her. And he was undoubtedly very much in love with her. Her lips parted in a half smile.

"I'm not certain," she said, doubtfully. Then her eyes met his. "Why not give me a little time to find out?" she said frankly.

He did—and eventually discovered that there was—Mainly About People.

Turnips and Peas.

Mrs. Smith was not in favor of adorning education with any frills and ruffles. She opposed the introduction of each of the so-called "frills," and her opposition was always loud and insistent. One morning she visited the principal of the school building which sheltered the little Smiths for the five most peaceful hours of their day and expressed her sentiments in no measured terms.

"It's disgraceful the way children are taught," she began, with a painful disregard of tact and diplomacy. "Their studies are so jumbled together they don't know when they have finished with arithmetic and taken up geography. The other day Bessie—she is in G room, you know—came home and said that the teacher had stepped in the middle of a singing lesson, right in the middle of a song, to ask how many turnips were in a peck."

"You must be mistaken," excused the astonished principal.
"No, ma'am, Bessie told me, and Bessie never lies," said Bessie's mother with a complacency that irritated the atmosphere.

The teacher was sent for. She denied that she had interrupted a music lesson to satisfy her curiosity in regard to turnips and peas. She went back to G room with unkindly feelings, but three minutes later she came back smiling.

"I know now what she meant," she said. "I asked the children how many beats were in a measure."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Drawing Out the Mean Man.

Robert Carrick, one of the richest bankers of Scotland a few generations ago, was as mean as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions towards a new hospital, he signed for two guineas, and one of the gentlemen expressing disappointment at the smallness of the amount, he said, "Really, I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who, on seeing the list, cried: "What, Carrick, only two guineas?" When informed of what the banker had said, Wilson replied:

"Wait; I will give him a lesson." Taking his check book, he filled in a check for £100,000, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.
Five minutes later the banker appeared, breathless, and asked, "What is the matter, Wilson?"

"Nothing the matter with me," replied Wilson; "but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. 'Hallo!' thinks I, if that's the case there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible."
Carrick took the subscription list, erased the two guineas, and substituted fifty, on which Wilson immediately tore up the check.—Tit-Bits.

Primary Occupations.

Down town some time ago a class in physical geography was undergoing examination, and among the questions propounded to the hopefuls was the following:

"What are the five primary occupations of man?"
The teacher at authorized answer is something like this: "Agriculture, fishing and hunting, mining, herding and lumbering." But one of the small boys at whom the question was fired got up this answer:

"Politics, keeping a store, working for the trolley company, and being a policeman." It might be even more curious to know what he would regard as the fifth primary occupation.—Philadelphia Telegraph.



TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Lost in the Desert.

THE family of Godfrey Hughes, a member of the firm of assayers owning the customs assay office, recently went to spend the summer months visiting friends who own a large ranch about seventeen miles above Albuquerque. The family consists of the mother, two sons and the daughter. Last Saturday the children asked permission of their mother to go to a corral some 300 yards away from the house and on the other side of a knoll that obscured the corral from view to play. Permission was granted and the youngsters bounded away for their afternoon frolic. Soon the little sister screamed and the older brother proposed that they take her to the house. To this the younger brother, Emerson, who was only six years old, demurred, as he wished to play more. So the older brother took his sister to the house. "Upon arrival there the mother asked, 'Where is brother?' We left him playing at the corral," said the boy.

The mother then sent him back for the little truant. Shortly the messenger came back, panting from his hurried running, and exclaimed that his brother was nowhere to be found; that he was not at the corral. The frightened mother hurried over to the corral and there found the report of her boy to be true. She searched and searched but could find no trace of the missing child. At last she came upon some little footprints, showing that the child had taken a direction the opposite to what he should have taken, and the harassed mother became more and more alarmed as the fact that her child had strayed and was in all probability lost became apparent. She followed the footprints for three miles and only ceased because darkness was approaching and she was powerless and had to call for aid. As rapidly as her nervous and exhausted state would permit she retraced her steps to the house, and alarmed the household. Immediately a search party was organized and despite the oncoming of night started out in quest of the helpless child.

Through that disheartening night the weary search continued. And the next day the trained services of seventy-five Indians were impressed, and all that long and trying day the search went on, and yet no clue to the wanderer. The grief and agony of the poor afflicted mother were beyond consolation. The continued discouraging reports that were from time to time brought her only added to accentuate her suffering. The tracks could be followed for a distance of two miles and then seemed to double upon themselves and finally became lost. Only rest the searchers continued in what seemed their hopeless quest. The thought of the poor little tot being out upon the dreary plains alone, without shelter or food, wandering on with the helplessness of the lost, cry possibly with fright, tormented by the pangs of hunger and thirst, was simply maddening to the poor mother and friends seeming so helpless to terminate the trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued, and early Monday morning the father, who had been ignorant of the tragedy, was added his untiring efforts to those of the large party already out.

To think of the dreadful pathos of it all! The poor child was not found until Wednesday morning. It was then found by a Mexican, who carried the exhausted little form to his cabin, where the child lay for several hours and then passed away. The ordeal had been beyond the little one's endurance. The remains were taken back to the ranch and next day were interred in the cemetery of the neighboring village.—El Paso (Texas) Times.

Snake Chased Crew.

Captain William F. Jameson and the crew of the towboat Juniata, of the American Steel and Wire Company, related an exciting experience with a big snake about Lock 4 on the Monongahela River. When the steamer came to Pittsburgh Tuesday afternoon to have its boilers inspected a number of rivermen, including Captain Jameson, Captain Isaac B. Williams and Captain George W. Atkinson and others, went aboard her, and it was in explaining to them the condition of the vessel at which gave every evidence of having been subjected to great heat, that the story was told, as follows:

The Juniata had been at work all day towing barges up the river, and on the return trip the members of the crew were taking things easy sitting around on the deck. Some one saw a strange-looking reptile swimming in the river near the boat. It is said to have been about six feet long and similar in appearance to a rattlesnake, except that it did not have rattles. The men on the towboat commenced to throw stones and sticks at it, every body being attracted by the strange-looking reptile.

A lump of coal which struck very near it seem to enrage the snake, and raising its head two feet out of water, it made straight for the boat. It seemed to have a charmed life, for nobody succeeded in hitting it. The captain said it climbed the rudder to the rudder post and came on deck, plunging through a hatch into the hold of the boat aft.

Most of the crew beat a hasty retreat. It is claimed, to the pilot house, when the snake was seen to be on the boat. As soon as the reptile was in the hold the hatch was closed and a steam jet was turned into that part of the vessel. For three hours the place was steamed, to make sure that the snake would be killed. The heat was so intense that the tar of the oakum in the floor was melted. When an investigation of the hold was made there was no trace of the strange snake. The remains of a few scalded rats were all that could be found. Where the strange reptile went is a mystery, for it was thought by the crew that they had it a prisoner.

Captain George W. Atkinson says he thinks the snake was what is known on the lower Mississippi River as a cotton-mouthed moccasin, a very poisonous reptile. They are seldom heard of in the waters around Pittsburgh, although they are known to have been carried long distances in barges loaded with fruit. They resemble a rattlesnake very closely. Their mouths are large and when opened are white.—Pittsburgh Times.

A Threat That Could Not Be Defied.

From the story of Chief Officer Scott, of the Roraima, in Leslie's Monthly: You read about that fellow down in hades looking up and asking for water, says Chief Officer Scott, telling of the loss of the Roraima at Martinique in Leslie's Monthly for July, well, that is about as near as I can come to describing it, but everything that happened sticks in my mind like a nightmare. I can see now one of the passengers, a man, lying on the fore's deck, hideously scurred, crying for water. When we gave it to him he could not drink it. It would not pass down his throat. He was crawling around on deck on his hands and knees calling for water, and at last we were afraid he would fall overboard, so with the assistance of another man, I brought him down to the main deck. As soon as ever he got there he caught sight of Thompson with his water can and at once began to crawl after him for water like a dog. The man's tongue was literally burned out of his head. His arms were cruelly burned from his shoulders to his finger ends. As he lay there moaning aloud in mortal agony one of the sailors happened to put a bucket of salt water near him. The man plunged his right arm into it to relieve the scalding pain. At once his skin broke straight round his shoulder and stripped off his arm till it hung like a lady's opera glove turned inside out from the tips of his fingers. But the worst burns were internal. The fire did not seem to penetrate clothing, but burned the exposed flesh mercilessly.

Both Men Were Heroes.

Leaning over the roof of his house, lit by the flames from a burning building next door, John Walsh, of Chicago, passed to his wife, who clung to the edge of a window below, two little children whose lives he had saved from the fire at the risk of his own. Another John Walsh, a policeman from the Chicago avenue station, was leading two companions along a narrow passage under the burning structure where he heard what were apparently the cries of a woman.

The cries came from a fox terrier almost suffocated. The three men faced death and rescued a dog from cremation, while the dog's owner, who is Walsh, was engaged with his work of rescue to save his neighbor's children.

Walsh looked out upon the narrow court separating the two buildings and saw two little frightened faces pressed against a window pane. He climbed to the roof of his house. This brought him on the side furthest from the burning structure. Between him and the imperiled children was the peaked roof. Grasping a ladder he made his way around the coping to the fire, opposite the window where the children were. Planting one end of the ladder against the cornice of his house and the other on the window opposite he crawled across and managed to reach the window. He took a child under each arm and descended the leaning ladder, with his back braced against the rungs.

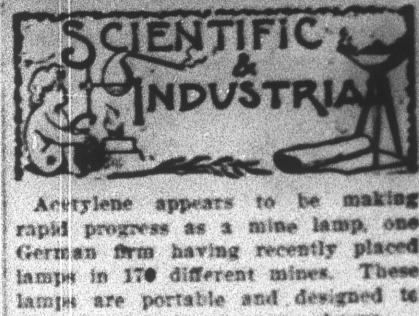
The wife opened the window, stood upon a chair inside and, clinging partly to the ladder and partly to the cornice, leaning against the edge of the roof, one at a time lowered the children.—New York Times.

Nearly Overcome by a Bald Eagle.

Alfred P. Eastman, of Tacoma, who has been living at Skagway during the past year, came near being killed by an immense bald eagle near Chilkoot, where he had been hunting and tagging. Eastman was accompanied by D. C. Stevens. While crossing a mountain divide they scared up the eagle, which Eastman shot. The bird fell to earth and lay motionless as if dead. Eastman rushed forward and tried to pick it up when it suddenly became active. It attacked Eastman with beak and talons, lacerating his head and tearing the flesh on his breast and upper body. Eastman was in a fainting condition when Stevens rushed to his rescue. The latter caught the eagle by both wings and pulled it away by main force. The eagle was then killed, and was found to measure eight feet from tip to tip of its wings.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Had Been Used.

A boy baby arrived at a certain house and a visitor said to a little girl in the family: "Do you like the baby?" The little girl said she did, but would have preferred a lady baby. "Well," the visitor continued, "maybe you could exchange this one." "No, I don't think we could," said the little girl, "because we have been using it for seven or eight days."—Chicago Chronicle.



SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Acetylene appears to be making rapid progress as a mine lamp, one German firm having recently placed lamps in 176 different mines. These lamps are portable and designed to burn for eight hours at one charge.

M. Phisalix announced in April 1901 that young dogs, inoculated with a reputed culture of cocco-bacillus which he has named Pasteurella canis, resisted the injection of the virus of distemper and the direct contagion of diseased animals. He has continued his experiments for a year, and has inoculated more than 1200 young dogs and his results show that distemper can be prevented practically in every case. MM. Joseph and Marcel Ligieres have experimented along similar lines and have arrived at similar conclusions.

An ingenious use is made of the compressed air supplied to the workmen in an East River caisson at New York City. The caisson is being forced down to the bedrock through a thick stratum of sand, and it has been found that the compressed air sent down to the men may readily be utilized to drive the sand up through pipes, instead of removing it by the tedious use of shovels. The sand is pure and loose, and jets of water are directed against it at the bottom of the pipes. When thus dislodged it passes up through the pipes with the strong air currents produced by the compression in the caisson.

In the Revue de Medecin Charles Fere has an interesting article on human odors. He calls attention to the fact that the skins possess a certain odor which varies much in individuals, as well as in races. Dogs unquestionably recognize persons largely by their odors. Regarding the nervous origin of these odors, Hammond cites the case of a woman who always gave out an odor of pineapple when she was in a temper, and another who smelled of violets when suffering from an hysterical attack. Dr. Fere cites a number of cases of emotions produced by odors reminiscent of certain events, and finally states his belief that certain odors are inherited or may even extend to side branches of the same family.

A new process for making brick out of sand and cement has been put in operation in Missouri. No ovens or burning processes are necessary, the hardening of the brick beginning as soon as it is taken from the mould, and in fifteen days it is ready for delivery. During the process of moulding, a single brick undergoes a pressure of 65,000 pounds. In thirty days from the time the hardening process begins, the brick will stand a pressure of ten tons; in sixty days a pressure of twenty tons. One special test on a sixty-day brick yielded a pressure of sixty-five tons. The ordinary pressure required for building purposes is about eight tons. In addition, any desired color may be produced by the introduction of coloring matter into the sand and cement mixture. When taken from the mould the soft mixture must be handled with extreme care. The bricks are then placed upon large racks built for that purpose, where they are sprayed with water from an automatic sprinkler every four hours. This is done to assist the action of the cement in setting properly. The hardening process naturally begins at the outer surface of the brick and continues inward.

Parrot Foiled Burglar.

One morning during the past winter a jeweler in Berlin was awakened at an early hour by his pet parrot, who had entered his room and was vociferously persuading him to get up. "Hurry up and shoot the robber!" The tradesman hastened to act on the advice of his feathered friend, and, arming himself with a revolver, descended to the lower rooms, where he encountered a masked burglar, whose operations he had opportunely interrupted. The reiterated cries of the parrot attracted the attention of the police, and the thief was arrested. The grateful jeweler gave a grand dinner in honor of his parrot, whose timely warning had protected his property and probably his life.

Peacocks Writing-Paper.

Liverpool (Eng.) postmen have recently been in a state bordering on distraction. Some foolish person in that city inaugurated a new fashion of using ping-pong balls as post cards. The balls were stamped, an address written under the stamp, and the message scrawled on the rest of the surface. The fashion spread rapidly, and the pillar-boxes became full of these missives, which, from their shape, gave the unfortunate postmen and postoffice officials an enormous amount of trouble. At last the authorities were forced to intervene, and it is now contrary to the regulations to use the little globes of celluloid for postal purposes.

Big Price For a Pen.

Lively bidding in Vienna occurred the other day at the auction of the late Count Falkenhayn's relics, especially when the pen with which the holy alliance was signed on September 23, 1815, was offered for sale. On that occasion the pen was used by Emperor Francis I., Czar Alexander I. and King Frederick William III. The bidding started at 125 florins and quickly rose to 500 florins, at which price the pen became the property of Count General von Lindheim.