The man with expectations
Of glory in the skies
May still go hoping, hoping,
When woes around him rise.
"Some day, some day," he murn
"Joy shall be mine up there,
Where sorrow never enters
And all the days are fair."

And an any never open
Beyond the grave, but still
He goes with faith to bravely
Face many a fearsome ill!
—S. E. Kiscr.

A STRAIN OF ROMANCE.

It was late one afternoon as a man stepped from a small sailing boat on to the quay at Waterport, Gibraitar. He felt uncomfortable and disreputable. Earlier in the day, having nothing all accounts of the potents and grows the bay. They had run in on the sandy beach of a forsaken spot called Puenta Majorga. There the boatman had taken him on his shoulders and carried him through the surf, finally dropping him so that he got incley wert. 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 spoilt 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-nged lady and a brawny looking man in a 'brass bound' suit. Something in the girl' 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 silm, 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 whiteyacht lay at anchor.

"You mean to say the Scud can't sait today, Capain Filiati's 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 enaptured.

In a drawling tone the Capain gave an account of what had happened. It appeared that the Scotch engineer, McAlister, had gone off on a birthage an account of what had happened. It appeared that the Scotch engineer, McAlister, had gone off on a birthage in the proposition of the said of the said of the capain of her foot, "Something will have to be done."

The man standing behind the crates had been drinking in e

of her foot, "Something will have to be done."

The man standing behind the crates had been drinking in every word, his eyes fastened on the girl's face. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him—it was a mad one, but it gripped him.

Without a moment's further consideration he stepped forward and confronted the trio.

"Beg pardon," he said, touching his hat. "I happened to overhear. I gathered you want an engineer?"

The girl looked at the figure before her in astonishment. She saw a tall, good-looking, clean-shaven man in wet, sodden clothes, with the collar of his coat turned up.

coat turned up.

"Are you an engineer?" she asked,
eagerly.
He nodded.

He nodded.
"I could take you to Alexandria in the time," he said.
Captain Flint was interested.
"Say, young feller, got papers to show?" he drawled. "And what's your name?"

'My name is Dennis," he said. "And

The man looked him back square in the face.

"My name is Dennis," he said. "And lawred it sa about. The engineer nodded and waved his hand to the girl frankly.

The would have to take me on chance," he said. "The give you my word that I am capable of running the engineer of hat I am capable of running the engineer of him. The sail glanced at him hesitatingly, and the last words on the companion. The girl was watching was an almost middle-aged little man. "Guess we can see in an hour or so whether he's up to the job," said Captain Film, suggestively.

The man looked him once I cannot say. Will you risk it?"

The serin glanced at him hesitatingly, "The Scud must sail—" she began.

"Guess we can see in an hour or so whether he's up to the job," said Captain Film, suggestively.

The man looked at the girl with an inquiring smile. She gave him one more glance—then made up her mind. "You're eagaged," she said, briskly.

Thus it was in a short time he found himself at work on the yacht. In another three hours he had the steam up, and the ladies harving come on board, the Send raised her anchor and slowly made her way out of the bay.

As engineer he was a complete success, and quickly earned the warm approval of Captain Jake Film, from whom he gleaned a good deal of interesting information. It appeared hat the yealt was the property of Mr. Silas Lewison, a rich American, and that the girl no board was his only daughter. Her father had left her in England, and, a few weeks ago, had made the Journey to Cairco, leaving her of his time the engine room. Once of that the yealt was the property of his time the in the engine froom. Once of the the life about the property of his time the in the engine froom. Once of the big cylinders, he broke means of the big cylinders, he broke into a soft laugh. It was on the third day, when he happed to be on deck, plant she espoke to him.

The time a slight not see hind him made him him said was the doubt the primary occupation.—The lates when him a check for fillowing. "What have been our

did "Get Scud to Alexandria by 22d without out 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 to upon him, a fierce wave of unreasonable resentment swept over him. Old li. Lewison had run across Lord Hillmanch, and, considering him an eliginal march, and, considering him an eliginal march, and, considering him an eliginal to two together on the yacht. The old, stale arrangement—American heir-sees and the English arristocracy. Would they never tire of it?

With a frown on his face, he made his way slowly on deck, the telegram ystill in his hand. A few yards away still in his hand. A few yards away the telegram.

"If found this on the stairs," he said, she was reading, and saw it was "Debrott's Peerage." He felt exceedingly bitter.

"In the middle of a song, to ask how mand and dod Lewison with Lord in the middle of a song, to ask how mand and way the himself up to his thoughts. Another hour or so and she would have have himself up to his thoughts. The next day they anchored off Alexandria and old Lewison with Lord is Hilmarch came on board. The engineer make the yacht.

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

The destroyer was laughing at him. "Can't keep away from the old game, is en-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 and and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance and and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance and and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance and and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance and and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance and and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance and and see us to-night?"

The destroyer was some distance and and see us to-ni

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, wonderingly.

Lord Hillmarch stepped forward. He

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 May. Lord Hillmarch lighted his cigar-

Lord Hillmarch lighted his cigarette.
"Then, as a beginning," he said coolly, "Til 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.

"Gigantie!" 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 blauk-ly; 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—" His voice died away nervously.

"Unless by a remote chance you also have—" His voice died away nervously.
"What?" she said, with her eyes on the deck.
"A strain of romance somewhere in your composition." He finished in almost a whisper.

She lifted her head and saw him looking at her pleading. 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 Beats.
Mrs. Smith was not in favor of adorn-

cott's Magazine.

Drawing Out the Mean Mam.

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 £10,000, 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's afford more than two guineas for the hospital. Halloa! 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, crased the two guineas, and substituted fifty, on which Wilson immediately tore up the check.—Tit-Bits.

Primary Occupations.



mediately a search party was ceredictived and the most invested out in quest of the helpless child.

Through that disheartening night the ways search continued. And the next day the trained services of seventy-five indians were impressed, and all that long and trying day the search of the poor afflicted mother were beyond consolution. The continued discouraging reports that were from time to time progetit the only added to accenutate her suffering. The tracks could be followed for a distance of twelve miles and then seemed to double upon their suffering. The tracks could be followed for an distance of twelve miles and then seemed to double upon their suffering. The tracks could be followed for a distance of twelve miles and then seemed to double upon their suffering. The tracks could be followed for of the pangs of hunger and thirst, was singularly the track of the poor fifted seeming so helpless quest. The thought of the poor pillage out upon the dreary plains alone, with the helplessness of the lost, crying pour point shall be search continued in the trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation.

All of Sunday night the search continued her trying situation of the straint of the poor situation of the region of the

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 thefe 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 Pittsburg, although they are known to have been carried long distances in barges loaded with fruit. They resemble a rattle-snake very closely. Their mouths are large, and when opened are white.—Pittsburg Times.

Lost in the Desert.

HE family of Mr. Godfrey Highes, 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 a 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 pals. Permission was granted and theyoungsters bounded away for the fafternoon frolic. Soon the little sister wearled and the elder brother proposed that they take her to the house. Upon arrival there the mother asked, "Where is brother?" "Wel followed the found. Where is brother?" "Wel followed the found the report of her boy.

The mother then sent him back for the little truant. Shortly the messenger came back, panting from his hurried running, and exclaimed 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 feotprints, showing that the child had strayed and was in all protability lost became apparent. She followed the footprints for three missing and she was powerises and had to cali for aid. As rapidly as approaching and she was powerises and had to cali for aid. As rapidly as the noves and exhausted size would agree the strange of the highest and had to cali for aid. As rapidly as the noves and exhausted size would agree to the house and had to cali for aid. As rapidly as the noves and exhausted size would agree to the house and named the household. Immediately a search party was organized and despite the oneoming of niles said the ways search continued. And the next day the trained services of seventy five Indian were impressed, and had to cali for aid. As rapidly as he nervous and exhausted size would approach to the proposite to what he should ha



Acetylene appears to be making rapid progress as a mine lamp, one German firm having recently placed lamps in 170 different mines. These lamps are portable and designed to burn for eight hours at one charge.

burn for eight hours at one charge.

M. Phisalix announced in April. 1901 that young dogs, inoculated with at tenuated cultures of a 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 Ligniers have experimented along similar lines and have arrived at similar conclusions.

clusions.

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 firive 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.

unrents 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 skin possesses 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 aiways 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

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, 600 pounds. In thirty days from the time the hardening process begins, the brick will stand a pressure of tentons; in sixty days a pressure of twenty tons. One special test on a ninety-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 exarence 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 settling properly. The hardening process naturally begin at the outer surface of the brick and continues inward.

Parret Foiled Burglar.

One morning during the past winter

surface of the brick and continues in ward.

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 in gutteral German to "Hurry up and shoot the robbers!" 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 diner in honor of his parrot, whose timely warning had protected his property and probably his life.

Peculiar Writing-Paper.

and probably his life.

Peculiar Writing-Paper.

Liverpool (Eng.) posturen 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 26, 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.