AMERICAN

CHAPTER VIII. SHARES LOOKING UP.

There were others who echoed her ladyship's words afterward, though they society, having arrived at years of discreechoed them privately and with more caution than my lady felt necessary. It is school, was invited to tea at Oldclough certain that Miss Octavia Bassett did not Hall. During an entire evening, she was improve, as time progressed, and she had enlarged opportunities for studying the noble example set before her by Slowbridge. On his arrival in New York, Martin

Bassett telegraphed to his daughter and sister, per Atlantic cable, informing them that he might be detained a couple of reverence of her listening attitudes, demonths, and bidding them to be of good cheer. The arrival of the message, in its very natural indeed that Miss Belinda nor fluttered. official envelope, so alarmed Miss Belinda should be anxious. that she was supported by Mary Anne while it was read to her by Octavia, who and—and simple, my dear Octavia," she received it without any surprise whatever. said. "A white muslin, perhaps, with For some time after its completion, Slow- blue ribbons." bridge had privately disbelieved in the Atlantic cable, and, until this occasion, had after appearing to reflect upon the matter certainly disbelieved in the existence of a few seconds, "I've got one that would do people who received messages through it. if it's warm enough to wear it. I bought it In fact, on first finding that she was the in New York, but it came from Paris. I've recipient of such a message, Miss Belinda never worn it yet." had made immediate preparations for fainting quietly away, being fully convinced that a shipwreck had occurred, which had find her difficulty so easily disposed of.

of breaking the news. "A message by Atlantic cable?" she had gasped. "Don't don't read it, my assured me, a few weeks ago, that she had love. L-let some one else do that. Poor -poor child! Trust in Providence, my love, and—and bear up. Ah, how I wish I had service to you."

"It is a message from father," said Octavia. "Nothing is the matter. He's all right. He got in on Saturday."

"Ah!" panted Miss Belinda. "Are you quite sure, my dear-are you quite sure?" "That's what he says. Listen."

"Got in Saturday. Piper met me. Shares looking up. May be kept here two months. Will write. Keep up your spirits.
"MARTIN BASSETT."

"Thank heaven!" sighed Miss Belinda "Thank heaven!

"Why?" said Octavia.
"Why?" echoed Miss Belinda. "Ah

my dear, if you knew how terrified I was I felt sure that something had happened. A cable message, my dear! I never received a telegram in my life before, and to receive a cable message was really a shock. "Well, I don't see why," said Octavia. "It seems to me it is pretty much like any

Miss Belinda regarded her timidly. "Does your papa often send them?" she inquired. "Surely it must be expensive." plied, "but it saves time and worry. I should have had to wait twelve days for a

"Very true," said Miss Belinda, "but-She broke off with rather a distressed than one discreet matron to her daughter, shake of the head. Her simple ideas of state of the head. Her simple ideas of as they attired themselves,—"I would so, and turned Miss Bassett about to face much perfer that you would remain near much perfer that you would remain near herself in the glass. "There!" she said. upset in these times. She had begun to remuch perfer that you would remain near herself in the glass. "There!" she said. herself in the glass. "There!" she said. gard her niece with a slight feeling of awe, and yet Octavia had not been doing anything at all remarkable in her own eyes, and considered her life presty dull.

If the elder Miss Bassett, her parents and grandparents, had not been so shoroughly well known and so universally respected; if their social position had not been so firmly established, and their quiet lives not quite so highly respectable, there is an awful possibility that Slowbridge might even have gone so far as not to ask Octavia out to tea at all. But even Lady Theobald felt that it would not do to slight Belinda Bassett's niece and guest. To of the condition of affairs was even a little omit the customary state teas would have been to crush innocent Miss Belinda at a blow, and place her-through the medium of this young lady who, alone, deserved condemnation—beyond the pale of all social law.

"It is only to be regretted," said her ladyship, " that Belinda Bassett has not arranged things better. Relatives of such an order are certainly to be deplored." In secret, Lucia felt much soft-hearted

sympathy for both Miss Bassett and her guest. She could not help wondering how calamity which had fallen upon her. It been previously consulted as to to the kind niece of this description. "Perhaps, dear grandmamma," the girl

ventured, " it is because Miss Octavia Bassett is so young that-"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald, in fell tones, "how old you are?

"I was nineteen in—in December." "Miss Octavia Bassett," said her ladynow June. I have not yet found it neces-

youth." But it was her ladyship who took the initiative and set an evening for entertaining Miss Belinda and her niece, in company with several other ladies, with the best bohea, thin bread and butter, plum-cake and various other delicacies.

"What do they do at such places? asked Octavia. "Half-past 5 is pretty

"We spend some time at the tea-table, my dear," explained Miss Belinda. "And afterwards, we-we converse. A few of us play whist. I do not. I feel as if I were easily by-by differences of opinion."

" I should think it wasn't very exciting." said Octavia. "I don't fancy I ever went te an entertainment where they did nothing but drink tea and talk."

It is not our intention or desire to be exciting, my dear," Miss Belinda replied, with mild dignity. "And an improving conversation is frequently most beneficial

to the parties engaged in it."
"I'm afraid," Octavia observed, "that I never heard much improving conversation." society than the generality of girls, but she maiden's undying adoration, and adding rest and refreshment. could not help wondering if there would be much to the shapeliness of the garment. any young men present, and if, indeed. there were any young men in Slowbridge Belinda said to herself, as the days went

whiskers especially interesting. It must be confessed that Miss Belinds suffered many pangs of anxiety in looking forward to her young kinswoman's first appearance in society. A tea at Lady Theobald's house constituted formal presentation to the Slowbridge world. Each young lady, within the pale of genteel tion, on returning home from boardingthe subject of watchful criticism. Her deportment was remarked, her accomplishments displayed, she performed her new 'pieces" upon the piano, she was drawn into conversation by her hostess, and upon the timid modesty of her replies, and the pended her future social status. So it was

"I would wear something rather quiet

"Would you?" answered Octavia. Then,

"It would be nicer than anything else, my love," said Miss Belinda, delighted to her lips. resulted in brother's death and that his Nothing is so charming in the dress of a executors had chosen this delicate method young girl as pure simplicity. Our Slowbridge young ladies rarely wear anything but white for evening. Miss Chickie made fifteen white muslin dresses all after one simple design of her own."

"I should think that was particularly a stronger mind, and could be of more nice myself," remarked Octavia, impartially. "I should be glad one of the fifteen didn't belong to me. I should feel as if people might say, when I came into a room, 'Good gracious, there's another.'" "The first was made for Miss Lucia Gaston, who is Lady Theobald's

niece," replied Miss Belinda, mildly. And there are few young ladies in Slowbridge who would not desire to emulate her example." "On," said Octavia, "I dare say she is very nice, and all that, but I don't believe

I should care to copy her dresses. I think should draw the line there." But she said it without any ill-nature

and sensitive as Miss Belinda was upon the subject of her cherished ideas, she could not take offence. When the eventful evening arrived,

there was excitement in more than one establishment upon High street, and the streets in its vicinity. The stories of the diamonds, the gold-diggers, and the silvermines had been added to, and embellished, in the most ornate and startling manner. It was well known that only Lady I don't suppose it's cheap," Octavia re. Theobald's fine appreciation of Miss Belinda Bassett's feelings had induced her to extend her hospitalities to that lady's niece.

"I would prefer, my dear," said more -before we know how this young lady may turn out. Let your manner toward her be kind, but not familiar. It is well to be on the safe side."

What precise line of conduct it was generally anticipated that this gold-digging and silver-mining young person would sufficient that the general sentiments indeed I don't know how to thank you—I regarding her were of a distrustful, if not am afraid I should not dare to wear it." timorous nature.

To Miss Bassett, who felt all this in the very air she breathed, the girl's innocence touching. With all her splendor, she was not at all hard to please, and had quite awakened to an interest in the impending social event. She seemed in good spirits, and talked more than was her custom, giving Miss Belinda graphic descriptions of various festal gatherings she had attended in New York, when she seemed to have been very gay indeed, and to have worn very beautiful dresses, and also to have had rather more than her share of partners. The phrases she used and the dances she described were all strange to Miss Belinda, Miss Belinda became responsible for the and tended to reducing her to a bewildered condition, in which she felt much timid really did not seem probable that she had amazement at the intrepidity of the New York young ladies, and no slight suspicion of niece she desired, or that she had in a of the "German"—as a threatrical kind of distant manner, evinced a preference for a dance, involving extraordinary figures, and an extraordinary amount of attention from partners of the stronger sex.

It must be admitted, however, that by this time, notwithstanding the various shocks she had received. Miss Belinda had begun to discover in her young guest divers good qualities which appealed to her affectionate and susceptible old heart. In the ship, "was nineteen last October, and it is first place, the girl had no small affections; indeed, if she had been less unaffected she sary to apologize for you on the score of might have been less subject to severe comment. She was good-natured, and generous to extravagance. Her manner towards Mary Anne never ceased to arouse Miss Belinda to interest. There was not any condescension whatever in it, and yet mind the burglars. It's the police we're it could not be called a vulgarly familiar afraid of. manner, it was rather an astonishingly simple manner, somehow suggestive of a subtile recognition of Mary Anne's youth, and ill luck in not having before her more lively prospects. She gave Mary Anne presents in shape of articles of clothing at which Slowbridge would have exclaimed in horror, if the recipient had dared to wear not clever enough, and I get flurried too them; but when Miss Belinda expressed her regret at these indiscretions, Octavia

was quite willing to rectify her mistakes. "Ah, well," she said, "I can give her some money, and she can buy some things for herself." Which she proceeded to do and when, under her mistress' direction. Mary Anne purchased a stout brown merino, she took quite an interest in her

in making it. "I wouldn't make it so short in the waist and so full in the skirt, if I were you," she hours—over roads unfavorable from wetsaid. "There's no reason why it shouldn't ness. This is little more than 7 miles an She was really no fonder of masculine fit, you know," thereby winning the house hour, nclusive of time necessarily taken for

"I am sure she has a good heart," Miss seen him pass the house, she had not found his slim black figure and faint ecclesiastic that at all."

taker, who allowed the corpse to proceed to it. That's more than any of you have the grave. Undertakers' rings are all of the grave. Undertakers' rings are all of the same metal.

CHAPTER IX. WHITE MUSLIN.

As the good little spinster was arraying herself on this particular evening, having laid upon the bed the greater portion of her modest splendor, she went to her wardrobe, and took therefrom the sacred band.

box containing her best cap. All the ladies of Slowbridge wore caps, and all being respectfully plagiarized from Lady Theobald, without any reference to age, size, complextion or demeanor, the result was sometimes a little trying. Lady Theobald's head-dresses were of a severe and bristling order. The of lace which they were composed was induced by some ingenious device to form itself into aggressive quillings, the bows seemed lined with buckram, the strings niether floated

"To a majestic person, the style is very appropriate, Miss Belinda had said to Octavia, that very day; "but to one who is not so, it is rather trying. Sometimes, ndeed, I have almost wished that Miss Chickie would vary a little more in her lesigns.'

Perhaps the sight of the various articles contained in two of the five trunks had inspired these doubts in the dear old lady's preast; it is certain, at least, as she took the best cap up, a faint sigh fluttered upon

"It is very large-for a small person, she said. "And I am not at all sure that amber is becoming to me." And just at that moment there came a

tap at the door, which she knew was from Octavia. She laid the cap back in some confusion

at being surprised in a moment of weakness. "Come in, my love," she said.

Octavia pushed the door open, and came in. She had not dressed yet, and had on her wrapper and slippers, which were both of quilted gray silk, gayly embroidered with carnations. But Miss Belinda had seen both wrapper and slippers before, and had become used to their sumptuousness; what she had not seen was the trifle the girl held in her hand. "See here," she said. "See what I have

been making for you." She looked quite elated, and laughed triumphantly.

"I did not know I could do it until tried," she said. "I had seen some in New York, and I had the lace by me. And I have enough left to make ruffles for your neck and wrists. It's Mechlin." "My dear!" exclaimed Miss Belinds.

My dear! Octavia laughed sgain.

"Don't you know what it is?" she said. cap, nevertheless. They wear them like produced last year more than 230,000 an American mechanic or American this in New York. And I think they are ever so much prettier." It was true that it was not like a Slow

bridge cap, and it was also true that it was prettier. It was a delicate affair of softly uilled lace, adorned here and there with loops of pale satin ribbon.

"Let me try it on," said Octavia, advancing, and in a minute she had done 'Is that better than—well, than emulating Lady Theobald?"

It was so very pretty, and so becoming. and Miss Belinda was so touched by the his business life as a clerk in a Market girl's innocent enjoyment, that the tears

came into her eyes. "My—my love," she faltered, "it is so beautiful and expensive, that - though

"Oh," answered Octavia, "that's nonsense, you know. I am sure there's no reason why people shouldn't wear becoming things. Besides, I should be awfully disappointed. I didn't think I could make it, and I'm real proud of it. You don't know how becoming it is."

Miss Belinda looked at her reflection and faltered. It was becoming.
"My love," she protested, faintly, "real Mechlin! There is really no such lace in

Slowbridge! "All the better," said Octavia, cheerfully. 'I'm glad to hear that. It isn't one bit too nice for you. To Miss Belinda's astonishment, she

drew a step nearer to her, and gave one of the satin loops a queer, caressing little touch, which actually seemed to mean something. And then suddenly the girl stooped, with a little laugh, and gave her aunt a light kiss on her cheek.

"There!" she said. "You must take it from me for a present. I'll go and make the ruffles this minute, and you must wear those, too, and let people see how stylish

you can be." And without giving Miss Bassett time to speak, she ran out of the room, and left the

delighted, frightened. (To be Continued).

Life in Chicago.

Visitor (in Chicago)—I should think you would be dreadfully afraid of burglars in a place like this. Hostess—Burglars? Mercy, no. We don't

Of Two Evils Choose the Lesser.

mind the baby while I'm gone. Mr. L. (jumping for his hat)-Say, you

mind the baby and I'll go get a tooth pulled,

you know. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into dregs of bitterness.

from the neglect of a young man to become repetition and solemn senselessness that thoroughly acquainted with a girl before now enwraps them as its shell enwraps marriage. Mr. S. M. Donaldson has accomplished

the remarkable feat of riding his bicycle from Edinburgh to London, 394 miles, in 2 days, 6 hours and 50 minutes less than 55

A humane New York undertaker delayed a funeral the other day. The dead man had not paid for his first wife's burial, and who might possibly be produced upon by. "She is like Martin in that. I dare once the undertaker got him in his grip he festive occasions, even though ordinarily say she finds me very ignorant and silly. I often see in her face that she is unable to heard Miss Belinds mention any local manufactured by the nell heard or feminine shricks—Oh! Oh!!! A man! a man! Where?" Mathematical manufactured by the nell heard. No it's nothing but a general manufactured once the undertaker got him in his grip he did not propose to give him up—dead or of feminine shricks—Oh! Oh!!!! A man! a man! Where?" Mathematical manufactured by the nell heard. No it's nothing but a general manufactured by the nell heard. No it's nothing but a general manufactured by the nell heard. heard Miss Belinds mention any understand my feeling about things; but matter was settled by the pall-bearers con- tie Bond.—No, it's nothing but a scarcerow meard miss penning incurrence and she never seems to laugh at me, nor think of tributing enough to appeare the under after all. Chorus—The mean thing! Mat-

EGYPTIAN CHICKENS.

How They Are Hatched by Millions in Rude Incubators.

The Egyptian chickens are smaller than the American variety and the eggs are only speckled hens on Uncle Sam's farm. The Frank G. Carpenter, and the incubating establishments of the country hatch out eggs by the millions every year. At a hatching establishment near the pyramids the farmers trade fresh eggs for young chicks, and the rate is two eggs per chick. Another little chickens every season, and the oven crop of chickens in Egypt amounts, accordto figures furnished me by the Consul-000 worth of money invested in the fowl industry in the United States, an amount so year. If America would adopt the Egyp. stead of buying them, and our farmers

walk. The incubators are rude, one-story buildings, made of undried bricks, so arranged

the fires as the weather demands. A small ture of the oven is about that of 98 degrees above zero. The fire is built up for eight or ten days before the eggs are put in, to thoroughly warm the hut, and after this time it does not go out during the season, which is from March until May. The eggs are turned four times a day while hatching. The whole outfit of an establishment which hatches over 200,000 chickens a year does not, I am told, cost more than \$25, and one man runs the whole machine, keeping the fires, buying and turning the eggs, and selling the chickens. There are, in this incubator, twelve compartments, each 70 feet long, 60 feet wide and 16 feet high, and eggs at a time, or 90,000 eggs in all. It 20,000 hens.

From Penury to Affluence.

B. K. Jamison, the banker, whose wealth nobody exactly knows, went to Philadelphia in his boyhood without money enough in his pocket to pay a week's board, says the News.

and sell it over a little counter in his own workingmen's incomes deducting of course shop.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker began street store upon a mighty small salary. He used to pay five cents for his daily dinner, consisting of a piece of pie and a glass of milk.

Frank Siddall, the great soap mauufacturer, and the owner of some of the choicest property on the Jersey coast, to say nothing of mineral interests in Georgia, for years kept a rather insignificant grocery store near Eighth and Callowhill streets.

John B. Gest, Vice-President of the Fidelity Trust Gompany, used to wait for law cases in a little office, generally in by want, or fear of want; with a struggle vain.

George W. Childs worked for a long time in this city at such a salary that he only paid twenty-five cents for his noonday meals by practicing rigid economy.

Anthony J. Drexel, who is worth more than twenty-five millions of dollars, was the son of a poor portrait painter and thought himself lucky when he got a trifling stipend as a clerk in his father's it tle brokerage office.

The Unnecessary Verbiage of Law.

The world has outrun the courts and legal technicalities have outlived their use. posters of the Brodie and Graham stripe. fulness. The progress of the people has These reporters have acted as the corresbeen toward common-sense methods in all pondents of the papers in nearly all the things, and the lawyer's "whereases," large cities of the country, and it has 'aforesaids,' and "parties of the first been their duty to telegraph "specials" part" must be relegated to oblivion. There at rates which are considered highly dear old lady warmed to the heart, tearful, is a demand springing up for plain, direct remunerative. Their English. There is really no sound reason with Buffalo papers give them unusual why, to a man of ordinary intelligence, facilities for news gathering and had they legal documents should be unintelligible. been content with the legitimate business The technical verbiage employed is a relict they might have done very well after the of the age when that which was mysterious manner of their brethern in other cities. and could not be understood was esteemed But they were too ambitious. They tried to be beyond the comprehension of the to establish a "corner" in news and it common herd. The use of uncommon must be confessed that they were running English in purely business circles would matters pretty much as they chose, when not be endured. Why, then, should the they tried to feist upon the world transfer of a piece of property be a process the story of Graham's adventure in so labyrinthine and so mysterious that a in a barrel. It was a clever enough "fake" man of sound sense cannot fathom it? It and paid the syndicate well and they did. dentists to have a tooth pulled out. You has been estimated that the dropping of equally well with the Brodie story, but the letter u in such words as honour, then came a reaction. It was soon labour and the like has added to the world proved that the reports were absurdly uneach year what is equivalent to the productive capacity of 500 able-bodied men. What would we not gain if from every legal paper and from every legal suit there not long before the real facts in the case should be removed that vast mass of superfluity, that antique verbiage, that bulk of the clam?

Self Preservation.

Wealthy Old Gent-What! Marry my daughter? You are being supported by your father. Suitor-Yes, sir, but my father is tired

supporting me, and I thought I'd better get into another family. Summer resort extremities. Mattie Bond (on the verandah of the Mountain House)-

ROMAN GERL AND DOLL.

Touching Scene Brought to Light in the Ancient Italian City.

In May last the workmen who were digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus about half as large as those laid by the buried thirty feet below the surface. immemediately the telephone called to the spot Egyptians are, however, far in advance of the members of the Archæological Comus in the science of raising chickens, says mission; scientific and literary men who watch with jealous care all the excavations made in the Eternal City. Under their direction it was carefully raised and opened. Within lay the skeleton of a young girl, with the remains of the linen in which she had been wrapped, some brown leaves artificial egg hatchery turns out 500,000 from the myrtle wreath with which, emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death. On her hands were four rings, of which one was the double General, to more than 20,000,000 of betrothal ring of plain gold, and another chickens a year. We have about \$200,000, with Filetus, the name of her betrothed. engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Etruscan setting large that all the money of Jay Gould could of the finest work, carved amber pins, not equal it, and still we have to import and a gold necklet with white small penmore than 16,000,000 dozens of eggs every dants were lying about. But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doil tian hatching system we could sell eggs in- of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that the legs and arms and might buy little chickens to raise at a price hands move on sockets, the hands and feet of 20 cents a dozen. More than 20,000,000 daintily cut, with small and delicate nails. of little chickens are sold each year in this The features and the hair were carved out way in Egypt, and there is a regular busi- in the most minute and careful way, the ness in chickens just about old enough to hair waving low on the forehead, and being bound with a fillet. On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphæna Creperia, and a touching scene, that the eggs are laid upon cut straw in doubtless faithfully representing her partracks in rooms, around the ovens, which ing with her parents. She is lying on a low are kept fired in during the hatching sea- bed and striving to raise herself on her left son. The outside walls are very thick and arm to speak to her heartbroken father. are built so they retain the heat, and the who stands leaning on her bedstead, his only thermometer used is the blood of the head bowed with grief, while her mother boy or man who attends the fires. By long sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping. practice these men learn just how hot the It seems but yesterday, so natural is the ovens ought to be kept, and they replenish scene, and yet it was nearly 18 centuries ago that these stricken parents laid so tenamount of fuel is needed, and the tempera- derly away their dearly beloved daughter with her ornaments and her doll .- Youths' Companion.

Marning a Million Dollars.

What about the distribution of wealth? Fortunes such as the world never saw since the days when "great estates ruined Italy" are growing up in the American Republic. We have four or five men who are worth from one hundred millions to two hundred millions apiece, we have sixty or seventy whose fortunes are estimated at from ewenty millions to a hundred millions. while as for simple millionaires they are far too numerous to be counted. Consider each of these compartments will hold 7,500 what the possession of a single million means. Consider how long it would take chickens and did the work of more than laborer-I will not say such protected American laborers as the coal miners of Illinois or Pennsylvania-after supportsing himself and his family, to save a million dollars. How many lifetimes? For though he were to live to the age of Methusalah he could not save a million dollars. If you would get any intelligible idea of what these fortunes of millions, tens of Director William S. Stokley knows what millions, scores of millions and hundreds of it is to make candy with his own hands millions really mean, figure up how many family, for even the slave owner had to

> And look again. While these monstrous fortunes are gathering in the hands of a few. one has but to read our daily papers to see how familiar we are becoming with conditions that we once thought possible only in effete monarchies of the old world, and could not exist in the free air of our democratic republic-with tramps and paupers and beggars; with charities that show the need of charity, with destitution and starvation, with crimes and suicides caused for existence on the part of great classes of the people that makes life hard, bitter and ofttimes imbruting—a struggle which grows not less, but more intense as these great fortunes go rolling up.-Henry George at Baltimore.

allow that to the slave—it would take to

make such incomes as these fortunes re-

The Syndicate of Specalists.

The exposure of Graham's and of Brodie's fraudulent performances at Niagara Falls has had the unexpected effects of throwing the light of publicity upon a little syndicate of newspaper reporters in Buffalo, the members of which have been lending themselves to the schemes of imhad been duped by their Buffalo correspondents began to make inquiries. It was were discovered and now it looks very much as if another syndicate must go down before a burst of public indignation.

The boys have been bright and enterprising and have seriously impeded the regular channel for news, but they made the mistake which many older men have made of not knowing where to draw the line. Rochester Democrat.

Knowledge Costs Money.

Irate Patron-See here, sir, I dropped a nickle into this machine, and nothing came

Agent-If nothing came out, that shows it's empty. "But, sir, what do I get for my nickle?"

"Information."

Fond Father-Sir, my daughter is the apple of my eye. She shall continue under

The Girl That Po My office of late has se

More cheerful by far It may be the pretty t Who sits near my de A radiant, dashing you

In typewriting circle Although I'm unable to To punctuate rightly Her mouth like a balf Her hair rivals gold Her eyes are a heave

I really should feel to For while there's no There's something att A thrilling, intangib Her typewritten letter

With errors they thi I scold her, and she be And thinks I am aw She breaks into silver As soon as forgiven. Rewritten no end of the

Mv w.fe, who is somey Dropped into my off And found -well, I the To send my typewri I really shall feel lost

For while I intended My wife noticed some That filled her dear Mother an

" Where is the girl that child,
And the mother smiled She lives where the fad and the old sun shines

" Where last year's bird: She caught at the fanc " But if you should meet were, Do you think you would " I remember her eyes at

I see them now as I loo My little daughter, when Mothers are better than They wipe your tears a

And smile when you sm If you have the chance "Ah! there is no fear of A mother forevermore I shall be. We will let t With your faded viole

> -ChaThe Yac A rattling breeze from Stretches like drum!

Each wave reats like

The endiess droves: Haul taut each sheet Now see the long bo Rush forward, sped b That cleave their w

While long waves st What grander scene To feel the sea's str Against the helm, a It from thy grasp; we The wings that g'as And scuppers foam

Ten miles to windward The white fleet bea While hemp and c How the glad wave Its brazen note m

Ind now it mounts t Now swirling in the The leader turns, wi And the next mem Of spinaker athwai

Then like some down She's blown across The fresh wind see To those who stand The seas to dease the In homage to her n

The breeze dies with But not until the tr Ruffling the waters Has wafted on its che Across a goal of gle And then the cor

The 3rt of P Dr. Robson Roose in P Somewhat differen with regard to boo reference to longev tial to the preservati ity is a potent c degeneration. The the circulation, the and the aeration of moted by muscular keeps up a proper between the imports In youth, the vigor great that if one ore part will make

ciency by actin without any consequ In old age, the shifted from one o work allotted to its strength, and v be performed with the importance of possible, the equable organs, so that the cesses assigned to accomplished. For an important part eld age; but dissre sary. An old man perience how much without exhausting be careful never to persons are apt to powers are much le and that, while a w

will seriously overt The Doct

may prové easy an

tion of a return ;

The curtain had the play and the villain was about hideousness, says t Suddenly there the entrance and a lessly: " Is Dr. Kallow.

With the grave, man on whose sk creature might o from his seat nea slowly down the a What is it ?" " Doctor." said he drew from his

folded documents, new collector. W you to settle that l

Lady Wilde has of the mystic cust The J. W. Mo Opera Company s for the first time.