

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER VIII. SHARES LOOKING UP.

There were others who echoed her ladyship's words afterward, though they echoed them privately and with more caution than my lady felt necessary. It is certain that Miss Octavia Bassett did not 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 months, and bidding them to be of good cheer. The arrival of the message, in its official envelope, so alarmed Miss Belinda that she was supported by Mary Anne while it was read to her by Octavia, who received it without any surprise whatever. For some time after its completion, Slowbridge had privately disbelieved in the Atlantic cable, and until this occasion, had certainly disbelieved in the existence of people who received it by message through it. In fact, on first finding that she was the recipient of such a message, Miss Belinda had made immediate preparations for fainting quietly away, being fully convinced that a shipwreck had occurred, which had resulted in brother's death and that his executors had chosen this delicate method of breaking the news.

"A message by Atlantic cable?" she had gasped. "Don't—don't read it, my love. Let—let some one else do that. Poor—and—child! Trust in Providence, my love, and—bear up. Ah, how I wish I had a stronger mind, and could be of more 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 other message," said Octavia.

Miss Belinda regarded her timidly.

"Does your papa often send them?" she inquired. "Surely it must be expensive."

"I don't suppose it's cheap," Octavia replied, "but it saves time and worry. I should have had to wait twelve days for a letter."

"Very true," said Miss Belinda, "but—"

She broke off with rather a distressed shake of the head. Her simple ideas of economy and quiet living were frequently upset in these times 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 pretty dull.

If the elder Miss Bassett, her parents and grandparents, had not been so shorthanded, 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 as far as to ask Miss Belinda to be his daughter-in-law.

To Miss Bassett, who felt all this in the very air she breathed, the girl's innocence of the condition of affairs was even a little touching. With all her splendor, she was 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 festive 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, and tended to reduce her to a bewildered condition, in which she felt much timid amazement at the intrepidity of the New York young ladies, and no slight suspicion of the "German"—as a theatrical kind of 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. Her good nature and susceptible heart were affected in the first place, the girl had no small affections; indeed, if she had been less unaffected she 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 it could not be called a vulgarly familiar manner, it was rather an astonishingly simple manner, somehow suggestive of a subtle 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 which Slowbridge would have exclaimed in horror, if the recipient had dared to wear them; but when Miss Belinda expressed her regret at these indiscretions, Octavia was quite willing to rectify her mistake.

"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 said. "There's no reason why it shouldn't fit, you know," thereby winning the housemaid's undying adoration, and adding much to the shapeliness of the garment.

"I am sure she has a good heart," Miss Belinda said to herself, as the days went by. "She is like Martin in that. I dare say she finds me very ignorant and silly. I often see in her face that she is unable to understand my feeling about things; but she never seems to laugh at me, nor think of me unkindly. And she is very, very pretty, though, perhaps, I ought not to think of that at all."

whiskers especially interesting. It must be confessed that Miss Belinda 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 society, having arrived at years of discretion, on returning home from boarding-school, was invited to tea at Oldclough Hall. During an entire evening, she was the subject of watchful criticism. Her deportment was remarked, her accomplishments displayed, she performed her new "pieces" on the piano, she was drawn into conversation by her hostess, and upon the timid modesty of her replies, and the reverence of her listening attitudes, depended her future social status. So it was very natural indeed that Miss Belinda should be so anxious.

"I would wear something rather quiet and—simple, my dear Octavia," she said. "A white muslin, perhaps, with blue ribbons."

"Would you?" answered Octavia. Then, after appearing to reflect upon the matter a few seconds, "I've got one that would do people who received it by message through it. In fact, on first finding that she was the recipient of such a message, Miss Belinda had made immediate preparations for fainting quietly away, being fully convinced that a shipwreck had occurred, which had resulted in brother's death and that his executors had chosen this delicate method of breaking the news."

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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 bundle, 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, complexion 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 springs neither fastened nor interlaced.

"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, indeed, I have almost wished that Miss Chickie would vary a little more in her designs."

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

"It is very large—for a small person," she said. "And I am not at all sure that she 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 I tried," she said. "I had seen some in New York, and I had the lace by me. Now I have enough left to make ruffles for your neck and wrists. It's Mechlin."

"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Belinda. "My dear!"

Octavia laughed again.

"Don't you know what it is?" she said. "It isn't like a Slowbridge cap; but it's a cap, nevertheless. They wear them like this in New York. And I think they are ever so much prettier."

It was true that it was not like a Slowbridge cap, and it was also true that it was prettier. It was a delicate affair of softly quilted 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 so, and turned Miss Bassett about to face herself in the glass. "There!" she said. "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 girl's innocent enjoyment, that the tears came into her eyes.

"My love," she faltered, "it is so beautiful and expensive, that—though indeed I don't know how to thank you—I am afraid I should not dare to wear it."

"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."

"There!" 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 kiss on her cheek.

"My love," 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 dear old lady warmed to the heart, tearful, delighted, frightened.

(To be Continued.)

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 about half as large as those laid by the speckled hens on Uncle Sam's farm. The Egyptians are, however, far in advance of us in the science of raising chickens, says 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 artificial egg hatchery turns out 500,000 little chickens every season, and the oven crop of chickens in Egypt amounts, according to figures furnished me by the Consul-General, to more than 20,000,000 of chickens a year. We have about 2,000,000 worth of money invested in the fowl industry in the United States, an amount so large that all the gold of Jay Gould could not equal it, and more than 10,000,000 do not equal it. If America would adopt the Egyptian hatching system we could sell eggs instead of buying them, and our farmers might buy little chickens to raise at a price of 20 cents a dozen. More than 20,000,000 of little chickens are sold each year in this way in Egypt, and there is a regular business in chickens just about old enough to walk.

The incubators are rude, one-story buildings, made of mud-bricks, so arranged that the eggs are laid upon straw in racks in rooms, around the ovens, which are kept fired in during the hatching season. The outside walls are very thick and are built so they retain the heat, and the only thermometer used is the blood of the boy or man who attends the fires. By long practice these men learn just how hot the ovens ought to be kept, and they replenish the fires as the weather demands. A small amount of fuel is needed, and the temperature 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 industry, twelve compartments, each 70 feet long, 60 feet wide and 15 feet high, and each of these compartments will hold 7,500 eggs at a time, or 90,000 eggs in all. It produced last year more than 230,000 chickens and did the work of more than 30,000 hens.

ROMAN GEMS 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 buried thirty feet below the surface. Immediately the telephone was called to the spot the members of the Archeological Commission; 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 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 betrothal ring of plain gold and another with Fillets, the name of her betrothed, engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklace with white small pendants were lying about. But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that the legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily out, with small and delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out in the most minute and careful way, the hair waving low on the forehead, and being bound with a fillet. On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphena Creperis, and a touching scene, doubtless faithfully representing her parting with her parents, she is lying on a low bed and striving to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her heartbroken father, who stands leaning on her bedstead, his head bowed with grief, while her mother sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping. It seems but yesterday, so natural is the scene, and yet it was nearly 18 centuries ago that these stricken parents laid so tenderly away their dearly beloved daughter with her ornaments and her doll.—*Youth's Companion.*

EARNING 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 twenty millions to a hundred millions, while as for simple millionaires they are far too numerous to be counted. Consider what the possession of a single million means. Consider how long it would take an American mechanic or American laborer—I will not say such protected American laborers as the coal miners of Illinois or Pennsylvania—after supporting himself and his family, to save a million dollars. How many lifetimes? For though he were to live to the age of Methuselah he could not save a million dollars. If you would get any intelligible idea of what these fortunes of millions, tens of millions, scores of millions and hundreds of millions really mean, figure up how many workmen's incomes—deducting of course the necessary subsistence of a man and family, for even the slave owner had to make such incomes as these fortunes represent.

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 by want, or fear of want; with a struggle for existence on the part of great classes of the people that makes life hard, bitter and oftentimes imbrating—a struggle which grows not less, but more intense as these great fortunes go rolling up.—*Henry George at Baltimore.*

The Girl That Po...
My office of late has se...
More cheerful by far...
It may be the pretty ty...
Who sits near my de...
A radiant, dashing you...
In typewriting circle...
Although I'm unable to...
To punctuate rightly...
Her mouth like a half...
Her hair rivals gold! I...
Tilted her dear little...
Her eyes are a heavena...
I really should feel lo...
For while there's a su...
There's something abou...
A thrilling, intangib...
Her typewritten lette...
With creases that shou...
I could hear, and she...
And think I am awa...
She breaks into silv...
As soon as I'm free...
I thought no end of...
She's got one or two...
My wife, who is some...
Dropped into a chair...
And found—well, I th...
To send my typewrit...
I really shall feel lo...
For while I'm not...
My wife's not some...
That's just her case...
Mother and...
Where is the girl that...
child...
And the mother smiled...
She lives where the fa...
And the girl is...
Where last year's hand...
She caught a young m...
but if you should meet...
were...
Do you think you wou...
I remember her eyes...
As I'm now as I too...
My little daughter, when...
Another sometimes...
Mothers are better th...
They wipe your tears...
And smile when you sm...
If you have the chance...
Ah! there is no fear...
A mother's forewarn...
I shall be. We will...
With your faded v...
—Ch...
The Yac...
A rattling breeze from...
Stretches like a drum...
Each wave fresh and...
Upon the distant surf...
The embers drive a...
Hurrying across the...
Haul last each sheet...
Like scorches from an...
As we sail along the...
Rush forward and...
That cleave their wa...
While long waves st...
What grander scene...
To feel the sea's str...
Against the hull's wa...
It from the deep...
The wings that...
And coppers foam...
Ten miles to windwar...
The white-capped wa...
While in my mind...
How the glad wave...
The bell buoy brea...
Its brazen note...
And now it mounts...
Another reach and...
Now sailing in the...
The leader turns...
And the most...
Of spinnaker...
Then like some...
The ship's...
The sea is...
To those who stand...
The sea is...
In lounge to her...
The breeze dies with...
But not until the...
Ruffling the waves...
Has sailed on its...
Across a goal of...
And then...
The Art of P...
Dr. Robinson...
Some what differ...
with regard to bo...
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degeneration. The...
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and the secretion of...
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In youth, the vigor...
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without any consequ...
In old age, the...
shifted from one...
work allotted to...
its strength, and...
be performed with...
Why the importance...
possible, the equal...
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cesses assigned to...
accomplished. For...
an important part...
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sary. An old man...
perience how ma...
without exhausting...
be careful never to...
persons are apt to...
powers are much l...
and that, while a...
may prove easy, a...
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will seriously over...
The Doct...
The curtain had...
the play and the...
villain was about...
hiccups, says t...
Suddenly there...
the entrance and...
lessly...
Is Dr. Kallow...
With the grave...
man on whose sk...
creature might d...
from his seat ne...
slowly down the...
What is it?...
"Doctor," said...
he drew from his...
folded documents...
new collector. W...
you to settle th...
Lady Wilde ha...
of the mystic cust...
The J. W. Mo...
Opera Company se...
for the first time.