AN IDEAL.

By Robert Bridges.

Will Love again awake,
That lies asleep so long?
O hush! ye tongues that shake
The drowsy night with song.

It is a lady fair
Whom once he deigned to praise,
That at the door doth dare
Her sad complaint to raise.

She must be fair of face,
As bold of heart she seems,
If she would match her grace
With the delight of dreams.

Her beauty would surprise
Gazers on autumn eves,
Who watched the broad moon rise
Upon the scattered sheaves.

O sweet must be the voice
He shall descend to hear,
Who doth in Heaven rejoice
His most enchanted ear.

The smile, that rests to play
Upon her lip, foretells
What musical array
Tricks her sweet syllables.

And yet her smiles have danced
In vain, if her discourse
Win not the soul entranced
In divine intercourse.

She will encounter all
This trial without shame,
Her eyes men Beauty call,
And Wisdom is her name.

Throw back the portals then,
Ye guards, your watch that keep,
Love will wake again
That lay so long asleep.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

HOW FIVE ARIZONA MINERS INSURED THE SAFETY OF THEIR GOLD.

There it lay. Right on the mountain-top. Nature had hollowed it out, as if on purpose, a space not more than fifty feet square; and in it she had placed gold in quantities that few men ever see and fewer still possess.

Dull-colored yellow. It hardly looked the thing for which men barter honor and women fall. It was just as Nature, the great alchemist, had made it. No alloys had corrupted it, nor had the sweaty, clinging clasp of usurer defiled it. For centuries it had lain and glistened in the burning sun, burnished only by the sand sweeping over it in windy revels. It had never known the darkness of long years of hoarding in strong boxes, nor had it ever clung like the kisses of passionate men to the throat and arms and breasts of women beautiful as day. No man's blood had been shed for it, no woman or child had eaten bread in sadness and tears because of it. Yet it was gold.

Amid the sand and in the crevices of the rocky ledges that made the apex of the mountain, a novice might have passed by it unheedingly. But when Jack Swilling and his comrades saw it, they knew that they were rich, that in the gold that lay before them was a new life, wherein that gold would buy them the smiles and caresses of women, the homage and subservience of men—a life of music, of feasting, and of song.

It was for this that they had toiled for years and had risked everything that men hold dear. And now it had come to them, unexpectedly and by accident. Attracted by the discovery of rich gold-diggings at Weaver, in the then recently organized Territory of Arizona, the little party had left Tucson and travelled northward until they had arrived at the placers. On their arrival at the mines, they found that already a good many thousand of dollars had been taken out, principally by Mexicans, and they had no difficulty in locating ground that paid them well. For nearly a month they had continued mining, meeting with no more than usual success, until one of their party, while hunting, had ascended one of the surrounding mountains. On reaching the summit, he had paused for an instant to let his eye sweep the mesas and mountains that stretched away for miles on either side, and, while doing so, he had discovered that the little basin in which he stood was almost paved with gold. Picking up a few of the larger pieces, he returned to camp and informed his comrades of his discovery. The story he told to his companions was one so incredible that, had it not been for the nuggets of gold which he had brought with him, they would not have believed him. Early the next morning the entire party ascended the mountain, and what they saw proved that the richness of the find had not been exaggerated, but that its true value had been, if anything, underestimated.

Abandoning their old location, the party encamped on their newly discovered treasure-ground and began to gather its riches. At first every loose nugget was carefully picked up and stored away; after that the sand, which was found to be heavy with fine gold, was gathered together, preparatory to "washing" it out with the waters of the stream below. This done, they began with their bowie-knives "to cut and gouge" out of the crevices and crocks of the rock the gold that they contained. Never did men work so hard. The feverish hunger and thirst for gold was upon them. As long as the light of day lasted they continued to work. Each day saw the pile of virgin gold grow larger and larger, until it became impossible to conceal it.

The Mexicans who had been their neighbors in the old diggings would come into their camp and look with greedy eyes at the Americans at work. At first they sought everywhere to discover another such pocket, but in vain. Outside of the little piece of ground where the first party had "struck it," the mountain-side was as barren of gold as a macadamized road. Then they ceased to prospect, and spent their time sullenly watching the taking out of the riches in which they were to have no share.

To them the spot was like the vortex of the maelstrom. Every morning they were there, standing on the side of the claim, and, during the long, hot hours of the day, they sat, regardless of the burning glare of the sun, watching, watching, trembling with excitement when a nugget larger than the ordinary was taken out. It was only when dusk grew into darkness and the blue sky glistened with its myriad of stars that they returned to their own camp, to toss restlessly through the night, feverishly anxious to see what new riches the morrow would bring to los Americanos. The gold their own work had taken from the banks of the stream, with which they were once so satisfied, seemed so little and insignificant, when compared with what their neighbors had taken from the mountain-top, that they no longer thought or spoke of it. Once it had seemed to them like a fortune, now it was hardly worth having.

Day after day the Americans worked, watched by the Mexicans. From dollars the value of their gold grew into hundreds and then into thousands. They could not tell how much they had, for they had no means of weighing it. They had more than all of them together could carry. The strongest man among them, Jack Swilling, six feet and over, could not change the gold from one place to another without making five separate loads of it. A strong man's load in gold is not much when valued in dollars—at the utmost, perhaps, forty thousand dollars—but, valued with the value men place on it, it cannot be estimated. Put into a sack and thrown over the shoulder, it is only a heavy burden, wearisome with its weight. Stamped with the stamp that makes it money, piled in shining piles, where avarice can feast its eyes upon it, slipped into the half-willing hand of man or woman, it is different. Then barriers fade away that a life-time has build; manhood sinks and takes with it what was noblest and best, never to return, and men nonchalantly think thoughts that, free from the fascination of gold, they would have execrated with horror.

So it was in this camp. At first, the gold was stored in the common buckskin purses that the little party, in i most enthusiastic moments, had never dreamed being able to fill with the metal, and the t was packed in roughly made bags of cloth.

As the store of gold grew, the friendship that had once existed between the Americans and the Mexicans became weaker and weaker. Soon they were enemies, watching one another with hatred that none attempted to disguise. The Americans no longer slept together in a little group, as had been their custom. Instead, each took his blanket and went off alone, yet not so far but that he was near the gold. While at work during the day, they made it a point never to group together. Even when a nugget larger than the rest was picked up, they no longer joyously called to each other that they might gather together to admire it. They were always on their guard. Day and night, one of their party watched the Mexicans. If they were to be killed and robbed of the gold they had discovered, by keeping thus separate some might escape if they were attacked.

Yet the Mexicans had said or done nothing to justify the suspicion that they would descend to murder and robbery to secure the gold. They did nothing but watch, watch, watch, day after day, as the store of gold increased. But, as the days went by and the pile of gold grew, a new look came into their faces, another light into their eyes. The lips were drawn a little tighter, the forehead was less open. There were no longer laughing efforts made to tell jokes, half in Spanish, half in English, to amuse one another. The old camaraderie was gone. Yet, less than a month before, these men had found pleasure in sharing their scanty stores with one another. Now they merely watched each other and the pile of gold, with a hatred so intense as to be unspeakable.

The pile of gold, though, continued to grow. But at last it ceased. In the crevices, and cracks, and sand there was no longer to be found a single glitter of yellow. Only the scars remained, where the knives had cut and gouged out the riches of the rock.

The Mexicans smiled with pleasure as they saw the Americans vainly endeavor to find more of the metal, and in return the latter grew hot with anger, though in their hearts they felt relieved to know that they had exhausted the lead. Already they had as much as they could care for. Had there been more to mine, though, they would have taken it out rather than see any one else possess it. It had grown to be a pleasure to have it, if only to know that it was theirs, even if they could not use it.

When the pocket was mined out the Mexicans no longer came up daily to watch the Americans. Instead, they stayed in their camp at the foot of the mountain. They did no work. Why should they? What would the few ounces they could take from their claims amount to, compared with what the Americans had obtained?

Now that there was no longer any gold to mine, the Americans began to devise means to remove the gold they had to where they could dispose of it.

"It must be nearly a quarter of a million, boys," said Jack Swilling—all looked to him as to their chieftain; "we will have to get it out of here."

How to do it was a question they were always discussing, as they gathered on the mountain-crest in a little group, in order to be able to watch the Mexican camp below.

"We can't carry all of it, but we might take part and hide the rest until we could return for it," suggested one.

"Yes, and what we would leave behind, the Mexicans would get before we were out of sight. Damn them, why don't they get up and go! This is a white man's country, anyway," said another.

"No, we can't do that," said Jack. "We will have to send to Wickenburg for a pack-train, and two of you will have to go for it. You can leave to-night, and the three of us who stay will look out for the gold. Now, who will go, is the question."

No one answered. Instead, each looked at the other, as if wishing that his neighbor would volunteer.

"There's no danger. What's the matter with you? Are you afraid to trust each other with the gold?" asked Jack.

No one replied, yet each knew that he did not want to go and leave the gold behind him. They were beginning to distrust each other as they distrusted the Mexicans.

"Well, we will draw lots, and the two who get stuck will have to go," said Jack.

The lots were drawn, and the two men to whom it had fallen to make the journey returned to camp and tried to sleep until night came. When it was so dark that they could not be seen they arose and, silently slipping out of camp, began their trip across the desert.

The next morning one of the three men who remained behind, while watching, saw one of the Mexicans take his gun and start around the base of the mountain, as if to hunt. He called the attention of his two comrades to it. As the three watched the Mexican, they saw the latter suddenly stop and look intently at the ground, and then his face turned up in the direction of the mountain-top, as if to discover whether he was observed. Apparently satisfied that he was not, he began to walk back and forth, as if looking at foot-tracks; then, as if satisfied, he turned abruptly and returned to the camp he had just left.

"He has found the boys' trail, and knows that they are gone," said Jack.

His two companions merely nodded. They had known, without being told, what Jack was going to say, and what he was thinking of.

When the Mexican had returned to his camp, the three men could see him seated with his comrades in conversation. There were five of them, and they appeared to be talking long and earnestly. Occasionally they glanced toward the camp where the gold was, as if trying to see if they were watched. At last one of them rises; going to a roll of blankets he picks up a gun, and, returning to the group, begins to clean it. His comrads look at him and laugh, as if at a joke, and then all the rest of them arise and get their arms.

"They are going to try to get the gold," says Jack, "and if we don't do something, they will pick us off one by one and be on the road to Sonora befort the boys get back."

"What can we do?" asks one of his comrades.

"We can go down there and tell them that we know what they are after, and that they have got to go," replied Jack. "By slipping up under cover of the brush and bowlders, we can be right among them before they know it, and, if we get the drop on them they will have to do what we say. Get your guns and come on."

The three men arose, and, taking their arms, began the descent of the mountain. Slipping from bowlder to bowlder, and, taking advantage of the stunted underbrush, it was not long before they were close to the camp. As they paused a moment to take breath, they could hear the Mexicans laughing and joking as they cleaned their guns, while the hunter, Tomas, whom in the past they had all liked so well, was softly singing to himself in Spanish.

As the three men arose the Mexicans looked up in astonishment. It was the first time the Americans had come among them since the discovery of the gold on the mountain-top.

For an instant each side looked at the other in silence, and then Tomas, arising and stepping toward the Americans, asked them in Spanish what they desired.

"We want you to get out of here, for we know what you are cleaning up these guns for," replied Jack.

"To go home with," answered Tomas, adding: "We do not care to mine here any longer."

"You are doing it to murder us and steal our gold, and you have got to leave here at once," said Jack.

"We are going to leave just as we told you. But, when you say we are murderers, you lie!" angrily answered Tomas, partly turning to face his comrades to have them verify his statement.

Almost before the words had left his lips Jack reached out his left arm and, throwing it around Tomas's neck, drew him backward till the Mexican's head lay on his shoulder. As he felt the strangling grasp of the arm, Tomas dropped his gun, and, raising his hands, tried to pull the arm from his throat. His hands had hardly touched the arm when a long-bladed knife rose above his face, grasped so tightly that the hand that held it, with its taut muscles and tense knuckles, looked almost as white as marble. For an instant the knife hung in the air that the fierce eyes looking down over the upturned face of the Mexican might pick the surest place to drive it into the throat, drawn so tightly backward that one could see the arteries throbbing beneath the skin. But only for an instant, and then, so fast that it seemed like a flash of light, it fell, and entered the neck in the muscles just below the left ear. For a moment it stopped, and then, as the Mexican's arm reached out as if to push away the arm that held it, the knife was pulled from left to right. As it swept through the throat, the arm that had held the head backward, that the knife might have a clean sweep, was raised, and the man whose throat had been cut stood alone. For an instant to those who had seen it, it seemed like a dream, and then, as in a moment, the dark, brown face grew ashen gray, as if a painter had drawn a brush across it. Tomas caught with both hands his throat, and from the gash across it, through his tightly closed fingers, spurted jets of blood. At first slowly, as if the hands were striving to hold within the body the escaping life, and from the lips came indistinguishable sounds, as if pleading for help, while the eyes swept the face of friend and foe imploringly. Only for an instant, though. Then the jets of blood grew stronger as the strength in the hands relaxed. The eyes grew dim and glassy, and the body for an instant tottered, as if no longer able to stand erect. One or two steps, as if blindly striving not to fall even in death, and then, as the hands stretch out, grasping at the air, the blood that they have held back pours out in torrents, and down, with the face into the dirt, goes what was once Tomas, the hunter.

Both sides are on their feet now, and, as they stand, the Americans cover the Mexicans with their guns.

"By God! You had better go and go at once, and leave your arms behind," says Jack.

The Mexicans look at him for an instant, and then, with a glance at the body, they turn and start across the desert. The Americans watch them until they are out of sight.

The next day, when the pack-train, which had been sent for, has arrived, and has been laden with the gold, it is driven down the trail by the camp where the body lies. It is still there, swollen and black from the heat of the sun, while the coyotes have lapped up the blood and eaten the face away, until where it once was the white teeth and bones glisten in the sunshine. The mules snort with fear as they sniff the carrion smell in the air, and, though heavily laden with gold, try in their fright to leave the narrow trail.

The men pause for an instant to look at the corpse.

"Old Tomas," one of them says: "I always thought him pretty square and rather liked him. Maybe, after all, they really did intend to go home without trying to take the gold, as he said."

"Maybe they did," said Jack; "but we couldn't take chances on any man's honesty with all this gold on our hands."—(B. O'Neill, in The San Francisco Argonaut.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

From The London Telegraph.

Little boys who are foolish enough to steal pears that are unripe will do well to avoid orchards that are under the magisterial jurisdiction of the West London Police Court. Probably by this time George Webbing and John Sullivan have rued the day when they trespassed on the grounds of Mr. Richard Hyde, a Hammersmith solicitor, for the purpose of robbing the proprietor of his immature fruit; for, instead of ordering them to be whipped, Mr. Partridge inflicted upon them the severer punishment of requiring each of the juvenile offenders to eat that which he had plucked. "I hope they will make your stomachs ache," observed the magistrate, whereupon the boys demolished the stolen pears with a self-abnegation that was positively heroic. Whether the result justified the experiment time alone can show. Meanwhile the lads have been remanded to the workhouse.

A COTTAGE WITH A HISTORY.

From The Galignani Messenger.

An interesting London building has just been demolished by the ruthless hands of the speculative builder. The old thatched cottage fronting on the green at Shepherd's Bush has been destroyed. Tradition associated it quite erroneously with the name of the famous Jack Sheppard, but there is good ground for believing that it was the actual house in which lived Miles Syndercomb, the prime mover in a plot against the life of Oliver Cromwell. The details of the conspiracy are obscure, and it was asserted at the time that it was the work of agents provocateurs, with the object of increasing the popularity of the Protector; but in the famous pamphlet, "Killing no Murder," Syndercomb's guilt is assumed, for he is landed as a martyr in the cause of liberty and compared to Brutus. Apart from its historical associations, the cottage should have been preserved as being probably the last remaining thatched building within the limits of the county of London.

"ONLY A COWBOY."

RECITATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

From Punch.

Scene.—An Evening Party; Miss Fresia Bludkinson, a talented young Professional Reciter, has been engaged to entertain the company, and is about to deliver the favorite piece entitled, "The Lover of Lobelia Bangs, a Cowboy Idyl." There is the usual crush, and the guests outside the drawing-room, who can neither hear nor see what is going on, console themselves by conversing in distinctly audible tones. Jammed in a doorway, between the persons who are trying to get in, and the people who would be only too glad to get out, is an Unsophisticated Guest who doesn't know a soul, and is consequently reduced to listening to the recitation. This is what he hears:

Miss Fresia Blud. (in a tone of lady-like apology).
I am only a Cowboy——

(Several ladies put up their glasses and examine her critically, as if they had rather expected this confession. Sudden burst of Society Chatter from without.)

Society Chatter—How d'ye do? . . . Oh, but her parties never are! . . . How are you? . . . No, I left her at . . . Yes, he's somewhere about . . . Saw you in the Row this mornin'. . . . Are you doing anything on——? . . . Oh, what a shame! . . . No, but doesn't she now? . . . No earthly use trying to get in at present. . . etc., etc.

Miss Fresia B. (beginning again, with meek despair, a little louder).
I am only a Cowboy; reckless, rough, in an unconventional suit of clothes;
I hain't, as a rule, got much to say, and my conversation is mostly oaths.

(Cries of "Ssh!" intended, however, for the people outside, who are chattering harder than ever.)

When the cackle of females strikes my ear——

Society Chatter (as before)—Oh, much cooler here . . . Yes, delightful, wasn't it? Everybody one knows . . . No, you don't really? . . . Oh, Popsy's flourishing, thanks . . . The new butler turned out a perfect demon . . . but I said I wouldn't have his tail docked for anything . . . so they've painted it eau de Nil, and it looks so nice!

Miss F. P. (pointedly).
When the cackle of females strikes my ear, I jest vamoose, for they make me skeered.
And I sorter suspicion I skeer them, too, with my hulking form, and my bushy beard!

(Here, of course, she strokes a very round chin.)

Society Chatter—Seems to be somethin' goin' on in there—singin' actin' dancin', or somethin' . . . Well, of course, only heard her version of it as yet, y' know . . . Have you seen him in . . . white bengaline with a Medici collar, and one of those . . . nasty gouty attacks he will have are only rheumatism, etc., etc.

Miss F. B. (when next heard).
I cleared my throat, and I tried to speak—but the words died strangled—
A Feminine Voice, outside—So long since we had a quiet talk together! Do tell me all about, etc., etc.

Miss F. B. ——strangled by sheer alarm. For there in front——

(Here she points dramatically at a stout matron, who fans herself consciously.

——was the slender form, and the sweet girl-face of our new "School Marm"!
Say, boys, hev' ye heard an Aeolian harp, which a Zephyr's tremulous finger twangs?
Wa'al, it kinder thrills ye the way I felt when I first beheld Lobelia Bangs!

Soc. Chat.—Oh, you really ought to go—so touching! Dick and I both regularly howled all through the last act. . . . Not in the least, thanks. Well, if there is a seat. . . . You're sure there are any ices? Then, strawberry, please—no, nothing to drink! . . . Will you allow me? . . . Told she could dress hair perfectly, but I soon found she was. . . . a Swedenborgian, my dear, or something horrid. . . . Haven't you? I've had it three times, and . . . so many people have asked me for cards that really I . . . had the drains thoroughly looked to, and now they're . . . delicious, but rather overpowering in a room, I think! etc., etc.

Miss F. B. (with genuine feeling).
Who would imagine one meek-voiced girl could have held her own in a deafening din!
But Lobelia's scholars discovered soon she'd a dead-sure notion of discipline;
For her satin palm had a sting like steel, and the rowdiest rebel repected her,
When she'd stretched out six of the hardest lots in the Bible-class with a Derringer!

Soc. Chat.—No, a very dull party, you could move about quite easily in all the rooms, so we . . . kicked the whole concern to shivers and . . . came on here as soon as we could . . . Capital dinner they gave us, too . . . etc., etc.

Miss F. B. (with as much conviction as possible under the circumstances).
And the silence deepened; no creature stirred in the stagnant hush, and the only sound
Was the far-off lumbering jolt, produced by the prairie rolling for leagues around!

Soc. Chat. (crescendo)—Oh, an old aunt of mine has gone in for step-dancing—she's had several lessons . . . and cut her knees rather badly, y' know, so I put her out to grass . . . and now she can sit up and hold a biscuit on her nose . . . but she really ought to mix a little gray in her wig! etc., etc., to the distraction of the Unsophisticated Guest, who is getting quite interested in Lobelia Bangs, whom he suddenly discovers, much to his surprise, on horseback.

Miss F. B.
And on we cantered, without a word, in the midday heat on our swift mustangs.
I was only ignorant Cowboy Clem—but I worshipped bright Lobelia Bangs!

Soc. Chat. (fortissimo)—Not for ages; but last time I met him he was . . . in a dreadful state, with the cook down with influenza . . . and so I suppose he's married her by this time!

Miss F. B. (excitedly).
But hark! in the distance a weird, shrill cry, a kinder mournful, monotonous yelp—

(Further irruption of Society Chatter) . . . is it jackal?—bison?—a cry for help?

Soc. Chat.—Such a complete rest, you know—so perfectly peaceful! Not a soul to talk to. I love it . . . but, to really enjoy a tomato, you must see it dressed . . . in the sweetest little sailor suit!

Miss F. B.
My horse was a speck on the pampas' verge, for I dropped the rein in my haste to stoop:
Then I pressed my ear to the baking soil—and caught—ah, horror—the Indian whoop!

Soc. Chat.—Some say it isn't infectious, but one can't be too careful, and, with children in the house, etc., etc.

Miss F. B.
I rose to my feet with quivering knees, and my face turned white as a fresh-washed towel;
I had heard a war-cry I knew too well—'twas the murrerous band of Blue-nosed Owl!

Soc. Chat.—Nice fellow—I'm very fond of him—so fresh—capital company—met him when I was over there, etc.

Miss F. B.
"What? leave you to face those fiends alone!" she cried, and slid from her horse's back;
"Let me die with you—for I love you, Clem!"
Then she gave her steed a resounding smack,
And he bounded off: "Now Heaven be praised that my school six-shooter I brought!" said she.
"Four barrels I'll keep for the front-rank foes—and the next for you—and the last for me!"

Soc. Chat.—Is it a comic piece she's doing, do you know? Don't think so, I can see somebody smiling. Sounds rather like Shakspeare, or Dickens, or one of those fellahs . . . Didn't catch what you said. No. Quite impossible to hear oneself speak, isn't it?

Miss F. B.
And ever louder the demons yelled for their pale-faced prey—but I scorned death's pangs,
For I deemed it a doom that was half delight to die by the hand of Lobelia Bangs!
Then she whispered low in her dulcet tones, like the crooning coo of a cushat dove!

(At the top of her voice). "Forgive me, Clem, but I could not bear any squaw to torture my own true love!"

And she raised the revolver—"crack-crack-crack!"

(To the infinite chagrin of the Unsophisticated Guest, who is intensely anxious to hear how Miss Bangs and her lover escaped from so unpleasant a dilemma—the remaining cracks of her revolver, together with the two next stanzas, are drowned in a fresh torrent of small-talk—after which he hears Miss F. B. conclude with repressed emotion:

But the ochre on Blue-nosed Owl was blurred, as his braves concluded their brief harangues
And he dropped a tear on the early bier of our Prairie belle, Lobelia Bangs!

(Which of course leaves him in a state of hopeless mystifications.)

(Soc. Chat.—Is that the end? Charming! Now we shall be able to talk again! etc., etc.

WHEN DEAFNESS IS A SWEET BOON.

From The London Graphic.

Henceforth a "musical attachment" is to turn bicycles and tricycles into instruments of—"music." It is to be called. Let us trust that the performers will be merciful, and not forget, when they start upon "a musical ride" in company, to see that their wheels are set to the same tune in the same key. Even so, difference of pace would presumably give a rather singular effect, and make a hash of melody, even if it brought out some startling novelties in the way of harmony. However, as everybody allows that musical ideas are getting scarcer and scarcer, and that there is not much more to be done with the scale under present conditions and limitations, the new departure may prove to have practical value. It will inspire the musicians of the future with ideas of which they would never otherwise have dreamed, and no doubt produce a special school of composers at which even Wagner would have opened his eyes and shut his ears. But the solitary rider will enjoy himself the best. The different effects of mud, ruts, and a newly mended road, and of up-hill and down-hill, upon the same air, should be a perpetual joy. And when the beautiful invention has extended itself, as surely it will, to cabs, omnibuses and sewing-machines, we shall be a musical nation indeed.

YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE CRACK BOATS AND THEIR RECORDS.

THE JESSICA OUTCLASSED—PECULIARITIES OF THE YACHTING SEASON—NOTES FROM THE CLUBS.

There is no doubt that if the Jessica should go back to the other side she would be a winner in nearly every race in which she entered. Over here, since the present fleet of 46-footers has been built, she stands little chance. She has been outbuilt and she is outclassed; for really she belongs more in the 40-foot class than she does in that of the 46-foot. Yet there never was a more perfect yacht built in the world than the Jessica. She was built by Fife of Fairlie to cross the ocean and also to race on this side. Last year she was a wonderful boat, although at that time hardly down to her line. This year she is still a wonderful boat, but is no match in point of speed to her American competitors. She has been sailed well, for Mr. McDonough, brother of W. B. McDonough, her owner, is a true sportsman and has seen to it that she was sailed "for all she was worth." It is hoped in yachting circles that Mr. McDonough will issue a challenge for one of the new 46-footers to sail him a race across the ocean. Such a race would be indeed a test of the boats in the 46-foot class.

The Mineola sailed better last week in the races off Newport than she ever sailed before. This was undoubtedly due to the extra ballast which she had in her. It is said that 1,700 pounds of stone were put aboard the Mineola on the day preceding her first race with the Jessica for the Manhattan Athletic Club's golden cup. This additional weight certainly improved her. Mr. Belmont has persevered in his attempts to make the Mineola speedy, and the success which he has obtained is nothing more than his just reward.

In all probability the cruise of the New-York Yacht Club next year will be extended around the Cape. It is in all human probability also that the meeting place will be New-London, and from that rendezvous the yachts will start. It has been a good many years now since the fleet of the New-York Yacht Club in its annual cruise has gone further to the eastward than Vineyard Haven. The shoals that lie between lonely wave-washed Cape Poge and the Pollock Rip Lightship are a menace to navigation which some yachtsmen do not care to encounter. Nevertheless there are yachtsmen who are able to navigate through the intricacies of these shoals and who have boats which can weather all the storms that blow outside the dreary sands of Monomoy.

If this eastern cruise of the New-York Yacht Club is decided upon, it is probable that when Vineyard Haven is reached all yachts which do not desire to proceed further will have leave to withdraw from the fleet, and the commodore will signal for such yachts as remain to proceed at will to Provincetown or Boston. The Eastern Yacht Club would be only too glad to help the yachts of the New-York Yacht Club to come around the Cape, and in that delightful club-house which the Eastern Yacht Club has on the rocks off Marblehead, and in that delightful harbor which lies encompassed by the rocks and shores, yachtsmen and yachts would find a reward for all the toils of the sea which brought them there.

It is asserted on good authority that the recent poor showing of the Gloriana in reaching and running is due to the shortening of her foresail, which had tilted her a trifle forward. Why this should be so no one has attempted to explain; in fact, it seems almost idle to attempt to explain anything about the Gloriana. She is incomprehensible from beginning to end, but the deeds she does will live after her. Mr. Herreshoff has so overawed the yachting world that no one presumes to criticise and no one dares to explain.

The yachting season so far has been rather remarkable in the number of private matches which have been sailed. Every yachtsman, it goes without saying, loves his own yacht and believes in her. And this season the love and belief have materialized frequently in match races. William Butler Duncan, jr., the owner of the cutter Huron, has been, with true sportsmanlike spirit, ready at all times to enter his yacht in any private match—and many of them he has sailed. The Huron is not a remarkably fast boat, but in the long run she has justified the good opinion her owner holds of her.

The Sayonara is a good boat, but it would not be at all surprising if Bayard Thayer had a better one next season. Her construction is poor, and while she has done good work, she never has equalled in point of speed what Mr. Thayer desired of her. The boat which will satisfy this most excellent sailor must needs be a boat of the first order, and he never will be satisfied with the Sayonara. The probabilities, therefore, are that next year Mr. Thayer will take the seas with a yacht which will be in every way worthy of his most excellent reputation as a yachtsman.

That ancient and honorable institution—not so ancient, but always honorable—the Eastern Yacht Club, has decided this year to permit newspaper men to accompany the fleet on its annual cruise. Heretofore such a thing has not been looked upon with favor. The proposition now is to have one newspaper man go on the tug which will accompany the fleet from Marblehead to Bar Harbor. In case any of the yachts should be so unfortunate as to get ashore, the tug will be of use in pulling it off, and in case any of the yachts make any remarkable runs, the newspaper man on board the tug could be of use in announcing the fact to the public. The first club in Massachusetts which gave any facilities to newspaper men for reporting its races, was the Corinthian, of Marblehead, and it was only through the efforts of George Stewart that that was accomplished. Now all of the Eastern clubs extend more or less courtesies to those men whose business it is to record the deeds of their yachts and races, and cruises.

Of all the courses over which yacht-races are sailed there is probably none which affords so thorough a test of yachts as that triangular course of the Eastern Yacht Club which begins and ends at Half-Way Rock, off Marblehead. In the Newport courses there is always more or less tide. It is of necessity so, for on the eastward are the openings into Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound; to the northward there are open free passages into Narragansett Bay; to the westward there are the currents that sweep through the race in Fisher's Island Sound, and from the south come the currents which are disseminated over all that broad expanse of water by the interference of the shores of Block Island. On the New-York courses the tidal interferences are too well known to need comment. And many a man familiar with the currents of the Lower Bay has drifted a yacht to a victory which he never should have won. But the course off Marblehead, where the waves break and foam on the reef of Norman's Woe, has none of the objections which pertain to the other courses. It is really the best course in the country, and if the Eastern Yacht Club were more enterprising it might be made the one course over which all races of importance would be sailed in America.

As it stands at present there is only one nation which dares challenge or dares compete for the America's Cup. But in the little port of Pola, in the Adriatic Sea, there is growing up a yacht club into which all the energy of the Austro-Hungary Empire seems to have been put. It is now only a cloud as big as a man's hand. The rapidity with which it has grown, the intelligence, wealth, the power of the people who have put their heart and soul into it, give promise of great things. As the house of Hapsburg has lost its prestige on land in the last few years, it has been looking more and more to a domain of the sea. The Austro-Hungarian Empire has not built great fleets of iron and steel, but nothing it could do to encourage and propagate the race of sailors has been left undone. The lessons of the battle of Lissa have not been forgotten, and the formation of the Imperial Yacht Club is the last and greatest evidence of the fact that the greatest energies of the Empire are now being concentrated upon maritime affairs.

It is singular how much success will do to exalt the name. In English waters to-day there are more Puritans, Volunteers and Mayflowers than ever sailed in the waters of the Western Hemisphere. These three names are favorite ones now in England, and the names of Genesta, Galatea and Thistle are not bestowed upon new boats. The great victories of the three great single-stickers which upon the high seas defeated the pride of England's yachting navy, will long live in England's yachting fleet.

A CHAMPION SPRINT SWIMMER.

GREAT SPEED OF W. C. JOHNSON, WHO IS SOON TO RACE IN LONDON.

As Byrd Page was to the running high jump two years ago, so W. C. Johnson, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, winner of the 100-yard swimming championships for the last two years, is to aquatics. At the Canadian championships, on August 15, at Montreal, he won the 100-yard race hands down, so to speak, defeating, by his "Trudgeon stroke," seven Canadian competitors, who were the very best representatives of the Montreal Swimming Club, an organization with a membership of over 1,300. It may give a better idea of Mr. Johnson's ability as a sprinting swimmer to say that he holds all American records up to and including the 100 yards. His twenty-five-yard record is 14 4-5 seconds; fifty-yard, 33 3-5 seconds; seventy-five-yard, 52 1-5 seconds; and 100-yard, 1 minute 15 1-5 seconds. He swam 100 yards at the Nyack championships last year in ten seconds faster time than this—1:05 1-5 seconds—but, of course, that does not constitute a record, as the course lay with the tide.

Of course, Mr. Johnson will swim in the 100-yard race at this year's championship, which will be given at Nyack on August 27. Confident as his success has made him though, he cannot feel as positive of victory in an undertaking he is about to make. The 100-yard championship race at London, on October 10, will not be straightaway, but will be in a tank where a number of turns or laps will have to be made. He is practising "turns" now. The English record for swimming 100 feet, the length of the average bath or tank, is 20 1-2 seconds. It may give a still clearer idea of Johnson's speed in the water to say that he has done this distance, in the winter time when out of practice, in better than twenty seconds, and he feels sure he can do it in eighteen seconds in the condition he is in now. Here is a better example still of this young champion's turn of speed. A few nights ago he gave a professional twenty feet start in a 100-foot swim in the big tank at the Manhattan Athletic Club's house, and then beat him by full twenty feet. If Johnson doesn't win in England, it will be a surprise to amateurs on this side of the Atlantic. The Canadians went wild over him on his recent visit to Montreal.

Johnson is a modest, well-appearing young man of twenty-three years, who stands 5 feet 8 1-2 inches without his shoes, and weighs about 136 pounds, in condition. He is in the employ of J. M. White & Co., commission merchants and brokers in cotton, in William-st. He expects to leave for England on the City of New-York on September 2, stopping off at Queenstown, and visiting Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Paris, Liverpool and Glasgow before going to London for the championships, which take place at St. George's Baths on October 10. As there are large swimming tanks in all the cities he visits, he expects to train as he goes, and keep in condition without much trouble for the championship struggle.

Mr. Johnson's appearance bears out the belief he expresses that swimming is the best possible all-around exercise. He thinks it stretches every muscle in the body, and he goes in for exercise in the water at all times and everywhere, whether it be salt or fresh. He is also an oarsman and a member of the Nautilus Boat Club, which gives him the privilege of rowing and swimming at Bay Ridge. Mr. Johnson's first race in the championships at Travers Island in 1888 was not a success, for although he led at ninety yards he was fifth at the finish. He won the 1889 championships on the Harlem, defeating seventeen competitors (time, 1:22 1-5), and beat thirteen contestants in the 1890 championships at Nyack (time, 1:05 1-5). In 1889 Johnson was second in twelve out of fifteen quarter and half mile running races, besides rowing No. 3 in the junior four-oared shell of the Varuna Boat Club that won the Eagle Cup at Bay Ridge. This year he rowed bow in the Dauntless crew at the Philadelphia Fourth of July Regatta.

It is not likely that Mr. Johnson will take part in any but sprint swimming races for the present at least, as the stroke which he swims is not adapted to distance racing.

HEARD AMONG CLUBMEN.

WHAT MEMBERS OF WELL-KNOWN ORGANIZATIONS ARE INTERESTED IN.

The new club-book of the Manhattan Athletic Club, which has just come out, settles the disputed size of the club's membership. According to the statistics of the handsome little volume of 150 pages the club has 3,368 members, of whom no less than 2,555 are active resident members. No other club in the country can equal these figures, and the only other club in town which approaches them is the New-York Athletic, whose total membership foots up about 2,500. The limit of active membership in the Manhattan Athletic Club is 3,000, and after that limit is reached the initiation fee will jump from $50, the present figure, to $100. Only 415 men can get in at the present initiation fee, and once this becomes known it is likely that the already long list of applications will be materially swollen. The club now has 97 life members and can consequently elect 203 more. The limit of the life-membership class is 300, but as soon as 150 life members have been elected the fee will go up to $500. At present it is only $300. The new club-book will be eagerly welcomed by clubmen all over the country, as well as by the members and friends of the Manhattan Athletic Club, no book having been issued by the club for two or three years. Handsomely gotten up as it is, the present book is practically only a sort of proof edition, as a new book will appear next New Year's Day.

The eleventh annual swimming championships of the Amateur Athletic Union will be held at Nyack next Tuesday, under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club. The entries closed last evening and S. J. Cornell, captain of the Manhattan Athletic Club, who has charge of them, reports that they indicate some excellent competitions.

The official announcement of the first annual carnival of amateur sports to be held under the direction of the Manhattan Athletic Club at the Manhattan field on September 19 next has just been issued. The programme comprises all the usual features of an athletic meeting, together with aquatic contests, tennis tournament and various other features. Cappa's band will be on hand all day, and the day's sports will close with a pyrotechnic display in the evening. Admission will be entirely by invitation, no admission fee being charged, and it is probable that the attendance will be the largest ever seen at any athletic meeting in New-York City. Members of the club may secure admission for themselves and their guests on presentation of their membership tickets.

Julius Goertz, the artist who has been commissioned by several members of the German Club to paint a portrait of the Emperor William for the club, has sailed for Europe. He carries letters of introduction to the Emperor and feels confident of securing the unusual privilege of the necessary sittings. Among the subscribers to the fund are President Ferdinand Motz, Louis Windmuller, William Steinway, Thomas Achelis, George Mosle, Gustave H. Schwab and Adolph Kuttroff.

The new club book of the Authors' Club is out. The list of members is not a long one, as the club is comparatively exclusive, but it is a list of notable names. No club roster can compare with it, almost every name on the list being well-known to the reading public. Its necrological list is particularly noticeable, every name on it being that of a man well known in the world of letters. Some of the former members of the club who have passed over to the great majority are Richard Grant White, S. S. Conant, W. W. Loring, E. L. Youmans, John R. G. Hassard, E. P. Roe, Allen Thorndike Rice, David D. Lloyd, George H. Boker John E. Bowen and John Boyle O'Reilly.

When the Union League Club, of Brooklyn took possession of its new house last November there were those who intimated that the club was a mushroom growth which would die out as quickly as it has arisen and who predicted financial trouble. The fact that the club now has $2,500 in its sinking fund, and will put as much more there on the first of next month, refutes the cynical predictions of its members. The club now has about 950 members and has enough names on the list of application to carry it over its limit of 1,000. The trustees will hold their first meeting after the summer recess next week Thursday, and arrangements for the autumn programme of receptions and entertainments will then be made.

The trustees