

Old and Young.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who hies for self and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold,
For them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where sun arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within the eyes,
For them the immortal birds have sung;
For them old age itself is young.

—C. P. Cranch, in *Scribner for August*.

Trifles for the Ladies.

With India muslin bridal dresses are quite the thing for young brides.
Rolled gold is a color which is rapidly asserting itself among the novelties.
Pineapple muslins, in delicate shades of blue, green and pink are exquisite.
Ladies' watch chains now fasten in a button hole of the dress with a bar of gold.
Occasionally one sees plaitings of lace or ribbon on the wrists of evening gloves now.
A new fruit dish is a large, hand-painted porcelain dish, supported by a silver standard.
The summer shoes, walking boots, and slippers all have the square box toes and high heels.
Whole sets of the new ribbon material, comprising skirt, overskirt and seque.
The newest caps for breakfast wear are the Alsace bows with only a mite of white muslin.
Dressy caps for elderly ladies are made of the finest tulle, with dots of white or black chenille.
Black satin mantles have just been imported; these elegant wraps are trimmed with jet and lace.
Lace muslin is an elegant material, and is considered sufficiently dressy to wear over velvet skirts.
The amount of Swiss plaiting put in the train of a dress, renders a long white skirt unnecessary.
Mantles and capes of coarse meshed lace, ornamented with black silk applique work, are fashionable.
Pins of frosted silver in the form of a single plume are used to fasten black lace around the throat.
New imported fans are of swan down mounted on pearl sticks and ornamented with tiny ribbon bows.
It is no economy to use black thread for hemming black silk flounces, for long before the dress is worn out the black thread is green, blue, or yellow, and shows a marked line where it has been used.
Some of the pleated yoke dresses sold in the shops this summer have been lined throughout, making them too warm for comfort. It is only the yoke which requires strengthening; the sleeves and pleated body are more satisfactory if not lined.
Industrious ladies will be glad to know that some of the handsomest piece trimmings promised for the autumn trade, are bands worked with fine split zephyr, in long sketchy stitches—effective but extremely simple. Borders worked in this manner will be used as headings, above lace or fringe.
For fanciful short costumes for out-of-door fetes and short walking dresses Worth has revived the cascade. This cascade is a long close fitting coat in Louis Quinze style, with large pockets, large pearl buttons, and a lace jabot. The cascade falls so low on the skirt that an overskirt is not required.
Widow's dresses have their own distinctive fashions, as, when the expense can be afforded, they are covered in every visible part with crape. The silk lining of the bodice may be merely covered with English crape in the summer, but in winter the wool fabric is also laid on and then covered with crape.
In remodeling it is easy work to cut off the long or old fashioned fronts of polonaises and make the reversed apron, called the "washer woman's;" the pieces cut off require to be fitted to the outline of the front, and the back may be draped in any way most liked, or most easily done with the material in hand.
Checked and plaid foulards are much used in Paris as trimmings of gowns and of woolen dresses. For white barge afternoon dresses, there are knife-pleated frills of blue and green plain foulard. These frills are pinked on each edge. There also vests, plastrons, and chemisettes of checked silk for light wool dresses.
A fanciful style of trimming on a plain material of a showy mixture of colors upon a dress which is to be worn for service only makes a poor return for the thought and labor expended. Some of the prettiest dresses recently prepared were made of striped seer-sucker, at twelve cents a yard, trimmed with a braid lace with a crocheted edge.
A great deal of work that once was thought important is now known to be of little consequence, and so, instead of carefully blind-stitching or hemming flounces, these are very generally prepared by the sewing-machine. The best French dresses are made almost entirely by machine-work, but in this country ladies prefer trimmings at least arranged by hand-work, unless in the case of muslins and wash-dresses.
Sometimes, in renovating a dress, the fabric is so handsome, and looks so new after having been turned, pressed, and generally revived, that a new trimming seems indispensable. In the case of really good material, it is economy to provide this, as the second wearing of a dress is frequently more satisfactory than the first in every sense. This is always the case where the frugal woman has spent all the money devoted to a dress upon the bare material, exclusive of the trimming.
In making up handsome costumes, ladies buy a cheap silk for the skirt proper, as the trimming used upon the foot covers it and the richer material is thus saved for more important portions of the toilette. Skirts are seldom lined now-a-days, and ladies think they wear quite as well if they are not stitched up with too fine a thread and too close a tension of the sewing-machine.

The London *Lancet* says a blow on the ear has often ruptured the drum, and warns parents against boxing children's ears. You can get more music out of a child by applying the slipper a couple of feet below the "drum."—*Norristown Herald*.

A Sabbath Morn in the Country.

How still the morn of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song,
And the wish is general that they might stay hushed.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tilled grass, with faded flowers,
That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze;
And when the old man comes along
And finds it there he will startle the quiet
Of the hallowed day with shouts and roars
And takings on of one kind and another
That will make a hired man sink into his boots.

Sounds of the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee looking for some one to sting,
The trickling of the (mountain) dew, glug, glug,
Glug, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill,
Of the heart-broken goat when he first discovers
That he cannot climb a tree!

To him that wanders o'er the upland leas,
With his shot-gun on his shoulder,
The black-birds note comes mellow from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the glad lark
Warbles his heavy-tuned song; the lulling
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen,
While from yon roof whose curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,
And the hired girl swearing at the cook stove!

—*Oil City Derrick*.

THE LUCKY SHOT.

An Adventure in Australia.

"Very wet day, sir," said the cheery host of the "Traveller's Rest," as he assisted me to take off my heavy riding coat.
"Very wet, indeed," I replied. "I've had my share of it during my thirty miles ride to-day."
My host conducted me to a room with a cheery fire burning in the grate, and having been served with a good hot supper, and my favorite glass of good hot brandy, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew my chair up to the fire, and, as I was about to take a pipe, I noticed a man in a pair of easy slippers, and filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host.
"Won't you join the company in the next room, sir? We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening."
"With pleasure," I replied. So taking my glass and pipe, I followed my landlord into a large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story-teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke.
"Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman." So Mr. White recommenced.
"You must know, gentlemen," he began, "that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there."
The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The look of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, upsetting the glass of brandy by my elbow, and starting the company generally.
"Beg pardon, gentlemen: a sudden spasm—that is all!" I stammered out. "It is the same man!" I soliloquized.
I was supplied with a fresh glass of brandy, and Mr. White resumed:
"Well, I was only a young fellow at the time, and had got bitten by the gold fever, like many other people besides. Every paper contained dazzling accounts of the riches to be found in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go and try my luck. When I told Mary, she cried, and tried to dissuade me, but it was no use; I was determined; and soon after left home for London, where I entered my name on the books as a steerage passenger on board the clipper-built liner, *Australasia*."
"Mary was his sweetheart," interposed my left-hand neighbor.
"I well remember the day we sailed. The scene at the docks was very affecting. Husbands were parting from wives, brothers from sisters, fathers from children, young fellows from their sweethearts, and I was not sorry when the tug towed us out to sea. We were a motley company. There were representatives of all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken-down lawyers, and students, clerks, and a good sprinkling, too, of the hangers-on about town, and even a couple of Methodist ministers. All were going to try their fortunes in the New Eldorado. We had very good weather during our voyage, and I suffered but little from sea-sickness. I made many acquaintances, but there was a man I took an aversion to. He was called Wapping Bill. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a great shock of red hair and a close-cropped beard; a pair of small, ferret-like eyes that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy eyebrows when any one addressed him, and an expression that showed him to be the reverse of a quiet and respectable man."
"In due time we arrived at Melbourne. It was then a mere collection of wooden houses and hastily-thrown up shanties, and was peopled by representatives from nearly all civilized nations on the face of the earth. Twenty of us formed a party, bought some tools, and proceeded to dig, digging on foot. Arriving there we unearthed the long talked of gold. My chum was a steady-going fellow, called Sandy—a Scotchman. We dug a shaft, hauled up the gold-bearing earth, and washed it in a large box with plates full of holes. The water washed away the earth, leaving the gold in the form of nuggets and dust on the plates. For a week or so we found little or nothing, and my golden dreams began to wane. Then one morning Sandy gave a shout of joy, and, hastily ascending the shaft, I saw in the cradle several nuggets of pure gold. I was half mad with delight, and for the rest of the day I worked with the energy of two men. Before nightfall we had more than twenty ounces of small nuggets and dust. We stowed it up in small canvas bags, and hid it for safety in the floor of the tent. We went on this way for months, then our claim began to give out.
"Just about this time a convoy was going to Melbourne to take some gold to the bank there. We therefore agreed to send some of ours to be deposited in

the bank, and get notes in exchange. When we got to the place of starting, I was surprised to see, among the mounted troopers forming the escort, my shock-headed fellow-voyager. I mentioned my distrust of him to my chum; and in consequence we only sent half of the intended quantity. The fellow evidently knew I distrusted him, for when I went up with our parcel, he gave a malicious look that boded me no good. The escort numbered about ten or fifteen well-armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon, and they left early in the morning for their destination. We gave them three ringing cheers at the boundaries of the camp, and wished them a safe return. I had a singular foreboding that I had seen the last of my gold, but I mentioned my fears to none but my chum.
The day following I went to Mat Dunn's drinking-but—a place frequented by the lucky finders and loafers to hear the day's news. The saloon was full of diggers. Some were discussing the day's finds; others were playing poker, the stakes being nuggets of dust; the majority were standing at the bar drinking and smoking. I called for a drink, filled a short cutty, and took a seat among the card-players.
"Well Tom, how's your luck?" said a broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, who had come over with me.
"Very poor at present," I replied.
"Have a hand then, man; winning dust at poker is better than digging."
"I joined the game and played for awhile. At last one of the players threw up his hand, and said he was cleaned out; so, thinking it might be my turn soon, I stopped. I finished my glass, and prepared to leave the room. Just as I got to the door a burly digger came rushing in, almost upsetting me, and uttering the most frightful oaths. The entire saloon was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and a dozen voices shouted out, 'What's the matter?'

"Matter enough?" cried the invading digger, with another volley of expletives. "The escort's been attacked, and the gold is gone!"
"Words fail to describe the scene that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair, danced and raved like madmen. When the tumult was somewhat subsided, I managed to make out that the wagon had been attacked in the dead of night, by a party of armed rangers. A fight had taken place, not a trooper had been killed, and the gold had been taken. The attack had evidently been pre-arranged, for half of the troopers had been found drugged, and were consequently unable to fight. Three of them were reported missing. Wapping Bill amongst the number. I went off to our tent and told Sandy. 'You're right about the villain, but we'll be even with him yet!'

"We went back to the saloon, where we found all the diggers assembled, listening to an account of the affair from one of the troopers. It appeared that shortly after leaving the camp the axeltree of the wagon broke, necessitating a stoppage. Night came on, and found them still delayed by the broken wagon. Rain fell, and some of the troopers took a little spirits to keep out the cold. About midnight, the troopers who were acting as sentries were alarmed by the rush of half-a-dozen mounted bushrangers. They endeavored to wake up the others, but they were overpowered and fastened to the trees. The contents of the wagon were divided among the gang, and they soon rode off, followed by Wapping Bill and the three troopers. In the morning the bound troopers managed to wake the others by their cries, and then it was found by their condition that the spirits must have been drugged, hence their inability to offer any resistance.
"We held a hasty council, and decided to send to a station four miles away for fresh troopers. By means of a fleet messenger, a search party was organized, and they left the camp two hours later, preceded by the black trackers to point out the trail. Luckily, I managed to be enrolled among the party, much to my satisfaction. I had a score to settle with Wapping Bill, and I intended to give a good account of him if we met. We numbered twenty resolute, well-armed fellows, carrying revolvers and knives, whilst the twelve troopers with us had rifles in addition.
"We proceeded first to the scene of the encounter. We found the wagon drawn off the track and overturned. The black trackers soon took up the trail, and we went into the bush in Indian file. Our progress was necessarily slow, but we were quite certain of coming up with the rangers at last. We followed the blacks for a couple of hours, then one of them set up a warning cry, and we rushed forward. In the centre of an open glade we saw the body of a man laid upon the ground. Scattered around were bits of canvas, and grains of gold glittering in the grass. Examining the body, we recognized it to be a person some of us had seen hanging about the camp for a few days previous to the starting of the escort. A small blue hole in his forehead told what had happened. Evidently a dispute had arisen among the rangers, and this poor fellow had been shot for his obstinacy. We again took up the trail and proceeded. The bush now became less dense, and we made greater progress. About a mile further on one of the blacks, who was some hundred yards ahead, suddenly dropped flat on the grass, and gave us a warning signal. Advancing cautiously to his side, we peered through the bushes. Down in a hollow were six rangers, seated around a small fire. Their horses were tethered near them, and various packages were scattered about. Our plans were soon laid. We made a detour, and completely surrounded them. I crept quietly through the underwood, intending to reach a tree which grew about twenty yards from the fire of the bush-rangers. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder. I hastily turned, and saw a tall ranger close by my side. He grasped me by the collar, and presented a revolver to my forehead.
"One sound, and I'll blow your brains out," he hissed.
"Resistance was useless, so I submitted. He disarmed me, flung me on the ground, and fastened my hands behind me with a cord he pulled from his pocket. He then went a few yards away to warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and all the usual noise of a hand-to-hand encounter. Giving a short and sudden wrench, I got loose, and rushed forward to see the result of the fight.

Just as I advanced I heard two shots fired almost simultaneously, and a bullet slayed past my head. I clapped my hand to my left ear. Heaven! the lobe was shot away. Another inch, and I should have been killed.
"Rather a narrow shave, that," said one of the troopers, coming forward. "I just saw the fellow drawing a bead on you when I dropped him."
"I went forward, and found the victory had been ours. Three of the rangers had been shot down, one of them Wapping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay on the ground, whilst one had escaped. Judge Lynch soon settled the two prisoners.
"We recovered all our gold, and made preparations for our return. We gave the dead a hasty burial, easing them, of course, of all valuables, etc. I found a pocket-book on the body of my would-be slayer, and from it I gleaned a full account of the gang. From information therein contained, Sandy and I, some weeks later, made a little expedition of our own to a place in the brush, where we found quite a collection of nuggets and dust—the result of many months of a bush-ranger's life. As it was impossible to restore the treasure to its lawful owners, we were obliged to keep it. We returned to the camp; and, in consideration of our successful efforts, we received a share of the gold. Some months later I left the diggings, and returned home, married Mary, and settled down here. I ought to add that I gave the trooper who so bravely saved my life an old silver ring to wear for my sake. I have never seen him since; but if I ever do, he shall be welcomed as a king. Such, gentlemen, is the story of the 'Lucky Shot!'

The hearty thanks of the company were voted to Mr. White for his story, and the company drank the trooper's health.
"You never saw him after?" I asked Mr. White.
"Never, sir."
"Could you recognize him if you were to see him?" I asked.
"Can't say; he may have altered considerably; but I should recognize the ring immediately."
"Then is that it?" said I, putting out my right hand, on the little finger of which was the identical ring.
"It is; and you are Jack Fox?"
"I am; and I am exceedingly glad to meet an old friend once more."

Loud were the exclamations of joy at this disclosure. We had fresh bumpers, and we caroused until the small hours, fighting our old battles over again.
I accepted Mr. White's invitation to stay with him for a short time, and I must admit that I spent some very happy hours in "The Traveller's Rest."

Fashions for Feminine Feet.

Paris Correspondence. San Francisco Bulletin.
The low and sandal slipper is much worn by ladies here, and the display of ankles is one of the most attractive features of the Exposition. Heels are still high and often glittering with brass tips. There is a great variety of design in foot wear. It varies from a mere sole with barely two inches of toe-covering to the delicate boot, buttoning far up in the clouds—of lace. Colors are also variegated as form. There are black, bronze, lavender, white and pale yellow. Canvas slippers banded with leather are much worn. Stockings no longer hide their light under bushels. But we see also the striped stocking, amia bar-bor-ple; the perpendicular striped stocking, black and white; the stocking with a brilliant bouquet interwoven above the ankle; the diamond-fingered stocking. As fashion prevails at present, the female foot has become the rival of her head, and male dilemma is whether to look down or up. With this development of style, all former sensitiveness as to the display of the walking anatomy seems to have deserted the female heart, and now as they recline on chairs and benches about the grounds young women who wear costly stockings and slippers do not waste their sweetness under dimity. The sand and gravel of the walks on the grounds is of a most aggravating and troublesome character for low shoes, and it is not uncommon to see ladies retiring into corners, where a hasty removal of a delicate triumph of the shoe-maker's art shows that some little "grabbler stones" have intruded themselves in tender quarters, as the Dutchman remarked when he poured the snuffers out of his boot, after working in the field all day.

Speak Gently.

A loud boisterous tone shows a want of good breeding. The first principle of politeness is to make those about you feel pleasant, and a rude coarse manner of speaking is annoying to most persons. A good anecdote is related of man, who went by the name of "Whispering John," which was given to him in ridicule. People said he talked as though he were brought up in a mill. One cold morning he walked into a public house, and called out in his thundering voice:
"Good morning, landlord, how are you?"
"Very well, how are you?"
"Oh, I am well, but I'm so cold, I can hardly talk."
Just then a nervous traveler who was present, ran up to the landlord, exclaiming: "Please have my horse brought as soon as possible."
"Why, what is the matter?" asked the landlord.
"Nothing," replied the traveler, "only I want to get away before that man thaws."

Petty Annoyances in Paris.

Says a correspondent of the Albany Times: Every thing a Frenchman does he expects pay for; even as low as half a cent is gratefully received for larger sums in proportion. You pay for everything you get; your coffee, sugar, milk, all separate. Every item is spread out with the most minute care, and when it is time to pay your bill you wonder at the string, but as figures can't lie, of course you must hand over. Order a lemonade, wine, or any drink—the French drink everything hot; an American can't. Well, you order ice. In your bill will be three items: First, your glass; second, your drink; third, your ice. Wonder that they don't charge rent while you stand in their house. You are tired, wish to sit down. A woman comes round with a bell-punch and a slip of paper, and unless you give her six centimes (two cents) she hands you over to the tender mercies of the police as a swindler and a fraud. I am not ex-

aggerating a bit. There is no gas in bedrooms, and they charge you for your candle beside the rent of your room.

A Mother's Fourth of July Oration.

Bang! bang! bumpety bang!
Did you ever hear such a dreadful clang?
Did you ever hear such racket and noise?
From two such wonderfully quiet boys?
I really declare I am out of my head,
Almost before I am out of my bed!
Oh! what shall I do to shut out this clang?
Bang! bang! bumpety bang!

Bang! bang! bumpety bang!
I hear the great clatter, the clash and clang—
I rush to the door, hold on to my ears—
I scold at the boy, but wipe off his tears,
His father looks on, with eyes full of fun;
He picks up the shot, and leads up the gun,
And says: "Boys, don't make such a clatter and clang."
Bang! bang! bumpety bang!

Bang! bang! bumpety bang!
From morning till night this clatter and clang!
A pause, now and then; then on with a whizz—
Whirring, and jarring, and shaking one's phiz.
"Boys will be boys" has always been said:
But "men will be boys," when playing with lead,
Or shooting, this Fourth of July with a clang,
Bang! bang! bumpety bang!

Old Age.

Growing old gracefully is an art in which few study to acquire perfection, and yet how beautiful is age with the grace and tenderness that properly belong to the autumn and winter of life. There is a poetry that should linger about and crown it with respect, reverence and admiration. The latter days should be set to quick, pleasant music, and only soft, sweet notes should ripple from the heart, where it is yet spring-time with all its cherished associations.
Old people deserve a sunny niche in the household; their loving faces should be framed in the memory, dearer and clearer than the gems that come from the artist's brush which called for our admiration. Their deeds of mercy and loving kindness, of patience and endurance through trials, of thoughtfulness for others and sympathy in the hour of need, should be printed on the heart in characters that will never grow illegible. I their hearts have been full of kind humanity and sweet friendliness and generous acts, then the coming night should be gemmed with the stars of affection and devotion. Would they drift back with the tide, we often ask? Perhaps, if they could only redeem the errors of youth, could only stem the breakers more courageously and nobly, and make of life a richer poem. If their lives all the way through, have been set to the music of thoughts, noble aspirations and brave deeds, then the blossoms of admiration and honor should be laid daily at their feet by kindly hands.
To the old, the rush of early memories comes back like the lost notes of a song they once loved. They delight to live over the past; for them the meadow daisies grow again, the yellow dandelions are plucked with fearless fingers, the running brook murmurs no music sweeter than that they once knew in their hearts, and the fragrant clover blossom breathes into the perfume of a vanished June. They carry with them always the poetry and sweetness of remembrance.
About those who grow old gracefully, there lingers forever the freshness and tenderness of youth. The silver hair wears "Time's gathered snows." The foolish, baffled hopes of mere worldly ambition fade away before the infinite longing for things higher and holier, and to those upon whom they depend there come verses which never can be written, of sympathy with sorrow, resignation in affliction, cheerfulness in disappointment, and the sweet faith that helped to overcome all obstacles. We oftentimes smile at their odd fancies, and wonder why they cling so closely to little keepsakes and treasures of the past; they may be but links on the chain of Time, that carry them back to a more golden dawn.
Old age is full of study. It has battled with life so long, and grown weary so often over its broken ambitions, its repeated failures, its vain hopes. They often forget the world once held for them so many aspirations; as they drift silently toward that unknown shore the rapture of that "strange, beautiful song" of youth seems only a dim reality, half forgotten.
The sunset hours of old age are filled with gleams of fading pictures, tinted with roseate clouds or shadowed with tears; but if it be a season of contentment, restful and cheerful, it always wears a gracious coloring, the dew of its influence rests upon our hearts; and we insensibly yield admiration, reverence and love to the unconscious charm of peace, repose and serenity that crowns beautiful old age, and gives it a poetry grand and tender sweet.

Royal Courage.

A story of the attempt on the life of King George III. is worthy to be remembered. On May 15th, 1800, the English Ministers received notice that an attempt would be made to assassinate the king, and advised him not to go to Drury Lane. George III. replied that he feared nothing. On arriving, he took care to enter his box, and as he did so a pistol-shot was heard, and a bullet lodged in the ceiling. He turned and said to the queen, who was behind him:
"Stand back for a moment—they are burning some cartridges."
He then advanced to the front of the box, and folding his arms, called out:
"Now you may fire if you like."
An appeal to the sentiment and admiration of a crowd always produces its effect. The audience rose to their feet like a single man, and raised loud acclamations. After this he allowed his family to enter the box, saying:
"Now there is no danger."
Three times "God Save the King" was sung, and Sheridan, who was present, added two new verses. When the king was complimented on his courage, he replied:
"The life of a king is at the mercy of any one who is willing to expose his own. I only performed the duty of my station."

The weather is too warm for any foolishness in the way of courting. The first thing some girl knows she will let her gush get the advantage of her judgment, and will put her arms around her fellow-reck, and there will be only a puddle of sorghum molasses and some dirty clothes to tell where the fellow once sat.
—*Glasgow (Ky.) Times*.

After the Storm.
As men's cheeks faded
On shores invaded,
When shoreward waded
The lords of flight;
When churl and craven
Saw hard on haven
The white-winged raven
At mainmast height;
When monks affrighted
The windward sighted
The birds full-flighted
Of swift sea-kings;
So earth turns pale
When storm the sailor
Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings.
O, strong sea-sailor,
Whose cheeks turn pale
For wind or hail or
For fear of thee?
O, far sea-farer,
O, thunder-bearer,
Thy songs are rarer
Than soft songs be.
O, reef-foot stranger,
O, north-sea ranger,
Through days of danger
And ways of fear,
Blow thy horn here for us,
Blow the sky clear for us,
Send us the song of the sea to hear.
—*Somerset*.

Nymphs in the Tank.

A New York *Herald* reporter visited the swimming-school for ladies in this city, which occupies the building for some years known as Theodore Thomas's Central Park Garden. As the reporter entered the main doorway he jumped back as suddenly as though he had been shot, and held his hat over his eyes while he backed out of the passage, blushing and muttering his apologies. The cause for this unfeigned embarrassment was the appearance in the passage of a lady in a state of perfect nudity. Her body was bent slightly forward and her head turned so that she could not see the reporter. "This is terrible," thought he. "If I have opened the wrong door and surprised one of the ladies on her way to the bath." He heard no pattering of damp feet along the passage, so he concluded that his intrusion was undiscovered, but fearing that some other and less considerate reporter might come that way he gave a maul cough of warning. Not hearing the expected scream of fright he advanced a few steps nearer and gently poked the door with his umbrella. Still no scream. He advanced still further, and, hearing no sound, stepped boldly in the passage. There she stood just as he had seen her at first, her round, white limbs glistening in the light reflected from the open door. He was, of course, horrified, but felt somewhat reassured by the unembarrassed manner of the lady. "Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons," he said, "but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before he discovered his mistake. What he had taken for a beautiful bather was nothing more nor less than a life-sized copy in plaster of Power's well-known statue, the Greek Slave, which guards the entrance doors of the baths. As he approached the building his mind was necessarily filled with Diana and Venuses he was about to behold, so that when the life-like statue burst upon his view he was for a moment deceived and of course agitated.
Entering the office the reporter was entertained for a few moments by Mr. Remsen Appleby, proprietor of the Garden, and then was ushered by Mr. Appleby into the bathing room. Some seventy-five ladies and children and three men were in the room, all of whose eyes were directed on the tank that stretched along the north wall. The reporter noticed that the rooms were decorated in the Turkish style, surrounded by smaller rooms, each of which were screened from the main room by bright crimson curtain. The tank in which the Misses Bennett and their picked pupils displayed their aquatic accomplishments is ninety feet long by twenty wide, and runs from three to nine feet in depth. It is constantly supplied with fresh water, which is turned into it through countless little jets. At the time the *Herald* representative arrived there were some twenty-five ladies disporting in the tank, the chief of whom were the Misses Bennett, the Misses Clark and Magonigle. These were, in fact, all expert swimmers, and they plunged and floated and swam around like very tadpoles, while they looked like Nymphs of ancient story, save that those nymphs did not wear Turkish trousers and sailor-shirts. The Misses Bennett carried the palm for dexterity and daring.
They jumped off of high places and dived down so far out of sight that the reporter thought for a moment that the Franklin search party would be obliged to look them up; but finally they came to the top spluttering and spouting like baby whales. Then they lay on their backs and floated, laughing and talking and enjoying themselves thoroughly. In fact, every one in the tank laughed, the water seemed to have such an exhilarating effect. Any one who uses his bath tub full of water will recall the sensation that makes him gurgle in his tub. So impressed were the lookers on with the advantages of being able to swim that a class of eleven young ladies was formed on the spot. "You see," said Miss Kate Bennett, "that I am as much at home in the water as upon the land; indeed, more so, for here I hop, skip, and jump about while I simply walk quietly along on land," and with that she slapped the water with her right hand, and then with her left, disappeared, and in a moment came up at the other end of the tank between two blonde bathers, who gave little shrieks of surprise and darted out of her way.
One of the prettiest sights during the exhibition was the swimming of the three-year-old little girl whom they called "Birdie" but whom they might with greater propriety, have called "Fishy." She could swim with the best of them. "Come, Birdie, show the ladies how you can dive," said Miss Bennett, and, without coaxing, the little thing mounted the railing, clasped her tiny hands over her curly head, and—
"In she plunges boldly
No matter how coldly
The leaden tank looked up."
Down went the little head, up with the little heels, then flip flap went the little arms, and away swam the brave child as gracefully and as coolly as a swan in the Central Park lake. Miss Bennett caught her in her wet arms and squeezed a gallon or two of water from her dripping clothes as she pressed her to her heart in kindly admiration. Again and again the child repeated the feat each time laughing and shouting in the greatness of her enjoyment. Then the Misses Bennett gave a few fancy touches, the twenty-five nymphs came dripping from the tank and the day's sport was done.