

WHERE BABY-JOY COMES FROM.

As I sat by my study table,
With my sermon strewn the floor,
My little sixteen-months' darling,
Came full-sail through the study door.
He first bore away to the window,
Then veered to the bright hearth-stone;
But soon in the farthest corner
Cast anchor, all alone.

First he rattled the quills in my pen-box,
And then with the carpet he played;
Then he washed his hands in the sun-sine,
And caught at the shadows they made.
One thing was as good as another,
For each gave a new surprise;
And the light of his childish gladness
Kept shining on out of his eyes.

As I wondered where all the joy came from
This thought fell from heaven on me:
That when God and a babe are together,
A little fountain of glee
Must needs bubble up in the child's heart,
Because those waters are given,
And ever renewed, by the joy tides
Of the great cheerful heart in heaven.

I had quite forgotten my sermon,
And my baby upon the floor
Was tearing the paper to pieces,
That was strewed from window to door;
But I knew that the thought he gave me
Was more than his hands could destroy—
For the love of the Father in heaven
Had come to me through my boy.

Olive Logan doesn't believe that one married couple out of twenty have any love for each other.

A coal bed is being opened forty miles above Bismarck, Dakota, with the expectation of sending coal down the river in barges.

The Ohio farmers are complaining loudly of the ravages of the grasshoppers. In some instances they have destroyed the second growth clover.

The coal fields of Tennessee occupy no less than 3,840,000 acres—being 300,000 in excess of the united coal fields of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Some of the strata are known to be one hundred feet in thickness.

An old man named Sheeky drowned himself at Ironton, O., the other day because his married daughter objected to his coming to her house under the influence of liquor.

An Indiana man claims to have succeeded in playing a thorough confidence game upon the potato bugs. He planted a grain of corn in each potato hill, and as the corn came up first, the bugs thought it was a corn field, and started for other scenes.

The superintendent of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad has ordered an immense area of land along the line to be planted with locusts, in view of the growing scarcity of timber there for ties and other purposes.

The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company offers 1,200,000 acres of land in central and southwest Missouri, at from \$3 to \$11 per acre on seven years' time, with free transportation from St. Louis to all purchasers. Climate, soil, timber, mineral wealth, schools, churches, and law-abiding society invite emigrants from all points to this land of fruits and flowers.—*Ex.*

New Bedford cherishes a hope of a joyful resurrection, because of the completion of a 500 ton ship, and the prospect of more of the same kind. Time was when New Bedford was a lively and flourishing port, but gas, petroleum, and a scarcity of whales threw her into a lethargy, and she is just beginning to yawn and come to a consciousness that there is something else to do besides harpooning whales.

There has been nothing done yet towards the church building of the Presbyterian Church at Salt Lake City. The lot is paid for, and about six or seven thousand dollars pledged by the people of Salt Lake towards the edifice, but the building cannot be erected short of \$14,000. The remainder of the money must either come from the Board of Church Erection, or from private gifts of friends in the east.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Liquor consumers should be warned by the frequent sudden death occurrences in the city. Medical men agree that by the use of stimulants—particularly in warm weather—the system is reduced and the blood heated to such an extent that heart disease or apoplexy too often follow.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Texan Drovers and Monte Gamblers on their Muscle.

The passengers on the eastern-bound Kansas Pacific train lately enjoyed the rare opportunity of witnessing one of the fiercest fights between desperadoes and equally courageous Texans ever witnessed upon the Western plains. The facts, as related by one of the railway men, are as follows:

"An old drover from the far-off plains of Texas got upon the Kansas Pacific train at Ellsworth with the intention of going to Kansas City. There also got on board the train at the same station two of the cattle dealers, one of them a short, muscular little fellow, who plays the most prominent part in this affair. A party of three of those pestiferous thieves known to all Western railways—monte gamblers—soon made their presence known in the car next to the sleeping car, and in a few minutes had pocketed the old drover's last \$20 note. It was at this juncture that the above-mentioned little cattle man 'came out strong'—as Mark Tapley would say. He interfered in the old drover's behalf, when the monte men very arrogantly told him to mind his own business. The young man resented the hint, words led to words, and words to blows. The young cattle drover managed to put in a series of scientific sledge-hammer blows, which soon sent the monte thief howling and bleeding over the seats. The other monte men joined in to take a hand, when the other cattle drover met them, and, in a short time, punished them fearfully. Finding themselves beaten, they retreated at the muzzle of the cattle men's revolvers to the sleeping car, and locking themselves up in the drawing-room, drew their revolvers and knives and bade defiance to further attack.

"A council of war was held in the front car, when it was agreed that the monte men should be permitted to hold the sleeping-car until the train reached Salina, where a sheriff's posse had been telegraphed for. But this arrangement was not satisfactory to the brave little drover. He had resolved upon recovering the old man's money, and appeared to treat with contempt the knives and pistols pointed at the windows of the drawing-room. After washing off the blood from his face and hands, he walked boldly into the sleeping-car, where the three gamblers, driven to bay, stood watch within the locked glass door. With a huge navy revolver in each hand the young man dashed open the door of the den, and putting his cocked revolvers at the astonished gamblers, coolly demanded the old drover's lost money.

"Finding that he was determined to have it or do worse, and seeing the passengers closing in with cocked revolvers, the gamblers gave up the money. This did not satisfy the young drover. He now demanded the surrender of all the knives and pistols in their possession. After some parleying the arms were given up, and the monte men held under guard until the train rolled into Salina, where a sheriff's posse awaited them with bracelets and a guard of honor. They were taken from the train, and escorted to jail. Conductor Brinkerhoff and Pullman car conductor Flint, received the thanks of the passengers for their coolness and prompt action in securing the arrest of the monte thieves, while the young drover deserves more praise and credit than mere words can express. He learned the monte gang a lesson they will never forget."—*Denver (Col.) Tribune.*

The Isle of Man.

Thirty years have brought many changes in the Isle of Man; among them an annual invasion of something like 100,000 holiday makers, which has played sad havoc with the old Arcadian simplicity of the place, though, thank heaven! not even the civilization of English tourists can quite vulgarize its noble mountains, its clear green sea, and the shy beauty of its sheltered glens. Up to a recent date the little island slumbered on peacefully and happily in its old traditions, with its own laws, its own Judges, its own self-elective Parliament, the House of Keys, its simple, homely, kindly clergy, and its quaint, time-honored old fashions.

"A sleepy land, where under the same wheel
The same old rat would deepen year by year."

But the fairy prince who was to break this enchanted sleep came in the disagreeable and duplicate form of a ritualistic Bishop and a radical Governor. Between them they effectually stirred the place up. No more self-elective parliaments, no more homely parsons, but popular elections and a straight-laced priesthood. Well, Manxmen are moving with the times, but we may be pardoned, perhaps, for letting just one sigh of regret escape for the simple old style that is gone; and we may be allowed to doubt whether the change from a humdrum routine to an activity which takes the form of perpetual bickering, quarreling, and bitterness is a very pleasant or a very disagreeable one. The native Manx, however, are still a simple, kindly race, superstitious and imaginative, like all pure Celts, and with depth of passion and emotion underlying a calm exterior. A comely race, too; the women robust and shapely, the men tall and stalwart, with a language of its own, now rapidly growing obsolete, in place of which has arisen a distinct dialect of English, a brogue as rich, racy, and expressive as Lowland Scotch or Tipperary Irish. A race with a distinct nomenclature, too. The Quirks, the Quilliams, the Quatrongs, the Quayles, the Quinef, the Kermodes, the Kerrishes, the Karrans, the Korkhills, the Creers, the Clagues, the Corrins, and the Callows are names unique; none but a Manxman ever bore them.—*Once a Week.*

Swimming for Ladies.

THE MODERN MERMAIDS—HOW TO MANIPULATE THE WATER.

There is a great deal said about ladies bathing in the season, and fashions in bathing dresses are announced as of the utmost importance, when practically they are of the least possible interest, the number of lady bathers at any seaside resort being about one in fifty of the number staying there.

Why ladies do not bathe is, among the masses of people who frequent summer resorts, and who are many of them drawn partly by the expectation of seeing shoals of young women floating as sea-nymphs in the water, in the costumes they have read about, a constantly recurring query.

Why, indeed! Ladies want to bathe; they would like to know how to swim; they envy their husbands, brothers, and lovers, who "run down" for an occasional day or so, and take a plunge into the waves the very first thing. They determine to emulate their example, and commence by trying a little dip at the regulation hour the next morning, but they are afraid to leave the ropes and afraid to put their heads under, and afraid of the crowd of stargers on the beach when they come out of the water, and as the little dip is not very exhilarating, in fact makes them feel chilly and shaky, they decide not to trouble themselves about it any more.

This is really unfortunate for women who love water, and who spend a sufficient length of time near the sea to render it most advantageous to them if they could take the full benefit of it. Bathing and swimming unrestrainedly is one of the most desirable accomplishments for American women. It would not only improve their physique, giving them richer color, finer proportions, and more perfect contour, but it would impart a *verve*, a capacity for enjoyment which they seem to lack, simply because they lack animal spirits and animal strength.

The gaiety of even young American women always seems a little forced, a little hollow, a little unnatural. Their laugh is like a society laugh upon the stage, as if they knew their part, and knew the ha, ha! was to come in there, but not at all as if they felt it, or laughed because they could not help it. There is nothing spontaneous, natural, or hearty in it.

In fact, habit, education, society forbid the exhibition of natural, unaffected and hearty emotions—the ancient philosophy of the Stoics was not a whit more repressive of all genuine emotion than are the customs and tendencies of modern society. A generation of what is called "culture" is sufficient to freeze out every indication of human feeling, and renders its subjects almost as indifferent and inanimate as they seem, while to one

"not to the manner born" association with the howling dervishes would be at times a welcome relief from "society" inanity and stagnation.

At times there is an effort made to escape from the deadness and isolation. The skating mania was the result of one of these periodical attempts, and if an effort to make swimming fashionable on the part of ladies were to result in nothing more than a temporary excitement, it would still accomplish some good, for once some women became experts they would find swimming too delightful and healthful a pastime to be relinquished, and the next generation would be the gainers by it.

It is very desirable, however, that the task be made as easy and agreeable as possible, and of the requirements to make it so, the ordinary seaside is almost entirely destitute. A hotel proprietor at Newport or Long Branch would make a fortune, as well as reputation, by providing means by which ladies could enter and leave the water without running the gauntlet of a hundred eyes, and also be taught how to bathe, float, swim, and enjoy the water by strong experienced women swimmers.

The first is managed abroad by running the little bathing houses on wheels and bringing them down to the edge of the water; but it might be done by providing little transit houses, with wheels, and running them between the bathing houses and the water, each lady being provided with a little red flag which she could wave, or whistle, with which she could summon one when needed. Very many ladies desire to be taught to swim, yet spend a whole summer at the seaside without entering the water—indifference, the want of proper guidance and instruction, and the fear of publicity acting as the barriers to their first attempts, and strengthening in them timidity until it becomes cowardice.

Written instructions are not of much value in art of the learning to swim, but the following directions copied from an English magazine are to the point, and may assist those who are trying, in this one excellent subject, to "equal" men.

First walk out into the water above the knees and dip down, or else throw the body in backwards, which is the best way, as it clears the hair from the face, and it comes first to the surface, but the person instinctively feels for the ground with the feet. The shock is beneficial to the nervous system. Having taken the first dip, get into water about as deep as the length of the arm, then sit down. Now place both hands palms downwards on the ground, then stretching out the right leg bring it to the surface—now the left leg placing them both together. The weight of the body is thus thrown on the arms, which may bend a little, but don't mind that. Now raise one hand, and bring it slowly to the surface, and put it at right angles from the body, then do the same with the other. The center of the body sinks a little deeper than the extremities. The body is now on the top of the water, and if all this has been slowly and methodically done, without flurry or splashing the water, it will stay there till you choose to alter your position. The want of confidence, or perhaps the knowledge that on the first time of trial you have actually succeeded, has often the effect of making a beginner sink. In this case it must be tried over and over again until you feel all is right.

When this first position in floating has been acquired, a variety in placing the arms may be tried, stretching them along the side, clasping the hands above the head, crossed on the breast, or hands raised into the air, but this last can be done for but a few moments, as the face sinks under water. It will be found that when floating for any little time the body is apt to turn to one side; a slight paddling with the hand in the water will restore the equilibrium. It will be remembered that the face only is kept above water, and as the eyes are perforce directed upwards, swimming on the back is rather a blind method of proceeding; it is therefore included under the head of ornamental swimming. Take care not to keep up too long without seeing where you are going, as the swell of the tide may carry you out a little way, possibly out of your depth, and, not yet knowing how to swim, may be the cause of some awkwardness.

Many swimmers give it as a rule, in learning the hand stroke, that the arms should be stretched out in front, then made to describe as large a circle as possible. Now this is incorrect; the arms should be merely used to direct the body, and the legs to move it along. Move them more from the elbow than the shoulder, and the palms of the hands turned slightly outwards. To learn the stroke, this time kneel down, stoop forward, bend the elbows outwards, place the hands near the surface of the water, then raise one leg on a level with the hand, leaving the other foot on the ground, then try the stroke, as above stated. It will be found easier to rest the foot that is on the ground on the toes, and drag it a little after you. Change from one to another. But the hand stroke will seem quite easy when you have once or twice tried it.

There are two methods of doing the leg stroke. The way usually recommended is to take a frog for a model, and exactly copy its movements—that is to say, strike out the legs together, as far apart from each other as possible, and then draw in the feet to meet each other, but keeping the legs still from touching. It is the drawing of the feet together or latter portion of the stroke that gives the impetus to the body that moves it along.

The second method is faster than the other, and generally preferred by those who know it. In this the legs are stretched out straight behind, then cross one foot over the other, and keep them so all the time; throw out the knees sideways, and bring them together again. To do both hand stroke and leg stroke together, when the arms are thrown out, separate the knees from each other and throw them out, and then draw in hands and knees together. With regard to taking breath, it is best to draw breath as you move the hands and knees outwards, but a little practice will soon enable you to judge the right moment to do so.

Swimming on the back may be liked as a change, but as it necessitates a continual movement of the head, to see where you are going, it is rather troublesome.

The arms are stretched behind the head, and sweep the water towards the feet; the legs are jerked upwards, and then thrown out. As you need not move the arms at all, but the elbows being bent a little outward, rest the hands lightly on the waist. Move the feet as directed above, and at the same time let the body glide through the water in a sinuous manner, moving it from side to side, keeping time with the legs.

To swim on the side lie on one side, say the right. Now move the right arm under the water as if it were an oar—that is, draw it down towards the feet. The legs are kept well apart, the right foot being near the left knee. Strike out as if kicking away the water, with rather a jerk, hand and feet together.

This is a rapid mode of getting along, but it is tiring, and cannot be kept up so long as plain swimming. The arms can be changed as each gets tired.

To achieve the rotatory motion, lie on the back, gather up the knees on the chest, then by a downward movement of the hands, as if paddling, turn the body—now like a ball—round and round—making it rotate rapidly in the water. It is very simple, but still these little things give confidence, and make one at ease in the water.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.—Persons who have not been able to leave the city during the summer have beheld curious scenes. Grand houses in Fifth Avenue have been kept up for the benefit of servants, and the sounds of many a revel may be heard proceeding from the drawing-room windows. Sunday night is the time when these houses seem to be most thickly tenanted. There is generally a "party" going on, and the mistress' dresses are brought down to do honor to the occasion. It is very strange how many fine ladies are to be seen in Fifth Avenue on Sundays—fine at a distance, but scarcely bearing a close inspection. The housemaid or cook stands confessed beneath the luxurious costumes of last season. After two or three Sundays more the silk dresses will have to be returned to the wardrobe, and the exemplary domestics will be obliged to appear in less splendid garments.—*New York Times.*