

Choice Miscellany.

A Tenneysonian Tramp.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, O'er the railroad ties, O, dee! And I would that my tongue could utter, The thoughts that arise in me.

A Bachelor's Confessions.

For a number of years I have possessed the qualifications necessary to a membership in a bachelor's club, but after watching such institutions, I have concluded that they are dangerous.

Was I ever in love? Scores of times. Before I had reached an age of discretion I did nothing else but fall in love.

From the first emotion in my susceptible bosom, when I became enamored of a corpulent and somewhat antiquated nurse-maid, down to the time when, as a hulking boy, I tested the capacity of my lachrymal glands over a boydenish bit of femininity, wrote verses and tried to grow pale, and exhibited a singleness of devotion that would have mollified a most exacting Juno.

How many nights had I lain planning for the future, until at last I fell asleep at half past 8, to dream that the stentorian tones of the pater familias, rolling up the stair-way in the chill of winter's dawn were the exulting shouts of some lawless hero of boyish literature, who was spitting away my prospective bride.

It all came to naught! I had planned for the future, until at last I fell asleep at half past 8, to dream that the stentorian tones of the pater familias, rolling up the stair-way in the chill of winter's dawn were the exulting shouts of some lawless hero of boyish literature, who was spitting away my prospective bride.

But, alone, I have jogged along by easy stages, passed many a mile-stone in the direction of the great terminus, and I have grown to appreciate crawling into a cold bed with colder feet, possessed of a certainty that the cat is out—or if it isn't, that I don't care—and that if the freeze cracks a water-pitcher down stairs it belongs to my landlady.

Yet sometimes the sad, reproachful eyes of Sally Smith, Mary Brown and the girl in the tin-type float around my drowsy pillow amid the odoriferous fumes of rare half-and-half until I am unable to decide whether Sally had the wart, Mary the freckles, or the girl in the tin-type the combination, and finally compromise the matter by falling asleep.

You sit on the shore with the great ocean before you—the surf breaking so gently on the sands that the sounds make a dreamy, monotonous music—the water shimmering in the sun as if they were never to foam and rage again—plank or beam or spar lazily floating beyond the bar. The heavens are a deep blue—the wind is but a zephyr, too weak to create a ripple, and the few cloudlets are a pure white and tell of a serene day.

See! Far out beyond the bar there is a commotion of the waters. There is no foam, no splashing, no warning, but those who caught the disturbance note the formation of a wave half a mile long. It is as if a great whale had silently risen to the surface and rolled the waters away from him. The wave is not foam-crested. It does not approach like a wave driven by the wind. It comes stealing in silently, swiftly, menacingly. There is no roar—no confusion. A chip riding on its crest would not be lost to the eye for a minute. Like the tread of fate—like the grim front of an army—the tiger creeps nearer before its spring, and

the half-asleep loungee on the sands whose sight is upon the white sails far away, is suddenly surrounded and put in peril of his life. In ten seconds the waters have rolled back and left the sands clear, and there is a dash of foam on the bar, as if the old wrecks lying sand-buried there were rejoicing in the treachery of the sea.

We are rocking lazily on the ground swell off the inlet, the men, tired of fishing, lying about smoking; the women watching the ships further out; the children washing their bare feet in the water and dropping a hook occasionally for the horrid sea spiders to cling to. What danger here? Half a mile away there is a ripple on the surface. It is as if a knife blade was cutting the water. It comes in a line almost as straight as a carpenter could draw. By and by the children see it and shout and splash their feet in an enthusiastic way. They are still at it when a strong hand draws them back one by one, and next instant the great mouth of a shark opens wide where the little feet had splashed, and a hundred cruel teeth dash together just a little too late.

We sit on a rock in the shade of a pine, spyglass in hand, and read the name of a schooner making her gallant way along the coast. Every sail is new and white—every sail is rounded out by the breeze—the glass enables us to count the men as they pass along the decks. The white-eyes leap up about the speeding vessel, and under her bows is a roll of foam which tells of spray on her decks. We lower the glass for a minute to watch a bit of a wreck driving ashore. It is only for a moment, but as we lift it again there is a roar and a scream in the air. A cloud swiftly obscures the bright sun, and when it passes away the schooner is bottom up before our eyes, and her crew drowning as the white-topped waves beat them about.

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