

in a circle of foam, splashing and spattering, darting in this direction and that, shaking the hook viciously and then dragging back in a vain endeavor to tear it from his jaw. All in vain! A moment more and the beautiful fish is landed in the box, and the drail again in the water tempting fresh victims to their fate. Now the point has been reached, and we see just ahead a foaming, tempestuous sea,—a long, white-crested line of breakers. It seems madness to trust our boat in such a boiling caldron, but in a moment the yacht is in its mid-t. Pitching and tossing up and down, right and left, the skillful hand at the helm dodges one big wave and mounts another, and before we know it we are on the other side of the "Rip" with our store of fish materially augmented.

There have been too busy times handling the lines and pulling in the fish for any one to think of danger until all danger has been passed, and a second trip across the "Rip" is only an old story now.

With five or six boats crossing and recrossing at a time, the "Rip" is a lively spot and the sport fast and furious. The fresh breeze, the quick motion, and the exciting nature of the sport itself combine to make bluefishing a most fascinating pastime, and many grow so enthusiastic over it that every available day is thus occupied during their vacation.

Tuckernuck is an objective point for quite a number of excursion parties. The name is given to an island lying off the northwest shore of Nantucket, and distant about eight miles from the town. The sail thither is very enjoyable, the boat skirting the shore most of the distance. After passing Brant Point, the immediate objects of interest are the Cliff and the Jetty, both of which are passed at a short distance from the shore. At the Jetty is almost always seen a schooner lowering into the sea her cargo of stone. Arrived off Tuckernuck the yacht goes as near to the island as the extremely shallow water will allow, and soon a boat puts off from the shore, and those who desire it are quickly ferried to the land. There is little of interest to be seen on the island itself, with its scanty two score of inhabitants, but it is a favorite resort of picnic parties from Nantucket.

Beyond Tuckernuck is Muskeget, a low, sandy island, noted particularly as the resort of myriads of sea-gulls, whose eggs are found in great quantity and good condition during the latter half of June. At that season of the year a "gulls'-egging expedition" from Nantucket to this island is considered the eminently correct thing. For those who desire a more quiet amusement or calmer water, there is plenty of exercise to be found in rowing in the harbor or across to Coate Point. The latter is a trip that will tax one's muscles, especially if the wind or tide be strong; but the quiet evenings in the harbor, when the full moon is sailing overhead, will afford the perfection of enjoyment in aquatics.

There are usually a number of fine yachts in the harbor, and the delicate tracery of their ropes and spars show in penciled lines against the sky. The myriad of boats, each with its light, dart around like fire-flies over the quiet surface, and the sound of happy laughter or snatches of song floats on the dreamy summer air. The half-furled sails of the coasting schooner just entering the harbor gleam ghostly white in the flood of moonlight, and her masts cast grotesque, wavering shadows over the illumined water.

Nantucket is a paradise for children. Here they can dig in the sand, fish from the wharves, and bathe in old ocean to their heart's content. Every pleasant day finds the old wharves alive with them; and all sorts of fishing tackle, from a pin and string to a strong drop-line and sinker, in constant use. In this cool, fresh air they grow stout and rosy, and mourn with their elders when the time comes to return home.

Around the island is the voyage which crowns the yachting experience of this resort. But this necessitates a favorable combination of winds and tides, or the careful skipper will not undertake the trip. The "opening" at the west end of the island is always rough of passage, with a spice, and sometimes a heavy flavoring, of danger to make it interesting. And after this has been successfully passed there is a long trip off a shore where no shelter can be found if the wind changes or freshens, and many boiling "rips" to be encountered. Several times each year, however, adventurous parties make the voyage, and none so far have met with either shipwreck or disaster.

Nantucket is a place which grows upon one as it is more completely seen and understood. The "bird of passage" stopping in his flight, with only a day to devote to sight-seeing, finds the place quaint and somewhat amusing. But the "vacationist" has time to study the island more completely and to drink in its spirit more deeply. She affords him all needed amusement, but she also throws over him a deep influence of peace and rest, upbuilding and strengthening. She becomes a foster-mother to him, and when he leaves her shores it is with a feeling that the parting is not forever. The old town, gazing on from the bay, sinks slowly beneath the horizon; the long, sandy reaches of shore fade rapidly behind us; and, at last, the faint blue cloud low down in the east disappears from view. Over an ocean sand-bar, but it will be long ere it lies from our memory. Around the name of Nantucket cling recollections of clear blue sky, delicious air, and silver beaches, and another summer we shall meet again on her sunny shores and find new pleasures in our olden haunts.

THE BABY MYSTERIES.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes of blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Whence did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
God made love into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought about me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

VOTARIES OF VANITY.

GIRLS I KNOW.

There is Neera, whose hair is of that lovely tint between brown and gold, and so plentiful that when she shakes it loose it falls in glorious rippling masses to her knees. Neera is always railing at the fashion of false hair. "People who have abundance of their own get no credit for it," she says. She loves private theatricals, and would willingly take up questionable acquaintances rather than lose a chance of playing in a charade or posing in a tableau vivant in a "back-hair" part. If any one else's hair is said to be of a beautiful color, Neera is ill-humored for the rest of the day. She hates the bonnet of the period, because it covers the head so closely, and detests the hat of the day, because it hides the hair. She likes going to the play. Her maid arranges her lovely locks in a great flat coil or plait, which goes twice around her pretty head. People sitting in the private boxes look down at her and say, "What a beautiful head!" She never wears a flower or a diamond in those shining folds; she thinks, and rightly, that they need no "bush." Neera is self-conscious.

Then there is Mrs. Juno Hardware. Her figure is magnificent. Her husband fell in love with her at a dance. You never saw such shoulders—so white, so smooth, so perfect in shape. She is young and might be rather pleasant were it not for her figure. It preoccupies her. She is jealous of every other well-shaped woman. Of Mrs. X. she says: "How can people admire her? Look at her shoulders—up in her ears almost." When told that Mrs. W. is much liked in society, Mrs. Juno says: "What, with that wooden waist?" She cannot understand that a woman may be charming without a good figure; and is equally far from comprehending that one who possesses a perfect shape need not necessarily conquer all hearts.

Helen is beautiful. You cannot name a fault in her lovely face. But, alas, Helen knows how fair she is! See the conquering air with which she walks, the languid complacency of her expression as she drives, the careless negligence of her manner when she speaks. These defects all spring from one common source. She says, as plainly as though she were to speak the words: "I am a beautiful woman. I need not, therefore take the trouble to be agreeable. To be beautiful is enough."

Mrs. Dash is as beautiful as Helen, and she knows it, but hides the knowledge better. Her coquettish air and graces sit well on her. They suit her piquant style and her merry, bright face. Every one says she is charming, "and so extremely stylish." So she is. And those who think so would probably have scarcely admired her as she was seven years ago—a lovely girl who nearly always wore white, who blushed frequently when she talked with strangers, and even when teased by her father, whom she adored. She was a country girl of nineteen, with no "style" beyond being a thorough gentlewoman, in whom coquetry was still dormant. Society prefers the woman of twenty-six, who is as practiced in her smiles as any actress on the stage, and, as her admirers say of her, is "all there." She is so amusing, say every one, and to be "amusing" is to be a social success. Sometimes she looks back at her girlish self, and thinks, with a little smiling sigh, "What an innocent goose of a girl I was! How different I am now!"

Of Sylvia people are always saying that she would be rather a pretty girl if she had not that ugly habit of showing all her teeth. To be sure they are lovely teeth—small, square, white and set in gums of rosy pink; but we don't want to see the whole thirty-two.

How much better does Lucilla manage! She too, has lovely teeth. Watch her as she smiles. Two rosy lips draw slowly away from those "quarrels of pearl," a delicious dimple shows itself in one cheek, a pretty wave of pinkish color spreads over the face, and, while you are looking, the smile fades as gradually as it came. Well, Sylvia says that Lucilla is affected, asserts that she paints her lips, and declares that she had that dimple made by a surgical operation.

Perhaps she is; perhaps she does; perhaps she had. There is really no saying; these are dreadful times. Farther, says Sylvia, Lucilla smiles in that guarded way because she has lost a tooth at either side. So that is why Sylvia shows the whole thirty-two.

Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting, with her right elbow in the palm of her left hand. She waves her hand when she speaks. At a dance her right arm is well displayed behind her partner's left if he is tall, or on his shoulder if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing your attention to those unlovely ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will have to be very careful never, under any circumstances, to admire another woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction, there would, to use a good old phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet! Or such perfectly turned ankles! Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and little pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are so unusually short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is sensible about everything but feet. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interrupt the most interesting conversation just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well," to ask if you approve of high heels, or some other such leading question. She is like Mr. Dick with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity, and yet many prefer her to Nora, whose feet are well-shaped enough, but who has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not bustle about with an air as though the world was made for her. She wears pretty gowns, but does not bunch them out, nor mince along with a soubrette-like trip, swaying her gown from side to side, as Lesbia does. In fact she will never look anything "in a room," though she may be well enough as the presiding spirit of a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things—good health, good temper and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the two other followed as a matter of course. But then it is such a wonderful waist! It cannot measure more than seventeen inches at the very most. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the water of Araby would make that nose white again, but what matters! Does it not belong to the smallest waist in the land! One thing immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a waist can possibly be so obstructive. Were it two yards round it could not more aggressively insist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the attention up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, so as to advertise in a pointed way, the fact that your view is scarcely interrupted by her slight and well-distributed figure. As she stands talking to you, she puts a hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be curbing herself in as it were. She wears the tightest of jackets and never is seen in a dolman. She gets terrible colds in winter because she will not wrap up. In fact her whole existence is a burnt offering to her waist. Were she to grow stout her object in life would be gone. Letitia denies herself even the gratification of an excellent appetite in the interest of a small waist, a self-sacrifice that would be noble in a better cause.

Mirza has the loveliest complexion in the world. Without it she would be a perfectly charming girl. With it she is quite a bore. If there is any wind she is unhappy, "because it makes my cheeks so rough." If the sun shines she is miserable, "because I tan so frightfully." If it is hot she grumbles, "I flush so painfully." If it is cold her cry is, "I can't go out to-day, for I get so blue in cold weather." Her cheeks are of such an indescribable texture, that roughness has never yet invaded them, and tanning never approaches them. She flushes the prettiest dainty pink you ever saw, and in cold weather a soft color rises in her face, and a wistful look comes into her eyes that makes her quite adorable. Why then all these excuses! Simply because she thinks prevention better than cure, and is afraid of a thousand viewless enemies on her complexion's account. She is a martyr to her own consciousness. They are all martyrs to vanity.

MISCELLANY.

It is understood that Joseph Hatton, who is connected with the London Times, is coming to this country for his vacation, and will collaborate with Irving in a book upon America; and that Irving will give his impressions of the country in a series of familiar conversations. Mr. Hatton is now at work upon a biography of the actor.

In recent years a great many wealthy Englishmen have bought land in the United States. It

is said that Sir E. J. Reed, M. P., owns no less than 2,000,000 acres; the Duke of Sutherland, 400,000; the Earl of Dunmore, 100,000; and the Earl of Dunraven, 60,000 acres. Nine men own a territory equal to that of New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined.

BABY'S PIE.—The awful prevalence of pie in this country is illustrated by the remark sent to the Drawer by a grandfather, proud of his grandchild of three years who is visiting him. Enthroned in her high chair, she waited at table for the appearance of the dessert. The family pie was duly set before grandma, and baby's eyes were directed that way, when a small pie made for her Majesty was slipped before her. Equal to the occasion, her eyes dancing with delight, she burst out with, "Oh, auntie, I'm mamma of this pie!"

The queen of the Italian dramatic stage, says a Roman correspondent, is Virginia Martin. She is the Rachel of Italy. Not in tragedy alone does she excel, but she has great talent for comedy. She is one of those actors of heroic model that used to be the world's wonder in the days when the Keans and Kembles played in country barns. She is an actress that would take America by storm, and the wonder is that she has never yet thought of going there, where so many others, less gifted than she is, have made fortunes. The reason may perhaps be that she has no one single part in which she excels above all others. She is perfect in all.

YES, SAH!—Yes, sah. We quite agree with you, sah, that there is a sort of delicious frankness, sah, about the following that will be appreciated beyond the bounds of West Virginia:

Some five or six years ago, when the Green-back party held at least some strength in the West and South, one of their Columbian orators delivered an address for his party at Winfield, Putnam County, West Virginia. When in the zenith of his oration he was stopped by a powerful voice among the listeners.

"Look here, sah. May I ask you a question, sah?"

"Yes, sah; you may, sah."

"Well, sah, I want to know, sah, if you are not the man, sah, that I had down har in jail, sah, for hog-stealing, sah?"

"Yes, sah, I am, sah," came the response; "but I got clar, sah."

Among the promenaders in the Champs Elysees no one is more noticeable than the Marquis de Caux, known not for his own greatness, but as the husband of Patti. He is an eccentric-looking man—tall and stout, wearing a straight-brimmed, tall hat (an ugly shape, of which, judging from the number worn, all Frenchmen seem fond), soft snuff cravat, tied in a loose bow outside the vest, and frock coat of a marvellous cut, buttoned so tightly round his ample waist as to make a crease. He makes free use of his eye-glass to stare at every female who comes in his path, and sometimes, when they please his fancy, stops to watch their retreating figures. Such is the man from whom the "Diva" fled. He does not look over forty five, though he may be older, and has by no means an ugly face. Monsieur de Lesseps and his bonnie bairns also attract much attention as they dash by on horseback, a perfect cavalcade, always in full gallop. The children, on ponies, dressed "on matchet," with wide-brimmed sailor hats, look the picture of rosy, frolicsome youth, while their venerable father, whose fine face is familiar to every one in America as well as France, keeps up with their mad speed and their evident enjoyment.

APPROPOS of the claim that the German nobility is passing over to the Roman Catholic faith, Dr. Carl Walcker, doctent in the law faculty of the University of Leipzig, has examined the statistics and published the results. Since the year 1800 forty-four noblemen have left the Church of the Reformation to join the Church of Rome; among these there were three princes—namely, Solms-Braunfels, Isenburg-Birstein and Lowenstein-Wertheim. In the same period nine of the Catholic nobility became Protestant, and among them one princess, she of Leiningen. Through mixed marriages among the nobility the Catholic Church gained as follows: fifty-two Protestant husbands of Catholic wives had their children baptized into the Protestant Church, twenty-four had some of their children baptized into the Catholic Church, and fifty-two had all thus baptized. On the other hand, forty-one Catholic husbands of Protestant wives had all their children baptized as Catholics, twelve divided the children between the two churches, and only ten had all the children baptized as Protestants. Further, nearly all the prominent Jews that are baptized and titled enter the Catholic ranks, among them two of the Rothschilds. Then, also, it appears that these changes have brought into Catholic hands a great amount of property and wealth, since the converts from Protestantism are among the wealthiest in their empire.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. R-5-w