Let Bygones be Bygones.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is a folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To Heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
To heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."

—*Chambers' Journal.*

My Strange Fellow-Passenger.

"Yes," said the old doctor, assenting to a remark I had just made. "I've had a good many strange experiences in my time, and I think I may call mine rather an eventful life.

"Forty years ago last June," he resumed, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "I graduated with high honors, and received a hospital appointment, which would furnish me with employment for the next five years, and enable me to obtain a practical knowledge of medicine before setting up for myself.

"My duties did not begin, however, before the first of August, and as I was a little worn out by the heat and by hard study, I was glad to be able to spend the intervening six weeks with my mother in the country.

"I left Philadelphia one day at noon, by the stage that was to convey me to the town where she lived. We were to travel until late in the evening, when we were to stop for the night at a little public house on the road, resuming our journey by the mail-coach at six the next morning.

"There were two other passengers besides myself, a young man who had secured the box-seat which I had expected to get, and a lady who sat inside with me.

"We drove along merrily enough, in good humor with ourselves and each other, and had placed about a mile between us and the town, when, as I looked out of the window, I saw, standing by the roadside, a man with a carpet bag in one hand, who was beckoning to the driver with the other. We presently came up with him.

"'Inside or outside, sir?' asked the driver, as he dismounted.

"'Inside; inside, of course,' was the reply, a little irascibly, I thought, as the new-comer placed his feet upon the step.

"'Yer pay in advance, sir, beggin' yer pardon,' reminded the driver, detaining him and touching his hat.

"The old gentleman—he was elderly, and to all appearance a gentleman—seemed further irritated by the delay. He asked the amount, however, paid it at once, and took his seat beside me, bestowing his carpet-bag under his feet, and evincing great satisfaction as we started again.

"I had feared we were to have a disagreeable addition to our party, judging from first impressions; but when, after a while, the man joined in conversation with us, we found him remarkably intelligent and affable.

"Before he had talked a great while I discovered he had led rather a nomadic life. Europe, South America, East India, seemed equally familiar to him. Without being garrulous, he had so many charming incidents to relate of life in many lands, that he contrived to entertain us most delightfully.

"I judged he was traveling on important business, he seemed so jealous of any attention. When we stopped to allow the "box-seat" passenger to alight, and again at three o'clock, when we halted for dinner, I noticed he became restless and anxious.

"At dinner, his manner was constrained. He ate little, and talked less, consulted his watch frequently, and finally excused himself before we had half finished the meal, and left the room.

"When we resumed our seats in the stage, we found him there before us. He was seated in his old place, with his head drawn back in an uncomfortable corner, effectually shielding him from observation. Indeed, I had handed the lady in before she discovered him, and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"'I hope I haven't startled you, madam,' he said. 'I had no appetite for dinner, so I thought I might as well wait here as in the house.'

"'These delays are rather annoying when one is anxious to get on,' I remarked.

"'Yes, sir; yes,' he replied with a light sigh. 'It is highly important, too, that I should lose no time on the way.'

"He then changed the subject, with the ease of a man of the world, and our conversation became general. He was certainly very pleasant. After five o'clock, when the 'lady inside' as the driver called her, left us to ourselves, our *tete-a-tete* was especially agreeable.

"Just at dark, we drew up in front of the little inn which was to furnish us with our night's lodging

"The proprietor came out to meet us, and with many apologies regretted that he had but one spare room to offer us.

"There was a wedding in the neighborhood that evening, and a party from town had driven down early in the afternoon and engaged all his apartments except this one chamber.

"But if you two gentlemen don't object sharing the same room for a couple of hours—you'll have to rise early to take the mail coach—I think I can make you very comfortable. There are two clean beds in the room, and—'

"'I'm sure I'll not object,' I interrupted, turning to my fellow-traveler.

"He hesitated an instant, and then said, 'Well, sir, I'm agreed if you are;' then, with an almost solemn tone, 'Remember, sir, the proposal came from on, and if fate should—'

"The astonishment expressed, no doubt, upon my face at this peculiar address, caused him to stop. Then he laughed pleasantly, and resuming his usual manner, said, 'Excuse me, but my mind, just now, is so occupied with affairs very important to me that I'm afraid my attention sometimes wanders: You are very kind to offer me half of your room. I accept with many thanks.' And we passed into the tavern, where a good supper was awaiting us.

"There were no other guests at the table. 'All gone to the wedding,' the landlord said.

"We did not regret in the least having the house to ourselves, and supper being concluded, we went to the wide front porch, where we spent the evening in pleasant talk.

"I gave my companion a sketch of my life for the past three or four years. He reciprocated by telling me about his family—his wife, and his lovely daughter, who was very dear to him.

"'She is a good girl, and a very pretty girl, too; everybody says so. Stay—I've her miniature in my carpet-bag, and my wife's too. I'll show them to you.'

"He rose from his seat, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he resumed his chair, saying, 'I'd forgotten. They have taken my carpet-bag up stairs to the room. You can see them at bedtime.'

"About eleven, we rose to go to our room. My companion preceded me. I sought the landlord to ask that I should be called at half-past four, so that I might dress and breakfast at my leisure, before taking the coach again.

"I lingered, chatting, for ten minutes or so with 'mine host.' When at last I entered the bed-chamber, I found my room-mate had made good use of his time, and was already in bed, with the coverlet drawn up to his very ears, as if it had been December instead of June. Making no comment, however, I was soon occupying the second couch, which stood in a recess in the inner extremity of the room, on one side of the great fireplace.

"I did not sleep well. I had a teasing dream, which recurred again and again. It seemed to me that some one was moving about the room with eyes fixed on me. Once I thought this figure approached my bed, and a hand touched me.

"I roused with a start. When my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw the old gentleman looking out of the window by his bedside.

"He said he had been disturbed, and he supposed the wedding guests were just returning. Gay voices outside, presently followed by footsteps ascending the stairs, and mutual good-nights exchanged, corroborated this conjecture.

"Soon all became quiet, and I again fell asleep, and was again disturbed. This time I was sure that there were stealthy feet creeping around the room, and that a hoarse voice was muttering. I listened, and distinctly heard the words, 'The will of Fate.' I called out:

"Who is there?"

"No answer followed. The muttering ceased. I heard the feet creeping away toward the other bed. I could not stand the suspense, and sprang up and lighted the candle in an instant.

"There was no person in the room but the old gentleman, who was sitting up in bed, looking startled.

"'Did you hear that noise? Were you walking about?" I asked.

"'Walking about?" he replied. 'I am only just this moment awake. I heard you call out, and I roused to see what was the matter.'

"'I'm sure I heard footsteps and voices, too, in this room!'

"'Voices in the room! You're surely mistaken.'

"'*I'm not* mistaken!' I repeated, testily. 'Why, I could even distinguish words. Something was said about the will of Fate.'"

"He laughed confusedly as he replied, 'I'm afraid I've been talking in my sleep again. My friends say I'm addicted to that bad habit, and I suppose I say all sorts of things. I think it is very likely you heard me; and as to the footsteps, perhaps our friends next door have been restless.'

"I listened, but could hear no sound.

"This explanation did not satisfy me. I looked at my watch. It was just two o'clock.

"'It is very strange, but those steps were in this room,' I said. 'I will let the candle burn for the rest of the night. It will be daylight, now, in an hour and a half, and I, for one, shall be glad to see it. If I believed in ghosts, I should think this room was haunted.' I lay down again, determined, if possible, not to go to sleep.

"The noises were not repeated. Silence pervaded the house, unbroken, except by the breathing of the old gentleman, who, it was evident, was now sleeping soundly. He was not frightened; that was certain.

"I mused on these things for some time. Those strange words, 'the will of fate,' what did they mean? Just then it occurred to me that my fellow-passenger had used such an expression the evening before, when I first offered to share my room with him. 'He must have been talking in his sleep, after all. I'm a fool to think so much about it.'

"I tossed and tumbled, and again consulted my watch.

"'Only twenty minutes of three! Oh, that morning would come!'

"I glanced across the room, and fancied for an instant that I saw my companion's eyes wide open, watching me; but when I sat up in bed to satisfy myself about it, he seemed to be sound asleep.

"By this time, I began to be ashamed of myself. The house was so quiet it seemed absurd to be keeping vigil. Nature began to assert her claims, too, and settling back on my pillow again, I presently lost consciousness.

"When I awoke again, it was broad daylight. My fellow-traveler was already dressed, and stood with his back to me by the open window near the dressing-table. I was about to say, 'Good morning,' when I heard him mutter to himself—

"'It's the will of fate. There's no resisting it. I call on you all to witness'—extending one hand, as if appealing to an assembled company—'I am only an unthinking agent in this matter. His blood be on fate's head, not mine. I've enlisted in her service, and I'm bound to obey orders.'

"Filled with a vague alarm, I started into a sitting posture, the better to catch the import of his words. At that moment he turned, gazed at me an instant, then advanced toward me. There was a pistol in his hand.

"He approached with the pistol leveled at me, his eyes burning like coals of fire. Otherwise his manner was quiet, and his voice low and muffled.

"'Come, sir,' he said, shortly, 'prepare for death! Fate, whom I serve, commands me to slay you at the rising of the sun. You have just five minutes in which to make your peace with Heaven: then you must die!'

"The pistol was what was then called a 'pepper-box,' the prototype of the whole modern arsenal of revolving weapons. As he held it toward me, I could distinctly see the balls at the end of the chambers; and I realized that the man who held the weapon of death was a maniac. If I made the least movement toward the door, my young life would be the forfeit.

"What should I do?"

"Like a flash of light came the thought: 'The landlord will be coming presently to rouse you. Try to keep your wits about you, and gain a little time.'

"'Are you praying?" said the madman.

"'I'm thinking,' I replied, as quietly as I could, fixing my eyes upon his livid countenance, 'that is very harsh treatment to offer a man who has done nothing worse to you than to give you a share of his room.'

"'Can't help it, sir; must obey orders.'

"'Do you know,' I said, trying to control my voice, 'that you've deceived me? You didn't tell me, yesterday, about your being an agent of Fate, or I should have been better prepared; but you allowed me to believe you to be a gentleman, traveling on ordinary business or for pleasure; so I offered you a bed in my room; and in return, you take my life! To say the least, you have not behaved like a gentleman.'

"He looked a little troubled. 'Deceived is a strong word, sir,' he began.

"'I can call it nothing else,' I returned, still speaking as quietly as I could; and what is more, sir, when a man deceives me about one thing, I'm very apt to distrust any other statement he may make to me. I doubt, now, whether you were ever in the East at all; I doubt whether you were ever married; I doubt if you have a daughter. Why, I remember how you said, last evening, you'd show me her miniature; but you didn't produce it. I don't believe now you've such a thing in your possession.'

"'I have! I swear I have it here in my carpet-bag!' he said, letting his hand which held the revolver fall to his side in his earnestness.

"'Well,' said I, nonchalantly, 'I'll believe you when I see the picture, not before.'

"He laid the pistol down on the foot of my bed, and strode across the room. You may believe I lost no time in securing the weapon.

"Just then footsteps sounded in the passage outside. The landlord was coming at last. I sprang to the door, and pointed the pistol at my late would-be executioner, who had turned, and was looking at his empty hands in consternation.

"'You stir another step,' I cried, 'it will be your last step!'"

"I then opened the door and admitted the astonished host, who looked perfectly aghast as I tried to explain to him what had occurred. I was excited almost to frenzy, while my companion, well-dressed, bland and self-possessed, expressed the greatest amazement at my story, which he denied in every particular.

"'Just look at his appearance,' he said. 'Contrast his manner with mine, and tell me which of us looks like the madman. You heard him outside, just now, landlord, threaten to shoot me. He has the pistol in his hand now. Is it likely that, if it belonged to me, I would give it into his possession? The man is perfectly insane—has been acting like a lunatic ever since he awakened this morning.'

"'At this unexpected turn of affairs, I was so nonplussed that, in an excited manner, I endeavored to show the deceit of the fellow, moving the pistol in my excited gesticulations.

"'Help, help! Murder, murder!' screamed the man, in apparent terror.

"'Help, help! Murder, murder!' echoed the wretched landlord, who clutched at the other's arm, and dragged him toward the door, vociferating, 'Help!' There's a crazy man up stairs!'

"I don't know how I should have convinced the landlord of my sanity if unexpected help had not arrived soon after, in the shape of two stout, burly keepers from an insane asylum in Philadelphia, who pounced at once upon the old gentleman as their legitimate property, and handcuffed him in the twinkling of an eye.

"They had most opportunely arrived by the mail-coach during the altercation up stairs.

"It seemed that the old gentleman had formerly been an actor (I could well believe it), but was possessed with a homicidal mania, and had been pronounced incurable. As soon as his escape from the asylum was discovered, it at once occurred to the keepers to inquire for him at the different coach offices in the city.

"No such person being booked as a passenger, they were thrown off the track, and were searching the city and its environs, when they were put upon the right track by a countryman who had seen him waiting on the roadside to take the stage.

"They had just time to send off two men by the mail-coach, which left Philadelphia at ten, and which arrived at the inn just in time to rescue me from a distressing dilemma.

"How the maniac obtained possession of a loaded revolver they could not conjecture, and he obstinately refused to tell.

"However, as you may imagine, I did not concern myself a great deal with that question. I hurried on with my clothes, ate what breakfast I could, and left the house by that blessed mail-coach at six o'clock, thankful enough that I was able to pursue my journey uninjured.—*Youth's Companion.*

Novel Mode of Packing Flowers.

Choice flowers have been sent across the continent from California by a novel method, which is described as follows: A large potato of a California variety, the largest in the world, was cut in two and part of the pulp scooped out of the center of both pieces. Into the halves were laid the "Occidental bloom," and the potato was joined together again with a strip of thin paper about the edges. The moisture from the potato kept the flowers fresh during their journey, and their color was as beautiful on reaching their destination as when first plucked. The odor, however, was gone from the flowers, and they gave forth a decidedly "potatoish" scent. We presume a scooped-out pumpkin would answer the purpose equally as well, and afford greater room for storage.

Any one who wants a printing-press has now the chance of purchasing the one which Napoleon carried with him to Moscow, and which fell into the hands of the Russians during his retreat. It is now at St. Petersburg, and the owner offers to sell it for 1,000 roubles—about $730.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Laces, Bows and Jabots.

Cotton laces in showy effective patterns are much used for trimming muslin and cambric dresses. What is called Byzantine point is liked for such purposes, as it washes well, and imitates the rich designs of antique laces. The Russian laces in braid-like patterns are still popular, and cost from twenty cents to sixty cents a yard. Cluny lace is again much used for children's pique and bunting dresses, and there is a great deal of fine Irish tatting for trimming. Point Raguse lace is used on bonnets as well as dresses; this has the fine irregular meshes of thread lace, with the pattern applied and held by button-hole stitching; the designs are like those of point applique lace. This lace and Breton are preferred for trimming very nice dresses of white muslin or of the white gauze bunting. The black French laces known as imitations of thread laces are now given what the dealers call the thread finish, by weaving them in irregular meshes that can scarcely be distinguished from those of hand-made laces. These are to be laid in knife-plaitings, and the designs are mostly with reference to this, having a space between the wrought figures, which are narrow and lengthwise. The trimming widths vary from one and a half to five inches, and cost from thirty to sixty-five cents a yard. Black Breton lace is shown in similar patterns, and is very stylish for edging veils and neckties, and for trimming bonnets. It is, however, very frail, and the meshes are as slight as those of tulle, so that it has not proved very useful or effective for dress trimmings. Beaded laces, to brighten up plain black chips or tulle bonnets, cost from $1.50 upward. Both jet and gold beads are used. As the beads simply outline the design, ladies can easily modernize laces they have on hand by sewing on fine cut jet beads.

Two extreme sizes are shown as cravats to be worn in front of the neck, viz., the very small muslin bow for morning and plain wear, and the very large long jabot in the Louis Quatorze style for more dressy occasions. The small cravat is merely a bow made of two rows of plaited Breton lace attached to a bit of India muslin; these are sewed together to be round like a tassel, and are tightly strapped in the middle with a muslin fold; when finished, the ends lie horizontally, and the whole affair is not more than four or five inches broad. The long jabot has just such a bow as this for a beginning while below it the muslin and lace fall in irregular sheils to the waist line. No two are alike, and they are so capriciously fashioned that the most inexperienced can scarcely go wrong in making them. The small bows cost $1 to $2, and the larger ones are $2 to $6.

There are also very wide fan-shaped cravats, made of two rows of plaited shells of lace with lengthwise fan plaits of muslin between. A cluster of narrow ribbon loops hangs from one side; this is brocaded riboon or else plain satin. For still more dressy wear a bunch of violets or of Marshal Neil roses, or some other favorite flower, is added. With such cravats, collars or frills of lace or lisse are worn. Collars are sometimes dispensed with, and an India muslin scarf is laid in fine folds and passed around the neck; narrow Breton lace edges this scarf at top and bottom, and the ends have wider lace plaited across them. The soft mull used for bows and fichus is mostly imported from France and very closely imitates the real India muslin. It is very sheer, with irregular threads like linen, and washes without thickening; it is two yards wide and costs from eighty-five cents to $2.50 a yard. The ecru mull is similar to this, but is more deeply tinted.

Linen lawn neckties, or those of India mull, are made long enough to pass around the neck inside the linen collar—they are not considered stylish if worn outside—and the ends form a bow in front; a hem and fanciful hem-stitching in blocks or bars are across the ends of some, while others are finished with the most exquisite embroidery. For ladies in mourning are plaited scarfs of white lisse with footing on the sides and in rows across the bias ends. Jabots are also made of crepe lisse, either black or white, closely crimped, then laid in shell-like rows.—*Bazar.*

Fashion Notes.

Almost any kind of large bib or collar is fashionable now.

Tiny machine-made tucks are used to decorate overdresses in England.

The advent of elbow sleeves makes it necessary for everybody to be plump.

The new Leghorn bonnets are only flats bent and twisted into all shapes.

Dog collars of Breton insertion are made to wear with low-necked dresses.

Dresses woven from bamboo fibers have appeared in Paris, worn by belles.

Panier overskirts are made with two curves in front, one low and the other high.

A double circular cloak is preferred by English ladies to the lace single capes.

The tassels or ribbons used on the handles of sun-umbrellas match the linings.

Old-fashioned cashmere shawls with narrow border are preferred to all others in Paris,

Bonnets of white muslin with crowns of cherries are shown for the hot weather.

Printed cotton dresses often have their front breadths arranged in groups of shirrings.

Parasols for watering-place use are in stripes of canary yellow, myrtle green and garnet.

Throat bows are now made of the material of the dress with which they are to be worn.

Deep red currants and green leaves are sometimes used for garnishing bridesmaids' dresses.

Long mitts of pale ecru tint are fashionably worn with black and tinted white, as well as with ecru costumes.

Charming summer toilets are of white barege, trimmed with quantities of finely plaited Breton lace and white satin bows.

Plush will, it is said, be used by the milliners through the summer; and plush strings are among the tortures for the dog-days.

Some new waists are not only laced at the back, but have vests of lace set in front, over which the waist seems laced with flat galloon.

New linen collars retain the rolled-over English points in front, but are straight behind instead of flaring outward. Those made of single linen with a half-inch hem stitched on are pleasantest for summer wear.

Unbleached cotton cloth is now made into dresses for little girls, and when the cuffs, collar and sash are bound with bright plaid, the effect is very pretty.

Dresses are growing fuller, and are more and more puffed at the back, but some have no polonaise or overskirt, or even the simulation of anything of the kind by trimmings.

A French woman, who wishes the world to understand that she is not in mourning, fastens a small colored flower incircled with black feathers in the black bonnet which she wears.

Waists open at the throat and made without sleeves are to be worn this summer. The chemisettes and sleeves worn with them may be of white, or of silk grenadine or foulard to match the dress.

Very pretty summer bonnets have soft crowns and shirred brims of white India muslin in the cottage shape. The crown is covered with bronze beads, worked upon black net, and the brim with a fringe of cherries, shaded from black to red. The strings consist of lappets of Breton lace.

Instead of straight scarfs of black lace to wear around the neck in the street, there are small fichus of black net edged with lace and arranged like a jabot in front. These are also worn in the house, and ladies who find it becoming add a standing frill of black lace for the neck, and do not use white at all. The fancy seems confined to black or white for trimming the neck; almost the only colored neckties sold are those of polka-dotted satin, to wear with very plain costumes.

Many ladies now dress their hair in flat bandeaus, slightly waved over the forehead and temples, and in the back is a small catogan, which, for evening use, is generally covered with a "cache-peigne" of flowers. This style of dressing the hair will always remain elegant. The quantities of false hair worn up to the present time, and curled on the top of the head, conduces to an easy way of arranging the hair, while the flat bandeaus are not becoming to all styles of beauty, and generally require a very pretty face.

Patchwork.

As this old-fashioned work is again becoming fashionable, a few remarks about its appropriateness and utility may not be amiss. There are some persons who have a perfect passion for this work; there is for them a perfect fascination in arranging and placing the various bits of color. No other kind of needle work is as suitable for teaching a little girl the use of the needle. It is pleasant to see the effect of the combinations and contrasts, and the little fingers can work more nimbly, in the short over and over seams, than they would in the long seams of either pillow-cases or sheets. It is, besides, a nice way to make disposition of the accumulation of remnants in the scrap-bag. Old ladies, too, like to piece bed-quilts, and "grandmother's quilts" are precious heir-looms in many families. It is a matter of pride with these venerable ladies to be able to do something that is useful and pretty; and, no doubt, many memories of the by-gone years are stitched into the seams, and perhaps some sad reminiscences are called forth by the sight of a long-forgotten remnant of a garment, worn in the long-ago by one whose busy hands are placed over the pulseless heart. To the old ladies who delight in this work, it is doubtless a solace in many a lonely hour, and it would be almost a deed of cruelty to pronounce the labor of their hands useless. And to the little ones, who ought to learn to ply the polished shaft, it is mixing pleasure with profit. If an active, mature person has nothing else to employ idle hands and hours, it may do cut up calico into scraps, just for the sake of keeping out of mischief; but there are so many more profitable ways of employing one's time and energy, that it seems a waste of both to spend them upon patchwork. An aged lady of my acquaintance has, within the past year, pieced together, for quilts, 30,000 pieces of cloth, and showed great taste and ingenuity in their construction; and it is really a deed of kindness to employ her to make patchwork, as it helps support her, and enables her to purchase many comforts with which to brighten her pathway to the grave.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Madame Korsakow.

There died at Nice a short time since Madame Korsakow, who, during the empire, was celebrated in the highest Parisian society for her extravagance and originality. She was named "L'Etoile du Nord," from her Russian birth and brilliancy. Republican Paris did not please her, and since the sinking of that sun that once streamed over the Tuileries she had lived in retirement at Nice. Her greatest ambition was to outshine all others in the glory of her toilettes and to achieve something startling and *bizarre*. Her feasts, costumes and luxuries cost her hundreds of thousands. Her greatest passion was a costume ball, and at one given by the Minister of the Marine under Napoleon III. she appeared as the Queen of Sheba on the back of a live camel and adorned with every manner of Oriental magnificence. Flaubert's romance of "Salambo," the scene of which plays in ancient Carthage, was then read by every one in Paris. Madame Korsakow, at another ball, was announced to appear as "Salambo," a Carthagenian lady, in a costume that cost a fabulous sum and was complete and true in every detail. When her toilette was completed she submitted it to a committee, consisting of Flaubert, St. Beuve, the Prince of Villa France and others, and after their approval drove to the ball, where her appearance caused the greatest furore.

Losing Her Life but Saving Her Child.

H. L. Skinner, Secretary of the American Emigrant Company, and his son, a youth, were fixing a cistern pump at Des Moines, Ia., and lifted the cover of the cistern, about ten inches square. Into the opening an adopted daughter, a babe, a niece of Mrs. Skinner, fell. The mother, terrorized by the cry of the child, tried to plunge after it in the water, eight feet deep, and was kept back by the husband; but while he went to give the alarm to the neighbors she leaped in. The son followed, and saw his mother's hands reaching out of the water. Adjusting a rope about the neck of the babe, which was drawn out and resuscitated, with one arm fast to a rope, the boy grasped his mother's floating hair and drew her to the surface. She exclaimed: "I have saved her!" The rope was lowered again and a slip-noose fastened on his arm, disabling it from supporting his mother; and becoming exhausted he was forced to let go of her, and he was drawn out and two lives were saved. A young man, an expert in water, plunged in, recovered the woman, and adjusted a rope about her and she was drawn out, but life was gone.

NYMPHS OF THE BATH.

Ladies' Day at a New York Public Bath—How they Enjoy Themselves.

A female reporter of the New York *Herald* has paid a visit to one of the six public baths on a day given up to ladies, and she gives a lively account of the scenes inside the bath-house.

Reaching the foot of Fifth street, East river, the reporter tramped on to the edge of the wharf, and there she found the bath-house anchored. Just inside the door were seated Miss Brown, the matron in charge, and her assistant. Both were sewing on bathing dresses. The reporter stated her errand and was admitted within the borders of the hollow square that forms the bath. The place is painted in light colors and looked very neat and clean. A row of dressing-rooms runs around the entire space, and all seemed to be occupied

"What time do the bathers begin to come?" inquired the reporter of Miss Brown.

"The bath opens at five in the morning, and many are here by half-past four, waiting for us to come."

"Who are your best patrons?"

"The Germans. There are more Germans bathe here than any other people. They are used to it in their own country, and are perfect ducks in the water."

One of the ducks passed the reporter on her way out as Miss Brown spoke. She must have weighed some three hundred pounds.

"She floats like a cork," said Miss Brown. "Those big women look the best in the water. There are not many Americans come here in the daytime. They won't stop work long enough to bathe. The most Americans come at night, between seven and nine o'clock. It looks very pretty here then, all lighted up and the water splashing, for all the world like a scene in a play."

The shouts of the bathers attracted the reporter's attention, and she turned around to view the scene. What a sight it was! Some hundred women and children swimming and diving in a space about thirty by ninety feet. There were old fat women puffing like porpoises and lean young women darting in and out among them. Nearly all the women could swim, and some of them did some fancy swimming when they found they had an audience. There were some timid ones who clung to the ropes and found enjoyment in bouncing up and down like corks. Some of the children wore life-preservers and learned to swim with their assistance. Over in a corner three young women were shrieking with laughter. Two of them were good swimmers and the other was evidently making her debut as a mermaid, for she clung to them with the grip of a drowning man to a straw. They were trying to make her let go her hold and kick out. She did kick out, but at an unexpected moment, and sent her trainer over backward. Then one caught her hands and rested them on her shoulders and the other caught her heels. But it was no use; she screamed the moment she felt her heels go up. The little children who were learning had a great deal more confidence, though the legs of two or three little mites trembled so violently that they did not venture beyond the steps.

The costumes worn by bathers in the water were as various as those they donned for the street. The new suits furnished at the bath-house cost ten cents each and the old ones five. The latter are mere apologies for coverings and tear with the slightest provocation. Ten cents is no small amount to most of the patrons of free swimming baths, so they resort to every expedient to provide suits of their own. Skirts and white muslin suits are prohibited, the former because they float up and get in the way, the latter for their clinging qualities, for it sometimes happens that men are obliged to surprise these nymphs at the bath. The regular costume consists of drawers and waist all in one. Several of the girls wore trousers long since discarded by their younger brothers, and the waists of old dresses. One girl wore a suit made out of gay curtain chintz and another had the lower part of hers made of a worn-out piece of awning goods, the striped legs of which gave her the appearance of the clown at a circus. Another—shade of Washington forgive her!—had manufactured a suit of an old flag, and the stars and stripes made her look like the goddess of liberty in a thunder storm. Saint Patrick defend us! What have we here? A rotund daughter of the Emerald Isle, not to be outdone by her lean Yankee compatriot, had made a suit out of the flag of her country. The green color was not inappropriate to the salt water, but

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed

now hung as mute, not on Tara's walls, however, as if that soul were dead. But what did she care? It answered her purpose, and do we not all claim protection of our flag?

The girls do not look so bad in the water, as their faces are animated by the excitement of the sport, and their arms, as a general thing, are shapely. It is when they climb dripping up the little steps and patter across the platform to their dressing-rooms that they look their worst. It does not take them long to resume their every-day apparel. The reporter was surprised to see so many with a well-to-do appearance. Others again came from among the poorest of the poor. Match girls and candy girls get about their only washing here. Plain as is their appearance they look well by comparison when they leave the bath-house, for their faces shine with cleanliness and their hair is neatly done up.

Advice to a Young Man.

Young man, when you see anything you want, ask for it like a man. If you want to borrow five dollars of a man, or if you only want to marry his daughter, don't sidle up to him and hang on to your hat and talk politics and religion and weather and tell old, stale jokes whereof you can't remember the point, until you worry the old man into a nervous irritation. Go at him with a full head of steam on and your bow ports open, like an iron-clad pulling for a shore battery. Snort and paw and shake your head if you feel like it, no matter if it does make him look astonished. Better astonish him than bore him. Go into his heart or his pocket-book, or both, it amounts to the same thing, like a brindle bull with a curl in his forehead, charging a red merino dress, eyes on fire, tail up and the dust a-flying. Then you'll fetch him. Or, possibly, he may fetch you. But never mind; you'll accomplish something and show you aren't afraid to speak what's on your mind. And that's a great deal more than you would accomplish by the other method. You needn't be cheeky, but you ought to be straightforward.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*