

A YACHTSMAN'S SONG

BY J. WARREN MERRILL.

I.

BENEATH our bows the green sea breaks
In curling wave with crest of spray,
And rippling oft in swirling foam,
Stretches behind us far away.

II.

How white and full our swelling sail!
How cool and fresh the breezes free!
How bright and warm the kindly sun!
How blue and deep and wide the sea!

III.

We feel the kisses of the wind,
And tritons sport our bows before.
We keep in touch with Nature here
As they may not who stay ashore.



LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

THE ROAD TO KIU KIANG.



ON arriving at a Chinese inn I never asked any questions, but rolled the wheel right in, sat down among the Chinamen, and ordered my rice as unconcernedly as a native. From two to four bowls of rice compose a square meal, and in the center of the table are bowls of fish and greens, from which each helps himself with chopsticks. The heads and bones of the smaller fish served are eaten as a matter of course, and I caused surprise by leaving my share

undevooured. During meals pigs, dogs and cats lovingly slide between one's legs in and out from under the table.

I pushed on in the morning, hoping to get over this miserable stretch, but I had barely left the hamlet when the rain commenced again. I walked along pushing the wheel through the sticky mud to Changkiatan. The innkeeper positively refused to let me stay, so I struggled on through the rain in a precious bad humor. Five miles further on I reached a quiet little hamlet which had an inn, where I gladly stopped, though furnished with only a quilt and a mat to lie on in the loft.

During the night as I lay beneath the soot-covered rafters the rain beat down in torrents on the crazy tiled roof. The road in the morning was one mass of sticky yellow mud, in which even wheelbarrows were stalled. There was no choice but to stop at the inn that day.

On the second and third days more rain fell, and the air became uncomfortably cold. On the fourth day there was a hailstorm, which changed to snow and continued for two days more, covering everything with ice and snow. Dreary days were those indeed in the cramped, unwholesome quarters, and the outlook was discouraging. The people of the hamlet called daily to see me and examine my clothes, shoes, buttons, watch