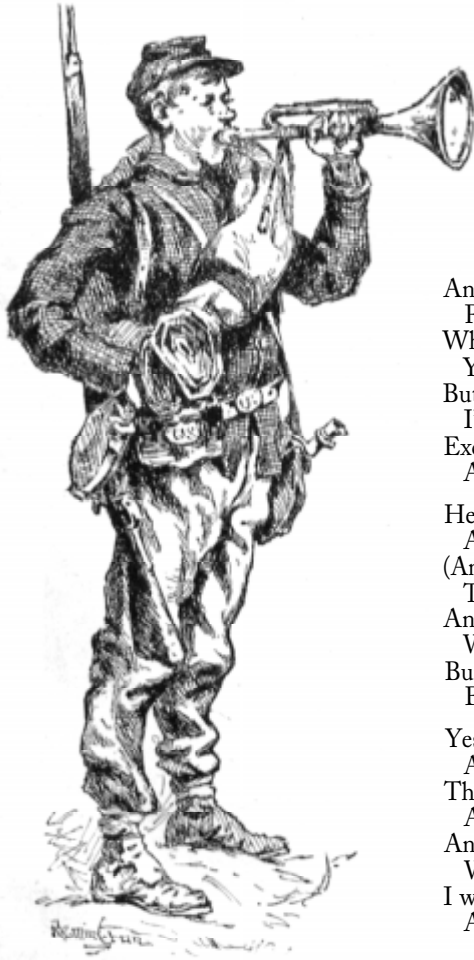


and toddle through its piazzas and playgrounds, to their own delight and the satisfaction of their mothers and "their cousins and their aunts."

As with other organizations, the yachting fervor has been sensibly stimulated and maintained by local contests, chief amongst which have been the meetings with their nearby aquatic neighbors, the yachtsmen of Charleston. Many have been the keen fights and glorious the results of the annual interstate races when the Savannah fleet have hied them to Beaufort to meet the fliers from Charleston. Many a yarn could be told, and exciting ones too, of these spirited contests where Greek met Greek in

gales that fly across the summer sky of these Southern waters with a ferocity and suddenness that bespeak their proximity to the cyclonic tropics. They come like a thunderbolt, and unless the sailor be wary and experienced, woe betide his craft; and many a too confident skipper, fearful to be the first to show the white feather, has had a narrow escape or a capsize within sight of Old Fort. Yet they pass with a suddenness as remarkable as their ferocity, and many a yacht that has had the narrowest escape from a spill has in a few minutes become totally becalmed and been fortunate if, the tide helping, it has drifted in a winner.

BILL'S BUGLE.



THERE ain't been much fun in the army,
 And I guess that we've all earned our
 pay,
 But then we weren't fightin' for wages,
 And we'd do it again any day.
 And now, though the trouble is over,
 Except for the fever and chills,
 There ain't very much that seems cheerful,
 Exceptin' that bugle of Bill's.

And *it* ain't so pleasant at all times,
 Fur instance the first thing at dawn,
 When ther fever and chills have been makin'
 Yer wish you had never been born.
 But all the day through when I hear it,
 I'm dogged ef its music ain't sweet;
 Except just one tune Bill ain't blowed yet,
 And never will blow—that's "Retreat."

He blows the boys down to the grub tent,
 And it don't mean no hard-tack this time
 (And you bet when I outfit in future,
 There won't be no canned beef in mine).
 And all through the day it means business;
 When Bill blows there's somethin' to do,
 But then I feel best when I'm movin',
 Except when the grub's pretty few.

Yes, I'm glad that the fightin' is over,
 And we've done with the hills at Montauk.
 The boys have all started homeward.
 And you bet that this time they didn't walk.
 And I'll think of it over and over,
 When I'm ridin' the range—and perhaps
 I won't think of Bill, when the stars are out bright,
 And the wind down the cañon blows "Taps."

GEO. E. CRUMP.