A Millionaire's Bathing Place.

My country house beside the lagoon was a peaceful retreat from the dust and hubbub of the capital.

The foreshore was of white coral sand, fringed by coconut palms. The rise and fall of the tide was only a foot or two. A stream coming down from the hills disappeared into the sand at about a hundred yards from the house, and made its reappearance coming up from the hard bottom of the lagoon, bringing with it a myriad of bubbles. To bathe here was like being immersed in champagne. The temperature was blood heat devoid of any shock to the system.

Scattered about beneath the surface of the water, were large boulders of nigger-head coral. These were the home of thousands of inch long fish the colour of blue lobelia. They did not disappear immediately when approached, but hovered about quite close to the hand trying to catch them. The movement of "Slowly, slowly, catchee the monkey" was of no avail. Almost but never quite.

Bathing at night was equally entrancing, for everything was phosphorescent, glowing with different coloured lights. The little blue fish took on a hue of molten gold, and you yourself seemed to float in a fairy land beyond description. To be in any way clothed would amount to desecration.

To lie on your back and gaze at the starry vault of heaven and the moonlight shimmering through the palm trees, shaken by a zephyr wind from the hills, the mundane things of the world sink into oblivion.