

and saw him floundering along at the end of a long rope fastened to the handrail, the "bold Italian" with great energy drawing himself hand over hand toward the ship; this the humane and gentle sailors said was not ship-shape style, so with a "heave ho" they seized the rope and, noliens volens, the body of the scared and bruised Italian was hauled through the same place he went out, and tenderly laid upon the deck to recover his fright, for he was not quite drowned, though the rest of the voyage he was less of a thief, more wise, and looked considerably cleaner.

Tired of salt food, wet biscuit and short of fresh water, we looked in vain a friendly sail to see; thus sadly burdened with too much salt water we reached the welcome gulf stream, which is about sixty miles wide at this crossing.

It had been impossible to take the sun, not having seen it for many days, nor to take our reckoning, but now the captain could pretty well guess our position, the storm gradually abated, and the water being warm we took the sounding with a better grace.

Our spirits now rose, as the warm water put vigor into our bodies that had so long been cold, now becoming thawed; that night some snow apples that had been kept for an emergency were served out, the sailors sung their long neglected song, "Bully of the Alley," and a kin-like merry crowd drove dull care away till the dawn.

If any one had allowed his fears to pallor his cheek, danger had made friends. We frequently dozed to sleep while working the pumps, to be roused by a wave that lifted us from our feet, though as we saw the retreating wave

"Seek again its mother's breast bath said,
We wished it always there had stayed."

We had confidence in our captain. Ernest Rudolph, long since dead, was one to inspire trust; he possessed all the qualities to warrant it; as he stood with speaking-trumpet in hand upon the after poop deck dressed in sou'wester cap, oil skin coat and top boots, calm and watchful of every action of his ship, his wet raven black hair, piercing eye, and fine chiselled features, he was a picture never to be forgotten.

The wind moderating and the gulf stream passed, the ship settled down in the water as far as the buoyancy of her cargo would permit. She continued to drift southward till she became like a log, the rudder unshipped and the *Eagle* was practically unmanageable, rolling with each motion of the immense ocean swell, though no crested waves washed over her. The tired crew had sunk to rest after eighteen days and nights struggle, the warm air making the deck a pleasant place to lie on, but this quiet was not to last long, for we gained sight of the first object since we left the banks of Newfoundland; let us suppose a fall of water, three or four times as high as Niagara Falls, and miles in length, turned upside down and you may form some idea of this

great sight. Varied and curious were the guesses as to what it could be. Some thought it was the chalk cliffs in Kent, England. Our captain looked concerned and said we were nearing the coral reefs, and unless a favoring current or wind helped us, we might soon look our last upon this grand scene. As we neared the reefs the roar of the dashing waves increased till it seemed our fate was to be saved from the ocean to be dashed on the rocks. These reefs are formed by tiny insects built up from the bed of the ocean as a kind of wall or coral. The long roll of the sea as it followed the storm assailed the reefs, but the work of the insects was too well done and threw the waves in the air from 500 to 1000 feet high, the water coming over as it fell in towards the island, hiding it entirely from our view. This immense body of water looked like an inverted waterfall, and was literally so, having first been a water raise. Our grand Niagara was insignificant compared to it. It was worth the whole trip to see this sight. We were now among the Western Islands, commonly called the Azores. It seemed almost miraculous, but we floated along this great sea wall about three miles distant till late in the evening, when we drifted south and darkness sent us to sleep with the deep sea roar, real or fancied, still in our ears.

Morning dawned upon a cloudless sky with no land in view. At high noon a schooner hove in sight and soon came alongside, her captain and mate came on board, and our little timid passenger, thinking himself safer there, slipped on board the schooner. During some negotiations with Captain Rudolph, unnoticed the schooner had shoved clear of the ship, the sailor in charge had hauled up his mainsail, set our late companion at the helm, had returned from below decks with a bottle in his hand, and as he sailed away made grimaces at his late captain between his addresses to the bottle. His captain and mate became frantic, and dancing on our deck besought our captain to lend him our only row boat. Here was a new dilemma, a serious joke, too, as the captain gathered from their mixed jargon of Spanish, Portuguese and French. We had two of a wrecking crew on board; but he was equal to the emergency; our only boat was swung in the davits, took the water like a duck, and with four picked seamen and the chief mate equipped with dirk knives in case of need, and the two wreckers as passengers and helpers a chase ensued that promised enough excitement to gratify the most fastidious.

The captain's orders were to board that schooner and bring back the truant passenger. The breeze was very light and the temporary captain of the schooner was liable to be incapable, from aguardiente, a strong spirituous liquor made from the island wine. The boat's occupants had much to spur them on, so the watchers from our ship strained their eyes, some going aloft, and in guessing and calculat-

ing, the afternoon passed, till near sunset we saw the boat draw alongside of the schooner. If ever three more rousing cheers were given, telling of conquest, echoed in this balmy clime, and borne along those glassy seas, none told more of joy and thankfulness than those shouts that went up from our poor disabled ship. Upon the return of our boat after nightfall, peace and slumber brought hope. By day dawn our helpless ship had drifted, bringing us in sight of the island of Terceira, probably seven miles distant. Our flag of distress hanging at the masthead was spied from the shore, and the ex-governor with a boat's crew came on board. A swarm of small rowboats followed, every spare rope was employed as a tow line, and the once famous sea racer was ignominiously hauled into a small bay formed in the sand. A jump from the foredeck brought the passengers to land. Through the hospitality of the ex-governor we proceeded to his mansion, situated in the city of Angra and half a mile from the ship.

After two days spent as guests of the ex-governor, during which we frequently visited the ship, which was being refitted for sea, we received an invitation from British Consul Read, residing at Pyra, and crossed the mountain ranges on ponies to await the sailing of a fruit vessel bound for England that would leave in a few days. The *Eagle*, her captain and crew reached her destination, and we spent our Christmas right joyfully in Pyra.—*Scheiffoston in Denver News*.

PEASANT WOMEN IN JAPAN.

The peasant woman, clad summer and winter in the same dress of blue cotton, and hardly distinguishable afar from her husband, who wears his hair in a knot like hers, and is clad in a robe of the same color—the peasant woman who is daily seen bowing over her toil in the tea fields or in the liquid mud of the rice swales, protected by a rough hat on days when the sun burns, and having her head completely enveloped when the north wind blows by a dreadful muffler, always blue, that only leaves the almond eyes to view—the small and funny peasant woman of Japan, wherever she may be sought for, even in most remote districts of the interior, is incontestably much more refined than our peasant women of the West. She has pretty hands and pretty delicate feet; a mere touch would suffice to transform her into one of those ladies that are painted on vases or transparent screens, and there would be little left to teach her of mannered graces, of affectations of all kinds. She almost always cultivates a pretty garden around her ancient cottage of wood, whose interior, garnished with white mats, is scrupulously clean. Her household utensils, her little cups, her little pots, her little dishes, instead of being, as with us, of common earthenware daubed with brilliant flowers, are of transparent porcelain decorated