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The Eagle's Flight.

O'er the mountain top clouds hung,
Between the earth and the heaven swung
Till they almost seemed to rest
On the pine tree's heaving breast.

From the shade an eagle flew,
Circling higher, fainter grew,
Higher yet, until at last
Into nothingness he passed.

"He is lost," the watchers said,
"In the clouds and mist o'erhead."
But the eagle in his flight
Sailed above the clouds through light
—[Flavel Scott Mines, in the Ledger.

LOST AMONG BUBBLES.

While spending a few weeks shooting in Labrador early in a recent autumn, I had an adventure which was so singular that I am sure the like of it has never come within the experience of anyone else.

I was living at the house of a fisherman who had a little hut among the rocks at the foot of a great cliff. From this place I could pass, at low tide, to the east or west of the cottage for a considerable distance along the coast.

The coast was a series of bights or coves, all open to the ocean, but nearly every one sheltered at the sides by a long reef of rocks which ran far out into the sea. The point always protected the cove, and made it smooth when the wind blew up or down the coast.

During such a gale myriads of sea-birds seek the sheltered side of the reef and dive for small univalves which cling to the rocks.

One morning I took my dog to a cove which I knew would contain many sea birds. It was surrounded, save for the front, by high cliffs, and at one side a high ridge of rock ran out into the sea. It was blowing a gale, and throngs of ducks floated under the lee side of this point, as the water there was smooth.

As I lay on one of the shelves of this reef, I noticed that a constant stream of foam passed across from the windward side of the point, where the sea was chafing and churning against the rocks, to the little cup-shaped cave beyond.

Great masses of this foam, lighter than thistledown, had already gathered in the shelter; and as a flaw from the gale touched it, the mass quivered from end to end.

What a mass it was! I could hardly believe my eyes as I stood among the rocks and looked across at it. It was probably about an acre and a half in area, and how deep I could not tell, though I was sure that it must have been forty feet deep well back in the cove, and not less than ten feet anywhere.

The mass was not white, but yellowish, though whenever the sun burst through the scudding clouds the bubbles all along the top gleamed in rainbow colors. Still more foam came drifting across the reef, settling on the top and rolling along to find a level.

Great masses of foam like this are very common in the far north. They disappear in a few hours after the storm which causes them, leaving nothing but a soft, greasy paste on the rocks. It was pretty generally believed at one time that meerschaum or sea-foam pipes were made from this matter.

This great, unstable, quivering mass had an unaccountable fascination for me. I was seized with a strong desire to go down and into it; and that was just what I did, leaving my dog beside my gun on a small patch of sand.

Now as I have said, the cove into which this froth was heaped was closed round with straight cliffs except for a little opening in front through which the sea ran gurgling in a narrow channel. I had to jump across this channel; and then I found eight or ten square feet of bare beach, from which the foam ran slantingly backward. The bubbles were of all sizes, some of them being no larger that a grain of shot, some of them more than an inch in diameter.

The dog jumped across to where I stood and looked into my face, wondering what I was about. I ordered him back, and he turned away very unwillingly.

I first thrust my hands and arms into the heap, and it became nothing in my grasp. Of course all the bubbles had air in them, and I was sure that I ran no risk of suffocation in plunging into the mass.

Ducking my head I went in, under a mass fully 10 feet high, advancing carefully lest there should be holes or rocks in the way. It seemed to me as if I was moving the whole mass in the cove, and very likely I was.

I put the bubbles away from my face, and opened my eyes; before the foam closed down again I noticed a faint light. But my attempt at breathing was not comfortable. When I inhaled a number of bubbles went into my mouth and broke there, but the air they contained was pure, and went into my lungs.

I then found it best to hold my hand across my mouth, straining the air between my fingers. As I drew in my breath many bubbles pressed against my hand, and I could feel the tiny, soft explosions.

I had walked thirty or forty paces when I shouted again and again. My voice seemed very low, but I could hear a million bubbles quivering round me and above me. Whenever I was sure the ground was level I walked on rapidly, flinging my arms about me.

But in spite of the air in the bubbles, the sensations I experienced were not agreeable, and a dull pain came into my head. The light I had noticed on opening my eyes was dimmer, and I supposed I was near the cliff at the back of the cove. So I turned about to go back, having had my very novel experience, and taking, as near as I could judge, the way by which I had come. Walking as rapidly as possible for three or four minutes, I supposed that I must be close to the spot where I had entered. But evidently I was not, for the hard face of the cliff stopped me.

Then I turned and walked along the edge of the cliff toward the opening; but presently a great rock rose in my way. In my confusion and groping to feel for the cliff I inhaled numerous bubbles, so that a salt, slimy paste began to form in my mouth. It did not take me long to realize that I had lost my way, and that my predicament was one not to be envied.

So, with my left hand over my mouth and my right hand extended, I crossed and moved in every direction that I thought likely to bring me out. Several times I fell by stumbling against large stones, and my knees and arms were badly bruised. The pain in my head, meantime, grew worse, and there was a strange buzzing in my ears.

After I had been in the place about fifteen minutes, the weariness grew so great that I was obliged to sit upon a stone. I now thrashed the pressing bubbles from my face with both my hands and found some relief in the larger quantity of air that I was able to inhale.

But how was I to get out of it? It was only too certain that if I found the place of egress it could only be by accident.

What were they saying, all those thousands of bubbles, that pressed around and above me, so soft, so evasive, but so persistent and so numerous? For there came into my ears the strangest din of small sounds that the ear of mortal ever heard.

Sometimes it was like the crying music that you hear in a sea-shell; again, it seemed as if a myriad voices were whispering mockeries in resentment of my intrusion upon their domain. I flung up my hands and dispersed the crowding tormentors; but they settled down upon me immediately.

Though my senses were becoming dull and benumbed, and it was very clear to me that my situation was serious. It occurred to me that some of the coast people might have dropped around this way and that, having seen my dog and gun, they would make search for me. So once more I cried out.

As before, the sound seemed nothing, though it made the mass all about me quiver and tremble violently. There was no human voice in response; but once I thought I heard the faint barking of my dog. I nerved myself for another trial, counting my chances of success. Alas, they were small!

The thought came burning through me. Would it not be awful to die in this way? After a time the storm would cease and foam would not drift across. My body would be found there, and the people never could guess the cause of my death.

I stumbled on and on, and as usual, went against the cliff. Turning again, I set out in the opposite direction, becoming more confused all the while.

My heart was beginning to sink and longed to lie down with this vast covering above me, and go to sleep. Nevertheless I stumbled on and on, not knowing whither. Then my foot touched something soft, which moved. Then the thing whatever it was, rose and touched me upon the body. Then it barked. It was my dog.

The dear brute jumped about in the wildest excitement, continually darting away from me and then returning. Stooping, I laid my hand upon the dog's neck and said as loudly as I could, "Home, Jack! On, boy!"

This was just what he needed. He set off at once at a rapid walk, I still feeling him with my hand. He led me, as it seemed, by the most devious ways, around great rocks, gently across great holes, over level places, till it seemed to me as if I had travelled miles.

Then a great flash came upon my eyes. It was the honest light of day, and I was saved.—[Edmund Collins, in Youth's Companion.

"Rocker" Mining in '49.

The most expensive instrument of the early miner was the rocker, which, though simple in construction, costs in the mines from fifty to one hundred dollars. In general appearance it was not unlike a baby's cradle as used by our grandmothers and still seen on the frontier. It consisted of a flat bottom with two sides that flared outward, and an end board at the head, while the foot was open save a riffle about an inch and a half high at the bottom to catch the gold that might pass another riffle across the bottom near the middle. At the head of the cradle was a hopper about eighteen inches square, with a perforated sheet iron bottom or wire screen. Under this was an apron, or board, sloping downward towards the head. Two substantial rockers under the whole completed the simple machine which gave to the world millions of dollars. The modus operandi may be described as follows: Two sticks of wood hewn on the upper side were imbedded at the river's brink, one four inches lower than the other, on which the rockers were to rest, thus securing a grade in the machine to facilitate the outward flow of the water and sand. Two miners usually worked together as partners. One shoveled the earth into the rocker, while the other, seated on a boulder or block of wood, dipped the water from the river, and poured it upon the earth in the hopper with one hand, all the time rocking with the other. When the earth was thoroughly washed, he rose, lifted the hopper from its place, threw out the stones and gravel, replaced it, and thus the work went on. As the ground about the rocker became exhausted to the bed rock, recourse was had to the bucket, and the earth was carried sometimes a few rods, making laborious work for the miner. To keep the rocker going another hand would be employed to carry earth, and each would carry two buckets at a time. Hard work of this kind suggested improvements in mining. At noon the gold and black sand collected above the riffles were taken up on a scraper and thrown into the pan which was carried to the river and carefully washed to remove as far as possible all but the gold. The yield of the forenoon was carried to the camp, dried over a blaze, the dry sand blown out, and the gold weighed in scales or guessed at, and poured into the partnership purse and deposited under the bed or anywhere else out of sight.—[Century.

Bears Make Good Pets.

"Bears make good pets," said Lieutenant Clark. "When I was in the Revenue Service at Alaska we had one on the boat and he made things hum. We named him Wineska. He used to climb to the cross-trees, going up hand over hand by the ratlins. One day he ventured out on the yard-arm and there he stayed. We had to get a rope and haul him down. When we were in the cabin he would back down the companion way and come to us for his mess of grog. He dearly loved rum and molasses. Once he vaulted over the head of our Chinese cook and went into the lockers, where he helped himself to sugar and butter. We had a tackling made for him, much the same as a harness of a pet pug, and we would drop him overboard, with a rope attached, to take his bath. Once he landed in a native boat and nearly frightened the occupants out of their wits. He was as playful as a kitten, and although he sometimes disobeyed he was never treacherous or unkind. When he was lost or hid himself, as he often did, we would look in the dark till we saw two little balls of fire. These were his eyes, and gave him away every time."—[New Orleans Picayune.

A Dangerous Pet.

S. F. Price of Albany, Ga., owns a pet catamount. It was captured when young, and has been reduced to a degree of docility which enables its owner to handle and play with it, not without, however, a degree of consideration as to which way he strokes the cat's fur, for the natural ferociousness of his nature is, even after a year's imprisonment and training, easily aroused, and the snarls and the greenish glitter of his eyes at such moments make him anything but an object of affectionate consideration from the average citizen. He is rapidly clearing his quarters of rats.—[St. Nicholas.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

MORNING.

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!
—[Emily Dickinson, in St. Nicholas.

THE MONKEYS BROKE RANKS.

The Rev. Robert Collyer tells an amusing story of a trained troupe of monkeys he once saw in London on a stage. They had been drilled carefully to go through a series of military exercises in uniform and were making a fine display of their attainments, when a man in the gallery threw a handful of nuts on the stage, and the monkey soldiery at once broke ranks, threw down their guns and scrambled for the hard-shelled dainties.—[New York Sun.

GAVE A CAT PARTY.

Miss Jane Osgood, a wealthy lady of Norwich, Conn., is very fond of cats, and in her luxurious home she has a lot of them that are beauties. Miss Osgood recently gave a cat party, which was attended by a score of cats, who brought their owners along. The invitations were printed on linen paper and there was a picture of a sleek and beautiful cat at the head of the card. The cats got acquainted with each other readily in half an hour, and then all had a feast, which comprised various kinds of fish and other viands.—[Chicago Herald.

THE CODFISH WAR.

To be sure there have been riots and outbreaks in Holland, as in all other thickly settled parts of the world—perhaps more than elsewhere, for Dutch indignation, though slow in kindling, makes a prodigious blaze when once fairly afire. Some of these disturbances have arisen only after a long endurance of serious wrongs, and some seem to have been started at once by that queer friction match in human nature, which, if left unguarded, is sure to be nibbled at, and so ignited, by the first little mouse of discontent that finds it.

There was a curious origin to one of these domestic quarrels. On a certain occasion a banquet was given, at which were present two noted Dutch noblemen, rivals in power, who had several old grudges to settle. The conversation turning on the codfishery, one of the two remarked upon the manner in which the hook (hoek) took the codfish, or kabbeljauw, as the Dutch call it.

"The hook take the codfish!" exclaimed the other in no very civil tone; "it would be better sense to say that the codfish takes the hook.

The question was taken up in bitter earnest. High words passed, and the chieftains arose from the table enemies for life.

They proceeded to organize war against each other; a bitter war it proved to Holland, for it lasted one hundred and fifty years, and was fought out with all the stubbornness of family feuds. The opposing parties took the names of "hoeks" and "kabbeljauws," and men of all classes enlisted in their respective ranks. In many instances fathers, brothers, sons and old-time friends forgot their ties, and knew each other only as foes. The feud (being Dutch!) raged hotter and stronger in proportion as men had time coolly to consider the question. A thicket of mutual wrongs, real or imaginary, sprang up to further entangle the opposing parties. Families were divided, miles of smiling country laid in ruin, and tens of thousands of men slain—for what?

Those who fought, and those who looked on, longing for peace, are alike silent now. History cannot quite clear up the mystery. I know how hard it must have been to settle the knotty question whether hoeks or codfish can more properly be said to be "taken," and how dangerous the little thorns of anger and jealousy become if not plucked out at the onset. It is certain, too, that the hoeks and kabbeljauws were terribly in earnest.

"But what they killed each other for
I never could make out."

The kabbeljauws had one advantage. When a public dinner was given by their party, the first fish brought in by the seneschal (or steward) was a huge plate of codfish elaborately decorated with flowers; something not ornamental only, but substantial and satisfactory; while the corresponding dish at a hoek festival contained nothing but a gigantic hook encircled by a flowery wreath.—[St. Nicholas.

MEXICO'S "SPORT."

How Bull-Fights Are Conducted Across the Border.

A Very Dangerous, But a Lucrative Occupation.

C. E. Gonzales, a member of one of the most prominent families of Mexico and one of the city council of Chihuahua, being asked by a San Francisco Examiner reporter to give an idea of a bull fight in all its details, replied:

"Well, the president of the city council where the exhibition is to be given appoints a member of the council as judge. This judge commands the fight to begin. A bull must first go after a horse three times before he is allowed to go after the men. If he refuses he is sent back to the pen. Usually he goes after them five or six times, and it tires him a little for the benefit of the footmen. Of the six or seven bar criollo, but one may cast the darts. He approaches close to the bull with a banderillo in each hand. These he sends into the hide of the animal. After four pair are in, the matador chief prepares to kill. His object is to kill the bull with as few strokes as possible. He attempts to send his blade directly into the heart, piercing it from the shoulder. This is a certain stab, the bull toppling right over. The more gracefully it is done the greater glory to the matador.

"The most renowned of Mexican matadors is Ponciano Diaz. He is a strong, active man, about 30 years old. A short time since he went to Lerdo, in Durango, and had a most fortunate season. He killed 22 out of 26 bulls, each with one stab. He, of course, had brave bulls. A brave bull who will charge straight on the matador is easiest to kill."

"In case of death of the matador, banderillo or horses, what is done?"

"If the horses are killed others are immediately supplied; if any of the men are killed the exhibition is brought to an end. I saw Solery, the most renowned banderillo of his time, killed at the city of Puebla. In addition to their cloaks, they may use a pole about eight feet in length. As the bull rushes at them they suddenly plant one end in the earth and spring completely over the maddened animal's back. Solery had attempted two or three times to vault over a bull, and each time the animal, instead of continuing his rush, stopped short a few feet from him. Finally the bullfighter made his last leap. The bull halted and waited for him. Solery fell upon the horns and was twirled by the vicious brute for fully five minutes before his body could be recovered. It was his benefit, too, poor fellow, and there were fully 5000 people who witnessed his awful death."

"Well, the matador supplies all his own assistants, pays the license required by the city council and engages the pen. The usual charge for admission is from 50 cents to $1.50. A clever matador usually makes a profit of from $500 to $1000 for each exhibition. The season is about nine months in the year. In April, May and June the people are too poor.

"The public demand good bulls, and if they are not supplied they show their displeasure by tearing up the benches and chairs and flinging them into the pit. I have seen them fire the place in the City of Mexico, the 500 policemen called out being unable to preserve the peace. The courts also impose a fine of $500 on the matador. All money received from bull fighting is devoted to the support of public schools."

"What is required for a young man to become a matador?"

"He must first attach himself to a troupe of bullfighters and lead forth the bulls. He will be taught how to familiarize himself with the bull and its ways and will be made a banderillo or footman with the cloak. They become very proficient in dodging and learn to read an infuriated animal's intention by his eye. When they are thrown into the dust they lie as if dead. Convinced life is extinct the bull may be tempted away. One movement by the man would bring the bull upon him like a flash and he would be gored to death."

"Is bull-fighting profitable?"

"It certainly must be so. There are three splendid pens in the City of Mexico alone. The Plaza de la Reforma cost $80,000; the Plaza de P Paseo, $40,000; and the Plaza de la Bucareli, $10,000. The last place is owned by Ponciano Diaz, the matador. He must surely be worth $100,000. The most celebrated matador in the world, Manzantini of Spain, is also very wealthy. He visited Mexico in 1883, bringing sixteen bulls, valued at $16,000 big splendid fellows. Each of his exhibitions must have yielded from $10,000 to $12,000. One day he was caught against the wall by a maddened bull and slipped between the wide horns, the crazed animal boring into the boards. When the bull backed for a fresh rush Manzantini leaped gracefully over his head, smiling to the people."

Female Street Car Conductors.

The principal streets of Valparaiso, Chili, are traversed by tramways, and the cars are all two-storied "double deckers," so to speak, second-class passengers climbing up some narrow outside stairs to seats on top, where the fare is just half the amount that is charged inside. One pleasant innovation is that when the seats are all taken, no more passengers are admitted, nobody being permitted to stand. However the clouds may pour, or whatever the exigencies of the occasion, you may stand on the streets and signal in vain, if the seating capacity is filled not a car will take you on. The consequence is that in times of unusual crowds, like the Diez y ocho and other festival days, everybody hies him to the starting point and makes a grand rush for the empty cars as they emerge from the stable, greatly to the detriment of dignity and good clothes.

Another innovation is the universal employment of female conductors. The experiment of allowing women to serve in this capacity was first tried by the street car managers a few years ago, when the able-bodied men had all gone north to whip the Peruvians, and it proved so successful that their retention has become permanent, not only in this city, but all over Chili wherever tramways are in use. At first sight a young woman with a bell punch does not produce a pleasant impression; but one gets used to it in time as to most other novelties and soon wonders why the idea has not been adopted in other countries. The petticoated conductors wear a uniform, consisting of a plain blue flannel dress, a man's felt hat and a big white apron, with bib attached and capacious pockets for holding change and tickets. Each has a small leather hand bag slung over her shoulder, in which she carries the overflow of her pockets, lunch, handkerchiefs, perhaps a surreptitious powder puff and other distinctly feminine belongings. Their salary is $25 per month. Each passenger after paying his fare is given a yellow paper ticket, which he is expected to destroy. The conductress is charged with a certain number of tickets, and when she reports again at headquarters must return the money for all that are missing out of that number or make up the deficit from her own salary. This plan naturally attends to make them attentive to their duties and also prevents free riding on the part of their relatives and favorites. Though these women are generally young and often extremely pretty, it should be mentioned to the credit of Chilians that they are seldom insulted or otherwise annoyed in the discharge of their daily or nightly task. When they are disturbed the rule is to call on the nearest policeman. The latter gentry stand at every corner and would not hesitate to eject a troublesome passenger, without listening to his side of the story, or to match him off to jail under suspicion of drunkenness.—[Washington Star.

A Queer Distinction in California.

There were some queer distinctions in those old mining days. One Sunday going to the butcher's booth, I found a customer ahead of me who inquired if he could not have a piece of liver which was hanging on a tree in plain sight.

"Don't know if you can or not," said the butcher.

"I'd like to know why? I've been trading with you all along, and never asked for liver before, but I want some variety now."

"Stand round and let me look at you. No, you can't have any liver."

"Well, why?"

"There ain't enough to go round. I have to have some rule about giving it out, and I have decided that no miner can have a scrap of liver from me unless he wears a canvas patch on his pants."

The canvas patch was a badge of precedence as well recognized in our camp on the Trinity as the star of the Order of the Garter is in Great Britain.—[Century.

This Chick Has Four Legs.

A curiosity in the shape of a chicken has just been found on the farm of James W. Freer, near Poplar Bluffs, Mo. The chicken has four legs, two of them in the right place, and one in front of them and one on the back of them. They are webbed together.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

My Lady.

My lady frowns—and a crescent of eclipse
Falls upon her brow and lips
And dims the happy skies,
While the mountains weave a mesh with dew impearled
To throw it far across the world
And saddened nature sighs.

My lady smiles and the hearts of purple hills
Beat beneath the haunted rills
In half-awakened lands,
While lavish lights and floating emerald shades
Paint the gray-clad oaken glades
In trailing dewy bands.

My lady scoffs—shrill trebles palpitate
Where the gusty breezes wait
And ruff the robin's wing.
My lady's name!—swells the cuckoo's dews less flute;
And the bluebirds reed like lute
Re-echoes "It's spring!"
—[Minnie Frances Murphey.

HUMOROUS.

Lately landed—the newly engaged young man.

I one respect the ladies have a parallel. The spring chicken never tells its age.

The man who has lived for himself has the privilege of being his only mourner.

Where there's a will there's a way, of course. When a woman has a will she has to have her way.

One of the pleasant things about candor is the ease with which it may be made to fit our neighbors.

A Parisian wit once defined experience as a comb that one became possessed of after having lost one's hair.

If a dumb man could suddenly regain his speech the first long-pent-up words he would utter would doubtless be—I told you so!

Little Dot—Papa, I mus' have a new dress to play in. Papa—What is the matter with that one? Little Dot—It's all worn out, 'cept th' button-holes.

Blinkers—Hello, Winkers! I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune. Winkers (sadly)—'Twas a mistake, my boy; I married a fortune with an independent woman.

"Don't you ever tire of this drifting, objectless life you are leading?" asked the philanthropist. "Tire of it?" answered Weary Watkins. "Fact is, it makes me so tired I can't do nothin' else."

Mamma—But, Flora, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so? Flora—Oh, no, mamma. But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!

A Frog's Development.

The phenomena of the life history of some species of frogs and toads are very curious. The ordinary course of a frog's development takes place thus: The approach of spring calls them forth from their winter retreat, which is generally in mud under water. Great numbers of them often are dug up in the winter time all clustered together in the mud at the bottom of a pond. In the month of March their well-known croaking makes itself heard in England, and though itself unmelodious, it possesses a certain charm through its connection with the vernal outburst of nature. It is then that they congregate for egg laying. Their eggs are little dark, round bodies, enclosed in no solid shell, but only in a thin glutinous envelope. The latter quickly swells in the water, so much so that the "spawn" in the case of the common frog soon comes to have the appearance of a great mass of jelly, through which dark specks (the yolks of the eggs) are scattered. By degrees the little dark mass assumes the form of a young tadpole, which emerges from the egg toward the end of April. At first it has long and filamentary processes of skin projecting from either side of the neck, and these are the first gills or accessory breathing organs. They soon become absorbed and are replaced by other shorter gills, which do not project visibly from the neck. Little by little the limbs bud forth and grow, and at the same time the tail is absorbed, while apertures on either side of the neck close up, which were the external openings of the chamber in which the secondary gills lie, and the young frog then breathes by means of its lungs in the ordinary way. The tadpole is extremely unlike the frog it is to grow into. Not only does it breathe by gills in water instead of by lungs in air, but at first it has a very long tail, with which it swims, and no limbs; while, when a frog, it has no tail, but long limbs, which are its only locomotive organs. The tadpole has a very small mouth and very long intestine, and feeds on vegetable substances. The frog has a very large mouth and very short intestine, and feeds only on animal matter.—[New York Sun.