

board suddenly took a great liking for the sourest of lemons, and ate them with an avidity that was almost alarming. No wonder some of them grew pale. Six lemons eaten at one time would make anybody pale. The men walked about in the glory of their superiority and looked the very pictures of self contentment.

People soon got settled. By noon, they began to appear in their traveling costumes. The uglier the cap a man can wear on a voyage, the more distinguished he appears. This is a rule to be remembered. In a short time, a fraternal feeling was established and all were nerving themselves to enjoy a spell of sea sickness.

Next day, the bottom fell out of things. At times, it seemed like the sides were loose also, for the boat rocked in a very reckless manner. It should have known better. One by one the passengers disappeared. A few stay on deck only to meet their Waterloo, and to contribute to the Atlantic in the end. A very few set their teeth and vowed not to give in. This is very hard to do when a person feels that there must be a large cobble stone in his stomach and a buzz saw in his head. Still it may be done. The jar of the machinery was very noticeable. When a particular high wave raised the stern of the boat out of water, the propellers went whizzing around in a way that shook the whole vessel and with it the anatomy of every single passenger. Then the cobble stone would get in its work.

By noon, the ranks were well thinned. At dinner, the few people there kept continually rushing for the doors. It is peculiarly provoking to leave a delicious sea pie and jump up unceremoniously over the back of your seat to bolt for the door, yet it is excusable on the ocean. The cook always serves the most tempting dishes on stormy days too.

To really enjoy immunity from sea sickness, one must make a tour through the state-rooms, where the bravest and weakest lie stretched out together. Generally, the

victims are too inert to do anything but breath. Go and stir them up, they have not energy enough to throw a shoe at you. Comfort them, and you see no visible good as a result. Such company is rather depressing, so you go on deck again, and before you are aware of it, some dear old lady (never a young one) will come tumbling down hill into your arms.

Then, in very desperation, you go on a visit to the steerage. There, you find a long line of incurables, sitting dejectedly on the floor of their long narrow promenade deck, looking the very picture of misery. One is forced to remark of these, as Chauncey M. Depew did of the second cabin, "My sympathy is with you." But, one can't stay there long; it is only human nature to get away.

Night came at last with fresh agonies. When the boat rolls and you wobble from one side of the berth to the other, then is the time to dream of home and mother. It is then, if ever, that one wants the earth and wants it hard. At least, that is what some people said. A few old tars had the nerve to say that they slept well. They immediately lost their reputation for veracity.

The morning of the third day dawned. The breakfast bell rang earlier than ever because of the time that had been gained during the night. One by one, the patients crawled up to the deck. Once there, the bracing sea breeze seemed to give them new life. Those who succeeded in taking breakfast, began to get well. But by far the greater majority lay on deck limp and helpless in their easy reclining chairs, and the greatest charity one could do them was to let them alone.

The weather cleared up soon, and remained pleasant during the rest of the voyage. Nearly all the passengers were soon able to get about if they tried. When the sun came out and warmed things up, and when the wind went down, it was not disagreeable even for those who had been sick. All were in the best of spirits and thought