"Hi, there garing that aspirated tone that

you put on when you want your associates to understand that you are taking all the

pains possible to wake them without disturb

dig in the ribsound said:

man out of his slumbers.

lower tier!

led, in anything but low tones.

Wake up and shut up, confound you!" he

Then we all sat up and shouted, "Hi! hi!"

and some were making ready to crawl down and poke everybody in the tier below when the nightmars expired with a choking gurgle.

and we heard the sufferer turn over with a sigh and drop into a peaceful sleep, the only man among us who had not been in the least

disturbed by the proceedings.

Parker's penghbors growled about the

pains some people were at to mind other people's business, and I lay back and laughed till my sides sched.

Parker said next morning that that was the worst of it, to hear me chuckling while he was blushing in the night with mortifica-

tion, and none with eyes to see him do it

During the fog of Tuesday, August 7, there was a little episode that was thrilling in its suggestiveness of the perils of the sea.

everybody knows, many hundreds of fishing craft are at work at all seasons of the year.

They are scattered over an immense ter-

ritory; there is room enough for all the fleets in the world to cruise about at the

white, opaque veil rests upon the water.

when the vision is arrested 100 yards from

the ship's rail and your steamer covers hundreds of miles without coming to a break in the mist, then the possibility of collision

ecomes too clear to need demonstration.

Directly in your course, a half mile away

there may be a Gloucester schooner or a

asts, be it seventy-two hours in successi

That possibility developed into the actual

It was all over in a minute. This is how

appeared.from the point of view of the

The masts and spars of a vessel came sud-

den'y into view just off the port bow; we crowded to the rail and saw below us a

brig at anchor, several men running wildly

about her decks, other men in two small boats a rod or two from her sides.

One could easily have tossed a biscuit from the deck of the Cephalonia to that of the brig, and it looked every second as if

the brig's libboom would scrape the frown

the brig's libboom would scrape the frown-ing hull of the steamer.

There was no contact, however, and in another minute brig and small boats had sunk away in the mist astern.

It was a French vessel, and as we passed

her the fishermen shook their fists at th

steamer, gesticulated flercely and cursed to the full extent of their native vocabulary. They were frautic with excitement, and no wonder, but it was not easy to under-

stand why they should have been at such trouble to curse a steamer that had not run

This event was the general topic of con

versation during the rest of the day. It was spoken of in the steerage without the

least trace of excitement.

It was interesting; the Frenchman had had a narrow shave; it was laughable to

see him jumping about and raving, but h

probably had good reason for being fright-ened. That was all.

ened. That was all.

Not one word, not one hint that any credit
was due to Captain Seccombe and his officers for averting a disastrous calamity. I

listened in vain for any commendation of the faithful, arduous watch kept up on the

faithful, arduous watch kept up on the bridge.

Well, perhaps my fellow passengers were right. The Cephalonia, to begin with, had not been in danger. The frail, ill-kept Frenchman would have been but a card house had we struck her. The crew might have been saved perhaps not; but why speculate? That same indominable, indefatigable faithfulness that makes the Atlantic voyage so safe that passengers bank upon it with

so safe that passenegers bank upon it with indifference as to for and gales, had carried us past instead of into the brig; and I presume that the episode was properly dis-

missed in the thip's log with a two-line

statement.

And yet it was inferesting to me to learn from one of the officers who stood on the bridge at the trine that the Frenchman lay directly in our course. When first her presence was suggested by faint, dark spots in the mist, she was four or five boat lengths ahead."

I have referred to the crowd of steerage

passengers on the Cephalonia as fascinating. The fassitiation grew as the days passed, and it would take a volume to set

forth fully the wowd's various phases and

the human touches of individuals that stood out against the mass like a contadina's red

dress on a hillside."

That contemptible spec men who is so often in evidence on trains and excursion

boats, the human hog, was not among us. On the contrary, there was a refreshing

number of those energetic people who go

bustling about doing for others.

They were especially up and alive during the sick season. Men who themselves had occasionally to make a brisk for the rail were bringing lemonade and tea to dis-

tressed women and pat'ently helping feeble

men to a comfortable place in the less a hatch, and imperious little women

And this manner of philanthopy was ex-

its rampage.

The Sunshine and Shadows of an Ocean Trip with a Mixed Crowd Between

Decks.

By Frederick R. Barton.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by the Author.) We had just lost sight of America when I made a discovery. It was my friend Parker. He discovered me at the same moment.

He was leaning against a hatchway in a kind of negligee attitude, regarding his fellow passengers with an air of indifferent amusement, altogether a superior being, offensively auperior, 1 thought.

I, on the contrary, was sitting on the deck, my knees up to my chin, a short pipe in my mouth (bought especially for the voyage -the pipe, I mean), and was scraping acquaintance with a young Lancashireman who was returning from his first tour in my coun-

Parker seemed a bit embarrassed when I rose and shook hands with him.

"Hello, B.," he said with a feeble attempt at cordiality, "going across?"

It was plain as day that he was not at all glad to see me, although that would not excuse the absurdity of his question; so I hastened to confess the truth, told him yes, I was going across, and by this very boat, too, the Cephalonia, Boston to Liverpool, August 4, and was, moreover, booked for the steer-

"And so, old man," I concluded, "you won't see much of me until we get to the other

was a hack driver in Manchester, and that he took a traveling holiday every summer. He had been all over Ireland, Scotland, his own country and some portions of the nearby continent. Ireland was the most beautiful country he had seen, "to his way o' thinkin'."

o' thinkin'.

Next summer he intends to visit Italy, and he will make his journey, save for crossing the channel, by bicycle. Could you ing the channel, by bicycle. Could you find a more thorough-going tourist in the saloon?

"The waste on these steamers is horful," he remarked; "when I were crossin on the New York I seen a feller wi a pot full o' cock-legged chickens, and 'e were goin' to pitch the 'cie bloomin' lot overboard, 'e were.

Hit struck me t' heart, hit did, an I gets in front of 'im an' I says;
"I'd like t' see thee in a bloomin' desert 50,000 miles from anywere, I would, an' thee hungry an thirsty, I says, 'an' if I saw thee there I'd no feed thee, but I'd her but I just make out t' plague thee. I says.
"An' I told 'im my mind, an' didn't give

over till 'e handed me six or seven chicker legs, an' I 'anded them around to the pool people on deck. O, I were proper mad, I Presently this philanthropic tourist draw and a book from the other and began to work at both. He offered me a piece of the cake and later loaned me the book. I had read it and told him Jerome K. Jerome's "Three Men in a

"I don't think there's nothink in it," he



BREAKFAST, AN OPERATION FULL OF DIFFICULTY.

side, for I shall keep my place, and not intrude upon saloon passengers' privileges." "H'm," said Parker thoughtfully, "so you're in the steerage. How does that happen?"

"Well," I answered, "this is a flying business trip, and it saves money to go by the sterrage, you know. I suppose it surprises you to find me here?" Parker reflected a minute. "It isn't so much that you are in the steer-

he remarked, "as that you're saving worth. money; that's the surprising thing-but no well own up. I'm in the steerage myself." We both felt better after that, nevertheless wasted some minutes in specu-

lation as to the probability that among the saloon passengers were some who would recognize us and pass remarks about us, a peculiarly fruitless discussion, for it was too late to back out now, and moreover we had an immense advantage over the saloon in point of numbers, for there were 881 of us on oard to only seventy-five cabin passengers. We were emphatically of the popular party,

and we determined to make the best of it. And with that spirit, accompanied by good ealth, any man can have a good time steerage, shutting his eyes to certain discomforts and his nostrils to certain others, taking things as they come, never complainno matter how great the provocation may be, and never allowing himself to regret the soft cushions and the burnished silver and the rich desserts of the first cabin. Atlantic passengers may be divided into hree classes—immigrants, business men and

The majority of the first class cross in the steerage, although they are to be found also in the intermediate quarters and in the saloon, but if in the latter they cease, tchnically, to be immigrants; that is, they do not have to pass muster at Ellis island, or missioners of any part.

Those who cross for business reasons are usually in the saloon, although there are occasionally instances of traders taking up with intermediate or even steerage accomm

The tourist we invariably associate with all the luxury that the steamer affords. He travels for health or pleasure, he is a man of mans, of leisure, and we picture him with a cap on, half asleep over a novel in a reclining chair on the sacred upper

but the steerage has its tourists, and I am inclined to think that they numbered as many as the tourists of the saloen.

In all seasons of every year there are people in the steerage who cross and recross wholly for pleasure or health. y may not-generally do not-travel as their wealthy fellow passengers; their

destination is usually some farming village manufacturing city in the old country, be Eugland, Ireland or Scotland, where the father and mother are still living, or where the father and mother go to look graves of those they knew in childhood,

We were lined up before the money ex-change window on the Cunard dock in East Boston. In front of me was a young man who had \$4 left after paying for his round

"It's costing me \$25 to go over and back."
he said, "and it's worth it for the chance
of seeing the mother." "Aye, that it is," assented a sad woman

who stood by with a babe in her arms, "when you have a mother to go to."

An old man, very decrepit and bent, turned painfully about and remarked slowly:

"It cost me \$10 to go back for good, and I

consider it worth it for the privilege of dying on the old sod."

This summer by far the largest part of steerage travel has been of the tourist order. Most of the passengers on the Cephalonia had return tickets. Many were making their first visit to Europe, but the majority were returning to their birthplaces.

A few were on their way back after a more or less extended tour in America. Among the latter was the Lancashireman

with whom I was talking when discovere He was a medium-sized, red-faced man, who wore a cardigan jacket with capacious pockets and the most tremendous boots I ever

He was very proud of the latter articonfidently that He was probably right.

Somebody asked him how long he had been in America.

"Four weeks," he replied.
"Is that all?" was the next quary, uttered

with considerable surprise.
"Baln't it long enough for a 'oliday?
returned the Lancashireman spiritedly. He had seen New York, Providence and Boston, and had put in a few days with an uncle in Dover, N. H. He told me that he

remarked candidly; "I've read that far and haven't found anythink interesting."
"That far" was more than three-quarters way through the book. Perhaps that wasn't an exhibition of a British trait. He had paid something for the book, it was a

pirated edition, by the way, perhaps he knew the author was one of his own countrymen, and he had patiently plodded across page after page of what was to him dry stuff in the hope of getting his money's That was my first thought, but I was in-clined to change my mind after I had told him that an American would probably have

thrown the book away if the first part of "That's not right," he declared in that quiet earnest tone of the Britisher who knows it "'ow could they tell that t' rest of book was bad? I believe we ought t' giv-

author a chance." Surely Mr. Jerome and the whole brother upon this independent, honest Lancashire man.

The Cephalonia left Boston at 11:30 a. m and about two hours later the steerage pas sengers were served with dinner.

The regular dinner hour is earlier, a little before noon, but on this day there was de-

lay, natural and incident to the confusion getting away. The laws of England provide for the aration of steerage passengers into three classes: Single men, single women and

classes: Single men, single women and married couples. Each of these classes has a section of the ship to itself. On deck hey may commingle freely, below stairs they are kept apart The historian and his friend, Parker, were

of course, assigned to the single men's quarters, which on this trip were far forward under the forecastle. It was down two flights of stairs, gloomy in the daytime, but fairly lighted by electricity in the evening. Imagine a long, narrow room, broken by

grated partitions, steep stairways, covere hatchways and supports for the upper deck.

Along the center narrow tables and benches
of plain wood, that may be folded up against the roof when not in use.

Opening out on both sides of the main room are several smaller rooms, with two

tiers of bunks in each.

The bunk is about as broad as an ordinary cot bed, and they are separated from one another by a board set on edge about eight inches high. The size of the sleeping rooms varies, growing smaller as the ship grows narrower, toward the prow.

In the one occupied by the historian, which was the farthest forward, and therefore the smallest, there were four bunks in each sec tion of a tier, two sections to a tier; sleeping accommodations, therefore, for sixteen men n the room.

Until within a few months it was custom ry to make the steerage passenger provide his own outfit; that is his bed, blanket and atl table utensils. All these are now provided by the Cunard company, and every passen ger found his outfit in his bunk when he

There were a straw mattress, a blanket, deep delftware plate, a tin cup holding a generous pint, a silverplated tablespoon and an iron knife and fork. What more, surely, in the way of house-hold goods, should anybody require for a

ten-days' habitation.

When we went down into the darkness that Saturday afternoon, hungry enough, as Parker said, "to eat dog," but fearful of being overcome by the close atmosphere, and honestly dreading the experience, we heard one of the stewards call out: "Find your table fittings in your bunks,

gentlemen, and hang on to them. Don't ose them." Parker looked at me with a sad smile I'm glad they let us keep our own platand knife," he said with a grotesque at mpt to be cheerful.

There were several men in the crowded room who had evidently never traveled via steerage, for they were looking at the scene in pathetic dismay. The experienced tourists immediately brought out their "fittings" from their re-

spective bunks, and as many as could do so sat at the tables. The rest put their places on shelves attached to the walls and

Parker and I were among the latter num ber. The inexperienced few stood by motion less. They didn't seem to be ambitious to

Presently along came the stewards with huge pails full of soup. There was no formality about these stewards; they were in their shirt sleeves, and that fact consti-tuted the uniform; but they displayed an abundance of good nature, and an anxiou desire that everybody should be bounti fully supplied.

They ladeled the soup into the tin cups

all the soup he wanted.

It was good soup. There was no mistaking that. It would have tasted good if we had been sitting at a white-covered table in a first-rate hotel. It tasted good in the gloomy, hot steerage. Next came boiled beef and potatoes. Again the supply was bountiful; again the

quality was good.

Parker and the historian ate their potatoes without sait, but that was because they thought it was the rule to do so. There was plenty of sait on the tables, but they didn't happen to see any. They learned better

"Scrape your leavings into these tins, centlemen," called the steward who had charge of the arrangements; 'there will be water here in a minute to wash your things. Put them back in your bunks when you are ne with them.

Parker's smile was absolutely ghastly at this. I pitled him sincerely. He had aldoting mother and a cohort of pretty sis-ters and cousins to wait on him and "do" the dishes. He was still heroic, however, in is endeavors to take the thing cheerfully

"I'm glad they let us wash the dishes," he said faintly; " it wouldn't be nice, you know, to eat supper off this plate and out of this cup, and from this spoon, and on this knife and fork if they were not washed." Well, we scraped away our leavings and plunged our utensils into the tub of water that the steward had set down for the pur-

"I feel beter, anyway," said Parker as we climbed upstairs again; 'the food was good, and the dishwashing is healthy exer-

"I feel better, anyway," said Parker as passengers who ate that dinner. One the men who stood near me looking on did try a potato. The others went on deck un-fed, and if later they had anything by private arrangement with a steward I do not I think not, for after a day or two I ob-

Tea, the last meal of the day in the steerage, is served at 5 o'clock. When we went down for it we found nine plates of butter on the tables and shelves. Following the example of experienced tourists we went to our bunks and brought out our tin cups, the knife and the spoon.
"No need of the plate," said one of the

served them taking their fare and washing their dishes with the rest of us.

passengers, "you'd only have to wash it The stewards brought gigantic kettles of tea and filled the tin cups. Then they carried about baskets filled with bread in the form of "cob" loaves.

I can speak with enthusiasm concerning three articles that comprised that meal. The bread was surprisingly good, and it was even more surprising to find that the

be a strange kitchen that turned out delicious bread and poor tea. I don't suppose I can give better proof of the quality of the food than to confess that I ate two whole loaves of bread freely buttered, and drank two pints of tea.

This was the evening routine throughou the voyage, so far as I was concerned Parker ran a good second, but his appetite always was rather delicate.

Some of the passengers complained. No large company of men would be complete without its quota of growlers. This man thought the tea too sweet; an other declared that there wasn't sugar enough; and of course we heard from the man to whom the tea was no better than

It would seem impossible to find fault with the bread, but it was done. The crust was burned, it was too stale, etc.

Think of it; on that trip the ship's bakers were turning out 3,500 cob loaves every day! They had to bake ahead. It would have been utterly impracticable to serve fresh bread, but the kickers complained neverthe

They manifested their discontent by break ing the loaves open, eating the soft inside and throwing away the entire crust, thus wasting at least two-thirds, and, to my taste, the best part of each loaf.

After two days of this the chief steward gave orders that no more bread should be issued in whole loaves to the steerage. It was cut into slices thereafter.

The under stewards were remarkably patient in face of the unreasonable complaints and comments of the passengers. "Do you know what that butter's fit for?" asked a growler arrogantly of Fred, the hardest working steward in the crew; just like it to grease the wheels of wagon with.

"All right," returned Fred, without looking up from the kettle he was scrubling. "I'll see that you have a keg of it when you get back to Boston.'

It was the only kind of answer that would fit the occasion. The butter was not as good as that served in the saloon, but it was genuine and wholesome, and did deserve the comparison to wheel grease. Steerage breakfast at 7:30 consisted of Irish stew, bread, butter and coffee, with out meal "porridge" and molasses on alternate days instead of the stew.

While freely admitting the excellent quality of the food, and while good-humoredly ignoring the unavoidable faults of the serytce and the irksomeness of dish washing, will as frankly confess that I would have liked other kinds of breakfast and dinner be

fore the voyage was over. It was rather tiresome when the amustr novelty wore off. Parker votes with me in this matter, but what then? Here we were wo men in perfect health, neither he least given to seastckness, who had paid \$27 each for the round trip, America to Eng

It would have discredited good sense to permit ourselves to feel that we were endu ng any privations.

Even the Briton's desserts were not alto

gether lacking. There was duff occasionally and again rice pudding or preserved apples and now that I have eaten it, I think no

traveler's experience is complete without knowledge of duff. It is a species of plum pudding that is re narkable for being not only palatable bu digestible. It was the one article of food

that the steerage passengers could not ge enough of. They liked it. So did Parker and I.
"I say, F. R.," said Parker one day shortly after dinner.

"Well, Henry," said I.
"I've a scheme," said he.
"I'm with you," said I.

He thereupon conducted me along the main deck until we came to the doors of the kitchens. I believe that sailor men call them galleys, but whatever the name, they were rooms lined with great ranges at which white-capped men were cooking delicaci or the salcon passengers.

Doors and windows were open, and our

ame the appetizing aroma of roast fowl olls, berry pies and heaps of other good hings. It was no gusty whiff such as mo

blown up at you through a grating in a sidewalk near a big hotel, but a steady wave of culinary incense almost nutritious in its density. Parker inhaled a long breath brough his nostrils. "Isn't it fine?" said he.
"H'm, h'm," I replied, following his exame, but not yet gathering the full force of

'Take another sniff of it," he exclaimed: it doesn't cost anything."
I sniffed as he bads me, and then the theme dawned upon me in all its utilitaria:

eauty. There I stood and smelled choice, impossi ble viands without a particle of aching desire to sit at a table and get at 'em.

"You see," explained Parker, "your stomach is satisfied in a gross sense. You want nothing more to eat, but in the steerage they falled to cater to the artistic side of your gestronomical nature.

your gastronomical nature. "Now that's an important element in the makenp of a well-bred man. I believe that the constant taking of coarse food would end to debase a man, unless in some way his finer senses were gratified at the same

"But, theories aside, we know this: that if we had come along here before going to the steerage dinner, we should not have enjoyed our boiled beef and potatoes, even had we been able to eat them. Now, having eaten them, we can sniff the delicacies of our friends, the upper ten, not only without discomfort and envy, but with positive enjoy-

"Why, man alive, it's just as if we had trotted up and down stairs in all de-partments of the steerage bearing gruel, shawls and all the comforts of a cheerful disposition to those who wished the sea would swallow them up and have done with or were eating a six-course dinner!" Parker was right. It was a charming and important discovery that he made. Three times a day thereafter we went to the cook's galleys and sniffed, and feit the better for it.
I cheerfully recommend this practice to

those steerage passengers who have seen bet- | erted in the main toward people who had been strangers until the sailing of the boat.

It was one of these little women who came pottering up to one of the stairways that led to the single men's quarters on Sunday morning. August 5. She had a It was the third or fourth night out when somebody in our room had a furious attack of nightmars. Parker was in the upper tier Sunday morning, August 5. She had a bowl of hot coffee in her hand. At the en-trance she hesitated.

across the sink from me, and the agentzed groans came from his direction.

I sat up in oatsem, but I tay down again "O, dear," she exclaimed aloud, "I suppose I haven't any right to go down there at this time of day. Say," and she turned to Parker, "you're not sick. You take this down to my father, pleane. His name's Maguinness. Find him and tell him he must drink it. Make him take at least half of it." when I heard Parker muttering: "Whew! What a racket!" "Better walks him up," I suggested, "and get him out of his agony."

Parker is a warm-nearted fellow. It hurts him to see any fellow creature suffer, or, as in this include, to hear him. So he reached over any gave his neighbor a violent dig in the ribased said.

half of it. Parker graciously took the bowl of coffee and gingerly made his way down the steep stairs. I tagged along behind. At the bottom he shouted: "Maguinness! O, Maguinness!" No one owned the name, and he went from room

to room, vainly seeking to administer re "What in thunder do you want?" growled the neighbor, while the nightmare kept up lief to the father of a little woman with four children in the after stoerage. At last he gave it up and returned to he deck. The little woman had disap-"Oh! I beg pardon," whispered Parker, and I peared. After several minutes, during



I could hear his voice tremble with chagrin, which I could see that Parker was getting omebody's got bad dreams, and I thought exasperated and embarrassed, he found he soothing a sick stranger's baby. was you. Give the next man a shake, on't you. He's probably the one." "Did he drink it?" she asked, with a Wide awake and irritated by that fact and the blood-curdling greans of the sufferer, the neighbor half rose and hustled the next bright smile. "I am sorry to say I didn't find him," re-

plied Parker.

"O, dear," cried the little woman, "do go right back and try again. He must be there. Make him drink it."

There was no disobeying that command. The nightmare at that moment became a quivering shrick, while the last man to be aroused on suspicion of being the sufferer The little woman was setting such a good example that anybody would have been shamed out of refusing, and Parker turned protested in language profane and emphatic, and Parker exclaimed, "Oh, dear! he's in the despairingly again toward the forecastle

Suddenly she ran after him.

"Never mind," she said, "here he is."

It proved that Mr. Maguinness had been sunning himself for an hour not twen'y feet from where his daughter stood. So that little episode was in a sense a flasco, but the intentions and the energy were of the right kind.

The world will wag to the end of time In the little woman's way. says Geoge Osgood's song, and if it wagged in the way of that little woman in the steer age we would all be the better for it.

"Does the boat stop at night or does it go along slow?" asked a passenger, as we leaned over the rail watching Boston light isappear in the west. He told me he was 29 years old and was naking his first trip to the land his father

had told him about.
"I don't expect we'll get too much food,"
he said, "but I'm prepared for that. I've and of the rate skill and attention to duty by which they are avoided. We were on the Grand banks where, as got two big loaves of wheat bread, two Many and many another steerage passen ger had made similar preparation. One boy, a Swede, had a hamper that might have

fleets in the world to cruise about at the lasted him the entire trip. same time in perfect safety when the weather is clear, but when that impalpable. During the first day or two those who are inclined to seasickness may find it m comfortable to lunch on deck from boiled eggs and cold tea than to try to eat in the close rooms below. "Are there paddlewheels or screws down

here?" asked an old man as we stood far forward on the forecastle top.
I tried to explain that the single screw by Nova Scotia fisherman at anchor. The chances are, so great is the area of the which the ship was driven was at the afte banks, that the course is clear; but the ever present possibility of danger keeps the cap-tain on the bridge for as long as the fog "Then," he said, "what makes the water

"Then," he said, "what makes the water curl up and foam so at each side?"

Another passenger asked me, "Who discovered this line?" I found that he meant the Cunard line, and that to him implied a specific pathway across the ocean.

He told me that it puzzled him to know how the captain kept the boat in the line, the water looked to him just the same day after day. after day.

Still another asked me if I knew just how far it was from the boat to the place where the sky and water met. I answered that I supposed it might be a few miles. he assented, dubiously," but would be still further away when you go I understand that, but I've often wor dered if any man has ever yet found out exactly how far it is to the real place where

the sky and water meet." About 300 passengers left the steamer a

Queenstown, a much smaller number than many of us had expected. The tender took them off at 7 a. m., without special inci-I observed that the girls who had been so lively all along, and so desperately smitten

apparently, with lovesickness, were very sub

down the plank.

dued, not to say somber, as they walked

Their fellows were going on to Liverpool and the parting caused just a bit of heart-ache, but, bless your soul, that happens in every voyage; the saloon passengers sentimentally affected as those in the second cabin or the steerage, though they may not show it quite so openly and honestly, But they all forget about it after a few hours on land. The complaint is no more dangerous than the other form of seasickness. and it's far more agreeable for sufferers and

The historian returned to America by the Umbria, which left Liverpool, Saturday even ing, August 18.
In order to make the steerage experience complete he allowed himself to be captured by the runner of an emigrant's lodging

It is almost always necessary for steerage passengers to arrive in Liverpool the night before sailing, for the steamship companie compel them to embark at an early hour. In this instance the Umbria did not leave her anchorage in the Mersey until 8 p. m., but the steerage passengers had to go aboard et 10 a. m. By this early embarkation much of the

confusion attendant upon the departure of a steamer from America is avoided. Mistakes are corrected, lost baggae found, and every-body and everything are settled into some-thing like order before the saloon passengers arrive, which is about 5 p. m.
There were only 136 of us on the home ward trip. First-class tourists had begun to return, and they filled the Umbria as she had not been filled for years. They numbered 532, and in the second cabin there were ninety-three.

It may not be generally known that the steerage department is flexible. Space that might be given to it is readily turned into staterooms when the tide of high-priced travel

It means a lot of carpenter and joines work, and the installation of expensive "fit tings" in place of the bare floors and sleep ing racks; but all that may be done while the steamer is lying in port between arrival and sailing, and when finished the extra staterooms are every bit as good as those So the steerage for this trip was com-pressed: 136 was all it would hold. Many more wanted to go, but were refused, and they doubtless had to put in a week at the

odging houses. The runner who picked me up as I was idling the time away in the steerage office in Liverpool on Friday afternoon was one of a number of brothers who, in partnership with his father, conduct the oldest emigrant odging house in the city.

They perform the same functions for the

modest traveler that are done by the well known agents for the saloon passenger. They get the emigrant's ticket for him, thus securing him by their experience from errors, put him up at night and feed him in the morning, see him and his family and his baggage on board and properly bestowed, and every imaginable way act as guardians to him during the nervous hours just previous to departure

The charges are very low for this service, and the house where I lodged was scrupulously clean. Every lodger was required to be in before 11 o'clock, with the purpose probably of preventing the all-night spree that sometimes characterizes a traveler's last night on land-and this feature, by the way,

is not confined to the steerage.
Should any reader have occasion to patron ize an emigrant's ledging house in any port it would be well for him to make inquiries at the steerage office of a steamship com-pany. By so doing he will the more likely find a clean bed and honest treatment

Nearly all the steerage passengers on the Umbria were tourists on their way home. There were a few English emigrants, and a very few irish girts, who got on at Queenstown, who had never seen America. The rest had been visiting, and, as a whole, they were a prosperous looking, contented lot.

They were pretty sick for two days, for we started against a high head wind that sent the spray on deck and kept the mighty vessel rolling, and made breakfast an opera-tion full of difficulty for such as cared to

attempt to eat. I sincerely pity any one who is seasick, am equally sincere in my whether the passenger is more distressed for

being in the steerage.

It looks to me as if elegantly upholstered. lounges and porcelain basins are no more to the comfort of the sufferer than a coll of rope and a lee rail; any place to lie down and die in is as good as the best berth on board, and as for food, why, the steerage porridges or Irish stew is not a bit worse than a Delmonico menu—it's all one to the afflicted.

The season of sickness once passed, and it lasted but two days, the time went by quickly enough. The steerage tourists com-pared notes and exchanged impressions of the old countries that they had visited. "It's well enough to cross over now and again for a visit, but America's the place to live in." said one, and in this verdict he seemed to sum up the opinions of his fellow travelers.

The one incident in which steerage life or he westward trip varies from the trip eastward is the vaccination of the passengers. This is required by American law, although the ship's surgeon has no authority to compel the passengers to submit to the opera

This function was performed on the Um-bria between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday. All the steerage passengers were sent below, whence they issued to the open decks again one at a time As they passed the surgeon they displayed their arms. If vaccination marks wer fresh, or there was evidence that they had had smallpox, they went on upstairs. If not they were detained and vaccinated.

The operation was required in only half a dozen cases, and none of them objected. It was noticeable that the older women in the company had been vaccinated like the men, on the arm, and the younger women on the leg.
Cunard officers tell with huge relish of

one passenger who was very nervous con-cerning vaccination. He was sure it would be painful and injurious, but in view of the fact that if he did not submit to the doctor he would be delayed in landing at New York, he consented to undergo the operation on He bared his arm and took his place in line, but he trembled so violently that it was impossible for the surgeon to avoid

scratching him a little deeper than ordinary. The man's arm bled a bit and he was terribly alarmed. He was sure he was going "I shall bleed to death!" he cried, while the tears coursed down his cheeks and his voice choked with sobs, "and if I do I'll sue the Cunard company for damages!"

I find in reviewing these pages, written partly at sea, partly in England, partly in America, that I have given a somewhat light

coloring to steerage life.

This was inevitable. Perple in the mass are seldom serrowful. Gathered together in large numbers by the accident of travel, they will certainly create incidents of the lighter order, and it is incident that the writer seeks to employ his pen with.

For a dismal narration it would be neces sary to dwell upon the long stretches of hours when the ship flounders with monotonous instability along the dreary, watery plane, unbroken save by the same, same and ever the same recurring caps of foam when a day seems to drag its length between the striking of the half-hourly bells on th bridge forward; when the night becomes an infinite hell of labor with the fretful creaking and the greaning of the wo dwork and the restless throbbing of the engines. Such periods there are in abundance, and

the force with which they oppress the spirit of the steerage passenger varies according to his temperament and his resources for self I need not say that no hour was dull t me, for every moment of the entire voyage was full of occupation, and in that respect I was exceptionally situated. I had come to observe and the field was wonderfully rich. For more than a week each way my subjects were before me, with me, I was of them, and they could not give me the slip,

and with that manner of occupation, which

is open to all men, the privations of steer age travel are, after all, properly summed up the barber in his sympathy for the lack of desserts. But I would not recommend anybody to travel in the steerage who cannot speed tim

with human study. RIDING OUT A GALE.

Jones Retails What He Calls an Experience. Jackson Peters leaned back in his chair

and slowly blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, says Harper's Weekly, "Jones," he said, "I want to ask your opinion in regard to the probability of a story which was told e the other day."
"Well, Jackson?" was the guarded reply

of the cautious Jones.
"It struck me," continued Peters, "that a man who had told as many—that is to say, a man who has told as much of what may call awe-inspiring truth as you ought to be a good judge of the probability of a story. It was a cyclone story which was going to ask you about." "Most cyclone stories are palpable lies,

"No doubt. The point is this: He said

Jackson."

he had seen s-raws driven through inch boards by the force of the wind." "It never happened, Jackson. That is a stock lie told of every cyclone that blows Your friend imposed upon your youth, my boy. He would never have dared to tell such a manifest and self-heralded lie to Robinson or Smith. I must admit, though, that the siderable. When I lived in Kansas in the 70s I had a quantity of poultry, but it was blown away in the first cyclone of the season, except -black Spanish rooster. He clung to a gras root with his bill and allowed his tail to crack and whip in the wind like a yacht pennant. He rade out the gale, though most of his feathers were blown off. Subsequently I

nch in my grindstone."
"Yes," returned Peters, "I presume my friend was trying to impose on my adoles "I think so, Jackson. I had considerable

found some of them embedded over half ar

experience with cyclones that summer in Kansas, but I learned to handle myself so that I did not mind them much. I soon saw he fallacy of depending on cyclone cellars | by his friends in that city.

and that sort of thing. The fundamental dif-ficulty of all such things is that you try to hold yourself firmly in one place. It is as if a ship in a gale should the up to a post, sup-posting midocean had posts for the time belog, instead of driving before the tempest. The first eyclone that summer, of course, I went down cellar, like other folks. My house was seen blown away. The next thing I knew the cellar went, too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon spilled out. With infinite labor I crawled back in the teeth of the wind integline that the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of. To my consternation I found that had blown away also. I then followed the example of the rooster, clung to a root and allowed my legs to flutter and snap in the gale like a weather signal

DANIEL WEBSTER WROTE IT.

Full Text of a Poem Written by the Great Orator.

File Clerk Walter French of the house of representatives, a Bostonian, who has one of the most extensive and interesting cillections of newspaper clippings of any private collector in Washington, referring to the poem of Daniel Webster which has lately been published as a miscellaneous clipping credited to a Chicago paper, says the four stanzas published do not comprise the poem in its complete form. in its complete form.

To a Washington Post reporter he gave

the poem in full, as follows: My son, thou wast my heart's delight.
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
Thy morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son; I kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping; But, ah, thy little day is done. Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean. Is broken ere those years come a'er me. My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen, But thou art in the tomb before me. Thou rear'st to me no funeral stone.

No parent's grave with tear beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And stand'st in heaven's account the

On earth my lot was soonest east, Thy generation after mine; Thou hast thy predecessor past, Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, spring at to the skies
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here. Sweet scraph, I would tearn of thee And hasten to partake thy bilss; And, O, to thy world welcome me As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art safe in heaven, No prayers for thee need more be made; O. let thy prayers for those be given Who oft have blessed thy infant head,

My father, I beheld thee born I led thy lottering steps with care;
I led thy lottering steps with care;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son, my father, guide me there.

POKER RULES DIDN'T WORK.

A Game in Which Three of a Kind Took Only One Pair. On upper Broadway there is a shoe storm, in the window of which there are some same

ple shoes, relates the New York World. On the top of one pair is a large card, on which three new \$1 bills are displayed. Below the bill is printed; "Three of a kind take a pair. Yesterday a tough looking westerner, after gazing for a long time on the bills, the card and the shors stepped into the store and way

met by a smiling clerk. "Say, mister, is this a straight game ye givin' us? "You refer to-" "I'm referrin' to them shoes in the win-You sell them 'cordin' to the rules of

poker, do you?" "Oh, yes yes, sir. Quite so, sir, ha! ha! Rather clever thing, isn't it? Ha! ha!"
"D—— clever. Show me a pair of number nines, that style." The gentleman produced several pairs o' nines and the western man tried them on.

He selected two pairs and said he would take "Now, see here," he said, "I want no shenanigan. You're sellin' 'cordin' to Hoyle, ch?"

"Yessir, we guarantee that. Couldn't tak advantage of an old hand like you. You evidently know the game." "I do, sonny, and I want nothin but what's 'cordin' to the rules. I want a straight game with no looloos. Savey?"

"Yessir certainly, sir." "Well, then, wrap up them two pair of shoes, and there's your \$3." "But every one pair goes for \$3. Look at the card. Three of a kind, you know, take "I know they do, but we're playin' by the rules, an' cordin' to all the rules of poker I ever see, three of a kind, also, just nat-

churely and starnely, scoop two pair."

The clerk cessed to smile for a moment out suddenly recovered himself. "Yessir, but three of a kind wouldn't scool two pair when both pair are nines, would

"Well, I'll be—. Gosh take it if you ain't right! I thought I was workin' a smart game on you, but I'm a jay. I should have took a pair of eights and a pair of nines, and then I would have had you, darn you. Well, so long; you city fellers are smarter than you look, an' kin always squirm

out o' a deal somehow PERILS OF A RED NECKTIE

A Cross and Restless Baby Makes a Grab for It. The perils of a man with a red necktie are nany and unexpected, says the New York Herald. Quite finnocent of these, a gentleman boarded the down town "L" train at Eighty-first street one day last week, took a cross seat and began running over the stock reports in his favorite newspaper. He wore the loveliest red tie you ever saw and had it spiked down with a diamond pin. Between him and the window sat a young mother with a very young baby, and just opposite was her feminine friend, the pair monopolizing the windows, as women will some times do. The baby grew weary of trying to follow flying objects outside, and grew restless and cross at the same time. Finally it saw the red necktie and made a grab for it. You know how very young babies can jump. Well, this one not only grabbed for

slaught, but when he realized what it was and heard the young mother's abject apologies he smiled a sickly smile and resumed But the attempt to draw the child's attention to other things was a dismal failure. He saw only that red tie, and, like a young bull in a cornfield, he wanted to go for it, In the meantime the other passengers were indulging in tittering comments, and the

man with the red tie soon got a face up to

the red necktle, but it got it the first pop.

The gentleman with the attractive neck-

The gentleman with the attractive neck-wear was somewhat startled at this on-

At last the baby broke into a shrill scream and clutched wildly at the red necktie. The mother tried her best to soothe her infant, but without success. At Twenty-third street she turned abruptly to the gentleman with the red necktie and said, with considerable

"I do wish you'd get off, sir! You'll have to get off or give him that thing. I can't do anything with him." The gentleman with the red necktie was too astounded at this logic to say a word he just hopped right up and ran.

Cook's Imperial. World's fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervesence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor.

A project to erect a statue in memory of the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the band-master, in New York, has been set on foot

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