

"The Ship went over."

Two typos stood on the quarter-deck of a brig as she glided rapidly down Boston harbor, bound to St. John. No. 1 was rather tall, slim and pale, and appeared to be a little suspicious of his fellow passengers. As the vessel approached the mouth of the harbor, it began to labor and toss up and down pretty lively. The captain noticed that No. 1 felt the motion of the vessel keenly, and, although there was a stiff breeze blowing from the northwest, he resolved to clap on a little more sail, as he had a bet (which he won) in regard to the time he would occupy in the trip. While looking at and talking with No. 1, he suddenly gave the order to "shake out the foretopgallant-sail." No. 1 looked at him in amazement, as he supposed the order was addressed to him. "Be lively," added the captain.

"See here, cap'n," replied the passenger, "I'm no sailor. I have paid my passage, and had I supposed you would make a fellow work, I'd have taken passage on a ship where there was no climbing."

"Guess you're hungry and want something to eat," replied the captain laughingly, as he noticed the condition of his passenger. "I was talking to those fellows forward, my crew. Pshaw! I wouldn't send you up there; you're weak; you haven't got strength enough at the present time to climb a clothes-pole."

"Here, steward, is a hungry man. Get supper ready before we reach the Cape and darkness sets in upon us. It will be getting rough and I'm afraid this gentleman's appetite won't be worth much in a little while."

The steward laughed and hurried away to carry out the order, and before reaching the Cape the captain took his friend by the arm and led him down into the cabin, although he protested he wasn't "a bit hungry."

The effort to seat him at the table proved fruitless, but his friend, No. 2, soon persuaded him to take a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter.

Suddenly there was the sound as of a collision between cup and saucer and the cabin floor, and ere the rest of the passengers could comprehend the meaning of the noise, the skipper had No. 1 by the coat collar and seat of his pants and was rushing him up through the companion-way, exclaiming as he did so: "Do you want to make all hands sick?"

The passengers resumed their seats, and went on finishing up the supper, while No. 1, with head over the rail, was paying tribute to Neptune.

Again there was a loud crash in the cabin, and every passenger at the table was on his feet in an instant, supposing that something had been carried away, as the wind had increased to almost a gale.

Casting their eyes upon the cabin floor they were astonished at seeing the unfortunate typo stretched out at full length.

"What in heaven's name, have you been trying to do!" asked the skipper, addressing the prostrate man.

"Tisn't my fault, cap'n. The ship went over and I came down."

The answer was given with so much simplicity that a general shout went up from those assembled in the cabin, while the crew worked their way aft to see what was going on.

There were thirteen passengers, including one lady, and just two staterooms and three berths to accommodate them and the officers of the brig. Into one of the berths the wounded man was helped, where he remained three days.

Sunday morning came out bright and clear, with a warm southwest breeze, and all hands turned to in knocking the ice off the ropes and blocks so that the vessel could enter the Bay of Fundy; for thus far the trip had been a bitter cold one, as it was in the month of January. Directly there went up a shout, and looking around, the sick man was discovered on deck, smiling as he only knew how to smile. He addressed his travelling companion good naturedly, and asked the captain about what time he thought he would reach the harbor. Finding that, if the wind held fair, the vessel would drop anchor that evening, he took No. 2 aside and remarked:

"You'll never catch me down this way again. D—n Boston. 'Tisn't such a deuce of a place as they make it out to be. I say, I had a bad fall the other day, when I landed in the cabin. Berths are pretty scarce, but they don't fool me out of a place to sleep. I can fool this crowd every time. But you don't catch me down here again." Saying which he got a stick and went to work with the others.

Entering the harbor about one o'clock that night, the captain proposed that all hands should take hold and help work the vessel up the har-