

myself. I do a great deal of shipping over your—"

"Yes, my dear sir," said the purser, after having looked rapidly over his list, "you have No. 18 to yourself."

"So I told the man who is unpacking his luggage there; but he showed me his ticket, and it was issued before mine. I can't quite understand why your people should—"

"What kind of a looking man is he?"

"A thin, unhealthy, cadaverous man, who doesn't look as if he would last till the voyage ends. I don't want him for a room mate, if I have to have one. I think you ought—"

"I will, sir. I will make it all right. I suppose, if it should happen that a mistake has been made, and he has the prior claim to the room, you would not mind taking No. 24—it is a large and better room."

"That will suit me exactly."

So the purser locked his door and went down to No. 18.

"Well?" he said to its occupant.

"Well," answered Mr. Keeling, looking up at him with his cold and fishy eyes.

"You're here again, are you?"

"I'm here again, and I will be here again. And again and again, and again and again."

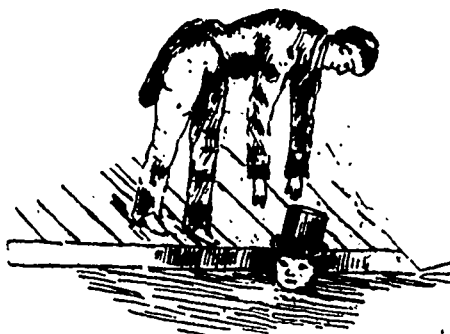
"Now, what the—?" Then the purser hesitated a moment, and thought perhaps he had better not swear, with that icy, clammy gaze fixed upon him. "What object have you in all this?"

"Object? The very simple one of making your company live up to its contract. From Liverpool to New York, my ticket reads. I paid for being landed in the United States, not for being dumped overboard in mid-ocean. Do you think you can take me over? You have had two tries at it and have not succeeded. Yours is a big and powerful company, too."

"If you know we can't do it, then why do you—?" The purser hesitated.

"Pester you with my presence?" suggested Mr. Keeling. "Because I want you to do justice. Two thousand pounds is the price, and I will raise it one hundred pounds every trip."

This time the New York papers got hold of the incident, but not of its peculiar features. They spoke of the ex-



SCENE AT THREE RIVERS.

Fair Equestrian during recent flood of mud disappears.

F. E. (log).—Leave me alone, I have a horse under me.

traordinary carelessness of the officers in allowing practically the same accident to occur twice on the same boat. When the Gibrontus reached Liverpool all the officers, from the captain down, sent in their resignations. Most of the sailors did not take the trouble to resign, but cut for it. The managing director was annoyed at the newspaper comments, but laughed at the rest of the story. He was invited to come over and interview Keeling for his own satisfaction, most of the officers promising to remain on the ship if he did no. He took Room 18 himself. What happened I do not know, for the purser refused to sail again on the Gibrontus, and was given another ship.

But this much is certain. When the managing director got back, the company generously paid Mrs. Keeling £2,100.

Jane.—'Ullo, Sarah, 'ow are yer gettin' on now yer married? Puttin' money in the bank, eh?

Sarah (the ex-cook, ruefully).—No fear; I ain't saving, I am starving—that's wot I am.

Jane (laughing).—Well, it's only the difference of a "1."

Sarah (shaking her head mournfully).—Ah! but it makes a 'ell of a difference, Jane.—Pick-me-up.

Londoner.—What is your principal amusement here in New York?

Miss Pert.—Weddings.

Londoner.—Ah! and the spring?

Miss Pert.—Divorces.

The crows on Long Island are said to be losing their voices, and the farmers allude to the circumstance as the lost caws. —The Club.

A Question for Gentlemen.

Did you ever see woman catch sight of a mouse,

And not raise enough outcry to bring down the house?

Did you ever take note how she shuddered and yelled,

And would rush to your arms to be guarded and held?

Did you ever?

Did you ever reflect that a woman acts thus,

Just in order to pose as an object of fuss?

Did you ever observe her betray any fear Of a mouse, when there was not a man somewhere near?

No, you never!

—Pick-me-up.

RECEIPTS.

Gingerbread.—Take 3lb. of flour, 1lb. of sugar, 1lb. of butter, rub them together till quite fine; sprinkle in 2oz. of ginger, and one large nutmeg finely grated. Warm 1lb. of treacle and a quarter of a pint of cream, work them gradually into the dough till it is stiff as for making bread; roll it out thick or thin, to make it into cakes to cut into biscuits as desired.

Brown Almond Gingerbread.—Take ½lb. of bleached almonds, chop them, and pound them in a little water (wherein some gum Arabic should previously have been steeped), add a few drops of lemon juice, and ½lb. of ginger finely grated; sweeten to taste, sprinkle in enough flour to work into a smooth dough; roll out, cut in squares, and bake.

Lemon Gingerbread.—Mix the juice of two or three lemons (after having put by the grated rind of the same) with a wineglassful of brandy; have 1lb. of dry sifted flour on a board, stir in the grated rind, make a hole in the middle, put in ½lb. of treacle, the same quantity of butter almost melted, the lemon juice and brandy; work all this together, adding at the least ¼oz. of cayenne pepper, and ½oz. of ground ginger. If too moist or sticky, add a little more flour, roll out as desired, and bake. Another way: Work together the following ingredients—2lb. of flour, 1lb. of butter, warmed, 1lb. of treacle, 1oz. of ground ginger, and a wineglassful of brandy. Finish as above. In France gingerbread is generally made with rye flour and honey as the principal com-