

filing up towards the ice-water tank for the purpose of concocting divers beverages, which they would drink with great relish and depart again, drawing their handkerchiefs across their lips after the manner of people who indulge. There was a lasting fragrance about the ice-water tank, which could be observed for a considerable distance.

Clearing the table after dinner was the hardest work we had to contend with; it was worse than giving half a dozen women the wrong tea. The divers mixtures that people used to leave on their plates surpasses belief. The quantity of food thrown away after each meal would feed a good-sized boarding house, and the rejected pudding and mutilated pie would feed a herd of goats. The boys were always glad when a storm came up because nobody could eat anything and it gave them a rest, but when the passengers recovered from the effects I generally observed that the boys paid somewhat dearly for the rest. The air on Lake Superior is calculated to give people an appetite, but it is nothing compared with the appetites they get after recovering from the effects.

The greatest scene of destruction I think I ever witnessed on a ship was one day at dinner when a waiter bound down from the pantry to the cabin with a heavy load of hash, collided with a waiter bound up from the cabin to the pantry with a miscellaneous cargo of empty plates and dishes. The shock was felt all over the boat and for the space of ten minutes the