

number on her sail. Accordingly, twenty-four numbers are rolled up and thrown into a cap, and betting begins again. He who has drawn the number which happens to be that of the pilot who takes the steamer into harbour pockets the pool.

I, who have never bet on anything in my life, even bet with my travelling companion, when the rolling of the ship sends our portmanteaus from one side of the cabin to the other, that mine will arrive first. One's intellectual faculties are reduced to this ebb.

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The nearest approach to a gay note in this concert of groans and grumblings is struck by some humorous and good-tempered American. He will come and ask you the most impossible questions with an ease and impudence perfectly inimitable. These catechisings are all the more droll because they are done with a naivety which completely disarms you. The phrase is short, without verb, reduced to its most concise expression. The intonation alone marks the interrogation. Here is a specimen.

We have on board the *Celtic* an American who is not a very shrewd person, for it has actually taken him five days to discover that English is not my native tongue. This morning (30th December) he found it out, and, being seated near me in the smoke-room just now, started the following conversation:—

»Foreigner?« said he.

»Foreigner,« said I, replying in American.

»German, I guess.«

»Guess again.«

»French?«

»Pure blood.«

»Married?«

»Married.»

»Going to America?

»Yes, evidently.«