

a chair for her ; that modest smile of thanks was sufficient reward.

There was a young lady who sat near us at dinner, a very pretty young lady, who had come all the way from San Francisco, and was returning home after a lengthened stay in Europe. It was quite evident that she and her friends must have staid some time in Geneva, and that they had succumbed to the temptations of the place. She seemed to be greatly struck by Lady Sylvia's appearance, and for the first day or two paid more attention to her than to her meals. Now on the third day, imagine our astonishment—for small things become great on board ship—on finding the pretty young San Franciscan come in to breakfast without a scrap of jewelry either round her neck or on her hands. She had even discarded the forefinger ring—an opal surrounded with diamonds—which were unanimously declared to be beautiful. Moreover she never wore any jewelry during the rest of that voyage. Why was this? Wearing jewelry, even Genevan jewelry, is a harmless foible. Is there any magnetism radiating from a human being that is capable of destroying bracelets and finger-rings, or at least of rendering them invisible? These are the mysteries of life.

But indeed we had more serious matters to think about, for we had with us a stern monitress, who did not fail to remind us that existence, even on board a transatlantic steamer, is not all composed of dry champagne and rope-quoits. She had made the acquaintance of the purser, and from him she had obtained particulars regarding some of the emigrants on board. The piteous tales she told us may have received a touch here and there from an imagination never of the dullest, but they sounded real enough, and it was very clear that they went right to Lady Sylvia's heart. Was it not possible, she anxiously asked, to do something for this poor man who was dying of consumption, and who, conscious of his doom, was making a struggle to have a look at his two sons out in Montana before the sunken eyes finally closed? What we had to do for him a day or two afterwards, was to attend his funeral. The weighted corpse, wrapped round with a union-jack, was borne along by the sailors to the stern of the ship, and there a number of the passengers congregated, and stood with uncovered

head to hear the short burial service read. It was not a pathetic scene. The man was unknown to us, but for that brief hint of his dying wish. The wild winds and the rushing waves drowned most of the words of the service. And yet there was something strange in the suddenness with which the corpse plunged down and disappeared, and in the blank loneliness of the sea thereafter. The man had neither friend nor relative on board.

There was an open space on the lower deck into which, for the freer air, the emigrants often came; and there they followed their domestic pursuits as unconscious as bees of being looked down upon from above. Surely it was no impertinent curiosity that our Queen T—taught her gentle friend to regard these poor people: rather it was with a great sympathy and friendliness. One morning she drew her attention to a young woman, who appeared to be also a young mother, for she had a couple of children dawdling about her heels; and Lady Sylvia was greatly distressed that those young things should be so dirty and obviously neglected. She was for sending for the invaluable Mr. Evans, and begging him to take some little present to the mother.

'But why should they be dirty? And why should they be neglected?' demanded that fierce social philosopher, whose height is five foot three. 'Look at the mother; look at her tawdry ribbons, her unkempt hair, her dirty face. She is a woman who has got no womanly pride. If she has a husband, God help him! Fancy what his home must be. If he has got rid of her, he should imagine he must be glad; he could keep the house cleaner without her. But look at that young woman over there—I know she has a young family too, for I saw them this morning. See how she has tucked up her dress so that she can go over the wet decks; she how she has carefully braided her hair; and do you see how all those tin things she has been washing are shining bright; and look at her now, polishing that knife, and putting the cloth up on the rope to dry. For my part, I have no sympathy with women who are squalid and dirty. There is no reason in the world why they should be so. A woman—and especially a wife—ought to make the best of her circumstances; and if her husband does