"The following day I was arrested and tried for 'contempt of court,' having as a juryman laughed out at some of the evidence, found guilty, and sentenced to find eigars for the court, as being a tectotaler I would neither drink nor treat others to drink; but for that reason an additional punishment was meted out, viz., I was to be 'jerked out of my boots,' which was duly done.

"At another time, when leaving the port of New York, the passengers had all to be aboard at or by midnight, as the ship sailed the following morning at six o'clock—on account of the tide. I went to my berth at ten o'clock, and was sound asleep when my fellow passenger, who was to sleep in the upper berth, came into the room with five or six gentlemen companions. They brought with them a basket, or hamper, of 'good stuff,' and opening a bottle, drank the health of their friend, wishing him bon voyage across the deep.

"The following morning I found my companion was a Catholic priest, who was going

on a visit to Ireland to see his relations, and a very nice, gentlemanly room-mate I found him. He said to me, as we were walking the deck the following day, What am I to do with my "good stuff" down in the basket; for Luever drink spirits, and won't you help yourself to it?' And when I told him I did not know the taste of the stuff, having joined a tectotal society not long after I had been weamed, his heart warmed toward me not a little. We then concocted a plan how to dispose of the 'good stuff,' for that same midnight, putting on our overcoats over our pyjamas, we went on the main deck, each of us carrying four bottles of the 'good stuff, and dropped them quietly into the sea, the good-hearted priest saying, 'Sure, the fish are never dry, and if "Davy Jones" gets drunk I'll absolve him."

"In conversation with him he told me he was from Pittsburg, also of his work as a parish priest among the iron workers—how he had succeeded in getting his people to abstain from intoxicants; how many homes had been restored to comfort and