

ended, for the passengers here receive the little cards which fix all places for the next two weeks; now we know also *when* each meal is to be as well as where we are to sit when we eat it. The stewards and porters have respite from inquiries about when the trunks, stored in the hold, may each day be opened, and order, Heaven's first law, asserts its sway. Happily, too, the steamer chairs, which at 2 A. M. last Monday morning were luckily found, after a long and provoking search through Tacoma for the warehouse keeper, have at last met with their proper owners, and we are now prepared to enjoy the luxury of resting comfortably on our own individual purchase of cane-seat.

At lunch we found our table adorned with a huge bouquet fully two feet high, the gift of a butcher of the town to our Captain, in grateful appreciation of his liberal purchases of beef and mutton. As our seats are next the Captain's we have the full benefit of the delicious odors that the fragrant, old-fashioned garden flowers pour into the not-always agreeably scented dining saloon.