

uproariously funny anecdotes, his quiet pranks and jokes on the unwary, and his round, rosy, laughing face.

He could preach a good sermon and tell a first-class ghost story. I remember his effort in the former direction on the two little words, "Launch out," as one of the most touching and telling discourses I ever listened to. I never heard a text more fitly and quaintly applied. And he told us one evening a ghost story, so ridiculous and so impossible that I never could master its marvelous details. We had a "candy pull" that evening, thanks to the amiability of our ship's cook, and when we paused in our hot work and surveyed the cream-colored result of our labors, and gazed ruefully on our buttered and burnt fingers, the Doctor laid aside his book, and, rising in his quiet corner, said, in his funny, small, apologetic voice, "If you—like—I will—tell you a—ghost story."

There was one passenger of a terribly matter-of-fact turn of mind, who carped and cavilled at the Doctor's effort. "How could the ghost do that?" and "Didn't you say the *other* ghost was married?" until the Doctor paused, and was on the verge of anger, when a woman of tact spoke sharply up, "No more interruptions, please," and the puzzled and unbelieving carper subsided.

Another evening we had a ball on deck. The captain ordered the men to drape the deck with flags and hang colored lamps about, which they proceeded to do with that absorbed and abstracted air I have noticed in sailors. Then the German band came up from the steerage, and played some funny old asthmatic waltzes and polkas, and we danced as best we could, though sometimes the performance partook of the alternate nature of a climb and a slide. But we enjoyed it as only the lighthearted and lightfooted can.

We had an experience meeting, when each one had ten minutes to relate the adventures of one voyage he or she had taken. I think the funniest was the confession of a young husband as to a jaunt in a democrat wagon on a Sunday morning, in company with his nice little wife, and an amateur photographing outfit. The pic-nic developed into a runaway, and though the history only took ten minutes, it was very rich. Of course, they always have a concert on every voyage, but a concert on board ship is even worse than a concert on shore, the only fun about it being the comical introductions by the Chicago divine, who made an excruciating