

"Got a bad cold and head-ache, sir," responded a voice, totally unlike that I had first heard.

"Oh, never mind my boy," I said; "I won't disturb you." To which the invisible youth replied, "Thank you, sir." And after arrangiug my few traps, I returned on deck, and thought no more of the matter until dinner-hour arrived, when I expected to see my double-voiced friend, but—didn't. I inquired of the steward if any dinner had been sent to No. 4, and he replied in the negative.

Having finished my own, I again went below; this time the door was unlocked, but the curtains were as "hermetically sealed" as before. I asked, "Ain't you going to take any dinner?" and got for a reply, in the same foggy voice, "Can't you let a fellow alone?—don't want anything!"

After this, of course, inquiry was rude; so, as there was a slight sea on, and I am always squeamish the first few hours (*squeamish*, mind!—not sick—oh, no!) I, after taking a few turns on deck, and inquiring "how her head was!" and remarking, with a T.P.C. hitch of my trousers, that it "looked dirty to wind'ard," tumbled below, and "turned in"—i.e., undressed myself, and got into my crib, which was not, as is mostly the case, above or below my companions, but opposite, and in such close proximity, that I might, had I been on a sufficiently friendly *footing*, have kicked the said companion at pleasure.

Generally, I sleep pretty well at sea, but this night I didn't—couldn't—Could *not* keep my eyes off the closed curtains of the opposite berth. I could see that they were *pinned* in two places—the heels of a pair of patent-leath boots peeped out from beneath; there were also a coarse-looking cloak and broad-brimmed wike-awake hat on the top of a port-manteau, which last had evidently undergone violent usage in a fruitless endeavour to be "got under" the berth. I thought I detected a slight sneeze, and again a mild blowing of the nose, and the faintest moving of the curtain. I at last became convinced that an eye was looking at me—an eye—one eye—and in no ordinary way either. Not as an eye ought to look—bravely out through the half-opened curtain—no, sir; but sliily, surreptitiously, through an artificial slit, where no slit should have been. Slit, do I say?—a very pin-hole; but there *was* the eye; I could see the glitter of the pupil, and the winking of the lashes, and