

The Man Who Wasn't Wanted

Fate and a Green Sea Took Him Down Channel.

I SAID nothing. He plainly considered himself a poetical, likewise a learned, man. Sometimes these rare qualities are round together; and if I made no reply it may have been because I was too ignorant to make any to his questions. Among other things he said: "Circumstances is much; but the act of man matters nothing! What act of braven and honor is of any real significance to man? What muscular adventure of any of Homer's heroes is comparable to the unsatisfied desire of the aged Ulysses to sail beyond the sunset and the haunts of all the western stars? What weighs the merely impulsive playing of Abel's body in the balance with the heaven-sent remorse of Cain, the Questioner, doomed to live with unslumbering soul?"

To which, as related, I made no reply; the man seemed to know so much, and I was only a sea-apprentice acting as third mate for the first time in my life, and 19 years old. I did not even ask him if he understood Greek or had read Homer.

He was standing beside me on the poop as the ship lay in the dock basin. We had both eaten our dinner at the saloon table, he being a solitary cabin passenger—recounting his weakened vitality by a passage to "Frisco"—and I a subordinate officer by the grace of the master. He was concluding a conversation begun below, while the new crew were coming over the side in two and threes, some accompanied by boarding masters as far as the gangway, some by relatives, all with straw mattresses, brook-pots, green handled washbasins or canvas bags. I wanted about half an hour to high water, and when that should be, we would be off for California.

Unlike the passenger, I had already been there to reduce some of my unnecessary vitality. One of the seamen coming aboard was being helped up the gangway plank by a man in a tall hat and frock coat, and just as they reached the rail both stumbled over and sprawled upon the spare spars. The landman of the "outbound" abused his companion, while the latter instantly forgave by staggering to his feet and embracing the other, entreating him to go ashore with him for "another drink." Their mutual "act" was a common one at ship-sailing; but their accent was one rarely heard under such conditions or "circumstances."

BEFORE THE DOCK GATES OPENED.

I went forward to order the landman ashore, for both men had entered the deckhouse, and we expected the dock gates to open every minute. The tow-ropes were on the forecastle, hitched and parcelled. The captain, who was talking to the midship, saw me going forward, and called me back.

"We don't want any drunkards this trip," said he; "you can get them both ashore. We have three hands more than our legal complement as it is—thanks to the generous overboard. And then, 'We shall be off in a few minutes, and maybe they both want a drink,' said he. The three 'extra hands' were two apprentices and the passenger, who would be useful for a top-sail haul, I supposed. I wanted the new man to stay. He had signed on, like the others, and the more men, the lighter the work. But 'get rid of both of them' said the master. The poetical and likewise learned passenger followed me with that extraordinary mental blindness which leads some men to stumble over thresholds of disaster. As we went on self-creatively accumulating or else unfolding, already ordained, that circumstance might be. I confess my ignorance of these things, but that passenger apparently knew all about them.

"Get ashore, my lad!" I found myself saying at the deckhouse door to the seaman's companion (who, by the way, was about 10 years my senior). "The captain has ordered everybody ashore, not on the articles; get over with you!" The seaman embraced his friend and wanted to go up the town for another liquor. (Should I obey the master?) "All right," said I. "You can go as well. If you like—take your time up town, there is no hurry!" The two men rose from their seat, joined together like curiously configured twins, their hands affectionately rummaging in each other's hair.

"My beloved brother, sir," said the landman with liquorish gravity, releasing himself, making a bow, and putting on his tall hat, "come and have a

last brandy and soda, Bernard." Neither the drunk nature of the drink nor the refined accent of the muddled man surprised me. I discovered afterwards that Bernard, the ordinary seaman, had been a year on the naval engineering ship at Portsmouth as a cadet. I stood aside to give them searoom, when the passenger (who had been behind me) said to them with shake-down-altogether familiarity, very condescending in such a seafaring man, "If it is only a drink you want, you fellows, here! (taking out a pint bottle of cognac from his overcoat pocket). Have some of my 'medicinal stores.' He then entered the 'form-cabin'—as the deck-house was nicknamed. He had no right there, but I was called away by the chief mate, and I left them drinking cognac together.

AN INCIDENT OF DEPARTURE.

In 20 minutes we were under way; and the learned passenger had defeated the economical decision of the master. The ordinary seaman's now quite drunken companion attempted a pier-head jump of it; and the passenger's kindness had nearly sent him and his tall hat into the deep dock had not a tide-waiter-clutched part of them; and this part was the man himself, who lost his hat. Such incidents at leave-takings used to be as common as maggots in a bread barge. His "brother" was snoring dead drunk in the deck-house; no relative, I afterwards was told by Bernard himself.

Two days later, down Channel, it blew hard. Then the leader-like thought the masts would go by the board when the deep-laden ship rolled, weather rail under in every mighty and sheltering trough, and lee rail under when her lower topsails felt the full strength of the gale. The banyards of the lower shrouds were quite slack, and it was impossible to set them up, and we were all up to our necks in water, rigging up jennies and hawsers for the stay. Pigstyes and stunsail booms and smaller spars and harness casks were navigating themselves up and down the decks and through the caddy bulkhead channeled across the deck. There were so many acts to perform, so many different things to catch, at risk of broken limbs or death; it was not quite so amusing as water polo in a swimming bath, and I don't think that the pale passenger, lashed to the skylight on the poop, felt altogether happy as he watched the crew toiling below him.

I was ordered by the mate to send the lower anchors on the topgallant forecastle more securely lashed. I took an able seaman and the man Bernard with me, and we first lashed ourselves to a lifeline, and then passed some chains along across the deck and round the crowns of the anchors, uniting them thus. Bernard was quite sober after three days, and he was also in a mood to help. I said nothing; he heard him say to the other man just as we finished and we all rose from our crouching, spray-swept position and untied ourselves: "My God, what a life! If it had not been for that Jonah on the poop I'd have gone ashore and missed the ship." I said nothing; I wanted to get down off the forecastle. The able seaman and myself swung ourselves down amidships, but Bernard lingered behind, holding the lifeline and looking to leeward, presumably in the direction of the invisible land. "This is to be may life!" he shouted. "This! Curse the sea! Curse the sea! Curse it! This shall be my last voyage! Curse the sea!"

BERNARD TO WINDWARD.

At that moment I and the other seamen were thrown down by the tremendous lurching dive that the ship made, and then a green sea broke over the forward part from bows to main hatch. My leg was wounded by a splinter of bulwark, but I managed, like all the rest, to float about safe on board. All except—"Man overboard!" roared somebody presently. Bernard had gone straight down, heavy with his oilskins, right under the ship's bottom and up to windward, where he was sighted by the Channel pilot on the poop. The weather may be best understood from two things—we took the pilot to Madeira as we could not disembark him before, and a life-buoy which he himself attempted to throw to windward traveled through the air across the deck and fell a ship's length to leeward.

"He seems to be swimming away!" cried the passenger, who had now lashed himself to the mizen-top-sail sheets at the mast. Nobody heeded his words, leaving the lurching sea-wester of the drowning man far to windward.

His hands were visible now and again struggling feebly, his face always hidden under the string-secured seawater. Then, first one, then another, and a mighty one—a roller with a mane of scornful spume—turned him over and over like the cork of a bottle, and he was past fighting any more the unforgiving ocean! The ship herself got some of that roller.

"Why didn't you lower a boat?" whispered the pale passenger when it had passed. "Lower 'hell, you idiot!" cried the captain, the sea-water dripping from his beard. "God give landmen a grain of sense! Do you want more men lost?" I was standing on the poop and heard the passenger, but I said nothing. What was there to say? He considered himself a learned man

and I was only a sea apprentice, and third mate by grace of a parsimonious master! So I said nothing, though I had read Homer and written verses—Robert Elliot in Manchester Guardian.

CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.

Then a cold and a cough—let it run on—get pneumonia or consumption that's all. No matter how you get your cough don't neglect it—take Ballard's Horehound Syrup and you'll be over it in no time. The sure cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary disease in young and old. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, 112-114 South Main street.

Daniels sells uncalled for suits and overcoats for \$10. 57 West 2nd South.

PHONE GIRL'S DREAM.

Speaking of getting up in the morning, Manager Yensen of the Bell Telephone company tells of a girl employed in one of their exchanges who had been having trouble getting to work on time in the morning. She bought an alarm clock and placed it near her little bunk when she went to sleep. When the alarm got into action the next morning she turned in her sleep uneasily and remarked, "Line is busy!" Then she resumed her sound sleep.—Fred Kelly in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A GIRL'S RACE FOR LAND.

A long distance telephone message, an accommodating friend and a horse and buggy, proved a winning combination

for Miss Madge Murch, for it was with their aid that she secured a valuable homestead.

Miss Murch recently decided to file on a quarter section clothed with valuable timber, and, securing the number, she started for the Lewiston land office ready to file. She learned that a man expected to board the same train with the same object in view. She decided to invoke the aid of a Lewiston friend, and calling up Mrs. J. B. West of Lewiston on the telephone, she explained her predicament and invited help.

Mrs. West met Miss Murch at the train with a horse and buggy. The only woman jumped into the buggy and the horse was driven at breakneck speed to the land office, where Miss

Murch announced her intention of filing on the quarter, giving her number to the register, who furnished her with the blanks.

Just as she secured the papers, a young man entered the office, excited by a run from the depot, and asked to file on the same quarter section. He was two minutes too late, as Murch had won.—Lewiston Correspondence of Anaconda Standard.

PUT IN JAIL.

Very accurately describing anyone's legs who is confined to the house, an attack of rheumatism, lumbago, joints or muscles. Ballard's Horehound Syrup will cure the trouble, relieve pain and make you as supple as a year old. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, 112-114 South Main street.

Greatest Money-Saving Sale of the Season at Z. C. M. I.

Linens, Domestics, Flannels, Dress Goods, etc., etc.—Staple Goods you need every day—will be sold at exceptional prices

COMMENCING MONDAY MORNING, JAN. 20th.

In addition our DRESS GOODS DEPT. will offer a number of bargain specials. Every price quoted is genuine and reliable. Z. C. M. I. does not allow misrepresentation, and the quality goodness of these articles will be recognized at a glance. Great business is inevitable during this sale.

Great Linen Reductions!

Z. C. M. I. is noted for carrying the very best Irish linen, manufactured by Wm. Liddell & Co., of Belfast, Ireland, who produces the finest linens obtainable. These linens are always appreciated. They are snow white and durable. Commencing Monday morning they will sell rapidly at these price reductions.

Fine Doilies	Tray Cloths	Table Linens and Napkins	Lunch Cloths	Damask Scarfs
Glass, Fruit or Plate Doilies, 3, 6, 9, 12, 15 and 18-in. square. Embroidered and Mexican drawn work. Beautiful designs and striking effects.	Beautiful Linen Tray Clothes, 18x24, 18x27, 18x30, 24x24, 27x27. Hemstitched, embroidered and Mexican drawn work at	Elegant designs, satin finish, new patterns. Great variety to select from	Hemstitched, embroidered and Mexican drawn work, 30 inch and 36 inch square. Many designs to choose from, and all exceptional values at	Beautiful scarfs, 18x26, 18x45, 18x54, 18x63, 18x72. Hemstitched, embroidered and Mexican drawn work at
33 1/3% Off	33 1/3% Off	25% OFF	33 1/3% Off	33 1/3% Off
10c yd. FOR BLEACH MUSLIN, 36 in. wide, regularly sold for 15c a yard. Limited 10 yards to a customer.			ALL HUCK and DAMASK LINEN TOWELS, excellent values at their regular price, now, 25% Off	

BED SPREADS, full size, satin finish, square corner, worth \$2.50, sale price	\$1.75
BED SPREADS, honey comb, cut corner, fringed, worth \$2.25, sale price	\$1.50
ALL DOWN AND COTTON COMFORTS, beautifully soft and spongy, at	25% Off
ALL WOOL AND COTTON BLANKETS, nothing nicer these cold nights, at	25% Off



ENGLISH LONG CLOTHS, worth 20c a yard, in 12 yard lengths, the piece	\$1.50
ENGLISH LONG CLOTHS, worth 22 1-2c a yard, in 12 yard lengths, the piece	\$1.65
ENGLISH LONG CLOTHS, worth 25c a yard, in 12 yard lengths, the piece	\$1.75
WHITE NAINSOOK, self finish, 36 in. wide, worth 25c yd., in 12 yard lengths, the piece	\$1.80

42 in. PEPPERELL PILLOW CASING, regular 20c yard, sale price	15c
46 in. PEPPERELL PILLOW CASING, regular 22 1-2c a yard, sale price	16 1/2c
8-4 PEPPERELL BLEACH SHEETING, regular 35c a yard, sale price	28c
9-4 PEPPERELL BLEACH SHEETING, regular 37 1-2c a yard, sale price	30c
10-4 PEPPERELL BLEACH SHEETING, regular 40c a yard, sale price	32c
36 in. BROWN SHEETING, Bronson C., sale price, a yard	5c
36 in. BROWN SHEETING, L. L., sale price, a yard	7c
36 in. BROWN SHEETING, Henderson A., sale price, a yard	8c

36 in. BROWN SHEETING, Indian Head, sale price, a yard	10c
OUR LEADER SHEETS, 72x90, worth 90c, sale price	60c
OUR LEADER SHEETS, 81x90, worth \$1.00, sale price	70c
LARGE HEMSTITCHED, 81x90, worth \$1.50, sale price	\$1.10
FINE BLEACH PILLOW CASES, 45x36, regular 20c, sale price	12 1/2c
ALL WHITE GOODS in Persian Lawns, India Linens, Victoria Lawns, Nainsooks, Dimities, Piques, Waistings, Mulls and Mazalia Cloth will be sold at—	

ALL FLANNELETTES will be sacrificed at, a yard	10c
ALL FANCY COLORED OUTING FLANNELS will be sold at, a yard	10c
COTTON PLAID SUITINGS, a beautiful line, 27 and 36 in wide, a yard	15c
ALL WOOL WAISTINGS, ranging in price from 50c to \$1.00 a yard, will be sold at—HALF PRICE.	
ALL AMOSKEAG APRON GINGHAMS, 10c will be sold at, a yard	8 1/2c
ALL FANCY COVERED CUSHIONS at	25% Off
TERRY CLOTH WASH CLOTHS, regular 5c each, sale price	2 1/2c

Greatly Reduced Prices

Dress Goods Dept. Specials

Remarkable money-saving opportunities. Not only are the prices attractive, but these goods are popular and seasonable fabrics for immediate use. The qualities are excellent and the patterns stylish—the price reductions speak for themselves. We advise you to come early and take full advantage of these special bargains.

MIXED DRESS GOODS—Light and Dark Colors, regular price 65c a yard, sale price	45c
IMPORTED WOOLLEN PLAIDS, regular price \$1.50 to \$2.00, will be sold during the sale, at—	
Half Price.	
WOOLLEN NOVELTIES, all stripes and checks, at—	
One-Third Off.	
SILKS—A handsome line of Plaid and Check Silks at	25% Off
BLACK (BONNET) TAFFETAS, 26 and 30 inches wide, during sale	20% Off

Suitable and Appropriate Mid-Season Goods will sell at 20 to 50% OFF.

ALL DRESS GOODS in stock will be sold during this sale at	25% Off
CHALLIES—Regularly sold from 45c to 60c a yard, during this sale	35c
BLACK LACE ROBES, Elegant Creations that sell from \$25.00 to \$100.00 will be sold at—	
Half Price.	
CURLED POLAR BEAR—In brown, cardinal, navy blue. Especially appropriate for Children's coats and hoods	25% Off
ASTRACHAN—In white, black navy blue, brown and cardinal	25% Off



SNAKE BITES DON'T HURT.

C. E. Olson, of Council Bluffs, Ia., is totally indifferent to the bite of rattlesnakes, and he keeps a couple of the "diamond backs" on hand all the time. He has been bitten thousands of times by rattlers, and pays not as much attention to a snake bite as he does to the sting of a mosquito.

Last week Olson was taken before the clinic at the Graceland medical college, in Omaha, where he had been urged to submit to an investigation. He came and brought with him a suit case containing a few of his pets.

When all was in readiness Olson turned the grip on its side and put a key in the lock. From within came the muffled "whirr-r-r" which denoted an angry rattler getting ready for business.

Olson calmly raised the lid and was promptly struck on the left arm by the largest of the snakes. He had previously bent his arm to the show, and the bite was true and easily seen

by the assembled physicians and students.

Olson placed the wounded arm to his lips, sucked at the two little wounds which told where the fangs had entered, spat on the floor, and then reaching into the case took the snake with both hands and drew him, squirming, out to full view.

"Ain't he a beauty, gentlemen?" was all he said.

Then he went after the smaller one of the two snakes and soon had this one in his hands. Holding it with one hand, he teased and frolicked it until it, too, was ready for "business." Then Olson deliberately placed his arm close to the snake's head and was rewarded with a bite which would have caused the death of any other man unless an antidote was quickly taken.

Olson treated his wound as he had done the first one—that is, he simply sucked out the venom and went on with his experiments.