The Wandering Sailor Returned to His Home

Claimed Its Victim.

sea, and with longing eyes gazed far the-

fell deeply in love. In due season, another way. By getting others of dying. In the course of time these her deprivation, Mary had thought sons grew up, like their father, went and talked herself into accepting down to the sea in ships. Also like Charlie's home coming as a thing of their father, they afterwards married. certainty.

out undue accident

rely reviled the ocean for stealing so exceedingly strong, that nothing him from her. Born and bred in a could uproot it. What would have happened to the boy would return and girl-now aged twelve and elever "He'll come not come to the rescue, the gossips of must' come !

usual policy of telling everybody. shout twelve miles west of Plymouth: a lifetime, he provided a pleasant harhourage for himself and his orphan grandchildren.

Four years elasped. Then, Charlie fired by tales of daring deeds seen and done by the old man, yearned to go Grandfather ?" and do likewise. One day he went.

bringing with them the births, deaths ful rainbow weddings, christenings, funerals, and to such a period-but no Charlie.

"I wonder if he'll come today,

Every morning, after the first year. man and the young girl exevery morning during that following lurching heavily against it. out over the unalterable, ever-chang-stiffly at the door? bg waters—watching the distant "Come in!" falter

ign-he neither came nor sent.

But the idol so Long and Anxiously her imagination fired by the old taken! Surely, the miserable object row. I'll take care of him." "He may, my lass-he may. Who brave, so noble. Was he not constant drunk! Oh, the shame of it!

out over the unalterable, ever-chang- Even when her own hope failed ing waters - watching the distant (God knows how often that agony passing ships, wondering which of was borne!) and she gave up her then would make for the harbor, and sweetheart for lost, she still encour valuing for a man who to them was aged the old man in his belief. He all the world. But watch and wait had been, and was yet, so kind and wonder who would, he made no her, so loving that she detrmined to sign—he neither came nor sent . . . strengthen, by every means in her Some time in the year 1769, Peter power, the one hope that brightened Thornton, a big-hearted young sailor, his declining days. This did good in his love being returned, he married believe, one sometimes believes one For a while he was happy - very self. And thus it chanced with Mary happy. One fine morning, however, That her lover would return, becam his loving wife presented him with with her—owing to her constant as-two sons, avoiding all trouble of sertions—a matter of little doubt. rearing them by the simple expedient And by the end of the sixth year of

The wife of one became the mother of In the days when Peter and Mary a boy-christened Charlie; the wife of waited for news, communication was he other became the mother of a girl so indefinite, especially with a small christened Mary. The twin brothers off-the-map place like Barcombe, that hared a fishing smack; and for many no letter or traveller could be expectyears they followed their calling with- ed till actually arrived. Therefore Peter and Mary were not so convinc But one tempestuous night, when ed of the death of their absent man was heard "thunder of storms on the as would people in these latter days sands and wailing of wives on the be by such hope-killing silence. In-shore," they were both summoned to deed, they were not convinced at all. the deep. The mother of Charlie By constant tending, the belief that covered from the sudden loss Charlie would return became so firmly of her husband; and she ofttimes bit planted in their minds, and flourished

little village some forty miles inland, "Slowly, slowly, slowly, the days and not being so habit-hardened as succeeded each other." Still the rere the other women, she was on much-longed-for man came not. But, the to bear her cross so stoutly. Not although again and again these patilong afterwards she gave up bearing entawatchers felt the anguish of if at all. When that occurred, the heart hungering for sight of a loved mother of Mary took Charlie under one, and although again and again her lee, and for some time managed they tasted the bitterness of hope deto keep things floating. One quiet ferred, they never despaired. Each night, however, just at the turn of continued to cheer and beguile the

"He'll come yet," Peter would say, respectively-if their grand other had "He'll come yet, I tell thee. He the village didn't know, they didn't; were drowned-good men, too-he and, not knowing, they pursued the can't be. It wouldn't be fair. He's ing his best to contradict that state-Peter Thornton had ploughed the he'll come some day—a great man, ocean for fifty- two years—thirty— And then, I know, he'll marry thee!" empty sack. Accordingly, he watched empty sack. Accordingly, he watched empty sack. Accordingly and without pain. the truth had been forced upon him that it was Grandfather it was who when it did, he clutched it as firmly hat it was "time to be old—to take wanted Charlie, Grandfather it was as he could, lest it should escape of his loss fairly well till the runeral. sail. The God of Bounds, who sets who deserved Charlie, Grandfather it him. And with a growl of content- But when, standing beside the grave, mitted to return, might be permitted

"He may, my lass-he may. Who

he came not. Six years dragged by afterwards, across the sky stretchtheir slow lengths along-six years, ed with glorious brilliance a beauti-

all other minor details of change and ing through the casement. "There's chance, growth and decay, incidental God's sign that the world will never our Charlie-

thanged these same remarks. And thud upon the door—as of a hody God! Her beautiful idol had tallen he was right, after all. Though

tooden landing-stage built beside the Was this the dead returned? Was floor. But there! It was not enand with longing eyes gazed far this a drowned man's feet thrusting tirely Charlie's fault that she had

"Come in !" faltered Mary lassing ships, wondering which of Following several ineffectual atthe had never promised to come backthem would make for the harbor, and tempts, the latch was lifted and the great and glorious. He had only waiting for a man who to them was door flung open. In the centre of the promised to come back-just himself. all the world. But watch and wait room staggered, rather than walked, And, therefore, Charlie was not to and wonder who would, he made no a young man. He was hollow-cheek- blame The power of Peter's hope was as clothes were old and torn, and soaked as did his granddaughter about the ounding. Indeed as the years pass, with rain, his boots were burst at condition of his newly returned grand. Who knows? bunding. Indeed, as the years pass- with rain; his boots were burst at condition of his newly returned granded, and he consequently grew older the seams and covered with mud. His son. Peter was only glad that he and older, his optimism became al- hair was uncombed; his face and had got him back at all. Of course, "The sea is just," he hands were unwashed. His whole as- he would have much preferred him to used to say. "And although it took pect was that of a man who had have re-entered his native village with y sons and many another brave tramped for miles with little food and sounding of trumpets and waving of llow I've known, it won't take him, less shelter. But if he had not had banners, instead of crawling back as won't take our Charlie. We-me much lood, he had had much drink- he had done, like an outcast or a d you, lass want him too much." too much drink. And strong drink at wounded animal. he the one subject, at least, he did that. He appeared to know it: for course, he would have preferred him of allow his experience to interfere tried to steady himself by clutching sober to drunk. Still, he had really with his hope : in which, perhaps, he at the table. In so doing he swept got him back. He could see him, he "as wisely foolish. The great dream on to the floor some of the tea things could touch him! He had really got d his life was to live till the boy Standing, or rather swaying, among him back-after so many empty years

in the course of time, he had he muttered-'Well,-old, old man than grateful to idolize. In his estimation, (hic!), don'tsch know me?" For a while Peter and Mary sat and Charlie none could compare. Know him? Of course! Or why discussed Charlie's probable adven- Pioneer drug store.

Charlie was "the finest fellow that make towards him, and pat him lov-tures, as they had done so many ingly on the shoulder, and laugh, and times before. But, now, with what The young man boarded the green can be shoulder, and call him titles and call him titles and call him titles. day he would return-a great than, a shout, and cry, and call him "Char-different imaginings! Then Peter car at the corner of Sixth street and other direction. us man. And then his fellow lie! My Charlie! Our Charlie! suggested that Mary should go to sed the avenue. He was out of breath, as "That's right and they advertise villagers would see his worth, and, Good Charlie !" Know him? . Of while he himself sat and watched by if he had been running, and there was that all of the rooms were big and course ! The idol has come at last ! the side of the sofa, on which, with a queer, wild light in his eye. He airy and that folks had to sleep under Mary had been her cousin's sweet- Mary, who had risen when the door mouth wide open, and breathing sten- addressed the man on his left, a blankets every night on account of

grew to love him in earnest. He be- Charlie, the man she has heard al- wished. In the night, worn out with stout man.

"You don't say so!" said the stout man," looking interestedly in the

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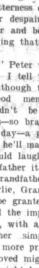
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Although the others Charlte's all right."

seas a shore," had ordained that was who would be granted Charlie. ment he dropped on to it, clumsily he heard the clods of clay strike up. the aged, storm-beaten mariner And then, with all the implicit faith and heavily.

On the aged, storm-beaten mariner And then, with all the implicit faith and heavily.

"Well Mar signal in well-won peace, der fondness of her simple heart. accordingly, he hore up for his native Mary would once more pray to God corner—to see time—at Jolly (hic!) fillage-Barcombe, on the coast, that the lad she loved might be perand, with the hard-earned savings of to comfort and console-Grandfather!

seated at tea in their cottage. They y'll 'bout (hie) morror! His! that his grandson was lying quietly "I wonder if he'll come today,

He was expected to be back in this knows?"

months: The expectation was not Just then the rain ceased, the realized. Twelve months passed. Two clouds opened, and the sun shone years passed—three—four—five. Still forth in all its majesty; while, short-

"Look !" cried the old man, point-

While he was speaking, there came from outside a shuffling sound of iterated praises, had upconjured and And he's not come yet, he's not come retiod they strolled down to a little Was this someone being carried? the cups that were lying upon the

the back—the boy whom he yearned the fragments, he eyed the expectant of weary watching, waiting and wonlook upon once again—the boy onlookers with a drunken leer. Then dering ! And for that he was, work FROM MEXICO AT NEW SAVDY.

seas. Certainly, they were only boy stood watching the two men with his drink,

came her idol; at his shrine she daily ways so bepraised, the man she has excitement, he fell asleep. When he "They advertised forty acres of worshipped. Others might be as tall learnt to admire and to love! Tall awoke, the day was breakin. Rising grounds, you know, with golf links

wonder if he'll come today, and as strong, and perhaps even as he is; and, were he but clean, hand- briskly from his chair, he hobbled to and tennis courts and all that sort of moden landing-stage built beside the would return, as he had promised, and long. But it'll soon pass off. He's ed. But this time all would be really times a day too!" only been goin in for a little merry- well. Turning to the sofa, he found "Well, well!" mildly ejaculated the covered the wonderful country board-

heart before he went out over the had been so radely flung open, now torously, lay Charlie, still sleeping off stout, comfortable looking individual the coolness and I found it to be a smoking a cigar.

and girl; but their vows had not been staring eyes and whitened cheeks. "Don't thee fret, my lass; don't "Well I've got a bird of a place to "I'want to know," breathed the all in play. And during his absence- Surely her grandfather must be mis-Awaited Was Shattered - Death man's incessant praising of him-she that he is caressing is not Charlie! But Peter did not take the care he "You don't say so," replied the

handsome; but none was so loyal, so some he is. But drunk-her Charlie the window and threw back the shut- thing, and, say, they've got 'em all. ter. Over the sea rose a pink blush And they advertised fresh milk and that it all could be had for the most changed these same remarks. And would he no—? Yes, her grandfather was nobody couldn't take him. You'll find he's priod they strolled down to a little like Charlie—nobody! One day he a bit strange—after being away so thousands of times he had been cheat tables with the dew still on 'em three lables, and vegething and reached for the lables with the dew still on 'em three lables with lables with lables with the dew still on 'em three lables with lables wit

THE MINTO ROADHOUSE.

the tide, she herself suddenly sank. other into believing that their idol makin'-with his shipmates-on &c- that Charlie was still slumbering- stout man. count of his comin' back you know, slumbering very peacefully-slumber- "And they advertised a fine swim- sisting, into the cab, saying to the my lass-on account of his comin ing as he had left him-breast down-ming lake on the premises, stocked conductor:

Tar. Six minutes past-six minutes child-a child that has been deprive past! No. six years past! Hee hee of a cherished possession Afterward hee! Six years past! Rath'r late his memory, as far as concerned It was the end of a rainy summer Bett'r late—than too late! Hic! Charlie's strange and brief reappearafternoon. Peter and Mary were Oh, dear me! What Manners! Tell ance, became a blank. Forgetting

> Manners, Charlie, manners! Hic! With a dull stare and multiplying tired of counting the number of cld unsatisfied longing. And to everyone women and young men-no, young whom he chanced to meet he told the tired of endeavoring to determine how man. many twisted legs the lopsided table

fell into a heavy sleep. This, then, thought poor disillusion again be drowned! You know, my ed Mary-only she was far too troubllass, as the parson told us the other ed to put her thoughts into wordsday. Perhaps we may take it that this, then, was the reality of the ideal personage that her girlish imagination, stimulated by the old man's relootsteps, followed by a disquieting glorified. This, then, was-Ah, dear

from his pedestal, and, now, was as been so sorely disappointed. He had never made professions of sainthood:

And, equally of

back. Charlie's all right, I tell you wards, face turned to the wall. with choice specimens of the finny

Later, he tried to awaken him. So tribe, and if I haven't been swimming taking him to a sanitaruim, and he did Mary. So did the village doctor in that fine sandy bottomed lake left us for a minute at the station The last-named said it was alcohol- every day and catching a boatload of and we thought we'd lost him."so loyal, my lass—so brave! Yes, ment. Full though he was, he could be poisoning, accelerated by exposure fish every day, too, I'm a goat!" Peter Thornton had ploughed the he'll come some day-a great man. no more stand upright than can at and want of food; and that deceased -

> Smitten old Peter bore the agony on the coffin-lid, the full consciousness "Well, Mary, girl," he murmured. of what had happened came strong up was led home, whimpering like in the churchyard beneath the waving grass, he persisted in watching beside the rolling sea, as in the years vision born of strong drink, he looked agone. Then, for him, began again helplessly around the room. Getting all the aching of heart, the restless,

men and old women-no-and getting story-as he knew it-of his lost "A fine fellow-a noble fellow. He really had got, he shortly afterwards promised to be back in six months. But he has never come. I shall see him one day, I suppose. Ah, waiting months, he said-a fine fellow, too. That's a long while ago, thoughlong while. And he's not come vet Why do they keep him from me !

> Charlie came, the man-the ideal man -for whom Peter and Mary had waited so long, so patiently, so hopefully, never; never came,

And her lost idol, Mary waited always till the day she died. And that perhaps, was why she was able to maintain the kindly duping of broken "I wonder if he'll come today, my

"He may, Grandfather-he may

GEO. GAMBLE. Circumstantial Evidence. Papa-Where's my umbrella? I'm ure I put it in the hall stand with he others last evening. Willie-I guess Mabel's beau took Mabel-Why, Willie! The idea Willie-Well, when he was saying

good hight to you, I heard him say,

'I'm going to steal just one."-Phila-