

LOVE LEVELS RANKS.

A Touching Tale of Passion Waited Northward from the Islands of Samoa.

From the Chicago Times. "Most of these remarks about love," said the cap'n, rubbing his nose with the back of his tarry thumb, "always rounds me to under the flash-light of Fred Larkins' absorbing and fatal passion."

Now, to begin with, no one was talking about love or anything else relating in any way to the tender passion. For over an hour the sailors and the cap'n had been sitting on the dock discussing the relative merits of pure pork fat and axel grease for slushing yard and topmast. And they had just decided that pure fat well rubbed in on a freshly scraped spar was far superior to the best brand of axel grease ever made when the cap'n squared away with his love story.

But then that was his way. Often in the midst of the most interesting deep-water conversation the cap'n would drop a stern and sit in pensive silence for a long time. Then he would suddenly break in with something utterly foreign to the general drift, prefacing the story with "Speaking of this or that," or "These remarks remind me."

When the cap'n pulls the battens off his hatches and prepares to break out a story the sailors always pipe down and listen in respectful silence to hear what the old salt has to say. It is not that a sailor's line of policy to cross a captain's bows, even if he isn't sailing with him, for he can not tell when circumstances may place them together in the same ship. But with lubbers it is different. The landsman is not up in forecastle etiquette and always breaks in with idiotic questions that are very annoying to the narrator of the stories.

"I have seen a pale-browed lubber in the party on this occasion, and no sooner had the cap'n squared away on the story of Larkins and his fatal passion when the lubber chipped in with: "Say, cap'n, who was this man Larkins?"

"Shipmate of mine; foremast-hand in the United States steamer 'Wachusett' of the Pacific squadron during the cruise of 1883 among the South Sea islands, where he offered himself a sacrifice at the shrine of his love—a well-footed female cannibal without any clothes to speak of," replied the cap'n, as he caught his breath for another start.

"Larkins was all right," he continued, "until he struck the Samoan islands, where he met Mary Cheese. That wasn't her name, but we called her Mary Cheese just to tease Larkins."

"We anchored in Apia, the principal island in the Samoan group, early in May 1883. About a week later we pulled up our mud-hook and sailed for Pago Pago, sixty miles distant with the American consular on board. Pago is a sort of a ring-worm island rising several hundred feet above water and inclosing a circular basin or harbor about one mile in extent. The only entrance to the harbor is a narrow opening to the westward, through which the ship was steered by a native pilot. On the north shore of the harbor the government had dumped a great pile of coal for the use of her ships in those waters. We were there for coal and remained four days filling the bunkers. It was in this picturesque spot that Larkins fell in love."

"At that time he was a mess-cook down on the lower deck, where he prepared the daily screech of his messmates. Think of it, will you? Those low, vulgar sailors called rice, clean grub screech. It makes me sick to think of it," and the captain shuddered at the bare recollection.

separated and went to our stations to stand the four-hour watch. "In the morning Larkins' mates went below for breakfast, but found no breakfast or no Larkins. Every deck and every in the ship big enough to conceal a rat was searched, but Larkins was not aboard. Later we found his hat and jacket in one of the starboard gun ports—two passed the island starboard side on—and we decided that the crazy sailor had slid overboard and swam to join his Mary. He must have been mad or he would never have taken such chances. The sea was alive with ravenous sharks, but even if he escaped them it was only to be dashed to pieces in the surf. The opening to the harbor was on the opposite side of the island, but he never could have held out to reach it. Yes, sir, Larkins had deliberately leaped to death, lured on by his love for a half-fed, un-dressed female savage who didn't know how many toes she had on each foot.

"That was six years ago, and though I have met many old shipmates from the 'Wachusett' who have since visited the island not one ever saw or heard of Larkins. The incident was recorded on the ship's log: 'Fred Larkins, ordinary seaman, age 22. Missing.' And is on record today."

"These quotations are revised and corrected every day. Sugar—Granulated, per 100, 'C' light brown, 40.00; per 100, 'H & A, New York, \$13.50; loaf, \$13.10, maple 'B' 2c. Coffee—Market strong; green Rio, 19@24c; Costa Rica, 18@23c; Java Mandailing, 40c; Mocha, 37@40c; roasted Rio and Costa Rica, 22@27c; roasted Caribbo, 32c; roasted Mocha and Java, 30@35c; Arabica, 35c. Tea—Japan, 35@50c; English breakfast, 40@50c; Gunpowder, 45@60c; extra Young Hyson, 75c. Peaches—Per keg, 16, \$1.25; 25, \$2.00; 5, \$2.50; 10, \$3.00@3.50. Timothy seed—Per cwt, \$3.00. Potatoes—California, 2c. Cabbage—Per cwt, \$3.00. Eggs, per doz, \$0.60. Butter, per lb, 35@40c. Cheese, per lb, 20@25c. Fruits—Dried apples, per 5-lb packages, 75c@81.00; ditto sliced, 50-lb boxes, 14c per lb; peaches, Salt Lake, 16c; apricots, 20c; evaporated ditto, 25c; blackberries, 15c; raspberries, 20c. California fruits, \$5.00@6.50 per case. 3-lb Standard tomatoes, \$3.50, 2-lb Standard corn, \$3.00. 2-lb Standard peas, \$3.50; seconds, \$2.75. 2-lb string and Lima beans, \$2.75. Dried Beans—NAVY, \$6.00 per 100 lb; Lima, \$7.00; Bayos, \$6.25. Wheat, No. 1, per 100 lb, \$2.00. Bran, per 100 lb, \$1.50; bran and shorts per 100 lb, \$1.50. Per 100 lb, Pillsbury's best, \$4; Ogden, \$3.50; Strague "Daisy," \$3.00. Corn meal, per 100 lb, \$2.50. Bar meal, per 100 lb, \$4.50. Lard—1c. Fresh Meats—Pork 15c; beef 9@20c; lamb, quarters, 75@81.00; mutton 7@15c. Salt Meats—Ham 10@20c; bacon 15c; corned beef 10c; pork 15c; sausage 12@15c. Coal—Per ton, hard \$19, soft \$20.50. Wood—Per cord \$4.50. Hay—Per ton \$25.00. Straw—Per ton \$12.00. Oats—Per cwt, \$2.00.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE. TRAINS ARRIVE. 10:30 A. M.—From the South, East and West—Leaves Butte 2:30 A. M., connects at Silver Bow 9:44 A. M. with the Utah & Northern Railway. 11:35 A. M.—From the North and East—Leaves Garrison 10:15, Deer Lodge 10:30, Warm Springs 11:02. Connects at Garrison with the Northern Pacific from Helena, Missoula and the Bitter Root Railway. 5:20 P. M.—From the South—Direct from Butte 4:30, Silver Bow 4:44, Gregson 5:30. No change at Stuart. 8:25 P. M.—From the North, East, South and West—Butte 7:30, Silver Bow 7:44, Gregson 8:05, Garrison 8:20, Deer Lodge 8:37, Warm Springs 9:20. Connects at Garrison with Northern Pacific from Helena, Missoula, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Phillipsburg, Missoula, Helena, St. Paul and Eastern States. 8 A. M.—For South and North—Arrives at Gregson at 8:22, Silver Bow 8:36, Butte 8:50, Warm Springs 9:20, Deer Lodge 9:32, Garrison 10:00. Connects at Garrison with Northern Pacific for Helena, Drummond, Missoula, Phillipsburg, and all points on the Bitter Root Railway. 10:50 A. M.—For the South—Change cars at Stuart for Gregson 11:21, Silver Bow 11:43 and Butte 12:01. 3:10 P. M.—For North and South—Arrives at Butte 3:23, Silver Bow 3:47, Butte 4:00, Warm Springs 4:32, Deer Lodge 4:46 and Garrison at 4:50 P. M. Connects at Garrison with the Northern Pacific from East, San Francisco, Eastern States, and West to Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco. 6:10 P. M.—For the South—Arrives at Gregson at 6:22, Silver Bow 6:36, Butte at 7:00 P. M. Connects at Silver Bow with the Utah & Northern Pacific for Denver, Kansas City, Omaha and the Eastern States, and for the West to Portland and San Francisco.

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