THE MORNING STAR, WILMINGTON, WEDNESDAY, JANU ARY, 23, 1907.

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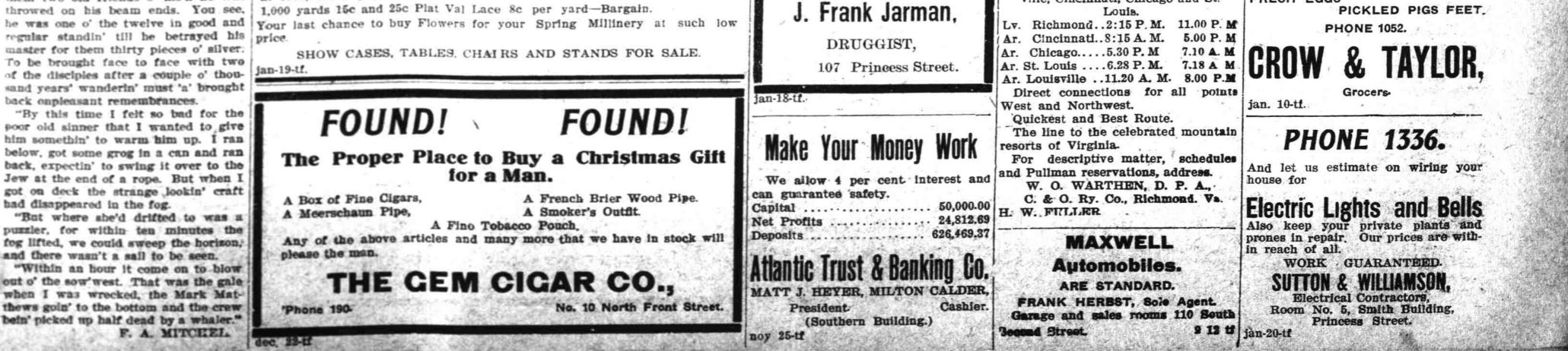
masts like a schooner, and the sails was hung on 'em like they put 'em on Chinese junks. Of Sourse they hung limp like ourn. "She was head-on, and the fog didn't

forecastle stood the figur' of an old man. I couldn't tell you how old he looked, but there was somethin' about him that reminded me of a people long passed away. He was a Jew and the Jewiest lookin' Jew I ever see. He was wrapped in a cloak that looked like a monk's frock. The melancholy way he stared out o' them blinkers o' his'n was enough to send a cur yelpin' to his kennel. They was like the eyes of a sick man as hadn't slept durin' a thousand year voyage. There wasn't a bit o' color in his cheeks unless you calling leathery look o' the hides we've got helow color, and it seemed as if I could see right through his ghastly lips to the few teeth that was left in his jaws. He hadn't any hat on, and I wasn't near enough to see just what his hair was like, except that he had mighty little. But somethin' was a-movin' on his skull that looked like worms. Whether it was worms or hair I couldn't see, but it must 'a' been worms, for there wasn't the ghost of a breeze to move even the finest hairs. He stood there lookin' at us without any interest in them melancholy eyes o' his'n, and the only motion he made was with his skinny hands, pourin' some silver coins from one hand to t'other. Every oncet in awhile he'd make as if to throw the silver away, but he couldn't, and every time he tried and failed his face would take on an

"While I was lookin' at him the two ships was so slowly driftin' apart that nobody could see 'em move. The other craft was gettin' in our stern. The Jew's blinkers was movin' about, never restin' on anything for more'n half a second till suddenly they struck our stern. Then there was the worst fright come into 'em I ever see on any man's face, not even a mutineer I once saw hung when he caught sight o' the noose danglin' from the yardarm.

"What did he see? Didn't I tell you our ship was the Mark Matthews? The name, o' course, was on the stern. Some o' the letters was faded, and the 's' in Matthews was pretty nigh gone. What the Jew saw was the names o' two o' the apostles, Mark and Matthew.

them two old friends o' his'n he was at cost; Hosiery reduced prices



ville, Cincinnati, Chicago and St.

FRESH EGGS