

Light Freights

W. W. JACOBS

A QUESTION OF HABIT

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"Wimmin aboard ship I don't 'old with," said the night watchman, severely. "They'll ask you all sorts of silly questions, an' complain to the skipper if you don't treat 'em civil in answering 'em. If you do treat 'em civil, what's the result? Is it a bit o' bacco, or a shilling, or anything like that? Not a bit of it; just a 'thank you,' an' said in a way as though they've been giving you a perfect treat by talking to you."

"We 'ad a queer case once on a barque I was on as steward, called the Tower of London, bound from the Albert docks to Melbourne with a general cargo. We shipped a new boy just after we started as was entered in the ship's books as 'Emery Mallow,' an' the first thing we noticed about 'Emery was as 'e had a great dislike to work and was terrible sea sick. Every time there was a job as wanted to be done, that lad 'ud go and be took had quite independent of the weather."

"Then Bill Dowsett adopted 'im, and said he'd make a sailor of 'im. I believe if 'Emery could 'ave chose 'is father, he'd sooner 'ad any man than Bill, and I would sooner have been a orphan than a son to any of 'em. Bill relied on his languidge mostly, but when that failed he'd just fetch 'im a cuff. Nothing more than was good for a boy wot 'ad got 'is living to earn, but 'Emery used to cry until we was all ashamed of 'im."

"Go to your duties," roars the skipper; "go to your duties at once, and don't let me 'ear any more of it. Why, you ought to be at a young ladies' school."

"I know I ought, sir," 'Emery ses, with a whimper, "but I never thought it'd be like this."

"The old man stares at him, and then he rubs his eyes and stares agin. 'Emery wiped his eyes and stood looking down at the deck."

"'Eavens above," ses the old man, in a dazed voice, "don't tell me you're a gal!"

"I won't if you don't want me to," ses 'Emery, wiping his eyes agin.

"What's your name?" ses the old man, at last.

"Mary Mallow, sir," ses 'Emery, very soft.

"What made you do it?" ses the skipper, at last.

"My father wanted me to marry a man I didn't want to," ses Miss Mallow. "He used to admire my hair very much, so I cut it off. Then I got frightened at what I'd done, and as I looked like a boy I thought I'd go to sea."

"Then the skipper took Miss Mallow below to her new quarters, and to 'is great surprise caught the third officer, who was fond of female society, doing a step-dance in the saloon all on 'is own."

"That evening the skipper and the mate formed themselves into a committee to decide what was to be done."

"She must have a dress, I tell you, or a frock at any rate," ses the skipper, very mad.

"What's the difference between a dress and a frock?" ses the mate.

"There is a difference," ses the skipper.

"Well, what is it?" ses the mate.

"It wouldn't be any good if I was to explain to you," ses the skipper; "some people's heads are too thick."

"I know they are," ses the mate.

"The committee broke up after that, but it 'got amiable agin over breakfast next morning, and made quite a fuss over Miss Mallow."

"She went up on deck after breakfast and stood leaning against the side talking to Mr. Fisher. Pretty laugh abed 'ot, too, though I never noticed it when she was in the fo'c's'le. Perhaps she hadn't got much to laugh about then; and while she was up

there enjoying 'erself watching us chaps work, the committee was down below laying its 'eads together agin.

"When I went down to the cabin agin it was like a dressmaker's shop."

"By Jove! I've got it," ses the old man, suddenly. "Where's that dressin' gown your wife gave you?"

"The mate looked up. "I don't know," he ses, slowly. "Two mislaid it."

"Well," ses the skipper. "Three of them new flannel shirts o' yours, ses the mate. "They're very dark, an' they'd hang beautiful."

"They went to the mate's cabin and, to 'is great surprise, there it was hanging just behind the door."

"I shan't want that, Mr. Jackson," he ses, slowly. "I dare say you'll find it come in useful."

"While you're doing that, s'pose I get on with them three shirts," ses Mr. Jackson.

"What three shirts?" ses the skipper, who was busy cutting buttons off.

"Why, yours," ses Mr. Jackson. "Let's see who can make the best frock."

"No, Mr. Jackson," ses the old man. "I'm sure you couldn't make anything

o' them shirts. You're not at all gifted that way. Besides, I want 'em."

"Well, I wanted my dressin' gown, if you come to that," ses the mate, in a sulky voice.

"Well, what on earth did you give it to me for?" ses the skipper. "I do wish you'd know your own mind, Mr. Jackson."

"It really didn't look half bad when he'd finished it, and it was easy to see how pleased Miss Mallow was."

"I must say she 'ad a good time of it. We was having splendid weather, and there wasn't much work for anybody; consequently, when she wasn't receiving good advice from the skipper and the mate, she was receiving attention from both the second and third officers. Mr. Scott, the second, didn't seem to take much notice of her for a day or two, and the first I saw of 'is being in love was 'is being very rude to Mr. Fisher and giving up bad languidge so sudden it's a wonder it didn't do 'im a injury."

"I think the gal rather enjoyed their attentions at first, but arter a time she got fairly tired of it. She never 'ad no rest, pore thing. If she was up on deck looking over the side the third officer would come up and talk romantic to 'er about the sea and the lonely lives of sailor men, and I actually 'eard Mr. Scott repeating poetry to her. The skipper 'eard it too, and being suspicious o' poetry, and not having heard clearly, called him up to 'im and made 'im say it all over agin to 'im. 'E didn't seem quite to know wot to make of it, so 'e calls up the mate for 'im to hear it. The mate said it was rubbish, and the skipper told Mr. Scott that if he was taken that way agin 'e'd 'ear more of it."

"There was no doubt about them two young fellers being genuine. She 'appened to say one day that she could never, never care for a man who drank and smoked, and I'm best if both of 'em didn't take to water and give 'er their pipes to chuck overboard, and the agony those two chaps used to suffer when they saw other people smoking was pitiful to witness."

"'E got to such a pitch at last that the mate, who, as I said afore, was a very particular man, called another committee meeting. It was a very solemn affair, and 'e made a long speech in which he said he was the father of a family, and that the second and third officers was far too attentive to Miss Mallow, and 'e asked the skipper to stop it."

"How?" ses the skipper.

"Stop the draught-playing and the card-playing and the poetry," ses the mate; "the gal's getting too much attention; she'll have 'er 'ead turned. Put your foot down, sir, and stop it."

"The skipper was so struck by what he said, that he not only did that, but he went and forbid them two young men to speak to the gal except at meal times, or when the conversation was general. None of 'em liked it, though the gal pretended to, and for the matter of a week things was very quiet in the cabin, not to say sulky."

"Things got back to their old style agin in a very curious way. I'd just set the tea in the cabin one afternoon, and 'ad stopped at the foot of the companion-ladder to let the skipper and Mr. Fisher come down, when we suddenly 'eard a loud box on the ear. We all rushed into the cabin at once, and there was the mate looking fairly

being the only man at the table who has not taken a drink of any kind and yet my actions are those of a man who had decidedly too much liquor. You can't make me believe that old saw about laughter being good for digestion, in spite of the solemn gentleman who wrote this article."

It is pretty difficult to get people to discover any justice in a law which interferes with their schemes for acquiring wealth.

Law and Justice.

It is interesting that the style in earrings has not changed. It is as pronounced as ever. The large baroque pearls are worn against the ear, and all manner of semi-precious stones are worn in pear-shaped drops that fall half-way down the neck.

Topaz and amethyst are the favorite colors this autumn, but nothing is more fashionable than the pearl ones which are linked together with tiny brilliants.

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thunderstruck, with his hand to his face, and Miss Mallow glaring at 'im.

"Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, in a awful voice, "what's this?"

"Ask her," shouts the mate. "I think she's gone mad or something."

"What does this mean, Miss Mallow?" ses the skipper.

"Ask him," ses Miss Mallow, breathing very 'ard.

"Mr. Jackson," ses the skipper, very severe, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing," roars the mate.

"Was that a box on the ear I 'eard'?" ses the skipper.

"It was," ses the mate, grinding his teeth.

"Your ear?" ses the skipper.

"Yes. She's mad, I tell you, quite quiet and peaceable, when she came alongside me and slapped my face."

"Why did you box his ear?" ses the skipper to the girl agin.

"Because he deserved it," ses Miss Mallow.

"The skipper shook his 'ead and looked at the mate so sorrowful that he began to stamp up and down the cabin and bang the table with his fist."

"If I hadn't heard it myself, I couldn't have believed it," ses the skipper; "and you the father of a family, too. Nice example for the young men, I must say."

"Please don't say anything more about it," ses Miss Mallow; "I'm sure he's very sorry."

"Very good," ses the skipper; "but you understand, Mr. Jackson, that if I overlook your conduct, you're not to speak to this young lady agin. Also, you must consider yourself as removed from the committee."

"Curse the committee," screamed the mate. "Curse—"

"He looked all round, with his eyes starting out of 'is 'ead, and then suddenly shut his mouth with a snap and went up on deck."

"We got to Melbourne at last, and the first thing the skipper did was to give our young lady some money to go ashore and buy clothes with. He did it in a very delikit way by giving her the pay as boy, and I don't think I ever see anybody look so pleased and surprised as she did. The skipper went ashore with her, as she looked rather odd figure to be going about, and comes back about a hour later without 'er."

"I thought perhaps she'd come aboard," he ses to Mr. Fisher. "I managed to miss her somehow while I was waiting outside a shop."

"They fidgeted about a bit, and then went ashore to look for 'er, turning up agin at eight o'clock quite worried. Nine o'clock came, and there was no signs of 'er. Mr. Fisher and Mr. Scott was in a dreadful state, and the skipper sent almost every man aboard ashore to search for 'er. They 'unted for 'er high and low, up and down and round about, and turned up at midnight so done up that they could 'ardly stand without holding on to something, and so upset that they couldn't speak. None of the officers got any sleep that night except Mr. Jackson, and the first thing in the morning they was ashore agin looking for her."

"She'd disappeared as completely as if she'd gone overboard, and more than one of the chaps looked over the side half expecting to see 'er come floating by. By 12 o'clock most of us was convinced that she'd been made away with, and Mr. Fisher made some remarks about the police of Melbourne as would 'ave done them good to hear."

"I was just going to see about dinner when we got the first news of her. Three of the most miserable and solemn looking captains I've ever seen came alongside and asked for a few words with our skipper. They all stood in a row looking as if they was going to cry."

"Good morning, Capt. Hart," ses one of 'em, as our old man came up with the mate.

"Good morning," ses he.

"Do you know this?" ses one of 'em, suddenly, holding out Miss Mallow's dressin' gown on a walking stick.

"Good 'eavens," ses the skipper, "I hope nothing's happened to that pore gal."

"The three captains shook their heads all together.

"She is no more," ses another of 'em.

"How did it happen?" ses the skipper, in a low voice.

"She took this off," ses the first captain, shaking his head and pointing to the dressin' gown.

"And took a chill!" ses the skipper, staring very 'ard.

"The three captains shook their 'eads agin, and I noticed that they seemed to watch each other and do it all together."

"I don't understand," ses the skipper.

"I was afraid you wouldn't," ses the first captain; "she took this off."

"So you said before," ses the skipper, rather short.

"And became a boy agin," ses the other; "the wickedest and most artful young rascal that ever signed on with me."

"He looked round at the others, and they all broke out into a perfect roar of laughter, and jumped up and down and slapped each other on the back, as if they was all mad. Then they asked which was the one wot had 'is ears boxed, and which was Mr. Fisher and which was Mr. Scott, and told our skipper what a nice fatherly man he was. Quite a crowd got 'round, an' wouldn't go away for all we could do to 'em in the shape of buckets of water and lumps of coal. We was the laughing-stock o' the place, and the way they carried on when the steamer passed us two days later with the first captain on the bridge, pretending not to see that imp of a boy standing in the bows blowing us kisses and dropping curses, nearly put the skipper out of 'is mind."

Parisian Tea Gown



I SAW lately a lovely trio of tea gowns which had been devised in Paris for a round of Country-house parties, and they showed the tendency to over-elaboration which is the pitfall of this particular kind of dress, says a writer in Country Life (Eng.). The first had a skirt of white tulle with a deep flounce of Venetian point mounted over soft satin of the palest rose color, just enough to give a faint suggestion of color under the lace and tulle. Over this was a directoire redingote, with the basques reaching to the hem of the skirt and forming a short train behind, the material of the redingote being a thick, soft silk in a lovely shade of rose. The short directoire fronts of the coat were caught with a single diamond button at the breast, and the soft square revers, as well as the edges of the basques and round the train, were embroidered with a raised design of roses in silver thread. The same embroidery formed turned-back cuffs to the elbow-sleeves, and a soft fluted fichu of tulle appeared between the revers, while a most effective and original touch was given to the whole costume by a sash of deep Burgundy satin chameuse which swathed the waist and was carelessly knotted at one side in front on a level with the hip. The particularly praiseworthy feature of this dress was that it was essentially a tea-gown; it could not be mistaken for a dinner-gown or an afternoon frock, and that positive note in a costume, no matter what occasion it is meant for, is always praiseworthy.

COLD WEATHER SHIRT WAISTS.

Heavy Linen in White and Plain Light and Dark Colors.

Among the shirt waists designed for autumn and early winter use are some of heavy linen in white and plain light and dark colors. They are apparently almost tight-fitting, for the reason that the two deep side plaits crossing the outer ends of the shoulders are stitched flatly to the waist, and there is scarcely any fullness under the arms. The fronts close blindly a little toward the left side by means of an irregularly shaped band that is decorated with four large pearl buttons, the sleeves are of the "small" shirt type, plaited into the armholes and finished with turn-back cuffs, and there is a turnover boyish collar, which fastens with a fan-plaited muslin rabat.

Fancy wool braid of the scalloped or pointed order is being employed for the garnishing of some of the challis shirt waists, which are to be worn this winter under runabout street suits, as they are decidedly warmer than those of linen and launder equally as well. They have the twin deep shoulder plaits, but in addition there are shaped bias bands which encircle the neck from back to front whence they extend, gradually tapering to the waistline. The braid is used to border these bands and also as a finish for the cuffs of the conventionally shaped sleeves, and for the high turnover collar, which, like the cuffs, is decorated with small buttons similar to those fastened to the fronts.

Magpie reliefs for white net blouses are in the form of attachable neck and waist ruffles, or rather collar and cuffs, as they literally take the place of those accessories. They are formed of the two-inch side-plaited net ruffles thrown through the center on a tape attached to the under side. Their edges are bordered with very full little frillings of inch-wide black thread lace, which also finish the ends by being gathered into little fans which merge into a sort of rosette when they are joined at the back of the neck or at the outer side of the wrist.

Tassels are enjoying a glorious reign of popularity. They fall from the back and adorn the panels of skirts, not to mention the increasing vogue for long-tassled fringes which edge the draped skirts of to-day. And the new pointed tunics are nearly always finished with heavy tassels.

A round rosette of lace, fastened to the pigeon-tail jabot of lace, is recognized as one of the smartest collar decorations. The rosette is merely a long ruffle tightly drawn to form a round disk. It takes three-quarters of a yard of lace 2½ inches wide to form the rosette alone.

Plain and Plaid Skirts. One of the novelties in skirts for young girls is the insertion of a plait of plain colored cloth between groups of plaits in plaid cloth.

Young girls will wear plaited skirts more than grownups will and several new devices have come out to vary the sameness. This colored plait is one of them and has met with high favor.

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IN LAST SEASON'S STYLE.

Fur-Trimmed Hats Are Sure to Be the Mode Again.

The vogue which fur-banded and all-fur hats enjoyed last winter has left its traces on some of the shapes designed for the coming season, and while they are not so weighty and destructive to the hair as the heavily trimmed felt hats are reputed to be, they are quite as fetching, inasmuch as the same softening effects about the face are gained. For instance, a hat may be wholly of some fabric such as satin or corded silk, but its brim may be edged with a narrow strip of fur, which is repeated in the edging or center banding of its ruching. Furs of many sorts will be used for this purpose, but most of all black marten, which is destined to enjoy a tremendous vogue, and seal-skin, which is said to be literally worth its weight in gold dollars. For the nonce, the light-colored furs—chinchilla, white fox and ermine—seem destined to be rather out of the running, but as it is to be a winter of both garments and trappings of long-haired animals, the chances are that pelts of nearly every species will be in evidence.



Large hats will be the favorite during the fall. One of the striking characteristics of the new style is the immense crown, which is seldom high except in the directoire modes, but in circumference is enormous.

It is rumored that the chevron design will be the smart thing in all neutral tones of cloth for autumn wear. Smoke and elephant gray, several shades of brown and dark blue have all been dyed ready for the counters, and each one of them will be christened with a fine new name.

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It is impossible to keep the milk utensils too clean.

Corn for the silo had rather be too ripe than too green.

The dairy without the Babcock tester is like the engine without the governor.

Cream that is ripe for churning presents a smooth, satiny appearance when stirred.

The well-worn hoe is a good testimonial for the farmer. The rusty hoe tells another tale.

Little things done in season will lighten the big tasks and make farming more pleasant and profitable.

One farmer recommends quarter pound doses of baking soda for colic in animals.

The fruit tree that shows a tendency to split at the crotch can be saved by boring a hole at the point of the split and putting a bolt through with a washer at either end.

A two-inch hole bored a foot deep into the stump and filled with salt-peter to which water is added and left to stand a couple of months will hasten the burning of the stump.

The intestinal nodules in nodular disease of sheep have been regarded as tuberculous in character, but are now known to be due to the irritation caused by the immature form of an intestinal worm.

After harvesting the root crops turn the sheep in on the fields. They will pick up many of the small roots left behind. Surprising how much good feed is lost if the animals do not help to pick it up.

Carrots are good feed for dairy cows as well as other stock. When not fed in too large quantities they provide the best winter food for the milk cows. The carrot is always greedily eaten by stock, as it has in it a considerable quantity of sugar and no element of bitterness. Carrots are also supposed to help color the milk in the direction desired, but it would take a good many carrots to accomplish much in this regard. The effect of feeding carrots is very good on the digestive system.

Hogs need clear water and plenty of it. The amount of water they naturally use is very great. It has been found that a pig fed corn meal as a principal diet used about 900 pounds of water to 100 pounds of gain. A pig fed barley meal used 1,500 pounds of water in making 100 pounds of gain on that diet. Many pigs get little moisture outside of what they get in the slop. They should have a separate drinking tank or trough filled with water where they can drink whenever they so desire. Even if they get an abundance of slop they will drink much water.

The appointment of a commission by the president to study farm conditions with a view to suggesting reforms that will make farm life more pleasant and wholesome has afforded the humorists of the country a new subject for their witticisms. Here is how it strikes the rhymer on the Washington Post:

We've been investigated down to Pohlck on the Crick.

An' I reckon that reform will strike us farmers purty quick;

We want the chickens taught to lay an egg just as they should,

Thout settin' up a cackle that'll wake the neighbors;

We want the pigs to break away from customs of the past

An' learn to use a finger bowl and not to eat so fast;

And cows should be persuaded not to overturn the pails

When milkin' time comes 'round, an' not be switchin' on their tails.

We ought to make arrangements with the weather bureau, too,

For havin' 'rain turned on or off, accordin' to 'is due;

It's a mighty glorious feelin' to be lookin' toward the day

When we'll give up the bothers of our plain old-fashioned way.

When we'll sit up on a fence rail in some cool an' shady nook

An' help the corn an' 'taters grow by readin' from a book.

We've rolled