

Light Freights

W. W. JACOBS

BULLY OF THE "CAVENDISH"

"Talking of prize fighters, sir," said the night watchman, who had nearly danced himself over the edge of the wharf in illustrating one of Mr. Corbett's most trusted blows, and was now sitting down taking in sufficient air for three, "they ain't wot they used to be when I was a boy. They advertise in the papers for months and months about their fights, and when it does come off, they do it with gloves, and they're all right agin a day or two arter."

"The strangest prize fighter I ever come across was one wot shipped with me on the Cavendish. He was the most eggstrordinary fighter I've ever seen or 'eard of, and 'e got to be such a nuisance afore 'e'd done with us that we could 'ardly call our souls our own. He shipped as an ordinary seaman—a unfair thing to do, as 'e was anything but ordinary, and 'ad no right to be there at all."

"We'd got one terror on board afore he come, and that was Bill Bone, one o' the biggest and strongest men I've ever seen down a ship's fo'c'sle, and that's saying a good deal. Built more like a bull than a man, 'e was, and when he was in his tantrums the best thing to do was to get out of 'is way or else get into your bunk and keep quiet. Operation used to send 'im crazy a'most, an' if 'e said a red shirt was a blue one, you 'ad to keep quiet. It didn't do to agree with 'im and call it blue even, cos if you did he'd call you a liar and punch you for telling lies."

"The v'ge I'm speaking of—we used to trade between Australia and London—Bill came aboard about an hour afore the ship sailed. The rest of us was already aboard and down below, some of us stowing our things away and the rest sitting down and telling each other lies about wot we'd been doing. Bill came lurching down the ladder, and Tom Baker put 'is 'and to 'im to steady 'im as he got to the bottom."

"Who are you putting your 'ands on?" ses Bill, glaring at 'im.

"Only 'olding you up, Bill," ses Tom, smiling.

"Oh," ses Bill.

"He put 'is back up agin a bunk and pulled hisself together."

"'Oiding of me—was you?" he ses; 'whaffor, if I might be so bold as to ask?"

"I thought your foot 'ad slipped, Bill, old man," ses Tom; 'but I'm sorry if it 'adn't."

"Bill looks at 'im agin, ard."



Nasty, Low-Looking Little Chap Was Dodgy.

"'Sorry if my foot didn't slip?" he ses.

"You know wot I mean, Bill," ses Tom, smiling a uneasy smile.

"Don't laugh at me," roars Bill.

"I wasn't laughing, Bill, old pal," ses Tom.

"'E's called me a 'liar," ses Bill, looking round at us; 'called me a liar. 'Oid my coat, Charles, and I'll split 'im in halves."

"Charles took the coat like a lamb, though he was Tom's pal, and Tom looked round to see whether he couldn't nip up the ladder and get away, but Bill was just in front of it. Then Tom found out that one of 'is bootlaces was undone and he knelt down to do it up, and this young ordinary seaman, Joe Simms by name, put his 'ead out of his bunk and he ses, quiet like:

"You ain't afraid of that thing, mate, are you?"

"'Wot?' screams Bill, starting.

"Don't make such a noise when I'm

speaking," ses Joe; 'where's your manners, you great 'uthing rascal?"

"I thought Bill would ha' dropped with surprise at being spoke to like that. His face was purple all over and 'e stood staring at Joe as though 'e didn't know wot to make of 'im. And we stared, too, Joe being a smallish sort o' chap and not looking at all strong."

"Go easy, mate," whispers Tom; 'you don't know who you're talking to."

"You touch that man," he ses, quietly, pointing to Tom, 'and I'll give you such a dressing-down as you've never 'ad afore. Mark my words, now."

"I wasn't going to 'it 'im," ses Bill, in a strange, mild voice.

"You'd better not," ses the young 'un, shaking his fist at 'im; 'you'd better not, my lad. If there's any fighting to be done in this fo'c'sle I'll do it. Mind that."

"It's no good me saying we was staggered, becoss staggered ain't no word for it. To see Bill put 'is hands in 'is pockets and try and whistle, and then sit down on a locker and scratch 'is head, was the most amazing thing I've ever seen. Presently 'e begins to sing under his breath."

"Stop that 'umming," ses Joe; 'when I want you to 'um, I'll tell you."

"Bill left off 'umming, and then he gives a little cough behind the back of 'is 'and, and arter fidgeting about a



"You Better Not."

bit with 'is feet, went up on deck agin.

"'Strewth," ses Tom, looking round at us, 'ave we shipped a bloomin' prize fighter?"

"'He was an ordinary seaman, mind, talking to A. B.'s like that. Men who'd been up aloft and doing their little bit when 'e was going about catching cold in 'is little petticoats. Still, if Bill could stand it, we supposed as we'd better."

"Bill stayed up on deck till we was under way, and 'is spirit seemed to be broke. He went about 'is work like a man wot was walking in 'is sleep, and when breakfast come 'e 'ardly tasted it."

"Joe made a splendid breakfast, and when he'd finished 'e went to Bill's bunk and chucked the things out all over the place and said 'e was going to 'ave it for himself. And Bill sat there and took it all quiet, and by-and-by he took 'is things up and put them in Joe's bunk without a word."

"You've been in a scrap or two in your time, I know," Tom ses, admiring like. 'I knew you was a bit of a one with your fists directly I see you."

"Oh, 'ow's that?' asks Joe.

"I could see by your nose," ses Tom. 'You never know how to take people like that. The words 'ad 'ardly left Tom's lips afore the other ups with a basin of 'ot tea and heaves it all over 'im."

"Take that, you insulting rascal," he ses.

"Get up," ses Tom, dancing with rage. 'Get up; prize fighter or no prize fighter, I'll mark you."

"Sit down," ses Bill, turning round.

"I'm going to 'ave a go at 'im, Bill," ses Tom; 'if you're afraid of 'im, I ain't."

"Sit down," ses Bill, starting up. 'Ow dare you insult me like that?"

"Like wot?" ses Tom, staring.

"If I can't lick 'im you can't," ses Bill; 'that's 'ow it is, mate."

"If I can try," ses Tom.

"All right," ses Bill. 'Me fust, then if you lick me, you can 'ave a go at 'im. If you can't lick me, 'ow can you lick 'im?"

"That was the beginning of it, and instead of 'aving one master we found we'd got two, owing to the eggstrordinary way Bill had o' looking at things."

"'n about three days our life wasn't 'in living, and the fo'c'sle was more like a Sunday school class than anything else. In the fust place Joe put down swearing. He wouldn't 'ave no bad language, he said, and he didn't neither. If a man used a bad word Joe would pull 'im up the fust time, and the second he'd order Bill to 'it 'im, being afraid of 'urting 'im too much 'imself."

"Then Joe objected to us playing cards for money, and we 'ad to arrange on the quiet that brace buttons was ha'pennies and coat buttons pennies, and that lasted until one evening Tom Baker got up and danced and nearly went off 'is 'ead with joy 'aving havin' won a few dozen. That was enough for Joe, and Bill by his

orders took the cards and pitched 'em over the side."

"It was a mystery to all of us, and it got worse and worse as time went on. Bill didn't dare to call 'is soul 'is own, although Joe only hit 'im once the whole time, and then not very hard, and he excused 'is cowardice by telling us of a man Joe 'ad killed in a fight down in one o' them West End clubs."

"Wot with Joe's Sunday school ways and Bill backing 'em up, we was all pretty glad by the time we got to Melbourne."

"Arter we'd been there two or three days we began to feel a'most sorry for Bill. Night arter night, when we was ashore, Joe would take 'im off and look arter 'im, and at last, partly for 'is sake, but more to see the fun, Tom Baker managed to think o' something to put things straight."

"There'll be an end o' that bullying Joe," ses Tom, taking Bill by the arm. 'We've arranged to give 'im a lesson as'll lay 'im up for a time."

"Oh," ses Bill, looking 'ard at a boat wot was passing.

"We've got Dodgy Pete coming to see us to-night," ses Tom, in a whisper; 'there'll only be the second officer aboard, and he'll likely be asleep. Dodgy's one o' the best light-weights in Australia, and if 'e don't fix up Mister Joe, it'll be a pity."

"At about ha'-past six Dodgy comes aboard, and the fun begins to commene."

"'He was a nasty, low-looking little chap, was Dodgy, very fly-looking and very conceited. I didn't like the look of 'im at all, an' unbenizable as Joe was, it didn't seem to be quite the sort o' thing to get a chap aboard to 'ammer a shipmate you couldn't 'ammer yourself."

"An' what's that in that bunk over there?" ses Dodgy, pointing with 'is cigar at Joe.

"'Fush, be careful," ses Tom, with a wink; 'that's a prize fighter."

"Oh," ses Dodgy, grinning, 'I thought it was a monkey."

"Bill, who is that 'andsome, gentleman-looking young feller over there smoking a half-crown cigar?" ses Joe.

"That's a young gent wot's come down to 'ave a look 'round," ses Tom, as Dodgy takes 'is cigar out of 'is mouth and looks 'round, puzzled.

"Take that lovely little gentleman and kick 'im up the fo'c'sle ladder," ses Joe to Bill, taking up 'is jacket agin; 'and don't make too much noise over it, cos I've got a bit of a 'eadache, else I'd do it myself."

"'Wot's the game?" ses Dodgy, staring.

"'Im obeying orders," ses Bill. 'Last time I was in London, Joe 'o' half killed me one time, and 'e made me promise to do as 'e told me for six months. I'm very sorry, mate, but I've got to kick you up that ladder."

"You kick me up?" ses Dodgy, with a nasty little laugh.

"I can try, mate, can't I?" ses Bill, folding 'is things up very neat and putting 'em on a locker.

"The fust blow Bill missed, and the next moment 'e got a tap on the jaw that nearly broke it, and that was followed up by one in the eye that sent 'im staggering up agin the side, and when 'e was there Dodgy's fists were rattling all round 'im."

"I believe it was that that brought Bill round, and the next moment Dodgy was on 'is back with a blow that nearly knocked his 'ead off. Charlie grabbed at Tom's watch and began to count, and arter a little bit called out 'Time'. It was a silly thing to do, as it would 'ave stopped the fight then and there if it 'adn't been for Tom's presence of mind, saying it was two minutes slow. That gave Dodgy a chance, and he got up agin and walked round Bill very careful, swearing 'ard at the small size of the fo'c'sle."

"'E got in three or four at Bill afore you could wink a'most, and when Bill 'it back 'e wasn't there."

"Charlie called 'Time' agin, and we let 'em 'ave five minutes."

"In five minutes more, though, it was all over, Dodgy not being able to see plain—except to get out o' Bill's way—and hitting wild. He seemed to think the whole fo'c'sle was full o' Bill's sitting on a locker and waiting to be punched, and the end of it was a knock-out blow from the real Bill which left 'im on the floor without a soul offering to pick 'im up."

"Bill 'elped 'im up at last and shook hands with 'im, and they rinsed their faces in the same bucket, and began to praise each other up. They sat there purring like 'a couple o' cats, until at last we 'eard a smothered voice coming from Joe Simms's bunk."

"'Is it all over?' he asks."

"Yes, ses somebody."

"'How is Bill?' ses Joe's voice agin."

"'Look for yourself," ses Tom."

"Joe sat up in 'is bunk then and looked out, and he no sooner saw Bill's face than he gave a loud cry and fell back agin, and as true as I'm sitting here, fainted clean away. We was struck all of a 'eap, and then Bill picked up the bucket and threw some water over 'im, and by and by he comes round agin and in a dazed sort o' way puts his arm round Bill's neck and begins to cry."

"'Mighty Moses!" ses Dodgy Pete, jumping up; 'it's a woman!"

"'It's my wife!" ses Bill.

"We understood it all then, least-ways the married ones among us did. She'd shipped aboard partly to be with Bill and partly to keep an eye on 'im, and Tom Baker's mistake about a prize fighter had just suited her book better than anything. How Bill was to get 'er home 'e couldn't think, but it 'appened the second o'fer had been peeping down the fo'c'sle, waiting for ever so long for a suitable opportunity to stop the fight, and the old man was so tickled about the way we'd all been done 'e gave 'er a passage back as stewardess to look arter the ship's cat."

Acquire the "Do-it-at Once" Method, and Be Happy

The woman who takes as her life motto "Do it at once" is the woman who is not hounded by an accusing conscience. The modern prayer for forgiveness is chiefly for things we have not done.

The only time one is sure of is the present; putting off to some more convenient moment is to lay up a reputation for rudeness or slovenliness.

The woman who believes that to apologize is to accuse will rarely have to back water on her belief if she gets into the do-it-at-once habit.

Do it at once is but another name for "the little drops of water" precept of childhood. The "mighty ocean" of accumulated duties will never swamp you if each wave is breasted as it comes.

Doing it at once is like oiling a dusty pike. It smooths the path of life and smother's complaint and criticism.

Much of the fret and nerve racking comes from postponing the things that might just as well be cleared off at once. One is worried until they are done, and more worried if they are not done.

The girl who sews the first rip never has to take a day off for mending.

The housekeeper who writes down an order when the cook says it is wanted; who cleans off one finger mark, rather than huge smears; who believes in straightening up when needed, rather than spasms of cleanliness, is the one whose household machinery never gets clogged.

The woman who puts an advertisement in the paper when the cook first gives warning rarely has to rough her hands building the kitchen fire and peeling potatoes.

The girl who answers her invitations the minute she gets them never will be mortified by being called up over the telephone to know if she is coming.

The woman who sends her checks as soon as she gets her bills, who returns her obligation calls within a week, who gets off her gifts to a bride the day the cards come, who answers her letter immediately, never has to work the excuse of forgetfulness over time.

She who takes camphor at the first sneeze and the liver pill when her eyeballs are yellow need not dread the hospital or spend her coin on complexion cures.

The woman who does the nice thing when she thinks of it, who says the kindly words as she goes along, who inquires for the invalid when she first hears she is ill, is not tormented by regret when reading death notices.

Bordered Batiste.

It is almost impossible to resist the bordered batistes that have been recently put on sale—they are made in so many charming designs and shades. They wear well and wash well, yet may be purchased for comparatively little.

Coque Feathers in Evidence.

Coque feathers in plumage arrangement are in evidence. Paradise plumes, as ever, will be used, and their great cost precludes their ever becoming in any sense common.

Fancies in Gold and Silver Innumerable This Season

When one comes to the subject of fancy buckles and ribbons or silk belts, description falters, for the buckles of the day are legion and are of all grades of beauty and value. Many handsome designs are turned out in old-fashioned cameo and in coral and the semi-precious stones, and imitations of these stones are used in every imaginable way.

Amethyst, topaz, tourmaline and chrysoptase are particularly liked by the designers, but of course a vast majority of the designs are turned out in cheap imitations of these stones.

Hand-wrought buckles, unique in design and made by artist craftsmen, are sold by the jewelers, but of course bring high prices. One worker in precious stones and metals has made a specialty of designs in wrought copper and Mexican opals shading into the copper tints and has produced some extraordinarily beautiful buckles, particularly certain ones of Egyptian design.

The iridescent interior of the abalone shell is also used in combination with metal for beautiful buckles, and malachite, lapis, jade, paste, all the jewels of semi-precious character, have their uses for the buckle-designer's art.

Metal buckles of great beauty without stones are also made and just now graceful shapes in gold or silver, simple of lines, but beautifully etched over their entire surface, are much admired.—From the American Register, London.

IN VOGUE

Big muffs will prevail again. Both jabot and collar grow larger. Ottoman hats are more to the front than in years.

Marten and black fox are the favorite small furs. Red trimmings will ad-rn many black slipper.

Soft satins are most modish for the tailored skirts.

Belts are somewhat narrower than in the summer.

Most walking hats are turned up on the left side only.

The plaited braid belt is one of the season's novelties.

Collars are offered to match plumage-covered hats.

With colored shoes there must be stockings to match.

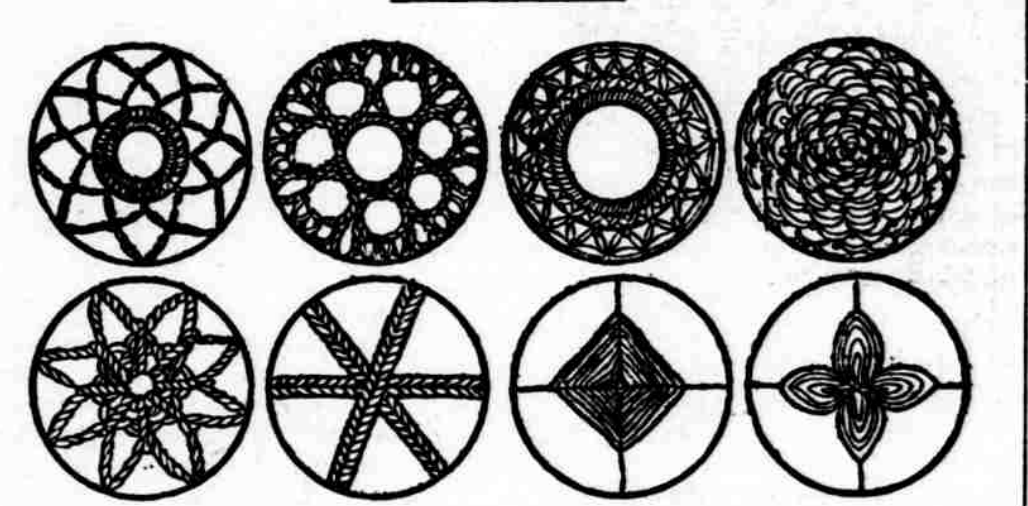
Braid and covered buttons are favorites for trimming.

There is an increasing vogue for black in evening wear.

Coque Feathers in Evidence.

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Crochet Buttons



Crochet buttons will be very fashionable this winter. Women will make them at home, thus producing an ornament for gowns that, if bought or made to order, would be very expensive. It is easier to have the buttons covered to order, and you supply the cloth or silk. Deft fingers can carefully cover the cheap wooden button moulds and thus have the satisfaction of an attractive home-made decoration. Some of the large buttons are trimmed with embroidery passerette heads and sometimes a quilting of satin or narrow ribbon. Some buttons are square, others like marbles, and many are as flat as a lozenge.

We have given in the design above ideas for seven different buttons. Five are covered with a crocheted design of buttonhole twist or embroidery silk, and the other two show a simple embroidered design.

The stitches in the first five are so plainly shown that any one acquainted with the simple embroidery stitches can easily pick them out. They are drawn and not photographed with this special idea in view.

In the third from the last, where souchette braid is used, great care must be taken to tack the ends very quickly and securely before they have a chance to unravel.

There are two designs for the last button, which is embroidered in a star or petal design. The button in this, as in all the others, is first covered with silk. Then the embroidery silk is crossed over the button twice at right angles to fix the foundation lines. Around these four lines a button-hole or slip stitch of the silk is carried round and round, so holding it as to form a square as shown, and making the button-hole stitch every time you pass one of the four cross-threads. When enough rows have been rounded or you consider the square is as large as you wish the points of the star to be or the ends of the petals, then run your needle way under all the threads at a point midway between any two of the lines. Draw as tightly as you wish to form the shape of the petal, holding the threads, as you draw, with the thumb and first finger of the left hand. Continue to do this at a point exactly midway between each of the two lines until all four petals have been shaped. Fasten your silk securely and you are ready for the next one.

A little darker shade of silk used than the covering of the button is a pleasing combination. All black or all white are very attractive.

How Great Actress Keeps Young.

The way to keep young, according to Sarah Bernhardt, is not to worry, to take plenty of hot baths, and get plenty of sleep.

"When I'm tired, I take a hot bath," she said, "and when I am nervous, I take a hot bath and massage and sleep."

When you are low-spirited or depressed, take a hot bath, rub off briskly with a coarse bath towel, dust with a good talcum powder, and sleep for two hours in a darkened room. If you ever try this, get up and look in your mirror, and you will smile with delight at the changed face which greets you. It is a woman's duty to look as well as she can and to retain her loveliness in every way as long as she has her faculties. In this connection Sarah Bernhardt is an authority who should command respect.

Waterproof Mitts.

The five or ten-cent cotton mitts which are so largely bought by work-lugmen, may be waterproofed by dipping them in melted paraffin; or if a thinner coat is preferred, and only the palm of the mitts, melted paraffin may be brushed over their surface. For handling damp bricks, for working with plaster or cement, paraffin mitts are far superior to the original. Women will find them valuable when scrubbing floors, setting out plants and so forth. Leather gloves, for use by farmers in hauling damp corn fodder, or any material that is wet, may be waterproofed in the same way. The coating of paraffin may be renewed as often as the surface needs it. Mitts and gloves—even boots of ditchers—treated with paraffin last longer, because the water can do them little damage. The comfort the wearer experiences by using waterproof mitts or gloves, says the Scientific American, far outweighs the bother of melting and applying the paraffin.

Crepe de Chine Waists.

The high-class dressmakers are advocating simple waists of colored crepe de chine to wear with the winter cloth suit.

There is the heavy texture that can be gotten for this purpose. It does not look too dressy in combination with serge and cheviot.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

Rake and burn up the rubbish.

That low, wet ground will do well in Herd's grass.

Kill a sheep this fall and corn the meat. It is delicious.

Never feed more to the animals than they will eat up clean.

Often the pessimist needs a change of diet as much as anything else.

Keep down the weeds in the fall. It will lighten the work in the spring.

Fig raising is most successful where skim milk is a large part of the feed ration.

Machinery all housed? You cannot afford to let the rust eat out the lining of your pocketbook.

Irregular feeding is one contributory cause to horses acquiring the habit of bolting their feed.

Put a mulch of straw manure around the berry bushes and the grape vines, but don't put on too early.

Your first mistake is excusable, your second, never; for no man has any business making the same mistake twice.

The dairyman's profits come in during the last year. That is one reason why that type of farming is better than any other.

A good herd of cows of one breed and in thrifty condition is the best kind of an index to the character of the farmer who owns them.

Cotts will not raise themselves. Hit-and-miss methods never yet produced the best horses. Remember that raising colts pays if you give them intelligent care.

Careful feeding can keep up the milk flow. It does not pay to let it run down, for once a smaller yield is established it cannot be increased until after another calving.

The cold rains of the fall prove a great drain upon the vitality of the live stock. The farmer that does not provide shelter for the animals is working against his own interests.

Not only place the farm machinery under cover, but oil it up so that atmospheric dampness will not rust the exposed bright parts. A little time now will save days of trouble next spring.

A tidbit in the way of a piece of sugar or an apple will prove ideal in winning the confidence of the colt. Always have something for him, and you will be proud and delighted at the attention he will shower upon you.

Grade up your dairy cows by using a pure bred bull. It may take a few years to do it, but each year saving the heat of the heifer calves will give you in time a herd of sows that will prove far more profitable than your present herd.

Raise the best crops you can and sell them at the best price you can, but don't speculate. The farmer that begins to deal on the grain market has taken his first step to ruin, for nothing but failure and loss ever came to the farmer who tried his hand at the game.

An old swindle that is being tried on the farmers again is that of selling them a new and wonderful kind of wheat and binding them by a contract to return to the man (who thus places them in a way to get rich), a certain number of bushels of the grain next year. Look out for it.

Sheep that have been a long time without salt are apt to make themselves sick eating too much of it when the opportunity comes. Be regular in feeding it to them, or, better still, provide a box to which the flock can have access at all times. They will help themselves, and will eat only what is good for them.

Never let the soil remain bare. Sun, rain and wind will do it harm. It loses a greater amount of its finer particles by the leaching of rain water than does soil that is covered with some crop. It is well for a soil to be covered most of the time, even if the crop grown has to be turned under. For this reason some agriculturists sow a crop in the early fall when it can make only enough growth to partly cover the ground during the winter. They plow this under in the spring.

Some fowls are weak because born that way. They inherited their weakness from the lack of materials or of vitality in the egg. Such birds will require a good deal of doctoring if they are to be kept alive and are the ones on which the most attention has to be bestowed. In any flock there is a certain per cent. of this kind of birds, and it does not pay to bother much with them. They are good enough for eating and should be fattened and disposed of. A weak fowl probably cannot be made strong by any method of feeding, as they seem to be weak in that thing we call the life principle, vitality.

Good vinegar can be made from apple parings in the following way: Take the parings and put them in a six-gallon stone jar and tamp them with