

**Light Freights**  
 W. W. JACOBS  
**RESURRECTION OF WIGGETT**

Mr. Sol Ketchum, landlord of the ship, sat in his snug bar, rising occasionally from his seat by the taps to minister to the wants of the customers who shared this pleasant retreat with him.

Forty years at sea before the mast had made Mr. Ketchum an authority on affairs maritime; five years in command of the ship inn, with the nearest other licensed house five miles off, had made him an autocrat.

"Twice recently had he found occasion to warn Mr. Ned Clark, the village shoemaker, the strength of whose head had been a boast in the village for many years. On the third occasion the indignant shoemaker was interrupted in the middle of an impassioned harangue on free speech and bundled into the road by the ostler. After this nobody was safe.

To-night Mr. Ketchum, meeting his eye as he entered the bar, nodded curtly. The shoemaker had stayed away three days as a protest, and the landlord was naturally indignant at such contumacy.

"Good evening, Mr. Ketchum," said the shoemaker, screwing up his little black eyes; "just give me a small bottle o' lemonade, if you please."

"Go and get your lemonade somewhere else," said the bustling Mr. Ketchum.

"I prefer to 'ave it here," rejoined the shoemaker, "and you've got to serve me, Ketchum. A licensed publican is compelled to serve people whether he likes it or not, else he loses of 'is license."

"Not when they're the worse for liquor he ain't," said the landlord.

"Here's the 'ealth of Henry Wiggett what lost 'is leg to save Mr. Ketchum's life," he said, uncaringly. "Also the 'ealth of Sam Jones, who let himself be speared through the chest for the same noble purpose. Likewise the health of Capt. Peters, who nursed Mr. Ketchum like 'is own son when he got knocked up doing the work of five men as was drowned; likewise the health o' Dick Lee, who helped Mr. Ketchum capture a Chinese junk full of pirates and killed the whole 17 of 'em by—' 'Ow did you say you killed 'em, Ketchum?"

"The landlord, who was busy with the taps, affected not to hear.

"Killed the whole 17 of 'em by first telling 'em yarns till they fell asleep."

"Bundled into the road by the Ostler, and then choking 'em with Henry Wiggett's wooden leg," remarked the shoemaker.

"Understand, Ned Clark," said the indignant Mr. Ketchum, "I don't want your money in this public house. Take it somewhere else."

"Thank 'ee, but I prefer to come here," said the shoemaker, ostentatiously sipping his lemonade.

"Do you disbelieve my word?" demanded Mr. Ketchum, hotly.

"Why, o' course I do," replied the shoemaker; "we all do. You'd see how silly they are yourself if you only stopped to think. You and your sharks—no shark would want to eat you unless it was blind."

It was about a week later, Mr. Ketchum had just resumed his seat after serving a customer, when the attention of all present was attracted by an odd and regular tapping on the brick-paved passage outside. It stopped at the taproom, and a murmur of voices escaped at the open door. Then the door was closed, and a loud, penetrating voice called on the name of Sol Ketchum.

"Henery Wiggett!" gasped the landlord, as a small man with ragged whiskers appeared at the wicket, "it can't be!"

The newcomer regarded him tenderly for a moment without a word, and then, kicking open the door with an unmistakable wooden leg, stumped into the bar, and grasping his outstretched hand shook it fervently.

"The sight o' you, Henery Wiggett, is better to me than diamonds," said Mr. Ketchum, ecstatically. "How did you get here?"

"A friend of his, Cap'n Jones of the barque Venue, gave me a passage to London," said Mr. Wiggett, "and I've tramped down from there without a penny in my pocket."

"And Sol Ketchum's glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Smith, who, with the rest of the company, had been looking on in a state of great admiration. "He's never tired of telling us 'ow you saved him from the shark and 'ad your leg bit off in so doing."

"'Ad 'ave my other bit off for 'im, too," said Mr. Wiggett, as the landlord patted him affectionately on the shoulder and thrust a glass of spirits into his hands. "Cheerful, I would. The kindest-hearted and the bravest man that ever breathed, is old Sol Ketchum."

"You never 'eard anything more o' pore Sam Jones, I s'pose?" said Mr. Ketchum.

Mr. Wiggett put down his glass. "I ran up agin a man in Rio Janeiro two years ago," he said, mournfully.

"Prefered in silence, with his eye on the clock, and almost danced with impatience at the tardiness of his departing guests. He accompanied the last man to the door, and then, crimson with rage, returned to the bar to talk to Mr. Wiggett.

"Wor d'yr mean by it?" he thundered.

"Mean by what, Sol?" inquired Mr. Wiggett, looking up in surprise.

"Don't call me Sol, 'cos I won't have it," vociferated the landlord, standing over him with his fist clenched. "First thing to-morrow morning off you go."

"OY!" repeated the other in amazement. "Off? Where to?"

"Anywhere," said the overwrought landlord; "so long as you get out of here, I don't care where you go."

Mr. Wiggett, who was smoking a cigar, the third that evening, laid it carefully on the table by his side, and regarded him with tender reproach.

"Arrangement?" said the mystified Mr. Wiggett; "what arrangements? Why, I ain't seen you for ten years and more. If it 'adn't been for meeting Cap'n Peters—"

He was interrupted by frenzied and incoherent exclamations from Mr. Ketchum.

"You rascal," said the landlord, in a stifled voice. "You infernal rascal. I never set eyes on you till I saw you the other day on the quay at Burnsea, and, just for an innocent little joke like with Ned Clark, asked you to come in and pretend."

"Pretend!" repeated Mr. Wiggett, in a horror-stricken voice.

"Look 'ere," said Mr. Ketchum, thrusting an infuriated face close to his, "there never was a Henery Wiggett; there never was a shark; there never was a Sam Jones!"

Mr. Wiggett fumbled in his pocket, and producing the remains of a dirty handkerchief, wiped his eyes to the memory of the faithful black.

"Look here," said Mr. Ketchum, putting down the bottle and regarding him intently, "you've got me fair. Now, will you go for a pound?"

Wiggett took a box of matches from the bar and, relighting the stump of his cigar, contemplated Mr. Ketchum for some time in silence, and then, with a serious shake of his head, stumped off to bed.

A week passed, and Mr. Wiggett still gazed with his presence the bar of the ship.

"I shall tell the chaps to-night that it was a little joke on my part," Ketchum announced, with grim decision; "then I shall take you by the collar and kick you into the road."

Mr. Wiggett sighed and shook his head.

"It'll be a terrible show-up for you," he said, softly. "You'd better make it worth my while, and I'll tell 'em this evening that I'm going to New Zealand to live with a niece of mine there, and that you've paid my passage for me. I don't like telling any more lies, but, seeing it's for you, I'll do it for a couple of pounds."

"Five shillings," snarled Mr. Ketchum.

Mr. Wiggett smiled comfortably and shook his head. Mr. Ketchum raised his offer to ten shillings, to a pound, and finally, after a few remarks which prompted Mr. Wiggett to state that hard words broke no bones, flung into the bar and fetched the money.

The news of Mr. Wiggett's departure went round the village at once, the landlord himself breaking the news to the next customer, and an overflow meeting assembled that evening to bid the emigrant farewell.

The landlord noted with pleasure that business was brisk. Several gentlemen stood drink to Mr. Wiggett, and in return he put his hand in his own pocket and ordered glasses round. Mr. Ketchum, in a state of some uneasiness, took the order, and then Mr. Wiggett, with the air of one conferring inestimable benefits, produced a luck half-penny, which had once belonged to Sam Jones, and insisted upon his keeping it.

"This is my last night, mates," he said, mournfully, as he acknowledged the drinking of his health.

"in my old age and on my beam-ends," continued Mr. Wiggett, "I remembered them words of old Sol, and I knew if I could only find 'im my troubles were over. I knew that I could creep into 'is little harbor and lay snug. I knew that what Sol said he meant. I lost my leg saving 'is life, and he is grateful."

"So he ought to be," said Mr. Clark, "and I'm proud to shake 'ands with a hero."

He gripped Mr. Wiggett's hand, and the other followed suit. The wooden-legged man wound up with Mr. Ketchum, and, disdaining to notice that that voracious mariner's grasp was somewhat limp, sank into his chair again and asked for a cigar.

"Lend me the box, Sol," he said, jocularly, as he took it from him. "I'm going to 'and 'em round. This is my treat, mates. Pore old Henry Wiggett's treat."

He passed the box round. Mr. Ketchum watching in helpless indignation as the customers, discarding their pipes, thanked Mr. Wiggett.

Closing time came all too soon, Mr. Wiggett, whose popularity was never for a moment in doubt, developing gifts which his friend had never even alluded to.

"I 'ope you're satisfied," said Mr. Wiggett, as the landlord, having shot the bolts of the front door, returned to the bar.

"You went a bit too far," said Mr. Ketchum, shortly; "you should 'ave been content with doing what I told you to do. And who asked you to 'and my cigars 'round?"

"I got a bit excited," pleaded the other.

"And you forgot to tell 'em you're going to start to-morrow to live with that niece of yours in New Zealand," added the landlord.

"So I did," said Mr. Wiggett, smiling his forehead; "so I did. I'm very sorry; I'll tell 'em to-morrow night."

"Mention it casual like, to-morrow morning," commanded Mr. Ketchum, "and get off in the afternoon, then I'll give you some dinner besides the five shillings as arranged."

To the landlord's great annoyance his guest went for a walk next morning and did not return until the evening, when he explained that he had walked too far for his crippled condition and was unable to get back.

The helpless Mr. Ketchum suffered in silence, with his eye on the clock, and almost danced with impatience at the tardiness of his departing guests. He accompanied the last man to the door, and then, crimson with rage, returned to the bar to talk to Mr. Wiggett.

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**Edict of Fashion Galls for Stocks of Fur and Lace**

Among the new stocks of imitation Irish lace and tucked fllet net which all the women are wearing is one that has a turnover of colored satin at the top. This is put on just below the immense double ruching at top, and ends in front with a flat, mannish bow.

These stocks are attached to any soft blouse. The color scheme carried at the top is somewhat of a relief from the already universal satin cravat at the base.

To these high stocks are attached Robespierre frills that drop nearly to the waist. They are in every form this season and often a severe suit in a wonderful manner.

It is astonishing what an air of fluffiness and frivolity these accessories give. A plain, almost shapeless coat suit when worn with an immense hat holding a soft plume, a high stock of net or lace with double frills down the front and frills at the wrist is transformed into something most feminine.

It is these frills and these high lace stocks that give women their graceful look this winter.

There is a wide tendency to abandon wide fur pieces for the neck and put all one's money into a high direttore collar of fur, edged with frills and finished with satin ribbon, and to add an immense muff.

The pelrine and the straight stole pieces will remain in style, as they never seem to get quite out of fashion, but it looks as though the smart women will wear the tight, high neck piece.

The fur pieces that drop around the shoulders serve to take away from the new lines this winter. They are not in keeping with the long narrow silhouette that women strive after.

There has been no season to equal this one in the use of Irish lace. This we have taken on new prestige and popularity.

Evening gowns are made of it, loose wraps are built of it, it is quite the thing for handsome blouses, and collars and cuffs are sold of it by the hundreds.

The high turnover collar of baby Irish with a tiny edge of Irish braid has substituted the turnover of linen embroidery.

Small cravats to be worn around the base of stock and tied in front are made of half-inch Irish insertion, and finished in front with balls and tassels. These are newer than the cravats of velvet or satin, and will not be so popular, as they are more costly.

Frills of all kinds on the neck and sleeves are edged with Irish lace; belts are made of it, also hat crowns or brims. The whole hat of Irish lace has not yet returned to favor.

**First Principle of Gaining and Keeping Health**

It is easy to talk about the simple life and so hard to live it, for life is not simple any more. Its complications seem unavoidable.

The trouble lies in ourselves; the entire trend of womanly sentiment is away from the things the centuries held dear.

A mother said not long ago: "Baby Louise is so finicky, she will only play with her toys two or three times before she is tired of them and I have to send them off to the hospital."

And the mother seemed to think that it showed a progressive spirit in her child. Such a craving for novelty can mean nothing but unhappiness, no matter what one's ability to gratify it.

If we are ever to become simple again without some dire calamity forcing it upon our country, we must change our views of much that we now think progressive.

We will have to learn to draw a sharp distinction between our necessities and our frills. A woman who is noted for her restfulness and her placidity in the midst of a hard life was asked how she managed to keep unfretted.

"I try to keep my life simple. Long ago I learned that what women possess beyond the real necessities soon grows to be a weariness to the nerves. The more of the unessentials we acquire the more we want. Our most coveted treasure soon grows insignificant in the thought of something still to be achieved. I make my rule of life less change and more repose."

That is a good rule for any harassed mother or business woman who has come to think life too much for her.



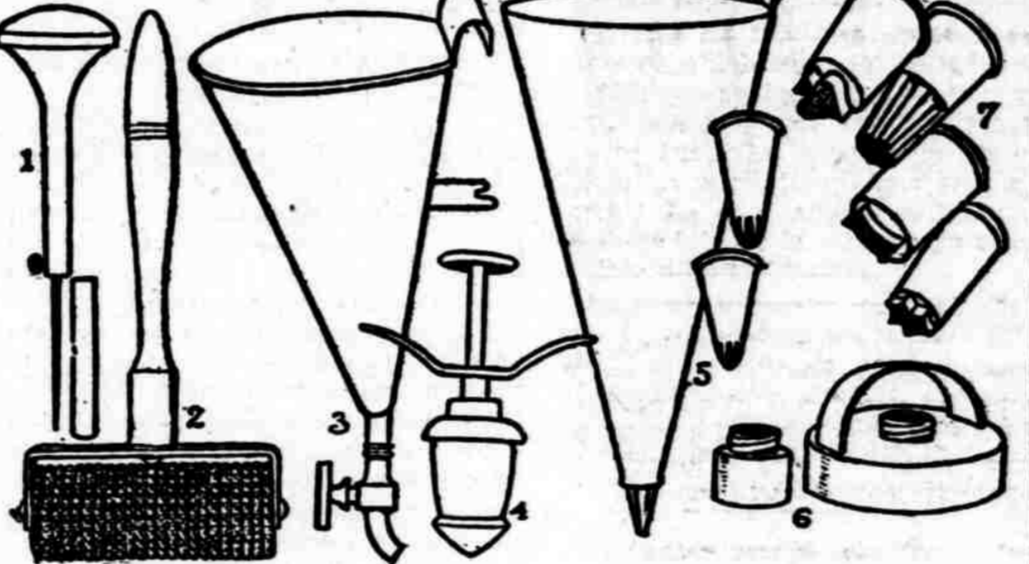
Dotted veils are to be absolutely out. Colored laces are more the vogue than ever.

Tan shoes will remain late in the fall. There is a craze for embroidery in trimming.

The one tone waist has had a rebound into favor. Button shoes for men are an edict for the winter.

Artistic simplicity is the dominant note of gowns. To be in the mode, even umbrellas must be slender.

**Handy in Kitchen**



Many of the little labor-saving devices are so inexpensive that it seems as if every one should know of them. A quarter used now and then for such conveniences would soon result in a well-equipped kitchen. Not only is it advisable to buy improvements in the line of the saving of real labor, but also little necessities of invention, the use of which gives a dainty touch that is appreciated by the most absent-minded man, although he may never mention it. However, the children always remember all appetizing and attractive ways of serving food and remember them long after they are grown to manhood and womanhood.

The making of good salad dressing, especially mayonnaise dressing, is an accomplishment desired by most housewives, yet the regular salad bowls with oil droppers are more or less expensive and therefore seldom deemed necessary. In the illustration with a faucet at the end, the funnel is the most ingenious device one could find in many a day. It is an oil dropper for making salad and mayonnaise dressing and is hooked on to an ordinary egg beater. The oil is poured into the funnel, the faucet is turned on and while the beater is whisking the eggs the oil is dropping as gradually as one could wish. Many never attempt the making of salad dressing just on account of being unable to add the oil gradually, and now for a quarter it is done automatically.

The four vegetable cutters of various sizes are often used to make soup attractive. Children especially are more likely to eat the vegetables cut in fancy shapes than when cut irregularly, as our mothers did.

The round biscuit cutter is an invention whereby the small adjustable cutter at the side can be screwed in and the biscuit cutter changed at once to a cutter for doughnuts.

The center illustration is an adjustable rubber stopper for a bottle of any size. By holding firmly to the little extended pieces and at the same time pressing down the center disc, the stopper fits in and then as you let go it slips up air tight and stays so until you press down when you wish to take it out. Many find this little device very useful, especially for all mineral water bottles.

The carved roller on the left is for rolling across cookie dough and leaving the surface impressed with a pretty design. With this roller and a square cutter, shaped as a parallelogram, the hermits can be made or cookies of the same shape. It takes but a moment to roll over the top of the dough, and older people enjoy a fancy cookie as much as children.

The ice pick and little wooden case to protect the sharp point is ideal. In hospitals they often use a needle or common pin to crack ice in small pieces, and the finer the point, the more easily is ice separated. This ends the little group of ingenious devices whereby cooking may be made more attractive and appetizing.

**Painted Walls.** Many women who are having their houses done over this autumn are choosing paint instead of paper for all the upstairs rooms.

They think this method more hygienic and more cleanly. The walls can be washed down and do not need to be renewed each season.

Not only pale tints, but rich warm ones are used, such as terra cotta, German blue and dull red. All the tones of heavy gray are popular.

For the nursery light blue, rose pink and leaf green are used. The ceiling and walls are alike and there is no attempt at fresco or dado. A molding is used of stained wood, usually white or buff.

Painted walls, with varnished hardwood floors, insure cleanliness and health in a sleeping room.

Women and children who have tried these find themselves suffocating in rooms with carpets, thick wall papers and curtain drapery.

**Tailored Blouses.** Although hardly to be numbered among the really mannish waists, dimity gingham, fine lawn and nainsook

**NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM**  
 By William Pitt



See that the brood sow gets the exercise she needs.

Sheep should not be fed ensilage except in small quantities.

Let not a year go by without having planted some trees on the place.

It is said that barley furnishes as much nutriment as the same weight of oats.

Don't overcrowd the chickens. Winter only as many as you can comfortably.

Clean dirty eggs with a woolen rag slightly moistened in water; never wash them.

A teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a pint of warm water is said to relieve wind colic in horses.

Have you been using the road drag? If not, we hope you have an uneasy conscience. Get busy after the next rain.

The failures that we make if wisely pondered and wisely used may guide us to the success we long to achieve.

You can't count the wrinkles on the horns of the cow that has been deborned so as to tell her age, so it is a good plan to keep a record book of your cows.

Did you help celebrate apple day by eating apples, talking apples and planning for more and better apple trees on your place? October 20 marked another advance step in the apple's popularity.

A cheap farm paint can be made from one gallon of skim milk, three pounds Portland cement, dry paint powder to give desired shade. This compound must be kept well stirred, as the cement settles. Stir up not more than one day's supply at a time.

How hard should the ground freeze before covering up the strawberry vines? Well, if it will hold a wagon up when driven over it you may conclude that it is time to put on the mulch. Don't put on too much at first, however. Increase the amount of covering as the weather increases in severity.

It is rather a startling statement which the dairy commissioner of Minnesota makes when he says he believes the farmers of that state lose \$34,000,000 every year through poor cows. Probably there are rather more than 1,000,000 cows in that state. That would mean that on an average every cow in Minnesota robs her master of \$34.

It is estimated by competent authorities that over 45 per cent of the food products of the better classes in the United States consist of animal products. In other words, half of the amount spent for food of the average family goes for meat, eggs and dairy products. This fact suggests why it pays the farmer to raise stock.

Again let us urge you not to leave the tools out to warp and rust in the winter storms. One winter's exposure will hurt them more than two or three years' use. Clean them up and put them away in the dry. If you have no tool house put them in the packing shed. A coat of paint applied now will add several years to the life of the woodwork of tools.

Corn shows by the different states are becoming popular. Illinois will have one the last of November. Indiana will hold one at Purdue university in January, and other states are in line for similar shows. Now, brother farmer, plan to attend one of these shows. See what the other fellow is doing and learn how you can improve on the quantity and the quality of your corn crop.

Minnesota has apparently solved the difficulty of dishonest commission men by the enactment of a law compelling the commission man to keep a record of his sales, in which he must report the name of the purchaser, the date of the sale and the price obtained. The consignee, by means of this record, may, by going to a little trouble, ascertain who bought his consignment and the price paid for it; and with this information so easily obtained, the commission men take great risks when they make dishonest returns to the consignee. It is claimed that the law has worked well in Minnesota.

The Chicago health commission has forbidden the sale of milk from ordinary tin cans. All milk must now be delivered in sealed bottles. Nearly one-half of the infant mortality of the city is supposed to be traceable to impure milk. It requires careful washing and constant care to keep a tin can in good condition. Few people know how to wash a can and those who do know apparently do not like the job. If you want any proof of this fact, take the cover off of any milk can that is being returned from any city and notice the nasty stench that meets your nostrils. The price of city milk is constantly advancing, so that farmers have hopes of getting money enough to pay them to keep it clean and in prime condition.

Express your thanksgiving in thanksgiving.

Poultry for profit demands good quarters and good feed.

Stagnant water drunk by the cows is apt to cause stinky milk.

Molasses as part of the feed ration for the horse has proved its value.

Keep tab on the markets and watch your chance to sell your crops at the best price.

Oats make an ideal food for the brood sow. It will pay to keep her well fed up.

The American quail is a good bird to have on the farm, as he is an industrious insect eater.

More failures in hog breeding probably come from lack of good yards and fences than from any other cause.

A small flock of sheep on every farm should be the slogan of the organized farmers throughout the country.

Barns are cheaper than feed. Shelter well your livestock and make the high-priced feed go as far as possible.

Roots as part of the ration for the sheep in the winter time are quite essential if you would take them through in good condition.

Sheep will never drink impure water. In putting your flock into winter quarters see that proper care is taken to provide adequate and clean water supply.

Notice how uneasy the horse is when the curry comb is being used on the legs. Most horses are very sensitive there. Try an old cloth to rub the dirt off.

When your pet theory has proved a failure, hasn't worked out as you expected, and there is no reasonable chance for its doing so, be man enough to admit your mistake, and give it up.

Again we want to urge the importance of beginning early in the handling and training of the colt. Get him used to the halter, handle him frequently and break him to driving by putting a pair of lines to the halter and walking behind him. You will be surprised to see how soon he will learn to obey the commands to stop and to start and to stand still.

The Pennsylvania agricultural college has just completed a most successful test with an acre of fruit trees which were unproductive and unprofitable. The 52 trees were first trimmed and then in April sprayed for San Jose scale. This was followed at blossoming by another spraying for the codling moth. The result was a marked increase in the quantity and the quality of the fruit borne. After reading this just ask yourself if you are realizing all the possibilities of your orchard, and if not, why not?

Rhubarb out of season is in good demand and brings a good price. When the roots are dug for forcing they should get a thorough freezing outdoors before they are taken into the forcing house. Also leave as much of the soil adhering to the roots as possible. These roots may be forced successfully in a mushroom house, or under a greenhouse bench, or in