

**Light Freights**  
W. W. JACOBS  
**A Marked Man**

"Tattooing is a gift," said the night watchman firmly. "It is to be a gift, as you can well see. A man is to know 'ot 'e is going to tattoo an 'ow to do it; there's no rubbing out or altering. It's a gift, an' it can't be learnt. I know a man once as used to tattoo a cabin-boy all over every 'y'ge trying to learn. 'E was a slow, painstaking sort o' man, and the langwidge those boys used to use while 'e was at work would 'ardly be believed, but 'e 'ad to give up trying arter about fifteen years and take to crochet-work instead.

"Some men won't be tattooed at all, being proud o' their skins or sick-like, and for a good many years Ginger Dick, a man I've spoke to of you before, was one o' that sort. Like many red-ared men 'e 'ad a very white skin, which was very proud of, but at last, owing to a unfortunate idea o' making 'is fortin, 'e let himself be done.

"It come about in this way: Him and old Sam Small and Peter Russet 'ad been paid off from their ship and was 'aving a very 'appy, pleasant time ashore. They was careful men in a way, and they 'ad taken a room down East India Road way, and paid up the rent for a month. It came cheaper than a lodging-house, besides being a bit more private and respectable, a thing old Sam was always very particular about.

"They 'ad been ashore about three weeks when one day old Sam and Peter went off alone becos Ginger said 'e wasn't going with 'em.

"Where've you been?" ses Ginger, when they returned.

"Business," ses Sam.

"We must 'ave another man in it, Peter, 'e ses, 'and, wot's more, 'e must 'ave ginger-colored 'air. That being so, its only right and proper that our dear old pal Ginger should 'ave the best offer."

"It wasn't often that Sam was so affectionate, and Ginger couldn't make it out at all. Ever since 'e'd known 'im the old man 'ad been full o' plans o' making money without earning it.

"We've been in a little pub down Bow way, me an' Peter," ses Sam, 'and we'll tell you more about it if you promise to jola us an' go shares. It's the kep' by a widdler woman whose on'y son—red-ared son—went to sea 23



"Wot?" screams Vinger. "Tattoo Me!"

years ago, at the age o' 14, an' was never 'eard of arterwards. Seeing we was sailor-men, she told us all about it, an' 'ow she still 'opes for him to walk into 'er arms afore she dies."

"She dreamt a fortin ago that 'e turned up safe and hound, with red whiskers," ses Peter.

"Ginger Dick sat up and looked at 'em without a word; then 'e got out o' bed, an' pushing old Sam out of the way began to dress, and at last 'e turned round and asked Sam whether he was drunk or only mad."

"All right," ses Sam: "if you won't take it on we'll find somebody as will; that's all; there's no call to get huffy about it. You ain't the on'y red-edded man in the world."

"Ginger coughed and looked thoughtful.

"It sounds all right, mates," 'e ses at last, 'but I don't see 'ow we're to go to work. I don't want to get locked up for deceiving."

"You can't get locked up," ses Sam: "if you let 'er discover you and claim you, 'ow can you get locked up for it? We shall go in an' see her agin, and larn all there is to larn, especially about the tattoo marks, and then—"

"Wot?" screams Ginger. "Tattoo me! Spile my skin with a lot o' beautiful blue marks! Not me, not if I know it. I'd like to see anybody try it, that's all."

"They started on 'im agin next day, but all Sam and Peter could say didn't move 'im, although Sam spoke so feelingly about the joy of a pore widdler woman getting 'er son back agin arter all these years that 'e nearly cried.

"They went down agin to the pub that evening, and Ginger, who said 'e was curious to see, wanted to go too. Sam, who still 'ad 'opes of 'im, wouldn't 'ear of it, but at last it was arranged that 'e wasn't to go inside, but should take a peep through the door. They got on a tram at Aldgate, and Ginger didn't like it becos Sam and Peter talked it over between themselves in whispers and pointed out likely red-ared men in the road.

"And 'e didn't like it when they got to the Blue Lion, and Sam and Peter went in and left 'im outside, peeping through the door. The landlady shook 'ands with them quite friendly, and the barmaid, a fine-looking girl, seemed to take a lot o' notice of Peter. Ginger waited about outside for nearly a couple of hours, and at last they themselves in whispers and pointed out likely red-ared men in the road.



"Losing 'is Wot?" ses Vinger, turning Pale and Staggering Back.

came out, talking and larfing with Peter wearing a white rose wot the barmaid 'ad given 'im.

"They all went in somewhere and 'ad a few drinks first, though, and arter a time Ginger began to see things in a different light to wot 'e 'ad before, an' to be art ashamed of 'is selfishness, and 'e called Sam's pot a loving-cup, an' kep' on drinking out of it to show there was no ill-feeling, although Sam kep' telling him there wasn't. Then Sam spoke up about tattooing agin, and Ginger said that every man in the country ought to be tattooed to prevent smallpox. He got so excited about it that old Sam 'ad to promise 'im that he should be tattooed that very night, before he could pacify 'im.

"Ginger was the last one to wake up in the morning, an' before 'e woke he kept making a moaning noise. His 'ead felt as though it was going to bust, 'is tongue felt like a brick, and 'is chest was so sore 'e could 'ardly breathe. Then at last 'e opened 'is eyes and looked up and saw Sam an' Peter and a little man with a black mustache.

"Cheer up, Ginger," ses Sam, in a kind voice, 'it's going on beautiful."

"My 'ead's splittin'," ses Ginger, with a groan, 'an' I've got pins an' needles all over my chest."

"Needles," ses the man with the black mustache. "I never use pins; they'd pison the flesh."

"Ginger sat up in bed and stared at 'im; then 'e bent 'is 'ead down and squinted at 'is chest, and next moment 'e was out of bed and all three o' 'em was holding 'im down on the floor to prevent 'im breaking the tattooer's neck which 'e'd set 'is 'eart upon doing, and explaining to 'im that the tattooer was at the top of 'is profession, and that it was only by a stroke of luck 'e had got 'im. And Sam reminded 'im wot 'e 'ad said the night before, and said he'd live to thank 'im for it.

"Ginger gave in at last, and told the man to go on with the job and finish it, and 'e even went so far as to do a little bit o' tattooing 'imself on Sam when he wasn't looking. 'E only made one mark, becos the needle broke off, and Sam made such a fuss that Ginger said anyone would ha' thought 'e'd hurt 'im.

"Owver 'e was done at last; his chest and 'is arms and 'is shoulders, and he nearly broke down when Sam borrowed a bit o' looking-glass and let 'im see himself. Then the tattooer rubbed in some stuff to make 'is skin soft agin, and some more stuff to make the marks look a bit old.

"They 'ad a little call over in their room to see 'ow Ginger was to do it, and to discover the weak pints. Sam worked up a squeaky voice, and pretended to be the landlady, and Peter pretended to be the good-looking barmaid.

"They went all through it over and over agin, the only unpleasantness being caused by Peter Russet letting off a screech every time Ginger alluded to 'is chest wot set 'is teeth on edge, and old Sam as the landlady offering

the holy father. He hesitated for a moment and then, bending down, he suddenly seized the monk by the ankle and, jerking it up to his lips, toppled the worthy father over backward.

The toe of the sultan of Turkey is kissed by subjects of high rank. Those of more lowly position are merely allowed to touch the fringe of his garment to their lips, and the poorest classes must be content to make a low obeisance in his presence.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Ginger pots o' beer which made 'is mouth water.

"We shall go round to-morrow for the last time," ses Sam, 'as we told 'e we're sailing the day arter."

"Meaning," ses Peter Russet, 'you mustn't forget that you've got to send us post office money-orders every week."

"Ginger said 'e wouldn't forget, and they shook 'ands all round and 'ad a drink together, and the next afternoon Sam and Peter went to the Blue Lion for a last visit.

"It was quite early when they came back. Ginger was surprised to see 'em, and he said so, but 'e was more surprised when 'e heard their reasons. "It come over us all at once as we'd bin doing wrong," Sam ses, setting down with a sigh.

"Come over us like a chill, it did," ses Peter.

"Doing wrong?" ses Ginger Dick, starting. "Wot are you talking about?"

"Something," ses Peter Russet, said showed us as we was doin' wrong," ses old Sam very solemn; 'it come over us in a flash."

"Like lightning," ses Peter.

"It ain't fair play agin a woman," says old Sam, 'three strong men agin one poor old woman; that's wot we feel, Ginger."

"Well, I don't feel like it," ses Ginger; 'you please yourself, and I'll please myself."

"'E went off in a huff, an' next morning 'e was so disagreeable that Sam an' Peter went and signed on board a steamer called the Penguin, which was to sail the day arter. They parted bad friends all round, and Ginger Dick gave Peter a nasty black eye, and Sam said that when Ginger came to see things in a proper way agin he'd be sorry for wot 'e'd said.

And 'e said that 'im and Peter never wanted to look on 'is face agin.

"Ginger Dick was a bit lonesome arter they'd gone, but 'e thought it better to let a few days go by afore 'e went and adopted the red-ared landlady. He waited a week, and at last, unable to wait any longer, 'e went out and 'ad a shave and smartened himself up, and went off to the Blue Lion.

"Glass o' bitter, ma'am, please," he ses to the old lady as she came out o' the little parlor at the back o' the bar.

"The old lady drew the beer, and then stood with one 'and holding the beer-pull and the other on the counter, looking at Ginger Dick in 'is new blue jersey and cloth cap.

"Lovely weather, ma'am," ses Ginger, putting his left arm on the counter and showing the sailor-boy dancing the hornpipe.

"It's a 'ard life, the sea," ses the old lady.

"She kept wiping down the counter in front of 'im over an' over agin, an' 'e could see 'er staring at 'is wrists as though she could 'ardly believe her eyes. Then she went back into the parlor, and Ginger 'eard her whispering, and by and by she came out agin with the blue-eyed barmaid.

"Have you been at sea long?" ses the old lady.

"Over 23 years, ma'am," ses Ginger, avoiding the barmaid's eye wot was fixed on 'is wrists, 'and I've been shipwrecked four times; the first time when I was a little nipper o' fourteen."

"Pore thing," ses the landlady, shaking 'er 'ead. "I can feel for you; my boy went to sea at that age, and I've never seen 'im since."

"I'm sorry to 'ear it, ma'am, ses Ginger, very respectful-like. "I suppose I've lost my mother, so I can feel for you."

"Suppose you've lost your mother!" ses the barmaid; 'don't you know whether you have?"

"No," ses Ginger Dick, very sad. "When I was wrecked the first time I was in an open boat for three weeks, and wot with the exposure and 'ardly any food, I got brain fever and lost my memory."

"Pore thing," ses the landlady agin. "I might as well be a orfin," ses Ginger, looking down; 'sometimes I seem to see a kind, 'andsome face bending over me, and fancy it's my mother's, but I can't remember 'er name, or my name, or anything about 'er."

"You remind me o' my boy very much," ses the landlady, shaking 'er 'ead.

"Ginger Dick would ha' liked to ha' seen 'er a bit more excited, but 'e ordered another glass o' bitter from the barmaid, and tried to think 'ow he was to bring about the ship on his chest and the letters on 'is back. The landlady served a couple o' men, and by and by she came back and began talking agin.

"I like sailors," she ses; 'one thing is, my boy was a sailor; and another thing is, they've got such feelin' arter their mothers."

"Ho," ses Ginger, pricking up his ears. "Wot for?"

"I was just talking to 'im about my boy, same as I might be to you, ses the old lady, 'and I was just telling 'im about the poor child losing 'is finger."

"Losing 'is wot?" ses Ginger, turning pale and staggering back.

"Finger," ses the landlady. "E was only ten years old at the time, and I'd sent 'im out to—Wot's the matter? Ain't you well?"

"Ginger didn't answer 'er a word, he couldn't. 'E went on going backwards until 'e got to the door, and then 'e suddenly fell through it into the street, and tried to think.

"Then 'e remembered Sam and Peter, and when 'e thought of them safe and sound aboard the Penguin he nearly broke down altogether, as 'e thought how lonesome he was.

"All 'e wanted was 'is arms round both their necks same as they was the night afore they 'ad 'im tattooed."

**Corsets Must Be Adapted to the Individual Wearer.**

SURE enough, womankind has been terribly stirred up this season about the fashions. The launching of the sheath gown was a shock, and the predictions about clothes in general—and corsets in particular—were nothing short of appalling.

But, you know, it is one of the characteristics of the American woman to jump to conclusions. A fault it is termed by some, but it embodies such spontaneity and freshness that older and wiser heads condone it.

Well, as always happens after a great excitement, we come down to earth, and the modification of the extreme is usually very satisfactory. The case of the corset is no exception to the rule.

The new corsets are high and low, but they are not designed to distort the figure, as has been threatened. If you have noticed well-dressed women, you have realized that the silhouette lacks nothing of grace.

Just a practical word about the "long and short" of the corset—they must in a measure be considered as comparative terms. The corset must be high or low for the individual wearer. The corset must not be of inconvenient height under the arms; it must not be so high in the back as to form a prop for the shoulder blades (who has not seen this), thereby accentuating them.

It must not be so high in front as to form a chin-rest for the slim woman or to "shelve" the bust of a fat woman. The bones of a corset should not be so long, in either the front or back, as to make the wearer conscious of their existence. Of course, the corset proper may be longer and higher than its bones. If the bones be too long they will be pushed up when the wearer is seated, which will cause an unsightly bulge in the corset.

A corset should be fitted to the wearer in a sitting position, and, if perfectly right then, it cannot be wrong when any other attitude is assumed.

The slender woman may assume the high corset with less danger than the stout woman; for the long corset is, of course, good for both alike.

The proper fit of a corset is considered so important by the dealers in good corsets that, in many shops, only a corset-maker is permitted to superintend the slightest alteration.

**Message of the Face Will Be Found to Work Wonders.**

Old Father Winter is almost with us, and with him will come cold days, when noses will look red and unattractive. A cure for this trouble is very necessary, and, as it is merely a question of circulation, it is very easily remedied. The nose and the surrounding part of the face should be gently rubbed night and morning with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the glands and promote the healthful action of the skin.

In fact, the massage of the whole face night and morning will keep the little blood vessels all acting so nicely that the complexion will soon become visibly better. The massage does not take very long, and it is well worth trying.

**Crochet Rug.**

Pretty rugs can be made from carpet rags by crocheting the rags, using a large bone crochet hook. Crochet a chain of ten stitches, then single crochet round and round, widening where necessary as the rug grows larger. These rugs can be made as large as desired and are durable and inexpensive and make a much prettier rug than the ordinary woven rag carpet. Try this and see what a pretty, durable and inexpensive rug you will have.

**Embroidered Coat Collars.**

Linen embroidered coat collars will be worn until it is time to put on furs. The new collars have a touch of color, which is quite Parisian. They are somewhat larger than the early fall styles and the revers come to a deep point. The edges are embroidered in long, shallow scallops, alternating blue and lavender or pink and blue. Green and white is an effective combination for these dress accessories. Irish lace medallions are introduced on the collars, tiny roses with an open meshed border encircling them being the favorite design.

**Angora Sweaters.**

Men's sweaters knitted of angora wool are warmer than those made of ordinary German knitting yarn, and they have a more "sporty" air. A gray angora sweater buttoned down the front with gray pearl buttons had pockets and border of the same wool knitted a trifle tighter or with smaller needles to keep it in shape. To wear with these sweaters men are choosing angora neck scarfs made like the smart silk automobile ones. They match the color of the sweater, though this is not necessary, for combinations of colors are often more attractive than one tone.

**The Slashed Skirt.**

Women should not confuse the slashed skirt with the sheath skirt. The former is open to the knees or the hips and is now filled in with chiffon, not knickerbockers. The sheath skirt is merely a tight, unlined graceful affair that falls in clinging folds from the high waistband over the floor. Each gets its name from its appearance. Yet they are constantly confused.

**Alligator Claw Purse.**

One of the new small purses for change and car tickets is made from the claws of an alligator. It is fastened with a single clasp and has a strap across the back.

**Points to Be Considered Before Purchasing Dress Material.**

IF YOU are going to get clothes for the street at this season of the year—and the problem confronts everyone—take into consideration, first, the money you have to spend, and second, the way in which your life is spent, writes Annie Rittenhouse, in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

If you are compelled to be on the street a good deal, you want a coat suit. If your life is mostly in the house during the day hours, filled with domestic duties, put your money into a top coat and a one-piece jumper frock of cloth.

If you choose the former, don't get satin, no matter how black it is, nor satin broadcloth nor lustrous cashmere. These are fashionable and lovely, but not fit.

There is going to be a wide distinction this year between the clothes worn on the street and those worn indoors, and you want to show that you know it by choosing a coat suit of the roughest weave.

Last year the shops did not offer these fabrics generously, for it was a "smooth" season. This year it is a "rough" season.

Ask at the counters or at your tailor's for diagonal serge, for chevion cloth, for English chevion, for Scotch homespun.

You will be delighted at the choice to be made. Such stylish-looking cloths have not been offered to women for years. Blue serges with a wide wale that makes for character, striped chevion in the new colors, rough plaid homespun with solid tones for the coats are among the cloths that will be offered.

You can't go wrong in choosing any one of them. If there is a leaning toward any two fabrics, these two are are chevion serge, with its great marked stripes woven in the goods, and the gray and black striped chevion.

The striped broadcloths are also here with a much rougher surface than they had last year. They are good looking, and much admired, but the fastidious woman will pass them by for the new serges and chevions.

**INVAGUE**

New coats are elaborately braided. Modish gowns range from deepest smoke to palest pearl.

The Psyche knot is the favorite colure of the moment.

Pompadour ribbons are much in demand for evening sashes.

The sack shape is smart and becoming to good forms.

The walking skirt is long and the walking skirt is short.

Rich and dark colors have the greatest vogue in hat trimming.

Brightly colored heels are found on many of the new smart pumps.

Some smart French women are beginning to carry dainty walking sticks.

Flirt net and souchette braids are the two most popular trimmings.

**For the Books**



There are certain books of reference that should always find a place on the writing-table, and it is convenient to have those books so arranged that any particular volume may be found at a glance, and in that case, it is almost necessary to have some kind of book rack to hold them. In our sketch, we show a novel way of doing this, and, perhaps, a better name for it than book-case would be book-stones, instead.

It consists of two small cardboard boxes, which may be filled with anything of weight, small stones, for instance, or sand. The boxes can then entirely be covered with any pretty odd remnant of material that may be handy, and all round the edges a silk cord is sewn. Pretty little floral designs may be worked in silk on the sides and top. The books are placed in a row as shown in the sketch, with an "end" at either side, to hold them in position. If one or two books should be taken away, it is no trouble to push the remaining books together and close up the gap. When not being used for books, these little boxes make capital paper weights.

**Attractive Coats.**

Among the severe modes are some most attractive coats in blue serge with color introduced in the collar. Bright reds, greens, and even orange are the color notes most used. One of the smartest coats seen this fall is a Franciscan model in very wide white flannel with narrow strappings, pipings and buttons of black satin, a cunning little sort of satin and a collar facing of deep yellow chamomel completed the charming wrap. Apropos of utility coats there is nothing so chic as the large check woollens in black and white with collars of black satin or of black combined with a bright color. Black and white stripes still retain a certain prestige, though as a rule they show sell readily and are not desirable for all figures, while broken plaids and invisible markings are becoming to almost any type.

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**NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM**  
By William Pitt

With eggs high in price it will pay you to feed generously and to get the eggs in return.

Provide plenty of litter for the chickens to scratch in this winter. Leaves are excellent.

Don't forget to pick some of the best of the hickory sticks for ax handles. You will need them.

Be regular in feeding the poultry. This is a good rule with regard to livestock of all kinds.

A good way to feed molasses to horses is to put it on the hay. This ration will keep them thrifty.

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Never get the conception that it is clever scheming that brings success. It's hard work that brings enduring success. The genius of hard work is the best asset in life.

The farmer who begrudges the time necessary to feed and care for the hogs is generally the farmer who on market day is disappointed with the return from the sales.

Before worrying over the fact that your neighbor has more land than you have, just study over the question whether you are getting as much as is possible out of the land you already have.

The manure from a dairy cow will amount to over ten tons a year with a value of upwards of \$30. But the way the average farmer handles this by-product, much of the value is lost. Why not stop this leak by putting in cement gutters, make free use of bedding and get the manure out on the land every day?

Get the boy a camera and get him interested in taking pictures of the buildings and the stock. It will be one more link to bind him to the farm and will be a step toward improvement in the appearance of the farm and better farm animals. Pictures tell stories, and where the camera is on the farm to bring their tell-tale messages of neglect and disorder and poor stock, you are apt to spruce up a bit and to want stock that will look well in a picture.

The weather man by study and observation may be able to pretty accurately predict what the weather is going to be, but it is God who maketh the sun to shine and the rain to fall, the winds to blow and the crops to grow. And it is well it is so, for he knoweth best. Let us never be impatient with what he sends. Always make the best of the weather conditions; order the farm work in harmony with the conditions God provides, and when it comes to taking stock after the harvest is over you will, as you do this year, have to admit that things turned out better than you had thought they would.

Remember that of all the manure produced on the farm that from the poultry has the greatest value, and yet with but few exceptions it is not taken care of as it should be. The New Hampshire experiment station recommends that the weekly droppings of a flock of 25 hens should be mixed with about eight pounds of kainit or acid phosphate and a half peck of sawdust. If one desires a balanced fertilizer for corn and other hoed crops, a mixture of equal parts of kainit and acid phosphate could be used instead of either alone. Good dry meadow muck or peat would be equally as good as sawdust, if not better, to use as an absorbent. In the experiment mentioned, more than half of the ammonia was lost in hen manure without chemicals when compared with that which had been mixed with them.

Save your coal ashes for mixing with heavy soil in the vegetable garden. They have almost no fertilizing value, but help to loosen up some soils. Soot should always be saved when flues and chimneys are cleaned, for it is invaluable, especially for roses. It is beneficial as a fertilizer and drives away insects. For radishes, onions and cabbages it is helpful, for it discourages the cutworms and grubs. Wood ashes are especially valuable as a fertilizer and should always be saved.

The government commission on country life is anxious to obtain all the suggestions possible from farmers, and pursuant to that end have sent out circulars containing various questions covering nearly every phase of farm life with the request that they be answered and returned. If you have not received one, write to the commission at Washington, D. C., and one will be promptly sent. Such help will prove of inestimable value to the commission.

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The Dairy division of the United States department of agriculture will conduct a milk and cream contest open to all dairymen in the United States, at the third annual dairy show, Chicago, December 2 to 10. The object of this contest is educational and entirely for the benefit of the dairymen. The milk and cream will be carefully analyzed and scored by experts from the department of agriculture. Forty points will be allowed for flavor, 20 for composition, 20 for bacteria, 5 for acidity, and 10 for appearance of package and cleanliness of milk. Any defects will be pointed out in the score and dairymen will have opportunity to learn whether by the methods they are using they can produce a standard product. There will be four classes in this contest, as follows: Class I. Market milk (raw) two prizes (gold and silver medals). Class II. Market cream (raw) two prizes (gold and silver medals). Class