

Light Freights
W. W. JACOBS
Twin Spirits

The "Terrace," consisting of eight quaint houses, faced the sea, while the back rooms commanded a view of the ancient little town some half-mile distant. The beach, a waste of shingle, was desolate and bare except for a ruined bathing machine and a few pieces of linen drying in the winter sunshine. In the offing tiny steamers left a trail of smoke, while sailing-craft, their canvas glistening in the sun, slowly melted from the sight.

From the front windows of the third story of No. 1 Mrs. Cox, gazing out to sea, sighed softly. The season had been more troublesome than usual owing to tightness in the money market and the avowed preference of local publicans for cash transactions to assets in chalk and slate.

He had in his earlier days attempted to do a little work. Mrs. Cox's meditations were disturbed by a knock at the front door. "Glad to see you, my dear," said the visitor, kissing her loudly. "I've got my Uncle Joseph from London staying with us," continued the visitor, following her into the hall, "so I just got into the train and brought him down for a blow at the sea."

A question on Mrs. Cox's lips died away as a very small man who had been hidden by his niece came into sight.

"My Uncle Joseph," said Mrs. Berry; "Mr. Joseph Piper," she added. Mr. Piper shook hands, and after a performance on the door-mat, protracted by reason of a festoon of homely flowers, he followed into the faded drawing-room.

"And Mr. Cox?" inquired Mrs. Berry, in a cold voice.

Mrs. Cox shook her head. "He's been away this last three days," she said, flushing slightly.

"Looking for work?" suggested the visitor.

Mrs. Cox nodded, and, placing the tips of her fingers together, fidgeted gently.

"Why, where's your marble clock?" "I never pawned a clock," Piper said, stroking his little gray head.

"I'll go on like this, my dear, till you're ruined," said the sympathetic Mrs. Berry, turning to her friend again; "what'll you do then?"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Cox. "I've had a bad season, too, and I'm so anxious about him in spite of it all. I can't sleep at nights for fearing that he's in some trouble. I'm sure I laid awake half last night crying."

"I might have known it was nonsense," retorted Mrs. Berry, hotly. "Can't you get him to take the pledge, Mary?"

"I couldn't insult him like that," said Mrs. Cox, with a shiver. "What Cox wants is a shock," said Mrs. Berry; "you've dropped some crumbs on the carpet, uncle."

Mr. Piper apologized and said he had got his eye on them, and would pick them up when he had finished and pick up his niece's at the same time to prevent her stooping.

"If I were you," said Mrs. Berry, emphatically, "I'd get behind with the rent or something and have the brokers in. He'd look rather astonished if he came home and saw a broker's man sitting in a chair."

"He'd look more astonished if he saw him sitting in a flower-pot," suggested the caustic Mr. Piper.

"I couldn't stand the disgrace, even though I knew I could pay him out. As it is, Cox is always setting his family above mine."

Asriety on Mrs. Cox's face was exaggerated on that of Mr. Piper.

"Let uncle pretend to be a broker's man in for the rent," continued the excited lady, rapidly.

"I look like a broker's man, don't I?"

"Yes, sir," said the trembling Mr. Piper.

Mr. Cox waved his hand towards the window. "Fly," he said, briefly.

Mr. Piper tried to form his white lips into a smile, and his knees trembled beneath him.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Mr. Cox. "What are you waiting for? If you don't fly out of the window I'll throw you out."

"Don't touch me," screamed Mr. Piper, retreating behind a table, "it's all a mistake. All a joke. I'm not a broker's man. Ha! ha!"

"Eh?" said the other; "not a broker's man? What are you, then?"

In eager, trembling tones Mr. Piper told him, and, gathering confidence as he proceeded, related the conversation which had led up to his imposture. Mr. Cox listened in a dazed fashion, and as he concluded threw himself into a chair, and gave way to a terrible outburst of grief.

"The way I've worked for that woman," he said, brokenly, "to think it should come to this! The deceit of the thing; the wickedness of it. My heart is broken; I shall never be the same man again—never!"

"I might frighten my wife," mused the amiable Mr. Cox; "it would be a lesson for her not to be deceitful again. And, by Jove, I'll get some money from her to escape with; I know she's got some, and if she hasn't she'll have in a day or two. There's a little pub at Newstead, eight miles from here, where we could be as happy as fighting cocks with a five or two. And while we're there enjoying ourselves my wife'll be half out of her mind trying to account for your disappearance to Mrs. Berry."

He patted the hesitating Mr. Piper on the back, and letting him out through the garden, indicated the road. Then he returned to the drawing-room, and carefully rumpling his hair, tore his collar from the stud, overturned a couple of chairs and a small table, and sat down to wait as pa-

tiently as he could for the return of his wife.

He waited about 20 minutes, and then he heard a key turn in the door below and his wife's footsteps slowly mounting the stairs. By the time she reached the drawing-room his tableau was complete, and she fell back with a faint shriek at the frenzied figure which met her eyes.

"Hush," said the tragedian, putting his finger to his lips.

"Henry, what is it?" cried Mrs. Cox. "What is the matter?"

"The broker's man," said her husband, in a thrilling whisper. "We had words—he struck me. In a fit of fury I—choked him."

"Much?" inquired the bewildered woman.

"Much?" repeated Mr. Cox, frantically. "I've killed him and hidden the body. Now I must escape and fly the country."

The bewilderment on Mrs. Cox's face increased; she was trying to reconcile her husband's statement with a vision of a trim little figure which she had seen ten minutes before with its head tilted backwards studying the sign-post, and which she was now quite certain was Mr. Piper.

"I haven't got anything," asserted Mrs. Cox. "It's no good looking like that, Henry, I can't make money."

Mr. Cox's reply was interrupted by a loud knock at the hall door, which he was pleased to associate with the police. It gave him a fine opportunity for melodrama, in the midst of which his wife, rightly guessing that Mrs. Berry had returned according to arrangement, went to the door to admit her.

She followed her friend into the drawing-room, and having shaken hands with Mr. Cox, drew her handkerchief from her pocket and applied it to her eyes.

"She's told me all about it," she said, nodding at Mrs. Cox, "and it's worse than you think, much worse. It isn't a broker's man—it's my poor uncle, Joseph Piper."

"Your uncle!" repeated Mr. Cox, reeling back; "the broker's man your uncle?"

"See what your joking has led to," Cox said, at last. "I have got to be a wanderer over the face of the earth, all on account of your jokes."

"You get away," said Mrs. Berry, with a warning glance at her friend, and nodding to emphasize her words; "leave us some address to write to, and we must try and scrape £20 or £30 to send you, and scrape £20 or £30 to send you, and scrape £20 or £30 to send you."

"Thirty?" said Mr. Cox, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Where are we to send the money?" Mr. Cox affected to consider.

"The White Horse, Newstead," he said at length, in a whisper; "better write it down."

For the first two days Messrs. Cox and Piper waited with exemplary patience for the remittance, the demands of the landlord, a man of coarse fiber, being met in the meantime by the latter gentleman from his own slender resources. They were both reasonable men, and knew from experience the difficulty of raising money at short notice; but on the fourth day, their funds being nearly exhausted an urgent telegram was dispatched to Mrs. Cox.

"Eh?" said Mr. Piper, in amaze, as he read the reply slow: "No—need—send—money—Uncle—Joseph—has—come—back—Berry. What does it mean? Is she mad?"

Finally Mr. Cox seized with a bright idea that the telegram had got altered in transmission, went off to the post office and dispatched another, which went straight to the heart of things: "Don't—understand—is—Uncle—Joseph—alive?"

The reply was: "Yes—smoking—in—drawing-room."

"I'll go home and ask to see you," Cox said, fiercely; "that'll bring things to a head, I should think."

"And she'll say I've gone back to London, perhaps," said Mr. Piper, gifted with sudden clearness of vision. "You can't show her up unless you take me with you, and that'll show us up. That's her artfulness; that's Susan all over."

A reply came the following evening from Mrs. Berry herself. It was a long letter, and not only long, but badly written and crossed. It began with the weather, asked after Mr. Cox's health, and referred to the writer's described with much minuteness a strange headache which had attacked Mrs. Cox, together with a long list of the remedies prescribed and the effects of each, and wound up in an out-of-the-way corner, in a vein of chery optimism which reduced both readers to the verge of madness.

"Dear Uncle Joseph has quite recovered, and, in spite of a little nervousness—he was always rather timid—at meeting you again, has consented to go to the White Horse to satisfy you that he is alive. I dare say he will be with you as soon as this letter—perhaps help you to read it."

Mr. Piper held up his hand with a startled gesture for silence. The words died away on his friend's lips as a familiar voice was heard in the passage, and the next moment Mrs. Berry entered the room and stood regarding them.

"I ran down by the same train to make sure you came, uncle," she remarked. "How long have you been here?"

Mr. Piper moistened his lips and gazed wildly at Mr. Cox for guidance. "Bout—bout five minutes," he stammered.

Mrs. Berry smiled again. "Ah, I've got another little surprise for you," she said, briskly. "Mrs. Cox was so upset at the idea of being alone while you were a wanderer over the face of the earth, that she and I have gone into partnership. We have had a proper deed drawn up, so that now there are two of us to look after things. Eh? What did you say?"

"I was just thinking," said Mr. Cox.

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Gold or Silver Sparkle Touches That Make Prevailing Styles Suitable to the Stout

A triangle of glitter and sparkle is what my lady beautiful will carry for a fan this year. For on this, the daintiest accessory for her evening toilet, the spangle is as sovereign as elsewhere.

This participation in the fad for glittering ornamentation which dominates the style of the fine lady's costume, from the silver winged butterfly that posies in her coiffure to the sparkle of her slipper, is almost the only distinctively new thing about fans this year.

Of course, a white gauze fan ornamented with a few spangles has been in the possession of every debutante and sweet girl graduate for the last 20 years, but the newness in the use of this ornament, this year, the fan, instead of being strewed with spangles, is encrusted, frosted, overlaid with a thousand bits of gold or silver sparkle to match the sparkle on the algrette and gown.

Nor is it only the white gauze fan that is thus treated, but the black fan, the blue fan, the hand-painted fan, the little ivory cabinet toy fan for the collector, and the fan made of all leather.

Feather fans are being marked close to half price, as they are hardly to be used at all. In one showcase among the fragile bits of ivory and spangle, aloof like a sulky peacock among little darting humming birds, reposes a huge plume fan with sticks of carven amber, marked from \$50 to \$25.

Although the plume fans are rather out of date, Japanese feather fans are quite modish. One model which is shown at a Japanese shop has a pretty tea cup scene painted on a background of white feathers and the top fringed with peacock feathers.

In size, the fan has not changed much. It should be, if anything, a little larger than those shown last year. As to expense, you may have what you will from the fan of steel spangled gauze within the reach of any purse, to the creation of lace and mother-of-pearl, or the product of the artist's daintiest brush.

Or the salesman may bring from a special case a model which is rapidly gaining in popularity—the sandalwood fan. And if you like mignonette better than tulips, you will find it as attractive as the more elaborate productions of mother pearl, lace and spangles. From the exquisite odor that rises to you, perhaps you will be able to call up a faint recollection of some old sea captain's cabinet with its treasure trove of teak and ivory, ebony and sandalwood, gathered from a hundred far-off shores. And as the incense-like fragrance grows even more potent in its spell, perhaps it will invoke for you a vision of grandmother attired for the ball, hoopskirted, hair drawn demurely low, a tea rose thrust in her bodice and fluttering in her hand a sandalwood fan.

PROVED BY TIME. No Fear of Any Further Trouble.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk with a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT WOULD HE HAVE SAID?

"Get up, Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry, I should merely say—"

"Yes, I know, pa; but then—I go to Sunday school—and you don't!"

TORTURED SIX MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hand and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

THE TIE THAT BINDS (SOME). Affecting Reconciliation Between Two Really Loving Hearts.

There is a certain couple who decided to separate awhile ago. It seemed that they were not amicable, after all, and life together was unendurable, so the wife packed up her belongings and was preparing for a trip home. At the time of parting she picked up her little pet dog and tucked him under her arm, while her other man managed the suit case.

"Why, you're not going to take Trixy?" exclaimed the husband.

"Of course I am," she announced. "I couldn't live without him."

"Well, I can't let the little fellow go," he insisted.

"And I simply won't leave him," she declared.

So they argued for half an hour, at the end of which she decided to stay, and unpacked to cook dinner, at which Trixy was the guest of honor.

Why He Remembered.

By some shuffling of the social cards the clergyman and the dog fancier were at the same afternoon tea. The wandering talk unexpectedly resolved itself into the question, Who were the 12 sons of Jacob? Even the cleric with the reversed collar had forgotten, but the doggy man reeled off the names without error, from Reuben down to Benjamin.

"Oh, I'm not great shakes on Scripture," said the man with the fox terriers, "but those are the names which some chap gave to a dozen puppies I'm willing to sell."

Kicks.

Harry Payne Whitney the day his own and other noted horsemen's racers were shipped from London on the Minnehaha, said of the death of racing in New York:

"A good many jockeys have been hard hit. A jockey told me last week a very sad tale of misfortune. I listened sympathetically."

"Ah, Joe," said I, "when a man is down, few hands are extended to him." "The jockey as he chewed a straw, smiled bitterly."

"Few hands—yes—that's right," he said, "but think of the feet."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Good Digestion Follows Right Food.

Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as drooping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of Cause and Effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless."

"A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts, praising it highly, and as a last resort I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

IN VOOGUE

The lapel is seen on everything. Ottoman silk is a favorite in millinery. Skirts are narrow and trains positively skimpy. There will be an unusual demand for satin this year. The rage for things Oriental is quite as virulent as ever. The modern muff consists of staring eyes and wagging tails. School girls will wear immense flat hats of plush or beaver. Paris will make use of skunk as a trimming and in small furs. Plum and prune color is a favorite in elaborate street suits. The one-eyed pump will be worn in the house all this winter. Peacock eyes, beautifully blended, are the success of the hour. Most buttons now have a protecting rim of metal, bone or horn.

Buttons of all sizes are more employed than for years and years. Large-headed hairpins and barrettes will almost cover the head. The two-toned striped stockings are the most fashionable hosiery. French lingerie, brought over for brides, shows much less elaboration. Laces showing an intermingling of metal threads are very fashionable.

Blue Taking the Lead. Blue is proclaimed in many quarters as likely to take the lead in color schemes. We are to be provided with all manner of fresh aspects of Japan. Nattier, gentian, moonlight, etc., together with a host of more ordinary, serviceable tones, not even excepting our old friend, navy, which is already soaring steadily ahead in a coarse-ribbed serge. An evening combination that has by no means exhausted itself as yet is blue and black, a rather deep shade of moonlight blue for preference, frequently thrown up over a foundation of silver tissue. With this it is possible to introduce the most delightfully barbaric touches of embroidery.

East Indian Woman Writes Book. Miss Cornelia Sorabji, a Parsee, who was educated and took her degree at Oxford, has just published a book. She is legal adviser to the government of India in cases in which the woman and the rights of women are concerned, and most of the material for her book was collected in this way. She calls the book "Between the Twilight: Studies of Indian women."

The man who falls seldom gets any sympathy from the man who never tried.

Tipping Barred. A well known New York hostelry has inaugurated an anti-gratuity policy for at least the current season. The management makes official statement thus: "The servants of the house receive full and satisfactory compensation for their services from the owners, and are neither permitted to accept nor do they expect to receive fees of any kind from guests."

The reason some people stay out of debt is that no one will let them get in.

A Novel Bottle. In furnishing information concerning Calcutta's supply of the various "soft" drinks, Consul General William H. Michael refers as follows to an improved bottle in use:

This bottle is so blown as to contain in the neck a round glass stopper, which is forced upward by the gas in the bottle and holds the gas perfectly. An expert can remove half the contents of one of these bottles, and by a shake force the ball up into the neck, and thus preserve the remaining half for future use. It is an ingenious device, and every way superior to the old-style corks. In opening a bottle a wooden, cup-shaped device, which fits in the hollow of the hand and contains a short nipple, is placed over and against the glass ball stopper and pressed downward. This causes the ball to drop down into the neck of the bottle, prevents too rapid escape of gas and foam, and, if only part of the contents is required, the ball may be forced back into the position as stopper.

Nebraska's Meeting Place. That's what people are now calling the city of Lincoln. Nearly all societies of every sort meet sometime during the year in Lincoln, and this gives The State Journal a peculiar interest to state readers, as it devotes more space to such meetings than any two of the other state papers. The recent teachers' association called together nearly 5,000 of the state teachers and every home that has a school child was interested in the reports of their doings. Especially was every member of a school board interested. Soon will come the great agricultural meetings and columns of facts will be printed in The Lincoln Journal that affect the earning power of every farmer. Then of course the legislature will be here for three months and surely you will be interested in what it will do in regard to regulating the liquor traffic and guaranteeing bank deposits. The Journal spends more money for and devotes more space to its legislative reports than any other paper. It's a Journal specialty. The Journal is not a city paper, it's a state paper, and its energies are pushed in the direction of dealing with state affairs. Whatever interests you as a taxpayer, interests The Journal and you will find the impartial, disinterested facts in its columns.

Putting It Up to the Quercus. The next letter the information editor opened contained this question: "What is the correct pronunciation of 'irrefragable'?"

"Consult your unabridged," he wrote, and savagely impaled both the query and answer on the copy book.

For somebody has carried away the office dictionary.

It was about midnight that the detectives arrived with their prisoner, and a Mr. Collins, the principal depositor in the bank, and, therefore, the principal loser, was awakened at his home and informed by telephone of the capture.

He expressed his gratification and went back to bed.

Shortly afterward he was aroused to receive another telephone message to the same effect, from a different source.

This sort of thing continued to such an extent that Collins grew very wrathful; so that, when he answered the phone bell for the last time, he was in anything but an amiable frame of mind.

"Hello, Collins," came over the wire. "Yes, what do you want?"

"Collins, this is Deputy Sheriff Myers. We've caught that runaway receiver. Is there anything you'd like to have me do, personally, in the matter?"

"Yes!" roared Collins, "hang up the receiver!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Jolly Fat Man. When you meet a bow-legged man in the street, do you stop him and ask how it feels to walk that way? On being introduced to a man with a face like an inverted comic supplement, do you condole with him on being so homely? Do you recommend to the sallow man sitting next you in a car a tonic for his liver? At uncheon do you hint to the puffey-eyed, or-nosed stranger opposite you that he ought to get on the water wagon? Of course you don't! You would not be so impolite. You might hurt their feelings.

But when you meet a fat man, it's different. Everybody recognizes him as legitimate prey. He is a butt for jokes, a subject for condolence, an object for advice. Even the man so thin that he does not know whether it is his back or his stomach that hurts him, takes it for granted that he is the fat man's ideal, and insists on giving him advice on how to reduce. Everyone imagines that the fat man must be unhappy because he weighs more than the average person.

—Exchange.

Church Prayer-Meeting

A large church in Chattanooga, Tenn., has a thermometer fixed upon its wall, whose highest point numbers its church membership, and whose mercury is set at the number in attendance on the church prayer-meeting. There must be something startling about this to look at in black and white if the church prayer-meeting is attended in proportion to its membership as it is in many of our

Christian churches. It is said that the church prayer-meeting is a sure indication of the spiritual condition of the church.

Preserving the Peace. At the muzzle of a gun a Milwaukee man tried to force his wife to make up a quarrel. Well, that's the way international peace is made and preserved.—Cleveland Leader.

Peculiar Classifications.

A Florida judge ruled that mullet were not fish, but birds, because they had gizzards. The customs officials in New York ruled that frogs were fish and must pay duty as such. A game warden in Maine gained popularity by declaring oysters were game and so acquired jurisdiction. And now comes a decision from the custom-house that bagpipes are toys and cannot be classed as musical instruments for purposes of taxation.—Florida Times-Union.