

Light Freights

W. W. JACOBS

Sam's Boy

It was getting late in the afternoon as Master Jones, in a somewhat famished condition, strolled up Aldgate, with a keen eye on the gutter, in search of anything that would serve him for his tea. Too late, he wished that he had saved some of the stale bread and damaged fruit which had constituted his dinner.

Aldgate proving barren, he turned up into the quieter Minorities, skilfully dodging the mechanical cuff of the constable at the corner as he passed. He saw a stranger adopt a mongrel. "It's all right," said the orphan, wistfully, "no coppers to chivy 'im about, and as much grub as he wants. Wish I'd been a dog."

A thought struck him just as a stout, kindly-looking seaman passed with a couple of shipmates. It was a good-natured face, and the figure was that of a man who lived well. A moment's hesitation, and Master Jones, with a courage born of despair, ran after him and tugged him by the sleeve.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Samuel Brown, looking round. "What do you want?" "Want you, father," said Master Jones.

"Look here, my lad," exclaimed Mr. Brown, goaded into action by intercepting a smile with which Mr. Charles Legge had favored Mr. Harry Green, "you run off home."

"Where do you live now?" inquired Billy, anxiously. Mr. Green, disdaining concealment, slapped Mr. Legge on the back, and, laughing uproariously, regarded Master Jones with much kindness.

"You mustn't follow me," said Sam, severely. "I've heard?" "All right, father," said the boy, dutifully.

"And don't call me father," vociferated Mr. Brown. "Why not?" inquired the youth, artlessly. "If you don't run away," said Mr. Brown, harshly, as he turned to the boy, "I shall give you a hiding."

"Where am I to run to?" whimpered Master Jones, dodging off and on. "Run 'ome," said Sam.

"That's where I'm going," said Master Jones, following. "Better try and give 'im the slip, Sam," said Mr. Legge, in a confidential whisper; "though it seems an unnatural thing to do."

"What's your name?" "Billy," was the reply. "Billy?" "Billy Jones."

Mr. Green's face cleared, and he turned to his friends with a smile of joyous triumph. Sam's face reflected his own, but Charlie Legge's was still overcast.

"It ain't likely," he said, impressively; "it ain't likely as Sam would go and get married twice in the same name, is it? Put it to yourself, 'Arry—would you?"

The unfortunate Sam said nothing, but strode a haunted man down Nightingale Lane into Wapping High street, and so to the ketch Nancy Bell, which was lying at Shrimpton's wharf. He stepped on board without a word, and only when he turned to descend the forecastle ladder did his gaze rest for a moment on the small, forlorn piece of humanity standing on the wharf.

"Halloa, boy, what do you want?" cried the skipper, catching sight of him. "Want my father, sir—Sam," replied the youth, who had kept his ears open. The skipper got up from his seat and eyed him.

"He's not my boy, sir," replied Mr. Brown, through his clenched teeth. "Well, you'd better come up and see him," said the other. "Are you sure he isn't, Sam?"

"You hear what your father says," said the skipper—"Hold your tongue, Sam! Where's your mother, boy?" "Dead, sir," whined Master Jones. "I've only got 'im now."

The skipper was a kind-hearted man, and he looked pityingly at the forlorn little figure by his side. And Sam was the good man of the ship and a leading light at Dimpport.

"How would you like to come to sea with your father?" he inquired. The grin of delight with which Master Jones received this proposal was sufficient reply.

At six in the morning they got under way, the boy going nearly frantic with delight as sail after sail was set, and the ketch, with a stiff breeze, rapidly left London behind her. Mr. Brown studiously ignored him.

"I can't have somersaults by that on this 'ere ship, Sam," he remarked, shaking his head; "it ain't the place for 'em."

"I wonder at you teaching 'im such things," said the mate, in grave disapprobation. "Me?" said the hapless Sam, trembling with passion.

"He must 'ave seen you do it," said the mate, letting his eye rove casually over Sam's ample proportions. "You must ha' been leading a double life all together, Sam."

By the following afternoon Sam was in such a state of collapse that, when they put in at the small port of Withersea to discharge a portion of their cargo, he obtained permission to step below in his bunk. Work proceeded without him, and at nine o'clock in the evening they sailed again, and it was not until they were a couple of miles on their way to Dimpport that Mr. Legge rushed aft with the announcement that he was missing.

"Don't talk nonsense," said the skipper, as he came up from below in response to a hail from the mate. "It's a fact, sir," said Legge, shaking his head.

"What's to be done with the boy?" demanded the mate, blankly. "Sam's a steady, unrelenting, tricky old man," exclaimed the skipper, hotly; "the idea of going and leaving a boy on our hands like that. I'm surprised at him. I'm disappointed in Sam—deserting!"

"What are you going to do, Billy?" inquired the cook. "I dunno," said the boy, miserably. They came in sight of Dimpport. Mr. Legge, who had a considerable respect for the mate's hidden in that small head, pointed it out to him.

"Boy's worried," said the skipper, aside, to the mate; "cheer up, sonny." Billy looked up and smiled, and the cloud which had sat on his brow when he thought of the cold-blooded desertion of Mr. Brown gave way to an expression of serene content.

At the quay the skipper locked up the cabin, and then calling on one of the shore hands to keep an eye on the forecastle, left it open for the convenience of the small passenger, Harry, Charlie, and the cook stepped ashore. The skipper and mate followed, and the latter, looking back from some distance, called his attention to the desolate little figure sitting on the hatch.

"Father," cried a small voice. "He's adopted you now," said the skipper, huskily. "Or you," said the mate. "I never took much notice of him."

"It's you he's after, I tell you," said the mate. "Who do you want, Billy?" "I want my father," cried the youth, and, to prevent any mistake, indicated the raging skipper with his finger.

"Who do you want?" bellowed the latter, in a frightful voice. "Want you, father," chirruped Master Jones. "What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Hunt, eyeing the crowd in amazement as it grouped itself in anticipation.

"Nothing," said her husband, off-handedly. "Who's that boy?" cried the innocent woman. "It's a poor little mad boy," began the skipper; "he came aboard—"

"A poor little mad boy," continued the skipper, hastily, "who came aboard in London and said poor old Sam Brown was his father."

"No—you, father," cried the boy, shrilly. "He calls everybody his father," said the skipper, with a smile of anguish; "that's the form his madness takes. He called Jim here his father."

"No, he didn't," said the mate, bluntly. "And then he thought Charlie was his father."

"No, sir," said Mr. Legge, with respectful firmness. "I see," said Mrs. Hunt, with a bitter smile, "and these men have all come up prepared to swear that the boy said Sam was his father. Haven't you?"

"Yes, mum," chorused the crew, delighted at being understood so easily. There was an uncomfortable silence, during which the crew, standing for the most part on one leg in sympathy with their chief's embarrassment, nudged each other to say something to clear the character of a man whom all esteemed.

"You ungrateful little devil," burst out Mr. Legge, at length; "after the kind way the skipper treated you, too?" "Did he treat him kindly?" inquired the captain's wife, in conversational tones.

"Like a fat—like a uncle, mum," said the thoughtless Mr. Legge. "Gave 'im a passage on the ship and fairly spoilt 'im. We was all surprised at the fuss 'e made of 'im; wasn't we, Harry?" "Look here, Polly," he began.

"Don't talk to me," was the reply. "I wonder you can look me in the face?" "I thought there was something secret going on," said Mrs. Hunt. "I've often looked at you when you've been sitting in that chair, with a worried look on your face, and wondered what it was. But I never thought it was so bad as this. I'll do you the credit to say that I never thought of such a thing as this—What did you say?"

"I said 'dammit,'" said the skipper, explosively. Even as he spoke the handle turned, and the door opening a few inches disclosed the anxious face of Master Jones.

"Mother!" he said, softly. Mrs. Hunt stiffened in her chair and her arms fell by her side as she gazed in speechless amazement. "Mother, can I come in?" said the boy.

"Oh, Polly!" sighed the skipper. Mrs. Hunt strove to regain the utterance of which astonishment had deprived her. "I—what—Joe—don't be a fool!"

"Yes, I've no doubt," said the skipper, theatrically, "Oh, Polly! Polly! Polly!" "What do you mean by calling me 'mother'?" she demanded. "I'm not your mother."

"Yes, you are," said Master Jones. Mrs. Hunt eyed him in bewilderment, and then, roused to a sense of her position by a renewed gurgling from the skipper's chair, set to work to try and thump that misguided man into a more serious frame of mind.

Falling in this, she sat down, and, after a futile struggle, began to laugh herself, and that so heartily that Master Jones, smiling sympathetically, closed the door, and came boldly into the room.

The statement, generally believed, that Capt. Hunt and his wife adopted him, is incorrect, the skipper accounting for his continued presence in the house by the simple explanation that he had adopted them. An explanation which Mr. Samuel Brown, for one, finds quite easy of acceptance.

JOHNNY'S HOME LESSONS.
Tells About His Work of Last Year and Hopes for Improvement.

"Vacation is over, and I must return to school again. I think of this with the greatest pleasure. I shall fall in love with my teacher, and the walk between my home and the schoolhouse will be romantic."

"Last term I had orthography, writing, history, grammar, mathematics, drawing, current events and about 14 other things. This term I hope I shall have about 50 studies."

FOR THE HOSTESS

Advice on Matters of Entertainment and Other Interesting Subjects, by Madame Merri.

Christmas Decorations.
Can you suggest some new way of decorating your Christmas tree? We have always had a tree, but I would like a change if possible and still have the house look attractive. FLORA.

Use stars and wreaths of holly, cedar and mistletoe with festoons of cedar and great scarlet bows. Then have plenty of candles. For the presents, a great red stocking or a Christmas pie.

A Turkey Dinner.
I have been helped so much by reading your "hints to hostesses" that I am writing to you for the first time in regard to a dinner I want to give in a few weeks. I am going to have turkey, cranberries, mashed potatoes and sweet potatoes, corn and celery, scalloped oysters and pie. I would like to have a salad, but do not know what kind to serve. Will you kindly tell me when to serve the salad—if it would be permissible for me to put it at each person's plate before the meal or if I should serve it at the table? Will you please tell me if my list is all right. I would be very thankful if you would give me any suggestions, as I want everything right. I have a lovely little home, and I do want to have a nice dinner. EVELYN G.

There are many ways to make money. Much depends upon the talent at your command. "Plays," banquets, supper at which the men serve, birthday and measuring, also weight parties, all bring money into the treasury.

A Social Evening.
I board in a small family hotel and would like to entertain about 30 guests that live in the house. As quite a number do not play cards, I thought you could tell me some other way—just a social evening. R. L. T.

Without cards you must have something in which all the guests would be equally interested, so I would suggest a "character party." Request each one to come as some famous person, guess who is who and award several prizes.

Will you kindly advise me as to the way to send regrets to an invitation printed on a card as follows:
Mr. and Mrs. Smith
Miss Smith
Mr. Frank Miller
request the pleasure of your company
Wednesday evening, November fourth
at eight o'clock
Dancing at ten o'clock
Elks' Hall.
MADAME MERRI.

The plate is placed at the right and the dishes passed at the left always. When you hear of a new arrival in this mundane sphere simply write a note of congratulation to the mother expressing your best wishes for the little stranger.

Dance for a Friend.
We are to give a dance at our home for a friend who is to be married soon. Should we enclose her card or mention her name in the invitation? L. M. S.

On your invitations state that the party is given in honor of your friend. Do not enclose her card. A stationer will give you the proper form.

Ways to Earn Money.
I would like to know of a few different ways that a school class of young ladies and men could earn a little money. Hoping to read your answer soon. A. N. NUYER.

There are many ways to make money. Much depends upon the talent at your command. "Plays," banquets, supper at which the men serve, birthday and measuring, also weight parties, all bring money into the treasury.

Protect the young trees in the orchard from rats, mice and rabbits. A shield of rat paper will prove quite effective if well put on.

"Variety is the spice of life," and that is a good rule to apply to crops. Rotation is the thing. Work out some plan to begin on next year.

Shut-in poultry should be provided with plenty of exercise. Feed the grain in deep litter and make them scratch for every bit they get. They will enjoy it better.

The completion of the \$100,000 agricultural building by the Missouri state college next September will mark another advance step in a farm education in that state.

Of course all the farm machinery has been properly cleaned and housed before this, and yet we cannot help but fear that some neglectful farmer has forgotten. This is by way of reminder.

Weigh the milk of each cow, keep a record, test the milk and find out whether your cows are turning you a profit or not. Feed is too high to waste on robber cows. Weed them out.

Some who have tested it declare that the same amount of feed needed to produce a pound of pork will produce a pound of gain in a chicken. And when one remembers that the selling price of poultry is about twice that of pork we feel that a big point is made in favor of poultry raising.

Now is the time of year to take account of things, and see where you stand. Figure out what your crops and your stock are worth, try and estimate the expenses of the year and then strike a balance. Such figuring will make of you a more careful farmer, and will make you search out many a leakage in farm methods.

The easiest and cheapest way of supplying nitrogen to the soil is by the growing of leguminous crops. Without this element you cannot produce good crops of any kind. Remember this and lay out a system of crop rotation which includes the growing of clover or other leguminous crop upon the land once in every four or five years.

It depends entirely upon the soil and its condition as to what kind of fertilizer it needs. Some soils need liming. Others do not. Some need to be built up in humus, some need phosphate, others are sadly deficient in nitrogen. By the application of manure, special fertilizers and the growing of leguminous crops there is no soil but which can be built up to a high state of productivity.



You cannot afford to put high-priced feed into scrubs.

Keep posted on the market prices of cereals and produce.

The pigs need exercise. An 8x10 yard lot will not give it to them.

See that your crops do not suffer from cold, wet "feet", by draining the land.

The good farmer is not always the good business man. How is it with you?

The manure that is allowed to accumulate in the pile will lose about 50 per cent. of its value.

Cool the milk as soon after drawing as is possible. This applies to winter as well as summer.

The curried horse is healthier, and utilizes more of the feed given to him than the uncared-for animal.

The early hatched pullets ought to be laying now. Feed them up and get them into the earning class as soon as possible.

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Here is what a western banker says: "I don't know what we will do with our accumulations when the corn crop is gathered. A few years ago, nearly all the money loaned by the banks to farmers was to live on or to carry over their mortgage interest. At that time, hardly any money was borrowed by business men. Today the business interests are the borrowers, and it is the farmers' surplus wealth which is loaned to them."

Here is the conversation which took place between a certain farmer and his friend over a cow which was valued very highly and illustrates what false notions some men have as to the real money value of a good cow. "What is that cow worth?" was asked as they were looking at the animal over. "Five hundred dollars." With a look of astonishment in his face the other replied: "I wouldn't give that for the best cow on earth." Now last spring he happened to know that he had paid \$500 for a nice team of horses. "That," he said, "was all right." Then he told him the history of that cow, how she had earned in calves \$700 in the six years she had been milked, besides about \$500 more in milk. Then he asked him if he had not better raise his ideas about cows. "It beats all," was all he said.

There is an increasing demand for medium-sized hogs.

Better to sell some of the cows than to stink them on feed.

Set a standard for the farm work and then strive to maintain it.

Not a question as to keeping livestock but rather what kind of livestock.

Salt should be kept where the horses and other stock can help themselves.

Never allow any dust-raising operations in the barn just before milking time.

Corn-fed cattle are likely to be scarce the coming season, owing to the high price of corn.

The pig pen has given place to the pig pasture on farms where pig-raising is conducted for profit.

To get the best out of any soil a leguminous crop should be grown at least once in four or five years.

Keeping up the milk flow is the problem which now faces the farmer. You can't do it except you feed for it.

The curtain front to the poultry house provides fresh air without permitting a draft upon the chickens. Try it.

Keep close eye on your flock of chickens and mark the ones that are the best layers for breeding purposes next spring.

Lots of dirt is flirited into the milk pail from the tail. Be sure and do not neglect to brush and clean it with the rest of the animal.

Care must be taken in breaking the colt that proper bit is used. Many a horse's mouth has been ruined by the use of the wrong bit.

Think of the folly of trying to build up a good dairy herd with a scrub bull. And yet that is what many a farmer is trying to do.

Tilling not only draws off the surplus water from the land but it helps to aerate and warm the soil. Crops need air and warmth.

Winter the calves well. You will see the wisdom of it next spring when you turn them out to pasture and see the rapid gains they make.

It were almost better to turn the stock out into the open air as to make them stand in the draughty stable. Close up the chinks.

The successful farmer is the farmer who knows what his land will produce, who raises what he can most readily market and who follows up his work so that it is always well in hand.

When buying a separator never buy the size that is only barely large enough to handle your milk. There is no economy in this. It always pays to get a machine which has considerable reserve capacity.

Feed green cut bone when you can. There is nothing better to induce the hens to lay. Skim milk is also fine. But if you haven't either of these two get some beef scrap or beef meal and feed a little each day.

Don't let your horses drop suddenly from hard work into days of idleness. The radical change will work to his hurt. Bring into the slack season of winter gradually and let down on the full grain ration gradually also.

Cows that are trained to milk from either side is a Kansas idea. A farmer from that state reports that his cows are broken thus and that when one of his young folks gets through milking and there are no more "whole" cows to be milked, they take it two to a cow, one on each side. Kansas always was a strenuous state.

Farmers above all others are interested in the work of the conservation commission, and scarcely a single farmers' organization meets but that it adopts resolutions indorsing the commission and urging co-operation in the work. It's a good thing. What are you doing to carry out the idea of conservation upon your own farm?



"Don't Talk Nonsense!" Said the Skipper, as He Came Up from Below.

over Sam's ample proportions. "You must ha' been leading a double life all together, Sam."

By the following afternoon Sam was in such a state of collapse that, when they put in at the small port of Withersea to discharge a portion of their cargo, he obtained permission to step below in his bunk. Work proceeded without him, and at nine o'clock in the evening they sailed again, and it was not until they were a couple of miles on their way to Dimpport that Mr. Legge rushed aft with the announcement that he was missing.

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"Last term I had orthography, writing, history, grammar, mathematics, drawing, current events and about 14 other things. This term I hope I shall have about 50 studies."

"Last term I had to study all day and until ten o'clock at night, and then get up at six in the morning and go to it again. This term I hope I shall have to study all night and all day Sundays."

"Nothing does a growing boy so much good as to work his head so much that he has no appetite, and goes about wishing he was dead. He ought to be made to take up at least 40 studies that will be of no use to him whatever; as a man."

"Last term, in order to be perfect in my studies from day to day, I had to have the help of my father, my mother, my brother, my sister and my uncle Jim. My father and Uncle Jim did the swearing for the whole crowd of us."

"This term they will all help me again, and I'll have the aid of grandpa and grandma besides. I think we shall get through the work every night by midnight."

"There are boys going to private schools who don't have more than six studies, and who have time for recreation and sleep, but I don't envy them. It is such boys that grow up to become pirates in the end. The way to make a good man of a boy is to send him to a public school and cram him so full of knowledge that he will go around with his eyes half shut and his mouth wide open."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Aerial Screw for Motor-Boat.
A new motor-boat is propelled by an aerial screw. Under favorable conditions high speed is attained.

Girls' Dresses



The first is for a girl of 8 to 10 years. Jap silk in a delicate shade of pink is used for it. The foot of the skirt has a narrow frill edged with lace as trimming. Tucks are used for the sleeves and yoke; a neat frill, edged with lace, finishes the little sleeve. The folded fichu is trimmed with two lace frills; a pink satin ribbon bow and ends gives a pretty finish in front. Materials required: Five yards silk 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yards tucked net, 2 1/2 yards ribbon, 7 yards lace.

The second is for a girl of 6 to 8 years. Cashmere is chosen for this pretty style, the full skirt has no trimming whatever; piece lace forms the yoke and epaulettes, pale blue glace silk edges them, and is also put along the lower edge of yoke both back and front, covered silk buttons are sewn in the scallops of the epaulettes; a sash of the silk is worn. The sleeve is slightly tucked and finished with a soft frill.

Materials required: Three yards cashmere 46 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards silk, 1 yard piece lace.