

Light Freights

By W. W. JACOBS

RESURRECTION OF WIGGETT

Mr. Sol Ketchmaid, 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. Ketchmaid 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 he had found occasion to wara 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. Ketchmaid, 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. Ketchmaid," 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 bursting Mr. Ketchmaid.

"I prefer to 'ave it here," rejoined the shoemaker, "and you've got to serve me, Ketchmaid. 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. Ketchmaid's life," he said, unctuously. "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. Ketchmaid 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. Ketchmaid capture a Chinee junk full of pirates and killed the whole 17 of 'em by—'Ow did you say you killed 'em, Ketchmaid?"

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

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



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

"Understand, Ned Clark," said the indignant Mr. Ketchmaid, "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 slipping his lemonade.

"Do you disbelieve my word?" demanded Mr. Ketchmaid, 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. Ketchmaid 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 Ketchmaid.

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

The new-comer 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. Ketchmaid, 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 Ketchmaid'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."

"I'd '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 Ketchmaid."

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

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



Wiped His Eyes to the Memory of the Faithful Black.

"Pore old Sam died in 'is arms with your name up 'is honest black lips."

"When I was laying in my bunk in the fo'c's'le being nursed back to life," continued Mr. Wiggett, enthusiastically, "who was it that set by my side 'olding my 'and and telling me to live for his sake?—why, Sol Ketchmaid. Who was it that said that he'd stick to me for life?—why Sol Ketchmaid. Who was it that said that so long as 'e 'ad a crust I should have first bite at it, and so long as 'e 'ad a bed I should 'ave first half o' it?—why, Sol Ketchmaid!"

"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. Ketchmaid, 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, jovially, as he took it from him. "I'm go'ng to 'ad 'em 'round. This is my treat, mates. Pore old Henry Wiggett's treat."

He passed the box 'round, Mr. Ketchmaid 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 to which his friend had never even alluded.

"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. Ketchmaid, shortly; "you should ha' been content with doing what I told you to do. And who asked you to 'ad 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, smiting 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. Ketchmaid, "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.

ferred 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.

"Wot d'y'r 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."

"Off?" 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. Ketchmaid.

"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.

"Lock 'ere," said Mr. Ketchmaid, 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. Ketchmaid, 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. Ketchmaid 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 graced with his presence the bar of the ship.

"I shall tell the chaps to-night that it was a little joke on my part," Ketchmaid 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. Ketchmaid.

Mr. Wiggett smiled comfortably and shook his head. Mr. Ketchmaid 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, lunged 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. Ketchmaid, 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 lonely pilgrimage through life, crippled and 'aving to beg my bread," he said, tearfully, "I shall think o' this 'appy bar and these friendly faces. When I am wrestlin' with the pangs of 'unger and being moved on by the 'earless police, I shall think of you as I last saw you."

"But," said Mr. Smith, voicing the general consternation, "you're going to your niece in New Zealand?"

Mr. Wiggett shook his head and smiled a sad, sweet smile.

"I 'ave no niece," he said, simply; "I'm alone in the world."

"Ketchmaid told me himself as he'd paid your passage to New Zealand," said the shoemaker; "he said as 'e'd pressed you to stay, but that you said as blood was thicker even than friendship."

"All lies," said Mr. Wiggett, sadly. "I'll stay with pleasure if he'll give the word. I'll stay even now if 'e wishes it."

"He don't like my being 'ere," he said, in a low voice. "He grudges the little bit I eat, I s'pose. He told me I'd got to go, and that for the look o' things 'e was going to pretend I was going to New Zealand. I was too broke-hearted at the time to care wot he said—I 'ave no wish to sponge on no man—but, seeing your 'onest faces round me, I couldn't go with a lie on my lips—Sol Ketchmaid, old shipmate—good-bye."

He turned to the speechless landlord, made as though to shake hands with him, thought better of it, and then, with a wave of his hand full of chastened dignity, withdrew. His stump rang with pathetic insistence upon the brick-paved passage, paused at the door, and then, tapping on the hard road, died slowly away in the distance. Inside the ship the shoemaker gave an ominous order for lemonade.

THE EARS AS GOODS-CARRIERS



The natives who are employed in diamond mines are not allowed pockets in their clothing, for reasons that are obvious. So it has come about that they pierce their ears, and, instead of wearing earrings, carry various things in the lobes of their ears. In the first of our photographs, for instance, the native has a cigar through the lobe of his ear; in the second case, the native has a tooth-brush in the same position. Why should not pocketless women adopt some similar plan, and wear, in place of the ordinary long pendant-earring, a chataleine earring o' the type suggested in our border?

BIGGEST DRY TOWN

SIX MONTHS OF PROHIBITION AT WORCESTER, MASS.

A City of 140,000 Population Where No Strong Drink Is Sold—Results as Viewed from Both Sides.

Worcester, Mass.—Worcester is considerably more than "nine miles from a lemon." In fact, the nearest lemon, not in the modern slang sense, but in that of Sydney Smith, is a dozen miles away at the first wet town reached by the electric cars.

A town of 140,000 inhabitants can live without excellent art of any kind, as forty or fifty such in the United States demonstrate, but can such a town live and flourish without the sale of strong drink? This is the question that Worcester has been trying to solve in practice for the last six months, and the city's third distinct attention lies in the fact that she is the largest dry town on earth.

Worcester is the second city of Massachusetts, the third of New England. When it went dry by a majority of about 1,000 in a total vote of 22,000 in December last the town had 128 ordinary licensed drinking places. There were 17 inn-holders with first-class licenses, for which they paid \$2,000 a year; 75 common victuallers licensed at \$400 a year; 32 wholesalers licensed at \$2,000 a year; two brewers at \$3,000 a year; 44 druggists at one dollar a year, three alcohol dealers at one dollar a year and 14 special clubs at \$100 a year. The 180 licensed liquor sellers of all classes paid \$220,000 a year into the treasury.

When the dry law went into effect the sale of liquor was in theory discontinued in Worcester, except that the breweries went on making beer to be sold to the outside world, and eight druggists were licensed to sell strong drink for medicinal purposes. With the closing of these places about 1,000 persons were thrown out of business.

After six months' trial of local prohibition Worcester is about to vote again on the question of wet or dry for the next year. For several years the town has been pretty close to going dry at times. The wets had it three or four years ago by a majority of only about 100. Then they won by nearly a thousand, and so it fluctuated until the town went dry.

The possibility that a narrow majority vote may put the liquor dealers out of business at any time has tended perhaps to throw the control of retail liquor selling in Massachusetts towns into the hands of the brewers. Few men of small capital could risk the possibility of being driven out of business on a few months' notice.

In Worcester, as in other towns, many saloons were owned in the whole or in part by the brewers and run by their agents. Now the brewers are still in business as such, and they have a continuing interest in keeping the town wet. So have their agents, dependents, business friends and the like.

All of these such retailers and others as have suffered or believe that they have suffered loss of trade by reason of the town's going dry, believers in personal liberty, a good many of the foreign population to whom prohibition is a doctrine running counter to all experience and the chronically

thirsty who are personally inconvenienced by present conditions and such politicians as found open saloons convenient places from which to influence voters, are hopeful that the town may swing back to the wet column in December.

The most active dries are some of the faculty at Clark university, most of the local clergy, many zealous women and other reformers of various kinds. They look for support from voters who have found personal gain or moral advantage in the change from wet to dry, business men who have prospered or believe they have prospered for the same cause, employers of labor who find their employes more effective than they were in wet seasons, perhaps from the express companies which carry liquor into a dry town and the railway companies which carry the thirsty to neighboring wet towns.

One of the savings banks of Worcester furnishes an interesting comparison of deposits in the quarter ended October 1, 1908, under dry conditions, and that ended October 1, 1908, under wet conditions. The deposits in the dry quarter were \$20,522,264.50, in the wet about \$5,100 more, but the fact that the hard times intervened between the two quarters seems to show that the change from wet to dry is at least not unfavorable to saving.

JUSTICE RULES HIS VILLAGE.

M. A. Ernst of Boquillas, Tex., Wields Much Power in His Town.

El Paso, Tex.—M. A. Ernst of Boquillas is proving himself a powerful potentate. He owns a store here and holds the office of justice of the peace, and as such officer has full sway over a territory as large as an average state.

Boquillas is situated on the Rio Grande, far down in the Big Bend region of Texas. It is 100 miles from Boquillas to the nearest railroad point. The territory over which Mr. Ernst presides borders on the Rio Grande for more than 100 miles and extends toward the interior for 75 miles. It is occupied almost exclusively by Mexicans. In former days this remote and wild region was the place of refuge of desperate criminals. Most of these outlaws have been cleared out, and to Ernst is due the credit for accomplishing much of this good work.

PECULIAR CHASE IS ENDED.

Sack of Mail Pursues Cruiser All Over Pacific Ocean.

Seattle, Wash.—After chasing the cruiser Milwaukee up and down the Pacific coast from Puget Sound to Panama and half way across the Pacific and back, a sack of letters which started from New York several months ago was delivered aboard the cruiser.

That there was joy aboard goes without saying, for there were letters in that sack from the girls back home which had been long and anxiously awaited. The sack reached San Francisco several days ago from Panama on the steamer Newport only to find that the Milwaukee had already sailed for Puget Sound navy yard. The sack started from New York for Seattle. When it reached here the Milwaukee had sailed for Honolulu.

The mail was forwarded, but when it reached Honolulu the Milwaukee had sailed for Panama but a few hours before.

The sack took the next boat in pursuit; when it reached Panama the Milwaukee had gone to Amapala. The mail sack took the trail. From Honolulu the Milwaukee came to San Francisco and the mail sack followed. By the time the letters reached the Golden Gate the Milwaukee had come north to Bremerton to go in reserve. There the much-traveled mail sack caught up with the cruiser and the letters were delivered.

"JOKE" MARRIAGE PROVES REAL.

Each of Victims Engaged to Another But Knot Is Sound.

Sunbury, Pa.—As the result of a "make-believe" wedding, celebrated here as a joke, two young people find themselves man and wife, while both are engaged to be married to others.

At the wedding of Miss Sarah Musser and Joseph Crawford were Miss Maude Eichelberger, daughter of a prominent Lewisburg hotel proprietor, and Arthur B. Orr, son of a Pennsylvania railroad official at Pittsburgh. During the pranks played by members of the bridal party Mr. Orr and Miss Janet Houtz of Phillipsburg were joking about marriage and planned what was thought to be a big joke.

The couple went to the courthouse and took out a marriage license in the regular form, Orr giving his right name, while Miss Houtz gave her name as Matilda Smith.

Later the sensation came when Miss Eichelberger took the place of Miss Houtz and agreed to go through the wedding ceremony with Orr, both firmly believing that, as an assumed name had been given for the prospective bride, the joke would then be complete. The ceremony was accordingly performed by Justice of the Peace Shipman, and now the couple have found that they are legally married.

WANTS CONSUMPTIVE TEACHER.

Children on Tubercular Hospital Boat Being Denied Education.

New York.—The board of education has need of a teacher afflicted with tuberculosis. In addition to the position there will be an opportunity for her to receive beneficial treatment. Out in the East river, off the grounds of Bellevue hospital, is anchored a big ferryboat which does duty as a day camp for tubercular patients. There are many grown persons who pass their days on the boat besides 35 children, ranging in age from six to 15 years.

Many parents, however, objected to sending their children to the camp for the reason that there is no provision for their education. The authorities say that there would be no harm in the children attending school, but that to put them in the regular public schools would be dangerous to other pupils. Therefore the board of education has been asked to detail a teacher to the boat, and the suggestion is made that a teacher suffering from the same affliction should be selected.

BABY NEVER KISSED.

Parents Draw Up a Set of Rules Forbidding Osculation.

London.—Living with his parents at Bradford is a nine-month-old baby boy who has never been kissed. Hanging in a conspicuous place just inside the entrance to the house is a set of rules addressed to visitors and signed by the father and mother. The following are extracts from the rules:

- "Don't kiss the baby.
- "Don't handle the baby unless your hands are very, very clean.
- "Don't bring baby's face close to your own or your hair.
- "Don't allow baby to touch your face or hair.
- "Don't talk, breathe, whistle, blow, cough or sneeze into baby's face. We want him to live.
- "Don't use your handkerchief to baby's hands, face or mouth."

At the foot of the rules is written: "To some these rules will appear comical or stupid, but they are not written as a joke or without thought. Therefore, any person infringing these rules after having read them will incur our displeasure extremely."

Dog and Cat Funerals Near.

Chicago.—A 19-acre cemetery for aristocratic dogs and cats of Chicago is a near reality. At the request of John J. Miller, who claims to have an option on a site, Mayor Busse has instructed Assistant Corporation Counsel Howard Hayes to draft an ordinance making the burial ground possible. The proposed location is not disclosed, as Mr. Miller fears some of the people in the neighborhood might object.

Large Skeleton Found in Indiana.

Whitestown, Ind.—A large skeleton of a human being was unearthed while men were at work in a gravel pit north of here. A slight cave-in revealed the skeleton, and it was removed in almost perfect condition. It is thought to be the skeleton of an Indian of unusual size. The bones of a small animal, supposed to be a dog, were found near the large skeleton.