

Light Freights

By W. W. JACOBS

Sam's Boy

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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, skillfully dodging the mechanical cuff of the constable at the corner as he passed. He saw a stranger adopt a mongrel. "E'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, disdainful concealment, slapped Mr. Legge on the back, and, laughing uproariously, regarded Master Jones with much kindness.

"You mustn't follow me," said Sam, severely; "d've hear?"

"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; "thought it seems an unnatural thing to do."

"What's your name?"

"Billy," was the reply.

"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



"Wish I'd Been a Dog."

go and get married twice in the same name, is it? Put it to yourself, 'Arry—you'd 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 Shrimpeet's wharf. He stepped on board without a word, and only when he turned to descend the forecable 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.

"Sam, your boy's asking after you," said the skipper, grinning madly.

"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



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

over Sam's ample proportions. "You mustn't have been leading a double life altogether, 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 stay 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, unreliable, 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 brain 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 forecable, 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—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?" belowered 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—"

"I'm not mad, father," interrupted Master Jones.

"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 fa—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 'damn!' 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.

"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 shall 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.

OF TWO EVILS, ETC.

Youngster Evidently Had His Own Idea as to the Choice.

My neighbor, writes a correspondent, has four young sons, whom he and his wife duly lead to church every Sunday. Just as the sermon was about to begin last Sunday one of the boys was observed to look very uncomfortable, and, having explained the nature of his sufferings, was sent home. His younger brother, in an urgent whisper, demanded of his mother: "Where's Tom gone?"

"He's gone home."

"What for?"

"The mother whispered, low: 'He's got toothache.'"

And the lad, as he sat up to listen to the preacher, muttered, in a stage whisper: "Lucky dog!"

LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for lame back and rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

ENGLISH HUMOR.



She—Poo! What is a kiss It is nothing.

He—Well you once said you could refuse me nothing, you know.—Chips Jones.

Ready with the Answer.

Miss Baxter, feeling the effects of a torrid afternoon in June, was attempting to arouse the interest of her languid class by giving, as she supposed, an interesting talk on the obelisk. After speaking for half an hour she found that her efforts were wasted. Feeling utterly provoked, she cried: "Every word that I have said you have let in at one ear and out of the other. You—pointing to a girl whom she noticed had been particularly inattentive throughout the entire lesson—"tell me, what is an obelisk?"

The pupil, grasping the teacher's last words, rose and promptly answered:

"An obelisk is something that goes in one ear and out the other."—Success Magazine.

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.

The clergyman looked surprised.

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

Not Anxious at All.

"One word of our language that is almost always misused," said the particular man, "is 'anxious.' You will hear people exclaim how anxious they are to see a certain play, or anxious to get a new hat, or anxious to take a trip to Europe, when they are not anxious at all, but eager or desirous. If anxious were used only in the right place we wouldn't hear it half so often."

A Death Each Second.

The number of deaths in the world annually is 33,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute, or one per second. It is estimated that the population of the earth at the present time is being increased at the rate of about 16,500,000 annually.

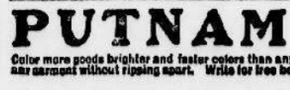
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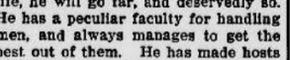
A four-foot coal seam yields 6,000 tons an acre



A DESERVED PROMOTION.

F. R. Pechin, for the past several years Supt. of the Wisconsin Division of the C. & N. W. R'y, has been tendered and has accepted the position of General Superintendent of the C. St. P. M. & O. R'y, with headquarters at St. Paul. Mr. Pechin was born in Pennsylvania and began his railway career with the North-Western as brakeman at Chicago in 1880. By sheer force of ability, coupled with hard work, he rose rapidly, occupying by successive stages the positions of Conductor, Inspector of Passenger Service, Trainmaster, Ass't Division Supt., Division Supt., and now General Supt. of the Omaha Road. Mr. Pechin is a splendid type of the self-made man—strong, quiet, yet genial—still in the prime of life, he will go far, and deservedly so. He has a peculiar faculty for handling men, and always manages to get the best out of them. He has made hosts of friends who will watch his future career with the liveliest interest.

THE QUARREL.



Her—Why on earth did you every marry me?

Him—Oh, don't be so bromidic! That's what everybody asks.

A Multiplicity of Fathers.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting: "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted: "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where on fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sideways, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked: "Two of 'em?—De-lineator."

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