Light Freights

By W. W. JACOBS

An Odd Freak

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"Speaking o' money," said the night-watchman thoughtfully, as he selected an empty soapbox on the wharf for a seat, "the whole world would be different if we all 'ad more of it. It would be a brighter and a 'appier place for everybody.

"Of course it's the being short that sharpens people," he admitted thoughtfully; "the sharpest man I ever knew never 'ad a ha'penny in 'is pocket, and the ways 'e had o' getting other chaps to pay for 'is beer would ha' made 'is fortin at the law if 'e'd only 'ad the eddication. Playful little chap 'e was. I've seen men wot didn't know 'im stand 'im a pot o' beer and then foller 'im up the road to see 'im knock down a policeman as 'e'd promised. They'd foller 'im to the fust policeman 'e met, an' then 'e'd point them out and say they were goin' to half kill 'im, an' the policeman 'ud just stroll up an' ask 'em wot they were 'anging about for, but I never 'eard of a chap telling 'im. They used to go away struck all of a 'eap. He died in the accident ward of the London horsepittle, poor chap."

He shook his head thoughtfully, and ignoring the statement of a watchman at the next wharf that it was a fine evening, shifted his quid and laughed rumblingly.

"The funniest way o' raising the wind I ever 'eard of," he said in explanation, "was one that 'appened about 15 years ago. I'd just taken my discharge as A. B. from the North Star, trading between here and the Australian ports, and the men wot the thing 'appened to was shipmates o' mine, although on'y firemen.

"In about a week arter we was paid off at the Albert docks these chaps was all cleaned out, and they was all in despair, with a thirst wot wasn't half quenched and a spree wot was on'y in a manner o' speaking just begun, and at the end of that time they came round to a room wot I 'ad, to see wot could be done. There was four of 'em in all; old Sam Small, Ginger Dick, Peter Russet and a orphan nevy of Sam's whose father and mother was dead. The mother 'ad been 'alf nigger an' 'alf Malay when she was living, and Sam was always perticklercareful to point out that his nevy took arter 'er. It was enough to make the pore woman turn in 'er grave to say so, but Sam used to say that 'e owed it to 'is brother to explain.

"'Wot's to be done?' ses Peter Russet, arter they'd all said wot miserable chaps they was, an' 'ow badly sailormen was paid. 'We're all going to sign on in the Land's End, but she doesn't sail for a fortnight; wot's to be done in the meantime for to live?'

"'There's your watch, Peter,' ses old Sam, dreamy-like, 'and there's Ginger's ring. It's a good job you kep' that ring, Ginger. We're all in the same

Knock Down a Policeman as 'e'd Promised.

boat, mates, an' I on'y wish as I'd got something for the general good. It's 'aving an orphan nevy wot's kep' me pore.'

"'Stow it,' ses the nevy, short-like.

"'Everything's agin us,' ses old Sam. 'There's them four green parrots I brought from Brazil, all dead.'

"'So are my two monkeys,' ses Peter Russet, shaking 'is 'ead; 'they used to sleep with me, too.'

"'Talking about monkeys,' ses Ginger Dick, interrupting old Sam suddenly, 'wot about young Beauty here?'

"'Well, wot about him?' ses the nevy, in a nasty sort o' way.

"'W'y, 'e's worth 40 monkeys an' millions o' green parrots,' ses Ginger, starting up; 'an' here 'e is a-wasting of 'is opportunities, going about dressed like a Christian. Open your mouth, Beauty, and stick your tongue out and roll your eyes a bit.'

"'My idea is this,' ses Ginger; 'take 'is cloes off 'im and dress 'im up in that there winder-blind, or something o' the kind; tie 'im up with a bit o' line, and take 'im around to Ted Reddish in the 'Ighway and sell 'im for a 'undred quid as a wild man of Borneo.'

"'Wot?' screams Beauty, in an awful voice. 'Let go, Peter; let go, d'ye hear?'

"'Old your noise, Beauty, while your elders is speaking,' ses 'is uncle, and I could see 'e was struck with the idea.

"'You jest try dressing me up in a winder-blind,' ses his nevy, half-crying with rage.

"'Listen to reason, Beauty,' ses Ginger; 'you'll 'ave your share of the tin; it'll only be for a day or two, and then when we've cleared out you can make your escape, and there'll be 25 pounds for each of us.'

"None of 'em said a word about me; two of 'em was sitting on my bed; Ginger was using a 'ankerchief o' mine wot 'e found in the fireplace, and Peter Russet 'ad 'ad a drink out o' the jug on my washstand, and yet they never even mentioned me. That's firemen all over, and that's 'ow it is they got themselves so disliked.

"It took 'em best part of an 'our to talk round young Beauty, an' the langwidge they see fit to use made me thankful to think that the parrots didn't live to larn it.

"You never saw anything like Beauty when they 'ad finished with 'im. If 'e was bad in 'is cloes, 'e was a perfeck horror without 'em. Ginger Dick faked 'im up beautiful, but there was no pleasing 'im. Fust he found fault with the winder-blind, which 'e said didn't fit; then 'e grumbled about going barefoot, then 'e wanted somethink to 'ide 'is legs, which was natural considering the shape of 'em.

"'We must 'ave a cab,' ses old Sam.

"Ginger went out fust and opened the cab door, and then stood there waiting becos at the last moment the wild man said the winder-blind was slipping down. They got 'im out at last, but before 'e could get in the cab was going up the road at ten miles

"Wot's All This?" Ses Reddish.

an hour, with Ginger 'anging on to the door calling to it to stop.

"There was a fine scene at Ted Reddish's door. Ginger said that if there was a bit of a struggle it would be a good advertisement for Ted Reddish.

"'Wot's all this?' ses Reddish, who was a tall, thin man, with a dark mustache.

"'It's a wild man o' Borneo,' ses Ginger, panting; 'we caught 'im in a forest in Brazil, an' we've come 'ere to give you the fust offer.'

"'E ain't a very fine specimen,' ses Ted Reddish, at last.

"'It's the red side-whiskers I don't like,' ses his wife. 'Besides, who ever 'eard of a wild man in a collar an' necktie?'

"'Oh, I beg your pardin,' ses Mrs. Reddish to Ginger, very polite. 'I thought it was funny a wild man should be wearing a collar. It's my mistake. That's the wild man, I 'spose, on the 'earthrug?'

"'He don't look wild enough,' ses Reddish.

"'No; 'e's much too tame,' ses 'is wife, shaking her yaller curls.

"The chaps all looked at each other then, and the wild man began to think it was time he did somethink; and the nearest thing 'andy being Ginger's leg, 'e put 'is teeth into it. Anybody might ha' thought Ginger was the wild man then, the way 'e went on, and Mrs. Reddish said that even if he so far forgot hisself as to use sich langwidge afore 'er, 'e oughtn't to before a poor 'eathen animal.

"'How much do you want for 'im?' ses Ted Reddish, arter Ginger 'ad got 'is leg away, and taken it to the winder to look at it.

"'One 'undred pounds,' ses old Sam.

"'It's agin our way of doing business,' ses Ted Reddish. 'If it 'ud been a lion or a tiger we could, but wild men we never do.'

"'The thing is,' ses Mrs. Reddish, as the wild man started on Russet's leg and was pulled off by Sam and Ginger, 'where to put 'im.'

"'Well, we must put 'im in a cage by hisself, I s'pose,' ses Reddish, 'but we can't be put to much expense. I'm sure the money we spent in cat's meat for the last wild man we 'ad was awful.'

"'Don't you spend too much money on cat's meat for 'im,' ses Sam, "e'd very likely leave it. Bringing 'im 'ome, we used to give 'im the same as we 'ad ourselves, and he got on all right.'

"'But 'ow am I to escape when you've got the brass?' ses the wild man.

"'We'll look arter that,' ses Ginger, who 'adn't got the least idea.

"The wild man 'ad a little show for the last time, jist to impress Ted Reddish, an' it was pretty to see the way William 'andled 'im. The look on the wild man's face showed as 'ow it was a revelashun to 'im. Then 'is three mates took a last look at 'im and went off.

"For the fust day Sam felt uneasy about 'im, and used to tell us tales about 'is dead brother which made us think Beauty was lucky to take arter 'is mother; but it wore off, and the next night, in the Admiral Cochrane, 'e put 'is 'ead on Ginger's shoulder, and wep' for 'appiness as 'e spoke of 'is nevy's home at "Appy Cottage."

"On the third day Sam was for going round in the morning for the money, but Ginger said it wasn't advisable to show any 'aste; so they left it to the evening, and Peter Russet wrote Sam a letter signed 'Barnum,' offering 'im two 'undred for the wild man, in case Ted Reddish should want to beat 'em down. They all 'ad a drink before they went in, and was smiling with good temper to sich an extent that they 'ad to wait a minute to get their faces straight afore going in.

"'Come in,' ses Reddish, and they follered 'im into the parlor, where Mrs. Reddish was sitting in a arm-chair shaking 'er 'ead and looking at the carpet very sorrowful.

"'We've been in the wild beast line seven-an'-twenty years,' ses Mrs. Reddish, 'and it's the fust time anythink of this sort 'as 'appened.'

"'Ealthy family, I s'pose,' ses Sam, staring.

"'Tell 'im, Ted,' ses Mrs. Reddish, in a 'usky whisper.

"'No, you,' ses Ted.

"'It's your place,' ses Mrs. Reddish.

"'A woman can break it better,' ses 'er 'usband.

"'Tell us wot?' ses Ginger, very snappish.

"Ted Reddish cleared 'is throat.

"'It wasn't our fault,' he ses, slowly, while Mrs. Reddish began to cry agin; 'gin'rally speakin', animals is afraid o' wild men, and night before last, as the wild man wot you left on approval didn't seem to like "'Appy Cottage," we took 'im out an' put 'im in with the tiger.'

"'Put him in with the wot?' ses the unfort'nit man's uncle, jumping off 'is chair.

"'The tiger,' ses Reddish. 'We 'eard something in the night, but we thought they was only 'aving a little bit of a tiff, like. In the morning I went down with a bit o' cold meat for the wild man, and I thought at first he'd escaped; but looking a little bit closer—'

"'Don't, Ted,' ses 'is wife. 'I can't bear it.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that the tiger 'as eat 'im?' screams old Sam.

"'Most of 'im,' ses Ted Reddish; 'but 'e couldn't ha' been much of a wild man to let a tiger get the better of 'im. I must say I was surprised.'

"'We both was,' ses Mrs. Reddish, wiping 'er eyes.

"You might ha' 'eard a pin drop; old Sam's eyes was large and staring. Peter Russet was sucking 'is teeth, an' Ginger was wondering wot the law would say to it—if it 'eard of it.

"'It's an unfortunit thing for all parties,' ses Ted Reddish at last, getting up and standing on the 'earthrug.

"'Orrible,' ses Sam, 'uskily. 'You ought to ha' known better than to put 'im in with a tiger. Wot could you expect? W'y, it was a mad thing to do.'

"'Crool thing,' ses Peter Russet.

"'You don't know the bisness properly,' ses Ginger, 'that's about wot it is. W'y, I should ha' known better than that.'

"'Well, it's no good making a fuss about it,' ses Reddish. It was only a wild man arter all, and he'd ha' died anyway, cos 'e wouldn't eat the raw meat we gave 'im, and 'is pan o' water was scarcely touched. He'd ha' starved himself anyhow. I'm sorry, as I said before, but I must be off; I've got an appointment down at the docks.'

"He moved towards the door; Ginger Dick gave Russet a nudge and whispered something, and Russet passed it on to Sam.

"'What about the 'undered quid?' ses pore Beauty's uncle, catching 'old o' Reddish as 'e passed 'im.

"'Eh?' ses Reddish, surprised—'Oh, that's off.'

"'Ho!' says Sam. 'Ho! is it? We want a 'undered quid off of you; an' wot's more, we mean to 'ave it.'

"'But the tiger's ate 'im,' says Mrs. Reddish, explaining.

"'I know that,' ses Sam, sharply. 'But 'e was our wild man, and we want to be paid for 'im. You should ha' been more careful. We'll give you five minutes; and if the money ain't paid by that time we'll go straight off to the police station.'

"'Well, go,' ses Ted Reddish.

"Sam got up, very stern, and looked at Ginger.

"'You'll be ruined if we do,' ses Ginger.

"'All right,' ses Ted Reddish, comfortably.

"'I'm not sure they can't 'ang you,' ses Russet.

"'I ain't sure either,' says Reddish; 'and I'd like to know 'ow the law stands, in case it 'appens agin.'

"'Come on, Sam,' ses Ginger; 'come straight to the police station.'

"He got up, and moved towards the door. Ted Reddish didn't move a muscle, but Mrs. Reddish flopped on her knees and caught old Sam round the legs, and 'eld him so's 'e couldn't move.

"'Spare 'im,' she ses, crying.

"'Lea' go o' my legs, mum,' ses Sam.

"'Come on, Sam,' ses Ginger; 'come to the police.'

"Old Sam made a desperit effort, and Mrs. Reddish called 'im a crool monster, and let go and 'id 'er face on 'er husband's shoulder as they all moved out of the parlor, larfing like a mad thing with hysterics.

"They moved off slowly, not knowing wot to do, as, of course, they knew they daren't go to the police about it. Ginger Dick's temper was awful; but Peter Russett said they mustn't give up all 'ope—he'd write to Ted Reddish and tell 'im as a friend wot a danger 'e was in. Old Sam didn't say anything, the loss of his nevy and 25 pounds at the same time being almost more than 'is 'art could bear, and in a slow, melancholy fashion they walked back to old Sam's lodgings.

"'Well, what the blazes is up now?' ses Ginger Dick, as they turned the corner.

"There was three or four 'undered people standing in front of the 'ouse, and women's 'eads out of all the winders screaming their 'ardest for the police, and as they got closer they 'eard a incessant knocking. It took 'em nearly five minutes to force their way through the crowd, and then they nearly went crazy as they saw the wild man with 'alf the winder-blind missing, but otherwise well and 'arty, standing on the step and giving rat-a-tat-tats at the door for all 'e was worth.

"They never got to know the rights of it, Beauty getting so excited every time they asked 'im 'ow he got on that they 'ad to give it up. But they began to 'ave a sort of idea at last that Ted Reddish 'ad been 'aving a game with 'em, and that Mrs. Reddish was worse than wot 'e was."

YOUNG GIRL TAKES LONG WALK IN HER DREAM

FOUND NEAR A RAILWAY LINE IN WALES, CLAD ONLY IN NIGHTDRESS.

London.—The adventure of a young girl, about 16 years of age, who is at present staying at Old Colwyn, reads more in the nature of a romance than a statement of sober fact.

About 5:45 in the morning, as some railroad plate-layers were proceeding to their work, they saw a girl lying as if asleep on the side of the railway embankment, and only a few feet from the metals themselves. The point at which she was lying was within half a mile of the Llandudno station in the direction of Colwyn bay.

When the plate-layers reached the girl they found, to their astonishment,

She Was Peacefully Sleeping Beside the Railroad Track.

that she was clad only in her nightdress, and that she was sleeping peacefully, having tucked her solitary garment round her feet. At the point at which she must have crossed the fence, in order to get to the embankment, a plate-layer had left his coat hanging on one of the posts, with the result that the girl, in some mysterious manner, had got hold of the garment in her somnambulistic walk, wrapped it up and made a pillow of it upon which to lay her head.

One of the plate-layers remained with the girl, while the other immediately went to call P. C. Rowlands of Llandulas, who hurried to the spot, followed with equal haste by Mr. Lane, the station-master at Llandulas.

She was then picked up and carried in a semi-comatose condition to the police station. She had a Bible and a letter in her possession, which seemed to indicate that she was a Miss Amy Parker, and a native of Oakengates in Salop. The letter also furnished a clue to her Old Colwyn address, and upon that place being communicated with it was found that the young lady was staying there. She is a handsome, well-developed girl, and although so young is nearly six feet in height. She had suffered somewhat from exposure, but had recovered much of her vitality when claimed by her friends.

It is stated that the girl has been rather inclined to somnambulism. In the course of conversation she stated that she remembered nothing from the time she got into bed at Old Colwyn and woke up at Llandulas police station, about two miles away. She must have walked along the main road and then branched off through some fields. It is quite possible that the mere act of getting over the fence where the coat was hanging may have suggested the idea of getting into bed.

RATTLERS INFEST HOUSES.

Women in Mountain Homes Have Many Thrilling Encounters.

Towanda, Pa.—The Barclay mountain district is plagued by rattlesnakes. The absence of fires in the woods for several seasons have given the reptiles an opportunity to multiply, and there have been some thrilling encounters with them.

Mrs. Michael McMahon found a rattlesnake curled up behind the kitchen stove and killed the snake with a broom. It measured nearly five feet and had 11 rattles.

The following day a neighbor of the McMahons went to the henhouse to gather eggs. The woman slipped her hand in through the opening to where the nest was, and came in contact with something cold and slimy. She withdrew her hand, and a moment later the head of a rattlesnake was thrust out at her almost into her face. Her screams brought help. The snake measured four and one-half feet.

Mrs. Michael Jenkins, residing near Barclay, saw what she thought was one of her daughter's hair ribbons on the bedroom floor. She stooped to pick it up, when to her horror the thing wriggled up in a heap. It was a rattlesnake measuring nearly three feet.

A berry picker in the Lamoka district killed five rattlers in one day.

A man named Munson, residing on an isolated place in the same section, lost 11 young ducks and more than that number of chicks. One morning he saw a rattlesnake come out from under the smokehouse and seize a chick, then crawl back out of sight. He and his boys pried the smokehouse up and under it they found a colony of six rattlers. Three of them were in a lethargic state, owing to their gorging upon the young poultry.

Child in Trance for Thirty Days.

Bloomington, Ill.—Due to an attack of meningitis, Elizabeth, the five-year-old child of George de Groot of La Salle county, is in a trance-like sleep and cannot be awakened. The child has lain 30 days in this condition, and appears to be healthy, save for the abnormal sleep. The case is unique for children of that early age.

An Invidious Distinction.

Rev. Ranter was recently telling a marvelous story, when his little girl said:

"Now, pa, is that really true or is it just preaching?"—Half-Holiday.

AVOID RISK IN BUYING PAINT.

You take a good deal of risk if you buy white lead without having absolute assurance as to its purity and quality. You know white lead is often adulterated, often misrepresented. But there's no need at all to take any chances. The "Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark of the National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine white lead, on a package of White Lead, is a positive guarantee of purity and quality. It's as dependable as the Dollar Sign. If you'll write the National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York City, they will send you a simple and certain outfit for testing white lead, and a valuable book on paint, free.

WHEN YOU GET RICH.

Only Then Are You Appreciated for Your True Worth.

Upton Sinclair, the novelist, was talking about wealth at Lake Placid.

"It is pleasant to be rich," he said. "Nobody can deny that. Many of the pleasures of wealth, though, are false and mistaken ones.

"When I was making my living by the composition of blood and thunder tales for boys—and I could turn out my 8,000 words a day— I knew a pale, bent, ink-stained old chap who wrote love stories.

"His stories did not pay; he was very poor; but an aunt died, and suddenly the old fellow found himself a millionaire.

"He saw me one afternoon on Broadway. He stopped his red car and we chatted about old times.

"'And is it pleasant to be rich?' I asked.

"'Yes, it is,' he answered, as he lighted a Vuelto Abajos and handed me another. 'And do you know what is the pleasantest thing about it? You have an opportunity to make real friends, friends who can understand you. You get at last to know people capable of esteeming you for your own qualities alone. You find, sir, that you are at last appreciated.'"

DEEP CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate-Pencil in One—Hands in Dreadful State—Permanent Cure in Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap were used. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., Mar. 28, 1907."

ONLY A COW.

Artist (who has been bothered by rustics breathing on him all the morning)—My good fellow, I assure you that you can see the sketch with more advantage from a little distance!

Populous China.

The population of the Chinese empire is largely a matter of estimate. There has never been such census of the empire as that which is taken every decade in this country. But the estimate of the Almanach de Gotha for 1900 may be taken as fairly reliable. According to that estimate, the population of the empire is, in round numbers, about 400,000,000. It is probably safe to say that if the human beings on earth were stood up in line every fourth one would be a Chinaman.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

She Lost Out.

"I'd rather waltz than eat," confided the summer girl.

"Then we'll just have another dance instead of going to that fashionable restaurant," responded the thrifty swain. "And," he added mentally, "that's $6 saved."—Kansas City Journal.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to manufacturers. 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Let him who has bestowed a benefit be silent. Let him who received it tell of it.—Seneca.

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For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.—Garfield.

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Shortest Line to Rosebud Reservation

The opening of the Rosebud Reservation, October 5 to 17, next, will give over 5000 people each a choice farm in Tripp County, South Dakota, for a small sum per acre. 838,000 acres will be opened. People drawing one of these farms must pay $6.00 an acre: one-fifth down, balance in 5 years. Chamberlain and Presho, South Dakota, are places of registration. Both are located on the shortest line to the reservation from Chicago—the

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

The best of these lands are located in the northern part of Tripp County, easily reached from both Chamberlain and Presho. All persons, except certain soldiers, must be present in one of these towns for registration. Presence at the drawing is not required. Those who draw one of these farms will be notified by mail. Rosebud folder, containing map, and giving full particulars free on request.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Socialism in Japan.

Socialism has no footing in this country as yet, nor is there any indication that it will gain a footing in the near future at all events. Prior to the war with Russia a small coterie of men calling themselves socialists argued vehemently against the opening of hostilities and published a newspaper organ to propagate their creed. But they soon dwindled into insignificance, and although a periodical of so-called socialist views continues to be published it has no influence, nor does it serve any purpose, apparently, except to furnish material for occasional comment on the part of amused readers.—Japanese Weekly Mail.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!

"What's the matter over there?"

"The sword swallower is being choked by a fishbone."

More Important.

"Ah! Mrs. Newcomb," said the uppish Mrs. Subbubs, "my many social duties have prevented me from calling upon you as I should. However, I will surely return your visit some day—"

"Oh! that doesn't matter much," replied Mrs. Newcomb promptly, "but I do wish you'd return the groceries you've borrowed from time to time."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

There is nothing little to the really great in spirit.—Dickens.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Ease for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty callous aching feet. 25c all Druggists.

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