

## COME JUST TOO LATE.

SOME PEOPLE ALWAYS LEFT BEHIND BY THE OCEAN LINERS.

They Are Known as Laggards Along the New York Steamship Pier, and They Generally Manage to Rise a Rumpus on the Dock.

"There he comes," growled the old watchman at the entrance to the steamship pier, swishing his stick as a hansom clattered circuitously through the jam of wagons and trucks.

The warm looking man in the cab was wriggling around in the seat and bawling at the driver to make haste, and the Jehu in turn was howling at the truckmen under the shed to turn out and give him room. The "All aboard!" and "All aboard!" words had already been passed on the steamer and on the pier, and the unshipping of the gangways was in progress.

"I was waiting for him," went on the old pier watchman. "I knew he'd be along. I wouldn't have felt comfortable if he hadn't showed up. I don't think a ship could have any luck on her passage if there wasn't at least one of 'em. Sometimes there are several of 'em."

"Several what?"

"Laggards, we call 'em," replied the old watchman. "folks that stop on their way to a steamer to play marbles or jacks or get-up-the-ones that come scrambling along when the chief engineer's standing by to get his first bells from the bridge. I've been standing watch along the front of these docks since the days when the side wheel packets had the passenger trade of the western ocean, and not once have I seen a boat all ready to slide out without one or more of these laggards hanging up at the last minute."

"They're about equally divided between men and women. And when they're left they always carry on in a bughouse manner. If the lagger is a man, he'll as likely as not dance around on the end of the pier, and shake his fist at the ship out in the stream, and bawl about the thing being a put up job, and threaten to sue the company or burn down the pier, and keep up a 'cussin' like Horrible Bill, and abuse the agent and all the rest of the company employees on the dock, and act in general like a longshoreman with two quarts of the barrel house stuff under his belt strap."

"When the lagger that's left is a woman, she acts differently, of course, but she gives us a run for her money at that. She generally stands on the dock and after handing her bag and parasol and gear to her maid yanks out her handkerchief and weeps. Then when the first misery of it's over she goes mad and begins to say things. She always declares that the ship has got under way at least two hours ahead of its advertised schedule time, and the more she talks the hotter she gets. When she at length suddenly remembers that most of her clothes and jewelry are on the ship, that's about rounding Governors island at that time, she gets hysterical, and when a woman gets hysterical on a steamship dock you can bet that there's plenty doing for all hands and the cook."

"Funny thing about the woman lagger who's left and whose clothes are aboard the steamer that's gone off without her is that she wants to send about a dozen cable dispatches right from the dock before the ship's got as far as the Battery about what's to be done with her trunk when the steamer reaches the other side. There is no use trying to tell her that she's got plenty of time for that and that she would do better to think it over during the five or six days that it takes the steamer to cross. She seems to have the idea firmly fixed in her mind that the company's going to try to rob her of her gear and that the ship's due in Europe some time before lunch and if she doesn't do a lot of cabling before she quits the dock she's due to lose her wardrobe and sewings."

"Some of the women laggards that get left, though, don't get weepy a little bit, but the conversation that they work off when they see the ship belching black smoke out in the channel is some sultry and no mistake. One of these women that sing in grand opera, a foreign woman of some kind she was, French or giney or something like that, came racing down in an automobile about three months ago, only ten minutes after the ship had set her nose down the bay. Well, say, I was glad then that I didn't know what she was saying. I'll bet a hat I'd have been shriveled up. She just stood on the end of the dock and talked at the state of New Jersey over the way."

"She was a fine, handsome, big woman, and they tell me that on the stage she sings like a bird on an apple limb, but there wasn't any sing in her voice that morning. You'd have thought she was tearing up the old man for coming home on a Saturday night with a bun on and breaking the crockery in the cupboard. I'm telling you straight that she swept up and down that pier for 20 minutes talking without a break, and I saw all the giney truckmen on the dock crossing themselves and sticking their fingers in their ears, so that she must have been whooping it up a plenty."

"She tossed her head around so much that all of the combs and hairpins came out of her hair, and the fine, glossy black bunch tumbled down below her waist without her knowing anything about it. She certainly made a fine picture, but her maid didn't appear to be enjoying herself a little bit. The maid was dead careful to circle around the singing woman at an average distance of about 14 feet. I guess the maid was thinking about her own hair. There was enough excitement that morning on this dock to last for quite a bit."

Just then a sleepy looking messenger girl plodded up to the pier entrance, carrying a splendid basket of choice fruits.

"She gone yet?" inquired the sleepy looking messenger of the old watchman.

"Nope, son," said the watchman—the ship had departed about half an hour before. "Hand it over, and I'll get it aboard."

The messenger passed the ornate basket of fruit over to the old watchman and shuffled away.

"If there's any one thing that me and my old wife like," remarked the old watchman, holding up the basket and gazing admiringly at its contents, "it's fruit."

Rural Art Criticisms.

Impressionist Artist—I paint things as I see them.

Farmer—Wayback (kindly)—Do ye, maw? Don't ye think that mawbe some liver medicine would do ye good?—Somerville Journal.

## I WEIGH 175 lbs.

Former Weight 135

Gain 40 lbs.

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Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## DISTRICT DOINGS

## HIGHGATE.

Miss Neva Riley, of Rodney, is the guest of Miss Watson this week.

Miss Bert. Beycraft, of Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. S. Foster.

Miss Ida Mickle is visiting her cousin, Miss Lou Tolson.

Miss Ida Maynard is in Oldcastle attending her sister Maude, who is very low with typhoid fever.

The marriage of Miss Katie Johnston and Robert J. Lambert took place at the manse, Thamesville, on Wednesday, Aug. 28th.

Mr. D. B. McPhail is attending the Toronto exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smale are taking in Toronto exposition and the Pan-American this week.

Hon. David Mills addressed a meeting on topics of the day in town last week.

## LOUISVILLE.

Mr. Tobey, our ambitious young teacher, whose interests are with the school and school, has purchased a handsome bookcase for his school, costing \$22. Mr. Tobey deserves credit and ought to be encouraged in his good work.

The Oddfellows' social was an overwhelming success in every particular, the refreshments were good and plentiful and the program was grand.

Archibald McGee filled the chair to the entire satisfaction of all. The proceeds amounted to about \$100. The success is due to it being advertised in The Planet.

Gordon Arnold's hand that he got hurt in the threshing machine a week ago is getting some better.

Mrs. Harry Winter, of Detroit, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Bedford.

Clarence Bedford, of Detroit, spent Sunday with his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford.

Rev. C. N. Dewey is renewing old friendship around here.

Mrs. S. W. Williston sprained her ankle very badly at a social here on the 14th. She is getting much better.

## DECEITFUL SYMPTOMS.

Mrs. Simpson—I'm worried about Jimmie's tendencies.

Mr. Simpson—He doesn't tell fibs or hook cookies, does he?

Mrs. Simpson—No, but he always behaves when we have company.

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## TRULY A QUEEN.

A Charming Picture of the Wife of His Majesty the King—Queen Alexandra's Gentle Nature.

A very vivid and charming picture of Queen Alexandra among the Sandringham people is presented by Miss Mary Spencer Warren in the current number of The Lady's Magazine. "It is somewhat unique for royalty to be kept waiting," says Miss Spencer Warren, in the course of the article, "but it certainly happened on one occasion, and the laggard was not the bride, but the bridegroom. How bad for Mary! remarked Her Royal Highness, as Mary—the bride—stood pale and anxious, the observed of all observers. And it was bad, but Lady appeared at last, truth to tell, in a bad temper. The graceful fellow had actually been sulking at home, and would not start to the church for the simple reason that a carriage had been sent for the bride, but none for him. No royal warrant to move him, and one of his friends was obliged to go off, post haste, for the conveyance, the entire company meanwhile waiting in the church with what patience they could."

One more little anecdote of Sandringham life. It occurred some time after the death of the Duke of Clarence. As all know, the princess tried to hide her grief, which was shown only in her fading health and tender consideration for others. One day while walking with one of her ladies in the lanes, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry it appeared she was a carrier, and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes, you're right, ma'am; I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy, ma'am."

"Jack? He's dead. Oh, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears. A few days later a neat little cart and stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and has never been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.

May I add one little fact, continues Miss Spencer Warren, but speaking volumes for the gentle nature of the Queen? She was shown through a criminal museum, and countless methods—scientific and legal—were explained for detection and punishment of crime. "It is very clever," said the kindly royal lady, "but if the world was as anxious to discover and reward the good men as it is to punish the bad, what a pleasant place it would be!"

## A Lovely Nursery.

Quite unique in the women's section of the Glasgow Exhibition is the model nursery shown by the Society of Artisans. The furniture and fittings in it have been entirely designed by women. Beneath a colored frieze illustrating the story of Cinderella run the following lines:

A little work, a little play,  
A lot of love, and that's a day;  
A little crib, a little light,  
A loving kiss, and then 'tis night.

The children's toy cupboard is all made of natural unpainted white wood, with panels upon which are carved branches painted in rich green. The high safety fender is of wrought iron, and another novelty is a first aid cupboard wherein are stored all the appliances necessary in case of some mishap. A high dresser furnished with green and cream colored pottery for children, decorated with amusing mottoes, completes the furniture. The chairs and tables are all made small and low, with exclusive regard to their small occupants.

## Hard on Stairways.

The Duchess of Cleveland, the mother of Lord Rosebery whose "Roll of Battle Abbey," published in three volumes, occupied her for many years, was very fond of the historic pile. The story is told that she was one day at the house of an American millionaire, who, pointing to his palatial staircase, remarked: "I venture to think, your Grace, that even Battle Abbey cannot show a finer staircase than this." "Oh, no," answered the Duchess of Cleveland, "the Battle Abbey stairs are very shabby. You see, those old Crusaders were them out so dreadfully."

## Lady Suffolk's Story.

A friend of mine, who lives not very far from Malmesbury, writes Lady Suffolk in Vanity Fair, visiting the inmates of the work-house, was asked to break the news to an old woman of ninety-two of the death of her daughter, aged sixty-two. The old woman took the information very philosophically, and only shook her head, saying: "Ah, I knew I should never rear poor Anne!"

## A Curious Coincidence.

"It is," says The World of London, England, "a curious coincidence, that Major-General Kitchener and Smith-Barrow, who were promoted the other day in recognition of their services at the Cape, were born on the same day, May 26th, 1858. They both became brevet colonels on November 16th, 1898, in recognition of their services in the Khartoum expedition, and have been promoted to general's rank in the same Gazette."

## Sir Walter Besant's Monument.

Sir Walter Besant was not a man of commanding genius, but he was a thoroughly good literary workman, and the tone of all his work was wholesome and hearty. The People's Palace in London is a monument of which any writer might be proud; it is the direct result of a suggestion made in Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

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