

ODDS AND ENDS.

A STORY OF WATSON.

ON AN OCCASION WHEN THE OLD SEA DOG WANTED TO SWEAR.

Not being a profane man, however, he gave the job which roared his wrath to Faller, the boat's mate, and then let events take their course.

John Crittenden Watson does not belong to the list of "cussing officers," yet as a man-of-war skipper he never had a man of his ship's company aft for swearing. He was singularly indulgent of the hard swears forward.

"Hard language helps a man along occasionally," he has been known to say to one of his deck officers upon over-hearing a stream of maledictions from the lips of some old flat foot working at a stubborn job forward, "and it is better for the men to work off their wrath over fouled anchor chains in cuss words than to take it out of each other's hide."

Aboard one of the ships under Watson's command there was an old boat's mate named Fuller, who had the call throughout the whole navy as the champion profane man of the government's line of packets. Fuller never raised his voice when he swore. He would simply stand back and quietly regard the immemorial object of his wrath—a bent-belaying pin perhaps or a slack ridge rope—and then he would open up in an ordinary conversational tone. But the utterances he gave vent to were sulphurous. It always took Fuller a good five minutes to work off what he considered the necessary number of remarks on the necessary conditions, and it always seemed, when he was through, that he had quite exhausted the whole vocabulary of profanity. But this was a mistake. The very next time anything went wrong with a bit of Fuller's gear he would start in on a new line that would contain absolutely not a single repetition of any of his previous performances. It was always a source of wonder to Fuller's shipmates, even the old timers, where he picked up the new ones, all of which were of startling originality and force.

These shipmates related only one instance in which he found himself as a loss for words. He was with a landing party from his ship, marching on the outskirts of Chemulpo, Korea. He stood by his foot a loose board in the road, and fell on his face in the dust. He picked himself up and looked at the road. He opened his mouth to say something, but he had no words. He was dumb with wrath. Two or three times he attempted to begin, but it was no go. He was stuck for once, so he pulled out a pistol and deliberately fired it into the air five times. He had to express his feelings in some way.

When Fuller was serving aboard Watson's ship, he was in good shape, and his frequent quiet outbursts kept the forward part of the ship keyed up with wonder as to what was coming next. One morning at big gun drill Captain Watson himself was superintending the exercise. One of the wooden cartridges became jammed in the breach of the 6 inch rifle to which he was directing most of his attention. He wouldn't permit any of the gunner's mates around him to attempt to loosen the cartridge, but essayed the job himself. He tugged at the jammed cartridge and broke his finger nails over it, and still it wouldn't come out. It was a pretty hot morning on deck, and the perspiration began to roll off his face in streams, but he persisted in trying to loosen the stuck cartridge. He looked as if he would like to say a hoop were he a swearing man, but he wasn't a swearing man. When he had been working for five minutes over the jammed cartridge with no success, he looked pretty helpless and miserable. He gave one final tug, but the stuck cartridge remained in the gun's breach. The skipper gathered himself together, mopped his forehead and looked at the gun.

"Confound it all," he broke out, "where's Fuller? Send me Fuller, somebody."

Fuller was on hand directly. He wasn't a gunner's mate, and he had nothing to do with the guns, but Watson wanted Fuller to tackle the jammed cartridge all the same.

"Fuller," said Watson, "try and get that dummy out of that gun."

Fuller looked at the stuck cartridge, and Watson retreated to the starboard side of the quarter-deck. Fuller made two or three claws at the wooden cartridge, but it wouldn't come out. A gunner's mate could have got it out in a jiffy, but Fuller wasn't in that line of the service. He tugged away, but it was no go. Watson stood regarding the horizon on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. Fuller spat on his hands and made one more try. The dummy didn't move a tenth of an inch. Then Fuller mopped his forehead with his neckerchief, clapped his cap on the back of his head and opened up. It was great work, this performance of Fuller's, and no mistake. He eclipsed all of his former efforts. He stood with his hands on his sides, looking at the gun breach and saying things at it that no Morgan or Kidd or Teach or other heaven-defying pirate could ever have equalled. The men stood around, just looking at Fuller in open mouthed amazement. They couldn't make out where he got them all. They were all in English, but the combinations were weird. The perspiration was frightful, although delivered in the mildest tone imaginable.

"When Fuller finished, he mopped his forehead with his neckerchief again and walked over to his commanding officer, who was looking over the starboard rail, apparently thinking deeply. Fuller halted.

"It's stuck proper, sir," said Fuller.

"I can't get it a-draft," said Watson.

NOT UP ON HISTORY.

School Commissioner Maloney Gives the Teacher a Few Hints.

The teacher arose from her seat at the desk and nervously greeted Mr. Patrick Maloney, newly elected the school commissioner for the district.

"This fine weather for this time of year, miss," remarked Maloney, as he pulled down his vest and accepted the proffered seat on the platform. "Oh, wor passin an' eight o'cl' drapp in an' a catchup th' kids in his robes, jaw-grip an' th' reels at three an' see if they do be av' a high order av' intelligence. Phwat's that talk on yer disk?"

"That," murmured the pretty little schoolm'am, "is an ecylopedia."

"Aha! A cyclopaedia, to be sure. A fishy one av' old Cyclops, O' persoun. An' now—Attention, yez young divils. Phwat was th' year av' th' black frock in Oireland? Phwat! None av' yez know? Will, maybe that sa-mme quizzing wor too hard for yez. Here's an' izzay wan. No name th' two great-ist min iv'er bor-um."

"Cesar and Napoleon," ventured the small youth with the expansive forehead, who sat at the head of the class.

"Tisa izzay," vociferated Maloney. "Day wor Dan'el O'Connell an' Ray-bert Emmitt. Ye missed that wan, Here's another. Phwat year was th' rebellion? Now, all together."

"It lasted from 1861 until 1865," chanted the class in chorus.

"O'im ta-alkin av' th' rebellion in Oireland, that took pla-ace in sixteen hundred an' nointy-eight," said Maloney in disgusted tones, "but O'izee's useless for me if he wastein no time wid yez, for yez know nawthin an' my dog will know even th' rootinins av' nawthin. But wan more quizzion an' O'ill I'avo yez. Who is the great-ist pav-lician av' our toime?"

"Four or five small boys in the rear of the room hereupon yelled out, 'Maloney of the Four!' with all the strength of their lungs, and with a pleased smile that distinguished statesman shook hands with every one in the room and stated that 'theor wor plinty av' sinns in thim boys an' gerrals' hids if wan know how to git at it.'—Vim.

A Knowing Dog.
"The intelligence of that dog of mine worries me. Last Monday he tackled a bull terrier on the street, and in a minute they were at it hammer and tongs. I heard the racket and ran out. My dog had the underhand, but the instant I spoke to him he let go and snooked behind the house."

"What did you say to him?"
"All I said was, 'Billy, have you forgotten the protocol?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Joyful Home Coming.
"I'll be so glad when my husband comes back from the war. Do you know, I haven't had a good night's sleep since he went away!"
"I don't wonder. The constant fear lest he might be sick or wounded and in the hands of strangers thousands of miles away from!"

"Yes, yes, I was uneasy about that, of course. But you've no idea how I miss his snore!"—Chicago Tribune.

Beat Way Out of It.
He—Who is that ugly looking girl standing at the side of the post?
She—Sir, I want you to understand that she is my sister.

He—You misunderstand me. I mean the girl to the left of the post.

She—That is also one of my sisters.
He—Allow me to congratulate you on having the mostest looking lot of relatives I have ever seen in all my life.—New York Journal.

Cause For Dignity.
Small Darcy (to very dignified colored coachman)—Say, Mistah Ebony, wof you hole yonah head so high? Pop says you hain't been paid but foah dollars a weak an' boah.

Dignified Coachman—Go 'way, you no 'count niggah. De gemmen wof pays me dat foah dollars am rich enough to buy out dis hull town.—New York Weekly.

Hard Luck.
"What prize did you win in the bicycle races?"
"An order for \$10 on a tailor."

"That's good. You can get a pair of trousers for that."

"Can I? It's on my tailor, and I have owed him that amount for over a year."—Vim.

At the County Fair.
"How is the campaign progressing?" asked his friend.
"Fine," said the sharper as he toyed with the implements of his deadly trade. "A number of farmers have been injured by shells."—New York World.

One Lesson.
"One of the most impressive lessons of my childhood was to lay by something for a rainy day," exclaimed a wet tramp as he entered a wayside cottage and threw himself down beside the kitchen stove.—Richmond Dispatch.

There Were Others.

First Ingenious Maiden—How do you like my engagement ring?
Second Ingenious Maiden—Oh, it is the prettiest one you ever had!—Judy.

Defied the Contagion.
"Do what I would I couldn't get him to propose."
"He must be one of those immunes we read about."—New York Journal.

ROOSEVELT'S RUSE.

The Tale of a Wild Charge Into a Spanish Camp.

With a wild yell that rang to high heaven and struck terror to the heart of every man the Fifth avenue contingent of Roosevelt's rough riders charged the foe. With ruthless hand and heel they plied the whip and spur until the bellies of their horses touched the ground at every leap. Beholders stood amazed. For dash and daring the charge had never been equaled. When they struck the Spanish camp, it was as when the fierce cyclone strikes the rotten tree. Everything went down before the fierce rush.

Three hours later, and while the army still voiced the praises of the hitherto despised "swells," "Teddy" Roosevelt sat chucking in his tent.

"Brilliant charge that 'Four Hundred' of yours made!" cried General Miles, lifting up the tent flap and seating himself on a demijohn.

"Yep!" answered Teddy, still chucking. "All due to me, though."

"Beg pardon—I didn't notice that you led them."

"I didn't, but I did hire a spy to get into the Spanish camp just before the battle and announce, 'Supper is served,' in a tone loud enough for my swells to hear."—New York Journal.



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THE WEATHER MAN.

Being a Disrespectful Account of How He Does His Business.

This is what he was doing when a friend came into the room: He had a large vase in his hand which he was shaking with a spasmodic enthusiasm.

On the table was a white piece of paper, with the days and dates of the coming month written thereon and blank spaces attached.

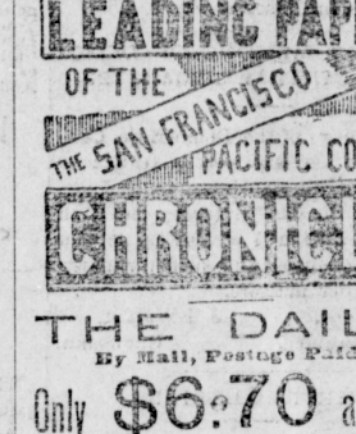
Indeed it was a weird scene, but neither the occupier of the room nor the newcomer seemed particularly astonished.

"At it again, eh?" exclaimed the friend, as he observed what the other was doing. There seemed to be a suspicion of slight contempt, mingled with pity in his tone.

The man with the vase merely nodded, but otherwise took no notice of him, and went on shaking the vessel. Suddenly he ceased and plunged his hand to the bottom. He drew forth a slip of paper.

"Fair?" he murmured, as though not ill pleased. He repeated the action, but shouted "Hot!" in a voice of intensity. Again, "Hot!" and again, "Sticky and humid!"

He was the weather prognosticator.—Vim.



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