s woather. Please AND

on every yeasel fine

A STORY OF WATSON.

AN OCCASION WHEN THE OLD SEA DOG WANTED TO SWEAR.

Not Being a Profane Man, However, He Gave the Job Which Roused His Wrath

John Crittenden Watson does not belong to the list of "cussing officers," yet as a man-o'-war skipper he never had a man of his ship's company aft for dhey do be av a hoigh ordher av intillifierce cyclone strikes the rotten tree. swearing. He was singularly indulgent gince. Phwat's thot bake on yer disk?" of the hard swearers forward.

"Hard language helps a man along schoolma'am, "is a cyclopedia." occasionally," he has been known to say to one of his deck officers upon over-hearing a stream of maledictions from the line of some old flat feet working at the lips of some old flat foot working at in Oireland? Pwhat! None av yez a stubborn job forward, fand it is bet- know? Will, maybe that sa-ame quis- Miles, lifting up the tent flag and scatter for the men to work off their wrath tion wor too ha-ard fer yez. Here's an ing himself on a demijohn. over fouled anchor chains in cuss words aizy wan. Na-ame th' two grea-atist than to take it out of each other's min iver bor-rn."

line of packets. Fuller never raised his Here's another. Pwhat year was th' voice when he swore. He would simply ribillion? Now, all togither." stand back and quietly regard the inan-imate object of his wrath—a bent be-chanted the class in chorus. laying pin perhaps or a slack ridge rope when he was through, that he had quite l'avo yez. Who is the grea-atist pawliexhausted the whole vocabulary of profanity. But this was a mistake. The very next time anything went wrong the room hereupon yelled out, "Malowwith a bit of Fuller's gear he would ney of the Fourt'!" with all the strength start in on a new line that would con- of their lungs, and with a pleased smile tain absolutely not a single repetition that distinguished statesman shook of any of his previous performances. It hands with every one in the room and was always a source of wonder to Ful- stated that "theer wor plinty av sinse lor's shipmates, even the old timers, in thim boys an gerruls' hids if wan where he picked up the new ones, all knew how to git at ut."—Vim. and force.

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Teak chuck folks c

These shipmates related only one instance in which he found himself at a werries me. Last Monday he tackled a loss for words. He was with a landing bull terrier on the street, and in a minparty from his ship, marching on the ute they were at it hammer and tongs. go out alone. Do you think with my outskirts of Chemulpo, Korea. He stub- I heard the racket and ran out. My dog new \$100 dress I'm not going to show bed his too on a loose bowlder in the had the underheld, but the instant I road and fell on his face in the dust. He picked himself up and looked at the hind the house." road. He opened his mouth to say some-thing, but he had no words. He was dumb with wrath. Two or three times gotten the protocol?" "-Cleveland Plain 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 lest he might be sick or wounded and in the hands of strangers thousands of Chinam next. One morning at big gun drill Captain Watson himself was superin-tending the exercise. One of the wooden cartridges became jammed in the breech of the 6 inch rifle to which he was devoting 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 heap were be a swearing man, but he wasn't a swearing man. When he had been working for five minutes over the jam-med cartridge with no success, he looked pretty helpless and miserable. He gave one final tug, but the stuck cartridge remained in the gun's breech. The skipper gathered himself together, mopped his forehead and looked at the

"Confound it all," he broke out, "where's Fuller? Send me Fuller, some-

body." Fuller was on band directly. He wasn't a gonner's mate, and he had nothing to do with the guns, but Watson wanted Fuller to tackle the jammed

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

Fuller looked at the stuck cartridge, and Watson refreated to the starboard side of the quarter dock. 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 teath 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 forpier efforts. He stood with his hands on his sides, looking at the gun breech and saying things at it that no Morgan or Kidd or Teach or other heaven defying pirate could ever have equaled. 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 peroration was frightful, although delivered In the mildest tone imaginable. When Fuller finished, he mopped his forchead with his neckerchief again and walked over to his commanding officer, who was looking over the starboard

rail, apparently thinking deeply. Fuller

"It's stuck proper, sir," said Fuller.
"I can't get it adrift."
"Well," said Watson, "I didn't think you could, Fuller, but I needed you. Thanks. You did very well. Go orward."—New York Sun.

NOT UP ON HISTORY.

to Fuller, the Bos'n's Mate, and Then year, priss," remarked Malowney, as plied the whip and spur until the bel-Let Events Take Their Course. he pulled down his vest and accepted lies of their horses touched the ground catechoise th' kids in hishtoree, jaw-never been equaled. When they struck grafee an th' rocle av t'roc an see if the Spanish camp, it was as when the "That," murmured the pretty little rush.

"Aha! A cyclopeeja, to be sure. A

"Cosar and Napoleon," ventured the 'Cosar and Napoleon," ventured the 'Eeg pardon one of the ships under Watsmall youth with the expansive foreson's command there was an old bos'n's head, who sat at the head of the class. "I didn't, but mate named Fuller, who had the call "'Tisa leie," vociferated Malowney. throughout the whole navy as the cham- "Dey wor Dan'el O'Cawnell an Rawpion profane man of the government's bert Immitt. Ye missed that wan.

"It lasted from 1861 until 1865," "O'im ta-alkin av th' ribillion in -and then he would open up in an or- Oireland, that took pla-ace in sivinteen dinary conversational tone. But the ut- hundherd an nointy-eight," said Materances he gave vent to were sulphur- lowney in disgusted tones, "but Oi see ous. It always took Fuller a good five 'tis useless for me t' be wastin me toime minutes to work off what he considered wid yez, fer ye know nawthin an nivir the necessary number of remarks on will know even th' roodimints av nawsuch occasions, and it always seemed, thin. But wan more quistion an Oi'll

Four or five small boys in the rear of

A Knowing Dog.

"The intelligence of that dog of mine spoke to him he let go and sneaked be-

"What did you say to him?"
"All I said was, 'Billy, have you for-

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

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

Best 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 meanest looking lot of relatives I have ever seen in all my life .-- New York Journal.

Cause For Dignity.

Small Darky (to very dignified colored coachman)-Say, Mistah Ebony, wot foh you hole youah head so high? Pop says you hain't bein paid but foah dollars a week an boa'd.

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

"What prize did you win in the bicycle races?'

'An order for \$10 on a tailer." "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.

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 of the most impressive lessons of my childhood was to lay by something for a rainy day," exclaimed a and it has been so long since you had a wet tramp as he entered a wayside cottage and threw bimself down beside the kitchen stove.-Richmond Dispatch.

There Were Others.



First Ingenuous Maiden-How do you like my engagement ring? the prestiest one you over had!-Judy.

Defied the Contagion. "Do what I would I couldn't get him

ROOSEVELT'S RUSE.

The teacher arose from her seat at With a wild yell that rang to high the desk and nervously greeted Mr. heaven and struck terror to the heart of Patrick Malowney, newly elected the every don the Fifth avenue contingent school commissioner for the district.

"Tis foine weather fer dis toime av foe. With ruthless hand and heel they the proffered sent on the platform. "Oi at every leap. Beholders stood amazed. wor passin an t'ought Oi'd dhrop in an For dash and daring the charge had Everything went down before the fierce

Three hours later, and while the army still voiced the praises of the hitherto despised "swells," "Teddy"

Roosevelt sat chuckling in his tent. "Brilliant charge that 'Four Hundred' of yours made!" cried General

"Yep!" answered Teddy, still chuckling. "All due to me, though." "Reg pardon-I didn't notice that

"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.



She-If you won't come along, I shall go out alone. Do you think with my myself on the street?

He-Oh, I'll be with you as soon as I trim the ragged edges of my trousers legs.-Heitere Welt.

An Objection Nearer Home.

"The idea of taking those people of the Hawaiian Islands into the United States!" he exclaimed. "They can't even speak our language." Then he began to fumble in his vest

pockets and look disturbed. "What's the matter?" inquired his

"I believe I have lost the ticket that Chinaman gave me for my laundry. I'll never be able to make him understand what I ought to get from him."-Washington Star.

A Strange Case.

Bigler-I never was so surprised in my life as when I got a chance, the other day, to look over the pay roll down at our place. Hampton-What was there surpris-

ing about it? Bigler-I found that Jenkins actually

gets as large a salary as he has been claiming he got.-Cleveland Leader.

"No," said the fashionable milliner sadly as she handed back the sample bonnet which the traveler had been pushing; "it's very pretty and expensive and chie and all that, but it'll never do for my customers."

"Why, how's that?" "It's too sensible a shape. They'll never go mad over it."-Judy.

Charitable.

"I am told," said Mr. Torkins, "that the Spanish have a most fluent and picturesque gift for profanity." "Well," said his wife, "it isn't as bad as it might be. Everybody knows that anything said in Spanish isn't really meant."—Washington Star.

We Are Coming to It.

"And what is that?" asked the uninitiated one. "Is it a picture of the man who did the wonderful thing?"

"Not at all," answered the initiated one. "It is a picture of the reporter who wrote up the wonderful thing that the man did."-Chicago Post.

In the Sanctum.

Theatrical Manager-The writer of the dramatic criticisms in your paper does not know what a good play is. Editor-No. His memory is not good, good play. -- Up to Date.

The Limit Reached.

Leisurely Guest (who has dawdled an hour and a half over his luncheon)— What are you adding 5 cents more to that check for? Waiter-For rent. -Chicago Tribune.

Like Many Others. "What do you think of Wright's new

war song?" "It makes more war on the English language than on anything else."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Worth While. De Sappy-So you are going to be a him, and went on shaking the vessel.

man some day, are you, Tommy? The Terror-Yes, sir. Wouldn't you Second Ingenuous Maiden-Oh, it is like to be in my shoes?-New York

Wide Open. Visitor -- Are things wide open in

New York nowadays? Gothamite-Oh, yes-umbrellas prin-"He hast be one of these immunes Gothamite—Oh, yes—umbre cipally.—New York Journal.

several. I mad seen tacks continued. I had seen Ripains Tabules in all the person them, but about six weeks duced me to try them. Have small 5 cent boxes of the Taba menurouse of the attacks.

I have been a greek sufferer from constitution for over five years. Nothing gave to any relief. My feet and legs and abdourn were bloated so I could not weak shoes on my feet and only a local dress. I save hipans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken then about three weeks and there is such a change! Lam not constituted any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. Fan thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has bad the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick solong. You may use my latter and name as you like.

Hers. Harr Connax Clarks. A. T. DaWire.

A. T. Dawirr.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my headache and sick at my I want to inform you, in words of his benefit to have derived from Bipara Tairula. I am a professional turns end in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tebulgs does it. After one of my cares if coundingself completely R-I-P-A-N-S

The modern standren down. Acting on the advice of his Geo. Bow-er, Ph. G., 588 Kewark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tebuka with gread results. Miss Becars Windman. ard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.

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M. H. de YOUNG,

THE WEATHER MAN.

Being a Disrespectful Account of How He

friend came into the room: He had a

aking with a spasmodic enthusiasm.

On the table was a white piece of pa-

per, with the days and dates of the

coming month written thereon and

some peculiar looking instruments in

glass cases reposed sningly on brackets

ther the occupier of the room nor the

newcomer seemed particularly awe-

Indeed it was a weird come, but nei-

"At it agein, eb?" exclaimed the

friend, as he observed what the other

was doing. There seemed to be a sus-

picion of slight contempt, mingled with

ded, but otherwise took no notice of

Suddenly he ceased and plunged his

hand to the bottom. He drew forth a

ill pleased. He repented the action, but shouted "Hot!" in a voice of intensity.

Again, "Rainy!" and again, "Sultry

He was the weather proguesticator.

"Fair!" he murmured, as though not

The man with the vasa merely nod-

On the walls were several charts, and

blank spaces attached.

pity in his tone.

slip of paper.

and humid!"

Proprietor S. F. Chronick, BAN YEANCISCO, GAL

THE CHRONICLE'S Telegraphic Reports are

the save a testimental in the paper indersing Ripa as Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleepiesmess have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so greate burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty, years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility hefore she took Ripaps Tabules.

Anton H. Elauren.

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