HE WANTED THE SHIP

THOUGHT HE WAS ELIGIBLE TO COMMAND A CRUISER.

The Shabby Trick Played Upon a Patriotic Greek Boiler Maker by Some of Uncle Sam's Sailors With Whom He Had Shipped.

"About four years ago the cruiser on which I was serving shipped a boiler maker while we were on the Mediterranean station," said a Washington chief petty officer of the navy, now on leave of absence. "Our former boiler maker's time expired while we were at Gibraltar, and as he was not in good physical shape he wasn't re-enlisted, but took his discharge and returned to the United States by mail steamer. So the ship was shy a boiler maker, a very important and necessary petty officer down below in the engineer's department, and when the ship pulled into Naples harbor the chief engineer went ashore to see if he couldn't dig up a boiler maker.

"There's a clause in the enlistment regulations permitting commanding officers to ship necessary men on foreign stations in short handed emergencies. The chief engineer brought back to the ship a Greek named Charlie Maro. The man couldn't speak any English—to speak of—but he was a good man at the boiler making business, and he was duly shipped aboard of us for three years. He was a wild, hairy looking lot, Maro was, and he got a good deal of a laugh at the hands of the crew, especially the younger fellows, from the time he first came over the side.

"Maro thought that there wasn't any other country on the map except Greece. He thought that the 'Greeka man' was the hottest kind of a tamale when it came to scrapping by land or sea, and after he got hold of enough English to make himself understood he used to take some of the young apprentice boys up into the eyes of the ship and tell them with many gesticulations and furious words of the different kinds of tar Greece would knock out of Turkey if the two countries ever came to an open rupture.

"The ship was around on the Pacific station when the war broke out between Greece and Turkey. When the news of the outbreak of the war got to Maro, our boiler maker, he nearly had heart disease and a whole lot of other sudden things from pure excitement. He just couldn't hold himself in, he looked so tickled.

"'Da Greeka man willa bim! bim! bim! da Turka man,' was Charlie Maro's way of putting it, and he didn't see that the Turk had a ghost of a show. All hands forward encouraged him in the belief. They all acquiesced in expressing the belief to Maro that Greece would simply eat Turkey up. Then a bo'sun's mate who knew how to crack the most impossible kind of steers with a face as solemn and wooden as an Indian's took Charlie in hand and told him some things. He told Maro that the United States was so much in sympathy with Greece in the struggle with Turkey that the navy department had decided to turn over all of the ships of the American navy to Greek commanders.

"'Here's a big chance for you, Maro,' the bo'sun's mate told Maro. 'You just want to work your edge. Here you are already shipped on this cruiser, and it's dollars to doughnuts that if you ask for the command of this ship in order to take her over to Greece to mix it up with the Turks you'll get it hands down. Better try it on.'

"That idea impressed Maro a heap. He asked the bo'sun's mate whom he'd have to apply to to get command of the cruiser.

"'Why, to the commanding officer, of course,' was the reply.

"Maro was tremendously important for a day or so while he let this huge idea grow within him, and he bullied the men detailed to work with him down below in the boiler room a good deal. The bos'n's mate kept working him up to it, and finally Maro appeared on deck one morning togged out in his very best mustering suit of bluejacket clothes and went up to the officer of the deck and asked permission to see the commanding officer at the mast. The officer of the deck was rather surprised to see the man all done up in his mustering togs when all hands were at work, but, as he is obliged to do when an enlisted man requests permission to see the commanding officer, he sent word to the skipper, who soon emerged from his cabin and appeared at 'the stick.'

"'Well, my man?' said the skipper to Maro, who stood bolt upright and saluted with a flourish.

"'Sare,' said Maro to the skipper, 'I have-a da honor to her-a-by taka da command of a da ship.'

"'Hey?' said the commanding officer, putting his hand to his ear and looking as if he hadn't heard aright.

"'Da ship,' repeated Maro. 'For-a da navee of-a Hellas—da Greeka navee—I hava da honor to taka da command.'

"All hands among the enlisted men were up on the to'gallant fo'c'sle taking the thing in, and they broke into a roar that you could have heard five cable lengths' distance. Maro heard it, and, suspecting that his confidence had been abused, got red and flabbergasted. He suddenly bolted for the engine room hatch and made his way below, and it took three marines to drag him aft to the sick bay, where the surgeon, at the skipper's command, gave Maro a half hour's examination as to his sanity. Maro was game enough to decline to give the name of the enlisted man who had told him he was eligible for the command of the ship upon its being 'turned into the navy of Greece,' but the thrashing he gave that bos'n's mate when he got him 'on the beach' was certainly savage."—Washington Star.

Upon an average 10,000 pineapples are imported into London every week throughout the year.

Fish In Nantucket.

The residents of Nantucket are said to be so well satisfied with their small island that they care but little for the outside world. Naturally many of the men are employed in fishing, and the old fishermen delight to tell of the foolish questions asked by the "rusticators" who visit Nantucket in summer. One summer visitor, in turn, tells this story of the town fish market:

"Have you any salmon?" I asked of the old salt, who was sharpening a knife.

"No, ma'am," he answered, and then he added, in a pleasantly condescending way, "We don't sell nothin but fish here."

"Well," I responded, "salmon is fish, you know. They are caught in all"— But he interrupted me.

"Land! I know folks eat all sorts of things. I hear about 'em eatin frogs and callin them fish. Folks are strange in their eatin, same as they be in their clothes," with a critical glance at my bicycle skirt, "but all the fish that folks ought to eat can be caught right round these shores. Can't I sell you a nice bluefish, that ain't been out'n the water more'n an hour?"

Not knowing any better way to regain his good opinion, I purchased the bluefish and went meekly home.—Youth's Companion.

Love Taps.

Marital relations in Ireland are as a rule of the most harmonious character, and if a husband and wife do fall out occasionally and even resort to blows they think nothing the worse of each other in the end. Pill Lane is a classic locality in Dublin, which might with some truth be described as the Billingsgate of the Irish metropolis. "That's a fine black eye you've got, missis," said a man to a woman sitting over her basket of fish in Pill Lane. "Fightin, I suppose, ag'in." "No, I wasn't fightin," replied the fishwoman. "Himself (her husband) it was that gave me that," and, facing fiercely round on her questioner, she added, "and I'd like to know who had a better right."

A laborer, out of employment, applied for outdoor relief for himself and his wife at the North Dublin union. "Well, my good fellow, we must have evidence that you are legally married," said the chairman of the relief committee. "Begor, sir, I've the best proof in the wurruld," said the applicant, and bending his head he displayed a scar on his skull. "Does yer honner think," he added, "I'd be after takin that abuse from any wan but a wife?"—Macmillan's.

Diseases of Memory.

Writing of diseases of the memory, a Russian doctor gives an interesting account of some of the eccentricities of his patients. In the case of a literary man, some time previous to his seeking advice he had been troubled with an absolute failure of memory.

He could remember exactly everything he had done more than a year ago, but occurrences of later date he had entirely forgotten. When attacked by the disease, he was engaged in writing a novel, which he had half finished. He remembered the first half, but could not tell how he had intended to finish it. He was at last unable to remember whether he had dined.

In another case the patient tells of his travels, but repeats the tales a dozen times an hour, with the same phrases. He would play a game of cards carefully and well; five minutes afterward he would mention that he had not played for weeks. He would say "Good morning!" when the doctor made his first visit of the day, but did not remember the visit three minutes later if the doctor again looked in.—London Tit-Bits.

Really a Kind Man.

"Did you see anything of a pocketbook that I dropped somewhere in the bedroom I occupied last night, landlord?"

"Any money in it?"

"About £100."

"Yes, sir. Here is your pocketbook, with the money. The maid was honest enough to bring it to me, and I locked it up in the safe."

"Ah, very correct proceeding, very. I had intended placing the money in the bank this morning, where it would have been drawing 4 per cent. As a reward for your honesty I will say nothing about the interest for the time it has been in your possession, and you can make it square with the chambermaid. There is nothing small about me when I run across a man who seems to be trying to do what's right."—London Telegraph.

An Old Missouri Bridge.

There is an old lattice bridge across the North Fabius creek, near Monticello, Lewis county, that was built in the year 1845. It is said that it was the first bridge of the kind built in north Missouri. The timber was taken from government land and was sawed into lumber at a water mill and with whipsaws. The contractors were seven months on the job, for which they received $100.—Kansas City Journal.

The German Pooh Bah.

"I don't know that there is much use of my keeping my school open more than a month or two each year," said the German pedagogue.

"Why is that?"

"Our emperor has simplified matters to such an extent that when you ask the name of the world's greatest poet, painter, musician, general, traveler or monarch there is only one answer to all the questions."—Washington Star.

Among Other Things.

"So you've lost your new servant already?" remarked a lady sympathetically to a neighbor.

"Yes."

"What time did she go?"

"I really can't tell," was the reply. "She took my watch with her."—Roseleaf.

NOT AFRAID OF MAN.

Remarkable Tameness of Animals in the Yellowstone Park.

The slaughter of birds has almost entirely removed one of the delightful accompaniments of life in the rural east—the music of the feathered songsters. Apropos of this, it may be said that one of the most pleasant features of the drive through the Yellowstone National park is the apparent intimacy between man and the animal and bird life in the park. Thanks to the wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within its boundaries.

"The result," says an English tourist, "is positively charming. Hundreds of little chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scampered impudently about or peered at the passing coach from the roadside The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lordly eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the rank grass We were fortunate enough to see a fine specimen of the wolf tribe. He stood, a beautiful creature, and watched us out of sight, showing only curiosity, not fear. Another time were perceived a doe and fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here at least mankind was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party, yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsels, for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire, and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact."—Troy Times.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Nature Likes Them Not and Invariably Crushes the Breed.

Through all time men of genius have scoffed at and have ridiculed the attempts of purse proud old "riobesse" to create superior orders of manhood. Nor is this a matter for wonder. They were and are ridiculous. Yet these attempts are repeated every hour. Considering them one would suppose that wealth, titles, dignities, are talismans which insure virtue and honor and personal worth and beauty in those to whom they descend. Talismans are ridiculous, and so are titles.

Nobility is of blood and not of garters, royal sponsors and christening robes. Pedigrees, portraits and family history when truthful tell us a great deal about the nobility of a race. Titles, quarterings and patents are worthless, and the production of a great genius is in general as bad a sign as the production of a great profligate. Races that produce geniuses should be avoided. The best is the second best—the normal.

Genius, as some one (Victor Hugo, I think) has finely said, is a promontory stretching out into the ocean of the infinite. Look for the descendants of Shakespeare, Bacon, Macaulay, Wellington, Nelson, Gibbon, Swift, Voltaire, Carlyle, Bonaparte, Goldsmith, Spencer, Milton, Cromwell, Disraeli—to take a few names at random—and you will find that they are not, for the genius is always a transgressor of the normal—a "sport." He is never symmetrical. Such a one nature likes not, and she makes provision for the extinction of his race.—Humanitarian.

Illuminated Buoys.

Another form of beacon for mariners of smaller dimensions, but hardly less important, is the illuminated buoy. These floating lamp holders, placed in an estuary where the available channel is often only a narrow one, bounded by mud or sand banks only a few feet below the surface of the water, are invaluable to shipping. Hitherto the illuminant chiefly employed has been compressed gas, necessitating a high pressure reservoir and compressing machinery.

Mr. Wigham, whose name has long been known in connection with lighthouse apparatus, has introduced a mineral oil lamp which can be fitted to any existing buoy and will burn for a long period at very small cost. The maintenance of one form of lamp can be kept up at a cost of one penny for 24 hours, and as no compressing machinery is required this is the only expense plus the original cost of the lamp. The approach to port—such as that of Liverpool, for instance, where a ship has to enter through a long avenue of buoys—could by this invention be almost as well lighted as a city street.—Chambers' Journal.

A Warm England.

The extremes of outdoor temperature in England vary more than 123 degrees. The greatest heat probably on record was registered in the valley of the Medway on July 22, 1868, when the thermometer at Tonbridge stood in the shade at 100½ degrees F. Eleven years later, in December, 1879, 55 degrees of frost were recorded at Blackadder, in Berwickshire—i. e., 23 degrees below zero F. More remarkable, however, than the heat in summer were the hot winters of 1748 and 1857 and the warm Januarys of 1877, 1884 and 1898.—Notes and Queries.

His Only Alternative.

Little Dot was very fond of Bible stories, and one day after her mother had read the story of Lot's wife she asked, "Mamma, what did Mr. Lot do when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt?"

"What do you think he did?" asked mamma.

"Why," replied the practical little miss, "I s'pose he went out and hunted up a fresh one."—Chicago News.

She Hadn't.

There is a young lady who has a little private school, and the other day she overheard the following conversation among her pupils:

It was Monday, and one of them had evidently been much impressed with her Sunday school lesson of the day before, for as soon as another little girl came in she astounded her by the announcement, "You are my sister."

"I'm not," said No. 2.

"You are," said No. 1. "Haven't you got a Father in heaven?"

"Yes," grudgingly.

"Well, so have I. Don't that make you my sister?"

No. 2 was entirely nonplused at that and No. 1 correspondingly victorious, so when another little girl arrived upon the scene she announced as before, "You are my sister."

Now No. 3 happened to be a young lady of a very determined disposition, and she declared just as firmly that she was nothing of the sort, and the "I'm nots" and "You ares" flew very fast for a minute, until No. 1 brought out her knockdown argument, "Haven't you got a Father in heaven?"

But imagine her chagrin and the teacher's amusement when the other sputtered forth: "No, I haven't, and you know it. I've just got one grandfather up there," and strode on to her seat, leaving the enemy vanquished behind her.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How Insects Hide From Enemies.

How many have ever noticed the skillful way in which many insects disguise themselves when in danger from some larger animal or bird? Probably you have all observed that the caterpillar "plays dead" when he is disturbed, and that many insects choose for their homes some tree or shrub whose bark or foliage matches themselves in color.

There is a certain variety of moth, quite common around elms, which fixes its wings so that they closely resemble spots or lichens on the bark of the tree and can only be detected by a trained eye. Another moth, whose principal colors are pink and yellow, arranges itself on the blossom of a primrose so as to wholly escape notice. In the East Indian islands there is a spider which reposes on the upper side of a large leaf in such shape that it perfectly resembles decayed matter.

A hunter in tropical regions tells of seeing a cricket pursued around the trunk of a tree by a lizard. Suddenly the insect settled itself in a small depression in the bark, spread out its wings slightly and flattened itself so that the lizard actually crawled over it and went away without ever knowing what had become of it.—Lewiston Journal.

Three Minerals.

The Chicago Chronicle says that a teacher in one of the local schools was instructing a class of small children in mineralogy the other day, endeavoring to make clear to their young minds what a mineral really is. Standing before them, she began in her clear voice: "A mineral is an inorganic, homogeneous substance of definite, or approximately definite, chemical composition, found in nature. Do you understand me? Come, now, you all have seen minerals, and your mothers and fathers have told you the names of them, haven't they? Of course they have. Now, can any one tell me the names of three minerals?"

There was no response, and she continued, "Have not some of you been out and seen minerals on exhibition?" One little girl raised her hand. "I thought so. Mary will name three minerals." Mary arose and, putting her hands behind her, lisped:

"Apollinaris, vichy and selers."

Mourning by Proxy.

Our ways of showing respect to the dead would surely be past the comprehension of the Martians or of anybody else whom custom has not blinded to the absurdity of some of the things we do. For example, a funeral procession went out Fourteenth street one sunny afternoon recently, and in the train I recognized the carriage of a woman I know. A little surprised at her presence, I glanced at the carriage windows, but the shades were down. I pictured her within, so overcome with grief at her friend's death that she could not bear the curious eyes of chance passers. That same afternoon I met her coming out of a theater—gay, rosy, laughing. She had been to the matinee, while her empty carriage, in token of her sorrow, followed her dead friend to the grave.—Washington Star.

Objection In Logic.

"Unless ye repent, so likewise shall ye all perish," thundered the missionary.

Young-Man-Not-Afraid-of-Anybody Else's-Horses, the leading spirit of the Muskrat Lake John Stuart Mill club, rose in some agitation.

"How," he asked, not unearnestly, "do you reconcile what you say with the dictum that the only good Indian is a dead Indian?"

Showing conclusively that the aborigine can be dialectic if not enlightened.—Detroit Journal.

Came Too Late.

Traveler from frontier district, striking hotel where advanced fashions have obtained, observes with an expression of pleased surprise the finger bowl set before him at the close of his meal. "What's that for, waiter?"

"To wash your hands, sir."

"I wish I'd 'a' know'd it 'fore I began my dinner."—Mrs. B. Harrison in "Good Americans."

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—Young.

Asiatic cholera was first supposed to have originated from the consumption of unsound rice and was called "the rice disease."

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Shows the state of your feelings and the state of your health as well. Impure blood makes itself apparent in a pale and sallow complexion, pimples and skin eruptions. If you are feeling weak and worn out and do not have a healty appearance you should try Acker's Blood Elixir. It cures all blood diseases where cheap sarsaparillas and so-called purifiers fail; knowing this we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. Sold by Chapple Drug Co.

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1:25 P M	144	Ar.....Sheridan.....Lv	2 20 P M
8:20 P M	367	Ar.... Edgemont Lv	7 30 A M
8:53 A M	396	Ar... Hot Springs ...Lv	6 30 P M
12:03 P M	474	Ar.... Deadwood Lv	3:00 P M
9:55 P M	420	Ar.....Crawford.....Lv	5:25 A M
11:45 P M	477	Ar.....Alliance.....Lv	3:55 A M
8:10 A M	715	Ar.....Ravenna.....Lv	9:40 P M
9:45 A M	753	Ar...Grand Island...Lv	8:06 P M
1:00 P M	838	Ar ....Lincoln.....Lv	6:15 P M
4:05 P M	893	Ar.....Omaha.....Lv	4:35 P M
8:05 P M	1088	Ar...Kansas City ...Lv	10:40 A M
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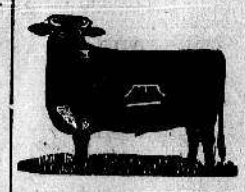

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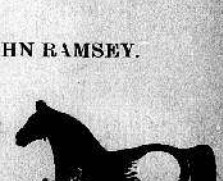

RYAN BROS.

7 on left ribs.
on left side or hip.
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7 left side or hip. /L left side.
_L left side. 7 left side.

Horses same as cattle on left hip.
Ranges—Big Bend of Musselshell and Alkali creek. P. O. Musselshell, Mont.