

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 to Fuller, the Bos'n'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-o'-war skipper he never had a man of his ship's company aft for swearing. He was singularly indulgent of the hard swearers 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 bos'n's mate named Fuller, who had been all 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 inanimate object of his wrath—a bent belaying pin perhaps or a slack 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 such occasions, 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 at a loss for words. He was with a landing party from his ship, marching on the outskirts of Chemulpo, Korea. He stubbed his toe on a loose bowlder 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 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 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 said:

"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 forward."

—New York Sun.

JAPANESE MUSIC.

There's Art In It That Cannot Be Analyzed by Occidentals.

To one who has never heard it it is impossible to give a definite idea of Japanese music, and to one who hears it for the first time it must either repel or strangely attract, for its fantastic intervals and fractional tones demand a totally new sense of musical appreciation and call into being a new set of musical sensations. It is as if a hitherto closed door between sense and spirit had been suddenly thrown open. One feels that if reincarnation be true, one might through this door alone remember and reconstruct those vanished existences. Only in the tones of their own organ, a bird which has but three notes, have I heard anything so occult.

Japanese music is like Japanese art, which, with its unperceived spirit, sense and symbolism, its strange method of brush handling, might seem merely grotesque at first, but which gradually reveals to the initiated eye mystic within mysteries of artistic form and perception, until presently one finds oneself encompassed by a new art world, where technique is subordinated to feeling and whose finest effects are obtained through the art of omission. As, for instance, in the greatest paintings of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain itself is discovered to be the bars, white, unpainted silk, as if color and line could be but the boundaries and outer confines of pure isolated idea. So in Japanese music, its methods are not ours, its climaxes come in crashes of silence, its sustained and soundless pauses, the notes subordinated to a silent something, an inner sense, which, while restraining or even repressing sound, is the very ecstasy of musical sensation.

In vain we attempted to analyze this subtle effect, to reduce it to the terms of our musical consciousness. It defied and eluded us as spirit must always defy and elude sense, and we perforce contented ourselves with following the strange, rounded, isolated notes, sustaining ourselves breathlessly on its wonderful nuances and yielding to the irregular endued charm of the singer, whose face, at first so unremarkable, seemed to glow of a shining fulgence as she thus interpreted to us an unknown world.—Washington Star.

IN LEAGUE WITH MAGIC.

Some Heathens Who Did Good Missionary Work at a Pump.

Lobengula, the late king of the Matabele of South Africa, was afraid of Rev. E. Carnegie, an English missionary at Hope Fountain, several miles from Bulawayo. The Matabele warriors, on the other hand, looked with suspicion on the missionary and all his works, but they knew better than to molest the friend of their king.

Time after time in passing the mission house they noticed a force pump at work, supplying water for the family and for irrigating the garden. Not understanding what it was for, their untutored minds concluded it was some sort of magic. It was "intagati," or bewitched, and they watched to see how it was managed that they might turn the white man's magic against himself.

One moonlight night a party of picked warriors repaired to the bank of the stream where the pump was. On trying it they were jubilant to find that two men at either handle could do the trick. Turn and turn about they kept the pump going for two hours, determined that the missionary should have all the magic he wanted and a balance in hand.

Then, exhausted, they went homeward, ignorant of the fact that they had filled the missionary's tank to overflowing. His good wife hoped that a similar supply of "magic" might be furnished every week.—New York Mail and Express.

Artificial Cream.

A cooking teacher tells of a manufactured cream that is worth knowing about in emergencies, when the real article is not to be had. It is made from the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, with a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of cornstarch. Half a cup of cold milk is added by degrees and all beaten together very stiff. A cup of milk is heated over the fire, with a small butter ball melted in it. This is allowed to come just to the boiling point, when it is removed to a cooler part of the stove and the beaten egg mixture added. When it has all thickened very slightly to about the consistency of thick cream, it is taken off and strained and cooled. This may be used as cream for serving with fresh or preserved fruits, but it is needless to add it will not whip.—New York Post.

Literature on a Ferryboat.

During the last seven days the following novels were read on a Hoboken ferryboat by shopgirls on their way to work: "Poor, but Beautiful," "All For Love of a Fair Face," "When His Love Grew Cold," "Mrs. Hathaway's Revenge," "The Story of a Blighted Love," "Risen; or, Back as From the Dead."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

British Navy Salutes.

A salute in the British navy between two ships of equal rank is made by firing an equal number of guns. If the vessels are of unequal rank, the superior fires the fewer rounds. A royal salute consists of (1) in firing 21 great guns, (2) in the officers lowering their sword points and (3) in dipping the colors.

Phillips Brooks once said that "the shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most active, always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people, that life seems short. Strip a life empty and it will seem long enough."

The finest complexions in the world are said to be in the Bermuda. This is accounted for by the fact that the inhabitants live chiefly on onions.

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COMMISSIONERS' - SALE Seated and Unseated Lands.

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly, the Commissioners will offer for sale, at their office in Brookville, Jefferson county, Pa., on Thursday, September 15, 1898.

At 10 o'clock A. M., the following tracts of Seated and Unseated Lands, purchased by the County Commissioners at Treasurer's Sale of 1896:

Table with columns: Year, Names of Owners, H. & L. or Acres, Locality, Tax and Costs. Includes entries for Seated Lands and Unseated Lands.

Table with columns: Year, Names of Owners, H. & L. or Acres, Locality, Tax and Costs. Includes entries for Unseated Lands.

Attest—JOHN DAVIS, Clerk. Commissioners' Office, Brookville, Pa., August 1st, 1898.

JOB WORK!

THE Job Work Department OF The Star Office Is replete with the Latest Styles of Types. Neat Work Done on Short Notice!



That's Just It! You can't always tell by the looks of a garment how long it is going to wear. Why Not get the WEAR as well as the looks when you can have both at the same Price. \$12.00 is the starting point of these Edward E. Strauss & Co.'s Famous Custom Tailored Suits and Overcoats with an ironclad guarantee thrown in free. It will Pay You to examine this line and leave your order for one of these handsome garments. Call on MILLIREN'S, REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., Lessee.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

Table with columns: BRAD UP, Exp. Mail, May 15, 1898, READ DOWN, Exp. Mail, No. 27, No. 31. Lists train schedules and times.

CENTRAL

State - Normal SCHOOL.

Lock Haven, Clinton County, Pa.



Expenses low. The net cost per week to those who receive State aid is only \$3.75.

This pays for light, heat, washing, furnished room, board and tuition.

Extra State aid to graduates who agree to teach two years.

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DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS. CURES CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS. A delightful tonic and laxative. Can be taken by young and old. No dieting necessary. Eat anything you like and plenty of it. Builds up "run down" people making them well and vigorous. Try it. At Druggists. Only 25c per bottle. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.

N. HANAU Great Reduction In All-wool Summer Clothing, Scotch Plaids and Check Suits you can save from 10 to 20 per cent. Men's \$5.00 Suits, now \$3.50. Men's All-wool \$7.00 and \$8.00 Suits, now \$5.50. Men's All-wool \$9.00 to 12.00 Suits, \$7.00 to \$9.00. In Youths' Suits you can save the same reduction. Straw Hats 1/2 Price. Nice Over Shirts, with white band, 23c. SUMMER DRESS GOODS—Organdy, was 15 to 18c., today 10c. Challies, " 5c. " " 6 1/2, 7 1/2, 4c.

JEFFERSON SUPPLY CO., Mid-Summer Sale Announcement. In order to fully appreciate the bargains we are offering in all lines of staple and fancy wares, it is only necessary to call at our store, where you will soon be convinced that we are "Rock Bottom" in prices on high grade goods. You will find an immense, carefully selected stock from the best markets in the world and we guarantee SATISFACTION with every purchase. It will be to your advantage and we will be pleased to have you call. GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS PLEASANT AVE., REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A. HARDWARE, FURNITURE, AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS