

### ODD JOBS ON WARSHIPS.

#### Many Ways For the Bluejackets to Make Extra Money.

The possible methods of making extra money on shipboard are manifold. "Tailorizing" is one of the most profitable. While a ship's tailor is detailed to most of our ships, his duties are limited to making necessary alterations in the uniforms which are issued to the members of the crew. Many enlisted men own sewing machines, upon which they do repair work, and they also do odd jobs for officers, such as pressing and cleaning. A handy man with the needle can also make a handsome sum by doing fancy work. Some of the most delicate embroidery work has been done by sailors.

The ship's barber also makes a comfortable living in addition to his regular pay, and the distribution of prizes at target practice enriches the coffers of the gun crew by a considerable sum. Men who are detailed to duty on board submarine boats are allowed an additional \$5 a month and besides \$1 a day for every day the boat is submerged. Bluejackets detailed as signalmen, as cockswains of power boats or in charge of holds are allowed extra pay. A crew messman receives \$5 a month for performing that somewhat menial function, and the man who is not ashamed to "take in washing" can easily double his navy pay. Every bluejacket is expected to perform the laundering himself, but there are always men who prefer to pay for having the service done.

One of the novel methods of earning in honest penny is for a man with a descriptive knack—usually a yeoman—to prepare an interesting letter upon the cruise of the ship or some of the strange ports visited, the honors paid the vessel, the entertainments offered and describing the customs of the inhabitants. These letters are manifold and sold to the members of the crew for 50 cents to \$1 a copy—and usually cheap at that. The parents or relatives of the sailor boy thus are kept informed of his adventures and experiences and he is relieved of a task that is irksome to most boys.—John R. Cox in National Magazine.

### STAR GAZING.

#### The Study of the Constellations as a Pastime.

Probably every reader has often admired the beauty of a starlight night. A little careful observation on such a night will show that the brighter stars may be divided into groups or "constellations," as the astronomers call them, most of which are known by the names of animals or legendary persons, such for example as "the Great Bear," "the Swan," "Hercules," "Andromeda," etc. The easiest method of learning these "constellations" is from some one already acquainted with them, but if the beginner is not fortunate enough to know any such person the majority can be learned from any cheap star maps such as are sometimes contained in almanacs.

Now, if the budding astronomer will notice the position of any of these groups or constellations at a particular hour of any night and then look a few hours afterward he will see that during the interval the stars which appeared low down in the east have risen to the south in a somewhat similar manner to the apparent motion of the sun and moon, while closer attention on several evenings will show a circular or rotary movement around the north pole of the heavens, the motion being the opposite way to the hands of a clock.

Near the north pole is a bright star called the "Pole star." This star is easily found when the observer has once noted the seven bright stars of the "Great Bear," the two outer stars of the four forming the "square" known as the "pointers" point almost directly to the Pole star. This majestic movement of the stars around the pole of the heavens is a most sublime and wonderful sight.—Country Side.

#### The Shorter Word.

The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt of one intended for "Uncle John" and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it.

"That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package.

"How can you tell?" asked Edith.

"Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied.

Then, as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired:

"Do you know what a diagnostician is?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "It's a good guesser."

#### He Took the Cake.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's wuz t'ings dan gold bricks."

"What's happened?"

"De lady up de road said dat if I'd chop an armful of wood she'd gimme a cake."

"Didn't she keep her word?"

"Yep. She handed me a cake of soap."—Washington Star.

#### When It Started.

"Captain, what time does the boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

#### The Banyan Tree.

A regiment of 1,000 men could readily find shelter under a single banyan tree. In India there is one of these trees which has 400 main trunks and over 8,000 smaller ones.

#### Outrages of the Telephone.

That the telephone has messed many a man, saved many lives and helped pile up fortunes is true, but has it not cursed some women, ruined more lives and hastened domestic misfortune? It has. Has it not become the favorite pastime of the women with nothing to do? It has. Does it not accelerate gossip and add the flirt and the wayward constantly? It does. Self-indulgent women waste their husbands' money by ordering food over the too handy telephone rather than bother to dress for the street, thereby losing both their wholesome morning exercise and their chance thriftily to secure the best there is for the price at market or at stores from which the family larder is supplied. The time wasted by women in foolish phoning can never be offset by time gained by forehanded men in business, for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world if his "world" is lost through folly?

Telephoning, from a habit, finally becomes a vice and a menace to the courtesies. It has destroyed the fine art of social correspondence. It has crowded haste with courtesy's laurel.—Minna Thomas Antrim in Lippincott's.

#### Old Names For Guns.

As the use of artillery became more common and the advantages of portability and a greater rapidity of fire were recognized, guns, except among the orientals, became smaller, but of better workmanship and construction. Inventors began to try their hands at all sorts of improvements or attempts at improvement, and in the course of a hundred years or so the number of different pieces of cannon, large and small, muzzle or breechloading, was simply legion. There were cannon, cannon royal and demi-cannon, three or four classes of culverins, bombardiers, mortars, perriers, serpentes, cartouches, curtalls, passevolants or zebartanas, basilisks, orgues, sakers, minions, mojaues, falcons and falconets, robinets, fowlers bases, slings, port-pieces, murrere drakes, aspics, double dogs and lagnors, to say nothing of rhabdoquus, flying dragons and partridge mortars.—Gentleman's Magazine.

#### A Cutting Retort.

Before dinner, at the house of a rich banker in Florence, Colonel (afterward the Earl of Dundas) had said some sharp things about the crudities of Americans. Notwithstanding this rudeness it fell to his lot to take Mme. Bonaparte (Betsy Patterson) in to table. He impudently asked Mme. Bonaparte if she had read Basil Hall's book on America, in which he pronounced all Americans vulgarians.

"Yes, Colonel Dundas," she answered, "but it did not surprise me in the least. If my compatriots were descended from the Italians or Spanish, any display of low breeding might astonish me; but, being the direct descendants of Englishmen, it is natural enough that they should be vulgarians."

#### Cursory.

"Eddie," said the teacher, "can you give a definition of cursory?" The word is generally used in connection with public speaking. For example, we often read that somebody "made a few cursory remarks." Please write a sentence containing the word cursory.

After a brief struggle Eddie evolved this masterpiece:

"Yesterday my pa helped my ma to hang pictures, and when the ladder fell after pa had climbed to the top of it he bumped his head against the corner of the dining room table and then made a few cursory remarks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### On Their Minds.

"I've got something on my mind that I've got to get rid of," said the author, bursting in and seizing a pad and pencil.

"And when you have got rid of it and have received a check for it there is something down in the milliner's window that I want to get on my mind," said the author's wife, picking up his hat, coat and umbrella.—Exchange.

#### Desirable.

A lady just arrived from Australia was recently negotiating with an agent in London for a house in one of the newer districts of Kensington. She asked if it was a nice neighborhood.

"It is thoroughly desirable, madam," replied the house agent. "They are, without exception, soup and fish families."

#### The Amateur Laundress.

"If I were you," he said as they started out to dinner, "I'd get me another washerwoman. That waist of yours is very badly ironed. What's the matter?" for suddenly he saw a tear in the eye of the impecunious girl.

"I ironed it myself," said she.

#### A Modest Request.

Husband of Gifted Writer—Is your novel nearly done?

Gifted Writer—Yes, my dear, but my hero must die, you know.

"Well, after he's dead, will you sew this button on for me?"—Flegende Blatter.

#### The Lesson.

Sunday School Teacher—What do we learn from the story of the man who was told to take up his bed and walk? Small Sammie—We learn that they had folding beds in ancient times.—Chicago News.

#### Made Him Sick.

"What's the matter? You look awfully white, Seaside?"

"Naw. There's a girl down below reading a love letter aloud to another girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### From Game to Game.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a roundabout way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble," she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble, all right. I—can't you see it yourself?"

"Why, how silly, Alfred! No one can see heart trouble. They have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet. But I—I want to, don't you know?"

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I would—that is, if I could get it."

"Can't you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."

"Have you tried?"

"No, not yet."

(Silence for two provoking moments.)

"Alfred?" coldly.

"Yes."

"Let's have a game of checkers."—Boston Herald.

#### Walking.

The ordinary man who is employed indoors throughout the day does not walk enough. He needs the fresh air and sunshine of the outdoors, and, no matter how tired he may be, a short time in the open air will rest him. If he has no opportunity to walk during the evening, he ought to do it in the morning. There is no better tonic than a two mile walk before going to work. Some business men who live some distance from their offices or stores walk down regularly every morning and are greatly benefited thereby. No matter how sluggish they may feel on arising, the morning walk puts them in good trim for the day's work. Exercise in the open air starts the blood circulating in every artery and vein in the entire system, opens up the pores of the skin, so that the waste matter in the body may be set free, limbers up the joints and muscles and puts one in shape for the duties of the day.—St. Joseph Gazette.

#### The Meredith Cocoon.

George Meredith may not have been an altogether familiar author to the ordinary reader who craves for quick sensation. He never came down to the simplicity of Sherlock Holmes or Captain Kettle. Meredith required an acute and trained intellect before he could be appreciated.

It was once mentioned, in referring to the difficulty which some people experience in reading Meredith's novels, that the Meredith "cocoon" was very hard, but that the milk when reached proved to be very sweet. This joke got into the papers.

Two days afterward a well known firm of fruiterers had an inquiry after these cocoanuts from a country customer! The letter was to the effect that, having read somewhere that Meredith's cocoanuts have had a large sale lately and that the milk was fashionable, the writer would like to have a few to try.—London Tatler.

#### Queer Postal Training.

In China whoever wishes to enter the postal service must give evidence of courage, robustness, power of endurance, ability to traverse great distances over mountains and valleys and through dangerous forests frequented by wild beasts and robbers. After this the applicant is sent into uncanny places, which are considered to be the abodes of evil spirits. When the Chinaman has satisfied the authorities in regard to these matters he is appointed a letter carrier.

#### A Matter of Mind.

"I have a great mind to go to the club tonight," said Mr. J. to his wife.

"What?" she replied with surprise.

"I have a great mind to go to the club tonight."

"Whose?" she asked.

"Whose what?"

"Whose great mind?"

"Why, my own, of course, madam."

"Oh!" and the rising infection she gave the ejaculation was very provoking to a man of fine feeling.

#### Taxless Towns.

No fewer than 1,500 towns and villages in Germany still own, and have owned, down from the middle ages, so much common land that their inhabitants pay neither rates nor taxes. Five hundred of these townships and villages derive so great a rental from their lands that they are able, in addition, to pay every citizen on New Year's day, a bonus of from \$25 to \$100 as his share of the surplus revenue.

#### Had No More Time.

"I can't wait any further for you. What are you reading, anyhow?"

"Henry James. Wait until I finish this chapter."

"I'll wait until you get to the next comma and no longer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### They Adjourned.

"Since you have insisted on trying on my hat, Miss Mabel, I shall certainly claim the forfeit."

"I don't know what you mean, sir; and besides, this isn't a good place; they can see us from the hotel."—Life.

#### Quite Rare.

Gus—What did you think of our amateur theatricals, Miss Mamie? Rather a rare entertainment, was it not? Miss Mamie—Well—er—yes; it wasn't very well done, to be sure.—Harper's Bazar.

Avarice increases with the increasing pile of gold.—Juvenal.

#### Ostrich Feather, of Tripoli.

The usual kinds of ostrich feathers known to the trade come into the Tripoli market. These are whites, blacks, feminas, dyocks, spadous, boos, drabs and boss. The Arab dealers bring them in assorted packages containing feathers in various qualities of each kind, and it therefore requires expert knowledge to buy advantageously from the natives. The goods are sold by the "roti." (The Tripoli roti is about eighteen ounces.)

The feathers are washed and sorted, but not dyed or cured. They are washed in soapy water, and when still wet are beaten. A handful of them are taken by the stems and slapped against the floor with a force that to the uninitiated would seem to be enough to break them to pieces. This is done to bring out the flues or barbs, the miniature feathers extending from the barbs, and gives the plumes a fluffier, richer appearance. A good ostrich plume will have two or three layers of feathers; its tip should be perfect, and it should have no transverse cuts along the cane. For the retail trade two plumes are usually mounted together.

#### Burke as a Bore.

The most eloquent essay carefully prepared beforehand when delivered by one wanting the orator's gifts may as a speech be an utter failure. Burke is perhaps the most striking example of this. He simply drove everybody away. This is well and amusingly described by Lord Erskine to the American ambassador, Mr. Rush, who had asked him about Burke's delivery.

"It was execrable," said he. "I was in the house of commons when he made his great speech on American conciliation, the greatest he ever made. He drove everybody away. I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him and afraid to get up. So I squeezed myself down and crawled under the benches like a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing in my escape. Next day I went to the Isle of Wight. When the speech followed me there, I read it over and over again. I could hardly think of anything else. I carried it with me and thumbed it until it got like wadding for my gun."—Westminster Gazette.

#### Euphonious Female Names.

Referring to a recent note on euphonious female names, it may be said that the eccentric Christian name attains its ripest vigor in the highlands. There the natives have a few names natural to the sex, such as "Barbac"—though Barbac may be the name of the family cow—"the deer one, the dun one." The great majority of female names are, however, frankly compounded from male equivalents. "Wilhelmina" is known in the south, and on the same principle Andrew finds its female counterpart in "Andrewina," while "Malcolmias" and "Donaldinas" are as thick as blackberries. One unhappy child among the relations of the present writer was mercifully known as "Ava," and Ava she will be all her life. Her real name, when magnificently set forth, is "Alexandrina Victoria Andrewina," and the abbreviation is formed from the initial letters.—London Standard.

#### Success of One Piece of Music.

Very few know anything about Suppe, the composer of "Fatinizza" and several other operas and the father of the "Poet and Peasant" overture. The latter was composed to an entirely different piece and fell flat. The author then tried it at intervals of six months and a year with two other plays and no one found it pretty. Lastly, because there was not time to write a new overture, it was used with a long forgotten farce called "Poet and Peasant." The farce was successful and people endured the overture. Then somebody asked permission to publish it in a journal, arranged for the piano. Soon everybody was playing it. Then a music firm bought of Suppe for \$25 the right and published the score. They made a clear \$40,000 with it.

#### In Mourning.

A peer, who was the master of a fine hunting pack, died, and his widow refused to let the hounds go out. Whereupon a friend asked a former chief justice of England, who was himself a huntsman, whether any harm would be done if the hounds were allowed to run with pieces of crape round their necks. "I can hardly think that even crape is necessary," was the reply. "It would be sufficient if the hounds were in full cry."—London News.

#### No Use For Him.

"Mildred," murmured a fashionable young man, sinking on one knee, "for your birthday gift I offer you—myself."

"Thank you," was the cold reply.

"But I only accept useful presents."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

#### His Pun.

She (watching the steerage passengers)—See those two German girls! What lovely hair they have! Now that's what I call real golden hair. He—Nonsense. Can't you see it's plaited?—Philadelphia Press.

#### A Novel Dialogue.

Man (under the bureau)—If I get hold of that — collar button I'll—

Collar Button (from under the bed)—Quite so. And you'll get it in the neck!—Brooklyn Life.

#### No Doubt About It.

"Was he doubted seriously?" asked the reporter, hurrying to the scene of the affray.

"He was," briefly answered the policeman. "Did yez think it was to fun?"—Exchange.

#### The Sailor's Hands.

A visitor who prides himself on his knowledge of nautical affairs was chatting with a friend outside the Flat-iron building. "See that man coming?" he asked. "Can you tell what he is by the way he walks?"

"Why, no," replied the New Yorker who was with him.

"He's a sailorman of some sort. Look at his hands. No landsman ever walked that way. A sailor always walks with the palms of his hands turned behind him and the backs turned forward, the way he is walking. Look at that landsman over there. He swings his arms with the palms of the hands turned toward his body and the backs out. You can always detect a man who is accustomed to the sea that way."

"What's the explanation?" inquired the other.

"Why, there isn't any that I know. It may be because the sailor gets the habit of balancing himself in rough weather by the use of his arms, but I don't believe that's the reason. It's just one of those things you can't account for."—New York Press.

#### The Spinning Machine of a Spider.

The spinning machine is situated under the hinder part of the spider's body. It takes the form of a slight depression, which a close inspection shows to consist of six small bodies resembling tubes. Four of these contain an immense number of minute openings, as many as a thousand can be counted in each, and from every one of these openings a viscous fluid issues, which hardens on exposure to the atmosphere. The whole 4,000 threads are united into one line, which is sometimes so fine that 4,000,000 twisted together would not have a combined diameter greater than that of an ordinary hair from the human head. It is impossible to conceive the excessive slenderness of one of the 4,000 threads which compose such a line. The bare statement that each one has a thickness only one sixteen thousandth of that of a human hair does not in any way convey the impression of its wonderful fineness. The mind can no more grasp the meaning of such figures than it can understand the immense distance of which astronomers talk so glibly.

#### Kelvin as Damocles.

A characteristic always of Lord Kelvin was his absolute faith in figures, and this ruling passion once led to his experiment as a Damocles. When he once solved a problem in mathematics, he was willing to stake upon its correctness not only his reputation, but, if necessary, his life. Taking an immense heavy cannon ball, he calculated with the utmost accuracy the size of the smallest wire which would bear the weight of the load of iron. He then procured a length of wire of just the requisite strength and to prove the

truth of his figuring had the cannon ball suspended over his lecturing platform at the very spot where it would be most likely to strike and crush him should the wire give way, and it remained there for weeks.

#### "The Last Ditch."

A dignified origin can be given to the expression "To die in the last ditch." On the death of De Witt the Prince of Orange was made head of the Dutch republic. Despite his youth he displayed the courage and tenacity of his race. "Do you not see your country is lost?" asked the Duke of Buckingham, who had been sent to negotiate at The Hague. "There is a sure way never to see it lost," replied William, "and that is to die in the last ditch."

#### He Got Married.

Our cook, said the family man, had a beau who called on her often, but finally his visits ceased. I asked her one day what had become of her former attentive beau, and she said he had got married.

"Since he got married," said she, "he don't come around any more."

"Married?" said I, surprised. "Why, I thought he would marry you?"

"So he did," said the cook.—Brownings Magazine.

#### Always Picking.

An amusing story is told of the answer given by a London walf to a Salvation Army captain. The zealous officer had asked the boy what work he did to provide him with food, etc., and the reply was, "I pick strawberries in the summer, I pick hops in the autumn, I pick pockets in the winter, and oakum for the rest of the year."

#### Stumped.

"Why, Puss, you people here don't know anything about fruit. Out in Oregon we raise apples as big as your head."

"Do you raise peaches as big as I am, Uncle Phil?"

"Why—er—ah!"—Chicago Tribune.

#### Progress Impeded.

First Member—Mrs. De Streak didn't have her way at the dress reform meeting this afternoon, did she? Second Member—No; her gown fitted her so tightly that she couldn't make a motion.—Puck.

#### Egotistical.

Blobbs—What an egotistical fellow Talknot is! When you are with him he expects you to be all ears. Blobbs—Yes; and you find him to be all "I's."—Philadelphia Record.

#### Judgment.

Never judge a town by the size of the type with which its name is printed on the map of a railroad that doesn't pass through it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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