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Tammie Carey's Wedding

(By M. C. Ramsey, in the "Haddington Courier.")

When the Knowhead carrier, Tammie Carey, lost his mother, the whole wide parish, from the Laird down, set about discussing the important question of "Hoo will Tammie manage?" and almost as one man—of a certainty as one woman—concluded that he needs must look out for a wife. And, as is the Knowhead way, the discussion changed into, "Wha shuld he tak?"

But though the answer to the first question was made known to Tammie by the Laird himself the carrier was to be hurried into matrimony by none.

"Ye, see, Laird," he explained, "it's no' just like buying a horse or a cow, which a chap can sell again if cheated. But the place is saik, needin' a woman-body," with a glance round the dirty, untidy kitchen, "so I'm to get a housekeeper for a week or two or we see hoo things do."

"Tuts, tuts, man, a wife would be far cheaper," said the Laird, with a sly smile, for Tammie's little weakness, greed of gold, was well-known in the parish.

"Maybe aye, and maybe no," quoth Tammie. "An' if we shuldna gree, as I've already said, Laird, I can easy get quit o' the housekeeper, but no' the wife. But am I no sayin' it wad dae oot haim?" he knew the Laird's weakness, gossiping—to hint if a month or twa's trial proved her suitable, I might marry her. Only we, I've ma mither's wedding ring laid by in case!"

"Tammie, you really heath," remarked the Laird, as he lifted his riding-whip from the littered table. "I'll send you Margaret Beattie, man, tho' she's nailes ower guid for ye. She'll have the house like a new pin in a twinkling. Poozmy word, it's enought to cause a plague, a house like a pig-stye in the very middle of the village!" with curling lip.

"Takes a lot to pushen puir folk, Laird," quoth Tammie, not at all upset. "Weel," thoughtfully, "I could get waur than Margaret, but she'll gang thro' an awfu' lot o' soap, an' I doobt there's but little o' her stockin' fit!"

"You've enought for both, man—I'll ride out to see her now, and she'll be in bye before you're back from Fairhaven. And you'll pay her five shillings a week, all found!"

"Five shillings!" groaned Tammie. "Eh, Laird, the hauf o't is mair than I can afford, and her meat forbye, but," hastily, as the Laird's lips tightened, "I'll stretch a point and say three!"

"Five shillings a week," calmly repeated the Laird, turning towards the door, and Tammie surrendered.

"Weel, Laird, ye maun aye ha'e yer ain wey! Ye can tell her to bring in bye only provisions she may ha'e handy."

"Not so much as an ounce of tea!" said the Laird firmly, and Tammie groaned again and yielded the point, for he knew right well that it never paid in Knowhead to gainsay the Laird, whose monarchy was undoubtedly an absolute one!

So the Laird mounted his big coal-black steed and rode westwards, while Tammie got into his ramshackle spring cart, gave old Meg the word, and rattled eastwards, "a gude hauf hoor apent ma time!"

The housekeeper on trial for wife—chosen by the Laird—who was never happier than when minding some other body's business, provided it did not clash with his own—was likewise a thrifty Scot, but far from being a grumpy one, and when the Laird got out to her little cottage (which she occupied rent-free, as nurse, and, after the Laird, consultant-in-chief to his whole wide

parish) and delivered his message in his usual blunt way, she shook her head and said:—

"Well, well, Laird, if it is your will, I'll see what I can do, but I doubt if Tammie and I can gree a week! Ye ken what I wad like to see?" with twinkling eyes.

"The Laird shook his head. "Tammie saddled with a wife who would scatter his money like chaff. And as I could never find it in my heart to waste gude siller, however gathered, it's no' me ye're to mairry him till, Laird, so I gie ye fair warnin'. And deed, I'm a hantle better as I am, wi' nae coot, an' litle care, an' aye free to dae a gude turn to ony!"

"That's the one thing against it," said the Laird. "What the parish will do when you're bound to any man I know not! However, we needn't cross a bridge till we come to it! Just begin him as you mean to end him, Margaret lass, and see that not a single penny for his house comes out of your pocket. I know you, my lady!" shaking his fist at her.

"Weel, weel, Laird," sighed Margaret, and closed the cupboard door which she had opened to look over her scanty store for any little dainty she might take with her. "I'll try a week o't, but I'll na' promise mair!"

Before the end of the week the whole house had been turned upside down and inside out, blankets washed, linen mended, socks darned, even old Meg's harness patched, but though the wear and tear of Margaret cost Tammie never a pang, the "soap an' powder, an' ammonia, an' losh keeps, disinfectants as you never saw the like," had cost, in his estimation, such an enormous sum, that he was cut to the very quick, and set his mind a-working as he jogged towards Fairhaven as to the best way of making up this useless expenditure.

"She's a gey proud bit body," he finally concluded, "an' I wadna nane winder if I should quarrel wi' her that she would up an' awa', an' if she left without due notice, she can claim nae pay. An' she'll be no' that ill. She's gotten her week's meat, an' saved wearin' oot her ain furniture an' bedding."

And if Margaret—being but a woman—looked for a word of praise, that night she looked in vain. Instead, the delicious scenes which she had made for his tea were the cause of a lengthy diatribe, because, forsooth, she put in a couple of eggs, by way of a special treat, seeing the hens were "layin' sae weel."

"An' eggs aughtenpence the dozen in Fairhaven market" was the "overcome o' his sang!" "I'm thinking, my leddy, if that's the kind o' care ye're to tak' o' my wey you an' me 'ill no' agree lang. I dinna suppose ma mither ever puit an egg in a scone a her life."

"I dinna suppose she did," said Margaret, quietly, "nor ate mony o' them either, if a' stories are true. If ye glumpled and glowered ower ilka bite she ate as ye've dune wi' me a' the week I dinna nane winder she was glad to dee."

"Another thing when we're at it," said Tammie, "I see nae need for a cloth on the table ilka day, wearin' it oot, an' makin' needless wark."

"Ye can settle that wi' yer new housekeeper," said Margaret, calmly. "I'm leavin' as sune as I wash the dishes an' sweep up the flure."

"A week's notice," said Tammie, "or else nae pay."

"I couldna stand anither week o't tho' my livin' depended on it," retorted Margaret, who was a woman of her word.

And, perhaps, an hour later, she was back, with her little bundle, in her "ain wee hoose," tired but happy, a returned exile.

"An' I got the place cleaned, Laird, and had five minutes to think

(Continued on page 5.)

The British Bluejacket

(By M. Tourneur)

There are few men of his class who lead such hard-working lives as the British Bluejacket. From the time he is awakened in early morning till "night quarters" is piped by the boatswain's mates he is worked as hard as a horse, and seldom knows when he is afloat what it is to be allowed to sleep more than four hours at a time.

During hostilities in the North Sea and elsewhere routine and drill still go on. Jack is compelled to be an early riser, for the ship must be as clean as a new pin by eight o'clock or the commander who is responsible would be dealing out severe punishment wholesale. The hour at sea when the men are turned out of their hammocks to scrub and wash all the decks except the mess decks, where they live, is always five o'clock. At that time the boatswain's mates break the stillness of the vessel with piercing blasts on their whistles and hoarse shouts of "Starboard watch!"—or port, as the case may be—"Rouse out! Rouse out! Heave out, heave out, heave out! Show a leg!" Sometimes the call is varied. "All hands, all hands, lash up and stow hammocks! Come on, show a leg, show a leg!"

At once everyone is on the move, and the men unhook and lash up their hammocks, then take them on deck for stowage in the "nettings." At 4.30 a. m. the hands are piped to their bowlful of hot cocoa and at 5 o'clock they all fall in for scrubbing and washing decks, cleaning boats, etc. Dressed in his old blue serge working suit, with his trousers tucked up to his knees, Jack scurries about the wet deck in his bare feet.

Meanwhile, while all this is going on "topsides," the men of the other watch who have turned in at four o'clock sleep in their hammocks below. A little after 6 a. m. they are also turned out, hammocks are lashed up and the mess decks prepared for the first meal of the day, while the watch on deck clean, bright metal work, coil down ropes and make everything neat and tidy.

Between half-past six and seven o'clock Jack's breakfast is served—a pint of cocoa, sweetened, but without milk, and biscuit or bread. Then after that the bugle sounds "Quarters! Clean guns!" and the work of cleaning is resumed by all hands. Below, the engineers' complement carry out a similar task on the engines and boilers. During this time, if the ship has a band, it plays popular airs. In the mess decks, all is bustle, stowing away tables and stools and sweeping up the flats.

At eight o'clock the ceremony of hoisting the colors takes place, when everyone on deck faces aft and salutes while the White Ensign is being slowly hoisted and the band plays the National Anthem. In winter the colors are hoisted at nine o'clock. Immediately this ceremony is completed the bugle sounds, "Stand easy and hands to clean." Half an hour is usually allowed for the bluejacket to have his real breakfast, the provisions for which he purchases at the canteen.

After this stand-easy, "Clean up decks" is piped, and at 9.10 the bugle sounds off, "Divisions!" when all hands muster and are inspected by the officers of divisions, who remind any hand not smart in appearance. Meanwhile the commander inspects the upper deck and the first lieutenant the mess decks for cleanliness and tidiness. When the inspection is over the tolling of a bell intimates that the time for "prayers" has come. Then the Roman Catholics fall out and the other men are marched to the quarter-deck, where the "padre" (chaplain) or, if the ship carries none, the captain, reads the prayers. Then the "Disperse" is piped.

On board every British warship except the torpedo craft, the morning ends with prayers. At 9.30 a. m. both watches fall in and are detailed off for ship's work, some having drill and instruction exercises, till eleven-thirty when drill ceases. The ship is once more made tidy, and the commander, or first lieutenant, if the vessel has not a "bloke" as the commander is nicknamed, serves out punishment to the hands who have incurred it.

By 11.45 the decks are cleared up and the bugle sounds "Cooks!" and at 12 o'clock dinner is piped. In a eating their dinners, which have twice the men are hard at work been prepared by the amateur cook of each mess, every member of the mess taking his turn—and cooked by the trained cook in the

galley. The rations at sea vary from day to day, but the chief provisions issued by the ship's steward and paymaster consist of one pound per man of salt pork, with split peas to make soup, on Mondays, and Fridays. For the other days one pound of salt beef is supplied with nine ounces of flour, one and a half ounces of raisins and three-quarters ounce of suet, salt alternately with three-quarters pound of preserved beef or mutton and material for a pudding, or a quarter pound of preserved rice or potatoes. When in harbor the British Jack gets bread and fresh meat, together with vegetables. Whether in port or at sea, chocolate, tea and sugar are issued to him in respective proportions together with small quantities of mustard, salt, pepper and vinegar.

At 1.15 the bugle sounds "Clean guns," and the decks are also tidied once more. At 1.30 both watches fall in, when drill and instruction is carried on till 3.30, when the men are dismissed to stand easy. Then all hands muster at four o'clock at "evening quarters," which is just the same as the morning divisions, and at 4.15 tea is served and hands shift in to night clothing. Mess tables and stools are set in place and the men sit down to their tea at half-past four, this Admiralty meal, consisting of a pint of milkless tea and the remains of Jack's bread or biscuit.

At 5 p. m. the men go to night quarters for inspection once more, and then an evolution is signalled from the flagship. After this has been carried out work is finished for the day, and Jack of the watch below smokes and talks, plays dominoes and drafts and passes the time away till 7.30, when supper is piped. But for this meal the bluejacket pays for his edibles from the canteen. Then 8 p. m. hammocks are piped down and the lower deck is cleared up for the rounds, which are carried out by the executive officer, commander or first lieutenant, as the case may be, who sees everything is safe for the night. Already at 8 p. m. the men of the first watch have been mustered by the midshipmen of the watch for their night duties. "Pipe down" at ten o'clock ends the lower deck's day, for then the men below must turn into their hammocks.

In the hostilities, when darkness comes on, the watch on deck remain by the guns, which are cleared away and ready for instant action, a number of rounds being stowed in the rear of each gun for immediate use.

Such is the general routine life of the British bluejacket in peace and war, for, notwithstanding the enemy, his drill and exercises go on, together with the never-ending fleet of evolutions directed from the flagship. For efficiency must be maintained.

Only on Sunday does Jack have an easy time. This by special arrangement is a day of rest, when no unnecessary work goes on or punishment is dealt out.

To keep fit and efficient like a high-grade human machine—to be always ready, "Ay, ready," to shoot true, fight true and win true—that is the entire end of the being and rigorous training of the British Bluejacket.

The Work of a Watch

The balance wheel of an average watch, says "The English Mechanic," makes 300 vibrations a minute, 18,000 an hour, 432,000 in a day, or 157,788,000 in a year. At each vibration the balance wheel makes about one and one-half revolutions; therefore the arbor or shaft on which the wheel is mounted makes about 236,682,000 revolutions in its bearings in one year. One drop of oil is sufficient to lubricate from one to two hundred such bearings.

A modern locomotive with seven foot driving wheels would have to run 985,924 miles, or more than thirty-nine times round the earth—which, at the rate of a mile a minute, without stopping would take it 683 days, or nearly two years—before the axles of the drivers would make as many revolutions as the balance staff of a watch makes in a year.

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