

Fine Job Work a Specialty.

VOL. XV.

FAMILIAR SLANG PHRASES

Origin of Some of the Familiar Saying we Hear Every Day.

A learned German philologist has recently traced several of the familiar slang phrases now in vogue through half a dozen languages to their beginnings, says the New York Tribune. Here are some of them:

"To give the cold shoulder." It appears that it was at one time the custom in France, when a guest had overstayed his welcome, to serve him with a cold shoulder of mutton at dinner instead of a hot roast. When the cold shoulder made its appearance on the table, the guest was supposed to take it as a gentle hint that it was time for him to go.

"To kick the bucket" is another phrase that might be presumed to have originated with the light and flippant youth of modern times, but it seems that it dates back to the days of good Queen Elizabeth of England. One Hawkins, a shomaker, committed suicide by standing on a bucket, which he had placed on a table in order to raise himself sufficiently to fasten the noose to a convenient rafter. When the knot was tied he kicked the bucket away and swung into eternity.

"Apple pie order" is, on its very face, a term of good old New England origin, for where else has pie flourished in equal luxuriance? A certain Hepzibah Morton, whose name smacks of New England equally with pie, was in Puritan times, in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies every Saturday, which were to last the family through the week. Hepzibah placed the pies in the pantry, labeling a certain number for each day in the week. Needless to say, the pantry thus arranged was in "apple pie order."

The term "deadhead," according to the German investigator, is as old as the Christian era, a fact which ought to afford some consolation to modern proprietors of theaters, owners of railroads, operators of telegraphs and others who have calls upon them for "deadhead" favors. In Pompeii people who gained admittance to an entertainment without paying, were called "deadheads," because checks used for such admission were small ivory death's heads.

"A feather in one's cap" is also a phrase of some antiquity. It originated from the custom of the Hungarians, during their wars with the Turks, to wear a feather in their cap for each Turk killed. In its more modern application it is not always necessary to kill a Turk in order to be eligible to have a feather in the cap, but a "killing" of some sort is certainly pre-supposed.

The word "chie," so dear to the French heart, and indeed, of very frequent use the world over, which has just secured recognition by the French Academy, is fully two and a half centuries old, and is of German origin. In its original form it was spelled "schick," and was thus used by Schiller in the first piece of the Wallenstein trilogy. Two cavaliers boast of their pranks and prowess to a Waigmeister, and flatter themselves that posterity will talk of them for centuries. "Shall these things be talked about? It is not riot and jangling that makes a soldier. He needs time to acquire wit and schick." This "schick" was doubtless a patois abbreviation of "geschick," which

An up-to-date philosopher has solved the question of perpetual motion in the following manner:

Rags makes paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.

Rags make—well, you stop here and commence over again, and keep on going until the cows come home. It reminds one of Bob Ingersoll's sayings about the Illinois farmers "who raises more corn hogs to buy more land to raise more corn, and so on ad infinitum."

The N. D. Thompson Publishing Company, the well-known publishers of St. Louis, have, to use the language of the St. Louis Republic, "scopped" the United States Government in the publication of "The Jefferson Bible," concerning which there has been such spirited discussion in and out of Congress. If, as was stated in the debates of Congress, there will be a call for five million copies of this work, it will prove a publishing and business hit of unusual magnitude. They advertise in another column of this issue for solicitors and general agents for this and other publications. They offer salary and liberal commissions to experienced or capable canvassers.

Senator Bally regarded the remark "unwarranted" as a grievous insult when made by a small man yet firm, ass, &c., when applied to him by a man of his size are perfectly legitimate expressions.—Hopkinsville Messenger.

NO CROWN

Shall Mount Edward's Brow Says the Gypsy Who Foretold the King's Illness.

The gypsy, who, several years ago, predicted that King Edward would never be crowned is now in Atlantic City. She is a queer, sinister-looking individual, with a strange look gleaming in her black eyes, and whether or not her story is to be credited it is interesting. It was only after repeated questioning and a promise to withhold her name, that she consented to talk with me this morning.

"He will never be crowned," she said in deep, prophetic tones, as she among her curious colored rugs and pillows in the gypsy camp on the boardwalk. "He will never be crowned."

"Why?" I asked. "The fates have set their seal upon his life," she answered, in a spooky whisper, "and the crown that was made for him will go unworn unless George will have it. It is a poison crown. The fates have laid their horrid fingers upon it, and who wears it shall live death."

"But how do you know this?" I was becoming interested, so strangely serious was the woman's manner. She seemed sorrowing as for one lost. "It came in a dream. Once every 22 days I have a dream from the fates. It was in April, 1898, that I saw the Prince of Wales in my sleep. He appeared as a king, robed in the full regalia of the great office, but his head was bare. He seemed to be weeping. Then he disappeared.

"I was then traveling in England. The Prince of Wales was to be at the Epsom races in a little while, so I journeyed thence. When I tried to reach the Prince's carriage the guards held me back. They thought I wanted to harm him. But I did not. I only wanted to tell him of my dream. And so when I shouted it out he turned pale. It is an old prophecy, you know, but I had never believed it. The fates had not told me of it. Then, when they did, I had to believe it."

"But will the king not recover?" "He will apparently get well, but when the day for his crowning is again set, he will fall ill a little while longer. I do not know what his illness will be, or whether he will die, but I am sure he will never be crowned."

There are more sufferers from constipation than from any other enemy of our race; there is a long train of annoying ills as a direct result, and there is nothing so effective in its treatment as Ramon's Liver Pills and Tonic Pellets. 25c., sample free. m

How Subscribers Treat Bills.

From the way some of our subscribers treat the bills we send them, they must imagine that it does not cost anything to run a newspaper, that we have nothing to pay out for labor or material and that we live on air. We would like to impress on our patrons who have this idea, that it does cost something to run our business and that we need every dollar due us. So when you get one of our "duns," as some call them please treat them like you would a notice from your banker that you had a note falling due on a certain date. You do not put these off and pay no attention to them, but you pay at once. You ought to do this with your newspapers, they are just as important as your bank bills. Our bills are small, it is true, but there is a good many of them, and, for that reason it works a hardship on us when they are not paid. We have from 150 to 200 subscriptions expiring every month and you can readily see what this amounts to. We and our friends will spend a good deal of time in deciding which shall enter a room, or carriage first.

Finally, every Mexican gentleman, when strolling on a street, insisted on giving the inside of the walk to his companion, as a mark of politeness. This point is quickly decided if there is a difference in station or age, but if there is not, and the two friends go down a street and cross over, that the relative positions are changed, a new discussion as to which shall occupy the inside becomes necessary at every corner.

Japanese Do Not Swear

Many good things can be said of Japan and Japanese, but nothing reflects more credit upon that people than the fact that profanity is a vice entirely unknown among them. In answer to an inquiry on this subject, the Ram's Horn gives this interesting information: "Very high and competent authority assert that there is in the Japanese language no word that is equivalent to an oath. Not only is there no native word in which profanity may take refuge, but there is no improved word. During the last ten years, foreigners have added thousands of new words to the language, but not one profane word. In this respect, Japan is believed to stand alone among the nations."

HAS-BEEN VS. HAS-BEEN.

With Bryanism Eliminated Democracy Is Nothing.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan has ceased to be a public leader of the first and foremost in influence and authority, but he has behind him the only vote by which the Democratic party can carry any contested State in the South Southwest and West.

Mr. Bryan has a small opinion of Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland has been ponderously telling the country to drop Mr. Bryan. This is natural. Both are "has-beens." Both are remembered for their failures and loved by Republicans for the defeats they made.

But there is this to be said about Mr. Bryan, defeated, discredited, pushed aside in New York, ostensibly omitted from Democratic platforms in Indiana, Illinois and other States, he still represents and controls the marginal vote necessary for Democratic success from Ohio west. In 1892 Mr. Governor Cleveland could never have been elected without this Populist vote. His manager made a coalition in Oregon with the party of open repudiation. It made a like alliance with anarchy in Illinois. In all the States outside of New England and the Middle States the very vote which nominated Mr. Bryan in 1896 and again in 1900 gave Mr. Cleveland his Western majorities in 1892.

This vote is to-day less than then. In many of these States it is small. But it remains in existence. Its member regard themselves cheated by Mr. Cleveland after 1902. They are absolutely necessary, not merely to Democratic success, but to a fighting chance for the party. Without these votes it cannot carry any State west of the Mississippi: three Southern States, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama, becomes doubtful and the Democratic organization has no change even to make a fight for the House next fall.

Mr. Bryan knows this. So does Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Watterson expressed the same view in his attack on the New York statesman he helped make great enough to be ungrateful to all his friends, including the Kentucky editor. When Mr. Bryan attacks Mr. Cleveland, as he did yesterday, he does not help himself nearer power, but he ends all hope of success for the New York programme launched by Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Hill and all the Honorable Has-Beens of Eastern Democracy.—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Schwab's Staggering Figures

Even in this era of mammoth business transactions, which nothing less than ten figures can express, the answer of President Schwab of the Steel Trust in the suit of J. Aspinwall Hodge and others is an extraordinary document.

Mr. Schwab's sworn statements include the following:

1. That the outstanding capital stock of the United States Steel Corporation has a par value of \$1,018,833,200.
2. That its outstanding bonded indebtedness amounts to \$303,757,000 plus \$60,221,250 owed on securities of the subsidiary companies.
3. That its net profits, plus those of the subsidiary companies, were for the first year \$98,766,452.
4. That its net profits for the second year, ending April 1, 1903, will probably exceed \$140,000,000.
5. That its earnings for the first year equalled 13 per cent. on its common stock, and will equal 14 per cent. on the same for the second year, after paying 7 per cent. on its preferred stock.
6. That at a valuation below what they are actually worth and exclusive of good-will, patents, trade-marks, and processes owned by the corporation, its properties have a total value of \$1,400,391,000.
7. That its orders now on hand, which will keep all plants busy until January, 1913, aggregate \$150,000,000 on which the net profit will be more than \$60,000,000.

These are figures that fairly stagger the imagination of the man in the street. Think of one business concern operating plants of a value exceeding the total national debt; more than all that Great Britain expended in her billion-and-a-quarter Boer war; equal to the total value of the exports of the United States, and equal to the combined value of all the cereal crops of the country, including its great corn and wheat crops!

No wonder the industrial evolution which has produced such a commercial Colossus, and is producing others like unto it, sets men questioning whether the enormous power concentrated in these great corporations is compatible with that freedom in industrial enterprise which has been a distinguishing feature of our country, and whether it does not hold a menace to the highest public interest.

Fattening Fowls for the Market.

Very often the poultry raiser wishes to fatten the fowls for the market as speedily as possible. Poultry books

Opportunities for Young Men.

Special Dispatch from Washington to the Globe-Democrat says: Secretary Wilson believes that not enough attention is paid to scientific agriculture by the colleges of to-day, and he has taken up the agitation of this matter as a hobby.

Wherever he makes a speech he tells his hearers that his department utilizes the services of every young man it can find who has had a thorough training in some branch of scientific agriculture. There is a great demand for this kind of service, and the department has the utmost difficulty in holding on to its experts because of the growing outside calls that are being made on them. There are about 2,000 people in the department of agriculture who are engaged on scientific agriculture work, yet hardly one of them came into the government service fully equipped. Secretary Wilson calls attention to this fact to emphasize his statement that the colleges should give more thought and attention to the development of agricultural sciences.

There are some fifty agricultural colleges in the country calling for competent teachers, and some sixty or seventy agricultural experiment stations where there is always an opening for a trained scientist. There is money in becoming an agricultural expert, and Secretary Wilson thinks that our young men would do well to choose such a profession rather than the overcrowded fields of law and medicine.

Bears Steal Watches.

Dispatches sent out from Burnside telling about the killing of a bear near that place reminded Mr. Edward Flagg of an experience which he had while camping at Pine Knot, some distance above Burnside, several years ago. The party of which Mr. Flagg was a member left the railroad near Pine Knot, and prepared to move back some distance in the woods. While in town, however, they were warned not to take their watches or jewelry with them, but to leave them with the station agent, as a number of farmers living near the spot where they intended to pitch their camp had lately been robbed and relieved of gold watches. One morning, after the party had been in camp a few days, the cook was awakened by some animal prowling. He got a line on it and killed it with the first discharge of his rifle. It was a bear. When the animal was skinned and cleaned, incision was made into its stomach, when, to the astonishment of all present, four gold watches rolled out. The watches were afterwards returned to the owners from whom they had been taken.—Danville Advocate.

Politeness in Mexico.

Gentlemen in Mexico do some things which would look rather queer here. For example, they hate whenever they see each other; they shake hands whenever they meet and part; they do not consider it bad form to stand in line on the sidewalk and stare at the ladies; they wear their hats in a theater until the curtain rises, and, moreover, they put them between the acts and stand up to look at the audience, and after a separation they embrace and pat each other on the back if they happen to be intimate friends.

They never chew tobacco, but smoke everywhere, even in some theaters. They never carry bundles in the street, but each is attended by a servant, who carries even the smaller packages. They are wonderfully courteous to each other, and two friends will spend a good deal of time in deciding which shall enter a room, or carriage first.

Finally, every Mexican gentleman, when strolling on a street, insisted on giving the inside of the walk to his companion, as a mark of politeness. This point is quickly decided if there is a difference in station or age, but if there is not, and the two friends go down a street and cross over, that the relative positions are changed, a new discussion as to which shall occupy the inside becomes necessary at every corner.

Changed Her Mind at the Altar.

Eliza Logston and William Williams both of Grayson county, were to have been married last week. Williams secured a license and repaired to the residence of his prospective bride. Friends and relatives had assembled to witness the nuptial. While the Rev. Mr. Logston was preparing to officiate Columbus Powell, who lives in Hart county as a old sweetheart of Miss Logston appeared on the scene and induced to change her mind. Powell urged his claims and both men agreed to leave the matter of choice to the girl. She chose Powell, and he paid for the license Williams had secured. He then got a license for himself and led Miss Logston to the altar.

A man with but half a thimble full of brains can see that there is a "dead nigger in the wood pile" in this Cuban reciprocity scheme. The Cubans never came to us begging for Tariff concessions. It came from Americans who own sugar plantations on the island. These are the "beggars" who seek to benefit at the expense of American sugar producers.—Moravian Falls (N. C.) Yellow Jacket.

CONGRESSMAN CROWLEY

Uses Pe-ru-na in His Family For Catarrhal and Nervous Affections.

Hon. Joseph B. Crowley, Congressman from Illinois, writes from Robinson, Ill., the following praise for the great catarrhal tonic, Peru-na. Congressman Crowley says:

"After giving Peru-na a fair trial I can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone suffering with coughs, colds and all catarrhal complaints."

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Congressman Romulus Z. Linney from Taylorville, N. C., writes: "My secretary had as bad a case of catarrh as I ever saw, and since he has taken one

and periodicals, especially those derived from English sources, usually recommend that they be confined in coops, deprived of exercise and fed on special foods. We have seen this tried many times, and we have yet to see it made successful. The fowls which have been reared at liberty will not thrive in captivity, but will lose their appetite, refuse to eat and lose weight instead of gaining it. The proper, humane and only sensible manner of securing this object is to inclose them in roomy pens, so that they can move about, having a half-dozen in each inclosure. At least four times a day feed them a ration in which a variety of feed should be included. Give them plenty of grass and clover cut in inch lengths, alternating corn meal, ground meat and cracked corn, closing up the day by feeding them at night with as much wheat and whole corn as they will eat. Keep them on this feed, give them plenty of pure water, keep them free from mites and lice, and you may expect, to have them plump and fat ready for market within ten to fourteen days after they are put up.—Ex.

STRUCK THE ANGEL

Lightning Damaged Tower at Entrance to Cave Hill.

The tower at the entrance to Cave Hill cemetery was seriously damaged by a stroke of lightning, during one of the thunder storms recently. The bolt struck just under the figure of the angel surmounting the tower, shattering the figure about four inches. The base was also cracked. The figure will be taken down while the necessary repairs are being made.

This is the third time the tower has been struck, but, singularly enough, each time the angel has escaped injury. The tower was first struck about nine years ago, and again about one year ago. Each time the base and pedestal were seriously damaged, the figure, fortunately, escaping.—Commercial.

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A correspondent gives us a very graphic description of a scene at a well-known church, where the minister had just finished a vociferous sermon on the Holy Spirit and the fate that awaits those in whom it fails to dwell, when the light went out, and in twinkling giggling was heard in every part of the church, accompanied with such remarks as "You hurt," "Stop," "Quit that," "I'll tell," etc. The old men, becoming disgusted because they couldn't see nor feel anything, left the house, but the young remained until the light was restored, and all looked happy and seemed to feel that it was a good thing to be there.—Hawesville Plaindealer.

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and periodicals, especially those derived from English sources, usually recommend that they be confined in coops, deprived of exercise and fed on special foods. We have seen this tried many times, and we have yet to see it made successful. The fowls which have been reared at liberty will not thrive in captivity, but will lose their appetite, refuse to eat and lose weight instead of gaining it. The proper, humane and only sensible manner of securing this object is to inclose them in roomy pens, so that they can move about, having a half-dozen in each inclosure. At least four times a day feed them a ration in which a variety of feed should be included. Give them plenty of grass and clover cut in inch lengths, alternating corn meal, ground meat and cracked corn, closing up the day by feeding them at night with as much wheat and whole corn as they will eat. Keep them on this feed, give them plenty of pure water, keep them free from mites and lice, and you may expect, to have them plump and fat ready for market within ten to fourteen days after they are put up.—Ex.

STRUCK THE ANGEL

Lightning Damaged Tower at Entrance to Cave Hill.

The tower at the entrance to Cave Hill cemetery was seriously damaged by a stroke of lightning, during one of the thunder storms recently. The bolt struck just under the figure of the angel surmounting the tower, shattering the figure about four inches. The base was also cracked. The figure will be taken down while the necessary repairs are being made.

This is the third time the tower has been struck, but, singularly enough, each time the angel has escaped injury. The tower was first struck about nine years ago, and again about one year ago. Each time the base and pedestal were seriously damaged, the figure, fortunately, escaping.—Commercial.

When the Lights Went Out.

A correspondent gives us a very graphic description of a scene at a well-known church, where the minister had just finished a vociferous sermon on the Holy Spirit and the fate that awaits those in whom it fails to dwell, when the light went out, and in twinkling giggling was heard in every part of the church, accompanied with such remarks as "You hurt," "Stop," "Quit that," "I'll tell," etc. The old men, becoming disgusted because they couldn't see nor feel anything, left the