

FAMILIAR SAYINGS.

AN INVESTIGATOR TELLS HOW THEY ORIGINATED.

Of Repeated Phrases and Words Have Interesting Stories Connected with Their Origin—Where and How They Started.

"Do you know who Mother Carey is?" asked the man who delights in investigating all sorts of odd things and who is never so happy as when following up some unusual line of thought.

"She's a chicken fancier, I imagine," replied the man who takes things as they come without question. "At any rate she's seldom mentioned except in connection with her chickens."

"Mother Carey," said the investigator, and he took another look at the book he held in his hand as if to guard against the possibility of mistake. "Is the Virgin Mary. The name comes from the Latin 'Mater cara,' meaning 'Mother dear,' and her chickens are the stormy petrels which the sailors formerly believed were sent to warn them of approaching storms. I tell you, my boy, there's a great deal that's interesting in these odd expressions and words if one takes the trouble to look it up. 'Now, there is the saying, 'Don't care a rap.' How would you interpret that? What does rap mean?"

"As an off-hand guess, I should say that it was a substitute for a word that begins with 'd' and which is not supposed to be used in polite society."

"You would be wrong," asserted the man with the book. "'Rap' is derived from 'R. A. P.' which in turn comes from India and stands for rupees, annas and pice, representing the money of that country. The expression is almost an exact equivalent to that other, equally common, 'I don't care a cent.' Now, I suppose if some one should ask you about 'Jack and Gill,' who 'went up a hill,' you would say they were simply nursery characters."

"I certainly should."

"And you would be wrong again. 'Jack' was the name of a pitcher made of waxed leather, and 'Gill' was and is a measure of small capacity. That is how they happened to go after water. Somebody was doubtless carrying them and carelessly dropped them."

MIND YOUR THOUGHTLESS WORDS

"When you say 'By Jingo' I suppose you don't mean anything except that you are excited or angry."

"That's all."

"Nevertheless, you are literally swearing by the evil one, for the word is from 'Jenco,' which means 'devil' in the Basque language. I suppose, also, that you regard 'carpet knight' as a term of reproach."

"Naturally."

"Yet Henry Irving is a carpet knight; so was Tennyson, and so are and were, many others of whom England is proud. A carpet knight is one who wins his title by his achievements in the world of science or the arts, or, in fact, anywhere except in battle. He may be really more deserving of the title than any of those who won it by the sword."

"You must put in most of your time with dictionaries and encyclopedias," suggested the man who takes things as they come.

"Not at all. I am simply sufficiently interested to look up these odd expressions when I run across them to see what they really mean, and whether we use them properly. Do you know why the patrons of the top gallery of a theatre are called the gods?"

"Never even gave the subject a thought."

"Well, they are so described at the Drury Lane Theatre, in London, first, because the ceiling was painted in imitation of a blue sky, with cupids and angels flying about. I imagine the term 'battle royal' conveys an idea of grandeur to you in the fighting line."

"I should think it ought to be rather thrilling."

"Nevertheless, it was originally nothing but a cock-fighting term, and was used to describe a fight in which three, five or seven birds were put into the pit and left until all but one had been defeated. How do you suppose we got the expression, 'cock and bull story'?"

"Give it up."

"You ought to investigate these things if you are going to make use of them. A man ought to know something about what he is saying. This comes to us from the time of the Reformation. The Papal bulls had a cock on the seal, and of course there were a great many people of that day who were inclined to discredit anything in the cock and bull line. But the expression that doubtless will interest you most is, 'I don't care a dam.'"

"You what?"

"I don't care a dam!—the dam without the 'n' of course."

"What difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world. Dam is a coin in India equivalent to an English twopenny. If you are caught making that remark in a loud tone some time it may be worth something to you to know that there is such a coin. It will help you to explain matters. Now, where do you suppose the word 'peeler' and 'bobby,' meaning policeman, come from?"

"Again I give it up."

"From the name of Sir Robert Peel, the founder of the London police force. SHOULD LOOK THEM UP."

"Do you do anything except look up

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these things?" asked the man who takes things as they come.

"Oh, yes," replied the man of an investigating turn of mind. "When you get into the habit of looking into the origin of the expressions you run across, you do it as an amusement at odd times. Now, yesterday it suddenly occurred to me that I didn't know why it is that we 'rob Peter to pay Paul.'"

"Did you find out?"

"Certainly. In 1550 several estates belonging to Westminster Abbey were granted to St. Paul's Cathedral for repairs and maintenance, and Westminster Abbey happens to be dedicated to St. Peter. There is an interesting story connected with 'buying a pig in a poke,' too."

"Let's have it."

"A countryman once put a cat in a poke or sack and sold it in the market-place as a sucking pig. The customer didn't investigate his purchase then, and when he did he very naturally 'let the cat out of his bag.' There you have two explained at once."

"It is rather interesting, isn't it?" said the man who takes things as they come. "I believe I'll look up the next odd expression I come across myself."

"Do," returned the investigator. "I'm sure you will find it quite as interesting as the genealogical fad and a lot more instructive."

BRITISH SHIPPING.

More Than 67,000 Tons Decline in Tonnage Last Year.

For the first time in fifty years, or since the repeal of the British navigation laws, the tonnage of the British mercantile marine shows a decline. A Board of Trade return has just been published dealing with British and foreign shipping, which shows that at the end of last year the United Kingdom owned steam and sailing vessels with a capacity of 8,953,171 tons, compared with the 7,978,538 tons of 1890, but as compared with the 9,020,288 tons of 1896, it shows a falling off of more than 67,000 tons. Including the tonnage owned in the British colonies, the United Kingdom floats over 10,416,442 tons of shipping, which compares with about 4,768,000 tons for the United States, 1,966,558 for Norway, 1,487,577 for Germany, 894,071 for France, 765,281 for Italy, and 756,905 for Spain. According to the report British shipping enjoys sixty percent of America's foreign trade, fifty-eight percent of Portugal's, fifty-seven percent of Russia's, fifty-four and a half percent of Holland's, forty-three percent of Italy's, and thirty-eight percent of Germany's. British ships last year carried seventy-six per cent of the inward and outward trade of the United Kingdom as against seventy-eight per cent in 1895, seventy-nine and a half per cent in 1890, and eighty-three per cent in 1880. Although the tonnage of British ships fell behind last year, the proportion built for foreigners in British yards was much above the average. The decline is ascribed to three causes: An unusually large transfer of British shipping to foreign flags, native builders filling foreign orders at the expense of domestic, and the great engineer's strike.

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TRUE AND FALSE CULTURE

Anything that draws the home-keeper from a healthful, loving, faithful interest in her home affairs must be unworthy of her pursuit. Let a woman join a study club if she finds that it will be helpful to her; but if she finds that this will force her to neglect things that would tell upon the home comfort, there are books that will furnish what she needs for the purpose of mental cultivation, and perhaps her husband could, after he has rested of an evening, join in the study, and so the two would have the pleasure of a joint interest in a subject. But let the woman who chooses the reading-course beware of taking up a work because it has become the fashion. Her own intellectual need should be consulted. She must learn to select for herself; to see with her own eyes, and to decide through her own judgment. Her home must be an expression of her own taste, and must prove the fact of her economy of time and strength and money. She must not feel herself superior to the most trifling means towards accomplishing success in home management, indeed, she should be proud of an ability to make a nickel go as far as possible, and so oil the machinery of service that it seems to run itself.

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PRINCESS STEPHANIE.

When idolized in her girlhood by her father's subjects, the terms of endearment by which Princess Stephanie, second daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, was known were "Our Little Moss Rose," and "Our Dear Princess." She was a winsome little lady, blue-eyed, fair-haired and inquisitive to a degree, her smile winning all hearts. Not that she was ever beautiful; yet none could honestly deny her prepossessing appearance. Her dissolute husband, the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, unquestionably used her ill, and when in his cups his brutality was such that the lords and ladies attached to their court cried "Shame!" and on occasions not a few of the very servants of their Imperial Highnesses hastened to rescue their exalted mistress from the blows and kicks of her spouse.

In her early days of wedlock Stephanie, who but too soon discovered her husband's faults, pried upon his actions in her jealousy, and upbraided him cuttingly, spitefully, tearfully. Exhibitions such as these only served to madden the Imperial reprobate, and their conjugal relations, with the tender passion at a discount from the very first, became more and more estranged. To breakfast on one bottle of Burgundy, and to lunch off another, with cognac and champagne in constant demand the morning throughout, unnerved the Prince, to put it mildly, for a walk or drive with the Princess in the afternoon, and it was under the influence of alcohol that he was wont to visit her, post-prandially, in her own apartments, and conduct her to entertainments public and private.

To what extent the crushed spirit of the Princess was affected by her tyrant's tragic death may never be publicly known. Stephanie is of no confiding spirit, and in her reticence her pride precludes the enquiring sympathy of condoling friends. In her patriarchal father-in-law, the Emperor, she found in her bereavement her staunchest ally, and the autocrat, who has ever figured as the first gallant gentleman on the continent of Europe, in his tribulation at the loss of his only son, resolved that that son's widow should retain her position, maintain her court, and be regarded by the nation as second to none, the Empress alone excepted. Simultaneously Francis Joseph made provision that his deceased son's only child, Princess Elizabeth, should figure as the third on the list of the ladies foremost in rank in the empire and constituted a court complete in all its multifarious appendages, and distinct from that of the widowed Crown Princess, for which, in her minority, "Lize," the apple of the Imperial eye should alone preside.

Stephanie, true to the Emperor's fatherly dictates, took under her special protectorate the artistic, scientific and humanitarian movements which had been fostered under the patronage of her husband. But the ambitious wife of the successor to the throne, Archduke Carl Ludwig, was jealous of her overwhelming precedence. This Portuguese Princess, Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter of the de-throned King Dom Miguel of disreputable memory, had hoped on the death of Rudolph to precede Stephanie, but to her chagrin discovered that by imperial edict she figured as fourth in precedence. To escape the bickerings and backbitings of her enemies Stephanie early in her widowhood absent herself from Vienna during festive celebrations at the Hofburg, nothing being more alien to her breast and more derogatory to her pride than the squabbles in which some of the arch-duchesses are perpetually involved. On the death of the heir-apparent, Carl Ludwig, the Saxon spouse of Otto, the heir presumptive, Archduchess Maria Josepha, stepped into Maria Theresa's shoes, thus involuntarily throwing her Portuguese highness into comparative insignificance, seeing that Carl Ludwig had not been officially recognized as his brother's successor.

No sooner had Rudolph's widow come prominently to the fore under the official title of "Her Imperial and Royal Highness, the widowed Crown Princess, Archduchess Stephanie," than her popularity in the estimation of the public assumed dimensions far greater than in her former capacity of Crown Princess. In a word she eclipsed herself. Thus to the adage "pity begets love," the nation raised her to popular fame. They had idolized Rudolph as their future sovereign and he had won all hearts by his ingratiating qualities of affability and condescension. Notwithstanding the broadcast sowing of his wild oats they were fully resolved to extend their allegiance to his widow in their fealty to his memory.

The period of mourning prescribed by society decently over, Stephanie became the fashion. She developed a craze for pleasing social novelties and was lionized accordingly by all classes. In gay Vienna she set the fashion and the world of fashion bowed before her dictates, while in the philanthropic

The Very Odor Itself Is Refreshing.



kaiserstadt the exacting and the puritanical alike accepted her as the guardian angel of the afflicted and the poor. Her social regime has been a singularly happy one, and now that she is recovering in the atmosphere of the health resort of Gries bei Botzen, in the southern Tyrol, from her recent dangerous illness, the Viennese are impatient to have her among them once again.

Stephanie, who is 34 years old, is tall and graceful. She is a gifted woman, and besides excelling as an amateur photographer, her brush makes a brave show in water colours. Her literary achievements, too, demand attention. The exquisitely illustrated volume she produced on Lacroia, an island in the Adriatic, facing the ancient republic of Ragusa, testifies to her poetic fervor. Stephanie is the protectress of the Austrian Golden Cross Association, and the last social function she attended before her illness at Abbazia on the Adriatic was the opening of an asylum for incapacitated government employes. During her illness her hair was cut short, which gives her quite a boyish appearance. Short hair is now, consequently the rage, and so, too, is the stout brown cane with heavy silver incrustations, which the widowed crown princess has armed herself in her convalescence.

NO ENTHUSIASM WHATEVER.

Miriam—No, I have decided that I can never be his wife.

Gertrude—Why?

Miriam—He is too matter-of-fact, too unemotional, I could never stand it to go through life with a man who has such a cold, calculating nature as his, you know; and what makes you think he is so unemotional—so cold and calculating?

Miriam—When we were at the picnic yesterday he didn't suggest that we have our tintypes taken.

HOME DECORATION.

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Great Artist—Yes, madam.

Mrs. Fatpurse—Well I want a landscape, with lots of deer, and ducks, and quail, and reed birds, and cattle, and sheep, and pigs, and so on, you know; and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know; and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming around, because it's for the dining-room.

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