

Origin of Popular Phrases.

[Globe-Deinocrat.]

Dead as a Herring.—This phrase may be traced to the fact that the herring is an extremely delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have no hurt, it gives a squeak and immediately expires; though it be thrown instantly back into the water it never recovers.

Gone Where the Woobine Twineth.—It is very common in the New England States to see the trough, or "spout," which leads the water from the eaves, entwined in the claspers of the woodbine. J. Fisk, Jr., gave the above phrase in answer to a question concerning a certain sum of money. He wished to convey the idea that it had gone up the spout.

Let Slip the Dogs.—In Shakespeare's play "For more than one Act III., scene 1, had lived in its shadow. from the end, of them—they did live in expression. Anth. Schuylerville was taken

ing as to the out, a necessary detail of his er of Cæsar's, after he had viewed the shall in these Seaboard National Bank, cry 'havoc,' alvic Center, and the monu- defenders of the Union—

Hobson's choice figure of a booted and son was the of the tall column, and the who let brary, and the rest of it, they When a him the Van Nicht elm. So on them to escort him through

was led to wear that vacillating, there w years while trying to make up its obliged, eing a quiet residential byway in which to turn itself into an important door, ng industrial center. You know alike to picture—with here an impudent char, ts shining morning face of red brick prove used to be an orchard, and there you ling which has shouldered its way wellings and is driving its cast-iron you ws, into the clapboarded short ribs

ther side. foth of that street, upon the poll of a cled the Van Nicht elm. It was for a flear a splendid vast umbrella, green flear and yellow in the fall; and in self against the sky line as a great a blemish upon it, except for a scar

Ledger. Mayor T. J. McGlynn was showing him the principal points of interest—so the mayor had put it, when he called that morning with his own car at the Hotel Brainard, where Olcott was stopping, and invited the young man to go for a tour of inspection of the city, as a sort of introductory and preparatory course in local edu- cation prior to his assuming his new duties.

While the worthy mayor was uttering his descriptive remarks Olcott bent his head and squinted past the shield of limbs and leaves. He saw that the door of the house, which was closed, somehow had the look of about always being closed, and that most of the windows were barred with thick shutters.

"Appears rather deserted, doesn't it?" said the new-comer, striving to show a proper appreciation of the courtesy that was being visited upon him. "There isn't anyone living there at present, is there?"

"Sure there is," said Mayor McGlynn. "Old Mr. Cecilius Jacob Van Nicht, 4th, who's the present head of the family, and his two old-maid sisters, Miss Rachael and Miss Harriet—they all live there together. Miss Rachael is considerably older than Miss Harriet, but they're both regular old maids—guess they always will be. The brother never married, either—couldn't find anybody good enough to share the name, I suppose. Anyhow he's never

we got out and walked into the expensive lobby. "Fifth floor," Homer said sharply to the sleepy elevator operator. "We are expected." Which was stretching the truth a couple of yards.

The elevator door closed behind us and we scooted upward. Brace Thurlow's apartment was, at the front. Homer pressed his thumb on the button. There was no immediate answer, so he gave it another shove. Thurlow opened the door. He had on a solid-gold-cloth Chinese robe and red slippers. He wore a disgruntled expression, as if we had in-

ed: "Go slow; don't mourners, boys."

The Pen Mightier than the Sword.—Bulwer's famous saying, which he puts into the mouth of Richelieu, that "the pen is mightier than the sword," is not original, at least not in the idea. A number of letters written by Oliver Cromwell have recently been found among the family papers of the descendant of one of his captains, with the device of a sword crossing a pen upon them, and the legend, "Ten to one the feather beats the iron."

Though lost to Sight to Memory Dear.—This line has frequently been quoted, and in almost every instance it is added that its authorship is unknown. A correspondent, in an issue of the St. Louis Globe, of 1873, asserts that an author named Ruthven Jenkyns wrote the following in 1701, and published it in the Greenwich Magazine:

Sweet heart, good bye! the fluttering sail
You know—far from thee;
I place it just behind the tree. The tree must've grown considerably since then, but the house yonder hasn't changed but mighty little all these years. It's the oldest building in Schuylerville. As a matter of fact, the town, with this house here on the flat lands below. The old colonel raised a family here and died here. So did his son and his grandson. They were rich people once—the richest people in the county at one time.

"Why all the land from here clear down to Ossibaw Street—that's six blocks south—used to be included in the Van Nicht estate. It was a farm then, of course, and by all accounts a fine one. But each generation sold off some of the original grant, until all that's left now is that house, with the tree and about an acre of ground more or less. And I guess it's pretty well covered with mortgages."

This, in substance, was what the guide would tell the distinguished stranger. This, in substance, was what was told to young Olcott on the day after he arrived in Schuylerville to take over the editorial management of the Schuylerville News-Ledger. Mayor T. J. McGlynn was showing him the principal points of interest—so the mayor had put it, when he called that morning with his own car at the Hotel Brainard, where Olcott was stopping, and invited the young man to go for a tour of inspection of the city, as a sort of introductory and preparatory course in local edu- cation prior to his assuming his new duties.

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UNCLE IKE'S SOLILOQUY.

"C'ris'mus comin', Isaac, you had bes' be stirrin' roun' An' make yo' preparations fo' de snow is on de groun'. Warm fires will be needin', an' you's got no wood at all; You better hitch dem oxen up an' jus' begin to haul. Kase when de win' is howtin' an' de snow begin to spit. De darky hurs de fire jus' as close as he kin git. You better step out lively, now; don't mindin' ob de bias'. Dem steers dey walk so pizen slow, and C'ris'mus comin' so fas'. C'ris'mus ain't so jolly in dese 'manicipation days, Now eberything is altered f'um de old plantation ways. (Git up dar, Brand! what you 'bout, you mean, outdacious toad? You mity peart 'bout laggin' back, for Ball to pull de load.) Lord! how it all come back to me about de good ole fun We used to hab wid mars'r, when de yearly work was done. Dar allus was some frolicin' or nudder gwine on 'Mong darkies same as white folks jus' as sho' as you is born. Fus' when de corn was gathered up f'um every field an' patch De niggers all would 'semble to enjoy de shuckin' match. One would play de banjo while de balance all would slog. An' jokes an' corn be flyin' 'bout aroun' de jolly ring. Den mars'r come out smilin' wid de bottle in his han' An' call up all de darkies for to gib 'em each a dram. An' den de shuckin' supper! fairly sets my mouf a waterin'—kase of you don't I'se apt to do



She Was Gone, Without a Backward Look to Where He Stood, Puzzled and Decidedly Taken Aback

as Job's turke count for a good ain't everything Well, Mr. Olcott here, we'll turn thingelse." He

"Jim, suppose y hosiery mills ne to see one of the facturing plants nine hundred h hasn't been in more than three this town is hum make any mista

As the car sw the Van Nicht pl over his shoulde its appearance i "It strikes m unhealthy air ab it was a first-r

malaria and rheumatism. I trim up that big old tree and the light a chance to get in "For heaven's sake and suggest that to the old boy said McGlynn with a grin. of cutting off his own leg as family tree. It's sacred to

the glory of his breed and he venerat people venerate an altar in a church "Then you think I will be likely to—from what you tell me, he mus personality."

"Yes, he's all of that—unique, pretty sure to meet him before you' months. He seems to regard it as certain people, after they've been h time, and extend to them the freedon illustrious great-granddaddy founde lucky—or specially unlucky—he ma call on him, although that's an hono

very many, even among the older Nichts are mighty exclusive and it i sees what the inside of their hous stranger. . . . Say, Jim, aft mills, run us on out past the C Insane Asylum. Mr. Olcott

Within a month's time from prophecy was to come true part of the summer Olcott adjoining the city room on Ledger building, when his man calling to see Mr. Olcott

But winter No brow that glows with the moon But wears at last a sorrow's crown. No merry, rippling, lupid stream, But merges in some turbid river; No happy, care-free, childhood's dream But fate's dark tide ensnuffs forever. No sun so bright but twilight's hour Brings warning that its race is run; No love so true but some fell power Estranges souls that seem as one. Ah, happy thrice the patient heart That meekly waits life's duties done— Content to know change hath no part In that fair day that needs no sun. ROSE GERANIUM.