GERMAN COOKERY.

Variety Reflected In the Food Phrases of the Country.

"Most people would consider the French language richer in terms concerning food and cookery than the German," writes Jerome Hart in the San Francisco Argonaut. "I have always thought so, but I was so much surprised in Germany by the richness of the language in food phrases that I took the trouble to count the columns in a French-English and a German-English pocket dictionary. Result—French, eight columns; German, eleven. But when one reflects it is really not extraordinary that the German should have more words for articles of food than the French, for they certainly seem to have more things to eat and to eat them more frequently.

"Where did I once read a description of the German heaven? Was it in Heine? I remember dimly the writer describing the celestial abode dreamed of by all good Germans—a land where the sausage tree bends under the weight of plump sausages hanging in bunches like bananas; where golden salmon swim ashore and wriggle into your plate, perishing to be eaten raw; where the sturgeon come and voluntarily offer up to you their young in the form of caviare; where the cucumbers and gherkins grow in beds all ready for the consumer and may be picked, ready pickled, and eaten at once.

"Wandering swine in that heaven come up to those fond of raw ham and let them cut slices off their juicy loins; the roast goose, brown and succulent, flies through the air on its featherless wings, alights with a flop on your plate and turns up its plump breast ready for your knife; a land where there are lakes of soup and rivers of gravy; a land where it for many years, and tales innumerais ever raining beer."

His Grandfather.

Simple minded visitors to the Jardin des Plantes, the Paris zoo, take a rather intimate view of the Darwinian theory, according to the Lon-don Chronicle. Some branches of the animal kingdom are represented there by skeletons. Said a painter to a model one day, "I shall want you on Sunday morning for the final sitting." "Impossible, monsieur," said the model. "I am going to take the children to visit my grandfa-ther." "Your grandfather! Why, how old are you?" "Sixty-seven, monsieur." "And you still have a grandfather?" "Oh, yes, at the Jar-din des Plantes! He's a skeleton. I take my own grandchildren to see him once a month. The keepers know us very well. They always say: 'Ah, you have come to see your grandpapa! All right. You'll find him in his usual place. He can't walk very comfortably now, so he's still there."

Wouldn't That Jar You?

One day a well dressed stranger called at a Lawrence hotel and told the landlord that he was broke and very hungry. The landlord took him to the dining room and gave orders for a dinner. When he got up from the table, a twenty dollar bill dropped from his handkerchief, which he drew from his pocket. A waiter picked it up and handed it to the landlord, who confronted him with the fact and at once took out 75 cents (25 cents is the regular price) and returned the \$19.25 to the stranger, who was apparently dumfounded and speechless. Later on the visitant landlord learned that the bill was counterfeit.-Kansas City Sthr.

An Ungenerous Question.

The first slice of goose had been cut, and the minister of the Zione church looked at it with as keen anticipation as was displayed in the faces round him.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever saw, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Where did you get such a fine one?"

"Well, now, Mistah Rawley," said the carver of the goose, with a sudden access of dignity, "when you preach a special good sermon I neber axes you where you got it. Seems to me dat's a trivial matter anyway."

. -Sincere Flattery.

Melissa is a tall, fine looking colored girl, and Mrs. Compton, with whom Melissa lives as cook, is a small, fair haired woman. The mistress entertains great respect for her maid's culinary powers, and Melissa

adores Mrs. Compton.
"I reckon I's done learned an awful lot since I come hyar to lib, Missy Compton," said Melissa tri-umphantly one day. "I's done learned how to walk an 'pear jes learned how to walk an 'pear jes like de quality folks when I goes out. An now you's gibben me dat handsome yaller pa'sol I 'spects nuffin but dat de first time I walk out under it de minister 'll step up to me an' he'll say, 'Scuse me, but am I speakin' to Mis' Gen'ral Compton?"—Youth's Companion. Curran's Wit,

Curran's ruling passion was his joke, and it was strong, if not in death, at least in his last illness. One morning his physician observed that he seemed to "cough with more difficulty."

"That is rather surprising," answered Curran, "for I have been

practicing all night." While thus lying ill Curran was visited by a friend, Father O'Leary,

who also loved his joke. "I wish, O'Leary," said Curran to him abruptly, "that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Curran?" "Because you could let me in," said the facetious counselor.

"It would be much better for you, Curran," said the good humored priest, "that I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

Avaricious to the End.

"So strong is the avarice of the miser," said Uncle Joshua, "that we are not surprised at its often developing itself as 'the ruling passion strong in death.' Mr. Watson, a man of very large fortune and uncle to Lord Rockingham, just before he died desired his attendant to give him a shirt out of a drawer he pointed to. 'Lord, sir,' said the attendant, 'what do you mean, to think of putting on another shirt now?' Why,' said Watson, 'I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who lay me out, and that is an old ragged one and good enough for them."

Competent to Serve.

One of the quaint characters well known to old timers of Portland, Ore., was Robert E. Bybee, familiarly known as Bob Bybee. He was a justice of the peace in Portland ble are told of him. Once when a jury was being impaneled one of the jurors, a well known attorney, asked to be excused because he was a lawyer. "Well," said Bybee,
"I guess that all the law you know isn't going to disqualify you from

Too Much Love.

He-Yor never seem to care a straw whether I am comfortable or not. You are not the sort of a wife your sister was to her husband. As long as he lived she was perfectly devoted to him and never tired of seeking his happiness.

She-Yes, and what was the result? He got to loving her so much that he made a provision in his will that she should not marry again.

GREELEY IN A RAGE.

The Old Editor's Election Figures and a Placid Proofreader.

Horace Greeley was a crank on election figures and knew exactly how every county and town in the state was in the habit of going. A slight change in favor of his own party would fill him with satisfaction. One day he came into the office overjoyed that the Republicans had carried Westchester county in a local election. As usual, he wrote an editorial and put a comparative ta-ble compiled from the Tribune almanac in the middle of the article. When the paper came out next day the figures were misplaced, the Republican vote appeared in the Democratic column, and vice versa, so that the comments did not at all fit the case stated. Mr. Greeley came down in a towering rage and in a whirlwind of profanity demanded of the subordinate in charge whether there was a proofreader on the paper and whether anybody in the office had a grain of sense.

"Why, yes, Mr. Greeley. You know old man So-and-so is the proofreader and has been for years. But what is the matter?"

"Matter! Blankety, blank, blank! Matter! Why, some blankety, blank, blank has gone to work and changed the figures in that Westchester article so as to make the blankest nonsense out of it!"

"I don't think anybody would have ventured to change your figures, Mr. Greeley. Don't you think you had better look at the copy before pitching into the proofreader? You know he is very careful."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said the old man as he shuffled upstairs. "I'll kick him out of the composing room. I won't be made a fool of in

this way." Upstairs there was a scene very like that below, with the variation that Greeley told the proofreader that he ought to be kicked from one end of the composing room to the other. With the proverbial placidity of proofreaders and their provoking - for such emergencies

She-Are you sure you love ne one else better than me

He—Well—er—I— She—Oh, I mean besides your-self.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Had Not. "Every individual is intelligent on some subject."
"Have you found yours yet?"—

Thurlow's Lost Temper

Lord Thurlow, one of the ablest of English lord chancellors, was a most uncomfortable man to be associated with. He never learned self control, and his explosions of temper on the slightest provocation were appalling.

On one occasion, however, one of his lordship's confreres, greatly daring, expressed an opinion of Thurlow's temper without violating cour-tesy and with a wit worthy of Talleyrand. Lord Thurlow came late to an important cabinet meeting and apologized for his tardiness by saying that he had a fracas with a cabman and lost his temper.

The colleague answered quietly: "Lost your temper, my lord? I congratulate you heartily. I hope you may never find it, for it was the most villainous temper that I ever

She Wanted Hose.

"I would like to see some hose," pegan the girl in the polo hat in a Washington avenue department store, and before she could get in another word the floorwalker had elbowed her across the aisle and given her in charge of a fluffy haired young man in a sapphire shirt.

"Hose?" he repeated rapidly.
"Yes, miss. Will you have white, black, tan or dresden blue, silk embroidered lisle, all silk, openwork, clockwork, drop stitch"-

"Will you please let me speak?" snapped the girl.

"Let you speak? Why, certainly, miss, but I tell you"-"Don't tell me anything. I want

And she turned on her heel and walked away.-St. Louis Republic.

The Proper Caper. Mrs. Fox-Great news! George is engaged to Miss Roxley.

Mr. Fox-What! Our son engaged to Miss Roxley? I must ob-

Mrs. Fox-Nonsense! Are you out of your mind?

Mr. Fox-Not at all, but if we don't kick a little the Roxleys will think we don't amount to much and they'll probably call it all off .-Catholic Standard and Times.

The Psychological Moment, "I think, dear," said the bright girl, "you had better speak to father tonight."

"Why tonight particularly?" ask-ed her timid lover. "Is he in a good humor this evening?" "Well, he's in the humor to give

me to you. I arranged with my milliner, dressmaker and dentist to send their bills to him this morning."-Joplin Globe.

The Future Fire.

"You look happy, old man," said "I am," replied Goodman. "I

have just renewed the best and cheapest fire insurance a man could him over." possibly have in this world." "You don't say?"

"Yes, I just paid my pew rent."-Catholic Standard and Times.

A "BLOWOUT."

Origin of the Word That Now Means a Jolly Time.

"You have often heard the expression. 'We had a great blowout,' used in connection with a dance or some sort of amusement," said a man who studies words and their origin. "Do you know the origin of the word 'blowout?' No? Well, I'll tell you of it. Away back in the thirties of the last century the cotton mills at Lowell, Mass., were furnished with operatives from the families of the farmers living about the town. The sons and daughters of the sturdy farmers held positions in the mills, and, coming from such good old stock, there was a sort of social spirit developed among the employees which is not found in factories in these days. From the factories of Lowell some prominent people have come. Helen Hunt Jackson was employed there at one

"The hours were long, and in winter time lamps had to be provided to give light to the workers. It was before the days of kerosene, or, as they used to pronounce it when it did come out, 'kerosen,' with the accent on the 'o.' Whale oil lamps were burned. They were lighted on Nov. 1 regularly every year, and their use was dispensed with on May 1. It was the operation on this latter date that originated the word blowout. When the bell sounded on this day to quit work all lamps were blown out simultaneously, not to be lighted again until November. This was called the blowout, and after this a dance or supper would be given, which at first was called the blowout dance, or blowen supper, until finally any feative attending the extinguishing of lamps for the year was called the blowout. So the word blowout was originated."

THE BORE AT MONCTON.

Curious Tidal Wave That Might Pose as a Miniature Niagara.

We had long known that that curious freak of the Fundy tides, the "bore," or tidal wave, appears at Moncton, N. B.—and at Moncton only-with every tide, twice a day, As we stepped upon the wharf one of us said to the other, "See, there comes the bore!" And there it was, three miles away, beyond the bend across which we were looking, a long, white, level streak, cutting

across the river from bank to bank. Sighting by houses and trees along the shore, we could measure how swiftly it approached, and in a very few minutes it needed no such help to see that it came rolling on with the speed of a railway train, showing the low, tumbling outline of a broken "roller" on the beach. Nearer and nearer, with a sharp, hissing roar, we almost held our breath, waiting for the moment when it should pass beneath our feet. Ten minutes from the time we first saw it the moment came.

Looking down upon it, what we saw was a head of water, as though from a broken dam, stretching straight across the channel and rolling, tumbling, foaming, as it raced along, just as a great breaker races up the beach after its fall. Before it the surface of the river was low, quiet, rippling gently downward toward the sea. Behind the water level was nearly three feet higher and coursing up from the sea with the speed and fury of a miniature Niagara gorge. At the sides the foam was brown with mud torn from the banks, and all the plunging current that came after was turbid and dark.

We watched that magic white line receding, twisting and turning as the channel curved between the wastes of mud flat, and moment by moment the level of the racing flood below us climbed higher on the piling. A group of boys who had been playing until the last possible second out on the flats scattered into trailing lines of black dots, making for the shore. At last, when the white line had grown quite indistinguishable in the distance, we turned away. We had seen the bore at Moncton.—Exchange.

HE WAS NOT FOR SALE

One Man That Cecil Rhodes Could Neither Buy Nor Bully.

The late Cecil Rhodes was considered by all who knew him to be a man of masterful genius, who commanded admiration and obedience. On one occasion, however, he met his match, says the writer of "The Life of Cecil Rhodes, Empire Builder." The brainy young editor of a Rhodesian journal had consistently "slated" Rhodes and all his works. Hearing that this journalist was in Cape Town, the colossus invited him to the Burlington hotel to "talk

When the young man entered the oom his host snorted: "Sit down!"

"No, thanks. I prefer to stand,"

said his visitor very coolly.

Mr. Rhodes glanced at him, frowned at his independent attitude and said brusquely, "What do you want?"

"I don't want anything. You sent for me."

"But your paper-why are you always attacking my work? What do you want?" persisted Mr. Rhodes, convinced that a subsidy was the one

thing required. "Look here, Mr. Rhodes," quietly said the young journalist, "you are besieged by a crowd of scoundrelly blackmailers, who bleed you. I am not one of that gang. You can't buy

The great man nearly had an apoplectic fit. Never had he been thus hectored. He swore, he snorted, he paced feverishly up and down the room. Finally he strode up to his critic and roared: "But I can ruin you-you and your precious 'rag.'

Do you know that?"
"Oh, no; you can't, my friend!" retorted the young man quite coolly. "It's my 'rag,' and I shall write what I like in it. If you have nothing further to tell me let me say 'Good day.'

I am just leaving for Rhodesia!"

And he walked out with a calm assurance which quite staggered Mr. Rhodes.

No Demitasse For Reed There. Some years ago Thomas B. Reed went to Ohio. On his journey out there he went into a little railway station to have dinner. At the end of his order he said:

"Bring me a demitasse also," The waiter stared. "What's that?"

"A small cup of coffee," Mr. Reed exclaimed—"a small cup of black coffee. See that it's good coffee, please. Demitasse means half a

cup."

"Aw, g'wan," said the waiter. "I ain't a-goin' to bring you no half cup. We don't sell nothin' less than 5 cents here."—Boston Herald.

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