



## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

An English Essay on the Pronunciation of His Name.

According to Mr. Adrian Wheeler, "the pronunciation of 'Raleigh' seems to be 'Rawley'." Whether this only means "seems now to be" is to be surmised. The question is, What was the pronunciation at the period indicated? And surely that is much a matter of surmise also. "When Sir Walter Raleigh's name was told ('Raleigh'), said the king, 'On my soul, man, I have heard rawly of thee'." (not "rawley"). The conjecture presumably must be that King James, with a labored joke founded on the sound then given to Raleigh (or Rawley), meant "I have heard 'really' with the 'real' sound that the Irish still give to the word 'real,' or 'rarely,' with the meaning, 'I have heard 'rare' things of thee,' or, the same word with its present meaning, 'I have heard seldom of thee (of late)'. The assumption that King James must have sounded the letters "raw" as we now do surely requires some proof. Now, in old records one may find the name Maitland (and even Mayland) spelled also "Mauland." It is conceivable to the present writer that the men who wrote "Mauland" may have pronounced the word "Ma-ut-land," but it is inconceivable that the men who wrote "Maitland" (and "Mayland") could have sounded the name "Mortland," for that is what our modern tongues have brought the "an" and the "aw" to be so sound.

It is known to be any other origin for the surname "Raleigh" than the place name "Rayleigh." If not, that place name stands to this day in the way of the "Rawley" ("Rorly") pronouncers. En passant, it may be worth remarking that "rare meat" and "raw meat" are much about the same thing. Can it be proved that "rare," with the "raw" meaning, is anything more than a phonetic spelling of the sound given of old to the combined letters "raw"? It may be recollected by some readers that it has been allowed that the proper sound of "Raleigh" (often spelled "Rawley" in old deeds) is "Rafe," rhyming with "safe."—London Notes and Queries.

## A Little Misunderstanding.

General Gordon said that on one occasion during the civil war a threatened attack of Federal troops brought together a number of Confederate officers from several commands. After a conference as to the proper disposition of troops for resisting the expected assault the southern officers withdrew into a small log hut standing near and united in prayer to Almighty God for his guidance. As they assembled one of the generals was riding within hailing distance, and General Harry Heth, of Hill's corps, stepped to the door of the log cabin and called to him to come and unite with his fellow officers in prayer. The mounted general did not understand the nature of General Heth's invitation and replied: "No, thank you, general; no more at present. I've just had some."

## A Primitive People.

If it is hard to know anything about the surface life of the Bigodines it is still more difficult to penetrate their thought—to know their brains are agitated by anything but the simple ideas of the very primitive peoples, the naive reveries of children, or whether they have preserved some vague traditions of the upheavals of humanity which have ended by casting them upon this extreme point of land. They speak a language which has no affiliation with any ordinary tongue. It is Breton, but a Breton full of unknown words and strange idioms, as yet unstudied by any philologist. As to the French language, they ignore it, intentionally ignore it.—Andre Saglio in Century.

## What Bothered Her.

"Here's a curious item, Joshua," exclaimed Mrs. Lemington, spreading out the Billville Mirror in her ample lap. "The Nellie E. Williams of Gloucester reports that she saw two whales, a cow and a calf, floating off Cape Cod the day before yesterday."

"Well, ma," replied old Mr. Lemington, "what's the matter with that?"

"Why, it's all right about the two whales, Joshua, but what bothers me is how the cow and the calf got way out there."

## Skeptical.

St. Peter—Do you want to come in here? What are your grounds for admission?

Quem—That I never read a meter wrong in my life.

St. Peter (attendant)—Place this man in the detention camp for a few days. The case may be all right, but I'm suspicious. It's almost too good to be true.—Detroit Free Press.

## NO USE TO WHINE.

A Medical View of a Very Disagreeable Human Trait.

There isn't anything in the world more disagreeable than a whining person. He whines if it is hot. He whines if it is cold. He whines at this, he whines at that, he whines at everything. Whine, whine, whine—it is just a habit he has fallen into. There is nothing the matter with him. It is just a bad habit.

The whiner is generally an idle person or a lazy one. What he needs is to be set to work—at real hard work, mental or physical; some work that will interest him and engage his whole attention—and he will not have time to whine. We know two women. One of them does her own housework and takes care of her horse besides. She is happy and singing all the day long. The keyboard of her life sounds no whining note. It is a pleasure to be with her, a good wholesome tonic to watch her. The other woman is so situated that she does not have to work—nothing to do but to amuse herself. She has no zest in life, no interest in anything. She is a bunch of selfishness and whines at everything. Whining has become such a habit with her that her most casual remark is tinged with a whine. She is miserable herself and makes everybody else in her presence miserable. She is a weakling, a parasite, a drag, a heavy weight on somebody all the time.

Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends. It will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood.

There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work.—Medical Talk.

## The Automatic Burglar.

"William," said Mrs. Hawkins in an awed whisper, "there are burglars in the house. I just heard them."

"Oh, I think not, my dear," replied William sleepily. "But if you wish it I'll go and see."

And he got up and made an investigation.

"Well?" said Mrs. Hawkins when he had returned.

"You were right, my dear. We are being robbed."

"Being robbed?"

"Yes. What you heard was the gas meter. It was registering gas like a cyclometer and clicking away like all possessed, though there isn't a jet burning anywhere about."

## His Selection.

Dean Pigou writes in his book of anecdotes: "What stories bishops could tell of answers given by candidates for ordination! I have this on good authority: A candidate was asked what there was in the Bible to encourage celibacy. His reply was: 'Their priests were slain by the sword, and there were no widows to make lamentation.' But, my lord, it is right to add that there is another rendering: 'The priests were slain with the sword, and their widows made no lamentation.'"

## Applause by Hissing.

Hissing means different things, according to where you happen to be at the time. In west Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished, in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in the assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence. In this country the hiss only has one meaning—disapproval.

## Easy to Cure, But—

Doctor—So your husband is ailing again?

Mrs. Slimp—Yes; it's insomnia now. He can't sleep a wink.

"Ah, I'll soon cure him of that."

"Yes, I am sure you can."

"Thanks for your confidence. He is worried about something, I presume."

"Indeed he is, poor man! He lies awake all night wondering how he is ever going to pay your last bill."

—New York Weekly.

## His Steady Occupation.

"What profession do you follow?" asked attorney for plaintiff.

"The medical profession," the witness answered.

"Are you a practicing physician?"

"No, sir."

"Then what do you mean by saying you follow the medical profession?"

"I am an undertaker, sir."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

## NAPOLEON'S LETTER.

How the Initial "M" Punctuated the Great Conqueror's Career.

From Moscow to Moscow was the long swing in the pendulum of Napoleon's life, the one the greatest battle out of which he came with his life, the other the abyss which engulfed him. Mr. J. M. Buckley, who is a literary expert on coincidences, points out how strangely the letter M played a part in the life of the great conqueror.

Marboe was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals. Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy.

Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat and Moncey—and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M.

Murat, duke of Bassano, was the conqueror in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte; his last was that of Mount St. Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered.

He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou and employed Molitza to make Plus VII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him, afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montecuculi.

## Wordsworth's Secret.

And Wordsworth's secret? Any poet's secret? Well, for aught we can see, it remains a secret, a something as far beyond human subtlety to explain as it is beyond human ingenuity to produce. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," "Genius," "inspiration"—it is hard to get on without the old words, vague though they be. Nay, it is precisely because they are vague that they serve so useful a purpose. Even Professor Raleigh, after speaking almost contemptuously of "impatient critics" who seek to account for Wordsworth's "amazing inequality" by assuming that sometimes he was inspired, at other times not, is heard a little afterward lamenting that in Wordsworth's case, as in Coleridge's, "the high tide of inspiration was followed by a long and wandering ebb."

One feels like quoting Lowell, whose arrow in such competitions is apt to hit the white. Wordsworth, he says, "was not an artist in the strictest sense of the word; neither was Isak, but he had a rarer gift, the capability of being greatly inspired."—Bradford Torrey in Atlantic.

## Phil May and His Models.

Many of the figures in Phil May's book "Guttersnipes" were sketched from memory while staying up the river.

"One day," he said, when speaking on the subject, "I saw a delightful little model for my purpose, a dirty, ragged bit of girl humanity. I spoke to her and wrote a message on my card for her to give to her mother. Next morning she came in charge of an older sister, as tattered and unkempt as herself. When I had made my sketches of the two of them I asked the elder one if she had any more sisters like herself. 'Oh, yes, four or five, worse than I am.' 'Bring them round,' said I. 'Is the little one to come again?' she asked. 'No, I've done with her.' The next day they came, the little one included. She had persisted in it, for she said: 'He's my artist. I found him first.'"—London Tit-Bits.

## Fireproof Wood.

Though there are a number of different kinds of wood, ebony, ironwood, etc., of such close, hard fiber that even the fiercest fire has difficulty in "getting hold" of it, there is only one sort, so far as now known, that is practically fireproof. This is a small, scraggy tree, a native of South America, called the shupahi, with thick, tough, stringy bark full of a sort of resinous sap. This curious shrub grows largely on the great, grassy savannas, which are swept by fire almost every year during the heat of the summer. There it thrives splendidly, for the annual scourge only kills off its bigger and harder competitors and leaves the ground free for the growth of this vegetable asbestos.

## Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Onion'?" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chatter. "No; only one. That's why hens are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous—and so like?" exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.—"Twenty Years in Parliament."

## The Social Side.

Mrs. Waldo-Cecil—He has a barrel of money.

Edith Waldo-Cecil—But is he all right socially?

Mr. Waldo-Cecil—Oh, yes; he hasn't the least idea how he got it!—Puck.

## Piling It On.

Dedude—That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?

Old Blunt—By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.

## As Others Knew Her.

"She seems to be a natural flirt," he said.

"Natural?" the woman impatiently replied. "There's nothing natural about her but the framework."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## COAXING THE TROUT.

Fishing Up and Down Stream Both Have Strenuous Advocates.

"Fishing up stream" has many advocates who assert that, as trout always lie with their heads up current, they are less likely to see the fisherman or the glint of his rod when the casts are made; that the discomfort and fatigue accompanying wading against strong rapids are amply repaid by the increased scores secured; that the flies deftly thrown a foot or two above the head of a feeding trout float more lifelike down the current than those drawn against it by the line, when they are apt to exhibit a muscular power which in the live insect would be exaggerated and unnatural.

On the other hand, the "down stream" fisherman is equally assertive as to the value of his method. He feels the charm of gurgling waters around his limbs, a down current that aids rather than retards or fatigues him in each successive step of enjoyment in his pastime. As he casts his fifty or more feet of line down the stream he is assured that he is beyond the ken of the most keen sighted and wary trout; that his artificial bugs, under the tension of the current streaming it from right to left, reach every square inch of the "swim," as English rosters term a likely water, and, coming naturally down stream, just the direction from whence a hungry trout is awaiting it, are much more likely to be taken than those thrown against the current with doubtful a foot or more of the leader drooping and bagging before the nose of a trout with a dead bug, soaked and bedraggled, following slowly behind. Old anglers when fishing a rapid stream have learned to adapt their methods to the physical conditions of the water. They have adopted both methods, fishing up the pools and down the rapids, thus avoiding the great fatigue in wading the latter and the chance of the trout seeing them in the more quiet waters of the former.—Outing.

## Odd Dutch Custom.

In Holland November is held sacred to courtship. The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names, review, decision, purchase and possession, and all refer to matrimonial affairs.

On review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak.

On decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable.

On purchase Sunday the consent of the parents is sought if the suit has prospered during the week. Not until possession Sunday, however, do the twain appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.

## Remedied.

Women have a resourcefulness that men can never hope to attain. A young lady named Kate—was married the other day. When on her honeymoon she had occasion to make some purchases in a shop and ordered the goods to be sent to her at the Royal hotel. But in an absentminded moment she gave her maiden name to the shopkeeper.

She had scarcely reached the door, however, when she noted her mistake. With admirable wit she stepped back and said to the shopman:

"Oh, by the way, send that package to Miss Kate—care of Mrs. Royal hotel." And she swept out of the shop as if she had been married fifteen years.—London Mail.

## When to Wind Your Watch.

During the night your watch is quiet, as it were—that is, it hangs in your vest without motion or touch. If you don't wind it at night the mainspring is then relaxed instead of being in that condition during the day. By winding it in the morning the mainspring remains close and tight all day. It keeps the movement steady at a time when you are handling it, running about the city attending to your daily affairs. A relaxed mainspring at this time accounts for fine watches varying slightly.

## Misquoted.

"It is surprising the way some supposedly intellectual people miss the point of a remark, and especially after they have heard the same one so often that it has become a household word," said some one. "For instance, take that much quoted phrase, 'but that's another story.' I was reading a lecture the other day, by a fairly well known man, who remarked, 'And, as Rudyard Kipling would say, 'that's another thing!'"—Detroit Free Press.

## CODES OF THE KITCHENS.

Rules That Govern Cooks Generally Due to Superstitions.

"Take a good lump of fresh butter and roll it in flour, place it in a lined saucepan with a half pint of good, rich cream, stir it gently over a low fire, always the same way, till it begins to simmer." This recipe for the making of melted butter is quoted from an old fashioned cookery book of a century ago, but the direction to stir "always the same way" is observed as religiously today as it was then and probably will be for a thousand years to come. All cooks of all nations stir not only the same way, but also from east to west, a sure indication that the practice originated with sun worshippers.

Speaking of stirring brings to mind that in most households—country ones, at least—the practice of the whole family joining to stir the Christmas plum pudding is still in vogue. There are many peculiar old fashioned superstitions connected with cooking. For instance, in Scotland when oat cakes are being baked it is still customary to break off a little piece and throw it into the fire. At one time whenever a baking was made, which was perhaps once a month only, a cake was made with nine knobs on it. Each of the company broke one off and, throwing it behind him, said, "I give to thee; preserve thou my sheep," mentioning the name of a noxious animal—fox, wolf or eagle.

A roast pheasant is usually sent up with the tail feathers. This practice is a memorial of the days when a peacock was skinned before roasting and when cooked was sewed in its plumage again, its beak gilded and so served. Tossing the pancake is another interesting food superstition. Formerly the master of the house was called upon to toss the Shrove Tuesday pancake. Usually he did it so clumsily that the contents of the pan found their way to the floor, when a fine was demanded by the cook. The custom is still kept up at Westminster school, where a pancake is tossed over the bar and scrambled for. The one who secures it is rewarded with a guinea.

The origin of the cross on hot cross buns is a matter of dispute. There is little doubt that cakes partly divided into four quarters were made long before the Christian era. At one time it was believed that bread baked on Good Friday would never grow moldy, and a piece of it grated was kept in every house, being supposed to be a sovereign remedy for almost any kind of ailment to which man is subject. In many parts of England it is considered unlucky to offer a mince pie to a guest. It must be asked for.—Boston Journal.

## The Bostoness For It.

She was a spectacled lassie from Boston and had taken charge of a country school. Two or three weeks later one of the trustees visited the school.

"Well, how are you getting along?" he asked.

"Very nicely now, thank you," she replied, "but it was hard at first."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes. You see, in the beginning I tried moral suasion as a corrective measure; but, failing in that, I resorted to a tangible instrumentality."

"A what?" gasped the simple minded trustee.

"A tangible instrumentality," she replied sweetly—"a good, stout hickory switch, don't you know?"—New York Press.

## Base Deception.

She was a charming little thing, but she was not familiar with the country and its ways. Still, although she was from London, that great brute of a cousin of hers had no right to attempt to deceive her. He had volunteered to show her round the farm, and by and by they strolled into the cow shed.

"Dear me, how closely the poor cows are crowded together!" she remarked.

"Yes," he said. "But, you see, we're obliged to pack them close."

"Why?"

"So that they'll give condensed milk," he said without a blush.

And the dear girl smiled and said she hadn't thought of that.—Answers.

## Her Mistake.

When Mrs. Siddons was acting in the "Grecian Daughter" her part was one night taken by an understudy. But the character of Isabella was a moving one, and an Irish lady present was almost hysterically affected by it.

"It is fortunate Mrs. Siddons is not acting tonight," said the gentleman beside her. "If this moves you so much you would hardly be able to bear that at all."

"Mrs. Siddons not playing!" cried the weeping lady. "I thought she was. I never should have cried if I hadn't."

## CONDENSED STORIES.

Why Lord Salisbury Wished the Signboard Removed.

The chateau of Lord Salisbury was at Beaulieu, France, and that he might have peace and rest there he once made a quaint request of the mayor of Villefranche. The house stood on high, well wooded ground and was approached by carriage from the old Corniche road. The inaccessibility of the position and consequent quiet and peace pleased the premier greatly. The gardens were so large and the gate kept by a Cerberus so stern that the most enterprising British or American tourist found little to repay his curiosity after his climb. When Lord Salisbury first took possession of La Bastide the mayor of Villefranche, M. Polonais, called upon him to bid him welcome and hospitably assured him that any wish his lordship might express would, if possible, be instantly gratified by himself and his councilors.

"Then I will take you at your word," replied the premier. "I wish much that the new signboard you have put up on the road leading here marked 'Avenue Salisbury' be taken away."

"But we put it up," stammered the mayor, "in order to let people find their way to your villa."

"Ah," sighed Lord Salisbury, "I see so many people at home and should like most of them to lose their way to La Bastide!"

The hint was taken.

Seeking the Objectionable.

Charles Frohman was discussing the morals of the average play.

"I believe in a clean stage," he said, "and I think the stage pretty generally is clean enough. Here, and there, to be sure, you can find a spot of black, but you have to look for it. You have to nose for it in the corners and remote recesses."

"Some of us can find uncleanness anywhere. A woman found uncleanness once in Dr. Johnson's dictionary."

"I am sorry, sir," she said, "to see in your work so many naughty words."

"So, madam, you were looking for them, eh?" the old lexicographer retorted.

London and the Newstory.

Jack London, the young novelist, was riding recently on a California train when a newsboy besought him to buy one of his own books.

"Here you are, sir," said the boy. "A fine book about Alaska life, by Jack London."

"But I have read the book. I am Jack London myself," returned the young man.

"Oh, you are?" said the newsboy. And he passed on, with a laugh of incredulity.

A little later he came back with another "parcel" of books, a collection, this time, of the works of Miss Corelli.

"How about these?" he asked, pausing beside London. "Here's



"ARE YOU MARIE CORELLI TOO?"

"Temporal Power" and "Thelma" and "Vendetta." They're by Marie Corelli. They're full of excitement and blood. "Thelma" I know you'll like."

As London shook his head the boy resumed:

"Are you Marie Corelli too?"

Wanted to Frighten Himself.

Andrew Carnegie at the opening of the autumn conference of the Iron and Steel institute at Barrow-in-Furness, in England, told an odd little story from his vast collection of Scottish anecdotes.

"A Scot," he said, "was unhappy because he had lost his money. He borrowed a loaded gun and with a desperate look started toward a dismally ten. The owner of the gun, a little anxious, bawled after him to know if he was going to commit suicide. He bawled back:

"No just that. I'm only thinking 'o' gangin' down to the fens to gie' myself a confounded fright."

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