

THE PRESENT AGE OF SLANG.

Horrific Expressions Which Even Our Sweet Girls Will Use.

The era of slang is upon us with a breadth that is almost appalling, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Call*. Not wholly the slang that might be defined as the burlesque or colloquial form of expression, the language of low humor, or the jargon of thieves and vagrants, but a species that is almost as reprehensible. It will not do to apologize for it by saying that "slang is probably as old as human speech," and that the early writers indulged in it, especially the Greek and Roman dramatists; and, while we may speak and write against the pernicious habit, we suspect that we will not grow disgusted enough with it to thoroughly uproot it until it has reached its climax. The worst fact about it is that it is not confined to the low and illiterate, but has invaded the public schools, cultured society, and the literature of our books. I admit that some of the slang expressions are forcible and full of adequateness, among which I might name "fired out," "colossal cheek," etc. Still, even they ought to be tabooed.

But what excuse can possibly be offered for such words as "galloot," "sardine," "chump," "kicker," "kid," etc.? Or such expressions as "Waltzed off on his ear," "I should snicker," "Now you're shoutin,'" etc. They are scarcely emphatic and certainly not polite. Even the fair sex have caught the infection and speak about his "royal nibs" or the "howling swell." The girl of to-day is ready to "bet her bottom dollar," wants to know "what you're givin' her," lets you know that you are "off your base," and insists that you shall "come off," "vamoosie," "skedaddle," "absquatulate," and all that. You do her a slight favor and she exclaims, "Oh, thanks, awfully!" Why she should thank you with "reverend fear" is beyond your comprehension. Ask her to sing your favorite sentimental ballad and she will probably say: "Oh, really, Mr. —, I cawn't. It's too utterly too-oo!"

While playing lawn-tennis with her she suddenly cries out: "O, you've given me such a twist!" You feel exceedingly alarmed: you are afraid that her collar-bone is broken or that at least her wrist has been dislocated. You discover, however, that it is but tennis slang, and that your sympathy has been wasted. She confidently tells you that Jennie Somebody is "no good," and had the "cheek" to propose to "scratch" her at the meeting of the club, because she hadn't "forked over" the "spondulicks" for the last quarter. All that is to be deprecated, but the girls, heaven bless them, look so pretty, and use the term so artlessly, that I haven't the heart to be severe in my reproof.

It isn't pleasant to be accosted by one's 5-year-old hopeful as "an old snoozer," or to know that he is lying in wait to "knock the stuffin'" out of a neighbor's boy, or to "wipe up the floor" with him. Or to hear our short-skirted but high-spirited daughter tell the aforesaid brother that she wishes the other boy would "paste him on the snoot" or "knock him clean out of the box" or "into the middle of next week." I don't know that I am especially sensitive, and yet I must say that such expressions send the creeps up my back.

The editor "slings a nasty quill;" the hired girl is a "pot rascist;" when a thing suits us it's "just the cheese," when too noisy we are told to "dry up," or to "suspend;" when cunningly on the alert we say "not if the court knows itself;" if one day is not available "s'mother one;" when we die we "pass in our cheeks" are "put away on ice," and are finally "planted." So I might go on *ad infinitum*. You can think, I am sure, of at least 100 words and phrases to which I have made no reference. For inventing cute words and phrases our country leads the procession. They are clever and appropriate, get into the topical song, the public "catch on," and they live and thrive, and in many instances the diction finally legitimizes them.

Slang, I insist, is the fungus of the stem. It is not the grafted fruit. It is the scum of language. It often belittles; it never beautifies. If we all spoke and wrote in a less exaggerated manner we would be less exaggerated in our ways of life and thought. Life, as well as speech, would perhaps grow more simple, more true, more worth living.

Real and Artificial Cider.

Among the vehicles on the market was a one-horse wagon in which was a barrel of cider. A citizen, who was evidently spying around for something of the sort, approached the owner of the cider and asked:

"Is your cider new?"

"Of course."

"Made it out of apples?"

"Certainly I did."

"Reduce it with water?"

"No, sir."

"Are those straws around the bung real wheat straws from the farm, or only artificial?"

"What do you take me for?" indignantly exclaimed the farmer.

"Keep cool, my friend. Were the apples windfalls or regular cider apples?"

"You go on. I don't believe you ever saw cider made!"

"Ah, old boy, there's the pinch! I used to make 200 barrels a year in a cellar up the street, and the only use we made of apples was to keep a peck in the window up stairs for a blind. I'm buying now, and that's why I'm so particular." —*Detroit Free Press*.

THE Argentine Republic is soon to have a weather bureau equipped with forty-five observatories in different parts of the country.

A HUNDRED YEARS A HERO!

How Seth Warner Won a Wife and Became Famous.

Colonel Seth Warner, of Vermont, the famous hero of the Revolutionary war, was a writer in the *Philadelphia Call*. Not wholly the slang that might be defined as the burlesque or colloquial form of expression, the language of low humor, or the jargon of thieves and vagrants, but a species that is almost as reprehensible. It will not do to apologize for it by saying that "slang is probably as old as human speech," and that the early writers indulged in it, especially the Greek and Roman dramatists; and, while we may speak and write against the pernicious habit, we suspect that we will not grow disgusted enough with it to thoroughly uproot it until it has reached its climax. The worst fact about it is that it is not confined to the low and illiterate, but has invaded the public schools, cultured society, and the literature of our books. I admit that some of the slang expressions are forcible and full of adequateness, among which I might name "fired out," "colossal cheek," etc. Still, even they ought to be tabooed.

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While on his way home he stopped at a country inn, where an old gentleman and daughter were storm-bound. The father and the daughter called upon Colonel Warner, who, with his wide knowledge of simple remedies, successfully treated the "old man," and he finally won this devoted woman for a wife.

Such incidents were not uncommon in those years. When the doctor was not easily reached, months of sickness, and even life were often saved by some unprofessional friend versed in the use of simple herbs and roots. The health of early settlers and their powers of endurance convince us that such medicines did only good and left no poison in the blood to work as much injury to the system as would the disease itself.

In time of peace the colonel was in constant demand for his knowledge of simple remedies and their power over disease. But it was left to another of his name of the present age to give to the public what was then used with such positive success.

Warner for over a hundred years has shared with Ethan Allen the admiration of the American people.

Colonel Seth Warner belongs to a family of wide distinction; no less than eight members thereof won fame in the regular practice of medicine.

Looking to the adoption by the people of this generation of the old time simple remedies, his direct descendant, H. H. Warner, the well-known proprietor of Warner's safe cure, for many years has been experimenting with old time roots and herbs formulae, and his search having been finally rewarded with success, he gives the world the result. These recipes and formulas in other days accomplished great things because they were purely vegetable and combined simply so as to cure the disease indicated, without injury to the system. In harmony with their old time character, we learn that he proposes to call them Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, using as a trade-mark an old-fashioned American log cabin.

We understand that he intends to put forth a "Sarsaparilla" for the blood, the sarsaparilla itself being but one of a number of simple and effective elements; "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu," a general stomach tonic and invigorator; "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin Scalp," for the hair; a preparation for that universal disease, catarrh, called "Log Cabin Rose Cream," "Warner's Log Cabin Plasters," and "Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills," which are to be used in connection with the other remedies, or independently, as required.

Warner's safe remedies are already standards of the most pronounced scientific value in all parts of the world, and we have no doubt the Log Cabin Remedies, for the diseases they are intended to cure, will be of equal merit, for Mr. Warner has the reputation of connecting his name with no preparation that is not meritorious.

Unseasonable Flowers and Fruits.

A check in the growth of trees, caused by disease, injury in transplanting, insect enemies, or unfavorable weather, will often give rise to flowers being produced out of season. And, again, a more than ordinarily vigorous growth will produce a second crop of flowers. Many plants form their flower buds early in the season, and the growth of the tree may be checked by drought or other cause. Then later on, a more favorable turn of weather will force a second growth, and occasionally force open the flower buds that were formed earlier. It is quite possible, too, that a second series of flower buds may be formed that will open later in the season than those formed earlier.

This will, if true, explain many examples apparently not to be explained in other ways. The small spring-flowering plants, like the strawberry, violet and hepatic, form the buds for the coming season in the summer and fall, and a few fine days will force them into bloom before their season. Then, again, the growth of such plants may be retarded, or a plant that started from seed late in the season will not fully perfect flower buds until spring. Such plants will bloom later in the season than usual.

There are many things in nature not yet understood, and every gardener can do his share toward making them plainer by observing any unusual action in the plants under his charge and seeking an explanation. Too often these variations are looked upon as going outside the field of horticulture and into that of the botanist. There should be no distinction between the two, both are working in the same field, and when both work together more systematically, more valuable results will be obtained. —*Vick's Magazine*.

Reformed Spelling.

A little boy at a village school had written the word "psalm" in his copy-book and accidentally blotted out the initial "p" with his sleeve. His little sister sitting by his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed: "What if I did leave him out? He didn't spell nothing, and what was the good of him?" —*Presbyterian Journal*.

A Real Hibernian.

A good-natured Hibernian wanted a friend to discount a note.

"If I advance the money," asked the lender, "will you pay your note punctually?"

"I will, on my honor," replied the other, "the expense of the protestant an all."

At various magnetic observatories on the continent of Europe slight disturbances were registered, which apparently were connected in time with the late earthquakes. M. Mascart believes that a more careful examination of the records of different observations will show the connection which may exist between the two disturbances.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Rural Simplicity.

Country Bride (in dry-goods store) —I want to look at some summer silks. Clerk—Yes, ma'am. We have them in all shades—elephant's breath, London smoke, terrapin's memory, brown-ing's muse, animal fat, shrimp pink, onion gin, pug's nose, copper red—all the latest styles, ma'am, and warranted to wash.

Country Bride—Oh, I don't want anything fancy. Show me a plain red an' yaller plaid —*New York Sun*.

Waste of Tissue Without Repair.

Vigor begins to decline when dyspepsia invades the stomach. The disease, prolonged through neglect, entails grievous loss of flesh and serious waste of the muscular tissue. To invigorate thoroughly and speedily, a sound stomachic is required. There is none comparable to Hostettler's Stomach Bitters, since it institutes, and if continued, perpetuates a repair of the tissues, which have declined in bulk, vigor and elasticity in consequence of non-assimilation of the food. No time should be lost in beginning the reparative process, nor should there be any delay in removing those ailments of frequent occurrence which contribute to and foster an enfeebled condition of the stomach and nerves, viz.: constipation and liver complaint, disorders which the Bitters will assuredly extinguish. It also remedies and prevents malarial and kidney troubles, and is a prime auxiliary in the recovery of strength for convalescents from wasting disease.

Rapid Photography.

A German photographer, Herr Otto-mar Anschutz, has succeeded in preparing photographic plates so sensitive that an exposure of one-five-thousandth of a second is sufficient. A very small lens must be used, so that the pictures are generally only seven-sixteenths of an inch in length and breadth. Enlarged to an inch and a half on glass plates, and rotated in series of twenty-four before a Geissler tube, the pictures are used for reproducing the motions of animals on a large screen.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

THERE is no disguise which can long conceal love where it exists, or feign it where it does not exist.

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use, and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

A STOCK-BROKER can not expect to feel buoyed when he has more troubles than he can bear.

He ate green cucumbers; They made him quite sick; But he took a few "Pellets"; That cured him right quick.

An easier physic

You never will find

Than Pierce's small "Pellets."

The Purgative kind.

Small but precious. 25 cents per vial.

In this world joy is measured by the cup; trouble by the peck.

A COUGH, COLD, or SORE THROAT should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

A FULL-BLOODED crank is merely an animated idiosyncrasy with a handle to it.

A Family Jewel.

DOCTOR DAVID KENNEDY, the famous surgeon and physician, of Rondont, N. Y., has sent us a copy of his book, "How to Cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders," a work of great intrinsic merit, apart from many elegant life illustrations of rare beauty. We find on examination that it is a work of exceeding merit, one which should be kept and read in every home. In addition to the studied and valuable medical lessons inculcated by the Doctor, there are two articles from the widely known author, Col. E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), which add to the interest of the work. The printed price of this book is only 25 cents, but any one inclosing this notice with the name of the paper from whence it is taken, with 2-cent postage stamp, will receive the book free by mail.

A Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired an enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par-excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequalled dining cars; it also runs through solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have printed a remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use the cases of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, for which they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

EX-MAYOR G. G. STEKETEE, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is proprietor of an unfailing Pin Worm Cure. See his advts.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

We Submit Facts

In regard to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism, and ask you if you are afflicted with this disease to try the medicine which has so greatly benefited others. Hundreds of people who suffered the tortures of rheumatism, even in its severest forms, have been perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It corrects the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and gives strength to every part of the body.

"My wife has been troubled a long time with inflammatory rheumatism, and was so bad last spring that it was hard work for her to walk. She derived more real help from taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla than from any other medicine she has taken." JOSEPH F. GREEN, cor. First and Canal streets, Dayton, Ohio.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla last spring, and can truly say it helped me very much. To those suffering with bilious complaints, nervous prostration, or rheumatism, I earnestly recommend it." MRS. E. CARPENTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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