

# Orange County Observer.

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## Familiar Faces.

I have had plagues, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood—in my joyous school-days;  
All, all are gone—the old familiar faces.  
I have been laughing, I have been weeping,  
Drinking late, sitting late with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone—the old familiar faces.  
I lived a love, once—far from home;  
Closed are her doors on me—I must not see her;  
All, all are gone—the old familiar faces.  
I have a friend—a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend at parting;  
Left him, to nurse on the old familiar faces.  
Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.  
Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?  
No might we talk of the old familiar faces—  
How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me, and are departed.  
All, all are gone—the old familiar faces.

## Passion in Tatters.

"She has got a face like one of her own roses," said Mr. Fitzalan.  
"I've heard of her more than once," returned Frank Calverly. "The pretty flower girl, the people call her, don't they? Old Frixham has doubted his custom since she came there."  
"And the best of it all," added Fitzalan, with a laugh, "is that she is quite unconscious of her own attractions—a little country lassie, who thinks only of her own business, and never dreams that she herself is the sweetest flower of all the assortment."  
"Let's go in and buy a Marechal Niel bud and two or three sweet verbenas," said Calverly. "I should really like to see this modern Flora of yours."  
Dorothy Penfield stood behind the counter of the florist's store, sorting over a pile of fragrant blossoms which lay on a tray of damp green moss. Trails of smilax wove their green garlands up to the ceiling; heaps of gold and rose-petaled buds lay in the window; tufts of purple heliotrope perfumed the air, and white carnations lay like hillocks of snow against the panes of the show window, while spikes of perfumed hyacinths and cape jessamine flung their subtle scents upon the air.  
And Dolly herself, with her round, dimpled face, pink cheeks and soft, brown eyes, exactly the shade of the rippled hair, which was brushed simply back from the broad, low brow, was a fitting accessory to the scene.  
She looked up as the two gentlemen entered, and a soft crimson shadow overspread her face for a second.  
"Have you got one of my favorite button hole bouquets made up, Miss Penfield?" Fitzalan asked with a careless bow and smile.  
"I know," said Dolly, softly. "A rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two or three myrtle leaves; that is what you like. No; I have none made up just at present; but I can tie one up about a half minute, Mr. Fitzalan."  
"One for me, too, if you please," said Calverly, touching his hat.  
"Just the same?"  
Dolly lifted the long eyelashes, which were like fringes of brown silk, and gave him a shy glance.  
"A little different, please. Consult your own taste, Miss Penfield."  
"I like the double blue violets," said Dolly gently, "with geranium leaves."  
"Then they shall be my favorite flowers also," said Calverly, gratefully. The gentlemen had hardly taken their leave, when old Frixham, the florist, bustled in, with round, red face, shining bald head, and an air of business all over him.  
"Isn't it time you had the theatre bouquets ready?" said he, looking critically around, and moving a glass of freshly cut callus out of level sunset beams which at that moment fell like a sheen of golden lace against the deep low window.  
"I shall have them ready directly," said Dolly, starting from her reverie. "The flowers are all sorted out."  
"We have too many carnations on hand," said the florist, fretfully; and those gaudy cape bells are so much dead loss. Let the man from the green house know, please, there's a demand for half-pen rosebuds and forced lilies-of-the-valley."  
"Yes," said Dolly, dreamily. "I will tell him—when he comes."  
The closed country wagon with its freight of fragrant leaves and deliciously scented flowers, came early in the morning, long before the fat florist was

out of bed, and while the silence almost of an enchanted land lay upon Broadway.  
But Dolly Penfield was there freshening up the old stock of the day before with wet moss and cool water, and clipping the stems of the rosebuds.  
"No more carnations, John," she said briskly, "nor anemone flowers, and we want plenty of carnations and geraniums, and those bright flowers."  
"I thought, perhaps," said honest John Deadwood, who measured six feet in his stockings, and had the face of an amiable giant, "you might want to go back with me to-day, Dolly. Your aunt has come on from Kansas, and there is going to be a dance out in the old barn, with plenty of candles and evergreen boughs. And mother said she would be proud to welcome you to the old farmhouse, Dolly. Your oleander tree is kept carefully at the south window, and—"  
"Dear me!" carelessly interrupted Dolly, "why don't they put it in the green house?"  
"Because, Dolly," said the young man, reddening "it reminds us of you. And the meadow-lark in the cage sings beautifully; and old red Brindle has a spotted calf."  
"Has she?" questioned Dolly, indifferently.  
John Deadwood looked hard at her.  
"Dolly," said he, "you don't care about the old home any longer?"  
"Yes, I do," said Dolly rousing herself, "but—"  
She paused suddenly, the rosy color rushing in a carmine tide to her cheek, an involuntary smile dimpling the corners of her fresh lips as she glanced through the smilax trails in the window.  
John Deadwood, following in the direction of her eyes, glanced, too, just in time to see a tall gentleman lift his hat and bow as he went jauntily past.  
"Is that it," said John bitterly.  
"Is what?" petulantly retorted Dolly.  
"I'm sure I don't know why we are standing here waiting now, and I with twenty-eight bouquets to make up by 2 o'clock. That's all, John, I think. Don't forget the lilies of the valley."  
"But you haven't answered me, Dolly."  
"Answered you what?"  
"About the dance in the old barn, and coming back with me when the wagon returns at 5 o'clock."  
"It's quite out of the question," said Dolly, listlessly.  
"Dolly."  
"Well."  
"You promised me, years ago—"  
"Nonsense!" said Dolly, flinging the azaleas and pinks around in fragrant confusion. "I was only a child then."  
"But you've no right to go back on your word, Dolly, child or no child."  
"I never promised, John."  
"But you made me believe that one day you would be my wife. And I've lived on the thought of it, Dolly, ever since. And if this city situation of yours should break up my life's hope—"  
"Don't hope anything about me, John!" brusquely interrupted the girl. "Here comes a customer. Please, John, don't stand there any longer, looking like a ghost!"  
And honest, heart broken John turned, and went with a heavy heart out to where the wagon stood, and old Roan was waiting with down-drooping head and half-closed eyes.  
"It does seem to me," he muttered between his teeth, "that there is nothing left to live for any longer."  
Dolly locked half remorsefully after him.  
"I've almost a mind to call him back," said she to herself, as she picked out a bunch of white violets for the newcomer. "I do like John Deadwood; but I think he has no business to consider himself engaged to me, just because of that boy-and-girl nonsense. One's ideas change as one gets on in life."  
And Dolly's cheek was like the reflection of the pink azaleas as she thought of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoise ring that he had given her as a betrothal gift.

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the turquoise ring, with a band of virgin gold and its radiant blue stone.  
The Sedgewick mansion was a brown stone palace, with plate-glass casements, and a vestibule paved with black and orange marble.  
Mrs. Sedgewick, a stately lady, in a Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, received Dolly in the great drawing room.  
"Oh!" said she, lifting her eyeglasses, "you're from the florist's, are you? Well, I know nothing about the things—I only want the rooms to look elegant. Tell your husband to spare no expense."  
"Mr. Frixham is not my husband," said Dolly.  
"Your father, then."  
"But he isn't my father," insisted Dolly, half laughing. "He's no relation at all. I will tell him however."  
"Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "I particularly desire plenty of white roses, as I am told they are customary at this sort of affair. It's an engagement party."  
"Indeed!" said Dolly, trying to look interested.  
"Between my daughter Clara and Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedgewick, with conscious complacency.  
Dolly said nothing, but the room, with its fluted cornices, and lofty ceilings, seemed to swim around her like the waves of the sea. And as she went out, with Mrs. Sedgewick still chatting about white roses and beonias-leaves, she passed the half open door of a room, all hung with blue violet, where a yellow tressed beauty sat smiling on a low divan, with Fitzalan bending above her.  
"He has only been amusing himself with me," said Dolly to herself.  
There was a sharp ache at her heart; but after all it was only the sting of wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh thank heaven it was nothing worse than that!  
Honest John Deadwood was driving old Roan steadily and soberly along past the patch of woods, where the velvet-mossed boulders lay like dormant beasts of prey in the spring twilight, when a gray shadow glided out of the other shadows, and stood at his side.  
"John," she whispered.  
"Dolly! it's never you."  
"Yes, John," said the girl gently but steadily. "I'm going back home with you."  
"God bless you, Dolly!" said the young man, fervently.  
"For good and all, John, if you'll take me," said Dolly, slowly. "I've had quite enough of city life; and I'll help you with the green houses, and I'll try to be a good little housekeeper at home. Shall I, John?"  
John put his arm around her and hugged her up to his side.  
"Darling!" said he huskily, "it's most too good news to be true; but if my word is worth anything, you shall never regret your decision of this day."  
So the pretty flower girl vanished out of the bower of smilax and rosebuds. The Sedgewick mansion wasn't decorated at all and Mr. Frixham had lost his new customer. And the turquoise ring came back to Mr. Fitzalan in a blank envelope.

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## The Waltz of Our Fathers.

Was thus described in a letter written by an American traveller in Italy in 1805. "Among the corrupting fashions which have been introduced here by the French officers is a lascivious dance called the waltz, originally learned by them in Germany, but which is exactly adapted to the taste of a young French officer who is in quarters in a city filled with pretty women, whose morals are loose enough to join in the dance. In the first place, the ladies are dressed a la Grecque; that is to say with the least possible attire, leaving as little room for the imagination as possible, the breast and arms totally exposed, or covered only with gauze or erape. Thus prepared for this embracing dance, the gentleman clasps with both arms the lady firmly around the waist, while she gently passes her-around his body and softly reclines the other upon his neck. You will probably expect some description of an elegant figure, executed with taste and affording variety and amusement. No. The attitude constitutes all the pleasure and all the novelty of the dance. The dancers, thus embracing and embraced, begin to turn most furiously, precisely like a couple of shaking Quakers; and as the motion would make them dizzy if they did not keep their eyes fixed upon some object which turns as rapidly as themselves, they have an apology for the most languishing gazes upon

each other. In this state of painful revolution they continue till nature is exhausted, when the lady is prepared to repose herself, which she does in the arms of her companion. The dance is soon renewed, and though it has no other termination than the fatigue of the parties, nor any other object than a languishing embrace, it generally continues for several hours, exhibiting neither variety, taste nor graceful notions. I do not think it more indecent to act than it is to see it. The lady or gentleman who could do either without a blush may rely upon it that they are half corrupted. This dance so strongly resembles the abominable dances of the Bacchicals that I am persuaded that it is derived from that source. It is probable the Roman officers carried it with their arms to the north of Europe, from whence it is now returned with northern arms to scourge and debase, if possible, still more the Italians. We are so prone to copy all the fashions and many of the vices of Europe that I should tremble, lest this lascivious and criminal exhibition should make its way into our country. But I console myself with the reflection that manners must have arrived at a high degree of corruption before such a dance would be publicly permitted, and as I flatter myself that we are as yet far removed from that state of moral depravity, so I have reason to hope that it will not be introduced in my day nor that of my children.

## Now and Then.

A SURVEY OF THE POLITICAL FIELD, AND A COMPARISON WITH 1876.

For the first time in twenty-four years the Presidential battle is to be fought upon the selfsame field on which the preceding encounter took place. In 1856, as in 1876, thirty-eight States are to be represented by 369 electors. Since the ground is the same to its farthest corner, a survey of the field of 1876 will go far to show the weak places in either line and the points for close fighting in the clash that is soon to come. Twenty-two Northern States are represented by 231 electors, an average of 10½ electors to each State, while only 138 electors are assigned to the sixteen Southern States, an average of 8½ electors to each State. Thus the Northern States choose five eighths and the Southern States three eighths of the Electoral College. In 1876 each section was subdivided politically. The Republicans carried eighteen Northern States, having 166 electoral votes, a d carried, or counted, as you please to rate the result, three Southern States, having 19 electoral votes—a total of twenty-one States and 185 votes. The Democrats were successful in four Northern States, with 65 votes, and thirteen Southern States, with 119 votes—a total of seventeen States and 184 votes. Thus the Republicans obtained a majority of 101 votes in the Northern States, while the Democrats came literally within one of balancing the exhibit by a majority of 100 votes in the Southern States. Mr. Hayes drew 93.73 per cent., or very nearly nine-tenths, of his electoral support from the North, and only 10.27 per cent., or a little more than one-tenth, from the South. On the other hand, Mr. Tilden derived 35.34 per cent., or almost three-eighths, of his support in the Electoral College from the North, while 61.96 per cent., or something over five-eighths of the whole came from the Southern States.

We turn from the electoral vote to consider the popular vote cast in 1876. One word before starting, in explanation of our analysis. We have reckoned the votes of the Southern Republican States according to the figures of the Returning Boards. Again, with regard to Colorado, where, four years back, the electors were chosen by the Legislature, we have rated the strength of the two parties according to the returns of the last election in the State. Computed upon this basis, the popular vote of 1876 reaches a total of 8,443,651, divided by the party time as under:

POPULAR VOTE OF 1876.	Number.	Percentage of Total Vote.
Democratic vote.....	4,272,519	50.49
Republican vote.....	4,051,570	47.98
Greenback vote.....	82,986	.08
Scattering vote.....	12,456	.05
Democratic plurality over Republican.....	260,979	2.92
Democratic majority over all others.....	151,277	1.79

Our table of percentage shows, if we turn the fractions to the nearest integer, that, on an average throughout the country, of every 1,000 voters 509 were Democrats, 489 Republicans and 10 Greenbacks, leaving one voter for the "scattering" line. The total vote of the Union was distributed sectionally as follows: The twenty-two Northern States with Colorado, reckoned as de-

scribed above, cast 5,714,902 votes, and the sixteen Southern States 2,728,959, an excess of 2,985,943 votes in the Northern States. The tables given below show how the party lines ran through the sectional vote.

VOTE IN TWENTY-TWO NORTHERN STATES.		
	Number.	Percentage of total vote in section.
Republican vote.....	2,954,109	51.52
Democratic vote.....	2,688,447	46.35
Greenback vote.....	75,819	1.31
Scattering vote.....	11,407	0.20
Republican plurality over Democratic vote.....	265,662	4.57
Republican majority over all others.....	173,316	2.98

Throughout the Northern States on the average of every 1,000 voters 515 were Republicans, 489 Democrats and 13 Greenbacks, leaving 2 voters in the scattering line. In the Southern States the position of the two great parties was reversed.

VOTE IN SIXTEEN SOUTHERN STATES.		
	Number.	Percentage of total vote in section.
Democratic vote.....	1,614,072	58.15
Republican vote.....	1,106,794	40.56
Greenback vote.....	7,117	0.28
Scattering vote.....	989	0.03
Democratic plurality over Republican.....	507,278	18.59
Democratic majority over all others.....	499,185	18.30

In the Southern States on the average of every 1,000 voters 591 were Democrats and 406 Republicans, and the Greenback and scattering candidates, counted together, obtained the support of barely 3 voters in the 1,000. The Republicans obtained in the North a plurality of 46 votes, and a majority of 39 votes in 1,000. On the other hand, the South gave the Democratic candidate a majority of 186 votes, and a plurality of 183 votes in 1,000.

## Living in Quiet.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects for disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, they have come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

## A Leap Year Privilege.

Miss Adams, of the Indian Territory, taking advantage of a leap year privilege proposed to the Postmaster at Tulsa, in that Territory, that they should wed. The Postmaster, like the Judge in Maud Muller, sat on his horse and mused, making up his mind how he could tell her it could never be. She had no hay rake in her hand, but he saw the devil in her eye and noted that her hand was under her apron. Finally, he summed up all his resolution, and uttered the one word which conveys more wretchedness than any other in the language. "You won't, ha!" shrieked the maid, and with marvellous coolness and celerity she unmasked a navy revolver and shot her fancy dead from his horse, and then deliberately mounted a pony and notified the neighbors that they had better go and pick the postmaster up before the dogs anticipated them. The woman was the daughter of a fugitive from justice in the States, and she, no doubt, had inherited her decision of character, but had cultivated her precision of aim. The poor postmaster never lived to know how many years of domestic bliss he might have enjoyed with the woman who had marked him or her own. It is well that he died.

There is a sort of impulsiveness which often gets people into serious trouble. We are fretted and vexed at the acts of somebody else, and we do not wait to think, but say out our irritation, and deeply wound some sensitive spirit. We are angry, and we let passion instead of calm reflection rule us. The impulsive person who cannot control his temper is like one who carries fire near gunpowder.

## Wit and Reason of the National Press.

Andrew Jackson never liked ghost stories. Faith saves ourselves, but love benefits others. A feast of reason—The entertainment of an idea. A popular delusion—That woman is the weaker sex. Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets. Jupiter, like many good farmers, now rises an hour before the sun. The pool player who jockets an insult, caroms adroitly on discretion. A tramp called his shoes "Corporations," because they had no soles. A Quaker being asked his opinion of phrenology, replied, that there could be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat. A witch, being at the stake to be burnt, saw her son there and desired him to give her a drink. "No, mother," said he, "it would do you wrong, for the drier you are the better you will burn." A lady once asked why she came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is a part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others." Patrick having been told that Dr. P. there had found an asteroid remarked: "Bedad, he may have his asteroid, but as for myself I prefer a horse ter ride. A newly converted gambler, in an impassioned exhortation, said, in describing the millennium, there would be so many trumps that a little child should lead them. Theodore Hook, being in company, where he said something humorous in rhyme to every person present, on Mr. Winter, a solicitor of taxes, being announced, made the following impromptu: Here comes Mr. Winter collector of taxes I advise you to give him whatever he asks, I advise you to give it without any flummery For though his name's Winter his actions are summary.

DE GREEDY PICKANINNY.  
Dar war a watermilion  
A groovin' on a vine;  
Tut war a pleasant scene,  
Watchin' it all o' time.  
An' when dat watermilion  
War ripenin' in de sun,  
An' de stripes along its jacket  
War comin' one by one.  
Dat pickaniny hooked it  
An' toted it away,  
An' a' de dat entire mityan  
Up in one single day.  
He ate de fine an' pieces,  
He finished eed an' vine,  
An' den de watermilion  
Jest up'n' finished him.

THE BIGGEST LIAR.—Bishop Selwyn was a benevolent and kindly-spoken man, as well as a great and famous one. He interested himself much in the poor, especially in miners. One day coming on a company of the latter, he heard them talking in a very animated way, so loudly that he said to them: "My friends, something seems to interest you all very much; I heard your voices quite in the distance; may I inquire what it is?" To which they replied: "You see that copper teakettle there? We found it, and were just saying that the one who could tell the biggest lie should have it." "Oh," said the Bishop, "I am sorry for that; I hope you will never again tell lies. 'Tis a fearful habit, and so unmanly. Why, I never told a lie in my life." Whereupon the four miners shouted in one breath: "Give the governor the teakettle," all of them thinking his assertion "the biggest lie" they had ever heard.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE LIME CLUB.—The usual resolution of sympathy was then passed, the brother's account squared on the books, and the Glee Club sang:  
Play de fiddle slow and softly,  
Let your voices all be low,  
Death has reaped another harvest—  
Chant de requiem soft an' low.  
Through de dark an' misty valley  
Over de river dark an' wide,  
Jin an' wild de great par-son  
Marchin' to de oder side.

Parents will bear Watching.  
A Galveston parent has noticed that for some time his eldest son sneaked off before breakfast and came back looking very happy, so he asked him yesterday morning: "James, do you take a cocktail in the morning?" "Don't care if I do take another; but, dad, who would have suspected you of keeping the materials in the house all this time without inviting me to join? I'll be blamed if parents won't do to watch nowadays."

There is not much difference in this world and a circus. Both are "flecting shows."  
PARIS editors lead a duel life; one in the sanctum and the other in the suburbs.