

How K P Battle

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WOULDNA GIE A COPPER PLACK.

I wouldna gie a copper plack
 For any man that turns his back
 On duty clear;
 I wouldna gie the word or note,
 I wouldna trust him for a groat,
 Nor lift an ear in his boat,
 Which he might steer.

When things are just as things should be,
 And Fortune gies a man the plea,
 Where'er he be,
 It's hard to understand
 How he may walk through home and land
 With a clean face and open hand
 Continually.

But when, with spite of work and care,
 A man must face his failure bear,
 He merits praise,
 Who will not to fortune bow,
 Who seeks his honor on his brow
 And fights and fights, he fought long,
 Through long, hard days.

I wouldna gie an odd farthing
 For any man that I could see
 Who'dna hold
 The sweetness of his mother's name,
 The kindness of his brother's claim,
 The honor of a woman's fame,
 For more than gold.

Not a bit hard for him to do,
 Who lets his friends be led and true,
 Love sweet and strong,
 Who's not to know me from year to year,
 The shadow of a doubtin' fear,
 Or feels the falling of a tear,
 For any wrong.

But gie him praise, who love to prin,
 Who would forgive, and loves again,
 And though he grieves,
 Lets not the dear one from his care,
 But loves his man, and maid, and maid,
 And holds his time 'till hope and prayer,
 And still believes.

As gie him praise who doesna fear
 The up and light from year to year,
 And who gives fast
 He an' dar' one through good or ill,
 Who, if the y' wander, lets them still,
 Some day of joy he'll gie his fill,
 He'll win at last.

—Mary A. Barry, in Harper's Weekly.

THE HIGHER GRADE.

Some of the Questions Applicants for Positions have to Answer.

The following questions are asked of applicants for positions in the higher grade under the United States Government:

Write a letter to the President, giving your views, as far as you are willing to express them, regarding the duties and responsibilities of an officer of the public service which you desire to enter.

One of the examiners will read distinctly any passage of fifteen lines from the Civil Service act or rules, and applicants will write the same as the reading goes on, as a test in copying and orthography.

Write the names of the States bordering on the Atlantic, in their order, beginning with Maine.

Write the names of ten railroad centers, fifteen seaports, and fifteen navigable rivers.

Express in figures the following: Fifty millions, fifty thousand, four hundred and seventy-five; also, one hundred and forty-three millions, one thousand and one, and one ten-thousandth.

Write in words the numbers expressed by the following figures: 3,063,103; also 3,001,300.1.

Give a definition of a verb, a noun, an adverb, an adjective, a proposition, a conjunction and the phrase "the grammar of the English language."

The Postmaster at New York received two bags of mail which contained 9,911 letters, but one bag contained 1,211 more than the other. How many did they each contain? Give the operation at length.

A contractor furnished the Government articles as follows: June 8, 1880, 300 barrels of flour at \$1.50 a barrel; July 6, 1880, 187 yards of carpet at \$1.00 per yard; August 4, 1880, 1,000 yards at \$1.00 per yard. Government paid on account as follows: June 12, 1880, \$1,000; July 12, 1880, \$100; August 4, 1880, \$500. State the dealings in the form of a debit and credit account, showing the balance to.

To 35 of 2 add 1 of 7-10 and reduce to lowest terms; multiply the sum so obtained by 25 and reduce to a mixed number; from the product subtract 5-6 and reduce to lowest terms. Give operation at length.

An officer deposits \$37,500, having retained 21 per cent on the whole amount collected. What amount did he collect?

A disbursing agent failing owed the Government one item of \$908.45 and another \$2,991.02. The Government agreed to make a discount of 13 per cent on the first item and 11 per cent on the second. How much was payable under the agreement?

Divide 7 of 8-9 by 1-7 of 3-5 and subtract 1-7 from the quotient.

Into what three forms is the Government of the United States divided and what are the functions of each?

What are the essential characteristics of a republican form of government?

Give the names of ten Presidents of the United States and the length of their administrations respectively.

Fruit in Glass Jars.

A California correspondent who has great success in putting up fruit in glass jars kindly gives her process for the world at large.

In the first place she uses the Mason jar, with porcelain tops, and is always sure that the rubber rings are perfect. Peaches, pears and blackberries she makes just sweet enough to taste pleasantly, except White Heart cling peach, which she preserves and pickles.

For preserves or jam of any kind the rule is three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit used. Plums and apricots are made into preserves. Marmalade is also made of ripe apricots with three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one of fruit. Fruit for pies should not be made too sweet.

Begin the process by placing a tea-cupful of water in the preserving kettle with the sugar. When the sugar is dissolved and the syrup is hot, lay in the fruit carefully and let it heat thoroughly all through, but not boil to pieces. At the same time have a glass jar ready standing on a plate in a pan of hot water on the stove, the jar full of hot water. Have also the cover and the rubber in hot water. When the fruit is ready, pour out the water and fill the jar immediately. When full, pass a silver spoon-handle down the sides of the jar to cause any bubbles to rise to the top, and add a little syrup if not full. Next screw on the top as tightly as you can and place the filled jars where they can stand until quite cold. Tighten the cover by screwing it several times while cooling.

SAD, BUT ROMANTIC.

A CHILD ENDEAVORS TO GRANT HER MOTHER'S DYING REQUEST.

She Stalks Flowers with which to Decorate Her Mother's Chamber and is at Last Discovered, but Let go Unpunished.

[From the London Telegraph.]

The gardeners of the South London public park had on more than one occasion discovered that haremness liberties had been taken with the newly arranged beds of snowdrops and crocuses, and set a watch for the delinquent, who was an early morning visitor. A watcher had noticed a small girl, a poor little ragged urchin of seven or eight years old, who frequently came through the park as soon as the gates were opened, but as she always emerged at the gate of exit empty handed and her scanty skirts showed no signs of bulging pocket beneath, suspicion did not attach to her. It was not remarkable, since her attire was made up of mere makeshifts of odd ends, that she should wear an old bonnet many sizes too large for her, and it was in the capacious crown of this article of headgear that the stolen flowers were bestowed. The gardener saw her pause at a bed, and after looking warily about, produce from her bosom a piece of slate fit for digging with, and then she knelt down, taking off her bonnet, to which had a dozen tiny roots were rapidly transferred, she placed it on her head again and went on her way, to be presently stopped in a fright and accused of the petty robbery. It was useless to deny it, nor did she attempt to do so. She went down on her knees, however, this time without producing the criminal piece of slate—and begged the park keeper not to take her to the police station, because, if her mother, who was ill in bed, came to hear what she had done it would kill her. Presuming that it was much more likely that the child's story was but an artful pretence, and that probably her mother had sent her to steal the flowers, to be afterwards converted into buttonhole bouquets for sale in the streets, the little girl was taken before a magistrate and put back for a while for inquiries to be made. The address she gave was at a house in a squalid back street in the Borough—at least a couple of miles from the park where she had purloined the snowdrops, and it was soon discovered that the tale the child had told as to her mother being ill was quite true. The poor creature was found confined to her bed in a small miserably furnished back room, and there she had lain dying of consumption since last winter sat in. The father was in prison and the sick woman's only means of support was her two children, respectively two and four years older than the child in custody, and they eked out a few pence each daily by selling cigar lights near London Bridge. At a glance it was evident what had become of the stolen flowers. A piece of board was fastened shelf-wise across the foot of the sick woman's bedstead, and on it, in three or four galli-pots, were as many bunches of crocuses, and snowdrops and wall flowers, each in a setting of green grass. The poor invalid had not the least suspicion that they had been dishonestly obtained, and the person inquiring being in unofficial costume and perceiving her condition charitably refrained from enlightening her. "You are looking at my garden, sir," her white face lighting with a wan smile. "They are wild flowers, sir, so my little girl tells me, but she has to go ever so far to pick 'em. When the winter weather went away and the sun came out I began to feel that craving for the sight and smell of fresh flowers that I couldn't express if I tried. It is through lying here so many weeks so dreary and dull and so many hours all to myself, I suppose, but I knew it was no use thinking about 'em at the price they are when they first come in the spring, though I couldn't help talking and saying that if I had a few I felt sure they would do me more good than all the physic. And so, without saying a word about it to anybody, my little Kitty—a mere mite of seven, in prison at five in the morning, chairman and gets up at five in the morning, and before breakfast time she's back with as pretty a bunch as ever you set your eyes on. They didn't last very long, and it seems almost a shame to bring 'em here out of the fields where they grow, but there's thousands of 'em there, Kitty tells me, and I don't think that those who have their health to go and see 'em growing would grudge me just a few brought away for my share."

"No one certainly would, supposing the little girl you speak of comes by them honestly," the visitor ventured. "No fear about that, sir," replied the sick mother confidently. "Why, I happened only to hint something like what you just said when she brought home the first lot, and she fell crying so that I didn't know what to do with her." So the kind hearted park official came away with his original purpose unfulfilled, and the magistrate being informed of the circumstances discharged the terrified little prisoner with a caution. Whether she ran home and made confession I cannot say, but unless she did so within a week it was too late, for at the end of a longer interval she was motherless, and it was my privilege to assist in placing Kitty and her two sisters in a country home, far removed from the vice and temptations of London streets, and where wild flowers in plenty may be had for the picking.

WHEN HARRY was counting Sarah he used to boast that he had a "boss" and now that he is married, he finds he has a "boss" wife, but he never mentions it.

ROBBERING A FARMER.

A NEW FEATURE IN THE CONFIDENCE MAN'S GAME.

How "Fly Bill," a Chicago Thief, Palmed Himself off as the Farmer's Son and with an Accomplice Secured a Pot of Money.

A letter from Glen City, Penn., says: "Elmer Snyder is a wealthy farmer who lives a short distance outside of this village. He is a widower, and lives alone with his servants in a fine mansion close to the highway. He is a prominent figure in political and social circles, and is a Deacon in the local Methodist church. About five years ago his wife died. The cause of her death was attributed to the absence of her only child, a boy, who ran away from home about 15 years ago on account of some trifling troubles with his folks. The farmer is one of the largest land owners in the district, and was always believed that he kept a large sum of money in the house. About two weeks ago he presented a freshly dressed, handsome young man to his friends and neighbors as his long lost son. 'Sim'—tenuously with the arrival of the young man ugly rumors began to spread about his past life in Chicago and other cities of the West. It was generally known that young Snyder had led a fast life, and for a time the country people fongled shy of him; but the engaging manner and plausible talk of the young man made him many friends, and the old farmer soon became proud of his handsome boy. In a few days another rumor started to the effect that he was not Snyder's son, but another person who was trying to impose upon the farmer. The story soon gained credence from the fact that when questioned about his early life the young man was always a fault. Whether these rumors reached the ears of the old farmer or not is unknown. The young man grew in the old man's favor and accompanied him everywhere. Wednesday a handsome and elegantly dressed woman unaccountably drove up to the village inn at secured accommodations for a few days, saying she was from Philadelphia, and desired a quiet room. While walking the street she met the lately returned farmer's son. They suddenly became intimate, and until Thursday night he was constantly in her society. He introduced her to a few ladies as Mrs. Jackson, of Philadelphia, and said she was the wife of a friend of his. On Friday morning the servants in the Snyder household were surprised at the appearance of Mr. Snyder at the inn, and as he was an habitual early riser the fact caused much comment. After waiting until 10 o'clock they decided to call him. Going to his room they found the door locked, another unusual fact. They rapped loudly, and receiving no answer determined to break open the door. First they tried to find young Snyder, but could find no trace of him. Bursting open the door, they found the old man lying full length upon the floor bound and gagged. The ropes that bound him were wrapped around his arms and legs with double twist, which he was fastened into his mouth. Cutting the cords and lifting him to his feet, they administered revivers. When he had sufficiently recovered the old man said: "That young man was not my son. I have been cruelly deceived and robbed," pointing to a safe which stood in the corner of the room. The safe had been opened and the contents were scattered about the floor. The farmer went on to tell how he had sat up with his supposed son until 11 o'clock and had then gone to bed. He was roughly awakened by having a gag forced into his mouth and before he could help himself he was bound and gagged. In the partial darkness he saw two figures. After they had securely fastened him one of them went to the bureau and coolly lighted the lamp. As soon as the light was turned up the farmer recognized the face of the young man he thought his son and the stylish woman who had stopped at the tavern. They took the safe-key from his pocket, robbed the safe, putting the money in a valise which the woman carried. After they had taken everything the young man said: "Good bye, papa, I will pay your respects to your son when I get back to Chicago. He wants to hear from you." The pair then left the room locking the door behind them. The old man is completely broken down by the occurrence. The police authorities were notified, and a search was made for the missing couple. Not the slightest trace could be found of them. This morning a detective from Chicago arrived in the village looking for two individuals whose description tallies exactly with that of the farmer's bogus son and the flashy dressed woman who put up at the tavern. Upon visiting Mr. Snyder the detective saw that the young man was not his son, but an old Chicago thief and confidence man, and known by his associates in crime as "Fly Bill," and who went under the alias of John Peters, Harry Rutledge, etc. The woman, he said, was a noted courtesan from Chicago, who is located there for a number of crimes. The loss to the farmer is nearly \$8,500. The property consisted of \$4,900 in cash, and the balance was in Government bonds. The numbers of the bonds have been furnished to the authorities, and a large reward will be offered for the arrest of the thieves.

TRAVELS OF A DIAMOND.

DETAILS OF THE ORIGIN OF THE JEWEL IN THE IMPERIAL SCEPTRE OF RUSSIA.

How General Melikov's Assassin and the Jew who Made Him and His Descendants Immensely Rich.

[From the London Truth.]

The following details of the origin of the famous jewel which adorns the imperial sceptre of Russia were furnished me during a residence in St. Petersburg by a descendant of the Armenian merchant who brought the stone to Russia. The diamond in its rough state, formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trichinopol, and was abstracted by a French renegade, who escaped with his prize to Persia. Here he wandered from town to town trying to dispose of it for a moderate sum, but only meeting with distrust and suspicion. At length when he news of the theft had spread over India and reached Persia, fearing arrest, he accepted the offer of a Hebrew merchant and surrendered the diamond for \$10,000. Meantime the Shah was informed, not only of the robbery, but also that the thief was residing in his territory, and had offered the stone repeatedly for sale. At once his Highness gave orders to arrest the man, dead or alive, and to seize the diamond. The Jewish merchant naturally became alarmed for the safety of his new acquisition, as well as that of his head, and gladly sold the stone to an astute Armenian merchant named Shafraz for \$60,000. The magnificence of Catherine the Great and her court was a by-word in Armenia and Persia, and Shafraz knew right well that if he could reach St. Petersburg with his diamond he would be able to dispose of it at a handsome profit. The greatest difficulty was to secrete the stone so thoroughly about his person that in case of his arrest it should not be discovered. It was too large for him to swallow, so he solved the problem by making a deep incision in the calf of his left leg, inserting the stone, and sewing up the wound with silver thread. When the cut had cicatrized sufficiently to allow the removal of the wire, Shafraz began his travels toward Russia. Had he known on arriving at the frontier that the diamond had been traced to the Jewish merchant, and from him to an Armenian, he would probably have tried to secure his nationality. But he boldly went to the Shah's inquisitive officials, was arrested, and consigned to prison on suspicion. Strong emetics were administered, but no diamond came to light. He was stripped naked, plunged into a hot bath, and then examined from head to foot, with no better success. Even a little torture was tried, but Shafraz was firm; and in the end he was freed unceremoniously over the frontier—his petty cash being retained. He reached Orshaug, and here some compatriots advanced him some money to reach the capital. Catherine the Great was short of ready money when Shafraz offered her his diamond for sale. He demanded \$200,000 for it, but the Empress could not raise more than \$100,000, and though she offered 40,000 dessiatins (of four acres each) of crown land in addition to his sum, Shafraz refused. Catherine was greatly chagrined and did not hide her annoyance; but she was too noble a character to resort to the coercive measure which a Shah of Persia would have adopted without a moment's hesitation. Shafraz was allowed to depart unmolested and betook himself to Amsterdam to have his diamond cut. Here it was that the famous Count Orlov first saw the jewel for which his imperial mistress had sighed, and he determined to lay it as a gift at her feet. The bargain with Shafraz was concluded off-hand, for Count Orlov never haggled. In exchange for the diamond (which weighs 185 carats, and is valued at \$1,500,000) Count Orlov promised Shafraz, on his return to Russia, \$350,000 down, an annuity of \$2,000, and a patent of nobility. The Count kept his word; Shafraz as the merchant became Lazareff the gentleman, cashed his bills at the imperial treasury, and drew \$2,000 a year for the rest of his life, which, as usual with court favorites, was a very prolonged one. Before he died he became one of the richest men in Russia. With the price of the diamond he bought mines in Oural, land in Bessarabia, and houses in St. Petersburg. The "unearned increment" in thirty years made him ten times a millionaire, and at the present day his descendants, numbering hundreds, are all immensely rich. Loris Melikov, former Minister of the Interior, and Delianov, at present Minister of Public Instruction, are grandchildren of the Armenian Lazareff.

A Bad Indian Conquered by Soap.

"An Apache, in full war paint, stalked into an Indian school at Albuquerque, N. M., one day. The children were immediately terrified, and tremblingly told us he was a 'bad Indian.' They said an uncle of one of our boys had killed his brother, and they feared he had come for revenge.

"As it was dinner-time," the teacher says, "I saw nothing better to do than have the children marched into the dining-room, as usual. We keep open houses to Indians at all times and treat them as distinguished guests, so I mentioned to our Apache to take a seat at the table.

"He sat down, terrible in his war-paint, and laid two load-d revolvers on the table before him. The children began to tremble. I summoned all my courage and said:

"Put those revolvers on the window." The Apache never moved. The cook placed before him a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup.

"Take away that coffee and soup," I commanded, with my heart in my mouth, adding, to the Indian: "You shall not have them until you put those revolvers on the window."

"Trembling for her life, the cook obeyed. When the Apache saw his dinner removed he deliberately arose, picked up his revolvers, and—said 'I forgive thee' that terrible moment—quietly laid them on the window. His dinner was restored to him; he ate it in silence, and then picked up his property and walked out without a word.

"I did not see him again for years. But this last time, on my way home, as I was waiting in the train at Santa Fe, my terrible Apache, in all his feathers and war-paint, got into the car and walked its whole length, as if looking for someone. My blood ran cold. He stopped beside me, gave a grunt of satisfaction, and broke into smiles. Then nothing would do but I must vigorously shake hands. He then left the car, and returned with a dozen other braves, as horrible as himself. He introduced them all, and all must shake hands."

Reading's Big Gun.

The Haskell multicharge gun, which has been in course of manufacture at the Scott foundry in Reading, Pa., for the past two years, is finished. It will be shipped to New York and taken to Sandy Hook to be tested in the presence of officers of the army and navy. Congress made a special appropriation for this purpose. The inventor, J. R. Haskell, has constantly given the work his own supervision. Many military experts have inspected the gun, and pronounced it the most destructive engine of death, perhaps, ever invented.

It is twenty-five feet long, and weighs twenty-five tons. It cost \$50,000. Underneath the gun are three pockets for the holding of powder. Each pocket contains twenty-eight pounds, and there are besides eighteen pounds in the breech, thus concentrating the force of over one hundred pounds of powder in place of one-fourth the amount usually put in the breech of the cannon now in use.

It is claimed that it will hurl a projectile twice as heavy as those used in the ordinary cannon, and that it will penetrate a solid piece of iron twenty-four inches thick and will easily carry the projectile from twelve to fifteen miles. It is intended for both naval and sea coast defense. A company with a capital of \$10,000,000 has already been organized to manufacture the gun. Mr. Haskell is President, and John F. Smyth, ex-Insurance Commissioner of New York, are some of the other parties interested.

ANECDOTES OF LINCOLN.

Ben Perley Moore says, in the *Youth's Companion*.—Mr. Lincoln was hardly installed in the White House before the wild hunt for office commenced. Among other good stories told of him was one of a man who came day after day asking for a foreign mission. At last the President weary of his face, said: "Do you know Spanish?" "No," said the eager aspirant, "but I could soon learn it."

"Do so," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I will give you a good thing." The needy politician hurried home and spent six months in studying Ollivand's grammar. He then reappeared at the White House with a hopeful heart and a fine Italian accent, and the President presented him with—a copy of "Don Quixote" in Spanish.

The lobby—that great devil-fish, whose tentacles clutch clammy at the national Treasury—could never get at the blind side of Mr. Lincoln. He treated them with courtesy, but would never encourage their schemes. His favorite among the Washington correspondents was Mr. Simon B. Hanson, a shrewd Bostonian, who had been identified with the earlier anti-slavery movements, and who used to keep Mr. Lincoln informed as to what was going on in Washington, carrying him what he had heard, and seldom asking a favor. "I see you state," said the President to Hanson one day, "that my Administration will be the reign of steel. Why not add that Buchanan's was the reign of sliding?"

Mr. Lincoln, as I remarked, spoke in parables, and a story often ended an interview which otherwise might have been prolonged for hours. On one occasion a distinguished visitor was endeavoring to recall to his mind a young man whom he had seen, but forgotten, who was an applicant for office. Mr. Lincoln did not think that the young man was qualified for the position, and he finally said: "Oh, yes, I know who you mean; it is that turkey-egg-faced fellow that you would think didn't know as much as a last year's bird's nest."

A boy was lately caught stealing currants, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young mind could invent, he proposed: "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my father, he'll pay you for the currants and lick me besides." The grocer could not withstand this appeal and released the urchin.

HIS POETRY.

Bayard Taylor never fully reconciled himself to the vocation of a prose writer. He believed that the world should have demanded nothing of him but poetry. Concerning this he used to tell a good story at his own expense. During his last lecturing trip through the Western States he was the guest, in a small city, of the chairman of the lecture committee, a self-satisfied and prosperous citizen, who met Taylor at the train, and carried him home to his own smartly furnished house. While waiting for the evening repast the well-fed chairman said, with manifest pride, that probably the chairman did not remember him. No, Mr. Taylor did not. "Why," said the chairman, "you were here in this town ten years ago this very winter, this very month, and stayed with me, as you are stopping now." Mr. Taylor professed his interest in the important fact. The chairman, glancing around on the chimes, the new carpets, and the glittering white walls of his home, said, "Yes, you see I have been prospering since then. Yes, the world has been a pretty good place for me. It has for you too, Mr. Taylor. I have watched your course ever since I got acquainted with you, ten years ago, and I suppose I am one of the few people who have read everything you have wrote."

"What," said Taylor, "everything?"

"Yes, sir, everything I could lay my hands on."

"Then," said Taylor, "perhaps you will tell me what you think of my new poem, 'Lars?'"

"Gosh!" said the man, "do you write poetry?"—*Harper's Drawer.*

WHEN HARRY WAS COUNTING SARAH.

WHEN HARRY was counting Sarah he used to boast that he had a "boss" and now that he is married, he finds he has a "boss" wife, but he never mentions it.

A COMPANY HAS BEEN FORMED IN PARIS.

A COMPANY has been formed in Paris, with a capital of \$150,000, for the purpose of dragging the Red Sea to recover the chariot and arms of Pharaoh. Pharaoh may have owned a pretty good chariot, but it has been in the water so long that we don't believe it is worth much now. A much better one can be purchased for less than \$150,000. And as for Pharaoh's arms, unless they are petrified, they would be of no more value than his legs.—*Norristown Herald.*

WHILE HER MOTHER WAS TAKING A FLY OUT OF THE BUTTER.

WHILE HER mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked: "Is that a butterfly, mamma?"

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