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## IN THE FACE OF DEATH.

WHAT BEFELL A MR. WILLIAM BATTERSON, OF BUFFALO.

Terrible Experience of a Family Lost in the Darkness on a Pennsylvania Railroad.

William Battersson, of Buffalo, who is building a bucket factory at Howard's Hill, left Bradford, Pa., a few nights ago to drive to the place accompanied by his wife and two children. The locality is an isolated one among the mountains, and the road leading to it lies for a great part of the way through the wilderness. Mr. Battersson became bewildered in the darkness and lost his way. After many attempts to discover the road he finally let the horse take its own course through the woods, following it with a lighted lantern. After floundering aimlessly about for some time, they came suddenly upon a railroad track. Mr. Battersson did not know what road it was, but felt that there must be a station or a road crossing somewhere in the vicinity. He at first intended to walk along the track until he came to either one or the other, but his wife was afraid to remain alone in the woods, so they concluded to take the chances of meeting a train and drive along the track in search of a way out of the wilderness.

Mr. Battersson led the horse on the track and walked on ahead with the light. Mrs. Battersson and the children followed in the carriage. A mile or more was traversed without finding any crossing or indication of a station, and, then, to insure the safety of his wife and children, Mr. Battersson took them from the carriage, and they followed it on foot by the side of the track, so that at the sound of an approaching train they could climb the bank.

After going a quarter of a mile further they came to a bridge. They could not reach their steps, and they resolved to share the risk of keeping on their way and attempting the crossing. They found a narrow plank footpath at one side, and Mr. Battersson succeeded in leading his horse upon it. The wheels on the other side ran on this walk, but on the other side they bumped along the ties. The bridge was swept by a high wind, and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Battersson could make her way along with her two children. To add to the terror of the situation a gust of wind extinguished the lantern. The darkness was intense, and they groped their way along slowly, tortured by the fear that they would be crushed or hurled from the bridge by a train before they could reach a place of safety. They were nearly half an hour in crossing it, and then they found themselves in a narrow rock cut, through which they felt their way and stumbled along, and when they finally emerged from it they were almost overcome with joy to see a light just ahead of them. At the same moment they heard the whistle of an approaching train. The horse was turned out of the track into the open space below the cut, which proved to be a road, and Mrs. Battersson and the children followed it to a place of safety. They had not gone twenty feet from the track when a coal train went rushing by into the cut.

Both Mr. Battersson and his wife were so overcome with the sense of their peril that it was some time before they could proceed. When they were able to go on they found that they were at a small station known as Palen's Switch. They had driven for a mile and a half over the most dangerous portion of the Johnsonburg extension of the Erie Railroad, and had crossed the great Kinzua Viaduct, the highest railroad bridge in the world, which spans the Kinzua ravine at a height of 303 feet above the creek. The viaduct is nearly half a mile long. Their escape from death was owing solely to the stopping of the north-bound coal train a mile below the rock cut on account of a hot journal. The train was due at the cut just as they were picking their way through it. Howard's Hill was only four miles from Palen's Switch and they reached there in safety.

MILES OF SURVEY FOREST in Maine are dead. Lumbermen are not agreed as to the cause. At about eight years ago the heavy autumn rain loosened the earth, and that was followed by terrible gales and a severe winter. The theory, however, generally accepted by the best judges is that the trees died from old age. The decay is mainly in sections which have not been cut over. The age of the spruce is from 60 to 90 years.

The First—A wealthy young private of the Seventh New York Regiment drew his pay for going into camp in the form of a check for \$8.75. "I shall have this framed and hung up," said he, "for it represents the first money I have ever earned."

## THE UNDER DOG.

I know that the world—that the great big world—  
From the peasant up to the king;  
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,  
And a different song to sing.  
But for me, and I care not a single fig,  
If they say I am wrong or I'm right,  
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,  
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—  
Will never a moment be  
To see which dog may be in fault,  
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask  
Which dog may be in the right;  
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,  
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said were better not said,  
Or twice better I said it inco.  
But with heart and with glass filled cheek to  
the brim,  
Here is luck to the bottom dog.

DAVID BAKER.

## Rachel Cheal,

THE FAIR MAID OF CHERBURY.

"Only one more voyage, Rachel."  
"Oh, but coffin-ships, Harry! The  
word haunts me!"

"But only one more run, my bonny  
bird! Just to Aberdeen in ballast,  
back again to Harwich with granite  
we know we've been out! Then we  
shan't have to start life in debt, lass;  
every penny of the share in George's  
boat'll be paid up; an' the little craft  
from that time for'ard shall keep a good  
thick thatch over our heads, an' a side of  
bacon in the kitchen, an' a pig in the  
sty—a real Barkshire, my pretty one!"

The ring of solid comfort in this last  
allusion momentarily displaces all grue-  
some thoughts. The rosiest pair of lips  
in Cherbury are put up trustfully, to be  
kissed with a vigor which only a young  
sailor, one aboard his ship within two  
fleeting hours, is capable of imparting  
to the salutation. After this there is a  
delightful pause, while the August sun-  
shine, filtering its way between the  
mossy piles of Cherbury Jetty, beneath  
which the lovers stand, surrounds their  
figures with a golden halo.

"What's that they tell me about Far-  
mer Gordon havin' been so often up to  
your mother's while I was away, last  
voyage?" suddenly demands the young  
sailor. "Of course there's nowt in it,  
sweetheart; but I don't like to hear, as  
I did the other night, the names of Tom  
Gordon an' Rachel Cheal bein' com-  
pled together so free-and-easy like—al-  
though Tom is old enough to be your  
father."

For a moment Rachel gazes into her  
lover's face in bewilderment; then, clasp-  
ing his hand in both of hers, leans back  
against a weather-beaten bulkhead,  
while musical laughter ripples from her  
rosy lips.

"Oh! but where have your eyes been,  
Harry, my man?" she asks, as soon  
as she is able to speak; then she  
continues, very demurely, "As thou  
sayest, lad, he is often up at mother's;  
an' he is old enough, an' to spare, to be  
my father; an'—"

"Let him bide, my lass; let him bide.  
I can trust thee with any man of 'em  
all," interrupts her lover, impetuously,  
as he hurriedly glances off to the foot  
of the lane which leads down to Cherbury  
Cove. "Here be George, an' little Jim,  
an' your Uncle Humphrey; an' I must  
slip off at once if I'm to make Harwich  
this flood. God bless thee, my pretty  
one!" And he holds her to his heart in  
a clinging embrace, while a stentorian  
shout for "Harry-y! Harry-Rec-ee-ed!"  
awakens the echo of the cove.

"Aye, aye, George! aye, aye!" cries  
Harry in response. Then the two lov-  
ers emerge from the seclusion of the  
jetty, and join the group on the fore-  
shore; and, after a hurried greeting,  
Harry puts off with George and little  
Jim in the boat with hopeful allusion  
has already been made, and slips away  
before a gentle breeze from the north-  
west in the direction of Harwich Har-  
bor. It is not until the little craft has  
rounded Cherbury Point, and is lost to  
view, that Rachel's kerchief ceases to  
flutter in the air, and Rachel herself  
consents to turn and retrace her steps  
to the village.

The Cheals are a family of which  
Cherbury has occasion to feel proud.  
Humphrey, a veteran of Her Majesty's  
Coast-Guard, is a man who, holding his  
own life cheap, has again and again vol-  
untarily encountered deadly peril at hu-  
manity's call, and is known and respected  
throughout the whole county. Though  
now close upon sixty years of age, he  
still holds the onerous post of coxswain  
of the lifeboat; and if blessings always  
fell where blessings are due, it is on his  
good gray head that they would descend  
in showers, for many have been called  
down by the wives whom he has saved  
from widowhood. Stowed away in a  
locker in his trim little cottage on the  
North Down, and only visible on cer-

tain occasions, are two medals—the  
Humane Society's and the Albert; and  
other decorations would be his besides  
were it not that he is as modest as he is  
brave, and holds that saving a fellow  
creature's life is a duty, and not—to us  
his own words—an affair to go and make  
a fuss about.

Humphrey Cheal has two sons—  
George, the elder, Harry Reed's bosom  
friend and partner, a stalwart young fel-  
low on whom the Honorable Society of the  
Elder Brethren of Trinity House  
have already conferred the certificate for  
piloting duty in the Estuary; and little  
Jim, the younger, a blue-eyed urchin of  
fourteen, who can handle oar or tiller  
with any lad of his age and weight in the  
village. It had been a somewhat tender  
point with Humphrey, in his earlier life,  
that his family had numbered no daughter;  
but this sufficiency had since been  
supplied, his sister-in-law Rachel—now,  
alas! a widow—having brought into the  
world a little Rachel, who in due course  
had grown to be the very apple of her  
uncle's eye. To her, the most lovable  
maid in all Cherbury, the gentle reader  
has been already introduced under the  
jetty.

"Tis a cruel, cruel task is parting,"  
she sighs, as she wends her way up the  
lane by Humphrey's side, "and 'twould  
break my heart, uncle, if this voyage  
were not Harry's last!"

"Right you be, my bonny lamb, right  
you be. Parting is a heavy business at  
best; an' that's the Bible truth," assents  
Humphrey. "But then, you know, we  
mustn't take on when we're right in sight  
of port, so to speak," he continues in a  
more cheery tone. "Why, bless my  
heart, I shouldn't feel a bit surprised if  
you were to anchor up there an' tell me,  
as part as mebbe, that Harry had gone  
and bespoken 2, Sheldrake's Cottages,  
 afore he started!"

"Aye, bless the lad! that he did, un-  
cle; bespoken the cottage, and what's  
more, bespoken the pig! Just the plump-  
est little chap I've seen this many a day  
—as round an' so fat an' beautiful as—"  
Her eyes beam softly over the retrospect,  
and the smile is lost.

"I'm main glad to hear it," my lass,  
comments Humphrey, thoughtfully;  
"for there's no denyin' that I'd wish to  
see three settled all comfortable, if so be  
that any other change in the family is  
to come about. I've heard folks talkin'  
a deal o' late, my dear; couplin' your  
mother's name with that o' Farmer Gor-  
don."

A merry laugh issues spontaneously  
from Rachel's lips. "His very words,  
uncle; Harry's very words! 'Heard  
folks couplin' Rachel Cheal's name wi'  
that o' Tom Gordon!' But he thought  
the Rachel Cheal was me, uncle—me,  
an' not mother." And over the recollec-  
tion she laughs the tears back into her  
eyes.

Humphrey laughs too; and thus,  
laughing and chatting, the old coast-  
guardsman and the maid Rachel make  
their way out of the lane, and disappear  
in the direction of the little cottage on  
the North Down.

Meanwhile, Rachel's lover has reached  
Harwich Harbor and joined his ship, the  
coasting brig *Auld Reekie*, which sets  
sail on the morrow morn for the port of  
Aberdeen. With fair breezes from the  
south and west she makes a good run of  
it, loads her cargo of granite, and again  
quits port. By this time the summer  
has waned, and the period of the an-  
tumn equinox is at hand. At sunrise on  
the fourth day of her homeward voyage  
the brig encounters strong head winds  
from the southeast; before sunset it is  
blowing half a gale, and an hour after-  
ward—with her foremast in ribbons  
and her foreyard in splinters—she has  
put about, and is making a last blind ef-  
fort to run for the mouth of the Tees.

A grim object, to the seafaring eye, is  
the *Auld Reekie*. For five-and-forty  
years, fair weather and foul, she has  
been knocking up and down the east  
coast of Great Britain in search of a  
livelihood—now carrying wood, now  
coal, now stone—and a storm-beaten,  
patched up, unseaworthy old hulk she  
looks, through all her three coats of  
paint. To catch sight of the line where-  
now the Pilsen mark would be, the  
observer, it was averred, would have to  
station himself a couple of boat-lengths  
off her weather-beam; and even then it  
would be necessary for a good stiff  
breeze to lay her over at an angle of for-  
ty-five degrees to her head-line, before  
his curiosity could be assuaged. Such is  
the vessel in which Harry Reed has  
shipped as mate, and which—with her  
foremast gone by the board, her two  
hundred and fifty tons dead weight of  
granite shifting in her hold, and her  
rotten sails blown to rags—is staggering  
along in the inky darkness before the  
awful fury of the equinox. Like many  
another coffin-ship before her, she is al-  
lowed short shrift. In a few minutes a  
terrible sea—eager, as it were, to put her  
out of her misery—takes her on the  
counter and makes a clean sweep of her

deck; and the same moment she reels,  
shudders, and finally plunges down  
headlong into the yawning gulf which  
opens to receive her.

And Harry Reed? In this instance  
vigorous young life, sustained by might  
of purpose, does not succumb quite so  
readily as rotten old timber. For two  
nights and two days, awful privation  
and suffering are his; but at length—  
numbed, bruised, lacerated, and with  
the death-stupor stealing upon him—he  
is observed and picked up by an out-  
ward-bound vessel.

In due course he recovers; and, en-  
rolled as one of the hands, proceeds with  
the ship to Valparaiso, whither she is  
bound direct. There, with the present  
of a silver coin and many elaborate di-  
rections, he entrusts to a hanger-on of  
the harbor an English letter—a wild  
outpouring of all the long-pent passion  
of his heart—to be posted in the town.  
What eventually became of the poor,  
painfully-produced sheet, no one living  
knows. Possibly the drunken tatterde-  
mation to whom it was handed—a Span-  
ish half-caste—put it to practical use as  
a cigarette-paper, and its rhapsodies,  
blifted away in smoke; more probably  
it lies embedded in the green lining of  
his jacket to this day. One thing is  
certain; that it never reached the sup-  
pliant hand stretched forth to receive it,  
or brought relief to the soul famishing  
for news in the little old-world village  
beyond the Atlantic.

From Valparaiso, the ship at length  
returns to Lisbon with copper-ore, and  
from Lisbon she starts with a general  
cargo for—word most musical to one, at  
least, of the crew—Ipswich. Once more  
in the Downs, where she lies three days  
wind-bound, English newspapers are  
received aboard; and in one of these, in  
a column devoted to local intelligence, a  
young sailor spells out, amongst other  
items, that a marriage has been solemn-  
ized, just three weeks previously, be-  
tween one Thomas Gordon and one  
Rachel Cheal.

And the fair maid of Cherbury—what  
of her? Verily she, too, like her lover,  
has passed through the Valley of the  
Shadow of Death, as her wasted face and  
great lustrous eyes bear record. Day  
in, day out, fair weather or foul, she  
must needs stray aimlessly to the beach  
where the last kiss lingered upon her  
cheek, and the last good-bye was whis-  
pered. She is never alone. Honest  
Humphrey—broken in spirit now, and  
bowed with grief, yet loving his poor  
shorn lamb still more tenderly than of  
yore—is ever at her side; and to morn-  
ing questions—the expression of pas-  
sionate yearning that is within her as she  
gazes beyond the waters of the bay and  
beyond the horizon—will give answer in  
softened words, hopeless himself, yet re-  
solute to crush the last fluttering vestige  
of hope.

It is in the gladsome sunshine of a  
young May morning that a gallant ship,  
which has voyaged from afar, bears up  
in Harwich roadstead, and signals for a  
pilot. Not long has she to wait for a  
response. A trim little craft comes  
dancing over the waves like a white-  
winged gull, and swings up gayly along-  
side. In another minute George Cheal  
has swung himself aboard, and little  
Jim prepares to put about and return.

But on the deck of that gallant ship it  
would seem, in good sooth, that the sea  
has given up her dead; for stalwart  
George, gazing with startled eye on a  
face which greets his sight, staggers  
back and grasps the taffrail for support.  
Few words pass between the long-parted  
friends, for their feelings are too deep  
for utterance; but a moment or two af-  
terward there is a wild scream of  
delight from alongside, for Harry Reed  
has descended into the boat, and  
mechanically taken the tiller. A little  
later the boy Jim has unloosed the arms  
he has thrown about his old comrade's  
neck, and scrambling forward strains  
his eyes toward the harbor which the  
little craft is now rapidly nearing, and  
in a very fever of excitement imparts the  
intelligence that Humphrey and Rachel  
have come over from Cherbury, and are  
awaiting his return.

Halting of speech, mechanical of ac-  
tion, stony-eyed as one who dreams,  
Harry Reed sits with his hands on the  
tiller, asking no questions; hearing  
nothing beyond the quick throb of his  
pulses, and the surging of the blood in  
his ears. So the moments pass, and the  
boat is brought up alongside the harbor  
steps. Yet another brief interval, and  
Harry has fumbled his way mechanically  
up on to the pier; and a moment more  
and he becomes suddenly conscious of  
the approach of a woman's figure, of a  
passionate cry in his ears, and of a half-  
fainting form in his arms.

"Rachel, Rachel!" groans the strong  
man in his agony, when his voice at  
length comes to him, "couldst thou not  
have remained true to me even this  
short while?"

Her fingers move over his face, as the  
fingers of the blind move. "True,  
Harry?" she murmurs; "aye, true till  
death!"

"True?" he cries, casting her from  
him in a sudden frenzy of passion,  
"when thou'rt married?"  
"Married?" she whispers, gazing help-  
lessly into his face. Then suddenly she  
comprehends, and begins to laugh hys-  
terically and sob; and he, by some sub-  
tly intuition, suddenly comprehends also,  
and, straining her to his heart, cries:  
"Idiot that I have been! I was  
blind—blind; but now I see!"

And all this time a gray-haired,  
weather-beaten coast-guardsman has  
been tacking round and about these two  
central figures, yawing off as he ap-  
proached, only to be drawn at last into  
irresistible contact with them. What  
further words may have been spoken, or  
acts performed, by the little group, his-  
tory does not record; but that Hum-  
phrey Cheal quitted Harwich Pier-Head  
that morning with a clear two inches  
added to his stature is capable of dis-  
tinct proof; for is not Humphrey him-  
self—a witness as little given to romanc-  
ing as any officer who serves Her Ma-  
jesty on the storm-beaten coasts of these  
islands—ready to vouch for the fact?

They did not wait long, those lovers,  
for the last act of their little domestic  
episode; they thought that, after that  
parting of theirs, there was no occasion  
to do so. It was shortly after daybreak  
on the first Wednesday of the month of  
May, that they met; and the following  
Wednesday, just before noon, the bells  
of Cherbury Church rang out a glad-  
some peal, and Rachel Cheal and Harry  
Reed, kneeling side by side, turned over  
a fresh page, and as man and wife com-  
menced a new chapter of the great book  
of their lives.

## The Apple Crop.

Reports from the West and South say  
that the apple crop is very nearly a com-  
plete failure. A commission merchant  
who has traveled over the country says  
that he was in Ohio, both Northern and  
Southwestern New York, and New Eng-  
land, and also in Kentucky and Indiana.  
Throughout the sections I have named  
the apple crop will be almost a total  
failure. A farmer in Niagara county,  
which is one of the greatest apple-pro-  
ducing regions in New York State, said  
to me that he had a large orchard, and  
a half bushel measure would hold his  
whole crop. The Baldwin variety which  
is grown so largely in New York, and is  
in such large demand for export, is al-  
most an entire failure. What few apples  
we get from Western New York this  
year will be greenings. Some of the  
young orchards in the country which I  
visited will have a fair supply of fruit,  
but the old trees won't have anything to  
speak of.

The cause, he says, is generally attrib-  
uted to the extreme wet weather and  
heavy rains which prevailed just at the  
time of blossoming. The trees blossomed  
beautifully but the fruit did not set.  
The Southern States all report very light  
crops except North Carolina, where a  
fair yield is assured. In Michigan, a  
noted apple State, the crop will be very  
light.

## A Change of Mail Locks.

On October 1 the United States Post  
Office Department will substitute a new  
general mail lock for those now in use.  
The new lock is made of corrugated steel  
is lighter, stronger and safer than that  
now in use, and is manufactured by the  
Smith and Egge Lock Company of  
Connecticut. For several months clerks  
in the Mail Equipment Division of the  
Post Office Department have been test-  
ing the new locks and keys and distribut-  
ing them throughout the country. Fifty  
thousand keys were sent out to  
postmasters and other persons author-  
ized to hold them in separate registered  
letters and the efficiency of the registry  
system is shown by the fact that they  
were all properly delivered. When the  
receipts for the keys had been returned,  
locks were distributed among the heads  
of star routes, the termini of railway  
routes, and lock depositories. The  
change of mail locks is made only once  
in ten years.

A MAN in Ohio was in the habit of  
visiting a neighboring town and getting  
drunk. One night on his return home,  
with several sheets in the wind, he ap-  
proached his house, saw no light, and  
suspected that his wife had gone to bed.  
"Now, Mary has gone to bed," he said,  
"and hasn't anything for me to eat. I'll  
make it warm for her." But in a mo-  
ment he saw a light, and then said  
"I'll be blessed if the extravagant thing  
isn't sitting up till this hour of night  
burning out my oil. Now, damn me if I  
don't make it hot for her."

## HOW TIME-TABLES ARE MADE.

The Delicate Work Necessary to Get Them Ready for the Printers' Hands.

One of the most laborious things con-  
nected with the management of a rail-  
road is the instituting of changes in the  
time-table governing the running of  
trains. Instead of it being done with  
pen and paper, as many may suppose,  
the entire running arrangement of all  
passenger and freight trains, their cross-  
ing of other tracks or passage of trains,  
their stops, and last time are all calcu-  
lated by simple, common pins and spools  
of different colored threads. Before a  
time table or schedule is prepared the  
time chart, a large sheet of drawing  
paper is first stretched on a smooth sur-  
face and mounted on an easel. The chart  
is ruled either for two, five, or ten min-  
ute time by horizontal lines and perpen-  
dicular cross-lines. The "time" is  
marked above the horizontal line, and  
the distances, or stations and terminals,  
down the first perpendicular line. For  
illustration, 12 midnight is the mark  
on the first horizontal line, and each  
hour is marked until the twenty-fourth,  
or the following midnight hour, is  
reached on the last horizontal line. Be-  
tween the hour lines the space is divided  
into minutes and graduated as fine as  
desired. On a two-minute chart the  
space between the hours is divided into  
10 minutes' time and the 10 minutes'  
time into 2 minutes' time. The hour  
lines are made heavy and the lesser  
time lines are of a lighter shade to dis-  
tinguish them. The one terminus of  
the road, Milwaukee, for instance, is  
marked on the first line beside the first  
time mark, 12 midnight. The other  
stations follow down the perpendicular  
line until the other terminal is reached.  
Then all is ready to prepare for the run-  
ning arrangement, provided the pins and  
threads are ready.

A blue thread means a passenger  
train, and a red thread a freight train,  
and if the trains of other roads use part  
of the track they are designated by a  
different colored thread. It is calculated  
that the running time shall be, say,  
twenty-five miles an hour, and for the  
purpose of illustration, the tracing of  
one passenger train will explain them all.  
A passenger train leaves Milwaukee at  
8 a. m. A pin is placed on the hori-  
zontal line at the 8 a. m. time mark and  
the end of the blue thread fastened  
thereto. If the train runs without stop-  
ping for fifty miles, the blue thread is  
stretched over opposite to the station at  
which the stop is made, and directly  
under the 10 a. m. time mark another  
pin is stuck, and the blue thread wrapped  
about it to keep it taut. If this is a  
stop, say, of forty minutes, the blue  
thread is stretched to the 10:40 a. m.  
mark on a direct line with the same sta-  
tion, and another pin is stuck and the  
blue thread wrapped. The train starts  
and its entire course is thus timed and  
distributed along the road. If the rail-  
road has, say, fifty or sixty passenger  
and freight trains running daily, the  
chart, when completed, looks like a great  
spider's web stretched out with pins.  
But little work then remains to transfer  
the time and stations to the time-table  
and the schedule is ready for the printer.

## A Linguist's Fall.

A tall man impressively polite in his  
manner accosted a well known citizen  
on Third street, Troy, N. Y., Tuesday  
evening. "My friend," said the tall  
man, "I am a furrier from Worcester,  
Mass. I have walked all the way here  
to Troy. I am familiar with the  
French, Latin, and Greek languages,  
and can speak several East Indian  
tongues. But I am really in need of  
something to eat. Can you help me by  
giving me a little money?" "Do you  
speak Hebrew?" said the citizen. "I  
must confess I am unacquainted with He-  
brew." "Well, here's ten cents for not  
speaking Hebrew," said the citizen.  
"Be good," was the reply, "pays some-  
times not to know too much, don't it?"  
At 4:30 o'clock the next morning a man  
answering the description of the stran-  
ger was found drunk on a stoop. In  
the Police Court he gave the name of  
Philip Burns, and was sent to jail for  
ten days.—Troy Times.

A POLITICAL view of the situation—"A  
pretty time of night to come home,  
John," said a young bride, pointing to  
the clock, which stood at 1:10 a. m.,  
"and you but just married, too. Ugh!"  
"Mary, my dear," said John, pompously  
and somewhat thickly in speech, "I  
am a liberal, you are evidently conserva-  
tive. Let us neither now nor hence-  
forth discuss politics; it will make home  
unhappy."

DEAR.—One of the Harpers says that  
the fashions of the world are set by Ber-  
lin, whence the Parisians obtain them.  
The Germans themselves are not fond  
of dress, but their draughtsmen and man-  
ufacturers are skillful.