RAILWAY TIME CARD.

Arrives Durham.	R. & D. R. R. Depot, foot Corcoran St.	Leaves Durham.
4 35 a m	Night Ex. for Greens.	5 07 a m
5 07 a m	Night Ex. for Golds.	5 50 a m
10 18 a m	Passenger from Raleigh	
	Passenger for Raleigh	9 40 p m
12 32 p m	Express for Goldsboro	12 36 p m
7 39 p m	Express for Greensboro	7 41 p m
10 37 a m	Ft. and Pass. for Selma	11 20 a m
12 02 p m	Ft. and Pass. for Greens	12 35 p m
Arrives Durham.	**O. & C. R. R. Depot, foot Corcoran St.**	**Leaves Durham.**
9 35 p m	Express for Richmond	10 25 a m
	Express from Richmond	
	Ft. and Pass. for Rich.	7 50 p m
6 20 p m	Ft. and Pass. from Rich.	
Arrives Durham.	**D. & N. R. R. Depot, foot Corcoran St.**	**Leaves Durham.**
	Mail and Express	10 35 a m
4 30 p m	Mail and Express	
	Freight and Passenger	5 30 p m
9 45 a m	Freight and Passenger	
Arrives Durham.	**L. & N. R. R. Depot, foot Dillard St.**	**Leaves Durham.**
11 50 a m	Mail from Lynchburg	3 30 p m
7 30 p m	Ft. and Pass. from L'g	5 00 a m

DARING JAIL BREAKING.

DAVE PADDOCK'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM JOLIET.

An Almost Superhuman Display of Ingenuity Exercised by a Convict to Get Out of Prison—Working a Few Minutes at a Time for Over Two Years.

A section of iron bar was cut from the cell door of Dave Paddock by that redoubtable knight of the dark lantern and "jimmy" on the occasion of his sensational escape from Joliet. For over two years Paddock has schemed and worked to effect his purpose. He was sent up from Rock Island on an eight year term, and was placed at work in one of the shoeshops, where during every minute of the working hours in the shop he was constantly under the watchful eye of his keeper. There was not the least chance to plan an escape from the shop. But, not daunted at this, he determined to find some means of getting out of his cell at night.

To fully appreciate the difficulty of cutting out of a cell it must be remembered that three times every hour during the night, at irregular intervals, a guard wearing padded slippers—called "sneak shoes" by the convicts—makes his rounds, peering into each cell to make sure that all are secure and in bed. Paddock first appropriated a couple of thin bladed shoe knives from his shop, and, concealing them from the guard, took them to his cell, where, by using one as a file, he converted the other into a fine steel saw. Then by slow degrees he collected a large amount of shoe thread from the same shop, with which he braided the rope. All this required months of stealthful work, but in the course of time he had a slender, strong rope, fully fifty feet in length. This he kept carefully hidden in the mattress of his bed.

Next he began sawing the bars on his door a little at a time. Night after night he watched for the passing of the guard, and as soon as that official was beyond hearing distance he would cut a little and then fill up the space with black wax, which he had also obtained from the shoeshop, so that the prying eyes of the guard could not discover by daylight that the door had been tampered with. When the bar had been cut through he carefully wedged it back into place with small iron staples and bits of lead.

REMARKABLE CLEVERNESS.

He could now get outside of his cell, but the hardest work was yet to be done. His cell was located high up on the third tier, some sixty feet away from the tower door through which he hoped to make his way. Watching his chance, when the night guard was on the opposite side of the block of cells, he removed the bar from his door, crawled through the opening, and with all the agility of a cat climbed down the railing from tier to tier, ran across the corridor to the tower door, and, with a piece of shoemaker's wax, took an impression of the lock, regaining his cell before the guard appeared on that side of the cellhouse.

By careful working he made a key out of lead pipe that a plumber had dropped near his workbench in the shop. Several trips from his cell to the tower door were made during the next few weeks before his key would fit, and then it took him some time to get together enough material to make a "dummy" to put in his bed to prevent his absence being discovered before he could get beyond reach. On the very day that he intended to make his escape, while returning from the shop to his cell, he slipped upon an icy stairway and badly sprained his ankle. This almost discouraged him. His months of anxious toil had come to naught. His scheme would surely be discovered. After three weeks in the prison hospital he was sent back to work, and when he reached his cell that evening was overjoyed to find that his rope, key and "dummy" were still safely concealed in the mattress, and everything as he had left it.

ESCAPE AND CAPTURE.

Another week elapsed before his ankle would permit his making the attempt. The night came, however, and along about midnight he was safe inside the tower. A single iron bar still stood between him and freedom, and it would take long hours of hard work to cut through it. Just as daylight began to break the bar gave way. The rope now came into good use, and with its aid he slipped down upon the prison lawn and hurried away to the woods that line the bluffs east of the prison. Here he found a thicket or underbrush where he lay hid all that day, and when darkness came again he got away.

His absence was not discovered from prison until the guard went to unlock his cell in the morning. This was without doubt the cleverest escape that had taken place at Joliet, and stamped Paddock as a genius. Extraordinary efforts were made for his recapture. Large rewards were offered, and his description was cast broadcast. A year later it was discovered that Paddock had a mistress in Chicago. A watch was set on her house for several weeks, and sure enough one night Paddock put in an appearance. Captain Simon O'Donnell, of the police department, had the place surrounded and the daring convict was again in the toils. He was taken back to his old quarters at the prison, where he finally completed his sentence, not, however, until he had tried several other schemes for escape, but he was too closely watched to ever again succeed.—Joliet (Ills.) Letter.

Use for an Old Fashioned Caster.

If you happen to have among the family silver an old fashioned caster, don't frown at it uncompromisingly and wonder if it "can't be melted up into something useful." Take it down from its out of the way nook and unscrew the long handle which holds the cruet frame. This will leave when taken out as handsome a table jardiniere for ferns and flowers as your soul can desire, with the trifling addition of a tin basin, which any tinsmith will fit inside.—New York Times.

Open Cars to Be Remodeled.

"The days of the street car, grips as well as trailers, having the seats arranged crosswise instead of parallel with the car, are numbered." This remark was made a few days ago by a well known Chicago physician who is the medical examiner for an accident insurance company which insures the lives of many street car employees as well as patrons.

"Why do you say that?" was the query of a friend.

"For this reason—the cars built with the seats crosswise almost invariably have footboards running alongside so that the passenger may get on or off the car 'at any spot in the road,' as the sport would say, and these footboards facilitate a passenger in getting into danger. For instance, the rules of all the car companies require the passenger to get on or off the car on the side nearest the sidewalk. This rule was intended to keep the people off the track of the car going in the opposite direction. But these rules are not obeyed, and street car companies must pay damages when any one is hurt, and the conductor has no opportunity to stop his car if the passenger takes a notion to get off without signaling him to stop, and many people are injured while getting off a car while it is in motion—sometimes by being struck by a vehicle or another car, sometimes by slipping on the treacherous footboard or by making some kind of a misstep.

"The car with the end door as the only means of exit is the one which protects the company from many damage suits. The open car with the running footboard may be cheaper in construction, but statistics will show that nine-tenths of the accidents caused by getting on and off cars occur on open cars or grips with the cross seats and running footboards. I think there should be a city ordinance against their use. Besides, the street car companies will some day awaken to the fact that cars of that style sometimes cause in one minute damage equal to their first cost."—Chicago Times.

Albert Edward's Slumming Experience.

There are just now stories flying about of the Prince of Wales visiting the "slums" under a rather comical disguise, but though it is known that the prince, accompanied by Lord Carrington, made himself acquainted with the "seamy" side of life, very little art was required to conceal his identity. Indeed, it is surprising, though Englishmen are as a rule familiar, more or less, with the appearance of their future sovereign, how often his presence in a place where he is not expected passes without recognition.

Some years ago the prince, quite incognito, traveled down to Folkestone to meet Princess Louise, who was coming over from the Continent, and as there was some time to wait before the arrival of the steamer, he strolled about on the quay and ultimately went out with a boatman of local fame for a short cruise in the channel. When they got safely back the prince remarked, "Perhaps you would like to know who I am?"

"I don't know as I cares; it ain't no odds to me," came the reply.

"Well, I'm the Prince of Wales."

"The Prince of Wales!" ejaculated the old mariner, giving his customer a playful dig in the ribs. "Get along with yer!"—London Cor. Chicago Times.

A Storehouse of Electricity.

Minnesota, not to be behindhand in marvels, tells of an electric well which one of its citizens claims to have been discovered near Red Wing recently. According to the story the drillers had drilled about 150 feet when they lost their drill rods and a diamond drill. The whole business had dropped to nowhere in an instant. There was quite a force of air coming out of the hole, and the men said there was no use going any farther, because there wasn't any bottom. They concluded to fish for the rods and drill, but as soon as the rods were dropped into the hole they began to shiver in a queer way.

One of the men took hold of the bar with a pair of leather gloves, and he was knocked down. Then Hollywell touched the rope and got a shock, because it was wet. There seems to be a perfect natural storehouse of electricity. It is generated in some way in that pocket where the drills went, and there is enough of it to execute a whole county at once under the New York law.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Grand Old Commoner.

Though essentially a modest man, Mr. Smith had a certain pride of his own. Public rumor was always conferring a peerage upon him, and I suppose that had he lived he would have accepted one. But he was proud of his independent and "self made" position as a wealthy commoner. "You see," he said to me, "I have no aristocratic connections, no family interests: indeed, I haven't a male relative alive except my own boy. I am completely unprejudiced and unfettered." He was aware of the advantage this gave him. He was rich and a plebeian, and his colleagues had confidence in him accordingly as a strong administrator.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Question of Telephone Charges.

A proposal has been made by Dr. Strecker, of Berlin, which seems to solve the question of telephone charges. He proposes to levy a fundamental charge to meet the expenses for installation, maintenance and depreciation, in addition to a time charge, to meet the working expenses. Nothing could be fairer than to charge for the use of the telephone according to the duration of conversation, and Dr. Strecker proposes to use a clock which goes as long as the conversation lasts.—New York Telegram.

A New Way to Throw Rice.

A practical joke which the best man at an autumn wedding perpetrated was to deliver to the porter of the parlor car in which he saw them off a sealed telegraph envelope with instructions to deliver it at a certain station. The darky duly did so and the groom broke the seal to have a small avalanche of rice pour through his fingers.—New York Times.