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## The Inflated Presence.

I gaze aloof,  
On the thinned roof  
Where time's sad space are the warp and woof  
As a certain fling  
Of the dreadfulness of eternal things.  
But could I see,  
As in truth they be,  
The glories of heaven that encompass me,  
I should lightly hold  
The thinned roof  
Of that marvelous curtain of blue and gold.  
Soon the whole,  
Like a parched scroll,  
Shall before me be laid open;  
And without a screen,  
At one bound be seen  
The Presence wherein I have ever been.  
Oh! who shall bear  
The blinding glare  
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there?  
What eye may gaze  
On the unveiled blaze  
Of the light-girdle, throne of the Ancient of Days?  
Christ us aid!  
Hisself be our shade,  
That in the dim day we be not dismayed.

—WHITHEAD.

## THE STORY OF JEFFREY.

Eclipses, comets, and extraordinarily high tides can be predicted with accuracy; there is no one who can predict the time when the weather will strike its flag to science, and that means will be found of disentangling the conflicting influences which send an anemoid up and down. But in the art of foretelling the probable current of public enthusiasm there is no sign of progress. The keenest observer of human nature can no more guess whether the career of any particular sailor, warrior, explorer or criminal will simply appear in the newspapers and excite no more attention, or will be generally taken up as a matter of national importance, than the merest tyro can. It was more than a million to one that Robert Jeffrey's wrongs would remain unnoticed, or raise but a feeble and passing notice. He became a popular idol, however—a representative victim of the press-gang system, and the tyrannical customs which naturally grew out of it, and so a very curious story has been handed down to us.

In 1807 a privateer, named the Lord Nelson, was fitted at Polperro, in Cornwall, England, a place famous for its hardy race of smugglers, the entire population being brought up to look upon coast-guardsmen as natural enemies, who might be killed with as good a conscience as though they were Frenchmen.

The profits of privateering were often greater even than those of smuggling, and the Lord Nelson had no difficulty in gathering together a first-rate crew. Amongst them was a man who had been brought up as a blacksmith, but had found both excitement and profit in an occasional sea-trip, and indeed was as good as the filler as at the forge, as perhaps a trifle better.

The name of this amphibious Cornishman was Robert Jeffrey, and his career as a privateer was a short one; for the Lord Nelson, at the very commencement of her cruise, was forced to put into Falmouth, where she was boarded by the press-gang. It was a perfectly illegal proceeding, the press-gang had no more right to take a man out of the Lord Nelson, than you or I have to break into a house and take the plate-basket. But at the commencement of this century private rights were very little respected, where the public service was concerned, unless the person whom it was proposed to injure had plenty of money or political influence. Robert Jeffrey had neither, and he was carried on board H. M. S. Recruit, and converted into a man-of-war's man quite against his will, and in defiance of his clear and undoubted protection.

The command of the Recruit was a young officer at that time, well-known in the navy as a reckless, self-willed, passionate man, the fables of whose name were forced and exaggerated by despotic powers and drinking habits. As if his normal thirst were not enough, he was now sent to cruise in the Caribbean sea, where the heat of the sun whetted it to such an extent, that he was seldom or ever sober, the mildest potation that he used to quench it being spruce-beer, of which he kept a cask always on tap in his private cabin.

Before he had been on board many days, Jeffrey's proficiency as a smith was discovered, and he was made armorer's mate. So that there was a fair chance of his making his enforced trip pretty comfortably, and returning after a few months to his native place, with a pocketful of prize-money after all.

But an unfortunate group of circumstances put in its appearance, and the man was not the only thirty man in the ship; his armorer's mate, for example, occasionally had a drought upon him, which was considerably aggravated by the extremely hot weather, and the small allowance of water served out daily for the ship was running short of that treasure, which he never prize money. During this state of affairs, Jeffrey was sent to execute some job in the captain's room, and being left alone with the barrel of spruce-beer, he began to ogie it. There was a drinking cup, which had been used, lying very handy; the captain was on deck; no one could see him; he was very thirsty! He snatched up the cup, and distilled from his work a moment to draw off half a pint and toss it down. Very good it was, and very refreshing; if stolen waters were sweet, what must purloined spruce-beer be? Presently another drink was taken, with equal success. A third, however, was spoiled by the thick and wraithful voice of the captain, who had come below unheeded, unnoticed, in time to witness this outrageous act of daring presumption.

It would burn a hole in the paper to write down Captain Lake's remark upon the occasion, seventy years ago all gentlemen swung a little; naval officers swore very much increasing in volume as they rose in rank; men in liquor swore, as at the present day,

harget of all. You may imagine, then, what the language of a drunken sea-captain must have been when he saw his beloved spruce-beer flowing down the throat of a common armorer's mate.

That audacious wretch was clapped in irons presently, while his infuriated commander, having refreshed himself, returned to the deck, which he paced with unsteady steps, revolving in his mind what punishment would be sufficient for a crime so heinous. It ought to be something unusual, startling, appalling as the act which it avenged. Suddenly his eyes caught sight of a small island, now turned into a jewel by the rays of the sun, which was sinking in the west, and the inspiration came.

"Lieutenant!" he cried.  
"Sir!"  
"Man the gig, and send for that fellow I have had confined."

It was done, and then, to the lieutenant's horror, his superior officer ordered him to take the prisoner, land him on the barren rock, and leave him.

"I'll have no thieves on board my ship," he said.

The captain was evidently the worse for drink, and his lieutenant hesitated.

"Do you hear me, sir!" thundered the astonished commander, and discipline prevailed.

Deeply as he loathed the act, the lieutenant had no option but to obey; the crew, though they murmured, did not mutiny, and Robert Jeffrey was put ashore without food or drink. He had his knife, and one sailor gave him his handkerchief, and another a long stick which he had thought to throw into the boat as they shoved off for the deserted man to signal with. By this time the sun had sunk, and when the boat returned to the ship it left the poor fellow behind, alone, in the dark.

He fully believed that the captain only meant to frighten him, and bore up pretty well through the night with that idea. But when the morning dawned the Recruit was a mere speck in the distance, which slowly but surely passed away beyond the horizon. Then the unhappy man realized that he was a castaway.

The Recruit, indeed, had caught a favoring breeze, which carried her quickly to Barbadoes, where she joined the squadron under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. Her officers and crew, mingling with those of other ships, spoke freely of the affair, which presently reached the admiral's ears, who sent for the captain, questioned him, and finding the story true, severely reprimanded him for his brutality, and ordered him back to rescue the man.

The island upon which Jeffrey had been so barbarously left was one of the Leeward group, a desolate rock called Sombra, and the Recruit got back to it just a fortnight after the event. A careful search was instituted, but all that was found was a pair of trousers, not Jeffrey's, and a tomahawk-handle, no trace of the missing man being discoverable.

## KILLED BY RATTLESNAKES.

A House Fall of the Reptiles Burned with the Corpses of its Owner.

A distiller named Jones, who lived with his family near the lower bench of the Big Smoky Mountain, Tennessee, had been annoyed a great deal by the rattle-snakes that fell, and determined to change his location and business to a more secluded spot.

To carry out this purpose he selected the head of a deep gorge some four miles distant, walked in with cliffs, where during the winter, assisted by some of his friends, he erected a log building, comfortable-looking wife and his four children, and the spring facility opened, the still and other things necessary were moved to the place, and the work of violating the revenue law was resumed. Several "runs" were made, and Jones began to congratulate himself that he had at last found a refuge beyond the prying eyes of the Government officials, where he could pursue his avocation in peace.

The still-house being some distance from where his family lived, Jones rarely visited them more than once in a fortnight. Everything went on well enough until about four weeks ago, when he failed to appear at the accustomed time.

Nothing was thought of this for a day or two, but when another week elapsed without the return of Jones, the family became alarmed, and they thought that he had been captured by revenue jayhawks and carried to Knoxville or some other place where violators of the law are usually convicted and punished. The alarm was given through the sparsely settled neighborhood. A small number of men gathered, and accompanied by Mrs. Jones and her son, a youth of ten or twelve years of age, they started up the gorge in the direction of the still-house.

On reaching the building they found the door closed and fastened, and no sign of Jones or any one else could be seen. Mrs. Jones called the name of her husband several times; no response, however, came back to relieve her anxiety. But upon attempting to force an entrance they were greeted with those peculiar notes of warning which the ear of the East Tennessee mountaineer never fails to recognize. The door was at once broken down, and a sight met them that caused all to start with fright and horror.

The form of the distiller lay upon the floor, with eyes staring from their sockets, the features horribly distorted, and before he could be touched, the portions, while the whole interior of the building was alive with rattlesnakes, some in coil and ready for battle, but the larger proportion stupid and inert, as though they had been imbibing liberally of the illicit fruit of the still. The mother and son fled horror-stricken from the scene. A consultation was had, and it was impossible to secure the body of poor Jones without incurring fearful risk, it was determined to reclose the entrance and other apertures and fire the building, which was done. The party stayed until the house was entirely consumed, and before they returned to the place, the less still and the calcined bones of the miserable distiller.

It is supposed that Jones had built his manufactory close upon a den of the deadly reptiles in the overhanging cliff, and that attracted by the heat, or possibly the fumes of the still, they found their way into the building, and large numbers after he had closed the door and laid down to sleep.

## The Old Letter.

I found it this morning where it had blown with the dried leaves, under the porch, faded and creased and yellow as Flanders lace, and written in a fine cramped hand, with school-girl flourishes and queer, old-fashioned d's.

"DEAR JOHN (it ran)—"You say you have lost all love for me since last night, at the ball, because I flirted with the doctor's son."

"Oh, John, I meant no harm; you do not know—I was always such a silly little one, and it is so pleasant to be told one has brought eyes and a sweet voice! When you passed me without speaking, I thought my heart would break."

"Only forgive me, and I will be so good you won't know it is Olive at all—you will think it is some one else. Emma and Henry will go to the concert to-night, but I shall be alone, and watch for you at the south window. I shall always now be so discreet, so proper, so careful; and I love you, John."

OLIVE WILDE.

No one would suppose that the little old maid, who lives with her brother on Bleeker street, was ever young and girlish and impulsive enough to have written that letter; but here is her name in full, on the faded margin.

I saw John pass yesterday in his family carriage with his fleshy, comfortable-looking wife and his four children, a wealthy, portly, lofty old gentleman. Perhaps Olive saw him, too, knitting by the same south window where she had sat and watched in vain twenty years ago, till the sky and her life darkened together.

Little things make mountains of difficulties to lovers, and John never came. He married some one else, and perhaps soon forgot entirely the saucy, affectionate, coquetish Olive Wilde, whose bright oddity had chiefly attracted him.

Women do not forget so easily as men.

Olive thought of him when the morning colored the bit of sky at the end of the street; when the evening clouded the south window; when her parents died; when her brother and sister married; through every joy and sorrow of her life she carried this one memory.

Poor Olive! if there was anything in her head, it was to get that idea out again when once there.

She never saw any one she fancied, perhaps no one ever fancied her. Her freshness and vivacity (she had no beauty) were soon gone. The red in her cheeks and the light in her eyes began to fade. She ceased to take any pains with her dress.

## PROPERTY IN LONDON.

The Vest Possessions of the Nobility in the Metropolis.

The "City" of London is a mere village, right in the heart of a vast wilderness of houses, says Mark Train—like the central square of a chess-board; and, as the houses that inhabit it daily dwell miles away on the outskirts, it has a ridiculously small population in the night compared to what it has in the day time—800,000 in the day and 50,000 at night.

Anybody, a mechanic, or anybody else, who rents or owns a house, has a vote—that is to say, a man who pays rates, or taxes—for there is no law here which gives a useless idler the privilege of disposing of public money furnished by other people. The "City" has its own police, and its own government. The rest of the metropolis is composed of a great hive of once separate villages, which still retain their own names—as Charing, Holborn, etc.—but they are welded together into a compact mass of houses now, and no stranger can tell when he passes out of one of these towns and into another.

The estates of the nobility are strictly entailed, and cannot be alienated from the family. The town property which these great landlords own is leased for long terms—from half a century up to ninety-nine years; in Scotland nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I was visiting a house in the West End, the quarter where dwelling-house property is the most valuable. My host said he bought the lease of the house he was living in (a three-story brick with basement) twenty years ago, for seven thousand five hundred dollars, when it had forty-one and a quarter years to run. Every year he has to pay one hundred and fifty dollars ground rent.

But in these days property has so greatly advanced in value all over London, and especially at the West End, that if this lease were for sale now it would require something like a fortune to buy it, and the ground rent would be placed at one thousand dollars a year, instead of the one hundred and fifty dollars the present owner will go on paying for the next twenty years. The property belongs to the Duke of Bedford, and when he reflects upon what that property will have soared to, ten or fifteen years from now, and still paying him only the trifle of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, he probably wants to go and dig up his late ancestor and shake him.

This house is one of seventy-five just like it that surround a beautiful square containing two or three acres of ground—ornamental grounds, large old trees, broad, clean-shaven grass-plots, kept scrupulously swept free from twigs, fallen leaves, and all other eye-sores. His grace the Duke owns all those seventy-five houses, and he owns the ornamental square in the middle also. To each house he leaves a key that will open any of the numerous keys (there is an iron railing all around) to the square, and nobody can get in these but the occupants of the seventy-five houses and such persons as they choose to invite. They are a small set of croquet, the seventy-five pay a small sum yearly to keep the square in repair.

It was a pleasant day, and we walked along down the street. Every time we crossed a new street my host said:

"This property belongs to the Duke of Bedford also—all these stately blocks of buildings—both sides of the street, and—and we came to another ornamental square like the other, and surrounded by large dwellings.

"Who owns this square and these houses?"

"The Duke of Bedford."

"We turned and walked about half a mile in another direction. Still the same. All the way it was. This all belongs to the Duke of Bedford; this ornamental square is his; this is the statue of the late duke; and all the smoky statues we have seen represent dukes of the line, of former generations. We are pretty well tired out by this time, and we might go on till we could show you the great Covent Garden Market—one of the sights of London."

"Who owns it?"

"The Duke of Bedford."

"I suspected as much. Does he own the property around it?"

"He does."

"Does he own any in the country?"

"Whole counties."

I took a cab and drove about seventeen miles, or such a matter, to my hotel. No candles in my room—no water—not towels. I said to the landlord, "I have a very serious notion of complaining to the Duke of Bedford about the way you keep this hotel."

He said, "What has he got to do with it?"

I said, "He probably has a good deal to do with it; I suppose he owns it?"

"Well, he don't do anything of the kind; I own it myself."

The item was worth something, any way, and so I entered it in my diary.

"London is owned by the Duke of Bedford and a one-horse hotel-keeper."

But I found afterward that the Duke of Portland, the Marquis of Westminster, and other noblemen, own as largely here as Bedford does. Indeed, Westminster is much the richest peer in England—perhaps the richest man in the world. His income is some twenty thousand dollars a day, counting Sundays. But what it will be next year or the year after, baffles arithmetic, for the old cheap leases and ground rents are constantly running out, and the property being let at more than quadruple prices. The Duke of Portland owns the huge piece of ground on which the British Museum stands.

It is no hardship here to own real estate, for the taxes on it are trifling, and they are also on foreign wines and luxuries which only the well-to-do indulge in. The revenues come from the manifold things which Tom, Dick and Harry of the great middle and working classes have got to have and cannot do without.

If any carriage upset or injures another carriage in the streets of St. Petersburg, or if any passenger is knocked down, the horses of the offending vehicle are seized and confiscated to the use of the Fire Brigade.

## Items of Interest.

This is called Ministers' Leap Year because the vacation month, August, has five Sundays.

Phineas Battle, who committed suicide at Orange, Mass., gave \$10,000 to the Universalist church of that town.

A wealthy English widow, whose passion is small feet, offers to marry the man who is over five feet tall and can wear her shoe, number three's.

Talking of Goldsmith's Maid, it may be well to state that she is seventeen years of age, is owned by Henry N. Smith, of New York, who says he won't sell her for one hundred thousand dollars.

Fifteen hundred persons are employed at Key West in making cigars. More than half of them are Cuban. This industry has raised the place to one of the most prosperous communities in the South.

A beggar posted himself at the door of an English chancery court, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir! Only a penny, sir, before you go in." "And for what, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have one when you come out."

"Fapa, do you think Beech—"

"Hush, Johnny—" "But, papa, don't you think Beech—"

"Didn't you hear me tell you to stop your noise, sir? I won't have you talking about these things. Go in and get your face washed." And Johnnie, with tears in his eyes, wants to know why papa won't tell him whether beechnuts are ripe.

The South Kensington Museum, in London, has cost the nation since its establishment \$5,958,549. A correspondent writes: "Those who have visited this matchless museum will know that I underestimate rather than overstate its actual present value, when I say that if its contents were disposed of at auction to-morrow, they would not bring less than twenty millions sterling."

Hanburg, Conn., has recently had a curious love affair. Two brothers courted the same girl, and she engaged herself to the younger, but as the time set for the marriage drew near, the youth had difficulty in obtaining a certificate. Meanwhile, the girl transferred her affections to the older one, and, he having arranged to marry her, certificates, the bride was married on the very day set for the marriage with the younger brother.

## A Romantic Story.

Excellent material for a sensation story is furnished by the following well-established facts: Victorine Lafourcade, young, beautiful, and accomplished, had a great number of admirers. Amongst them was a journalist named Jules Bossonet, whose chances of being the successful suitor seemed to be the best, when suddenly Victorine, contrary to all expectation, accepted the hand of a rich banker named Renelle. Bossonet was inconsolable, and his honest heart ached all the more when he learned that the marriage of his lady-love was happy. Renelle neglected his wife in every possible way, and finally began to maltreat her.

This state of things lasted two years, when Victorine died—at least so it was thought. She was entombed in a vault of the cemetery of her native town. Jules Bossonet, a journalist, had been true to his love, and wellnigh beside himself with grief, he conceived the romantic idea of breaking open the vault and securing a look of the deceased's hair. That night, therefore, when all was still, he scaled the wall of the cemetery, and, by a circuitous route, approached the vault. He had broken open the door and entered the vault he lighted a candle, and proceeded to open the coffin. At the moment when he bent over the supposed corpse, scissors in hand, Victorine opened her eyes and stared him full in the face. He uttered a cry and sprang back; but, immediately recovering his self-possession, he returned to the coffin, covered its occupant's lips with kisses, lifted her out, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in the full possession of all her faculties. When Victorine was sufficiently recovered they left the church-yard and went to Bossonet's residence, where a physician administered such remedies as were necessary to affect the complete recovery of the unfortunate woman. This proof of Bossonet's love naturally made a deep impression on Victorine. She repented her past fickleness, and resolved to fly with the romantic Jules to America.

There they lived happily together, without, however, ever being able to fully overcome their longing to return to their native land. Finally, their desire became so strong to revisit the scenes of their youth that they decided to brave the danger attendant on a return, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1830. Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her. In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine the first glance, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1830. Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her. In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine the first glance, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1830. Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her. In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine the first glance, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1830.

## The Corn Crop.

The August returns to the U. S. Department of Agriculture from New England show a general improvement in the corn crop during July, though it is still backward. Maine averages 92 per cent. of a full crop; New Hampshire, 91; Vermont, 97; Massachusetts, 108; Rhode Island, 100; Connecticut, 107. It is very promising in portions of the South Atlantic States; Maryland averaging 96, shows the crops damaged by drought, especially on stiff soils; Virginia averaging 90, also shows a decline from the same cause and from insect ravages; North Carolina 91, it lost 1 per cent.; South Carolina and Georgia have risen to 10 per cent. above the average; Florida 102, maintains her July average; Texas declines from 106 to 102.

## A Deadly Spring.

A writer in the Colusa (Cal.) Independent says: "About one-half a mile over a mountain from Bartlett Springs there is what is called the Gas Spring. This is probably the greatest curiosity of the mountains. The water is ice cold, but bubbling and foaming as if boiled, and the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No live thing is to be found within a circuit of 100 yards near the spring. The very birds, if they happen to fly over it, drop dead. The gas which escapes here is on its destructive properties by holding it a few feet above the water; it stretched dead in two minutes. It will kill a human being in twenty minutes. We stood over it about five minutes, when a dull, heavy, aching sensation crept over us, and our eyes began to swim. The gas which escapes here is the rankest kind of carbonic, hence its sure destruction of life; also, quenching of flame instantaneously."

## Home Luck.

A young lady in San Francisco is engaged to a gentleman who, through his recklessness, has well nigh caused her death on several occasions. About three months ago this young man, when on the point of separating from his affianced until the next evening, made a mistake in his selection of overcoats in the hall, and finding a revolver in the pocket, he drew it out and commenced toying with the weapon. It was accidentally discharged, as a natural consequence, and the young lady received a severe wound in the arm. This misadventure, however, was not the end of her troubles, for she was afterwards struck by lightning, and the current of true love was gliding very placidly again, when she accepted an invitation to ride out with her lover. The couple had scarcely started when the horse ran away, the buggy was capsized, and the young lady was thrown down a bank, sustaining a fracture of the leg and several bruises. This accident will again defer the culmination of this disastrous courtship for several months longer. With patience and the exercise of much prudence, however, they may be happy yet.

## The Milk Trade.

The milk trade of New York city and its vicinity is a very large one, and gives employment to a great number of persons, besides forming an important portion of the traffic of seven lines of railroad. In order to give a clear idea of this trade it may be interesting to show the plan of operations between the producer and the consumer, and the milk dealer first arranges with the farmer or dairyman as to the price to be paid him per quart, delivered at the station of the railroad, and the probable quantity to be supplied daily, after which the former has to pay the freight to this city, and provide means to transport the milk to the city. In numerous cases the dealer will agree to take from the farmer the whole of his production, and in these instances the price is sometimes uncertain, and often unprofitable. When the weather is hot or the winter severe, there is often a greater demand for milk than the farmers can supply, and the dealer is compelled to buy the required extra quantity from speculators; and in these instances \$5 has often been refused for a can of 40 quarts. Should the weather be cool, or a large number of consumers be absent from the city, the supply would be in excess, and the dealer will often be unable to sell his extra stock for even \$1 per can, which, in some instances, is lower than he pays the farmer, and he also loses the cost of freight. Before a farmer can enter upon the work of supplying a milk dealer he requires the capital, as it is necessary for him to have a double triple set of cans, and in some instances four or five cans for every 40 quarts of milk he sends to market. First he must have one can to hold the milk. This is filled on the day prior to being sent, and is held the day of arrival—by the dealer, and returned to the milk depot the next night, at the same time when removing the following day's supply, and is forwarded to the farmer by the returning train. The can has then to be thoroughly cleaned, and placed for a time in a running stream to cool off, so as to be fit for the reception of milk. Should there be the slightest particle of old milk or cream left in the can the probabilities are that the whole can of new milk will be spoiled. Where streams are not convenient ice is often used. Meanwhile the milk has to be sent to market, and cans are thus detained, others must be made to replace them. It costs from \$4 to \$5, a capital of about \$100 is necessary to send even five cans, or 200 quarts of milk, to market daily. Some large dairymen have over \$1,000 thus invested in cans alone, and many have lost a large amount in consequence of cans having been lost, stolen, or misappropriated by the consignees and others.

The total daily supply from all sources is between 9,000 and 10,000 cans, averaging 40 quarts each, and the revenue to the railroads from freight of milk alone aggregates about \$6,000 daily. About 2,000 cans of milk come in on private wagons, or are supplied from cows in the city and suburbs.

## Home Luck.

WHAT TO DO.—That was shrewd advice of a learned lawyer to a pupil: "When the facts are in your favor, but the law opposed to you, come out strong on the facts; but when the law is in your favor, and the facts are opposed to you, come out strong on the law."

"But," inquired the student, "when the law and the facts are both against me, what shall I do?" "Why, then," said the lawyer, "talk around it."

## Home Luck.

There is scarcely a fashionable caprice that doesn't do good to some one. Thus the ornaments of white and black jet which have become the vogue in Paris have restored prosperity to the working classes of Venice, who were in a state of great distress before the revival of the taste for jet trimmings.

## Home Luck.

Somebody defines flirtation to be attention without intention.