

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence invoking smile.)

"Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable.)

"Astraddle, I believe, sir.

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation on his cheek, but still speaking in his blandest tones). "But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness. He never rides any gait, sir. His boys ride all the gaits."

Lawyer (his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky).

"But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness "Keep up, if his horse is able, if not he goes behind."

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in a perfect fury). "How does he ride when alone, sir?"

Witness. "Don't know: never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer. "I have done with you, sir."

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### *Quips and Quirks.*

"ONE of the funniest things that ever happened during my connection with the Georgia judiciary was when I was first elected solicitor," said Judge Griggs, of Atlanta.

"The demands of my position frequently put me in the attitude of prosecuting a friend. It was hard, but I did it.

"An ex-sheriff of a county in my circuit—a fellow that I had known and liked for a long while—was prosecuted for making away with some money. It was an ugly charge. The evidence was conclusive against him.

"When I went down to court he came staggering into my room about two-thirds drunk: 'Jim,' he said, these infernal scoundrels are trying to prosecute me—

perfect outrage. I told 'em just wait 'till I saw Jim Griggs and we'd fix it—I told 'em we'd let 'em know how to prosecute. And we will; won't we, Jim?"

"I looked at him very gravely and said: 'Tom, I've got a dead case against you. I'm going to prosecute you, convict you and send you to the penitentiary. You are guilty. You got the money, and I've got the evidence to prove it.'

"He looked at me in perfect amazement. He was dumbfounded. He said I didn't mean it. I told him I did. He straightened himself up and marched out without a word.

"His case was the first one called after dinner. The Judge asked if he had counsel. He said no, and didn't want any. He spoke in a half drunken fashion. 'But,' said the Judge, 'you are charged here with a serious offence, and if you have no money to employ a lawyer I'll appoint one for you.'

"The defendant didn't like it. He arose with difficulty. He steadied himself against a table, and speaking in a maudlin fashion, said:

"'Yer honor, I said I don't want no counsel, and I don't want none. I meant what I said. I don't want—hic—take no 'vantage of ze state. State ain't got no counsel—what der I want with any?'"

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SAYS Bridget to Pat: "And how do ye loike bein' on the jury, Pat?" Says Pat: "It's somewhat confin'in'." "Yes," adds Bridget, "and it's harrd wurrk, too." "Well," says Pat, "it's aisy enough de-coiding which soide is right when only one of thim's Oirish, but whin they're both Oirish, bedad, it's the very devil."—*Household Words.*