

whilst his Lordship was presiding at Green Street, two persons were indicted for the alleged larceny of a sum of money belonging to a person called John Francis. It was stated by the constable who arrested the prisoners that one of them had in his possession £1 8s. 6d. in silver and 11 d. in coppers, and the prisoner stated that he did not know how it had got into his pocket. The jury acquitted the accused, and his Lordship, blandly addressing the prisoner in whose pocket the money had been found, said: "I suppose you don't object to giving back the money to Francis?" "No, my Lord," said the prisoner, cheerfully. "Quite right," said Lord O'Brien. Thus the little mistake was rectified in so far as it could be, and with the utmost good feeling on all sides.—*Law Times*.

A big husky Irishman strolled into the Civil Service room where they hold physical examinations for candidates for the police force.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.

"Which, sor?"

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and pounded his back.

"Hop over this rod," was the next command.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands."

He lost his balance and sprawled upon the floor. He was indignant but silent.

"Now jump under this cold showe."

"Sure an' that's funny," muttered the applicant.

"Now run around the room ten times. I want to test your heart and wind."

This last was too much. "I'll not," the candidate declared defiantly. "I'll stay single."

"Single," inquired the doctor, puzzled.

"Single," repeated the Irishman with determination. "Sure an' what's all th's funny business got to do wid a marriage license anyhow?"

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.—*Everybody's*.