

vant named Ada Wilton claimed £2 6s. 8d. for a month's wages, and another month's money in lieu of notice from Mrs. Stallbrass, of Graham Road, N. The defendant denied liability, saying that the girl only stopped a week, and was always reading and writing.

Judge—Why should she not read?

Defendant—And neglect her work? Oh, my, I wish you had had her for a week. I was to pay her £14 a year. Just listen how she treated me. I told her to cook some steak for the children when they came home from school. At one o'clock I went into the kitchen. The frying-pan was on the fire red hot, and the steak was in the pantry. (Laughter.)

Plaintiff—That is not true.

Defendant—Oh, you wicked girl. Were you not busy writing a novelette?

Plaintiff—What if I were? I did not neglect your work.

Defendant—I saw the beginning of it. The title was, "The Vengeance of the Viscount." (Laughter.)

Plaintiff—And a good title too. (Loud laughter.)

Defendant—And what did you say when I spoke to you?

Plaintiff—Spoke! Do you call it speaking? You uttered shameful imprecations.

Defendant—Eh, what?

Plaintiff—Oh, of course, you don't understand. (Laughter.) You swore. Did I not tell you I had been used to ladies? At the end of my month I was to go. I would not stand a woman who did not sound her "h's."

Defendant—Your Honor, she was most insulting. She used to sniggle when I spoke. She used to say, "Please speak English. I don't understand Whitechapel." (Laughter.) She spilt a bottle of ink over the breakfast tablecloth. When I asked her about it she said she had an idea in her head and was bound to write it.

Plaintiff—And I am not going to miss ideas!

Defendant—When I told her to go she said she did not care; she would leave there and then. She said she had found a publisher, and she would beat Marie Corelli.

Plaintiff—I never used such slang. I said I would outvie Marie Correlli. I have found a publisher. When I have saved enough money they will print my book. No more caps and aprons for me then.

Judge—Will you give her the month's money without notice?

Defendant—Yes, with pleasure. Let her be as writer-fied as she likes.

Plaintiff—I'll take it. When my novel is published she can have it back.

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A good story is told of a Glasgow baillie on the occasion of a witness being sworn before him. "Hold up your right arm," commanded the lineal descendant of Baillie Nicol Jarvie. "I canna dae't," said the witness. "Why not?" "Got shot in that airm." "Then hold up your left." "Canna dae that either—got shot in the ither airm, too." "Then hold up your leg," responded the irate magistrate; "no man can be sworn in this Court without holding up something."