

UNFRUITFUL.—The learned counsel was endeavoring to impress the court with the fact that his clients had always been anxious to settle. "My Lord," he said, impressively, "only eighteen months ago we held out the olive branch." "Yes," responded the witty judge, "but there were no olives on it."—*Exch.*

A Wheeling, W. Va., lawyer says he has heard many queer verdicts in his time, but that the quaintest of these was that brought in not long ago by a jury of mountaineers in a sparsely settled part of that State.

This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the court room. At last they straggled back to their places and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow, with a superlatively solemn expression, voiced the general opinion:—

"The jury don't think that he done it; for we allow he wasn't there; but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."—*Exchange.*

During the recent financial panic, according to a contemporary, a German farmer went to a bank for some money. He was told that the bank was not paying out money, but was using cashier's cheques. He could not understand this, and insisted on money.

The officers took him in hand, one after another, with little effect. At last the president tried his hand, and after long and minute explanation, some inkling of the situation seemed to be dawning on the farmer's mind. Much encouraged, the president said: "You understand now how it is, don't you, Mr. Schmidt?"

"I t'ink I do," admitted Mr. Schmidt. "It's like dis, aindt it? Ven my baby wakes up at night and wants some milk, I gif him a milk ticket."—*Exchange.*