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The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer

February, '13





The Verdict

It was the first case ever tried in Stony Gulch, and the jury had sat for hours, arguing and disputing over it, in the bare little room at the rear of the courtroom. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a tall mountaineer, voiced the general opinion.

"We don't think he did it," he said slowly, "for we allow he wa'n't there; but we think he would ef he'd had the chanst."

The New Judge

A new Missouri judge arose to charge the jury, and spoke as follows

"Gentlemen of the jury: charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence as well as myself. You have heard what the learned council has said. If you believe what the council for the plaintiff have told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will find a verdict for the defendant. But if you were like me, and don't believe what either of them said, then I'll be d----d if I know what you'll do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

Held Up

A suburban train was slowly working its way through one of the blizzards of '94. Finally it come to dead stop and all efforts to start again were futile.

In the wee, small hours of the morning a weary commuter, numb from the cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train and floundered through the heavy show-drifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the operator:

"Will not be at office today. Not home yesterday yet."





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