

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman,  
 Cover his face, lest it freckle and tan;  
 Master the Apron-String Guards on the Common—  
 That is the corps for the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,  
 Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,  
 Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster—  
 That is the crest for the sweet little man.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### Flotsam and Jetsam.

A lawyer who makes a specialty of patent cases was once engaged in a case before a country justice.

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded the justice.

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I'm an attorney."

"P'raps you are, but I never heard one talk like you do. What kind of a one are you?"

"I'm a patent attorney."

The magistrate rubbed his chin in thought. "Well, all I've got to say is," he said, slowly, "that when the patent expires, I don't believe you can ever get it renewed again."—*National Monthly.*

Mr. Justice Maule once addressed a phenomenon of innocence in a sack-frock in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; I think you innocent; but a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not appear to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day, and, as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business." The unfortunate rustic, rather scared, went about his business, but thought that the law was an uncommonly puzzling "thing."