

"It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the centre of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive that his neighbor was guilty, because he had seen the ducks in the defendant's yard.

"How do you know they are your ducks?" I asked.

"Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere!" replied the farmer, and he gave a description of their various peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others.

"Why," said I, "those ducks can't be of such rare breed! I have seen some just like them in my own yard."

"That's not at all unlikely," replied the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

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"Have you ever been in prison?" asked a badgering lawyer of a modest witness, whom he was trying to bully.

The witness did not answer.

"Come, now, speak up, no concealment. Have you ever been in prison, sir?"

"Yes, sir, once," answered the witness, looking modestly down to the floor.

"Yes, I thought so. Now when? When were you in prison, sir?"

"In 1863."

"When, sir?"

The witness hesitated.

"Come, own up, now, no dodging," screamed the lawyer. "Now, where were you in prison, sir?"

"In——in——in——"

"Don't stammer, sir, out with it; where was it?"

"In——in Andersonville, sir."

There was a moment's pause. Then the lawyer, who was an old soldier, put his hand to his forehead as if a pistol shot

had struck him, while the tears came to his eyes. Then jumping forward, he clasped his arms around the witness' neck and exclaimed:

"My God! I was there myself."

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"What time of night was it when you saw the prisoner in your room?" asked the defendant's attorney in a recent suit.

"About three o'clock."

"Was there any light in the room at the time?"

"No sir, it was quite dark."

"Could you see your husband at your side?"

"No sir."

"Then, madam," said the attorney triumphantly, "please explain how you could see the prisoner; and could not see your husband."

"My husband was out of town, sir."

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It was on the coast belt of South Carolina during reconstruction times. Mr. Bissell, a large rich planter, had lost several hogs, found the thief, a black man, had him arrested by a colored trial justice in Colleton county, and the day for trial was at hand. Defendant demanded a jury. The justice was full of the importance of the case: Mr. Bissell was a rich man, and "dis case gwine to git in de papers." The justice charged the jury, sent them out into the woods to decide upon their verdict; in half an hour the jury returned, notified "de cort," and handed the verdict in. This was as follows: "We find Mr. Bissell guilty." The Court, on reading it, replaced the spectacles it had taken off, and said, "Now look here, gentlemen, dis ting won't do. What you find Mr. Bissell guilty bout? Him lose he hog, and dis defendant, Joe, tuck 'em or ain't tuck um; what you gots to do wid