

### What is a Team.

The Court of Queen's Bench was recently called upon to give a legal definition to the word "team." A tenant of an English duke had agreed, as a part of his rent payment, to furnish at sundry times "one day's team work with two horses and one proper person."

On one occasion the duke's manager desired the farmer to send a cart to fetch coals from a railway station to the ducal mansion. The farmer offered to furnish two horses and a man, but insisted that the duke should supply the cart. "There can't be a 'team' without a cart or wagon," said the manager.

"Oh, yes, there can!" replied the farmer; the horses are the team."

Both parties were honest, and both were obstinate, and so the law was asked to decide which definition of a "team" was correct, the duke's or the farmer's. A jury said the duke's, but the farmer asked the Court of Queen's Bench if the jury were not quite incorrect as was the duke.

The court heard learned lawyers argue, and also discussed among themselves, What is a team? Poetry and lexicons were appealed to. One judge quoted these lines to show that the team is separate from the cart:

"Giles Jelt was sleeping, in his cart he lay,  
Some waggish pilf'ers stole his team away.  
Giles wakes and cries, "Ods bodkins, what is here?  
Why, how now; am I Giles or not?  
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;  
If not, Ods bodkins, I've found a cart!"

Another judge quoted a line from Wordsworth:

"My jolly team will work alone for me."  
Horses, said the learned judge, might be "jolly," but a cart cannot. Whereupon the counsel for the duke gave the judge "a Rowland" for his "Oliver" by citing Gray's lines:

"Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield,  
How bow'd the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!"

But the farmer's lawyer "capped" that quotation with several citations from the poets. From Spenser:

"Thee a plowman all unmeeting found,  
As he his toilsome team that way did guide,  
And brought thee up a plowman's state to bide."

From Shakespeare:

"We fairies that do run,  
By the tripple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream."

From Dryden:

"Any number, and passing in a line,  
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,  
Which clap their wings and cleave the liquid sky."

The judges decided two to one that the farmers' definition of "team" was correct; and then as if to add another to the many illustrations of the "glorious uncertainty of the law," said they would hear the case over again.

The case shows the importance of putting down in a written agreement just what is agreed upon, and of eschewing all ambiguous words.

### The Storks—A Scene in the Lowlands of Holland.

Storks are as familiar to the people of Holland as the robins are to my young friends, the readers of the *Advocate*. I dare say some of you have read of the great affection of the storks for their young ones, and the equally great affection of the young storks for their parents. One instance of this has been often told. A stork, it is said, had grown very old and feeble, and was no longer able to procure its own food from the fens where they are accustomed to procure small fish and creeping animals for their food. This old stork was seen sitting on the bank of a canal, partly bare of feathers from her great age. Two younger storks—her own children—were with her, one on each side, feeding her with their long bills, putting into her bill the food they had brought from beneath the stagnant waters of the fens.

Storks are never disturbed in Holland by any one; even little boys walk past them without annoying them. One of the laws of Holland forbids

the killing of a stork or even the robbing of a stork's nest, under a heavy penalty. Holland is a very low, flat country, and many of the buildings have their foundations on piles sunk in the soft, wet earth. In this marshy earth, or mud, great numbers of small living creatures breed and live. They bore into the sunken piles and eat away so much of them that, if there were no check to their ravages, they would destroy the piles and cause the buildings that are built resting on them to tumble into ruins. Storks are the great friends of man in contending with these wood-eaters. They go through the fens and wade on their long legs through the sluggish waters, and with their bills search for these insects, destroying vast numbers of them. On this account they are protected by the laws of the kingdom. The people also like them for the great affection they have for one another. Our Canadian birds do us great good by destroying the insects that are robbing our gardens and orchards of their fruit, and so they are called our feathered friends. I hope you will protect them from being stoned or shot, and save their nests from being robbed.

### The Backbiter.

There's some one living in this town  
(Maybe you know her name,  
And maybe, should I write it down,  
Your own might prove the same),  
Who, when you say "He's good," will cry  
"Indeed! You think that's true,  
But," very confidentially,  
"You wouldn't—if you knew!"

One says, "What pretty girl goes by!"  
"Oh, horrors! you don't think  
So!—Since we're you and I,



STORKS IN HOLLAND.

I'll say her parents drink.  
And she—well, I won't tell it out,  
Though I've no doubt 'tis true.  
You think she's nice and pretty, but  
You wouldn't—if you knew!"

If one sings sweetly, "How she flirts!"  
If dressed in taste, "What style!"  
Supremely "vulgar" all her hats,  
Her dresses simply "vile."  
And when good Deacon Busby failed  
(A noble man and true),  
She said, when he his lot bewailed,  
"You wouldn't—if you knew!"

Let those admire and love who can  
This malice-breathing dame,  
Who seems to think a prosperous man  
Must surely be to blame;  
That beauty is a mask of sin,  
That goodness must be crime;  
She sees but thieves and rascals in  
The heroes of the time.

Sometimes she doesn't hesitate  
To tell us what she knows,  
And in nine cases out of eight  
A lie is all she shows.  
For virtue's sake, I hope to find  
One good old doctrine true.  
Some heat for such I should not mind,  
You wouldn't—if you knew.

"Whisky is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said Jones, "don't the Bible say, Mr. Preacher, that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, Deacon Jones; but it don't say we are to swallow them."

### How She Gave the Census.

When the census taker rapped at the door of a certain Detroit cottage on Crawford street, the other day, and wondered if the woman would set the dog on him or douse him with dish-water, a great disappointment awaited him. She opened the door softly, snuffed the air to see if he smelled of lightning rods, and then threw it open for him to enter.

"Madam, I am making a canvass of the city," he began.

"Ah! sit down," she replied, and as he began opening his book she continued—"There are five of us in the family, and we paid \$100 down on this place. My husband's name is Peter, his age is forty-two, and he came from a mean family. His father was always having lawsuits about dogs, and his mother was the greatest gossip in Elmira. Have you got that down?"

"My name is Alvina Sarah, and I was born in—"

"I don't care to know where you were born, madam," he interrupted.

"Well, I care!" she exclaimed; "it makes a great deal of difference whether I was born in Africa or Boston, and I want it put down. As I was saying, I was born in Boston in 1838. Put down that I came of a good family."

"Madam, you don't understand—you—"

"Don't I understand that I came of a good family? I'd like to know of a Boston family which carried their noses higher than the Rogerses! Put down that my father was in the Mexican war."

"You have three children, madam?"  
"I haven't any such thing, sir!" Put down that my mother was killed by an explosion in a quarry. Her mother and father were—"

"How many children have you, madam?"

"Have you got mother down?"

"No, madam. You see, I am taking the census of the city."

"Well," she said, giving him a dangerous look, "I had the typhoid fever at the age of fifteen, and for weeks and weeks I hung on the edge of the grave. I bore up as well as I was able, and—"

"Five in the family—how many children?" he inquired.

"Put down that I bore up!" she commanded. "And that one night when the watchers were asleep, I crept out of bed and took a drink of—"

"This is foreign to the subject, madam. How old are your children?"

"Haven't you put down that I hung on the edge of the grave?"

"No, madam."

"Aren't you going to?"

"No, madam. You see I am simply taking the census of Detroit. I desire to ascertain—"

"You can't ascertain it here, sir!" she snapped. "If my sickness, which cost over \$200, isn't good enough to go in the book, then you don't get a line here!"

"Let me ask you—"

"No use asking for any of our photographs, sir. If you get 'em anywhere and put our pictures in that book, we'll make it hot for you! Good day, sir, good day!"

He stood on the step, sighing, and she called through the door—

"My grandfather was also bitten to death by an alligator, but I won't give you any of the particulars! You want to walk."

He passed on, sorrowfully wondering if the next woman's mother was blown off a bridge or carried down the river on a haystack. —*Detroit Free Press*.

They were sitting on the piazza near the seaside. He was her lover, handsome, and full of the ardor of impassioned youth. She was sentimental and pretty, but the mosquitoes were buzzing around her so lively that even love became monotonous. Finally there was a lull in the conversation, which he broke by observing: "What are the wild waves singing?" She smiled sweetly, and swinging one of her ivory arms over her golden curls, lisped: "I think they must be singing Home, Sweet Home." He left.

SECOND THOUGHTS.—Priest: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Bridegroom Elect: "Well, aw's warned aw'll hev to hev her. But aw wad rayther hev her sister!"