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It Altered the Case.

"Made an arrest, did you?" inquired a citizen, as he halted beside an officer on Howard street who was watching the patrol wagon on its way up the street.

"Yes, sir."
"Serious charge?"
"He was disturbing the peace."
"Ah! good thing you took him in. There's altogether too many rowdies around. Did he bite your hand?"

"Yes, sir."
"You ought to have used your club on him in return. I have often asserted that you policemen don't defend yourselves as you should. If I was an officer and a ruffian like me I'd break his head for him. Did you learn his name?"

"He gave it as James Blank."
"No! Young man with a check suit and dark hat?"

"Yes."
"He is my son! So you arrested him, did you? Officer, I'll take your number and if I don't get you off the force within a month my name is mud! You police have taken altogether too many privileges to yourselves and it's high time some one came to the front and sat down on you. Arrested my son, eh? You prepare yourself to hear something drop."
—Detroit Free Press.

Dividing the Estate.

"Ah, good morning Mr. Skineur," remarked Lawyer Fleece as he met his fellow lawyer on the street. "I hear old Richfield died last night."

"Yes," responded the other; "I am the attorney for his daughter, and I'm just going up to see her."

"Indeed! Well, I'm the attorney for his son. Can't we make a little something out of this?"

Lawyer Skineur stroked his chin reflectively.

"I think we might," he said. "I'll advise Miss Richfield to contest the will. I'll tell her that her brother has no right to half the estate, and that if she will only go to court she might as well have it all."

"Um—yes; and I'll defend it for her brother. But suppose I am defeated?"

"Then appeal it."

"And if you're defeated?"

"Why, I'll appeal it."

"But when it gets to the highest court?"

"Oh, well; we'll have the estate ourselves, then, and we'll divide it."—Chicago Rambler.

Selected Morals.

Grocer—I've called with that little bill, Mrs. Short. Mrs. Short—Oh, I'm so sorry; my husband has gone to Coney Island, and won't return for a week—(Hoarse whisper from the next room)—Make it a month, Sarah, make it a month.

A little boy wanted to stay home from school, and knew his mother wouldn't let him unless he was sick. So his mother said, "Why, my little man, are you sick this morning?" The little man not knowing a whole vocabulary of ailments to select one from, on the spur of the moment said, "Yes, ma'am; my teeth itch."—Accident News.

Clairvoyant—You will marry a coachman and get your name in all the papers. Visitor—Humph. Clairvoyant—Well, that's the best I can do for a quarter. Make it forty cents and you will be the happy wife of a rich congressman. I'm giving you the same rates I give regular customers.—Tid Bits.

A Lesson in Table Manners.

It was a country Sunday school picnic, where great quantities of the regulation eatables, chiefly apple pies, had been brought for the children to eat. Little Mary Jane, from away back in the hills, was there, and with her mother, who kept an eye on the child constantly to see that her behavior was perfect. Presently Mary Jane was observed digging into an apple pie with her knife; whereupon her mother spoke up: "Mary Jane Beals!" "What, ma'am?" "What be you a-doing?" "Eatin' pie, ma'am." "What be you a-eatin' it with?" "Knife!" "So you be! Now what have I told you about eatin' pie with your knife, Mary Jane! Take that pie up in your hand and eat it as you'd ought to!"—Boston Record.

Joys and Sorrows of Journalism.

The Aurora (Ill.) Blade boasts over the fact that while only five years ago it started with three regular subscribers and one fellow who said he would talk with his wife about it, now the subscription book is running over with names, and the editor is compelled to chalk the balance down on the back of the stove pipe.

A Terrible Warning.

It has been predicted that tight lacing will in time produce a red nose.—Twin Topics.

Trials of the Dude.

De Bergen—Aw, I say what—aw—do ye pay your man, Cholly? Cholly—Ten pun a month, old chappie. De Bergen—Ten pun. Why, me boy, ye can get a deuthed good one for six pun. Cholly—Ya—us, but this fellah, y'know, was once stable boy fah the Pwince of Wales. He's worth four pun more on that account, don't y'know. De Bergen—Aw, ya—as, of course. That's different.

HE HAD TO SHAVE SOMETHING.

Gentle Youth—Hold on there! You're taking all the skin off my lip. Barber—Well, that is the only thing on your lip that I can take off.

A SLANDER.

Werker—Hullo, Harold, I'm surprised to see you at this hour. I heard you had gone to work.

Harold (offended)—Now, old chappie, you—aw—don't mean that now.

Werker—Indeed, I heard so.

Harold—Well—aw—you didn't believe it, did you?

Werker—No; I knew you too well.
Harold—Thanks, den! Loy, thanks! I'm—aw—glad the base slandah weceived the twentment it deserved.—Chicago Rambler.

What Troubled Him.

Editor's Wife—Why, John, what is the matter? You look dreadfully pale and out of sorts. Are you in trouble? Editor—I should say I was. Here it is publication day and my patent insides haven't come from New York yet. Editor's Wife—Mercy, John, you never told me anything about your patent insides.—Tid Bits.

The Danville Breeze tells of a young woman riding with a young man, and exclaiming at the sight of two colts: "Oh, see those two little cowlets!" "You are mistaken," said the young man; "those are not cowlets, but bullets."

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