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HARD OF HEARING.

GREAT AMUSEMENT IN ONE OF THE PARIS LAW OFFICES.

The Judge Had a Queer Time Getting Information—The Explosions of Laughter Were Numerous and the Utmost and Funniest of the Jokes were told.

A great deal of merriment has just been excited in one of the Paris law courts owing to the very odd answers given by a defendant to the questions addressed to him by the judge. The family of which he was a member was the possessor of a dog which had been bitten by rabies, orders had been given to destroy the animal. One of his kinsfolk, who was examined before he was called, declared that he had preferred to "lose" the dog; so one morning she reported to the Hall of Justice wearing a crown, and there she made her way home, leaving the poor beast to look after itself. When the judge admired her conduct in thus turning a dog "which was reputed to be mad" loose on society, she quietly replied, "I had only been bitten."

"Are you dead?" asked the judge by inquiring why he had not killed the dog. "I beg your pardon, most president, she can't come on account of her health" was the answer which he received. "What, the dog?" asked the judge much puzzled. "Yes, and here is the doctor's certificate."

"It is a sore throat." There was a renewed exhibition of merriment, which increased when the defendant produced a pocket-handkerchief and took from it a piece of paper, which was handed to the judge, who exclaimed,

"What do you want me to do with this? No reply." "No," he said.

"Are you dead?" "No," "Then reply."

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