

STORMING A TENEMENT
A LAWYER'S STORY.

It was late November afternoon. A thin cold rain had been falling all day, and the foothill team came down with their warm quarters, drenched with wet and black with mud. Yet, in spite of their dismal appearance, they were in tremendous spirits. The afternoon's practice had been full of encouragement, and the coaches had put new enthusiasm into the combat, which had of late become somewhat perfunctory. As the players flung off their soaked canvases and moleskins, which fell to the floor like plummets and lay in oozing masses, they broke out into shouts of exuberant good humor and snatches of song.

In a corner of the dressing room sat the graduate coaches, among them the famous Marshall, '84, known in his day as "The Cannonball"—the most restless tackle that had ever been a line. The men of '97, who had never seen him before, were in awe of his fame, but not of his appearance. True, he had a fine, broad face and a strong jaw, but he didn't look particularly big or formidable. They had liked his coaching, which was terse, forcible and to the point. There was a sort of comforting assurance about him which the other coaches lacked. They often failed to direct their own intelligently, and when the players misunderstood, scolded them and made them nervous. Still, the men of '97 were, on the whole, a little disappointed with "The Cannonball." They had expected a demigod, and found only a mortal—a man a little less than mortal, for in their hearts they knew that their own "Ajax" Butler could tower over the veteran about like a baby. Still, that gave them an additional feeling of personal security when the thought of Yale crossed their minds and added zest to their enjoyment of a day's work well done.

The coaches had talked football so unceasingly all day long that they were just finding leisure to ask each other the personal questions of old friends meeting after a long separation.

"The Cannonball," it seemed, was now an attorney and counselor-at-law—in the city and county of New York, as he put it. Warren '86, once and now the team's physician, was chaffing him.

"It must be tame work for an unbroken buffalo like you to trot in harness. Don't you ever feel like tearing loose and throwing the witness over the jury box, to relieve your feelings?"

"It's not all tame—the law," said "The Cannonball," with a grin. "It's a man's work, and a football education is not wasted on it."

"Where does the football come in?" asked the Doctor.

"It came in strong in one case I had. In fact, I invented the flying wedge some years before Brother Deland, though as I filed no claim in the Patent Office, he gets all the credit."

"Is it worth hearing?"

"It is—just that."

"Can you follow it up?"

"I'll try to make it plain enough for children. It was thus: A few years ago my chief had been attorney for a builder and done good work for him. Of course, he had charged him what it was worth, and though the builder liked the work, he didn't like the bill. He paid it, but we didn't see him in the office any more."

"One day he reappeared in a raging hurry. He had been economizing on legal advice."

"The situation, as he spattered it, was this: He had employed a contractor to build an apartment house on West Tenth street, to be completed by Jan. 1, 1892. On the strength of this contract, he had leased all the apartments in advance; and it was now Dec. 7, the house was full of wet plaster, the windows were not in, the steam pipes were not in, the stairs were not in, nothing was in! His house was just roof, walls, floor, and cellar. Only extra work, night and day, would finish it on time; and if it is not ready by Jan. 1, of course all his tenants would come on him for damages."

"The contractor was making the trouble. He had seen by election day that he could not complete the work under his contract, and in order to save his damages, he was trying to frighten the owner into some modification of the contract, by merely stopping the work and not attempting to complete it."

"The Center-street lawyer whom our client had retained had applied for an injunction forbidding the contractor to come upon the premises (for he refused to quit peacefully), so that the owner might finish the contract himself. Now an injunction, Doctor, is as delicate a matter as a search after the vermin appendix; if you don't cut just true or exactly in time, the subject dies! The Center-street gentleman had the rudiments of an idea; but his papers were hopelessly bad—so he denied, but he had prejudiced the judge then at Chambers till the mere mention of the case enraged him. "Something had to be done, or our client would be heavily damaged. So, after a council of war, the chief resolved on taking a desperate remedy—or, as you call it, one, which he worked on a new application for an injunction. The contractor kept a big foreman and a dozen laborers on the premises, and he kept the work going. No board was allowed in the house except on a permit from the contractor—and between him and us was the law."

"The chief is a fighter. He telephoned to Pinkerton, had two detectives sent up to the office and sent them to the police office put them in the house and kept them there till further notice. He had me a special deputy sheriff for the occasion, and we started out."

"The sheriff's badge didn't work as I had hoped. The house-door was slammed in my face, the policeman on the beat wouldn't act without more authority, and I was badly puzzled."

"The Jefferson Market Police Court was on a couple of blocks away, and the big clock tower seemed to beckon to me. I had a sudden inspiration, and hurried over to the court. The judge was sitting on a bench, one of our late Tammany jurists—a bad-tempered old ignoramus, but inordinately rich. He looked at me, and said I was a peace officer, about to enter on certain premises, that resistance was feared, and I feared a riot. I talked about trespass; trespass on the case (trespass of the case it was, trespass upon claimant's right); false imprisonment—Heaven knows what! To each argument I added the flattering words: "As your honor well knows," and "I beg your pardon."

"So he finally issued a summons, directed to John Doe and John Roe, commanding them to appear before me immediately and show cause why they should not be put under arrest. I wrote the summons, and I gave this to the ugliest policeman in the courthouse, and filled his pocket with cents, and told him to take the man in the house, from the foreman down. I went over there with him, my Pinkerton man trailing along, and he knew every inch of the street. There wasn't quite a riot, though for five minutes I thought there would be. The foreman was a terror, but the officer was a very devil. It was a case of dog eat dog, and my dog was winning."

"The officer went up the ladder to the top of the house, with the summons in his hand, and he knew every inch of the house. The foreman slipped into the house and locked the door. The men followed, but I was too far ahead to catch them. The Pinkerton men gathered me in and shut the door outside. I saw a ladder, and they swarmed up against the door, but it held, and after a while we were through a chink in the boarded window. They stopped an attack after that, but they came close watch on us that twice when I tried to open the door these pinkies threw themselves against it so quickly we could hardly shut it."

"After an hour's waiting the crowd seemed quiet. We were comfortable inside the house, for the basement windows were boarded up, as I said, and we had the stove lit. On the street it was just begun to blow. We had just begun to get comfortable when a sibilant wind, so subdued, when our besiegers set up a cry, and then a rushing sound, which we could see them crowding close to the door. I ran up the ladder to the floor above, and when the wind was open, and I saw what they were at."

"There was some scaffolding at the second-story window, which was just long enough for a man to reach. A boy went up first, to show how it could be done—secondly, to show the foreman that the foreman had followed him, a third pirate was just about to board us. I didn't wait, I pulled away, and that went from the first to the second floor, and a snatch for the third. The weight of the swinging man below brought just what I needed. One of my Pinkerton fellows grabbed me. One of my Pinkerton fellows was just going out of the window with the strain, and the other passed me a jack-knife. The man on the rope gave one look at us and slid down, and I pulled in the rope. The man was almost jerked out of the window again as the other came in. We were in."

"We went back to the warm basement and left him on the third story, where he was first. Next you must interpret the rope he was sure to break a leg at that, and if he dropped through the floor, where the ladder had stood, he was more likely to break his neck. That second floor was no summer garden. Its windows were all open, and the walls were covered with plaster, a December wind was blowing, and the thermometer was going down."

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OLD BATTERSBY'S FORTUNE.

The High street of Moxford was interested this June day in the funeral of old Carmel Battersby, who had passed his hobby and long gray locks would never again enliven the street.

He had kept the curiosity shop for about fifty years. The old spinning wheels, sparrow-legged chairs, carved oak bureaus, china of all sorts, war medals, watches, coins, etc., would, no doubt, now go to the hammer. Moxford would miss the attractive window of No. 59 almost as much as the quaint form of its late owner.

Peter Battersby and Mrs. Peter were early on the scene, in decent black.

They had extremely comfortable expectations. To be sure, for the last ten years they had not interchanged many words with the late Carmel, who was Peter's only brother; but as Mrs. Peter remarked when the news of her brother-in-law's death arrived, "he couldn't for shame leave his money to any one else."

Young Walter Battersby, Mr. and Mrs. Peter's only son, who had passed his boy in his usual demise. He told his boys companions at the Hen and Chickens that he was in for a good thing.

"Blood, you know, as the saying is, is thicker than water," he said, as he drained his fourth pint on the evening of his avuncular bereavement.

It seemed unlikely, indeed, that a single tear would be shed for the old curiosity man.

Of course, there was his little servant girl, Joan Smith. But she was only a "workhouse hussy," to borrow Mrs. Peter's elegant expression.

With his usual eccentricity, old Carmel had taken a girl from the Moxford Union High school, who had been a pupil of the late Mr. Battersby's.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter found No. 59 nicely prepared for the funeral. There was also a rather clumsy wreath of wild hyacinths and buttercups on the coffin.

Joan viewed the start from the back entry, and she was so much affected by the scene, that she was almost convulsed with sobs. She watched the procession as long as ever she could.

Italy's energetic queen. Has had her silver wedding, but is an ardent mountaineer.

How many of our American women who have celebrated their silver wedding can compare with Queen Margharita, the Pearl of Savoy, who, remarkably fresh in appearance and in vigorous health, sports some of her summer days in climbing the mountain heights about Graciosa.

What would some of her indolent sisters upon this side of the water say at being asked to rise about a mountain, to exchange with a bowl of bread and milk, and be well up the mountain side before dawn? The majority of them, it is safe to say, would laugh at such mad folly and turn over for a substantial morning nap.

Not so with Queen Margharita, however. For that is an everyday occurrence with her; and she has a greater number of such a woman companion from her court, and a large court at that, for her Majesty's household is a greater number of women in attendance upon her throughout the year than any other royal woman of Europe. But not one of her women is waiting is sufficiently sturdy and athletic to keep up with her queen, who, exhausted, keeps pace with the men of the party, who are, as a rule, trained mountaineers.

Her Majesty is described as wearing an elegant costume, consisting of a close-fitting tweed jacket, with short skirt and knickerbockers, and a golf cape of some material slung from her shoulders. She wears gaiters to the knees, and boots thickly studded with large and sharp hornlike lugs. Her head gear may be a close-fitting tweed cap or a wide-brimmed hat, according to the weather. Her hair is worn in a bun, and she wears a thick white veil which will float from her hat. Field glasses in a wicker case are slung across her back, but more frequently are carried by the guide, while her pocket, ready or otherwise, is exchanged for an ice ax, with which her Majesty is skillful in cutting her way up a white precipitous cliff. The spectacles of steel and glass framed in wire netting, as favored by mountaineers, are carried in a bag, and she has a pair of goggles, which she wears when the sun on the glacier becomes too trying to the eyes, which she wears in a bag, and the jacket contains a cake of chocolate, which enables one to go for a great length of time without a meal.

The Queen, like a true daughter of rocky Savoy, never seems a weary, but tramps up and down the mountain, her feet never finding out the safe points on the rough bowlders and treacherous moraines. Thus she has a day from sunrise to sunset, and the moon itself often is riding high before she returns to her chamber. When she is in the white cross of Savoy marked on the red flag floats in a wreath of white. Then the Queen, who is thrown aside that she may caress a great heavy poodle which tumbles out to greet her, and she is seen to be in a state of cheerful greeting, and finally her Majesty retires to a healthful rest, with her maid plans for perhaps some still more hazardous and exciting expedition on the following day.

WHAT HE WANTED. One Farmer Will Cure for a President Who Can Cure Hog Cholera.

President Cleveland will get one Maryland vote.

When I met the farmer and began to talk about political affairs in his neighborhood, "How do you folks feel about free silver?" I began.

"We ain't caring much about it, was the answer. "How about the tariff?"

"Well, I don't see no difference, high tariff or low tariff. It 's bugs that bothers me."

"Who are you going to vote for?"

"Cleveland. He's the best President we ever had."

"But he is not a candidate."

"I care for him anyway. I can vote for who I please. There is no law against it. I want to see Cleveland take the kinds of money and tariff. That ain't what we farmers want. Why, my boys, took sick and I wrote to Mr. Cleveland and he just had his hog-cholera doctor, and he named some of the best doctors that I knowed that it was her property as well as the furniture in her room."

"You ain't got a girl?" he said at parting. "Your master was fond of you, and he would rather see you bright than dark."

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