

the play, but a telegram informed her that he was called out of town.

A day later, Donald Fairfax stood almost rigidly awaiting the girl whom he had expected to make his wife. He had come to tell her that this could never be. He pictured her smiling entrance and upturned face, but more plainly still he saw the bandaged finger, the badge of her duplicity.

The portières stirred, and Donald turned.

It was Eleanor. Quickly he glanced at her left hand—the ring finger was not bandaged, and was ringless. He also noticed that her face was white. With a pang he saw how frail she appeared. Her eyes had in them something that Donald had never seen before—a piteous expression that made him forget all except the pain of the lonely future.

"Stop," she said, as he instinctively took a step

toward her. "Stop, Donald, I have something to tell you. Until I have finished, do not touch me, do not speak; I need all my strength—my courage must not leave me—" Her voice faltered slightly, then by a visible effort she conquered her weakness.

"I have deceived you, dear; I have allowed you to worry over an injury that never existed. I have lied to you, to you, the tenderest of lovers, the dearest of friends. I have been more than weak. In order to cover a folly, I have committed a sin. I had been very extravagant, and in order to meet my bills, I—"

"Pawned your ring?" asked Donald gently.

The girl nodded.

"I pawned your dear ring which I told you I wore—next my heart," she faltered. "I know that you can never love a—liar. I have known it all along; but I

could not deceive you one day longer—you have been too good to me, too kind. The little sketch was the last straw that balanced against me. I suffered more through my deceit than I ever have before for any cause. I made up my mind last night I would not be a debtor to Conscience longer, that I would tell you everything, and beg you to for—" A sob broke off the sentence; or was it two sobs?

Into Donald's gray eyes had come a heavy moisture, quite unusual to them. As a father might a little child, he gathered the light form into his arms, protectingly.

"Tell me no more, dear heart," he said, touching her soft hair tenderly. "You have my entire forgiveness. We never again will mention this matter. I shall send you the ring to-day."

"My dear ring!" sobbed Eleanor.

"My dear girl!" whispered Donald.

LAWYERS' FUNNY STORIES

THEY told me a story up in Oldtown, Maine, about Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller.

Young Fuller belonged to the Oldtown Debating Club. One evening the debate was for and against capital punishment. The deacon of the church was for hanging, and young Fuller opposed him in debate.

Deacon Skinner began his debate with a knock-down argument. He held up a big family Bible, saying: "I will read to you debaters who oppose capital punishment what God said to Moses: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed.' That's what God said and Moses wrote. Now, boys, come on with your Blackstone and Chief Justice Marshall!" Then, after throwing his bombshell, the old deacon sat down like a victorious gladiator.

Then up rose young Fuller. "Deacon Skinner," he said, "the law that you and Moses indorse is nonsense. It has no logic in it. Your Mosaic law is that if a man kills a man another man must kill him. See what a logical deduction such a law would bring you to. Here one man kills another; another man kills him—and so on till we come to the last man on earth; who's going to kill him? He can't kill himself, for the law forbids suicide. Now, deacon, what in thunder are you going to do with that last man?"

*

Twenty years after this, Lawyer Fuller made another wise and witty answer before Judge McArthur when he was practising law in Chicago.

In his speech before the Judge, Mr. Fuller pleaded his client's ignorance of the law in extenuation of an offense he had committed.

"But, Mr. Fuller," said the Judge, "every man is presumed to know the law. Ignorance of the law is no excuse, you know."

"Yes, Your Honor," responded Mr. Fuller, "I am aware that every shoemaker, tailor, mechanic and illiterate laborer is presumed to know the law—yes, every man is presumed to know it—except the Judges of the Supreme Court, and we have a Court of Appeals to correct their mistakes."

*

In Elmira, New-York, the old home of ex-Governor Hill, the lawyers tell a good story about "one Dave Hill," as they call him there.

"Governor Hill is a lawyer," said Congressman Ray of Norwich, "but he has always kept it quiet. However, he had one quite famous case. He defended a man named Gibson for defrauding the revenue. It was a tobacco case, and went to two Courts, Supreme and Superior. Everybody was surprised that Hill could take it so high; but he did. Well, Gibson finally was convicted and was sent to Sing-Sing for ten years."

"Then," continued Congressman Ray, "Hill sent in his bill for a thousand dollars. Gibson's family kicked at this. They thought that the charge was too high. The Governor was a little sensitive about this. He is a fair man in his dealings, and looked around to get the opinion of his brother lawyers about fees in revenue cases. In New-York, the next day, Governor Hill met William M. Evarts, the great constitutional lawyer who defended Andrew Johnson and Henry Ward Beecher.

"You're just the lawyer I want to see, Mr. Evarts," said Hill, grasping his hand enthusiastically. "You've had a good many internal revenue cases, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, a good many," said Evarts.

"Well, Mr. Evarts, what is the custom about lawyers' fees in those cases?"

"Oh, just the same as with any other law," said Evarts. "We simply charge according to the work we do."

"Now, Mr. Evarts," said Hill confidentially, "do you think I charged Gibson too much. Did I really charge him too much?"

"Well, Governor," said Mr. Evarts, deliber-

ately, 'the thought occurs to me, Mr. Hill—simply occurs to me, you know, that p-e-r-h-a-p-s Gibson might have been convicted for—for less money.'

*

The last time I met William M. Evarts, our late great lawyer and diplomat, was on the Boston & Maine train going up to his old Windsor, Vermont, farm.

"Have you seen your son Sherman to-day?" I asked, holding up a newspaper with a quarter-page cut in it.

"No, I can't see anything you know; I'm almost blind."

It brought tears in my eyes to see the great statesman open his blind eyes and still not be able to see Roger Sherman Evarts, the boy he worshiped.

As we passed New-Haven I asked the lawyer how one ought to lie in the Pullman to sleep well—"head to the engine or feet?"

"You shouldn't come to a lawyer with such a question as that, Eli," he said. "That's a railroad question. You should go to a railroad man with that. You should go to Depew."

"But Depew is a lawyer, isn't he?" I said.

"Well, y-e-s, Depew is a lawyer—he is a lawyer; but all the law Depew knows wouldn't bias his answering any question."

A moment afterward Evarts smiled dryly and said: "When you ask me whether you should lie on the right or left side to sleep well, perhaps I ought to say that in your case, Eli, you will lie anyway."

When Depew asked Evarts what he thought eventually would become of all the thoroughly wicked and depraved, he said:

"Well, Mr. Depew, they all probably will practise law a little while, then eventually go into politics and become Congressmen or Senators."

*

Robert Ingersoll was a good lawyer, and powerful in cross-examinations. The great agnostic was such a devoted husband that infidelity on the part of a husband always infuriated him. He held that a man's love should be given sacredly to his wife first, last and all the time.

In a divorce case in Peoria Mr. Ingersoll believed that the defendant had been untrue to his wife, and he opened upon him with a severe and scathing cross-examination.

"You say, sir," he began, fastening his searching eyes on the witness, "that you have always been faithful to your marriage vows?"

"Well—yes," hesitatingly.

"But you have associated with other women?"

"I presume so."

"Knocked around town with the boys to see them, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"Oh! They came to see you—in your own house? You look like it. Now what women came to your house? No dallying—what woman—?"

"Judge," appealed the witness, "must I answer these foolish questions?"

"Yes, answer," said the Judge, sternly.

"Now," said Ingersoll, feeling that he had the man in his grasp, "what woman, other than your wife came to your house in your wife's absence?"

"Well—ah—"

"Answer! Don't prevaricate!" said Ingersoll, pointing his finger right into the man's face. "Answer! Who was it?"

"Judge," said the witness with an appealing look, "must I answer?"

"Yes, go on, answer!" said the Judge.

"Out with it!" hissed Ingersoll. "Who was that woman?"

"She w-was—" the witness answered. "Out with it!" cried Ingersoll. "No lying now, shame-faced man!"

"She was," lisped the witness, with a quiet wink at the jury, "she was my mother-in-law."

*

Judge Brady, for many years a popular city Judge in New-York, could tell hundreds of legal stories, especially about Irish witnesses.

"One day," said the Judge, "O'Rafferty was up before me for assaulting Patrick Murphy."

"Mr. O'Rafferty," I said, "now, why did you strike Mr. Murphy?"

"Because, yer honor, Murphy would not give me a civil answer."

"What was the civil question you asked him?"

"I asked him as polite as yez plase, yer honor, says I: 'Murphy, ain't your own brother the biggest thafe on Manhattan-Island, excepting yourself and yer uncle who is absint in the penitentiary in Sing-Sing?'"

"And what rude answer did he give to such a civil question?"

"He said to me: 'Av course, O'Rafferty, prisint company excepted,' so I said: 'Murphy, you're another,' and thin, yer honor, I struck him wid me fist, I did!'"

*

The most laughable and dignified anticlimax perhaps ever made was made by Mr. Evarts when he was "swinging around the circle" with President Hayes. Mr. Evarts and a few friends drank the champagne and did the speechmaking during that famous journey across the continent, while President Hayes and Lucy, his wife, entertained the temperance people and Y. M. C. A.'s.

In Omaha a dinner was given to the President and his party, and as usual it fell upon Mr. Evarts to make the after-dinner speech. In this speech, of course, he complimented the West and ended up his line of sweet sayings in the following anticlimax, delivered in the great orator's most dignified and impressive manner:

"Yes, gentlemen and ladies of Omaha, I like your great and growing West. I like her self-made men; and the more I travel West, the more I meet her public men, the more I am convinced of the truthfulness of the Bible statement that the wise men came—came from the East!"

Then came a great cheer, ending in shouts of laughter.

"The only thing that saved you," said Editor Rosewater of the "Bee" as he grasped Evarts' hand, "is the fact that there really are not ten men in this audience that didn't come from the East. Your anticlimax is taken as a compliment."

*

Horace Porter, lawyer and Ambassador to France, told me this story on Bishop Potter: It seems that Bishop Potter engaged a worldly coachman who formerly was employed by Bishop Farley of St. Patrick's, and afterward by Richard Croker, the patron saint of Tammany Hall.

"On Sunday morning," said General Porter, "the new coachman drove Bishop Potter to the rear entrance of Grace church on Fourth-ave., and then started for a saloon across the way."

"Here, Patrick," said the surprised bishop, "don't go in there! Come back!"

But Patrick went right into the saloon, stayed a moment, and came out wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

"Didn't you hear me call you, Patrick?" asked the bishop sternly.

"Yes, yer reverence, I did—indade, I did!" said Pat regretfully.

"But why didn't you come back?"

"I would have stopped, yer riverence," said Pat humbly; "but on me soul—bad luck to me—I didn't have the price fer but one drink!"