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HIS FIRST CLIENT.

"Capital! capital!" said a chorus of laughing voices, as Mr. Stammers, Q. C. finished a legal anecdote he had been telling, and rounded it neatly off with the rolling laugh of the professional raconteur.

There was no doubt that Mr. Stammers was enjoying himself. He was an over-worked barrister—barristers usually are overworked unless they are starving; there is apparently no middle course—and it was extremely pleasant to him to come down for an absolute change of scene and voice to Lady Dugdale's country house in Berkshire.

Most of the party had already heard the story he had just told. In fact, if the truth were known, it was rather a well worn one, even to the extent of having appeared in more than one legal biography, but it was greeted with none the less hearty applause for all that. The listeners at the farther end of the room, who had not quite caught the point, and some who had caught the point without having heard the beginning, laughed as in the wont of those deaf ones, still more vociferously than the rest.

"What a delightful store of anecdotes you must have, Mr. Stammers!" said the hostess, smiling at him from behind her silver tea!

"Oh, I think I've come across many queer things in my time," said Stammers, pouring cream into his tea with an air of nervous enjoyment.

"But I should like to hear some of them," said Mr. Meredith, a young widow who, although her intentions toward Mr. Stammers were strictly platonic, was certainly making the most of the few days she was passing in his agreeable society.

"Oh they'll come out by degrees," said Mr. Stammers, "you mustn't have too many of them at a time."

"No, we must be patient," said Lady Dugdale. "Don't let us run through all our property at once."

"But you forget," said a youth, who was standing with his back to the fireplace, "that Mr. Clamorville is staying in the house, and after that we shall not be allowed to listen to any funny stories—in the drawing room, at any rate."

"Mr. Clamorville! Who is she?" said Stammers.

A chorus of various epithets answered him. "Charming!" said one; "so very unselfish!" "so intensely sympathetic!" "so extremely discreet."

"But still I don't know," said Stammers, with a twinkle in his eye, "why a story containing that my stories are not likely to be fit for the ears of the strait-laced and decorous."

"That's true. I don't know why we need," said Lady Dugdale, laughing.

"Only that one laughs," said Mrs. Meredith, "that a barrister must be very scantily listening to dark revelations of the most hideous crimes."

"Hideous crimes!" said the young man on the rug. "Mrs. Clamorville wouldn't like that."

"What time is she coming?" said another.

"I suppose by the 5 o'clock train," said Lady Dugdale. "She promised to let me know, but she has not done so."

"Because in that case we have to adjourn to the Billiard room until it is time to dress for dinner!" said one of the younger members of the party, and they all trooped out, filling the hall and passage with noise and laughter as they passed along. Lady Dugdale and Mrs. Meredith remained sitting over the fire with Stammers, who was evidently too comfortable to move.

At this moment a servant came in with a telegram.

"Shall he with you by 5.15 train," Lady Dugdale read aloud. "Will take a fly from station. Clamorville."

"Five fifteen!" said Mrs. Meredith, as the servant left the room.

"Yes, she will be here in a quarter of an hour," said Lady Dugdale. "So your petite chronique scandaleuse," she added, smiling at Stammers, "will have to be of the most rapid and choicy description if we are to enjoy any of it before her arrival."

"But this is positively awful," said Stammers, "to be called upon for a story at the second's point in this way! I feel as if I were in the 'Arabian Nights' and should have my head cut off if I cannot continue one."

"Oh! You can surely tell us one," said Mrs. Meredith imploringly, with a most telling glance of entreaty.

"You need not tell us the names, you know, so that it can't possibly matter to any one," said Lady Dugdale. "Tell us something thrilling that really happened to yourself."

Mrs. Meredith went on, "Has some thinly veiled, mysterious lady never come to your chambers and told you some dark story of crime?"

"Of course," said Lady Dugdale. "I am sure that must have happened often."

"Now you mention it," said Stammers, laughing, "it has happened to me, but not quite as often as you seem to think, Lady Dugdale—only once in my recollection."

"Great! that that once was enough," cried Mrs. Meredith. "Oh, quickly tell us about it before those people come."

"Yes," said Lady Dugdale, "I don't think Mrs. Clamorville can hear us. Tell of a lady thinly veiled. She wouldn't think that at all also. She would like to be told of a lady with a thin veil with black spots."

"Not large ones," interjected Mrs. Meredith.

"No, small spots," said Lady Dugdale, between which her respectability could be clearly seen—a black silk gown and a seven bonnet."

"Well, I fellow she had a black silk gown and a bonnet," said Stammers.

"Shawls!" Oh, how tantalizing you are!" said Mrs. Meredith. "Do go on with it."

"Yes. Now, begin at the beginning and go on to the end," said Lady Dugdale.

"But! There is no end to the love ladies," said Stammers. "And a law-suit is a story—it only has a beginning."

"Oh, this sounds better and better," cried Mrs. Meredith. "Come, now, when was it how long ago?"

"How long? Ah, a long time," said Stammers, reflecting. "Let me see, thirty—no, twenty thirty-five—years ago. I was not much over twenty."

The two women exchanged glances of amusement as they saw him fairly embarked upon the story.

"My uncle, James Stammers," the narrator went on, "was a barrister, a most successful one—a man who had a reputation of father centimes almost among the people who knew him—full of fun, sympathy and discretion, as well as previous and delicious. Just after I had left Oxford I was at his chambers for one winter's of between, waiting for a living. One day Mr. Moss was a horrid knock at the outer door. I opened it, and a woman—a shrouded female figure, I believe, in the conventional form—came hurriedly into the room.

"'Mr. Stammers?' 'That is my name,' I said. 'Sit,' she said, apparently taken aback, 'you are so very young.' 'I suppose it was my uncle, Mr. James Stammers, you expected to see,' I replied. 'Yes, it was, it was indeed. I wanted to see him particularly. How soon will he be in?' 'I really haven't an idea,' I said. 'Oh,' she cried distractedly, 'what shall I do?' 'Can I give him any message?' I said, 'or will you write a letter?' 'No, no, I won't write,' she said hesitatingly. 'I wanted to see him himself—to tell him about it and ask his advice. Oh, what shall I do?' and she covered her face with her hands."

"How thrilling!" murmured Mrs. Meredith.

"I was thrilled," said Mr. Stammers, "and I must say extremely anxious to know what had happened to her."

"Was she pretty?" inquired Mrs. Meredith.

"I couldn't see her face in the hour," said Stammers. "Sir, besides having a thick veil, she stood with her back to the window, and the room was growing darker every moment. For one moment she stood silent, then, conscious, perhaps, that I had no notion of identifying her, she said I will tell you. I must have some advice, some sympathy, but, mind, I am counting on your discretion and discretion." I nod'ed to her," said Stammers again, with a twinkle in his eye, "with what fervor I swore to obey her commands.

"'She then, in a low and hurried voice, told me her tale, which was certainly gloomy enough. She had left a home during her husband's absence—all his home and her child, as she thought, forever. Then suddenly on the eve of quitting England she had realized—partly, at any rate—the full horror of the future stretching before her, and with a desperate idea of, at all events, recovering the total wife of the man with whom she had cast in her lot, she made up her mind to turn to my uncle, of whom wise and sober counsel kindness she had heard, and find out from him if it were possible to remove from her the husband she had left.'

"'Of course it was not,' said Lady Dugdale, with voice.

"'Of course not,' said Stammers, 'so took I also over the. I told her so, and I told her this action her husband close to take steps who was powerless to regain her freedom. She was staggered by the blow. 'Are you quite sure of this?' she asked. 'Absolutely certain,' I replied. 'And then, in a burst of impassioned eloquence,' Stammers went on, in which could discover no deviation the person of that female eloquence afterward as justly famous, 'I put before her—prompted by I know not what passionate regret at seeing her young life destroyed—the future, the only future for which she could hope, and implored her to go back to her home while there was yet time. Unknown to me she went home till the next day, so that the evil she had done was not past redemption, so far as its power of undoing and her fair name were concerned. She listened to attempt, then her mind was turned.

"'Thank you, she said, as she turned towards the door. 'In spite of your pain and interference you have done me a service tonight which I shall never forget. I see you are prepared to follow your uncle's profession. I have been told that he is a wise, good man.' My modesty, which has always been excessive,' said Stammers, with a smile, 'was somewhat shocked at this, and in order to turn it off I said (quite ly, 'Oh, yes, I'm going to be a barrister too, some day. In fact I feel as if I had begun my career tonight—you are my first client.' She held out her hand to me, so prettily, and went away.'

"And then?" said Mrs. Meredith eagerly.

"That's all," said Stammers. "I know nothing more."

"Nothing more!" said Lady Dugdale. "Did you never hear of her again?"

"Never," said Stammers, "never even her name heard of her. And if I had I could not have recognized her features, which I never saw. I never saw her voice, which was hoarse and strangled with sobs, not her sense, which I never heard. So I am afraid that now I must make no my mind that that story is to be forever unfinished. I have told you all I can ever likely to know of it."

"And just in time," said Lady Dugdale, as a prolonging ring at the bell well sounded through the house.

"Does she tell me?" said Mrs. Meredith.

"The footer threw open the drawing room door and announced "Mrs. Clamorville."

An atmosphere of social influence and antipaschalic position seemed to accompany the newcomer into the room. Her clothes were a certificate to themselves—the handsome long dark cloak of stained velvet, trimmed with the most expensive fur, the fashionable mobile aged bonnet.

Lady Dugdale, after welcoming her effusively, proceeded to make her known to the rest of the party. Mrs. Clamorville acknowledged Mrs. Meredith's bow with measured graciousness; then, as Lady Dugdale pronounced Stammers's name, a very interested twinkle took them. For the first time in the memory of the society did Mrs. Clamorville's manner alter; the imperious atmosphere of severity that surrounded her shed traces of disturbance, revealing dark spots underneath, like tiles of the sun. What had happened? A sudden wave of memory, of gratitude, had swept over her. Marvel be greeted the inquiries she put out her hand and murmured some agitated words, which in the dead silence were distinctly audible to the utmost listener.

"Mr. Stammers! Can it be you? I was your first client!"—Boston Tree Frog.

Extreme Patient.

Bachelor Cousin (sarcastically)—I suppose you think your baby is the prettiest that ever lived?

Happy Mamma—Oh, no. We think he looks strikingly like you.—Harper's Bazar.

SOME WOMEN WORK FOR SMALL PAY.

In a report on the factory and workshop industries in which women are employed Carroll D. Wright records the amount of the average pay of the American here girl. Here are some odd blended statistics as to the amount of wages earned by women in some industries in New York: Milliners average $2.50 a week, shirtmakers, $2; dressmaker makers, $2, clothmakers, $2.50; bonnetters, $2, flower makers, $2; cloak and clothing makers, $4. No wonder the American girl is not to be found in these occupations. How could she live on such an income? Did the question remains, Where is she?

Royalty That Made Bonnets.

It may encourage the humble maidens of limited resources and very little to know that during the life of the Danish king's daughter the royal sons were comparatively poor, and consequently the two most popular and powerful women of Europe—the Princess Alexandra of Wales and the Czarina Dagmar of Russia—used to trim their own bonnets. Fancies their own gowns and do all their own work, besides making after several other things not merely as easy of accomplishment.—Chicago.

A Chance for a Reformer.

The lady who will do away with the fashion of fitting with the plate fabric, pictures on cards, with the engraving well on top, and ribbon tabs in the middle of the floor, with marble statuettes underneath glass covers, will be a benefactor to the race. What is wanted is a house improvement association, whose chief objectives will be dominated or summary and surgeon.—Detroiter and Tribune.

The Women and Her New Gowns.

The women one meets are divided into two classes—the women who has her evening gowns, and the women who has not, and it is amusing to see her of his latter category wrestle with her lines of discussion when she passes the other woman in spring gorgeousness. Sometimes she is cool enough for her lines which discussion are entirely on the new gown appearance her. The video is quickly the king of the room, the out of the door. The discussion of the weather, she could tell you the number of buttons on the bodice, the exact shape of the collar, the design of the trimming, the very knots and eyes that mysteriously fasten it. But the crucial point is the back.

Vainly she tightens the cords of her self control, vainly does her eye on the nearest shop window. Will human souls not open her head in the opposite direction, she must see that skirt, and in spite of her good resolutions she turns around and takes it in. Now, the woman to whom social the momentous question is settled, whose spring gown hangs safely in her wardrobe if it does not adorn her fair person, gets serenely on her way like a full rigged ship under favoring breezes.

Meet her the anxious woman, and you will hear her say to her companion, "I'll know my coat cut like that in the back."

"I think that silk would be pretty with my old coat." Wonder where she found it?" or "I can't decide whether to have a ruffle or a piping on," and she darts into a shop without consulting the window pieces her. Your sympathetic companion goes out to find woman who is as perplexed and anxious when you first see her, but as you pass on you find her standing like her twinkling window and furtively peering about for her dress on her neighbors' gowns.—New York Sun.

Where Kitties Are a Blessing.

We are too prone to measure a woman's work in her condition in life. Only last week I saw the wife of a well known New York merchant, the mother of two of the great hospitals of the town. After a bit, curiosity tempted me to follow, and for two hours I watched that woman going through the wards of the sick, dispensing here some dainty from a maid's basket, there a smile, and again a cheery word. All the patients knew her, and in a dim, humorous way I saw the stricken sufferers kiss her employed mind in gratitude, and close their eyes as a great little prayer went up for this woman who, so busily and so happily herself, had not forgot that there were others less fortunate. And this is not an exceptional case, but one which you can see in the hospitals and institutions of the great cities of our land almost every day.

Many a millionaire's wife is today sustaining the hands of the noble band of women who are doing so much good for souls in the lives of our working girls. Of course, there are women of vast wealth who live within themselves, expansive of the want which exists at their very doors. But because such women—fewer than the average woman believes—thinly scattered, it is right to judge all rich women alike. Because the church has within its doors people who it would be better were then on the outside, is no reason why it should be judge the character of that valued men and women who are benefactors to the world at large. The little event is given the weather chance for the good which is often done with the riches at their command.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Infant Exercise.

An English physician of great eminence has just given us his opinion about proper exercise for children. He says: "In the child the physiological craving for movement stands itself with the unmodified freedom of the natural animal. If a healthy baby is allowed to have free play of its limbs it will go through a series of unprejudiced and unobtrusive movements, including its limbs and turning them into hands that might settle the story of a problem in mechanics."

It is an excellent plan to give an infant particular freedom for some time every day, it should be disencumbered of any superfluous clothing, and laid on a rug or some soft material on the floor, and allowed to kick and throw itself to its heart's content. On the general principle, apparently, that every natural tendency is the promptings of the evil spirit, it used to be the universal custom to restrain the movements of infants' limbs by swathing them in long, close bandages, so if they were diminutive mummies. With the sage life within them from "natural, untaught, untaught" the poor little things must have been more troubled of hopeless misery.

As the child grows older the indulgence from which it results may be taken to a purely sure index of its health. Day by day continual confinement and restraint, that is, by being made to lie under velvet or upholstered furniture, while whatever an absence of vitality may be taken, and give place to listlessness and even positive dislike of play.—New York Post.

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