

A strong cup of coffee, with some buttered toast, an omelet, and a stake broiled to a turn, awaited Tom, and urged by his host and hostess, he forced himself to partake, and with the help of more powders from Dr. Doremus he struggled through the day. But he had begun by conquering, and he came off victor. The fourth morning saw him in the garden, and Miss Ross found him a most willing and agreeable assistant in the culture and training of her flowers. But this could not last always, and Tom hinted to his host that it was time he was seeking regular employment, but that gentleman simply requested Tom to make himself at home for a few days, giving him, meanwhile, some copying to do from time to time, and it was not until two weeks had elapsed that the lawyer again alluded to business.

In the meantime, Tom had gone to the post office frequently for the lawyer's mail, and, to his gratification, the better class of citizens bowed to him, and some stopped to converse with him briefly, and two weeks had sufficed to bring the hue of health to that bloated face, and to restore the natural brightness to his eyes, and when he now looked in the glass he saw a really handsome fellow, with rich, glossy hair, open brow, pleasant smile, and of stalwart frame and muscular vigor. It was the possession of these last two qualities that saved Tom much annoyance. His former vicious and dissipated companions had not been long in learning that he had quit drink, and they knew him too well to attempt to win him back by ridicule or persuasion. His manner repelled familiarity, and he was

satisfied with their distant show of respect.

"Tom," said Mr. Lee, one morning nearly three weeks after his coming to the office, "I do not wish to surprise you, but I believe that in time, by application, you would make an excellent business lawyer. You write a plain, rapid hand; and your services in the office would be worth your necessary expenses, and you would be acquiring a knowledge of law and forms that would gradually fit you for independent practice. I do not make this suggestion without having weighed the matter carefully in my own mind. You are very practical in your line of thought, have a retentive memory, good common sense and in time would make a safe counselor. But think it over, and let me know how the idea impresses you. Remember, however, acceptance means years of patient study and persevering application before the goal can be reached. Unless you are satisfied to make it your life work, do not put your hand to the legal plow. It is now Friday; think over the matter until Monday, and if your first impulse is to accept my offer, take down a volume of Chitty on Contracts, and try for a few hours to interest yourself in its dry details. If they do not dampen your ardor you are safe. I have an errand up the road to-day, and shall not return until evening."

Tom was filled with genuine surprise. He sat for a few minutes in solemn reflection. Then seizing a pen and a page of legal cap, he scribbled "Thomas Stapleford, attorney and counselor at law," at least a dozen times, then designed it in