

HIS FIRST CLIENT.—Scene. At a dinner party in a rich bourgeois' house. Prosperous advocate, recounting his career: "When I took my first brief, I was excited and nervous especially as my client was a consummate scoundrel—a bad egg any way you took him. But then I was beginning my practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted so I took the case and got the rascal off." After dinner enters an important personage, great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him. Great personage patronisingly: "I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman; I met him long ago. In fact, I may say I gave him his first start in life. I was his first client."

"Your mind is in a twilight state," observed the good man. "You cannot differentiate the grains of mistrust from the molecules of a reasonable confidence. You are travelling the border land, the frontier between the paradise of faith and the arctic regions of incredulity. You are an agnostic." "Devil a bit," said Pat, with mingled amazement and indignation. "I'm a Dimmycrat, ivery inch o' me."

BLIND!—Gentleman to his rustic servant:

"Well, Jean, did you give the marquis my note?"

"Yes, sir, I gave it to him, but there's no use writing him letters; he can't see to read them. He's blind—blind as a bat!" "Blind!"

"Yes, sir, blind. Twice he asked me where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time. Blind as a bat!"

"EUGENIE, EUGENIE, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

A Countryman Astonished.

"Professor" E. C. Bassett, of this city, can tell many interesting incidents connected with his experiences as a psychologist and a balloonist, but he was never taken for "old cloven-hoof" but once. This was on Talcott Mountain, where he was making a cup of "French" coffee by the road. This was done by pouring a little brandy into a cup of cold coffee, and then setting fire to it. While he was so employed, a farmer came jogging by in his wagon, and hauled up to see what Bassett was up to. The latter invited the old man to take some coffee. The brandy was still blazing, but the more brilliant blaze of noonday sun completely obscured the flame. The countryman alighted, and asked for a match with which to light his pipe.

"I don't use matches," was Bassett's answer. "See!"

And Bassett held a piece of paper over the cup of coffee, and it ignited instantly. He turned to hand the light to the stranger, and saw him clambering into his wagon.

"Get up!" shouted the man to his horse. "I never dined with the devil, and I don't propose to begin." And he drove furiously away.—*Hartford Times.*

A few years since, Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, Fourth United States Cavalry, was considered the next candidate for appointment of brigadier-general in the army, but about that time (1874 or 1875) another wearer of the silver eagle upon his shoulder-straps (Colonel N. A. Miles, Fifth Infantry) became prominent as a candidate in the race for the star of a brigadier-general, with great prospect of winning it. In Colonel Mackenzie's regiment there was then a grizzled veteran, Captain Napoleon B. McLaughlen. One bright starlight night they were together in camp on a scout upon the plains in Texas. Colonel Mackenzie was walking up and down near his tent, in his nervous manner, snapping his fingers, when suddenly he stopped, and gazed intently up into the heavens. Captain McLaughlen, stepping out of his tent, observed the colonel in this attitude, and remarked:

"What are you looking for, colonel?"

"O," replied the colonel, carelessly, "I am only looking for a star."

"Colonel," replied Captain McLaughlen, "I fear there's Miles between you and that star."

The brigadier's star is now worn by General Miles.

A Dream too Big.

One day Sir William Johnson, the Indian agent to the Mohawk country, under the Colonial Government, was unpacking some clothing brought from England. Hendrick, a famous Indian chief, was present, and took a strong fancy for an embroidered coat. He dared not ask for it, but the next day he told Johnson a dream. "Last night," said he, "me dream you say, 'Hendrick, you've been good friend; now I reward you,' and you gave me the gold coat." The white man pondered a moment and then said, "You are right; the coat is yours." Not long afterward Johnson told Hendrick he had been dreaming. "And what did my white brother dream?" "That you took me by the hand and said, 'Sir William, you have been my friend, and I will show you my love for you; I will give you all the land on the Great River and Canada Creek. The Indian was amazed, for the tract was nearly a hundred thousand acres in extent, and very choice land. But he was not to be outdone in generosity, and finally replied, 'My pale brother, the land is yours; but,' he added, after a long pause, 'Sir William we won't dream any more; you dream too big for me.' The old chief's title was confirmed by the British Government, and the land was long known as the Royal Grant.

Ashamed of His Cigars.

In giving his experiences as a public speaker, Mr. Gough, the renowned temperance lecturer, relates an incident in which he encountered an embarrassment which he could not overcome:—

"It was my own fault, and proved a sharp lesson to me.

"I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn back of the Baptist church in Providence, R. I. In the forenoon, a friend met me and said,—

"I have some first-rate cigars. Will you have a few?"

"No, I thank you."

"Do take half a dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half a dozen in your pocket."

"I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Toward the close of my speech I became more in earnest, and, after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits, and the saloons, I said,—

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and for cold water. Now, then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

"And taking of my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience.

"The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, says, 'Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough.'"

Mr. Gough has long since discarded the use of tobacco, and would doubtless now consider it extremely inconsistent to warn others against the power of evil habits, while constantly indulging his own appetite in that most foolish practice—smoking.

A Girl Who Swept the Corners.

There is a story, of no very ancient date, of a servant girl who came to see her spiritual adviser, and informed him that she considered herself converted. The minister asked her by what signs she was made aware of the inward change she spoke of. She replied that she now swept out all the corners of the rooms intrusted to her care. On being further questioned as to the performance of her daily duties, it soon became apparent that there was still great room for improvement in matters of cleanliness; so she was told to go home, to be still more conscientious, and to return at some no distant period, when she could report further progress in the reformation just begun, and then she might be admitted to a full participation of church privileges!