A LAWYER'S STORY.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

ABOUT THIRTY years ago I was a young lawyer with nothing but my profession and two very strong aspirations. The first was to succeed and make a great name at the bar; the other to be able to marry the lady of my love.

One morning I went down to my office which my boy just opened, and found awaiting me there a letter which gave me the greatest pleasure. It announced, in the first place, the death of my grand-uncle, who with my grandfather had cruelly turned my mother out of doors when she was a girl; and in the second place it informed me that my grand-uncle, touched by remorse, had left me a legacy of five thousand dollars. The writer of the letter, Martin Drew, who was my uncle requested me to come to Tyndale at once and get my money, and expressed his affection for me saying his family were all anxious to see me, and many other things which excited my suspicions.

That afternoon I called at the widow Curtiss' to inform her daughter Laura of my good fortune, and to ask the dear girl to "name the day." Laura was quite ready to comply with my wishes; but her mother said we'd better wait until I got back with the money—predicting that "something would be sure to happen," and asserting that the Drews were "mighty slippery fellows," and that no Van Buren —my name,—that she had ever heard of, ever had any luck. Not finding myself comfortable in the widow's parlor I soon withdrew, and went slowly back to my office.

The next morning I mounted my horse and with light heart pursued the road that led to Tyndale. I was two days upon the way, and slept the second night at a little country tavern, a few miles distant from the residence of pseudo uncle. I had intended to reach his house that evening but the heaviness of the roads prevented. The next morning I was early astir and rode up to Martin Drew's door, just as he, with his family was seating himself at the breakfast table.

I was welcomed with a great show of cordiality by the various members of the family, all of whom, save the eldest son George, were present. I might have believed myself among warm friends had not the memory of my mother's sufferings in that house saved me from an entire reliance upon the professions of these demonstrative relatives. Little by little my reserve melted before their kindly words and manners. The girls were pretty and fascinating, the young man, Martin, frank and agreeable. I never could resist genial manners, and before the morning hours had waned I found myself on decidedly pleasant terms with the young people, and confessing to myself that I could see nothing objectionable in their elders.

I had intended to transact my business with all speed and if possible to avoid breaking bread beneath this roof; and by all means to leave it before night-fall. But, one pretext after another, and willingly, I must confess I was detained until long past mid-day. At last however the business had been transacted, the money in my hands, and my receipt in those of Martin Drew, and I began to insist on going, at least as far that evening as the tavern where I had passed the preceding night.

How they gathered around me then, with smiling, entreating faces, and clinging hands. No, they said, one and all I must not go until George came home. He was expected every hour. I must remain until morning and see George, he would be sadly disappointed else. And besides, it was hardly safe to stop at the roadside tavern with such a sum of money. The people there were prying and curious, and had without doubt learned before this, that I had come to receive my legacy.

Of course I stayed and a pleasant evening I had with those merry young people, and cordial old ones.

The chamber assigned me was what, in country parlance, is usually called the "spare bed-room," a large, pleasant room upon the ground floor, opening from the best parlor, and, with that apartment, separated from the rest of the house, by a wide entrance hall. Martin Drew and his two sons,—for George had returned—in their excess of hospitality, had entered with me, to assure themselves that all was comfortable for me, and above all, as they said, safe for my money.

There were ill-conditioned people in the neighborhood, they said, and my business was well-known, so that though it was hardly possible that any one should attempt to enter the house to steal my money, it was well to be careful. "There were hooks to hang my coat and waist-coat upon, but I had better not leave the money in their pockets, perhaps it would be safer under my pillow, or had I not better lock it in a drawer of the bureau?"

Their over anxiety seemed somewhat annoying but it there were suspicious people in the neighborhood, it was but natural. Still it occurred to me that it would be as well to say nothing of the place where I intended to bestow my money. When I was at last left alone, I began to hasten my preparations for repose. The two windows of the room were closed and secured by heavy shutters, but as there was no lock upon the door, I placed a chair against it. I then finished disrobing myself, and having decided to put my pocket-book between the mattresses of my bed and beneath my head. I had just placed it there when a light noise in the room caused me to turn.

George Drew had entered so noiselessly that he had nearly reached my side before I heard him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, laughing at my frightened face. "I only came back to inquire if you would like to be wakened in the morning. You did not hear my knock."

He was gone as soon as answered, and again placing a chair against the door and laying something upon it which I thought would fall with a noise if the chair were disturbed, I extinguished my light and went to bed.

It seemed as if I had but closed my eyes, though I know that I must have slept two or three hours when I was suddenly wakened by a sound of a door softly and cautiously shut, yet lightly creaking on reluctant hinges. I sprung up. In the intense stillness, I thought I distinguished a faint tread in the adjoining room. I thrust my hand beneath my head, and discovered that my pocket-book was gone. At the same instant I distinguished another sound—the opening of the outer door.

I sprang from my bed and shouted for help. In the darkness I could not at first find the door. But in less than a minute I stood in the parlor, faintly lighted by the embers of the expiring fire. At that instant the hall door closed, and steps were heard upon the gravel outside. I shouted again and in a moment Martin Drew and his younger son hurried in, and before my story was finished were joined by George. The hall door was ajar, as the robbers had left it, but before we had time to put on the necessary clothing he had two or three minutes the start of us. We all plunged out into the pouring rain, and the darkness that was almost palpable, but a search of fifteen minutes was without reward, as we could trace the robber's steps only to the gate which led to the high road. We then all returned to the house, except George, who mounted his horse and rode off to the village to give the alarm.

I remained two days longer at Tyndale aided by my relatives, in my attempts to regain my money, with extreme kindness and interest. Unfortunately for them the very extremity of this kindness aroused, or more properly strengthened suspicions that had commenced at the moment I discovered the absence of my money. And thus all their endeavors to assist me but provided me with fresh evidence against themselves, and I left them on the morning of the third day, as fully convinced that the five thousand dollars had returned to Martin Drew's hands, as if I had seen them there.

It was with great difficulty that I found an opportunity, on the morning after the robbery, to write, and enclose and afterwards to post, advertisements to the county papers and notices to the banks stopping payment of the bills I had received and secretly marked.

On my way homeward, I went to the county town and left such information with the magistrates there as put them upon the alert, and, on the second evening, entered the village, rode past the Widow Curtiss's house, and stopped at my office door.

I tarried only to partake of my frugal supper, before I bent my steps to the home of my divinity, otherwise my Laura. She, dear girl, gave me as warm a welcome as if I had returned with my pockets as full as they were empty. But the widow! I will not repeat her stunning abuse. I survived it all—the smoke and roar of battle died away and in the list of wounded was but one young man "damaged in feelings," while Laura's smile consoled me in the endurance of my wounds.

Two months after I received a very different welcome from the widow, when I came to announce the recovery of my money, and the indictment of Martin Drew and his sons as the robbers. All was smiles and praise then from the widow, and Laura cried joyful tears upon my bosom, and named the happy day.

Young Martin had attempted to pass when partially intoxicated, one of the marked notes, and several others had been found in his possession. Search of the homestead, and the persons of his father and mother, had brought to light the remainder, and my legacy was once more in my hands. Martin, the elder and his son George, were sent for a long term, to the State Prison. The younger Martin went for a shorter period, and as soon as he was released, removed the family to the West. There, probably the father and brother joined them, when at liberty, for from that period they never re-appeared in their old haunts.

As for me, I am a tolerably rich and very happy man, a little past middle life. Laura has been my wife for many a year, and sons and daughters are growing up in good health, and beauty, and goodness around us. My legacy founded my property, and my wife my happiness.

A Rat Story.

AN old darkey in the Fourth district, of New Orleans, has daily for months past, selected the door-step of a prominent residence for his noon-day nap.—Being driven off one day he comes the next. With his head thrown back and his mouth wide open, he snores away, to the exceeding discomfort of the inmates. Called to the door by this disagreeable diapason a few days since, the lady of the house concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of ice and dropped it into the huge orifice that served as Sambo's mouth —it disappeared like a shot, and with a cough and a snort, Sambo started to his feet.

"Ugh!" he cried; as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach.

"What dis?" and his fingers clutched nervously the afflicted parts.

Just then some one cried out in the house that a big rat had run down "Uncle Sam's" throat. This added terror to his pain. He rolled on the banquette and cried lustily for help.

"'Fore God, missus, he's gnawing out'n me. I feel him. Oh, golly! he's kill'n me," and the whites of the darkey's eyes protruding like saucers, and the convulsed and anguished face, showed that real pain was stongly enhanced by his imaginary terror.

"Oh, golly, how he do jump and kick about," and Sambo again gave himself up to a paroxysm of lamentation.

"Drink warm water, Uncle Sam, and drown him," suggested the lady.

Without any hesitation Sam started for the water plug. He turned on the crank and the water started. Sam glued his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffed out like an inflated balloon.

"How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" the lady inquired as Sam staggered back to his seat.

"I guess he's drowned, missus; but here's what's troubling dis chile—how's dat rat gwine to git out'n dare?"

A New Arithmetic.

Sick gent (walking into a whisky shop): "Well, I will spend my dime in crackers this morning."

The bar-keeper hands him crackers, which he tastes.

"I cannot stand them; give me some brandy for the crackers."

Bar-keeper gives him some brandy; he pours it out, smells of it, shakes his head.

"Don't think I can go that; give me some whiskey for the brandy."

Bar-keepers hands him out the whisky; he turns out a full glass, drinks it down and starts out.

Bar-keeper—"Hold on there! you have not paid me for that whiskey.",

Sick gent—"I gave you brandy for the whisky, sir."

"Well, you ain't paid me for the brandy, sir."

"I gave you crackers for the brandy, sir."

"Well, you ain't paid me for the crackers."

Well, sir, you have the crackers yet."

Bar-keeper said no more.

☞ A landlady in Middletown, Conn., advertises that she will "open a plain boarding house and lodgings," and adds: "Any one desirous of obtaining such a place with good morals, can apply, etc."

Perkins' Hat.

EZEKIEL PERKINS resided some years ago in Hartford, Ct., a man of good standing as a member of the bar, a bachelor, and said to have considerable property, a fact which did not hurt his popularity.

Now, Mr. Perkins had a few peculiarities; among them he had an enormous head, his hats always having to be made for him. Then, having got one to fit his immense cranium, he took the very useless precaution of putting a label in the crown thereof, reading, "Ezekiel Perkins, Counselor and Attorney at Law, Hartford, Conn.

His peculiar social failing was, that at all-stag dinner-parties, he got—well, there is no use shirking it—he got rather intoxicated early in the evening. He, however, had the faculty of knowing when he had got as much as he could comfortably carry, and knowing this, to take his leave.

One evening, Mr. Perkins wended his way to one of the best mansions of Hartford. He was in full dinner-dress—blue coat with gilt buttons, white vest with black continuations, and spotless linen. Lightly he stepped along, his hat a little to one side, swinging his cane, and humming an air as he went. He was in high spirits, in view of spending an unusually pleasant evening—enjoying the affair in anticipation; and how often does it exceed the reality! Having arrived, and deposited his hat among a number of others on the hall table, he in due course sat down to dinner.

Now, a joker, knowing his head and the propensity to indulge freely at these meetings, determined to have a bit of fun at his expense. So, during the time which occurred before dinner was announced, he managed to take the label out of Mr. Perkins' hat and affixed it in the crown of the smallest hat on the table. He then retired and awaited events. The dinner was as Mr. Perkins expected—a prime affair; so that, with the song, jest, wit, and wine, he found himself at the end of a capital story by his host, "down to his bearings," as a sailor would say. Rising from his chair, carefully steadying himself by the back, he nodded good-bye to the host,—he could do no more,—and, expatiating on the good time he had had and the excellence of that last joke, he got out of the room with a slight lurch only, and proceeded to get his hat.

"'Pon me soul he said, as he craned and mooned over the table looking for his hat—"'pon me soul, that's the best joke I ever heard." His utterance was rather thick. "Yes, an' the bes' dinner I was ever at." Here he gave a lurch, but was steadied by the waiter in attendance in the hall. At last, after swaying about for some time, he detected his label and, pouncing upon the hat he read aloud "Zekeal Perkins, counser uu—hiccup—turney-a-law, Hardfud, Connecticut. That's my hat."

Straightening himself, he endeavored to put on the article in his usual jaunty style. It wouldn't do. He bent to it, tried both hands, held it to his head, fairly trying to force his head in, swaying, rocking, staggering the while; but it wouldn't do. He was hot and stupefied. He couldn't understand it. Turning to the waiter, whose gravity had nearly given way at his gyrations, he said with great politeness, "Will you oblige me by readin' what is in that hat?"

"Certainly, sir. 'Ezekiel Perkins, Counselor and Attorney-at-law, Hartford, Connecticut.

"I knew it! I knew it! that's it—that's my hat!". And immediately began the same performance, but with more energy. After some moments of staggering, pressing, and pulling, until he was once more at fever-heat, he again addressed the servant with a still more mystified air than before, but a determination as it were to know the worst.

"I beg pardon, but will you be pleased to tell who I am?"

"Certainly, sir. I know you perfectly well. You are Mr. Ezekiel Perkins, Counselor and Attorney-at-Law, here in Hartford."

"I—I knew it! I knew it! That's right—that's me, and that's my hat; but my head's most awfully swelled."

☞ Bismark was asked, "What will the war cost?" His reply was "Only two Napoleons." That is what it will cost the French people. It will cost Napoleon himself one crown.

☞ A negro boy was recently run over by a carriage driven very fast by two ladies, and was much injured. Moral: Keep out of the way of fast women.