

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters:
My 1, 12, 4 and 2 is the name of a lake.
My 6, 11, 12, and 13 is the name of a town in this State.
My 2, 10, 5 and 7 is the name of a town in New England.
My 3, 8, 12 and 5 is the name of a town in Europe.
My 13, 4, and 9 is the name of a western river.
My 9, 4, 6, 5 and 8 is the name of a county in this State.
My whole is the name of a town and the State in which it is located.

Answer to Enigmas in last week's TIMES:

Square Word Enigma No. 1:
WASP
AGUE
SURE
PEEP

Cross-word Enigma No. 2—HARRISBURG.
Geographical Enigma, No. 3—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The Fortune of Law.

I WAS chatting one day with an old schoolfellow of mine, who, though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I can really consider myself entitled to any credit is, I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you have conducted some of your late cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon finds fine things in him. There is nothing like gliding to hide imperfections and bring out excellence. But I will give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now; it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action of debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of the bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labor and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success."

"Near the town where the trial was to take place lived a friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. "I know the fellow," said he "to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist." I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast, the next morning, my host drove over in his dog-cart to the assize town. We were just entering the outskirts when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken by the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat, and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade him let the lad alone, and not to be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterised the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What

was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had beheld hammering the boy's head on the curb-stone an hour before! An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognise me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him, till I saw that he was getting irritated, and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking, too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent restless. So, after a few more important and questions, I asked him in a casual tone—

"You are married, Mr. Myers?"
"Yes, I am."
"And you are a kind husband, I suppose?"
"I suppose so; what then?"
"Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?"

"The plaintiff's counsel here called on the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent in the matter in question.

"I've a boy and a girl."
"Pray, how old are they?"
"The boy's twelve, and the girl's nine, I believe."

"Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate father, as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?"

"I don't see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't."

"You don't knock your son about, for example?"

"No! I don't." (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

"You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?"

"No! I don't."

"Or knock his head on the ground in this manner?" (and I rapped the table with my knuckles.)

"No! (indignantly.)
"You never did such a thing?"

"No!"
"You swear to that?"

"Yes!"

"All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face; I now turned towards him and said—

"Look at me, sir! Did you ever see me before?"

He was about to say "No" again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

"That will do," I said: "stand down, sir. My lord, I will prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath."

"I then related what I had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness-box, he of course confirmed the statement.

"The court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning, the decision would evidently have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connection."

The Baffled Lawyer.

At a late sitting of the Court Assizes a case was brought before the court in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well known in the surrounding country by the sobriquet of "Crazy Pat." Upon Crazy Pat being called for his evidence, the attorney for the prosecution exerted to the utmost extent his knowledge of legal chicanery in the endeavor to force it into some inconsistency, upon which he might build a point; but he was excessively annoyed to find that Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to the often-times successful resource of a lawyer—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.

"Folks call me Crazy Pat, but—"

"Crazy Pat, eh? A very euphonious title; quite romantic, eh?"

"Romantic or not, sir, it wudn't be a bad idea if the Parliament wud give it to yourself an' chose leave me have another."

This caused a slight laugh in the courtroom, and the presiding judge peeping over his spectacles at the attorney, as much as to say, "You have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh? And how long do you think it would take to tan an ox?"

"Well, sur, that's latirely 'owin' to circumstances."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass?"

"An ass? No sur; but if you'll just step down the lane, after court, I'll show ye I can tan the hide of an ass in the short end of three minutes."

A Landlord Sold.

A LANDLORD by the name of Screwler had managed to have the stage stop at his house for the passengers to dine, by allowing the driver, Lewis, a *fix* a head for each dinner eaten, and the assurance that Lew's grog should not cost him a cent; but as the tavern was ten miles from Parker's, where the passengers had formerly dined, and they did not reach it till half-past three, the landlord discovered that, with the per centage to Lewis, and the keen appetites of the passengers, who had tasted nothing from six o'clock, he was "advancing backwards" instead of improving his purse by the operation.

The two worthies held a consultation, in which it was agreed that Lewis should be behind his time in arriving and the landlord late with his dinner, so that as soon as they had fairly commenced operations the horn should be blown and the passengers hurried off on the plea that the stage could wait no longer.

This game was played for some time with success; the hungry passengers grumbled; scolded Lew for an hour or so each day; but he pocketed the *fix*s and laughed in his sleeve.

It happened about this time, that as the grumbling passengers were about leaving Parker's, the old dining house, a stout, hearty-looking man, comfortably dressed, presented himself at the coach door and took a vacant place on the middle seat.— There were three ladies on the back seat, three men on the front seat, and now, that an additional passenger had been taken in, three on the middle seat, making it a full stage load. The new passenger was quite chatty and sociable, and well acquainted with men and things, and full of anecdotes. He proved quite an agreeable companion. But even his versatility and good nature failed to interest his fellow-sufferers long. Hunger was too keen.

At last Screwler's fifth-rate house was reached, and after a long and tantalizing delay dinner was announced. The gentlemen with ladies had barely found time to help them, and then got cleverly a going themselves to the tune of the fork, when "Too-too-too-oo-o!" rang the driver's horn at the door of the dining-room, followed by his loud:

"Coach right off, gentlemen! Take your seats, quick!"

Up sprang the passengers and scrambled off, some swearing and some too much under the fear of being left behind to think of anything else but to get inside the stage.

But there was one among them who was so much engaged that he did not seem to hear or see anything of all this until another blast rang into the door and the landlord, Screwler, touched him on the shoulder, with: "The stage is going, sir."

"But I've not half finished my dinner yet," returned the passenger, who proved to be the one taken in at Parker's, looking up in surprise and sputtering forth portions of food from his well-filled mouth as he spoke.

"I'm sorry for that sir," returned Screwler, blandly. "But I can't help it. The driver will be off in a moment. He is behind his time now, and must be in by a certain hour, or he will be discharged."

"Too-too-too-oo-o-o-o!" screamed the horn, louder than usual, followed by

"All-on-board!" from the driver, who instantly disappeared.

"He's getting on his box now, sir, and will start in a moment," urged the landlord.

"And I've paid for my dinner! Too bad, too bad! Well, hand me back my money; I never pay for what I do not receive."

"I can't do that, sir. Sorry for you, but the fault is not mine. My dinner has all been prepared, and you're welcome to eat it."

As matters ran thus pressing, the passenger did not stop long to parley. Drawing from his pocket a clean white handkerchief neatly folded as it had left the ironing table, he hastily spread it open on the table, and turning into it a fresh dish of boiled eggs, then two or three plates of bread, with sundry little nicknackeries, he tied it up quickly muttering to himself all the time in an under tone. Then seizing a turkey in one hand, two roasted chickens and his well-filled handkerchief in the other, he bowed to the landlord and said—

"Good-day, sir! I'll finish my dinner on the road!"

Screwler was too much surprised and confounded to interfere.

Thus equipped, the passenger made his appearance at the coach door, and crowding in, took his place on the middle seat; the ladies twittered, the men laughed or looked grave according to their humor, but our hungry passenger seemed in no way disconcerted.

"Won't you have a dish, and knife and fork?" asked the landlord, who had recovered his senses, and came forward, a few moments after the traveller had taken his seat, with the articles, presenting them as he spoke with a mock, polite air, intending to dash our hero. But he was not to be thrown off his guard.

"Thank you kindly!" he said, bowing

as he received the dish and carving instruments. "I had forgotten these."

As soon as the pair of chickens and the turkey were adjusted on the spacious dish, which the landlord already repented having put in the incorrigible traveler's way, the latter sang out at the top of his voice: "All right, driver! Go ahead!"

Crack went the whip, and off rolled the stage, leaving Boniface vexed, angry, and and yet amused at the ludicrousness of the whole scene.

As for passengers, all shrank instinctively from the bread, meat, etc., which had been so liberally provided, while the ladies turned up their pretty little noses, and ejaculated in a soft, low voice:

"Disgusting!"

"Hold on here stranger, will you?" said he of the chickens and turkey, "this confounded stage jo'ts at such a rate that I can't carve my turkey." Indicating with his fingers as he spoke, on one side of the spacious dish upon which reposed his provender.

The individual thus addressed could do no less than obey the request; and then the same was made to his other neighbor who lent the required aid.

"And now, stranger, do you hold this bread bag!" extending his clean, well-filled handkerchief to a passenger before him. He was, in answer to this request, politely relieved of his bread, eggs, etc.

The dish was now supported on his knees and firmly held there by his next door neighbor, who began to enjoy the joke, as did most of his other fellow-passengers. In dissecting the turkey and pair of chickens, under all the disadvantageous circumstances, he showed himself a skillful carver. The different parts were nicely separated, and laid about the dish neatly and quite temptingly. By this time the odor of the fowls had awakened into keenness the unsatisfied appetites of the whole company, who were only waiting for an invitation to help themselves. In carving, the accomplished stranger had surrounded the edge of the dish with the pieces of turkey and chicken leaving quite a space in the centre. Into this he emptied the contents of the pocket-handkerchief, consisting of a dozen or so of boiled eggs, with bread.

"Now, ladies," he said, lifting the dish and partly turning around so that it rested on the taut leathern strap that formed the movable back of the seat, and thus was fully presented to them. "Help yourselves, I know you are hungry."

The ladies looked at the tempting exhibition, colored and hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," he urged. "Necessity knows no law."

The temptation was too great for one hungrier than the rest, who, hesitating no longer, took the wing of a chicken in one hand and a piece of bread in the other, and forthwith commenced operations, not however before she had smiled, bowed, and said a courteous "Thank you, sir."

The other two ladies followed suit quite naturally, then the men went to work in right good earnest, nor paused until turkey, chicken, bread, eggs, and all had vanished. Of course, the sauce for all this was good humor, jokes and funny sayings in no small quantity. After the eatables had fully disappeared the empty dish was cast overboard, and all hands composed themselves, in the best temper possible, with themselves, each other, and all the world, Boniface not excepted.

Two hours and a half afterwards the stage brought up at Grimes' for tea. For some time past the late dinner arrangements had not affected the appetites of the passengers as it had done at first, much to the surprise of the landlord and 'agent,' and not a little to his regret. On this occasion, however, his guests seemed more inclined to laugh than to eat, and finally left the table, after having taken only one cup each, with "fixings" in proportion.

The secret of this leaked out before the stage moved, to the great merriment of Grimes and the coterie in his bar-room, to whom one of the passengers related the joke. Among these was the editor of a country paper.

On the next morning the whole story appeared in print, with names, places, and all detailed with much humor. This account, Parker, who most people thought knew about as much of the whole matter as anybody, had put into the form of a hand bill, two or three of which were circulated among the passengers in every stage. Of course Screwler became aware of this fact, and did not venture again to cheat the passengers out of their dinner when they consented to eat at all. But it happened two or three times a week that a whole stage load would refuse to dine with him, and thus he came off the loser.

Finally he abandoned the profitless business of dining the stages, and fell back into his old ways.

There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow troubles them.

Beware of pretending to such a degree of purity as to cease regarding thyself a sinner.

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