

# THE FREE LANCE.

*"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance thrusteth sure."*

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## THE OTHER SIDE.

He had sacrificed eight of the best years of his life for the satisfaction of one coveted ambition—to become a lawyer, a defender of the just, a disciple of the bar, a rock of justice. At last he had tacked up his shingle on Fleet street, and, naturally enough, he was expecting a host of clients all rushing towards this one hope of grace, this monster of the law.

For six weary months he had journeyed to the court house in the earnest endeavor to "scare up a scrape." All in vain, nobody was in need of cheap advice. After all this wide, wide world business was not simply a college graduation theme but a stern reality, and his daily meals, his office rent, his incidentals, did not decrease his debit column by a single farthing.

But one morning, for you know, dear reader, the morning always comes, he was notified to appear in the county jail to serve on a pauper's case. His client was not a woe-begone sinner by any means; neither was he one of those retrospective geniuses, who, by his weazen voice, can make old women weep, and by his deplorable condition can touch the heart of lady bountiful. In just as many words as it took seconds he told our hero—for I don't know what else to call him—the story of his case: "I am accused of murder. The details of the case are of no concern. I have no witnesses to subpoena. If you want to take this case you