

MISSING.

Missing, no more, a dumb, dead wall of silence and darkness stands between us and they who left us here. In the golden morning of the year, With hope and promise and parting cheer, Wet eyes and waving hands, Never omen told our hearts, Now fate lurked, grim and dark; Fresh and sweet smiled the April day, And the treacherous waves in sunlight lay, Kissing the sands of the shimmering bay, And laughing around the bark.

Like molten silver alone her sails, As she glided from our gaze; And we turned back to our homes again, To let custom grow over the yearning pain, And to count by the hearth—ah, labor vain!—The lonely lingering days.

Never a letter from loving hands, Never a message came; We knew long since about the port he won, We knew what the fierce north gales had done, And slowly crept over every one A terror we would not name. Ah met those weary midnight, When out on the great pier-head We strained our sight o'er the tossing seas, And studied each change in the fitful breeze, And strove to answer, in tones of ease, Light question coddly said.

Light question coddly said, Ah met those weary midnight, Hearing the breakers roar; Starting from dreams of storm and death, With beating pulses and catching breath, To hear the white surf fall beneath, Along the hollow shore.

Never a flash down the wires, Never a word from the East, From the port she sailed for—how long ago! Why, even a sparrow would weep to know, Tossed on the wild waves' ebb and flow, Were something real at last. Missing, missing, and silence, The great tides rise and fall; The sea lies dimpling out in the light, Or dances, all living, gleaming white; Day follows day, night rolls on night; Missing, and that is all.

The park closed out in the log-book, The names dropped out of the prayers; In many a household a vacant place; In many a life a vanished grace. We know our cast the long life race, But only God knows their fate.

Selected. MY BEAUTIFUL CLIENT. BY MAUDE A. HILTON. It had been an unusually sultry summer day, and I was fretfully anatomizing the press of business that confined me to the city during the heated term while all my friends and associates were enjoying themselves in fashionable watering places, or rusticated in some picturesque nook.

I was only a poor young barrister, although rapidly rising in the profession, and there was a case on my hands that promised a golden harvest. It is true the courts were not then in session, but the case of Smith versus Jones required a deal of study and 'working up,' and I was kept rather busy all the time.

before the entrance to a superb residence on Madison avenue, and my companion announced that our journey was at an end. A solemn-looking man-servant admitted us, and in answer to some low-spoken inquiry of the maid, informed her that the mistress would receive the gentleman in her boudoir.

With a growing sense of my own importance, I followed the girl up the broad, richly-carpeted staircase and into a room that was like the home of a fairy, so beautiful and pure-looking with its furniture of white and gold and delicate hangings of snowy silk and lace.

'Lawyer Reavey, Miss Herbert, announced my companion, and a lady arose from a couch near the window, and came forward to meet me. I could barely repress an exclamation of astonishment, for my eyes had never beheld anything so exquisitely lovely as the lady addressed as Mrs. Herbert.

She could not have been more than eighteen years of age, and looked even younger, although there was nothing of the child in the expression of the sadly beautiful face or in the blue depths of the fair, shadowed eyes.

She motioned me to a seat near that she had lately occupied, and I could see that she was visibly embarrassed and at a loss how to proceed. Her hands moved restlessly about and I could see the color fading out of her perfect face, and she at last summoned courage to address me.

My poor brother begged me, with almost his last breath, to go to you, and ask you to take my case in hand for the sake of your old friendship. The beautiful woman faltered; and it is needless to say that I answered her she had but to state her case, and count on a willing champion.

She thanked me with a simple grace that was infinitely charming, and then told me the story of her life. She was utterly alone in the world since her brother died and tied to a man whose cruelty was killing her.

Charles Herbert was a strange character, thought peculiar by his friends, but believed by those who knew him best to be developing traits of madness. In the presence of stranger he was remarkably kind and devoted to his beautiful young wife, but at home his cruelty to the unfortunate girl was evident from the livid marks upon her white arms and shoulders.

satisfaction of seeing a momentary look of gladness sweep across her beautiful face at my approach. She questioned me eagerly as to the progress, I was making; but something in my face must have told her how little I could do for her, she threw out her tiny hand with a gesture supreme in its agony, and I could see the quick shudder that ran through her frame.

'What is it? Has he repeated his cruelty? I asked, huskily; for somehow the indignant blood seemed to rise in my throat and choke me, and I felt like strangling the wretch whose cunning baffled me.

My dear Nellie, I have been searching for you; how imprudent of you to stay out in this chilly place without your wraps. Ah, Mr. Reavey, I shall question your gallantry; see how my little wife shivers, Come, darling, I think we had best return home.

He spoke lightly, and with his arm around his wife's waist; but I could not banish the impression that he had been playing the spy; and to confirm the impression, I caught the gleam of absolute terror that Elenore Herbert threw back at me as he led her away.

'That man is mad; there is danger in his eyes to-night; I thought, and impelled by some irresistible impulse, I found myself hurrying in the direction of her residence half an hour later. Was it hope or providence that guided my wandering steps? I do not know; it was all so strange and unreal; the events that followed seem to be even now, looking back into the dim vista of years, more like the incidents narrated in some sensational novel than an occurrence in real life.

I had just returned into the block on which the Herberts resided, when a wild, thrilling cry disturbed the silence of the summer night, a cry that came from the lips of a woman, and from the direction of the house in which Elenore Herbert passed her miserable life.

'Father in Heaven, save her!' I cried, and no such fervent and heartfelt prayer had crossed my lips since I knelt at mother's knee. I cannot remember how I sprang up the steps; Sadie, the maid who had brought Mrs. Herbert's note to my office, was in the hallway, wringing her hands and giving vent to the wild screams that had attracted my attention to the spot. I did not wait for her explanation, but darted up the stairs and toward the door of the white and gold boudoir from whence came the sound of maniacal laughter and low groans of pain.

Almost mad with terror I forced my way between a group of frightened and useless servants, and threw myself wildly against the door. It yielded, and if I live for a hundred years I shall never forget the sight presented to my view. Beautiful Elenore lay prone upon the floor, her white silk evening dress dyed crimson with blood, and her face rigid and pallid as that of a corpse. Her mad husband stood over her with a cruel-looking knife in his hand, chuckling gleefully. At sight of me he burst into a terrible peal of laughter, and before a hand could be put forth to stay him, plunged the knife in his own heart.

present, and that the idea gave him more pleasure than the reception of a gift of three dozen Scriptural mottoes for the walls of his parlor could give him. He has now radically changed his opinion, and uses language in regard to Christmas presents which is well adapted to make the blood run cold. The reason for this sudden change of opinion is to the last degree illogical and irrelevant, and how Mr. McMillan can regard himself as a reasonable being it is hard to imagine.

On Tuesday last, after having worn out all the jewelers in Toledo by a prolonged examination of their stock, Mr. McMillan finally bought a beautiful bracelet for 25 dollars, with the proviso that he might return it the next day, if, on further consideration, he should decide that he did not want it. The bracelet was put up in a nice little box, which was wrapped in white paper, and Mr. McMillan wrote on the paper the touching legend: 'For my own precious darling.' Putting the box in his overcoat pocket, he went home to tea, in a smiling and happy frame of mind, and meeting Mrs. McMillan, kissed her with so much emphasis that she immediately suspected that something was wrong.

While sitting at the tea-table, Mr. McMillan led the conversation to the subject of Christmas presents, and incidentally remarked, with a twinkle of the eye that showed that he was joking, that he rather thought he should not give his wife anything. He said that if he really loved a woman, he should like to give her a splendid bracelet, but of course he did not care enough for anybody to give them anything. Mrs. McMillan might perhaps have taken exception to her husband's remark as a specimen of graceful English, but she was so well persuaded that he was joking that she almost felt the coming bracelet encircling her wrist. For the rest of the meal she was exceedingly affectionate, and did not once indulge in her usual criticisms of the mental and moral habits of her husband.

In the course of the evening Mrs. McMillan surreptitiously searched Mr. McMillan's pockets and discovered the bracelet. She was filled with gratitude and joy. The affectionate words written on the case affected her almost to tears, and she mentally resolved that during the coming year she would abstain from the use of coercive measures of a violent nature except in extreme circumstances and when her temper might be unusually excited.

The next morning Mr. McMillan began to think that perhaps his wife might not be particular pleased with a bracelet. Besides, 25 dollars really did amount to a large sum. Might it not be better to return the bracelet to the jeweler and to give Mrs. McMillan ten or fifteen dollars in money to spend as she might think proper? He debated the question all day, and at evening decided that, on the whole he would take back the bracelet and give his wife a ten dollar bill. That night at the tea table, he was even happier and more gay than he had been on the previous evening. This time he had finally settled the question of what to give his wife, and he practiced a judicious economy by resolving to spend 10 dollars instead of 25. A happier and more affectionate household than that of the McMillan family on the night of the 24th of December could not have been found in all Toledo.

The next morning, when the early bells ushered in the happy Christmas season, Mrs. McMillan arose and dressed herself. Her husband woke up while this ceremony was in progress, and, after wishing his wife a merry Christmas, told her to bring him his trousers and he would give her a present. The happy wife obeyed, and waited with beating heart for her bracelet. To her inexpressible disappointment, Mr. McMillan took out his purse, gave her a ten dollar bill, and said: 'There my dear, by whatever you want most. I give you the money instead of jewelry, or anything else, because I want you to have a present that will be some satisfaction to you.'

Mrs. McMillan maintained a painful silence. She put the money in her pocket, but never expressed the slightest thanks. As she walked toward a closet and took from it a stout rope, Mr. McMillan began to grow alarmed, and his alarm became very lively when his wife, with amazing swiftness and vigor, bound him to the bedstead, and then went down stairs for the broomstick.

On her reappearance, she asked him in a cold, sarcastic way if his 'precious darling' liked her expensive bracelet. 'You couldn't give the wife of your bosom ten dollars, could you?' remarked Mrs. McMillan, sticking her words with the broomstick; 'but you could lavish thirty-dollar bracelets on a wicked, good-for-nothing hussy! Oh! I'll let you know! And accordingly she did let Mr. McMillan know, with a strength that he had never before imagined that she possessed. In vain did the unhappy man protest that he had never given so bracelet to nobody. The angry ma-

tron was deaf to his protestations. All day he remained bound to his bed. He had neither breakfast nor dinner, but at frequent intervals Mrs. McMillan went up stairs with the broomstick, and, to use her language, 'took a fresh hack at him.'

It was after Mr. McMillan was released, and his bruises had healed sufficiently to enable him to walk without excessive pain, that he proclaimed his destination of Christmas and of Christmas gifts. It must be admitted that in this he was grossly illogical. Undoubtedly, his wife was in error, and she expressed her feelings with too much emphasis, and in a way that was open to criticism. Still there was no reason why Mr. McMillan should denounce Christmas in a broad, indiscriminating way, and it is only too evident that he is not a man who can be called an exact and careful reasoner.

Ladies Practicing Law.

A Novel Firm of Attorneys on LaSalle Street. Brave Woman Grappling with the Hard Problem of Life—Studying Under Difficulties—Experiences at the Bar—Some Novel Incidents—Their Divorce Practice.

On one side of the entrance to a great building, at 143 LaSalle street, among about forty business cards, may be seen a modest sign which reads: Room 31. M. FREDERICK PERRY, ELLA A. MARTIN, Law Office.

Doubtless hundreds who read this card are struck with at least a momentary curiosity to know who these lady lawyers are, how they look, how they succeed, what kind of law business they transact, and perhaps, above all, to know what motives induce them to make such a departure from the common occupations of their sex as to study and enter upon the practice of law.

THE LADY ATTORNEYS. If the visitor, prompted by curiosity or business, should ascend to the room he would find a neatly-carpeted office, light and pleasant, furnished with a book case table, chairs and two large office desks. At each desk sits a lady. Both are young, and both are attractive in their appearance.

Miss Martin, tall and slender has a delicate, finely-cut face, expressive of great sensibility, and indicating great firmness of character. She is dressed in a black dress, made with quaker-like plainness, and her soft brown hair is smoothly bandied off her forehead with two narrow strips of black velvet ribbon. Evidently there is 'no nonsense' about her, although her countenance is particularly gentle and feminine in its expression.

At the other desk is Miss Perry, of medium size, plump in form, dressed very becomingly in a walking suit of fashionable cut and material, and with a somewhat jaunty-looking hat covering her very abundant light hair, which is worn with the regulation frizzes in front. She has an open and frank face, and a merry twinkling in her eye when she smiles, and looks as though she would make the merriest and most cheerful companion in the world.

HOW THEY STARTED. So much for the looks of the lady lawyers. They looked exactly like any two well bred, well-educated, self possessed young women. And, now, how did they come to study law? Well, Miss Perry was a music teacher. After teaching a number of years she felt there was no particular chance for mental advancement or achievement of any kind in that profession; she did not like school teaching; she didn't want to be a school-teacher, or a physician, nor yet a preacher, and her thoughts began to run on studying law. About that time there was a good deal of agitation on the subject of women studying law, and the admission of one or two women to the bar in certain States, and she concluding to try it. Her mother, who was a widow, and compelled to look after her own business, was willing her daughter should study law, thinking she might thus be enabled to help in the business management; but she was opposed to the idea of her daughter ever entering upon the practice of the profession. Miss Perry accordingly entered the law office of Shipman & Lovelidge, Coldwater, Mich., and, after reading law two years in that office, found her liking for the profession so great that, when Michigan University opened the doors of its law school to women, she went there to take a full law course, and graduated.