

MISSING.

Missing, no more, a dumb, dead wall of silence and darkness stands between us and they who left us here.

Never a flash down the wires, never a word from the East, from the port she sailed for—how long ago!

The park closed out in the log-book, the names dropped out of the prayers; in many a household a vacant place;

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.

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.

'Confound the luck!' I ejaculated, as I tossed aside a brief over which I had been pondering on the particular summer afternoon of which I have made mention. 'Confound the luck! I have a great mind to pack up my traps and take a run out of the city, despite the claims of a hundred Smiths and Jones.'

While I had been giving way to this unusually vehement outburst, there had been a timid rapping at the outer door, and my office boy Henry threw aside the paper which he had been intently perusing for the last two hours and admitted a young woman, pretty and pleasant faced, and with an agreeable smile—

'Please, sir, are you lawyer Reavey?' she asked, timidly, and with the slightest possible brogue, betraying her Celtic origin.

'That is my name, madam,' I assured her, as I placed a chair for her near the desk from which I had arisen at her entrance.

'I confess to a feeling of curiosity, and without much ceremony I opened the daint, pink-tinted note and read its contents, which were brief and to the point.'

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.

'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.

What 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.

He fell to the floor dead, with the last words on his lips, and at the same moment an officer, attracted to the spot by Sadie's cries, rushed into the room to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. I can never clearly remember what immediately followed. I only know that the words came to my ears: 'The lady is not seriously wounded.'

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.

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.

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.

In the course of the evening Mrs. McMillan surreptitiously searched Mr. McMillan's pockets and discovered the bracelet.

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.

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.

'Ha—ha!' he cried, 'see how nobly I have fooled you! You would have stolen her from me—take her now—she is yours.'

He fell to the floor dead, with the last words on his lips, and at the same moment an officer, attracted to the spot by Sadie's cries, rushed into the room to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

'Elenore, my darling!' I call softly, and she comes to meet me gladly, more lovely than when I saw her first in that fatal white and gold, far more beautiful, with the love light giving place to the look of hunted terror in her violet eyes, and a smile of infinite peace upon the perfect lips.

'My wife—my own!' I mormur, fondly, and perhaps she guesses why I kiss her face with such passionate tenderness, for she shudders and nestles closer to me, with her golden head upon my breast, and her mind straying back to the tragedy of the past, that is dead.

Mrs. McMillan's Bracelet. Men are not, as a rule, logical. There is Mr. McMillan, of Toledo, for example. Last week he proclaimed to all his friends that he felt it to be vastly more blessed to give than to receive. He said that he meant to give his wife a beautiful Christmas

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.

Ladies Practising 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 how 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 is 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 parted 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 took a full law course, and graduated.

Miss Martin scarcely knows how she became to be a lawyer. She, too, was well educated, didn't like teaching or any of the few professions in which women have usually engaged. She is a native of New York State, as is also Miss Perry. She applied for permission to enter the office of Cook & Lockwood, in Jamestown, N. Y., as a law student. The permission was granted, and some idea of her progress and efficiency can be inferred

from the fact that they soon paid her a salary for her clerical work, she being the only one out of their several students who was thus distinguished. After reading law two years there, she decided to come to the Michigan University and go through the law course there. She entered the same year Miss Perry did. She and Miss Perry were the only two ladies in a class of 105 students, and they both graduated with honor.