

THE FIRST LADY BARRISTER.

MADemoiselle CHAUVIN, the lady barrister who, in virtue of the new law, was recently sworn in and has begun to practise at the French Bar, made her first appearance on February 23rd before M. Magnad, the President of the Tribunal at Château-Thierry. In welcoming Mademoiselle Chauvin, the Judge said that the law which had accorded her the right to practise had not been received with equal enthusiasm by all her male *confrères*. The Château-

Thierry Tribunal, on the contrary, applauded that law, as it would energetically applaud all measures tending to emancipate woman. That was why he entertained the hope that at an early date a law would be passed which would allow women to sit in the ordinary tribunals as judges. It was with this hope that he welcomed to the Bar of his Court the first woman who had come to plead before it.



A SCOTS THISTLE.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "Lisbeth," "Cynthia's Brother," etc.

CHAPTER II.

BETH was not so wholly the ignorant little person her uncle sometimes pretended to believe. She was an excellent housewife, and could cook admirably those dishes he liked best. She shared her aunt's fastidious love of order, and added to it an instinctive knowledge of hue and colour that gave the last touch to its perfection. She knew every flower and wildling growth for miles around, and made each contribute in its season to the home's adornment. Then, in all that could be gathered of Border lore, through ballad or song or old wife's tale, she was as deeply versed as any professor. Especially had she the history of that long-rooted family, the Pringles, by heart, and used it as an element of admonition when her uncle, easy-going man, seemed likely to betray the traditions of his race.

"You're as troublesome as a second conscience, you baggage," he would laugh, when some long-dead ancestor was quoted for his reproof.

"I think I'm your only conscience, Uncle John. You wouldn't deserve to be a Pringle at all if it weren't for me."

The doctor, indeed, troubled himself very little about his family, his being a simple, sincere nature without egoism or any hidden calculation for effect. He had that curious incapacity for minding his own interest that sometimes goes with a great and scrupulous respect for other people's rights. He would never be rich, but there was no man in the shire who could claim so large a share of general esteem and affection. But the warlike element in the race which had sent its sons to fight at Otterburn and with the Scottish army at Verneuil, had shed its best blood at disastrous Pinkie and Flodden's fiery rout, had lost fame and fortune in the Stuart cause, had not quite died out as Beth's share of fiery spirit and unrestrained speech went to prove. Sometimes her uncle would turn the tables upon her with a sly allusion, showing that he was better versed in family lore than he admitted, as when, by way of refusing some fancy of hers, he would quote the motto over the doorway of an ancient Pringle mansion—

"The things thou canst not get
Desyre not."

"Of course, if I were sure I couldn't get them I wouldn't be so silly as to hanker after them," said Beth, knowing very well she had not to "desyre" in vain. "Besides, the Pringle who wrote that over his door must have meant it for the instruction of outsiders."

"Maybe his wife was a gad-about."

"I daresay he was a miser."

"Dear me, was miserliness a Pringle virtue? Why didn't you tell me before, Beth? I often feel a sneaking desire to keep a tight grasp on the bawbees, but never knew it had such good justification. I'll be bolder after this."

But there was no miserliness in his suggestions for Beth's comfort on that coming journey, and the only ache his generous heart felt was to know that she could not be roused to any interest in the new frocks and ribbons he would have lavished on her.

A day or two after the arrival of Richard Bethune's letter there came one from his affianced wife, Mrs. Hazlett. Beth found it on her breakfast plate, and fingered it with a distaste very plain to see on her expressive little face. The envelope was of a fantastic shape, and it had a great blue and gold monogram, at which she made an open grimace. There was a similar monogram inside, and the writing, which was very big and black, galloped across several pages, leaving wide margins and getting to the end surprisingly soon.

"I suppose you'll expect me to learn to write like that?" Beth held the sheets aloof, eyeing them with her head on one side and a lifted chin.

"I hope you won't be so hard on your stationery. Mind, in my capacity of miser, I decline to pay double postage, Beth."

"It doesn't take long to read, anyway." She crumpled the letter and put it in her pocket.

Dr. John busied himself with his porridge and asked no questions. Beth's mouth was tight, and there was a little red spot on either cheek. She shut her teeth upon her tongue and held it prisoner that it might not say anything contemptuous of the lady who was to be her father's wife, for the letter offended sensitive Beth by its folly of underlining and exclamation points, its