

THE COUNSEL ASSIGNED

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The Counsel Assigned by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

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BUT LINCOLN'S OLD GUARD

**THE
COUNSEL ASSIGNED**

BY

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of "The Perfect Tribute," etc.



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TO THE
LIBRARY OF



**THE COUNSEL
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A VERY old man told the story. Some twenty years ago, on a night in March, he walked down the bright hallway of a hotel in Bermuda, a splendid old fellow, straight and tall; an old man of a haughty, high-bridged Roman nose, of hawklike, brilliant eyes, of a thick thatch of white hair; a distinguished person, a personage, to the least observing; not unconscious possibly, as he stalked serenely toward the office, of the eyes that followed. An American stood close as the older man lighted his cigar at the office lamp; a red book was in his hand.

[1]

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"That's a pretty color," the old fellow said in the assured tone of one who had always found his smallest remarks worth while.

The American handed it to him. As he turned over the leaves he commented with the same free certainty of words, and then the two fell to talking. Cigars in hand they strolled out on the veranda hanging over the blue waters of the bay, which rolled up unceasing music. There was a dance; a band played in the ballroom; girls in light dresses and officers in the scarlet jackets or the blue and gold of the British army and navy poured past.

The old man gazed at them vaguely and smiled as one might at a field of wind-blown daisies, and talked on. He told of events, travels, advent-