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THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

Do I believe in angels? Yes;
And in their prowling to and fro,
I entertained not long ago,
In guise of age and sore distress.

He clambered up the narrow stairs,
And by his action I knew
He was a truant angel who
Had come to visit unawares.

"Rest thee, old man," I gayly cried,
"And share my humble couch and cheer.
Thou shalt not want for comfort here,
My home and heart are open wide!"

Relieved of temporary cares,
The old man laid him down and slept
And in my thankfulness I wept!—
I'd entertained him unawares!

I never shall forget that night,
My happy dream—my slumbers sound;
And when I woke at noon I found
My angel vanished out of sight.

Perhaps in years that are to be
That angel will return; and yet
I sometimes fear he may forget
To bring my overcoat to me.

—[Denver Tribune.

UNCLE JOHN'S FORTUNE.

"Oh, Kate, mamma has just received a letter from Uncle John. He is really coming back from Australia to settle at last. All the heaps of money he has invested—yes, that's the word—invested in some—something, I don't know what, but it will nearly double his present fortune!"

"Nearly double it! Oh, Nellie," cried Kate, dropping her aunt's dress she was mending, "only think. We are his only relations."

"What a selfish little thing you are, Kate!" remarked Ellen Grashaw, throwing herself on a couch by her cousin in her mother's boudoir, which she had entered with her good news.

"How can one help being selfish when one is poor?" laughed Kate Wakefield. "It is all very well for you, whose father is alive and well to do; but Jack and I have only ourselves to look to. I have to turn and turn my dresses until I'm quite ashamed. I stick a new bow here and a new bow there, but I'm not foolish enough to fancy that people think it's a new dress. Ah, me, Nellie! I do—do so wish I was rich!" and she clasped her hands on her knee, and fixed her large gray eyes on vacancy, as if she were filling the latter with visions of wealth; probably she was.

"What a mercenary girl you are, coz!" said Ellen. "You don't think at all about Uncle John himself—only about his money!"

"Each of us thinks of what most concerns us, or what we most want!" retorted Kate. "He may help poor Jack, who only gets £90 a year. I repeat, you are rich, or your father is."

"He is not, Kate; you know it is as much as mamma can do to keep us up to our position in society. But it will be different now, for dear Uncle John says, as he has no relations save ourselves, he now we can manage to let him live with us. He can see about our renting a larger house on his arrival. Mamma is delighted, and she says he will be sure to keep his carriage; while if we try to be amiable, he may keep horses for us to ride. Only imagine! Will it not be grand? How the people will wonder and envy!"

"What a lot of suitors you will have, Nellie! Who knows but that Sir Hugh Stafford, when he comes—as they say he will next month—to reside for the winter months at Beechholm, may be one of them!"

A bright blush rose to the cousin's cheek, as she exclaimed:

"What nonsese, Kate!"

For the fact was, Ellen Grashaw was very pretty, and such a union had not only entered her head, but that also of her mother—one of those worldly-minded women who render their lives miserable by a constant fight to keep their heads higher than their neighbors, and to make five hundred a year pass for a thousand. Mrs. Grashaw, indeed, was already secretly busy in devising means for new dresses to make Ellen look her best, and to give one or two parties, ostensibly in the Baronet's honor; but really to "throw the young people together."

"Papa," proceeded Miss Nelly, "used to call Uncle John 'the fool of the whole family'—a mad speculator. I only wish in that case that papa had changed places with him."

"When will he be here, Nelly? Does he say?"

"He starts the next mail after his letter; therefore, he will be here in a fortnight. There's mamma calling!" she added, springing up.

"I hope it's not to dress yet, for I have not done these bows yet," remarked Kate, renewing her sewing.

Mr. Grashaw was a tolerable well to-do merchant, who would have a safer balance at his banker's had not his inclinations in regard to appearances tended in the same direction as his wife's. What an "old man of the sea" to some persons are these words: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" They excused themselves by saying it was for their children's benefit. Horace had to make a position in the world, and Nell to be settled.

The two other members of the family were Kate and her brother Jack (employed in a bank). When they had been left orphans, Mrs. Grashaw had consented to receive them into the family, as their keep would be a mere nothing considering one must have good dinners because of the servants' tattling; while what Kate would pay out of her small income of sixty pounds a year (besides making herself useful), and Jack out of his salary, would go into her own private purse, and afford many toilet luxuries. Besides, she knew, as Nell did too, that society, who was ignorant of any payment being made, spoke highly of their kindness to their poor relations.

Their other sole relation was Uncle John, a restless, sanguine spirit, who had been always going to make a fortune, and who had at last, in Australia, done so. He had gone there when Nell and Kate were children, so all they knew of him was that he was very kind, and was ever sending pleasant letters and handsome presents to his little nieces and nephews. When Nell danced in her joy from the room, Kate, at work on her aunt's dress, thought of these presents, and it is to be feared mentally commented on Uncle John's coming home in a very mercenary fashion.

"Supposing, as Jack and I are orphans, he were to adopt us," she ponders; "at any rate, if he be so rich, he will hardly let his sister's children remain so poor. If he does not do something for Jack, I—I shall hate him!"

Then, her eye resting on a darn in her dress, her mind reveled in the better toilets she might possibly have when Uncle John came home.

Uncle John! Before two days were over everybody in Monkbourne know about him, of his immense wealth, and how he was to live with the Grashaws, who were his only relatives. Mr. Grashaw dropped into the estate agent's to inquire casually what mansions or small estates were to be let in the neighborhood. Horace talked of Uncle John at his club until the members were sick of Uncle John. Mrs. Grashaw and the girls made visits and received them on purpose to let Monkbourne society know all about him.

"Stuck up, proud people, the Grashaws!" remarked Mrs Stebbin.

"Always were; now they will be intolerable!" rejoined the doctor's wife; "as to that Kate Wakefield, she takes no pains to hide her mercenariness!"

"Well, there's an excuse for her, my dear. It can't be pleasant, I'm sure"—with a head toss—"to be dependent upon Mrs. Grashaw's charity!"

"The train will be the 1:30, no doubt, that he'll arrive by," remarked Mr. Grashaw on the day of Uncle John's coming as he contemplated the recherche luncheon prepared. "I hope, my love, there is nothing to make a hitch in his welcome?"

It was a moment of great excitement. Nellie flitted everywhere; Horace lounged about assuming indifference; Kate sat at the drawing-room window, regretting her bonnie Jack, who was so worked that he could not get a holiday. Suddenly, as a cab stopped at the door, she sprang up and ran to the rest.

"He has come! Uncle John has come!" she exclaimed.

"Gracious! Why, he must have got up at dawn!" ejaculated Mrs. Grashaw. "Where are Nell and Horace?"

A fluttering bevy they proceeded into the hall to receive the lucky speculator. The page had already thrown wide the door, and coming up the steps they saw a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with stooped shoulders and a sad, careworn visage.

"Welcome to England! Welcome home, John!" cried the merchant, wringing his hand. "Dear me, how delighted I am! I congratulate you, brother!"

The welcomes and congratulations were echoed all around. They clustered about him like bees about honey. Horace took his hat, Kate his walking stick.

"Ah, George!" exclaimed Uncle John, in a feeble voice, as he slightly waved his hands, "let me sit down somewhere, please, I have much to tell you!"

"Horace, fetch the wine; your uncle is fatigued after his journey. No; he will go into the dining-room at once," remarked Mrs. Grashaw.

"Much to tell us?" laughed her husband. "I should think so, John, after your long absence."

They had all got into the dining-room now. The softest chair was pushed forward by Horace; Kate gave a shake to the cushions; Ellen brought a foot-stool. Uncle John dropped down wearily.

"Oh, George!" he exclaimed, almost piteously, "how can I tell you—how a hundred times I have wished that I had never written you that letter—much has happened since. I am"—the gray head dropped on the withered hands—"ruined."

Had the listeners suddenly been confronted by the face of Medusa, they could not have been more aghast—more silent. They were horrified—paralyzed. The first thought of Mr. Grashaw, indeed of all, was that they had been most grossly taken in.

"What do you mean, John?" asked the merchant.

"That the speculation in which I foolishly invested my all, George, was but a bubble. It burst a week before I started for home. It has ruined hundreds."

"Home! I wonder if he thinks this is home?" reflected the merchant. "Circumstances alter cases."

"Whatever will Monkborune say?" thought his wife. "We shall be a perfect laughing stock. To have a panper instead of a millionaire on our hands!"

Horace and Nell looked at each other helplessly.

Kate felt inclined to cry. Then she filled a glass with wine and handed it to Uncle John.

"How very officious the girl is!" her aunt thought.

"I always thought you were the idiot of the family, John," remarked the merchant huffishly. "There, we may, I suppose, have luncheon? Then you can tell us about it."

"Well?" inquired Jack Wakefield, eagerly, on Kate waylaying him as he was creeping up stairs to change his coat, after returning from the office, "has he come?"

"Yes, Jack; and, oh! it's so terrible! He isn't rich at all—he is a begger. The speculation was—was a bubble, he says, and he has been ruined."

"Poor old Uncle John!" exclaimed Jack, sympathetically.

"You dear—dear darling boy!" cried Kate, throwing her arms around his neck; "that's the first kind word any one has said of him. Oh! Jack—Jack, I fear Aunt and Uncle Grashaw will make a great difference to him."

"Why? He would not have lost his money if he could have helped it. Where is he?"

And John, no longer thinking of his office coat, walked into the drawing room and warmly greeting the old man, heartily remarked:

"Welcome home, Uncle John! Kate has told me all. I'm so sorry 'pon my word I am; but never mind, better luck next time; "nil desperandum," you know."

"Heaven bless you, my dear boy—thank you," rejoined Uncle John, gratefully; for already he was awakening to his position. And such a pleasant, radiant expression came over his features, that, like a flash, an idea sprang up in Mrs. Grashaw's head that Uncle John was pretending poverty to test their affection.

But her husband soon negatived that. There was no pretense; but hard, bona fide, implacable ruin.

Monkbourne did laugh and did sneer. That might have been some excuse for the Grashaws; but before a fortnight was over Uncle John found himself so much in the way that, hurt, pained, he announced his intention of leaving, and no one asked him to remain.

That evening, however, Jack came into his room on the third floor with Kate, and the two made a proposition. To let Uncle John in his great trouble go and live alone was more than terrible to these silly young people; it was impossible. Would Uncle John like them to put all their tiny incomes together, and take a little cottage just outside the town and live in in it? Kate would be the most economical of housekeepers.

Uncle John sat aghast.

"And you would do this for me, my children?" he exclaimed. "You would give up your fine life and the fine guests here at George's to—to——"

"Be quite as happy elsewhere," laughed Kate, kissing him. "You musn't refuse, Uncle, I will not hear of i ! You can't tell how merry we three people will be together."

"I don't doubt that in my case, my love," looking into her bright face and grasping Jack's hand.

"Then it's agreed, uncle?" remarked Jack.

"Heaven bless you children, how can I say no?"

So it was settled. The Grashaws were at first indignant, but later rejoiced in the ground it gave them to break with their poor relations, especially with those ungrateful Wakefields.

But there they were wrong. Gratitude had been the cause. All the real gifts Jack and Kate had received from any one had been from Uncle John who had never asked nor wanted a return.

In a fortnight the cottage Jack had had his eye on received its tenants. It was very small, but very pretty. From morning to night Kate flitted about it; seeing to this, then that, inventing nice little surprises—into which Uncle John heartily entered—for dear old Jack's dinner tea, or "high tea," as she laughingly termed it. She no longer thought of turning her dresses so often nor "sticking a new bow here and a new bow there;" but in her dark stuff dresses she looked happier, handsomer, than she ever had at the Gresbaw's.

"It's quite like setting up housekeeping for one's self!" she laughed, merrily.

The cottage was situated at the other side of the town from that wherein was the Grashaw's house, so Kate rarely met them; but she heard of them and their doings through one or two of those mutual friends who, admiring the part the brother and sister had played, kept up their acquaintance. From one of these she learned how Sir Hugh Stafford had arrived at Beecholm from his world wanderings, and had been feted accordingly by all the elite of Monkbourne, the Grashaws among the number.

"There will be rare pulling caps for the baronet among the mothers with marriageble daughters!" laughed the old lady, Kate's informant; "and entre nous, my dear, your aunt, Mrs. Grashaw, will not be behind hand!"

Kate, seated in the little parlor at work found subjects for long trains of thought. She wondered if Nellie would win the Baronet? She was pretty enough. Then would not her aunt hold her head up high?

Her cogitations were arrested by the sound of voices. Looking from the window, she saw that Uncle John had halted at the gate, apparently to take leave of a friend—a gentleman of about thirty, with a pleasant, intelligent face, but more manly than handsome, was Kate's mental remark.

"Uncle back, and no tea!" she exclaimed, springing up. "Time flies when one is thinking! Why, uncle is bringing his friend in! If it's to tea, he must just take what I have got!"

Then the door opened, and Uncle John entered with the strange gentleman, who Kate observed had exceeningly fine brown eyes.

"My darling," said Uncle John, "I have met an old friend. Pardon me if I put you out at all, but I could not refrain from bringing him home to introduce him to my young benefactors."

"Benefactors, Uncle John! Oh, I pray, sir, do not believe that," smiled Kate, with a blush. "Ours is rather a society for mutual aid."

"I think I should like to join it," said the stranger, and those brown eyes rested upon her face in admiration. "May I not do that?"

"I fear it is impossible," she replied; "it is limited in number as in capital." Then she looked at Uncle John.

"I beg your pardon, Kate, but I forgot the introduction. My dear, this is Sir Hugh Stafford."

"Whose place would now long have been filled by another," said the Baronet, bowing, "but for your uncle, Miss Wakefield, who, while I was in Australia, several years ago, saved my life, at a great risk to his own."

"I never knew then," laughed Uncle John, "that the young red Garibaldi-attired digger was to blossom forth into an English Baronet."

"Neither did I for certain. But by the next mail news of my cousin's death reached me."

"You stay, sir Hugh, to take tea with us?"

"That is," he added, turning to her, "if Miss Wakefield will not find me "de trop," but will accept me as an honorary member of your society?"

Kate had been overwhelmed upon hearing who was Uncle John's friend; now she felt ready to sink to the floor at the invitation given, especially when the Baronet accepted it.

What was that in his voice, his manner, that put Kate at once at ease, and her quite sincere in saying she should be delighted? Whatever it was, she never felt less nervous in preparing the evening meal, and never did it go off better. The conversation never flagged, and the Baronet seemed as if he had known them for years. Then Jack came in, and the hours slipped away, until nearly ten o'clock, when Sir Hugh took his leave, asking Jack to walk part of the way with him to smoke a cigar.

When Jack returned he was radiant. Sir Hugh had found out how he had been studying, and how he had passed some examinations with eclat and had promised to procure him a place under the government.

"Oh, dear," thought Kate, smiling, as she retired to rest. "What would Aunt Grashaw say?"

What would she, and what did she, and what did all Monkbourne say, when it was known how constant a guest Sir Hugh was at the cottage? Of course, it was as a patron. The Baronet was generous and pitied John—wanted to make him a return for that Australian affair. But Kate, though she called herself silly, foolish and vain, could not help fancying that there was another reason for Sir Hugh's coming, and she was right. One evening, when the Baronet had had them to dine at Beechholm, and she had stepped on the terrace, waiting for the gentleman to come from the dining-room he joined her alone. He was a man that a dinner-dress became. Kate thought it particularly so this evening.

"Admiring the view, Miss Wakefield?" he asked.

"Yes; it is worthy of admiration," she said. "It is beautiful! How proud you must be to say, 'I'm monarch of all I survey!'"

Abruptly he had drawn nearer, her hand was imprisoned in his; his brown eyes were looking, it seemed, into her very soul, as he said:

"Miss Wakefield—Kate—I have come to you here to ask if you will share that pride? If you whom I so honor—you, the only woman I ever loved, or can love—will be my wife?"

Then she learned how his fancy had been for the brother and sister on learning Uncle John's story of his return home; how he had been curious to see them, and how he had loved Kate from the very evening that he did.

"You will not refuse me dear?" he whispered in conclusion.

She lifted her eyes to his, and as he drew her to his heart, Kate, trembling and happy did not resist.

It was a great surprise and disappointment to most at Monkbourne, particularly to Mrs. Grashaw, who, however, was condescending enough to forgive Kate, and let Neily act as bridesmaid.

Years have passed, children's happy voices make musical the air of Beechholm, and rise up to Uncle John's ears, after summoning him to the window. He is still "poor, ruined Uncle John," but he doesn't feel so, for he declared that Sir Hugh and Lady Stafford's behavior toward him makes him experience a sense of conferring a favor instead of receiving one.

Lincoln's Grandson.

The Cincinnati Times-Star Special, "Ex-Senator James Harlan, of Iowa, and his wife are in the city, the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln. An incident occurred yesterday afternoon in which the grandson of the immortal "Old Abe" figured, and which was of intense interest to a passer-by who witnessed it. An open barouche drove slowly up Tenth street, in which were seated Mr. and Mrs. Harlan, their daughter, Mrs. Lincoln, and her little son, a bright boy of seven or eight years the grandson of the martyred President. The carriage was stopped opposite the Medical Museum (Ford's old theater), where the terrible tragedy was enacted 17 years ago. After gazing at the building, during which an earnest conversation was kept up, the attention of the distinguished party was turned towards the building opposite, where Lincoln breathed his last. The marble slab lately placed on the building to tell the passer-by of the sacred spot in silence, and the party drove [illegible] What mighty recollections of the stirring events of that fatal night must have flashed through the brains of at least three of the occupants of the carriage, while the fourth one, a mere boy, marked the third generation of the martyr's family, a living reminder of the ever-flying flight of time and of stirring events in history.

TRYING TIMES.

"Broiled spring chicken for tea, eh?" said I. "And lobster salad and fried oysters! Upon my word this looks as if we were going to have company."

"So we are, my dear," answered my wife, looking a little guilty, as she polished up the surface of the big silver tea tray with a new chamois leather. "They are all coming to visit me—Uncle Silas, and Aunt Melicent, and the children and Cousin Joab, and the two Miss Wilmerdings, and my Aunt Louisa, to meet the Rev. Mr. Speakwell, from Minnesota, who married my cousin Jerusha Wilde. Mr. Speakwell is troubled with the catarrh, and he thinks of staying at our house for a few weeks while he is being treated by Mr. Dosem."

I put down my linen duster and brown paper parcels with some emphasis.

"Oh, confound the Rev. Mr. Speakwell!" said I.

"John!" ejaculated my wife.

"Well, my dear, I can't help it," said I. "It's not human to endure everything. And I've been relationed out of all patience ever since our marriage. The Jenkinses went away last week, the Birdsaes took an affectionate leave yesterday, and now, just as I was contemplating a peaceful evening by ourselves, here's a new swarm, hungrier than the rest, just about to settle down upon us! In my opinion, Kitty, my dear, relations should be abolished."

"I am surprised at you, John, said my wife. "My own people, they are so fond of me."

"There's where you are mistaken, my dear," said I. "It's your comfortable spring beds and good cookery that they are fond of, not you."

"John!"

"I'd be willing to wager a good round sum on the truth of my assertion," said I.

"Because you have no relations yourself——"

"Thank Providence for that!" said I, devoutly. "I was reared in a foundling asylum, and have nobody to thank but myself for my tolerable success in the world."

"It's no reason you should find fault with mine," said Kitty, with her bright blue eyes full of tears, "And Mr. Speakwell is such a spiritually-minded man, and dear Uncle Silas loves you just as if you were his only son, and Cousin Joab is so interested in our children."

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said I, dryly. "But I slept all last week on soft cushions lying in the bath-tub; and we had fourteen people here over the anniversaries, and I was obliged to give up my own room for a month last winter to old Mr. Manswell, not to speak of our being half-poisoned with Aunt Louisa's hygeian messes in the fall. When the poet said, 'There's no place like home,' I presume he meant when there were no relations visiting. I'll tell you what, my dear," with a sudden inspiration, "I've a great mind formally to deed over this house for your relations, if they will agree solemnly to leave me in peace for the rest of my life, wheresoever I may set up my family tents."

"Nonsense!" said my wife. "Do go up stairs and change your things, and brush your hair and get ready for tea. They are all waiting in the best parlor, and I was awaiting your return to see about hiring some cot beds from the village hotel, to put up in the attic for those four little Speakwell children. You see, Aunt Louisa has the blue bed-rooms, and Cousin Joab sleeps in the little wing chamber, and Mr. and Mrs. Speakwell will have our room and——"

"Indeed!" said I. "And we are to sleep in the barn, I suppose?"

"Don't be cross, John," said my wife, appealingly. "One must be hospitable, you know. And I can easily make up the sofa-bed in the back parlor for our use, for a week or so."

I said nothing, but ground my teeth in silent despair, as I sprang up stairs, two steps at a time, to make what changes I could in my toilet, by the aid of a ten by twelve glass hung over the washstand of a stuffy little bath room.

The Rev. M. Speakwell was a big man, with a still bigger voice, and a limp, faded little wife, whose sole earthly interest seemed to center in her four white-eyed, freckle-faced children. Uncle Silas and Aunt Melicent were a silent couple with excellent appetites, and two boys, who giggled and snickered at each other in the intervals of the conversation.

Cousin Jaob talked incessantly with his mouth full, and the two Miss Wilmerdings served as general echoes to the rest; while Aunt Louisa devoured lobster salad ad libitum, and kept up sending her cup for some green tea, until I trembled for her nerves, while my wife, careful and troubled, like Martha of old, with many things, looked ready to drop with the hospitable exertions she had made, and I, a mere cipher at the head of the table, felt as if I was keeping a baording house without any pecuniary emoluments therefrom.

"My trunks will be put up in the five o'clock train," said the Rev. Mr. Speakwell; "I'll trouble you, Cousin Poyntz, to send an expressman to the depot for 'em. And if there is any department in this [illegible] Cousin Poyntz, that could be fitted up as a study for my temporary use, it would greatly facilitate my intellectual occupation during my sojourn in the suburbs of this great city. And I hope the children will be kept still during the hours which I devote to study."

Here my wife looked at me aghast, thinking of little Johnny and the baby.

"Never mind, my dear," I remarked, sotto voice, "we can easily get 'em boarded out somewhere."

"And, w[illegible]out on Rev. Mr. Speakwell, "I should esteem it a favor if a horse and buggy could be procured for my daily use when going to Dr. Dosem in the city, as the motion of the train disagrees with my nervous system."

"I don't happen to own a carriage, but I might buy one."

"Thank you, thank you, Cousin Poyntz," said Rev. Mr. Speakwell, blandly.

"And if there's any other little thing you should happen to want, pray don't be backward in mentioning it," I added.

"No, I won't, Cousin Poyntz," said the reverend gentleman, with the utmost gravity.

And I am bound to say that he kept his word.

For three days I endured the swarm of visitors which literally infested my home, and then I made up my mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"I'll put a stop to this thing," said I. I came home one night with a tragical expression on my face.

"Katharine," I said to my wife, "I made a sad mistake in buying those shares in the Western Union. More than that, I am sorry to say, the owner is ruined!"

"What!" cried all the company at once.

"Those shares of the Western Union, you know," said I, with a heavy sigh.

"Yes, dear," gasped poor Kitty.

"They have gone down," said I.

"Oh, John!"

"I wish I had taken your advice, and let 'em alone and kept my money," said I.

I looked beamingly around at my wife's relations. They returned the glance by the blandest of stares.

"If I borrow two hundred dollars a piece from all these dear kindred," said I, with obtrusive cheerfulness, "and request Uncle Silas to endorse my business notes—"

"I couldn't think of such a thing," hurriedly interrupted that gentleman.

"I should be most happy to oblige, but I am quite out of funds at present," said Cousin Joab.

"And I," said the Rev Mr. Speakwell, pushing back his chair, "must save what little share I possess of the world's filthy lucre to pay my passage and that of my family back to Minnesota."

"Surely," cried I, "you would not go away and leave me in such pecuniary straits as these?"

The Rev. Mr. Speakwell significantly buttoned up his pockets.

"It is every man's business to look after himself, Cousin Poyntz," said he; "and I don't scruple to say that it is downright dishonesty for a business man like yourself to get into such financial difficulties."

And in fifteen minutes every cousin in the lot had, upon one excuse or another, vanished from the room, to pack and prepare for immediate departure.

I looked at my wife; my wife looked at me. I burst out laughing; Kitty began to cry.

"My dear," said I, "it's an easier job than I thought it would be. I didn't know but that it would be necessary for me to catch the smallpox before I could get rid of your relations."

"But are we very poor, John? And must we give up this dear little cottage? Oh, how cruel it is of Uncle Joab, and Mr. Speakwell, and Uncle Silas, and all of them, not to help you! I know Mariana Wilmerding has five thousand dollars that she wants to put out at interest, for she told me only yesterday, and——"

"Yes, exactly," said I. "But probably she doesn't regard me as a good investment."

"After all I have done for them!" sobbed my wife.

"Relations are only human my dear," said I.

The company took their leave without much ceremony or adieux, and that afternoon my wife came to me with tears in her eyes.

"John," said she, "will you tell me how much money you have lost in that horrid Western Union stock? Because I would rather know the worst at once."

"Lost?" repeated I, looking up from the newspaper, which I was reading in Uncle Silas' favorite easy chair, now vacated for the first time in many days. "Why, I only lost a trifle."

"You said you were ruined."

"Excuse me, my dear, I said nothing of the kind. I merely stated the Western Union shares had gone down, and their owner was ruined. But I am not the owner, as I sold out my shares a week ago. Their depreciation, with other still more serious losses in their speculations, have ruined their owner."

"John?"

"Yes, my dear."

"How could you?"

"Very easily," said I, with a latent smile. "My dear, I think if your relations had stayed another week I should have committed suicide."

"And you told that horrid story just to get rid of them?"

"I made that unimpeachable statement with that precise intention."

"They were rather trying," confessed Kitty. "And I think they might have helped you a little when they thought you were bankrupt."

"They will not come visiting here again," said I, quietly.

And I was right. They did not.

A BRAVE COLORED BOY.—A mullatto boy, at the burning of the old World building, New York, seeing three men at a window helpless, and that a telegraph wire was fastened over their heads and to a pole across the street, climbed the pole, cut the wire and enabled the men to save themselves. The wire served as rope, by which they easily reached the pavement. The name of the young hero was Charley Wright. On descending the pole, after cutting the wire, he fell, hurting his leg, and was clubbed by the police.