



WHAT CAME OF KILLING A RICH UNCLE.

By MARK LEMON.

"Dance with me, Letty Green," said George Poynter, to a pretty girl with blue eyes and "hair that shamed the

pretty the eyes to their fall. "to orge Poynter, I should like some

"Yes, Laty," said the young gentleman admissed; "and there's lemonade and in the had such a sponge cake."
"I like dencing with you better than
any one I. "The belocorge, to his pretty

\*Da year Wher replied Letty, her voice rather obstructed by the sponge

"I thin's it is because I like you-you are so prefty," replied the young gallant,
"You must say that, or namma will
scoid you. Coorey, Sle socids every
one who tells me I am protty," said the

Put the said had been speken, and from the light out I the call of the Christians Letty said the aware sweethers.

which of on the following Vistor of took your a favor. Mrs.

the a would great it, of course, 21 3. A feety to ride Pafus, my pony, the entire hood. Then his no use the engineer hely beautifully." "Har as see of this proposal would give

Not in the I was. Tom-that's our gram and it would, and papa says it wont, and I say the same; so please say you'll a star pony. Straps, the harness maker, will lend a side addde."

Mrs. of en accept. I Corge's offer, as
Letty was rather fragile, and pony
riding had been declared to be good for

her; but Mr., Green's income would not allow of the expense, she said. There were people who called Mrs. Green a mean wassan, and hinted that she loved money best r than her child. George Poynter went to school very cheery, because he had made such a cap-

ant about his pony, and he often those ht, when the weather was fine, of thinks, and wondered if Letty were riding him. George had not forpotten, perhaps, that years—years ago he and Letty had called themselvas

More years had passed and brought their changes. George and Letty were alone together in a small book room in Mrs. Green's bouse, the windows opening to the garden. George was affired in deep mourning, and there were strips of black ribbon here and there on Letty's white dr. s. They had been talking of death and sorrow until both had become silent. After a time Letty took George's band, and said:

"Dear George, you must strive to meet your great affliction with a brave spirit—indeed you must."
"I have—I do strive," replied George, looking away from Letty; "but remember what has come to me. Two years

ber what has come to me. Two years ago my father died. A year before that villain, Jackson, ruined my father—broke his heart—killed him. O Letty! what have I done to deserve this? What

"Trust still to the father of the father-less," replied Letty. "We do not know why great afflictions are permitted to overtake us any more than we can tell

garden, evidently busy with her thoughts. She had stopped near the book room

window, near enough to hear what the sweethearts were saying to each other, and she appeared to be made more thoughtful by what she heard.

When Mr. Poynter was a thriving merchant Mrs. Green had been more than a chant Mrs. Green had been more than a consenting party to her daughter's acceptance of George Poynter's attentions—indeed, she had by several indirect means encouraged the young people to think lovingly of each other. But now matters were changed. Master George, as he was generally called, had neither houses nor lands, nor had he "ships gone to a far countrie," and Mrs. Green was perplexed how to act. She knew that Letty loved her tiret sweetheart and Letty loved her first sweetheart, and would perhaps love him more now that he was poor.

he was poor.

Mrs. Green was relieved from her perplexity more agreeably than she deserved to have been, as George Poynter called the next day, bringing with him a letter from his uncle, rich old Silas Cheeseman, promising to provide for his only sister's only son, and hinting that George might by good conduct look to be heir to all his thrifty savings.

heir to all his thrifty savings.
Silas was a bachelor, having been blighted in his youth. He then took to loving money, and had been a most successful weeer, as those clever speople who know everybody's business but their own declared old Silas Cheeseman to be worth his hundred thousand

mora.

Her ample ball dress was of the purest
white muslin, fastened at the sleeves and
round the waist with blue ribbon—bluer
than her eyes.

pounds— more a situation for George in the neighboring town of St. Gnets—merely a probationary situation, as clerk to a timber merchant, than her eyes.

"Yes," as wered Letty, "I want to dance with you."

The dance at an end, Letty tried to smooth her golden curls into order with her little hands, and then, opening her little hands, and then her little hands had her little hands her little hands her little hands had her little hands place the hite to sishment as a spy, and to watch the interests of his uncle. George would have corned such a pesition for all Uncle Siles had to give.

> Before we pass on to the events of the next few years, we will introduce Chauncey Gibbs. a friend of George Pornter. Channeey—his patronym of Cibbs was

rarely mentioned—Chauncey was a good natured, good for nothing, unsettled, amusing fellow, who contrived to live a gypsy kind of life on £200, a year, stead-fastly refusing to encumber himself with any employment or to incur responsibilities more (to quote Chauncey) than his hat would cover. He was a native of St. Gnats and known to everybody in the town, but he had no regular abiding place, as he chose to wander at will, and George Poynter would not have been surprised to have received one of Chauncey's Some four or five years had ressed and Letty Corrected by an analysis string to their upper the versions of the process of the never in ciring its destination, but making the eff equally at home wherwho was stranded. At Christmas time he always returned to St. Gnats, and store, said thouse, was a welcome puest at many hospitable tables in that thriving town, making his headquarters, however, with his old friend and school chum, George Poynter. He had written to announce his return to St. Gnats for the Christmas approaching the end of the two years ; which had intervened since George Poynter had assumed the stool of office at Mr. Bawk's, and supplies of tobacco and bitter beer were already secured for

the welcome perfed guest. Chauncev had a favorite lounge in London, a tobacconist's in an out of the way street in the neighborhood of St. Mary Axe.

The proprietor was a beadle, or some official of that character, to one of the companies, and the tobacco business was completes, and the tobacco business was conducted during the early part of the day by the beadle's wife and daughter. It was Chauncey's pleasure to sit on a snuff tub in front of the counter and smoke, in turn, all the varieties of tobacco sold at the beadle's, beguiling the time, also, with animated conversations with the daughter whose powers of with the daughter, whose powers of repartee were more ready than refined. It is not our intention to chronicle-more than Chauncey's parting interview and what came of it, as slang from a woman's lips is our abhorrence.

Chauncey was about to leave the shop after one of his long sittings, when the younger lady said:

"You won't see me again, I expect, Mr. Chauncey; I'm going to be married."
"You married!"

"Yes, me: why not, I should like to know?" asked the lady, a little piqued.

"I'm sure I envy the happy man," replied Chauncey. "It's not the Scotchman at the shop door, is it?"

"Well, I'm sure!" said the young lady, and without another word she bounced into the little paylor at the back of the into the little parlor at the bac't of the

shop.

"Now you've regularly offended Becky," said Mrs. Beadle, "and such old friends as you was—and she to be married to-morrow, and so respectable."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," said Chauncey. "Where's the wedding to be? I'll buy a bundle of water cresses and strew her way into church as an apology." strew her way into church as an apology

"Oh! she won't want no apology from you—she knows what you are Mr. Chaunwhy great good comes to us when we least expect or deserve it, dear George. You are young, clever, good and have many friends, and one—who is more than a friend."

She raised George's hand to her lips when she had said this (they were true sweethearts now), and he—what could he,do but press her to his bosom, and hisa her check burning with blushes?

you—she knows what you are Mr. Chauncey; but she's to be married at 10 to-morrow, at St. Mary Axe's, but we don't want it spoke of, as the bridegroom's nervous," said Mrs. Beadle, in a whisper.

"I'll be there in time," replied Chauncey. "I suppose her father will give her away—in full costume, cocked hat, staff, and all that."

"He will do all things that is proper, the will do all things that is proper, and the will do all things that is proper, the will do all things that it is proper.

much dignity, and Becky at that moment calling "Mother!" in rather an hysterical tone, Chauncey was allowed to find his way out of the shop as he pleased.

On the following morning Chauncey was at the church of St. Mary Axe a quarter of an hour before the time appointed for the ceremony which was to unite Miss Beadle and somebody to their lives' end.

lives' end.

A hale old gentleman between 60 and 70, perhaps, was the next arrival. Having made some very confidential communication to the old pew opener, he was conducted, evidently in great trepidation, to the vestry, and there immured until the arrival of the tobacconist and family—but without the emblematical Scotchman. Chauncey concluded, therefore, that Miss Beadle had captivated the old gentleman now awaiting his doom in the condemned cell called the vestry.

The Beadle was in mufti, but his costume still partook of the splendor of his office, and a canary colored waistcoat with glittering buttons of ruby glass rendered him somewhat conspicuous even in the gloom of St. Mary Axe. His general expression and bearing was that of a tempered indignation, as though he were about to consent to the infliction of semi-injury trivials he can be the semi-injury trivials he can be semi-injury trivials he can be semi-injury trivials and some of the semi-injury trivials he can be semi-injury trivials and some of the semi-injury trivials he can be semi-injury trivials and some of the semi-injury trivials he can be semi-injury trivials and some of the semi-injury trivials and some of t

were about to consent to the infliction of some injury which he could avoid if he pleased. A word, a look, might have provoked him to have torn the license from the parson's hands and to have dragged his daughter from the altar. He was therefore allowed to walk up the aisle unmolested.

Mrs. Beadle was very lively on her entrance to the church—more lively, perhaps, than black tea and the occasion warranted; but, whatever had been the stimulating cause of her cheerfulness, it ran in plenteous drops from her eyes as she approached the altar, and must have been exhausted entirely by the end of the ceremony. Niobe weeping for her children would have been a dry nurse compared with Mrs. Beadle.

Miss Beadle was resigned, as became her to be at 31. With closed eyes and drooping head she leaned upon her mother's arm until, with pardonable confusion, she released her hand to put up her parasol as she drew near the altar. Chauncey rushed to her relief, and with some difficulty possessed himself of the incumbrance, and as there were no attendant bridesmaids the impudent fellow attached himself to the wedding party, to be, as he said, "generally useful and to pick up the pieces." to pick up the pieces."

The ceremony proceeded with all preper solemnity, but there was some association with the name of one of the con-tracting parties which made Chauncey fairly start, and then determine to witness the signing of the certificate, to satisfy a doubt which had suddenly entered his mind.

The wedding party retired to the ves-try when "Amazement" had ended the ceremony, and proceeded to sign the registers attesting the union which had just been solemnized. Mr. Chauncey Gibbs being, as he said, a friend of the family, signed also, and there read—what had better be revealed in the next chapter.

Any one had only to have walked down the High street of St. Gnats to have known that Christmas was at hand. The grocers' windows were overrunning with lusciousness; the butchers' shops were so choke full of beef and mutton that the butchers themselves would have to out their way out into the street; the poulterers had laid in such stocks of turkeys, cross and chickens, that Mr. Eabbage's calculating machine could aloen have computed them-mere human in-tellect would have failed. The window frames of the houses seemed sprouting with holly and "the ivy green," and no doubt but mistletoe hung, kiss provok-

Mrs. Green had made every room in her cottage an anagram of her name, as it was holly decked everywhere. Nor was the sacred bough forgotten—"on the young people's account," she said, "though Letty and George had long ceased to want an excuse for a kiss." George Poynter was waiting the ar-

rival of his friend, Chauncey Cibbs. A glorious fire blazed within the grate; the table was spread to welcome the coming guest, for whose delectation a faultless rumpsteak pie was browning in the oven. The train, punctual to its time, was heard screaming into the station close by, and in a few minutes after the two friends were together.

friends were together.

If you are hungry it is tantalizing to listen to the particulars of a dinner you are not to share; if you are sated, you are bored by the recapitulation of dainties you care not to touch, and therefore we will allow the friends to take their meal in peace. Neither will we join their after revel when two or three old crowles came in and made a vicility of it.

their after revel when two or three old cronies came in and made a right of it, until George and Chauncey sought their beds fairly tired out with joility.

When breakfast was over the next morning, and Chauncey found that George had excused himself from attendance at the timber yard, he said:

"I am glad you can give the morning to me, as I have some news for you that to me, as I have some news for you that may, perhaps, surprise and anney you." "Indeed!" replied George. "What

"I would not touch upon it last night, although I think some immediate action should be taken by you or your friends, continued Chauncey, looking very ser-

"Pray speak out," said George.
"Oh yes. I must do that, for I have no tact, never had, to make an unpleasant matter agreeable. Have you heard from your uncle lately?"

"Yes, two days ago—principally on Mr. Bawk's business," replied George. "My old boy, your uncle never intended you any good when he shut you up in that log house of Eawk's. He put you there for his own selfish purpose and nothing else."

"Why do you say that?" asked George. "He has led you to suppose that you were to be his heir some day, has he

"He has never said that in direct terms; but he certainly has hinted at such a pos-sibility."

sibility."

"Then he's an old scamp, if he don't deserve a harder name," said Chauncey, thumping the table. "Two days ago he did his best to disinherit you. You may stare, but I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, that old ragamuffin marry a bouncing woman of thirty."

"Marry! Uncle Silas marry!"

"Fast as St. Mary Axe could do it, to a snuffseller's daughter;" and then Chauncey, to the astonishment of his friend, narrated what we already know of the wedding at which Mr. Chauncey had so officiously assisted.

"This is indeed a terrible blow," said George, "an unexpected blow."

"This is indeed a terrible blow," said George, "an unexpected blow."

"Yes: I am afraid, knowing the hands he has fallen into, that he won't have a will of his own when a few months have passed," said Chauncey. "I found out how the matter came about. Old Silas was very ill, and wouldn't have a doctor; but—a Beadle, I call him—got at him, and then introduced his daughter as nurse. They first physicked him nearly to death, and then brought him round with bottled porter. They told the old fool they saved his life, and he believed it; and out of gratitude, and the want of a nurse, he preposed to Miss High-dried, and married her."

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