STORY OF A WILL.

"I do wish the postman would come," said Marion Cross Hardfield, somewhat of a spoiled child who had had every wish granted, and who had never had occasion to think about money and who in her self-will had insisted upon this a certain sum of this money was to be paid by Mr. Hardfield on the occasion of his family birthday. Marion, she is years of age.

On the anniversary of this eighteenth birthday Marion was to receive a letter from her uncle's lawyer, which would explain how the money was to be assigned of which that time.

The morning had arrived, and Marion's impatience grew the longer was passed. The postman came at last, and Mr. Hardfield handed to his daughter the longed for missive.

"Oh, dear, it's the postman letter," said Marion, handing it to her father. "Please read it, papa. I don't understand it yet."

Mr. Hardfield smiled.

"Yes, my dear, I know it has been a great trial to you, but we will look into it now. I feel sure you will be old enough to be entrusted with your share of the money. Moreover, we have to consider, and that's the reason I have hesitated. I think you may pay, dear, that I am the more careful of your money, because I know how it is to be without it."

"Yes, papa, I know, I know, I know