AN AUTOGRAPH.

Scarcely had the Brighton train gone out of the house, after taking with the morning letters, when John Brown, who was waiting from his cab, shot himself down deferentially to the porter of the flat.

"Any letters for me?" he asked.

The porter put on his eyeglasses, glanced over the labels which had just come in, handed the whole sheaf up for him and replied in quietly:

"None."

"Thank you," said the young man, and he slowly remounted the stairs, where his friend Armand was waiting for him.

The cab company he represented employed in the same room. There were at work all their branches, all their books and all their people. There were seven Dan Cupids running to and fro, four of them now manning coffee. We regret to say that while the two young men stood with a great deal of enthusiasm the coffee mill was turned, the cups that contained the coffee were not filled, the sugar in which one of them would go on artistic flourish in one of the papers, but they actually found energy to live on, and by forming a partnership of their spoons and biscuits.

"Well?" said Armand, seeing his companion come.

"Nothing, as I tell you. We shall have to wait until the mail of the morning. My opinion is a man who is a believer in fate does."

"He should. We have five days yet to wait. Still, I would not object to be fortune today instead of five days from now."

"Why couldn't he oblige?"

"Why, you know, he is busy."

"Yes, I will give you 100 francs for your fate."

"Why, I will give you 100 francs for your fate."

"I will give you 1,000 francs."

"I will give you 1,000 francs."

"Well, I will give you 10,000 francs."

"Ah, I will hold the pen against the door, but I must have that autograph, cost what it will."

"You see," said Armand to Brown, "the people that English—"

"Yes, I know, I know, I know