A Sad History of Grant's House

A New York correspondent tells this story: The saddest history of Gen. Grant's financial misfortunes has never appeared in print until now, and it comes to me on indisputable authority from lawyers. When the General returned from his trip around the world and decided to make New York his place of residence for the future, a number of leading citizens of the metropolis subscribed $100,000 to buy a house for him. After looking the ground over, the brown-stone structure on East Sixty-sixth street, between Madison and Fifth avenues, was decided upon as in every respect eligible. The price, too, was within the amount subscribed—$100,000; but when the donors came to purchase the property they found there was a mortgage for $60,000 upon it which the holder was not willing to yield up. He was entirely satisfied with his interest of some six per cent, and assume the mortgage. This was done, and the remaining $70,000 was turned over to Mrs. Grant, the property having been purchased in her name. It was decided to let the mortgage expire by the limitation of its own terms, and when it fell due to meet it. Meantime the $60,000 was invested by Mrs. Grant at the current rate of interest, and the family moved into their new home in the city of their adoption.

When the General got into the firm of Grant & Ward and became dazed by the vista of financial possibilities which opened up his unsophisticated eyes in Wall street, a family council was called, and it was deemed advisable to invest Mrs. Grant's $60,000 in Wall street enterprises, which the head of the household fondly believed were paying magnificent and legitimate interest. Why should $60,000 be allowed to draw a beggarly rate of five or six per cent, when it might just as well be turning over fifteen or twenty per cent on the Street?

The $60,000 that was to clear the mortgage on the Grant home on Sixty-sixth street was invested with Grant & Ward, and it was swept away with the rest. Thus the Grant's are, in one sense, merely tenants of the house in which they live, and all because the original holder of the mortgage thought he had too good an investment to let go of when Mrs. Grant had the money to wipe it out.

She Was Mad.

As a lady opened the door of a San Francisco residence to a ring, a neatly dressed individual bowed politely and inserted one foot in the doorway far enough to gurantee that proceedings would not be brought to too summary a close. The lady concluded that he was an agent and remarked in vigorous tones, 'I don't want anything!' at the same time giving undeniable indications that she desired to shut the door.

'I beg your pardon, madam, I am not offering you anything,' said he, with an injured and dignified air.

'Pray excuse me,' she answered, 'my mistake arose from the fact that I have been greatly annoyed by agents. Whom do you wish to see?'

Without noticing her inquiry he said: 'Madam, it is difficult to reconcile your reception of me with what a gentleman would naturally expect at the hands of a lady. Such brusqueness is chilling to refined and sensitive natures, accustomed to the usage of polite society.'

Again apologizing, she was about to ask him in, when he drew from his coat pocket a little box and opening it, explained: 'Madam, I have for sale here an invaluable—'

The feat of extracting his foot from that doorway before the door slammed with a noise that could be heard two blocks, so distracted his attention that he left the sentence uncompleted.

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