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17	62	30	75	43	96	56	2 04
19	64	32	79 81	46	1 00	58	2 16 2 28
21	66	34 35	83 85	48	1 12	60	2 40
23	68	36	86	50	1 30	63	2 55
26	70	39	89	52	1 50	65	2 65

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Old Uncle Joe.

BT MRS. C. A. MUNSON.

BOMINABLE! mother. How can A we endure it?"

"It is too bad, really, Lou" replied the elegant lady, from her easy chair, "but he's rich, you know, and I'm his only Niece; and if we are not civil to him, we shall lose his money; so we may do as well as we can."

"What's the excitement now?" exclaimed Bell, as she entered the room.

" Mamma has just received a letter from her fussy old Uncle Joe, telling her he is coming to spend the holidays with us ! Only think of the audacity! Not waiting to be invited, or asking if it would be agreeable, but just telling us he is coming." "Who is Uncle Joe, anyhow?" replied

Bell. "I never heard of him."

"Yes you have heard of him, Bell, he's rich as Crœsus; has lived the last hundred years in the East Indies, wish he'd never come back !"

"Old and ugly, of course, we can't have him mother."

"But we must have him, and treat him well, too. He has a million at least, and he may possibly be generous at Christmas,' replied Mrs. Lansing;

"Oh! That puts quite a different face on the matter," exclaimed Nellie. "I say, Bell, let's coax him well, and see what he will do for us, since this infliction is inevitable.

"That cashmere shawl, at Stewart's! Just the thing! Nellie, it takes you to contrive. I'll have that, and old Uncle Joe shall pay for it, or I miss my calculations."

"Well, girls I hope you'll succeed, but he must have the blue room," said the scheming mother.

"Oh! no, no, the Herberts are to have that room. Let old Joe have the back room," said Bell. "That room is not well warmed, and if

we decide to treat him well, he must have the best. "Yes we'll give him the best, and wish

he was in Jericho all the time," exclaimed "Well, don't let him know you wish him there, that's all I have to say," replied

the mother, as she settled back to her read-There was a listener to this conversation, in the sewing room which opened off the

back parlor, the door of which stood wide open. Thoughtful Mary Lee, the new seamstress, who had but just found this "situation," dropped her work in astonishment. Were these the people she had come to live with? So heartless, so entirely "unprincipled?"

She carried a shadow of sadness upon her pretty face all day. In the evening as she sat at her work in the same place, she was still more surprised to find that Mr. Lansing, not only approved the deceitful plans of his wife and daughters, but assisted in forming others.

"Give Uncle Joe a grand reception," said Mr. Lansing; arrange yourselves in tableaux, and have your soft speeches all concocted."

"Excellent ! Father, but what a farce !" replied Bell.

"Never mind children, remember the money and do your parts well," said the mother. Mr. Lansing bit his lips and remained silent. Let us hope that somewhere hid away, he had the remnant of a

Alas for the hopes sweet Mary Lee had dared to cherish, that in her lonely, orphaned condition, she had found a home. Now, ere one week was passed, the flimsy veil was lifted, and she saw how little truth and sincerity existed here.

Such a sad feeling of disappointment oppressed her, that she slept little that night. Where should she find the real in this delusive world?

About noon the next day, Nellie who was sitting with her embroidery, in one of the bay windows, exclaimed: "Here comes the old codjer !"

"One of the Astor House carriages," said Bell, looking over her sister's shoulder as she spoke.

"Yes, didn't I tell you the letter came from there?" said her mother.

"Why don't he stay there!" said Bell, petulantly. "But see, mother, he is not so old, nor bad looking either. Now for

your speech of welcome." Mrs. Lansing stepped into the hall, and embraced her relative as he entered, exclaiming: "So delightful in you to give this surprise. But why did you not come to us the very hour you landed? We can make you so much at home."

During this address the gentleman replied not a word, but gazed steadily at her face; then raising his circular cloak, revealed an ear trumpet of unusual size, which he deliberately placed to his ear saying: "What do you say, Augusta?"

Mrs. Lansing looked at her daughters in perfect dismay. So all this fine welcome was lost, or must be shouted into the trumpet. It was too much. She said: I am glad to see you, am sorry you are deaf." "I'm not deaf at all, madam, but I may

hear better with this." "Not deaf at all, Nell! If that isn't

killing," said Miss Bell aside, as she arose, tell her, that lonely as I was, I had hoped her mother shouting in the mean time, "my daughter Bell."

"How do you do Mrs. Bell," said the old gentleman, bowing politely, "Some lady visiting you I infer," said he.

"Oh ! no Uncle Joe, you must own me too. We are all so glad to see you," replied Bell.

"What did you say, madam ?"

"Madam, indeed!" exclaimed Bell, in a tone of vexation. "We cannot get on at all with such a pest."

"Perhaps you'll be able to make him comprehend in time, about the Cashmere shawl," said Nellie, coming forward to be introduced.

"There will be one good side to this dreadful affair," said Bell, in no suppressed voice, "we can express our minds as we please; as a kind of safetyvalve, you see." "Yes it's a wondrous help, when one's

ire is at boiling point," replied Nellie. Patient Mary Lee, sitting with open door that her room might receive a little warmth from the parlor, heard much of this conversation and her heart ached to see one suffering from the infirmites of age, so imposed upon.

This was a pretty fair sample of matters for several days. Christmas had passed, and the expected festivities. The house was filled with company, and Uncle Joe was treated with apparent civility, to his face, while often the same moment, quite near him too, the most ungracious things were said.

It was the last day of the year, and Nellio had just been saying, "How dreadful, to have this old creature sitting here to-morro w, while we receive calls."

"Yes, indeed," said her sister; "but really, I have some comfortable hopes of getting the shawl."

"Ah ha! then Pill take courage, and talk jewelry to him. I want those opals at Tiffany's." But how did you manage it, Bell?

"Oh! I told him how beautiful that shawl is, and how much I set my heart on having it for New Years, but that I was afraid it cost too much for father to buy. But one has to scream out so, it is almost more than a thing is worth, even if you get it."

"Yes: then it's so ridiculous to have him say he's "not a bit deaf."

"Yes, the old fool! but I'll go and talk sweet to him, and perhaps he'll send and an order for those opals."

"Possibly, for after I had talked myself something to Mary Lee, which I am sure was a check, and you know she had business at Stewart's".

"Yes she did; and I think it's time that girl was back too! What if she should steal it ?"

Towards evening "Uncle Joe," or, more properly Mr. Belden, left the house of his relatives, saying: he would come back next

All were much elated, never doubting he desired to make some costly purchases for them; and much of the evening was spent in discussing what each would probably receive from Uncle Joe. Mary Lee had not returned, and this disturbed, somewhat, the serenity of Miss Bell.

"Oh! I don't believe she's run off with the check," said Mrs. Lansing. Probably Uncle Joe wishes to bring the present himself, to-morrow."

"That's it, I'm sure, mother," exclaimed Bell; and if he'd only come, while Richardson is here."

"He'd see what a rich Uncle you've got" said Mr. Lansing. "Yes, and what an old goose he is," added Nellie.

"I'm sure I hope Mary Lee will stay away to-morrow," said Mrs. Lansing. "It would be so awkward for her to have calls; and people of her class are sure to

do so." Twelve o'clock, New Years day, Mrs. Lansing's parlors are filled with talkative gentlemen, whom the three young ladies were doing their best to entertain, "Mr. Belden" is announced, and lo! a lady on his arm. "My wife, ladies," said he, introducing Mary Lee, who Bell saw at a glance, was wrapt in the costly coveted shawl.

"Why Uncle Joe," screamed Mrs. L., while the young ladies went into a state which is proper to call either distraction or hysteries.

"I'm not at all deaf, as I always told you, Mrs. Lansing," said Mr. Belden; and at once, all discovered that he spoke the truth. The ear trumpet was no longer with him; and in a moment, consternation seized the members of the household. The ruse was discovered. Uncle Joe had taken that method to discover whether kindness existed in the hearts of his relatives. The result we need not explain.

"I have come," said he, "with my wife, to take what she has left here, and to bid you good bye."

"Oh! Uncle, stay with us," said Mrs. Lansing.

"No, Augusta, I have stayed under your roof long enough to see your true character. You and your family have insulted old age, derided its infirmities, and driven me to do, as you see. Mary Lee by her manner, showed from the first, now much she was shocked by your attempted deception, and her look of sympathy won my confidence to could be achieved at pleasure.

to find true friends where I had only discovered those false indeed. Then 1 learned that she was the child of an old and valued friend, and my last discovery was best of all. She was willing to make an old man happy."

"She's an impudent thing, to come here in this way," replied Mrs. Lansing.

"Don't speak in that way of my wife, madam. Good-bye Where are the girls?" They were not to be found .- American Publishers.

A Curious Mania.

The peculiar vagaries into which the lottery mania will lead people are often as interesting as they are pitiable for contemplation. The intoxications of drink and of hope are equally fatal to success in life when too much indulged in; one will work nearly as much damage as the other.

A singular instance of the destructive tendency of the "policy" fever, and of its tenacity, too, has lately come to light in Baltimore. A few years ago a grocer died there, leaving his wife the store and property, worth \$2,000, on which she managed to live comfortably. One day a customer mentioned to her that a friend had made two hundred dollars on a lottery ticket, and this so worked upon her mind that she began investing in that way until, in a short time, she had expended all she owned and had received nothing.

Since then she has opened a lodging-room for men and boys, where a bed can be had for fifteen cents, a bench for ten cents, and an old blanket on the floor for four cents. The room is well filled every night, and, as affording shelter, is the means of doing some good; but that is not the motive for which the establishment opened. The poor woman is as ardent as ever in her belief that she will some day draw a fortune, and she requires of every lodger that he will try to dream of the lucky numbers and must tell her of them in the morning. Whenever she draws anything on such information she gives a part to the dreamer. In this way she lives along from day to day, putting her few cents of surplus into worthless pasteboard tickets and receiving her dividends of disappointment.

A Puzzled Judge.

"Judge Marshall's simplicity of character and absent-mindedness have been the theme of a number of anecdotes. The one best known is about his puzzle over the hoarse about that shawl, I saw him give buggy and the sapling. Turning aside one day to avoid one of those awful mud holes which abound in Virginia country roads, the axle of his buggy encountered a stout sapling. The sapling was between the hub of the wheel and the body of the buggy. Too big to bend down, and too supple to break, this sapling seemed to the judge to be wholly unconquerable. What to do he knew not. He got down out of the buggy the better to apply his great intellect to the knotty subject, and to study it thoroughly up. While pondering vainly, a negro man came along. "Uncle," said the Chief-Justice, "I wish you would tell me about this sapling. I can't get over it, and I don't want to stay here all day and miss court. What do you think I had better do?" The negro could not repress a broad but silent grin.

"Why, ole marster," said he, "I's de bes' thing you kin do is to back yo' buggy 'twill you git clar uv de saplin', den turn de hade (head) uv yo' hoss, and den you kin 'void de saplin' and go to cote slick

as goose-grease." "Thank you-thank you kindly, uncle, I should never have thought of that in the world. You are a man of superior mind. There's half a dollar for you." And the judge drove joyfully off.

Metal Paper-Hangings.

Paper-hangings for walls are known to

everybody. It is now proposed to use hangings made of metal; and an account of this new invention, which comes to us from Paris, has been read before the Society of Arts. The metal employed is tinfoil, in thirty to forty inches wide. The sheets are painted, and dried at a high temperature, and are then decorated with many different patterns, such as foliage, flowers, geometrical figures, imitations of wood, or landscapes. When decorated, the sheets are varnished, and again dried, and are then ready for sale. Tinfoil is in itself naturally tough ; and the coats laid upon it in preparing it for the market increase the toughness. The hanging of these metallic sheets is similar to paper-hanging, except that the wall is varnished with a weak kind of varnish, and the sheets applied thereto. Thus in this way a room or a house may be newly painted, without any smell of paint to annoy or harm the inmates. Moreover, the tinfoil keeps out the damp; and as the varnish is a damp-resister, the protection to the room is two fold. Experience has shown, also, that cornices, mouldings, and irregular surfaces may be covered with the tinfoil as readily as a flat surface : hence there is no part of a dwelling-house or publie building which may not be decorated with these new sheets; and; as regards style and finish, all who saw the specimens exhibited at the reading of the paper were made aware that the highest artistic effects

How She Did It.

Some years ago a widow living on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, about one hundred miles from St. Louis, owned a young cow, of which she was particularly proud. As the woman was not possessed of much of this world's goods, the cow was an important source of income to her, as she made butter for sale and also sold some milk in the neighborhood. One day the express train came thundering along and struck and killed the widow's cow as it stood ruminating on the

The widow applied to the station agent for pay for the animal, and was told to send in a bill to the general officer of the road. She did so, but received no reply, and after writing several times without effect, called on the paymaster the next time he went through the town to pay the section hands. The paymaster was very busy, and answered the old woman so abruptly that she became offended and concluding that the road did not intend to make good her loss, swore vengeance. Little attention was paid to her threats until about a week after, when the morning passenger train, bound west, came along.

The station-house of Glora is situated at the top of a gentle slope, about half a mile in length, and which the passenger trains always ran up at the regular speed of twenty miles an hour. It was a fine, frosty morning and the sun was just rising, and the engineer noticed what he supposed to be frost glistening on the rails. He sounded his whistle for the station, and, putting on more steam, started up the slope. The speed at which the train was approaching carried it about half the way up the rise, but the driving-wheels of the locomotive spun round on the rails without pulling au ounce.

The train came to a dead stop and then began to slide backward. The engineer whistled "down brakes," and got off to inspect the rails. He found, as he expected that they were artistically covered with soft soap, and as he had some previous experience of that kind, knew exactly what to do.

He backed down the track about half a mile, and putting the full head of steam on, charged at the rise with full speed. When he found the speed slackening he opened his sand-valves and allowed the sand in the boxes to glide through the pipes and on the rails in front of the drivingwheels. This, to some extent, counteracted the effect of the soap, and the train got nearly fifty yards further than it did before.

It finally stopped again, and the engineer backed out and again charged the slope. The process was repeated several times, and would have finally been successful had not the sand given out. The soil in the neighborhood was a soft, dark loam, and where the railroad cut was made, a stiff, yellow clay was turned up.

No sand could be procured anywhere, and finally the whole force of train men went to work to remove the soap. This they succeeded in doing after a half hour's hard work, and nearly an hour behind time the train reached the station. A few days after a similar difficulty was experienced, and the road officials began to get de-

cidedly angry. An attorney was sent out there to discover and prosecute the perpetrator, but soon after his arrival was confidentially informed that the road would have no trouble in future if the widow was paid for her cow. He took the hint, telegraphed to the president and receiving the necessary authority paid for the animal and left the place. The track was never soaped afterward, and the widow bought another cow.

Madame's Petition.

One of the celebrities of the Moscow ballet lately called upon a local official with a request that he would give her the usual formal permission to take a month's tour in the provinces for the benefit of her health, retaining her salary during the time sheets about sixteen feet long, and from of furlough. The man in the office received her very politely, and asked for her written petition.

> "I have no written petition," answered the artist : "I had no idea that such a thing was necessary." "Not necessary, madam? Why, nothing

can be done without it."

"What am I to do, then?" "Here are pens, ink and paper; be so good as to sit down and write while I dictate."

The lady obeyed; the petition was written signed and folded.

"And now," said the representative of justice, "you have only to deliver it."

"To whom?" "To whom?" repeated the official, with slight smile at her simplicity. "To me,

of course !" And taking the petition which he had himself dictated, he produced his spectacles wiped them carefully, adjusted them upon his nose, read over the whole document, as though it were perfectly new to him, docketed and filed it in due form, and then turning to the impatient danseuse, said, with

the utmost gravity: "Madame, I have read your petition, and regret extremely that I cannot grant