

Outwitting an Uncle.

CONCLUDED.

ACCORDINGLY, during the week he passed with his relatives, he denied himself like a self-constituted martyr, and vexed Pauline almost to desperation.

Whenever she wished him to join her in her exercises, she found him absorbed in some book which he seemed to prefer to both her and her darling Myrrha! He never made her a promise to accompany her, without stipulating the condition that he should first be permitted to read a chapter or a page in peace. In the morning, he could not go out, because, as autumn was now approaching, he was afraid of taking cold. Before dinner, he was too hungry to exercise, and after dinner he complained of indigestion!

At the end of a week, Frederick, having only thrown out vague hints touching his matrimonial purposes, wrapped himself up warmly, to Pauline's great disgust—and set out to return to his uncle's house.

A singular correspondence between Frederick and his "intended" ensued, Uncle Philip claiming the right to see all the letters on both sides. The young man told his uncle that he was afraid Pauline was a little too spirited to make him the right kind of a wife; but the old gentleman exclaimed, "not a bit! not a bit!" and insisted on an early proposal.

"I am afraid she won't have me," said Frederick. "Her letters are too cold." "What can you expect?" cried Uncle Philip. "She is not a literary woman, to write eloquent letters. For my part, I hate literary women! Pauline is a Diana, in her way; bold, but true I warrant. At all events propose!"

Frederick obeyed; and in a few days received the following reply, which amused him and Rose almost as much as it disconcerted and confounded Uncle Philip:

"DEAR COZ.: Yours rec'd. I must decline your offer; for although I am convinced of the worth of your amiable disposition, I fear our tastes are not enough alike to warrant more than a friendly intercourse between us. Excuse haste.—Myrrha is sick, and I am dying with anxiety for her. Your affectionate cousin,
PAULINE."

"Fred!" exclaimed Uncle Philip, as soon as his extreme mortification and disappointment would permit him to speak, "what is the matter with you? Won't anybody have you?"

"I was doubtful about Pauline," replied Frederick. "She is so very spirited—"

"And you are so very amiable! But by all the laws of love! I'll marry you off, if it costs me a year's labor! I'll find somebody amiable enough for you! Now I think of it, there's Edith Wells; gentle as a lamb; a very picture of mildness; beautiful as a houri! She's the girl for you! I wonder I did not think of her before!"

Frederick was aghast. But all his remonstrances was in vain. His old uncle, cruel and tyrannical, had spoken, and he, the subject must obey.

Frederick did not despair, however. He was already acquainted with Edith's character. She was one of the most retiring, affectionate, amiable young ladies in the country, living among flowers, birds and pet lambs, and devoting herself to making everybody and everything around her happy.

Frederick and Edith had been partial to each other in their childhood; but it was now long since they had met, thanks to the superior charms of Rose.

Edith was very much pleased to see her old friend, notwithstanding the odor of cigars which he brought with him, and which to her delicate sense was very disagreeable. She did not know he had not smoked before since he left college; and that he had made himself sick for her especial benefit!

Frederick took tea with the family, and amused himself afterwards by tormenting Edith's beautiful lap-dog, to her infinite distress. Then he begged the privilege of smoking under the porch, pretending that he was so addicted to cigars, that he should be low-spirited all the evening, if he was deprived of the stimulant. Having obtained his desire, the dissipated fellow could not, it seemed, think of anything better to do, than to blow smoke into the cages of Edith's canaries—pursuing this amusement with such extreme recklessness, that she—a perfect sensitive plant—almost went into hysterics, and became so nervous, that she did not sleep soundly for three nights thereafter.

Having made all the birds drunk except one, and having broken of the fairest branch of Edith's most beautiful geranium to tickle that one with, he turned on her with a countenance full of savor, and begged her to excuse him while he walked down the street to the village hotel, to obtain a glass of brandy; being troubled with faintness, he said, whenever he neglected those habits contracted during his college life!

Edith was stupefied with amazement! She looked at Fred, and endeavored to express a proper abhorrence of those habits; but she could not find words to relieve her mind. Fred accordingly went off; but he did not go to the hotel, for he was, in reality, no strict a temperance man as there was in the country.

Fred did not approach near enough to Edith, that evening, to permit her to smell his breath; a delicacy, as she considered the precaution, for which she felt so thankful in her heart.

The young man visited the sensitive young lady regular every Wednesday evening through the months of October and November; for, so anxious was she to obtain an influence over him which should lead to his reform, that she endured him with fortitude, and rather encouraged his attentions. At length matters came to a crisis. Frederick, following the counsel of his uncle, made Edith an offer of his hand, by word of mouth.

"Mr. Frederick," said she, looking tenderly in his face, "you know I feel an interest in you—"

"Thank you," faltered Fred trembling. "And if I knew I could be the means of reforming you, and teach you kindness to dumb animals, I might accept your generous offer, if for no other reason."

Fred turned pale. "O, I am incorrigible!" he hastened to say. "I could never give up my independence! You should not mention that subject—"

"I will not," replied Edith, smiling sadly, "provided you do not mention the other. I feel only a friendship for you; and as there is no likelihood that I can be an instrument of doing you good, I must decline the honor of becoming Mrs. Grandison."

Frederick parted from Miss Wells with commendable cheerfulness, and went home to his uncle with the news of his refusal.

Uncle Philip became livid with wrath. He declared himself ashamed of a nephew enjoying such small favor among the ladies.

"I've a good notion to turn you out of doors!" he exclaimed. "You disgrace the family! Can't find a woman to have you!"

Frederick bowed his head, receiving the rebuke with as much equanimity as he had received either of the three refusals. But his feelings appeared to be touched when his uncle addressed him with bitter irony:

"Poor fellow! It is too bad! Can't get married! If I were in your place, I'd go and offer myself to poor little Rose over the way, and see if she'd have you! Perhaps she will take pity on you!"

Uncle Philip turned upon his heel and entered another room, raved by the humiliation the family had suffered, until the door opened, and Frederick once more presented himself before him.

With all the gravity he could possibly command, the young man began:

"She says she will have me." "What do you mean?" thundered the old bachelor; "who says she'll have you?" "Nobody but Rose."

"Rose Addison?" "To be sure. I thought there was no chance of my getting any body else, and as you advised me to offer myself to her—"

I forbear to repeat the expression of amazement and consternation that escaped the old gentleman's lips. I cannot describe the awful look he gave his nephew.

"But you have not been such a fool!" he exclaimed, a moment after.

"I have followed your advice—" "My advice! You are a blockhead! I didn't mean it! You shall never marry her!"

"O, uncle! why did I misunderstand you?" said Frederick, with a pitiful look. "It will break poor Rose's heart, for she confessed she loves me, and now that she expects to become my wife—"

The old bachelor was softened. He seemed to remember that Rose was a worthy girl, although poor. Then, when Frederick excused himself for misunderstanding his uncle, by praising Rose's character, and declaring that he thought her every way his equal, except that she had no such kind uncle as Uncle Philip, the old gentleman's anger evaporated, and his determination to marry Frederick more advantageously gave way altogether. In short, he was so taken with the lover's eloquent description of Rose's virtues and charms, that he slapped his shoulder, and calling him "a lucky dog after all," gave his consent to the marriage he desired.

Frederick flew to Rose with the joyful news. I need not describe the scene that followed, nor need I dwell upon the happiness which crowned the wedding day.

Our hero waited until the honey-moon was over, when, relying upon the strong attachment which his uncle had conceived for the amiable and charming Rose, he good-humoredly confessed the "witchcraft he had used" in bringing about the three refusals, at which the old gentleman had been so mortified and enraged. The latter pretended a little displeasure; but he was inwardly so delighted with the amusing narrative, that he never mentioned the subject afterwards, except to laugh at it heartily, and extol his nephew's shrewdness and humor, which he had mistaken for awkwardness and ignorance of the world.

The old gentleman has now attained to the dignity of two hundred and twenty lbs., and so far from complaining of "falling away" on account of the vexations and misery of bachelor life, he declares that he never was so happy as at present, with Fred, to take care of his estates, and Rose

to oversee the comforts of his household, and a little Fred and a little Rose—beautiful children—to dandle upon his knees and amuse with wonderful stories, in which he himself takes infinite delight.

Ease in Society.

"I'd rather thrash in the barn all day," said Reuben Riley to his sister, as he adjusted an uncomfortable collar about his sunburnt neck, "than go to this posky party. I never know what to do with myself, stuck up in the parlor all the evening. If the fellows would pull their coats off, and go out and chop wood on a match, there'd be some sense in it."

"Well, I hate it as bad as you do, Reub," said sister Lucy. "The fact is, we never go nowhere, nor see nobody, and no wonder we feel so awkward when we do happen to stir out."

The remarks of this brother and sister were but the echoes of the sentiment of many other farmers' boys and girls, when invited out to spend a social evening. But poor Lucy had not hit the true cause of the difficulty. It was not because there was such a wide difference between their home and company manners. The true way to feel at ease in any garb is to wear it often. If the pleasing garb of good manners is only put on on rare occasions, it will never fit well and seem uncomfortable.

Learn to behave properly at home, to cultivate yourself. Do not sit, or stand, or lounge about in ungainly attitudes, but acquire a manly, erect bearing. I have never seen such vigorous hearty manhood, in any class, as among cultivated farmers' sons. Let table manners be especially looked after. If you are so unfortunate as to have a mother who is careless in this regard, you must do the best you can to remedy the early defect in your home training. Note carefully how well-bred people behave, and do your best to imitate them. It is noble to be an imitator of that which is good and beautiful. Above all, if you wish to be at home in society, fill your brains with ideas. Set your mind at work. Wake it out of the sluggishness it would naturally sink into, if you were only a plodder and nothing more by good stirring thought. Take the newspapers and read them thoroughly. Knowledge is a power in more senses than one. If you go into society with something in your mind worth talking about, you will not fail to find listeners who will treat you with respect, and where you are well received, you will not fail very soon to find yourself at ease.

How False Hair is Obtained.

An interesting account of the method by which false hair is obtained in Paris is given. Many persons erroneously believe that most of the curls and waterfalls offered for sale come directly from the heads of young girls, who barter them in exchange for gawags or money, or from convents and nunneries. Such cases are the exception, not the rule. Nineteenths of chignons sold are manufactured out of the contents of the rag-picker's basket and bag. These industrious people search among the refuse of ash-barrels for the snarled knots of hair combed from the head of the ladies or servants of the houses and out of this apparently filthy stuff is manufactured elegant braids of every shade and length. The refuse combs are sold for six francs a kilogramme (about two pounds) to the head rag-picker of Paris, who makes this a specialty. In fact, he trades in nothing else just now. He sells them, in exactly the same snarled and dirty condition, for nine francs a kilogramme to the wig-makers and hair-workers, who sort and clean them, and do them up in the fashionable styles, and then sell them to the wholesale dealers, who supply the trade and foreign markets, for Paris hair brings the highest prices. Not one in a hundred is aware of the various processes which switches have to undergo before they are fit for use. The combs are first rolled and mixed in with sawdust to cleanse them thoroughly and remove every particle of grease and mud. Then they are combed out with a sort of iron card, just like those they use for carding wool, only the operation has to be carried on with a good deal more care, so as not to split or break the hair, because the longer it is the better it sells, and the higher price it brings. Long hair is becoming scarce; it does not grow fast enough to meet the demand. After the combs are cleansed, they have to be pulled out to make them even. A hair is exactly like a little conical tube, much finer toward the tip than at the root. As the hairs are all mixed, roots up and roots down, the worker takes a small bunch between his fingers and rolls them lengthwise picking them out until he gets them perfectly even, and all with the roots upwards. Then they sort these bunches into three different lengths, for switches, braids, and wigs; and finally, into seven shades. This last operation is the most trying to the worker's patience. Just think! every single hair has to be taken up by itself, and compared with the others. The time and labor thus involved are what make false hair so expensive. Much has been said about the sale of dead person's hair, and of course some is always in the market, but it is not the best quality, and is very easily detected. It is quite dry and brittle, and does not keep in curl, so that the dealers do not care to buy it.

Scaring a Yankee.

The following story is told by the Boston Commercial Bulletin:

"Say! You! Mister! Look here!" said a specimen of the genuine American Yankee, the other day, to a slightly-built citizen who was hurrying past him at the southern part of the city.

"Well, what is it? be quick—I'm in a hurry," replied the citizen.

"Wall, I s'pose you kin stop'n arner civil questions, can't ye?"

"Certainly—what is it!"

"Is there much small-pox about here now?"

"I think there is; and you had better avoid crowded places, and—"

"Yaas, I know, that's what our doctor told me, so I got out at the Roxberry Depo', instid of riding to the Boston one, where there's a crowd. I'm pesky 'feared on it, an' I'm walkin' deown because—"

"But, sir, I've answered your questions, and you must excuse me from stopping any longer."

"Shan't do no such thing," said Jonathan.

"What in thunder's the use of your gettin' huffy about it?"

"Sir, you are evidently from the country, and don't consider—"

"Consider be darned! It's you city people who consider yourself so confounded stuck up, you can't speak to common folks."

"I was about to say," remarked the citizen, "that you are running a great risk in stopping a stranger—"

"Reck?" said the man, forgetting his small-pox scare, and misinterpreting the caution. "Reck? why, there's a fist (doubling one that looked like a fish of bacon) that would knock you into the middle of next week."

"No doubt of it," replied the other, drawing back as it flourished in dangerous proximity to his nose.

"Yaas, my little fellow," continued Rusticus, laying both hands on the lappels of the man's coat, and drawing him close towards him. "I could throw you over my head if I had a mind tew."

"Take your hands off me, sir. You don't know what you are doing! You don't know who I am."

"Don't know who you be? Wall, who are you? Governor, or State Constable?"

"No, I'm one of the nurses from the small-pox hospital over younder, and I'm going to get some medicines at the doctor's office, and you are stopping me, and running something of a risk in so doing."

The Yankee evidently was of the same opinion, for he let go the lappels of the other's coat collar as if they had been red hot, and stepped aside as if he had seen a locomotive coming for him at a mile a minute speed.

A Poor Girl Falls Heir to a Fortune.

The Omaha Bee of a recent date says:—And now comes an Omaha girl to be added to the long list upon whom the Goddess of Fortune has designed to cast her golden smiles. The name of the heiress is Maggie O'Brien, a dining-room girl at the Donovan House, where she has been employed for several months past, always doing her duty well and cheerfully, and, owing to her fascinating manners and pretty face, she has made a favorable impression upon more than one of the gentlemen boarders during that time. Last week she received a letter from the post-office, and upon opening and reading it, what was her surprise to learn that her aunt in Washington city had died and left her a fortune. The news was too good to keep, and it leaked out early in the morning, and while she waited upon the table she became the centre of attraction and the observed of all observers. Her fortune was soon the general topic of conversation, and the amount was variously stated to be from \$25,000 to \$50,000.

A young gentleman employed in the coast survey, by the name of Benner, who for some time past, has been paying his unsuccessful attentions to a very estimable young lady by the name of Miss Susie Darkworth, residing on Capitol Hill, visited her house last week between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and asked to see her.

Being refused, he begged that she would present herself at the window for a moment, as he had something very important for her and which she should receive. She hoisted the window, and as she did so he drew a pistol carrying a large sized ball and fired, the ball entering her right side and passing out in front, going round the rib.

Though very dangerous strong hopes are entertained for her recovery. Miss Darkworth is said to be one of the most beautiful women in Washington. She is about twenty years of age. Some are charitable enough to suppose that he was temporarily insane, or perhaps crazed by liquor.

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