This resolution I soon carried into effeet, met with a kindly reception from Mr. and Mrs. Lindon, an exceedingly cordial one from Miss Lindon, while Clare's manner was so shy and constrained that I was at a loss to account for it. How I longed to inquire after Joe! but I saw nothing of him and took my leave after, upon the whole, a satisfactory call, receiving a pressing invitation to repeat the same.

Several days later I received a note of invitation from Estelle Lindon, to make one of a small party of friends, entertained by herself and sister the following evening.

The prospect of meeting Clare again so soon, and in a mixed company, where all our words and movements would not be observed, caused me extreme gratification.

Upon presenting myself at the time ance appointed, I found the "small party of friends" numbered a hundred at least.— "Save me from 'friends,' if this be a few!" I mentally ejaculated, as I looked about me.

Clare received me with evident pleasure, naturally expressed for none were watching her. She was again in white, without handcuffs of either pearl or gold upon her round arms; a single white moss-bud, with a half opened rose, was in her hair, and she looked more beautiful

I did my best throughout the evening to awaken in her some such interest as she had aroused in me. She was evidently pleased with my attentions, and, too ingenuous to conceal the fact, permitted me to read as much in her happy eyes and in the tones of her voice.

We were enjoying one of many pleasant tete-a-tetes, when suddenly, in hopped a small dog, who rushed to my companion, manifesting the most extravagant

"Why! Joe!" she exclaimed, "who set you free?" But he waited not to explain; springing away from her to me, and clasping both paws about my leg, he gave a quick, glad bark.

" I do believe he thinks he knows you," said Clare, wonderingly, yet evidently pleased: "he is always shy of strangers. Joe, how you do behave!" she added, as he frisked from one to the other.
"Dogs know their friends" I said,

caressing the little creature.

" And you are one of them?" she pursued, smiling yet earnest, while her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

A servant now entered in search of the little truant, and he was borne amidst howls and struggles from the room. By adroit questioning I managed to elicit from Clare his story, desirous to hear her speak of the coachman, which she did in the same terms as upon the boat, concluding with " the more I think of him, the more he seems a mystery. I feel certain I should know him could I only meet him again, as I do much desire."

"How came you to name the dog Joe?" It was the only name to which he would answer. I called him by many others, most of them fancy names and it was only by accident that I discovered he would respond to the name of Joe."

Here our conversation was finally interrupted, and we talked together no more

that evening.
"Come often, Morris," was her father's parting injunction.

" Come often !" I repeated, as I let myself in at Waverly Place. "You little think how often I will come, nor who it is I am coming after." I construed the invitation in the most liberal sense, and soon ceased to inquire for other than

Miss Clare. It was impossible, however, to secure her sufficiently to myself, where so many were coming and going. I accordingly invited her, one pleasant morning, to take a drive. She was ready more quickly, it seems to me, than ever was lady before, and entered the room, in the act of putting on her dainty little hat, and with a crimson shawl thrown about her shoulders. Joe was entertaining me with demonstrations of delight, that, from his mistress, would have raised me to the seventh

heaven. The morning was fine, Central Park never looked pleasanter; the birds sang their best in the topmost branches, flowers of every hue were contending for rivalship, while the miniature lakes were magnifying upon their clear, unruffled surfaces, all their smiling loveliness, as if to entrap one into the belief that Eden again bloomed, unmarred by fruit forbidden, undefended by flaming sword.

In the midst of all this beauty, I told Clare of my love. How the old bachelor managed the business, you shall not know; suffice it that old bachelors perform the part too often in imagination, to be very awkward in practice, and are more apt to say what they mean and act as they desire, than passion-dazed youth.

That evening I placed an engagement ring upon Clare's finger, Joe witnessing the same, and remonstrating somewhat joke-by the passengers.

loudly, when I sealed the ceremony with a kiss. Finding his remonstrances of no effect, he apparently considered the matter gravely for awhile, then concluded to adopt me and promote me to the most intimate relations, like a wise Scotch terrier as he was. I seldom appeared after that, without candies and sweets in my pocket for Joe, which he soon learned to root out for himself. Clare had taught him other amusing tricks, to take her handkerchief upon one paw and wipe his nose, and to ring the tea-bell, his great delight, probably because the sound was sociated with his own good supper. Every evening he spent upon the sofa with us, and if I prolonged my visit beyoud the conventional hour, gave me innumerable hints to take my departure; yawning, sighing, and looking reproachfully at me in that I should deprive a poor dog of his natural rest. So far as possible, I made amends for my selfishness by presenting him a silver collar.

I frequently noticed Clare's eyes fixed upon me with a curious expression, accounted for one evening by her exclaim-

Do you know, Philip, you so often remind me of that coachman, especially when you are talking!"

"Thank you," I said, assuming annoy-

She laughed.

" It is no disparagement, dear; he had just such eyes as yours, and the handsomest beard I ever saw."

"I really belive, Clare, that should that coachman turn out a disguised prince, you would prefer him to me. am jealous of him, as it is."

You were jealous once, of Joe," she said, merrily, " but you do resemble the coachman in not only appearance, but also in disposition. It was your gentle, kind way of treating Joe, and of speaking of animals generally, that first attracted me, Philip."

I answered by a kiss, which, being out of order, Joe was propitiated only by sundry pattings.

It was within three weeks of Christmas, at which time we were to be married. Clare was spending the day with my sister. After supper I made some slight excuse and left the room. I had previously made all necessary arrangements, and, once in my room, proceeded to reproduce the gentlemanly coachman. First not without disgust, I fastened on a false beard; the longest and darkest I could procure. I then donned the old overcoat which had been banished to the attic for many months: hat, pants, boots and gloves, like those I had worn on my memorable trip down Broadway, completed my costume, and straightening my face with no little effort, I descended and knocked at the parlor door. My sister was in the secret and opened to me grave-

"The maid bid me come up," I apologized. "I want to inquire about a little lame terrier, and was told I should find Miss Lindon here.'

"This is Miss Lindon," said Lizzie, with praiseworthy self-possession. 'seated," she added, condescendingly.

I advanced and stood facing Clare.— She became like one transformed to stone, and to describe the expression of her face is utterly beyond my limited capacity. Could some genius have transferred least hesitation I put my foot into the the scene to canvas, not another stroke of pot of batter and went to bed." Next Joe his brush would be requisite to win him Brown told his story: "My wife had immortality I neither Lizzie had vanished.

Suddenly, Clare arose, stepped quickly toward me, clasped her arms about my neck and looked in my face.

" You dear old coachman!" she cried, "how glad I am to see you again!" Then her head dropped upon my breast, and I knew she was trying to keep back the tears.

"You see, Clare," I said, drawing her closer, "it is the coachman you love, after

" Perhaps you are right," said she, naively, "but Philip, I am so glad it is you; and the beard—"

"I will wear one henceforth, darling, but it shall be my own."

A well-known Brooklyn politician noted for his waggery, stopped the conductor of an Albany bound train on which he was journeying last winter, and asked innocently if the next station was Poughkeepsie?

On his next fare-collecting round, the conductor was again asked if the train was near Poughkeepsie; to which he again replied negatively. Again and again, as the official made his rounds, the same question was asked by the anxious passenger until at last the man of checks replied with some irritation in his tone :

"No, sir, we are not yet near your stopping place. Pray trust to me, and I will let you know when we shall get there.' The passenger thereupon relapsed into

silence, and the official engrossed in other duties forgot his case until the train had left Poughkeepsie about a half mile to the rear, when, recollecting himself, he hastily backed the cars to the station, and rushing up to the troublesome passenger

"This is Poughkeepsie. Hurry and get off. We are behind time."

"Oh thank you," deliberately drawled the quandom questioner; "but I am going through. My daughter ca utioned me particularly to take a pill at Poughkeepsie. That's all."

The pill was taken—and so was the

Not the Man.

THE other morning an elderly gentle-man started to walk up the C. & P. railroad track from Bellaire to West Wheeling. In the neighborhood of Whisky Run he came across three roughlooking young men who were sitting at the end of the ties taking consolation from a gallon jug. As our friend passed them, one of them, a youth about eighteen, hailed him with, "Here, daddy, come and get a drink." He was informed that hysting benzine was not one of the old man's accomplishments, but he was not to be put off in that way.

Advancing with a volley of oaths fly ing from his mouth, he informed the old man that he must drink or take a whipping. Just as the young ruffian got within striking distance of our old friend the latter drew a revolver, which he cocked and held full in the face of the drunken rowdy. To say that the rough stopped, doesn't half tell it. He could not have stopped more suddenly if lightning had struck him.

"Don't shoot, old fellow," he stammered, as he recovered from his astonishment, "I meant it all in friendship."

"D-n your friendship!" shouted the old fellow, new becoming thoroughly excited. "Go get that jug and bring it here, or I'll blow you to kingdom come in a minute.

The completely cowed ruffian obeyed. As he brought the jug full of liquor the old man said :

"Now break it on the railroad tie.—
Break it!" he shouted. "Break it quick,
or—" Before he had time to to finish the sentence the jug was in a thousand

" Now, you infernal, darned mean cuss, get down on yourkness and apologize, or I'll make your head look like a pepper-

The fellow hesitated; but looking into the old man's eyes, saw that he meant business, and dropping on his knees, apolgized for the outrage.

Thinking him sufficiently punished the old man walked peacefully on his way .-As he went up the track, he heard one of the fellows call out to the other:

"I say, Bill, that ain't the man you were looking for, is it?"

The Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands, out in the country, by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until being prety well corned, they agreed that each one in returning home should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should, the next morning, pay the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first: "You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering light, I came near walking accidentally into a pot of batter that the paneakes were to be made of next morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at setting up so late, said to me sareastically: "Bill, do put your foot in the batter," "Just as you say, Maggy," said I, "and without the retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate, you know, perfectly, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife, in no pleasant tone, bawled out : " Do break the porridge pot. No sooner said than done, I seized hold of the tail of the pot and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains." It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face as follows : "My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for I was blundering up stairs in the dark when she cried out: "Do break your neek, do Tim." "I'll be cussed if I do, Kate," said I, as I gathered myself up, "I'll than plain bread. It will be a matter sooner pay the bill, and so, landlord, here is the cash for you, and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."

Riddles.

add two-thirds of ten; so ends my riddle," said the Professor.

"Why, if you divide anything by nought, it makes nothing," growled Mr. Bitter Aloes.

"Does it?" rejoined the Professor. Macaulay's schoolboy would have been whipped for such a display of ignorance. You may learn some day, Alose, unless you mend your ways, that infinity is not L is a hundred and fifty; divide them by nought, and we get COL. Add two-thirds of ten, and then we have COLEN. SO ends my riddle-COLENSO.

Greeley says he fears farmers generally don't appreciate the importance of having their strawberry trees properly pruned at this senson of the year. There shouldn't a limb over three inches thick be allowed to grow nearer than six feet from the ground.

PERFUMES.

INK, paste, leather, and seeds are among the common articles which suffer from mouldiness, and to which a remedy is easily applicable. With respect to articles of food, such as bread, cold meats, or dried fish, it is less easy to apply a remedy, on account of the taste. Cloves, however, and other spices whose tastes are grateful, may sometimes be used for this end; and that they act in consequence of this principle, and not by any particular antiseptic virtue, seems plain, by their preventing equally the growth of these minute cryptogamous plants on ink and other substances, not of an animal nature. The effect of cloves in preventing the mouldiness in ink is, indeed, generally known; and it is obtained in the same way by the oil of lavender, in a very minute quantity, or by any other of the perfumed oils. To preserve leather in the same manner from this effect is a matter of great importance, particularly in military storehouses, where the labor employed in cleaning harness and shoes is a cause of considerable expense, and where much injury is occasionally sustained from this cause. The same essential oils answer the pur-

It is a remarkable confirmation of this circumstance that Russian leather, which is perfumed with tar of the birch tree, is not subject to moldiness, as must be well known to all who possess books thus bound. They even prevent it from taking place in those books bound in calf, near to which they happen to lie. The fact is particularly well known to Russian merchants, as they suffer bales of this article to lie in the London docks, in the most careless manner, for a great length of time, knowing well that they can sustain no injury of this nature from dampness, whereas common curried leather requires to be opened, cleaned and ventillated. Collectors of books will not be sorry to learn that a few drops of any perfamed oil will insure their libraries from this pest.

With regard to paste, lavender or any other strong perfume, such as peppermint, anniseed, bergamot, are perfectly effectual for years, however the paste is composed. A good paste is made of flour, in the usual way, but rather thick, with a proportion of brown sugar, and a small quantity of corrosive sublimate. The use of the sugar is to keep it flexible, so as to prevent its scaling off from smooth surfaces; and that of the corrosive sublimate, independently of preserving it from insects, is an effectual check against its formation. This salt, however, does not prevent the formation of moldiness. But as a drop or two of the essential oils above mentioned is a complete security against this, all the causes of destruction are effectually guarded against. Paste made in this manner, and exposed to the air, dries without any change to a state resembling horn, so that it may at any time be wetted again and applied to use. When kept in a close-covered spot, it may be preserved in a state for use at all

The same principle seems also applicable to the preservation of seeds, particularly in cases where they are sent from distant countries, by sea, when it is well known that they often perish from this cause. Dampness, of course, will perform its office at any rate, if moisture is not excluded; yet it is certain that the growth of the vegetables which constitute mould accelerate the evil; whether by retaining the moisture, or by what means, is not very apparent. This, in fact, happens equally in the case of dry rot in wood, and, indeed, in all others where this cause operates. It is a curious illustration of the truth of this view of a remedy that the aromatic seeds of all kinds are not subject to mould, and that their vicinity prevents it in others with which they are packed. They also produce the same effect daily, even in animal matters, without its being suspected.

In concluding these hints we might add, in illustration of them, that gingerbread and bread containing carraway seeds are far less liable to mouldiness worthy of consideration how far flour might be preserved by some project of this kind.

Am A member of one of the older famlies of Springfield, Mass., relates "Divide a hundred and fifty by nought; many funny stories of his ancestors, noted for their eccentricities. Among them are these :

My grandfather was a tanner, and was accustomed to hang green hides on the fence to dry. While engaged one morning in his famly devotions, as was his custom, leaning on the back of a chair, with his face towards the window, and as it seems, with open eyes, he prayed, "We look unto Thee,"—when stopping, nothing. C is a hundred, is it not, and he exclaimed, "Run, boys, run! the dogs are at the hides. We must watch as well as pray !"

> Another morning, while engaged in the same manner, on his chair near the open cellar door, he prayed thus: "The wicked shall go down to the bottomless pit," when, by some movement of his, he fell head long down the cellar stair. Gathering himself up, he came to the top again, exclaiming. "Wife, where did I leave off?" "At the bottom of the stairs!" was the reply.

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