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Mr. Warden's Caller.

An Amusing Leap Year Story.

IT was an actual shame for any good looking young man to be as bashful as Charley Warden was. What was the use of being six feet high, with black, wavy hair, and complexion as delicate as a girl's...

All these matters was Charley ruminating over as he stood on the marble paved hall of his residence, drawing on a pair of Jouvin's gloves, so as to promenade Broadway in the height of the fashion...

There stood a lady, angular and vixenish looking, with a sharp nose, and thin, screwed up mouth. She held a band box under either arm, and had a settlement of baskets, carpet bags and brown paper parcels ranged on the doorstep before her.

"Do the Warden folks live here?" "Yes, ma'ma," said Charley resignedly. "Then I guess I'll come in," said the lady shouldering her parcels and pushing past our hero with an independent manner...

"Pray take a seat, ma'ma." "Well," said the invader, "I guess I may as well; the sooner our little business is over the better. How many are there in the family?"

"She can't be the census taker!" inwardly ejaculated Charley, as he made answer. "My mother and myself; but really, I don't see—" "You be a bachelor?" "Yes," said the youth turning very red; "but—" "Well," said the lady, "I came from Westchester county. My name is Matilda Ann Higgins."

"Just wait and see; I heered you wan't married, and hadn't any body to over see for you, and your mother was delicate, so I thought I'd come down and see how I'd suit."

I'll talk it over with her—only up where I come from the men folks, always like to be consulted, at least, first. "Consulted? I should think they would!" cried the indignant young gentleman.

"Allow me to say, madam, that my mother has nothing whatever to say on the subject. Am I to be sold? bargained for, like a farm, or a load of wood?" "Wood?" responded the puzzled lady, to whom Mr. Warden's speech, stifled as it was by wrath...

"I decline to entertain any more of your propositions, ma'am," said Charley briefly. It is exceeding embarrassing on my part, and let me say most unwomanly and unfeminine one on yours! Pray leave the house!

"Hey day!" cried the wrathful damsel, tossing her head until every false curl quivered responsively. "Pretty talk to use to a nice young gal that's at least equal to any of your stuck up tribe: Mr. Hairy Face! So I don't suit, hey?"

"I do not know that it makes any difference who sent you ma'am," said Charley bowing his fair enemy through the open door, and wondering what his aunt could possibly have meant.

"A Miss Matildy Ann Higgins, mamma, so she gave her name, from somewhere up in Westchester." "Higgins?" Then your Aunt Sawyer sent her. Charley was astonished. Was his mother then, too, in the diabolical plot against his peace?

"Mother, in the name of common sense, who is she?" "The most capable of head servants—the best of housekeepers. O, she will be such a relief to me!" "Housekeepers?" ejaculated Charley, with a stare of mute dismay, his cheeks beginning to burn scarlet.

"Why, to be sure—only ten dollars a month. Where is she, pray?" "She—she concluded she would not stay," uttered our unfortunate hero, beginning to see what an absurd donkey he had been making of himself, and all through a little bit of misapprehension.

A country gentleman had a wig, which he did not often wear; it generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He lent his wig to a friend, and some time afterward called upon him, taking his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head.

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer. Answer to Cross-Word Enigma in last week's Times—Rhododendron.

Determined to be a Heroine.

THE Rochester Chronicle tells the following queer case: In that part of Montgomery county known as "The Nose," near the village cheerfully mentioned as Spraker's Basin, and inhabited mostly by the Spraker family, lives a girl named Mary Zeilly Stevens, a girl of tender years and fair to look upon, who has been a school teacher and alas! writes poetry.

The letters have been left at odd and unseasonable hours on the door step of the Stephens domicile, sometimes by the handsome pirate himself, and as often by another gentleman, who usually signs himself "A Friend." They evidence entire familiarity with the outgoings and the incomings of the gentle Mary, and their chief purpose is to make appointments with the girl—which, by the way, she never accepts.

These letters naturally alarmed Mary, and she laid her case before Joab Stafford, a well-known detective of Canajoharie. Joab perused the letters and then compared them with the handwriting of the girl, and the result was his confident belief, which he still retains, that she was "putting up a job," that she wrote the letters to herself, and was her own mail-carrier.

Then he drew a pistol and shot her, the ball lodging in her arm. This is the story that Mary tells; and she has certainly been shot, two competent physicians testifying to the fact, and one of them asserting his confidence that she did not shoot herself.

The question is, then, is there a handsome pirate, or is this girl the author of a profound sensation? The region of the affair is greatly excited, and reporters from a dozen city journals have visited it already.

Some of the letters were written upon the fly-leaves of books, and in Stevens' house the books are found wherein the letters referred to fit exactly in places where leaves are missing. Three such instances exist.

A comical instance of a man playing upon his own name, sprang out of absent-mindedness. Sir Thomas Strange, calling at a friend's house, was desired to leave his name. "Why," said he, "to tell the truth, I have forgotten it!"

A blind woman in Iowa has learned to thread a cambric needle with her teeth and tongue. "Is there anything in the world that a woman's tongue cannot do, or undo?" asks an exchange. That is a conundrum we are not prepared to answer.

A Camp Meeting in the Olden Times.

THE order of the day would be almost uniformly this: The horn (which was a long tin one, hung in the preaching stand) was sounded at sunrise, when it was expected that all persons in the tents would rise. Half an hour later it was blown for family worship, which must be observed in every tent, after which breakfast was prepared and eaten.

The ring meeting was formed in this way: If there were many mourners at the altar, as it was called,—that is, two or three designated benches in front of the pulpit,—some one in authority would order a removal, on which some active fellows would shoulder a few benches and carry them to the square, and have them placed in a convenient manner, and ready for the mourners to kneel by or sit upon.

A Scared Light House Keeper.

At a recent meeting of the Polytechnic Club of the American Institute, Mr. Boyle told the following incident: "At a newly-erected light house along the New Island Sound an old sailor was recently appointed as keeper. On one of the first evenings, when trimming his lamp, he neglected his instructions to draw the curtains down, and the setting sun, shining through one of the large lenses, had of course, the rays concentrated in the focus, and as here the lamp is placed, the heat was sufficient to light it, to his utter amazement.

A traveler relates that while he was in Utah, Tom Thumb was also there on a visit. While the renowned dwarf was at a dinner party, he jumped from his chair and said with a pompous air, "I cannot understand this polygamy at all." His host, a man six feet high, thereupon exclaimed: "Neither could I, Tom, when I was your size."

Two New York Assemblymen were walking down State street, in Albany, after the passage of the charter bill. "I feel," said one of them, "as if I deserved to be kicked for voting for the charter." His friend replied: "That's just the way I feel myself; let's go up this alley, and kick each other."

A German in Lock Haven recently gave his wife an unmerciful beating because she did not like him. It is not stated whether this has had the effect to change her feelings.