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The Wellington Enterprise.

J. W. HOUGHTON, Publisher.

WELLINGTON, : : OHIO.

VARIETIES.

—Bread-making comes under the head of doughmestic recipes. — *Whitehall Times.*

—The time is coming when a buffalo robe will cover two hearts that beat as one.—*New York People.*

—"I acknowledge the corn," as the man said when he pulled on a tight boot.—*Meriden Recorder.*

—It is the poorest way to get up in the world, to be continually down in the mouth.—*New York News.*

—The Sheriff of New York didn't walk at all; but he's got the Astley belt, nevertheless.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—This is a month for storms. Married men will do well to get inside the picket lines before nine p. m.—*Huntsville Item.*

—The man who tries to run a newspaper to suit everybody died in an Eastern poorhouse eighty years ago.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

—"By their fruits shall ye know them," was written long before the small boy carried home apples in the legs of his trousers.—*New York Express.*

—An exchange says: "Railway sleepers in this country require 150,000 acres of timber a year." This will be news to Pullman car conductors.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Archery clubs are popular with girls, because they always like to bend the beau. Get him down on his knees, as it were, or on the string, so to speak. —*Wheeling Leader.*

—The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

—Presence of mind may stop a lion in his spring, but as a rule it would be a good deal safer to have a gully seventy-five feet wide between you and the lion previous to the spring.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—If Jacob's ladder was now to be placed against the entrance of Heaven, as of old, you couldn't induce anybody to ascend it. An opposition elevator would get all the passenger traffic.—*New Haven Register.*

—A college student from this city in rendering to his father an account of his term expense, inserted: "To charity, thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "Charity covers a multitude of sins."—*N. Y. Commercial.*

—"Tell me," he said,
"What day you'll wed,
I want no more child's play."
Thus urged to mate
In wedded state,
At once she fixed her day.
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

—A Milwaukee girl suffering from lockjaw was left alone with a mouse by the shrewd physician, and she contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crookery in the china-closet rattle.—*Boston Post.*

—I am coming by and by
You will hear my plaintive cry,
In accents mild and gentle as a lamb;
Ere long I'll be on deck,
Bringing ninety cents a peck,
Sing hey! the sweet potato that I yam.
—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

—Considering the rapid destruction of forests, very many thinkers profess to exercise of mind regarding the fuel of the future. They may rest assured, however, that good hot fires will be in some way provided.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A very careful Bridgeport man always carries a bottle of whisky in his pocket as an antidote for rattlesnake bites. He is now fifty-three years old and has never once died of a rattlesnake bite; and he attributes his escape to the antidote.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"You army chap," as a girl said to her military lover.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.* "That's where you soldier yourself," he wrote back when he eloped with another girl.—*Ottawa Republican.* This may be trooper haps. Hussar for the other girl.—*Boston Post.*

—A Pearl street grocer has placed on exhibition a beet measuring twenty-two inches in length and two feet in diameter. We dislike to take him down, but one of our hotel proprietors lately pitched into the street a beat six feet high and thirty-eight inches round the chest.—*Albany Journal.*

—"What brought Grant home?" mysteriously demands a Missouri contemporary. We did't follow the game close, but he might have got in a hard hit to center field, or a hot liner to third, badly muffed, or a daisy cutter out to left field; it's enough to get home when you are on third and have a lively hitter at the bat.—*Hawkeye.*

—A young man who lost a bet of oysters with three of his friends, said he wouldn't pay it unless he was four stew. —*Cincinnati Saturday Night.* He has since made a bet with nine of his friends, and says he in ten stew pay this time if he loses.—*Yawcob Strauss.* 'Eleven stew them himself, if no one else will.—*Grs.* Although he 'eight stew.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—Old lady (on donkey)—"Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?" Boy—"Werry dangerous, indeed, marm; there was a lady a ridin' up here last year, and the donkey fell, and the lady was chucked over the cliff and killed." Old lady—"Good gracious, was the donkey killed, too?" Boy—"No, marm; that's the werry donkey."—*London Fun.*

—A William goat at Newburg butted himself to death against a circus bill pasted on a stone wall. After a careful examination of the layers on his horn, made at great expense by the State Geologist, his origin was placed somewhere back in the dead languages. The next day after the accident a Chatham street restaurant in this city hung out the sign: "New Spring Lamb."—*New York Paper.*

—They were courting—"What makes the stars shine so dim to-night?" she said softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars," she said musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?" —*Rockland Courier.*

—Professor Peters was one of the few men who didn't get excited over the walking match in New York. Right in the middle of the walk, when all New York was losing its head over the match, Professor Peters preserved his equanimity and attended strictly to business. He discovered a new planet on the day that Rowell made his 350th mile. And his discovery is of every bit as much value to the business interests of the nation as was the international walking match.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A firm of London solicitors inserted an advertisement in the *Standard*, offering a reward of £20 for information regarding a young lady by the name of Linda, who is missing. The description of her person is unusually explicit; it is even stated she has a cross tatooed on her right leg. A correspondent remarks: I see a Linda and a reward of £20 in every young lady of seventeen that I come across, but they vanish while I am thinking how I can delicately put the question about the tattoo mark.—*London Truth.*

—Some of the newspapers publish a "useful domestic recipe" every day The other day in place of the recipe, one of the papers published the following notice: "We sincerely trust that our readers will forgive us. Yesterday in giving a recipe for the chilblains we inadvertently stated that the remedy was to be taken internally. It is, on the contrary, for external use. We hope that Providence has restrained the hands of our beloved subscribers, for every one who drank of this compound is dead by this time. We present in advance our condolence to the bereaved families."—*Boston Courier.*

A Kansas Episode.

Mr. Thomas Hancock, coming back from his eastern tour to his Kansas home, at Grape Creek, was pleased to find a large crowd of his old friends and neighbors awaiting him at the station. As the train pulled up, the village band burst into "the wedding march," and did it serious damage. The base-drummer thumped it badly for a half minute, and tossed it to the sax-horn, who blew it perpendicularly into the air, whence, on its return, it was caught by the trombone, which, after rolling it over and over in a rough-and-tumble fight, threw it straight at the head of the man with the French horn, who twisted its wretched neck and sent it "bum," "bum," against the hide-beater, who originally started it. This was a solace and a delight to the soul of Mr. Hancock, and his face beamed with a smile as warm and genial as the October sun. As he reached the platform of the car three cheers were given for "Hancock and lady," whereat Hancock looked queer, especially when they crowded on him, shaking hands and asking "Where is she?" "Why don't you bring her out?" "Ain't ashamed of her, are you?" He blushed and began protesting, when suddenly a beautiful woman seized his arm and clung with her pretty gloved hand so sweetly to him that he would have been in paradise if there hadn't been so many looking on. "Darling," she whispered, "I thought I had lost you," and Hancock, utterly nonplused, almost wished she had. In the meantime the crowd began looking queer, and stopped cheering and guffawed a little, all of which made it very embarrassing for Mr. Thomas Hancock.

He was too gallant a man to express his growing dislike of the situation. In fact it is hardly truthful to say he did dislike it. At the same time he confessed to himself that he always had a prejudice, in case he should be married in favor of being at least a party to it, and of being invited to the wedding. Both of these preliminaries being wanting, Mr. Hancock not unreasonably doubted the right of the pretty woman to cling to his arm, as she was doing. The situation was greatly complicated at this moment by another gentlemnn who rushed excitedly up, tore away the lady, and asked what she meant by such conduct—only fifteen minutes after she was married, too. She looked up, gave a little scream, and clung to the newcomer as tightly as she had clung to Mr. Hancock. The latter smiled, the crowd roared and cheered, the two gentlemen shook hands, and the train went on with Mr. Richard Hardin and his wife. And then Mr. Hancock, after duly testifying at the nearest beer-hall to the gratitude he felt for the esteem of his fellow-citizens demanded an explanation. After a severe and patient examination he discovered that the reporter of the local paper "had mixed those babies up." He had announced the rumors of Mr. Hancock's marriage during his eastern tour, and being a popular man of Grape Creek, his neighbors had turned out to welcome him and his bride. Mr. Richard Hardin, just married, was about taking the train, and had left his new wife in order to look after the baggage. In the natural confusion of so important an event, the bride had mistaken Mr. Hancock for her spouse. The reason of all of which was explained in the next issue of the *Grape Vine Telegraph* in the following words: "The mistake which led the *Telegraph* into announcing Mr. Hancock's marriage arose altogether out of the remarkable likeness between him and Mr. Hardin—a resemblance that does not stop at mere outward appearances alone, but develops with wonderful accuracy in their genial natures."—*Chicago Times.*

A Bridegroom Kidnapped.

There was an intense excitement at Calverton, in the western suburbs of the city, recently, over a case of forcible kidnapping on the highway that occurred not long after nightfall. About eight o'clock a hack was rapidly driven out the Franklin road, and in it were two young men in swallow-tail coats and white neckties. One was named J. W. Walker, residing at No. 81 North Charles street; the other Leo Laley, an employe at Busey's photograph gallery, on Charles street. The former was expecting to be married that evening, and the latter was the best man. As the pair were rolling along, indulging in the pleasant thoughts and conversation natural in such an interesting situation, they little thought that a band of determined men were lying in wait in the shadow of a little patch of woods, ready to crush all their fond anticipations. The hack was not far from the first toll-gate on the Franklin road, when the driver was suddenly aroused from his complacent musings over the prospective size of his fee for carrying a bridal party, by hoarse voices, which commanded him to halt, and his horses were grabbed and suddenly checked by a half dozen strong hands. Looking about him, the affrighted driver saw a party of men armed with guns, revolvers and bludgeons, who gathered about the doors of the hack. Terrible blunderbusses were pointed at the cowering inmates, but a tall, slender man, who seemed to be the chieftain of the band, called out in a tone of authority, "Don't shoot!"

The two young men inside of the hack were naturally horribly frightened for it was impossible for them to know that the weapons had been carefully left unloaded, for fear of accidents. Still, under the circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that, as the doors of the hack were thrown open, and several enormous horse-pistols were presented at the heads of the young men, the pale moonlight revealed two faces as pale as the white crayats which they had appropriately donned for a far different occasion. The chieftain of the band, advancing to the door of the hack, commanded J. W. Walker to alight, and, after addressing him in a few short and angry sentences, turned him over to the custody of some of his lieutenants, who, taking him by the arms, collar, or wherever else they could get a grip on, bore him rapidly and sternly away to a point where a hack was in waiting, in which they got with him, and were borne swiftly away. But whither? That is a profound mystery. Mr. Laley was not allowed to remain upon the scene after the abduction of his companion, but no sooner had he disappeared in the gloom to his mysterious fate, than the driver was ordered to turn about and convey his remaining passenger back to the city. "Who is to pay me my fare?" cried the unfortunate hackman, his golden visions of splendid remuneration coming vividly back to him as soon as his fears that he had fallen into the hands of an ordinary band of robbers had been dispelled. Mocking laughter was the sole reply, and goaded into a frenzy the hackman lashed his horse into a gait of fully five miles an hour, and at length came tearing into the city at this furious rate. Mr. Laley immediately sought out a lawyer, and the matter was brought to the attention of Captain Earhart, of the Northwestern Police Station, with an earnest appeal to keep it dark. A Sergeant and two policemen were detailed to proceed to the scene of the abduction, and thither the party proceeded, but, although they sought long and diligently, they could not discover any trace of the missing man.

Something about the antecedent circumstances did, however, get out, and a reporter of the *American* was successful in discovering one of the band of highwaymen and obtaining from him a statement of the remarkable affair. It appears that Mr. J. W. Walker has for some time past been paying his addresses to the daughter of the late Cary McClelland, Esq., and was actually engaged, when rumors derogatory to his character as a gentleman and man of honor got into circulation. Mr. E. P. Suter, Miss McClelland's brother-in-law, took the matter in hand and procured what he regarded as conclusive evidence of dissolute conduct on Mr. Walker's part, and also the lack of integrity in business dealings. These charges Mr. Walker vehemently denied, and Mr. Suter said that he should have every opportunity to clear himself, but that in the meantime his visits to Miss McClelland must cease. Mr. Walker did cease his visits, but found means to communicate with the lady, who, with woman's constancy, clung to him through good and evil report. Mr. Suter's investigation led him to the conclusion that in disposing of a drug business at the corner of Harlem avenue and Carey street, Walker had grossly deceived the purchaser Charles A. Henwood, by misrepresenting the extent of the business. It was charged upon Walker that he made up a false cash-book and a false prescription file, in order to make it appear that the business was much more valuable than it really was. A suit was instituted by Mr. Henwood to recover part of the purchase money, which, it was stated, was compromised yesterday by Mr. Walker by the payment of $1,000. Mr. Suter anticipated an attempt at an elopement, and watchers were on the lookout to prevent it. Mr. Suter determined that no marriage should take place until he had done all he intended to do in the way of displaying Mr. Walker's character to his betrothed, and, inasmuch as the lady's liberty could not well be restrained, he determined to take Mr. Walker into custody if he should come after the lady. He then made arrangements which resulted in the scene described in the first portion of the article, and he it was who figured as the chieftain of the band.

The police could not find Mr. Suter last night, although they searched for him; but, as he is a gentleman of the highest character and responsibility, he will doubtless be heard from soon. There are no fears for Mr. Walker's safety, but meanwhile his whereabouts is a complete mystery.—*Baltimore American.*

The Pompelian Centenary.

The Italians are exceedingly fond of commemorations, so much so that one is sometimes tempted to think a preference for play over work has more to do with the celebration of such frequently-recurring anniversaries than any real importance or interest attaching to the occasion. But it can scarely be denied that an archeological celebration which had been arranged for the 25th of September, is worthy of the interest and attention not only of Italians themselves but of cultivated persons in every part of the world. It is intended to commemorate the eighteenth centenary of the destruction of Pompeii.

The invitations to participate in this truly unique event have already been printed, and in great measure forwarded to the more prominent of the persons and institutions whom such an occasion is sure to interest. The tickets of admission are classic *tesseræ*, bearing the following inscription in those red mural characters so familiar to all who have visited the buried city.

"Tessera for gratuitous admission to Pompeii—the XXV. of September, MDCCCLXXIX.—on the recurrence of XVIII. centenary after its destruction." On the back of the ticket is the following brief programme: "10 o'clock A. M., in the basilica. Report of the director. 10:30, visit to view the monuments. 12:30, excavations in the Vth and VI. divisions of the IXth region.

Invitations have been sent to all the archæological and artistic academies and institutions of Germany, England, and other countries, and already replies have been received from the principal bodies. During the last three months all excavations have been suspended at Pompeii, and no fewer than forty new excavations have been fixed upon to be made on the occasion of the centenary. To behold a fresh excavation in the buried city is often a very wonderful and interesting experience. Sometimes the cover is drawn blank, so to speak, and no object of mark or interest rewards seekers. But often it is otherwise. In the time of the Bourbon King of Naples distinguished visitors to Pompeii used to be complimented by the opening of some fresh excavation in their honor. It is related that when the late Lord Brougham visited Pompeii, such a compliment being paid to him, the result was a very striking one. A point was selected under which it was confidently conjectured there must be a dwelling-house, and spade and pickaxe went to work. Sure enough, there was the house, and there was its closed portal. A few skillful strokes opened it, and revealed for one brief moment a human figure standing there within it. The eye had barely time to take cognizance of his wearied appearance—an earthly phantom revealed to the light of the sun after nearly two thousand years of dark oblivion when, in a flash, it crumbled and was gone. A few handfuls of impalpable dust alone remained to tell of that long-buried human creature. It may be that some similarly striking incidents will reward the research and curiosity of the learned and artistic eyes which will gaze upon Pompeii on the 25th of this month.

A huge volume is now in the press, entitled "Pompeii, and the Region Overwhelmed by Vesuvius in the Year LXXIX," and it will be published on the occasion of the centenary. This work will contain papers written expressly by distinguished naturalists and archæologists. The naturalists have discussed questions of physical science connected with Pompeii, and the catastrophe which destroyed it, illustrating its *flora* and the principal phenomena of its destruction. The archæologists have added to the goodly number of studies already existing upon Pompeiian monuments, and especially have enriched the collection with valuable observations on those which have been discovered within the last ten years. In order to make the celebration complete, Vesuvius ought to send out a mild eruption, merely a sort of *feu de joie*, grand and beautiful, without being terrible. The present crater is, however, not the instrument which poured forth death and ruin on the Campanian city. The portion of the volcanic mountain which vomited its burning lava and its choking ashes 1,800 years ago now lies sullen and silent, with a strange resemblance in its outline, viewed from one point, to a crouching lion. The last time I stood within the marvelous streets of Pompeii it was a brilliant winter day, with a sun as hot as an English sun in June, and a sky more luminously and intensely blue than an English sky ever could be. Forms and colors of the gayest beauty still adorned broken colonnade and ruined wall. The tracks of chariot wheels that had polished the stone pavement with their friction glistened in the sunlight. Some of the daintily elegant inner courts of dwelling houses appeared still to echo with the sandaled foot of fair Campanian ladies. The whole place seemed yet warm with the human life which had been stilled so suddenly those many centuries ago. The mind could scarcely connect that abyss of time gone by with the sun-flooded city as it lay still beautiful beneath the canopy of southern sky. Near at hand the sleeping volcano loomed sullenly. Farther in the distance from Vesuvius, towering above the sparkling bay of Naples, rose a thin column into the serene air—a column that was a pillar of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night.—*Roman Cor. London Standard.*

Threatened Scarcity of Timber.

Notwithstanding the increasing substitution of iron for timber in construction, the increasing use of coal and the introduction of mineral oil for fuel, the forests of the world are being rapidly diminished. Much of it from sheer wastefulness; and this is especially true in new countries. In the United States 20,000,000 people are living in perishable wooden buildings, and immense quantities of the best timber is destroyed in the process of bringing the forests of the west under cultivation. Unfortunately, too, the most valuable and slowest growing species affect the soils best fitted for grain, and the pioneer never thinks of saving portions of timber on his allotment, or of replanting. The result is, that in North America, which, when first settled, was clothed in greenwood from sea to sea, a note of warning has for some time been raised against the indiscriminate destruction of timber, and planting in some of the States has been encouraged by pecuniary inducements. The splendid pine forests of Nevada, the monarchs of which take centuries to mature, and which exercise such an influence on the climate that without them the country would probably become a barren desert, are in danger of being utterly destroyed by the short-sighted selfishness of the inhabitants of the territory. The effect of this wholesale destruction is becoming apparent in the recurrence of periods of successive drouth, and the drying up of lakes and streams.

In the old world the future of the Russian possessions in the Caucasus is menaced by the unsparing, and the official journal asserts, in many instances, senseless destruction of trees. In Daghestan, owing to the cutting down of the timber on the mountains to furnish fuel for the Caspian steamers, the contiguous valleys formerly richly fertile, have become arid gulleys; and other parts of Asia, such as the valley of the Oxus, formerly seats of large populations, are now barren deserts from the same cause. In Australia, from its physical peculiarities still more liable to drouth than North America or Central Asia, the effects of the destruction of its timber, have been more rapidly and more distinctly manifested, and the colonists appear to be seriously alarmed as to the consequences. They are calling for restrictive measures, and others of a reproductive character are already in operation. The rainfall of a treeless region, even when it reaches an average limit, is always fitful, and the rivers rise rapidly and flood the surrounding country, as has been the case in the South of France. In South Australia, the clearance now rapidly proceeding must, if not checked, result in an ever-increasing aridity of climate and ever diminishing fertility of soil—a scorching, arid summer, and an intensely cold and dry winter, with no intervening spring.—*London Iron.*

The Chancellor and His Dog.

"My dog! Where is my dog?" were Prince Bismarck's first words on alighting on the platform of Westbahn railway station recently; and, sure enough, there he was, the sleek quadruped who so seriously imperiled the precious existence of Prince Gortschakoff during the Congress. With a bound Sultan, who had traveled second-class, was at his master's side, covering him with boisterous manifestations of canine affection, and not taking the slightest notice of Count Andrassy and Prince Reuss, who kept a respectful distance until Sultan had satisfied himself that the Prince was none the worse for his journey. The meeting between Count Andrassy and his illustrious guest was a cordial one, and arm-in-arm they walked to the court carriage, a private brougham of the Emperor's, that was waiting to take Prince Bismarck to the hotel where he was staying.

Hardly were the two statesmen seated and ready to start ere down went the window on the near side, and a stentorian voice cried out: "Mein hund! Wo ist mein hund?" If anything had befallen that blessed dog while Prince Bismarck's attention was momentarily turned in another direction, it is my firm belief that it would have been all up with the Austro-German alliance, and the incensed Chancellor would have taken the train back to Berlin. Sultan is, however, an experienced traveler, and has a very good notion of how to take care of himself. In a twinkling he was at the carriage door, and assisted by two court flunkies, he sedately took his seat on the rug at the feet of the two gentlemen inside. Judge of the stupefaction of the crowd assembled outside the Hotel Imperial on seeing the four-legged occupant of the court brougham leap out with a bark, and, contrary to all etiquette, greet the nearest by-standers in a most unpleasantly demonstrative style. I never saw such a ridiculous sight in my life. People fled in all directions, for Sultan has a bad reputation. He nearly upset the Congress by an unjustifiable attack upon the Russian Plenipotentiary, and since then he has maimed one of the Berlin foreign-office officials for life, because he sat down on the chair usually occupied by Prince Bismarck. The worst of it is that he is not the genuine historical favorite of the Chancellor, but only a spurious imitation. Sultan—the original Sultan—I learn, was poisoned a couple of years ago, and nothing can shake Prince Bismarck's conviction that it was two Social Democrats who did it. This is no banter of mine, but a well-authenticated fact, known to every Berliner. It is, doubtless to preserve Sultan the second from a similar fate that six Berlin detectives arrived last night, and, together with the police of Vienna, have taken unwonted measures of precaution in the neighborhood of the Hotel Imperial. They were certainly not wanted for the safety of Prince Bismarck, who runs no risk whatever.—*London Telegraph.*

—Leg of Mutton Boiled.—Should be first soaked for an hour and a half in salt and water, care being taken that the water be not too salt, then wiped and boiled in a floured cloth; the time necessary for boiling will depend upon the weight; two hours or two hours and a half should be about the time.

"NEVER leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clench your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. "Very good advice," remarks the Cincinnati *Gazette*, but asking with no little perturbation, "what if she screams?"

—The Board of Education—The schoolmaster's shingle.

Mantlepiece Decorations.

New fashions in mantlepiece decorations are springing up every day. Those who can afford to go to an artistic upholsterer for their chimney-piece adornments, in the shape of "overmantels," may be well-nigh bewildered by the fascinating combinations of velvet and carved wood (the latter either ebonized or stained and polished a deep, lustrous olive, or painted delicate cream, or green, or pink, or left to its own tone of brown,) with decorated and painted panels and tiles, and gilt leather. All, however, have not purses long enough to allow them to indulge in such charming extravagances, and it is to these the following suggestions are made. If you have a wood "overmantel," it should match the woodwork of the room. A triple shelf of velvet, with supports and background of the same material, is a very pretty and not an expensive decoration over a drawing-room or boudoir mantlepiece; the upper shelf should be narrower than the lower, and they may be decked with any lace or Persian, Japanese, or Indian embroidery. The velvet should harmonize with the predominant tint of the room, but must not be of too light or bright a shade,—deep olive claret or dark peacock are the most effective. It should be remembered that the purposes of these shelves is to hold ornaments, and that they require a most alarming amount of bric-a-brac, so if you have not enough china to fill them well it will be better for you to eschew them altogether, and turn your decorative mind in another direction.

Another pretty idea, especially suitable to a boudoir, is a continuation of the mantel-board in the form of a velvet screen of any shape you like against the wall above; this not only makes a good back-ground for the ornaments on the mantel-piece, but is in itself a fine field for decoration, as odds and ends of all kinds look well on it. It is a good plan to have in the middle of the screen a small painting, or a Dresden or Venetian mirror. This forms a center, and around it you may hang all manner of things—Indian jewelry, photographs, Japanese screens, quaint fans, china plates and plaques, odd foreign heads, carved ivories, old daggers; in fact, all the thousand-and-one knick-knacks a woman's soul delights in. These will all look well if properly arranged, so that a certain harmony shall obtain among the heterogeneous collection, and each article shall depend for part of its effects upon another. If you are fortunate enough to possess small prints, family miniatures, or even good water-color sketches, they will look charming sunk in such a velvet screen. Looking-glass is rather out of fashion just now as a wall decoration, and this is the natural reaction from the time when many drawing-rooms had somewhat the aspect of French cafes from the huge sheets of mirrors that lined the walls. There was an abuse of looking-glass at that time, and we are suffering from the natural consequences of it; but it should be remembered that glass is of great value as answering in a room, as Mrs. Gaskell says, the purpose of water in a landscape.—*Boston Herald.*

—"I'm engaged for this set," said the hen to the rooster as she went clucking away.—*Buffalo Sunday Times.*

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